GARDENS OLD AND NEW
GARDENS
OLD & NEW

THE COUNTRY HOUSE & ITS GARDEN

ENVIRONMENT
A STONE URN ON THE ORANGERY TERRACE AT MARGAM PARK.
GARDENS OLD & NEW
THE COUNTRY HOUSE & ITS GARDEN ENVIRONMENT
THE SECOND VOLUME

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The gardens illustrated in the following pages are the types and exemplars of every class of English gardenage, though it may be observed that the formal character is chiefly exemplified in them, because, indeed, in various developments it largely prevails. They disclose a view of much that the greatest workers in our garden development have accomplished—most of them inspired to their task by traditional methods and the inherited love for the things that are old, a few influenced by later views, which greatly affected the character of garden plan and design, all gloriyng in the supreme beauty of the multitudes of flowers now in cultivation, and some kindled to their achievement by the enthusiasm of individual taste. In these days the love of gardening and interest in its history and character grow from more to more, and we cannot live anywhere without finding intelligent understanding and appreciation of the many various forms of garden beauty. The great gardens of England are taken as patterns in other lands, and among ourselves are regarded as sources of inspiration in any garden plan. Not every man can have a pleasuance to his mind, but there are few who, in the glorious examples of our gardenage, cannot find some feature or suggestion for their need. The conflict of ideas which has arisen in regard to the higher character of garden design, giving rise to a considerable volume of polemical literature, is itself an encouraging sign, because it shows how real is the interest felt in the garden and how zealous the quest for knowledge of its right character and its many beauties.

The controversy is not new, for did not Martial, in the garden of Lucullus, express his preference for the untamed beauties of Nature over the results of the custom which then prevailed of placing tonsil box trees amid the groves of myrtles and planes? The more modern controversy shows how far we are from the days in which to most people the garden was merely a place wherein flowers and bushes indiscriminately grew. There has sprung up a craving for order and plan, and a demand that the garden shall stand in much closer relation to the house it adorns than was at one time thought
essential, with a truer understanding of the manner in which flowers shall be cultivated, holding their large place in the garden design.

The older dweller in these islands, like the modern, loved his garden well. It was a place for quiet and retirement, and for the welcoming of friends and their diversion, a place beloved for its shady alleys in the hot days of summer, for the delectable freshness of the evening air on the terrace, and for the pleasure of the green lawns where the Englishman sped his well-turned bowls. In the pages of Shakespeare several garden scenes occur. There is that in "Richard II.," in which the ladies would dance, or tell tales, or sing, and where the bowls were sped, reminding the Queen how often F rune "runs 'gainst the bias." It was an ordered realm, extolled by "old Adam's likeness," the gardener, in contrast with the larger disordered commonwealth. In such pleasures men lived much, and it is delightful to find them, sometimes, like Lindsay of Edzell in his viridarium, even transacting affairs of weight there. The garden is, indeed, a place where, in gay delight or pensive meditation, the days may well pass profitably if unnumbered.

In the Introduction to the first series of "Gardens Old and New," some account was given of the successive phases of the gardener's art, and, after a more brief view of that interesting subject, it may be suitable here to develop a little more fully certain special characteristics therein dealt with, and to speak of some special garden features described in writings of the past and exemplified in gardens of the present. It was suggested that while some look upon the garden as an extension of the house into its surroundings, others have regarded it as an approach of wild Nature to the dwelling-places. What may certainly be said is that neither house nor garden can be complete in itself, each being the complement of the other. A certain formality of character is doubtless engendered from this relationship, and history shows that some constancy of features in this formality has existed in widely different ages. The Tuscan gardens of Pliny the Younger were instanced, indeed, as presenting a remarkable similarity to the old Scottish gardens which Sir Walter Scott described at Tully Voolan.

But there is another ruling condition which affects the character of any garden—the situation in which it lies, for manifestly what is suitable to the steep hillsides cannot altogether befit the plain. There is, moreover, always a seeking for some distinctive character or feature in any garden, and, if it be found in the strictly formal, it may be discovered also in those adornments which were added to the natural gardens of a hundred years ago. The truth is that no class of gardening can remain under the ban. Each is good in itself, and each may in some degree borrow from the other. While we welcome the beautiful effects that are attained by aiming at natural character, let us not deride the fine tall yew and hornbeam hedges or the mossy terraces upon the steep, and let us remember that essentially it is no worse to clip a tree than to mow a lawn—that, as was said in the last series, the difference is in degree and not in kind—that all gardening is in a measure formal, and that only extravagance is to be condemned. At such extravagance Pope raised many a laugh, and Rousseau did many times sneer. There were gardens like the famous one at Moor Park, near Farnham, in which the old formality existed without extravagance. The preacher of such places still survive here and there, and the "cradle walk"—Queen Mary's Bower—at Hampton Court, and the examples at Drayton House, Northamptonshire, and at Melbourne in Derbyshire, are illustrations of what the older Englishmen loved. How they introduced quaint topiary features may be seen in many famous gardens, while fine hedges exist all through England. The pergola, also, though not essentially related to formal gardens, had often its place in them, and many beautiful examples of such garden features are illustrated in this work. The moral sundial, again, belongs to the old formal garden, though it has been borrowed and used well in pleasantries of every kind. There are excellent examples in old Scottish gardens,
INTRODUCTION.

and very many in England also, and here and there, as at Broughton Castle, Banbury, pretty devices and quaint conceits like that recorded by Andrew Marvell, the dial made out of herbs and flowers.

The old enclosed garden ceased to give content in times when men had learned to look more abroad, and, under the influence of Italy and France, a larger style came in. The great master was Le Nôtre, creator of the famous gardens at Versailles, Chantilly, Saint Cloud, and Wanden. William III. was chiefly instrumental in popularising the style of Le Nôtre in England in his great example of the radiating avenues at Hampton Court. But obviously such a character can only be given to gardens upon a great scale, and there are illustrations at Melbourne, Castle Howard, and some of our greater seats of fine work in this grand manner. The stately avenue was often associated, as at Hampton Court, with the still canal, and to the same period belong some other charming features—the leaden statues and the gates and chaissevoises of hammered iron. Peculiarly pleasant in a garden is the hue assumed by old lead, and fine examples of statuary in this material exist still in many places. Lovely iron gates are found at many great seats, and notably, perhaps, at Drayton House, Compton Beauchamp, Ragley, Stoneleigh, and Belton. To such special garden features, however, we shall return later on.

There was a rapid reaction from the grandestyle, and Pope and his friends liked better the simpler work of Nature’s hand, although the poet had himself a garden full of artificiality. The discovery of the “ha-ha” or sunk fence seemed to Horace Walpole a capital stroke. Kent was the genius who produced and utilised the device. “He leaped to the fence and saw that all Nature was a garden.” Working, we are told, like a painter in the materials of light and shade, he accomplished triumphs which lifted him immediately to a great position as a garden designer, and “Capability” Brown followed in his footsteps. Kent became famous from his work at Esher and Claremont, at Rousham and Chiswick; while Brown achieved his greatest fame at Blenheim, and raised a crowd of followers, who worked with weaker hands in his manner, and destroyed many things which it would have been well to preserve.

The special style of landscape gardening which Kent had made popular was developed chiefly in England, but it took great root on the Continent, where pleasure grounds in this manner became known as English gardens. A Bourbon spy in Paris, in the year 1803, recounted to his master in exile the details of Bonaparte’s famous tour after the outbreak of war, in which he visited Normandy. Entering the district of Caux, the celebrated Chaptal directed his attention to the smiling country thereabout, the richness of the soil, the fine houses, and the “English gardens,” which Nature herself had everywhere created. “What do you mean by ‘English gardens’?” brusquely demanded the First Consul. “Do you not know that this style came to us from China, and was perfected in France, and that only a bad Frenchman could honour England as you do?” Bonaparte went on to declare that “Jardins Français” was the right designation for such places, and told Chaptal that the expression “English garden” should never again offend his ears. Whereupon, says the gossip, the poor Minister, disconcerted, saw that he had spoken foolishly, and promised in the future to think nothing fine that came from England, and, above all, never to attribute to that island what the First Consul approved.

Nevertheless, the landscape garden was really an English creation, and as such has a claim to our regard. There had been presages of its coming among us, and it may be suitable to quote what Milton says of the Garden of Eden in the fourth book of “Paradise Lost,” where Satan reaches the border:

> Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
> Now nearer, cross as with her inclosure green,
> As with a rural mound, the rampart head
> Of steep wilderness, whose airy sides
> With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
> Access denied; and over head up-grew
> Incorruptible height of loftiest shade,
> Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
> A lofty scene; and, as the ranks ascend
> Shade above shade, a woody theatre
> Of stately view. Yet higher than their tops
> The verd’rous wall of Paradise up-sprung.

THE GARDEN OF BOX AT BALCARRES.
THE WESTERN LAWN AT GROOMBRIDGE, KENT.
THE TERRACE ASCENTS AT GROOMBRIDGE.
the tall spires of foxgloves and larkspurs, and a multitude of fair denizens of the parterre. Richness characterises the whole, and the sentinel yews, the hedges, and box edgings are there to give order and distinction with the right degree of formality that belongs to the structure that is adorned. The moral sundial, the splashing fountain, the sheltered arbour, and the fragrant pergola, all have their places in such a garden. Nor need the landscape and the woodland with the lake be contemned. These lie outside the enclosed gardens, and all are beautiful and entrancing in their degree and place. The final fact is simple, after all, and the gardener must make it his own. It is that the house and the garden are the two parts of a single whole, and happy is he who can best interpret their sweet relationship."

With such a broad mind let the reader examine the beautiful pictures that are presented to him in this volume. They are the story of much excellent endeavour in garden design, and the visible presentation of many triumphs. We believe that a survey of their character will lead many to accept the type of garden that has just been suggested. Many

The landscape garden did not altogether satisfy, and, as we shall show by its very nature in its extreme form, never could. The effort to simulate natural beauties, to make

of its charms must indeed be sought in a pleasance that is ordered and possessed with some character of formality. To such a garden belongs the terrace, which, in a multitude of forms, has been adopted in all our gardens, and has been imported into every style; for it has been the effort of many to secure some variety of level, and at each break in the ground it has been found satisfying to the eye to raise some stronger mark or barrier than the mere edge of a short declivity. The garden architect and sculptor have here found their opportunity, and there are examples of their work in this volume that will appeal to very many.

Let us now enlarge a little more in detail into the character of those old pleasances of which we read in many books, promising that those who would pursue the subject further may do so with delight in the fascinating pages of Mr. A. F. Sieveking's charming volume, "The Praise of Gardens." Reference has been made to the Tuscan villa of Pliny. Now, there was in that ancient pleasance a terrace embellished with figures and with a box hedge, beyond which

the garden a landscape chiefly, often featureless, and to remove visible boundaries when boundaries were necessarily looked for, seems to have been regarded as the ideal by some of the followers of Brown, and notably by Repton. But there followed a certain recoil from the new manner, which, growing stronger, induced Englishmen again to study more closely the older manner of garden design, while retaining all that they could of the beauties of the new. It may be suitable here to quote what was said in the Introduction to the first series of this work by pointing out some of the characteristic beauties of the garden as it is now conceived. "Fortunate is he who looks out from his terrace with its mossy parapet, where the peacock, perchance, shakes out its purpie glories to such a world of his own. Roses are clustering on the wall, or flinging out their fragrance below in the sun, mingled with the rare perfume of the aromatic azalea. Along the edge of the lawn his flower border is glorious with the queenly lily, the dark blue monk's-hood, the tall hollyhock, the spiked veronica, the red lychnis, radiant phloxes, proud passions,
THE POND GARDEN, HAMPTON COURT.
THE GEOMETRICAL GARDEN, STOKE EDITH PARK.

THE EASTERN END OF THE SOUTH TERRACE, STOKE EDITH PARK.
THE SECOND TERRACE, LINTON PARK.
was a descent to a lawn surrounded by a walk of cut evergreens. Beyond the lawn was a circus, such as has since existed in many gardens, and it was fenced in by a box-covered wall. It was observable, as the younger Pliny wrote to Apollinaris, that up to this point Art had done everything, but that beyond were meadows and fields interspersed with thickets owing many beauties to Nature. Pliny had also a dining-room opening upon one end of a terrace, and looking out over the country, and there were other features which were precursors of that English garden which possessed the character that has been alluded to. It was a garden generally upon the plan of a parallelogram, often having several rectangular enclosures. Nine large complete squares or "knots" were in the famous gardens at Theobalds. Gervase Markham, who added much to the well-known "Maison Rustique" (1616), gave many shapes for gardens; they might be square, round, oval, or diamond-shaped, and he recommended it as desirable.

Fine banqueting-house in the garden of his mind. Four such houses were in the Countess of Bedford's garden at Moor Park in Hertfordshire, two being at each end of the terrace walk, and two at the terminations of the arcades which ran out from the house to enclose a quadrangular space. Such enclosed gardens and garden-houses indicate that great use was made of the pleasure, and that men lived much therein. In the time of Louis XIV. the fashion spread greatly, and the French carried their houses, as it were, into their gardens, by building dining and drawing rooms in the open air, with salons, cabinets de verdure, and theatres amid the groves, where the masques of Molière were many times enacted. It is obvious that in these garden structures the architect had rare opportunities, and perhaps no more choice examples of such work can be found in England than in the charming creations of Montacute.

Bacon, having in view his terraces and houses, said of the garden that it was "best to be square," and the famous John Thorpe made one design with the note that nothing should be "out of square." John Parkinson, who produced his "Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris" in 1629, remarked that, though the orbicular or round form had excellencies, he thought the four-square form the most usually accepted with all, since it did best agree with any man's dwelling. "To form it therefore with walks, cross the middle both ways, and round about it also with hedges, with squares, knots and trails, or any other work within the four-square parts, is according as every man's conceit alloweth of it." The Pond Garden, still existing at Hampton Court, which is illustrated, has been much altered, but has its original rectangular enclosure formed by low brick walls, in the corners of which are the bases of stone piers, which once supported heraldic beasts, carrying the King's Arms. Perhaps this was the parterre called Paradise, with its banqueting-house, which attracted the notice.

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THE SOUTH WALK, HIGHNAM.
THE VYNE—OAK AND DOVECOTE.
of John Evelyn. Thus is one garden of the time described:

"My garden sweet, enclosed with walles strong
Embarked with benches to sytt and take my rest.
The knives so cunckled it cannot be exprest
With arbours and alises so pleasant and so dale."

The great garden of the Countess of Bedford, which Sir William Temple described so well, was one of the best examples of the rectangular garden. Such square parterres were often duplicated and multiplied. They displayed the old spirit of enclosure, and gave unrivalled opportunities to the terrace builder and the garden hedger.

The greatest possible contrast is found between such gardens as these and that imaginary garden which Addison describes in the Spectator. Allowing that there were as many kinds of gardening as of poetry, he spoke of his own as a place which a skillful gardener would not know what to call. "It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower garden, which lie so mixt and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner who had seen nothing of our country should be convey'd into my garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the unculti- vated parts of our country. . . . As for my self, you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compositions in gardening are altogether after the Pindarick manner, and run into the beauti ful: wildness of Nature, without affecting the nicer elegancies of Art." There can scarcely be a question as to which is the better garden of the two—that which is ordered and planned, or that which seems no garden at all. Some things Addison certainly advocated which are excellent. He would have had many evergreens in the garden, and often wondered that those who were like himself, and loved to live in gardens, had never thought of contriving a winter garden, which should consist of such trees only as never cast their leaves. That lesson has surely been learned, and in all our great gardens evergreens, either in formal shape or in natural profusion, largely abound, so that in the winter-time the garden is neither cheerless nor bare.

Doctor Johnson looked with some tolerance upon the landscape features of gardening, which had come in when he wrote. In his "Life of Shenstone," he speaks of his subject's delight in rural pleasure and his ambition of rural elegance. We may suspect a little sense of humour where the ponderous doctor tells how the Arcadian poet began to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters. "Whether to plant a walk in undulating curvatures and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view— to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden—demand any great powers of the mind I will not inquire. Perhaps a surly and sullen spectator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason." Yet Johnson saw merit in a man who was doing best what multitudes were contending to do well.

In France, Rousseau in "Julie" describes a garden that was unordered and unsymmetrical. There were rose bushes, raspberries, and gooseberries; patches of flix, hazels, alders, syringas, broom, and clover, which clothed the earth whilst giving it an appearance of being uncultured. He imagined that a rich man from Paris or London, becoming master of such a place, would bring with him an expensive architect to spoil Nature. Pope's objection to formality—though it has a formality of his own—has been referred to. He sneered at symmetry.

"Each alley has a brother. And half the garden just reflects the other."

Walpole could see nothing in Kip's "Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry" but tiresome and returning uniformity—every house approached by two or three gardens, consisting perhaps of a gravel walk and two grass plats or borders of flowers, each rising above the other by two or three steps, and as many walks and terraces, and having so many iron gates that he was reminded of those ancient romances in which every entrance was guarded by nymphs or dragons. We have seen that he greeted the ha-ha as the step to freedom, and Kent as the man who kept the fence. Adieu to canals, circular basins, and cascades tumbling down marble steps, that last absurd magnificence of Italian and French builders. The forced elevation of cataracts was no more. The gentle stream was taught to serpentine seemingly at its pleasure, and where discontinued by different levels, its course appeared to be concealed by thickets properly interspersed, and glittered again at a distance where it might be supposed naturally to arrive."

To Goldsmith, in that time when the old English gardening was dispraised, it appeared that the English had not yet brought the art of gardening to the same perfection as the Chinese, though they had lately begun to imitate them, and were yet far behind in the charming art! Thomas Whately, whose "Observations on Modern Gardening" appeared in 1770, thought that the new art was as superior to "to landscape painting as a reality to a representation." It was an exertion of fancy, a subject for taste, and all Nature was within its province. The art had started up from being mechanical to the rank of the fine arts; and which joined utility with pleasure. Repton, in his "Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening," 1791, seems best to have expressed the idea of those who practised the art. The garden must display natural beauties and hide natural defects in every situation. It should give the appearance of extent and freedom, by
THE ORANGERY, WILTON.
carefully disguising or hiding the boundary. It must studiously conceal every interference of Art, however expensive, by which scenery is improved, making the whole appear the production of Nature only, and all objects of mere convenience or comfort, if incapable of being made ornamental, or of becoming proper parts of the general scenery, must be removed or concealed. It may appear to many, and not without reason, that this ideal was one of deception: An impression of size and extent was to be given where it did not exist, and that which was the product of Art was to be made to appear as if it were the work of Nature, while objects which did not fall into the scheme of Nature were to be concealed from view. Repton frankly confessed that the principles he had set forth were directly opposed to those of the older garden, which may perhaps be a sufficient condemnation of them. Yet many triumphs were achieved in the natural style, and the work of Mr. Southcote at Woburn Farm, and the examples at Hagley, Hayes, and the Leasowes became celebrated, though the work of the Hon. Charles Hamilton at Pain's Hill in Surrey was one of the finest examples of the landscape period, deserving to rank with Brown's work at Blenheim, and it happily remains as an illustration of a real success to this day.

As we have said, there were many who recoiled from the landscape style, and no one expressed the revulsion of feeling better than Richard Payne Knight in his "Analytical Enquiry into the Principles of Taste," published in 1805. He remarked that, in former times, the house, being surrounded by gardens as uniform as itself, and only seen through vistas at right angles, every visible accompaniment was in union with it, and the systematic regularity of the whole was discernible from every point of sight; but when, according to the new fashion, all around was levelled and thrown open, the poor square edifice was exposed alone, or with the accompaniment only...
of its regular windows and porticoes amidst spacious lawns interspersed with irregular clumps or masses of wood and sheets of water. He did not know a more melancholy object, for it neither associated nor harmonised with anything. He added that the view from one of these solitary mansions was still more dismal than that towards it. Mr T. James was a writer of much later times, who, in "The Flower Garden," 1852, had nothing to say of the evil days upon which gardening had fallen, and the natural or English style of which we were proud. He jibed at the unmeaning flower-beds disfiguring the lawn in the shapes of kidneys, and tadpoles, and sausages, and leeches, and corn, and he thought, surveying the various styles that had prevailed, from the knotted gardens of Elizabeth, the pleach-work and intricate flower borders of James I, the painted Dutch statues and canals of William and Mary, the winding gravel paths and lace-making of Brown, to poor Shenstone’s sentimental farm, and the landscape fashion of his own day, there could be little reason to take pride in any advance in national taste.

What may be said for the landscape gardeners is that they opened the way for a greater love for the flower world, and for delight in the natural form and beauty of blossom and tree, making them a great addition to any barren geometry. No doubt the real truth lies in what Cardinal Newman said in his "Idea of a Universe," that everything has its own perfection, be it higher or lower in the scale of things; that the perfection of one is not the perfection of another; that things animate, inanimate, visible, invisible, are all good in their kind and have a best of themselves, which is an object of pursuit.

With this thought in our minds, let us now reflect a little upon some of the individual merits of gardens such as are depicted in these pages, and first let us recognise the virtue that lies in the enclosure, the variety of level, the terrace, and the good tall hedges of yew or hornbeam which have been alluded to—the good old system, as Mr. James said, of terraces and angled walks, and clipped hedges, against whose dark and rich verdure the bright, old-fashioned flowers glittered in the sun. We may see that in such a manner of garden design there is a proper transition from the architecture of the house to the natural beauties of the paddock and the park. There are fine rectangular gardens of varied character at Montacute, Venn House, Ashridge, Ham House, Athelhampton, Newstead, Hoar Cross, Belcarres, and in many other great English and Scottish gardens. Here may be found inspiration by those who would excel in such character of design. The hedge which encloses does not necessarily exclude what is without. Indeed, from the elevated terrace, there is oftentimes a wide outlook over the features beyond. The hedges should certainly be of the best, and they may be seen in excellent taste at such places as Blickling Hall, Brockenhurst Park, Melbourne, Etwall, Drumnah Castle, and in a multitude of other great gardens in the land.

Topiary features may be introduced according to the garden-maker's taste. They may be no more than some pleasant variation of the well-cut hedge, like the "bulwarks" at Sedgwick Park or the stately composition in flex and yew at Brockenhurst. Such hedges may be used to accentuate design, as in the fine planned garden at Drumnah Castle. It is not necessary, nor always desirable, to introduce exaggerated quaintness, though some love the conventional forms of vestigial sculpture such as are found at Levens, at Harlington Hall, at Cleeve Prior, at Hampton Court, Leominster, and at other places, including, as by a green allegory, the apostles, the younger brethren, and the multitude gathered to hear the discourse of our Lord upon the Garden Mount. Let it not be imagined—Levens itself is a demonstration to the contrary—that such quaint features are incompatible with a profuse growth of flowers.

In great planned gardens, such as we find at Wilton, Longford, Belton, Trentham, Castle Ashby, and Stone Edith Parks, the features which are, or may be, enclosed become rich and elaborate. Fancy is exerted to devise plans for such "knotted gardens." There was a time when the flowers themselves were banished from like parterres, and when variously coloured earths were employed to give the colour which in these days is imparted by the radiant things that grow. The love of flowers has banished that species of artificiality. There are examples in this volume of very magnificent planned gardens, which are gems in their setting of wood and lawn. They can rarely be satisfactory, indeed, unless, as in such a fine, reposeful example as that at Newbattle, the elaborate beds designed there is a proper transition from the architecture of the house to the natural beauties of the paddock and the park. There are fine rectangular gardens of varied character at Montacute, Venn House, Ashridge, Ham House, Athelhampton, Newstead, Hoar Cross, Belcarres, and in many other great English and Scottish gardens. Here may be found inspiration by those who would excel in such character of design. The hedge which encloses does not necessarily exclude what is without. Indeed, from the elevated terrace, there is oftentimes a wide outlook over the features beyond. The hedges should certainly be of the best, and they may be seen in excellent taste at such places as Blickling Hall, Brockenhurst Park, Melbourne, Etwall, Drumnah Castle, and in a multitude of other great gardens in the land.
terrace, flanking or surrounding the garden, is own brother to the enclosing yew hedge. We may see in the noble gardens at Hadfield illustrations of much of the best character of old English landscape: Grand is the effect at Montacute—admirable also at Bramshill—and if we had no example remaining, it would be easy to conjure up the beauty of a moosy terrace and an old balustrade, with a peacock there loving to flaunt its glories in the sun, from which to overlook a well-arranged parterre, where perhaps a fountain decked the centre, or a goddess vested in the lovely hue of lead adorned the scene. We may turn then, as at Montacute, into some beautiful garden-house, and here the garden architect has scored many a triumph. No better exemplar to the modern worker could be taken than those admirable buildings. But, of course, garden architecture is not confined to the building of summer-houses upon terraces. Some may like to have their retiring-place aloft in a tree, like the quaint old summer-house in the time at Pitchford Hall. The bowling green-house at Melford Hall is another excellent example, and the magnificent dovecote or columbarium in the garden at the Vyne, with its mellow brick, giving character to its classic features, and its tiled dome, shadowed by the majestic oak, might be an inspiration to many.

The garden-houses at Severn End and Charlton, Kent, are equally noteworthy. Let us, however, return to the terrace, which might form an inexhaustible theme. It is character must depend primarily upon its situation. It does not always flank a garden. Sometimes, in multiplied form, it contributes, as at Barchinth, the garden itself. It has its variety of character also in its particular forms. It may comprise balustraded walls, or plain or even embattled parapets; it may be composed with green slopes, or it may take character from its hedges. It is often of stone, but sometimes, as at Packwood, there are fine examples of excellent work in brick. It has its flagged ways, its turf walks, and its gravel paths. The terrace can rarely fail to be associated with the stairway, and here again there is extraordinary variety of character. Andrew Reid, whose "Scots Gard’ner" was published originally at Edinburgh in 1681, and was the earliest Scottish book on the subject, desired, if it were possible, that a straight pathway should lead down to the centre of the terrace, and there, by a double stairway, give access to the garden below. In some cases the terracing is of very fine architectural character. What better could be wished than the famous terrace shadowed by the limes at Haddon, with its romantic memories of Dorothy Vernon and of her flight with young John ...

**THE SUN Dial, FYFIELD MANOR.**

Manners? Admirable again are the terraces at Cranborne Manor, illustrated in these pages, and the fine classic example at Clifton Hall, Nottingham. The terraces at Groombridge, with their stairways and various features, are a study in themselves, and there are examples at St. Catherine’s Court, Bath, and Wolston Hall, Nottingham, which are delightful. The magnificent terraces at Drummond Castle, overlooking the characteristic garden there, have merits that are conspicuous. We find in some places a stately description of architectural terrace, with massive features of classic stone-work, as at Margam Park, Bolcarres, Fareham, and Lipton Park. At the other end of the scale are terraces which are no more than green grass slopes, with level tops, rising one above another—a kind of moulding of the ground, such as we see at Lochinch, having very beautiful effect. These various examples of fine work in gardening will serve to show how really wide is the choice and how many are the opportunities presented to those who have realised the beauty of fitness in garden design.

In mentioning the terrace we are led naturally to other features, and first among them to the vase and the urn, upon which many a craftsman has lavished his skill. Now these are objects found in nearly all gardens formed within the last 200 years. They are often of stone, not seldom of marble, and in many instances of lead, that metal which under the influence of the atmosphere assumes a hue so delightful in any garden picture. There are fine leaden vases at Chiswick House, at Lord Manor, Somerset, and at Penshurst, to name no more. Magnificent examples in stone are at Sion House, at Margam—a noble specimen on the orangery terrace in the garden there forms the frontispiece of this volume—and in many other places. We shall indeed scarcely find in a good garden a terrace or a garden seat without flower vases to adorn it. Note the lovely examples at Hackwood, a Groombridge, and in very many of the garden pictures in this book. The sculptor has achieved many excellent things in bringing his skill to bear upon these garden adornments, and nothing could be fairer or more beautiful than a characteristic vase well filled with a wealth of radiant flowers, or more attractive in some situations than a nobly sculptured urn.

The garden sculptor has also adorned our gardens with classic figures and the gay creations of fancy. He has produced many an excellent work in lead, and in old gardens it is delightful to encounter some idyllic figure in this material,
THE LION GATE, INWOOD.

ONE OF THE IRON GATES, HAMPTON COURT.
standing perhaps against some wall of well-clipped green. Pan upon his pedestal is at Rousham, a shepherd at Canons Ashby, and characteristic arcadian figures are at Powis Castle and Enfield Old Park. A kneeling slave, "black but comely," is at Norton Conyers in Yorkshire, and a like figure is in the lovely garden of Guy's Cliff in Warwickshire. Again we find gleaming marble, though the use of that substance requires judgment and care, and the situation must be appropriate to emphasise and yet to harmonise its beauties. There are fine bronze statues also, as welcome as those of lead, as at Leighton Hall in South Wales, where we may see the son of Daedalus plunging headlong into a miniature Aegaeon. There

THE GARDEN GATES, CHISWICK HOUSE.
sprouting out like a pyramid, upon which were perched small birds that streamed water out of their bills, while another fountain was in the Grove of Diana, where Acteon was turned into a stag by the goddess and her nymphs. What it is necessary to avoid is an over-elaboration, destroying repose, such as Matthew Arnold noted at Knebworth, where he found the grounds full of statues, kiosks, and knick-knacks of every kind, a strange mixture of the really romantic and interesting with what was “tawdry and gimpically.”

Let us not forget that truly appropriate feature of an old garden, the moral sundial, or, as Charles Lamb calls it, “the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world.” Nature herself is truly a dial, for, marking the seasons by her change, she tells the hours also by the opening and closing of many a flower. The sundial counts no hours save such as are serene, as Queen Alexandra’s dial proclaims at Sandringham. They pass, but the garden mooster has only the stealing shadow when all things are gay. Sometimes dials are shaped of the

green things that grow, and Andrew Marvell may have referred to such a dial in that delightful garden of his poetry:

“Here at the fountain’s sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree’s snowv soft,
Casting the body’s vest aside,
My soul into the bongie does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings.
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.
How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new.
Where from above the wilder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we,”

But, in the fashioning of sundials, the work is generally that of the sculptor or architect. How beautiful are the forms that have been given to dials we may see at Eydon Hall, Enfield Old Park, Chiswick House, Northenden, Belton

regarded him as an intruder in the garden sphere. Those who have followed these remarks, and have examined the pictures in this volume, cannot hold that view. They will recognise, on the contrary, that there can scarcely be any great garden in which the architect does not exercise his skill. His work may consist in the making of terraces, with their stairways, and in the building of garden-houses, such as have been alluded to. It will include the construction of bridges, and the designing of appropriate gateways, which are ever a striking feature of the great homes of the land.

How beautiful gateways may be made many of these places disclose. There are examples at Hatfield, Charlecote, Branshill, and other noble places which are not to be surpassed. We are tempted to reflect upon the cause of such labour being expended upon the approach to the house and the garden. The gate was the symbol of hospitality, the place where the host would welcome his guests, and where he would bid them God-speed. It was the portal of the pleasures he would bestow upon them, and he sought to dignify it as

THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY, OKEFOWER HALL.
GARDENS OLD AND NEW.

the token of his estate and his goodwill. Upon gates and gate-houses great artists have therefore lavished their skill, and from the famous portals of the baptistery at Florence onward to the examples of this day, the gateway has many a time been a creation notable for character and beautiful design. In turning over the pages of this book, the reader will discover several admirable examples of such work. It was not merely, the old workers said, that their stonework should be good, that the lofty pillars supporting the vane or the heraldic beasts holding the family arms should be well proportioned and well wrought in style appropriate. There must also be provided the gates themselves, the best work of the craftsman’s hand. As at Hampton Court and at Drayton House, the gates might be associated with grilles or cairnvoyes; but, whether with these or without them, there was abundant opportunity for the skill of the smith. We may note the gates at Grimston Park and Chirk Castle among many that are excellent. The famous gates at Hampton Court are masterpieces indeed, and perhaps never has iron been so skilfully wrought as under the direction of Jean Tijou, who designed them, and who, it may be

interesting to remember, was also employed by Wren to fashion the iron gates of the choir of St. Paul’s. The actual hand-craftsman was Huntington Shaw, of whom his epitaph in Hampton Church rightly says that he was “an artist in his way.” Let not the maker of gardens aim at anything so ambitious. For a palace the gates of Tijou and Shaw are appropriate enough; but rather let us welcome such handsome work as exists at Compton Beauchamp, Berkshire; Ragley, Warwickshire; Norton Conyers, Yorkshire; Bulwick Hall, Northampton; Stonelhegh, Warwickshire; Belton, Lincolnshire; and Barlborough Hall, Derbyshire. Excellent as a modest work is the garden gate which is illustrated at Inwood, hanging between the simple brick piers, topped with quaint heraldic beasts. Notable, again, is the gate at the foot of the terrace steps at Penhurst. A more elaborate example is the entrance gate at Okeover Hall, which is also illustrated here. It is arched and enriched in the ironwork, and is flanked by rusticated piers of stone, upon which stand well wrought urns. A simple gate way at Chawke House, overhanging by

wisteria and flanked by ivy-covered piers, is an example that many might follow. The ironwork at Inwood has been alluded to, and the low garden gate and railing in florested ironwork may also be noted as an admirable example of handcraft in this manner, while the fruit-bearing Cupids on the gate-posts are suggestive of such adornment.

We may now turn to another beautiful garden feature in which Nature triumphs over Art—the cool and grateful pergola and the quaint pleached walk. They will suggest to many the gardens of sunny Italy, giving grateful shade from the moonday heat, and recall to others the seduced gardens of Shakespeare, like Leamington’s, and the

“Pleached bowers,
Where honeysuckles, ripen’d by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter.”

