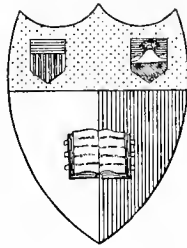


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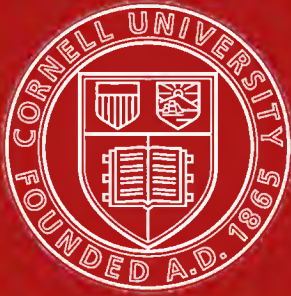
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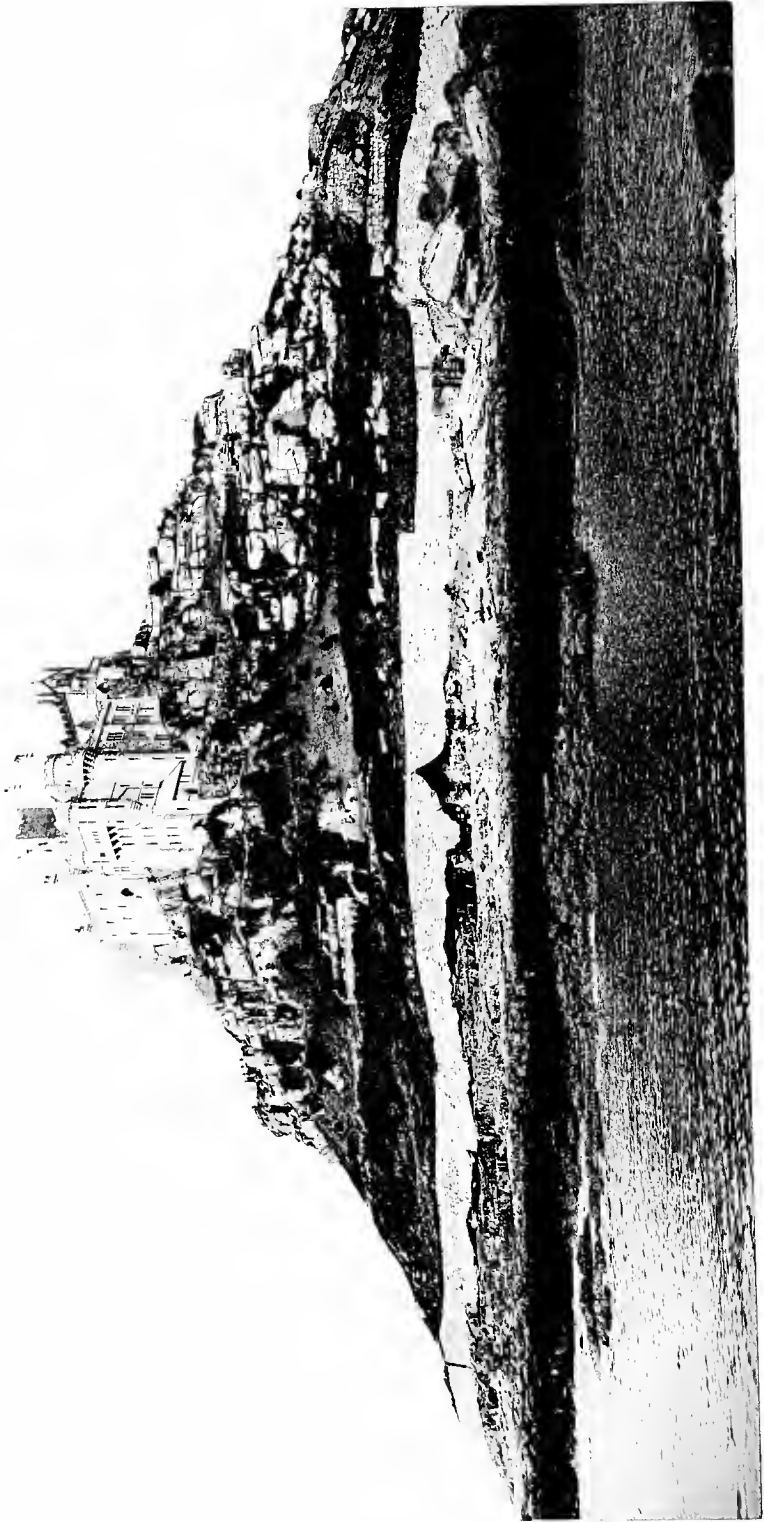


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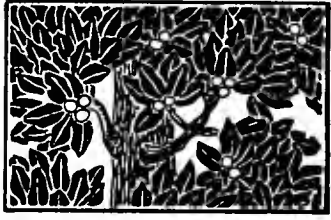





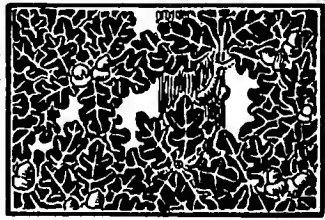





OTHER FAMOUS HOMES  
OF  
GREAT BRITAIN  
AND  
THEIR STORIES



EDITED BY  
A. H. MALAN




WOLLATON HALL  
DUNVEGAN CASTLE  
CASTLE  
BROMWICH  
CASTLE HOWARD  
OSTERLEY PARK  
CLUMBER




AUDLEY END  
DUNROBIN CASTLE  
STONELEIGH  
DALKEITH PALACE  
ST. MICHAEL'S  
MOUNT  
STOWE



ILLUSTRATED



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
NEW YORK AND LONDON  
MCMII



The Knickerbocker Press, New York

## PREFACE

THAT the public has called for a third series of *Famous Homes of Great Britain*, in the little space of eighteen months, is evidence enough, if evidence be needed, to prove how quick and how widespread is the interest in these treasure-houses of England. This success can be no surprise to those concerned in the direction of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Since its early numbers these articles have been among its most popular contents. For this reason the present Editor of the *Magazine* may be pardoned a certain pride of paternity, and in a few words may be allowed to deal with some aspects of the subject not directly treated in the articles that follow.

Written as they are, in some instances by the owners, in others by those closely associated with the reigning families, the articles themselves err only in their modesty. The familiarity which comes of long intimacy must blunt the sense of admiration and wonder however much it may strengthen the bonds of affection. It happens then that a complete estimate of the artistic value of these houses and their contents can hardly be expected from those who regard both with the eye of ownership. No man, least of all an Englishman, is in the way of boasting of his possessions. Even had such detailed enumerations and estimates been within the purpose of the writers, the scope of the articles and their method of publication precluded anything of the kind. Only the barest reference to particular collections and individual works of art could be made, and the informed reader, falling back upon imagination and then multiplying tenfold

or twenty-fold, can hardly exaggerate the value or the artistic importance of one or the other. It may, in short, be taken as true that not seldom the mansion, built with a generous expenditure and growing under the hands of its successive owners, is after all simply the casket that holds the gem. Further, it should be noted with satisfaction that these houses are in a large sense the property of the public. Private ownership happily has never depreciated the value of their treasures as a means of historical and artistic study. Scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, their doors always stand open to the student. With praiseworthy unanimity the owners and occupiers have come to regard themselves as trustees and custodians for the public weal. What younger nations, later in their awakening to artistic life, are striving to do in their museums and public galleries has already been done for this country by the aristocracy of England. As the monks of old kept the lamp of learning alight, so those good Knights and Gentlemen, not seldom connoisseurs of learning and taste, performed an incalculable service to the arts in the dark days of artistic history. They lavished their wealth with a large unselfishness upon the purchase of sculpture and pictures that their descendants might be surrounded by the influences that make for the perfect life. One can trace nothing of the commercial spirit in these transactions. Pictures were not bought to sell again at a profit. Clearly it was understood then, better than we understand it in these days of business enterprise, that by the cultivation of his taste and in his surrender to the exquisite creations of the artist and the craftsman a man may add a dignity to his life which neither title nor wealth can bestow. And so it comes that the scramble for the great masterpieces of the world, pursued in hot haste by all the nations, need not disturb us. Great Britain, by favour of her governing classes, possesses artistic treasures—pictures,

sculpture, and articles of virtu—in a series of private galleries which no other country can hope to rival. Some day the new democracy, with its later hope and its higher zeal, will recognise its debt, in this respect, to these old families of England.

Unfortunately, in the worthy ambition of handing on a fitting heritage many a nobleman seriously impoverished himself. Under stress of circumstances, collections have been dispersed under the hammer, and there are notorious instances where heirlooms have been sold to make good the losses of foolish youth at the card-table and on the race-course. But the broad fact remains that family pride keeps jealous ward over these collections. There are many tales of sacrifice by sons and daughters in the eagerness to regain a masterpiece of which poverty or improvidence had for the time deprived them.

In portraiture especially, these private galleries of England are singularly rich. Man is a vain animal, and before the days of photography there was nothing for it but the patronage of the portrait-painter of the day. It seems to have been a point of honour in some families to encourage this branch of art, often, one may surmise, rather for the credit of the family than for the encouragement of the art. Certainly not only the great painters but often—alas! too often—the little painters, found in them their ready patrons. But it cannot be doubted also that many of the countless Van Dycks, Holbeins, Knellers, and Lelys (to mention no others) must have been commissioned in dark hours when the family purse could ill bear the strain upon it. The fashionable portrait-painter in the seventeenth century, for example, was a greater personage, whether in Paris or London, than he is at the beginning of the twentieth century. Thus, in 1625, on the eve of great events, we find the Duke of Buckingham at Osterley Park, disbursing £500 “given to Mr. Rubens for drawing his Lordship’s picture on horseback.” This

was a princely price in those parsimonious times, and all the evidence points to the fact that the fees to the great painters of the day, from Van Dyck downwards, were in the same proportion. The value of these portraits as historical documents is enormous. Even where they do not quite touch the higher realms of art, they still preserve an accurate record of the costume and life of the period, besides filling up in family histories the gaps which are the despair of genealogy. If Dalkeith Palace (included in the present volume) be taken as an example, we get at once some idea of the wealth and extent of portraiture in these treasure houses. Here then are portraits by Holbein, Van Dyck, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Kneller, Lely, Sir William Beechey, Wilkie, and Jamesone (nicknamed the Scottish Van Dyck). It would be possible to write a history of portraiture from the Dalkeith Palace pictures alone. And they are only a few items in a collection which includes many celebrated old masters, and in which one room is decorated by twenty-five sketches by Guardi let into panels for the wall. The discrimination and taste which selected Guardi rather than Canaletto for this work, are worthy of recognition by the modern art critics.

It need scarcely be said that these art treasures have experienced vicissitudes in which the affront of the auctioneer's hammer is not the least. But not often have they suffered the fate of the Duke of Buckingham's pictures by Rubens. For these, Lady Jersey tells us, he had paid no less than £10,000. It was an evil hour for the galleries at Osterley Park when his son, the second Duke, found himself a fugitive Royalist at Antwerp with empty pockets. He remembered the Rubens pictures, and a trusty servant was commissioned to send them to him. Of course they found a ready market, but it is difficult to believe that works sold under such circumstances fetched more than



a nominal price. The transaction is one to make the modern picture-dealer green with envy. When again will the masterpieces of Rubens fall from the skies in this erratic fashion to bring fortune to some Antwerp Jew with a taste for art and antiquities? But in this case the romance was not ended, and Osterley Park was not finally deprived of all its treasures. A hundred years later, when Sir Francis Child had bought the house, he travelled in the Low Countries, and there he had the luck to stumble upon the Rubens portrait of the first Duke, and promptly restored it, by the power of purse, to its old place at Osterley Park.

Another famous picture, that of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk by Lucas de Heere, in the Picture Gallery at Audley End had even a stranger history. For some reason the canvas was cut down the middle, severing the figures and dividing the coat-of-arms in the centre. Then the pictures parted and went on their travels for many generations, to meet at last, by the mere accident of the hanging committee, in the Royal Academy's Exhibition of 1885. Strange, too, is the story of the Van Dyck at Stoneleigh, concealed by some vandal owner who probably desired to preserve it from his creditors and who thereupon employed an artist (save the mark!) to cover it over with a painting of flowers. Years later, by one of those happy chances that have restored more than one masterpiece to the light of day, Sir George Beaumont discovered it under its screen of paint. Philistinism of this kind is inexplicable, but one imagines that the love of whitewash which defaced so many of the old churches of England must have affected also the Earl of Suffolk, who, in 1603, had the temerity to cover with white paint the magnificent carved screen at Audley End. An accident of another kind had a more deadly effect upon the art collection at Wollaton Hall. On the façade of the house the architect had left a series of niches to be filled with statues. These had been purchased in Italy,

but the ship which bore them was wrecked on its way, and the empty spaces, gaping to the air, testify, not to the sculptor's art, but to the dominance of the winds and waves.

Sometimes, it may be conceded, these houses have for a period of their history fallen upon evil times. It is not given to everybody to be endowed with taste, and history records the name of more than one rich man who has been denied entrance into the Kingdom of Art. When such an one becomes master of a great mansion renowned for the majesty of its artistic possessions, the hour of peril is at hand. The Philistine and the Vandal have both worked their will on many of these famous homes. Thus, at Castle Howard, the most stately creation of Sir John Vanbrugh, the central Hall is debased by its frescoes, and the mythological statues that line the walls have nothing but age to recommend them. But the museum and picture galleries are among the richest in England and one can forget much in a mansion that holds Van Dyck's portrait of Snyders and many another gem from the Orleans collection. Nor is it possible at Osterley Park to become enthusiastic over the decorations in the Pompeian style by Angelica Kauffmann, or greatly to admire the Hall at Castle Bromwich, painted by some artist who either was La Guerra of the Louvre or an imitator of that flamboyant decorator. These are but instances which could be multiplied indefinitely. Fortunately, it is possible always to consign the mediocre picture or the commonplace statue to its fitting niche in the lumber-room and if the frescoes and wall paintings are more assertive and more enduring, the hallowing hand of Time may be relied on for certain improvement.

The future of these houses is not likely to be disturbed by vandalism. The British aristocracy is more susceptible to contemporary ideas than some of its critics imagine. Certain it is that the modern advance in artistic knowledge and in the canons

of taste—now deeply impressed upon English character—found its earliest welcome among the gentle folks to whom these houses belong. Vulgar decoration is a menace which passed away in the mid-Victorian period. If one can scent a danger ahead, it seems to lie in the opposite extreme,—in a too close imitation of the styles identified with Chippendale and Sheraton, a timid reticence which might conceivably fail to adapt itself either to the florid or to the classical in architecture. But the nameless charm of these “Famous Homes” will remain unsoiled. Its essence lies, not in any work of art, not, assuredly, in the triumph, however lofty, of any architect, but in the slow growth of a history, upon which is impressed the characters and the thoughts of those who found there a home and who gathered around them, with each step in their lives, the romantic associations of the years.

GEORGE R. HALKETT.

LONDON, *July 1, 1901.*



## ILLUSTRATIONS

St. Michael's Mount . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
-------------------------------	---------------------

### Wollaton Hall

Wollaton Hall from the Terrace Lawn . . . . .	3
Wollaton Hall . . . . .	5
The Terrace Front . . . . .	6
Wollaton in the Days of Orange William . . . . .	7
Winter Rime . . . . .	8
The Great Hall, Wollaton, with Screen and Minstrels' Gallery . . . . .	9
The Great Hall, Wollaton, showing Stone Screen . . . . .	11
Another Aspect of the Great Hall, Wollaton . . . . .	13
In the Armoury, Wollaton Hall . . . . .	15
A Corner of the Lake . . . . .	17
Francis Willoughby, of Wollaton, the Famous Natural Philosopher . . . . .	18
<i>From the Bust in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.</i>	
<i>From a Photograph by Stearn, Cambridge.</i>	
The Rosary at Wollaton . . . . .	19
Wollaton Hall Gate . . . . .	21
The Lime Avenue, Wollaton. . . . .	23
The Terrace Garden, Wollaton . . . . .	25
The Lawn Fountains, Wollaton . . . . .	27
Distant View of Wollaton Hall . . . . .	29
In the Park at Wollaton . . . . .	31
A Corner of the Camellia House . . . . .	32

## Dunvegan Castle

*Illustrated from Special Photographs by the Rev. A. H. Malan*

	PAGE
Sunset, from the Watch-Tower . . . . .	37
The Keep, from the North, showing old Rampart . . . . .	39
Dunvegan Castle from the Beach . . . . .	41
Dunvegan Castle . . . . .	42
<i>After the Engraving in Grose's "Antiquities."</i>	
East Aspect of Dunvegan Castle . . . . .	43
Dining-room, Dunvegan Castle, showing Portrait of General Norman MacLeod and his Second Wife ; and the Colours of the 2nd Battalion, 42nd Regiment . . . . .	45
Dunvegan Cup . . . . .	46
The Fairy Room, showing Newel Stairs . . . . .	47
View from the Drawing-Room, Dunvegan Castle, looking down to Sea Gate . . . . .	49
Alister Crotach's Tomb in Rodel Church . . . . .	51
The Dining-Room, Dunvegan Castle . . . . .	53
Old Armour and Swords . . . . .	54
Arms of Ian Breac, Sixteenth Chief . . . . .	56
Dunvegan Castle, West Front, from the Sea . . . . .	59
Rodel Church . . . . .	61
Crofters' Huts at Obbe . . . . .	62
Insignia of the Chief . . . . .	64

## Castle Bromwich

Castle Bromwich, South Front . . . . .	67
Castle Bromwich . . . . .	68
<i>From an Old Water Colour.</i>	
The Porch, Castle Bromwich . . . . .	69
The West Front, Castle Bromwich, showing the Cross . . . . .	73

## CONTENTS

Wollaton Hall . . . . .	LADY MIDDLETON	PAGE I
-------------------------	----------------	-----------

Situated in Nottingham, and is one of the homes of Lord Middleton. The author of this article is Lady Middleton, daughter of Sir Alexander Penrose Gordon-Cumming. Wollaton Hall is known as the masterpiece of John Thorpe of Padua, for he, with the assistance of Sir Francis Willughby, completed the building operations in eight years. The stone was brought from Ancaster on the backs of mules and horses, and paid for in returned coal—not cash. Queen Bess visited here in July of 1575. Queen Adelaide when paying a visit to the house on one occasion exclaimed “that it ought to be put in a glass case,” so beautiful an edifice is the whole structure. Anne of Denmark, her son—Prince Charles—and Oliver Cromwell, were among many notable visitors, while Ray—the Naturalist—studied and experimented in the grounds. One of the stateliest homes of Europe, with its gorgeous gardens, lakes, fountains, and park.

Dunvegan Castle . . . . .	A. H. MALAN	35
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Situated in the Isle of Skye, N. B., and is the home of MacLeod of MacLeod, the twenty-second chief of MacLeod, into whose family it was brought by Leod's marriage early in the thirteenth century with the heiress of Macrauld Armuinn, the Dane. The Castle is believed to be the oldest inhabited private house in Scotland. Dunvegan is most interesting from its extreme antiquity, its countless associations, and its isolation, standing as it does on an inaccessible spot amongst the storm-swept Hebrides. Many legends of the West Highlands centre round this time-grey Castle.

Castle Bromwich . . . THE COUNTESS OF BRADFORD PAGE  
65

Situated five miles from Birmingham, and is one of the seats of the Earl of Bradford, who married Lady Ida A. Frances, daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough, the author of this article. The present Earl of Bradford succeeded to the title in 1898. The Castle is as perfect a specimen of the Elizabethan manor-house as is to be found in England. Having been built at one time and having escaped modern additions and so-called "improvements," it is much now as it was when it left the builders' hands. Every detail of the house and gardens is exquisite.

Castle Howard . . . LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER 95

Situated in Yorkshire and is one of the seats of the Earl of Carlisle. It was brought into the family by Lord William Howard—third son of the fourth Duke of Norfolk—through his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, and sister and co-heir of Lord George Dacre, for whom Castle Howard was built by Sir John Vanbrugh. This is one of Vanbrugh's enormous ponderous palaces. It will be remembered that a contemporary wit suggested as his epitaph

" Oh earth lie light on him ! for he  
Hath laid some grievous burdens upon thee."

In spite of their extreme heaviness these immense piles of Vanbrugh have great stateliness, owing to their vast dimensions—Castle Howard is larger even than Blenheim, and is, on the whole, a more favourable example of Vanbrugh's style.

Osterley Park . . . THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY 121

Situated in Middlesex, nine miles from Hyde Park Corner, and is the home of the seventh Earl of Jersey, late Governor of N. S. Wales. The Countess of Jersey—the author of this article—is a daughter of the Baron Leigh of Stoneleigh. Osterley dates from the fifteenth century, and was granted by Queen Elizabeth to the renowned merchant of London, Sir Thomas Gresham, in whose charge the Queen placed her cousin, little Lady Mary Grey. Her Majesty honoured Sir Thomas with frequent visits at Osterley. In 1661, his daughter was married in Osterley Chapel to Sir Philip Harcourt, ancestor of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, M. P. The house was, however, completely remodelled in the eighteenth century, is full of most beautiful pictures, tapestries, and bric-a-brac, and the gardens are ideal. In spite of its very plain exterior, it is one of the master-



pieces of the Brothers Adam. The decoration of the interior is singularly beautiful and stately, and a student of architecture will notice the wonderful sense of proportion displayed by Adam—a sense which our modern architects seem to have entirely lost. Osterley is, perhaps, the finest existing example of a pure “Adam” house.

Clumber . . . . . THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE 143

Situated in Nottinghamshire, and is the home of the Duke of Newcastle. In 1709, the fourth Duke of Clare—grandson of the great William Cavendish—received permission to enclose a portion of Sherwood Forest. He died in 1711, however, and left it to his sister’s son—second Baron Pelham, who was created Marquess of Clare and Duke of Newcastle. The present mansion was built in the middle of the eighteenth century, on a site formerly occupied by the Shooting Box of the Dukes of Newcastle.

Audley End . . . . . ELIZABETH J. SAVILE 173

Situated in Essex. Built in stone by the first Earl of Suffolk in 1603. The architect is believed to have been John Thorpe. King James visited the Mansion in 1610, and again four years later. Queen Elizabeth visited it when it was the property of the Duke of Norfolk, and Samuel Pepys also stayed there. In 1670, it was purchased by Charles II., and his Court was established at “this new Palace.” William of Orange slept here on November 26, 1670, and as William III., purchased it. It is now the home of Lord Braybrooke, and is a very characteristic specimen of a stately Jacobean Palace.

Dunrobin Castle . . . . . LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER 209

Situated in Sutherland, and is one of the homes of the Duke of Sutherland. The author — Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower — is the youngest son of the second Duke and cousin to the Duke of Argyll. He is an excellent artist and sculptor, and the author of many books. The Castle has been in the possession of the Sutherland family for many centuries. The late Queen Victoria was very partial to Dunrobin Castle, and an admirable description, written by herself, of her visits is recorded in this article. The Castle is a vast modern palace with beautiful gardens — The Duke of Sutherland is said to be able to ride fifty miles from Dunrobin without leaving his own lands.

	PAGE
Stoneleigh . . . . .	THE HON. MARY CORDELIA LEIGH 245

Situated in the beautiful Vale of Avon, Warwickshire, and is one of the seats of the Leigh family. It was originally an Abbey and on the suppression of the Monasteries, Henry VIII. granted it to his brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. After passing to another branch of the family it was bought by Sir Thomas Leigh who was Lord Mayor of London at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. He had been apprenticed in his youth to Sir Rowland Hill, an Alderman of the City of London, and in due course married his Master's niece Alice, and from this marriage the present noble family of Leigh is descended. Stoneleigh is rich in historical records, and is noted for its famous deer park, while under the branches of one of its old trees — "Shakespeare's Oak" — tradition says the "bard of Avon" composed some of his immortal plays. The author of this article is the daughter of Baron Leigh, and a sister of the Countess of Jersey.

Dalkeith Palace . . . . .	LORD HENRY SCOTT 271
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Situated in Dalkeith, Scotland, and is one of the seats of the Duke of Buccleuch. It is of considerable antiquity and was known as "Dalkeith Castle" previous to 1575. King David I. gave the manor of Dalkeith to William de Graham in the twelfth century. His ancestors held the Castle for seven generations, and in the fourteenth century it passed to his sister Marjory, who married Sir William Douglas. King David II. granted a charter to the latter's descendant, Sir James Douglas, and in 1369, he was created Baron Dalkeith. The palace, though externally a plain building, is a real treasure house of precious things. It contains a superb collection of pictures, and some of the finest Louis XIV. furniture in existence. The interior of the house was decorated some two hundred years ago in the most lavish and elaborate manner. A student of architecture would be interested to note the unusual combinations of white and coloured marbles, oak panelling and carving, and coloured glass which have been employed with the happiest and most novel effect. The muniment room contains a vast store of manuscripts and relics bearing on Scottish History. Here is kept the great bowl known as the "Bannock-Cup," the six century old banner of the Scott family known as the "Bellenden Banner," and countless other objects of antiquarian interest. The park is of exceptional beauty, and the rocky glens and magnificent timber strike a visitor with astonishment, as Dalkeith now

stands in the centre of a colliery district with its attendant clouds of smoke, and all the unlovely concomitants of modern industrialism. The contrast therefore is very great between the smoke begrimed country outside the park wall, and the beautiful scenery inside the enclosure.

**St. Michael's Mount . MAJOR, THE HON. JOHN ST. AUBYN 297**

Situated on an island standing in Mount's Bay, West Cornwall. Since 1657 "The Mount" has been the property of the St. Aubyn family. The author of this article — Major, the Hon. John St. Aubyn — is the eldest son of the first Baron St. Levan, and married Lady Edith Hilaria, daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. The Mount is entirely surrounded by the sea at high tide, but is accessible at low tide by a causeway from Marazion, the distance being about five hundred yards. The earliest history is that by Diodorus, who wrote half a century preceding the Christian era. The Mount is of interest not only from its great age, but from its absolutely unique position, built, as it is, on a tiny rocky islet in the open Atlantic — the rock is so small that when additions have been required to the house the only means of making these has been to excavate the new rooms from the live granite rock, under the existing Castle. During the winter storms access to the mainland is frequently cut off.

**Stowe . . . . . JOHN ORLANDO HARTES 327**

Situated in Buckinghamshire. Once the home of the Dukes of Buckinghamshire and Chandos, and for a few years the residence of the Comte de Paris, but now the seat of the third Duke of Buckingham's widowed daughter — Baroness Kinross. The present house was built by Sir Richmond Temple, who was ultimately succeeded by George Grenville, the latter being created Marquess of Buckingham in 1784. In 1822, his successor married the only daughter and heiress of the last Duke of Chandos, and was created the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.



	PAGE
The Hall, Castle Bromwich, showing Oak Panelling . . . . .	75
A Corner of the Hall, Castle Bromwich . . . . .	77
The Drawing-Room, Castle Bromwich . . . . .	79
A Corner of the Drawing-Room, Castle Bromwich . . . . .	81
The Gallery, Castle Bromwich . . . . .	83
The Rose Walk . . . . .	86
The Holly Walk, showing One-Third of its Length . . . . .	87
Castle Bromwich, South Front . . . . .	89
The Stables, Castle Bromwich . . . . .	91

## Castle Howard

Castle Howard, from the Lake . . . . .	97
The Hall, Castle Howard . . . . .	98
Castle Howard, South Front . . . . .	99
Frederick Howard, Sixth Earl of Carlisle . . . . .	102
<i>After a Drawing by Edridge.</i>	
Frederick, Fifth Earl of Carlisle . . . . .	103
<i>After a Pastel by G. Hamilton, 1772.</i>	
The Bridge, Castle Howard . . . . .	105
Caroline Gower, Countess of Carlisle in 1772 . . . . .	107
<i>After the Pastel by G. Hamilton at Castle Howard.</i>	
Castle Howard from the South-east . . . . .	108
Temple, with Mausoleum in the Distance . . . . .	109
Temple at End of the Green Terrace . . . . .	110
The Chapel, Castle Howard . . . . .	111
<i>This Chapel was Decorated by C. E. Kemp.</i>	
Grass Terraces at Castle Howard . . . . .	113
Antique Bronze Statuette of Hercules, discovered near Naworth. . . . .	114
The Library, Castle Howard . . . . .	115
The Fifth Earl of Carlisle . . . . .	116
<i>By Sir Joshua Reynolds.</i>	

	PAGE
The Dining-Hall, Castle Howard . . . . .	117

## Osterley Park

Osterley from the Lake . . . . .	123
Osterley, showing Main Front . . . . .	125
The Stables, Osterley . . . . .	130
The Dining-Room, Osterley . . . . .	131
The State Bed . . . . .	133
The Drawing-Room, Osterley . . . . .	135
Osterley, from the Shrubbery . . . . .	138
The Boudoir, Osterley, showing Gobelin Tapestries . . . . .	139

## Clumber

*With Special Photographs by the Duke of Newcastle*

Clumber . . . . .	145
Clumber, the South Front . . . . .	147
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu . . . . .	148
<i>By Richardson.</i>	
Clumber, the West Front . . . . .	149
Rubens's Wife . . . . .	151
<i>After the Picture by Rubens.</i>	
The Bridge at Clumber . . . . .	153
View of House and Church from the Bridge . . . . .	155
The Lincoln Terrace, Clumber . . . . .	157
The State Drawing-Room, Clumber . . . . .	159
The Yellow Drawing-Room, Clumber . . . . .	161
“ Beggar Boys ” . . . . .	163
<i>After the Picture by Gainsborough.</i>	
William Cavendish, First Duke of Newcastle . . . . .	164
<i>By Dobson.</i>	
The Library, Clumber . . . . .	165

## Illustrations

xxi

	PAGE
The Red Drawing-Room, Clumber . . . . .	167
Napoleon . . . . .	168
<i>By Canova.</i>	
The Billiard-Room, Clumber . . . . .	169
Apleyhead Lodge, Clumber . . . . .	171

## Audley End

*Illustrated from Special Photographs by the Rev. A. H. Malan*

The Western Front of Audley End . . . . .	175
The Original House as built by the Earl of Suffolk . . . . .	177
<i>From an Old Print.</i>	
The Entrance Porch . . . . .	178
Oak Screen in the Hall, Audley End . . . . .	179
Southern End of the Hall, Audley End . . . . .	183
Portrait of Margaret Audley, Duchess of Norfolk . . . . .	188
Oak Carving in Hall, Pope's Chair, and Portraits of Lord Chancellor Audley, Thomas, Fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Lady Katherine Grey . . . . .	189
Portraits of Elizabeth, Countess of Portsmouth, Lord Howard de Walden, and the Hon. Mrs. Whitwell . . . . .	192
The Saloon, Audley End . . . . .	195
A Corner of the Saloon, Audley End . . . . .	199
The Picture Gallery, Audley End . . . . .	203
Eastern Side of Audley End . . . . .	205

## Dunrobin Castle

A Portion of the Old Castle of Dunrobin . . . . .	211
The Old Castle of Dunrobin . . . . .	213
<i>From a Drawing by the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland.</i>	
Dunrobin from the Sea . . . . .	214
The Bridge, Golspie ; Meeting-Place of the Clan Sutherland	216

	PAGE
The Bridge in Golspie Glen . . . . .	217
Golspie Glen, near Dunrobin Castle . . . . .	219
Dunrobin Castle and its Gardens . . . . .	221
Dunrobin Castle from Strathsteven . . . . .	227
The Gardens, Dunrobin . . . . .	231
Duchess Harriet's Memorial, Dunrobin, of which the Foundation Stone was laid by the Queen . . . . .	234
Harriet, Second Duchess of Sutherland . . . . .	235
<i>Bust by Mathew Noble.</i>	
The Front Garden, Dunrobin . . . . .	237
Mary Stuart . . . . .	238
<i>From the Orkney Picture at Dunrobin.</i>	
Statue by Noble of the Second Duke, at Dunrobin . . . . .	240
Upper Terrace, Dunrobin Gardens . . . . .	241
Gardens at Dunrobin . . . . .	242

### Stoneleigh and its Memories

Stoneleigh Abbey and the Avon, from the South-east . . . . .	247
Ancient Doorway and Staircase in the old Abbey . . . . .	250
Stoneleigh House . . . . .	251
Gables of the Old Abbey . . . . .	253
The Abbey from the Garden . . . . .	254
The Old Gatehouse, Stoneleigh Abbey . . . . .	255
The Abbey and the River Avon . . . . .	256
“ Stoneleigh Abbey,” from an old Picture . . . . .	258
Old Abbey—North-west Corner—seen from the Courtyard . . . . .	259
The Abbey and Garden . . . . .	261
Stare Bridge, Stoneleigh Deer Park . . . . .	263
“ The Pretty Housemaid ” . . . . .	264
Old and New Abbey . . . . .	265
Ashow Church . . . . .	266
“ North Lodge ” Stoneleigh Deer Park . . . . .	267



Dalkeith Palace

	PAGE
Front View of Dalkeith Palace . . . . .	271
<i>From a Photograph by W. Mitchell, Dalkeith.</i>	
View from the Library Window, Dalkeith Palace . . . . .	273
<i>From a Photograph by W. Mitchell, Dalkeith.</i>	
Dalkeith Palace from the East . . . . .	275
<i>From a Photograph by W. Mitchell, Dalkeith.</i>	
In the old Caledonian Forest . . . . .	277
<i>From a Photograph by W. Mitchell, Dalkeith.</i>	
The Monmouth Cabinet . . . . .	279
The Library, Dalkeith Palace . . . . .	281
<i>From a Photograph by W. Mitchell, Dalkeith.</i>	
The Gallery, Dalkeith Palace . . . . .	283
<i>From a Photograph by J. Balmain, Edinburgh.</i>	
Charles, Earl of Dalkeith, by Sir Joshua Reynolds . . . . .	284
<i>Known as "The Pink Boy."</i>	
The Dining-Room, Dalkeith Palace, in which General Monk planned the Restoration . . . . .	285
<i>From a Photograph by J. Balmain, Edinburgh.</i>	
Lady Caroline Scott, afterwards Marchioness of Queens- berry . . . . .	286
<i>By Sir Joshua Reynolds.</i>	
The Marble Hall, Dalkeith Palace . . . . .	287
<i>From a Photograph by J. Balmain, Edinburgh.</i>	
Elizabeth, Duchess of Buccleuch . . . . .	288
<i>By Sir Joshua Reynolds.</i>	
The Dalkeith Holbein ; Portrait of Sir Nicholas Carew . . . . .	289
Painting by Canaletto, at Dalkeith Palace . . . . .	291
The Duchess of Montagu . . . . .	292
<i>By Gainsborough.</i>	
The Duchess's Sitting-Room, Dalkeith Palace . . . . .	293
<i>From a Photograph by J. Balmain, Edinburgh.</i>	

	PAGE
Sophia Campbell, Lady de Clifford . . . . .	294
<i>By Sir Joshua Reynolds.</i>	
The Canaletto Room, Dalkeith Palace . . . . .	295
<i>From a Photograph by J. Balmain, Edinburgh.</i>	

## St. Michael's Mount

St. Michael's Mount at High Water . . . . .	299
St. Michael's Mount at Low Water . . . . .	301
Cemetery Gate and Entrance Lodge, St. Michael's Mount . . . . .	303
The Pathway to the Castle . . . . .	306
The Chapel, from the North Court . . . . .	307
The Chevy Chase Room, St. Michael's Mount . . . . .	311
Looking West from the Parapet of the North Court, St. Michael's Mount . . . . .	313
The New Buildings, St. Michael's Mount . . . . .	315
A Family Party Hauling the Seine . . . . .	317
Looking East from the Battery . . . . .	319
St. Michael's Chair . . . . .	321
The View Seaward from St. Michael's Mount . . . . .	323

## Stowe

The North Front of Stowe . . . . .	329
The Avenue leading to Corinthian Arch, Stowe . . . . .	331
The Palladian Bridge, Stowe Gardens . . . . .	333
The Corinthian Arch . . . . .	334
The South Front of Stowe . . . . .	335
A Corner of the North Hall, Stowe . . . . .	337
The State Dining-Room, Stowe, showing Tapestries . . . . .	339
The Grenville Column . . . . .	340
The State Drawing-Room, Stowe . . . . .	341
Oxford Lodge . . . . .	342

## Illustrations

XXV

	PAGE
The Library at Stowe . . . . .	343
“Temple of Concord and Victory,” Stowe. Cedars planted by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in 1848 . . . . .	344
The Marble Saloon, Stowe . . . . .	345
The Gothic Temple, Stowe Park . . . . .	347

Certain of the photographs illustrating this article are by Mr. L. Varney, Photographer, Buckingham.



**Wollaton Hall**





WOLLATON HALL FROM THE TERRACE LAWN

## WOLLATON HALL

BY LADY MIDDLETON

“The ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.”—*Book of Psalms*.

WE quoted this as we stood one evening and looked over the lake's end at old John of Padua's masterpiece. And lo! as we looked, the rays of the setting sun struck the marvellous fenestration of that dainty pile till the wrought-gold garbing of the king's daughter seemed but a pallid simile, and the ivory palace stood on its hill in a blaze of splendour, while the lake-waters below us mirrored that glory in a lustre well-nigh as brilliant as its own. “To what can one compare it?” said we breathlessly. “A gorgeous gas illumination!” “A splendid transformation scene!” spoke two, of urban soul,

simultaneously. "Nay, but electric light through topaz," said a more poetic imaginer. But we refused such material suggestions. "Mother," said a child—"see! the sun has gone to bed inside Wollaton!"

Flash and blaze, shine and shimmer, glitter and glow: now the light melted into pale radiances, now gleamed like yellow diamonds, and then would fuse into rosy blendings. How exquisite, how astounding was each effect, as every pane of the great windows caught the sinking sunbeams!

Not till the bitter nip of evening frost caught our throats and noses could we tear ourselves thence, and move on to where the glory passed, and, still lovely, but calm now and placid, the Dream Palace stood against the November sky.

Crusty old Camden, who accused the builder of ostentation, and desire to show his great wealth! What mere parade of vain-glory could have inspired such a creation in architecture? what poor pride of place, and consciousness even of kingly kinship, could have produced a Wollaton?

Nought, truly, but a pure love of the beautiful in art, a knowledge, a true taste, could set stone by stone to such attuning, during the eight years that John Thorpe of Padua and Francis Willughby worked together.

It is possible that the owner—whose mother was Lady Anne Grey, aunt to the nine-days' Queen of England, and who, through that and other links, was kin to the Tudors—may have deemed his ancient house of Wollaton scarcely fitted for the entertainment of his illustrious connexions: though, indeed, 't was that house Queen Bess visited, July 21, 1575.

But no doubt Francis Willughby considered the accumulations of his minority well expended in erecting a home better suited to his estate, and to that of the kindly and distinguished relatives with whom was spent the childhood of the orphaned





WOLLATON HALL

trio : Thomas, Francis himself, and Margaret, afterwards Lady Arundell of Wardour.

If he felt this, who, gazing, shall blame ?

That he spent, according to his descendant, Cassandra Willoughby, Duchess of Chandos, “ fourscore thousand pounds ”—not reckoning value of stone, which was brought from Ancaster on the backs of mules and horses, and paid for in returned coal instead of cash—seems, considering what value such a sum re-

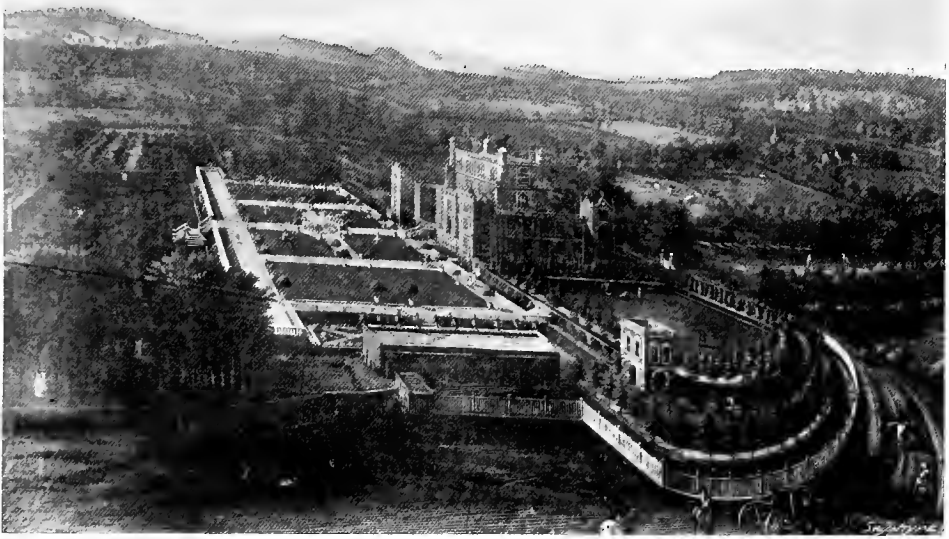


THE TERRACE FRONT

presented in Elizabeth’s time, a truly enormous expenditure for a subject.

But the result ! One cannot help agreeing with Queen Adelaide, who exclaimed, on seeing the house, that “ it ought to be put under a glass case ! ”

One cannot look at it awry : each side is perfect, each aspect novel ; whether witnessing such an effect as the one above described, or standing where the Scotch firs on Arbour Hill “ rear their ardent heights ” (so poetised by Mr. J. Russell Lowell), overlooking the swelling and dipping and tree-studded park to yonder towers upraised above their cedar terrace, and parterre of many-coloured flowers ; whether wandering on sunny lawns, beneath the fine details of architecture, noting the near effect of russet and golden staining on the lower bases, where ore-ooze adds richness to the old stones, on which a crawling spray of ivy is allowed to rise so far, but no farther ; or, yet again, roaming beyond the lake, to peer down a bough-hedged vista, and mark, over its shining, lily-strewn waters, the house standing in majestic command.



WOLLATON IN THE DAYS OF ORANGE WILLIAM

In the springtime, whose tender greenery refines refinement ; in early summer, when rhododendrons by the lake spread their rosy wreathing over carpets of hyacinthine blue ; in the autumn whose tints are nigh as splendid as the midsummer flowerage ; and in snow-time, when the glittering casements, in stony framing that is almost golden-hued by contrast of the surrounding whiteness, make of the new house of Wollaton, on its hill, a



WINTER RIME

coronal of diamond dazzlement set in filigree ore, crowning the silver head of an Arctic sovereign ; aye, in each season, in every condition, this triumph of architectural beauty finds a lovelier and fitter sur-

rounding—an atmosphere of worshipful enhancement, a sympathy of harmonious enveloping.

Wollaton Hall—to descend to prosaic detail, if prose can apply to such a poem in stone—was built in the days of Elizabeth ; John Thorpe (of Padua) with his “ architector ” John Smithson (whose mural monument is in Wollaton Church) having begun their labours in 1580. No doubt Sir Francis himself had had much say in the matter of planning, for his aforementioned descendant, Cassandra, gives him credit for being “ a man of much learning.”

Cassandra (daughter of Francis Willoughby, the famous natural philosopher, friend and patron of Ray), above quoted, has



THE GREAT HALL, WOLLATON, WITH SCREEN AND MINSTRELS' GALLERY

left most interesting manuscript excerpts from family papers in the study of her brother, Thomas (the first Lord Middleton), dated 1702. The manuscript in book form was recently recovered from descendants of the Chandos family in Ireland. Cassandra's second manuscript, promised, but, alas ! not forthcoming, might have touched on subjects of which the accounts are wholly lost : as a burst water-pipe, flooding the floor of the Muniment-room, when many papers were soaked and spoiled by hasty drying, and doubtless caused a great loss to the family archives. It might have told us something about the visit of Anne of Denmark, and her son, Prince Charles ; and about Oliver Cromwell, in after years so fatal a foe to that Prince, being found the night after Naseby (or rather the second night—considering the distance) by the old family nurse, who crept after him up-stairs at Wollaton, kneeling by his bedside, in full armour, engaged in prayer ; and about her (Cassandra's) own father, and her young brothers, who with herself doubtless imbibed knowledge at Middleton and Wollaton, watching the experiments of Ray and his patron on the sap of trees, and learning natural history in pleasantest ways.

They were a wonderful race, these Willoughbys of Wollaton ; and he who would write their history has large stores to draw from, as that Muniment-room is a bewilderment to beholders.

But as this article is limited in length, and professes to be mainly on the house and its builder, we will pass with a touch such family worthies as the Lord Chief Justice of the Second Edward's time, and that earlier Sir Richard who lies beside his wife in sculptured splendour in the old chapel at Willughby-on-the-Wolds ; also Hugh the priest, unlawful progenitor of the Willoughbys of Risely (in Derbyshire), a spot now ignorant of their name ; also Sir Hugh, who married Marion de Freville, heiress



THE GREAT HALL, WOLLATON, SHOWING STONE SCREEN

of Middleton, and brought Warwickshire lands into the family ; and whose noble will still lies in York Minster. And Henry, Knight Banneret of Stoke, in 1487 ; who was also a Knight of the Sepulchre, and accompanied his kinsman, the Marquis of Dorset, into Spain, intending to invade France ; and was the Sir Henry Willughby at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

There exists yet the parchment, sealed,—“ Sir Jo. Willughby, his patent, when he was created Kt. Hospitaller at Jerusalem,” 1521, which sets forth that he had visited the Holy Shrine, Bethlehem, Olivet, Calvary, etc. ; and he was probably the Sir J. Willughby who fought at Flodden field.

His next brother, Sir Edward, was father to that second Henry who became heir to his grandfather, and marrying the Lady Anne Grey, daughter to the Marquis of Dorset and sister to the Duke of Suffolk (whose child was the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey), was, through her, father of Francis, the builder of Wollaton Hall. Henry Willughby outlived Lady Anne by two years, and was killed by the rebels at Norwich August 27, 1546, and his three orphaned children were left to the care of their mother's relations, the Greys. Thomas Willughby, the eldest, married a daughter of “ y<sup>e</sup> Lord Paget,” and died young, *s. p.* : Francis, the younger brother (and “ builder ”), and Margaret were removed to their nearest relations, the Greys, at Tyltey. Then, in 1555, Margaret went to the “ Lady Elizabeth ” at Hatfield ; and three years later married Sir Matthew Arundell of Wardour. Francis married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Lyttleton of Frankley, against the wish of his sister, Lady Arundell, who went in for “ Astronomical talk, and Mathematical books in y<sup>e</sup> Italian tongue,” and appears to have been rather a formidable being ; while Lady Willughby, on her part, possessed a proud and passionate temper : the two ladies between them making life difficult for Sir Francis.

Queen Elizabeth proposed to visit the old house of Wollaton,





ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE GREAT HALL, WOLLATON

—and the letter is still in existence from Sir Francis Knollys to its owner, saying :

“You are not to *defray* Her Majesty, but rather y<sup>t</sup> you should give her some good present of beefs and muttens, and to keep a good Table yourself in some place . . . but you had need to consider how your provision of drink may hold out.” This consideration for a subject’s pocket was not usual with the Queen, and was probably a special mark of favour to her connexion ; since he could not plead impecuniosity ; and, indeed, is told by his adviser that his “number of servants [in attendance] should in no wise be less than fifty.”

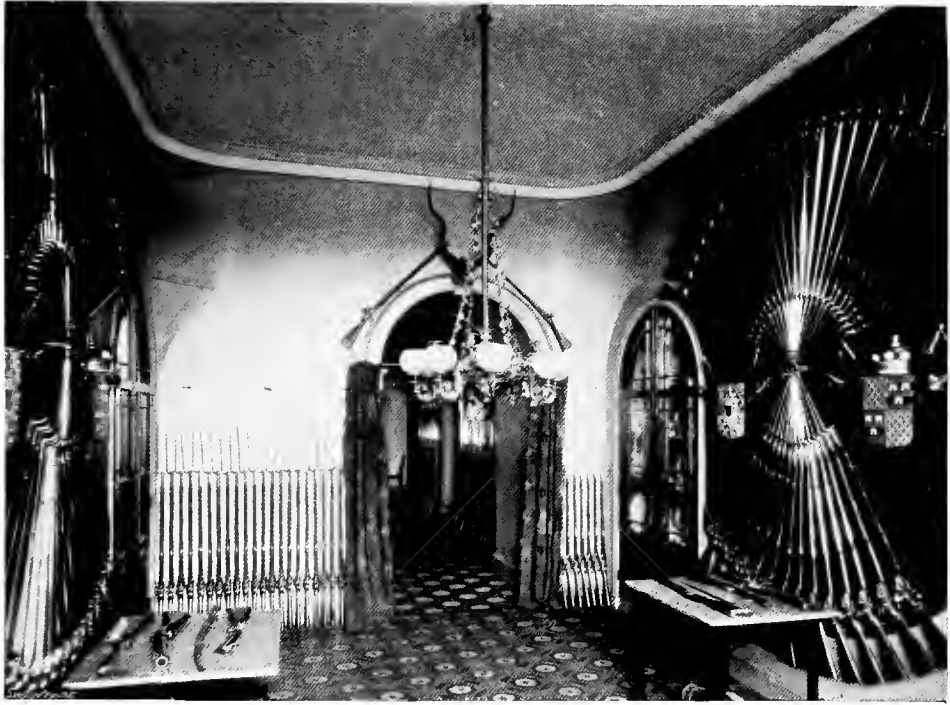
The Duchess appears to have found among “y<sup>e</sup> olde papers” no detailed account of Elizabeth’s visit to Wollaton ; but it may have been this visit that proved to Francis the unfitness of the ancient building to hold his “great estate,” and enable him to maintain the princely hospitality that seems to have been his pleasure. “He appears to have been of a very mild and sweet disposition, and a lover of hospitality,” testifies his descendant. “But,” says she,

“Before Sir F. began to build I believe he had a great estate in money ; but before he had near finished building, it appears from y<sup>e</sup> olde letters y<sup>t</sup> he wanted money, and was thinking of selling estates to pay for it.”

A not uncommon result of large building : how little will experience instruct in like matters !

However, the great work, begun in 1580, was not completed till 1588, though Sir Francis seems to have entertained there at an earlier date.

“Y<sup>e</sup> old Hall [writes the Duchess of Chandos] was built near y<sup>e</sup> Church ; what now remains of y<sup>e</sup> old Building is turned into 3 or 4 farm Houses, of which one is a quarter of a mile from y<sup>e</sup> rest, w<sup>ch</sup> was y<sup>e</sup> dairy house to y<sup>e</sup> old Hall.



IN THE ARMOURY, WOLLATON HALL

“Y<sup>e</sup> new House is placed upon a Hill, about half a mile from y<sup>e</sup> old Hall, from whence there is a very noble prospect of y<sup>e</sup> country round it : one side of y<sup>e</sup> House looks upon y<sup>e</sup> Castle and town of Nottingham ; from another there is a fine view of Clifton House and gardens, y<sup>e</sup> seat of Sir Gervas Clifton ; from y<sup>e</sup> other sides of y<sup>e</sup> House thère is a prospect of several Houses and little villages, and each corner and middle of y<sup>e</sup> House, pretty near point to Churches, w<sup>ch</sup> are about 2 or 3 miles off. The House itself is a very noble Pile of Building, but it being less easy to describe it by writing than by drawing, I design to place at y<sup>e</sup> end of this Book, a draught, and a plan of it, and shall therefor only mention here y<sup>t</sup> Sir Francis Willughby began this Building [dates as above]. Y<sup>e</sup> Master workmen w<sup>ch</sup> Built y<sup>e</sup> House, he sent for out of Italy, as also most of y<sup>e</sup> Stone figures w<sup>ch</sup> adorn y<sup>e</sup> House. All y<sup>e</sup> Stone w<sup>ch</sup> it is built w<sup>h</sup> was brought from *Ancaster* in Lincolnshire by y<sup>e</sup> people who dwelt there, and who exchanged their Stone, with Sir F. for his Cole, w<sup>ch</sup> they carried back from Wollaton ; but notwithstanding y<sup>e</sup> Stone and its carriage cost nothing but y<sup>e</sup> return of Cole w<sup>ch</sup> Sir F. made for it, and y<sup>t</sup> at y<sup>t</sup> time labourers’ wages were very small, yet it appears by a very particular account of y<sup>e</sup> Building w<sup>ch</sup> still remains in y<sup>e</sup> library y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Building of y<sup>e</sup> House cost Sir F. W. four-score thousand pounds.”

This was a very large sum indeed, according to money values of Elizabeth’s time.

But the draft or drawing promised by Cassandra is not in her first volume. The plans are, I believe, among John Thorpe’s designs in Sir John Soane’s Museum ; and these at once settle the question of “Bedlam,” that great top-storey tower so puzzling to architects ; for the original is there as at present realised. And the great strength of its supporting walls proves that weight was destined to be imposed on them.



A CORNER OF THE LAKE

However questionable this top may appear, in point of architectural fitness, there can be no question as to the dignity and grandeur imparted to the house thereby; as also to its value in the landscape; and old Hardwick and modern Mentmore both lose by their lower status!

The top room, modernly styled the Prospect Room because of the fine views embraced by its surrounding windows, is virtually useless, save as a sort of museum: the only approach to

it—except, indeed, a small turret stair from the lower leads—is by a sort of lighthouse-like winding stone staircase.

“Bedlam”—so called from its being the bed-place of retainers, brought of yore in large numbers by dignified guests—is of the size of the Great Hall, but lower.

At present it contains books; old garments from Tudor days downwards (though the pick of the collection has been lent for many years to the Nottingham Museum); State



FRANCIS WILLOUGHBY, OF WOLLATON, THE  
FAMOUS NATURAL PHILOSOPHER  
(FROM THE BUST IN THE LIBRARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE)  
PHOTO BY STEARN, CAMBRIDGE

beds, unfortunately dismantled; ancient Peruvian pottery, and relics of the natural philosopher, Francis Willoughby, the distinguished father of our historian, her Grace of Chandos.

It was the sixth Lord Middleton who, alas! in 1834, “took down the decayed wainscot in the Hall, and in my room, covered the walls with mastic, and painted them.” He employed Sir Geoffrey Wyatt (“the Destroyer”) to more or less remodel the interior of the house, and though, doubtless, general comfort was



THE ROSARY AT WOLLATON

increased, yet terrible breaches of taste were committed in the most costly fashion. The lattice windows, the old stair balustrades, etc., all vanished.

This sixth Lord Middleton, Henry, was a man of wealth, and of most independent and resolute character; and the accounts of his sales and purchases of land and other dealings in £ s. d. would cover many pages. Among his lavish expenditures he built the big Lenton Lodge and the Camellia House, at a cost each of something like £10,000. Wyatt added the present servants' hall, housekeeper's room, etc., and not at all to the detriment of the architectural effect.

But to return to the building of Wollaton. It is said the niches on the façades of the house were intended to hold statuettes, but tradition gives it that the ship bearing these from Italy was wrecked, and its cargo lost. Some of the busts in the round niches are of later insertion, for surely Charles I. is there! The enrichment to the already wealthy *decore* by those sunken images would have been wondrous.

Among Wyatt's changes must have been closing in with doors the fine stone screen supporting the "Minstrels' Gallery," over which one loves to throw, Paolo Veronese fashion, heavy draperies of crimson velvet! The Hall had included the present outside passage under the Gallery. The Hall measurements may have interest:—

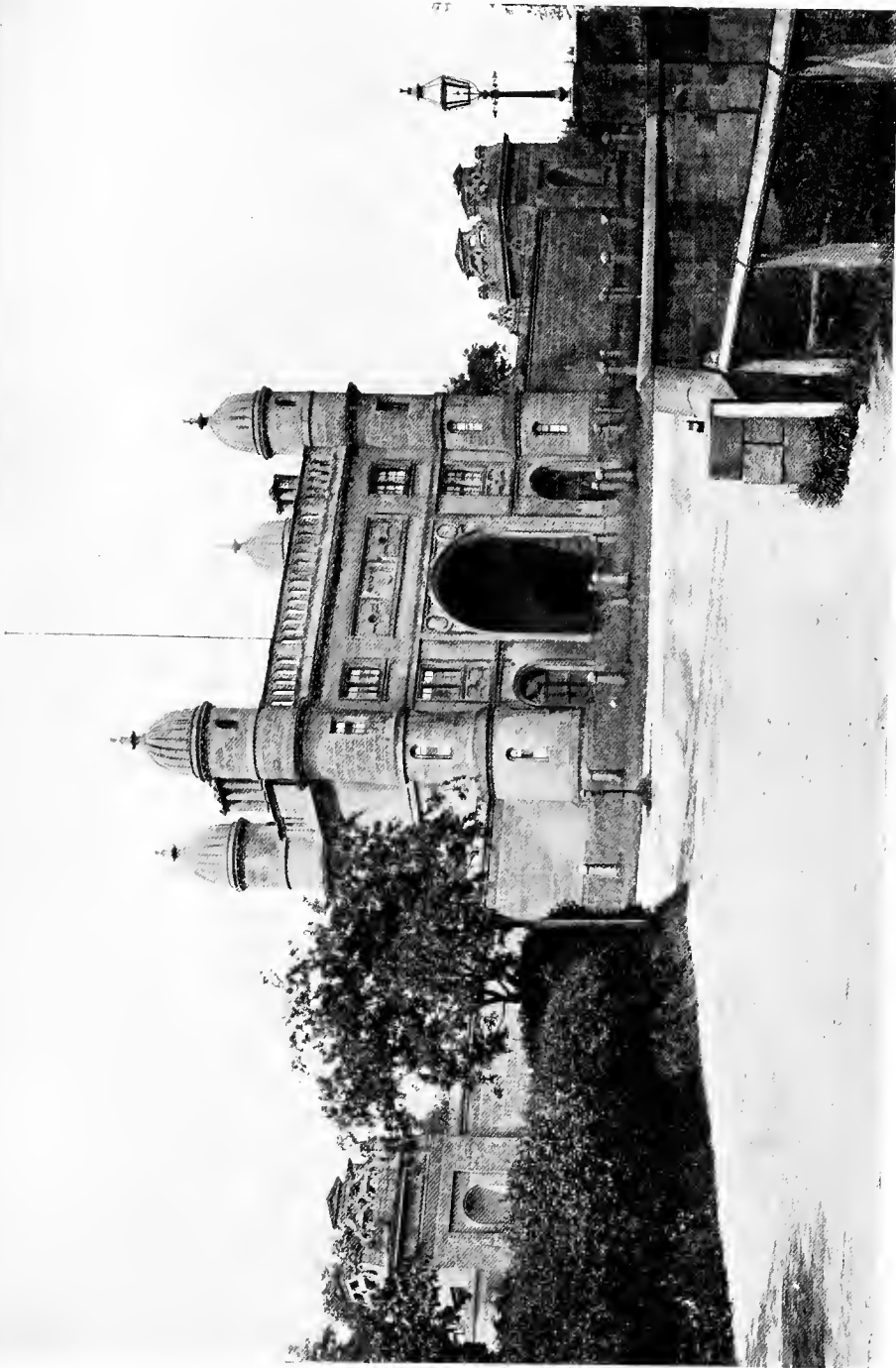
Length, including screen and gallery	. . .	61 ft. 10½ in.
"    up to screen (as now)	. . .	50 " 7 "
Width	. . . . .	30 " 1 "
Height	. . . . .	50 " 9 "

and the top, "Bedlam"—

Length	. . . . .	61 ft. 2 in.
Width	. . . . .	29 " 4 "
Height	. . . . .	22 " 6 "

The great charm of this Hall is that, once shut the eight





WOLLATON HALL GATE

doors leading into it, you are in a room private almost as a *boudoir*; for its only gallery, the Minstrels' [?] at one end, holding the old organ (last repaired in 1799), is not necessarily a passage. So, in summer, when you escape the glare by down-drawn screens to the high sun-blazoned windows, and sit luxuriously looking through the Saloon to its open terrace door, on the vivid greenery without, yourself cool as in a woodland; so, in winter, when coiled in the great chairs in front of a fire whose feeding coal-blocks are each a man's burden, and one of the great chandeliers lights in rich harmony and no glare the pictures, plinishing, and high heraldry of the roof,—be you one, or be you a score, you feel essentially—Homed!

In a dwelling so given up to external symmetries, and this great Hall's space, it is natural that other rooms should suffer, so there are none of any (proportionately) notable size, though the old Drawing- and Dining-rooms up-stairs (the latter temporarily converted into small closed cubicles for bachelors) are not mean apartments, and some of the bedrooms are large and lofty. But many run through each other, or have little staircases leading up to others only by making passage-rooms of the first.

The two chief staircases, north and south, have undoubtedly suffered in interest from Wyatt's improvements; as, though decorated—one, walls and ceiling, the other, ceiling only—by Verrio or Laguerre (his pupil) with painted mythology, they are quite modernised.

A young architect, Mr. Allen, counted the masks, heads, etc., occurring in the detail of sculptured decoration on the outside of the Hall. There are 32 busts, 20 full-length figures, 4 smaller figures, 14 skulls, 30 heads on ground floor, 104 on first floor, 64 on second floor: total of heads, 198. On the shields on second floor there are 16 owls' and 16 lions' heads, and on the strapwork finish to the towers there are 32 heads.



THE LIME AVENUE, WOLLATON

The kitchens and cellars are notable—the beer-cellars wonderful works of tunnelled rock and brick building for long distances beneath the house and terrace: a siege could have been stood out in ales! In these cellars is a beautiful spring that supplies the house with drinking-water. This tunnelling no doubt contributes to the great dryness of the building.

The furniture and plenishings of such a house should be of as abounding interest as its architecture; but poor Wollaton has here fared ill! Judging from old inventories and remarks by Cassandra, Sir Francis did not find the old house plentifully garnished on succession. During a long minority, when only executors are in charge, who knows what pilfering and “mislays” occur? And doubtless many articles—plate, books, etc.—were moved about with the young Willughbys and drifted out of ken. Then the Lord Paget may have taken good care of his daughter.

The Willughby possessions were split up in their many houses,—Wollaton, Middleton, Kinsbury, Coventry, Woodlands, etc.,—and as Francis writes, in 1587, to Henry Earl of Huntingdon, whose nephew his daughter, Dorothy Willughby, espoused that year, excusing himself for not keeping their wedding at his house, “because by reason of his wife’s absence, and y<sup>e</sup> furniture of his house being *much decayed*, he had not designed keeping house this year,” we think, with Cassandra, that he did not care to buy new furniture till the new house was finished, and that then, finding money scarce, he did not add very greatly to his possessions.

And there was a fine stripping of those in the latter days of Willughby. For example: in 1781, when Thomas, Lord Middleton, left to his wife, the beautiful Georgiana Chadwick, everything of which he could despoil his family and heirs; in consequence of which she took to her second husband, and their daughter, afterwards Duchess of Newcastle, property *then* valued



THE TERRACE GARDEN, WOLLATON

at about £300,000. A pathetic letter from the fifth Lord describes the plight in which he was left by the cruel injustice of his cousin and predecessor.

Owing, therefore, to this and similar causes, there are fewer traces in plenishing of the almost princely wealth and possessions (among which, by the way, it is worth noting have been no kings' gifts) of these Willughbys of Wollaton-Eresby :

A few pictures, a little china, and plate (where are the 321 pieces named in the will of that Sir Hugh Willughby of the fifteenth century ?), and a good many books, etc. Two ancient cannon recovered from Sir Hugh Willughby's frozen ships, and the canvas mail coat of the navigator ; relics in books and garments of the prim-visaged Lady Cassandra Willughby, whose pictured portrait, and that of her infant brother (afterwards Earl of Londonderry), hang in the Dining-room, and from whom our historian of Chandos inherited her name ; and a few, how few, alas ! of the natural philosopher's collections and books.

The late Lord Wenlock told me that when the seventh Lord Middleton emptied Middleton Hall—selling even the herd of black deer in the park, undeterred by his heirs—the philosopher's library, containing many books given to him by the great scientists, etc., of his time, went ruthlessly with the rest.

Cassandra tells us that in a valuation of Sir Henry Willughby's goods at Middleton and Wollaton “were set down many copes and vestments for y<sup>e</sup> Chapel, and many extraordinary arms in y<sup>e</sup> Armory,” and the plate was then valued at £447 10s., which was a large amount in his time. But little save a few illuminated volumes represent those early days.

It is said that the old cannon on the front hall steps were taken from a French privateer, probably by the noted Sir Nesbit Willoughby of Mauritius fame ; whose picture, with its shaded



THE LAWN FOUNTAINS, WOLLATON

eye, reminds one of the tale how it was shot out by a French bullet, and hung by a filament on the sailor's cheek! Sir Nesbit tore the eyeball away, tossed it overboard, and crying, "D—n the fellow who fired that shot!" went on fighting. This is but one of many stories of his gallantry.

While Wollaton New House was in process of building, Sir Francis, separated from his wife, seems latterly to have lived in Thurland House, in Nottingham, walking to and fro to watch the progress of his great work. Old Wollaton was probably abandoned in August, 1587, for in that month Sir Francis moved from Wollaton to his house at Nottingham.

In 1587, Sir Francis gives a great feast in his unfinished palace, November 11th, it being Lenton Fair time. "Y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Earl of Rutland and his Lady, Sir Thos. Manors and his Lady, Sir Gervas Clifton and <sup>do.</sup>, Sir Anthony Strelly and <sup>do.</sup> and divers other Gentlemen with their retinue to y<sup>e</sup> number of a hundred and twenty persons, all dined with Sir Francis at Wollaton New House." The historian gives the subjoined account of things bought for this dinner. Evidently the small fowl were (from their number) for mixed pies!

ACCOUNT OF THINGS BOUGHT FOR A DINNER, NOVEMBER 11, 1587. THE PROVISION OF BEEF AND MUTTON, ETC., BEING KILLED AT HOME.

		PAID FOR.	
		<i>sh. d.</i>	<i>sh. d.</i>
Butter . . . . .	9 4	6 lbs. of Sugar. . . . .	10 0
Eggs . . . . .	6 10	3 " " Raisins . . . . .	0 9
Milk for custards . . . . .	1 0	3 " " Corans . . . . .	1 3
2 Piggs . . . . .	2 8	3 " " Pruins . . . . .	1 0
5 Capons . . . . .	6 2	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Pepper . . . . .	1 0
8 Chickens . . . . .	2 2	$\frac{3}{4}$ of Cynamon . . . . .	1 4
4 Woodcocks . . . . .	1 4	" Ginger . . . . .	0 4
5 Snipes . . . . .	0 10	" Mace . . . . .	1 6
4 Plover . . . . .	0 10	" Cloves . . . . .	1 0
Bread for y <sup>e</sup> kitchen. . . . .	0 8	1 lb. of Bisquit . . . . .	1 6
Ale to seethe fish in. . . . .	0 2	Paid for Musk Comfits . . . . .	2 6
		Total £2 14 4	





DISTANT VIEW OF WOLLATON HALL

And now let us move down from the house, by the steps of the Saloon door, and wander across the green lawns of the balustraded terrace, down the old cracked and notched stairs to those lower flats which the cedars shade ; and where venerable ilex of Jacobean times lean over the drop fence into the Park. Let us move to our left, past the French Hovel (why so called ?), and look eastwards to Nottingham, past and beyond the long avenue of limes, with its fourfold rows of lofty pillars. How lovely that view can show, as the town climbs its slopes to the wooded heights of Mapperley, when the soft hazes of summer bathe alike the red brick and tile of buildings, and the variegated fields, gardens, tree-clumps, till they blend and fuse into very poetry of hue and shading ! Aye, even the high chimneys become glorified, and lend a veiled dignity to the outlines ; while the Castle, on its rocky pedestal, might be imagined a mediæval fortress guarding its feudatories. Without much strain on the imagination, Nottingham, as viewed from the terrace at Wollaton, might in certain aspects, and on certain days, stand for a Southern city of dream-born and poet-planned creation.

Turning back across the grass, past the small fountain basin, where the rose-pink water-lily raises her coronal of bloom above a floating halo of bronzed foliage, we could almost wish the lawn were broken again into squares, as in the picture by Sibrects (time of Orange William) it is depicted ; for the plainness of the well-kept sward, as now, is in somewhat bald contrast to the architectural richness backing it. So clear-cut still, by the way, is this rich detail of the house, despite its age, that when, in 1888, the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain held its meeting in Wollaton Park, the present Sir Walter Gilbey, observing the same, contradicted others on the date of the building, and made the bet of a new hat with some of the Council that it had not existed a hundred years. He lost his hat : that year was the house's tercentenary.



IN THE PARK AT WOLLATON

Leaving the house and its verdant fronting, we wander down a sloping path, shrub-bordered, past flourishing remains of more old ilex, and come suddenly upon a garden terrace, glowing in colour, lying between the great Camellia House (that monument of injudicious outlay, as wherein can one see the eight or ten thousand pounds spent on its erection?) and the ha-ha drop to the Park. In that Park roamed of yore the wild white cattle of



A CORNER OF THE  
CAMELLIA HOUSE

Britain. Those of Wollaton were polled, and had black noses and insides of ears. From the fact of their being described as "spotted," and "good milkers," and "used for draught purposes," it is fairly certain that they had been crossed with domestic breeds; and that the seven sole survivors, which were destroyed by the seventh Lord Middleton, were not worth preserving, as but little of the original strain remained.

From this flowery parterre of the terrace garden, the sweep of grassy glades towards the lily-spread waters of the lake is a fair outlook; and on summer evenings, when the deer, red and fallow, pass in stately or tripping bands by the sunk fence, the tiny calves and fawns frolicking lamblike, uttering their petulant, querulous cries, and wild-fowl and Chinese geese on the water call to their kind in blended voices—when church bells and clock chimes are the only sounds that tell of the vicinity of many multitudes, and the rich flowerage around gives forth its

good-night perfume to the sinking sun—we, there standing, seeing, hearkening, sensing, envy none their environment.

Beautiful Wollaton—thank God for thee! But we end with a note of sadness, for “the trail of the serpent is over it all,” as over all of earth. Sad are things many! Sad is the gradual creep of the city down to the Park walls; when the distance to lend enchantment will be absent from that view, when chimneys can no more appear as fairy spires, the gas-holders as mediæval granaries, and the big factories with their hard iron-framed windows lose charming value as ruddy blurs through the hazes of blue. Sad is the nighness of the local colliery, which it was left to the last generation to plant in the pretty village itself; and whose smouldering pit-bank generates sulphur fumes which will surely in time do to death the noblest trees.

Quite in recent years the “Great Walk,” planted from acorns in 1660, directly in front of the Hall door, has become chiefly a replacement in young timber; and all one can do now, throughout the Park, is to follow the old Scotch laird’s advice to his son: “Be aye stickin’ in a tree, Jock, — ‘t will be growin’ while ye are sleepin’!”



## Dunvegan Castle







SUNSET, FROM THE WATCH-TOWER

## DUNVEGAN CASTLE

BY A. H. MALAN

**T**HIS Castle is credited with being the oldest inhabited private house in Scotland ; but it would be a less controversial way of putting it, to say that the rock on which it stands has been occupied by the same family since early in the thirteenth century, when Leod became possessed of certain lands through his marriage with the heiress of Macraild Armuinn the Dane.

That this hardy Norseman, Macraild, should have effected a settlement on the coast of Skye was, of course, quite in keeping with the times, inasmuch as for two centuries, dating from the Norman conquest of England, the Hebrides were overrun with Scandinavians, during the era of those kings of Man and the Isles who were dependants, not of Scotland, but of Norway : the last king of this united kingdom being Olave the Black, whose three sons ruled successively, but over Man only. The Sagas are

very liberal in bestowing royal dignity ; and thus there is nothing strange in the fact that a descendant of Somerled should enjoy the title of King of the Isles at a time when Olave's son was King of Man. By his third wife, Christina, daughter of Farquhar, Earl of Ross, Olave is reputed to have been Leod's father. Olave died in 1237 ; and a few years later, Donald, Somerled's grandson, calls himself King of the Isles, in a charter witnessed to by his "most beloved cousins and counsellors, MacLeod of Harris and McLeod of Lewis," Leod's two sons. For Leod, having received from his father the isle of Lewis-cum-Harris, and, from the Earl of Ross, some territory on the mainland, apportioned what is now called Harris to his elder son, Tormod (from whom the MacLeods "of Harris, Dunvegan, and Glenelg" are descended), while giving Lewis to his younger son, Torquil. So far this bit of history seems all plain sailing ; except that there is no proof that Olave was Leod's father, though there is no proof he was not.

On the surrender of the Hebrides, in 1266, to Alexander III., the Island-kingdom, properly speaking, came to an end ; but the name *King of the Isles* seems to have continued in vogue in a quiet sort of a way till the time of David II., when it assumed a modified form. This occurred upon several of the Western islands happening to be possessed by John Macdonald of Islay, considered to be heir-male of Somerled's line ; and, in styling himself *Dominus Insularum*, "John de Yle" commenced the era of those *Lords of the Isles* who long continued as semi-independent potentates ; the title, nominally forfeited in 1475, being supposed to be finally extinguished in 1493, though managing to start up afresh, more than once, later on. And of the Lords of the Isles the Macleods of Harris were vassals, though earlier holding their mainland property direct from the Crown.

There appears no trace now remaining of Armuinn's abode, unless an elevated piece of rampart on the northern side has



THE KEEP, FROM THE NORTH, SHOWING OLD RAMPART

something to do with it. It must anyhow have been insignificant compared with the extensive pile which the mail-boat passes, after its long day's run from Oban. A run, indeed, of calm water through the Sound of Mull, but attended by sundry uncomfortable rollings at intervals, after that ; off Eigg, commemorative of a deed "the most cold-blooded and atrocious in Highland history"—which is saying a good deal ; off Rum, with its twin peaks, Alival and Askival ; and Canna, with its low green breadths. Then follows the long board across, gradually leaving behind us, on the starboard beam and quarter, those gaunt mountains of Skye, concerning which a modern bard tells the true and tragic tale of how a golden eagle was seen to take up six lambs in succession, letting them go, when well aloft, to dash themselves on the rocks, and was proved to have served thirteen others in the same way : in spite of which piece of wanton wickedness on the part of "The Tyrant of the Cuchullin Hills," one echoes the poet's aspiration that these birds may long flourish under the protection of MacLeod. Then, after putting in at Loch Bracadale, we skirt "MacLeod's Maidens" and Idrigill (for a while the prison of Lady Grange) ; and after that there ensues a period of most tumultuous pitchings and tossings, till the ship has rounded Dunvegan Head (where the cliffs stand up tremendously precipitous against the lowering sun), and enters a placid reach, quickly becoming narrowed up by islets and peninsulas, and eventually almost terminating at the quay.

Leaving the waterside, the carriage-drive passes in among trees, where the song-birds, ferns, and foliage so obliterate all sense of the water, that a steamer's hooter would seem as out of place as the sea-serpent ; but before one is reconciled to the startling change of scene, the castle is approached, and proves to have lost nothing of its ancient welcome, though no piper is in waiting with *The MacLeod Salute*.



DUNVEGAN CASTLE FROM THE BEACH

## Dunvegan Castle

What was formerly the back is now the front. The oldest part is the Keep, and one would like to think Armuinn built it. Perhaps it occupies the same site; perhaps the very stones were relaid on the old foundation; perhaps pieces of the ancient walls were utilised; but, as a whole, the well-built masonry seems to forbid an earlier date than the time of Leod's grandson, who was granted a charter of Glenelg in 1343. (Another charter of 1498 shows that the island estates were then held on condition of keeping in readiness for the King's use a twenty-six-oared lym-



DUNVEGAN CASTLE

DUNVEGAN CASTLE  
AFTER THE ENGRAVING IN GROSE'S "ANTIQUITIES"

phad.) The Keep consisted of an upper and under hall, with chambers above; and was formerly only accessible on the west side, by a sea gate, still remaining (though narrowed), and still showing portcullis-grooves, and a ten-foot-long hole for the beam which was shot across on the inside. Just within that gate there branches off to the left a very narrow postern-passage, which led into the interior, the present footpath proceeding up to the terrace, past the ancient well. Along with its northern watch-tower, the Donjon formed the only building till early in the



EAST ASPECT OF DUNVEGAN CASTLE

sixteenth century, when the eighth chief, Alexander Crotach, erected a southern tower, with newel stairs communicating with its three stories, and carried up to a passage round the eaves which is protected by a loopholed parapet.

Next, Sir Roderich, better known as Rorie More, about a century later incorporated the bailey between the Keep and Alexander's Tower; rendering the present front aspect what it would now appear, supposing the modern bridge, porch, and octagonal turrets were removed, and what it was—barring the then dilapidation—in 1790, as shown in Grose's *Antiquities*. The engraving in that work is noteworthy, since it depicts the castle as Johnson saw it in 1773. Boswell speaks of a “large unfinished pile of four stories, which we were told was here when Leod came”; so that it is clear the household then occupied the part south of the Keep.

What was the under-hall is now a series of cellars; and what was the Banquet-hall is now the Drawing-room: where, it may be mentioned,—as illustrating the difference, here, between past and present,—the English Church service is held on Sundays, whenever practicable; and any villagers, or strangers, who may think proper to do so, are at liberty to join with the household in worship. Let us suppose ourselves to have entered this room. Four deep bays are formed entirely by the nine-feet thickness of the walls. The things especially inviting notice are those in the glass cases. In one case are the Fairy Flag, Rorie's drinking-horn, and the well-known Dunvegan cup. The Fairy Flag is three feet nine inches high, but so tattered at the end that its original length is indeterminate. It is of fine silk, weather-stained to a dull yellow, and has sundry “elf-marks,” or perhaps rent-darns, in red thread: a wide hem served for passing it over the top of a staff. Of unknown origin, it is thought to be a Saracenic banner; tradition affirming it to have been the safeguard of the clan in

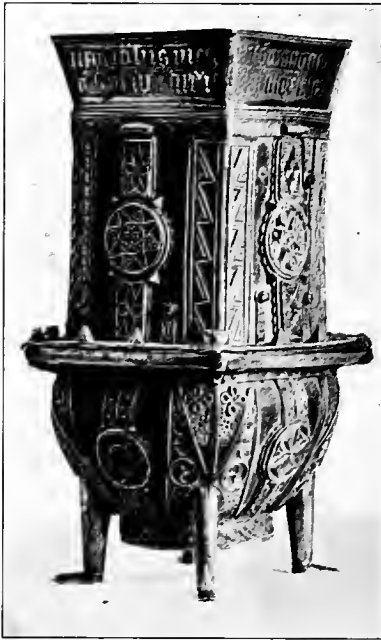




DINING-ROOM, DUNVEGAN CASTLE, SHOWING PORTRAIT OF GENERAL NORMAN  
MACLEOD AND HIS SECOND WIFE; AND THE COLOURS OF THE 2ND  
BATTALION 42ND REGIMENT

battle, and the bringer of fish to the loch. And the extreme care with which it was cherished was sufficiently shown when, in 1799, an iron chest, known to hold it, was surreptitiously broken open, and found to contain an inner case, within which was a scented casket, with the flag deposited therein.

The Dunvegan cup is an Irish vessel, made of dark wood, and overlaid with studded silver plates and filigree. It may



DUNVEGAN CUP

possibly have served as a chalice, since it has i. h. s. repeated four times inside the bowl, and a verse of Psalm cxliv. outside. Its gilding, inlaying of niello, crystals, coral beads, and apertures in the plating through which peeped some coloured fabric, must once have given it a most brilliant, highly decorated effect. Below the rim each of the four sides has lettering in a panel of two lines ; but the upper line of each panel has nothing whatever to do with the lower, except only on the fourth side ; and it is apparently through his omitting to notice this

that Scott made such a remarkable hash of the legend and date. The date is 1493 ; and the inscription, when expanded and translated, asserts that Catherine O'Neill, wife of John Macguire, Prince of Fermanagh, caused the cup to be made ; after which follows, "*Oculi omnium in te sperant,*" etc.

In two other glass cases are the letters of thanks indited by Johnson and Sir Walter, after their respective visits. Johnson writes, Sept. 28, 1773, to his host, the twentieth chief : — " We are now on the margin of the sea, waiting for a boat — Boswell



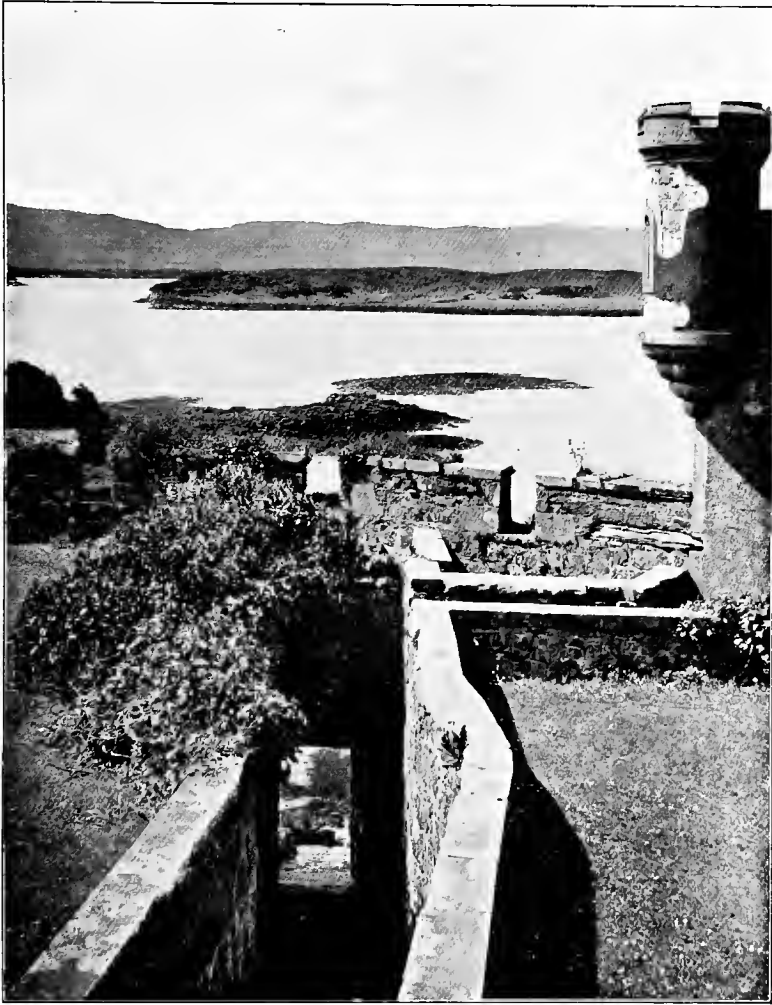
THE FAIRY ROOM, SHOWING NEWEL STAIRS

grows impatient” ; he sends back the borrowed horse, which, “ heavy as I am, has borne me over ground both rough and steep with great fidelity” ; and then continues : “ Lady MacLeod and the young ladies have, by their hospitality and politeness, made an impression on my mind which will not easily be effaced. Be pleased to tell them I remember them with great tenderness and great respect.” Scott, acknowledging to Mrs. MacLeod a purse of her workmanship, and sending his *Lord of the Isles*, proceeds :—

“ . . . . The hospitality of Dunvegan will long live in my recollection. I venture to send . . . a poem which owes its best passages to MacLeod’s kindness and taste in directing me to visit the extraordinary scenery between his country and Strathard, which rivals in grandeur and sublimity anything that the Highlands can produce . . . I shall be proud and happy if it serves to amuse a leisure hour at Dunvegan. It has had one good consequence to the author, that it has served to replenish the purse which the Lady MacLeod presented him ; yet he has so much the spirit of the old bard, that he values the purse more than the contents. . . .”

(The volume referred to is in the Library, and inscribed : “ Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod, from her much obliged and faithful humble servant the author, Edinb., 3 March, 1815.”)

At one end of the Drawing-room, in the wall’s thickness, is the passage which led down to the Retainers’ Hall below ; at the opposite end is either a similar passage or else a secret chamber. With these exceptions there is nothing in this pretty room, with its modern equipment, to suggest either its former appearance, or the scenes witnessed within it. Just think : it was here that Ian Dubh the usurper, after assassinating his cousin Donald, the tenth chief, and his three nephews, despatched a whole party of people seated at his board ; thus giving a new version of the proverb,



VIEW FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM, DUNVEGAN CASTLE,  
LOOKING DOWN TO SEA GATE

“Fair and false as a *Campbell*.” The circumstances were these : An Argyll force, having landed at Roag to take possession of the Dunvegan property on behalf of the Earl of Argyll, guardian of the heiress Mary MacLeod (the *me* of the four Marys), was met at Kilmuir by Ian and his staff, and, after confabulation held, eleven of the gentlemen were invited to the Castle. At table the guests sat alternately between Ian’s friends ; and the feast proceeded harmoniously enough until, toward the end, a cup of blood was set before every Campbell, who was at the same moment dirked by the MacLeod next him. And you have only to open the farther door, and squeeze yourself through an opening twenty-one inches wide, just outside it, and enter the rude upper dungeon, with its rough, vaulted roof and a square hole in the floor gaping down into the depths of the lower dungeon, to see where Ian lodged his brothers, and some of the leading men of the clan, till they had all sworn allegiance to him ; enabling him to retain his ill-gotten possession until, after many years, he was surprised by the sudden return of the rightful chief, Tormod, from France, when he dashed out of the sea gate and escaped to Ireland, but presently met his deserts.

As for Tormod, he went to work on a more extensive scale. Resolving, with the promptitude of a Jehu, that there should be no more bother about the succession, he gave orders for a clean sweep of Ian’s kin ; and, accordingly, nine brothers and sisters of the usurper, with all their families, were simultaneously slaughtered at his command. Tormod the exterminator has been also considered to have perpetrated the massacre at Eigg ; but it is fairly certain that Ian Dubh was the real author of it, as it is known to have occurred in 1577, in which year he was at Dunvegan, and Tormod was in France. The story is this ;—Some Clanranalds had just paid off a score against a recent raiding party of his clan, when “ MacLeod Herreik landed with ane great



ALISTER CROTACH'S TOMB IN RODEL CHURCH

armie." Apprised of his coming, the whole population of the island took refuge in a cave, where all were suffocated, "to the number of 395 persons, man, wyfe and bairnis"; many of the poor wretches pressing up close to the blocked entrance, gasping for air, as their bones, lately exhumed at the very threshold, have, it is said, testified.

Over the Drawing-room are some bedrooms. Scott remarks, in reference to *his* room, "the mind is not similarly affected at all times alike." Happily it is not; otherwise meditation on the horrors that took place immediately below might be hardly conducive to repose. Happily, also, in the long days, the afterglow almost merges into the dawn, so that one feels even the ghosts of Ian's victims would hardly think it worth their while to turn out for the short time during which it is comparatively dark.

From the summit of the Watch-tower, reached from this direction, a romantic picture presents itself on a still evening, when the sun sinks his red-hot disc just off Dunvegan Head, and, nearer at hand, the darkening back of Gairbh Island mirrors itself in the unruffled water; and the calls of blackbirds, gulls, cuckoos, terns, and mergansers, make a striking and unusual combination of bird-music. And the picture loses nothing in interest supposing Dunvegan's lord has been prevailed upon good-naturedly to don the old accoutrements, occupy the battlemented foreground, and, *fier comme un Écossais*, throw against the sky those three eagle-plumes which none but a chief may wear.

In the corridor, between the Keep and the South Tower, among other things is some old chain armour fished up out of the loch; the claymore of Norman MacLeod (of Bernera), who raised a thousand men, and led the clan at the battle of Worcester, where the majority fell; also that symbol of the subjection of the Isles, Rorie More's two-handed sword. The early career of this redoubtable chief was spent in keeping alive a feud long existent





THE DINING-ROOM, DUNVEGAN CASTLE

concerning the northern extremity of Skye. According to certain charters (1500–1510), the bailiery of Troternish had been vested



OLD ARMOUR AND SWORDS

in three different persons, the natural result being that there occurred perpetual engagements between the rival claimants—Dunvegan, Lewis, and Sleat, alike in the time of Crotach, of the next chief, Tormod, and of his second son, Rorie—in the latter case the feud becoming intensified through Rorie's sister being ill-treated by her husband, Donald Gorm Macdonald. With such ferocity and revengefulness was the fray sustained, that the Privy Council was compelled

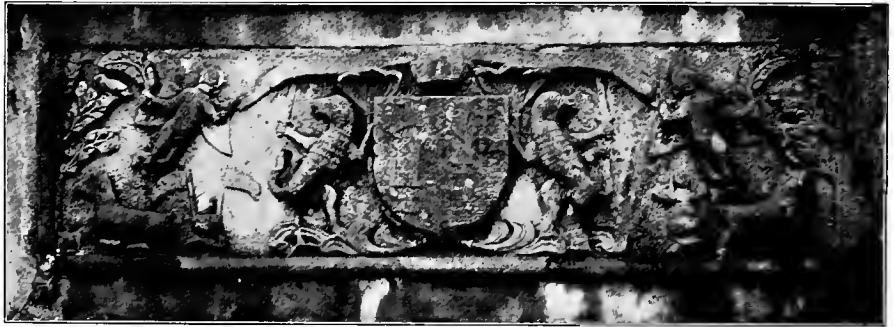
to interfere, and endeavour to introduce some sort of order into the Isles, before the clans in question were completely ruined. To this end, in 1608, all the island lords had to meet the Commissioners at Aros, and were required to give up their strongholds to the Heralds, renounce all claims to jurisdiction, obey the laws, destroy their fleets of galleys, and no longer use two-handed swords, but only single-handed swords and targets. Upon their rather demurring at having their wings clipped in such wholesale fashion, they were beguiled on

to the King's ship, *Moon*, "to hear a sermon" ; except Rorie alone, who, reluctant to be edified, wisely stopped ashore, and so saved himself the imprisonment undergone by the others, at Dumbarton and Stirling, as hostages for the good behaviour of their clans.

The next year there followed the Statutes of Iona, whereby the personal attendants of the chiefs were strictly limited in number ; and, "in consequence of the inordinate love of wine and *aqua vita* being the cause of the inhumanity and barbarity practised," itinerant wine-sellers were put down, and all wine required (limited in annual quantity—in MacLeod's case to four tuns) was to be imported direct from the mainland, though the chiefs might still distil *aqua* to their hearts' content ; Sabbaths were to be observed according to the discipline of the Reformed Kirk ; and every man who owned sixty head of cattle was henceforth to put his children to school in the Lowlands, to learn English. These statutes the chiefs bound themselves faithfully to observe ; Donald Gorm and Rorie becoming friends the next day, condoning their mutual murders, slaughters, spulzies, and raising of fire, and agreeing to "live hereafter in Christian peace and society" — a novel experience for both !

Then, in 1616, instead of ranging about from one to another of their various fortresses, each chief was to reside at a specified house, about which he was to make "policie and planting," also taking the home farm into his own hands, "to the effect he might be exercised and eschew idleness." Imagine Rorie, ever a fighter, pottering about among his stots and oats ! If he ever did such a thing, how he must have longed for his lost birlinns, and for just one fight more with the Macdonalds ! He was succeeded by his son, Ian More, who found himself robbed of the tax hitherto imposed on fishing-boats plying within his bounds. He was evidently one of the good chiefs of the clan, since he was

termed "Lot in Sodom," which looks as if the outer islands were hardly what they should have been, in spite of the various statutes. Presently there came Ian Breac, "the model Highland gentleman," who kept harper, piper, and fool at Dunvegan ; and whose bard was the famous Mary MacLeod, recalled from Mull, whither she had been banished for composing ballads to Rorie's third son instead of reserving her minstrelsy for her chief. Ian set about restoring the castle, but without being able to carry out his schemes. His arms (impaled with those of his wife, daughter



ARMS OF IAN BREAC, SIXTEENTH CHIEF

of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat) are now over the front door : the Danish *triskele* (legs of Man), flying figures, horse and hound, and sea-monster-like supporters, rather smacking of the wild Norwegian, and giving the achievement a breezy, sea-kingly appearance.

The clan had had, after Worcester, sufficient experience of Stuart forgetfulness of service rendered ; and consequently Ian kept himself and his men out of the clan-muster, under Dundee, in 1689. About that period a seer foretold the following curious combination of events : that when the third Norman, son of the hard-boned English lady, perished accidentally, the "Maidens" became Campbell property, a fox littered in the Castle, and the flag was exposed to view, the glory of the MacLeods would depart, but to be more than recovered in the future when another Ian Breac should arise.

In 1799, the Dr. MacLeod of that date was able to verify and record the first part of this prophecy. Within a few days of the discovery of the flag (at which he was present), the “Maidens” were sold to Angus Campbell, a tame fox produced cubs in one of the turrets, and news arrived of the death of young Norman MacLeod in H. M. S. *Queen Charlotte*. And it only remains to say that there should be no unnecessary delay in the fulfilment of the remainder, since I am informed the heir presumptive to Dunvegan bears the fated title; and, if such be the case, he will certainly deserve good fortune in after-life, as Ian Breac is hardly the name one would choose for the ordeal of school,—it is too provocative of the assumption, “your head is ‘iron,’ it won’t ‘break,’” —and therefore will require some courage to live up to.

The present Dining-room—the Drawing-room where Johnson discussed men and affairs, and Boswell took his dish of tea—is not quite what it then was, the corridor having been since built at the back. A conspicuous picture here is one of Norman, nineteenth chief, usually known as “The Wicked Man,” partly through his having run through £60,000 accumulated during his minority, and left the estate £50,000 in debt, in consequence of which Harris and Glenelg had to go, partly through his share in the Lady Grange affair, and also through his encouraging Prince Charlie to come over, but refusing him aid, and ultimately fighting on the other side. To add to his other crimes, he “took a fancy to a pretty girl”; inviting his wife (Janet Macdonald, from whom he was separated) back to Dunvegan, and then, as is said, starving her to death in order to marry the charmer. He was on intimate terms with Rob Roy; and it is noticeable that his portrait shows him dressed in Rob Roy tartan.

Of a different stamp altogether was his grandson, afterwards General Norman MacLeod, whose picture is by Raeburn. Along

with Colonel MacLeod of Talisker, he had been called in by the "Wicked Man" to do what he could with the tenants whose rents had been increased, to raise funds. They were losing all sense of feudalism since the Disarming Act, and contemplating emigration; and in his memoirs he describes how "terrible we found it to decide between justice to our family, and the distresses of a tenantry who had lost a third of their cattle the previous winter." But he had his reward. His consideration won the heart of the clan; hardly any one emigrated, and he reinstated the patriarchal idea: in which respect he was well imitated afterwards by his grandson, who dwelt among his own people, arranging things for them when almost ruined by the famine in 1845, and then having to go forth and shift for himself, until appointed to an office in the Queen's Household: and his example, again, has been so faithfully followed by his son, the twenty-third chief, that no name now stands higher in Hebridean — one may say Highland — esteem than that of MacLeod of MacLeod.