They may think, too, of quaint Queen Mary’s Bower of witch-calm at Hampton Court “for the perplexed twining of the trees very observable.” There are examples of beautiful pergolas at Compton Wynnyatts, at Aldenham House, at Orchardsleigh, Frome, and a delightful apple walk at Lilleshall, Salop.

THE ITALIAN GATE, INWOOD.

deserves to be noted. A beautiful modern example may be cited at Great Tangle Manor, Surrey, and there is a sweet-scented rose pergola at Heckfield Place. A lovely lily-lined walk is depicted here. Obviously such features must be welcomed in all gardens. They will import into a formal enclosure a delightful natural character, and invention may be exercised in devising picturesque supports of sturdy sufficiency, and trunks of trees with the bark on them for horizontal framework, upon which climbing flowers or fruits shall plentifully grow. Let such walls be of the greenest turf, and ever delightful to linger in must they be. The grass path, indeed, whether it be that of a pergola, or an avenue, or a way through a wood, is a beauty in any garden or pleasure. There are examples at Munstead Wood, with tea roses and various kinds of climatis for covering, and at other places described in this book. The bowling green, which has come into new favour, demands for its perfection the skill of an experienced groundsman, who, by judicious sowings, watering, and cutting, can produce the level emerald
THE BRIDGE AND WATERFALL, KEDLESTON.
THE UPPER LAKE FROM THE EAST, MARKS HALL.

THE ENTRANCE TERRACES, LOCHINCH.
mead. How the Englishman sped his brassed bowels in the old times is written in many books, and interest in the game has seemed to revive with the new growth in the love of flowers. There are fine examples of bowling greens in advantageous situations at some great houses in England, and nowhere better than upon the marvellously beautiful terrace at Clevelon in Somerset. Norton Conyers and Sutton Place, Guildford, are other houses distinguished by the possession of charming bowling greens.

A grass will or a green lawn must needs be associated with the long bed of generous proportions, full of herbaceous flowers, that often forms its margin. Here the tall larkspurs, the glorious delphiniums in all their shades of blue, phloxes, hollyhocks, towering aloft, quiedy lilacs, the red lychens, and many another stately blossom may rise as the background to things of smaller growth which fill so well that attractive feature in a garden—the well-managed border, formed by one who has every season in mind. In such a beautiful garden age the lovers of the formal style and those who cling to what is natural may meet upon common ground, for they are, or should be, one in their love of flowers, and the trimmest arrangement will be the more beautiful if it welcome those hardy flowers which are radiant from spring all through the summer until the fall of the year. The pictures of such beds at Borde Hill, as illustrated with this Introduction, and again at Munstead Wood, have suggestions of beauty that will surely fructify practically in the gardens of many.

Let us turn now to some other distinctive features of the greater gardens, which nevertheless are interesting, attractive, and suggestive for those less degaified. Such are stately columns commemorative of famous men, or like that which rises at Wotton—a Corinthian pier, with a goddess in lead as its topmost adornment. Such are the stately avenues associated with the style of Le Notre, exemplified in the triple radiating avenues at Hampton Court, and the great avenue through Bushy Park. Here we find the long canal, still and beautiful, reflecting in its silver surface the mighty trees that rise on either hand. One of the magnificent canals at Hampton Court is illustrated here, and is as fine an example as we could wish of gardening in the stately style. Such work, it is true, belongs to the park, rather than to the garden proper, but it has come to us from a time when the spirit of the garden was extended into the house and garden. A stately-margined water at Albury is also depicted, rich in its water-lilies, in order to suggest how glorious are the opportunities offered to those who can work in the stately manner of the grand style of gardening. Magnificence is also in the splendid "Emperor's Walk" at Greenwich Park. It is found in the fine pond with its flanking yews at Sedgwick Park, known as the "White Sea" and the "Fountain of Glass." Could we wish anything finer than the noble Dragon Fountain at Brockenhurst Park, besotted with lilies, well margined with masonry, adorned with urns, flanked with superb hedges, and with a splendid double stairway leading up to the stately garden beyond? The statelyness which has been alluded to does not imply remoteness. It may have the fine and simple character depicted at Highnam and elsewhere. It may even be brought into modest gardens, to invest them with some character of dignity. And yet dignity is not perhaps what most people seek in gardens—a remark which brings us back to a reflection already made, that the garden, like the house, is the expression of him who possesses it. Abundant are the illustrations in these pages of the many forms and features which make a garden attractive.

The avenue, which may be described as the leading feature of a stately garden, conducts us out from the house to the neighbourhood, and thus we are led to speak of the character of gardens. It was an old fancy that the formal features of the parterres adjoining the house might give place, as one withdrew, to more of natural character, until at length nothing of the artificial remained. That is an idea which may commend itself to many. There is much to be said for it, and an examination of the pictures included in this volume will disclose how successfully the landscape artist applied. At least of this we may be sure, that no rigid line necessarily divides the geometrical or formal gardens from the landscape features that lie beyond.

How sweet and beautiful a landscape garden may be made
THE CEDAR WALK, CHISWICK HOUSE.
we see in the illustration of the lake in the hollow at Pain's Hill. Here it is difficult to suspect the presence of the hand of Art, which, as Wordsworth said in another connection, has, indeed, worked in the very spirit of Nature. It is delightful to walk in the woods and by the streams at Aldenham House. Let it not be forgotten that the well-managed wood, with its varied trees, its rhododendrons, azaleas, and perhaps its bluebell flowers, certainly its gorgeously-tinted fungi in the autumn, may be a veritable masterpiece. We may look over a fine landscape garden at Prior Park, Bath, or wander among pleasant ways in the gardens and woods at Wollaton, Nottingham, or seek the solitude of rock gardens by woodland paths like that illustrated at Hartwell House. There are landscape features at Guy's Cliff, as we wander by the flower-bordered Avon, and in many another place. Chatsworth is an illustration of how stately gardens may be in the midst of a superb landscape, and compose a garden picture wholly satisfying to the eye. Historically until it assumed the particular forms in which it exists to-day. We have seen what were the forms and features of gardens in the old times, and what views have been entertained as to the character they should possess. We saw that the old garden was distinguished by the spirit of enclosure, and we have considered in what way the enclosure was made. We have discovered that the enco-ed garden, possessing formality in a greater or less degree, was the garden of the old Englishman. Then we observed how the changing taste of successive generations modified the conception of the garden plan. The spirit of seclusion had been broken down, and men had learned to look around them to the world at large. Hence, in course of time, we saw how the new spirit came in, which, rejecting the older inspiration, thought it right to take Nature in an intimate sense into the garden plan. We were able to recognise that there were absurdities and extravagances on the one side and the other, and that the landscape

It may be observed that fine trees and water, with a graceful contour of the land, are the main features to be sought in the open ground. With these same objects must be combined; else would the landscape garden scarcely be a garden at all. Where there is water, there may well be a bridge, and we see with what success the Palladian style is applied in the bridges which adorn the gardens of Wilton House and Prior Park. There is a famous classic bridge of three arches spanning the Devond at Chatsworth, which Colin Giber (the father of Cloye Giber) adorned with statues, and we illustrate here an excellent example of a fine balustraded bridge, picturesquely placed in relation to a waterfall, at Kedleston. A not less admirable and beautiful example exists at Amesbury Abbey.

It is not to be forgotten, in a broad sense, the whole world of gardening. It has described, without entering into too much detail, the broad character of the garden. The gardener went to excesses as great as ever his predecessor had perpetrated. Then we saw how a recoil resulted from the baldness of the mere landscape garden, and how once again the taste of the garden-maker accepted in various forms the older plan. Then we recognised how glorious have become the opportunities offered in the marvellous beauties of the flower world to the gardener of these days. The true lesson to be drawn from the survey is one of caution in selecting to hand with order in plan. Nothing that the garden designer and the garden lover can give should be rejected, unless it be in architectural adornment, in the orderly arrangement of trees and bushes, or in the wealth of flowers which modern times have so marvellously multiplied. The relationship of the garden to the house is the one essential to be borne in mind, and he who would make a beautiful and a sweet garden must regard as his best achievement a right interpretation of the relation which exists between his garden and the dwelling-place it adorns.
THE WESTERN WALK, STOKE PARK, SLOUGH.
The pictures in this volume are the best help to such interpretation. The fitting character of garden things, be they in harmony or contrast, is found in them. It may be seen architecturally in the water gate at Holland House, in stately garden fashion in the long walk beneath the cedar and between the hedges at Stoke Park, Slough, and in the fine fountain and dainty arrangements at Hewell Grange, Redditch, and again in the wealth of floral charm and the sweetness of landscape association at Pain’s Hill. These are but examples of many things suggested by these pages. An examination of them should fascinate, while a diligent consideration of the features and dispositions they disclose must be a liberal education in the gardening art. There is endless satisfaction in beautifying a house in its garden environment.

This has been an occupation which has engrossed the attention or formed the diversion of many distinguished men. As all art is but a vehicle of expression, so they have sought, in this verdant form of it, to manifest their taste for the delight of their friends and the satisfaction of themselves. They have seemed to be in some world of enchantment where ever new vistas and other opportunities opened to them. Those who in these days are attracted to the work of garden creation or adornment will find both example and encouragement in these pages.
To enter an old Scottish garden—characteristic introduction to a garden survey—is to penetrate a world of rare and individual charm, where even the green things that grow in orderly ranks reveal much of history. The ancient hostility between England and the Scots, by force of nature, as it were, had thrown our northern kinsmen into close sympathy with France; and when Mary came to the Scottish crown, she brought with her something of the spirit of another land. The ancient hostility between England and the Scots, by force of nature, as it were, had thrown our northern kinsmen into close sympathy with France; and when Alary came to the Scottish crown, she brought with her something of the spirit of another land. The refinements of the Renaissance and some of the lighter graces of the South began thereafter to be grafted on the sturdy character of the dwellings of her opulent subjects. The rugged grandeur of the castles of the old Scottish thanes, which crowned many a dizzy height and lifted their embattlements above rocky precipices, whence their warlike inhabitants had looked out over the lower country, as eagles from their eyries, took on something of the charm of houses in gentler climes. Those tourelles on the chieftain's fortress bespoke plainly some kinship with the chateaux of France, and those who know Mr. Billings's wonderful work on the castellated and ecclesiastical architecture of Scotland will be aware how imposing is the character and how beautiful the detail that resulted from the combination of styles.

As with the house, so with the garden. The well-hedged enclosure, the straight paths between yew and juniper, the formal parterres, and the classic stonework of these noble pleasures, still breathe the spirit of the South, and in a few chosen places, as on the terraces at Drummond Castle, where tender blooms flourish, one may now almost fancy one's self in some garden of sunny Italy, where stately stairways, by terraces fragrant with the blossoms of oranges, shadowed by the tall spires of cypresses, and adorned with busts and antique urns, lead up to white palazzo walls out in the full light of the sun.

The Scottish garden-maker had an advantage which the lover of the terrace will not overlook. In England the fighting
THE THIRD TERRACE, EAST.
baron, as many influences made for greater peace in the land, had been tempted down from the height where his castle frowned into the more delectable life of the wide valleys and plains. His descendants might love the beached alley, the shadowed bower, and the terrace; but in many cases the opportunities for the latter were denied them. In Scotland, however, the castle on the hill remained a place of power far later than in England, and, when the new spirit came in, the materials for fine effects lay on the slopes below ready to the garden designer's hand. Drummond Castle is a typical example of a situation in which the natural character of the rock has enabled three terraces to be formed upon the steep, with a splendid character of architecture and fine gardenage; and the garden is most worthy of special notice, and of unstinted admiration, because, though the thunders of civil broil and strife have passed over it, though attainer has shorn its old inhabitants of what they loved—lost in the

at Stobhall, and whose descendants, as Earls of Perth, possessed it for some 250 years, followed by long forfeiture.

The seventeenth century garden at Drummond Castle was laid out chiefly by John Drummond, second Earl of Perth. To him we attribute many beauties of the steep, improved since his time, with its glorious stairways, and chiefly the formal garden below, with its flower beds rich in colour as a Persian carpet in the summer, and beautiful with evergreens in the winter, beds set off and relieved by box and yew hedges, cut and trained in quaint fashion, and by fine cypress and rare conifers. About the year 1650 this nobleman was actively engaged in improving his estates and laying out the grounds. He succeeded to the title in 1614, and died in 1662. Douglas, in his "Portage of Scotland," says of him that "he was a nobleman of learning, probity, and integrity, of unshaken loyalty to the King, benevolent to his friends, prudent and economical in the management of his affairs, and

THE PLANNED GARDEN FROM THE TERRACE.

passion and zeal for a cause forborne—though modern influences have threatened it, it still remains steadfast to the character of its seventeenth century origin, and still maintains the traditions of that age unmarred, with many an addition to its beauties, but not one to break the spell.

It is accordingly an appropriate thing to devote some little space to the history of Drummond Castle and its former possessors, before describing the character of its gardens. Sir Malcolm Drummond, successor of many of the name, an adherent of King Robert I., fought at Bannockburn, and for good and faithful service received a grant of land in Perthshire. Another Malcolm Drummond was at Otterburn, concerning which famous fight Sir Philip Sidney said that he never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas but he found his heart moved more than with a trumpet. It was the first Lord Drummond who, about the year 1491, built the castle in Strathearn, on removing from the former seat of his family,
were saved, having already been assigned to the Earl's son James. This sturdy descendant was also a Jacobite, and in the rebellion of 1745 was in high command at Preston, Carlisle, Stirling, and Culloden. His estates remained in pristine condition until 1784, when, under an Act of Parliament, another James Drummond of the same house, descended from John Earl of Melfort, obtained possession, and was created Lord Perth and Baron Drummond. At his death, however, the titles became extinct, and the estate passed to his daughter Clementina, who married the Hon. Peter Robert Barrell, afterwards Lord Gowyd, and later on Lord Willoughby de Eresby in right of his mother. On the death of their son, Lord Willoughby, the estates devolved upon their eldest daughter Clementina, Lady Aveldale, Barones Willoughby de Eresby in her own right, mother of the present Earl of Ancestor, who was raised to the latter dignity in 1802.

Drummond Castle is approached from Crieff by crossing the River Earn, and following the Muthill Road, which for the first three-quarters of a mile is a noble avenue of great beech trees, with a few chestnuts and limes, and then for the rest of the way becomes a splendid lime avenue. A great gate in November, 1893, wrought vast havoc among these trees, and also in the castle avenue, as well as in the park, many splendid trees having then been overthrown; but the delicious planting is now filling the gaps. By a high and massive gate of elaborate workmanship, said to be of the old Italian order, the castle avenue is entered, and on a certain a delightful way to traverse. It is narrow, and was scarcely room for two carriages to pass—therefore, indeed, the shadows at sundry points enable this to be done—and it is lined on each side by great beech and other trees, which in most places overarch the way, so that it forms a sort of tunnel of green, and has much charm in its undulating character, rising and falling as we go all the way in a straight line for a mile and a quarter. The trees are of enormous size, and form a fitting opening to the romantic regions of this princely demesne. The modern castle is of modern character, but of somewhat plain construction. Passing through an archway into an exterior court, and thence by a marble porch under the ancient fabric into the interior court, we find the newer structure on the east side. Both buildings may be seen in one of the pictures. We may enter the formidable dungeon, with its ancient gate and guard-room, contractor, and ascend the stair to the balcony to survey the landscape below. It is a prospect of fertile Strathearn, with many lovely mansions, stretching away to Invermay and Duncrub, while westward are "Glenartney's hazy shade" and the pine-covered height of Turmont, from which the prospect is still more magnificent. To the north lie wooded and broken slopes, leading to the shores of an artificial lake, with much forest scenery, and the Grampians close in the prospect. Drummond Castle—like so much else—was well battered by Cromwell, it was strengthened and garrisoned by Royal troops in 1715; but lest it should ever fall again into the hands of enemies of the Siurats, Lady Jean Gordon, titular Duchess of Perth, in a spirit worthy of Sparta, caused the greater part of its walls to be levelled to the foundations during the rising of 1735. The square tower was built on the old lines and remains to tell the tale, and its chambers are used as an armoury and picture gallery. There are portraits of Charles I. and Charles II., of Maitland of Lethington, of Montrose and Claverhouse, with many family pictures, and the robes of the first Lord Drummond, who built the castle. It goes without saying that the internal splendours of such an abode are befitting its ancient character.

The garden lies below the castle wall, and has many special elements seeming to belong appropriately to Scottish gardens. The second Earl of Perth had already made his garden when John Reid, gardener to Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, Aberdeen, produced, in 1653, "The Scots Gard'ner," in which he indicates something of the character that was then found in the mortar gardens, though in few places with the magnificence attained at Drummond Castle. He says that the pleasure grounds of his time were usually divided into walks and plots, with a "bordure" round each plot, and at the corner of each might be a holly or some such bush trained up in pyramidal form, or approaching the spherical, "with trees and shrubs at the wall well pruned, the greens thereon cut in several places whereby may be flower-plots, the bordures boxed and planted with a variety of fine flowers, orderly intermixed, weed'd, rolled, and kept all clean and handsome." In the lower garden of Drummond Castle this character is found, but it is associated with the magnificent terracing, exceeding the dreams of most John Reid.

The castle looks down upon the beautiful old-fashioned pleasingness, which we may now approach by this noble series of terraces formed in the cliff itself, the descent being by stately stairways. Tender things flourish here which do not usually look kindly upon northern soils. The flagstaff flowered on this southern slope in the open air for the first time in Scotland; Citrus decumana fruits freely; and the Agave americana flourishes. In the summer of 1832 one of the latter plants reached a height of 23 ft., and in 1851 of nearly 30 ft. There is a very happy conjunction of flowers in the garden with the varied hues of evergreens, though these predominate, thus making winter beautiful at Drummond Castle. This radiant garden lies some 300 ft., or 400 ft. below the southern part of the castle rock, and, in an oblong shape, it covers some ten acres. They are acres of singular beauty when surveyed from any one of those three grand architectural terraces, and the plan of the garden is curious, original, and distinctive. It takes the form of a St. Andrew's Cross, in the midst of which rises a splendid mansion, erected for the second Earl of Perth by John Mylne, his architect, in 1650. Two broad grass walks cross one another.
at this point, running severally from north-west to south-east, and from south-west to north-east. These walks of fine turf may be described as "bars" of the cross, and are so in fact in the design, as may be seen in our pictures. It must be noticed that, with the exception of three of the principal paths, running north and south, which are gravel, all the others crossing the garden are turf walks. One of the gravel walks passes through the centre of the garden, and on each of the four sides the enclosed space is encompassed by gravel paths.

The whole area is divided into parterres, laid out with equal taste and judgment, and arranged to show the arms of Drummond. There are many examples of antique statuary, and many fine vases selected by the late Lord Willochart de Eresby, all adding point and character to the place, but nothing perhaps is so attractive as the old sundial with its multitudinous faces. Although flowers in abundance, the great number of green things is noticeable, and gives a subdued aspect to the garden plan. Most, if not all, the garden sculpture is Italian, and some of the examples are very fine. It will be seen from the pictures that many sentinel yews flank the pathways. They are of beautiful and varied hue, and the junipers, hollies, firs, and box edgings are quite characteristic, while the terrace walls are covered with beautiful creepers. The yew hedges at each end of the terrace, which run from top to bottom of the slope, and form a division or termination, as it were, of the terrace prominent, are a very notable feature.

The charms of Drummond Castle by no means end with the garden, however. At the top of the broad avenue is the "policies," as the extensive grounds are called, very attractive indeed. They cover 511 acres, and are rich in magnificent specimens of all our ordinary trees. The Broad Oak aroused the enthusiasm of the poet of Ettrick Forest. The largest of the Drummond Castle oaks, however, is on the south side, near the burn, and has a girth of 146.6 ft. at a height of 11 ft. above the ground. Two other noble oaks, with a grand spread of foliage, have a girth of 126.4 ft. and of 105.10 ft. respectively. Another magnificent specimen is by the side of the walk which circles round to the south of the gardens, and measures 140.6 ft. at a height of 11 ft. above the ground. Very picturesque also is a peculiar gnarled oak near the burn on the east side of the castle. The ash trees are more splendid even than the oaks, and at least one specimen has a girth of 225.1 ft. But the firs are the most notable of the place, lifting their grey columnar trunks to a mighty altitude, with a noble crest of foliage. One colossal specimen is on the east side of the broad avenue to the south of the garden, and has a girth of 265.4 ft. at 11 ft. from the ground, and of 161.4 ft. at 31 ft. The extreme height is 711 ft., and the spread of branches 109 ft. It would be tedious, however, to describe all the grand trees at Drummond Castle. A beautiful purple beach, planted by Queen Victoria in 1842, attracts much attention, and has a girth of about 6 ft. Some lime trees standing adjacent are also of conspicuous size and beauty, and the Spanish chestnuts and silver firs are very fine. Three noble specimens of the latter are along the side of the walk from the garden, the largest of them having a girth of 226.1 ft. at 11 ft. from the ground, and of 17.1 ft. at 31 ft. There are beautiful specimens of araucaria and Wellingtonia gigantea, some of the latter having a girth of 12 ft. The deep rich soil is conductive to the perfection of growth in forest trees. The plantations are almost as interesting as great numbers of yew and Scotch firs, some of them being noble in individual specimens. The total extent under wood is 3,055 acres, including the 511 acres of the park, and firs, hedges, and box edging are extensive. The native trees flourish wonderfully. Most interesting is the wooded height of Turlim, which commands the magnificent view which has been described. The base here are dark Scotch firs, now rather thin, then spruce firs, and larches to the top. Here the golden eagle has found a home, and the country is rich in woodmice. The far-famed Trossachs also form a part of the Drummond Castle property, which is one of the most magnificent estates in Scotland. A great deal of planting has taken place within recent years, much, b y weaver, having been done at an earlier time by the third and fourth Earls of Perth. The work went on between 1785 and 1800 with great vigour, and then it was that Turlim was planted, and the great pond made. The value and the beauty of the estate have been greatly increased through the care and attention devoted to it, and the art of the land-care r g l e r, combined with the natural advantages of the situation, has contributed to make it an ideal country home.

The total area is upwards of 10,000 acres of arable and 62,000 acres of land and plantation. The estate includes the parish of Muthill, large portion of Comrie and Callander, and portions of Crieff and Monzievaird. Within its bounds are some of the finest portions of Perthshire, and in hill and dale, wood and meadow, terrace and garden, it stands very high indeed among the great estates in Scotland. Lady Willoughby de Eresby, who died in 1888, effect ed immense improvements, spending £45,000 on farm buildings, additions, and alterations. Upwards of 160 miles of fencing was put up, at a cost of £16,000, and more than £8,000 was spent in drainage, and the present possessor has continued the same enlightened policy.
In a very interesting part of Yorkshire, within a mile and a-half of the ancient town of Tadcaster, where the Roman station of Calcaria commanded the chief and lowest passage of the Wharfe, and where the second, fifth, and eighth "iters" crossed the river on their way to York, and within a short distance also of Tous Towton Field, stands this very characteristic and active classic mansion, which the late Mr. John Fielden bought, with all its domain and its superb garden, from the Earl of Lonsdeleborough, for the sum of £240,000. The country thereabout is very interesting, for you breathe history when you live there, although it is not in itself strikingly picturesque. Yet it has in it much of the rural beauty of England, if not the rare charm that is found in many parts of Yorkshire, and the broad stream of the Wharfe which bounds Grimston Park on the north-east is ever an attraction, while the neighbourhood is both pleasantly varied and well wooded, with a deep and fruitful soil.

There was an old house here, the property of Lord Hawker, who, in the year 1840, restored and practically re-edified it, with the help of Decimus Burton, the well-known architect. The stone was obtained from the Tadcaster beds, this being a district famous for its stone. Indeed, from the neighbouring quarries near Hazelwood Hall the materials for a great part of York Minster were obtained through the ancient family of Vavasour, and it was doubtless from the magnesian limestone of the district that the Romans built the structures of ancient Calcaria.

The classic grace of the house of Grimston, with its long Ionic portico or loggia, and the verandah above, giving protection from the southern sun, suggests a spirit derived from southern climes, yet very welcome in these. It is a perfectly satisfactory piece of domestic architecture in the
classic style, and the raised verandah was specially arranged to give an outlook over the garden. The presence of marble vases and urns, and of gleaming statuary, contributes to the effect. Decimus Burton, Lord Howden’s architect, as is well known, carried out the improvements at Hyde Park in 1825, and designed the façade at Hyde Park Corner, and the triumphal arch. He intended to place upon the latter a quadriga, but the authorities lifted aloft that strange equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, now removed, which is said to have provoked from a French officer the exclamation, “Nous sommes vengés,” and was always a vexation to the architect. Burton was a master of the classic style, and at Grimston Park applied it very successfully to domestic architecture. The gardens were laid out by Mr. W. A. Nesfield, and were ornamented with marble statuary and vases to adorn the long walks and the terraces. It has long been a custom for the gods and goddesses of antiquity to display their manly strength and womanly beauty in English gardens, and several well-known figures after Canova and other artists may be seen in our pictures. In the great Emperor’s Walk, twelve marble busts of the Caesars, upon tall pedestals, with sombre yews, form the way to a temple, wherein a large bust of the great Napoleon, the modern Caesar, stands. The arrangement may be compared with that at Brokenhurst Park in Hampshire, which is also, but in a different manner, adorned with the busts of the Caesars. Nesfield, the gardener, was a remarkable man, who, after fighting his country’s battles as a subaltern of the 93rd in the Peninsula and Canada, became an artist and an excellent exponent of the old water-colour school, and then turned his attention to landscape and classic gardening.

The place was bought, with the manor of Selby and the domains of Londesborough, by the first Londesborough. This peer was the second surviving son of the first Marquess of Conyngham, and took the name of Denison under the will of his maternal uncle, who bequeathed him immense wealth. Altogether, Lord Londesborough possessed upwards of 60,000 acres in Yorkshire, and was well known on the Turf, although his horses were not very successful in the great events. He was a prominent Yorkshireman, an enthusiastic antiquary, vice-president of the Archaeological Institute, and president of the Numismatic Society. His Lordship added much to the interest of Grimston Park. When he purchased the mansion he also became the owner of a remarkable collection of armour and ancient art work, which was described and beautifully illustrated in a volume entitled “Miscellanea Graphica,” by Mr. F. W. Fair olt, the antiquary.
Londesborough's great collection of rings has also been described in a privately printed volume edited by Mr. Crofton Croker.

Lord Londesborough died in 1860, and the fine church of St. John Baptist, at Kirkby Wharfe, in which parish Grimston lies, possessing many Norman portions, was restored in the following year in his memory. He was succeeded by his son, the present peer, who was elevated to an Earldom, but the estate was sold in 1872 to the late Mr. John Fielden of Dobroyd Castle, near Todmorden, on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Mr. Fielden maintained the place in perfection, and added somewhat to its attractions. He died in 1893, and the chancel of Kirkby Wharfe Church was restored in memory of him. His immediate successor in the estate, Mr. Thomas Fielden, D.L., J.P., M.P., died in 1897.

There is a richly wooded park of about 800 acres, including the home farm, and the estate embraces the township of Grimston and the parish of Kirkby Wharfe. The park is dignified by the presence of many noble trees, including a fine group of sycamores, four of which are remarkable for having been planted within the space of one square yard; nevertheless, they have now grown to the height of 100 ft. The most striking feature in the garden is the imposing Emperors' Walk, which has been alluded to, and has rich ornamental trees for its near neighbours.

The garden on the south side presents a formal arrangement, with regular beds and rounded bushes, and the expanse is enriched by the presence of a number of admirably sculptured vases and urns in marble, as well as by several choice modern statues. A long walk extends parallel to the house, and the garden is terminated by a fine balustrade with a semi-circular extension towards the park, over which, like the house itself, it commands a wide and pleasing view. It will be remarked that the splendid trees which close the prospect to the east add great dignity and character to the place. On the western side also, character. There is thus at Grimston Park a union of structural merit and gardening skill, with particularly happy result.

It has been mentioned that Towton Field lies not far away, and it would be unpardonable to describe Grimston without an allusion to the great Palm Sunday battle in which the red rose of Lancaster was shadowed by an immense disaster, and wherein probably 30,000 good Englishmen fell, so desperate and hard-contested was the fray. Hall says that the battle was "sore fought, for hope of life was set on every part," though the hope was dashed for too many on that sanguinary day.

The Earl of Northumberland, Lord Dacre, and many nobles and knights were killed, and from that field the Earls of Devon and Wiltshire were dragged for balsam, and their heads placed upon Micklegate Bar at York in place of that of Edward's father, which had been set up with a paper crown "that York might overlook the town of York."
There are grand characteristics in the immediate surroundings of this beautiful Hampshire house in the stately form of the long hedges of ilex and yew, the sequestered alleys between those walls of green, the truly imperial aspect of the great court, dignified by its busts of the Caesars, the noble descent to the long

water begemmmed with lilies—all these possessing an individuality quite their own. They are gardens lying in an historic region of England, and so much of magnificent woodland is hereabout that we cannot forget that here was the great New Forest of the Norman kings—the forest in which the Red King fell.

The western entrance to the Dragon Fountain.
BROKENHURST.

THE GOLDEN GATES.

THE BOWLING GREEN WALK.
features of the outlook. He described the prospect as complete both in the foreground and the distance. "The former is an elevated park scene, consisting of a great variety of ground, well planted, and descending into the plain below. Among the trees which adorn it are a few of the most venerable oaks of the forest, probably of an age long prior to the Conquest. From this grand foreground is presented an extensive forest view. It consists of a wide range of the pasturage, garnished with tufted clumps, and wooded promontories sheathing into it, contrasted with immense woods, which occupy all the rising grounds above it and circle the horizon. The contrasts between the open and woody parts of the distance, and the grandeur of this park, are in the highest style of picturesque beauty." How rare is the attraction of this prospect will be realised in imagination when it is remembered that such is in the foreground of the garden we illustrate— a garden so sweet, quaint, and beautiful that the artist loves to depict it. The Brokenhurst garden, indeed, furnished one of the most fascinating scenes in the delightful garden pictures of Mr. G. S. Elgood, R.I.

The Morants of Brokenhurst Park, in whose hands this garden has taken shape and grown, are old gentry in the region of the New Forest. Verulamius Burtie tells us that they claim descent from the Morants of Woran's Court, Kent, who are said to have sprung from the ancient Norman house of Morant of Chasteau Morant. Soon after the seizure of Jamaica, in 1655, John Morant settled in the island. To him succeeded his son John, and to him and his John, with his last gentleman was the father of Mr. Edward Morant, M.P., for Hindon 1761, Lyminster 1776-78, and Yarmouth 1780-84, who died in 1791. His son succeeded him at Brokenhurst, and took, like himself, a great interest in the condition of the New Forest, and resisted what he regarded as the unwise measures of the Government in an attempt to regulate it. Mr. John Morant died in 1784, leaving an infant son of the same name to succeed to the estate. At this time Brokenhurst House was temporarily the residence of Mr. Thoophilus Fuuks; but in due time the heir entered into his own, becoming a man of note in the county, a J.P. and D.L., and High Sheriff in 1820. He married a daughter of the sixteenth Earl of Erroll, and was the father of the late Mr. John Morant, who died a few years ago, having been High Sheriff of Hampshire in 1869. The present possessor is the latter gentleman's son.

We may well imagine with what delight these successive squires of Hampshire have surveyed and beautified their great possession. It was a master hand that worked in the creation of these gardens, directed by a mind which had imbied the classic spirit of Italy. The late Mr. John Morant of Brokenhurst, who formed them, was, indeed, a man of great and discriminating taste, and many of the trees and bushes, which are so splendid a feature of the place, were planted by him within the last thirty years. Thus this Hampshire pleasance was invested with some of the charm that belonged to the great gardens of the southern land. The long pathways between ilex and cypress, the gloom of the solemn green made radiant in the sunshine, the still ponds and canals reflecting the gods and heroes of old Rome, the marble stairs leading up the terraced heights to the walls of an Italian palazzo, seem to

THE DUTCH GARDEN.

have their English counterparts in this truly imperial garden. There is a richness and beauty of detail and effect that is perhaps unrivalled in the land except in very few places indeed. Let us note the singular beauty and sequestered calm of the long walks between those lofty walls of ilex, the vista ended by some antique bust or statue. Think of the delight of entering that august space, framed by the golden gate. Mark the rare loveliness of the green court, with the e admirable statues making the way to the place where the old median tree extends its arms over the seat in the shade.

Wherever we go there is something that well deserves to be called imperial. Look at the canal, with its water plants, leading away from the mansion to the splendid steps to the Dragon Fountain at the further end. It is worthy to be compared with any marble-lined canal, perhaps fringed with lofty avenues of yew and crested with grottoes, pyramids, or crowns, in any garden of Italy. No marble enframes the water at Brokenhurst, but there is something truly English in the work in brick and stone. The moulder of the margin is excellent indeed, and the fountain playing like an inconstant
THE DRAGON FOUNTAIN STAIRWAY AT BROKENHURST PARK.
THE BOWLING GREEN AND MEDLAR.

THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE COURT.
Gardens Old and New.

The Icelandic Garden.

The amforini on their pedestals, and the flowering standard trees in their quaint pots along the way, with the bushes of yew trimmed to shape by the deft hand of the topiary gardener, are a right introduction to the double flight of steps beyond. At every corner and break there is a vase or urn richly carved, each of these something of a masterpiece in its way, while all about are the famous trees so characteristic of Hampshire, and an abundance of flowers to kindle a new charm in the shades.

The double ascent at the end of the canal is worthy to compare with that beautiful flight at Clifton Hall, Nottingham, which has been noted as a marvel of garden architecture, and it leads to that upper court where the busts of Julius and Augustus look upon "regions Caesar never knew," far as were the gardens of ancient Rome. Here again is a beautiful basin, reflecting the enchanting scene, with other amforini by the fountain, and vases filled with flowers at the margin. Then, each in his arch, stands the bust of a Caesar enframed in the greenery, and each one upon a sculptured pedestal. It is an arcade topped with globes of green, forming a wall and background to as fair a garden picture as you would wish to behold. It may be said, indeed, that here is a final expression of the gardener's art working in the classic style. The cunning hand of the craftsman has shaped these hedges to the garden-maker's need, and many as are the splendid hedges in England, there are few quite so characteristic as those at Brokenhurst. Two great uses may be noted in a dark hedge of yew or ilex: it gives that character of enclosure that is necessary, as most people think, in every good garden, and it affords shelter from the biting wind, thus warming the flowers, to whose radiance it is a foil and backgrounds.

The pictures are a better description of the Brokenhurst garden than any words can be. They disclose a pleasure such as few can create for themselves. Not everyone can emulate the hand that formed such a masterpiece. Not everyone can provide sculpture in vase- and figures so rich and good. Nor have we seen a statuary better disposed. There is a completeness and harmonious character in the garden which could not be excelled. Let us note, as examples of richness, the cistern-heads or capitals used as pedestals in the fountain court. There are many of the kind in England which had their origin in Italy. The true cistern-heads belong, many of them, to the best period of the Renaissance, like the famous one by Sansovino at San Sebastiano; but in many parts of Italy the capitals of ancient columns have been converted into flower-pots or pedestals for statues or sundials, and ruined temples and monuments have furnished the materials for attractive garden features. Thus we find at Brokenhurst rich Corinthian capitals well employed. Magnificent specimens used to be in the famous Ludovisi garden in Rome, which was the very garden of Silvius; but these have been scattered or destroyed. Diverted from their original purpose, such objects have found another use, and it is very pleasant to find them as fea ures in such gardens as those of Brokenhurst.

What is the presiding character to be discovered in this Hampshire garden? It is an air of equal dignity and repose. Design rules the whole, and the directing hand has done all things well. Where quaintness has been sought, it nowhere leads to exaggeration, and the picturesque resulted from the presence of curiously cut trees in columns and balls, of trim hedges flanking paths and stairways, is but one part of a picture, and belongs to the composition of the whole. There is variety in the contrast of ilex with yew, and of both with the ivy-covered wall. The glossy ilex is less sombre than the yew, but where the two are found together the effect is all that one would wish. The ornamental trees are admirably placed, and there is never-failing pleasure in the constant variety of them, as, for example, how attractive is Cecils's Walk, with the verdant archway at the end. Again, how sequestered is the path by the bowling green, with its yews and its grass border, bringing us through an archway into the garden. But it is unnecessary to describe further what is illustrated so well. Let us, then, conclude by rendering a tribute of praise to those who have created one of the best of the classic gardens of England. The soil was propitious, and the site was of the best, but there was needed a master mind and a master hand, and unstinted care as well.
THE CANAL AT BROKENHURST PARK.
PARTITIONS OF CUT YEW AT BALCARRES.
A
OTHER great Scottish garden is that of the Earl of Crawford, impressive and grand in its noble terraces and stairways, magnificent in its hedged enclosures and its box gardens, glorious in the splendour of its
floral charms, and from every point of view a typical
garden of the North. Nothing, amid all its features, is so
impressive as the character of its dense walls of yew, its
shapely trees of the same, and its admirable patterns in box.
Here the hand of the tree-and-bush cutter has achieved real
triangles, without anywhere tending towards extravagance
or grotesque conceit. We are reminded of what is said by
that John Reid who was gardener, more than two centuries
ago, to Sir George Mackenzie, of Roushaugh, Aberdeen, in his
interesting "Scotts Gard'ner" (1681), where he describes the
character of the gardens of his time. "As was said in the
account of Drummond, they were usually divided into walks
and plots, with a "bercure" round each plot—a box border,
we suppose—and at the corners hollies or other bushes in
pyramidal form, or approaching the sphericall. Let us recall
how quaintly he says they should be ply'd and pruned,
the greens cut in several figures, the walks laid with gravel,
and the inner spaces with grass. "The bordures boxed
and planted with a variety of fine flowers, ord'ry intermixt,
weeded, mow'd, roll'd, and kept all clean and handsom." He
was speaking of just such a garden as we now
see at Balcarres, though doubtless one wanting its
stately magnificence. There is always something interesting
about the gardens of Scotland, and it is pleasant to make
acquaintance with those who formed them. The noblemen
who make Balcarres what it is have had a strange history.
Among them we encounter men who have loved their gardens
and who have worked to introduce into Scotland those charms
in which Scottish gardens greatly excel. They have all been
men of distinction, and an account of their history and of
their house and its surroundings will not lack either human
interest or that which we seek in this quest for beautiful gardens
old and new.

The stately seat of the Earl of Crawford is in Fife,
situated upon the southern slope of that county, some three
miles from the sea, dignified by old woods, pessing in its
Craig an object, as one writer has said, "worth all that twenty
Brownes could do for any place in concurring romantic beauty."
and commanding a supr view, which embraces nearly the
whole expanse of the Firth of Forth, the L'than opposite, the
Bass Rock out at sea, and the Lammermo r Hills, while a
canopy of smoke ind Plate where Edinburgh lies, twenty miles
away. The Lindsays have long held away in Fife and all that
country. They have possessed more than twenty great
baronies and lordships, and many lands in Forfar, Perth,
Kincardine, Aberdeen, Inverness, Banff, Lanark, Lamfries,
Kirkcaldbright, and Wigtown. As Sir Bernard Burke says,
their earldom formed a petty principality, an imperium in

THE SOUTH FRONT.
imperio. They affected a royal state, held their courts, had their heralds, and in their old castle of Finhaven kept up a magnificence that would have befitted a monarch. The Earl was waited upon by pages of noble birth, trained up under his eye as aspirants for the honours of chivalry. Twice did the head of this great family match immediately with the Royal house. Its members became distinguished patrons of art and literature; they were lawyers and statesmen; and they were enthusiastic builders, gardeners, and developers of agriculture.

Walter de Lindsay, an Anglo-Norman baron, figured as a magnate under David Prince of Strathclyde and Cumbria, before his accession to the throne. William de Lindsay of Crawford was High Justiciary under William the Lion, and his three sons founded the houses of Crawford, Lumberton, and Luffness, of which the last ultimately succeeded to the representation of the family, adhering to Bruce, while the Lindsay of Lumberton and Crawford supported Baldu. Davids and Alexanders succeeded one another in the long line through

stormy days, until David Lord Lindsay became Earl of Crawford in 1393, his direct descendant, he present twentieth Earl, being the premier of his rank in the Scottish peerage. In Lord Crawford's book, "Lives of the Lindsays," he speaks of the first bearer of the title as "a bright example of knighthly worth." This first Earl fought a battle with John Lord Welles on London Bridge. It was a valiant tourney in the lists, and Welles was struck from his saddle and fell to the ground. Then, dismounted, they fought until Sir David—not yet an Earl—fastening his dagger in the arms of his opponent, hurried him to the ground, whereupon, as we read, King Richard, from his "summer castle," cried out:

"Lindsay, cousin, good Lindsay;
Do finish that thou shouldst do this day."

But the Scottish knight, choosing the way of clemency, raised his toe from the ground and presented him to the Queen, as a gift, wishing, like a true knight, that mercy should proceed from woman." Davids and Alexanders still succeeded, and David, the fifth Earl, raised his family to the greatest height of its power, was Master of the Household and Lord Chamberlain, a patron of art, and letters also, who was created Duke of Montrose—a title to which the Lindsays have since laid claim.

David, the eighth Earl, who died in 1542, had contributed to embitter the last days of the Duke, and retribution was visited upon him by the misdeeds of his own son, the Master of Crawford, spoken of in Scottish tradition as the "Wicked" or "Evil Master." In this representative of the great house was typified all that was worst in his times, and he exceeded his forebears in prodigality, recklessness, and crime. Attaching himself to a bond of ruffians, he seized his father's fortress of Dunbar, practised the life of a bandit, oppressed the people, tyrantised the clergy, and levied blackmail. His final excess was in besieging his father at Finhaven Castle, and, being arraigned for his iniquities, he was adjudged legally guilty of the crime of parricide, and, though his life was spared, he

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ON THE LOWER TERRACE.
reduced his family to the brink of ruin. Ludovic, the last childless holder of the title in this line, contrived to obtain a
regrant of the title, by which was interpolated between himself and the family of Edzell the whole line of the Lindsay's of the
Byres, being the seventeenth to the twenty-second Earl, of whom the last died in 1808, after which the title reverted
to those to whom it seemed rightly to belong.

It is now time to go back to the sons of the ninth Earl, whose apparent rights in the Earldom of Crawford had
been diverted. Sir David Lindsay of Edzell and his brother John, Lord Menmuir, who built Balcarres in 1595, were
contrasted characters. David was the soul of honour, generosity, and warm affection, and had good taste in architecture and design,

Edzell, from its situation—low and at the foot of the hills—could exhibit nothing picturesque or grand, apart from its own
architectural character and decorations, Lord Menmuir, in fixing his residence at Balcarres, bequeathed to his descendants
the enjoyment of pure and fresh air, of proximity to the sea, and a prospect embracing rock and meadow, island and lake,
river and ocean, well-nigh boundless, and for which they have

It may be remarked that Menmuir was the forensic title of the distinguished lawyer, and that it was his son, David of
Balcarres, who became first Earl of Balcarres. The estate at the
time included Balcarres, Balneil, Pitcorthie, and other lands, and Lord Menmuir, in 1592, obtained a charter uniting these in a free barony. He died three years after
building the old house, and the property remained in the

THE PLANNED GARDEN OF BOX.

while John was an astute lawyer and statesman of varied
talents, a linguist, and a practical man of business, but a

The taste for country occupations had
descended from Earl David, and became hereditary in the
Lindsay family born at Edzell and Balcarres. There exists a
curious instrument of David's attested in his vita/crease
or garden at the former place. It is recorded that there
his work included the garden wall, presenting the fesse chequée
of Lindsay and the stars of Genesik, flanked by brackets
for statues and alt-relievi. The garden at Balcarres was also
at times an object of interest and pride to its possessors.

Lord Crawford, in his "Lives of the Lindsay's," remarks
in regard to the building of the two houses: "this, while

the more modern structure, and that a few of the more
ancient trees that surround the house, ilexes and hollies,
are still venerated among us as having been planted by the hands
of our ancestor, Lord Menmuir."

some of these letters, included Balcarres, Balneil, Pitcorthie, and other lands, and Lord Menmuir, in 1592, obtained a charter uniting these in a free barony. He died three years after building the old house, and the property remained in the direct line of heirship of the family until 1759, when, mainly owing to the chivalrous adherence to the Stuarts earlier in the century, Alexander, sixth Earl of Balcarres, sold the estate to his younger brother, the Hon. Robert Lindsay of Leuchars, who had made a great fortune in the West Indies. Meanwhile, misfortune had overtaken the family of David Lindsay of Edzell, and Burke cites the case of his descendant, another
David, unquestionably head of the great house of Lindsay, as
an illustration in his "Vicissitudes of Families." Ruined
and broken-hearted, the last Lindsay of Edzell fled unobserved and unattended, and, losing the wreck of his fortune, landless, and
homeless, he proceeded as an outcast to the Orkney Islands, where he spent his last days as ostler at the Kirkwall Inn.

Some years after the sixth Earl of Balcarres had sold his estate to his brother, the twenty-second Earl of Crawford, of
the line of Lindsay of the Byres, died (1808), and the old title at length came to the senior line, the sixth Earl of Balcarres.
THE KITCHEN GARDEN AT BALCARRES.
becoming the twenty-third Earl of Crawford. The new owner of the estate, the Hon. Robert Lindsay, lived until 1836, being succeeded by his son, General James Lindsay, M.P. for Fifeshire, who made large additions to Balcarres House, incorporating the old part with the new erection, and bringing the mansion to the state almost in which we see it. His son, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., also made considerable additions and improvements, and then, as is very interesting to recall, sold it again in 1886 to the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, so that the lands from which the title was derived came back once more to the possession of the direct representative of the first Earl of Balcarres, and of Lord Marnier, the builder of the house.

The magnificent terraced gardens had been formed before this time. They were laid out by Sir Coutts Lindsay, and are considered second only in Scotland to those of Drummond Castle. Their character is truly magnificent, and they make, with double and single descents, a noble up roach to the quaint and beautiful box garden and the splendid circle and enclosing rectangle which are illustrated. The pictures show better than words can describe how truly noble the gardens at Balcarres are. They rank among the greatest of Scottish gardens, and their favoured situation upon the southern slope is propitious for all things that grow. The box garden, an admirable example of pattern-work, the finely cut and dense yew hedges, the conical yew trees, and the magnificent woods, are the great features of the place. The advantage of such a manner of gardening is that at every time of the year, even in the months of winter, the eye can rest upon green foliage; but the sheltered situation gives many advantages to the gardener, and the beds are full of flowers. Tub gardening is resorted to extensively, and effects are attained not to be surpassed, and when the frosts of winter come the tender trees can be removed. A wealth of flowers, and the charm of the well-kept formal garden, are the chief attractions of the immediate surroundings of Balcarres. Natural beauty must be sought, as we have suggested, in the old woodlands, and up at the Craig, whence the view is truly superb. But the situation has favoured many kinds of gardening, and the kitchen garden the stately abode, and it lends a further attraction to the beauteous scenes which are spread around.

Here also is one of those characteristic sundials which are so quaint and curious, forming such pleasing features in many Scottish gardens. Scotland is richer than England in its dials, and the best of them have been an inspiration to many Scottish families in England who have reproduced the dials of their northern homes, and could anything be better than the grand examples at Drummond, Balcarres, and Glamis Castles? A dial of Scottish type, lately set up by the Hon. Francis Bovies Lyon at Ridley Hall, Northumberland, has an inscription that deserves, in conclusion, to be recorded here:

"Auld Robin Gray"

My father urged me sae,
My mother's dreams speak,
But she looked in my face
Till my heart was like to break.

My heart urges me to try
My father's dreams come true,
As I unnumbered yeas
I shall see aught new.

"Auld Robin Gray."
THE picturesque castle of Gwydyr, which was an ancient seat of the Wynnes, stands in a truly romantic part of North Wales, in the valley of the Conway, and adjacent to the pleasantly-situated town of Llanrwst. The visitor who proceeds from Llandudno to that famous centre of tourists in Wales, Betws-y-Coed, passes close by, and can never fail to admire, the magnificent woods which are found in that part of the valley. The river Conway is navigable as far as Trefriw, that prettily-situated place, which is famous among artists, and whose neighbourhood has often been depicted in the spring exhibitions. The whole region is full of history, for here was a house of the great Llewelyn, and here, long before his time, Taliesin, the father of Welsh poetry, is believed to have dwelt, having been found by the lake of Geirionyd like Moses among the bulrushes, and here again the famous Llywarlch Hen did battle with his foes. In the fastnesses of the district of Snowdon lingered the poetic fire which nerved the chieftains for their great struggle with the Saxon, and in this romantic region of wood and wild Celtic fancy fashioned mysterious shapes of strange significance, and gave birth to the imaginative conceptions which are embodied in the Mabinogion, and which lend their fascination to the legends of Arthur. It was a fantastic world, which revelled in marvels and enchantments, appropriate, we may say, to a region of great mountains and dark forests—for in such places many a race has found its poetry—and out of this world were drawn the patriotic instincts which inspired the Welsh in their long struggle with the invader.

The castle of Gwydyr stands amid umbrageous surroundings at the foot of a lofty crag—Carreg-y-Gwalch, or the Rock of the Falcon—and was erected by Sir John Wynne in the middle of the sixteenth century upon the site of a far more ancient stronghold. The occupancy of the Wynnes has left its traces in many places hereabout. The Gwydyr Chapel in the south transept of Llanrwst Church was erected in 1633 by Sir Richard Wynne, it is said from designs by Inigo Jones, and possesses several memorial brasses of the Gwydyr family, while on the floor is the stone coffin of Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, the famous chieftain who steadily aimed throughout his long reign at securing the means of
striking off the Saxon yoke. The chapel also contains, hung up in the wall, the curious spurs which are said to have belonged to the notorious David ap Jenkin, the Robin Hood of the district, the site of whose cave of refuge, known as Ogof Shenkin, is pointed out on the top of the Falcon Rock. To Inigo Jones, who is believed to have been a native of this part of the country, is attributed the design of the rather steep and inconvenient bridge which crosses the Conway at Llanrwst.

For the name of Gwydyr we are invited to go back to the days of Llywarch Hen, whose great battle, fought here about the year 610, is said to have conferred upon the place the name of "Gwaed-dir," or "The Bloody Land." The seventeenth century work of Sir John Wynne's house is very quaint and
GARDENS OLD AND NEW.

THE GRASS STEPS.

THE GARDEN FROM A WINDOW IN THE CASTLE.
picturesque, and the high gables, embattled chimneys, and mulioned windows have often attracted the pencil of the artist. The new part is the kitchen erected by Lord Willoughby de Eresby, about 1816. Within the house abounds in curiosities, such as carved woodwork of the days of Elizabeth and James. Spanish leather hangings, a screen said to have been worked by Mary Queen of Scots, and the coronation chair of George II. It would be no easy task to find more beautiful carving and panelling than is to be found at Gwydyr. This is not the only house which Sir John Wynne built, for the site of another is pointed out on the rock above, of which all has been demolished save the chapel. The Wynnes of Gwydyr, who were of the

Wynnstay family, held this place until the latter part of the seventeenth century, when Mary, the heiress of Sir Richard Wynne, married the Marquess of Lindsey, and Gwydyr came to the family of Ancaster and to the Carringtons.

There is an old bowling green belonging to the place, on an eminence opposite the entrance and within a few hundred yards of the Episcopal Chapel formerly attached to the summer residence of the Gwydyr family, but this relic of days that are gone does not now receive the attention it once did. Its situation—in the middle of a cuppice—is beautiful indeed, and one can well imagine it in those Stuart times in which our fathers loved the peaceful game, and people the place with men who were as dextrous of eye and hand as they were famous in public life. It is to be hoped that, as we are learning to play once more, this fine stretch of turf will again witness the skilful contests it knew so well of yore.

The magnificent woods are the real delight of the place, and give it a distinction which is rare, but the garden is particularly charming, with its bright parterres, clipped yews, formal hedges, and cypresses, and the dark forest forms a fine setting for the radiant glories of the flower-beds. There is much formality, as in the circular garden of the forecourt disposed about the sundial, but the formality takes a sweeter character in the terrace, with its quaint steps and carved stone vases. The grass steps at the end of the well-kept hedge are an excellent feature, and are neighboured by rich herbaceous borders. The floral glories of Gwydyr are conspicuous in our pictures. Fragrance and beauty of colour combine to lend a charm, which is the better appreciated because of the contrasts in which the gardens abound. But, after all, from whatever point of view we regard Gwydyr Castle, we recognise that from its picturesque architecture and the neighbourhood of its glorious woodlands it derives the greater part of its beauties. Here things seem to flourish abundantly, and from early spring to late autumn the garden is full of floral beauty. The quaintness of the double row of clipped yews in the old "Dutch" garden under the hill is undeniable, although its formality may not attract every beholder. From the terrace

there are lovely views of the vale of the Conway, and the visitor who has completed his survey of the immediate surroundings may discover endless pleasures in the paths through the woods. He may ascend through the upper walks to the summit, and from Gwydyr-Uchaf or Up-er Gwydyr may enjoy a marvellous prospect of a glorious region. Here, over the entrance of the resting-place, is an inscription in Welsh, which rightly describes it as "A conspicuous edifice on the hill, towering over the adjacent land; a well-chosen situation; a second paradise; a high bank; a place of royalty." One of the great charms of the wood is the waterfall of Rheynydr-y-Parc-Mawr, which, in a romantic place near the house, descends in a silvery cascade for a distance of about one hundred feet.

It is particularly pleasant, in a romantic region where Nature takes its wildest forms, and where mountain and flood are majestic in their untamed grandeur, to find a domain like Gwydyr Castle maintained by careful hands in the state of cultivated perfection which our pictures disclose. The wood and the rocky hill are seen to be the foil and contrast to the sweeter charms of the garden, and the attraction of both is enhanced by their variety of character. This, perhaps, is the chief lesson to be learned from Gwydyr Castle—that where contrast can be attained, the artistic character of a garden and its surroundings will be greatly increased, and it is a lesson which the visitor to Lord Carrington's attractive place will not fail to make his own.
LYING some two miles north of the ancient town of Frome, in Somersetshire, in the midst of a fair and fruitful region of England, lies the parish of Orchardleigh, much out of the beaten track, and content to jog along with a quiet life of its own. A hundred years ago it had but five houses and twenty-eight inhabitants, and now the people who dwell there do not number more than about fifty. The park covers nearly the whole area of the parish, and is a pleasant, picturesque, and well-wooded expanse, with a spacious lake and ponds. Here, in ancient times, spread the forest of Selwood, and the sylvan character still invests the land. The river Frome runs on the south side, and with the woods, water, meadows, and orchards completes the rustic charm.

In Domesday the place is spoken of as Horcerlei, obviously the attempt of some Norman surveyor to render its name correctly. It fell into the capacious hands of the famous Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, but returned to the Crown, and was held of the King in capite by the family of De Cultura, or Colthurst, and in the reign of Edward I. was conveyed to that of De Merlaut. The Romsey's afterwards held the place, the heiress of the last of whom was Joan, wife of Henry Champneys, whose descendant, Thomas Champneys, was made a Baronet in the seventh year of George III. The Champneys remained in possession of Orchardleigh for about 300 years. Memorials of several of them are in the church, and a stone marks the site of the old mansion in which they dwelt. The present mansion, a stately edifice in the Elizabethan style, was erected, in a more elevated situation, by the late William Duckworth, Esq. This gentleman, who was the son of George Duckworth, Esq., of Mushbury and Over Lawren, Lancashire, bought the estate in 1856, and showed excellent taste in the character of his house and grounds. Not many places in England have such a territorial situation. Few are the parks that are practically parishes, and not many the parishes whose inhabitants make so small a show at the polls. There are some advantages and pleasures in such a state of things. The possessor of Orchardleigh is in a position of paramount authority and respect in his parish, being the sole landowner, and thus truly the squire of the place, which boasts but of a single farmer—at the Long House Farm—named in the county directory. The late Mr. Duckworth recognised the charms and attractions of the country. There was a diversity of ground that promised many opportunities. His new mansion should be erected on the hill in a better situation than the old. From this elevated point there were fine views of distant country, including Cley Hill and the Wiltshire Downs, as well as a rich prospect of the sylvan region around. The site chosen was in the midst of the park of 800 acres, wherein stand many fine elms and other patrician forest trees. Rich masses of foliage should play a large part in the landscape, and there were ancient giants of the wood which should give both shade and dignity. Then the position chosen had the advantage that on every side there were slopes, and that thus beautiful terraces might be formed. The declivities were
THE GARDEN FROM THE TERRACE.
THE EAST TERRACE AND WOODS.
gentle, and the character should be of broad terracing, with lawns and woodland walks.

But the house, of course, would be the central feature, and here Mr. Duckworth displayed excellent judgment and discrimination. His mansion arose in the gabled style which is described as Elizabethan, but no observer of architectural tendencies could assign it to any century earlier than the nineteenth. To say this is not to disparage the structure, of which the merits are indeed conspicuous. The lofty gables, bold chimneys, pinnacles, and bay windows, with considerable quaintness in design, make an excellent grouping. Beautiful work in the matter of mouldings, crestings, finials, and other details adds to the charm. From the point of view from which the edifice is regarded in these pages, we are to observe how admirably it falls into its surroundings, how grand wistaria clothes the frontage with floral beauty, how ivy and other clinging growths vest parts of the structure without concealing a single architectural feature, and how graciously the gardens and woods enter into the picture. The house is so advantageously situated that it commands a full view of all the country around. How beautiful is the treatment will be seen in one of our pictures, where the outlook from the terrace, or balcony, in front of the house, is seen, with its well-gravelled paths, and green expanses of turf terminated by dividing walls, with aloes and floral triumphs in choice vases, beyond which the eye rests with satisfaction upon a range of the park and a beautiful belt of trees.

The advantage of situation is thus demonstrated, and like prospects greet the eye in other directions. In some places the trees approach nearer, and delight by the nobility of their form and the variety of their foliage. Everywhere the stone-work is excellent, and the perforated barrier walls are admirable. There are magnificent vistas, and in exploring the beauties of the garden it is delightful to find some pergola, as if from sunny Italy, giving shelter by the way, and affording support to many growing things. A wealth of floral enrichment provides both colour and fragrance, and from the early days of spring until the last winds of autumn have blown the gardens are full of attraction. And when the deciduous trees have shed their leaves, an abundance of evergreens is there to make the winter verdant.

The beauties of the park have been suggested. Here are no empty levels of turf or wide and tasteless expanses; witness the extraordinary richness of the foliage, and the remarkable splendour of individual trees and of the larger masses of woodland. The park, thus diversified in its 800 acres, has an extent from lodge to lodge of some two and a-half miles. The great lake, with an expanse of about twenty-four acres, is one of the glories of the place, and the landscape, with wood, water, and meadow, is most beautiful. Another notable feature of the park is the ancient church of Orchardleigh, which stands embowered amid foliage. Through the instrumentality and generosity of Mr. Duckworth it was restored under the care of Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., in 1879.
AMONG the garden pictures in this book none should be more welcome than those of Munstead Wood, together with some account of it and its environment, not only at the time of those high midsummer days which Matthew Arnold loved, but also in those months of the dying year of which town dwellers can hardly appreciate the quiet beauty. It is a garden of natural character, with some stonework features in it consonant with its architecture, but depending for its charm upon an abundant use of the glories of the flower world. And, to begin with, we would suggest that this modestly beautiful house, its wood, and its garden, may well become classical, in the same kind of way as that unobtrusive house in Selborne Village, known for the Priest and the Hanger. The books which Miss Jekyll has written in and about the house and garden and wood she loves so well, have certainly something of the same spirit that gives such unfailing charm to Gilbert White’s inimitable letters. They are books marked by intimate knowledge of Nature, and by close appreciation of the beauty of Nature, and of the goodness of the ways of the old world.

No observant man or woman can doubt that the last years of the last century witnessed a wonderful revival, if not a new birth, of love for the garden world, or that the gospel of the garden, “the purest of human pleasures,” has now a fast hold upon the hearts of us all, to our manifest advantage, and that the teachers of that cult of horticulture are, on the whole, a godly fellowship. Some there be, of course, who put on the airs of teacher without warrant, and do but rhapsodise; but simultaneously with them are to be found living writers who practise what they preach, who, by so doing earnestly and consistently, have done a real service in their generation. Mr. William Robinson, who began, many years ago, a mission in the cause of Nature which seemed almost hopeless, has lived to see his views met with almost universal acceptance, insomuch that a certain amount of reaction was brought about.
Indeed, as "a Man shall ever see that, when ages grow to Civility and Elegance, Men come to Build Stately sooner than to Garden Finely, as if Gardening were the greater Perfection," so it may well be that, Mr. William Robinson having accomplished his mission, one of the cleverest and keenest of his disciples may have advanced beyond the teacher in the direction of perfection.

Miss Jekyll, indeed, has not attempted to "build stately," for stateliness would have been out of place with the site at her disposal, but she has certainly given the world an object-lesson in the manner of gardening finely. Climbing the hill towards Hascombe, on the way from Godalming, the wayfarer turns aside to the left, by a sandy track of the most unpretentious kind, with scrub trees and open land on his left, and a plain oak paling on his right. And then, after a while, he enters a little gate, not wide enough to admit a vehicle, and pursues a simple path, with grass and heather and bushes on either side, leading directly towards a greyish yellow stone wall, which looks as if it had stood for scores of years, although, as a matter of fact, it has stood but a very few years; and then, turning to his right, he is in the porch, if porch it be. No cottage could have an approach more humble.
MUNSTEAD WOOD: A VISTA.
or less ostentatious. Grand hydrangeas in simple tubs flank the entrance to the porch, and the door is of plain and solid oak. Indeed, substance, solidity, plainness, and the absence of pretence are the distinguishing marks of the whole house. It is a house and garden conceived and executed on the plan of simplicity. Inside, again, there is little which flashes upon the visitor or astonishes him; all is beautifully plain and massive. At first he simply feels that everything is exactly as it should be. It is only little by little that he realises the details that produce the feeling—the width of the hall, with its huge beams still bearing the adze marks, the fine proportions of the fireplace, with its glowing fire of oaken billets, the noble array of ancient pewter in the dining-room, the massive simplicity of the staircase, the light and space of the
MUNSTEAD WOOD.

The beauty of the birches.

Jekyll built for her beloved plants with her own hands, more than the rock garden or the tanke, more even than the rampant roses, and the herbaceous border with its splendid background of warm red brick and creepers, may many like the wood, because it has been so admirably managed, and because the marks of interference with Nature have been so artistically concealed. Nature has been accepted, so to speak, to group the trees. There has been but little planting, but where the birches predominated their rivals have been removed; and so it has been with the other trees. The paths, or many of them, are broad and straight, and the sandy soil makes them springy and dry to the foot. Here in summer you come across groups of those giant lilies, red

... 

gallery, the interest of the thousand and one things thereabout. It is pleasant to observe the adze marks on the posts and bams, and the manner in which the craftsman, where curving timbers were required, has been careful to select those in which the natural crook of the timber would serve his need. And then, in the gallery first, and in the rooms later, the visitor begins to realise that every window has its open mullions set flush with the outer wall, and the arch is placed, not, as it were, accidentally, but with thought for the garden that is out side. It may chance, for example, that the outlook is down a path, running like a river between two long banks of Michaelmas daisies of every hue—lavender, purple, and white—beautifully grouped, and at the end the pergola, with tea roses and many kinds of clematis rampant upon it. That pergola, indeed, is precisely what a pergola should be, with its massive pillars of masonry, its long trunks of trees, with the bank, to support the mass of creepers, its cool shade at the end, from the window of the hall, the view is absolutely restful. The eye falls upon a little lawn, fringed with birches, the most graceful of English trees, with rhododendrons, glorious in the summer, and their foot; and through them, and between scrub of Spanish chestnut later, runs a broad green path, at the end of which one sees the warm stems of a Scotch fir, which survived in the days of the great cutting—but thereby hangs a tale, the explanation, indeed, of much of the special beauty of Munstead, which must be postponed for a brief moment. Even at this point it must be plain that these harmonies between house and environment—this fashion in which the house takes advantage of every view of the wood and garden, and the wood and garden miss no view of the house—must be the result of careful thought on the part of some person or persons. It is well, therefore, to say at once that the persons in question are Mr. Lutyens and Miss Jekyll, and that the whole was the result of innumerable discussions and debates between them. "When it came to the actual planning of the house I was to live in—I had made one false start a year or two before—I agreed with the architect how and where the house should stand, and more or less how the rooms should lie together. And I said that I wanted a small house with plenty of room in it, and that I disliked small, narrow passages, and would have nothing screwy or ill-lighted. So he drew a plan, and we soon came to terms on that first about the main block, and then upon the details. Every portion of it was carefully talked over, and I feel bound to confess that, in most cases out of the few in which I put pressure on him to waive his judgement in favour of my wishes, I should have done better to leave matters alone."

The combination, in fact, was in many respects ideal, and that all the more so because Miss Jekyll, living in the oak wood hard by, and tending and arranging her garden and woodland, was always on the spot to advise and to suggest.

The garden was before the house—in part, at any rate—and that was an unmixed advantage. The site, too, was of great natural beauty. It was on a sandy hillside, with an admixture of peat in the surface soil, which had once been a wood; but of the original trees few survived, save the Scotch fir which has been mentioned, and which has been spared because its heading shoot had met some accident 4ft. or 5ft. above the ground, and the gnarled and divided trunk remaining was as valueless for timber as it was beautiful to the eye. But there was scrub timber of some fifteen years' growth, and there were heath and bracken, and so there were endless opportunities. Even better than the pergola, then, the ride wall with which Miss Jekyll built for her beloved plants with her own hands, more than the rock garden or the tanke, more even than the rampant roses, and the herbaceous border with its splendid background of warm red brick and creepers, may many like the wood, because it has been so admirably managed, and because the marks of interference with Nature have been so artistically concealed. Nature has been accepted, so to speak, to group the trees. There has been but little planting, but where the birches predominated their rivals have been removed; and so it has been with the other trees. The paths, or many of them, are broad and straight, and the sandy soil makes them springy and dry to the foot. Here in summer you come across groups of those giant lilies, red...
and more, the embodiment of stately purity and the pride of Munstead. Near the old cottage are rampant and luxurious roses of the simpler kind. Here, alongside the birches, is a group of brilliant cistuses, and well placed elsewhere are Ghent azaleas. The purple of the autumnal leaves of the blackberry, the gorgeous hues of the autumnal fungi, are not forgotten. In fact, that word is a perfect example of how much may be done to improve a thoroughly wild spot without depriving it of its essential wildness.