To return to the General. On succeeding, his mother (the daughter of Brodie of Brodie, Lyon King — his portrait is in the Billiard-room) and his sisters came to live with him; and one of those sisters used subsequently to recall how Johnson's fire refused to burn, and he must needs go out into the courtyard to get some peat for it, so making his cold worse; much to the amusement of her mother, who went to see how he was getting on, and found him a ludicrous object, "with his wig inside out, the back to the front, to keep his head warm." Presently the Doctor's sage advice to "keep to the Rock" proved impracticable. "I found myself," writes the General, "without any hope of extinguishing the debts, or ever emerging from poverty and obscurity; and I had the torment of seeing my mother and sisters immured with me." Accordingly he went for a soldier; raising the Second Battalion of the 42nd, accompanying it to India, and



DUNVEGAN CASTLE, WEST FRONT, FROM THE SEA

defeating Tippoo (who gave him a sword, still here, *minus* its jewels), and eventually becoming Commander-in-chief of the Malabar army.

The "Rock" is by no means so isolated as was the case then. From these windows, looking across, the loch might be a small inland lake, but there is frequently something to enliven it: either the daily steamer appears for a moment and then vanishes, or smacks seek shelter, or some dainty yacht drops in, like the one which brought Mr. Black, to go into raptures, in *White Wings*, over the other Raeburn, the General's second wife; or at least there will be the castle fisherman so patiently plying his bootless calling that it would be sheer charity to wave the flag and secure him a bite.

Landwards, too, the trees are so grown and multiplied that pleasant rambles are to be had in the woods: the garden that the General's mother considered impossible has decidedly been made, and is perfectly wind-proof; while as for the "Nurse," audible as of yore, it is now quite invisible, except when you are close to its embowered seclusion.

The bedroom where Rorie was lulled by this cascade is in the base of Alister Crotach's tower. The story above forms the Fairy Room, where the flag was stored; the fairies at present occupying it, as their sitting-room, being the daughters of the house. At one end is a modern entrance, at the other an opening off the newel stairs; and since it was here that Scott was quartered, he was certainly fortunate in having his slumbers undisturbed.

Beyond the Castle precincts, southward, is Kilmuir churchyard, with some fearful and wonderful family vault-enclosures, like pounds: also with an obelisk erected by the notorious Simon, Lord Lovat, over the grave of his father, who died at Dunvegan when visiting his brother-in-law; the son, "to show



posterity his affection for his mother's kindred, the brave MacLeods, choosing rather to leave his father's bones with them than carry them away to Lovat." Just beyond this churchyard stands the Dunvegan Hotel, on that road to Portree which offers an alternative route for any who would wish to visit the neighbourhood, but without the long passage from Oban.

Within a walk, eastward, is the Temple of Anaitis, discoursed upon by Boswell, still awaiting the attention of some



RODEL CHURCH

competent antiquarian; destined to be more fortunate in his digging, let us trust, than the lady who unearthed, near here, a lately buried gypsy's child, when investigating some supposed monument of the past.

Some monuments of the past MacLeods being at Harris, ship was taken for Rodel. After calling at Stein, Ardmore is soon reached, with Trumpan at its back, memorable in island story. At Trumpan some MacLeods were in church. Nothing being sacred to a Macdonald, the building was fired, and all its occupants put to the sword except one woman, who escaped. But

the hostile keels had been sighted. The invaders, cut off from their boats, had to fight it out to their last man ; a stone wall being turned over upon them, as cairn for their slain bodies.

Then, coastwise, round the low dark point of Waternish, and another call at Uig ; after which follows that crossing to the Long Island which is such a formidable business in hard weather. On nearing Harris, the object of our visit stands out, at the base of one of the bare grey hills ; where also formerly stood the island



CROFTERS' HUTS AT OBBE

residence of the lord. It was here that Rorie held revel on a night in 1601 with his vassals, after carrying fire and sword to Troternish, "sparing no living thing," and

having his own country near the Coolins raided in return by the Macdonalds. On the night in question a party of the latter were taking news of their success to their chief, when they were swept across the Minch before the storm. Perhaps Scott had the incident in mind, when he wrote :—

" When, if a hope of safety rest,  
' T is on the sacred name of guest  
Who seeks for shelter, storm-distress'd,  
Within a chieftain's hall."

At any rate, it was a night when Rorie swore he would not refuse refuge to his worst enemy ; and so he was easily prevailed upon by his piper Macrimmon, who had a friend aboard, to admit

the strangers. The crew were accordingly taken in, entertainment was provided, and an outhouse improvised for their rest. But, warily suspicious, at midnight Macrimmon secretly reported change of wind ; and hardly had the Macdonalds got afloat before seeing their dormitory in flames ; their piper acknowledging the amenities of Harris by promptly striking up *The MacLeods are disgraced*, to the fury of those ashore, at learning the birds had flown.

In the small church are three recumbent effigies, and two recessed tombs ; that of Alister Crotach on a scale of unexpected grandeur. It was fashioned during his lifetime, and bears date 1528. At the base of the canopy he is represented in plate-armour, with bassinet, camail, and jupon over hauberk ; a two-handed sword extend from breast to feet. On panels, occupying the recess and the arch above it, in bold relief, are the fortalice at Dunvegan (or else the MacLeod arms — a castle), a hunting scene among the stags of Harris, a galley under sail pierced for thirty-four oars — the emblem of his naval exploits (or else, perhaps, the arms of Man during the Norse occupation) ; also the Virgin crowned, two abbots, St. Michael weighing souls (with the scale in Alister's favour), and sundry angels holding scrolls and censers : a well-executed, but curious mixture of sacred and secular subjects. The ungrammatical black-letter inscription presents no difficulty with the exception of one abbreviated word of four legible letters [p d u m], which is aggravatingly obscure.

There appear to be no ruins remaining of the monastery founded here by one of Crotach's predecessors, to which the church was attached ; nor, indeed, anything else tempting one to linger ; therefore a visit was paid to Obbe, with its archipelago of islets, and its clusters of crofters' huts.

The huts are very small and low ; but one that was entered contained three rooms. In the middle of the central living-room

was the open hearth, prehistorically interesting ; beyond this room, to the left, was the sleeping-room, so crammed with beds that no floor was visible ; to the right a back kitchen, furnished with pots, chickens, peat, and lumber. Everything within seemed black, as well might be ; for though a hole in the roof over the hearth, and another in a corner under the eaves, and the open door,



INSIGNIA OF THE CHIEF

between them, carried off much of the smoke, enough remained behind to irritate nose and eyes, unless to the manner born.

The women are a stalwart breed ; even the elderly ones show remarkable sprightliness, when scampering up a hill-side, jabbering Gaelic at their errant orange- and tabby-coloured cows. They are, of course, adepts at everything connected with wool, including the colouring of it with

simple natural dyes. They seem also to take their full share of all work that has to be done ; not that this can be excessive, one would imagine, seeing that on the following morning, a lovely spring day, at one hamlet no living creature was to be seen till eight o'clock, at which hour sleepy, half-clad urchins began to peep out at their cabin doors.

Returning to Rodel, the impatience of a Boswell would be out of place. The soft, enervating air of these regions, as the good people of Obbe evidently find, tends to repose and resignation : to the resignation of a Johnson, sitting down to write *his* letter of thanks, "on the margin of the sea, waiting for a boat."

## Castle Bromwich





CASTLE BROMWICH, SOUTH FRONT

## CASTLE BROMWICH

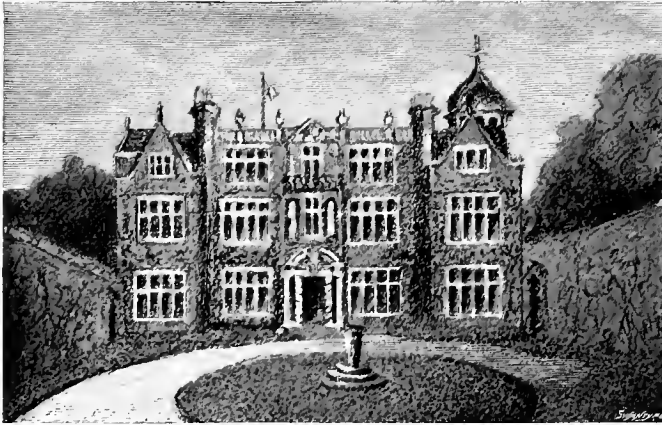
BY THE COUNTESS OF BRADFORD

“ In green old gardens hidden away  
From sight of revel and sound of strife,  
Here have I leisure to breathe and move,  
And to do my work in a nobler way ;  
To sing my songs, and to say my say,  
To dream my dreams, and to love my love,  
To hold my faith, and to live my life,  
Making the most of its shadowy way.”

SOME three hundred and twenty years have come and gone since those days when the last of our Tudor sovereigns was beginning to feel the weight of her years, and when the subject of this sketch was built, and the gardens, now so bewildering to the players of “hide-and-seeK,” were planned and laid out. This lovely old Manor-house no doubt owes much of its present beauty to the gentle touch of time, which has

mellowed and blended brick and stone into colouring of such wonderful harmony that the artist is driven to desperation, and seeks in vain in his paint-box to reproduce what nature and time have combined to make so perfect.

Would you know more of this very perfect specimen of an Elizabethan mansion in the heart of the Midlands, and not five miles from Birmingham, that city of teeming, toiling thousands? Then step inside these gates with me, and let me try to bring it before you in all its perfection. On either side of the gates



CASTLE BROMWICH  
FROM AN OLD WATER COLOUR

are stone lions, at a distance of eight or ten yards away — as it were guarding them.

This, the main entrance, faces nearly due south; and the first thing we see, on entering

the approach, is an ancient sun-dial in the centre of a grass plot; but we hardly glance at this as we pass on to the house, which claims all our attention. We gaze and gaze at the porch, with its twisted columns of grey stone; the coat of arms and monogram of Sir John Bridgeman above in reddish stone, and the figures of Peace and Plenty; and above again the very decorative balustrade, on which rest four graceful vases.

The whole of this porch, which projects some ten feet from the house, was added in 1672, by Sir John Bridgeman, who then bought the place from Sir Edward Devereaux. On either side are projecting wings, forming with the porch the letter **m**.

Though built round an open court, no two sides are alike.





THE PORCH, CASTLE BROMWICH



Those were certainly not the days of uniformity. Gables were placed here and there, at various distances apart, and apparently without measurement, no two being of equal size. Windows are treated in like manner, with the exception of those on the west or garden front — of which more anon. How far more ornamental and attractive is this style than the rigid uniformity which is *de rigueur* in these later days.

On the inner side of the right projection of the **E** may be seen a peep-hole in the centre of a stone let into the brickwork; formerly used, no doubt, to see whether friend or foe was approaching,— if the latter, to give timely warning to those within whom it might concern.

The west or garden front has an inner meaning, which is of great interest when one recalls how dangerous it was three hundred years ago to betray any religious feelings. There are twelve large latticed windows with stone mullions — signifying the twelve Apostles; four gables — the four Evangelists; and a door opening into the garden through a grape vine, which is always kept cut in the form of a cross, and is strong and vigorous still, though probably — judging by the immense size of its stem — as old as the house to which it clings. This vine does not bear any grapes; in fact, it seems almost to have reverted to a wild state, since it bears only, and but rarely, tiny clusters of minute berries.

Let us enter by this door. We find ourselves in a small hall at the foot of the principal staircase, the oak balusters of which are beautifully carved; oak panelling is all around; a painting of the Four Seasons — said to be by La Guerre, who painted many of the ceilings of the Louvre — crowns the ceiling. The painting is set in heavily-carved festoons of flowers, with coats of arms on either side, and monograms entwined. Presently we will ascend this staircase; but I would show you, first, the rooms on the ground floor. Turning to the right, we find ourselves in a

Hall, large and rather low, entirely panelled with dark oak, which, over the fireplace, round the cornice, on the tops of shutters and doors, is very elaborately carved. The design of the ceiling is rather remarkable: there are three crossway beams, heavily carved; and between these are what is known as the stirrup pattern—white on pale green background. Perhaps, though, the most interesting feature in the Hall is the inscription on the back of the old iron grate: I B M, for John and Mary Bridgeman; date, if I recollect rightly, 1702.

If this grate could but speak, what tales might it not unfold of the lives of the many who here have lived and loved, sorrowed and rejoiced, and passed away to the “land of shadows”; individually forgotten it may be, but held in thankful remembrance by the writer as those to whom is owing a great debt of gratitude for having made this lovely home what it is!

In one corner stands a “grandfather’s clock,” which, besides telling the hours, has on the face of it a tale to unfold. The face of this clock has *two* hands, and is more modern; but the case is the original one. Some twelve or fourteen years ago, “The Station-master, Castle Bromwich,” received a letter, thus addressed, from an unknown individual in Lincolnshire, stating that he possessed an old clock, upon the case of which was carved “CASTLE BROMWICH” and “EDWARD DEVEREUX,” also his coat of arms; and asking, “Was there still anyone of that name living in the place, as he was willing to part with it?” Of course, we lost no time in acquiring the clock. In all probability it and Castle Bromwich parted company when the Devereux family did; and so, after two hundred odd years, it has returned to its first home. Certainly this is a very telling instance of how small the world is.

Another thing to be noticed in the Hall, which seems typical of a house of this date, is that in the upper panes of the latticed windows are the coats of arms, in lovely coloured glass, of the



THE WEST FRONT, CASTLE BROMWICH, SHOWING THE CROSS

various families who have owned the house : Devereux, Ferrers, Corbet, etc. ; with the date on one of them, I think, 1523 ; and in one pane are the Royal arms. The date of most of these is uncertain, as is also the reason of their insertion ; but the most curious glass of any is to be found in the Study, which, to my mind, is the cosiest and sunniest room in the house. It opens out of the Hall, and, like it, is lined with dark oak panelling ; and the two large windows looking south and west are filled with this interesting old glass. Most of the saints of the English Calendar are here introduced, and the descriptions of them are so quaint that I transcribe them all at length, at the risk of boring the reader.

ON JANUARY first day for our SOULS GOOD  
 In Circumcision fhew his body's bloud  
 on fixth by Wise Men gifts to him were given  
 on five & twentieth Paul waf Cald fro heaven.

MARY That bleffed mayden-bryde  
 FEBRUARY the fecond was PVRIFYED.  
 TERME ends the TWELFth : & IVDAS Lot.  
 the twenty fifth MATHIAS gott.

In MARCH GABRIEL TYDEING brings.  
 of MARYS breeding King of Kings.  
 this moneth QUEEN ELIZABETH & King JAMES dye  
 whose place his son King CHARLES supplied.

S<sup>t</sup> GEORGE in April comes at twenty-three,  
 Vnto the COVRT in high folemny,  
 And two days after MARK the Evangelift,  
 The holy penman of the Works of CHRIST.

In aprill fun and Rayn  
 (like to a woman)  
 to fhine & fhower at once tis  
 very comon  
 greif a womans hart can peirce  
 fo deep  
 as at one breath fhee can both  
 laugh & weep

S<sup>t</sup> PHILLIPP and S<sup>t</sup> IACCOB like Two Twins  
 Their memories on this first day begins,  
 Tis a good entrance to the month of May  
 When two fuch Glorious Saints do lead ye way.



THE HALL, CASTLE BROMWICH, SHOWING OAK PANELLING

The twenty fourth of IVNE was BAPTIST borne  
 The Twenty ninth S<sup>t</sup> Peter loft his Head  
 fo may we live (though to the world a scorn)  
 as we may be with them when we are dead.

MARY<sup>1</sup> MAGDALEN if you begin  
 to Confesse Repent & Ceafe from fin  
 in with the Apoflle JAMES you fhall arrive  
 unto that beft which no time fhall deprive.

The firft of AVGUST BONDS on PETER layd :  
 the tenth S<sup>t</sup> LAVRENS BROyled unto death ;  
 the fifteenth MARY was ASSUMED (tis fayd :)  
 the four & twentieth BARTHOLOMEW loft his breath.

September brings : ST VRBRIDGE ÆQUINOCTIA  
 HOLY ROOD & S<sup>t</sup> MATHEWS festivall  
 MICHAEL the ARCHANGEL of CHRIST named, so  
 who foyld the Dragon of infernal foe.

The fixteenth of october's LVKE's the writer  
 of GOSPEL & the ACTS : (god the inditer.)  
 The twenty eight SIMON & Iude : Thefe three  
 in this month by the Church Remembered be.

The firft is ALL SAINTS : FIFT the POWDER plot  
 the eleventh S<sup>t</sup> MARTIN, laft S<sup>t</sup> ANDREWS lot.  
 LORD make vs to begin & end our dayes  
 for life & fayth as firft & laft of thefe.

S<sup>t</sup> THOMAS : & NATIVITY of CHRIST :  
 S<sup>t</sup> STEVEN : & S<sup>t</sup> JOHN : the EVANGELIST :  
 and the INNOCENTS : thefe days this moneth doth hollow  
 LORD as they led the way, grant we may follow.

The lettering I have copied exactly ; the pictures are impossible to reproduce, being so small — almost like miniatures. But here we must not dally any longer, as there is still much to see.

<sup>1</sup> This has perceptibly been repaired.





A CORNER OF THE HALL, CASTLE BROMWICH





THE DRAWING-ROOM, CASTLE BROMWICH

We cross the Hall again, and may notice, in passing through, in the window opposite the staircase, the arms entwined of the present occupiers of Castle Bromwich, placed there two years ago. Leaving the staircase on the right, we enter the Dining-room, which is panelled with pitched pine, in those far-away days—before steam was thought of—considered of far greater value than the oak close at hand, as it was brought from America at great cost of time and money. The ceiling is very richly carved, or moulded, in a design of fruit and shells ; with arms and monograms introduced. The arms in these windows are comparatively modern, being those of the first and second Earl and Countess of Bradford of the second creation ; but the portraits date back more than two hundred years.

Here hang Bishop Bridgeman (of Chester), who for loyalty to Church and King was deprived of his bishopric ; and his son, Sir Orlando, a lawyer of great eminence, and successively Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, under King Charles II., who in 1660 created him a Baronet. This estate was bought by Sir Orlando and his son John, who succeeded him, and whose portrait is also in this room. The second Sir John, grandson of Sir Orlando, married Ursula, sole heir of Roger Matthews of Blodwell, and representative of Athelstan, Prince of Ferolis. He was succeeded by his son, Sir Orlando, on whose marriage with Anne, daughter, and in her issue sole heir of Richard Newport, second Earl of Bradford of the first creation, the Weston estates passed into the family. (The other two portraits in the Dining-room are by Sir Peter Lely, and represent Charlotte, daughter of Sir Orlando, Lord Keeper, and wife to Sir T. Middleton of Chirk ; and Nell Gwynne.) This Lady Anne Newport was sister to the last two Earls of Bradford of the first creation.

The Newport family merits special mention, dating back to



A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM, CASTLE BROMWICH

1391, and tracing its descent to the Princes of Powys; William Newport, who was Sheriff of Shropshire in 1473, having married the great-great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Griffith-ap-Gwenwynwyn, Prince of Powyswenwynwyn *temp.* Edward I.

But I have allowed my pen to digress, and I would show you now a beautiful little Sitting-room beyond the Dining-room. Here, again, on two sides we have the pitched-pine panelling—and on the other two, lovely tapestry—probably Aubusson, depicting “Watteau” scenes. On the ceiling is a circle of heavily-moulded fruit and flowers. Hitherto I have forgotten to point out the over-doors, which in every room are richly carved, and the space between door and over-doors is filled with old Delft, which has a very good effect. In modern houses but too little thought is given to the ornamentation of doors.

Now you have seen round two sides of the Court on this floor; the rest is given up to the housekeeper’s room, pantry, butler’s room, etc., etc. Let us now mount to the first floor by the staircase already described, the walls of which are hung with stamped leather paper, and covered with pictures, which are all of historic or family interest, though the painters were not of great renown. We notice a small head of Charles I., large portraits of James II., Mary of Modena, the Duke of Ormonde, etc.

On the left, at the top of the staircase, we enter the Drawing-room, which looks over the garden, and is altogether a charming room. Three large latticed windows almost monopolise one side, leaving only room between for two glasses (in beautiful Chippendale frames). The remaining walls are covered with tapestry of lovely design. It was made in Brussels from cartoons by Teniers, and was bought out of a palace in Spain by the second Earl of Bradford some eighty years ago, and it exactly fits the room.

There are two large panels, about 18 × 15 ft., and one smaller.



THE GALLERY, CASTLE BROMWICH





On two of the panels the following is the usual Brussels mark : a shield between two B's ; followed by P.V.D. BORCHT—*i. e.*, Peter Van der Borgh, the Dutch maker. The colouring is wonderfully vivid, considering that it is over a hundred years old. The ceiling is of the same style as those in the Dining-room and Sitting-room, very richly carved in a most elaborate design, the centre part of it thrown up several feet higher than the rest.

We pass on into the Gallery, a long, low room, entirely panellled in dark oak ; and here the ceiling is of the more severe style, similar somewhat to that in the Hall, which is known as the strap-and-buckle pattern. Bedrooms open out of the Gallery at the far end on either side, and in them we find tapestry and panelling.

In one of the windows of the Gallery are the arms of Sir Edward Devereux and his wife Katherine ; in another, those of Sir Orlando and his wife ; and the large window of pink glass, filling one end of the Gallery, has the arms of several later members of the Bridgeman family. All the bedrooms on this floor, and most of those above again, are panelled, and have some arms or figures in the windows. In one is a Bishop in his robes. One of the bedrooms is named by tradition "The Priest's Room." It possesses a cleverly contrived "hiding hole" in one corner, in the panelling ; and behind the panelling in another corner is a tiny staircase, seeming to lead up on to the roof and out among the gables, but now blocked up. Between the door and the fireplace in the panelling is a small recess with a halo carved above, and it is surmised that here the Priest kept the chalice. There is another so-called "hiding hole" half way down one of the back staircases.

Now let us retrace our steps to the top of the front staircase, and turning to the right we come into a delightful suite of rooms, which has been occupied by the Duke of Connaught, the Duke

and Duchess of Teck, Prince and Princess Christian, and the Duke and Duchess of York. The bedroom of this suite is lined with panelling and arras, and has a lovely ceiling, in which the Tudor Rose is oft repeated.

The Garden must now claim our attention, and will indeed tax my ingenuity to describe, although I see it day by day, and know every inch of it, and love every yard of it with all my heart. Having lived in it for close upon twenty-one years, how could I help but love it? Yet, to describe it, to bring it before you, seems almost an impossibility, but it must be attempted. The Garden, then, may be said to be divided, into ten parts, by hedges of yew, holly, box, privet and hornbeam. It is surrounded entirely by red brick walls, which walls are almost covered by flowering creepers of every sort and kind.



THE ROSE WALK

Stepping out of the door through the vine, we look through a vista of arches covered with ivy. In the centre of this garden—which is laid out in four sets of formal beds—is a large stone vase, and on

either side are arches over which are trained Noisette roses—red, white and pink. In these arches the doves, which fly about the garden, and are so tame as to eat out of the hand, build their nests.

In the wall on the right hand there is a small room attached to an open-air bath, which was made in 1733, as is testified by the following letter, which is addressed to “The Reverend Mr.



THE HOLLY WALK, SHOWING ONE-THIRD OF ITS LENGTH

Roger Bridgeman, at Richards' Coffee House, near Temple Barr, London," and is as follows :—

“DEAR ROGER,—

“I am to thank you for two Letters, and am glad of the account they give of your Amendment, and hope (in God) that you may be restor'd to a much better state of Health than you have been for some time of late, and that you may be perfect in your Health, and have gather'd so much strength, as to undertake a journey to Castle Bromwich, where you shall be ever wellcome to me. I am making in my Garden House (in the Best Garden) a Cold Bath, and adjoining to it, have a Room with a fire place in it, not only for my Grand Children, but will prove any Grown Person, and recommend you to ask the Dr. and Surgeon theyr thoughts of your making up of such an application, when it please God you may use it with safety. This Family send you both Blessing and affect<sup>e</sup>. service, and Judy hopes you rec<sup>d</sup>. her Letter dated y<sup>e</sup> 22<sup>nd</sup> inst : with a Bill in it of thirty pounds ; the best news is, that this neighbourhood is in Good Health : that you may have merry Xmas and a long series of new years is the real wishes of

“Dear Roger,

“Your very affect<sup>e</sup>. Father,

“J. BRIDGEMAN.

“The 26<sup>th</sup> of Dec<sup>r</sup>., 1733.”

I make no apology for quoting this letter *in extenso*, for it would be interesting for its age alone, apart from the mention of the making of the bath.

A conservatory stands at either corner of this garden. In the early spring these are bowers of roses. Box hedges, wide and thick, form as it were a boundary to this, the front garden ; they are on a lower level, the tops of them just showing a couple of



CASTLE BROMWICH, SOUTH FRONT

feet above the gravel walk ; we descend between them a flight of old stone steps, upon the top and bottom of which stand moss-grown stone vases, with the Bridgeman arms carved upon them, though these are rapidly becoming effaced by time. In this part of the Garden all is given up to shrubberies and lawn. Grassy paths intersect the shrubberies, which are filled with flowering shrubs and trees of all kinds : Snowy Mespilus, which in spring resembles a chocolate cake well sugared, with its white, starry blossoms and brown leaves ; changing in the autumn to every shade of crimson, more vivid even than the American maple. This tree is but too little known. The *Pirus Salicifolia* is another most graceful tree : the foliage is of brightest silvery tinge, very drooping and feathery ; and in the spring it bears a lovely sweet white blossom, something in scent and appearance between May and pear. In the upper shrubbery there is a fine specimen of a Glastonbury thorn, which flowers every winter ; I have picked flowers from it on Christmas day.

Beyond the shrubberies is a wide grass glade, known as the Archery Ground ; bounded on the lower side by variegated holly hedges, about thirty feet high. These are on a lower level again, and connect the lower and middle gardens — or, should I say, divide them ? — the lower garden of the three being beyond them. These hedges — which are said to be unique — have a wide gravel walk between them, and are five hundred and forty feet in length. They are kept trimmed, and are undoubtedly as old as the house ; the stems are of great thickness, and here and there the branches have turned into the ground, taken root, and thrown up fresh trees. At either end of this walk stands a red brick building, with stone figures and facings, and a pointed roof, on the summit of which is the family crest : the lion holding a wreath, and on either end a fox, the second crest granted to the Bridgemans.



THE STABLES, CASTLE BROMWICH

And now I would lead you to the third and lowest terrace of the Garden. In the centre stands an ancient stone vase, and radiating from it the shrubberies are repeated, with grassy paths intersecting; and here also we have a maze, without which no garden of this period would be perfect. It is about six feet high, is planted in holly and quick, and is laid out on the same plan as the one at Hampton Court. And it is indeed a puzzle to the uninitiated; and what a refuge for small birds!—many a nest here escapes the sharpest eye; hawfinches nest here annually.

Parallel with these three terrace gardens, and on either side of them, are the fruit-garden and kitchen-garden—concealed from the centre by hedges of various kinds, forming nooks and corners impossible to describe.

I could tell you of long borders of orange trees, sunk in large pots, which were brought from Italy by Lord Newport some years ago; of tall and stately hollyhocks of every hue; roses, carnations, asters—all blending in lovely harmony with the box and hornbeam hedges, and the warm red brick walls with stone coping, and balls greened over by Time's imperceptible hand.

On the north side of the house lies a garden entirely surrounded by yew hedges, about twenty-five feet high, standing out thick and dense some twelve feet from the walls behind them. This garden is monopolised by three specimen trees,—a tulip, a beech, a birch,—beds of rhododendrons, variegated hollies, and last, but not least, a pink thorn planted by the Duke and Duchess of York in 1897, on the silver wedding-day of their host and hostess.

Opposite the north door of the house, on the far side of this garden, are the graceful iron gates leading to the Church, of Queen Anne architecture, and pronounced by the late Mr. Christian, the eminent architect, to be one of the best specimens of that period. It was built by the second Sir John Bridgeman on the site of a



former chapel, as it was then called. In fact, this is said to be the third that has stood upon this spot, and above the present plain ceiling still remain the carved oak rafters of a former roof, and the oaken pillars which supported it are thought to be inside the rounded plaster pillars of the present church.

The silver Paten is most remarkable, and is believed to date back to about 1350. There is but one other like it known to exist, and that is at Hamstall Ridware, in Staffordshire. The altar and reredos are of marble with gold veining, now extremely rare. The windows, with one small exception of very old glass, are memorial, and represent St. Mary the Virgin, St. Mary Magdalen, and St. Margaret—the church being dedicated to these saints. The windows recently put in were to the memory of the second Earl and Countess of Bradford and their daughters.

Now let me take you to see the Stables. We leave the Church by a walk shaded by ancient yews, and pass through a small door, which takes us along an alley with a high wall on one side and a yew hedge on the other. The Stables were certainly built a good deal later than the house, being in Queen Anne style. They are on a large scale, very capacious and roomy, and are fitted with old oak. They face south, and look into a paddock. Behind them, again, we find the laundry, dairy, brewhouse, gardener's cottage, poultry and pig yards, all most compact and convenient, and all surrounded by high brick walls; and within these walls fine old elms, horse-chestnuts, Spanish chestnuts, sycamores, etc., stand as guardians. Formerly there were four beautiful avenues outside the gardens, on three sides of the house: three of elms—gigantic trees, fourteen of which we saw go down in a few minutes in a fearful gale—and one of variegated sycamores, also splendid trees, all of which, except three, fell during a hurricane two years ago. Indeed, the wind has played sad havoc round Castle Bromwich; standing as it

does on the top of a hill, and lying between two valleys, along which flow two rivers, the Tame and the Cole, it is the rallying-point of every wind that blows.

And now I have brought you round to our starting-point, the south front ; and here I take my leave, hoping to have succeeded in conveying to the reader that, though Castle Bromwich cannot claim to be one of the Stately Homes of which England is so full, it yields to none in perfection of detail in the particular style which it represents ; and one would certainly have to go far and seek widely before finding a more entirely delightful and comfortable home.

# Castle Howard





CASTLE HOWARD, FROM THE LAKE

## CASTLE HOWARD

BY LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER

WHEN Pope wrote of Sir John Vanbrugh "How Van wants grace!" he cannot have intended to refer to his buildings, but to his plays; and if by "grace" decency is understood, he was not misjudging the clever architect-playwriter.

Certainly Castle Howard does not lack grace. A more majestic pile of its peculiar style — "a vicious style," it has been called — does not exist in England. And it would not be easy to match, out of Italy, its beautiful dome, rising a hundred feet in air; or its splendid south front, over-rich in decoration, and forming altogether a frontage which looks more like one of Pannini's paintings of an imaginary palace than a solid reality in stone. "Sublime," Horace Walpole calls Castle

Howard ; and, strong as is the term, it is not much beyond the truth.

It is somewhat difficult to give a name to the architectural style of Castle Howard. Flamboyant Classic, it might be called.

I rely on the illustrations of the building in this article to give some idea of this great pile ; no description, or enumeration of the height, length, and breadth of its dome and galleries, can



THE HALL, CASTLE HOWARD

bring it more clearly before my readers than the admirable views which accompany this article.

The Great Hall, which Chantrey is said to have thought the finest in the county, is somewhat spoilt by the mythological paintings that cover its walls ; even the dome is all aglow with the fall of Phaëton ; these are the work of one

Pellegrini, painted in 1712. The Hall is lined with antique statues, all more or less restored, and none of much merit. I am told that these statues were brought from Rome by the fourth Earl of Carlisle, and never touched land, after leaving Civita



CASTLE HOWARD, SOUTH FRONT

Vecchia, until they reached York. Opposite the great fireplace is a terribly baroque mass of scagliola, looking like a funereal monument to Bacchus, whose statue fronts it.

Let us follow the long eastern corridor, its sides lined with antiques, busts, statues, and funereal urns. The latter, when cremation again becomes the mode (and the most sensible mode of burial is cremation), may form suggestive models for receptacles of the ashes of our wealthy dead. There is nothing in the form, shape or character of these "little last homes" of marble that is unpleasant to eye or sense; no death's heads or cross-bones appear on them, but birds and garlands and flowers, as presaging a certain hope of a bright hereafter.

At the end of this corridor we turn to the right and enter a Saloon which terminates in a hall leading down to the beautiful Chapel, "all glorious within" with marble frescoes, and with some of Kempe's most beautiful decorated work. The walls of the hall are covered with superb Gobelin tapestry, after Detroy's designs of the story of Esther. To the left of this Saloon we enter the Long Gallery, where, all in a row, many in Garter robes and ribands, hang the painted presentments of the former owners of Castle Howard, "Belted Will" (Lord William Howard) and his famous wife heading the long procession; both are full-length portraits by Cornelius Janssen.

Sir Walter Scott has made Lord William famous under the sobriquet of "Belted Will," in his poems; but he was better known to his contemporaries by that of "Bawld Wyllie." His wife was Lady Elizabeth Dacre. Where Castle Howard now raises its pinnacles, stood the old Castle of Hinderkelff; this was one of Lord William's possessions, another being the old Border keep of Naworth in Cumberland. It was at Naworth that Lord William lived in great state, with a bodyguard numbering 170 men, and from Naworth he defended the Border from Scottish inroads.



Many stories are told of him in Cumberland; the following is, I believe, authentic.

One day, while working in his study, he was told of the capture of a Scottish freebooter. "Hang him!" he impatiently said. This was immediately carried into execution. Whether the unlucky man had Jedburgh justice—*i.e.*, a trial after the execution, is not recorded.

The fine old Castle of Naworth has luckily been left in the same state as when "Belted Will" lived there, and his library is still intact. The approach to his rooms is secured by strong plated doors, bolted with iron; these strong doors defend a narrow winding staircase, where only one person can ascend at a time.

To judge by his portrait, Lord William was a man of inches, with a stern, hard countenance—"dour," the Scotch would call it.

Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle, was the great-grandson of "Belted Will." There are two portraits here of him, the best being the one by Lely. A biography of this Earl would be interesting, for he was, besides being a man of mark, a great traveller for those days. He travelled in Europe, and was sent out as Governor to Jamaica; and he was Ambassador to Russia, Sweden and Denmark in 1663-64, also figuring conspicuously in the latter years of Cromwell's protectorate and in the early ones of the reign of Charles II.

He had been a favourite of the Protector's, and was created by him Viscount Howard of Morpeth. At Worcester he fought under Oliver's standard, and was Captain of the Protector's Life Guards. With commendable shrewdness, on finding what a feeble successor the Protector had left in his son Richard, Lord Howard sided with Monk, and was one of the members of the Convention Parliament that restored Charles, by whom he was created Earl of Carlisle.

It is to the credit of this Earl that he preferred serving his country in what must have been most unpleasant ambassadorial journeys to enjoying his ease and riches at home, where in the northern counties he had almost as many estates as Ahasuerus had provinces. I have no space for even a bare summary of his many voyages ; but an account of his embassy to Russia, which is supposed, but without much foundation, to have been written



FREDERICK HOWARD, SIXTH EARL OF CARLISLE  
AFTER A DRAWING BY EDRIDGE

by Andrew Marvell, who accompanied the Earl to Muscovy as secretary, has been recently republished, and is well worth reading. Macaulay, so seldom wrong about a book, states that a French translation of this work, published at Amsterdam in 1672, was the original, whereas the English account appeared in London in 1669. Carlisle was one of four Howards who voted for Strafford's condemnation, but when too late he attempted to get the death sentence

commuted to one of banishment. A staunch opponent of the Duke of York, whose crooked character he had fathomed, Carlisle tried to get Charles to legitimise Monmouth. He died in 1687, and a stately monument was raised to his memory in York Minster. His grandson, the third Earl, was the builder of Castle

Howard, and interesting only for that reason. In his portrait he appears in the guise of a consequential, pompous little man, bewigged and berobed, with a Pepysian type of countenance, fondling his coronet with a little fat hand. In the background appears Castle Howard.

Kneller painted both this Earl and Vanbrugh, in his famous series of portraits for the Kit-Kat Club: my lord Carlisle with his wand of office; for he was a great personage at Court—deputy Earl Marshal, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, and with other styles and titles and offices which fill a column. How poor a thing is all this tinsel of rank, title and office, even with Castle Howard to place behind one's portrait, compared to John Howard, apprentice to a grocer, and son of the Smithfield upholsterer!



FREDERICK, FIFTH EARL OF CARLISLE  
AFTER A PASTEL BY G. HAMILTON, 1772

What a contrast in birth, fortune, and social condition! However, John Howard fills an immeasurably higher place in the history of humanity than all the dukes and earls of the Howard race rolled together. Like Livingstone, John Howard, after a life of devotion to the prisoner and oppressed, died in harness, a martyr to his life-work, in quest of fresh acts of devotion to the outcasts of this hard world.

The third Earl's son collected the antique statues of Castle Howard probably during a "grand tour" in Italy, and built the Mausoleum which is such an important feature on the garden side of the place. Here he and his descendants have been laid to rest for over a century and a half, although many of these would doubtless have preferred to rest under the turf rather than in gloomy vaults with a quarry-load of stone for ever reposing on them.

The fifth Earl, Frederick, son of the above, is by far the most interesting of my maternal ancestors. Born in 1748, he lost his father ten years later. His mother was a Byron, great-aunt to the poet, consequently the poet and the Earl were first cousins once removed. The refusal of Lord Carlisle (who was Byron's guardian as well as his cousin) to introduce him when he took his seat in the House of Lords, led to that quarrel which was made famous by the well-known passage in Byron's greatest poem, the passage beginning with the words "Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine." Perhaps owing to the fault of those who brought him up, Frederick Howard when he came of age became one of the wildest of the young Whig aristocrats, and for his own misfortune and his descendants' loss fell in love with the green cloth, round which he passed many a night playing deeply at Brookes's and White's. We hear of his losing at one sitting £10,000—"ten times more," he writes to his old friend George Selwyn, "than I ever lost before." He promised Selwyn that he would never touch another card, but gambled again and lost again, until he suddenly reformed, becoming a thoroughly respectable and devoted husband, an affectionate father, and serving his country to the best of his ability in Ireland and in America.

Brought up with Charles Fox at Eton and at Cambridge, he had entered with him into the dissolute life of the day; we read of the two friends crossing over to France to buy embroidered



THE BRIDGE, CASTLE HOWARD

waistcoats in Paris — those gorgeous garments three feet long, as we see them in Zoffany's and Gainsborough's paintings. Thackeray has written in his lectures on the Four Georges a delightful passage about Frederick Howard: "He had married at one-and-twenty, and found himself, in the midst of a dissolute society, at the head of a great fortune. Forced into luxury, and obliged to be a great lord and a great idler, he yielded to some temptations, and paid for them a bitter penalty of manly remorse; from some others he fled wisely, and ended by conquering them nobly. But he always had the good wife and children in his mind, and they saved him. 'I am very glad you did not come to me the morning I left London,' he writes to G. Selwyn, as he is embarking for America. 'I can only say I never knew till that moment what grief was.' There is no parting now where they are. The faithful wife, the kind, generous gentleman, have left a noble race behind them; an inheritor of his name and titles, who is beloved as widely as he is known — a man most kind, accomplished, gentle, friendly and pure; and female descendants occupying high stations and embellishing great names — some renowned for beauty, and all for spotless lives and pious, matronly virtues." Nearly half a century has passed since Thackeray wrote the above, and the descendants of the Earl of Carlisle of whom he writes have followed him to the silent land. "The inheritor of his name" was the seventh Earl of Carlisle, grandson of Frederick Howard; the accomplished man whom the great writer so truly describes as a man "beloved as widely as he is known"; and whose vice-royalty in Ireland in the middle of the century is still remembered with affection by the Irish.

There must have been something very lovable in the man who wrote the following letter to Selwyn: this letter is dated "Castle Howard, Aug. 2, 1776," when Lord Carlisle was eight-and-twenty.

“ Brought up to no profession, I have only to regret that no road of that kind is open to me, that, at the same time I was retrieving my affairs, I was adding to my reputation. I do protest to you that I am so tired of my present manner of passing my time—however I may be kept in countenance by the number of those of my own rank and superior fortune—that I never reflect on it without shame. If they will employ me in any part of the world, I will accept the employment, let it tear me, as it will, from everything dear to me in this country. My friends and my family have a right to call upon me for the sacrifice, and I will submit to it with the resolution of a man. There are two events in my life for which I shall always be grateful to fortune;—one for having married me to the best woman in the world; the other, for having



CAROLINE GOWER, COUNTESS OF CARLISLE IN 1772.  
AFTER THE PASTEL BY G. HAMILTON AT CASTLE HOWARD

linked me in so close a friendship with yourself, in spite of disparity of years and pursuits. These are consolations to me in my blackest moments; and I am too sensible of her merits not to entertain the sincerest attachment and regard for her, and the truest sense of your goodness to me.”

Lord Carlisle's wife, of whom he writes as “ the best woman

in the world," was born a Gower. He had married her in 1770; she was in her youth beautiful, and there are several portraits of her—one by Sir Joshua at Castle Howard. Among others are two small oval pastels of Lord and Lady Carlisle, taken a couple of years after their marriage, by Hamilton; these I have copied for this paper.

George Selwyn, who was a kind of elder Jonathan to Frederick Howard, was thirty years older. In one of the most ill-compiled of books, Jesse's *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*,



CASTLE HOWARD FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

appear many of Lord Carlisle's letters. We get from that book an insight into Selwyn's character, for it is made up entirely of letters to, and not from, Selwyn. His letters, and the papers at Castle Howard, have been edited by the Historical MSS. Commissioners. At Castle Howard are also some curious letters from Sir J. Vanbrugh, treating more of matters political than architectural. Vanbrugh's allusions to Sarah Duchess of Marlborough are the very reverse of complimentary. The fifth Earl dabbled in poetry; and although his plays and long poems are unreadable, some lines by him addressed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, when the President wished to resign his post at the Academy in 1790, are





TEMPLE, WITH MAUSOLEUM IN THE DISTANCE

excellent ; they commence, "Too wise for contest, and too meek for strife." Both Lord and Lady Carlisle lived well into the last century, he dying in 1825, only surviving "the best woman in the world" a year.

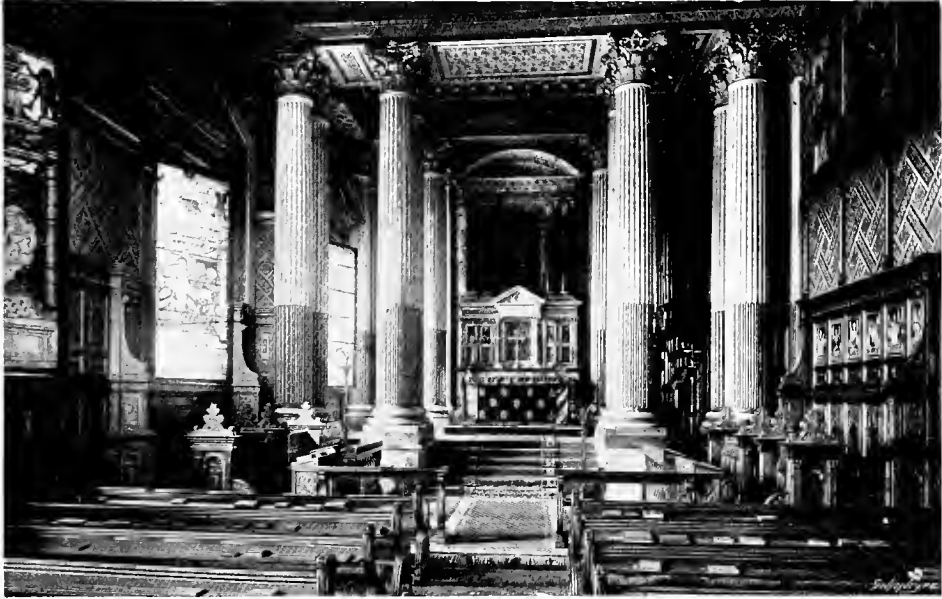
There are several portraits here by Reynolds of this Earl ; in one he appears seated with his beloved Selwyn, the latter's



TEMPLE AT END OF THE GREEN TERRACE

favourite pug "Raton" with them. Selwyn's somewhat coarse features appear, as might be expected, several times at Castle Howard ; here also is a copy of a pastel of that celebrated wit by G. Hamilton. One of Selwyn's strongest and least amiable traits was a morbid love of seeing executions, and looking at corpses — whether those of his friends or of strangers ; the most amiable trait was his

devotion to children. Lord Carlisle when quite an old man was painted in the Gallery at Castle Howard by Jackson : he wears his riband and Garter ; a much changed man from when he sat to Reynolds, but looking what he always was, a *très grand seigneur*. Both as a youth and as a gouty old gentleman, Frederick Howard must always have had charm. He belonged to a type which for better or worse has nearly disappeared from the land. His eldest son succeeded as sixth Earl ; he filled



THE CHAPEL, CASTLE HOWARD  
(THIS CHAPEL WAS DECORATED BY C. E. KEMP)

some State offices, and married the eldest daughter of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. To me he is chiefly interesting as having been my mother's father.

Among these portraits of the Carlises is a full-length of a cardinal. This was a Howard, but not of Carlisle. His father was the Earl of Arundel, the great collector. When travelling as a youth in Italy with his father, he fell under the influence of the priests and entered the Dominican order. He appears to have led a somewhat eventful life, coming to England to shrieve the unfortunate Papists on their road to Tyburn. Charles II.'s queen, Catherine of Braganza, appointed him her Almoner ; but he was obliged to leave England in 1673, going first to Brussels, and afterwards founding two or three monasteries in Flanders, and receiving his cardinal's hat from Clement X. In Rome, his church was that of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, where in the semicircular choir he rests under a plain marble slab. He had willed that he should be buried where all the congregation might see his tomb and pray for his soul. Clement had given him over £2000 a year, which sum the good Cardinal spent on the poor of Rome. Frugal and unostentatious in his habits, he used to dine daily with the monks of his order in their refectory in the Monastery of S. Sabina. The Italians called him *Ovard di Norfolkii*—at least so his name appears on an engraving representing him superintending the roasting of an ox for the Romans, in celebration of the Old Pretender's birthday. This portrait is by Carlo Maratti, and was given to a Lord Carlisle by Cardinal Ottobuoni.

But enough of family portraits.

We now pass into a square room, which is called the Museum, owing to the antiquities it contains—or rather contained, for the contents of this room have been removed ; among these the most interesting is a large marble altar, which was brought from Delphi

by Nelson, who presented it to the fifth Earl. There are many marbles and bronzes here ; the most curious is a statuette in gilt bronze of Hercules, which was dug up in Cumberland.

From the Museum one looks along the vista of rooms which face the Garden on the south front—a vista of three hundred

feet of rooms, rich with pictures and art objects. The collection of paintings is one of the first in England, and many of the best were in the famous Orleans collection. In these rooms are, or were—for the famous Mabuse of “The Wise



GRASS TERRACES AT CASTLE HOWARD

Men's Offering” and the superb little Giorgione of a knight and his squire have been taken to Naworth—some world-famous paintings : to wit, the portrait of Snyders by his friend Van Dyck (one of the greatest portraits of the world—its companion, the artist's wife, is, or was, at Warwick Castle),—and the “Three Marys” (the Entombment), by Annibale Caracci ; besides these is a room full of Canalettos, many by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Rubens, Velasquez, and many others, far too many even to give a list of here.

“No man,” writes Allan Cunningham in his delightful book, *The Lives of British Artists*, “who has been satirised by Swift and praised by Reynolds, could have much chance of being forgotten ; but the fame of him who was at once the author of *The Relapse* and *The Provoked Wife*, and the architect of Castle Howard and Blenheim, stands independent of even such subsidiaries.” Castle Howard was designed in 1702, and William H.