In dealing with the garden proper, it is only possible to make clear the principles on which Miss Jekyll acts, and they are more conspicuously visible in the aster walk and in the herbaceous border than elsewhere. As you climb the aster walk towards the house (which has a little flagged courtyard on that side, with the ripple marks of thousands of years ago showing in the flags, and here and there a tiny plant growing in a crevice), behind the asters are tea roses, and the asters themselves are not less remarkable for their abundance and striking—but all of them with due thought of the effect not only at one season, but in successive seasons. Of groups and masses, planned out with thoughtful regard to colour effects, she is an ardent, but not a savish, supporter, with a wise foresight which saves her from monotony of outline or of level. Low-growing foliage plants, especially those of a neutral grey, are encouraged near the edges in many groups, but they are not trimly kept. Indeed, in late autumn at any rate, Miss Jekyll’s herbaceous border is not trimly kept, or intended so to be. One sees many a dead head, more than one mass of withered foliage, through which an errant nasturtium may send a flash of colour; but the whole effect, the grey, and the scarlet, and the yellow of the late flowers, the coppery sheen of the lingering foliage, the soft, warm red of the wall behind, and the purple of the belated vines, is excellent. The rule by which to produce such effects is simple in enunciation, difficult in the following. Group boldly with a thought of all the seasons and of all the colours;

EXTRACTION TO THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

exquisite groupings of colour than for variety of level. They are tumbling waves of purple, and lilac, and palest lavender, and white; and in front of them is a broad edge of white pinks, in the summer a blaze of fragrant white against a green background, in winter and late autumn a band of silver grey in front of the river of asters. Then the herbaceous border. A good wide path, along which a cart could be driven, runs straight across from the pergola in the direction of the “hat.”

On the left hand, as you face the hut, is a lawn with beds of many rare and luxurious shrubs, and on the right the border, no mere strip, but a genuine bed of generous proportions, and behind it a little path running concealed beneath the wall, so that the climbers and the vines, with their leaves purple in autumn, may be approached with ease. It is a glorious sight when the dephiniums, of many shades of blue and in bold masses, are in flower, when the giant poppies are in their glory, and the hollyhocks tower aloft. Nor is it less charming when these are over, and gypsophila is clothing the space which would have been bare, and dahlias and helianthus flash their colour upon the eye. But let no man suppose that these are all. Miss Jekyll cultivates all herbaceous plants that the soil will support—one little colony of yuccas is remarkably form many successive pictures in your mind, pictures which shall be harmonious in themselves and compatible one with another, and make them. That is the beginning and end of the whole matter, but it is also where the imagination of the artist comes in. For the rest, the golden rules are two, which are easily obeyed—not, in such a garden, to be a slave to tidiness, and not to attempt to grow plants which do not like your soil. Miss Jekyll’s ground, for example, is by no means congenial to the growth of exhibition roses, and she does not attempt them; but she lets the teas and the ramblers and the cluster roses ramp and climb trees and evergreens at their will, and the effect is at least as beautiful as that of any rosery. Especially is this the case near the hut, where monumental yew hedges, and hollies and roses, common but luxuriant, make a delightful picture. And everywhere a grateful odour, in wood and in garden alike, proclaims that Miss Jekyll does not forget the pleasures of scent in seeking and ensuring those of sight; and in her two delightful books, “Wood and Garden” and “Home and Garden,” will be found a score of distinct and well-chosen epithets showing how much store she places on fragrance, and how acutely she distinguishes it in its different kinds.
THE name and fame of Haddon Hall have lifted that historic house to such a height of dignity and consequence among the glorious mansions of ancient England, that it stands as the chief exemplar and the speaking voice, as it were, of the dwelling-places of our long dead sires. What memories of old-time glories, ambitions, and occupations, of passions long stilled, and yet of emotions that are ours, are evoked as we walk in the golden shade of the sycamores and limes, or linger on the terrace under the low-hanging boughs of the yews, with that wondrous range of buildings before us and those glorious windows, out of which looked lovingly into their garden the men and women of long ago! There is no rival to historic Haddon. Some places may be more magnificent, but the transcendent delight of the home of the Vernons lies in its happy union of history and poetry with rare beauty of architecture and the external charms of an old garden, and a beautiful neighbouring land. Where else can we receive such impressions of ancient greatness touched with the witchery of bygone romance?

It matters not whether you approach Haddon Hall from the direction of the famous anglers' resort of the Peacock at Rowsley, or from the ancient town of Bakewell on the other hand, the prospect is equally charming. That wonderful dale of the Wye, which is so full of varied attractions, is here vested in a sylvan garment, and as we approach, upon the sloping platform of limestone, we see, rising amid the trees, that marvellous pile of grey battlements and towers. In the bottom of the valley are cornfields and meadows, with many trees by the famous trout and grayling stream, which winds its sinuous way amid tall grasses, and reflects in its placid reaches the umbrageous thickets that clothe the steeps.

Haddon Hall, like its garden, owes much of its charm and picturesqueness to the slope upon which it stands. Before you enter you have been charmed by the rustic beauty of the cottage, and by the quaintness of the peacock and other forms curiously clipped in yew. It may be well, before we speak of the historic and legendary interests of Haddon Hall, briefly to
describe the arrangement of the house itself, presuming that here we learn as much of the manner of life of the medieval and Tudor gentlemen as can be learned in any other place in England. The visitor passes into the lower courtyard by the gate tower at its north-western angle, and is delighted with the beautiful structures which form the enclosure. The area is divided into two levels by three steps, which extend across it from north to south, and thus gains much picturesque ness. On the lower or western side is the "Chaplain's Room," and, opposite to the entrance, the Domestic Chapel, of which the south aisle probably belongs to a time before the Vernons came to Haddon. It is worthy of note that this chapel does not stand at right angles to the line of buildings on the western side, and that its chancel window thus stands external to the line of building on the garden front outside, whence it forms a noteworthy feature. The upper part of this lower courtyard is formed chiefly of the splendid windows of the Great Hall, and very picturesque is the projecting porch, through which we gain access to the lobby separating the hall on the right from the kitchen and offices on the left. The Minstrels' Gallery is over the entrance passage, while the door is at the other end, and still has the great oak table at which the lord and his family dined in ancient days. Behind the hall are themselves most impressive and picturesque features, with extreme quaintness, beauty, and attractiveness of architecture. The gallery is entered by remarkable segmental steps of solid oak, and is richly panelled and adorned. At the further end is a doorway leading into the buildings which form the uppermost or eastern side of the mansion, where is the Ante-room, with "Dorothy Vernon's Steps," which lead down to the lovely terrace. The finest view of the buildings is gained from the lofty Eagle, or Peveril, Tower, which is or: the higher level of the eastern side, and commands not only the two courtyards, but the upper and lower gardens on the south side, and a great prospect of the lovely valley of the Wye.

Before we pass out into the gardens, we shall glance at something of the personal interests and legendary history of the ancient place. The first recorded possessor was one William Peveril, a reputed kinsman of the Conqueror's, the last of whose family possessing Haddon died abroad on suspicion of having poisoned Ralph, Earl of Chester. It is conjectured that some of the foundations of the mansion may go back even to the Peverils' time. It was towards the end of the twelfth century that the place passed to the Vernons by the marriage of Richard de Vernon with Avicia, a daughter of William de Avenell, who had possessed the place under the King, and ultimately the whole estate passed into their hands.

Those who investigate the history of the structure of Haddon Hall will learn that it has been a creation to which nearly every subsequent possessor up to the seventeenth century added something. It was the first Vernon of Haddon who surrounded his mansion with a curtain wall for protection against the unruly. The later Vernons held the place through a female descent, for Richard de Vernon's only daughter married a certain Gilbert le Franceys, whose descendants came to be known by the greater name of Vernon. In the fourteenth century the place was broadly complete in its general character, the Chapel and Great Hall with the various
ranges of buildings round the courts being then in existence, though the Long Gallery belongs to a later age. It was Richard de Vernon, a man of might in his time, who died in 1377, who added the porch to the Great Hall. Two Sir Richards followed in succession, the last of whom was Speaker in the Parliament of Leicester in 1426, as well as Treasurer of Calais and Captain of Rouen, the builder of the chancel of the chapel. His successor, Sir William Vernon, married an heiress, and gained great possessions in Shropshire, where he is buried; but, nevertheless, like his fathers, he went on building at Haddon, particularly in improving the chapel. His son, Henry Vernon, followed him, and was a soldier in whom the King-maker had trust. “Henry, I pray you fail not now, to the fame of Haddon Hall, was his daughter, and ultimately sole heiress. We are left to imagination in regard to many of the circumstances of her love match with John Manners, the second son of Sir Thomas Manners, first Earl of Rutland. We do not know whether Sir George Vernon objected to Manners on personal grounds, or on grounds of religion—for Manners was a bitter enemy of the old faith, and was instrumental at Padley, in Derbyshire, in securing the arrest of missionary priests, who were afterwards hanged, drawn, and quartered—or whether, again, he had formed other views as to his daughter’s future. Whatever may have been the case, it is asserted by tradition that the attachment between John Manners and Dorothy Vernon was a secret one, or at least that their meeting was under her father’s ban. The story goes that the ardent lover haunted the neighbouring woods disguised as a forester or hunter, in the hope of gaining a sight of his lady, or a stolen interview, or a note dropped from a window. According to tradition, the famous elopement took place on an occasion of some festivity at the Hall, held, as some aver, in honour of the marriage of Dorothy’s elder

THE ANCIENT AVENUE.
sister. John Manners had horses near, and Dorothy stole down the steps from the Ante-room and along the terrace to where he was waiting. The sound of their horses' hoofs was drowned in the noise of the revelry, and after galloping all night they reached Aylsham, in Leicestershire, where they were married on the morrow. Of these things does the visitor think when bellingers on Dorothy Vernon's Terrace, and the memory of her romance will long cling to the ancient walls of Haddon.

John Manners was a man of wealth and consideration, rich in his many friends in the Midlands, and possessing a brother who appears to have been his alter ego. Their correspondence throws a good deal of light upon the society of the time, and they appear to have been in the confidence of the Earl of Shrewsbury in relation to his quarrel with his wife, the celebrated "Bess of Hardwick," who was such a great builder of Derbyshire houses. The Earl wrote to John Manners in 1586 that he would have been down before but for his "wicked wife—her tilting in Her Majesty's ear." The Countess seemed to have gained the Queen's favour, for, at an earlier date, Roger Manners had written to his brother John at Haddon: "Her Majesty hath been sundry times in hand with him for his wife, but he will not wise agree to accept her." John Manners survived his wife many long years, and lived quietly on his estate at Haddon, but took an important part in some political concerns. He it was who built the splendid Long Gallery at Haddon, and since his death in 1611 no important changes have been made in the place. The whole of the flooring, as well as the solid stairs, of which the treads are said to have been cut from a single oak which grew in the park. The main cot is singularly rich, the panels, which are arched, being separated by fluted pilasters, and above are the boar's head of Vernon and the peacock of Manners, with roses and thistles alternated. In the windows the shields of Rutland and Shrewsbury are emblazoned, with the Royal arms of England, and the whole of the details are very rich and beautiful.

John Manners, the husband of Dorothy Vernon, was followed at Haddon by his son, Sir George Manners, whose son John succeeded as eighth Earl of Rutland, an lived alternately at Belvoir and Haddon, and espoused the cause of Parliament. He shared in the Restoration, and, though living much at Belvoir, appears to have exercised prodigious hospitality at Haddon, where there was a huge consumption of beeves and sheep at the Christmas of 1663. The ninth Earl was created Marquis of Granby and Duke of Rutland. Although John, the third Duke, occasionally visited at Haddon, it was during his time that his family finally ceased to reside in this ancient place, which was dismantled as a residence about the year 1749.

It was after the place came into the possession of the family of Manners that the terraces as they exist now were formed, and they are certainly among the most beautiful examples of garden architecture and construction in this country. A singular charm pervades the upper terrace, and, though we may reflect that the actual features we see cannot be associated with Dorothy Vernon, we are well content with the glorious character they possess. This secluded garden on the south side of Haddon Hall, with its descents and slopes, is not of great extent, but is of peculiarly rich and tasteful character, and is full of suggestion for those who have like opportunities. Like Haddon Hall itself, it is preserved by the present Duke of Rutland in a state of perfection, and with a religious care, which the admirable place well deserves. The beautiful surroundings of Haddon Hall, the rich woods and the avenue, add a great deal to the charm, of which we cannot be too thankful that such an exemplar of the domestic life of older Englishmen should still exist in the lovely dale of the Derbyshire Wye.  
THE splendid and characteristic gardens of Hoar Cross in Staffordshire demand particular attention, because they are a modern creation, and have been entirely designed by Mrs. Meynell Ingram. Let us recognise in them a great and successful achievement. It was no small thing to bring them to this perfection, and they are a notable example of the best character of the old English style. Hoar Cross is one of the two magnificent seats which are possessed by Mrs. Meynell Ingram, the other being Temple Newsam in Yorkshire. These great domains were united through the marriage of Mr. Hugo Meynell of Hoar Cross, grandfather of the late Mr. Meynell Ingram, with the Hon. Elizabeth Ingram, daughter and co-heiress of Viscount Irwin. What Hoar Cross lacks in historic memories or the greatness of ancient architecture, it may be said to have compensation for in the advantages of beautiful and commanding situation. For Temple Newsam, where unfortunate Darnley was born, in the days when the Earl of Lennox possessed it, lies within about five miles of the smoky town of Leeds, and something of the sombre pall extends even to that superb structure, which was raised by Sir Arthur Ingram in the times of Charles I., and still, in the open battlements thereof, according to the pious custom of the time, may be read the words, "All Glory and Praise be given to God, the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost, on High; Peace upon Earth; Goodwill toward Men; Honour and true Allegiance to our Gracious King; Loving Affections among his Subjects; Health and Plenty within this House."

The Staffordshire manor house is a noble mansion also, cast in the same mould of style, but of modern date. It lies in a picturesque region of the county to the west of the road from King's Bromley to Sudbury, and on the borders of Needwood Forest. The situation is extremely fine, being an eminence commanding entrancing views of the surrounding country, with the well-wooded and attractive grounds of the house in the foreground, and the lofty tower of the fine Church of the Holy Angels, which Mrs. Meynell Ingram erected in memory of her late husband, Mr. Hugo Francis Meynell Ingram, M.P., who died in 1871, a prominent object in the prospect. Anciently the family of Welles were in possession here, but only their memory remains, and the present noble structure has replaced the moulded manor house wherein they dwelt. In the ancient Needwood custom of the hobby-horse this family were formerly
A GARDEN ENCLOSURE.

THE STRAIGHT YEW WALK.
THE HOUSE AND FLOWER GARDEN.
honoured; for the dancers carried on their shoulders reindeer's heads, and bore the arms of Welles, and of Paget and Bagot, the great landowners hereabout. The whole district was more or less covered with wood, but was chiefly enclosed at the beginning of the last century. In Queen Elizabeth's time the forest was twenty-four miles in circumference, and in 1678 contained 47450 trees, besides hollies and underwood.

The Meynell's claim descent from the great Norman baron Hugo de Grandmesnil, who, with his brother, founded the abbey of St. Evroult. The sons of Hugo went to the Crusade, but are believed to have displayed cowardice at Antioch. Hugo himself is said to have died at Leicester in 1093, and Orderic says that his body, preserved in salt, and well sewn up in an oxbide, was conveyed to Normandy and buried by the abbot and convent on the south side of the chapter house at St. Evroult. Gilbert de Mesnil established the stock from which the family at Hoar Cross are descended, and Williams, Hugo, Roberts, Richards, and others succeeded one another in the long line of descent. Hugo of Langley Mesnil represented his county in five Parliaments under Edward III, and his son, another Hugo, was raised to the dignity of the Bar's for his services at Cressy and Poitiers. Gerard, Ralph, and John followed, and Godfrey Mesnil, or Meynell, had a son Charles, who fell in the cause of the Stuarts. Charles's brother, Francis, an opulent banker, was the father of Godfrey Meynell, and grandfather of Lytton Meynell, from whose second son Hugo came the Meynells of Hoar Cross. That gentleman, like several of his ancestors, was High Sheriff of his county in 1758, and it was his son, Hugo, who married the heiress of Temple Newsam. The late Mr. Hugo Francis Meynell Ingram was well known for his public spirit and great position among the landed gentry of England, and his widow, who now holds the estate, was the daughter of the first Lord Halifax.

The house at Hoar Cross was built at a good period, in which the spirit of Tudor and Jacobean domestic architecture was well understood, and the lofty gables, cupolas, chimneys, and mullioned windows are all excellent in style and execution. The gardens have an unusually varied and everywhere beautiful character. A pleasing fancy has directed the arrangement, and has invested the several parts of the grounds with singular attractions. On one side of the house broad lawns extend for some distance, shadowed by fine trees. On another hand are steep descents leading to well-hedged, enclosed spaces, radiant with a varied wealth of flowers, and delightful throughout the year. Then, again, there is a formal, planned garden, based upon the principle of the square, with a fountain for the centre-piece, and well-kept beds and geometrical paths filling the space. There is enough here, indeed, to charm the most fastidious in every line of gardening. Perhaps nothing, however, is so attractive as the grand hedges of yew, which are kept in superb order, and in denseness of growth could scarcely be excelled. In some places they are cut out as with embellishments; in others they are pierced as with loopholes; but everywhere they are as fine as we could well wish them to be. The hedges give that character of enclosure which was so much valued in former times, though it may be remarked that in this varied pleasure the broad expanses are consonant with the modern spirit also. The pleached walk of lime is one of the finest examples in England of that class of work, and may be commended as well worthy of imitation. The garden at Hoar Cross is, indeed, a pre-eminent satisfactory piece of work. It is manifestly the outcome of real love for the garden, and of a right conception of one great school of garden design. Mrs. Meynell Ingram has multiplied her enclosures, as we see such features depicted in many old garden plans, and as we find them in some antique pleasures that remain. Her success should be an encouragement, for it shows that the character of an old garden can be won within the space of a few years. It is, indeed, no small thing that such a garden as Hoar Cross should be a creation of modern times.

The Staffordshire gardeners have ever been famous for their skill in handling trees and bushes to decorative advantage. Old Dr. Plot, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum and professor of chemistry in the University of Oxford, who was...
History of Staffordshire' was published in 1686, has much to say upon this matter. We could wish he had given some direct account of the gardens existing in his time at Hoar Cross, but his allusions to some features which he noticed in the county are interesting. He remarks that the people there seemed to take great delight in topiary work, in which he doubtless included fine hedges, and he says there were examples at Mear, Aspley Moreton, and Willbrighton; also at Brewwood Hall, the seat of Mr. Ferrers Fowk, where he saw a great whitethorn hedge between the gardens and the court, as well as animals, castles, etc., formed arbre boz'arba. The "wren's nest," in the "hort-yard," seemed to him a neat piece of work, cast out of a whitethorn, and capacious enough to receive a man to sit on a seat made within it for that purpose. A yew tree was in the garden there, and divers branches issuing out of it formed a spacious arbour of a square figure, of which each side measured about

5yds., but within not exceeding 10ft., and "cut on the top with a loop and crest, like the battlement of a tower, adorned at each corner by a pinnacle, over which is wrought a canopy out of the middle branches about 2yds. diameter, which is carried up again first to a lesser gradation, and then terminates at the top in a small pinnacle." Other fine plantations of trees and walks in Staffordshire does worthy Dr. Plot describe, and especially in the garden of Mr. Scot at Great Barr, Lord Massarene's garden at Fisherwick, and Sir Francis Lawley's at Cannal, as well as young oaks of silver fir at Mr. Chetwynd's at Ingestre, but none of them equaling the successes of Sir Richard Astley at Patashall, where the walks were from 13yds. to 14yds. broad, and 148yds. to 150yds. long, curiously planted on each side with double rows of elms. The Staffordshire men were also accustomed to cut vistas through the trees for the advantages of the prospect, and to lay out pleasant lawns.

Evidently the old skill remains in the county. What could we wish better than the straight yew walk at Hoar Cross with the arch of greenery, or the more open walk to the great outlook, or, again, than the long western avenue, with the loop-holes, or than the noble and finely-cut approach to the church? There are some architectural adornments in the garden, like the terrace balustrades, with the monogram of the Meynell Ingams, and the urns and vases, which here and there are features of distinction, lifting up glorious masses of flowers against some dark background of trees. The old Italian cistern, or well-head, is one of those interesting features which are found in English gardens, though perhaps nowhere so attractively as at Kingston Lacy, Dorsetshire, which was illustrated in the first series of "Gardens Old and New."

Enough has been said to show that at Hoar Cross, more than at many places, a certain catholicity of taste has enabled the charms of various styles and different lands to be brought together. What is particularly satisfactory is to find the garden so well and carefully tended. Nothing is wanting for its completeness and perfection, and the estate may serve as a model. The gate-house is a picturesque feature, and there are many other things upon which we might have dwelt.

The Church of the Holy Angels, which has been alluded to, adds by its presence distinction and character to the grounds, and it is in itself a fine cruciform building of red stone, in the Decorative style of the fourteenth century, erected from the design of Mr. G. F. Bodley, A.R.A. The nave and aisles are of two bays, and there are north and south transepts and porches, while the great central tower is about 110ft. high, and has a peal of six bells. Mrs. Meynell Ingram has also founded an orphanage for boys called the Home of the Good Shepherd, which is maintained by her.
In our quest for beautiful gardens, and for the charming houses they adorn, we seek many diverse features, merits, and attractions. We do an ample need of justice to every style and character of the sweet domestic art of gardenage. There shall be no spirit of exclusion in anything we illustrate or write. Recognising that everything is right when rightly used, we are able to exemplify a world of admirable things. From the quaint and modest garden of old England, enclosed within its walls and overlooked by its terraces, we may range to the great and stately pleasances of Le Nôtre, and pass out into the wider expanses of the pastoral landscapes of Kent and Brown. Not anywhere shall we find anything more quaint and beautiful than the old gardens of Packwood House. It is a pleasance of terraces and clipped yews, of dials and splendid gates—a true old garden of England.

"Then did I see a pleasant paradise
   Full of sweet flowers and daintiest delights,
   Such as an earth man could devise.
   With pleasures choice to feed his cheerful sprite." [1]

It is a garden, indeed, such as Spenser knew, but devised well by man, and informed with individuality and character of its own. Mr. Robinson, that well-known and persuasive exponent of natural garden art, has no quarrel with gardens such as Packwood. Part of his work has been, he says, to preserve much record of their beauty, and the necessary terraces round houses like Haddon "may be and are as beautiful as any garden ever made by man." And when a garden expresses such ideas as are embodied in those quaint shapes at Packwood, with terraces formed of magnificent old brickwork, who, indeed, could withhold praise from such a conception consistently maintained?

But, before we describe the Packwood gardens, let us say a little of Packwood House, remembering always that the garden is but the framework of the dwelling-place, and the region in which the dweller therein bends Nature to his will. Mrs. Arton's picturesque homestead lies about eight miles west of Kenilworth, and five miles north of Henley in Arden, near the road thence to Birmingham, in a country of venerable forests associated much with the memories of the immortal bard. It was anciently a house of the honourable family of Fetherstone, concerning whom old Dagbare, the veracious historian of Warwickshire, has little to say, though he records the inscriptions on their monuments in the ancient village church of St. Giles. One of these is sacred to the pious memory of John Fetherstone, who died in 1679, at the age of

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and whose probity, goodness, and ingenious character are extolled; and another records the virtues of his son Thomas Fetherstone, who died at the age of 81, in 1714. This Thomas was a good son, a fond husband, an excellent father, and a man elegant in various studies and sacred exercises, whose liberality built the north aisle of the church to be the resting-place of himself and his posterity. It is of good brick, but is not well in keeping with the rest of the structure, which is on the ground floor with carved chimney-pieces of good character. The wing on the north of the entrance, containing the domestic offices, is of the splendid brickwork so characteristic of the place, with moulded cornices and several mural sundials. This portion of the structure appears to belong to the reign of William III. or Anne, and to the same date may be ascribed the old brick stables, which are exceedingly interesting, and have very massive oaken stalls and fittings.

There is an excellent sundial also on the lawn facing the park front of the house, which bears the date 1660, and the arms of Fetherstone on the gnomon-gules, on a chevron argent, between three ostrich feathers of the second, as many annulets of the first.

The date on the sundial brings us to the date of the garden, which may perhaps be ascribed to John Fetherstone, who died ten years later, though no doubt his ingenious son, Thomas Fetherstone, being both a builder and a student, took pains that its style and character should be maintained. On the other hand, it is possible that the garden may even be earlier, and that some of its features may belong to Elizabeth's reign. It was one of those places, in the words of William Morris, "well fenced from the outer world," and filled with the quaint spirit of the age, wherein the old English gentleman might say:

"Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude."

The quaint and rare old garden at Packwood is like that Sir Henry Wotton described, "into which the first access was a high walk like a terrace, from whence might be taken a general view of the whole plot below." It is surrounded by brick walls, on the inside of which are raised terraces, with square summer-houses at the corners, an arrangement analogous to that at neighbouring Kenilworth, as described by Lanham, who wrote an account of the pages there, 1755. Could anything exceed the charm in picturesque beauty of form and colour, of this old brickwork? Wherever you turn you find ancient walls vusted with ivy, clinging to them sometimes in too fond an embrace. Grown rank and strong, its huge arms are intertwined with the brickwork, which they have loosened, and in part overthrown, and its very trunks have crept through the walls. Our artist, searching for constructive features, thrust his arm into the dense evergreen growth, and discovered by good fortune a beautiful stone vase,
THE BRICKWORK TERRACE AT PACKWOOD.
which had been hidden from view for thirty years. Never have we seen more quietly beautiful garden steps than these ancient ascents at Packwood. They are ingeniously built of wedge-shaped bricks, giving them an unusual curve, like the end of a spoon.

Down the middle of the radiant space below the terrace runs a long pathway, which passes, at its southern end, through a most beautiful wrought-iron gate between tall brick piers of remarkably picturesque and beautiful character. The gateway is the entrance to another garden or orchard, and to a world of pious symbolism and wonder. The old Englishman loved to invest his house with something of the spirit of divine things. It might be an inscription merely, or some pious motto lifted aloft against the sky, or, perhaps, the windows, by number, would speak of apostles and evangelists, or the house, by its triple form, might tell of the Trinity. Out into the garden went the same spirit, breathing the devout ideas into the green things that grow. At Cleeve Prior, in this same pleasant region of England, the twelve apostles and the four evangelists are typified or exemplified in magnificent yew.

There is no sculpture of sacred figures as human, but merely the symbolism of number and character in the mighty masses of the well-clipped green.

The creators of the garden at Packwood have gone a step further, and have given us the Sermon on the Mount as a wondrous and moving garden creation. Now the mount was a constant feature in the medieval garden, but does not appear to have been employed in a manner like this. We shall best describe the green wonderland of Packwood by quoting what Mr. Reginald Blomfield and Mr. F. Inigo Thomas have to say about it in their book, "The Formal Garden in England," where they speak of old topiary triumphs. "The most remarkable instance still exists at Packwood, in Warwickshire," they say, "where the Sermon on the Mount is literally represented in clipped yew. At the entrance to the 'mount,' at the end of the garden, stand four tall yews, 20ft. high, for the four evangelists, and six more on either side for the twelve apostles. At the top of the mount is an arbour formed in a great yew tree, called the 'pinnacle of the temple,' which was also supposed to represent Christ on the Mount overlooking the evangelists, apostles, and the multitude below; at least, this account of it was given by the old gardener, who was preaching the pinnacle of the temple." The walk to the mount is a gentle ascent, the apostle yews standing as we approach, interspersed with Portugal laurels, and there is much box. It is sometimes called the "multitude walk," because here are trees representing the multitude gathered together to hear the preaching of our Lord, and the trees round the base of the mount may stand for the apostles. The mount itself is ascended by a spiral walk between old box trees, and the "tabernacle," or summer-house, of yew is at the top.

England would be richer if it possessed a greater number of gardens like those of Packwood, speaking of the taste and spirit of former times. Ruthless hands and inevitable decay have worked together in their destruction, but we may hope that ancient Packwood will long remain, with all its significance of the past, and all the quaintness of its picturesque attractiveness. It was, doubtless, in old times, a garden of use as well as of beauty and symbolism. There were spaces for the kitchen requirements, while the lady would have her herbs and simples; and there was the constant hum in the summer of the honey-laden bees. All along the south side of the terrace wall there are still to be seen thirty small niches for hives, two and two between the piers. A similar arrangement exists at Riddlesden in Yorkshire, though in this case the cells built in the thickness of the garden walls were for the nesting-places of peacocks. The bee was a welcome guest in our old gardens, and our ancestors were much skilled in the management of hives. The many dolls of Packwood add a good deal to the quaint attractiveness of this moral garden of rare and individual character.

The owner thereof doubtless felt the human significance of his sequestered old pleasance, and going out amid his trees could say, like the Duke, "As You Like It," "These are counsellors, that feelingly persuade me what I am." Fortunately the modern Englishman is privileged to see these gardens, for, at due times and seasons, Mrs. Arton does not exclude those who would breathe the spirit of their ancient charms.
THE TERRACE STEPS.
At what period men first built on that rocky eminence where Powis Castle stands no man now can say. In this battle-ground of a hundred fights between Britons under Caractacus and conquerors from Rome, between English and Welsh, and Welsh and Danes, there was need for a place where the chieftain might be secure. And those who visit Powis Castle, climbing the steep ascent, are forcibly reminded how strong a position this is when they reach the crest and survey the outlook. Here was a stronghold, one would say, where the foe must perish ere he smote the wall. The deep ravine on the south side—where now the lovely garden delights us, and where, as one writer says, Flora and Ceres alternately contend—presented five successive ascending rocky plateaux to confront the assailant. On every side there were steep escarpments, and on the north two darkly yawning fosses completed the defence. Here, as an eagle from his eyrie, could the chief survey the land around, and now you may stand on the height and look, delighted, over the sylvan valley where the Severn cleaves his way, or turn to where the heights of Breiblin lift their distant blue, or feast your eyes with the rare prospect of the glorious park where the hoary oaks of venerable age could many a stormy tale unfold. Whatever way you look you cannot but delight in the landscape.

Surveying, then, the magnificent prospect that is spread out before us from the topmost terrace, we think of the stormy history of Powysland, and of the "Castell Cochyn Mhowys," through the centuries' history. One chronicler relates that the stronghold emerged from obscurity in the year 1110, when Cadwgan ap Bleddynap Cynwyn, weary of the persecutions of his kinsmen, began to erect a castle—not the first, we may be sure—on the hill, but was slain by his nephew Madog era he had rooted his hall. But from the time of Brodwal Ysgythrog, Prince of Powys, who about 660 was defeated by the Saxons, there has been too much history in Powysland to be included in these pages. This was a kingdom in itself, changing its boundaries many a time, though it was merged with Dinafawr and Glyndedd under Rhodrimawr about the year 843; but its princes came to hold it in capite from the English Crown in the thirteenth century, having surrendered the independence to which the Princes of North and South Wales so doggedly clung. Powys Wenwynwyn, one division of Powysland, at length came to Sir John de Cherleton, or Charlton, who was rewarded for many services to the English
Crown by a marriage with Hawyse, the last representative of the princely house of Wenwynwyn, who brought all her Powysland possessions to her English husband's hands. Many a time did he raise men for service against the Scots, but himself surrendered in arms against the King at Boroughbridge in 1222.

This Sir John Charlton was the builder of the present Powis Castle, which has gone through many a change since his time. It is not, as a castellated structure, very spacious or remarkable in construction, but it is an excellent example of the military architecture of the early fourteenth century, with four massive round towers.

Within, there has been much modernisation, but externally the feudal character is well maintained, and the embattled building on the left of the approach to the keep is an unusual example of a great hall. The Jacobean entry, which has been attached to the Edwardian keep, is very striking, and has a peculiar effect, and is much work of the same class within, all dating from the early occupation of the Herberts, to whom the castle came in Elizabeth's reign by purchase from the Greys, who had received it in marriage with the heiress of Edward Lord Powys. The gateway referred to was erected by William, first Earl of Powis, so created in 1674, who became Marquis of Powis in 1687, and was outlawed in 1689 as a follower of the Stuarts.

James created him Marquis of Montgomery and Duke of Powis, after the Revolution of 1688, but these titles were never recognised in England. The Royal Commissioners had decided that the famous stronghold should share the fate of many another castle after the Civil Wars, but upon the owners giving pledges that it should never be employed to the prejudice of the Parliament or Commonwealth, the order was revoked, and only the outworks were demolished and a few breaches made in the walls. Nearly
POWIS CASTLE.

POWIS CASTLE—THE THIRD TERRACE.
GARDENS OLD AND NEW.

THE VIEWS.

THE DESCENT.
POWIS CASTLE—THE SOUTH-EAST VIEW.
every possessor has modified the castle in some degree, and it was a good deal altered and modernised under the direction of Sir Robert Smirke; but it is still a most imposing and interesting example of early military construction adapted to modern residential needs, and the red limestone of which it is built contrasts charmingly with the green surroundings.

The terraced character of the garden has already been referred to. Indeed, no other character of garden design would have been possible, for Nature herself had formed the terraces by upturning the edges of the Caradoc stone towards the vertical position, thus making a series of escarpments ascending step by step to the hill. The garden terraces are live in number, and command surpassingly beautiful views, the most delightful of all being through a long vista of trees to the distant peaks of Moel-y-golfa and the Breiddin Hills.