Prescott, the American historian, writes as follows from Castle Howard in 1850 :

“Wide spreading lawns, large and long avenues of beech and oak, beautiful sheets of water, and extensive park, all made up a brilliant picture of the softer scenery of England. We passed

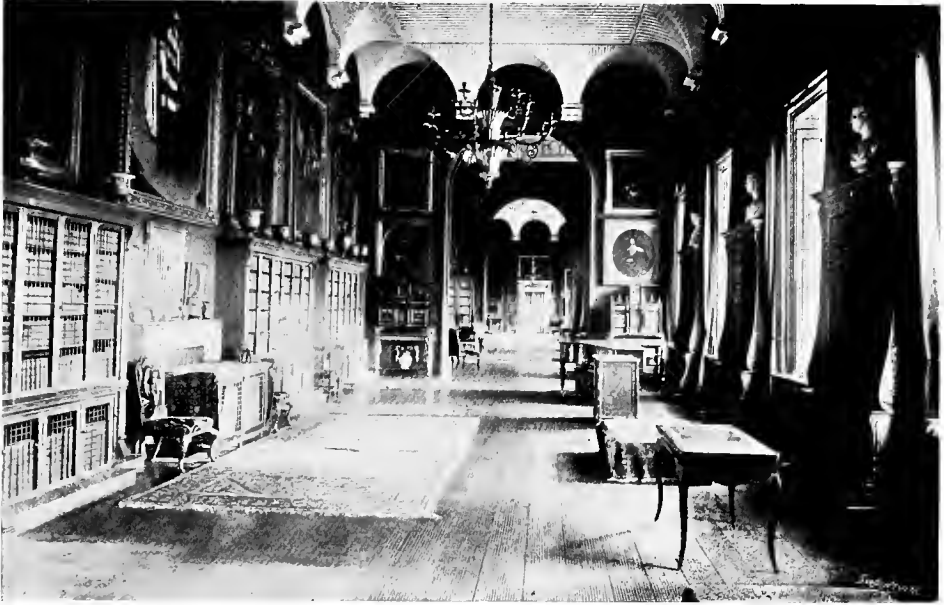


ANTIQUÉ BRONZE STATUETTE OF  
HERCULES, DISCOVERED NEAR  
NAWORTH  
PRESERVED AT CASTLE HOWARD

under several ornamented stone arches, by a lofty obelisk and at length came in full view of the princely home of the Howards. It is of clear yellow stone, richly ornamented with statues and every kind of decoration. It makes three sides of a square, and you will form some idea of its extent when I tell you that a suite of rooms continues round the house six hundred feet in length. I have seen doors open through the whole front of the building, three hundred feet, as long as Park Street—a vista indeed. The Great Hall rises to the top of the house, is gorgeous with decoration, and is of immense size. The apartments and interminable corridors are filled with masterpieces of art, painting, and sculpture. In every

room you are surrounded with the most beautiful objects of vertu, tables of porphyry and Oriental alabaster, vases of the most elegant and capricious forms, etc.”

Her late Majesty visited Castle Howard in 1850. Mr. W. H. Prescott was present when the Queen arrived, and in a letter to his wife, dated the 24th of August, he describes the visit at some length. The following is an extract :— “ All now is bustle and preparation for the Royal visit which is to come off on the 27th,



THE LIBRARY, CASTLE HOWARD

and to take up two days: the Queen and Prince with four children, and five-and-twenty in their suite. Lord Carlisle's family, brothers and sisters, and sons and daughters, all muster



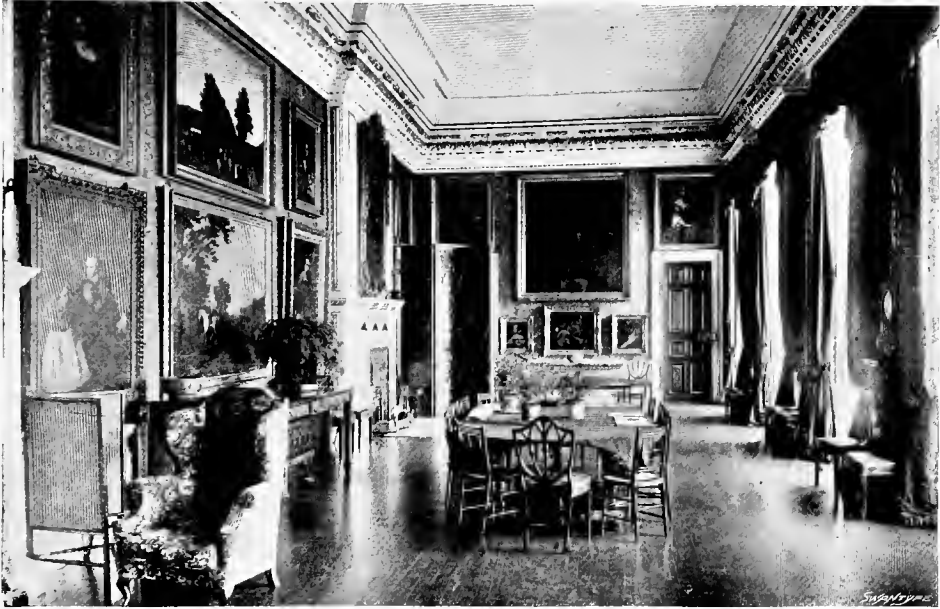
THE FIFTH EARL OF CARLISLE  
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

over twenty. The Dining-room will be such as the Queen cannot boast of in Buckingham Palace! It is to be the centre of the famous Picture Gallery, one hundred and fifty feet long. . . . You may imagine the show in the splendid apartment, one side of which is ornamented with statues, and the costliest pictures of the Orleans collection; the other with a noble Library in rich bindings; the

windows opening on a velvet lawn, and a silver sheet of water."

Alas! when the Queen arrived, it was raining torrents; but in spite of the rain the royal visit proved most successful; and





THE DINING-HALL, CASTLE HOWARD

the American historian fills pages with the description of this entertainment of the best of sovereigns.

Horace Walpole visited Castle Howard in 1772 ; and this is what he says about it, writing to George Selwyn :

*“ August 12, 1772.*

“ DEAR GEORGE,—

“ I love to please you when it is in my power, and how can I please you more than in commending Castle Howard? For though it is not the house that Jack built, yet you love even the cow with the crumpled horn that feeds in the meadow that belongs to the house that Jack’s grandfather built.

“ Indeed, I can say with exact truth that I was so agreeably astonished with the first view of the whole place. I had heard of Vanbrugh, and how Sir Thomas Robinson and he stood spitting and swearing at one another ; nay, I had heard of glorious views ; and Lord Strafford had told me that I should see one of the finest places in Yorkshire ; but nobody, no, not *votre partialité*, as Louis Quatorze would have called you, had informed me that I should at once see a palace, a town, a fortified city, temples in high places, woods worthy of being each a metropolis of the Druids, vales connected to other hills by other woods, the noblest lawn in the world fenced by half the horizon, and a mausoleum that would tempt one to be buried alive : in short, I have seen gigantic places before, but never a sublime one. For the house, V. has even shown tact in its extent and cupolas.”

Indeed, Blenheim excepted, Castle Howard is in its style, which Macauley calls “ vicious,” the finest building of its century in England.

It seems strange that, with the exception of Horace Walpole’s somewhat inflated description, so little has been written of a

building which in beauty of proportion and from its surroundings surpasses in splendour many a royal palace.

Here is a suggestion for those who visit Castle Howard for the first time, if they drive, as I should advise them to do, from York. Let them leave the carriage road at Welburn village and mount the hill that rises at the back of the pretty little church on the left; when the hill is ascended the visitor will see the view of Castle Howard which Sydney Smith was wont to gaze on, and which that witty divine named "Exclamation Point."

Let me close this article with some verses by my uncle, George Howard, seventh Earl of Carlisle, written, in 1832, in *Lines in Yorkshire*:

This lyre might linger with too fond a praise  
O'er Vanbrugh's airy domes and sculptured halls :  
On, to the sterner works of other days —  
Ryland's rent jane and Gilling's ivied walls.

In Helmsley's tower no Villiers revels now—  
On yonder hills he met untimely doom ;  
At Rivaulx' shrine no sandalled beadsmen bow,  
But Nature's self has canonized their tomb.

See Fountaine's yet more massive glories rise ;  
On Studley's lawns see Spring eternal bloom ;  
Let Wensley's fertile vale arrest thine eyes,  
Richmond's gay terraces and castled gloom.

From Calder's fount to Cleveland's mossy hill,  
From Humber's wave to Skipton's mountain hold,  
All forms and hues the varied canvas fill —  
The rich, the soft, the fertile, and the bold.



# Osterley Park





OSTERLEY FROM THE LAKE

## OSTERLEY PARK

BY THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY

**W**E are told that at the close of the reign of Henry III. the woods of Osterley or Osterlee were the resort of “wild cattle, lawlessmen, and fugitive villeins.” The property belonged to the family of Gizors, who were eminent London merchants, but, under the circumstances, it can hardly have afforded them much pleasure or profit. In the following reign we find that John de Orsterlee held two carucates of land in Isleworth and Heston, but whether he gave his name to the manor or derived it therefrom is not very clear.

Here, also, stood a fort, or watch-tower, to protect convoys of provisions on the royal road from Windsor to London — a very necessary precaution if the “lawless men and fugitive villeins”

still infested the district. It is uncertain whether an existing print of "the Castle of Osterley" represents this fortress; no traces of such a Norman stronghold as is shown in the engraving now remain, but tradition points to the tower of the stables nearest the house as a remnant of the old castle.

In the fifteenth century the manor of Osterley passed through several hands, and, early in the sixteenth, Hugh Denys bequeathed it by will to the Prior and Convent of Sheen, from whom it was conveyed some years later to the Abbess and Convent of the same place. On the suppression of monasteries Osterley was in succession granted to, and forfeited by, the Marquis of Exeter and the Duke of Somerset. Ultimately the eminent merchant prince, Sir Thomas Gresham, having received from Queen Elizabeth a grant of the adjoining manor of Heston, purchased the manor of Osterley, and proceeded to build for himself, on the site of an ancient "ferme-house," an agreeable villa to which he might withdraw as often as he could spare a day or two from public or private business. It is recorded that "the edifice, which was built of brick, large, convenient, and thoroughly finished, stood in the midst of a pleasant park, marked out and impaled at his expence, well-wooded and furnished with several curious fishponds, and for grandeur there was near the house a heronry, with various contrivances to lure the birds thither, and to keep them fixed to their habitation when they were there."<sup>1</sup>

Osterley was thus united with the manor of Heston, in which parish it is still included. The corn raised on this land has been renowned since the days of the Tudors and Stuarts, who were hence supplied with the flour from which "King's Bread" was made. Queen Elizabeth had "the most part of her provision from this place, for manchet for Her Highness' own diet, as is reported."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Norden; and *Biographia Britannica*.

<sup>2</sup> Camden and Norden.





OSTERLEY, SHOWING MAIN FRONT

So Sir Thomas, who though on pleasure bent had still a frugal mind, set up a corn-mill, and, moreover, established a paper- and an oil-mill on the adjacent stream; as the last two were new manufactures, he probably desired to keep them under his own eye.

The worthy merchant was not, however, destined to remain undisturbed in his place of retirement. He had hardly purchased the manor, and must have been in the thick of his alterations and improvements, when his gracious mistress, Queen Elizabeth, showed her confidence in him in a most unwelcome manner. Her little cousin, Lady Mary Grey, youngest sister of Lady Jane Grey, had secretly married the gigantic sergeant-porter of the Water-Gate at Westminster Palace. Thomas Keyes was described by Cecil as "the biggest gentleman in this court," while Lady Mary was so small as to be almost a dwarf. Nevertheless the unfortunate little lady stood, by Edward VI.'s will, in reversion to the Crown, and her imprudence drew upon her the inevitable wrath which the marriage of a possible heiress excited in the mind of the maiden Queen.

Keyes was thrown into the Fleet prison, and Lady Mary was confided as State prisoner to one guardian after another, till, in 1569, she was finally transferred for safe keeping to the unwilling custody of Sir Thomas Gresham, who lodged her sometimes at Gresham House in the City, and sometimes at Osterley. Lady Mary, who was now about twenty-five years old, seems to have been of a melancholy turn of mind, which, considering her misfortunes, is not astonishing. She was a staunch Protestant, and apparently addicted to religious controversy, for among some two dozen books, all of a serious character, which she possessed, we find the titles: *Mr. Knox, his Answer to the Adversary of God's Predestination*; *The Ship of Assured Safety*, by D. Crocke; *Mr. Cartwright's First and Second Reply*; *The Second*

*Course of the Hunter of the Romish Fox ; Godly Mr. Whitgift's Answer ; Mr. Dearing's Reply ; Dr. Fulke's Answer to the Popish Demands ; and Dr. Fulke's Answer to Allen touching Purgatory.* If this style of literature represents the bent of the little lady's disposition, she was probably not a cheerful inmate of the good knight's household ; at all events, he strongly objected to her presence, while Lady Gresham never described her in milder terms than as the " heart-sorrow of her life."

In one letter to Cecil the reluctant gaoler pleads that, as " it had pleased God to visit one in his house at Osterley with the plague," he and his wife want to ride with all their servants to his place in Sussex, " most humbly beseeching the Queen's Majesty's pleasure as to what I shall do with my Lady Mary Grey, trusting that now Her Majesty will be so good to me as to remove her from me, considering that she hath now been with me sixteen months."

Nevertheless, the Greshams had to put up with their unlucky captive for three years, when, upon the death of her equally unlucky husband, she was released from her State imprisonment.<sup>1</sup>

Some five years later Sir Thomas had the privilege of welcoming his royal mistress at Osterley, now complete in what the chronicler calls " a kind of mercantile magnificence." Feasts, dances, and masques were arranged for her amusement, amongst others a dramatic entertainment by the poet Churchyard, entitled " The Devises of Warre and a play at Austerley, Her Highness being at Sir Thomas Gresham's." An oft-told tale recounts that Her Highness, whilst admiring the mansion, found fault with the court in front as too large, " affirming that it would appear more handsome if divided in the middle." Sir Thomas, that perfect courtier, secretly sent for workmen, who silently and speedily erected a wall in the night, so that next morning the Queen was

<sup>1</sup> Miss Strickland's *Tudor Princesses*.

astonished to find that her suggestion had been already carried out. The courtiers indulged in various witticisms at the expense of their host. One recalled the erection of the Royal Exchange, observing that "it was no wonder that he could so soon *change a building* who could *build a change*"; another, more unkindly, alluded to certain differences in the Gresham family, and remarked that "any house is more easily divided than united."

The knight's neighbours were, unfortunately, far less amiably disposed than himself; for, according to the Middlesex County Records, true bills were at this time returned against Joan Eyer and Mary Harrys of Heston parish for breaking into Osterley Park, during the Queen's visit, and pulling up posts and pales, which during the night they "maliciously, diabolically, and wickedly burnt and consumed with fire, to the very great disquiet and disturbance of the said Lady the Queen, and of the magnates and honourable men, and the exalted men and servants of the same Queen."

Another true bill, with respect to further breaches of the peace on the same occasion, is returned against Joan and Mary, with five other women named, and other disturbers unknown. This time they were instigated by "George Lenton, taylor, and Nicholas Hewes, husbandman," who seem to have found it easiest to stir up a riot amongst the ladies of the district; or possibly their male adherents could run away more speedily, and thus escaped justice.

Sir Thomas left the place to Lady Gresham, and after her death it was inhabited in succession by Sir Edward Coke, then Attorney-general; by George, Earl of Desmond; and by Sir William Waller, the celebrated Parliamentary general, who represented the County of Middlesex in Parliament, and died at Osterley, 1668. Seven years previously his daughter Anne was married in Osterley Chapel to Sir Philip Harcourt, Knight,

ancestor of another distinguished Parliamentarian, Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

Later on we find the estate in possession of Dr. Nicholas Barton, a projector and author ; and in 1711 it was sold by Dr. Arthur Charlette and his wife to Sir Francis Child, who had been M.P. for the City and Lord Mayor of London. His descendant, another Francis Child, employed the celebrated brothers Adam, about the middle of the eighteenth century, to rebuild the house ; but Francis died before the work was completed, and his brother and heir, Robert, superintended the interior fittings, and moved hither his collection of paintings and other works of art.

The second Francis and Mr. Samuel Child kept a pack of foxhounds at Osterley. Will Deans was the huntsman till 1777, when they were given up, and he, with the pack, went to Lord Fitzwilliam at Milton.

Though the ancient ground-plan of Sir Thomas Gresham's structure was for the most part preserved by Adam, and one of the corner turrets remains, having been newly cased, it is evident to the most casual observer that the Stables are the only part of the existing buildings which can be confidently assigned to Tudor days.

Both Stables and house are built of red brick made from the clay found in the neighbourhood, which is of a peculiarly rich, bright colour ; but while the Stables recall some old Elizabethan manor, Mr. Child's house is an Italian villa built in classical style. In place of the Court, divided to please Queen Elizabeth, is a spacious Portico supported by Ionic columns bearing a Greek pediment ; and, both within and without, the structure is interesting to the student of domestic architecture as being one of the most complete specimens extant of the popular Adam style.

Robert Adam built the house, and his brother is said to have planned the interior ornamentation and furniture, down to the

minutest details. In some cases the mouldings of the dado are repeated on the carved woodwork of the sofas and chairs; in others, Italian, French, or Oriental tables and panels have been mounted according to the classical taste of the period.

To the ceiling of the principal staircase, Mr. Child removed from his house in Leicester Square a painting by Rubens, representing the apotheosis of the Prince of Orange; and at either end of the Gallery — which runs the whole length of the house —



THE STABLES, OSTERLEY

he hung two large paintings: Charles I., by Van Dyck; and George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, with attendant nymphs, by Rubens; and Neptune and Amphitrite by Jordaens. The latter picture was painted by Rubens in Paris, and the following entry occurs in Sir Sackville Crowe's "Book of Accompts of the Receipts and Disbursements from the Privy

Purse of the Duke of Buckingham," for the year 1625; "Given to Mr. Rubens for drawing his L<sup>p</sup>'s picture on horseback, £500."

Dr. Waagen writes in his *Galleries and Cabinets of Art in Great Britain*:

"This picture is one of the most stately in the portrait line



THE DINING-ROOM, OSTERLEY

by the master I know. Indeed, the head of the Duke is so spirited and animated in conception, the colouring so powerful and clear, and the execution of such delicacy, that the great master's desire to produce his best for the patron who had purchased his collection of art, is very obvious."

The Duke gave £10,000 for Rubens's collection, and possessed many other valuable pictures. His son, the second Duke, had to fly the country after the Royalist reverses in Surrey, and was obliged to sell at Antwerp the pictures, which had been secured and sent to him by a trusty old servant. Doubtless his father's portrait remained in Belgium or Holland, and was there purchased by Sir Francis Child, who travelled in the Low Countries; it is somewhat curious that the picture should in this manner have ultimately reverted to the Villiers family.

In the Drawing-room is a full-length portrait, by Romney, of Mr. Child, representing him as a handsome man, with a gun, leaning against a tree; and on either side are heads, by the same artist, of Robert Child and his beautiful wife, afterwards Lady Ducie. The Drawing-room opens into a Boudoir, hung with pink Gobelin tapestry, with medallions after Boucher; it was executed by Neilson, whose name and the date 1775 are woven into one of the panels. Here are also a silver table and silver-mounted candelabra, said to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth; these were given by the second Duke of Buckingham to the Countess of Shrewsbury, and were subsequently purchased at the Stowe sale.

In the State Bedroom is an enormous bedstead with elaborate embroidery, and a dome crowned with artificial flowers. Mr. Child took especial pains to obtain the shade of green which predominates in the hangings, but when he saw the total cost of the bedstead and its furniture, he was so horrified that he destroyed the bill, and would never let anyone know its amount.



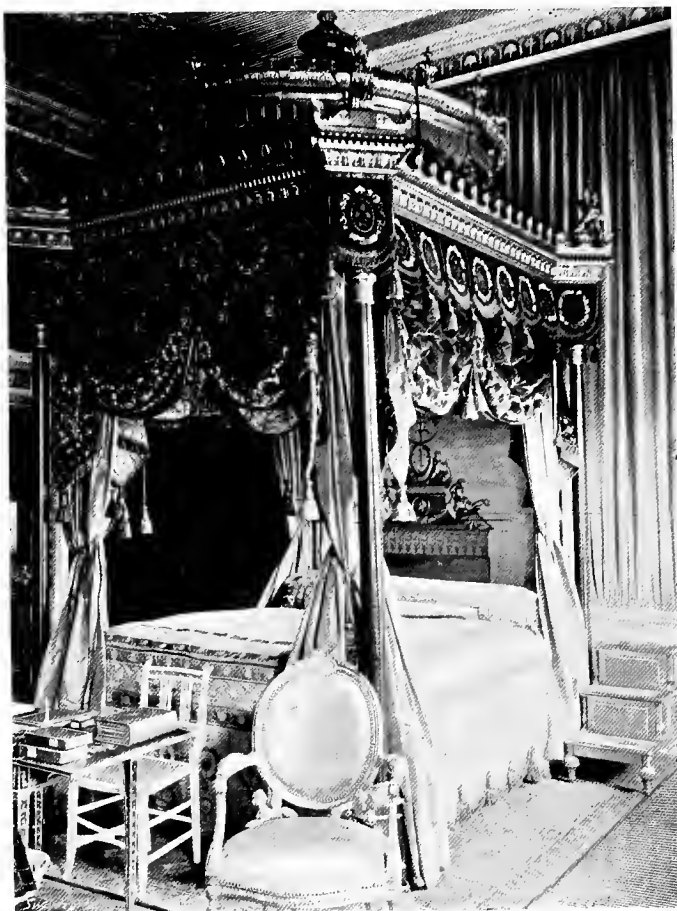
Beyond this bedroom is a room decorated by Angelica Kaufmann in the Pompeian style, which found so much favour in the eighteenth century. Angelica's husband, Zucchi, contributed two large panel paintings to the Dining-room, and the handiwork of both husband and wife may be observed in several other rooms.

The Entrance Hall is somewhat original in design, being decorated and coloured to represent a large piece of Wedgewood china.

Horace Walpole's description of the whole place, inflated and exaggerated as it certainly is, gives an idea of the effect produced on his contemporaries. He writes thus to the Countess of Ossory :

“On Friday we went to see —oh, the palace

of palaces!—and yet a palace *sans crown, sans coronet*, but such expense! such taste! such profusion! and yet half an acre produces all the rents that furnish such magnificence. it is a Jaghire got without a crime. In short, a shop is the estate, and Osterley Park is the spot. The old house I have often seen, which was



THE STATE BED

built by Sir Thomas Gresham ; but it is so improved and enriched, that all the Percies and Seymours of Sion must die of envy.

“ There is a double portico that fills the space between the towers of the front, and is as noble as the Propyleum of Athens. There is a hall, library, breakfast-room, eating-room, all *chefs d'œuvre* of Adam, a gallery a hundred and thirty feet long, and a drawing-room worthy of Eve before the fall. Mrs. Child's dressing-room is full of pictures, gold filigree, china and Japan. So is all the house ; the chairs are taken from antique lyres, and make charming harmony ; there are Salvators, Gaspar Poussins, and to a beautiful staircase, a ceiling by Rubens.

“ Not to mention a kitchen garden that costs £1400 a year, a menagerie full of birds come from a thousand islands, which Mr. Banks has not yet discovered : and then, in the drawing-room I mentioned, there are door-cases and a crimson-and-gold frieze that I believe were borrowed from the Palace of the Sun ; and then the park is the ugliest spot of ground in the Universe -- and so I returned, comforted, to Strawberry. You shall see these wonders the first time you come to Twickenham.”

When the present owner desired to repair and renovate parts of his predecessor's work, it was satisfactory to find that the carpets and ornamental metal-work had been produced by English firms still existing, whose representatives were able to continue and complete labours begun over a century previously. The Park, which Horace Walpole unkindly describes as “ the ugliest spot of ground in the universe,” was probably then very bare of trees, but subsequent plantations have done much to redeem it from reproach. The large cedars between the house and the Upper Lake are believed to have been planted at the time of the marriage of Mr. Child's granddaughter to Lord Villiers, presumably by the direction of her grandmother, then Lady Ducie, who had a life interest in the property.



THE DRAWING-ROOM, OSTERLEY

One of the attractions of Osterley during the lifetime of Mr. Child and his widow was the menagerie, which contained many rare and valuable birds. The most remarkable of these were perpetuated in two volumes of coloured prints published by Thomas Hayes of Southall.

Mr. Child had an only daughter Sarah, whose charms may still be admired in the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds at Middleton, and the still more beautiful portrait by Romney at Osterley. Near her, in the latter place, hangs the picture of the handsome and fascinating Lord Westmorland, who went by the name of "Rapid Westmorland," and whose good looks won the heart of the beautiful Miss Child, though her father desired that she should marry a commoner who should take his name and carry on the business.

Lord Westmorland must have suspected what answer he was likely to receive should he lay his proposals before Mr. Child, for the story goes that when he was dining with the banker at his house in Berkeley Square, he exclaimed :

"Child, if you were in love with a girl, and the father would not let you marry her, what would you do?"

"Do? Why, run away with her, of course!" was the rash reply.

Lord Westmorland made no further comment to the father, but quietly arranged matters with the young lady. Shortly afterwards, in May, 1782, she walked deliberately out of the Berkeley Square house carrying a small parcel; a little schoolroom maid who was in her confidence had a hackney-cab in waiting round the corner, which conveyed Miss Child to meet her lover. He was in readiness with the orthodox post-chaise; she mounted without demur, and away they drove, bound for Gretna Green.

A hue and cry arose ere long, and Mr. Child, having ordered out a second post-chaise in which to pursue the fugitives, sent on

in advance a messenger, one Richard Gillam, mounted on his own favourite hunter, with orders to detain them till he should arrive.

Richard, who doubtless changed horses several times (unless the hunter equalled Black Bess in powers of endurance), came up with the carriage near Rokeby, in Yorkshire, and delivered his master's message to its occupants.

“Shoot, my lord,” exclaimed Miss Child, who must have been a strong-minded young lady for her years—only seventeen. Lord Westmorland accordingly cut short further discussion by shooting Gillam's horse; and when Mr. Child, who was now approaching the scene of action, saw the poor beast fall, he turned back and would carry the pursuit no further.

Gillam ended his life at an advanced age as lodgekeeper at Middleton Park. He used to relate this adventure with great gusto, and from the tone of satisfaction with which “Shoot, my lord!” was repeated to me by one of his hearers, I gather that the groom's admiration for his young mistress's spirit quite outweighed any resentment for the discomfort which the execution of her orders might have entailed upon himself.

The above is, I believe, a substantially correct account of the elopement; other traditional versions assert that Lord Westmorland shot one of the leaders of Mr. Child's post-chaise and for this offence was never forgiven, as his father-in-law thought that the shot was intended for him. However that may be, Mr. Child declared that no one bearing the name of Westmorland should be his heir; yet, unwilling to disinherit his own descendants, he left all his property to the first daughter of Lady Westmorland who should be christened Sarah and take the name of Child. Under this will Lady Sarah Sophia Child Fane became his heiress, and by her marriage with Lord Villiers, afterwards fifth Lord Jersey, brought Osterley into the family.

Our ancestors were easily amused. The editor of an old

collection of *bons mots* thought the following worthy of preservation: When Miss C. returned from her expedition to Gretna Green with Lord W., Mrs. C. said to her, "My dear, why were you so hasty, when I had much better parties in view for you?" "Mamma," replied the young lady, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." If the repartee has no other merit, it tends



OSTERLEY, FROM THE SHRUBBERY

to show that Lady Westmorland was not much ashamed of her escapade, and did not find her parents altogether unrelenting.

While Osterley Park was in possession of Sarah Lady Jersey it was the scene of a duel, in which the late Sir Robert Peel acted as second. A racing quarrel had arisen between Captain Hon. G. Vaughan

and Sir William, then Mr. Gregory. A meeting was arranged; Captain Vaughan missed, and his opponent fired in the air. Sir Robert (who was Mr. Gregory's second) and his colleague declared a second shot to be unnecessary, and as Sir William



THE BOUDOIR, OSTERLEY, SHOWING GOBELIN TAPESTRIES

confesses in his Memoirs, the combatants went on their way rejoicing.

If it was any satisfaction to them, they had at all events afforded much amusement to Lady Jersey's grandchildren, who were staying at Osterley, and were highly delighted at having seen gentlemen shooting at each other in the Park. Lady Jersey was not equally pleased, as she by no means approved such desecration of the peaceful shades of Osterley.

Peaceful they certainly are. The Park is but nine miles from Hyde Park Corner, and the District Railway has planted a station just outside its walls, but when one steps across the road and passes through the lodge doors the roar and traffic of the City might be a hundred miles away. The tall elms fling their shadows across the paths, the cattle graze tranquilly in the long grass, the water-fowl splash and dive in the lakes, just as they may have done when Sir Thomas Gresham disturbed them with his oil- and-paper mills.

Over all hangs the blue transparent haze known to artists as peculiar to the valley of the Thames, which enriches and softens the luxuriant vegetation of the surrounding country. The red towers of the house with their white angles, and the stone balustrades of the roof, appear above the dark, spreading cedars. Up the old walls climb fragrant magnolia and smooth ampelopsis, and along one whole side of the house runs a marvellous wistaria, which tries with soft green tendrils and purple tassels to clamber into the windows and peep at the tapestries within. Farther away flourish golden yew and many another variegated shrub, while the passing weeks of spring and summer are marked with the glowing masses of rhododendron, the pure white and rich odour of the giant syringa, and the blossoming of pinks and roses, amongst which the scarlet of the Crimson Rambler holds an honoured place.

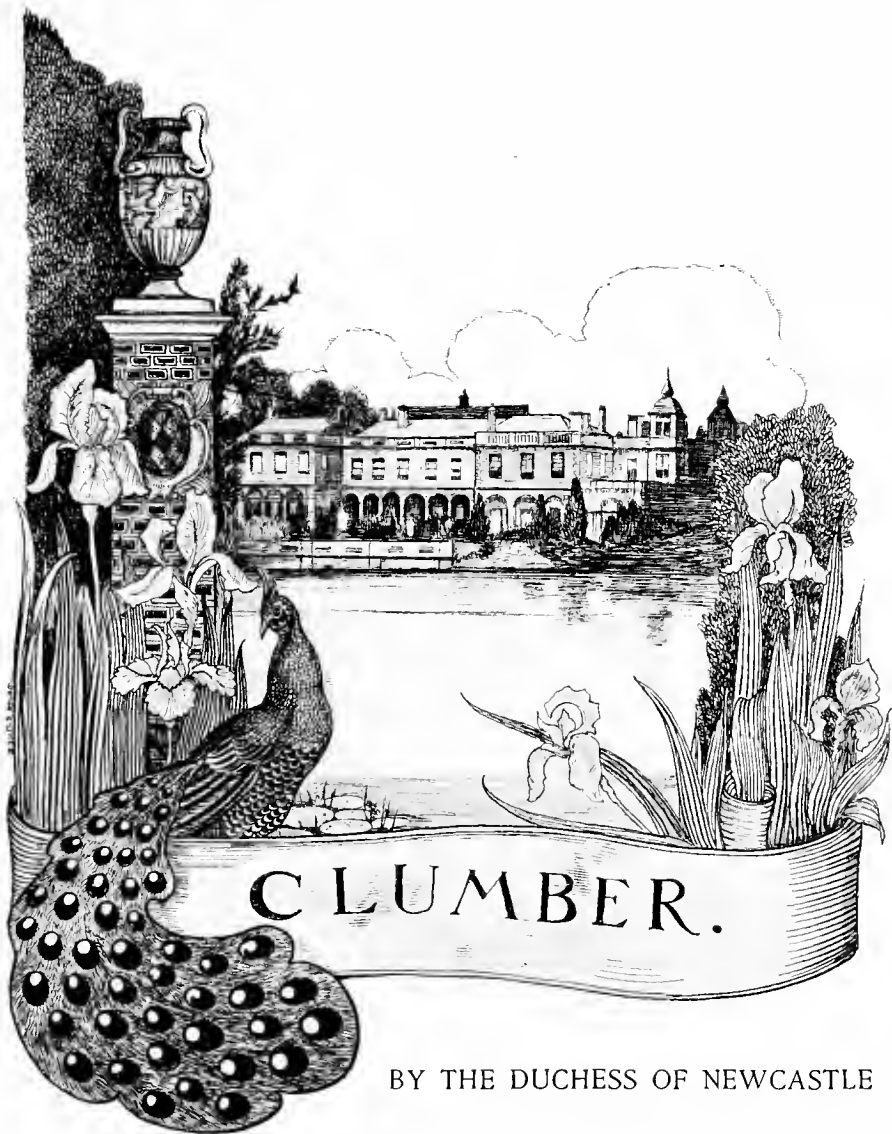


As Sunday evening draws in, the peals of distant church bells are the only sounds which come to break the quiet of a home so near the town and yet, seemingly, so secluded from the world ; then these cease, and the song of the nightingales alone disturbs the slumbers of Osterley Park.



# Clumber





BY THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

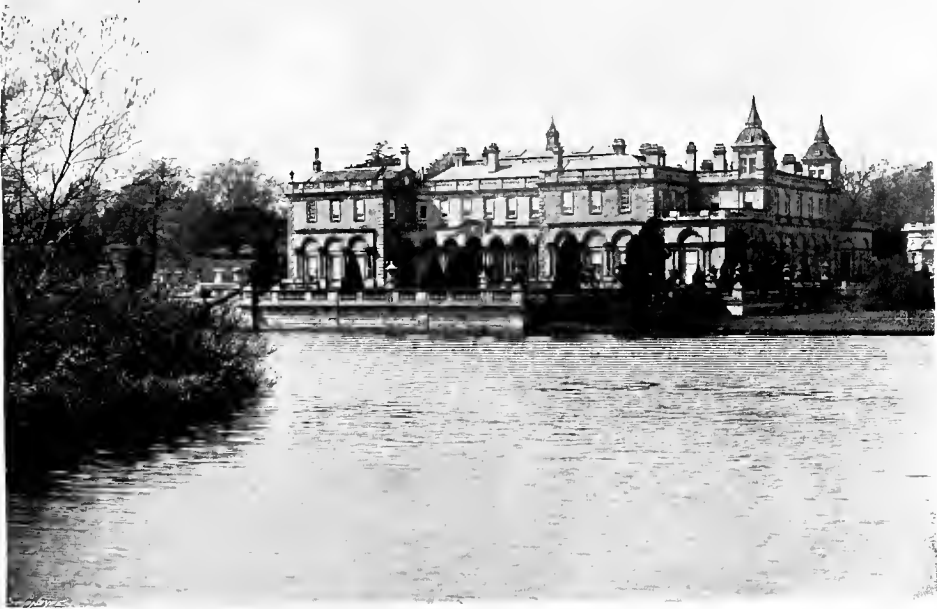
**C**LUMBER is difficult to describe, as it has practically no history, and was built only in the middle of the eighteenth century. The antiquarian will not find much to help him in his researches on Clumber, for the notices which have appeared are meagre in the extreme. Thornton in his *Antiquities of Nottingham* mentions it twice; he says, "A Hamlet of Mansfield, certain lands in it belonging to William the Conqueror," and, "In 1310, one William Fitzwilliam held a sixth part of a fee under Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln." These, and a reference to tithes paid to the Vicar of Worksop, and a grant

of land, value eleven shillings per annum, made by Henry VIII. to Roger and Robert Tavener, are the only historical records I can find.

The present house stands on a site formerly occupied by a shooting lodge belonging to the Dukes of Newcastle ; they themselves, until 1711, resided at Welbeck.

Perhaps it would be as well to show how Clumber came into this branch of the family.

In 1709, John Hollis, fourth Earl of Clare, and great grandson of William Cavendish, the Duke of Newcastle of the Civil War, now perhaps better known as the author of the famous book on horsemanship, received permission to enclose three thousand acres of Sherwood Forest, of which he was then Steward, to make a private park. He did this, and, dying two years later, left it to his sister's son, Thomas Pelham, second Baron Pelham of Laughton in Sussex ; who was created Marquis of Clare and Duke of Newcastle in the county of Northumberland, and, in 1756, Duke of Newcastle under Lyme, with special remainder to the heirs of his brother, Henry Pelham, and his sister Lucy, who had married Henry, seventh Earl of Lincoln. Thomas, Duke of Newcastle, died in 1768, and was succeeded by his nephew Henry, ninth Earl of Lincoln, he having married his first cousin, Catherine, daughter and heiress of Henry Pelham. He assumed also, by royal licence, the surname of Pelham ; and, dying in 1794, was succeeded by his third son, Thomas ; his eldest having died young ; while the second, Henry Fiennes, who in 1775 married the lovely Lady Frances Seymour Conway, had died in 1778, leaving an only daughter, who afterwards married William, Lord Folkestone. Thomas, the third Duke, married in 1782 Anna Maria, the youngest daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington. Only two of their children lived—a son and a daughter ; the latter married Lord Combermere. Henry, the son, succeeded



CLUMBER, THE SOUTH FRONT

his father in 1795. I have discovered a most interesting diary of his, carefully kept, from the death of his wife (to whom he was greatly devoted), in 1822, until his own in 1851.

Amongst other things in it of great interest relating to the



LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU  
BY RICHARDSON

politics of the day (for he was a most keen politician, absolutely upright and honourable, though perhaps, for his own sake, too outspoken), I found an old letter of Mr. Gladstone's—to whom I cannot say, as it has no beginning, but presumably to someone who had been asking pertinent questions as to why the Duke of Newcas-

tle should have offered him the seat of Newark. I will give it in full :

“ 1. Our acquaintance began at Eton, but was very slight.

“ 2. It grew at Oxford mainly, or firstly, I think, in consequence of Lord Lincoln having attached himself to a small Society which took for its name my initials, and which was formed for literary and mental effort by the composition of essays, and discussion upon them.





CLUMBER, THE WEST FRONT

“3. It is true that I shewed the alarm generally felt at the Reform Bill and attended the Union, which I did not habitually attend, to make a speech against it. Beyond this I know only little; I cannot affirm, still less can I deny, the statement made by Sir F. Doyle. I have always taken it for granted that some statements from Lord Lincoln must have moved his father the Duke, to whom I was unknown, to write to my father and offer to recommend me to his friends at Newark. All I know is that early in July of 1832, having just reached an Hotel in Milan, I received to my unbounded astonishment a letter from my father conveying this offer and favouring its acceptance which followed. I reached London at the end of the month, joined my family at Torquay, and in September was summoned to begin the canvass at Newark, which I always considered as the opening of my political life.”

The only mention of Mr. Gladstone by the Duke at the date of the election is this :

“August 6, 1832. Mr. Gladstone, who is to come in on my interest at Newark, has just published his address—he is a friend of Lincoln’s, and a very talented and highly principled young man, as he tells me, for I do not know him.”

Mention of the Reform Bill brings back to one’s mind the fearful Nottingham Riots, all directed against this Duke of Newcastle in consequence of his bitter opposition to the Bill; I will copy the account of them, also the preparations for the defence of Clumber, from his diary :

“11th October. This day has passed off quietly—the people are standing about, and I have seen more drunkenness than I have seen for a long time. In the House of Lords we had some talking, and as the conversation turned to it, I thought it might be attended with public good if I alluded to the attack on my house [in Cavendish Square the day before] and the state of



RUBENS'S WIFE  
AFTER THE PICTURE BY RUBENS

town and country. Lord Melbourne answered me with great propriety, and afterwards told me that he had had very bad news from Notts, that Nottingham was in a shocking state, and that the Rioters had set fire to the Castle—and it was thought had also attacked the jail, but his information only came from the guard of the mail coach. The mob have attacked the jails and liberated the prisoners in Derby, besides attacking several houses. They have vowed the destruction of Belvoir. I hope Clumber is also not in their black books.

“ 12th October. Having received authentic information of the destruction by fire of Nottingham Castle by the mob, of the sacking of Colwick, which they stripped of everything and afterwards set fire to, I am determined to go to Clumber this evening. I went to the Duke of Wellington and had a long consultation with him how I should proceed. The cry of the mob was that they would proceed to Clumber, and many think they will go—but the Duke thinks, and justly, that they will never get so far. I returned home about 3 o'clock, having finished all my business. The assemblage of persons in the streets was enormous. The people everywhere wore the appearance of insolence and self-importance, as though their hour of rule had at length arrived. Lord Londonderry on going to the House was very seriously injured by the mob, and the Duke of Wellington's windows were broken in the daytime in a very *orderly* manner, by a well organized mob. The day was wet, and towards evening it rained in torrents, for which we have to thank God for the prevention of much mischief which must otherwise have happened. As I was writing my letters this evening and settling all my affairs, a letter arrived by coach from Georgiana [his daughter] telling me that they were all in Mansell's [the Keeper's] house, whither they had been sent for safety, in the apprehension of an immediate attack upon Clumber, of which such repeated information had been



THE BRIDGE AT CLUMBER

received that Lincoln thought it necessary, and was advised, to take every precaution and make every preparation for defence. I retired, as I cannot get away this evening as it rains in torrents, to lie down in my clothes, and start at 4 in the morning.

“ 13th October. Started at 4, everything being ready ; at Wandsford I received a letter from Mr. Tallents [his Agent] advising me to be cautious in going through Newark and recommending me to change horses out of the town. I however changed at the Inn and nothing happened. On the road I heard that there had been disturbances at Mansfield and an attempt to get into Wollaton by the Nottinghamers ; a fire the night before, at Plumtree, and another in Rutlandshire. I stopped at Mansell's, where I arrived at 9 o'clock and found my dear daughters perfectly well and as happy as possible under the circumstances. Miss Spencer, the Swiss governess, and their maids were with them, so that they must have been very closely packed. I stayed about an hour and then went to Clumber, notwithstanding the wishes of Mansell that I should stay, as he thought it very likely that I should be shot at as I went through the woods, where several men had been seen for some days lurking about. I reached Clumber at about 11 o'clock, having met videttes of Yeomanry patrolling within two miles of the house ; on my arrival the garrison expressed their rejoicing and welcome by loud and continued cheers. In the house I found my dear Lincoln, Charles, and Thomas ; I could not believe I was at Clumber, the whole was so changed, everything removed that was valuable, such as pictures, ornaments, furniture, statues, etc., nothing left but bare walls, and the house filled with men in every room, with cannons, of which I have 10 3-pounders and 14 little ship guns, fire arms, muskets, and pistols and sabres planted in their proper positions, and in all the windows. The scene is beyond my description ; the confusion and joy occasioned by my arrival



VIEW OF HOUSE AND CHURCH FROM THE BRIDGE

might have formed several glowing pages for the pen of an experienced novelist. Before I went to bed I visited all the arrangements made in the different rooms. The preparations are indeed formidable — sufficient to repel 20,000 men. In the house are 200 men, and out of it a great many more, including a Troop of Yeomanry, 70 men and horses. It was late when I retired, and it was not long before I fell into a deep sleep.

“14th October. I would not give any orders, not wishing without full deliberation to alter anything that Lincoln had done — but this morning I determined to make a change in our mode of defence. I therefore settled that the Yeomanry should be dismissed, all but a sergeant and 12 men, whom I kept until the next morning — I reduced the number of men to 20 picked men who had nearly all been old soldiers. I admit none of them into the house, but have made a barrack for them in the offices adjoining, where they sleep and mess, and I mount a chain of sentries in a ring round the house extending to the gate near the tool-house in the Pleasure Ground. In this manner we shall command regularity, and something like system and efficiency. I think we shall be perfectly secure against attack in this manner. Towards evening I had made some progress in putting the house to rights and making it more as usual, for I found it scarcely habitable, and my own room full of people with guns mounted and full of litter and dirt. At night I went to see that all my arrangements were carried properly into execution and found them well done ; on my return home, from not knowing the countersign, I was taken prisoner by one of my own sentries. I have heard of no fresh aggressions.

“15th October. My report of this morning was that two men had been taken last night, who pretended to be gentlemen, and who said it would be very disagreeable to be taken before one who would know them, and offered 20 sovereigns to my





THE LINCOLN TERRACE, CLUMBER

people to let them go ; they refused their money, but told them as they saw they were gentlemen they would liberate them. Nothing could have been more unfortunate ; there can be no doubt that they were incendiaries, and that they were the very people we had been looking for, and who had been frequently seen in various parts evidently bent upon mischief. I hear to-day that disturbance is expected at Mansfield, and that a Troop of Hussars, which had been ordered to Worksop, had been counter-ordered to Mansfield. Nottingham is in a feverish state but quiet for the present.

“ 16th October. I have had a great many people here to-day who all report that things are quiet for the present. One report arrived that there was a rising in Sheffield and that Lord Wharncliffe's house had been burnt down. This night a man came and sent me in a letter saying that he came from Nottingham and wished to tell me the little he knew about the late riots in Nottingham ; and I had a long conversation with him and found him to be a very shrewd fellow—but he told me nothing that I did not know, and I dismissed him, ordering him some supper and 5/- for his night's lodgings as he had come so far. I thought the man might be come for no good purpose, and I thought it fair to deceive him and ordered that the guard should be trebled, on the road he was going, to make him report the number of guards he met with, and how difficult it was to get in and out. My servants carried this trick further and disguised themselves and lay in his way and got into conversation with him, when they found that he was a cheat and abused me dreadfully, and that he came here as a spy. They managed to take him. I shall send him by a Constable to Worksop for examination before a Magistrate.

“ 17th October. I went to Blyth to-day to confer with the General of the district, Sir H. Bouverie. I have heard of nothing but tranquility to-day, nothing has happened here.



THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM, CLUMBER

“18th October. The accounts from all sides is that all is quiet.”

This ends the account of the fortifying of Clumber against the Nottingham roughs, who fortunately never turned up; and I think I should now return to the description of Clumber. I cannot do better than to quote Throsby, in his additions to Thornton's *History of Nottinghamshire*, in his description of the Park as it appeared to him one May day:

“The Duke of Newcastle's dwelling in this place is truly magnificent, although the building is neither lofty nor very extensive. From the new bridge which spans an apparent endless stream which waters Clumber, there appears a harmonious whole of grandeur; the proud chested Swans, which sail gently in numbers to and fro in the space between the bridge and the house, happily corresponding in complexion with everything of art in view; blended with the various natural tints of foliage which surround you (if I may be allowed the expression) paradises the mind. . . .

“Within the Park the country opens out with splendour, rich in effect and delightful to the eye. The fir and woody scenery around were warmed with patches of broom and gorse, then in golden hue, left, it may be presumed, for ornament. The Hills, or rather rising grounds, are beautifully clothed with woody scenery, the lawns are as smooth on the surface as a calm water scene.”

Although written over a century ago, this describes the Clumber of to-day very well, only the “endless stream” has become a lake three miles long; Italian terraces have been made from the house to the water-side, a large marble fountain standing half way; and, in summer, the bright flowers, with the water splashing and playing in the fountains, added to the reflections of the trees and rhododendrons on the other side,



THE YELLOW DRAWING-ROOM, CLUMBER

makes it a truly beautiful scene, and worthy of Throsby's enthusiastic description.

In 1879, Clumber was the scene of a terrible fire ; the entire centre of the house was completely gutted ; many valuable pictures, pieces of china, and furniture being destroyed. As many as seventy pictures were burnt, including a very fine Albrecht Dürer and a Romney of Lady Middleton. Amongst the china was a very beautiful pale blue Sèvres service given by the King of Naples to a Duke of Newcastle ; but it is useless to go on with this sad list, and one consolation should be, that had it not been for the pluck and devotion of the housekeeper (Mrs. Conden) a great deal more would have been lost. The fire caused a great change with regard to the centre of the house ; many small rooms, some eighteen in number, were entirely knocked in, and a large Hall has replaced them, to the great improvement of the house. The four wings remain as they were, and in them are all the principal reception rooms.

Perhaps the curious stranger would in his mind's eye like to go through them. We will start with the State Drawing-room which is on our right as we come in at the west front. It is entirely decorated in cream, gold, and pale blue ; the gilt carvings over the windows formerly decorated the Doge's palace in Venice, and are very fine. The pictures include that exquisite Van Dyck, "Rinaldo and Armida," which drew forth such universal admiration in the recent Van Dyck Exhibition at Burlington House ; a very fine "Crowning of the Virgin," by Caracci ; and two magnificent full-length portraits by Lawrence of the fourth Duke and his wife. The china is a very remarkable collection, three unique Chelsea Vases being included, two of them alone being valued at £20,000. The Sèvres, Dresden, Worcester, and Crown Derby examples are also worthy of being mentioned with these.

Beyond, we come to the Yellow Drawing-room. In it is



"BEGGAR BOYS"

AFTER THE PICTURE BY GAINSBOROUGH

what is considered to be one of the finest marble chimneypieces in the country ; it was bought at Beckford's sale at Fonthill : the chiselling is really exquisite, and the figures are relieved by a tinted background. The pictures in this room are noteworthy.



WILLIAM CAVENDISH, FIRST DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

BY DOBBON

Among them are Gainsborough's " Beggar Boys " ; the " Portrait of an Orator " by Rembrandt ; " Sigismunda Mourning over the Heart of her Murdered Lover," by Correggio. The story goes that Hogarth, seeing this picture, backed himself to paint a better of the same subject ; I understand that his critics considered that he failed to do so. The other pictures include a Guido, Poussin, Vander Meulen, Rubens, and several Canalettos. Out of this is the





THE LIBRARY, CLUMBER

small Dining-room. Here also the pictures are very good, particularly the large Van Dyck—painted presumably for an Altar piece—of “The Descent from the Cross”; three Claude Lorraines; “The Battle of the Boyne,” by Vander Meulen; a Rubens, two Poussins, Feaiers, and Canalettos.

Farther on we come to the Library, undoubtedly the finest room in the house, decorated entirely in old Spanish mahogany in the Empire style. The furniture includes two splendid *escri-toires*, which tradition says were formerly the property of Louis XIV.; but surely, before talking of furniture, in a library we should turn to the books. The bibliophile would delight in several Caxtons, a first folio of Shakespeare, a first edition of Dante, and a Book of Hours richly illuminated—in fact there is not supposed to be a better example in the Bodleian. This ends the rooms on the south side. On the east are two small libraries, the Duke’s photographic rooms (where you will find every latest appliance in the camera world), and the Study, entirely fitted up in old oak. The pictures include one by Heere of Queen Mary,—curiously enough much injured by fire (for if history speaks true, she herself was much given to using this form of punishment on those who dared to differ with her in their religious belief,—two Sir Joshuas, two Hogarths—portraits of himself and wife—two Rigauds of Louis XV. and his Queen, and a Quentin Matsys, which represents the artist painting the portrait of a lady.

Opening out from the Study is the Red Drawing-room, hung entirely with family portraits. The two most important are “Lady Lincoln with the Harp,” and that of her husband in a pink fancy dress of the time of Charles I. There is, I believe, some doubt expressed as to these two pictures being by Gainsborough; but I have lately discovered an old catalogue printed in 1800 with his name given as the artist, and I think a catalogue printed so near the date of the painting is bound to be correct; at any rate,



THE RED DRAWING-ROOM, CLUMBER

whoever the artist, they are beautiful examples of his art. The other pictures include a Dobson of William Cavendish, first Duke

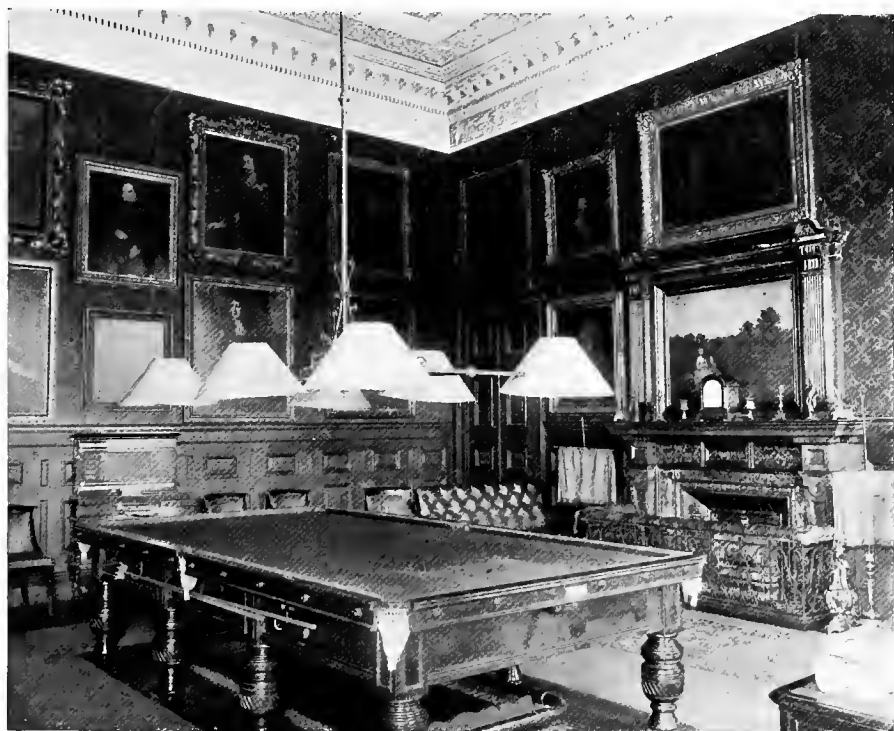


NAPOLEON  
BY CANOVA

of Newcastle, the Prime Minister Duke, and his brother, Henry Pelham, the Chancellor, by Hoare.

The Billiard-room is also on this side of the house; it was built after the fire, and contains a very fine Snyder of a panther killing a wild boar, a very fine Van Dyck of Sir William Killigrew, two other Van Dycks, several Lelys, a Van Os, Salvator Rosa, Richardson, and a Holbein of

“Geraldine, the fair Maid of Surrey,” and first Countess of Lincoln. On the other side are the Offices and State Dining-room. Here are Snyder’s four famous “Market Pieces”; one of these was seriously injured in the fire, half of it being entirely destroyed. Beside these are two very fine Zuccarellis and a Weenix.



THE BILLIARD-ROOM, CLUMBER

We are now back again in the Hall, the principal pictures in which are a landscape by Gainsborough, "The Return from Shooting," by Wheatley, "Southwark Fair," by Hogarth, and a Vander Neer. In the Gallery upstairs are a Battista Franco, a Holbein, several Rubens, a Ruysdael, a Lawrence, besides many more. There are also some rather fine antiques purchased by the fourth Duke at Nollekin's sale, including four white marble Cists, dating from the first century; nor must we forget Canova's colossal statue of Napoleon.

Having exhausted the house we will go on to the Chapel, which stands about three hundred yards away on the east of the Pleasure Grounds, and was built by the present Duke and opened in 1889. The style is fourteenth century gothic, and it has a warm and old appearance, being constructed in red sand-stone. On entering, the effect is that of a genuine fourteenth century Chapel untouched by the devastating hand of the so-called Reformation. The altar is of beautiful white alabaster, standing out from the green silken hangings, which are some day to be replaced by something more solid. The carvings all over the Chapel are very fine, particularly in the Lady Chapel, where the side altar, like the rest of the Church, is carved in red sand-stone, the subject of the Reredos being "The Annunciation." From the roof gleams the *Magnificat* in letters of gold, and the sun shines in with softened rays through the beautiful windows designed and executed by Kemp.

The Lincoln Terrace, about a quarter of a mile from the Italian Garden, is also worth a visit, with its fine old stately seats, and steps down to the water. It was made early in the last century with stone brought from Italy at the cost of £10,000.

The trees that flourish best at Clumber are cedars — there are many fine ones near the house; Scotch firs, birches, and limes also do well; in fact an avenue of the latter, two and a half miles

long, and ending with Apleyhead Lodge, is one of the features of the Park. In the middle of the avenue (at Hardwick) are the Kennels and the Farm ; and those interested in animals will find plenty there to admire in things canine. Some six brace of the old breed of Clumber spaniels, introduced from the north of Spain by a former Duke, at the end of the eighteenth century, still disport themselves.

They are very difficult animals to breed, I presume from having for many years been much inbred. Dogs have always been favourites at Clumber, but never more so than they are at present, for I suppose I may confess that they and horses are my mania.



APLEYHEAD LODGE, CLUMBER

I have some fifty Borzois or Russian wolf hounds ; many of them well known on the show bench, for they have, since 1892, won over five hundred prizes at all the principal shows in England. Beautiful dogs they are, and most affectionate, intelligent companions. Fox terriers, too, are here, and they also have won their laurels ; very proud I am that the highest honours have been won by many of Clumber breeding, for it is more difficult to win with fox terriers, than with any other breed. Added to the Borzois, fox terriers, and Clumber spaniels, I must also mention the pack of harriers, eighteen couples in all, of twenty-one inch hounds of the foxhound type. And very good sport we have with them,

too, during the winter. They are a very good-looking pack, as may be inferred when I add that they have won on several occasions at the Peterborough Hound Show, including the cup for the best "three couples."

And now I should like to add that I have practically rewritten this article since its previous appearance in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Before the paper was sent to the *Magazine* some additional matter was interpolated without my knowledge or sanction, and without the knowledge or sanction of the Editor. To this additional matter (on seeing it in print and being in no way answerable for it) I much regret that my signature should have been appended.

(Signed)

K. NEWCASTLE.



## Audley End





THE WESTERN FRONT OF AUDLEY END

## AUDLEY END

BY ELIZABETH J. SAVILE

A FINE view of the west front of Audley End is obtained from the high road, so that in the old coaching days it was a familiar object to travellers from London to Cambridge. No glimpse of it, however, is visible from the Great Eastern line, which here runs through a tunnel. A broad sweep of lawn stretches between the house and the river, the greater part of which was once covered by the large quadrangle and other buildings pulled down more than one hundred and seventy years ago.

A curious and interesting print, which gives a representation of the whole extent of the original buildings, shows how splendid was the stately pile described as the "royall pallace of Audley End." Thoresby mentions posting from Cambridge to London

by the "greatest house in England, Audley End, a vast building or rather town walled in; it is adorned with so many cupolas above, walks and trees below, as rendered it a most admirable seat." The print shows also that the present west front then formed the inner side of the great quadrangle.

Like Burghley, Audley End is built of stone, while many other houses of about the same date, including Hatfield and Temple Newsam, are of red brick. Audley End has two entrance lodges, one on the main road, about a quarter of a mile from the house, the other on the road which branches off at right angles to Saffron Walden. Both the lodges are modern; but the centre gateway of this last, sometimes called the "Lion" lodge, dates from 1616, and bears the Howard lion at the top. It was restored in 1786.

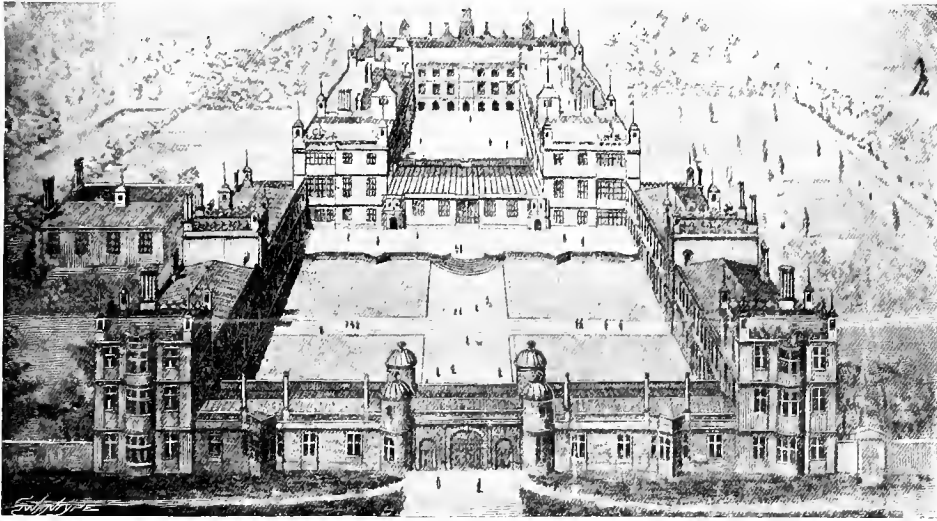
The building of the house is supposed to have been begun in 1603, and to have taken thirteen years in completion. The first Earl of Suffolk, who built it, seems to have wished to "erect a mansion which should surpass in size and magnificence all the private residences of the kingdom, and in aid of this design he procured from Italy a model executed in wood." There is some uncertainty about the name of the architect, but it seems most probable that John Thorpe was employed. In a volume of drawings and plans made by John Thorpe himself is a ground-plan of Audley End with pencilled alterations, which circumstance strongly confirms this idea.

Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk, Lord Treasurer to James I., had inherited the estates of Audley End from his mother, Margaret Audley, daughter and eventually sole heir of Lord Chancellor Audley, to whom Henry VIII. had given the lands of the manor and Abbey of Walden.

The buildings must have been considerably advanced by 1610, in which year the King visited Lord Suffolk, and again in

1614. It was probably on one of these occasions that King James made the often quoted remark that “the house was too large for a King, though it might do for a Lord Treasurer”! The size of the house soon proved a source of considerable embarrassment to its owners, none of whom, after the death of the first Earl of Suffolk, were able to keep up an establishment suitable to its magnificence.

In 1721, three sides of the great quadrangle were demolished under the advice of Sir John Vanbrugh; and in 1749 the whole



THE ORIGINAL HOUSE AS BUILT BY THE EARL OF SUFFOLK  
FROM AN OLD PRINT

of the eastern wing of the present quadrangle was pulled down by Elizabeth, Countess of Portsmouth, shortly after it came into her possession. At one time, indeed, Lady Portsmouth contemplated the destruction of the whole house, and then had an idea of converting it into a silk manufactory. But the manner in which she finally decided to reduce its size, and adapt it to the means of her nephew and successor, Lord Howard de Walden, resulted in entailing great expense on him. For much rebuilding became necessary to restore the communication between the north and south wings, while the loss of the

magnificent gallery, two hundred and twenty-six feet long, which was situated in the eastern wing, was irreparable.

Evelyn describes the architecture of the house: "It is a mixt fabrick 'twixt antiq and modern, but observable for its being compleately finished, and it is one of the stateliest palaces

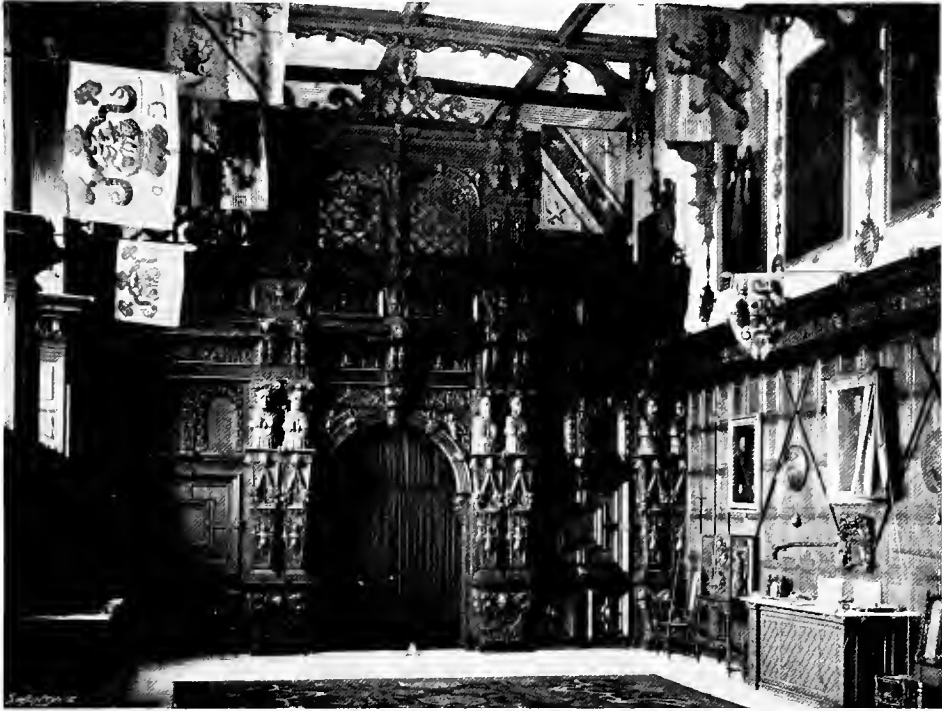


THE ENTRANCE PORCH

in the kingdom."

It is, in fact, a fine example of that intermediate style between Gothic and classical in which the great houses of England were built during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., called Elizabethan by some, by others Jacobean. A fine cedar-tree, somewhat injured by the winds and storms of many years, stands close to the

south-western angle of the house. The west front has two porches, exactly alike, two storied, with pillars and arches, the lower story Ionic, the upper Corinthian. The balustrades and architrave of these are elaborately and delicately carved. The entrance is by the north porch, which leads into a lofty vestibule communicating by an archway on the right with the Great Hall. The Hall runs up to the roof: it is lighted by five windows, the central one a large projecting bow. It has a stone floor, and



OAK SCREEN IN THE HALL, AUDLEY END

ceiling of plaster compartments separated by oaken beams, the compartments bearing crests and cognizances of the Howard family. The walls are panelled with oak half-way up to the ceiling; the chimneypiece is of fine carved oak with the arms of Charles, seventh Earl of Suffolk, and his wife Arabella, daughter and co-heir of Sir Samuel Astry, in the centre. Silken banners, bearing the arms of the different possessors of the Manor of Walden, beginning with Geoffrey de Mandeville, are suspended from the beams of the ceiling. But the chief glory of the Hall is the magnificent screen of carved oak, which occupies the whole of the north end. It is richly carved, and ornamented with grotesque figures in bold relief, and is said to have been originally procured from Italy.

In 1740, Lord Suffolk,<sup>1</sup> with inconceivable bad taste, had this beautiful screen covered with white paint, as well as the walls and chimneypiece. The paint, however, was successfully removed in 1826 by the application of soft soap. The work of restoring the screen to its pristine beauty required much care and patience, and was undertaken by an old servant of Richard, third Lord Braybrooke. Some carved oak chimneypieces in different parts of the house have since then been freed in a similar manner from the disfigurement of white paint.

Unfortunately, when the Hall was enlarged by the removal of the south wall, this was, under the directions of Sir John Vanbrugh, replaced by an open stone screen, with a double flight of stone steps leading into the Saloon. This screen is totally unsuited to the original design, and out of keeping with the Hall. The ceiling over this staircase is quite different from that of the Hall, but the raised mouldings on it are of beautiful design.

A piece of carving, cut out of a block of solid oak, which

<sup>1</sup> Henry, tenth Earl, who died in 1745



stands in the Hall represents an ecclesiastical legend, and was bought at an auction of Dutch furniture in 1826.

The narrow straight chair of carved oak called "Pope's Chair" belonged to the poet Alexander Pope, who, as is well known, was a very little man. He lived at one time at Binfield, in Berkshire, close to Lord Braybrooke's estate of Billingbear. The Rev. T. Ashley, for many years curate of Binfield, presented this chair to the third Lord Braybrooke in 1844. He bought it in a cottage, and was told by the woman who owned it, "My husband's mother lived many years with the late Mr. Pope, and this was master's chair given to her as a keepsake." Mr. Ashley thought that the chair was a present to the poet after he had translated the Iliad, and that the carving on the chair of Cupid and a flaming heart, with a town in the background, had reference to Helen of Troy. It was also suggested that the Phœnix at the top may have been placed there as an allusion to Troy being again raised from the flames by the poet's translation of the Iliad.

There are many portraits in the Hall, some of which deserve special notice. Those of Lord Chancellor Audley and his wife are attributed to Holbein.

Thomas Audley received a grant of the manor of Walden, and the recently dissolved Abbey of Walden from Henry VIII., as a reward for his services in aiding and abetting the King in all his schemes for the dissolution and surrender of the religious houses. He did not belong to the ancient family of the Barons Audley, whose surname is Touchet, but came of a respectable family seated at Earl's Colne, in Essex, in the time of Henry VI. Thomas Audley inherited a competent fortune, possessed good natural abilities, and received an excellent education. But even with these advantages his rise to fame and fortune was unusually rapid. He was Speaker of the House of Commons and King's

Sergeant; knighted and appointed Keeper of the Great Seal on the resignation of Sir Thomas More, and on January 26, 1532, became Lord Chancellor.

In 1538, Sir Thomas Audley was created Lord Audley of Walden, and installed a Knight of the Garter. His first wife, of whom nothing is known, was dead, and he married secondly Elizabeth Grey, daughter of Thomas, first Marquis of Dorset. Lady Audley's brother Henry, second Marquis, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, was beheaded in 1554 for proclaiming his daughter, Lady Jane Grey, Queen of England.

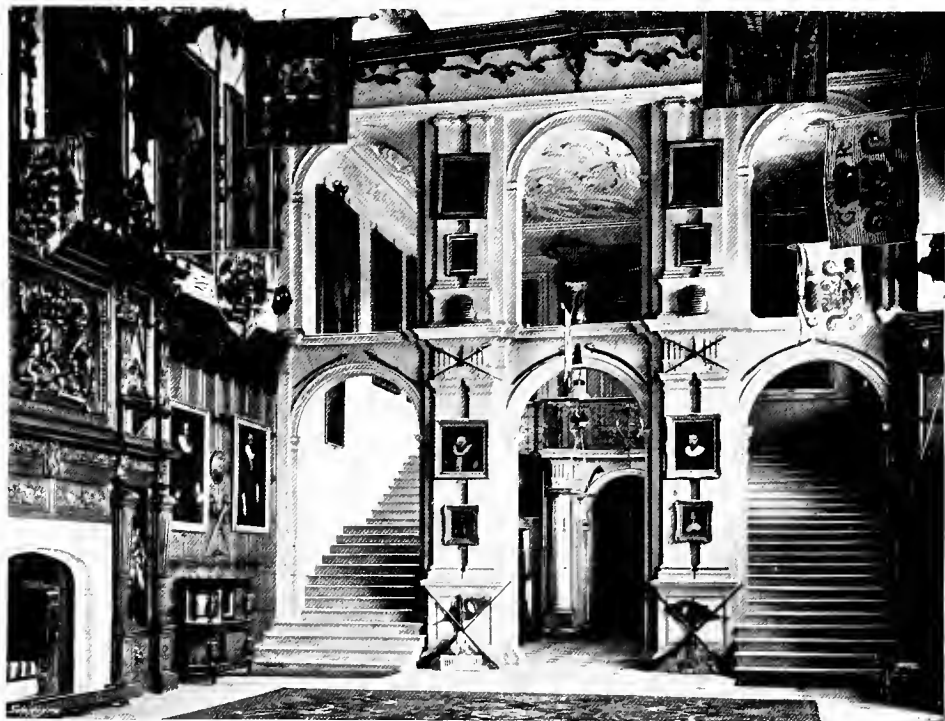
It is amusing to hear that Lord Audley spoke of his alliance with this illustrious family as his "pore marriage."

Lord Audley died at his house in Aldgate on April 30, 1554, leaving his sole surviving daughter Margaret heiress to his vast possessions. The use of the Walden estates was, however, allowed to Lady Audley<sup>1</sup> for her life, and she was "to have and enjoy his chief and capital mansion house at Walden with the parke adjoining, and all houses and precincts thereof," also for her life.

This house must have been the original Audley End, about which very little is known. But the present house stands on the site of the old Abbey, and therefore the statement that Lord Audley converted the Abbey into his country residence, though not absolutely certain, seems most probable.

Margaret Audley was first married at the age of fourteen to Henry Dudley, fourth son of John, Earl and Duke of Northumberland, who was killed at the battle of St. Quentin in Picardy, in August, 1557, and left no child. Before the year was over the girl-widow Margaret became the second wife of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk. The Duchess of Norfolk's portrait, in an elaborate dress and close ruff, by Lucas de Heere, hangs in

<sup>1</sup> She married, secondly, Sir George Norton, Knight.



SOUTHERN END OF THE HALL, AUDLEY END

the Hall. It was originally painted on the same panel as that of her husband, but for some reason the portraits were divided, the coat-of-arms between the two being severed in the middle, the first two words of the motto, *Sola virtus*, being on the Duke's half, the third word, *Invicta*, on the other. The Duke's picture became the property of the Earls of Westmoreland, his sister Jane having married Charles Neville, Earl of Westmoreland; while the Duchess of Norfolk's portrait, formerly at Drayton House, was presented by Lord George Germaine to Lord Howard de Walden. The portrait of Margaret Audley and her ill-fated husband, disunited for so many years, met once more within the walls of Burlington House during the winter exhibition of 1885. Since then Lord Westmoreland has sold the Duke of Norfolk's picture, which now belongs to the Rothschilds.

Margaret Audley had by her second marriage four children: one died early; William, her second son, was ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle, and is well known as "Belted Will Howard," who held the post of Lord Warden of the Marches, and was the dread of turbulent Borderers. Her daughter Margaret married Robert Sackville, Earl of Dorset, and probably carried away her mother's picture to Drayton; while Thomas, the eldest son, eventually became first Earl of Suffolk, and the builder of Audley End. The Duchess of Norfolk died in 1563, at the early age of twenty-three.

Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, who thus became a widower for the second time in his twenty-seventh year, was son to the celebrated Lord Surrey. The small portrait of him on panel is by an unknown painter. He appears to have been a man of most amiable character, and there is a letter written by him to his children previous to his execution containing a passage which shows both his kindness of heart and the interest he took in his Audley End estates, by the mention of St. Aylott's,

still a farm on the property. He says, addressing Lord Thomas Howard :

“Tom, I had forgotten to request one thing at your hands, which I hope you will hereafter, when the time cometh, perform. It is this : I promised Bowles a lease of a farm of yours in your hands called St. Aylott’s, which if I had lived I would have performed ; and now I hope you will, if God send you to come to years, perform as much as I would have done. He hath been as honest and true a servant to your father as any that he hath had, and therefore I hope at this my request, he shall have the lease at your hand.”

The Duke of Norfolk was beheaded on September 2, 1572, for desiring to marry Mary Queen of Scots, thus meeting the same fate under Queen Elizabeth which his father had experienced under Henry VIII.

Portraits of Lady Audley’s nieces, Lady Jane Grey and Lady Katherine Grey, are at Audley End. Lady Katherine, who married Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, is represented with her infant son, Lord Beauchamp, in her arms. He was born in the Tower, where Queen Elizabeth, indignant at her marriage, had imprisoned her. Lady Katherine’s captivity was continued at Pyrgo, in Essex, where she died of a broken heart ; so that her fate, while less tragic, was nearly as sad as that of her sister. Sir Thomas Lumsford’s portrait hangs in the Hall at the top of the stone staircase. He was the well-known Cavalier whose devotion to his royal master was considered a crime, and to whom his enemies imputed all sorts of cruelty.

Passing from the Hall through a small room hung with tapestry, of which only a portion is real old work, one door leads to the Billiard-room, and another door opens into the south lobby ; by a passage on the right from this the ground-floor rooms in the south wing are reached. At the foot of the south

staircase, which is of oak, finely carved, and of very handsome design, hangs the large print of Audley End in its original splendour, engraved by Henry Winstanley.

Winstanley was Clerk of the Works to Charles II. during the time of that King's occupation of Audley End, and the series of views engraved by him are of the greatest value in showing what the house was in its original state. It was this same Henry Winstanley who built the first Eddystone Lighthouse, and perished there in the great storm of November 26, 1703.

A suite of state apartments are among the rooms on the ground floor.

The ceiling of the State Bedroom was designed by Adam. The hangings of the bed are of very pale blue silk, richly embroidered, and are supposed to have been made out of a Court gown of Lady Portsmouth's. A full-length portrait of Queen Charlotte hangs opposite, copied by Honeyman from the Gainsborough at Windsor.

The next room, fitted as a boudoir, has walls and ceilings painted by Biagio Rebecca.

All the principal sitting-rooms are on the first floor. The Saloon can be reached either by the stone staircase leading from the Hall, or by the oak staircase of the south wing.

The Saloon, which is sixty feet long, was once called the Fish Room, because dolphins and sea monsters are represented in bold relief on the ceiling. This ceiling, which is of stucco divided into thirty-two compartments, has finely-wrought pendants suspended from each angle. The walls are panelled with wood, painted white and gold in divisions, forming a series of arches, which frame the collection of portraits all round the room. These pictures, most of which are copies, are placed in order to show the descent and succession of the owners of Audley End. The

arrangement by which the pictures appear to be let into the wall has a particularly good effect. A cornice of arabesques and grotesque heads is also in white and gold, as well as the fine chimney-piece, with its elaborate ornament and gilding. The coat-of-arms in the centre of this is that of Thomas, first Earl of Suffolk, impaling Knyvett and its quarterings, encircled with the Garter ; while the arms of Lord Howard, and his first and second wives, with two classical figures, were painted by Biagio Rebecca. A large western bow-window is raised by three steps above the level of the floor of the room, and commands a charming view of the lawn, river, and picturesque old red stables. An inscription in this room records its refitting and decorating by Lord Howard de Walden, "to commemorate the noble families through whom with gratitude he holds these possessions." Two swans, now acting as screens in this room, belonged in their lifetime to the numerous tribe of swans on the river near at hand. Over two doorways are half-length portraits of Henry VIII. and of Queen Elizabeth, copied by Rebecca from originals at Kensington and Hatfield.

Lord Chancellor Audley, and his daughter, Margaret, Duchess of Norfolk, arrayed here in white satin and pearls with a large ruff, are on either side of the great doorway from the Hall. Then next to the Duke of Norfolk's portrait, in which a cherub weeping over the fatal axe symbolises his doom, we come to Lord Thomas Howard, the builder of Audley End, a view of which appears in the background.

Well might the unfortunate Duke entreat his children "to beware of the Court"; but the warning was unheeded by this son, who passed the greater part of his life there.

Thomas Howard was born August 24, 1561, and was trained in the profession of arms by sea and land. Queen Elizabeth summoned him to Parliament, as Baron Howard de Walden, but it

was under her successor that he attained to place and power. James I. made him Earl of Suffolk in 1604, and he held for many



PORTRAIT OF MARGARET AUDLEY, DUCHESS OF NORFOLK

years high and lucrative offices, becoming, in 1614, Lord High Treasurer of England.

Lord Suffolk was possessed of ample means, but his extravagance was unbounded. We are told that he expended no less than £190,000 in building Audley End! By his first wife, Mary, daughter of Lord Dacre of Gillesland, he had no children, and as she died when

very young it seems doubtful whether his alliance with her was a marriage, or only a betrothal. And Lord Suffolk was very unfortunate in his choice of a second wife. This lady was Catherine, daughter and co-heir of Sir Henry Knevit, or Knyvett, of Charlton in Wiltshire, and widow of Richard, eldest son of Robert Lord Rich. She was a celebrated beauty until 1619, when her charms were entirely destroyed by smallpox; but she was terribly avaricious. She rendered herself odious by extorting money from persons who had business at the Treasury, and was accused of selling places procured by her influence at Court. Lady Suffolk obtained a great ascendancy over her





OAK CARVING IN HALL, POPE'S CHAIR, AND PORTRAITS OF LORD CHANCELLOR AUDLEY, THOMAS, FOURTH DUKE OF NORFOLK, AND LADY KATHERINE GREY

husband, and the accusations brought against him, which obscured his fair fame, were no doubt aggravated by the evil transactions in which she was engaged. For although Lord Suffolk was deprived of his office and committed to the Tower for nine days in 1618, on a charge of alleged embezzlement of money received from the Dutch, the general opinion held was that his chief error was the concealment of his wife's conduct. Lady Suffolk is also said to have received bribes from the Constable of Castile, and this charge gave rise to the common saying that Audley End was built with Spanish gold.

Lord Suffolk was partially restored to the King's favour in July, 1620; he died in 1626, and was buried at Walden. His widow survived him about ten years, but during that time she was reduced to great distress, and obliged to conceal herself from her creditors.

The portraits of Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, and his son James, third Earl, with James's first wife, Lady Susannah Rich, come next in order of the pictures. Theophilus, when Lord Walden, in his father's lifetime, was the author of a love sonnet found with his signature amongst the Ashmolean Manuscripts.

When James, the third Earl, succeeded his brother, he must have found the estates in a sadly embarrassed condition. He was very lukewarm in his support of the Royal cause during the Civil Wars, but in spite of this was impeached by the Parliament in 1647, and committed to the Tower for some months. After his release, however, he lived quietly at Audley End during the Commonwealth, and had interest enough with the ruling powers to secure his estates from sequestration. It was this same Earl James who, after selling the house at Audley End to Charles II., executed a settlement of his estates in 1687 which eventually secured them to the descendants of his elder daughter and co-heiress, Lady Essex Howard. Her portrait, an original by Sir

Peter Lely, hangs on one side of the south bow-window in the Saloon, and that of her husband, Edward, first Lord Griffin, on the other. Both had Jacobite proclivities ; and at one time Lady Essex was sent to the Tower, while her husband was imprisoned there, and condemned to be beheaded, but reprieved. He, however, died in the Tower in 1710, and was buried there.

Earl James had another daughter (by his second wife), Lady Elizabeth Howard, who married Thomas Felton of Playford, to whose heirs the Barony of Howard de Walden ultimately reverted, after the extinction of Lady Essex Howard's descendants in 1797.<sup>1</sup>

James, second Lord Griffin, left one son, Edward, third Lord, who died without issue, and two daughters. The elder of these daughters, Elizabeth, married, first, her cousin, Henry Neville of Billingbear, who assumed the name of Grey, and secondly, John, Earl of Portsmouth ; but had no children. The younger, Anne, married William Whitwell, of Oundle in Northamptonshire, and was the mother of John Griffin Whitwell, who inherited the Audley End estates from his aunt, Lady Portsmouth, and made out his claim to the Barony of Howard de Walden as great-grandson of Lady Essex Howard and her husband, the first Lord Griffin.

Lord Howard de Walden's portrait, in the robes of the Order of the Bath, hangs on the west wall of the Saloon, between the portraits of his mother and aunt.

Elizabeth, Lady Portsmouth, only established her right to the Audley End estates after a lawsuit with Thomas, second Earl of Effingham, to whom Charles, ninth Earl of Suffolk, had bequeathed their reversion after his brother Henry's death. Judgment was given for Lady Portsmouth, in accordance with Earl

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Parker, Lord Howard de Walden's youngest sister, survived about a year, but never established her claim to the title.

James's settlement, and Earl Charles's disposition of the property set aside.

Curiously enough, as has been mentioned, the house was not included in this settlement, for Earl James having in 1669 disposed of it to Charles II., it was in 1687, and for some years after, Crown property. But the purchase money of £50,000 was never fully paid, some remaining on mortgage, so that the house was



PORTRAITS OF ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF PORTSMOUTH, LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN,  
AND HON. MRS. WHITWELL

reconveyed to Henry, fifth Earl of Suffolk, in 1701, on his relinquishing all claim to the mortgage.

It has always been asserted that William III., during his ownership of Audley End, took away from it many valuable articles for which the family never received any equivalent, and especially the tapestry, valued at £4500. If tradition be correct, this was sent to the Palace of Loo, in Holland, although Horace Walpole says that it went to Windsor Castle.

Lord Effingham, after the lawsuit went against him, was under the circumstances glad to sell the house with the land

adjoining it to Lady Portsmouth for the sum of £10,000 ! A small amount indeed in comparison with its value. Six Lords Suffolk, possessors of the Audley End property, had thus died in a little over thirty-five years.<sup>1</sup>

Lord Howard de Walden served for many years in the army, and before he became a peer was M.P. for Andover. He was twice married, but left no children, and his three brothers and five sisters also died without leaving any descendants.

As the Lord Treasurer founded the original house, so Lord Howard may be regarded as the restorer of the remaining portion ; for he expended £100,000 in altering and improving the house and grounds at Audley End. In 1788, the Barony of Braybrooke was granted him, with a special remainder to his kinsman, Richard Aldworth Neville, of Billingbear, in Berkshire, on whom he settled Audley End, and who was grandfather to the present owner, Charles, fifth Lord Braybrooke. Lord Howard died May 26, 1797, after a long and honourable life, and is buried in Walden Church.

The Saloon at Audley End is a particularly cheerful room ; indeed, the rooms all over the house are well lit and entirely free from the gloom which often pervades the large and lofty rooms in many old houses. Next to the Saloon, with windows facing south, is Lord Braybrooke's Sitting-room, which has a carved chimneypiece in white and gold, handsomely moulded ceiling and walls hung with red. Many pictures, chiefly of the Dutch School, are in this room, which opens into the South Library. The Great Library is at the extreme end of the south wing ; it has a large bow-window facing east, from which is obtained a fine view over the flower garden and park, with the spire of Saffron Walden Church in the distance. On the chim-

<sup>1</sup> After the death of the tenth Earl of Suffolk, this Earldom reverted to the Earls of Berkshire, descended from the second son of the Lord Treasurer.

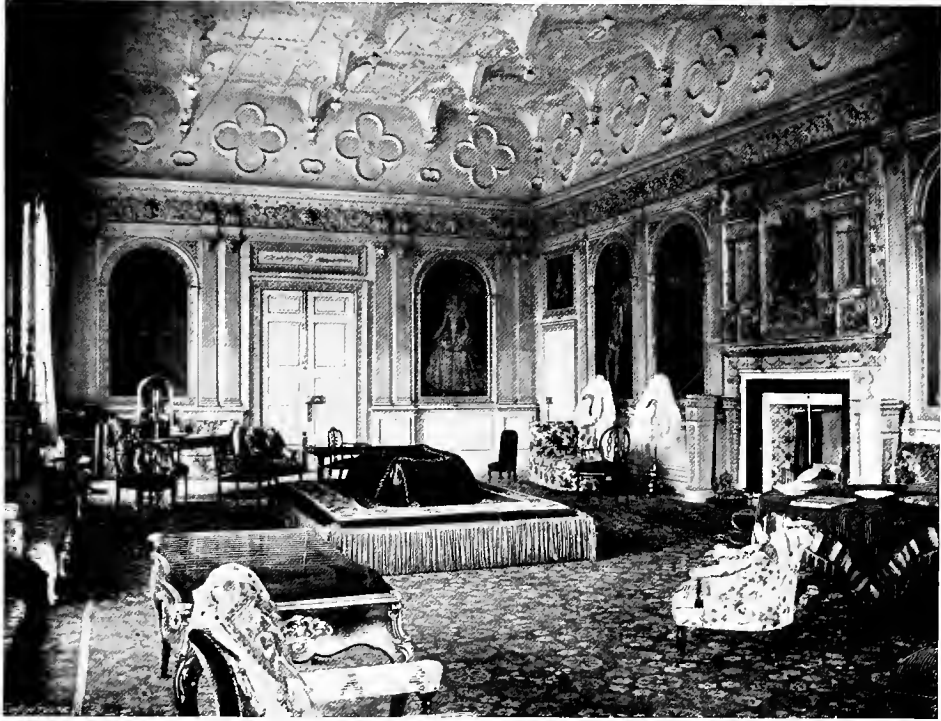
neypiece are blazoned the arms of Lord Audley, and Richard, third Lord Braybrooke, with his wife Lady Jane Cornwallis's<sup>1</sup> arms in a scutcheon of pretence on his shield. In the centre of the room is a large ottoman with silk covering, richly embroidered in flowers and gold thread. This belonged to Queen Charlotte, and was bought when her things were sold after her death; it is believed to be the work of some of the royal family. A large number of books are arranged in the two Libraries, and a splendid illuminated Psalter of the time of Edward I., formerly belonging to the Cornwallis family, is the gem of the collection.

The Dining-room faces north into the quadrangle. This room was enlarged by taking down the wall between it and the next apartment. The mouldings of the ceilings and friezes at the two ends do not therefore correspond. There are many interesting portraits in this room. The only original painting of George II., by Pine, is at one end. This King's dislike to sitting for his picture is well known, and the artist had to watch the opportunity to take a surreptitious sketch while he passed down the staircase of Kensington Palace. George III. asked for this portrait, but in vain, as Lord Howard had made the picture an heirloom; but it was copied for Windsor.

At the opposite end hangs a full-length of Charles, first Marquis Cornwallis, in the robes of the Garter, by Sir W. Beechey. This distinguished soldier and statesman was grandfather to Jane, Lady Braybrooke.

There is a portrait by Dobson of Sir Charles Lucas, who was shot by the Roundheads for his gallant defence of Colchester for the King. The head of a large dog appears in this picture, and tradition says that this favourite dog was killed and eaten during the siege of Colchester, so terrible were the straits to which the garrison were reduced for food.

<sup>1</sup> She was eldest daughter and co-heiress to Charles, second and last Marquis of Cornwallis.



THE SALOON, AUDLEY END

A full-length of Richard Neville of Billingbear, by Vanderbank, was painted for Mr. John Dodd, M.P. for Reading, who fitted up his gallery at Swallowfield in Berkshire with pictures of his intimate friends, which were all dispersed after his death. Mr. Neville is represented in the blue suit worn by him at Mr. Dodd's wedding. The picture of John, Marquis of Granby, belonged to the same collection. It was painted by Ramsay, in 1745. Lord Granby was Commander-in-chief of the British forces in Germany in 1759, and this portrait is said to be the only one of him taken in civilian dress.

There is also a half-length portrait of Mary II., in a Fontange head-dress, holding a fan, by Vanderwaart.

In the south lobby there is a charming portrait by Romney of Lady Mary Singleton, *née* Cornwallis. From this lobby a door leads into the Picture Gallery, often used as a sitting-room. Cases of stuffed birds are placed along the walls, and over them hang portraits of the Cornwallis family. The collection of birds is a very good one, and there are specimens of the beautiful gold and silver pheasants which, up to a few years ago, were kept in an enclosed aviary of five acres in extent, on the Ring Hill in the park, about a mile from the house. Here is also an albatross, its size making one feel the deepest sympathy for Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" with such a bird hanging round his neck! Some glass cases on tables in this gallery contain various interesting relics and curiosities, including a massive ring with a large jewelled bird, which once belonged to Tippoo Saib. There is also a snuff-box which belonged to Voltaire, containing a letter written by him. The north lobby leads to the north wing, where are Lord and Lady Braybrooke's private rooms, while a door on the left opens into a small gallery at the back of the screen in the Great Hall. When the heavy, carved doors of this screen are open, a good view is obtained of the Hall below.



This gallery communicates with the Chapel, which has no distinguishing features. It contains the original plaster cast of the monument to Lord Cornwallis in St. Paul's Cathedral. The old Chapel, which was pulled down, was on the south side of the house.

In Mrs. Delany's *Life and Letters* there is a letter giving a description of a marriage which took place in this present Chapel on November 14, 1786. The wedding was that of Miss Marianne Clayton, half-sister to Lord Howard's second wife, and the bridegroom was Colonel Honourable H. Fox. Another sister of the bride wrote this account to Miss Port, Mrs. Delany's niece, and her spelling is decidedly quaint. The ceremony "was performed this morning at half-past eight. We were all in the *Galery* at that time. . . . Her (the bride's) dress was silver muslin night gown trimmed with white *sattin*, a very fine sprigged muslin apron, and handkerchief trimmed with beautiful lace, and white silver shoes. . . . Colonel Fox was in a dark green coat, with a very pretty waistcoat she *net* him."

The guests' costumes are then described, and Miss Clayton adds, "After having signed our names as witnesses, we went to breakfast, which was vastly pretty." The happy pair left Audley End at half-past ten in the morning.

The oak staircase on the north side is a fine one, of entirely different design from that on the south side.

The offices are detached buildings on the north side; they were rebuilt some years ago, the previous offices having been, in 1881, destroyed by a fire, which fortunately did not extend to any portion of the house itself. The arched cloister on the ground floor of the quadrangle facing east was inclosed some thirty years ago, and forms a long corridor of communication between the north and south wings. It contains several cases of stuffed birds. A room on the ground floor of the north wing is

arranged as a museum. Here are some curious Roman remains, chiefly discovered in the neighbourhood, and collected by Richard, fourth Lord Braybrooke, who took keen interest in all archaeological discoveries.

The flower-garden, with a fountain in the centre, is on the east side of the house. Part of this must once have been used as a burying-ground belonging to the Abbey, for many skulls and bones have been dug up. As late as 1887, two skeletons were discovered when some digging was going on.

On the south side of the house numerous foundations and brick drains still exist under the lawn. A beautiful avenue of limes is on the south of the flower-garden, bounded by the fine old brick wall, which runs for some distance along the Saffron Walden road. The flower-garden is separated by a sunk fence from the Park, where the ground rises rapidly behind the house. A small Temple of Concord was placed in this part of the Park by Lord Howard, in 1792, to commemorate the recovery of George III. from his illness. Higher up in the deer-park Lord Howard also created a lofty column to the memory of his aunt, Lady Portsmouth. A gravel walk from the flower-garden leads to the Elysian garden, where the river was converted into a cascade, and is spanned by a bridge from which the kitchen-gardens are reached. These are of very large extent, surrounded and divided by walls of old red brick. Parts of these were formerly paddocks, as at one time the third Lord Braybrooke, with Lord George Cavendish, owned and bred some racehorses, of which the famous "Sir Joshua" was one. "Sir Joshua" won eight times at Newmarket, but his chief victory was in a match there in April, 1816, when he beat Filho de Puta, the St. Leger winner. On this day the building of a bridge over the Cam, on the road leading from Walden to Wenden, was begun; and when the bricklayers heard the result of the race they christened it



A CORNER OF THE SALOON, AUDLEY END

“Joshua’s Bridge” in honour of the event, which name it has borne ever since.

The Stables stand close to the river, on the left of the approach to the house from the main road. The front extends one hundred and seventy feet, and the building is of most picturesque old red brick, toned and mellowed by age. It was certainly in existence at the time of the monastery, and is supposed to have been the hostel where strangers were entertained. On the north side facing the stable-yard are gables, projecting bows, and central doorway. The part now used as a coach-house is believed to have been the refectory.

In 1670, after Charles II. had purchased Audley End, the Court was established at “their new palace,” as it was called, and Mr. Henshaw, one of the earliest members of the Royal Society, writes an account to Sir Robert Paston of the manner in which the Queen and her ladies amused themselves :

“Last week, there being a Faire near Audley End, the Queen, the Dutchesse of Richmond, the Dutchesse of Buckingham had a frolick to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, waistcoats, etc., and so goe see the Faire. Sir Bernard Gascoign,<sup>1</sup> on a cart-jade, rode before the Queen, another stranger before the Dutchesse of Buckingham, and Mr. Roper before Richmond. They had all so overdone it in their disguise, and look’d so much more like Antiques than country volk, that as soon as they came to the Faire the people began to goe after them ; but the Queen going to a booth to buy a pair of yellow stockings for her sweet-hart, and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves sticht with blue, for his sweet-hart, they were soon, by their gebrish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock about them. One amongst them had seen the Queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of her knowledge : this soon brought

<sup>1</sup> He was a German.

all the Faire in a crowd to stare at the Queen. Being thus discovered, they, as soon as they could, got to their horses; but so many of the Faire as had horses got up with their wives, children, sweet-harts, or neighbours behind them, to get as much gape as they could till they brought them to the Court Gate. Thus by ill conduct was a merry frolick turned into a penance."