Admirably did the garden architect employ his opportunities, and the terrace walls, balustrades, and descents, adorned with figures and vases, some of them of lead, and all quaint or admirable, will contrast favourably with any other examples of the same style in the land. This terraced pleasance, being on the south side, is in a very favourable situation, and our pictures show how successfully the features have been utilised. The tall and singular yews, which rise with strange effect beneath the castle walls, offer a contrast of hue and character to the rich growth of flowers which makes the garden glorious. The walls are magnificently festooned, and it would be hard to describe the wealth of floral beauty which our illustrations will suggest. In such positions glorious herbaceous borders may often be found, while the walls, if well managed, may themselves be veritable gardens. The contrasts of varied level, of garden masonry and statuary, of abundant colour and of cool green grass, are simply admirable on the terraced steep at Powis Castle. Particularly effective and picturesque are the leaden figures which line some of the terrace walls. Lead, that admirable material for garden statuary, has often been employed for the shaping of rustic or arcadian figures, humble swains or dancing naiads, as on the third terrace at Powis. In one of our pictures the shepherd with his pipe will be observed, with the dancing figures of some gay rural community. There were old lead-workers who produced these things, and it is interesting to note that the piping shepherd of Powis Castle appears to be identical with a lead figure at Canons Ashby in Northamptonshire. A pair of quaint arcadians at Enfield Old Park are of the same class.

Below the terraces the landscape character extends. Some part of the grounds was laid out by the celebrated "Capability" Brown, chief among landscape gardeners, and, unless that worthy be libelled, he a truly proposed, in his vain search for uniform level or slope, to blow up the picturesque rock upon which the castle stands. But Nature herself would have warred against such destruction, and so the glorious terraced garden of Powis Castle remains.

But Nature has done very much for the place, and the scenery of the district is glorious. The park on the north side is magnificent and most richly wooded. There are splendid oaks of huge size, especially a sturdy giant on the right of the approach, which, like many a brother, throws down a vast expanse of shade. Here are trunks silvered with the lichens of centuries, shadowy woodland depths, open glades, a domain of beauty enchanting the visitor with the picturesque glory of sylvan charm and of rocky hollows, sunny slopes, and lovely shells, the silence broken only by the browsing deer, the note of birds, and the distant voice of the stream. It is a wood of rare beauty, in which, by judicious planting, the charm has been enhanced.

Thus the visitor to Powysland comes back with charming remembrances of Powis Castle. He has looked out from the sundial terrace over a truly glorious prospect, and then has passed down the long flights of steps leading him to that beautiful gate of departure, and has refreshed his memory with many a thought that adds to the glamour of the fair up-pile. His mind has been carried back to the early time of Hawys Gafarn, last descendant of the royal line entitled to wear the talith of gold, and he has associated Powis Castle with the long and noble line of the Herberts and with many whose names are prominent in history.
THE county of Northampton is famed, as one writer has said, for its "spires and squires," and has been styled by old Norden "The Herald's Garden," so plentifully is it stored with county seats and the residences of the great. They lie, indeed, upon every hand, and are mostly notable in character, some of them known in history, and not a few possessing excellent garden attractions. Burghley and Althorp are perhaps the most famous, but Castle Ashby and Rockingham are almost as notable. At Milton they show the tree under which Wolsey sat; there is Drayton, the home of the De Veres, the Mordaunts, the Germaines, and the Stopfords; Apethorpe, where King James met the youthful George Villiers; and many another old mansion and picturesque residence of the gentlemen of Northamptonshire adorning that favoured shire. The district in which Eydon Hall lies is also one full of history. At Edgecote House, three or four miles away, Queen Elizabeth stayed in August, 1572, and there Charles I., with his two sons, was the guest of Mr. Toby Chauncey on the night before the battle of Edgehill. On neighbouring Dunsmoor, a great battle was fought long before between the Saxons and Danes, in 914, and in 1469, on the same spot, there was a sanguinary engagement between the partisans of Edward IV. and a body of insurgents, in which the former were defeated, and the Earl of Pembroke with his two brothers and eight other gentlemen captured and taken to Banbury to be beheaded. Sulgrave and Wormleighton, the ancient homes of the Washingtons, are also in this neighbourhood, with many other historic places.

The visitor to Eydon Hall has therefore a great deal to interest him in its surroundings, while the country itself is one of singularly varied beauty, where the townsman would think it pleasant to rest or to wander. The seat of Viscount Valentia, which is now occupied by Mr. T. Wilkinson Holland, stands on a gentle eminence to the south-east of the ancient...
A FISH-POND AT EYDON HALL.
village of Eydon, which lies amid the trees and is a remarkably pretty place with many old houses; possessing, besides, a fine church with Transition Norman portions, but which owes much of its perfection to a restoration made in 1865, when the south aisle and porch were added as memorials of the Reverend Charles A. F. Annesley of Eydon Hall. The present mansion represents an older structure, and was raised by the family of Annesley, now Viscounts Valentia, about the year 1780, the design being by Lewis, and the structure is certainly imposing and characteristic. The actual builder was the Rev. Francis Annesley, second son of Francis Annesley, Esq., of Bletchington Park, Oxford, which is now the principal seat of Lord Valentia. The style is Italian, being a free adaptation of classic character, with elaborated and enriched ionic columns supporting an ornamental entablature, crowned with a balustrade. Such a structure must needs be imposing, and to many more attractive than if it had been invested with the simple severity of the pure classic style upon which it is based.

The situation is advantageous because of the slope which lies below, giving many opportunities to the skillful hand of the garden designer. There is, indeed, an ascent upon every side, and from the windows very fine views are commanded over parts of the counties of Northampton and Warwick, in the foreground being the beautiful gardens and rugged wooded park of the house itself. There is extraordinary variety of foliage, and sylvan grace and richness are everywhere. Evidently the skillful hand of the planter worked here with knowledge and foresight, and thus the house at the present day owes very much to those who have gone before. The fir trees are particularly numerous, and lend their grey and sober charm to the delightful walk we depict, and offer a marked contrast to the trees which more closely neighbour the house. It will be noticed that the garden is upon several levels, and that here, again, an excellent use has been made of a fine opportunity. The low walls which divide the levels give shelter to a multitude of summer flowers, and below, with the sundial and fish-pond for a centre, is an enriched but formal arrangement. Still another descent brings us to the sink garden, which is a realm of floral delight. Indeed, the two great charms of the place are its wealth of blossom and its wonderful richness of foliage.

The gardens have been described as interesting, and formed in the French style. By this is meant that views have been opened out by cutting through groups of trees, thus forming such vistas as are seen in the "Boisquet de Bacchus," and other pictures of Watteau. In these arrangements fine taste has been displayed, and the garden at Eydon may be taken as an illustration of what may be accomplished by those whose estates are in the pleasant neighbourhood of rich and ornamental woods. There is unity in the variety of the place, and each part has a charm of its own, with its own special beauties.

What Cardinal Newman has said, in his "Knowledge, its Own Object," touching the garden and park will bear iteration. "You see to your walks, and turf, and shrubberies; to your trees and drives; not as if you meant to make an orchard of the one, or corn or pasture land of the other, but because there is a special beauty in all that is goodly, in wood, water, plain, and slope, brought all together by art into one shape, and grouped into one whole." This is a true lesson for the garden-maker—the lesson of perfection in diversity and unity in variety. We think that the creator of the gardens at Eydon Hall was inspired by this thought, and certainly in every part of the achievement there is a beauty that will not elude those who have our pictures before them, while supreme satisfaction awaits those who are privileged to visit the place. Therefore, Eydon Hall has a lesson, being an exemplar of many fine and goodly things.

The prospect looking over the sundial garden towards the house has some special charms to attention. It will be observed in the picture that here the beds grouped about the dial are stone-edged, in a circular space of gravel, enframed by a square of turf. To many it might seem more attractive if green turf
MIDDAY BY THE SUNDIAL.
THE FLOWER WALK AT EYDON HALL.

had surrounded them completely, but it must be remembered that there is an appropriateness in the style, with most agreeable variety in the design, and that many sanctions exist for such an arrangement. For a garden to be grouped about a dial seems peculiarly appropriate, and we are tempted here to add some reflections upon dials to those which were offered in the Introduction. As a recent writer has remarked, the whirligig of time has brought sundials into fashion again, though it might be truer to say that they have never been really out of favour, but only laid aside until the particular mode of time-reckoning in the garden has come round once more. The dial, as Charles Lamb remarked, is a different thing from a clock, "with its ponderous embankments of lead or brass, and its pert or solemn dulness of communication." Let it be remembered that none should regard this as a serious slur upon the venerable clock, but only as an expression of Lamb's greater liking for the dial, which he somewhat fancifully described as "the garden god of Christian gardens." We mortals, as another writer says, have a rooted antipathy to the intangible Father Time, and so love all time-markers that reveal his presence and passage. There is a picturesque old dial in the garden at Belton Hall, in which old Chronos is seen grasping his dial, while a cupid clings to it reproachfully and with downcast face, as if regretting its adorations.

The dial at Eydon Hall which has induced these remarks is of a plain and simple type. Its congeners exist in scores in all sorts of places, but it is not to be denied that in such garden features there is greater scope for the imagination than is revealed in dials of this class. We may see everywhere, indeed, that the sundial now takes on a more ambitious, and withal a more beautiful, form. To some the very characteristic Scottish dials are an example, and where there are Scottish associations may well be regarded as appropriate. It should not, however, be beyond the ability of the architect to devise dials of attractive forms suitable for English and other gardens. There is, as an example, an exceedingly fine modern dial in the garden at the Old Place, Lindfield, Sussex, illustrated in the first series of "Gardens Old and New," in which the gnomon is uplifted upon a pillar, with the motto, "Nunc sol; nunc umbra"—true of the garden and the world—and above it the pelican "in her piety," while the shaft of the pillar is spirally entwined with appropriate mottoes, and Ivy clings to its foot. Could a garden be graced with a fairer adornment? Suitable mottoes are desirable. "United in Time; parted in Time; to be re-united when Time shall be no more," are the words upon a recent dial of Scottish type, and a very beautiful one, erected by Lady John Scott at Cawston Lodge, Rugby, in memory of Lord John Scott. "Post tenebras et lux lucem," and "Ut umbra sic fugit vita," are mottoes well known, and the terrible admonition, "On this moment hangs eternity," is known to the writer upon a dial.

The position of the sundial at Eydon Hall is right—and let us recognise that in its baluster-like character it has appropriate relation to the house—for it is the centre of a garden plan, and about it are disposed very brilliant flower-beds, while behind rise noble groups of trees as a charming background, and floral borders make a margin for the walls. Indeed, it is a singularly beautiful picture that is presented as one looks from the house over the fish-pond to the garden of the dial and the admirable trees beyond.

It is an easy thing to criticise a garden design—to offer praise or censure upon this part of it or that. The more difficult thing is to plan and shape a garden successfully. What kind of pleasure would be most suitable for a place like Eydon Hall? The situation might have suggested to some a bolder form of terracing; but to our mind the arrangement is as good as could be, the descents being utilised to make shelter for excellent flower borders. As the house stands it holds its right place in the composition, like the classic buildings in the paintings of Claude. Any great terraces in such a situation as that of Eydon would break the repose of the charming picture, and would dwarf the edifice they were intended to adorn. The midday picture over the sundial garden towards the house, as witnessed from the front of the orangery, will explain what we mean. That seems to us to be an ideal classic garden composition, and to illustrate in a striking manner how harmonious are the garden features at Eydon Hall.
MOST counties in the less obviously attractive parts of England have their good and bad districts—good and bad, that is, from the residential point of view. Suffolk is no exception to the rule, there being in the county parts where the soil is first-rate for the farmer, but in which for many generations no new or old mansions have been built or inhabited by the class who seek the country, not to pursue business, but to enjoy the pleasures of the country life, whilst other neighbourhoods have been noted for many centuries for the number and character of the fine houses with good estates there situated. One of the earliest parts of the county to see the erection of good mansions after the Reformation was that on the western side, where a tributary of the river Stour meets the river near Long Melford. It is close to the Essex border, well wooded and watered, and full of the kind of scenery that Constable, who was born at no great distance away, delighted to paint. All that was best in the neighbourhood centred round the beautiful little town of Long Melford. There stood, and still stands, one of the finest of Suffolk churches, a rectory which carried a manor, Kentwell Hall (which is described and illustrated in this volume), Melford Place, and the subject of the present article, Melford Hall, one of the best Tudor houses of East Anglia. A long list of distinguished men were born at Long Melford, and lie buried in the church: Martins, Darcys, Cloptons, Cordells, and...

THE GATE-HOUSE.
Edward the Confessor. Abbot Sampson, of whom Carlyle writes, the most famous head of this wealthy and powerful house, often resided there from 1182 to 1211. Probably the old house was built of the half timb, brick, and flint, which was the favourite material for building old houses in Suffolk, brick being used for foundations and chimneys. It had a moat on three sides of it, an ornamental feature altered later to a semi-circle without reference to the plan of the new house. It is mentioned in the writings of the late Sir William Parker, from which the historical facts which follow are largely drawn, that the Abbot used to enjoy the pleasures of sport there at second hand: "He did not hunte hisself, and he favoured not that his monks shouled; but he lyed and sytte in a style place in ye Melford wooddes, and to see ye Abbey doyes honte ye staggges, The Abbots of St. Edmund's were mighty princes, and well able to keep up the state suitable to the highest order of the Peers Spiritual.

At the Dissolution the revenue of the Abbey was equal to £350,000 of our money. The last Abbot, who was forced by King Henry VIII. to surrender this splendid trust, was a Melford man, John de Melford. He did not long survive the spoliation, dying a few months later; fortunate, perhaps, not to be executed for high treason, as were the unhappy and equally innocent Abbots of Colchester, Reading, and Glastonbury.

After the demolition of the monastery Melford Hall and Manor were granted by the King to Sir William Cordell, a Melford man born, who was Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Queen Mary, and Master of the Rolls to her and Queen Elizabeth, and also High Steward of Ipswich. Sir William was the builder of the present Hall, whose fine proportions and clean-cut, clearly-thought-out plan place it among the best of the severer order of Tudor mansions in Suffolk. It has not the elaboration of Hengrave, nor the quaintness of Christ Church at Ipswich, but for general excellence and convenience of plan it might serve as a model for a modern builder to copy. The forecourt has the usual E frontage. There are no less than six towers of brick, rising from square bases into octagonal turrets, capped by cupolas and vases. Unfortunately, a later owner of the mansion thought fit to remove all the stone mullions of the windows on the south front, and to replace them by sashes, which has weakened the effect of what was a particularly fine façade. But the height of the wings and the grouping of the towers here have a very dignified effect.

The wings and rooms between the central towers are of three storeys in height, the connecting central portion only two

Many great seamen have come out of East Anglia, or had their homes there, and among them not only Nelson himself, but there, at Melford Hall, the distinguished Admiral upon whose signal at Copenhagen he turned his famous or fabulous "blind eye."

Melford Hall, the home of this fighting race, has a long and distinguished history. It stands on the site of a favourite residence of the Abbots of St. Edmund's Abbey at Bury. The manor, with probably about 2,000 acres of land, was given to the Abbey by Earl Alfric, in the reign of
storeys. The east front, which is the entrance front of the mansion, retains the old windows and fittings almost unaltered. The porch, with its upper chamber, is of stone, with two tiers of pilasters. On the ends of the wings are good stone-mullioned windows of eight lights, and projecting from these wings north and south large bays, that on the north front having no less than forty-four lights. Not all of the old house was pulled down. The cellars and foundations were used by Sir William Cordell, and the ancient wooden porch, which dates from the year 1515, was also retained. This is an extraordinary and most interesting piece of work, purely medieval in spirit and design, and probably typical of the wooden decorative work of the timber and plaster houses, very many of which survive in Suffolk towns and villages, but few in the country, where they were pulled down to make room for new mansions, as at Melford Hall. The porch has a high pitched roof with a finial and openwork front. The sides are boarded in high enough to make a back to the benches on either side.

out with four open frames above, divided by carved uprights. Boldly carved grotesque figures in the male and female costumes of the early Tudor period stand on corbels at either side of the entrance, and act as bracketed supports to the barge-board of the roof. A fine stained-glass figure of Queen Elizabeth in one of her most magnificently embroidered and jewelled hooped dresses and ruff, with crown, sceptre, and orb, and a triple necklace of large pearls, is probably an excellent portrait of the Queen in her early womanhood. It was no affection of loyalty or gratitude which caused this image of the Sovereign to adorn the window at Melford. Its owner amassed the greater part of his fortune as her Master of the Rols, and she honoured him with a visit in which the host had nothing to complain of if he desired to show his Sovereign the greatness of the wealth he had amassed. When she came to visit him in 1578 "there were 200 young gentlemen clad all in white velvet, and 360 of the gravier sort appurrielled in black velvet coats, and with fair chains, alle redy at one instante and in one place, with 1,500 serving men all on horseback, well and bravely mounted to receive the Queen's Highness into Suffolke. There was such sumptuous feastings and bankets as seldom in anie part of the world was there seen afore. The Master of the Rolles, Sir William Cordell, was the first that began this great feast at his house of Melford, and did light such a candle to the rest of the shire that they were gladde bountifulie and franklie to follow the same example." Sir William Cordell died three years later, and left no children. His niece and heiress married Sir John Savage, whose descendants were created viscounts. Elizabeth Viscountess Savage was created Countess Rivers on the death of her father, Earl Rivers. She was a Catholic and a staunch Royalist. Suffolk and Essex were Roundhead in feeling and very hostile to the gentry—in fact, the East Anglian Roundheads showed far more animosity and class feeling than those of other parts of England during the rebellion. The
THE BOWLING GREEN HOUSE.
This younger line of Cordells altered the house, made the
moat semi-circular, and put sashes in the windows. Sir Robert
was succeeded by his son
and grandson, after which the
title became extinct. But
Margaret Cordell married Sir
Charles Frebrace, in whose
family it remained till it
was purchased by Sir Harry
Parker (sixth
baronet) in 1786,
since which
date that
distinguished family has
continued to live there.

We have left an account
of the gardens until the last,
and it shall be brief. They
are simple and beautiful, with
ample lawns and superb beds
and borders of flowers. There
is no elaboration, and the
masonry terrace and formal
parterre are absent. There
is no certainty that they
ever were there. The land
has been levelled, and on
the north side the lawn
is raised, with a slope to the
ditch and a brick wall at its
margin. The character of the
gardens will be best gathered
from the pictures. There is
great structural completeness
about the setting of the
house, from the gates and
lodge, where the octagon
turrets of the Hall are
repeated, to the magnificent
bowling green pavilion. The
double gate-house, with its
fine background of trees, is
excellent, while the pavilion
is a most notable garden-house, or octagon of brick,
approached by a steep flight of steps, and entered by an
Ionic porch. It has two
levels, and the house is high,
the windows being intended
to give a wide view over
the landscape. Each side is
surmounted by a gable, and
each gable and interspace by
a brick finial. The old brick
garden wall and border lead-
ing to this pavilion are a
beautiful instance of the grace
of congruity in which antique
building and modern garden-
ing agree. Broad spaces of
grass seem an appropriate fore-
ground to the red brick houses
of East Anglia, and glorious
flower borders their right
accompaniment. The sundial
challenges the stranger as he
approaches the porch, and is
a very pleasing and elegant
example of the garden
monitor. Melford Hall is
distinguished by the presence
of old trees in its neigh-
bourhood, and they make,
with the old house and its
simple gardens, a fine picture
of an East Anglian mansion.
Melford is a house of which
the county of Suffolk is
justly proud. The builder
was a Suffolk man of much con-
equence, and the present
owners have maintained the
traditions of the place with
honour and distinction for
many generations.
A BEAUTIFUL place in a fair part of Western Sussex is Sedgwick Park. It is one of the many pleasant domains which are found in the neighbourhood of ancient Horsham and the shadowy depths of the forest of St. Leonard's. Here, apart from the world, lived a peasantry who cherished the stories and folk-lore of a former time with a tenacity which makes their descendants an interesting people, if we can but draw them from their native shyness, to-day. Here, long after the monsters evolved in the mists of antiquity had been dissipated by the flaring torch of science, lingered the belief in a dragon, which harried, even as late as August, 1614, the whole country-side. There were some perils of the nether world there to be encountered in the woodland, but good St. Leonard had waged the fight with a stubborn daring which had evoked the old monster low, and wherever the Saint's blood dyed the ground, patches of phlegm of the valley sprang up; they say; and, now, when all the Sussex world goes ad-libbing, there are some, perhaps, who still think of the terror from which the people were spared. Even yet some old crone may tell you also of the headless phantom which rode behind the horseman who traversed the forest-way until he passed the bounds.

The district of St. Leonard's Forest and Nuthurst is full of woodland attraction, and Nuthurst is perhaps even more attractive than the forest itself. Oak and beech, ancient pine and great plantations of larch, with rich underwood, and many a bright touch of colour gained by the growth of ornamental trees, are the distinctions of the place. Looking southward from the hill there is a far outlook over the pastoral land to the Downs, with a distant glimpse of the sea. Such a position, commanding a vast country, could not fail to attract the attention of the great barons who made this part of Sussex their home. A park was enclosed at Sedgwick in very early times, and in the nineteenth year of Edward II it was described as containing 400 acres. The park was attached to the ancient castle of Sedgwick, of which some very interesting remains still exist. The form was circular, with the defence of a double moat, and the whole of the plan can be made out from the basement walls. The estate after the Conquest was in the possession of the family of Savage, but there was some dispute concerning the rights, and John le Maunsel obtained licence to fortify the place in 1259, and Peter de Montford defended it in the Barons' War, but it subsequently reverted to John le Savage. From him it passed by exchange to William de Braose, the great lord of Bramber, and it remained attached to the Bramber lordship until the attainer and death of Thomas Duke of Norfolk in 1572.

In 1540 a hundred deer were kept in the park, which had been extended in area from 400 acres to 624 acres at the date of its disposalment in 1608. The Sedgwick estate had meanwhile been granted to Thomas Seymour, and had passed through the hands of Sir Thomas Fynes and Sir John Cary, in 1705 it was purchased by Sir John Bennett, and afterwards by Charles Duke of Richmond, who held it until 1750. The castle was a ruin, but the estate was sold to the Tudors of

FROM THE SOUTH.
FROM THE "MASTHEAD."
Nuthurst, and from their successors passed to the family of the present proprietor.

The beautiful house of Sedgwick Park, built within recent years, thus represents a great domain of former times, and its terrace surveys not only a supremely beautiful garden, but also a vast extent of the old hunting ground of William de Brouse, lord of Bramber. The architect has raised on the hill a fair and attractive mansion. The pictures illustrate, better than words can describe, the glories of the garden, which lies in terraced descents to the south. Quint and curious is the idea of likening the house and garden to a ship of the Royal Navy. What fancy inspired the delightful conceit we do not know, but here is embodied or figured an association which, to those who love the garden, is dear, and it is extremely interesting to learn that the garden was planned by Mrs. Henderson, and brought to perfection under her care. What a garden it is that we gaze upon from the lofty "masthead" of the abode! Below is the semi-circular terrace, paved with huge Cyclopean blocks, which cherish green things in their crevices, all enframed on the homeward side by deep green yew hedges, giving place for beautiful seats for the view, while at the ends of the curves are classic athletes in bronze. Then we have a long broad pathway to open the garden perspective, and there are other hedges, kept well, as hedges should be, and fringing strips of turf, margined by beds of flowers and low-growing shrubs. The path leads onward to another marked feature of the garden, still enframed with the hedges, and here the sudden dip of the ground has afforded another fine position for an outlook, as it were, over a bastion—or, perhaps, in this maritime garden, we should say a bulwark—while paths lead down on either side to the lower level, where the "chief cabin" is a delightful place to rest in, with its cool stone archway and pavement.

It was looking out from this point, or from the elevation above, that Mrs. Henderson's children, seeing with delight the water-space before them, proclaimed it as "The White Sea," a title which it deservedly retains. Reflecting the sky above, it shimmers in the summer sun, and contrasted with the dark greens of its margin, it assumes the white sheen that impressed them. This is not a formal water, for there is no stone edging, and water-loving plants flourish exceedingly there. And yet, look at those quaint yew hedges, tall and dense and cut to shapes that are prim, and you will say that Nature and Art are here most happily conjoined. The special character and formation of these yew hedges, which is very curious and unusual, has caused them to be described as "fortifications." They close the view of this sweet and splendid garden, but not the view of the country. For beyond and below lies the great wooded park, rich and beautiful in its varied foliage, and the lovely country for many a mile, until the line of the Downs ends the prospect. It is a landscape possessing both richness and variety, very pleasant to look upon from a pleasance like this.

What is particularly worthy of note is that no style predominates here. There is no exclusion of qualities—rather an attempt to include many, and a successful one. The general character is, of course, formal, but the garden is full of so much natural beauty, and so closely neighboured by woodland and by individual trees of beautiful character, that it will content those who love the simple expression of the
THE "FORTIFICATIONS" AND "THE WHITE SEA" FROM THE TERRACE.
natural gardening style. Yet it has the quality of stateliness springing from its largeness of character and long vista of uninterrupted beauty; and anything which had broken up the garden, as by the planting of masses of trees, would have spoiled that charm. As it is, we look out upon a well-proportioned expanse, where there is a due subordination of parts, and where everything contributes to the effect of the whole. And it must be noticed that these various parts of the garden are all satisfactory in themselves, that they have an individuality which is, perhaps, too rare in gardens. Note especially the great blocks of the pavement, and the marked feature of the "fortifications." Moreover, it is characteristic of this garden that it belongs to the landscape; it is a part of its surroundings; it is wholly in harmony with its natural framework. Here, then, we may truly say, is a triumph in gardenage—a success which is not open to all, but which a few, who have gardens in like situations to that at Sedgwick Park, may also attain.

We have not, of course, alluded to all the charms to be found in this lovely Sussex garden. There are beautiful terraces, with excellent masonry, ascents into woodland pleasures, and excellent groups of shrubs and flowers, all flourishing in perfection. The yuccas are a great feature, but it would be tedious, and is unnecessary, to attempt to catalogue or describe the lovely things that grow in this favoured place. Water and wood, the green expanse and the radiant flower-bed, the dense hedges of yew and the waving beauties of unchipped trees, all play their part in the beauties of these gardens. There is something very fascinating in the zeal with which Mrs. Henderson has pursued her task to its completion, and much that is delightful in the quaintness of many of the ideas that are expressed in her garden fancy. Look, for example, at the picturesque aspect of the green "port-holes," and at the ivy enclosure of the "upper deck." To work in a garden fair is the delight of many a lady; to shape and fashion a garden is given, perhaps, to few. But it would be pleasant to think that this Sussex garden had inspired other ladies to work out fancies of their own.
PITCHFORD HALL,
SHREWSBURY,
The Seat of
COLONEL C. J. COTES.

THAT beautiful home of old Englishmen which we depict lies in a chosen part of the pleasant county of Salop, and is within about six miles of Shrewsberry. You may approach it, if you choose, by a delightful walk through the fields from Condover Station, passing as you go old Condover Hall, which, in its fine old frontage of stone, presents a very suggestive contrast to the more picturesque charms of ancient timber-framed Pitchford. You will not forget that about a mile and a-half beyond the object of your journeying is the village of Acton Burnell, which is rather famous in our history. There is a castle there which closely resembles the Bishop’s Palace at Wells, and was, indeed, built by the same hands. When Edward I. held the great council of his Parliament at Shrewsberry, in 1281, one of its sessions was held at Acton Burnell, and the King took advantage of the thronging thither of many representatives of the commercial classes to issue the ordinance known as the Statute of Merchants, which confirmed their rights and gave them power against their debtors. The neighbouring village of Pitchford took its name in very ancient times from a curious bituminous spring, which was described by Marmaduke Rawdon of York in the seventeenth century. That old writer speaks thus of the fountain: “Thir is in this

well four little hooles, about halfe a yarde deep, out of which comes little lumps of pitch, but that which is at the top of the well is sofishe, and swimes upon the wafer like tarre, but being skimed together it incorporates, and is kneaded together like soft wax and becomes hard.”

There was a landed family at Pitchford in the time of King Stephen, who took their name from the place, and still in the ancient church is an oaken figure supposed to represent one of that stock. What manner of house they had in this place we cannot tell, but the property had not long been in the hands of the ancestors of its present owner, the Ottleys, to whom it came by purchase in 1470, when the existing mansion was erected. It is said to have been built by William Ottley, Sheriff of the county. This was a forest country, where materials for the building lay ready to the hand, and many an oak bowed to the woodman’s axe. Go where you will, you will find few more beautiful examples of a style of architecture dear to the English mind, found mostly in Shropshire and northward through Cheshire and Lancashire, but in which no part of the country is poor. Happily, Pitchford Hall has remained in excellent hands, and is now practically unchanged from the aspect it anciently bore, except that the

THE ENTRANCE DRIVE.
THE RIVER WALK, THE HOUSE, AND THE SPREADING TREE.
servants’ wing was added at a later date, precisely in the same architectural style. There was once a moot about the house, which the Pitchford brook and the pond above the house supplied; and there was no doubt a sweet and radiant garden, much to the owner’s mind. Just as now, there were splendid trees surrounding, whose forest brothers had furnished the material for the building, and there were neighbouring houses of note, wherein dwelt men of mark in the shire.

Within the mansion the rooms were panelled with oaken wainscot, as they still are, though now more recent portraits are framed into the walls. They were troubled times for many, to whom moats were no safeguard, and the builder of Pitchford Hall, or his successor, was careful to construct a secret hiding-place, where priest or fugitive might be secure. It is a chamber of considerable size, as hiding holes go, approached through a sliding panel, well concealed, by a ladder through a closet floor. The slope to look over the ancient homestead and all the gardens and pleasure grounds that lay thereabout! There exists an old plan of the garden, made in 1680, which shows that the house was even then in the tree. Many have been the fashions of such places. There was the well-known are of Erasmus, where he ate as if in the garden itself, for the very walls were shrubs and flowers, and whichever way he looked he had the garden before him. We remember also the summer resting-place of Sidney’s “Arcadia,” which was “a square room full of delightful pictures made by the most excellent workmen of Greece.” Then we think of the more stately summer-house of the Lord Treasurer Burleigh at Theobalds, where, in a semi-circle, were twelve Roman Emperors in white marble, and a table “of touchstone,” and above chalices of lead for fish or for bathing in the summer. But which of these could have the simple charm of the shadowy retreat held safe in the arms of the Pitchford tree?

And what kind of garden do we survey from this pleasant

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THE KITCHEN GARDEN

house was shaped, as our illustrations show, like the letter E, the straight side being towards the church, though it was built long before Elizabeth could be flattered by such a plan.

Among the Otteys who possessed Pitchford, Sir Francis of the name deserves to be mentioned as the loyal governor of Shrewsbury in the Civil Wars. Their descendants continued to possess it until the year 1807, when on the death of the last of the name, Mr. Adam Ottey, it passed to the late Lord Liverpool, grandfather of Colonel Cotes, as next-of-kin. During Lord Liverpool’s ownership the fine and characteristic old place was carefully maintained, and he had the honour of welcoming her late Majesty within its walls, who, as Princess Victoria, visited it, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, in 1832.

A very fine view of the house is obtained from the summit of the avenue leading to Pitchford village, and a delightful prospect of the glorious old place lies also before the visitor who is privileged to ascend to that sweet old summer-house held secure in the arms of the mighty lime. What a delightful fancy created that rare resting-place, lifted aloft on the breezy altitude, or enjoy as we traverse the pathways? There are fifteen acres of the pleasance, and the pictures disclose what they are. It is a dear old garden of pleasant scents and radiant prospects, with many a bloom to crown the successive seasons of the changing year. There are magnificent old trees, fine ornamental specimens, and yew hedges, and everywhere flowers, filling with radiance even the kitchen gardens themselves.

On one side the land slopes down to the house; on the other it slopes away where grass terraces break the descent to the pleasant margin of the Pitchford Brook, where are walks and solitudes delightful to explore, and whence it is charming to look back to the beautiful old house we have left. But perhaps, after all, the rarest charm will be found in the grand and old trees which tower up with sublimity, and spread below their wide expanse of shade—the “old patrician trees” of that favoured land. There is beauty and charm, however, wherever we go, and with most pleasant thoughts of the good old English house and fair domain do we forsake the lovely surroundings of Pitchford Hall.
MARGAM PARK, THE SEAT . . .
OR GLAMORGANSHIRE, MISS TALBOT.

THE traveller in South Wales by road or rail from Bridgend to Neath, after passing the seaward opening of the Lyny Valley, finds himself presently passing through a very interesting part of Glamorganshire.

On his left lies a broad space of sandy flats, with the blue waters of Swansea Bay beyond, while on the right rises the splendid wooded hill of Mynydd Margam to a height of about 800 ft. It is a glorious elevation, clothed from base to summit with the rich foliage of an oak wood, which covers it for some two miles along the slope. The district thereabout is one of great natural attractions, and not less of commercial possibilities, which have been much developed, as shall shortly be mentioned.

Margam Abbey, that picturesque modern structure which we depict, stands near the time-worn ruin in a favourable situation, having the hill for its background, and commands a superb view of wood, sea, and sky. The stormy south-westerlies, in their tempestuous course, have sometimes done considerable damage here, and have swept for generations the huge steeps of Mynydd Margam, keeping the oaks thereon to something approaching a uniform level. Few giants now lift their heads above the crowd, and thus from a distance the bold flank of the hill seems as if covered with a dense mass of well-clipped green. Between the house and the sea lies the great sandy expanse, which would move landward under the breeze, had not the late Mr. C. R. W. Talbot planted great quantities of Arundo arenaria, whose widespread roots bind the shifting mass together.