Queen Elizabeth paid two visits to the earlier house at Audley End. She was there for the first time in 1571, when it was the property of the Duke of Norfolk. But he was then in disgrace, and was at the moment in the custody of Sir Henry Neville and Henry Skipworth, though allowed to occupy his own residence at the Charter House. And the Queen, while staying at Audley End, absolutely issued, "from our Court at Audeley," a commission "to examine the Duke of Norfolk touching the money he had sent to Scotland, and other matters," a curious manner of requiting her host's hospitality! The second time that Queen Elizabeth came to Audley End, in 1578, she received a deputation and presents from the University of Cambridge, as well as presents from the Corporation of Walden.

Another royal visitor was William of Orange, who, on his way from Cambridge to London, November 26, 1670, slept the night at Audley End. He was described at that time as a "well-countenanced man, with a handsome head of hayre of his owne." As William III., he came again to Audley End in 1689, when it was one of the royal residences of his new kingdom.

Samuel Pepys paid his first visit to Audley End in February, 1659-60: he says:

"From Cambridge straight to Saffron Walden, where at the White Hart we set up our horses and took the master of the house to show us Audley End House, who took us through the

park and so to the house, where the housekeeper showed us all the house, in which the stateliness of the ceilings, chimneypieces, and form of the whole was exceedingly worth seeing. He took us into the cellar, where we drank most admirable drink, a health to the King."

As this visit took place three months before the Restoration, Pepys' toast was a bold measure at that critical period.

On May 7, 1667, Pepys was again at Audley End, but he had become more fastidious :

"Took coach to Audley End, and did go all over the house and garden, and mighty merry we were. The house indeed, do appear very fine, but not so fine as it hath heretofore to me . . . not one good suit of hangings in all the house, but all most ancient things. . . . Only the gallery is good, and above all things the cellars, where we went down and drank of much good liquor. . . . And then to the garden, and there did eat many grapes, and took some with us ; and so away thence well satisfied, though not to that degree that by my old esteem of the house I ought and did expect to have done, the situation of it not pleasing me."

Richard, third Lord Braybrooke, was the first editor of Samuel Pepys' Diary. He was also the author of the *History of Audley End*, which gives an interesting account of the house, and also of the various families who have at different times possessed the property.

Cosmo, third Grand Duke of Tuscany, while travelling in England in 1669 as Hereditary Prince, visited Audley End and admired it greatly. The original narrative of his travels, still existing in the Laurentian Library at Florence, contains three large drawings of Audley End, and was written by Magolotti, the Prince's Secretary. This same Cosmo was a friend of Henry Neville of Warfield (son to Sir Henry Neville of Billingbear),



THE PICTURE GALLERY, AUDLEY END

who was the author of various works, a Republican, and at one time a favourite of Oliver Cromwell. The Tuscan prince gave Henry Neville some curtains of crimson Florentine damask, with the saltire, the first quartering of the Nevilles, worked in the pattern ; and by a curious coincidence these curtains were brought by the Nevilles to Audley End, the house which their donor had so much appreciated. They hung for many years in the South Library.

The lawn in front of the house was levelled and laid down as a cricket-ground in 1842. It exceeds "Lord's" in extent, and many cricket matches have been played on it, as both the present Lord Braybrooke and his father took great interest in cricket.

Lord Howard employed Robert Adam the architect to build the stone bridge of three arches which crosses the river Cam on the road to Saffron Walden. Just after passing the "Lion" lodge in this direction, a narrow street on the right leads, through the hamlet known as Audley End village, to the old brick buildings, dating from early in the fifteenth century, which once formed part of the property of the monastery. These comprise two courts, one now occupied as a farmhouse and known as the "Abbey Farm," the other arranged as almshouses for nine old women. These buildings, with their fine old chimneys, are half covered with ivy and creepers, and form a charming subject for a sketch. They face a wall which bounds the wood known as "Gamages," the entrance to which is opposite the lodge gates, and through which there is a pleasant drive, and shady walks in different directions.

The high road in front of the house runs for a short distance through the Park, and on the slope to the west, opposite the house, is a round temple designed by Adam, which Lord Howard built to commemorate successes of the British arms in the war which ended in 1763. It was close to this temple that the aviary





EASTERN SIDE OF AUDLEY END

of gold and silver pheasants was placed ; and from the pleasant green rides in this part of the Park constant peeps of the house are obtained between the trees.

An old hunting tower once stood on this hill, and was certainly more interesting than the temple which replaced it, being described by Stukeley as "placed in a great Roman camp called 'Ring Hill.'" The inclosure is still known as the Ring.

Under the beech-trees in several parts of the Park truffles are found. The truffle seems to have been long known at Audley End, being mentioned by St. Evremond, who was on a visit there in 1670. It has at times been very abundant in the chalky soil west of the house, and is usually found a few inches below the surface. The truffle is obtained by means of dogs trained for the purpose, who, being attracted by the smell, and scratching up the ground with their feet, indicate the exact spot where the fungus lies, and are rewarded with a bit of cheese after each discovery. These dogs are of a particular breed, brought originally from France, and now obtained from Sussex, but they are not numerous. They are small and short-legged, having rough, shaggy hair like water-spaniels, and are by no means remarkable for their beauty.

The culture of saffron, from which the town of Walden for many years derived so much advantage and took its arms, besides part of its name, has entirely disappeared from the neighbourhood. Holinshed says that it was first planted in Walden in the time of Edward III., and there is a legend that it was introduced into England by a pilgrim who stole a bit of saffron and hid it in his palmer's staff, wishing to benefit his country. The saffron near Walden was usually grown on fallow land after a crop of barley. Saffron was presented at different times to royal and distinguished visitors by the Corporation of Walden.

There are many springs in the Park, and one of them, the Lady Well, is mentioned by Holinshed as supposed to possess medicinal virtues.

The earliest mention of the name of Audley End occurs in an old account-book belonging to the almshouses, in 1547, so that it was evidently derived from Sir Thomas Audley. The name of "End" is common to various hamlets in this part of Essex.

The famous old house built by Lord Treasurer Suffolk has seen many stately pageants and many stirring scenes, and has experienced many vicissitudes, but too many of these events have been left unrecorded. Since the land was granted to Lord Chancellor Audley it has belonged to the Howards, the Crown, and the Griffins, from whom it passed to the Nevilles, its present owners.

Audley End has borne its part in English history, and is well known as one of those "stately homes" in which England is richer than any other country.



## Dunrobin Castle





A PORTION OF THE OLD CASTLE OF DUNROBIN

## DUNROBIN CASTLE

BY LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER

### I

**I**N this paper I shall give first some account of the ancient family of Sutherland, which has owned the old Castle of Dunrobin in uninterrupted sequence since the days of a somewhat legendary Earl Robin, who, some seven hundred years ago, raised the castle on the hill which still bears his name, for "Dun" signifies in Gaelic, a hill, and "Robin," the prefix of the builder.

Although antiquarians dispute as to the name of Dunrobin being taken from that of the Earl, and although it was only in 1401 that the sixth Earl dated a letter from "Dunrobyn," and the eighth, in 1492, from "Dunrobbin," certain it is that for five centuries the castle has been known as Dunrobin, and it is undeniably

the oldest secular building now inhabited, and in use, and by the same family, in Scotland.

Far back in the dim dawn of Scottish history, the House of Sutherland can claim to have existed in the region between the Spey and the Ness. In those far-distant days the family name was Moray, or "de Moravia." Later, it took the name of the county in which it dwelt. It changed again when, early in the sixteenth century, the heiress of the Sutherlands married a Gordon; but later on, Sutherland again became the surname, and the distinctive patronymic of the family which Freskin de Moravia had founded.

Leaving these semi-prehistoric days, we come to facts. Hugo Freskin received patents from King David I. This Hugo had a brother William, from whom the Dukes of Athol descend. To Hugo (who died in 1214) succeeded William, who became the first Earl of Sutherland, the rulers of this northern land having previously been termed "Jarls." Earl William fought the Danes, and lived in his fortress of Dunrobin; and there is still to be seen near Dornoch, the capital of the county, a cross on Embo Sands where a mighty battle was fought between Earl William and the Danes. About this time King Alexander died, and also his infant daughter, the "Maid of Norway," and Edward I. took the opportunity of invading Scotland. There is in the Public Record Office a letter written by that monarch from St. Andrews, in which he thanks the Earl of Sutherland "for his fidelity." However, we find Earl William or his son in the Scottish army at Bannockburn, fighting by the side of the Bruce against the English army led by Baliol. The fourth Earl, Kenneth, took part in the battle of Halidon Hill in 1333. The sixth attracted by his martial doings the praise of Froissart, who extolled his prowess, and won the greater honour of wedding Margaret or Margeory, Bruce's sister. Pope Clement sent on this occasion, from Avignon, a kindly





THE OLD CASTLE OF DUNROBIN  
FROM A DRAWING BY THE "DUCHESS-COUNTESS" OF SUTHERLAND

## Dunrobin Castle

message to the newly married pair, and hoped that "their union might prove an immediate remedy to the murders, foray burnings and depredations which ceased not to happen in Scotland." But, as all readers of early Scottish and even of more recent history are aware, this pious wish of the Pope's was not fulfilled. Princess Margaret was presented, on her marriage, with the fief of



DUNROBIN FROM THE SEA

Lowrie in Forfarshire by the King, and the Earl received Dunottar Castle, which still rears its noble ruin from its rocky base over the sea. Dunottar passed in 1358 into the possession of the Lindsays and the Keiths, Earls Marischal of Scotland. There is still at Dunrobin a trace of Princess Margaret in the old walls which enclose her garden; she appears to have had

the love of flowers in her nature, and planted fruit trees among the flowers, as one finds often in the old Scottish homes; and even in those days, Dunrobin must have had the supreme beauty and choice of flowers and fruit trees under its old castle walls and in the garden, which under my mother's perfect taste became the most beautiful in the north of Scotland. This royal marriage proved a sterile one, and none of the blood royal of Bruce came into the House of Sutherland through this union, although

the Sutherlands have, as well as the Gowers, several royal descents.<sup>1</sup>

The tenth Earl was also a warrior, and apparently an unlucky one ; for, being taken prisoner and kept in durance in England, his beautiful sovereign, Queen Mary, wrote a letter dated Holyrood, 1565, to Elizabeth, entreating for the Earl, “ a prisoner ” at Newark.

The next Earl, the eleventh, was also a fighter, but he appears to have preferred harassing his neighbours in Ross and Caithness to taking a wider field. Earl Alexander, as this one was named, had married Jean Gordon, the first wife of Bothwell. To this marriage a curious circumstance is attached : had the Countess chosen to produce a dispensation for her marrying Bothwell, which only came to light a few years back at Dunrobin, Jean Sutherland might have prevented the Queen from marrying Bothwell, which, had she so done, would have changed the whole course of Scottish and perhaps of English history.

The thirteenth Earl was known in his day by the nickname of “ Ian Glass ” — Grey or Blue John — I imagine from the colour of his eyes, which in his portrait at Dunrobin are of a steely blue. He wears on his long grey locks a skull cap. This Earl was a considerable man in his day, and espoused the cause of the “ Confession of Faith,” or the National Covenant. As Premier Earl of Scotland, he was the first to sign his name on the scroll on that famous day in the churchyard of the Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh. What Runnymede and Magna Charta were to England, such was the covenant signed in the churchyard of the Greyfriars to Scotland — the charter of civil and religious liberty. When he signed that memorable scroll Earl John was but twenty-four years old (1638), and he lived to be called by the historian

<sup>1</sup> I have been told that I am wrong in this statement, and that we are descended from Robert Bruce, but I have no reason for altering what I have written above.—R. S. G.

Wodrow, "the good old Earl, eminent for religion before the Restoration, and he did great service for it in his country." He died, aged seventy, in 1679.

To John succeeded George, fourteenth Earl, who, to judge by his rubicund visage in his portrait, wearing a Louis XIV. wig and a Steenkirk collar falling over his gorget, was fond of looking on the wine when it was red. He and his brother made a voyage



THE BRIDGE, GOLSPIE; MEETING-PLACE OF THE CLAN SUTHERLAND

to London in 1654, and I regret that I have not space enough to quote at length an account of that voyage, one which in those days was not without peril, and not lightly to be undertaken. The old Earl, their father, evidently had the same distressed feelings as his countryman of recent days, who, having passed some hours in London, exclaimed with deep regret that "bang went saxpence!" for his sons during their tour spent over six hundred pounds (English pounds, presumably), a sum which the father must have felt to be heavy — and he complains of the fact.

Very curious was the Scotch spelling in those days: we find



THE BRIDGE IN GOLSPIE GLEN

for Woolwich, "Village," and at Billingsgate the young Scots have a sight "of a droose adarre." At Hampton Court they go "a sieing a man wryt with his mouth." And they play golf, tennis and bowls, cards and chess, and they also see a bull-baiting. They buy books, such books! "a litle boke, called *Moderu Policie*," and "a little map booke," also "a beoke called *Fehu in his Collours*," but among this rubbish I am glad to see that they also buy *Religio Medici*.

Lord Strathnaver, for that was the name of the elder brother, and the younger, Robert Sutherland, saw something in London of the Marquis of Argyll — he who was executed in 1661; whether they saw Cromwell is not stated, but it is probable that they did, as both Strathnavar and his father were Cromwellians, and the former accepted from the Protector the office of a commissioner to try any offences against Cromwell. In later life Earl George — when he succeeded his father — travelled in Germany. Dying at the age of seventy, he was buried in Holyrood Chapel, where is a handsome monument which records his own and his wife's titles and virtues. Earl George's wife was Lady Jean Wemyss, the widow of the Earl of Angus. She was a great friend of Queen Mary, the wife of William III., who gave her a superb diamond ring, which, although an heirloom, disappeared at the time of my brother's death in 1892.

John, son of George, succeeded, in 1703, as fifteenth Earl. He was a much-married man, having been wedded thrice. Like the good old covenanting Earl John, this grandson of his had a nickname, being called John Roy, — doubtless owing to his very rubicund complexion. It was in the reign of Earl Roy that the winehouse in the garden of Dunrobin, now converted into a museum, was built; and there the gentlemen would indulge in their Homeric drinking bouts, which sometimes lasted for

whole days and nights, and only ended either with the exhaustion of the cellar or the total insensibility of the toppers.

John Roy lived through troublous times : he saw the insurrection of Argyll in 1685, the Revolution of '88, the union of Scotland to England, and the Jacobite rising in 1715. In all of these events the Earl took a prominent part, but space forbids me to do more than state the fact. Gallant Dundee was related by marriage to Earl Roy, he and Dundee having married sisters —



GOLSPIE GLEN, NEAR DUNROBIN CASTLE

daughters of William, Lord Cochrane. This relationship did not make them agree politically ; and while Earl Roy raised a regiment to fight for William, Dundee took the opposite side, and soon ended his romantic career by a bullet in the Pass of Killiecrankie. Earl Roy died at Cheldson in 1733, and was succeeded by his grandson, William, sixteenth Earl of Sutherland. The new Earl had been educated in France ; he married a young cousin of the House of Wemyss. The marriage proved a most happy one. Lady Sutherland's nephew was the Lord Elcho who took so active a part in the "Forty-five," and also at the end

of the battle of Culloden seized Prince Charlie's horse's bridle and turned him from the fatal field.

At Dunrobin are the account-books and the bills of fare of the young couple. In those days, and in that old northern castle, one is surprised to hear of a household containing sixteen servants. At that time the domestic bipeds were treated more like quadrupeds than human and fellow-beings, and couched where they could. Probably the Dunrobin scullery-maid of the end of this century is more decently and comfortably lodged than were the Earl and Countess of Sutherland at Dunrobin a century and a half ago.

We have now come to the most interesting episode in the history of Dunrobin, namely the rebellion of "Forty-five." Lord Sutherland, who fought with the Hanoverians at Culloden, was so much impoverished by the war, that he writes that he had not a penny of his rent to spend that year. The soldiers he had raised for King George had swallowed all, and, after paying their expenses, he had not a bawbee to bless himself with! What was still worse was that his castle was seized by the rebels. This occurred in 1746. There had been a feud between the families of Cromartie and Sutherland, and the two Earls took opposite sides in the war. In a surprise one night, three hundred "rebels," led by Macdonald of Clanronald, took Dunrobin. The Earl had barely time to escape by sea. The rebels behaved abominably: they held a dirk to Lady Sutherland's fair bosom to make her tell what had become of her husband. What might have happened, goodness knows, had not Captain Faulkner's sloop-of-war, the *Hound*, luckily been riding at anchor off Dunrobin.

Retaliation followed: Lord Cromartie's house at Tarbat was sacked, and he himself was soon after captured at Dunrobin by the Sutherland Militia, where he had taken refuge with a handful of rebel officers.





DUNROBIN CASTLE AND ITS GARDENS



Tradition avers that the Earl sought shelter under a settee in Lady Sutherland's sitting-room ; scandal whispers that he tried to hide under her ladyship's hoop—but I feel convinced that my virtuous ancestress, even were she at heart, as most of the fine Scottish ladies were at that time, a Jacobite, would not have carried her sympathy so far. The rest of Cromartie's history in relation to the rebellion is too well known to require my adding to the above ; but what was strange was that my eldest brother should, a little more than a century after those stirring events in Dunrobin, have wedded the heiress of the Cromarties !

I have been informed lately of a tradition that my ancestress not only tried to conceal Lord Cromartie, but that she actually wrote to Prince Charlie and begged him to allow her to ride with him—previous, of course, to Culloden—and to raise the county for his cause. But I believe none of this. There is another unfounded tradition, that Lord Sutherland interceded with the Government for Lord Cromartie, but there is nothing to confirm what one hopes was the case. It is a fact, however, that the child born to Lady Cromartie immediately after the terrible time she passed when her husband's life hung in the balance bore on its neck the mark of the executioner's axe.

The days, one can hardly call them of chivalry, but of civil brawl and internecine warfare, had now closed ; the new era had commenced. The power of the Chiefs of the Clans was broken, never to rise again.

On an old stone bridge crossing a pretty brown-coloured burn which rushes from Golspie Glen to the North Sea near Dunrobin, is a carved upright stone, bearing upon it the arms of the house of Sutherland and an Earl's coronet with the following inscription :— “ *Fuo f heur Chatt de chearn na drochaite big gairm Chlann Chattigh nam buadh.* ” This trenchant inscription, when turned into English as she is spoke, means, “ The great man of

the Catts (the Gaelic appellation of Clan Sutherland) to the head of the little bridge calls the Clan Cattaich of the Victories." This was the trysting-place where the chief met his soldiers and clansmen, on a declaration of war, "for to murder and to ravish"; now nothing more martial than the fine body of Sutherland Volunteers passes over the spot where for centuries the men of Sutherland met in grim court, to be led to the death by their liege chief and war lord.

In 1747, the Earl lost his wife, and he soon joined her in the silent land, dying in 1750 at Montauban, where he had gone in hopes of recovering his health. His brother who survived him, on receiving his last letter, writes to a friend: "O what a merse it wod be to get him home to this plase!" Indeed, the spelling of the "quality" in the middle of that century was arbitrary and peculiar. William was succeeded by his son William, seventeenth Earl.

The most interesting fact about this Earl was that he had his portrait painted by Ramsay, at full length, in full Highland costume — kilt, sporran, philibeg, and all. I believe it to be, in spite of all my nephew Archibald Campbell's statements to the contrary, a very early, if not the earliest representation of the kilt as it is now worn. The Highland costume as we know it, is in fact, more a fancy than a real historical costume; and certainly there is no authentic representation of it earlier than this fine full-length portrait of my great-grandfather which hangs in the great State Room at Dunrobin.

In 1761, Lord Sutherland married; his wife was a Maxwell. The young couple attended George III.'s coronation and marriage, and Horace Walpole wrote that Lady Sutherland is "a most perfect beauty." But the poor "perfect beauty" lived but a short life; and half a dozen years after the coronation in which she shone Lord George Sackville writes from Bath, saying that

“poor Lady Sutherland is dead, and I fear my Lord will not live many days. A more unlucky event never happened. She died worn out with her constant attendance on him,” and she was followed to the grave by her husband within a few days. They repose in that beautiful old ruined chapel at Holyrood, and an inscription in Dornoch Church bears the appropriate lines : “They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.” Their only surviving daughter, Elizabeth, who was born in 1765, succeeded to the vast estates of the house. Her title was contested by the descendants of Sir Robert Gordon, a worthy who had written in the sixteenth century a history of the Earldom of Sutherland. The little lady won the case, and was acknowledged, in England as well as in Scotland, rightful heiress of the great earldom. Robertson the historian directed her studies, and Sir Walter Scott has recorded in his diary his delight at seeing the little heiress cantering alongside the carriage of Lady Elva, the prim-looking old lady — to judge by her portrait at Dunrobin by Allan Ramsay — who was the grandmother and guardian of little Elizabeth Sutherland. It was not until 1782 that Lady Sutherland first saw her ancestral home. Then in the old castle by the sea the old feudal customs still obtained : An iron portcullis was let down at the gloaming ; and attended by her chief factor, and followed by several retainers, the youthful Countess heard before the castle gates the plaints of her clansmen. Within a few yards of the spot where she ordained justice and awarded claims, rises a hill on which the gruesome gibbet had stood for centuries in her forbears’ time, and which is still known as the Gallows Hill. Not many years ago I remember seeing the skull and bones of some poor unfortunate turned up when a new seat was being fixed up in that place of doom.

Lady Sutherland made a brilliant marriage. In 1785, she

married the heir of the wealthy house of Gower — Lord Trentham was then the title of the future Earl Gower, Marquis of Stafford, and finally first Duke of Sutherland. Uniting in his person the wealth of the Gowers and of his maternal uncle the last Duke of Bridgewater, he became the richest aristocrat in Great Britain. Lord Trentham became in 1786 Earl Gower; he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of Louis XVI. in 1790, a post he held till September, 1792, when the royal party were prisoners, and on the eve of the declaration of war between France and England. I have published all the letters that I could find written by my grandmother during those tremendous days; and although I am informed by my friend Lady Burdett-Coutts that she remembers my grandmother telling her she had kept a diary during her stay in Paris, I have been unable to discover one in any of her old bureaux. Having mentioned the name of the venerated Baroness, I may add that until this year (1901) there were only two ladies I had the honour to know who remembered the “Duchess-Countess,” as my grandmother was called: the first was her late Majesty, the other, Lady Burdett-Coutts.

Lady Sutherland was an excellent artist, and her water-colour landscapes of scenes in Sutherland would not disgrace some of the first artists of her day; she also etched, and well; but I fear to be tempted to add, after writing about her proficiency in water-colour painting, that “of such are the Kingdom of Heaven.”

In her published letters Lady Granville, who had married Lord Gower’s younger and half-brother, Granville Gower, afterwards first Earl Granville, is hardly fair to my grandmother. She is ever carping at her and at her husband — Lady Granville’s brother-in-law. I think the reason that made Lady Granville so unjust in her estimate of my grandmother was because Lady



DUNROBIN CASTLE FROM STRATHSTEVEN

Sutherland was not born a Cavendish or a Howard ; outside these two families, and perhaps the Gowers, there seems to have been no salvation in Lady Granville's eyes. My grandmother, when in Rome soon after her marriage, had a sight of the once brilliant and handsome Prince Charlie ; when she saw him he was a bloated-faced, tottering old man — a mere wreck of a man. She was not presented to him, as her name could not but have awakened sad feelings in the poor old Prince's half-softened brain. In 1793, the Countess raised a regiment for the defence of the North, against the French ; and this regiment is now known as the Sutherland and Argyll Highlanders — the famous old 93rd.

Both Lady Sutherland and her husband were much blamed for the severity with which the evictions in Sutherland were carried out ; but to anyone who cares to inquire into that subject it will be evident that where the blame should rest was not on themselves but on their agents. An immense sum of money was employed by Lord Stafford in improving the county, over which his wife was chieftainess ; and the effect of their policy is shown at the present day, where the rents have, instead of being diminished by the Crofters' Commissioners, been raised in many instances.

In 1833, Lord Stafford was raised to a Dukedom, that of Sutherland being conferred on him ; but he lived only a few months to enjoy the honours, for he died at Dunrobin in the summer of that year. Ten thousand people are said to have been present when he was buried in the Cathedral Church of Dornoch, which he and his wife had restored in the execrable taste that then obtained in matters relating to Church architecture. His widow survived him six years, dying in London in 1839, in her seventy-fourth year. In a letter written by my aunt, the Duchess of Norfolk, to my father, who was then in Rome, she says :



“A more entirely easy, placid, contented, and serene last illness never can have been. The beauty of her character has shone conspicuously in it—never one word of complaint, or impatience, but as long as the power of speech remained, always something considerate and kind to say to everybody that came near, and always the most gracious, pleasing way with regard to anything that was done for her. The Queen has been very kind in sending to enquire.”

She was laid by the side of her husband in the old tomb of her ancestors in the Cathedral of Dornoch.

Her children consisted of two sons: the eldest, my father, born in 1786, and Francis, who became first Earl of Ellesmere; and two daughters, Charlotte, afterwards Duchess of Norfolk, and grandmother of the present Duke, and Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Westminster, mother of the first Duke of Westminster. With the death of the “Duchess-Countess” ends the story of old Dunrobin.

It was my parents who created the new Dunrobin, not touching a stone of the old building, but practically surrounding it with a palace, and with gardens of perfect beauty, of perfect taste, and of exquisite symmetry.

## II

What would one not give, could one find an account written by Queen Elizabeth describing the houses she stopped at during some of her famous progresses! Imagine “Gloriana” describing Kenilworth and Hatfield, Burghley and Sion!

Although no such descriptions by the “Virgin Queen” have come down to us, we can congratulate ourselves on having descriptions of some of the Scottish places visited by our late beloved Queen described by herself, and published in the two

interesting volumes of *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands.*”

In the second series of these historic *Leaves*, Her Majesty described most fully her visit to Dunrobin in September, 1872, and I think in my notice of that place I cannot do better than quote the admirable description the Queen has left of that visit. Describing the arrival, the Queen wrote :—

“Everywhere the loyalty and enthusiasm were very great. In about ten minutes we were at Dunrobin Castle. Coming suddenly upon it as one does, or rather driving down to it, it has a very fine imposing appearance, with its very high roof and turrets, a mixture of an old Scotch castle and French château. Constance Westminster was at the door, and Annie Sutherland’s little girl in the hall, which is, as also the staircase, all of stone, with a sort of gallery round opening into a corridor. . . . The Duchess took me to my rooms, which had been purposely arranged, and handsomely furnished by the dear late Duke and Duchess for us both, and consist of a sitting-room next to the drawing-room, which opens into the bedroom and another room, which is my maid’s room, and was intended for dearest Albert’s dressing-room. . . . I will now describe the rooms. They are very high; the bedroom is the largest, and very handsome, with a beautiful bed, with white and gold flowers and doves at each corner (just like one at Cliveden)” [Her Majesty spells Cliveden thus, “Clieveden,” and I have the audacity to correct that spelling] “with light blue furniture, and gold and white round the cornice of the ceiling; pale blue and white panels; blue satin spangled with yellow leaves (which look just like gold) on the walls; and furniture and carpet to match. The dressing-room the same, but pale blue and pink silk fluted, on the walls. The sitting-room pale sea-green satin, with the cyphers of the late Duke and Duchess and their daughters on



THE GARDENS, DUNROBIN

the ceiling. The furniture of light wood, and the sofas, chairs, tables, etc., remind me greatly of Cliveden and Stafford House. The little boudoir has a small domed ceiling, spangled with golden stars, and the same furniture. There are some pretty pictures in the sitting-room and prints in the other rooms. . . . I walked out with the Duchess and Beatrice to the steps, of which there are several flights, leading down to the garden, which is very pretty, and where there are fountains; and from here straight on to the sea, which is closer to the house by half a mile, I should say, than at Osborne. We walked along here, and then up and into the pretty byre for Ayrshire cows; and a little farther on to the dairy, a very nice, cool round one. The Duchess told Brown to open the sitting-room, and we found it occupied by a policeman in bed, which we were not at all prepared for, and which caused much amusement. . . . We walked back through the kitchen garden, which is very well kept. . . . We came home by the steps again. There is plenty of shade, but rather too many trees. The old part of the Castle is as old as the twelfth century. The late Duke enlarged it and added on the towers, and finished the new part in 1849-50."

A few days later on the Queen has the following notice of one of the beautiful memorials in the vicinity of the Castle, a memorial to an old and devoted friend of the House of Sutherland, James Loch. In my father's and grandfather's time he had been factor for their vast estates, not only in Scotland, but in Staffordshire and Shropshire; a man of the highest integrity—a grand type, as I remember him, of the fine old Scottish gentleman. Mr. Loch was the father of the present Lord Loch, of Dry Law.

"We drove," writes Her Majesty on September 8th, "through the Uppat Woods, along the big burn drive, past the Pictish Tower, up to Mr. Loch's Memorial, which has the following inscription on it by the late Duchess:—

“ ‘TO THE HONOURABLE MEMORY OF  
JAMES LOCH

WHO LOVED IN THE SERENE EVENING OF HIS LIFE TO LOOK AROUND HIM HERE.

MAY HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN GATHER HERE,  
AND THINK OF HIM WHOSE LIFE WAS SPENT  
IN VIRTUOUS LABOUR FOR THE LAND HE LOVED,  
AND FOR THE FRIENDS HE SERVED, WHO HAVE  
RAISED THESE STONES, A.D. 1858.

OBIIT JUNII 28, 1855.’

“The heather is very rich all round here. We got out and went into it (the Memorial), and there is a very fine view looking up Dunrobin Glen and over the sea, and Birk Head, which is the extreme point of land which runs into the sea. You also get a very pretty glimpse of the Castle at the end of a path cut through the wood.”

The day after, the Queen laid the foundation stone of another memorial, which stands near the Castle, and which had been raised by the contributions of the people of Sutherland to my mother, and to her beloved memory.

“At twenty-five minutes past twelve,” writes the Queen on September 9th, “I started with the two children and Annie for the laying of the first stone of the Memorial to be raised by the clansmen and servants to the memory of my dear Duchess of Sutherland, who was adored in Sutherland. . . . We got out, and I went up on a platform, which was covered over and close to the stone. . . . Mr. Joass, the minister there, offered up a short prayer, and after it presented (but did not read) the Address. I then answered what I had thought over, but spoke without reading: ‘It gives me great pleasure to testify on this occasion my love and esteem for the dear Duchess, my valued friend, with whose children I am happy to be now staying, and I wish also to express my warm thanks for the loyal and hearty

welcome I have met with in Sutherland !' This made me very nervous, but it was said without hesitating.



DUCHESS HARRIET'S MEMORIAL, DUNROBIN, OF WHICH THE FOUNDATION STONE WAS LAID BY THE QUEEN

Then the usual ceremony of spreading the mortar and of striking the stone with a mallet was gone through. The Duke gave me a drawing of the intended Memorial, which is to be an Eleanor Cross, with a bust of the dear Duchess, and a medal of her which Ronald Gower had struck."

At a reception that afternoon in the Castle the Queen writes :

"The Duke presented some

people to me ; amongst others a very old lady, Mrs. Hounston by name, who is between eighty and ninety, and was a great friend of the dear Duchess and of the Duchess of Norfolk. She was quite overcome, and said, 'Is that my dear Queen,' and taking the Duke's hand, 'and my darling Dukee?'"

Of course the Queen was shown the Museum, formerly the

old drinking-house, in the Castle garden. Of it Her Majesty writes as follows :—

“ At a quarter to eleven walked with Jane Churchill and the Duke down to the small Museum in the Garden, which is very nicely arranged, and where there is a very interesting collection of Celtic ornaments, some of which are quite perfect, and have been very well imitated, and of all sorts of odd and curious Celtic remains, weapons, utensils, etc., and



HARRIET, SECOND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND  
(BUST BY MATHEW NOBLE)

a very fine large collection of all the birds found at or near Dunrobin. Mr. Joass, the minister, was there to explain everything to us.”

No one would “explain” the contents of the Dunrobin Museum to the Queen better than Mr. Joass; and it is owing to his great knowledge of early Scottish antiquities, and to his high artistic skill, that the Museum has now become one of the most complete and interesting in the North. Mr. Joass informs me that among the contents of this Museum, besides the ordinary types of flint and bronze implements from the district, which is

rich in the former, the collection boasts of three bronzes which are of great rarity ; the one being the only known British example of an anvil of the bronze period, and the other a swivel which, as far as yet ascertained, is unique.

There are no very remarkable works of art at Dunrobin : a few interesting family portraits — that of Earl William, by Allan Ramsay, to which I have alluded previously, being the most valuable. In the Library is the so-called “Orkney” portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, which is traditionally supposed to have belonged to her illegitimate brother, created Earl of Orkney. The face is a lovely one, and I wish I could take it on faith that this is a genuine likeness of Scotland’s hapless Queen ; but although such good authorities as Sir J. W. Gordon, Laing the historian, and Woodburn of the Art Gallery all believed in the genuineness of this portrait, I cannot. It is evidently a painting of the time of Charles II. : the style of the painting betrays it. In this Library are three genuine and interesting portraits : one of Sir Robert Gordon, the family historian in the days of Mary ; a circular portrait on panel of old George Buchanan, the terrible old Scotch pedagogue and the tutor of that king of pedagogues, James I. ; and a portrait of Daniel Defoe, who came up as far north as Dunrobin when he had been sent to Scotland by Harvey on a secret mission relating to the Union.

The old Castle has some quaint passages and rooms and winding stairs in it. The most interesting is called the Cromartie Room, because Lord Cromartie is said to have been found hidden there in 1746. It is a delightful chamber with a turret and beautiful views over the hills, woods, and sea.

To describe the charm of Dunrobin is not merely difficult, but impossible, and I beg my readers to excuse me the attempt ; but I think the beautiful photographs which have been reproduced in these pages, the originals of which were taken by Mr.





THE FRONT GARDEN, DUNROBIN

Dixon of Golspie,—who is a true artist, besides being a most worthy postmaster,—will give a very fair idea of the beauty of Dunrobin, its Castle, and its gardens.

Many years ago appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* an article from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, entitled “Tribute



MARY STUART  
FROM THE ORKNEY PICTURE AT DUNROBIN

of a Loving Friend to the Memory of a Noble Woman,” in which the authoress of *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* pays a charming tribute to the memory of her friend, my mother, whom she visited in the year 1856 at Dunrobin. I think the following passages from that article are very germane

to an account of Dunrobin, and although somewhat long I shall quote some of them. That Mrs. Stowe thoroughly appreciated my parents and their love and care for their tenants and dependants in Sutherland, is clearly shown in the following record she has left of this visit to Dunrobin.

“The writer once spent a pleasant day with the Duke and Duchess in riding [for ‘riding’ read ‘driving’] over their estates, and viewing the various improvements they were planning for their people. The sensitiveness which the Duke seemed to exhibit to the good or ill fortune of his poorer tenants was quite touching. It had been a very wet season, and when the Duke passed a little patch of wheat, just reaped, and lying exposed to the rain, it really seemed to give him more pain than anything which could have touched himself. Whatever the temptations of rank and station may be to men who look upon them in a different way, it is certain that, to the Duke, life was one long practice of the duties of fatherly consideration for others.”

And here are two pretty traits recorded by Mrs. Stowe of my mother’s unaffected thoughtfulness and kindness :

“One instance of her thoughtfulness is worth mentioning here. In a party that arrived at Dunrobin Castle one evening, were two young American girls, who never had been in society in their own country. As the party arrived late, they were not dressed in season, when the brilliant dinner-company assembled in the drawing-room. The Duchess herself, however, attended these guests to their rooms, and saw to their comfort ; and, appreciating the natural diffidence of young persons, she bade them not give themselves any uneasiness, as she would send after them in time for dinner. After a little while, instead of sending a servant to convey them to the drawing-room, she came herself to their apartments, and said, graciously, ‘I hope I have not kept you waiting’ ; and, taking a hand of each, with motherly tenderness she led them with her into the drawing-room. On another occasion, an American lady was riding [driving] out with her, and seemed particularly struck with the variety and beauty of the heather, which fringed the path, and made many inquiries about it. On returning from the drive,

while this lady was dressing for dinner, a basket was brought to her apartment, in which every species of heather known in Scotland was represented—each kind with a neat label affixed



STATUE BY NOBLE OF THE SECOND DUKE, AT DUNROBIN

to it, giving its botanical name. That evening the floral ornaments of the dining-table were all of heather—the centre-piece being a beautiful statuette of Highland Mary; and the Duchess wore heather for her headress, saying to her friend: ‘You see what pleasure it gives us Scotch people to have our native productions appreciated.’ The only sense in which

the Duchess could be said to be a creative artist was in the embellishment of every dwelling-place she inhabited, in which artists, architects, and landscape gardeners carried out her poetic conceptions, and gave expression to her exquisite taste.

“The Duchess was never insensible to the poetry of the life she was living. The romantic Castle by the sea had its



UPPER TERRACE, DUNROBIN GARDENS

charm for her, and she enriched its architecture and arranged its apartments with many graceful suggestions. The boudoir, where we assembled in the morning, was lined with sea-green satin, and the cornices of the curtains were of white enamelled shells and coral. The tables and furniture of the room were



GARDENS AT DUNROBIN

adorned with shells and coral; even the small mouldings were wrought in the form of sea-shells. Nothing could be thought of more quaintly beautiful than the terraced walks, the magnificent staircases, the lovely gardens with their fountains and their flowers, that surround this Castle. With the warm inspiration of the Duchess's lovely

and life-giving presence, Dunrobin seems to us like a beautiful dream. And though the rose of England is now faded, though leaf by leaf dropped from it in that long and weary trial of debility and sickness which must end the most prosperous life, yet it is comforting to think that the noblest and sweetest part of what gave the charm there is immortal.

“Patient continuation in well-doing was the great effort and end of her own life and her husband’s. And of all that they possessed, this patient continuance is the only thing that retains permanent value in the eyes of God and man!”

The Gardens of Dunrobin, we have seen, were beautiful as far back as the days of Princess Margaret; Sir Robert Gordon, in his history of the House of Sutherland, written during the reign of great Elizabeth, alludes to these in his quaint manner. He describes the “fair orchards, wher ther be pleasant gardens, planted with all kynds of froot, hearbs, and floers, used in this kingdome, and abundance of good saphron, tobacco, and rose-marie. The froot heir,” he adds, “is excellent, chiefly the pears and cherries.”

The head gardener at Dunrobin, Mr. Melville, has given me a list of some of the rare plants that flourish in the Gardens at Dunrobin, which I append to these notes. He writes:

“Some of them stand the winter here, which succumb much farther south. I do not remember registering more than 19 degrees of frost here, and that only very rarely; 10 to 15 degrees is about the most usually registered in winter.”

Indeed, a very favoured place is Dunrobin, and whether regarded from the extreme antiquity of its Castle, or its beauty of situation and surroundings, I know not any other place which combines such beauty as does this old seat of my Northern race.

#### LIST OF RARE PLANTS IN THE GARDENS AT DUNROBIN.

*Aralia sieboldii*, large-leaved shrubby plant, often grown under glass. A large plant has grown out of doors, without protection of any kind, in the kitchen garden, more than twelve years, and is at present time in good health.

*Phormium tenax* (the New Zealand Flax). This plant is often grown in-doors farther south as a decorative plant. A large plant has grown in the kitchen garden over a dozen years, and is at the present time healthy and strong. This has flowered some three times since planted out. It bears from two to

three flowering stems, about ten to twelve feet high, with a number of brownish red flowers.

*Salisburia adiantifolia* (the Maidenhair Tree). A small tree of this has stood some ten years ; it is healthy, but does not add much to its height.

*Fuschia Riccartonii* does well here, and is used in masses in flower-beds ; it is usually cut down every year, but flowers well in summer, on the young shoots thrown up each year. Occasionally in mild winters it stands two or three seasons without being cut down. When planted against walls in sheltered positions, it attains considerable size, and flowers freely. One old plant on the house at Rhives is probably from thirty to forty years old.

*Arundo conspicua*. A grass-like Pampas Grass, but flowers or throws up spikes in summer, instead of late autumn. Large masses of this do well here round the fountains in the flower garden. Some seasons each plant has had from sixty to a hundred spikes or plumes, each six to ten feet long.

*Escallonia rubra*, a good wall plant with dark, glossy leaves, thrives well at Dunrobin.

*Bamboos* are being tried, but though I am quite sure they will succeed, yet they have not been tested long enough to say much about them.

Some of the new *Japanese Acers* were planted last year, and appear to have stood the winter well, notably *Acer sanguinea*. *Acer negundo variegata* has been grown here a good many years.

*Prunus pissardii*, *Laurus nobilis* (sweet bay), *Cytisus albus*, and *Andreas*, *Ampelopsis Veilchii*, *Dimorphanthus Mandschuricus*, succeed very well.

*Veronica Andersonii*, a climbing flowering shrub, has stood a great many years planted on a south wall, and flowers freely in autumn.



## Stoneleigh and its Memories





STONELEIGH ABBEY AND THE AVON, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

## STONELEIGH AND ITS MEMORIES

BY THE HONOURABLE MARY CORDELIA LEIGH

**I**N ancient days, when the great Forest of Arden extended over Warwickshire, one of the few early Saxon settlements in the vale of Avon was Stoneleigh, Stonele,— or “Stanlei,” as it is called in Domesday Book.

Till the reign of Henry II. Stanlei was in the hands of the king, who, as Sir William Dugdale tells us, “had feeding for 2000 Hogs” in its woods. Each of the king’s tenants, or sokemen, held “1 yd. land,” paying a yearly rent of a penny an acre, and “doing his suit at the King’s Court,” held every three weeks on a little hill near the village of Stoneleigh, which to this day is called Motstow Hill, from the word mote = pleadings.

The “customs” concerning these sokemen were varied and quaint. On a sokeman’s death, his horse, harness, and arms, and his best beast were to be given up to the king. Sokemen were allowed “estovers,” *i.e.*, the privilege of taking wood in the outwoods, by the oversight of the foresters, for “housebote,

heybote, and firebote," *i.e.*, the repair of houses and hedges, and the keeping up of the hearth fire; and "freedom of pannage" (*viz.*, pasture) "for their own Hogs; but for such Hogs as they did buy after the Nativity of St. John Baptist, to give pannage."

The Lord's inferior tenants were ordered to "come with there sykeles to the Bedrepe of the lorde and reype hys corne"; and amongst other directions (including orders to the sokemen to "ryde with their rodde or wands" to oversee the reapers) it is further commanded, "That they should be in the field at Sunrising, and work till Sunset, not sitting down to breakfast, but each of them eating what he brought with him, as they went up and down the lands to their work; and after breakfast to sit down once before dinner, the lord finding them drink; but at Noon, both they and the sokemen to have meat and drink provided by the lord."

"That the Reapers should eat by themselves, every one having a lyttell wheyton loofe, iiij egges, and pottage: *viz.*, grewell, without flesh boyled in it, except the lord would afford them other, with Cheese and Beer sufficient; and after dinner one sitting down with bread and beer, but the sokemen themselves to be served with better dyet, according to their degrees."

Some of the "liberties" of the lord of the manor were as follows:

"The lorde of the manr of Stoneley hath thrs libties that is to wytte Waren" (*viz.*, the right of hunting rabbits and hares, etc.) "infange ne thef outfange ne thef weyved strayed" (*viz.*, taking or catching thieves within his own fee and judging them in his own court, and seizing goods stolen and *waved* or left by the felon on being pursued), "the catall of fugitive felons the coke stole: pyllery psecabor soks saks Toll Tem" (*viz.*, power of administering justice, exemption from paying dues, the right to judge bondmen and villeins with their children and goods in

his court), “ Amerciamets of murdres and emendyg of Bred and Ale frayes and of marketts and the fayres in Stonley.”

The following quaint old rhymes refer to a “ Forest ” which included, in the technical sense, a Chase (unenclosed), a Park (enclosed) and a free warren :

I, Edward, King

Have given of my forest the keeping  
 To Randolph Peperking and to his kindling,  
 With hart and hind, doe and buck,  
 Hare and fox, cat and brock,  
 Wild fowl with his flock,  
 Partridge, pheasant hen and pheasant cock, etc.

Henry II., in the first year of his reign, granted Stonele to a body of Cistercian monks, in exchange for Radmore in “ the forest of Canock ”—or Cannock Chase, Staffordshire—which they had found an unpleasant place of residence owing to the troublesome visits of the thieving foresters. These monks first settled at a house in the neighbourhood of Stonele called “ Crulefield,” now Cryfield, a name ascribed by local tradition to the cries of the children slain by a “ foreign Earl,” who was a great robber, and infested the country, and who lived here till removed by the King’s orders to make room for the more peaceable monks. But the monks, suffering in their turn from the close proximity of the highways, removed from Crulefield, and built their abbey at Stonele. In the reign of Edward I., it was certified that the village of Crulefield “ paid a stone of wax yearly for the maintenance of the lights in Stoneley Abbey burning before the image of the blessed Virgin.”

Some local names carry us back to the days of the monks : *e.g.*, a group of neighbouring cottages, known as “ Pipe’s Mill,” remind us of Thomas de Pipe, abbot in the time of Edward III., who compiled a valuable “ Leiger Book,” containing information

relating, not only to the abbey itself, but also to various historical events of general interest.

Among the other inhabitants of Stonele at the time the monastery was founded were four "Bondslaves," each of whom

in return for "1 mess. and 1 quatrone of land" made gallows and hanged thieves, though how often these hangmen's services were called into requisition is not recorded; apparently the management of the gallows did not take up all their time, as they were also expected to plough and reap twice a year, make the lord's malt, and do other servile work. Each wore a "red



ANCIENT DOGWAY AND STAIRCASE IN THE OLD ABBEY

clout," as a badge, between his shoulders.

The monks of Stonele did not always lead lives of uninterrupted peace. The ninth abbot, William de Gyldeford, was a man of such great learning that he was made penitentiary to Pandulph, the Pope's legate, and afterwards was sent as legate himself to Wales. A shepherd of the monastery having fought a duel and hanged a thief who had stolen the monk's cattle, was supported by the superior, whereupon some influential abbots and others, who through jealousy had become William's enemies, caused him to be deposed.

Not long afterwards many of the monks grew unruly and



STONELEIGH HOUSE





took to a wandering life ; whereupon King Henry III., by letter, directed all sheriffs and other officers to apprehend and deliver them up to the abbot for chastisement wherever found.

A very young, but "sage and prudent" abbot, Robert de Hockele, who died in 1349, repaired and beautified the Church of the Abbey, of which very few traces are now to be found ; but, as Dugdale says, "the Gatehouse, a fair and strong building, and also one of his works, still standeth" ; and over the gateway we notice the large stone escutcheon bearing the arms of Henry II., placed there by Robert in memory of the founder of Stoneleigh Abbey.



GABLES OF THE OLD ABBEY

This Gatehouse may have been intended as a place of reception for guests, and an eleemosynary for distribution of alms. In an ancient wooden bench within the gateway are ten curious circular holes, the original use of which is uncertain ; but they were possibly destined in later warlike days to hold lances or other weapons.

The Church, as already stated, is no more ; though some encaustic tiles, which probably came from the Church, form part of an old pavement in the Abbey. A room thought to be the ancient Chapter-house still exists, with a massive pillar in the

centre. A long chamber with a groined roof, for many years used as a brew-house, is supposed to have been a crypt under the abbot's lodging. This brew-house, by the way, is intro-



THE ABBEY FROM THE GARDEN

duced into a picture at Stoneleigh, in which a Royalist butler and brewer are represented endeavouring to persuade a Roundhead baker to drink to the Pretender's health.