When the broken hosts of the Red King had fruitlessly carried his arms into the mountain fastnesses, and had been driven back by hardship and famine, his successor on the throne entered upon a wiser and more masterful, if less stormy and violent, policy. The Principality was divided by internal strife at the time, and a system of gradual conquest began, the new tide of invasion flowing along the coast, and using such level expanses as that below Margam Park to gain a foothold, from which advances inland might be made, the base resting upon the sea. One Welsh chieftain summoned Robert Fitz-Hamon, the lord of Gloucester, to his aid, and the defeat of Rhys ap Tudor, the last prince who united Southern Wales under his rule, produced conditions of anarchy which enabled Fitz-Hamon to land safely on the coast of Glamorgan, conquer the country round, and divide it among his followers. He himself had a castle at Kenfig, two miles south of Margam, which braved the elements for ages, but at length was overwhelmed by the sea in the sixteenth century. The devouring sand engulfed it almost entirely, but still some fragments may be seen amidst the waste, while the whole church there
perished in the sandy deluge, and Margam Abbey, secure upon
the hill, continued to survey the curious scene.

It was Robert Earl of Gloucester, Fitz-Hamon's son-in-
law, who planted the white-robed Cistercians there, in an
abbey dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, about the year 1147.
Giraldus Cambrensis visited the house in 1188, and King John
was entertained there, for which hospitality, it is said, he
excepted the Cistercians of Margam from his exhortions. But,
if the King's Ministers stayed their hand, it was far otherwise
with the wild ravaging Welshmen, concerning whom a pitiable
tale is told in the Abbey Chronicle of devastated farms,
buildings burnt, and men slain with the sword. The ven-
gence of Providence, however, sometimes followed. "Com-
missioner Wallenses horreum nostrum; divina tamen vindicta
sequente." Then came the perverse people to waste the
farmstock upon which the labour-loving Cistercians set such
store. "Concurreverunt perversi homines oves nostras
plusquam mille, cum dubius domibus, in una septimana." Sadder
things were to follow. "Occiderunt Wallenses
Mer-Honour, which flew Essex's flag in the Islands' Voyage,
1601. Afterwards he became Vice-Admiral of the Narrow
Seas, and he escorted Raleigh from London to Winchester
for his trial, and was concerned in other notable events of
his time.

The old house, which was built by Sir Rice Mansel when he
bought the place at the Dissolution of the monasteries, was
a long rambling building. The site chosen was in close
proximity to the Abbey, and there is no doubt the Abbey
suffered much at the hands of the builders of the new dwelling-
house. Tradition says the chapter house and cloisters were
used as servants' offices, and one corner still bears the name
of the "beer-cellar." Two interesting bird's-eye pictures have
been fortunately preserved at Margam, and give a very good
idea of the picturesque old house with its many gables and its
walled gardens, and also of the surrounding country as it was
200 years ago. This house was pulled down by the late Mr.
Thomas Talbot about the end of the eighteenth century, and
it is said he intended to build a new one on the top of the

famulos nostros." But worse even than Welsh incursions
happened when the Abbey was dissolved and its possessions
distributed. It is interesting to know that its clear income at
the time was £181 7s. 4d. The site was granted to Sir Rice
Mansel of Oxwich Castle, in whose family it continued until
about 1750, when it passed through the female line, and the
late Mr. G. R. M. Talbot, M.P., who died in 1890, father of
Miss Talbot, now of Margam Park, was the descendant, and
representative of the grantee.

Sir Edward Mansel of Margam, who died in 1595, married
Lady Jane Somerset, youngest daughter of Henry Earl of
Worcester, and their younger son, Admiral Sir Robert Mansel,
who at one time spelt his name "Mansele," was a great
seaman among the many great sea-men of Elizabeth's day.
Through the Gambes of Cadiz he was related to Lord
Howard, the Lord Admiral, with whom it is said he first went
to sea; and he is believed to have served against the Armada
in 1588. In 1590 he accompanied Howard and Essex to Cadiz
and was knighted for his services, and he was captain of the
orangerie (which he had already erected) in the Italian
style, and the entrance to which would have been through
the grove of orange trees; but this idea was never carried
out, and the present mansion was built on a higher site
by the late Mr. C. R. W. Talbot about 1826. It has two
great façades and the tower as its principal features.
There is much originality in the treatment, and the
picturesqueness of the grouping of towers, turrets, and
chimneys is extremely attractive. Mr. Talbot was in
large degree his own architect. The effect is certainly
imposing, and the structure harmonises admirably with the
dark wooded hill.

The fragments of the old Abbey are few, but are extremely
interesting, and are carefully preserved. The beautiful details
of the chapter house, of which the roof fell in in 1799, the
interesting groining of the cloisters, the fine features of
columns and mouldings, entitle the remains to be ranked
among the most worthy of attention by the architect in South
Wales. The roofless Abbey mill still stands by the water, and

FAÇADE OF ORANGERY.
is a most picturesque feature of the grounds in its framing of
glorious greenery.

The gardens at Margam have much that entitles them to
attention. The garden architecture, in the first place, is
extremely good and varied. The old classic summer-house,
with its Corinthian columns and arched niches, each
having its statue, is an extremely fine example of English
Renaissance architecture, belonging to two centuries or more
ago, and would not discredit the hand of Inigo Jones. It
was probably designed by one of his successors and imitators.
The carved balustrades, terrace walls, and basins, with the
enrichment of sculptured urns, statuary groups, and fountains,
are of most excellent character. A picture of one particularly
fine urn on the orangery terrace forms the frontispiece to this
volume. The orangery, standing adjacent to the ruin of the
Abbey, is perhaps the most interesting feature of the gardens,
and is celebrated for its fine orange trees, many of which are
20ft. high. They are said to have been sent from Portugal by
a Dutch merchant as a present for Queen Mary, consort of
William III., but the vessel in which they were shipped was

driven on the sands neighbouring Margam, the owner of
which, by virtue of his rights as Lord of the Manor,
claimed the valuable cargo. When he learned their intended
destination, however, he promptly offered to despatch them,
but the King requested him to retain them as a free gift;
and thus to the present day they continue to be a delight
at Margam.

Trees and shrubs flourish amazingly at this beautiful
place, and seem to attain quite unusual vigour. The climate
of the Vale of Glamorgan being mild, myrtle and arbutus
drawer in the open. One huge bay tree has attained a height
of 80ft., and is greatly admired. The richness and variety of
the foliage generally will be observed in our pictures, and
betrays the judicious hands of successive owners of the place.
The lower stairway to the westward, at the foot of an avenue,
opens a delightful vista, through which the lofty tower of the
house is disclosed, but this is only one among many beautiful
points of view. It will be noticed that the garden architecture
is of various dates. Evidently the classic features, which are
so beautiful, belong to an earlier time, while the Gothic work

was formerly called Taibach, but afterwards Abermouth, or
Aberavon Port, but under an Act of Parliament passed in 1833
it took the name of Port Talbot. It lies in the parish of
Margam, and Miss Talbot is the sole landowner. Her benefi-
cence is well known there. In 1895-97 the Church of St.
Theodore, which cost £20,000, was erected at her charge. It
is in the Early English style, and is an admirable structure,
designed by the late Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A. Miss Talbot
had already erected a cottage hospital in 1891. It will be seen
that this port of South Wales, like many others, is possessed
of great natural beauties, and, at the same time, of considerable
riches, and that it has an active and intelligent population.
The owners of Margam Abbey have done no little to develop
the region, and in many ways it owes much to them. It
may be said, indeed, that the house is a centre of light and
leading, and we, therefore, look with greater interest upon its
architectural beauties and its lovely gardens and woods. Let:
be added that the mansion is richly stored with works of art,
antique statues, ancient furniture, and possesses some fine
pictures by famous masters.
ON the sandy soil of the west Surrey hills, where one of their many valley-folds runs up to the edge of a half-mile wide, well-wooded and sheltered plateau, is this newly-built house. The twenty-six acres of land on which it stands are for the most part of open forest character, with groups of well-grown oaks, and that best of all undergrowth, the native bracken. All this has been carefully preserved, so that on three sides the forest-land comes up close to the house. Nothing has been done to alter the character of this ground, and only, the better to enjoy it, has one broad grassy glade been cleared and levelled, while some easy wood paths lead into its deeper recesses. Eastward is an open view towards Dorking and Leith Hill over a rough field, at whose further end the stone for the house has been quarried.

From every point on the land from which it can be seen the house seems to grow out of the ground. That this should be so, and that it should in no way jar with the woodland, speaks well for the fine taste of the designer and for his intimate knowledge of the best traditions of the country—traditions that, though clearly marked, are never obtrusive. Mr. E. L. Lutyens, the architect, has worked well indeed. Orchards is not a copy nor even an adaptation of any other old west Surrey house, but in its main structure, as well as its smaller details, it faithfully follows the county's best traditions.

The house is approached by a short drive from a country by-road, which passes under a timbered archway into the courtyard. Immediately in front is the projecting stone porch, carrying over it the oak-framed window of a square bay in the wide passage or gallery above. To the left is the wing containing the offices, to the right the arched cloister leading to the larger studio, a delightful ambulatory in hot summer days. The courtyard gives an impression of ample space, each of its sides measuring about 62ft.

The south front has only one wide terrace between it and
the wild fern-clad ground. From this terrace a double flight of wide, easy steps leads to the garden, at the point where the wild gives place to cultivation. The garden ground has here been treated by planting shrubs somewhat in harmony with the wilder growths, in bold clumps with grassy ways between.

The dining-room is in the south and east angle of the house; a long southern window looks into the woodland, while windows to the east look through the arches of a narrow outdoor room, always in shade.

The scheme of gardening was very simple. It was
evident that the beautiful stretch of forest ground deserved
to have its own sentiment preserved as much as possible, and
that where it met the garden it would be well that the two
should join easily and without any sudden jolt. Therefore
the planting between wood and lawn is of easy groups of such
shrubs and trees as first suggest woodland, crabs and
amelanchier, with plantings of double-flowered bramble and
double gorse, and some of the wilder of the rambling roses.
By degrees, as the clumps or breaks approach the lawn, they
have more of the garden character; some are of rhododendrons,
and one at some distance from these is of azaleas, for the two
should never be mixed; among others are some of berberis
and shrubby spirea. Then comes a good stretch of lawn
space, only broken by a fine old bush of blackthorn.

Often a new place is spelt by the removal of good original
features. Here the good taste of the owners, and especially
Lady Chance's finely-trained artistic knowledge, has carefully
preserved all that was of value, and made the most of every
natural advantage. Though not much of a practical gardener
before settling at Orchards, Lady Chance at once appre-
hended the value of the best ways of gardening, and with rare
aptitude assimilated a knowledge of the ways and needs of
flowers, and, above all, acquired that fine sense, a thing
scarcely attainable without considerable training in the fine
arts, of the qualities that make a particular flower or plant
most suitable for certain garden uses.

In spring, before the bracken is grown, in the wild ground
under the oaks are wide stretches of pale daffodils, planted in
those long level drifts that Nature has taught us are the best
ways of disposing these flowers. In another region, between
the garden and a grove of oak, are tufts of wild primrose
in the grass, and thriving clumps of cyclamen for autumn. This
is in a place where the ground is grassy, but nearly bare of fern.
Planting in dry walls is successfully done at Orchards, a way
of gardening that brings quick reward.

The walled kitchen garden is close to the house, an extra
fruit wall dividing it into two portions. The half nearest the
flower garden joins into it as to its lowest quarter, but here
the wall is represented by brick piers rising from a dwarf wall
and connected at the top by a festooned chain of free cluster

rose. Here is a double flower border backed by a box hedge,
so that from the garden side flowers only are seen. Along the
inner side of the east wall is a raised pathway some 4 ft. or 5 ft.
above the garden level, giving a delightful view, over the
parapet, of the open country, and recalling the "mounts" and
raised paths of the old Tudor gardens.

This division of the kitchen garden has double flower
borders along the main path, with a tank in the middle, and
orose arches. The borders are a blaze of late summer flowers,
hollyhocks and perennial sunflowers, phloxes and marigolds,
while the brighter-coloured groups have their brilliancy
enhanced by judiciously-planted regions of the grey of cineraria
maritima, gypsophila, and lavender-cotton. It is one of the
unending pleasures of a garden to seek out every spot in it
that may be beautified by vegetation and to find the right plant
for the place. Thus even the joints of the stonework inside
the tank and just above the water level have been made the
homes of the native ferns that after a while come spontaneously
in such places; so here are already thriving tufts of wall rue,
spleenwort, and hart's-tongue.

The large deep hollow left by the quarrymen at the end
of the field has also been taken in hand. The steep descent
gave many hours of pleasant playwork, in engineering a
winding pathway of steps that rise from the lowest depth and
land above among the mounded hillocks of sandy waste. Here
ordinary garden plants would be inadmissible, the nature of
the place demanding for the most part things of bold character,
such as the giant rhumbs, thistles, eryngiums, olympus, and so
on. Like all wild gardening, it will only be right if just the
right things are used. Sloping banks of sandy debris show
good sown broom and gorse, and tree lupines have been
planted. Some of this region has been planted with birches,
while steep sandy banks are covered with double-flowered and
cut-leaved brambles. Clauses are among the plants used
here, and some of the sand-loving south Europeans, rosary,
hyssop, and lavender-cotton.

Manifestly Orchards is an ideal country home, and it
possesses, with the garden, that most precious quality of
restfulness, as well as delight to mind and eye, that only
comes of the right use of good and simple material.
CHIRK CASTLE, DENBIGHSHIRE, THE SEAT OF MR. R. MYDDDELTON.

CHIRK CASTLE is one of those notable strongholds of North Wales which have seen a very great deal of history, and the place is not to be dissociated from that ancient fortress called by the Welsh “Castell Crogen,” upon the site of which it stands, and whose traditions it inherits. Here occurred several events in the great struggle of the Welshmen for freedom in the time of Henry II., which aroused such strong national feeling among them. It was in the valley beneath Castell Crogen that the celebrated fight between the forces of Henry and the Welsh was waged. The English King marched his men to the river Ceireoc, which is in the park of Chirk Castle, where he caused the woods to be cut down, and won the passage; but the Welsh knew the country better than he, and, intercepting his communications, drove him back in distress.

The territory around Castell Crogen became the property by descent of Griffith ap Madoc, who married an English wife, and, at her instigation, took up arms for Henry III. and Edward I. against Llewelyn. Edward gave the wardship of the children of the chief to certain great nobles, who, according to the chronicler, obtained the lands for themselves by charter. One of these faithless guardians was John Earl Warren, in whose family part of the property remained for three generations, afterwards passing to the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel, Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and William Beauchamp, Lord of Abergavenny. Meanwhile Roger Mortimer, the other faithless guardian, had built in 1310 Chirk Castle, where the older stronghold had been. The place was afterwards united with the other part of the fee. From the Beauchamps it came to Sir William Stanley, who was executed in the time of Henry VIII., and Chirk Castle and Holt Castle were granted to
and dying at Stanstead-Mountfitchet, Essex, where he is buried. The knight was descended from Rrid, the son of Rrid Rhudd, or the "Bloody Wolf." It was after the marriage of another Rrid with Cicely, daughter and heiress of Sir Alexander Myddelton of Myddelton in Shropshire, that the Welsh family assumed the English patronymic. They were a very notable family, and several Myddeltons came to prominence, among them Sir Hugh Myddelton, the famous citizen of London, who brought to completion the great work of conveying the New River to the Metropolis, and who was a younger brother of the Sir Thomas who purchased Chirk.

Sir Thomas Myddelton, the son of the first knight of Chirk, was also a man of mark. In the Civil War he sided with the Commons, and his castle was seized for the King by Colonel Ellis. Meanwhile, Sir Thomas himself was fighting much in North Wales. One of his achievements was the capture of Powis Castle, and in December, 1644, he was under the unfortunate necessity of besieging his own castle of Chirk, when he was repulsed in an attempt to storm it, losing his chief engineer, together with 31 slain and 43 others hurt.

The knight's castle was delivered by Colonel Watts to his daughter for her father's use in February, 1646. Charles I. lay two nights at Chirk Castle, and appears to have been there with Prince Maurice when he heard of the defeat of Montrose. The enthusiasm of Sir Thomas Myddelton for the
GREEN EMBRASURES AND SUMMER FLOWERS AT CHIRK CASTLE.
PARLIAMENTARY cause had cooled somewhat, and his castle was garrisoned for the Parliament in 1651 until he gave security to the extent of £50,000 for his good behaviour. He declared for Charles II., but in 1654 was besieged in his castle by Lambert, and compelled to surrender. At this time it was intended to demolish the castle, as appears by an order of Parliament, August 27th, 1659. Lambert was to have seen the order executed, but for some unknown reason it was never carried out. It was a disastrous time for Sir Thomas Myddelton. In four years he lost £45,000, and when Lambert came all his personal estates were swept away, the damage done in the building alone being estimated at £30,000. He died, however, in his castle in 1656, and was succeeded in his estates by his eldest son, Sir Thomas Myddelton, who had been created a baronet in 1660 as a reward for his services to the exiled King. The title ended with Sir William Myddelton, who died early in the eighteenth century, and the estate then passed to a cousin, Robert Myddelton, and from him to the descendants of John Myddelton. On the death of Richard Myddelton in 1706, Chirk Castle passed with his daughter Charlotte, one of three co-heiresses, to Robert Biddulph, Esq., whose grandson, the present possessor of Chirk Castle, adopted in 1899 the old name of Myddelton for himself and his two sons.

Chirk Castle bears in its frowning height much of the aspect of the days when it was fitted to stand a siege. Nowhere are the walls less than 6ft. thick, and in some places there are from 16ft. to 18ft. of solid masonry. The castle belongs mainly to one period, and has been little altered, and is still a very fine remain of old military architecture adapted to modern domestic uses. A quaint traveller, named Thomas Churchyard, who wrote a versified account of his tour in Wales, paid a visit to Chirk Castle, and describes what he saw there in 1587. He appears to have been a keen observer of things.

We shall leave the pictures which accompany this article to suggest the character of the gardens of Chirk Castle. In their general aspect they are simple, and very beautiful in their simplicity. Fine trees, broad expanses of turf, gay flower-beds, handsome bushes, and, above all, splendid yew hedges, are the things which go to the making up of the delightful garden pictures. Mark that wall-like hedge, cut like a bastion in the sunny garden. Observe, again, the long hedge upon the great terrace, with its background of trees. There is witchery in such things, and these are noble features of Chirk Castle, from whose conspicuous eminence it is delightful indeed to survey the beautiful country that is near, with so attractive a garden for the foreground. The splendid iron gateways and the grille, which we illustrate, will show that nothing has been spared to make the gardens what such gardens should be. Chirk Castle is a place of very great historic interest, and it is fittingly neighbour'd by the beautiful gardens we depict.
The splendid house of the Earl of Harewood, standing in an elevated situation in the romantic valley of the Wharfe, has but one rival of its classic kind in Yorkshire, that county so well storied with the mansions of the great. That rival is Castle Howard; but there shall be no attempt to appraise their various merits here. Both are great and palatial, both noble and dignified. The aspect of Harewood is architecturally very imposing, and beautiful alike in situation and surroundings, but, like Blenheim, Chatsworth, Kedleston, and many other great houses, it is not to be judged by ordinary domestic standards. It was built in the eighteenth century, and was considerably altered in the middle of the nineteenth; but there had been an older house on the spot, around which many interests had centred. There had, in fact, been two great dwelling-places here, one being Harewood Castle, of which the grey ruin stands on high ground within Harewood Park, commanding a fine view of the valley, with Rumbald's Moor above Ilkley in the background. It was the ancient seat of the Lisles, but was considerably altered and brought to completion by Sir William de Aldburgh, who married the heiress of that family, and whose shield of arms, with the motto "Vat sal be sal," may be seen over a window above the main entrance. The plan of the stronghold was quadrangular, with angle towers, the great hall being on the west side and the entrance on the east. The portcullis room and a grove for the portcullis itself are still traceable in the entrance tower, and the chapel has some very interesting features. The fortress was dismantled probably during the Civil War, and now the ivy-clad remains are very picturesque, making the neighbourhood the haunt of artists.

Harewood House more directly represents a mansion known as Gawthorpe Hall, which stood by the side of the lake some 200yds. south of the present mansion. Here lived the great Yorkshire house of Gascoigne, and here was born the famous Chief Justice of the King's Bench who, in the reign of Henry IV., committed Prince Hal to prison. Although there is reason to know that Henry V. did not exercise that clemency which Shakespeare attributes to him, the picture of it will live in literature:

"You did commit me;
For which I do commit you,
The unhealed sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me."
After the Gascoignes came the Wentworths, and the great Lord Strafford occasionally made this his home in early life.
delight ing much, as may be seen by his letters, in the beauty and seclusion of the place, and he was in the neighborhood in 1630, when war with the Scots had broken out. He wrote to Sir Harry Vane in April of that year that all was quiet there, but he hoped if the Scottish moved "to give them such a heat in their cloaths as they never had since their coming forth of Scotland." The forces at his disposal were inadequate, and the work not easy," but," he said, "the best of it is the brawn of a lark is better than the carcasse of a kite, and the virtue of one loyal subject more than of a thousand traitors." Later on Gawthorpe Hall was bought by the notorious Sir John Cutler, who is so bitterly satirised for his rapacity and meanness by Pope in the "Moral Essays."

The magnificent seat of the Earl of Harewood was built on the adjacent site by the first Baron Harewood, Henry Lascelles, who laid the foundation-stone in the year 1759. The designs were by Adam and by Carr of York, and the mansion is an excellent illustration of the work of Carr, who built so many of the important classic mansions of Yorkshire. As will be seen from our pictures, the character of the place is derived from a free adaptation of the Corinthian style applied to domestic purposes.

Fergusson says of it that it is one of those houses which are so thoroughly English and aristocratic that "one is inclined to overlook their defects of style in consequence of their respectability and the associations they call up." The extensive gardens and grounds were laid out by "Capability" Brown, but they have since been altered and enlarged, and no longer bear the exclusive mark of his style. We encounter his name in the annals of the gardens of English noblemen even more often, as someone has remarked, than we find the handicraft of Grinling Gibbons or one of his imitators in the internal adornments of their abodes. Many alterations were carried out by Sir Charles Barry. The great double terrace was formed in 1843, and is a very splendid feature of the place, and we do not know where better classic terracing can be found than is depicted in our illustrations. The whole of the architectural and sculptured features in the garden are, indeed, very striking, and remarkably good in their details. The statuary is nowhere obtrusive, but holds the right place.
to give interest to the gardens. There is a magnificent view from the terraces over the valley and the park, the whole scene being extremely pleasing and rich in wood and water. The old cedars at one end are magnificent, and on every hand there is a splendid sylvan prospect. The principal garden was designed by Nesfield, and is one of the finest examples of his work. There is formality in the terraced arrangement, but very great variety, and during the summer-time the quaintly-designed flower-beds are filled with a bright array of plants in bloom. Several fine examples of deciduous magnolias flourish under the shelter of the terrace walls. From the principal floor of the mansion a double stairway leads down to a flagged terrace walk, having between it and the house wall a magnificent flower border, while vases full of choice things are on the other hand, where three steps bring the visitor to the gravel terrace bounded by a long balustraded wall, from which there is a lovely outlook over the formal garden below and the park and landscape beyond. This formal garden is splendid in design and colour, with conical bushes to give distinction of feature, and at its outer edge is another balustraded terrace wall, with bold, semi-circular embayments towards the park and noble stairways leading down to the grass slopes. These grass slopes below the terrace are a pleasing feature, and evidently the dip of the hill has given many advantages to the garden designer.

The park comprises several thousands of acres, and is splendidly wooded and varied in character, with the lake, embosomed in foliage, a prominent object in the landscape as seen from the house or the formal garden. The lake stretches away from the western side of the mansion, being there bordered by beech woods and fringed by flowering cherries, and it neighbours the kitchen gardens and glass-houses, and broadens into a considerable sheet. There is a delightful walk of about a mile and a-half from the house to the kitchen gardens, which are tastefully arranged with borders of old-fashioned flowers fringing the pathways and relieving the monotony of the parts planted with fruit trees and vegetables. Crown Imperials, arabisces, fritillaries, lupines, double rockets, and polyanthuses are a few of the many charming flowers employed.

In other parts of the grounds great masses of rhododendrons furnish a beautiful underwood, the woodland itself consisting of beech, silver birch, oak, the flowering cherry, false acacia and larches and various other conifers. The flower garden and pleasure grounds occupy together over 150 acres. In the lake are masses of white and yellow water-lilies, while along the banks are planted many moisture-loving plants, such as reeds, giant spireas, flag irises, myosotis, etc.

Then, as befits so great a place, there is, in one of the

**THE DOUBLE TERRACE.**

vineries, the finest example in the United Kingdom of that most delicious of white grapes, the Muscat of Alexandria. This vine, according to the tablet in the vineyard, was planted in 1783, and the house that contains it enlarged in 1839. Notwithstanding its great age, it is still a vigorous bearer and produces good crops of fruit.

The church stands in the park half a mile from the village, and was perhaps the work of the monks of Bolton, to whom it was given by Lord Lisle in 1335. It was sadly treated when it was "beautified" in the style of 1733, but has since been well restored. It contains the altar tombs of Sir Richard Redman and Sir William Ryther, both sons-in-law of Sir William Aldburgh, who built Harewood Castle, with their wives. There also is the tomb, with effigies, of the famous judge Gascoigne and his wife, he wearing his judicial robes with collar of SS, and a coif upon his head.

Harewood is one of those places which appeal to us chiefly
THE OUILOOK FROM THE UPPER TERRACE.

THE TERRACE STAIRWAY.
by their magnificence. Both in the house and its surroundings we find all those features which we associate with the great classic seats of the land. From the windows fine views are commanded of Wharfedale and of Otley Chevin, from the highest point of which there is a surprising prospect, including York Minster at a distance of thirty miles, while to the south the smoke of Leeds and the manufacturing district clouds the sky, and away to the north and north-east a vast extent of beautiful country lies mapped out below the spectator, with the Wharfe winding through the verdant dale. Much of this scenery may be seen from the windows and terrace of Harewood House.

The interior of the mansion is very noble and stately, with ceilings painted by Zucchi, Rose, and Reynolds, and fine pictures by Reynolds, Lawrence, Hoppner, and others. The great gallery, a noble apartment nearly 80 ft. long by 24 ft. broad, contains a collection of antique china which has been valued at £100,000. Splendid, however, as are the apartments of the house, these attractions are far surpassed by the charms of the garden and the landscape. It is truly a great and stately domain, well fitted to be the residence of an exalted nobleman. Good fortune has placed it on the course of a romantic river, and in an unspoiled region of the extensive county of York.

An ideal day may well be spent at Harewood, in surveying the splendours of its art treasures, the beauties of its gardens, and its park of 1,800 well-wooded and picturesque acres. But to conjure up in print or manuscript the attraction of such a place is not easy, though our illustrations will go far to supply the deficiency, and will show how truly magnificent is the character of Harewood House.
ALDENHAM is a quaint house in a beautiful garden dignified by the presence of a stately avenue of elms, some two hundred years old, leading to the front entrance, a lofty regiment breaking the view of the tree-clad hills towards famous Harrow. The history of the mansion is uneventful. It was probably built about 1550, has been altered by various possessors until little of the original structure remains, and has never been sold, but passed by marriage to the present family. There is much to interest the architect and antiquary. The noble oak hall is of the time of Charles II., and the west front of the same period. The house is a mixture of many styles, but the old and charming Queen Anne character has been well preserved, meriting at this day the description Chauncy gave of it in 1700—"a fair house of brick." The period of George II. is seen in the bow of the drawing-room and the library, and the east front looking on the rose garden is of quite modern times, about twenty-five years ago. There is a simple grandeur in the entrance from the elm avenue. The red brick is toned by the pleasant green of the trees, and nothing obstructs the mansion with its face to the broad stretch of open land.

The garden is glorious in colour as in repose. Immediately against the house the quiet terrace may be gay with colour from an array of begonias, fuchsias, and summer bedding plants, making it refreshing to walk through the quaint pleached alley of limes to the woodland and wilderness beyond, where shrubs of importance for colour of leaf, stem, and flower are massed in a bold and picturesque way. The planting is quite modern; in truth, the gardens have been transformed by Lord Aldenham until they may be regarded as new, and during the past twenty years, with his gardener-son, the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, M.P., he has carried on extensive and judicious planting.

Thomas Sutton, who owned the estate in 1599, would scarcely recognise in the present extensive and well-planted park, garden, and woodland the Aldenham of his far-off days. The estate passed in 1614, with that gentleman's daughter and heir, to her husband, Henry Coghill, in whose family it remained until 1734, and their arms still remain over the hall door. Then it passed to Robert Hucks, who had married the daughter and heir of another Henry Coghill, and remained in the Hucks family until 1814, when the eldest branch became extinct in the male line. The estate then descended to a relative—Miss Noyes—and thence to the Gibbs family as heirs-at-law through the marriage of Antony Gibbs (grandfather of the first Lord Aldenham) with Dorothea Hucks.

It is difficult to know where to begin in a survey of the gardens and woodland at Aldenham, which comprise upwards
GARDENS OLD AND NEW.

THE WILDERNESS.

of 200 acres, maintained in high cultivation even in those places usually permitted to run wild and unkempt. There are three picturesque lodges, and we may make a start at the Aldenham lodge. Turning to the right, a charming view is obtained of the house with its elm avenue and greensward. We follow the broad gravel walk, protected on the right from the park by an ornamental railed brick palisade, broken about every five yards by piers capped with vases and urns in terracotta, and further diversified by outward half-circles of bold effect, and in due time arrive at a large carriage gateway. This leads to the well-planted park and new ornamental lake.

This lake and bold rockwork are amongst the principal features of the modern gardening at Aldenham, and Mr. Vicary Gibbs has succeeded in his endeavour to create a natural and charming picture. Standing on the bridge that spans it, we see the pretty boat cave, and turning to the opposite side of the bridge the lake, with its two islands, is presented to view. This modelling, and practically forming a new feature entirely, has been accomplished since 1893. It has been the result of the work of the able head gardener, aided by Mr. Vicary Gibbs, who, like so many of our landowners of the present day, takes a practical interest in the garden and woodland. There are breadth of bulrushes rustling in the autumn winds, golden elder, snowberry, thick with creamy fruit during winter, American blackberries, and the soft silver grey of that beautiful willow, Salix rosmarinifolia. It is a quiet scheme of colour, from the dense green of gorse to the graceful willow branches, casting a grateful shade over the water surface. The planting of the estate and its remodelling teach practical lessons, and simple grouping is one of the greatest. The arboretum contains deciduous trees and shrubs rare as anything in the botanic garden of Kew.

Nearer the house is a pretty croquet lawn, and an arched rose walk at right angles, while in the opposite corner is the square yew garden, adorned with fine examples of lead-work — the kneeling slave, the weeping child at the fountain (a copy of a silver seal of Italian workmanship), and a "Fiddler" and a "Songstress" (the work of that excellent sculptor, Mr. F. W. Vicary Gibbs).
THE WATERFALLS.
Simplicity is the charm of such wild gardening, scattering the flowers about in drifts and little colonies.

The wilderness at Aldenham is one of its most attractive features. It is a place of vistas, cool green walls, and brilliant splashes of colour, not from flowers, but from the stems and fruits of the shrubs. This massing of shrubs is unusual, and worthy of imitation. No matter whether the winds of winter whistle through the trees, or the rich tints of autumn colour the boughs, this wilderness of shrubs presents bright features. Here an enormous group of the sumach Rubus typhina spreads out its characteristic foliage, touched with brilliant colours in September days, there the air is sweet briar, and the heavy

fragrant with the breath of racemes of Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora (the big paniced hydrangea) weigh down the shoots. The Japanese rose, cut-leaved bramble, double bramble, Cornus sibirica (the Siberian dogwood), Rubus odoratus, Japanese windflower, Symphoricarpus rubes, and spiraea are a few of the shrubs massed in this bold and interesting way. One may imagine the effect of dozens of plants of the Cornus sibirica in the winter landscape, a glorious splash of colour in the grey. We can only describe this planting as magnificent for its effectiveness, whilst the restfulness and charm of the wilderness are preserved. This free planting does not disturb the quiet grassy paths flecked with sunlight, and retreats from the glare of "bedders" and the heat of summer and autumn.

By following one of the pleasant grass walls, and leaving the house and kitchen
garden, with its fine ornamental doorway, the north-west side is reached, and here many changes have taken place during the past few years. On every hand are beautiful effects from the choice collection of trees and shrubs, and streams meandering into the moats of the old house, pulled down in the time of Henry VIII., where now is the water garden. The moats have been restored according to the old plan, whilst the old stew-pond is now a delightful bathing-place, grouped around with flowers and shrubs. Extensive alterations, with new drives and walks, have been completed during quite recent times, and greatly adorn the splendid estate. The collection of plants is rare and interesting.

Aldenham is not a garden of one season only; it is delightful to visit at all times—during the spring, when the flowering trees are burdened with blossom and the marsh marigolds dot the stream-sides with colour; through the summer months; and in the autumn, to learn the value of the changing leaf in beautifying the landscape.

The trees and shrubs are massed upon the grass, and notwithstanding that the alterations have been completed within quite recent years, the impression is that of a garden mellowed by time. Weeping and variegated-leaved trees are in abundance. A weeping tree is generally of graceful beauty, and casts a grateful shade upon the lawn; it is often sited in the hot summer days, but there must be no crowding together. Every tree should display its characteristic charm—the willows by the water-side, the holly upon the lawn, and the thorns in the park. The willow is in its drooping form a thing of beauty, but rarely is it planted in the garden, or, for that matter, any of its precious family. Those who have bare lakesides should learn something of the beauty of verdure from the grounds at Aldenham. Oaks and elms prevail, and a noble group of six elms stands out against the sky; but, as in the shrub masses near the water gardens, weeping trees are one of the features, the weeping beech near the house being unequalled in the British Isles. It is a splendid specimen of its kind, the branches sweeping the grass and forming a fountain of leafy shoots, an arbour of grateful green in the warm days of summer. A varied garden, indeed, of natural beauty, with just enough of formality near the house is that at Aldenham.
WITHIN four or five miles of the position where the King established himself on the eventful day of the battle of Edgehill, and below the slopes of the hills, hidden, indeed, in a sylvan hollow, stands one of the most beautiful Tudor houses in England. Warwickshire is very rich in castles and houses of a former time, but it has nothing to surpass this admirable quadrangular house of the Marquess of Northampton. We could not wish for a better presentation of the domestic life of our Tudor ancestors than is found in that wondrous structure, with its towers, embattlements, and mullioned and enriched windows, its porch and its timbered gables, its turrets and its twisted chimneys, its chequered brickwork and its old-world picturesqueness. England is fortunate, indeed, that it still possesses such places, and Compton Wynyates is doubly fortunate in that it is prized and treasured by its noble owner and maintained in as high a state as ever it knew of yore. The moat, indeed, which was its outer guard, has gone in part, and now the visitor no longer tarries to parley with the watchman on the gate-house tower. The spyhole is there, through which he looked out to learn who the stranger might be, and the twisted stairway by which he ascended to take a larger survey. The oaken door is there also, bearing yet in its seams marks of the impotent fury of some who endeavoured to make turbulent entry that way.

Originally the house was larger than it is now, and some evidences of its former extent still remain. Its buildings surround a quadrangular space 57 ft. across. Over the arch of the entrance, as may be seen in our picture, are the arms
of Henry VIII., with the griffin and greyhound for supporters, and the royal crown above, and in the spandril of the arch on the left are the Castle of Castle, the pomegranate of Granada, and the sheaf of arrows, which stand there for Catherine of Aragon, while on the other side the portcullis badge of Henry is plainly seen. The external front is very beautiful, with its old brickwork clustered with climbing flowers, and the sundial above; but for the picturesqueness of the structure externally our pictures are sufficient warrant.

Entering the court, there is seen the great bay which lights the hall, that customary feature in all the better houses of the time. The walls are vested with ivy, roses, clematis, and the fiery thorn, and there are old fuchsia trees along the pathways. In the south wall a door leads into the chapel, of which the noble mullioned window is a conspicuous feature externally. Close by, in the angle between the chapel and the hall, is the great parlour panelled with oak, and having a plaster ceiling bearing the arms of Compton and Spencer, erected in the reign of Elizabeth by William Compton, first Earl of Northampton. Compton Wynanites had been built by an earlier Sir William Compton, who gained distinction at the Battle of the Spurs, where he was knighted for his bravery. In the great hall of his house he welcomed Henry VIII., with whom he had been at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. This notable chamber has an open timber roof, a minstrel's gallery, and a finely carved screen, which separates it from the lobby and staircase and the kitchens beyond. The chapel to which we have referred is also very beautiful, and possesses some most curious carvings, including the Seventeen Deans represented as knights in armour, each with an imp behind to urge him forward. Sir William Compton's son Henry, created Baron Compton of Compton in 1572, received Queen Elizabeth at his house in the same year, and was one of the peers who tried Mary Queen of Scots. He was succeeded by his son William, afterwards made Earl of Northampton. The drawing-room on the south side is a fine apartment wainscoted with oak, and having a good plaster ceiling put up by the latter nobleman, to whom much of the beauty of the house is due.

There is a romantic story connected with the Earl's marriage. A certain rich Alderman Spencer, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1594, had a beauteous daughter, whom he looked upon as the apple of his eye. With sturdy civic character the alderman did not look with a kindly eye upon the gallant young courtier, Lord Comp on, who aspired to the lady's hand. Indeed, so little did he approve the youthful swain, that he forbade him to enter his house at Canonbury. But, as Love laughs loud at locksmiths, so did Lord Compton laugh at the alderman. By an astute device and ingenious stratagem he came to the house disguised as a baker, with many loaves in a huge basket, as those who saw it believed. Returning he encountered the alderman, who commended his enterprise and gave him sixpence, telling him he was on the way to make his fortune, which, indeed, appeared to be true, for, greatly to the civic anger, it was discovered that he had carried away the lady concealed in his basket.

The fury of the alderman was not to be appeased, and even Elizabeth exercised her offices in vain; but at length, at her request, he consented to be the godfather to an infant, in whom Her Majesty had some interest, and who proved, as he presently learned, to be his own grandson. Then it would appear that reconciliation was brought about, and the handsome carving and panelling over the mantelpiece in the drawing-room at Compton Wynanites are said to have been brought from the Canonbury house, and the arms of Compton and Spencer are displayed in many parts of the structure.

King James I. visited Lord Compton at Compton Wynanites in 1618, the year before he was raised to the Earldom of Mary, indeed, were the royal visits paid to the old Warwickshire mansion. Charles I. was there in the times of Spencer Compton, the second Earl, who was killed at Hopton Heath in 1643. Considerable alterations were made in the house by the fourth and fifth Earls, and in the time of the eighth Earl, who died in 1796, much waste occurred, whereby the house subsequently fell somewhat into a state of ruin.
The old timber was cut down on the estates to the value of £50,000, but Nature, ever kindly, has long since made good the loss. Happily subsequent possessors have valued the place and restored it, until it has resumed its old splendour, and stands as we depict it. Charles, third Marquess of Northampton, who died in 1877, did a great work in restoring and refurnishing his grand old seat.

It would be a pleasure to describe the many splendid chambers of this historic house. The great hall, chapel, and dining-room have been alluded to. There is the bed-chamber of Henry VIII., with the Tudor rose and the devices of Catherine of Aragon in the glass. The council chamber, the priest's room, and the long quarters over the drawing-room, known as the "Barracks," are extremely interesting.

The gardens have been greatly beautified, and are maintained with a richness which many possessors of fine gardens might envy. In loveliness, radiance, and sweet appropriateness they are all that we could desire. Excellent green turf occupies in large part the place where the moat once extended, and all about are spread great borders and masses of those tall-growing hardy flowers which are the glory of gardens from the first days of spring until the winds of autumn have blown.

The effect of these splendid glowing flowers is superb, and nothing could excel the extreme beauty of the picture presented by their radiance, contrasted with the dark hue of the brick and stone of the old house and with the dense and luxuriant foliage of the trees that rise in the background. There is little here that is formal in arrangement, but a few hedges and solemn views serve to unite the character of the old garden and the new. The circular grass plat with the sundial, neighboured again by those hardy perennials, is a centre of interest in the place. The square garden walk is extremely beautiful, and whichever way we look the glorious extent of the park reaching to the tops of the hills fills the mind with satisfaction. That

Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., as we have seen, visited the house, and the room in which Charles slept is still shown, with a spiral staircase by which either the moat or the upper part of the house could be reached. Again, the secret hiding-places and recesses for men who sought safety in troublous times would attract the curious. We are reminded that the place was captured for the Parliament after a three days' siege in June, 1644, when the Earl of Northampton's brother, with a dozen officers and 120 men with horses and guns, was seized. The place was plundered, and Dugdale assures us that the Roundheads killed the deer and defaced the monuments in the church. Sir Charles and Sir William Compton made an effort to recover the house in the next January, and gained a footing at night in the stables, but they were repulsed with loss, and the third Earl retained the estate only by paying a heavy composition. The Parliamentary troops remained in possession until June, 1646. The "Barracks" preserve by their name the memory of the troublous times when soldiers were quartered in the house.

We have said enough to show how very great are the interests that surround the picturesque house of the Marquess of Northampton, and our illustrations will convey an idea of its structural beauties in stone, brick, and wood, and of the charming manner in which its walls are vested with flowering growths, these adding their sweeter charms without disguising the details of the admirable structure. It may be interesting to note that the mansion possesses eighty rooms, with seventeen distinct flights of stairs, and 273 glazed windows. There is in the grounds a relic of the old times in a quaint brick dovecote. A stone path, of which some portions may still be seen, led down from the house to the lower end of the pool, where the mill stood, an ice-house now occupying the site, and the water from the most descended into two stewsponds, and then to the mill pool.
THE MOAT GARDEN AT COMPTON WYNYATES.
part of the moat which remains reflects, indeed, scenes that would be hard to beat, but which the imagination of those who see our pictures will readily conceive. There is the beautiful feature of a pergola to give shade in the heat of the day.

Peace and repose, above all things else, invest the ancient abode. Its air is that of sequestered calm, as it lies in the hollow in the green cup of the wood-encircled dale. The lights in the picture are in the sky-reflecting moat and the gay splendour of the flowers. The verdant slopes and the fine woodland supply the fitting frame. Compton Wynyates has attracted the skill of many artists, and it is truly rich in all that is architecturally pictorial—a wonderful grouping of effects in the varied outline of the structure and in its quaint features, set in the sweetness of its gardens and grounds.

It owes much of its glory to the present Marquess of Northampton.

The pathway by the dovecote, which has been alluded to, leads to the church. The old edifice suffered much in the Civil War, when the monuments were wasted, but it was rebuilt by James, third Earl of Northampton, in 1661. Some of the memorials had been thrown into the moat, but they were recovered and placed in the new edifice. Among them is the effigy of Sir William Compton, who built Compton Wynyates. He wears a collar of SS. with the Tudor rose. Another figure is that of his grandson, Henry, first Baron Compton, and there are several effigies of ladies and elders of the family. Spencer, eighth Earl, was the last to be buried at Compton Wynyates. He died in 1796, and his wife and successors lie at Castle Ashby. Memorial banners and hatchments are also in the church, which form a long and practically complete record of the family of Compton.

Whether we regard Compton Wynyates from the point of view of the architect seeking that which is beautiful in brick and stone, or the lover of natural beauty looking for the charms of a superb English landscape, or of one who finds his joy in the ravishing sweetness of a lovely garden, we recognise that the place deserves to rank very high among the glorious old houses of England.

"Compton Pike" stands above it on the hill, placed there in earlier times, as a guide to those who sought the house which is below in the hollow, and is now a fine standpoint for a survey of the country.
FROM the garden point of view Amesbury is chiefly interesting for the richness of its foliage and the superb character of its garden architecture. The place itself is abundantly interesting also, and it is possible to say how far its legendary antiquity might be carried back into the dim prehistoric ages. There are those who say that the name signifies "The Land of Ambrosius," the Brit-Roman General who came, invited over by Vortigern, to a sest in expelling from Britain the barbarous Saxons. The conventual house of Amesbury is associated with the Arthurian legend as the refuge of Queen Guinevere in her flight. We all know Tennyson's description of how she came to the "Holy House at Amesbury," and received the parting blessing of King Arthur, the "waving of his hands that best," as he left her for ever to meet his doom in the "Great Battle," she finally being chosen Abbess. Malory's account in the "Morte d'Arthur" is somewhat different.

The site of the convent of Amesbury lies to the east and south-east of the present house, and, tradition tells us, once covered a space of thirteen acres; at the present day not one stone above ground tells the tale of its former grandeur. The foundations of nun's cells have been discovered, however, in many places by digging. The site of the monastery is unknown. Could it have crowned the great British earthwork (locally known as Vespasian's Camp and the Ramparts) which surrounds the wood to the west of Amesbury?

Alfred the Great presented the monasteries of Amesbury and Banwell to Ascel, Bishop of Sherborne, in recognition of his services. Queen Elrida founded the Benedictine Priory at Amesbury in 910, to expiate the murder of her stepson, Edward (the Martyr), at Corfe. Robert of Gloucester alludes to the circumstance. In 1127 Henry II. dispossessed the nuns, and gave the house to the Abbey of Fontrevault in Normandy. A priest and twenty-four nuns came thence to Amesbury, and the convent increased in glory and riches. King John conferred upon it important privileges, and Eleanor, sole daughter of Geoffrey Earl of Bretagne, at her own request, was buried there. Mary, sixth daughter of Edward I., in company with the ten ladies of noble birth, took the veil there in 1223; and two years afterwards Eleanor, Queen of Henry III., and mother of Edward I., also took the veil at Amesbury, and died there June 21st, 1244, during the absence of her son in Scotland. On his return, he summoned all his clergy and barons to Amesbury, where he solemnly completed the enthronement of his mother, on the day of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, in the conventual church founded by her, and where her obsequies were reverently celebrated. Isabella of Lancaster, fourth daughter of Henry Earl of Lancaster, was prioress in 1292. Florence Bornewe, the last prioress but one, at the dissolution of the monasteries refused to surrender her abbey to the King's emissaries. They wrote: "Albeit we have used as many ways as our poor wits could attain, yet in the end we could not by any persuasion bring her to conformity, but at all times she rested in and so remaineth in these terms." She answered: "If the King's highness commanded me from the house I will gladly go, though
I beg my bread, and as for pension I care for none." Death soon afterwards released her from the humiliation of surrender. Joan Dorell, the last priestress, was more pliant, and surrendered to Henry VIII. on 11th July, 1538. According to Tanner, the Abbey Lands were given to the Earl of Hertford, afterwards the Protector Somerset, and after his execution were probably granted to his son, Edward Earl of Hertford, by Elizabeth. This Lord Hertford lived at Amesbury, and his tomb is in Salisbury Cathedral. His second wife was Francis, daughter of Lord Howard of Blundon. She had previously been married to Sir George Rodney of Rodney-Stoke, but jilted him for Lord Hertford. Sir George Rodney was heart-broken. He followed Lady Hertford to Amesbury, and sat up all one night writing verses to her with his own blood, and finally "fell upon his sword and died."

Amesbury Church still possesses the bell given by Lady Hertford, which bears the following inscription:

"The strange in farther, Prayes God well, Francis, Countess Hertford's bell."

The property of Amesbury passed by marriage, sale, and inheritance respectively to the families of Aylesbury, Boyle and Queensberry. Henry Lord Carlston (the owner before the Queensberrys) leaving it by will to his nephew, Charles Duke of Queensbury, in 1724, who married the beautiful Lady Catharine Hyde in 1729. She was the Kitty of Prior, and Gay Prior's ballad on her is well known. It begins:

"Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as coy untamed.
Beside the Fair from whence she sprang
With little rage inflam'd.
Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint
Which wise maxims ordain'd,
And sorely we'd to play the saint
Whilest wit and beauty reign'd."

The poet Gay was her especial friend and protecter. Opposite to the present dwelling-house is a grassy bank—sloping to the river flowing below—cut into fanciful shapes resembling the facets of a diamond, and in this bank is set a sort of stone room enclosed by wrought-iron gates, a beloved haunt of the poet when at Amesbury. He is said to have written the words of the "Beggar's Opera" here, and the recess is still called Gay's Cave. The old house, inhabited by the Queensberrys, was built by John Webb (architect, born 1611), from designs by his uncle, Inigo Jones, in the Palladian style beloved by him, and an engraving and plans of it may be found in "Vitruvius Britannicus," pg. 7, Vol. III. The beautiful entrance gate pier, now standing at the corner of the site, is by Webb. The magnificent bridge, one of the finest garden features in England, spanning the river Avon in the pleasure grounds is later than Webb (1777), and is a lovely object amid its sylvan surroundings. It is known locally as Bannister Bridge—i.e., Baluster Bridge.

The Duchess of Queensberry died in 1777, and the Duke in the following year, the title descending to his cousin, William Earl of March, in 1778. He succeeded his cousin Charles as fourth Duke of Queensberry, and in 1780 was created a British peer, taking the title of Baron Douglas of Amesbury. This Duke of Queensberry was commonly known by the nickname of "Old Q."

"He died unmarried in 1810, the estates passing to Archibald, Lord Douglas of Douglas, whose executors sold them to Sir Edmund Antrobus in 1824. Amesbury House remained uninhabited during a period of sixty years (for "Old Q." never lived there, though he sent orders from time to time to his steward for the cutting down of trees). At one time Sir Eliphas Impey was tenant, and at another some French servants occupied it for a while.

Sir Edmund Antrobus's grandfather, upon inheriting Amesbury from his uncle, wished to restore and enlarge the house, but on examination, finding it to be eaten through with dry rot, decided to pull the old place down and build a new mansion in its place, closely resembling the old, and in the Palladian style.

The present Amesbury Abbey stands in a small but pretty park, through which the Christchurch Avon flows. Borrow's Avengrope stopped to s-ge over the parapet of Amesbury town Bridge at the river below; thus: "Presently I passed by a church which rose indistinctly on my right hand; anon there was the rustling of foliage and the rushing of waters. I reached a bridge." Thick beeches and Lombardy poplars flourish in the district, and a fine beech avenue leads through the wood which crowns Vespasian's Camp, beyond which stretches the old deer park—one more—with its beech clumps and expanse of rolling down on either side. It terminates in a little copse by the high road, passing through which one catches a first distant glimpse of Stonehenge.

One of the finest deciduous cypresses in England overshadows the Chinese Temple Summer-house, a miniature building of exquisite proportions, with delicate columns and balustrading, built across an arm of the river. To the east of the park is a splendid old flint wall, in which are wrought-iron gates, with rusticated stone pillars, once an entrance. At either end stand two curious old houses. The house nearest the village is called Kent House, and beyond that, Devon House. The other by the river has the inscription—carved in stone over the doorway—"Dian: her Hvos, 1600." Mr. Blomfield, in his charming "Renaissance Architecture in England," cites this garden-house as a good example of the fancifully designed buildings which delighted the architects of 1600. These houses are built of stone and squared flints, and are of the finest workmanship, and similar to the fine-work found in Suffolk churches of the fifteenth century. To Kent House the Duchess of Queensberry added a remarkable octagon room, with a dicky bellow, with brick fan vaulting.

The present dwelling-house of Amesbury Abbey (rebuilt by Hopper, 1814) is an impressive building, and closely follows Webb's plan. It is of Calkeark stone, and consists of a basement storey, with Corinthian columns above. On the south front is a pediment to the loggia; an upper storey on the east and west sides with floriated vases; over the centre rises a stone balustrading, which might be completed by a dome. The whole is beautifully weathered in grey and golden lichens. Inside the house only a fine marble chimney-piece with columns and some carved paneling remain of Webb's designing.
GARDENS OLD AND NEW.
The house here illustrated is interesting in many ways. To look at it one would say that its grey walls must have witnessed a good deal of history, and have beheld the daily lives of some persons of note. It would be a surprise amply justified by the facts.

Obviously Chastleton belongs to a large class of country mansions, built in somewhat opulent times, and possesses those outward characteristics of architecture which took shape in Tudor and Jacobean days, though touched with a certain element of severity not found in all of them. Charming, certainly, the house is in form and character, richly plenished within with such characteristic examples of the wood carver's art as generally distinguished houses of the date, and, without, adorned with gardens fully appropriate to its style.

Centuries before the present Chastleton House was built, there had been dwellers of importance on the spot. The Conqueror granted Cestreton, as the place was then called, to a Saxon thane named Wigod, and with his daughter it passed to the great Norman family of D'Oyley. It was perhaps one of this house who first took name from the place, but the Cestrtons did not continue long, their estate passing to the family of Trillow, of whom Sir John, in 1333, added the south aisle to the church which Bardolf de Cestreton had built. From the Trillows the manor passed to Sir John Bishopden, and with Sir John's daughter Philippa to Sir William Catesby. Their son, William Catesby, was the somewhat famous Minister of Richard III, and Speaker of the House of Commons in 1484, who was taken at the battle of Bosworth and put to death. Henry VII. confiscated the estates, but they were restored to William Catesby's son George in 1495, and continued with his family until they came to Robert Catesby, author of the Gunpowder Plot.
GARDENS OLD AND NEW.

Catesby was one of those who had suffered very severely under the penal laws in the time of James. Driven to desperation, after a licentious youth, he turned with fervid zeal to the faith he had forewarned, and in sinister conditions conceived that monstrous plot which it is difficult to imagine how any human mind could have harboured—the plan of blowing up the Parliament House, and of involving in common destruction the King, Lords, and Commons who had framed and executed the penal laws. It does not appear that this wild conspiracy took shape within the walls of Chastleton—certainly not in the existing house—for Catesby had sold the estate to Walter Jones for £4,000 in 1602, and his own house may not have been on the same spot. It is said that he designed the purchase-money for the raising of a troop of horse in aid of Philip of Spain, who contemplated another attack upon England, and it is not at all unlikely that some of the money was expended in furthering the sinister scheme against the King, Lords, and Commons.

The existing house was built by the new possessor, a substantial woollen merchant of Witney, of whom it is related that he came from the old line of Jones of Grismont, county Glamorgan, whose pedigree stretches back to legendary Brute, and through the mist of ages even to King Pram, in those times when Zeus from the Heights of Olympus directed the armies of Greeks and Trojans upon the plains of Ilium. The judicious may perhaps refrain from investigating this heroic genealogy, but will discover in the latter chain that the family inter-married with Tudor, Herbert, and many other noble houses, and gave many a son who fought under the Red Dragon of Wales. For us the interest of Walter Jones is that he was the builder of the imposing house depicted. He married Eleanor Pope, maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, whose father was Henry Pope, the Queen’s jeweller, and her uncle Sir Thomas Pope of Wroxton. It is believed, upon the faith of tradition, that Mr. Jones was his own architect, and, if that be so, he designed well and built substantially. The house was begun in 1603, and appears to have been finished about 1614.

The estate at the time was not so large; as now, and the new mansion stood at one end of it, adjacent to the church, as we may see. The builder had two sons, Arthur and Henry. The latter was a gentleman learned in the law, whose bedroom is still called “the Doctor’s Chamber,” because it was appropriated to his use. Arthur threw in his lot with the King, and followed the standard of Charles through the varying fortunes of the war, but, after that monarch’s execution, lived quietly at Chastleton until 1651. Then once more he took arms in the cause of Charles’s son, and appears to have been with him on the fatal field of Worcester.

Legends or histories record his home-coming. Mistress Jones, who was daughter of a London merchant, lying awake at night full of fears for her husband, heard the footsteps of a weary horse entering the stable-yard. Hastily dressing, she stole downstairs, and admitted her husband, all breathless from his flight, who sank into a chair, and, asking for food and wine, told the melancholy tale. Even while he was telling it, the fearful ears of his wife heard the hoofs of other horses approaching. Strangers were coming—Roundheads in pursuance of the fugitives—but the weary man, altogether spent, had no strength to fly. He sought refuge therefore in a secret chamber, which is still shown, while his wife admitted the sour-visaged pursuers. They would not credit her report that she had in the house none but her feeble father-in-law, her children, and her maid. The tired horse in the stable had told another tale, and they sought through the house, sounding the walls and floors with their pikes and muskets. Failing, however, to discover the secret hiding-place, they expressed their intention of supping in the lady’s chamber, from which it was approached. With a trembling hand but an alert mind did Mistress Jones arouse her maids and set about the preparation of the meal. Into the wine some drowsy drug was infused—poppy or mandragora perhaps—brewing thus a potion that should steal away the Roundheads’ brains and rob them of “the pith and marrow of their attribute.” Lastly they enjoyed the heavy-headed revel, until, one by one, sleep overcame them all; whereupon their hostess crept in and released her husband, who straightway on the captain’s horse made good his escape. Loud were the imprecations of the detest’d Puritans on the muzzy-headed man when, with Acting pates, they rose from the night’s carouse to find the quarry flown.

THE ELEPHANT AND HER YOUNG.
THE PORCH.
The Bible which Charles presented to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold remains in the house, as well as many other relics of the time, including a finely-executed miniature of the King on copper, so contrived that transparencies may be placed over it, upon which are various pictures representing the different phases of the Monarch's chequered career. Moreover, two oaks on the estate were planted to commemorate the Restoration, but the storm has laid them low. In 1694 Walter Jones of Chastleton married Anne, daughter of Richard Whitmore of Slaughter, and their son Henry, an ardent Jacobite, ended by wasting his substance; but Henry's son John, who never married, did a great deal to improve the estate and house. He re-roofed the mansion and carefully repaired its masonry. He appears to have been an eccentric gentleman, for Miss Whitmore Jones, who has written a brief account of her house, says that, when the workmen had left off, he used to go with his knife and try to pick out the mortar from between the stones, and if he succeeded, the work was begun again. While it was in progress, he covered the courtyard gates with furze to disappoint the undue curiosity of visitors. Neither Mr. John Jones nor his brother Arthur left any heir, but the estate was bequeathed to John Whitmore, then a boy of fourteen, who was the son of a cousin, and in 1828 the new possessor, who had added the name of Jones to his own, and had married a daughter of Colonel Clutton of Pensax Court, removed to Chastleton House, which again became a centre of life in the country. Mr. Whitmore Jones, who was universally popular, lived the true life of a country gentleman, maintaining and improving his estate, and ever looking after the welfare of his tenants and neighbours.

Miss Whitmore Jones, in her notes upon Chastleton House, recounts one fact in relation to her father which may be noted as of particular interest. In 1850 his tenant at Chastleton Hill died, and the farm was thrown on his hands. Having disposed of all his farming stock, he thought the season's cultivation of the land would be lost, but neighbouring farmers came to his aid and offered, if he would provide seed corn and bread and cheese and beer, to give him a "love haul." The day was fixed, and Mr. Jones rode up the hill to see the men at work. "A wonderful sight met his view. No less than sixty-eight ploughs, ten of them double ones, were at work. The horses were dressed out in ribbons, and the men wore clean smock frocks. Altogether the scene had a most animated appearance, and resembled a mighty fair. One hundred acres were ploughed, harrowed, and nearly sown in that one day, and the only regret expressed was that more farmers had not heard of the proposal." Mr. Whitmore Jones lived until 1853, and all his four sons having died, the estate devolved upon his eldest daughter, the present possessor.

The general aspect of the old house has been alluded to, and the illustrations are all-sufficient as a description. The structure is of grey stone and has not been altered in any way. It is quadrangular, with the Dairy Court in the middle, and thus retains the character even of an older period than that in which it was built. Internally the work is very fine, and the hall has a notable oak screen, with two segmental arches between elaborated columns, and with richly carved curlicues. The panelling is also old and good, and the furniture mostly of the period. There is also much ancient armour, some of it belonging to the Civil Wars. The Drawing-room, or Great Chamber, is also very characteristic, with enriched panelling, a splendid armorial mantel-piece, and a plaster ceiling with pendants. The multimilled windows and Chippendale furniture complete a charming interior. The White Parlour, another finely panelled chamber, opens from the hall, and the Chestnut Parlour is interesting for its pictures and deep cupboards full of old china. The Catesby Room is also interesting, and there are the Cavalier Chamber, from which the secret room is reached, the State Room, the Library, and, also, all the very remarkable Long Gallery, with its impressive panelling and its wagon-headed ornamental ceiling—all very remarkable apartments. Indeed, Chastleton House will cede to few mansions of its kind in the interest of its interior. The Long Gallery is at the top of the house, and runs the whole length of the front, as was customary.

The gardens and grounds have interests of their own, and are appropriate in style to the house they adorn. An old court area is a forecourt entered through a characteristically gateway with pinacles, the approach flanked by flower-beds, and the enclosure formed by a laurel hedge. The principal and characteristic feature is the pleasure of clipped box at the side of the house. Here, enclosed within a circular hedge of yew, are many curious bushes of box, standing like some fantastic ring of serpents about the central sundial. They are of old and nameless shapes, toads or elves, perhaps—certain of them resembling somewhat an elephant with her young; some of them formed in rings and globes, but all of them curious and interesting. Such a garden would not be formed in these days. A liquity is written upon it, though the pre-christian date of the curious gardemage is unknown to us. Evidently it belongs to an earlier time, when delight was taken in such quaint conceits. There is no lack of floral adornment, but the box garden is the great feature. There are ample lawns and borders, and everywhere the trees are particularly fine. The turf walks and formal flower-beds add to the attraction of the place, and in another part of the grounds are the tennis lawns, formed on what was originally the bowling green. There is a memorial of the Jacobite times in the three Scotch fir which stand at the end of the garden by the churchyard. Trees of the kind were extensively planted by the friends of the Pretender before the rising of 1745, and Mr. Henry Jones of that time was an ardent Jacobite and a leading spirit in a Jacobite club in Gloucester. The attractive features of the gardens will not escape those who examine our pictures, which, indeed, describe the place better than words can, and the surrounding grounds are full of sylvan charm. The old stone dovecote is particularly worth, of no ice.
The old market town of Cranborne in Dorsetshire, which lies about ten miles north from Wimborne, and known to readers of fiction as the "Chasetown" of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the inn there being spoken of in the novel as the "Fleur du Luce," derived all its ancient importance from the neighbourhood of Cranborne Chase, that extensive tract of ancient wood which included parts of Dorset, Hants, and Wilts. Cranborne is now more particularly distinguished in the possession of the marvellously beautiful manor house which we depict. Of all the splendid houses appearing in these pages, though some may be more majestic and magnificent, there are very few that can rival, in their sweet charm of architecture and surroundings, this old Dorsetshire dwelling-place. The house stands a little to the west of the church, and belongs to the Marquess of Salisbury, by whose care it has been restored. It appears to have been built originally in the time of Henry VIII, though there may even be earlier fragments in the structure, and it was certainly further embellished by Robert Cecil, the great Lord Treasurer in the time of James I, who was created in 1624 Viscount Cranborne from this Dorsetshire possession, and, in the following year, Earl of Salisbury.

The Jacobean porches on the north and south belong to his time, and have been attributed to Inigo Jones. We will not aver that they were really designed by him, though it is well known that he worked at Wilton in the next county; but whether they were his creation or not, who shall say that they are not in every way worthy of his hand? To the glory of the early mullioned windows, embattlements, and pinnacles
they bring an element of classic charm, which seems all in harmony, though its architectural character is not the same. The north porch has a singular fascination in its Italian grace and style, its sculptured cornices of heraldry and strapwork, its arches, niches, and pilasters, and, indeed, combined with the terracing and the stairway, makes a picture of true domestic beauty, the garden foreground adding the final charm. The delicacy of the constructional work is surpassed in few places, and Cranborne Manor House deserves to stand as an architectural triumph of the time. Over the south porch, upon which old horse-shoes hang for luck, may be seen the scales of Justice, and Mercy, a female figure, these having allusion to the former use of the great hall at Cranborne for judicial purposes when the baronial and other courts of Cranborne Chase were held there. At the east end they still point out the dungeon where the offenders on such occasions were often confined. Thus does the place take us back to the old days of forest law and baronial jurisdiction.

In a house with such goodly external features, it is pleasant to find corresponding attractions within, and at taste of successive ages, is very impressive, and it will be seen how well the structure falls into those green surroundings. Its terrace is worthy of Hidden Hall. That feature is great in all the annals of gardening, the place from which extensive prospects were surveyed, and terraces appear in many forms in the illustrations in these pages. But rarely shall we find anything to surpass, in simple and beautiful character or appropriateness to its surroundings, the race at Cranborne Manor. The garden below is full of colour and sweetness, and tall hardy flowers margin the delightful pathways of turf. The bowling alley, called to new popularity in the revival of that ancient game of skill, brings back the gay cavalier and the gentlemen of the powdered wig and clouded cane, and the laughter of the ladies of long ago.

Now there are few more attractive spots in any garden than a well-shaded bowling green, amidst its hedges and trees. William Lawson, "the Isaac Walton of Gardening," who wrote about three centuries back, like all Englishmen of his time, loved the bowling alley, where, in friendly contest, men might pass the evenings of summer. "To have occasion to exercise within your orchard," he says, "it shall be a pleasure to have a bowling alley." True, being "more manly and more beautiful!"—or so he thought it—he would have preferred "a payre of buttes, to stretch your arms;" but we no longer have butts in our gardens these days, and those are fortunate who can lay out so sweet a place for their diversion as that good alley in the garden at Cranborne.

Cranborne Manor House no disappointment awaits those privileged to enter. It was a place fit for kings, and kings have often visited it. James I. was here on August 17th, 1609, and killed several bucks in the chase, and again in August, 1621, during a single visit "King James's Room," with our best companions, before whom he was then at Madrid on the business of the Spanish marriage. Charles I. was at Cranborne also, but in far different circumstances, on October 14th, 1644, during the Civil War, when Waller had been defeated at Cropredy Bridge and Essex had surrendered in Cornwall, but when the second battle of Newbury was to darken the Royal fortunes. Cranborne Manor House had still "King James's Room," with an ancient bedstead and tapestry, and Queen Elizabeth's saddle is among its treasures. Out of the millioned windows have looked along the garden alleys, and over the fair courts where the old-fashioned flowers grew, men whose names are great in history and fair ladies remembered still for their charms.