Beautiful specimens of Norman arches and pillars still remain, both in the Abbey, and in the parish church of Stoneleigh, where may be seen a very fine chancel arch of 1160 and a late Norman door. Various parts of the existing

Abbey date from the reigns of Henry II., Edward III., James I., and Charles II.

An inner courtyard, situated between the ancient Abbey and the more modern building, appears to have formed part of the burying-ground of the monks. A few years ago three skeletons were unearthed here; as there were no traces of coffins, and no chalice or paten was found buried with them, it is supposed that they were the remains of lay or serving brothers, and not of priests or actual monks. They were reinterred in the same place, and it is to be hoped that their ghosts will never disturb the slumbers of the Abbey's present inhabitants.



THE OLD GATEHOUSE, STONELEIGH ABBEY

Every Maundy Thursday, "at the washing of the feet" of the poor, the monks distributed in charity "8 quarters of Rye made in bread at 5s. the quarter, 3 quarters of Malt in beer at 4s. the quarter, and 200 Herings at 20d. the Hundred."

Amongst other curious concessions to the monks, it is recorded that, in the reign of Edward IV., two owners of land in the neighbouring village of Ashow had licence to grant, *inter alia*, "XXs., a pound of Pepper, and a red rose yearly rent, with



THE ABBEY AND THE RIVER AVON

half the fishing in Avon, to the monks of Stoneley, for ever." It is interesting to note that the little village, now hardly boasting more than a hundred and fifty inhabitants, which was thus called upon for its yearly rose, is in these days, in summer, a real garden of flowers. Another curious though more modern custom is registered in the parish accounts here: from 1825 to 1856 the rector and churchwardens were in the habit of paying fourpence for every dozen of sparrows brought to them by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

At the time when the lesser monasteries were dissolved by

Henry VIII., the clear yearly value of Stonele being less than £200, this monastery was suppressed, and the monks were sent away to the larger undissolved religious houses, the Abbot, Thomas Tutbury, receiving a pension of £23 a year.

Henry granted the Abbey to his brother-in-law Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, whose sons dying childless, it passed to their cousin, William Cavendish, who sold it to Sir Thomas Leigh. Thomas Leigh, the younger son of an old Cheshire family, having been the clever and diligent apprentice of a rich merchant and knight-alderman of London, Sir Rowland Hill, was employed as his "Factor beyond sea," and pleased him so well that Sir Rowland bestowed on him the hand of his niece Alice Barker, for whom the merchant had a great affection. Sir Thomas Leigh, having thus become a rich man, bought the old Abbey and lands of Stoneley, which remained in the possession of his descendants, and gradually acquired the name of Stoneleigh. He was Lord Mayor of London at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, and rode before Her Majesty at her entry into the city to be proclaimed at St. Paul's. His wife, Dame Alice, lived to see her children's children to the fourth generation, and founded a "hospital," or almshouses for five poor men and five poor women, which exists to this day in the village of Stoneleigh.

The great-grandson of Sir Thomas, another Sir Thomas Leigh, whose portrait is to be seen at the Abbey, was reputed a giant; and it is told of him, though with what truth we know not, that on one occasion, finding a man riding a donkey trespassing within his park, he lifted up man and beast and threw them over the gates.

This giant was created a baron by Charles I. That ill-fated monarch, on his way to Nottingham, attended by six thousand horse, found the gates of Coventry closed, and was received at Stoneleigh by his loyal subject Sir Thomas, where he met with

“right plenteous and hospitable entertainment, while the Cavaliers made the poore Country mens houses their Innes, and there they made their own welcome taking what they pleased.”

A bronze medal with a head of Charles I. is preserved at Stoneleigh, doubtless presented to his host by the King. And a portrait of King Charles, attributed by experts to Van Dyck, concealed beneath a painting of flowers, was discovered in recent times by Sir George Beaumont, who noticed the outline of an



“STONELEIGH ABBEY,” FROM AN OLD PICTURE

eye peering through the leaves and petals, and suggested that the outer covering of flowers should be cleaned away.

Over two hundred years later than this visit of King Charles, Stoneleigh opened wide its portals, under far different conditions, to another royal visitor ; but no soldiers in their buff jerkins and armed with pikes and swords were needed then to guard their monarch’s person with jealous care. On the evening of June 14, 1858, a vast concourse of people, who had assembled from every side, broke out spontaneously and with one voice into “God save the Queen,” when our late beloved sovereign, accompanied by the Prince Consort, and leaning on the arm of Lord Leigh,



OLD ABBEY—NORTH-WEST CORNER—SEEN FROM THE COURTYARD

came out on to the garden terrace and appeared in their midst to acknowledge with grace and dignity the greetings of her loyal subjects.

In the same year (1643) that Sir Thomas Leigh was created a baron, the vicar of Stoneleigh was one Sunday preaching on the duty of relieving the poor, especially as they could not “in those days goe abroad to beg of others,” when a trooper of Serjeant Ponts with two other young men came to the church door and discharged a pistol. They then went in and listened to a portion of the sermon, by which, however, they did not appear to be much edified, as the trooper interrupted the preacher by telling him he “lyed,” and he and his two friends proceeded to enforce the remark by going outside and firing their pistol against the window near the pulpit, “to the great affryhtment of all the people.”

On an outer wall of this church is the following curious inscription to one who seems to have been very liberal at another's expense :

TO THE MEMORY OF HUMPHREY HOWE,

Porter to the R<sup>t</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> The Ld. Leigh.

*Obiit 6 Febr. An D<sup>ni</sup> 1688. Aetat 63.*

Here Lyes a faithfull Friend unto the Poore,

Who dealt large Alms out of his Lord<sup>ps</sup> Store.

Weepe not Poor People, Tho' the Servant's Dead,

The Lord himselfe will give you Daily Breade.

If Markets rise, Raile Not against their Rates,

The Price is stil the same at Stoneleigh Gates.

A granddaughter of the first Sir Thomas Leigh, Alice by name, was married to Sir Robert Dudley, son of the famous Leicester who entertained Queen Elizabeth right royally at his princely Castle of Kenilworth. It is curious to note in passing that, before the Conquest, Kenilworth “was a member of



Stoneley, being ancient demesne of the Crown ; and had, within the precincts thereof, a Castle situated upon the banks of Avon, in the woods opposite to Stoneleigh Abbey, which Castle was demolished in those turbulent times of war between King Edmund and Canutus the Dane.”

Sir Robert Dudley, a few years after his marriage, left England for Italy, accompanied, not by his wife, but by a less estimable if more enterprising lady in the very beautiful person of Elizabeth Southwell, “ who went with him into Italy in the



THE ABBEY AND GARDEN

habit of a Page and there married him !” He himself was strong and handsome, skilled in mathematics, and especially in navigation, on which subject he wrote a learned book entitled *Arcano del Mare*, profusely illustrated with plans and charts which are still to be seen in fresco on the walls of a room in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. He had also a great knowledge of chemistry, and invented some deadly poisons. His talents won him the friendship of the Duke of Tuscany, who allowed him a yearly stipend of about a thousand pounds ; and also of the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, who bestowed on him the title of Duke of Northumberland. He built himself a palace at Florence, which still exists, and died in 1649.

Meanwhile Alice, whom he had deserted, remained at home, devoting herself to charity and widely spread good deeds ; and being created by Charles I. duchess in her own right, was known as Alice Duchess Dudley. She survived her affliction well, for she lived to the age of ninety. Her portrait, taken when she was an old lady, is preserved at Stoneleigh, her little, thin, sharp-featured countenance appearing out of the midst of the enormous ruff of the period, and surrounded by a white fluted cap under a black hood. She died in her house near St. Giles's Church in London, to which, amongst many other churches, she left large sums of money and various gifts, including "a neat pair of organs, with a case richly gilded," and "the great bell in the steeple, which, as oft as it ringeth, soundeth her praise." She also left a sum of money to the sexton of St. Giles's to "toll the Great Bell, when the prisoners condemned to die shall be passing by, and to ring out after they shall be executed." These gifts to various churches Duchess Dudley left on condition that her name should be mentioned in the sermon preached on Whit Sunday, a custom which to this day is faithfully observed by the vicar of Stoneleigh. This good old lady's funeral must have given universal satisfaction, for she directed that her body should be taken from London to Stoneleigh for burial, and bequeathed "to fourscore and ten Widows (according to the Number of the Years she lived) to each one a Gown and fair white Kerchief to attend the Hearse wherein her Body was carried, and one shilling a piece for their Dinner after that Solemnity was performed, which was on the sixteenth day of March, 1668. She appointed five pounds to be given to every Place or Town where her Corps should rest.—She ordered that sixpence should be given to every poor body that should meet her Corps on the road."

Dr. Boreham, the Rector of St. Giles's, published a list of her charities in a little panegyric entitled, *A Mirrour of Christ-*



STARE BRIDGE, STONELEIGH DEER PARK

*ianity and a Miracle of Charity, or a true and exact Narrative of the Life and Death of the most virtuous Lady Alice Dutchess Duddeley.* A marble monument in Stoneleigh Church to Duchess Dudley and her unmarried daughter Alice was the work of Nicholas Stone, master-mason to Charles I., who engaged him

for the building and reparation of Windsor Castle, at the fee of twelve pence a day.



"THE PRETTY HOUSEMAID"

A few of the largest rooms in the old Abbey have little inner chambers, supposed to have been used as "powdering closets," when the monks of Stoneleigh gave place to "fair women and brave men." The visitor's interest is also aroused by a curious figure painted on a wooden panel. It is known as "the pretty housemaid." The legend tells how a beautiful housemaid of long ago had clad herself in fair array, in a pale plum-coloured laced bodice,

blue skirt, lace cap and ruffles, bracelets and ring, in preparation for the Coventry fair, when the housekeeper indignantly commanded her to don her long apron, take her broom and sweep the floor; the Lord Leigh of the time, beholding her thus, was so struck by her beauty that he ordered that she should be painted. Chancellor Ferguson of Carlisle, who has published a pamphlet on Picture-Board Dummies, in which he describes this figure and others like it, conjectures that it is really that of a Flemish gentlewoman masquerading as a housemaid, of the date 1610 to 1620.

The visitor who, on antiquarian researches intent, approaches Stoneleigh Abbey from its west side, is surprised to find himself confronted by a comparatively modern house, with its Italian gardens sloping down on the south side to the banks of Shakespeare's Avon. But having passed through Robert de Hockele's Gateway, already mentioned, he soon discovers the old Abbey concealed behind the new building erected in Italian style and attached to the ancient house by Edward Lord Leigh in 1720.

There is a persistent rumour that at one period of his existence, which no doubt included certain private visits to England, the Young Pretender was a visitor at Stoneleigh Abbey. Indeed, a stranger correspondent, a clergyman of the Church of



OLD AND NEW ABBEY

England, writing to the owner some years ago, referred to the fact as one about which there was no question : when invited to quote his authority he was unprepared to give any, excepting that it was held to be an acknowledged circumstance when his grandfather was Rector of a certain adjoining parish which the Prince is said to have visited. Now, dim rumour from quite another source has it that this same parish was at one moment the haunt of Charles Edward at the period when he was on a visit to Stoneleigh, and that a village artist from that place was then

summoned to the Abbey to take the Prince's portrait which now hangs there, with the long face of his mother, the Princess Clementina Sobieski, fully repeated. As, however, there are replicas of the portrait, this portion of the legend must be regarded as groundless, but it was held as an article of faith some fifty years ago. Who was the distinguished Royalist, sent away inside a beer barrel in a cart to Coventry next morning after



ASHOW CHURCH

visiting Stoneleigh one night? tradition says not. But the old Lords of Leigh always passed their wine glasses over the water.

Despite their Jacobite tendencies, it is evident that the family, like many others, were inclined to accept Queen Anne as a Stewart, and in 1702 the Lord Leigh of that date went up from Stoneleigh to London to be present

at her coronation; his journey (now accomplished by train in two hours and a half) occupied eight days; prayers were offered up in Stoneleigh Church for his safety; and a bill for "lifting his lordship's carriage out of the ruts" is preserved among the family archives. Another journey of a somewhat different nature, taken by one of the family, has not been forgotten. The grandmother of the present owner of Stoneleigh was enjoying a country drive on a winter day, the ground being many feet thick in snow, when she felt the carriage give an alarming jerk; and upon her anxiously inquiring the cause, "Don't be



"NORTH LODGE," STONELEIGH DEER PARK

frightened, ma'am," the coachman answered reassuringly ; " it is only a wall we have driven over ! "

One of the beauties of Stoneleigh is its Deer Park, situated at a short distance from the house. Stare Bridge in the Park, was kept in repair by the monks. Had we, like Shakespeare's exiles of the Forest of Arden, the power of finding " tongues in trees," we might gather from Stoneleigh's famous oaks many other memories worth recording. What tales might they not whisper to us of the jovial monks, and gallant knights, of the merry retainers of the barons of Stoneleigh who chased the deer beneath their branches, or even, it may be, of the " bard of Avon " himself, who, tradition has it, composed some of his immortal plays in the vicinity of what is still known as " Shakespeare's Oak ! " Another famous tree, of which alas ! only the stump remains, is called the " Gospel Oak," since the Gospel, so it is said, was preached under its branches. What changes have these veteran oaks seen, from the time when some of their forest companions were felled to make room for the monastery, then building in Echels Wood, to the days of the Georges, when, as represented in a quaint old painting still preserved in the deer-keeper's lodge, Lord Leigh in mulberry-coloured coat and perruke and three-cornered hat drove through his domain in a coach-and-six ! But here we close the record in which we have endeavoured to bring together, though we fear very imperfectly, a few of the most memorable events in the history of Stoneleigh.



## Dalkeith Palace





FRONT VIEW OF DALKEITH PALACE  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. MITCHELL, DALKEITH

## DALKEITH PALACE

BY LORD HENRY SCOTT

**D**ALKEITH House, or Dalkeith Palace, the name by which it is universally called by the inhabitants of the district, stands on a steep rock, now overgrown by trees and underwood, on the right bank of the river North Esk.

Though the position of the house is charmingly sheltered, a lovely view can be obtained from the upper windows. Looking up the valley, one sees the old town of Dalkeith, with its picturesque red roofs intermingled with spires of churches of every denomination, forming a pleasing foreground to the distant Pentlands, with their rugged peaks mounting guard opposite the more undulating Moorfoots. To the north, Arthur's Seat, the watchtower of the ancient capital of Scotland, is close at hand,

whilst towards the east is seen the ridge on which was fought the Battle of Carberry.

The Park itself comprises some thousand acres. Evergreens grow within it to an unusual size, especially yews and hollies. A magnificent holly hedge, about eighty years of age and nine feet in height, grows up against the park wall for the distance of two miles, and is the admiration of many a patient traveller on the North British Railway. There are also some splendid specimens of oaks, beeches, limes, elms, sycamores, and chestnuts, whilst here and there are scattered some of the largest and most ancient cedars and larches in Scotland. General Monk planted many of the trees during his residence at Dalkeith, including a triple avenue of limes which goes by the name of "General Monk's Walk," some three hundred yards in length, so dark in the glory of its summer foliage that timid children dare not pass beneath it. Tradition relates that the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth ordered the heads of these trees to be cut off when she heard of her husband's execution. Some people even aver that Monmouth himself is to be seen pacing the limes in the small hours of the night.

The two rivers, North and South Esk, which enter the Park from the west, form a leading feature of the place. They run almost parallel for upwards of a mile, till they meet near the centre of the Park to unite in a larger and more stately stream. The scenery along both rivers is quite beautiful; the banks are steep and thickly wooded, the streams are deep and rapid, with many a curve and twist; but, alas! the hand of man has fouled what nature made so sweet; these rivers at times appear in garbs of various hues according to the nature of the operations which are being undertaken on their upper reaches, transmitting an aroma distinctly unpleasing to human nostrils, but apparently much appreciated by the wildfowl, who frequent their waters in great numbers.



VIEW FROM THE LIBRARY WINDOW, DALKEITH PALACE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. MITCHELL, DALKEITH

The remains of the old Caledonian forest, the happy hunting grounds of the Scottish monarchs, cover a peninsula formed by the two rivers just previous to their junction. This fragment of an ancient forest which once extended across Scotland is a hundred and thirty acres in extent, and entirely composed of self-sown oaks, some of them six hundred years old. They vary in shape and size to an extraordinary degree. Some of them are worthy monarchs of the forest, but the majority are distorted by age and the ungenial climate of the east of Scotland into the quaintest shapes. The effect, however, is extremely picturesque. Nothing is more fascinating than to see the deer lying peaceful and content on a hot summer's day amongst the bracken under the shade of these ancient oaks. How unconscious they seem of the history of the place and its associations, or that their forefathers were ever on the alert to elude the aim of some royal sportsman! "The King's Approach" is one of the features of the Park: over a mile in length, beautifully designed, bounded on either side by a broad margin of turf, fringed with trees, it emerges eventually through some handsome gates on to the Edinburgh road. These gates would give a visitor from the Royal burgh of Kensington a homelike feeling; they were copied from those at Holland House.

About three hundred yards away from the house is St. Mary's Episcopal Chapel, erected by the late Duke of Buccleuch in 1845, to which a memorial chapel was added by the present Duke in 1887.

No mention of Dalkeith Park is complete without reference to the Gardens. They have been famous for upwards of fifty years, during which period three noted horticulturists have ruled over their destinies. Though the glass houses are now old, their products compete most favourably with those of more modern ones, whilst the kitchen-garden, flower-garden, and pleasure-



DALKEITH PALACE FROM THE EAST  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. MITCHELL, DALKEITH

grounds contain many points of interest and instruction. The house itself is of considerable antiquity. It was known as Dalkeith Castle previous to 1575.

King David I. gave the manor of Dalkeith to William de Graham in the twelfth century. His successors held the castle for seven generations, till upon the death of John de Graham without issue in the middle of the fourteenth century, the estates passed to his elder sister Marjory, who was married to Sir William Douglas, the knight of Liddesdale, better known, perhaps, as "the Flower of Chivalry." Froissart says that he was for quite fifteen days the guest of Sir William Douglas. King David II. granted a charter to his descendant, Sir James Douglas. In 1369, Sir James was created Baron Dalkeith. Lord Dalkeith bound himself and his heirs to pay the King "a pair of white gloves or a silver penny at the feast of Pentecost." It was this Sir James who cried out when he captured Hotspur's trophy that "he would set it high on the tower of his castle at Dalkeith." The second Lord Dalkeith married Lady Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of King Robert III. James, brother to the murdered Earl of Douglas, plundered the town in 1452, but the castle held out gallantly under its governor, Patrick Cockburn. In 1458, James Douglas, Lord Dalkeith, was created Earl of Morton. In the following year he married Lady Jean Stuart, sister to King James II. This princess had been promised as wife to the Dauphin. It was probably owing to her inability to articulate that this wedding did not take place, as she was known in the neighbourhood as "Muta Domina," the dumb lady of Dalkeith. It was at Dalkeith on August 3, 1503, that James IV. first saw Princess Margaret Tudor. It is related that that monarch, "having greeted her with knightly courtesy and passed the day in her company, returned to his bed in Edinburgh well content of so fair meeting." Cardinal Beaton was confined in





IN THE OLD CALEDONIAN FOREST  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. MITCHELL, DALKEITH

Dalkeith Castle in 1543, in consequence of his opposition to the marriage between Queen Mary Stuart and Edward VI. The victors at Pinkie captured Dalkeith Castle in 1547. In 1575, James, Earl of Morton, the greedy and avaricious Regent of Scotland, rebuilt the castle; it had been previously nicknamed in the district "the lion's den."

The new castle is described as "a magnificent palace richly adorned with tapestry and pictures, fitter for a king than a subject." Lord Morton is supposed to have concealed his hoard of 100,000 crowns under the castle yard.

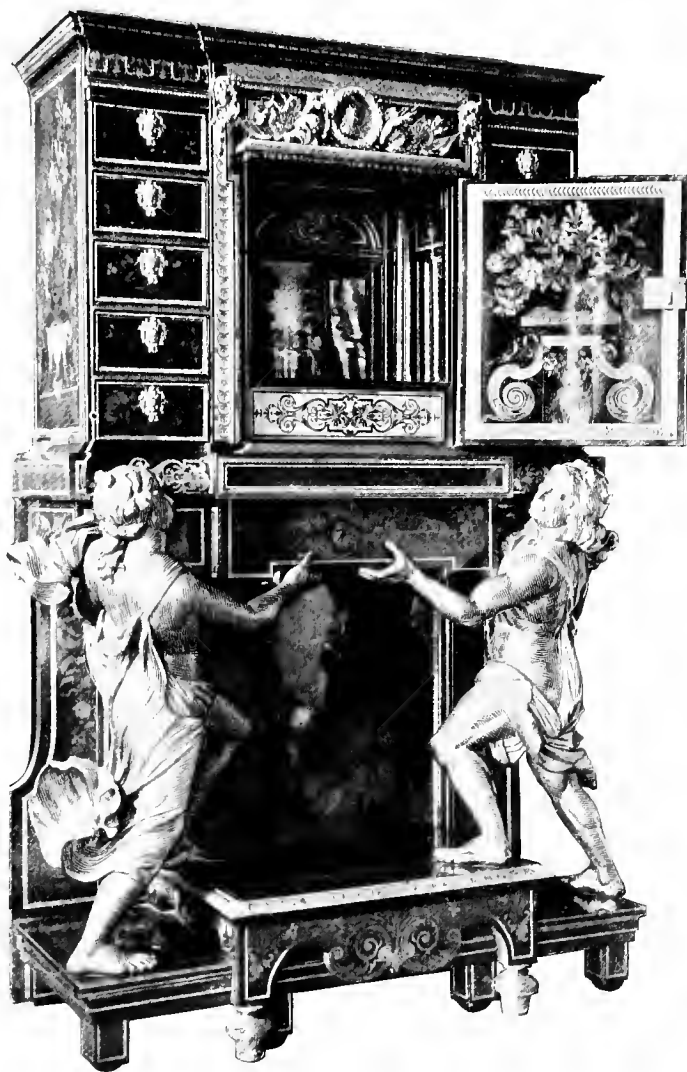
James VI. twice visited Dalkeith, the first time in the company of the Duke of Lennox, through whose instrumentality the Regent had just been beheaded. On the second occasion, in 1617, the parish minister addressed him a congratulatory poem entitled "Philomela Dalkeithensis." Fynes Moryson in 1598 says that Anne of Denmark, "the Queene of Scots then kept the court (in the absence of the King) at the village of Dawkeith, in a pallace belonging to the Earl of Morton."

William, Earl of Morton, Lord High Treasurer, entertained Charles I. magnificently in June, 1633; the King was so delighted with the place that he would have bought it had not the Civil War turned his attention to other matters. In 1639, the Privy Council adjourned from Linlithgow to Dalkeith Palace, whither the Duke of Hamilton, the Royal Commissioner, conveyed the regalia of Scotland. The regalia was subsequently removed, "with all due reverence," to Edinburgh by the nobles of Scotland.

In 1642, Dalkeith was sold to Francis, Earl of Buccleuch. It has since remained in the direct possession of his descendants, and for the past two hundred years has been their principal residence in Scotland. It seems strange that a family whose career had hitherto been entirely identified with the borders, should have wished to acquire an estate in the Lowlands; no

doubt this was done in order to obtain influence at Court, since the union of the two kingdoms had rendered permanent residence on the border no longer an absolute necessity. Francis, Earl of Buccleuch, who was greatly influenced by his wife Lady Margaret Leslie, sister to the Duke of Rothes, was an ardent adherent of the Royalist cause. Parliament in consequence inflicted upon the family a fine of £15,000.

Earl Francis, who died in 1651, was succeeded by his elder daughter, Mary, who became



THE MONMOUTH CABINET

Countess of Buccleuch. She was married at the early age of eleven to her kinsman, Walter Scott of Highchesters. He was afterwards created Earl of Tarras. Countess Mary died without issue, and was succeeded by her sister Anne.

With Countess Anne, who held the estates for seventy-one years, the history of Dalkeith is closely interwoven. King

Charles II. selected her to be the bride of his favourite son, James, Duke of Monmouth, and was present at their wedding in 1663. They were created on their marriage Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. The Duke of Monmouth, after a successful military career in Scotland and Holland, attempted to secure the British Crown upon the death of Charles II. The sequel is too well known to need recapitulation here : instead of gaining a crown the unfortunate Monmouth lost his head on the scaffold in 1685. In consequence of this the Monmouth titles were attainted. Duchess Anne, however, who had wisely kept clear of her husband's wild schemes, remained in possession of the Buccleuch titles. She surrendered them in 1687 and had them regranted, in order that there should be no doubt as to the succession. She was always held in the highest favour at Court, and was an intimate friend of Mary of Modena. Duchess Anne lived a considerable part of her time in Newark Castle, and was the "Duchess" of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." She always insisted upon being treated as of the blood royal, no one except a relative being permitted to sit in her presence. According to Johnson she was always served on bended knee. The Duchess was married again in 1688 to Lord Cornwallis.

There were two sons of the Monmouth marriage : James, Earl of Dalkeith, K.T., who never succeeded to the dukedom,—he married Lady Henrietta Hyde, daughter of the first Earl of Rochester ; and Lord Henry Scott, created Earl of Deloraine, which latter title became extinct upon the death of the fourth Earl in 1807.

Francis, Earl of Dalkeith succeeded his grandmother in 1732 as second Duke : he married Lady Jane Douglas, daughter of James, Duke of Queensberry and Dover. Upon the death of William, Duke of Queensberry, "Old Q.," in 1810, the third Duke of Buccleuch, grandson of Lady Jane, succeeded to the titles



THE LIBRARY, DALKEITH PALACE  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BALMAIN, EDINBURGH

and estates of the Queensberry family. In 1745, Duke Francis raised a regiment for the defence of Edinburgh. Prince Charles Edward, however, spent two nights in Dalkeith while his troops encamped on the banks of the Esk.

Walter, fifth Duke, K.G., who succeeded in 1819, held the titles and estates for sixty-seven years. He twice had the honour of entertaining his sovereign at Dalkeith. In 1822, George IV. spent some days as his guest; twenty years later Her Majesty Queen Victoria honoured him with a visit. Duke Walter, in company with the late Mr. Gladstone and others, was a member of the famous Peelite Cabinet which repealed the Corn Laws; it was greatly owing to his influence that that measure passed the House of Lords. He died in 1884, and was succeeded by the present owner of Dalkeith.

The house, as it now stands, was practically rebuilt in 1705 by Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, who erected the south façade and the two wings; the older portion facing north, contains the Dining-room, Morning-room, and Duchess Anne's Sitting-room. The architect was Sir John Vanbrugh; he is said to have copied the Palace of Loo. It is a square house with two projecting wings, built of plain stone, the only exterior ornamentation being four Corinthian columns. The principal characteristics of the house are the extraordinary thickness of the walls, especially in the oldest portion; at one place there is fifteen feet of solid masonry. Another feature is the lavish display of marble, of which Duchess Anne was exceptionally fond. She says she used it "in order to show her respect for the old castle." Nearly all the fireplaces are marble; there are marble tables, marble frames to pictures, and marble door-frames. The ground floor of the house is almost entirely devoted to reception-rooms.

The Carpet Hall, a long oak-panelled room, contains some



THE GALLERY, DALKEITH PALACE  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BALMAIN, EDINBURGH

interesting portraits, the most noticeable of which are, "George IV.," by Sir David Wilkie ; the late Duke, presented by the officers of the Lothian Militia ; and a life-size portrait of one Caianus, a Lapland giant 7 ft. 10 in. in height.

The Centre Hall, like most of the rooms on the ground floor, is panelled with oak. There are some fine bits of furniture in



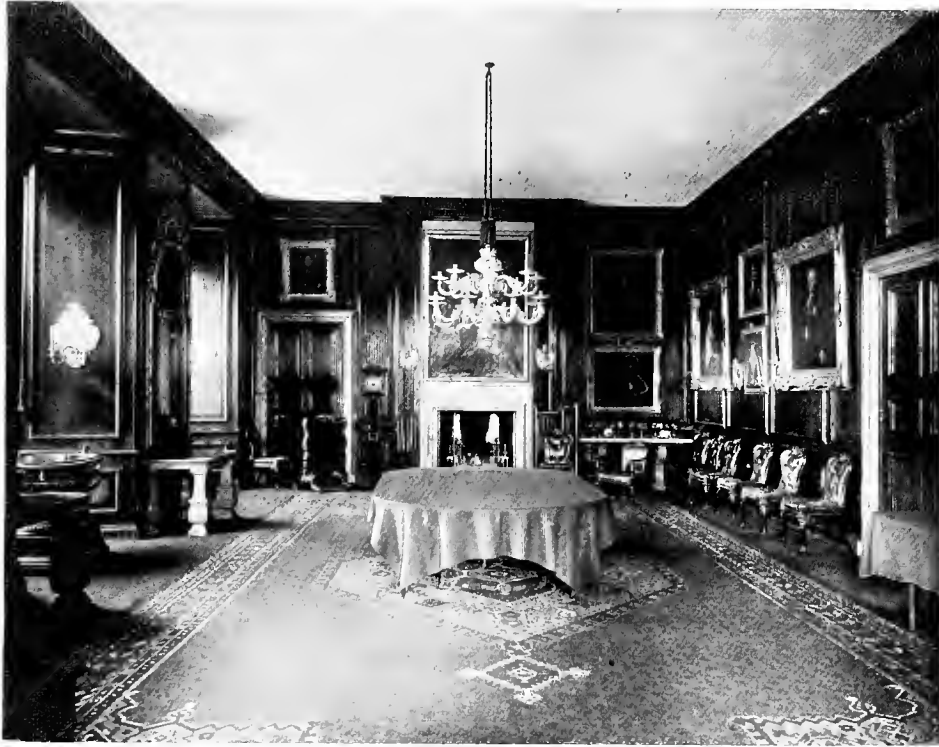
CHARLES, EARL OF DALKEITH, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS  
KNOWN AS "THE PINK BOY"

this room, and a good number of family and historical portraits, amongst which are two by Greuze of the Hon. Campbell Scott and the fifth Earl of Carlisle, also Lucy Walters holding a miniature of the Duke of Monmouth in her hand.

The Library contains a fine collection of books and en-

gravings—many of them of considerable antiquity. Dibdin speaks in high praise of the Library in his northern tour. Above the fireplace is a portrait of Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, by Sir Joshua Reynolds : he is supported on either side by pictures of his six children by Sir William Beachey ; there is also one of his Duchess by Sir Thomas Lawrence.





THE DINING-ROOM, DALKEITH PALACE IN WHICH GENERAL MONK PLANNED  
THE RESTORATION

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BALMAIN, EDINBURGH

In the ante-library eight stirring battle-pieces form a permanent record of Monmouth's prowess in the field.

The Duchess's Sitting-room, a square room in which the oak panelling is richly carved, remains very much as it was in the days of Duchess Anne. Her monogram in glass is to be



LADY CAROLINE SCOTT, AFTERWARDS MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY  
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

seen over the fire-place. This room contains many treasures, which include some family miniatures and two lovely little buhl tables. Amongst the pictures there is one supposed to be a portrait of Catharine of Aragon: it has an inscription round the frame—"O Lord, Thou art my portion. I have determined to keepe Thy word." Two small portraits of

Francis I. of France and Eleanora of Austria attract attention, as they are painted on panel with a green background. The picture of the present Duke by Oules was presented by his friends in Midlothian. Beyond this is a quaint little room which was used by Duchess Anne as her writing closet; the oak carving in this room is gilded; the furniture came out of Whitehall Palace.



THE MARBLE HALL, DALKEITH PALACE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BALMAIN, EDINBURGH

In the Morning-room there are twenty-five views of different places in Italy by Guardi, built into the panel, also two fine pieces by Antonio Joli.



ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH  
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

The Dining-room is celebrated in consequence of its being the room in which General Monk planned the restoration of Charles II. The window recess which was used for this purpose is not shewn in the illustration; it was at the west end of the room. The walls are nine feet thick. The portraits are of great interest: the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, with her two sons James, Earl of Dalkeith

and Henry, Earl of Deloraine on either side, by Kneller; the Duke of Monmouth in armour, by Riley; a magnificent Holbein, in perfect preservation, of Sir Nicholas Carew, Master of the Horse to Henry VIII.; George, Duke of Montagu, and his Duchess,



THE DALKEITH HOLBEIN; PORTRAIT OF SIR NICHOLAS CAREW

both by Gainsborough ; William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, by Van Dyck ; and Richard Rich, Earl of Warwick, by the same painter. There is also a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots with a rose in her hand ; her hair in this picture is very fair. She appears as beautiful as historians have described her.

In one of the windows there is a large silver bowl, dated 1702, over two thousand ounces in weight. The royal arms are engraved upon it, as it was the property of John, second Duke of Argyll, at one time ambassador to Spain. He left it to his daughter Lady Mary Coke, sister to Lady Dalkeith. Four similar bowls are known to exist in England : they were formerly used for washing plates, knives, and forks in the room during the course of a banquet ; also as wine-coolers. This bowl has since been put to better use, as it was filled with whisky-toddy when the present Duke came of age, in 1852.

The Dining-room opens into the Marble Hall, which is at the foot of the staircase. Both the Hall and staircase are a mixture of old oak and marble ; the upper portion of the staircase is supported by a large marble pillar, and the artistic effect of this unusual combination is excellent. The statue of the great Duke of Wellington was the last likeness ever taken of him.

Amongst the furniture in the Hall, some old-fashioned chairs of red velvet embroidered with gold and "A.B." surmounted by a coronet, a tapestry screen supposed to be the work of Mary Queen of Scots, a pair of *bantam* cabinets, and a quantity of Oriental china, are well worthy of notice. Amongst the pictures is one of Lady Mary Coke, three of scenes of battles fought by Monmouth, one of which bears the following inscription : *Expeditio Pontis Bothwelliani in Scotia anno domini 1679 sub imperio Jacobi Ducis Monmouthensis. I Wyck fecit.*

There is a large and varied collection of paintings on the staircase, which include "Saints Disputing" by Andrea del Sarto,



PAINTING BY CANALETTO, AT DALKEITH PALACE

“Saint Francis” and “Saint Bruno,” both by Caracci, and two large pictures of Constantinople and Ispahan; whilst above the landing is a large equestrian portrait of the Duke of Monmouth by Wyck in full costume as Master of the Horse. The tapestry chairs, with their beautifully carved legs, are traditionally held



THE DUCHESS OF MONTAGU  
BY GAINSBOROUGH

to be the work of the ladies of the Court of Mary Queen of Scots, whilst the ebony cabinet embossed with gold was given to the Duke of Monmouth by Charles II.

The Gallery, which is on the first floor, is perhaps the finest room in the house; it has the unique distinction of being the only room in a private house in

which Her Majesty has held a state Drawing-room. When an epidemic of scarlet fever in 1842 prevented the Queen from occupying Holyrood, Her Majesty held her Court at Dalkeith instead.

The shape of the room is that of a double cube; the walls are red, whilst the Louis XV. furniture and the curtains are draped in light blue satin. It contains five portraits by Sir Joshua:





THE DUCHESS'S SITTING-ROOM, DALKEITH PALACE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BALMAIN, EDINBURGH

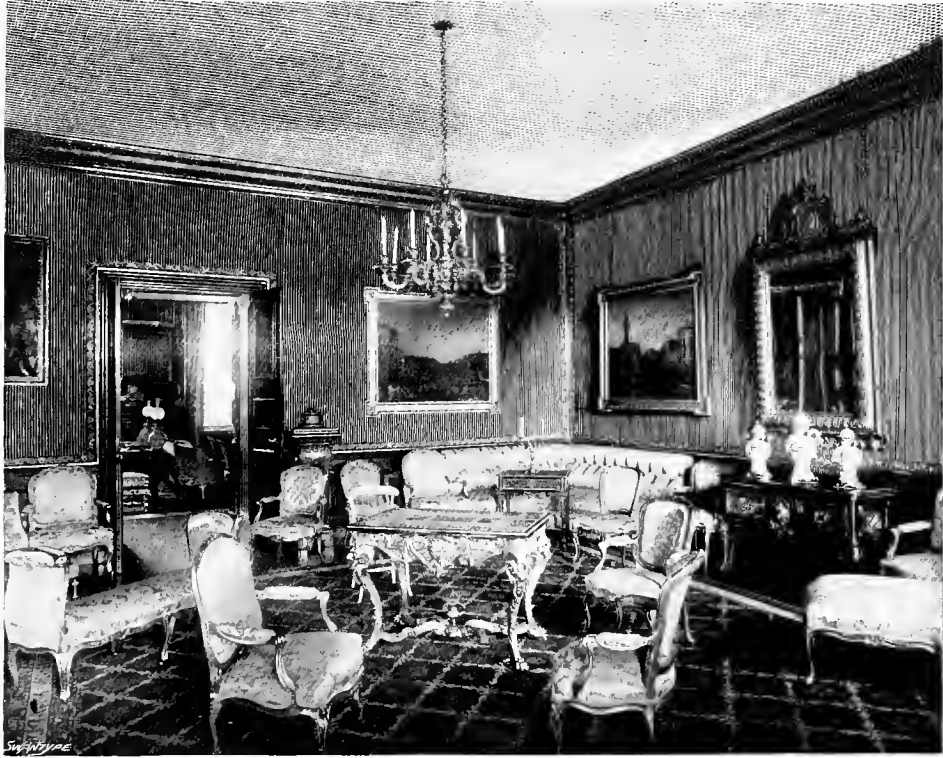
Sophia Campbell, Lady de Clifford; the Duchess of Buccleuch and her daughter; the ladies Montagu; Charles, Duke of Buccleuch, as a boy caressing an owl (this picture is known as "The Pink Boy," and is supposed to have been painted as a rival to Gainsborough's celebrated "Blue Boy"). The well-known por-



SOPHIA CAMPBELL, LADY DE CLIFFORD  
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

trait of a little girl with a muff represents Lady Caroline Scott, afterwards Marchioness of Queensberry. Sir Joshua was so captivated by her appearance, when she came to see her brother whilst he was being painted, that he insisted upon her sitting to him at once.

There is a picture of Duke Henry with a dog (supposed to be the original Dandie Dinmont) under his arm, by Gainsborough; amongst other portraits are those of Queen Henrietta Maria, by Van Dyck; Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, looking very handsome in a red dress; John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, in armour worn over a red kilt; the Duke of Monmouth, in Garter robes, by Lely; James VI. and Anne of Bohemia, the two latter by Jamesone. There are also some fine landscapes by Wouvermans, Vernet, and Claude Lorraine.



THE CANALETTO ROOM, DALKEITH PALACE  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BALMAIN, EDINBURGH

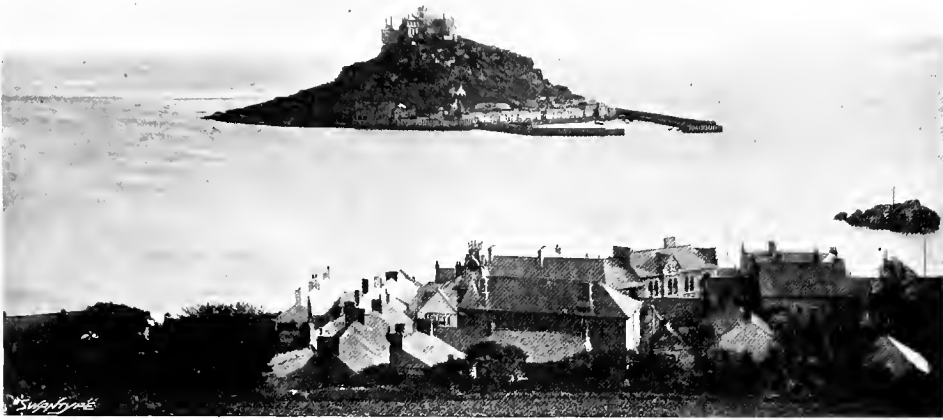
The two cabinets were given by Louis XIV. to Charles II., and afterwards presented by him as a wedding present to the Duke of Monmouth; both are in perfect preservation, whilst the figures which support the larger cabinet are magnificent.

Next door is the Canaletto Room, so called in consequence of six very fine specimens of that artist's work. The Duke of Monmouth also figures in this room in the guise of "St. John and the Lamb," by Sir Peter Lely. This picture seems to have impressed itself on the memory of travellers such as Pennant, who visited Dalkeith in days gone by. The mirror which hangs on the west wall is a splendid specimen of French work. It was given by Charles II. as a wedding present to Duchess Anne; her monogram is on the top.

Amongst other rooms of interest are the Queen's Room, the resting-place of Royal visitors, and General Monk's Bedroom, a large and exceedingly dingy apartment with extraordinarily thick walls. The Charter-room contains a countless number of ancient documents, some of great value and interest, others not even worthy of the dust which clings to them. This room also contains many objects of historical interest: the garments that Monmouth wore as Master of the Horse, and the suit in which he bowed his head to the executioner's axe; the bowl in which the wizard, Lord Soulis, was "tied with ropes of sand, and boiled in molten lead"; and last, but not least, the "Bellenden Banner," the ancient standard of the Scotts of Buccleuch. (The banner bears a shield, with a scroll, bearing the words "a Bellandane.") "A Bellenden!" was their battle cry. This banner forms a connecting link between the bold Buccleuchs who fought and lived in Branxholme Tower, and their successors who now live so peacefully in Dalkeith Palace.

## St. Michael's Mount





ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT AT HIGH WATER

## ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

BY THE HON. JOHN ST. AUBYN

**I**N these days of profusely illustrated literature of all kinds there must be few people who are not familiar with the stately outline of Mont St. Michel on the coast of Normandy ; even if they have not crossed the long causeway which connects that granite outwork to the mainland, or climbed the narrow streets of the old town up to the famous castle and monastic church which crown its summit.

And no one who has seen its smaller namesake on our Cornish coast can fail to be struck with the resemblance between the two—both formed by nature of the same material, and nearly on the same pattern ; both dedicated to the same celestial patron of mariners ; both, at one time, united under the same ecclesiastical authority, though separated by a hundred miles of sea.

It is needless to say that our St. Michael's Mount—known as "the Mount" *par excellence* throughout West Cornwall—is an island standing in the hollow of Mount's Bay, to which it gives

its name, and which stretches away westward, past Penzance, towards the rugged granite promontory that terminates in the Land's End. Its pyramidal form renders it a conspicuous object for miles around both from sea and land. Its base of granite rocks, encircled by sea, is about a mile in circumference. Its sloping sides are partly covered with short grass and bracken; broken, especially on its more precipitous seaward front, by crags and boulders, interspersed with shrubs, through which a rocky pathway winds up to the gate of the convent castle, which, since 1657, has been the property of the St. Aubyn family. Their flag, hoisted on the chapel tower, stands two hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea. The causeway of rock and sand which joins it to the shore at Marazion at low tide is about five hundred yards long; but at high tide, in heavy weather, it is often impassable for days together; for when gales are raging from the south-west, the boats, which are kept in the little harbour at the foot of the Mount, dare not leave the shelter of the massive pier, or attempt a landing in the surf, which rushes on the opposite shore with the full force of the Atlantic rollers. In winter time the tide-table and barometer have constantly to be consulted for an answer to the questions: "Will the Causeway be open?" "Will boating be possible?"

A dwelling-place so unlike the ordinary run of country houses would have a special interest of its own, even if its history did not carry us back into the distant ages of romance and myth.

The earliest record of the Mount is that of Diodorus, the Sicilian historian, who wrote during the half-century preceding the Christian era. He mentions it, under the name of *Iktis*, as the place where the Phœnicians came to buy tin; and carefully describes it as an island adjoining Britain, where at low water the intervening space is left dry, over which the miners carry the tin in their carts.





ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT AT LOW WATER

There has been much controversy as to the identity of this island with the Mount, but there is no other place near the tin-mining districts which so well answers to this description, and there is good room for believing that the Phœnician tin trade with Cornwall was carried on in much earlier times.<sup>1</sup> At the same time tradition says that the Mount was once completely on the mainland, and more or less surrounded by a forest; and it is said that trees can still be seen at very low tides imbedded in the sands. Locally, the place was called in the old Cornish language *Dinsull*—“the look-out hill,” and *Carrig luz en Kuz*, “the grey rock in the wood.”

It was about the year 490 that some fishermen in a boat saw a vision of St. Michael on the summit of the western cliffs, and the Mount became a sacred spot, to which pilgrims were wont to resort. Among others came St. Keyne, daughter of a Welsh chieftain—the King of Breckon—and when her nephew St. Cadoc came there to escort her home, he is said to have caused a spring to rise by striking the ground with his staff. (Could it have been he who introduced the divining rod, in which Cornishmen still implicitly believe as a means of finding water?)

The first historical document referring to St. Michael's Mount is a charter of King Edward the Confessor, about 1053 A.D., wherein he gives to “St. Michael the Archangel” (*i.e.*, the Abbey of St. Michael's Mount in Normandy) “for the use of the brethren serving God in that place—St. Michael which is near the sea, with all its appendages, *i.e.*, castles, towns, lands, etc.” The

<sup>1</sup> Several pleasing fancies used to be current in Cornwall, as articles of faith: *e.g.*, that the Scilly Isles were the Cassiterides, that the Mount was Ictis, and that the art of scalding cream was introduced by the Phœnicians—the seductive junket being the “butter” that Jael brought to Sisera in “the lordly dish.” But it is most doubtful if the Phœnicians ever traded direct with Cornwall at all. Professor Rhys, in *Early Celtic Britain*, goes far to show that the tin was carried from Cornwall (or rather from the region around Dartmoor) overland to Thanet, and thence shipped to Gaul. At any rate, if Phœnicians did visit Cornwall, certain it is that they left surprisingly little behind them! They must have given something to the natives in exchange for the metal: what did they give? The only relics of antiquity that have been found in the county, possibly connected with them, are a small bronze bull, and an astragal block of tin, shaped for strapping on horseback.—Ed.



THE CEMETERY GATE AND ENTRANCE LODGE, ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

King probably built a church and some dwellings for the clergy ministering there, Pope Gregory, in 1070, remitting a third part of their penances to all who should visit and enrich the Mount.

After the Conquest, Robert, Earl of Mortain, half-brother of William the Conqueror, was made Earl of Cornwall, and he made a fresh grant of the Mount to the Norman Abbey by a charter which was witnessed by "William the glorious King of the English, and the Queen, and their children," and confirmed and ratified in 1085 by Leofric, the first Bishop of Exeter, who also exempted the place from all episcopal jurisdiction, an immunity it enjoys to the present day.

If there was a church here at that time, it must have been destroyed,—or possibly not have afforded sufficient accommodation for the pilgrims visiting it,—for in 1135 a new one was consecrated by the Bishop of Exeter, William Warelwast, assisted by Bernard, Abbot of the Norman Mont St. Michel, who settled here thirteen brethren "in honour of Christ Jesus and His apostles."

The monastery received influential support. Allan, Earl of Brittany, Cornwall, and Richmond, assigned to the monks there in 1140 the tolls due to him from the fair at Merdresein (Marazion), valued at ten shillings a year; and his successor, Conan, made them a grant of certain lands.

There is a Bull of Pope Adrian, issued in 1155, confirming all their possessions to the brethren of the Norman Abbey, including St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall.

For seven hundred years the Mount retained its purely ecclesiastical character, but, in 1194, it began a military career under the following circumstances:

While Richard I. was crusading in Palestine, Henry de la Pomeroy, a man of large possessions in Devonshire and Cornwall, had espoused the cause of the King's disloyal brother, John, Earl of Cornwall. When Richard came home and heard of Pom-

eroy's treason, he sent a serjeant-at-arms to arrest him at his castle of Berry Pomeroy, in Devonshire. Pomeroy, however, stabbed this officer, and then fled with some followers to St. Michael's Mount, where he had a sister living as a nun. Under pretence of visiting this sister, Pomeroy got admitted with his retinue into the convent, which he promptly seized and fortified.

The King sent a force to reduce the Mount and take Pomeroy, under the command of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In these days we should hardly look upon this as a very fitting selection ; but his Grace justified the King's confidence in his military talents, and Pomeroy, despairing of a successful resistance, bequeathed some of his lands to the monks to pray for his soul, and bled himself to death. By doing this he assured to his son the inheritance of his property, which would have been forfeited had he been convicted of high treason.

The King put a force into "Pomeroy's fort," as it was called, and it continued to be regarded as a fortress and to be occupied by a garrison for nearly five hundred years. It was still, however, a monastery as well as a fort.

From the mention in this story of a nun it would appear that there were nuns as well as monks in the convent ; but whether the priory was of the Gilbertine order,—under whose rule monks and nuns lived in the same convent,—or whether the nuns formed a separate establishment altogether, is not clear.

In 1266, the convent ceased to be a mere cell attached to the Norman Abbey, and had a seal and perpetual prior of its own. The first of these priors was Radulphus de Carteret, and he had eight successors in the office—not all of them satisfactory, it would seem—Bishop Grandisson of Exeter reporting, in 1336, that he visited the Mount and found the Prior was careless in the performance of his duties.

In 1290, Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, recites and confirms

certain grants of lands and money made to the Mount by Richard, Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans.

The last Prior, William Lambert, was presented by King Henry IV. in 1412; but he cannot have enjoyed the office long, for, in 1413, Henry V. gave the Mount to Sion Abbey, at Brentford. It would appear that the conventual establishment of the Mount was included among the alien priories which were suppressed in England about this date—at all events, we hear



THE PATHWAY TO THE CASTLE

nothing more of monks and nuns after this, and a chaplain assumed ecclesiastical charge of the place, which still continued to be occupied as a fortress.

About 1425, one of these chaplains, William Morton, began to build the first harbour of which there is any record, being assisted by Bishop Lacy of Exeter, who granted an indulgence of forty days to all who should contribute to its erection. However, in 1427, the funds for the purpose being still found inadequate, Morton appealed for help to the King, Henry VI., who granted him certain dues to be levied on ships anchoring near the Mount, and on “foreign boats fishing for hake during the season.”



THE CHAPEL, FROM THE NORTH COURT





In 1470, after the battle of Barnet, John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who had fought for Henry VI., fled to the Mount—of which he had possibly heard from his grandmother, who had been widow of Guy St. Aubyn of Clowance in Cornwall. Disguising themselves as pilgrims, he and his followers obtained access to the Castle, when they overpowered the garrison and established themselves in their place. King Edward IV. promptly ordered the Sheriff of Cornwall, Sir John Arundell of Trerice, to turn them out; but he was repulsed in his attack, and killed on the sands between the Mount and Marazion. Strangely enough, it had been foretold to him that he should die on the sands, and he had been so much impressed by the prediction that he had moved from the north coast of Cornwall, where he used to live, to Trerice, which is inland, in order to avoid being near the sea.

The siege, which had begun on September 30th, was continued by John Fortescue, who succeeded Arundell as Sheriff; but with so little success that the King thought it best to negotiate with Oxford, and the latter surrendered on February 15, 1471, on condition that he and his adherents should be pardoned and granted their liberty and estates. However, the King imprisoned him in the Castle of Hammes, in Normandy, where he remained for many years, till he managed to escape, and having accompanied the Earl of Richmond to England, was slain at the battle of Bosworth Field in 1485.

A bit of romance now comes into the history of the Mount; Lady Katharine Gordon, the beautiful wife of Perkin Warbeck, being left here by her husband in 1497, while he prosecuted his unsuccessful enterprise against Henry VII. When this had failed the King sent Lord Daubeney to bring her to London, and made her an allowance for the rest of her life.

In 1539, Sion was dissolved, with other monasteries in England, and its estates seized by the King, Henry VIII., who gave

the government and revenues of the Mount to Humphrey Arundell of Lanherne. Gratitude does not seem to have been one of Arundell's virtues, for when in 1549 a rebellion arose in Cornwall on the subject of the Reformation, Arundell put himself at the head of the insurgents. He succeeded in getting as far as Clifton Down, where he was defeated by Lord Russell, taken prisoner, and executed in London. During his absence some loyal Cornish gentlemen and their families established themselves for protection in the Mount, where, says Carew,— "The Rebels besieged them; first winning the plain at the hill's foot by assault when the water was out, and then the even ground on the top by carrying up great trusses of hay before them to blench the defendants' sight and dead their shot. After which the resistance was but slender; for as soon as any one within appeared he became an open mark for a whole shower of arrows. This disadvantage, the decrease of victuals, together with the dismay of the women, forced a surrender to those rake-hells' mercy; who, nothing guilty of that effeminate virtue, spoiled their goods, imprisoned their bodies, and were rather by God's gracious providence than by any want of will, purpose or attempt, restrained from murdering the principal persons."

After the suppression of this rebellion the Crown leased the place to several persons, who were known as Governors or Captains of the Mount, having charge of the garrison there. These were successively John Milton of Pengerswick, his son William, William Harris, and his son Arthur. The garrison in the time of the latter consisted of a hundred men. During his life Queen Elizabeth granted the reversion of the lease to two people called Bellot and Budden, who, on his death in 1628, sold it to Robert, Earl of Salisbury, for £3114 odd. His son and successor, William, sold it to Francis Basset of Tehidig in 1640, and it was fortified and garrisoned by him for King Charles I. in 1642.



THE CHEVY CHASE ROOM, ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

Charles II. is said to have stayed here on his way to Scilly and France, but though a small room in the Castle has been called King Charles's room as long as any one can remember, having, according to tradition, been occupied by him on this occasion, there is no evidence that he ever got farther to the west on the mainland than Falmouth. Sir Arthur Basset succeeded his brother, and by order of the King brought the Duke of Hamilton, who was a prisoner in Pendennis Castle of Falmouth, to the Mount, meaning to send him on to Scilly; but before he could do so the place was besieged by a force of Parliamentarians under Colonel Hammond, to whom it was surrendered on April 15, 1646, the Governor and garrison getting permission to retire to Scilly.

It turned out a valuable prize. Besides the Duke of Hamilton there was found in the Castle a good store of ammunition and provisions, including a hundred barrels of powder, five hundred muskets, one hundred pikes, thirty cannon, three "murdering pieces," and eighty tuns of wine. Major Ceely was appointed Governor by the Parliament.

In 1657, the last change of ownership in the history of the Mount took place, Sir Arthur Basset selling it to John St. Aubyn of Clowance, near Camborne, in Cornwall. It was one thing, though, to buy a place in those days; quite another thing to get possession of it. At all events, it appears that Mr. St. Aubyn found it necessary to present a petition to "His Highness the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland, etc.," setting forth that he was prevented from "enjoying his right and interest" in the Mount by a "small garrison of twelve men." On "Tuesday, 9th of March, 1657, at the Council of Whitehall," the petition was ordered to be "referred to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury" for consideration; but it was not till March 12, 1659, that an order signed "George



LOOKING WEST FROM THE PARAPET OF THE NORTH COURT, ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

Monck" (afterwards Duke of Albemarle) issued to Colonel Bennet to disband the men under his command, and to deliver up the house and stores and "provision of war," etc., to "Colonel John St. Aubyn." (He had been a colonel for the Parliament in the Civil Wars; his brother Thomas having served in a similar capacity on the Royalist side.) The original order of Monck, accompanied by a contemporary copy of the petition and order referring it for consideration, are now in the possession of Lord St. Levan.

This ends the military history of the Mount, which has not been garrisoned since the Restoration, though its guns have been fired at enemies' ships up to as late a date as the last French War.

Since that time the Mount has remained in the St. Aubyn family for eight generations. For the most part they only used to live there occasionally, continuing to make Clowance, where they had been established since 1380, their principal residence. However, the above-mentioned Colonel St. Aubyn preferred the Mount to Clowance, which he gave up to his son, Sir John St. Aubyn, who in his turn came to live here "for melancholy retirement," according to Hals. Tradition says he was caught by the tide when crossing the causeway and drowned; and the absence of any monument to him would seem to confirm this story. Although he repaired and altered some of the rooms, his grandson, Sir John St. Aubyn, found the house in very bad condition, the pier in ruins, and the village deserted — only one old woman living there. He restored, "almost rebuilt," the pier, by which means he induced people from Marazion to come and settle there, and start a fishery for pilchards, and a trade with Norway for timber for the neighbouring mines. He also repaired the Castle, and lived in it "with great repute." The two succeeding Sir John St. Aubyns frequently came here, and added to and altered the building and village at various times; and the present owner,



THE NEW BUILDINGS, ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

Lord St. Levan, has made very large additions to the Castle, where he lives most of the year.

The Mount was visited by the Queen in 1846, and by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1864.

It will be seen from the above account that the building on the summit of the Mount has seen many changes during its long and not uneventful existence—beginning as a church, and becoming, successively, first a convent, then a convent and fortress combined, then a fortress and church, and finally a country house and church. Let us pay it a visit, and see what traces of its history remain at the present time.

The first thing one notices on leaving the shore at Marazion, in a boat if the tide is high, or on foot if it is low enough for the causeway to be uncovered, is a large mass of greenstone, called the Chapel Rock, on which stood formerly a small shrine or oratory, where the pilgrims used to pray before crossing to the Mount. This is the only bit of greenstone in the neighbourhood, and in old days its presence here was accounted for by the following tradition :

In the days of the giants—who were numerous in Cornwall—one of them, who lived on the Mount, built himself a house of granite. He employed his wife to bring stones for him ; and one day she brought this bit of greenstone instead of granite, on which her husband gave her such a blow that she dropped it out of her apron, and there it has remained ever since.

Your boat will land you in the harbour—the same one constructed originally by William Morton, but changed and enlarged at various times, finally receiving its present shape early in the present century. Facing it is a village containing about eighty inhabitants. About a hundred years ago, in the prosperous times of mining and the pilchard fishery, this must have been a busy





A FAMILY PARTY HAULING THE SEINE

place, the harbour dues amounting to as much as £800 a year ; but times are changed, and now only a few small colliers call in, and the business of the pilchard seines has vanished.

Passing through the village, past the cemetery, with its lych-gate and luxurious shrubs, you find yourself on the green " plain at the hill's foot " described by Carew ; and after discovering that the octagonal granite building under the hill which you took to be a chapel, is a dairy you begin the ascent by a steep path, roughly paved, and with the remains of steps at places, till you come to a well, said to be the scene of the Giant Cormoran's defeat at the hands of our childhood's hero, Jack the Giant Killer. Passing a small grove of ilex and sycamore, dwarfed and twisted by the ceaseless tyranny of the west winds, you come to an old ravelin built across the road, with a kind of sentry box overhanging the cliff. It may have been part of very early fortifications, but has embrasures for cannons and loopholes for musketry, into one of which a tombstone has been built. A gateway, from which the gate has long disappeared, lets you through to the top of the western cliffs, where there are two batteries of old guns, placed here during the last century, and from which a fine view of Penzance and the western shore of Mount's Bay is obtained. A flight of granite steps leads up to the low oak door of Tudor date, but, constructed in a wall eight feet thick, which is possibly the oldest part of the building, may have been part of the Confessor's edifice. On the right of the steps are remains of the walls of the garrison's guard-room, on the left a small niche, the object of which is not apparent, and over the door the arms of Colonel St. Aubyn, who bought the Mount, impaled with those of his wife, who was a Godolphin.

On entering the building, a second door leads on to the North Court, bounded on the right by the Chapel, which is approached by a double flight of granite steps. The Chapel has

been altered and restored at various times; but the walls are very old, and may have formed part of William of Mortain's Chapel.

The large organ, which conceals a good rose window, was placed there by Sir John St. Aubyn towards the end of the XVIII century, and the stalls in the chancel are of the same date. Under one of the seats of these stalls a few steps lead down into a small vault, with a bricked-up window that originally opened on to the South Court. This was discovered in 1725, and in it was found the skeleton of a man seven feet high, together



LOOKING EAST FROM THE BATTERY

with a pitcher and platter. Nothing whatever is known about this skeleton, who the man was or how he came there. It was buried again in the North Court outside the Chapel, where it was found again about thirty years ago, and then finally interred in the cemetery at the foot of the Mount.

There are some curious alabaster carvings over the altar, including a head of St. John the Baptist. No one knows when the large silver candlesticks, of foreign manufacture, were brought here.

A narrow staircase leads to the top of the tower, whence a magnificent view is obtained on a fine day—the broken outline of the semicircle of granite hills which inclose Mount's Bay on the west, north and east, contrasting with the solemnly level horizon of the ocean, which stretches away on the south and west in an unbroken expanse to the distant shores of South America.

At the south-west corner of the tower are the remains of a stone lantern, which probably served as a beacon—perhaps the earliest specimen of a lighthouse in these seas. The outer part is broken away, and the remainder goes by the name of St. Michael's Chair, and is reputed to have the property of conferring the supremacy in domestic matters on the husband or wife who succeeds in sitting in it first. As it is not easy to get into it, still more difficult to get out of it, and when you are there your legs hang over the face of the tower wall at a giddy height, a lady who attempts the adventure is considerably handicapped.

There are some old fifteenth-century bells in the tower, but they are not hung, and one is cracked.

In the North Court, outside the Chapel, three objects will attract the visitor's attention: a lion of red syenite, a memento of the British occupation of Egypt; an old capital of Edwardian date on the top of the Chapel steps; and a fragment of a stone tombstone, supposed from the cross at the foot to have been that of one of the priors.

At the east end of the North Court is a building which was originally the nunnery, now occupied by two sitting-rooms. In

1720 it was in ruins. In the eastern end was the Chapel, and there was an upper story where the nuns slept. They had a separate entrance into the Chapel, by a door which is now walled up. Their abode was altered into its present form about 1725.

A stone terrace was built round this building by Sir John St. Aubyn in 1820, leading to the South Court.

From this you pass through a small Smoking-room, which contains three old pictures of the Mount, to the Dining-room, known as the "Chevy Chase Room"—a name derived from a plaster frieze of Elizabethan date running round it, depicting various forms of sport,



ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR

from rabbit shooting, or rather stalking, to ostrich spearing and bear hunting. This room was the refectory of the convent. At one end are the royal arms, with the dates 1644 and 1660 on them. The first has been supposed to refer to the visit of Charles II. on his way to Scilly. He stayed in a small room to the east of the Smoking-room, now demolished, though the adjoining room still

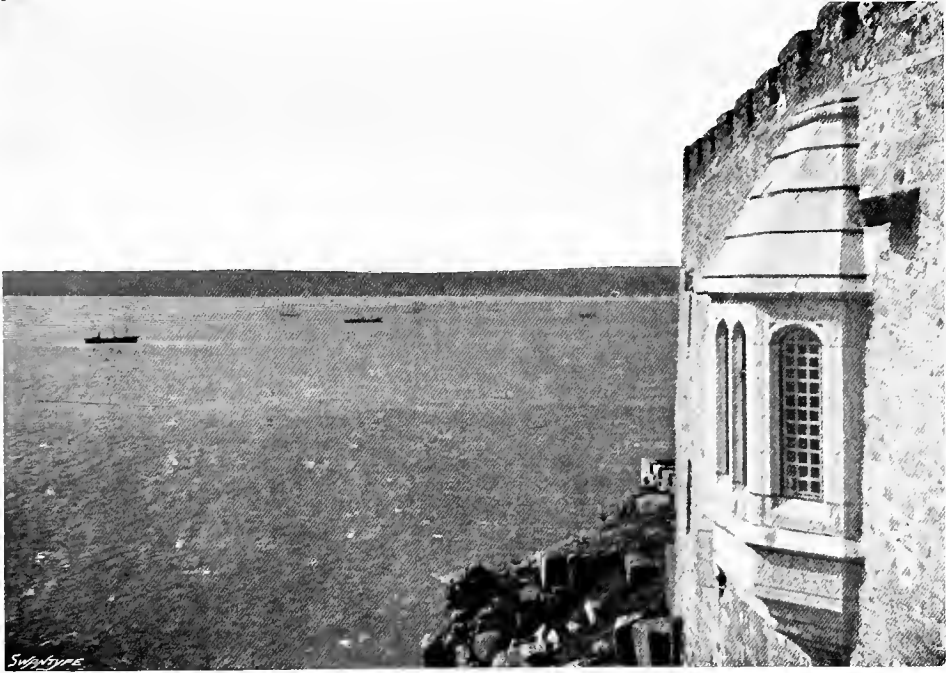
bears his name. The second refers to the Restoration. At the other end are the arms of the Colonel St. Aubyn who bought the Mount. The walls are covered with a few pieces of armour said to have belonged to the Cromwellian garrison, some old pistols and guns, and specimens of Egyptian, Soudanese, Burmese, and Chinese weapons brought to England by members of the St. Aubyn family.

The stained glass in the windows was brought here about 1750. The old rafters still remain, and there are some old chairs, including one of the three original Glastonbury chairs now existing, and some curious candlesticks.

From the "Chevy Chase" four steps lead to the Breakfast-room, once the Prior's lodging. It was formerly twice as high, and lighted by two Early English windows, but was afterwards divided into two rooms. West of this room are a Sitting-room in the south-west angle of the building, and a low hall, in which are kept an old breech-loading cannon of the fifteenth century — which was found in 1876 under the floor of one of the old rooms, with a human skeleton alongside of it — and cannon-balls and bullets of various sizes, which have been dug up on the Mount from time to time.

Over this was formerly a long room, which served as a dormitory for the monks. It was divided into bedrooms by Sir John St. Aubyn about 1680. A few rooms in the north-west angle and a room under the Dining-room completed the old part of the house, which it will be seen did not contain much accommodation.

In 1876, Lord St. Levan began to build extensive additions to the house, constructing kitchens, etc., under the North Court, and four stories of living-rooms and bedrooms under the South Court, which he considerably extended, besides a wing at the north-west corner. The architect, Mr. Piers St. Aubyn, had by



THE VIEW SEAWARD FROM ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

no means an easy task to carry out these additions in such an exposed situation and without detracting from the appearance of the old building. Some of the granite was found on the spot, notably the chimneypiece in the Drawing-room, which was quarried in the place where it now stands. Among the pictures in the Drawing-room and Billiard-room is one of a Miss Avice St. Aubyn, painted when she was 105 years old, and one of Dolly Pentreath, the last person who spoke the old Cornish language, who died in the XVIII century ; and there is a curious miniature of King Charles I. with a full beard, "Sat for by the King for Sir Bevil Grenville " being written on the back of it. The Billiard-room contains a collection of stuffed fish caught in the neighbourhood, including some rare specimens. Among the fish preserved here is a sun-fish, caught two years ago, which weighed 840 lbs.

A visit to the Mount is not complete without a walk round the foot of the hill, whence you get a good view of the Castle and of the cliffs and crags, and whence if there is a gale of wind you can get a remarkably good idea of the force of both wind and sea. On the south-east corner a stone platform marks the position of a gun which exploded while being fired at a French privateer which had chased some vessels into the bay. The grave of one of the gun's crew is in the cemetery. There is another two-gun battery at the south-west corner, and near it the site of the furnace in which it was the practice to red-heat the shot meant to be fired at hostile ships. Just below this is the bathing-place, only available for those who can swim, as it is a rock rising perpendicularly from five fathoms of water. On the south side of the hill is a small Garden, constructed in 1734, where aloes and myrtles flourish ; and in February the whole of the Mount is covered with wild narcissus.

One of the curiosities at the Mount is the livery worn by Lord St. Levan's six boatmen on great occasions. It dates from



a hundred and fifty years ago, and consists of a long red waterman's coat, with yellow facings, with a large brass badge on the left sleeve stamped with the St. Aubyn arms, a frilled shirt, white canvas sea petticoat, and a sort of hunting-cap made of leather with the family crest in brass on the front.

It will be gathered from the above description that life at St. Michael's Mount must be different in many respects from ordinary life in a country house. Carriages cannot get nearer than the opposite shore, and it is always necessary to walk up the hill to get to the castle, unless you wish to be carried in a chair kept for that purpose.

Altogether, it is a residence adapted for fine weather, and it is in summer that it should be visited ; unless, indeed, the visitor should be curious about the force of the wind and sea — a subject which he would have ample opportunities for learning about were he to pass a day here during a winter's gale.



Stowe





THE NORTH FRONT OF STOWE

## STOWE

BY JOHN ORLANDO HARTES

WITHIN three miles of the sleepy little town of Buckingham stands the historic palace of Stowe, once the stately home of the Dukes of Buckingham, for a few years the residence of the exiled Comte de Paris, and now the property of the last Duke's widowed daughter, Baroness Kinloss, who lives at Biddlesden, not far from the seat of her ancestors.

“*Sic transit gloria mundi.*” These are the words which naturally occur to one's mind whilst wandering in those beautiful gardens, dominated by the statue of their designer (Lord Cobham), or in the galleries of that stately palace — once the favoured resort of the most distinguished poets and literati of a bygone century. Here, with lavish hospitality, “brave Cobham entertained the witty Chesterfield, the harmonious Pope, the plaintive Hammond, the eloquent Lyttleton, the ingenious Pitt, and the acute West.”

Christian VII. of Denmark visited Stowe in 1760, and here in 1809 the Marquis of Buckingham received as honoured guests

Louis XVIII. and all the French royal family. This visit is commemorated by the trees planted around the Bourbon Tower. The King of Sweden, two Emperors of Russia, the King of Navarre, the Prince of Prussia, as well as many English royalties, have honoured Stowe with their presence. And here in 1845, with princely prodigality, the great Duke entertained the Queen.

Stowe *then* was the home of one of England's wealthiest Dukes, a great landowner giving employment to hundreds on his vast estates, and the head of the Conservative landed interest in Parliament;—Stowe *now* is shut up, its gardens desolate, its Park deserted, save during the Yeomanry Week, when the Prince of Wales held the annual May inspection amid the sylvan shades of the Park.

The earliest mention of Stowe (derived from a local word meaning rising ground or eminence) is found in the Domesday Book. It had been held in the reign of Edward the Confessor by one Turgisius, then by Robert D'Oyley and Roger Ivory, of the Bishop of Bayeux, at a rental of 60s. But in 1088, when the Bishop was dispossessed of his lands, it became D'Oyley's property. Founding a church in his castle at Oxford, he endowed it with Stowe, and, later, bestowed this domain on the canons of Oseney Abbey. At the dissolution of the monasteries it was granted by Henry VIII. to King, the first Bishop of Oxford (formerly Abbot of Oseney), and his successors in the see. The estate was purchased in 1560 by Peter Temple, who erected the original mansion. The Temples trace their descent from Leofric, Earl of Mercia, the husband of the Lady Godiva, renowned for her famous ride through Coventry town in 1040. Subsequently, a descendant, Sir Peter Temple, enclosed two hundred acres of ground for a park and stocked it with deer from Wicken in Northamptonshire.

Sir Richard Temple built the present house, and, on his death



THE AVENUE LEADING TO CORINTHIAN ARCH, STOWE

in 1697, was succeeded by his son, Sir Richard Temple, who, distinguishing himself in the wars under Marlborough, was rewarded, on George I.'s accession, with the title of Baron Cobham. Four years later he was raised to the viscountcy. He rebuilt the front of the house in the Grecian style, and added two wings, making the total length 916 feet. On his death, in 1749, Stowe passed by special remainder to his second sister, Hester, wife of Richard Grenville of Wotton, while the baronetcy of Temple went to a younger branch of the family.

The Grenvilles derive from Richard de Granville, Lord of Granville in Normandy, who became possessor of Wotton through his wife in 1097—the year of the First Crusade. From him Wotton has descended through four-and-twenty generations to the present Earl Temple of Stowe.

Hester, Lady Cobham, was subsequently created Countess Temple. Her eldest son, Richard, first Earl Temple, dying without issue, was succeeded by his nephew, George Grenville, twice viceroy of Ireland, who in 1784 was created Marquis of Buckingham. In 1822, his successor, having married the only daughter and heiress of James Brydges (the last Duke of Chandos), was made Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. This lady was the sole representative of Henry VIII.'s sister, Mary, Queen Dowager of France, who married, secondly, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and was the grandmother of the unfortunate ten days' Queen, Lady Jane Grey. The crown of England was settled by the "royal Bluebeard" on her sister and her descendants under certain contingencies which have never occurred.

It is a curious coincidence that the great house of Canons (near the village of Edgware) — the vast palace of "princely Chandos," the patron of Handel,—was sold and dismantled in 1748, just a hundred years before the sale of Stowe. The famous marble staircase formerly at Canons is now at Chesterfield House, Mayfair.





THE PALLADIAN BRIDGE, STOWE GARDENS

The second Duke, who as Marquis of Chandos had been the leader of the great Conservative landed interests in the House of Commons, succeeded to the vast estates in 1839. Some years later he had the honour of receiving the Queen at his princely mansion of Stowe. In those days the railroad had not yet reached Buckingham, and (according to the chronicles of the time) it was from Wolverton, eleven miles distant, that "the party set out under an escort of Yeomanry for Stowe, passing through triumphal arches of evergreens and crowds of rustic



THE CORINTHIAN ARCH  
(60 BY 80 FEET)

gazers, elated and loyal in their holiday best. Approaching Stowe, the scenery becomes more polished, with undulating ground, lawns, old trees, parks, deer, and the mansion in the vista seen through a handsome arch at the entrance to the grounds

and between two large porticoes that flank the carriage road. Within the arch were troops of horsemen, many of them tenants of the Duke, who joined the procession ; in the Park also were stationed labourers in waggons and on foot, some hundreds in number. A grand dinner followed, and at night the mansion was illuminated. The Prince Consort's shooting the next day was very successful. In the afternoon the whole party of guests, to the number of twenty, walked in the grounds, the weather being beautifully mild and clear. Friday was almost a repetition of Thursday, except that among the incidents was the planting of an oak and a cedar each by the Queen and her Consort, and that at night there was a reception, at which many of the

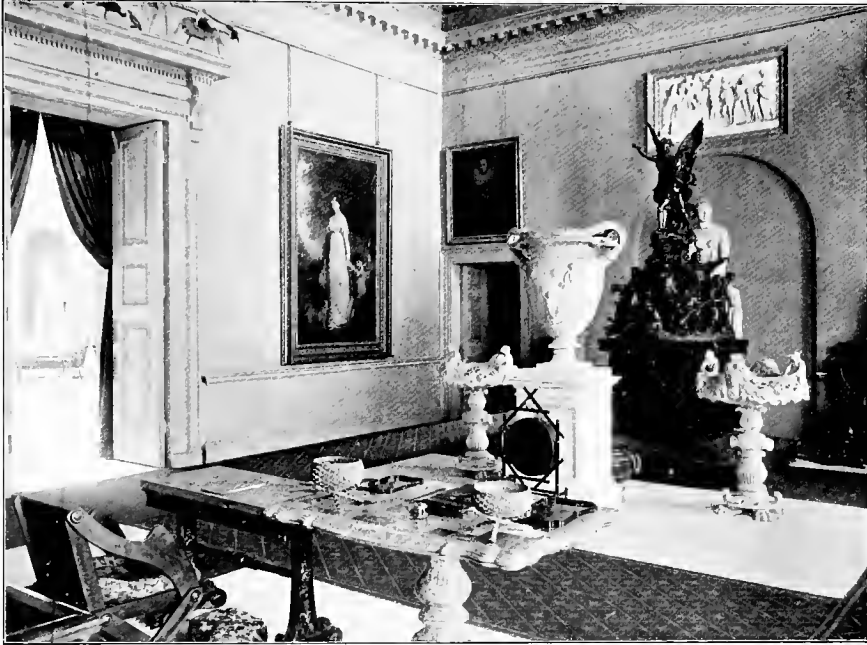


THE SOUTH FRONT OF STOWE

neighbouring gentry were presented." This royal visit is still the theme on which the aged lacemakers of Buckinghamshire villages wax eloquent as the bobbins fly under their nimble fingers. One ancient dame of seventy-seven informed the writer in the broadest dialect, which will not be given here, "how she minded the royal visit to Stowe; how an ox was roasted whole in the Market Square at Buckingham; how she never went to bed at all on the night of the illuminations; and how her Majesty on that bright January day was wearing a tight little bonnet, which made her look so young, more like a girl of sixteen. Also how she minded her Majesty when she walked in front of the house, dressed in a gown of damson-coloured silk with a white silk slip over, and the sun shone out, and the Queen looked beautiful."

But alas! we learn that "scarcely had this distinguished honour been conferred than it began to be rumoured that the Duke was a ruined man; that notwithstanding his great palaces, his sumptuous furniture, his gallery of pictures, and his unrivalled collection of china; notwithstanding his princely state within the county, his regiments of Yeomanry and Artillery; and notwithstanding that he had recently added estate after estate to his domains," the great Duke of Buckingham was utterly insolvent. These rumours proved too true; the ruin had been staved off by costly expedients, but the crash came at last.

"All the treasures that the prodigal expenditure of immense wealth had collected in the treasure-house at Stowe, all that had descended from numerous lines of ancestors, renowned for taste and opportunities, all passed away under the hammer. All the priceless heirlooms of an illustrious family were scattered over the world to be sold in shops, to glitter in the public rooms of hotels, or to decorate the mansions of self-made men. Estates larger than many a German principality, producing a revenue



A CORNER OF THE NORTH HALL, STOWE

larger than the revenues of many German principalities added together, passed into the hands of men whose wealth was but of yesterday.

“The palace at Stowe, denuded of the furniture, pictures, and ornaments which had made it the pride of the midland counties, stood empty and desolate; its porticoes and colonnades soiled with dirt and decayed leaves; its temples moss-grown; its fish-ponds choking up; the lawns unshorn; its walks unkept.”\*

When the late Duke succeeded to the estates, he endeavoured to restore Stowe to some of its former splendour, and with the help of his nephew (the present Earl Temple) bought back and reinstated many of the dispersed heirlooms. By devoting his life to this object, and by a steady fulfilment of the duties of the high offices to which he was successively appointed, the last Duke of Buckingham and Chandos earned the admiration of all and the gratitude of many.

By his first wife he left three daughters, of whom the eldest, Lady Mary Morgan Grenville, succeeded to Stowe and the title of Baroness Kinloss, while the Earldom of Temple passed to his nephew, Mr. W. Stephen Gore Langton. The dukedom became extinct. After the Duke's death his widowed Duchess and second wife (Countess Temple's sister) made a voyage round the world, and was well known to Americans during the Columbus Fêtes at Chicago.

An account of the beauties of Stowe would fill volumes, but here only the salient features can be described. A perfectly straight avenue—two miles in length—leads from Buckingham to the principal entrance, the Corinthian Arch, sixty feet high. From this arch is obtained a magnificent view of the south front of the house (a mile farther on), and of the Park, with its

\* See Note, page 348.



THE STATE DINING-ROOM, STOWE, SHOWING TAPESTRIES

stretches of green land, its gentle undulations, and its masses of trees. Here and there giant beeches (from which Bucks, as some say, derives its name) stand alone like forest kings. A winding drive leads eastward from the Arch, eventually joining an avenue four miles in length.

The Gardens — four hundred acres in extent — even in their neglected state are a marvel. Stowe Gardens from a distance look



THE GRENVILLE COLUMN

like “a vast grove adorned with obelisks, temples, and towers.” Kent, “the father of modern gardening,” was responsible for the earliest efforts of Lord Cobham, who discovered “Capability” Brown, that king of landscape gardeners. From a humble post at Stowe, Brown rose until he was head gardener at Windsor, and had discovered the “capabilities” of many of the old historic places. It was he who first planned the sunk fence which encloses Stowe Gardens,

yet does not mar the view. Walpole conjectured it was from the surprise expressed by common people at this unexpected barrier that it derived its name of “ha-ha!”

The path westward from the Ionic pavilions, which form the Bell Gate entrance, leads to the Hermitage, the Temple of Venus, the Queen’s Statue, and the Boycott Pavilions. These pavilions are on a height overlooking the Oxford Bridge, whence the road leads to the Oxford Lodge, designed by Vanbrugh, the architect of Blenheim Palace, the home of Consuelo,





THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM, STOWE

Duchess of Marlborough. On the east is a Doric arch leading to the "Elysian Fields," where, in quiet, sequestered grove and by the placid waters of the stream, rise "storied urn and animated bust" in honour of the illustrious dead. This Doric arch was built in honour of Princess Amelia, who visited Stowe in 1770. Walpole formed one of the party invited to meet the royal guest.



OXFORD LODGE

In a letter to George Montague, written on his return to Strawberry Hill, Walpole says: "Every acre brings to one's mind some instance of the parts or pedantry, of the taste or want of taste, of the ambition or love of fame or greatness, or miscar-

riages of those that have inhabited, decorated, planned, and visited this place. Pope, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Kent, Gibbs, Lord Cobham, Lord Chesterfield, the mob of nephews, the Lyttletons, Grenvilles, Wests, Leonidas Glover, the late Prince of Wales, the King of Denmark, Princess Amelia, and the proud monuments of Lord Chatham's services, now enshrined there, then anathematised there, now again commanding there, with the Temple of Friendship, like the Temple of Janus, sometimes open to war and sometimes shut up in factious cabals — all these images crowd upon one's memory and add visionary personages to the charming scenes that are so enriched with fanes and temples that the real prospects are little less than visions themselves. . . . Stowe recalls the idolatrous and luxurious vales of Daphne and Tempe."

A little north of the house stands the "Temple of Concord



THE LIBRARY AT STOWE

and Victory," built in 1762 to celebrate the conclusion of the war, and designed by Kent and Barri after the celebrated "Maison Carrée" at Nismes. Close by is the Queen's Building, and farther on the Temples of Friendship, British Worthies, etc. But one of the most fascinating buildings is the Gothic Temple, which Walpole said he "heretically adored. By some unusual

inspiration Gibbs had made it pure and venerable; the style had a propensity to the Venetian or Mosque-Gothic, and the great column near (Lord Cobham's Pillar) put one in mind of the Place of St. Mark." It



"TEMPLE OF CONCORD AND VICTORY," STOWE. CEDARS PLANTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT IN 1848

is a triangular yellowish-red building, picturesquely situated on a height overlooking the lake and the Palladian Bridge. It is surrounded by fine cedars, and from the highest tower (70 feet) can be seen views of three counties. The principal room is circular, and the dome is ornamented with the armorial bearings of the Temple family from the Saxon Earls of Leicester down to Hester, Countess Temple.

Stowe House is entered by the North Hall, where we see the famous Reynolds on our right; then open doors lead us to the Marble Saloon, considered one of the finest specimens of such architecture in England: in shape oval, and sixty feet high, with a richly decorated dome, supported by sixteen scagliola columns, and, above the cornice of bacchantes and satyrs, a magnificent



THE MARBLE SALOON, STOWE

piece of alto-relievo, representing a Roman triumph and sacrifice, and containing three hundred figures four feet high.

Through the beautiful Drawing-room, with its white marble mantelpiece, porphyry pilasters, and painted ceiling, we pass to the State Dining-room, 72 feet in length, and hung with priceless tapestry.

Corresponding with it in size, we find the Library on the other side of the Marble Saloon. It is a beautiful gallery, and was a favourite sitting-room of the Comte de Paris's daughter, the Princess Hélène, now Duchess d'Aosta. It was in this long gallery, overlooking the lake, that, eighty-nine years ago, took place a scene (often described by the second Duke of Buckingham) between Louis Philippe, "the King of the Barricades," and Louis XVIII. "One day, while the royal family were seated together in the library, the conversation turned on events then enacting on the other side of the Channel, upon which Louis Philippe, recollecting his own position with the revolutionists, threw himself on his knees and begged pardon of his royal uncle for having ever worn the tricoloured cockade."

The famous library of Thomas Grenville had been intended for this room as a gift to the Duke. But the testator changed his mind — possibly he feared his relative's impending ruin, and within a few months of his death (at the advanced age of 91, in 1846) he, by a codicil to his will, bequeathed his entire library — then valued at £50,000 — to the nation. This was the most munificent gift — with the exception of George IV.'s — ever made to the British Museum.

The Chapel, with cedar wainscotting and some fine pieces of Grinling Gibbons's carving, the Music-room, copied from the Loggia of Raphael at Rome, the State Bedroom and Dressing-room, are also well worth a visit. Part of the cedar wainscotting in the Chapel came from a Spanish prize and was presented by



THE GOTHIC TEMPLE, STOWE PARK

the Earl of Bath to the Cornish Grenvilles to fit up a Chapel on their property. Sir Bevil Grenville, killed at Lansdowne in the Civil Wars, belonged to this branch of the Grenville family. When Stowe in Cornwall was pulled down, Lord Cobham purchased this cedar wainscotting for the Chapel he was building in his palace. The ceiling is copied from the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The colours of the First Provisional Battalion of Militia (which, under the command of the first Duke of Buckingham, volunteered for service with Wellington), placed in this Chapel, were not sold in 1848.

Since the tenancy of the Comtesse de Paris expired, Stowe has been shut up, tenantless and deserted. But, in spite of desolation, the shadow of past grandeur lingers yet, and in all seasons the Park and gardens are beautiful. Especially beautiful are they in spring, when the woods are carpeted with violets and primroses, with the delicate fronds of fern and wild flowers innumerable; but still more beautiful are they in autumn, when the great beeches glow in wealth of October colouring, and the breast-high bracken shines as burnished gold against the gnarled trunks and the tangle of bramble and hawthorn.

#### NOTES

Since this article was written Lady Kinloss, with her children, has taken up her residence in one wing of her beautiful inheritance.

It is just about fifty years since the sale at Stowe, which lasted from August 14th until October, 1848. The mere catalogue of its priceless treasures fills a substantial volume. The Duke of Buckingham's collection of Majolica or Raffaele ware, silver plate, valuable china, curios, and beautiful furniture was famous. But the prices obtained then were quite insignificant compared with what such works of art would realise now. For instance, contrast the many thousand guineas paid for an historic escritoire at a famous sale of more recent years with the mere 235 guineas given, after a spirited bidding, for a beautiful marqueterie cabinet purchased for Baron Meyer Rothschild. On the centre door



panel an exquisite relief in silver-gilt of Bacchus and Ariadne was surmounted by figures of Cupids, whose bodies were each composed of a *lusus naturæ* of pearl.

The unequalled Majolica ware belonging to the Duchess's Drawing-room — until the Queen's visit the State Bedroom — sold for £516, a Dresden tea service for £32, a complete Derby dessert service for £6. 5, whilst a magnificent specimen of Majolica ware, a cistern adorned with festoons and lions' heads, which had been for years in the Grenville family, passed to the Deepdene Collection.

At the time of the Queen's visit, the State Gallery or Dining-room was decorated by five very fine specimens of tapestry representing, respectively, the triumphs of Diana, Mars, Venus, Bacchus, and Ceres. The State Dressing-room was hung with Brussels tapestry presented by subscription to Lord Cobham and other officers who distinguished themselves under Marlborough, the subjects being the Siege of Lille and the Battle of Wynendad Wood. At that time (1845) there stood in a niche in the Music-room an antique white marble statue of Venus rising from the sea, which had been found in excavating the Baths of Agrippa at Rome and brought to England by the Marquis of Chandos. This statue, commonly known as "The Marine Venus," was greatly admired by the Queen when she visited Stowe. With great regret her Majesty heard of the compulsory sale, and at once commissioned Mr. Grüner to buy this truly beautiful work of art, which was presented to Prince Albert as a birthday gift. Another treasure in this room was an antique white marble chimæra with an ancient testudo or lyre supported on the wings of a dove, found in a tomb close to the Villa Adrian.

In the adjoining Library, besides the valuable collection of books, were two immense globes by Dudley Adam, and a magnificent chronometer surmounted by an orrery. This was a wonderful piece of mechanism and accurately portrayed the movements of the planets, etc. Only three specimens of this delicate clockwork were then in existence — one in the Tuileries, another formerly at Carlton House, and this one, purchased by the Duke for 300 guineas and sold for 63 guineas.

In the State Drawing-room, where the curtains and covers were of richest velvet from the Doge's Palace at Venice, were some remarkably fine ormolu candelabra (said to have been presented to Madame de Pompadour by Louis XV.), which were sold for 35 guineas. Here also was the famous ottoman made from the cover of Tippoo Sahib's State Palanquin or elephant howdah, worked in gold and silver thread with spangles, and adorned with Tippoo's emblem — the tiger stripes. On this divan were placed the sword and dagger, richly encrusted with jewels, which had belonged to Hyder Ali and were found in the palace at Seringapatam. These trophies had been presented to the Duke by the Marquis

(afterwards Duke) of Wellington, and at the sale were bought for the donor at 24 guineas. The great Duke visited Stowe in 1829.

Until the Queen's visit the State Bedroom—especially prepared for the royal guests—had been known as the Rembrandt Room, on account of the many pictures by that master which it contained. Among them we may name the famous picture of "The Unmerciful Servant," which realised £2300, the highest price of any in the collection, and "The Burgomaster," £850, while "Judas Casting Down the Thirty Pieces of Silver" fetched 65 guineas. The centre of the painted ceiling by Valdre represents Venus at her toilet. The curtains and covers of the chairs and sofas were worked in silver on a ground of yellow China silk. The mirror between the windows was enclosed by a magnificent carved and gilt frame (another treasure from the Doge's Palace), and the clock of marqueterie, with ornaments of ormolu and ten feet in height, had once been royal property at Versailles. At the sale, the State Bedstead, beautifully carved and gilt, with all its rich hangings and embroidered coverlet, fetched only 86 guineas, though altogether it must have cost at least ten times that sum.

In the North or Entrance Hall, in the second Duke's time, hung the presentation portrait of James II., given by his Majesty to Sir Richard Temple, a portrait of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, by Sir Peter Lely, and a Velasquez, representing the Ambassador from Spain to James I.

It is interesting to compare the value of pictures in those days with the amount given in modern times for a Millais or a Leighton. The four full-length portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds realised only 690 guineas. The amount paid for each was as follows: The portrait of Maria, Marchioness of Buckingham, with her son, the first Duke, 130 guineas; the Right Honourable C. Grenville in robes of state, 160 guineas; the Marquis of Granby, 200 guineas; and George, Marquis of Buckinghamshire, holding his son, Earl Temple, whom the Marchioness is about to draw, 200 guineas.

The highest prices (with the exception of the Rembrandt) were realised by Salvator Rosa's "Finding of Moses" (£1050) and Cuyp's "Philip Baptising the Eunuch" (£1543), whilst "James, Duke of Monmouth," by Kneller, sold for 11 guineas, Holbein's "Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk," for £50, and the presentation portrait of "Christian VII. of Denmark," by Angelica Kaufmann, for 7 guineas. Vandyck's full-length "Countess of Dorset" fetched only 19 guineas.

Among the historical curios figured the "Lock of Queen Mary's Hair" (wife of Louis XII. and sister of Henry VIII.), the sash of the Young Pretender taken at Culloden, an inkstand of Sicilian jasper which had belonged to Sixtus V., and the famous miniature of Charles II. given by the Merry Monarch to Lord Beauchamp.

A magnificent octangular hall lantern with an ormolu frame and glass richly painted with coats of arms, showing the Grenville-Chandos descent from Henry VII. and Catherine of Valois, wife of Henry V., which had cost £400, was

bought by Mr. Richards for Mr. Churchill's hotel at Tunbridge for a mere song—31 guineas. The name of the actual purchaser occasioned considerable surprise. A few had bid against Mr. Richards, thinking that, as a tenant of the Boycott Pavilion in Stowe Park, he was buying in for the family this lantern, which had so special an interest for them. It was among the things subsequently repurchased, and now hangs on the grand staircase at Chandos House.

Among the antiquities collected by the Duke (then Marquis of Chandos) during his residence in Italy were the terra-cotta figure of Apollo sitting (which he himself saw dug out of the ruins at Pompeii in 1807) and a square table on a lyre-shaped stand composed of antique slabs, procured with great difficulty by the Marquis from the Baths of Tivoli, as well as many very beautiful examples of Benvenuto Cellini's work and cinque-cento jewels, etc. In the story of this sad ruin which overtook "proud Buckingham," there is one bright and pleasant event which must not be passed over.

The Duke had always been regarded as the farmer's friend and the defender of agricultural interests in Parliament. To mark their appreciation of his efforts on their behalf, the agriculturists of Buckinghamshire had presented the Duke with a magnificent testimonial of silver plate—a massive centrepiece comprising three figures with branches for thirteen lights, surrounded by six figures of cattle and horses, the whole weighing 2200 ounces and valued at £772. This had been included in the catalogue. On the nineteenth day of the sale an announcement was made which was received with cheers. This valuable testimonial had been purchased by subscription among the county agriculturists and presented to the family.

But on the twentieth day no such happy announcement was made regarding the other triumph of the silversmith's art,— "The Death of Sir Bevil Grenville at the Battle of Lansdowne Hill, near Bath, in 1643,"—a beautiful centrepiece weighing nearly 1600 ounces, and valued at a little over ten shillings the ounce—£828:18.

Of the bronzes, after a spirited bidding, the celebrated copy of the Laocoön, original size, was bought by the Duke of Hamilton for £567.

In the old State Dressing-room had stood in former days a beautiful Japan chest inlaid with mother-of-pearl, part of the spoils of Vigo brought home by Lord Cobham after storming that city in 1719. This went to Holland House for 18 guineas.

An ancient marble sarcophagus (found on the road to Tivoli by the Duke's grandfather), three feet long and twenty inches high, surmounted by a sort of mattress on which reclined a boy in the coils of a snake, was bought for 31 guineas by Mr. Norton, who was offered three times that amount for it soon afterwards. The model in mother-of-pearl of the famous porcelain pagoda at Nankin realised £4.7, while the beautiful table of Florentine mosaic, white

marble, and alabaster, inlaid with designs of birds and flowers, changed hands at 45 guineas.

Only two tables similar to this had ever been made—one at Warwick Castle, the other at Charlecote.

An entire geological and mineralogical collection, which had cost the Duke £4000, was bought by the Jardin des Plantes for about a twelfth of that sum. The Duke's collection of engravings and prints was sold separately in London, and in the thirty-days' sale at Phillips's 55,000 realised £6700.

The famous Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, supposed to have been painted by the poet's contemporary, Burbage, the actor, was bought by the Earl of Ellesmere for £375, and is now to be seen in the Bridgewater House Collection.

When Buckingham kept open house—then were the days of the great landed proprietors—there were no great millionaires in such profusion as now, and money had more purchasing power.

We have seen how portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Lely, now almost priceless, then sold for a mere hundred or two hundred guineas. But if the value of works of art was lower, that of land was far higher. Many farms then changed hands for four times their present worth. One can best judge of the difference in the value of money and of works of art by remembering that the entire proceeds of the forty-five-days' sale at Stowe only exceeded by £5562 the price (£70,000) paid for Raphael's "Madonna degli Ansidei," purchased from the Blenheim Palace Collection in 1885 for the National Gallery.

[Certain of the photographs illustrating this article are by Mr. L. Varney, Photographer, Buckingham.]