The picturesque grouping of the buildings, marking the

A BACKGROUND OF YEW.

| Cranborne Manor House no disappointment awaits those privileged to enter. It was a place fit for kings, and kings have often visited it. James I. was here on August 17th, 1609, and killed several bucks in the chase, and again in August, 1621, during a single visit "King James's Room," with our best companions, before whom he was then at Madrid on the business of the Spanish marriage. Charles I. was at Cranborne also, but in far different circumstances, on October 14th, 1644, during the Civil War, when Waller had been defeated at Cropredy Bridge and Essex had surrendered in Cornwall, but when the second battle of Newbury was to darken the Royal fortunes. Cranborne Manor House had still "King James's Room," with an ancient bedstead and tapestry, and Queen Elizabeth's saddle is among its treasures. Out of the millioned windows have looked along the garden alleys, and over the fair courts where the old-fashioned flowers grew, men whose names are great in history and fair ladies remembered still for their charms. |
Manor is a very charming and satisfactory example of the architecture appropriate to a garden and estate. The picture brings before the reader to the very life.

There is particular pleasure in publishing these pictures. They represent the house under the happiest circumstances, and a study of their features should be a lesson and an experience to him who examines them. He may mark in one of them the very footsteps of the artist upon the dewy grass on that early morning of summer when the pictures were taken. There is an inexpressible delight in those aerial bird's-eye leading up to the exquisite structure of the house. The green lawn creeping up to the wall at the end of the building, where the low, broad tower of the church of St. Mary and Bartholomew, dating from Norman to Perpendicular times, is seen rising in the background, completes a picture not easily surpassed. The shadowy walks between the tall hedges, the radiant region which lies below the terrace, the glories of prospect of wood and sky, disclosed from the porch and the windows of the mansion—these are among some of the many merits of this delightful house in the West Country.

The church at Cranborne, which has been alluded to, is one of the largest and most dignified in the county, with a Norman doorway, much early English work, and several notable monuments, while the parish of which it is the mother church is some forty miles in circumference. Here, anciently, was a Benedictine Priory, which lost some of its importance when its monks were reduced upon the rebuilding of Tewkesbury Priory. There are other ancient features hereabout. Thus, on Castle Hill, rising about a mile southeast, is a great and lofty mound, with a semi-circular rampart and a deep fosse behind, which is reckoned very remarkable among ancient earthworks. History is written broadly on the face of the land.

There was, of course, in ancient times a lordly dwelling-place at Cranborne, where resided the lord of that great chase or forest which had for its early limits Salisbury, Wilton, Tisbury, Kingssettle near Shaftesbury, Blanford, Wimborne, Ringwood, Fordingbridge, and Longton. It was it believed possessed given to great nobles. The Earl of Gloster had it, but it was in the hands of the Crown in the reign of John. Old Aubrey, gossiping, more so, of the country and the things he heard in his journeying, says Roger Mortimer owned it, having his castle at Cranborne, and "if these oaks were vocal as Dodona's, some of the old danuds (old stag-headed oaks, scolled) could give us an account of the amours and secret whispers between this great Earl and faire Queen Isabel." The chase remained with the Crown from Edward IV. to James I., and the latter monarch granted it to the Earl of Pembroke, from whom it passed through several noble families to Earl Rivers, to whom General Lane-Fox succeeded. It was a green and shadowy region, prized for the vert and venison, where often the huntsman would "drive the deer with bound and horn," "merry it is in the glde green wood to dwell. When the mavis and meres are singing," trottled the old balladist when he heard the huntsman's horn. True was his song of those privileged to be merry in the forest, but a hard law lay upon others within the bounds, which caused the forests of the king and the great nobles to be looked upon as the abodes of cruelty. It formed a bond of English life long since passed away, and in these days it is hard to realise the important part forestland played in rural economy in ancient times, when so much depended upon the chase. Even in Bede's day, the mighty Andred's Wood stretched for 120 miles from Hampshire to the Medway, while the counties to the west were thickly overgrown, and vast woods covered what are now the Midland counties and stretched away right into the North. It was as much a capital offence to kill a stag as to kill a man, and by lash or fine the unsuccessful huntsman was rewarded. Within the bounds no bow was allowed to be
THE LOGGIA.
on the starway.
carried save by licence, and there might be no dogs except mastiffs, these being "lawed" by the expeditation of claws. Jealous, indeed, was the watch of verderers, regarders, and other forest officers deputed to keep the forest possessions. There were taxes also for the pannage of swine and the agistment of cattle, and there was a "chiminagium," or tax upon carts used for fuel,-charcoal, or bark. In short, the code of forest laws and regulations was regarded by the Englishman as a grievous hardship, and it is not difficult to realise the resentment which they raised. Poaching and outrage inevitably resulted, the forests becoming a byword of reproach, and some of the conditions which ensued in their dogs to drive the deer into the nets, a man standing at each end to strangle the deer as soon as they were entangled. Frequent bloody battles took place, and the keepers and sometimes the huntsmen were killed." Chafin says that he believes a very sanguinary engagement in the parish of Tarrant Gunville was the earliest of the kind in Cranborne Chase. In his day the scene of the affray was called "Bloody Shard," and the wood within "Bloodway Coppice." Another desperate fight took place on Chettle Common on the night of December 17th, 1780, and even ten years later the chase was infested with a "villainous set of deer slayers."

These were events which still dwell in the memories of later times are very curiously illustrated in the history of Cranborne Chase, while many an offender was hauled up for ready justice in the hall of Cranborne Manor.

William Chafin, clerk, who wrote "Anecdotes of Cranborne Chase" in 1818, and who had known the region for upwards of seventy years, has many curious things to record concerning the lawlessness that prevailed, and the pages of Hutchins's "Dorset" tell the same story. Even the men of position in the neighbourhood pursued the evil work of netting game. "From four to twenty would assemble in the evening, dressed in cap and jack, and quarter-staff, with dogs and nets. Having set the watch-word for the night, and agreed whether they should stand or run if they should meet the keepers, they proceeded to the chase, set their nets, let slip their dogs to drive the deer into the nets, a man standing at each end to strangle the deer as soon as they were entangled. Frequent bloody battles took place, and the keepers and sometimes the huntsmen were killed."
IN THE NORTH PORCH AT CRANBORNE MANOR.
those who live at Cranborne. Lord Shaftesbury had dismembered the chase towards the end of the seventeenth century, but even as late as 1828 it contained some 12,000 deer, and had as many as six lodges, each with its “walk.”

Two years afterwards a change came over the place, for it was dismembered, and the loopholes were removed, but the chase had become a public evil and a haunt of prostitutes and smugglers. The game of Cranborne Chase had been greatly prized.

“...The deer of the forest of Groveley,” says Aubrey, “were the largest fallow deer in England, but some do affirm the deer of Cranborne Chase larger than those of Groveley. A gilver of Tisbury will give sixpence more for a buckskin of Cranborne Chase than of Groveley, and he saith that he can afford it.”

The troubles times which disturbed the peacable inhabitants of the region have long since passed away, and it has returned to a pastoral state, which makes it attractive among the beautiful regions of the West. It is a district of farms and dairies, with much pastureage. A great deal of the game-sheltering woodland has disappeared, but still the region of the old chase is full of sylvan charm, though the leafy labyrinths of earlier days are replaced in many parts by cultivated spaces. It was as noted for its attractions in former times as it is in these. To quote Aubrey once more, where he speaks of another part of what once was known as the “King’s Chase,” “...The Arcadia and Daphne is about Fernditch and Wilton, and those romacy plains and boscages did no doubt conduce to the heightening of Sir Philip Sydney’s phrase.” Lovely is the country about the Manor House still, and readers of Thomas Hardy have dwelt many a time upon his descriptions of its charms and his vivid pictures of its life and character. It is a land of hill and hollow, wood and meadow, that enframes the beautiful Tudor and Jacobean structure, and forms the foil to the loveliness of its fragrant gardens.

They are gardens of simple beauties, their attraction residing principally in the old mossy terrace, the long flower borders, the green alleys and lawns, and the charms of the neighbouring woodland. They are trim and yet not formal, planned with art and yet natural. They are maintained as all gardens that are loved and valued are kept—admirable therefore for enjoyment and example.
THIS very fine and impressive Tudor mansion is a good example of the timbered architecture of England. In the forest days, when timber was in plenty and stone costly or difficult to procure, wood and brick were the materials with which the knight and peasant constructed their picturesque abodes. The skill of the architect and the builder was such that the tough oak beams, well jointed in the framework, pegged and mortised together, have withstood the storms of centuries in many a place until to-day. Fragments of such architecture may be seen all through England, frequently in the level plains, and more seldom when the hills betoken the presence of stone. They remain in rustic places, with pleasant gardens about them, but not many are the examples preserved so well as Mere Hall, or so suitably adorned with gardens such as we depict.

The timber style of architecture is generally associated with Lancashire and Cheshire. In the oldest houses a low stone wall carries the timber framing, and in the earlier examples, as at Tabley, Baguley, Smithells, and Samlesbury, the beams are of enormous size. The framing took a rectangular form, with diagonal struts, as at Mere Hall, and often, as in the upper works and gables there, was enriched by picturesque adornment. The panels were usually filled with a basket-work osier foundation, covered with clay strengthened with straw or reeds, and finished with plaster within and without, which sometimes was worked in fragile patterns. The gables were enriched with pinnacles and elaborate barge-boards, and the mullions and the window heads were beautifully moulded and sculptured. The chimney stacks were of brick or stone, and usually lofty and striking features of the mansions. The position of such houses was usually capable of defence. Sometimes the house was on a steep river brow; often, like a Roman station, it lay in the fork of two rivers or streams, or it was entirely defended by a moat; and rarely, as at Tabley Old Hall, it stood detached upon an island.

To endeavour to delineate the dwellings of our ancestors is a tempting quest, and there is the rarest fascination in the attempt to penetrate their recesses, to sit, as it were, in their lofty bays, it may be even discover their hiding-places, and to issue from the hall and the porch, perhaps by a drawbridge, into the sweet gardens without. But we must not dwell much longer upon structural matters here. Our purpose is with the delightful Worcestershire house in the salt region of Droitwich, which demands attention, with its long succession of gables and gables, its octagon turret, and the tall chimneys all grouped, in that delightful garden, against a beautiful background of trees. The approach is very charming, for the way is along a splendid avenue of ancient elms, some of them
THE OLD GARDEN WALL.

THE GREAT ELM AVENUE.
THE ENTRANCE FRONT AND FORECOURT.
Gardens that seems in that 1535. The garden added Flowers house "carpenter's we he the lofty in this, plan the houses its the the the a the the its more Mere elms the masonry, have ttieir perhaps interesting. plain, roughly it depict it at hedges their lies The quaint attractive that the structure, symmetrical has the house on Hambury leaded hall" could be the fireplace, with many fireplace, with the screen and lobby. On the right is the dining-room, where, we may suppose, were the domestic offices in the old time, and on the left the drawing-room, with the library behind.

About the year 1538 Mr. Habershon, author of "The Ancient Hall-Timbered Houses of England," made considerable alterations and additions here; but he seems not to have changed the main plan, while extending the structure behind the dining-room, where now are the kitchens and offices. His account of it is interesting. The place, as he says, is in Hanbury parish, and it lies about three miles from Droitwich, on the Alcester road, and has been in the possession of the family of its present owner for many generations. The hill behind is lofty and covered with wood, and forms a fine background to the structure, besides sheltering the garden. The date 1535 is roughly carved on an upper beam between two bedroom windows, and it has been suggested that this may be a mistake for 1535. The date, however, is plain, and it is known that the house was built by Thomas Bearcroft of the time, and the edifice has an early simplicity. Our pictures will show how a more modern hand—could it have been that of Mr. Habershon?—has substituted sashes of "carpenter's gothic" for the old mullioned and leaded windows.

It will now be asked what kind of garden should lie about such a picturesque house as this. The grand avenue of elms would be appropriate to any stately mansion, but if we look for the more intimate character which should be found in the gardenage of ancient timber architecture, we shall probably arrive at the conclusion that simplicity and richness should distinguish it. There may well be, as at Mere Hall, fine hammered iron gates as an approach, and there may be enclosed gardens with yew hedges and quaint garden-houses, as at this attractive Worcestrshire seat. It will be particularly observed that the lawns sweep up to the base of the structure, and that nothing conceals the design. The grass frontage without terrace seems to be usual in the case of houses of this class, as may be seen in the Lan cashire examples. The situation of Mere Hall is typical of that of most such buildings, being level and grassy. Terracing would, indeed, have been out of place, and the simple effect is perfectly good without it. Flowers in abundance are invited to reveal their charms, and there are many very fine evergreen bushes, which add to the winter beauty of the place. The broad grouping of the antique mansion, with its lawn gardens and trees, as seen from the pond, is admirable.

AN OLD GARDEN-HOUSE.

Obviously, where houses are built of timber and plaster, there should be some reluctance to allow green things to cling too closely. This rule appears to have been applied at Mere Hall, where only on the chimney-stacks are climbers suffered to intrude. There is much attraction and beauty in the garden that will please every taste, and the brick garden walls are richly festooned with flowering plants.

Such things will be appreciated from our pictures, and further description would be superfluous. One very great charm of the place is the broad sweep of the park that surrounds it, gaining greatly in its nobility from the truly splendid trees that flourish in that deep soil. The fish-ponds was a common feature in the old gardens of such houses as this, and the large expanse of water which we depict is perhaps the survival of that mere which doubtless gave name to the place. It may be added that the gardens are maintained in that state of perfection which is the final charm of all good gardens. Mere Hall is an attractive addition to our series of garden pictures, standing amid true beautiful surroundings.
SUSSEX is one of those English counties which have seen a wondrous deal of the national and personal life of our countrymen. There is scarcely a Sussex village that is not in some measure a landmark of history, and if, sometimes, the solitary hamlet seems cut off from the busy hum of the urgent world, living amid the folds of the hills an uneventful life of its own, be sure that in its annals there have been stirring events or curious happenings to record. No part of England bears witness to greater changes in the physical aspect of the land than this southern fringe. Richly wooded still, much of it was possessed long ago by the great area of forest and waste which bore the name of the Andred's Weald, and when Aella and Cissa "beset Anderida, and slew all that were therein, nor was there afterwards one Briton left," the warlike chieftains saw a country covered mile after mile beyond with dense thickets that have now given place to the wide meadow, the cornfield, and the fruitful orchard. It is a county rich in passages of sylvan beauty, and dignified in many places, as at Parham Park, by the possession of old ancestral trees of mighty growth and splendid mould. The open heights of the Downs, with their subtle effect of atmosphere and distance, their changing hues and individual character, their romantic prospects of land and sea, have a fascination which none who know them can resist. Nestling below their southern slopes, and sheltered from the chilling blasts, are many quaint and picturesque villages, and near them not a few of the houses of the great, who have chosen this favoured region as one desirable to dwell in.

Parham Park, the stately seat of Lord Zouche, is
pre-eminently one of these. It is, indeed, one of the most important and stately old mansions in Western Sussex—a charming architectural creation, with noble gardens and a beautiful park, lying at the foot of the Downs, and having behind it a hill commanding a great prospect of land and sea, with the Isle of Wight to close the view. The house has been restored by judicious hands, so that it bears the true aspect of that spacious age in which it was built. It stands where the expansive level of the lower country melts insensibly into the graceful upland curves, and the broad acres smile under their ample share of the sunlight. Before the Conquest, the Abbot of Westminster held Parham Manor, but one Tovi, a freeman, was settled there. The place was numbered among the broad possessions of Earl Roger, and in the centuries that followed passed through the families of St. John and Tregoz, Edward Tregoz having been lord in 1350, after which period Parham seems to have lapsed to the Crown. The Abbots of Westminster continued, however, to hold the manor, and at the Dissolution their possession came to the King. Parham was thereafter sold to Robert Palmer, third son of Thomas Palmer, of Angmering, the sale being effected in 1540, at the price of £1,215 6s. 3d., and a yearly rental of £6 17s. 4d. We do not know what manner of house stood on the site at the time, but some parts of a medieval dwelling-place are embodied in the existing structure. Thomas Palmer, the new owner's son, completed the house almost as it stands to-day, and enclosed a park; and Sir Thomas Palmer, Robert's grandson, sold the estate in 1597 to Sir Thomas Bisshopp, Secretary of State under Sir Francis Walsingham.

The house is built of chalk from the Downs, faced with stone, and its south and west fronts are excellent work of Elizabethan date. The trace of the modern hand is still upon the structure, but where should we wish to see better work of its kind than that glorious hall window of many lights, crested by the quaint gables and picturesque chimneys above? In August, 1591, Queen Elizabeth is said to have visited Sir Thomas Palmer's house, and to have dined in the newly-finished hall, on her way to Cowdray. There seems to be no confirmation of the tradition, but it is worthy of remark that the date 1591 and the Queen's arms occur on the wall at the upper end of the hall. The present ceiling is of the same date, and it is suggested that it may not have been originally there. Whether that be the case or not, this construction has enabled the beautiful long gallery to be erected, a feature quite characteristic of the time, though rarely found, perhaps, in the same relative position. The gallery at Parham is lined with portraits of the Bisshopp's and their connections, including one of Henry Bisshopp, a stout Royalist, who was concealed here from the Parliamentary forces, and who is represented with a dog which shared his hiding-place, and on whose silence his fate depended. Entered from this gallery is a small chapel, with a curious Jacobean wooden font.

The hall below is lighted by four large windows, 24ft. high, and, according to the custom of the times, has a carved oak screen at the lower end, which is good, and
THE BARON'S WINDOW.
of rough stone work." In Neale's "VIEWS OF SOUTHS," published in 1828, the gardens are not shown, the projecting bays having then been given segmental tops and plain sash windows. Happily, since that time the house has been well restored, and on the south side fine bay windows have been added in admirable keeping with the old.

Sir Cecil Bisshopp, the eighth baronet, who was concerned in modernising the house, succeeded in establishing his claim to the ancient barony of Zouche of Haryngworth, in 1815. William de la Zouche, lord of that place, was summoned to Parliament as a Baron, 1308-14, and his honours rested with his descendants, of whom five immediately following bore his name of William. John, the seventh baron, was attained in 1485, but his attainder was reversed, and the barony of Zouche, to which that of St. Maur had been annexed, continued with his descendants until it became abeyant between his two daughters, and so remained until Sir Cecil Bisshopp, sixth in descent from the elder daughter, Elizabeth, succeeded, as we have said, in establishing his claim to the title.

At his death it again became abeyant between two daughters, but a year later the abeyance was terminated in favour of the elder of them, who had married the Hon. Robert Curzon, M.P. This lady was succeeded in the title by her son, Robert Curzon, the fourteenth baron, father of the present Lord Zouche, in 1870. The late Lord Zouche was a nobleman of fine taste, who richly stored his house with precious things. He made a great collection of early armour, and the display at Parham was almost unrivalled, while the gold and silver plate and ivory carvings were very beautiful, and the library was rich in ancient manuscripts. Lord Zouche, whose book, "THE MONASTERIES OF THE Levant," is well known, brought much armour from the East, some of it from the church of St. Irene at Constantinople, which had been worn by the defenders of the Patrologist against the Turks in 1452. The collection also includes three complete suits of armour of 1160, 1250, and 1350, and complete suits of Gothic armour, with pointed toes, prior to 1452, as well as many helmets and several cross-hilted swords. Lord Curzon described his collection in the "Archaeological Journal," XXI., 1865. Most of the precious manuscripts from the library have been removed to the British Museum. In the hands of the fourteenth baron, the great house at Parham was well cared for, and our illustrations will show that the place is maintained in perfect state and order.

We shall leave our pictures to tell the story of the beautiful gardens. They have a simple, natural character, with some quaint features, like the sundial which tells the fleeting hours upon brass, while the pillar casts its shadow upon the well-grown dial of box which surrounds it. There are broad lawns on the south side, between the house and the old church, and the trees are everywhere magnificent. The avenue and the old dovecote make a delightful picture, and the kitchen garden is florally adorned. There are quaint gate-posts and iron gates, and pathways in sun and shade, where it is pleasant to linger, and everywhere is a lavish array of flowers.

The Park is famous among the many beautiful parks of Sussex, and has interests that are quite its own. Knox, in his "ORNITHOLOGICAL RAMBLE IN SUFFOLK," spoke of it as a forest-like park, or rather chase, with its thickets of birch and whitethorn, and its wide-branched elms and oaks, the latter especially grand and picturesque. On every side it is a realm of sylvan beauty, and a background of green hill is seen here and there between the splendid masses of foliage. In the deer park a pond called Wood Mill Pond reflects a charming landscape, and as we traverse the open expanses remains of a considerable village are found. Adjoining the deer park is a large wood, called the North Park, where the pines and spruce firs are glorious. Knox speaks of the Pleasure Ground of the most interesting heronry there. "Advancing with the utmost caution, the visitor may perhaps invade the colony without disturbing them, and hear the indescribable, half-hissing sound uttered by the young birds when in the act of being fed. The slightest noise, however, even the snapping of a stick, will send the parent birds off at once. The herons assemble early in February, and then set about repairing their nests, but the trees are never entirely deserted during the winter months, a few birds, probably some of the more backward of the preceding season, roosting among their boughs every night." The herons begin laying early in March, and from the time the young birds are hatched until late in the summer the parent birds forage for them day and night. Their food consists of fish, and reptiles and insects, which their lengthened tarsi and acute serrated bills enable them to seize in the shallow waters of the rivers, or in lakes or marshes which are their haunt. The history of the heronry at Parham is curious. The ancestors of the birds were brought originally, it is believed, by a steward of Roberts, Curzon, Earl of Leicester, from Cotty Castle in South Wales, and at Penshurst the herons remained until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when, some of their nesting trees being cut down, they resented the intrusion, and migrated to Michelgrove, some fifty miles southwest of Penshurst, and six or seven south of Parham. The proprietor at Michelgrove having cut some of his trees, the birds migrated again, and established themselves at Parham in 1826. Some of them were alarmed once more by the trees there being pruned, and they then betook themselves to Arundel, about six miles away, but came back after a while, and increased and multiplied, being thereafter disturbed only by the thieving rooks. The heronry adds much interest to the ferny deeps and the glorious old oaks, pines, and firs of Parham Park.

The house, according to a common custom, stands near the church, which is dedicated to St. Peter, and is interesting and picturesque, and has a curious leaden font dating from 1331. Beyond the sacred edifice the hill breaks suddenly into a declivity, giving a wide prospect over the plain, in a manner quite characteristic of this part of Sussex. The valley of the Arun opens, as it approaches the sea, into wide and level expanses, and thus from all the hills thereabout these great views are disclosed. It is a beautiful and attractive country in which Parham Park lies.
MANY fine houses and beautiful gardens are in the Wessex county of Dorset. The land is rich and fruitful—if not pre-eminently in cornland, yet in the abundant pastures which maintain those splendid herds that make Dorsetshire one of the chief dairying counties in England. In traversing it from north to south the wayfarer passes through scenery that is wonderfully varied and singularly picturesque. He journeys through a great pastoral land, much diversified by hill and hollow, with hawthorn hedges and apple orchards, and many a farmhouse and cottage nestling among the trees, and presently he sees rising before him the edges of the calcareous hills which lie between that lower country and the sea. From the heights there are distant prospects over the land to the hills which everywhere shut in the view, unless it be where the glistening waters of the Channel, like a burnished shield, make a fair margin to the outlook on the south.

In ancient days the country by the rivers was rich in a dense forest, in whose glades the grunting porkers fed on the mast of beech and oak. Can we not hear them still when we pass through that village significantly named of old Latinity Teller Porcorum? By that way we may go in a wayfaring from the direction of Dorchester by the valley of the Frome to the village of Mapperton, which lies between Toller "of the Pigs" and Beaminster. As the crow flies, Mapperton lies some seven miles from the sea at Bridport Harbour and within a short two miles of Beaminster. It is not forgotten that this is a region made known through the Wessex novels of Thomas Hardy. Bridport is the "Port Breedy" of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," near which place she did dairy work in her days of trouble; while Beaminster is the "Emminster of the novel, the "hill-surrounded little town, with the Tudor church tower of red stone, and the clump of trees near the vicarage," where the father of Angel Clare was incumbent. Through the district of Mapperton, then, we may follow Tess in some of her weary journeys.

It is now time to turn to the mansion we depict, and we shall not err if we extol its true old English domestic
picturesqueness. There are greater places of more stately aspect, richer in their adornments and grander in their proportions, but it is difficult to imagine anything more attractive than that front of this Dorsetshire house which looks out into the grassy forecourt. The place is said to have been erected in the time of Henry VII., and there is little doubt that some parts of it go back as far, though many of its finer details belong to a more recent date, when the Renaissance had carried the classic spirit into the domestic architecture of England. Many additions were made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the balustrade is perhaps of that time, and later than the structure itself.

Much older certainly is the wing which looks into the forecourt from the side, with its extremely quaint angle shafts and the singular beauty of its mullioned windows, and to a much later date belong the very fine and characteristic gate-posts crested by eagles with expanded wings.

In the time of Henry I. the manor belonged to a family bearing the name of Bryte, and, after passing through many hands, it came in 1604 by marriage to Richard Broderipp, from whose family it went, again by marriage, to that of the present owner, for Catherine Richards, the great-grandmother of Richard Broderipp, married in 1780 Mr. John Compton of the Manor House, Winstedt, who was the grandfather of the late Mr. Henry Compton. In the hands of successive owners the place has undergone various modifications, but there is nothing to mar its extremely beautiful character. It will be observed that great richness characterises the house. Externally, the twisted chimneys, the finely moulded mullions and transoms, the admirable character of the doorway and porch adornments, and the well-proportioned feature of the balustrade, are examples of what we say. It will be remarked also that the bays of the structure are extremely fine, and that the gateway has a strongly individualised character. Within, the ceiling of the...
drawing-room is an admirable example of plaster-work, with pendants and fleurs-de-lys in the panels, and a frieze very richly worked with medallions, while the wainscoting of the rooms is extremely good. In various places in the structure the armorial bearings of the owners are sculptured and emblazoned characteristically. Externally, the heraldic figures on the octagonal turrets and spiral pedestals are very good.

What shall we say about the gardens of this sweet Dorsetshire house? They are simple as such gardens should be. The mansion itself is richly vested with ivy and climbing roses, though nowhere to the obscuring of its architectural features. Tall gate-posts crowned with balls open to the avenue between the house and the outbuildings, which last are among the quaintest imaginable. The gardens cover about four acres, and have a sweet and attractive character, without strongly marked features, though the long grass slopes, forming terraces, are quite characteristic and good. The presence of many trees adds very greatly to the charm of the place. They are in much variety, which has been increased by the care devoted to judicious planting, and flowering trees are one of the principal attractions, though the tall elm and the spreading chestnut seem to predominate. The broad-leaved plane and the nodding birch are of the goodly company, and have their part in the sylvan charms of these Dorset valleys.

Mapperton House has fine lawns and ample parterres, and it will be remarked that the green grass space in the forecourt, running quite up to the walls of the house, is a pleasant relief to the grey stone of the structure.

The country about, as has been said, is very picturesque and varied, for the house stands in a fairly elevated situation, but sheltered by the hills and having a conical height called Chart Knoll on the north-west. Nearly the whole of the district is given up to dairy farming, and Hardy took his pictures of farming life from what he had seen and observed in these Dorsetshire hills and valleys. Beaminster is, in fact, the centre of a district famous for the "Double Dorset" or "Blue Vinny" cheese, and the hills that surround the town are mostly occupied by the farms, but in the broader valleys the farms are generally larger, and produce immense quantities of butter and cheese. The traveller who has passed over the chalk downs and cornlands, where the sun blazes upon the fields, is delighted to look over the lower country devoted to dairy farming, where the lanes are white and the darker network of the hedges overspreads the paler green of the grass. As Thomas Hardy says of the Vale of Blackmoor, with slight exceptions, the prospect in such places is a broad rich mass of grass and trees mantling minor hills and fair, pastoral dales. The forests, as we said, have departed, though some old customs that belonged to them seem still to be retained. The produce of the Mapperton district is carried for country consumption into Beaminster and other towns. The main line of the South Western Railway is a few miles to the north, but nearer at hand is the line that runs from Bridport to Maiden Newton, on the Great Western Railway from Yeovil to Dorchester and Weymouth.

Bridport is an ancient town, celebrated once for the making of what were known as "Bridport daggers," being the hempen cords with which malefactors were hung. Enough has been said, however, to show that the district which surrounds the house we illustrate is as interesting as that attractive structure itself, and with this remark we shall leave a place which we are very glad to include in this series of illustrations of the famous houses and gardens of England.
THE LONG TERRACE AT DRUMLANRIG FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.
MANY are the honours and high the titles that belong to the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. Of seats, too, his Grace has many, to wit: the famous house of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh; Drumlanrig Castle and Langholm Lodge, Dumfriesshire; Eildon Hall, near St. Boswell’s; and Bowhill, near Selkirk; and a Northamptonshire house as well. Truly, a goodly heritage and a rich, well worthy of a great peer of the realm.

It is with the beautiful Dumfriesshire domain of Drumlanrig that we are concerned here—well named from the “drum,” or long “rig,” or ridge, at the end of which it stands, looking down upon the Marr Burn, and commanding a noble prospect of the valley of the Nith, with mighty Criffel, near the borderland, to close the distant view. The branch of the great house of Douglas from which the Duke is descended flourished here more than five hundred years ago, when David II. in 1356 confirmed the barony to William Lord Douglas—a wide territory stretching from the Marr Burn, along the western side of the Nith, into Sanquhar Parish, and including some lands on the other side of the river. The first Baron of Drumlanrig was Sir William Douglas, living at the close of the same century, from whom was descended William, first Viscount Drumlanrig, and afterwards Earl of Queensberry.

Some remains of the old castle are embodied in the present structure, which itself dates from 1679-89, and was built by William, first Duke of Queensberry. Doubtless it was a good castellated mansion that had stood there before. A solid, imposing structure is Drumlanrig Castle, four square to the winds of heaven, with a mighty turret, four-pinnacled, at every angle, and between the turrets curtain walls, as in some feudal stronghold, the stout walls full of windows and crested by an attractive balustrade. The details are very good, and a beautiful segmental double stairway on the north front is particularly fine. Below are the terraces and gardens, and a long flight of broad steps, forming the great ascent, is the approach on one side. A vast work was done by Duke William in raising the ponderous pile, laying out the gardens, and thickening the woods by new plantations. He seems to
have regretted the expense, however, and would have buried the memory of it. Tradition, at any rate, asserts that he tied up the papers containing the accounts of his outlay and placed upon the packet the inscription, "The Dell pike out his een who looks herein." But the Duke built well, and all around are evidences of his taste and discrimination. Dr. C. T. Ramage, who has written an account of the place, says it is recorded that, when the castle was building, "Sir Robert Grierson of Lag girt to Queensberry eleven score of tall stately sets out of Craigvine Wood for justis to the said house, and could spare a good cut off the thick end of them." Of course since that time many changes have passed over the structure, and its surroundings grievously suffered at the hands of "Old Q."; but it has been judiciously restored to a state far better than the old, though the trees that Queensberry ruthlessly cut down will be long in growing again. Spacious and noble is the interior, and in its many rooms häng a large number of portraits of the Douglases and their kin.

We may now enter the magnificent terraced gardens, which deserve to rank with the best gardens of Scotland. Fortunately an early description of them has been preserved. It is in a manuscript history of Drumlanrig (in which parish Drumlanrig lies) by the Rev. Peter Rae (1700-40), quoted by Dr. Ramage: "The gardens of Drumlanrig are very beautiful, and the rather because of their beauty. The regular gardens, with one designed to be made on the back of the plumberry, the outer court before the house, and the house itself, make nine square plots of ground, whereof the kitchen garden, the court before the house, and the garden designed make three; my lady Duchess's garden, the house, and the last parterre and the flower garden make other three, that is nine in all, and the castle is in the centre. Only as to the last three, the westernmost is always more than a story above the rest. As to those called irregular gardens, because the course of the Parkburn would not allow them to be square, they are very pretty and well suited to one another. They call one part thereof Virginia, the other Barbadoes; there goes a large gravel walk down betwixt them from the south parterre to the cascade." The cascade no longer exists, but it appears that the present generation had knowledge of it, for its remains were there, plugging out by the leaden figure of a man, well known as "Jock o' the Horn," It is a charming spot where the peasantry say the elves still dance in the moonlight. Mr. Rae's description admirably pictures the character of the old gardens, which in great part still survives. They were laid out in terraces; they were divided into formal parterres; and they were natural only where Nature compelled them to wildness.

Penman also describes the old gardens as he found them in 1772 on his journey through Scotland. He says that he saw there a bird cherry of a great size, "not less than 7ft. 8in. in girth, and among several silver firs one 13ft. in diameter." The bird cherry is no longer there, and no fine silver firs remain, but an excellent specimen of the common Scotch fir,
THE HIGH WHITE GARDEN.
As in all old Scotch parks, the trees are noteworthy at Drumlanrig. Two Scotch firs in Auchenaignt Wood are remarkable, and some of the yew trees are still larger. An oak tree, which grew on the edge of what is known as Gallows Flat, is probably the oldest tree in the park. The woods of Drumlanrig were glorious in the eighteenth century, but before its close their knell had been sounded. They perished at the bidding of iniquitous "Old Q.," fourth Duke of Queensberry, whose memory remains as the type of an old rogue—"That polish'd, sin-worn fragment of the court." It is said that he denuded his grounds at Drumlanrig, and round Niddpath Castle, near Peebles, about 1798, in order to furnish a dowry for Maria Faglan on her marriage to the Earl of Yarmouth. He believed the lady to be his daughter, and a like idea of paternity also induced George Selwyn to bestow upon her a large fortune, though malicious tongues averred that both of them were deceived.

Thus did Wordsworth pour indignation on the Duke of Queensberry's wicked old head:

"Degenerate Douglas; ok, the unworthy Lord! Whom mere descent of heart could so far please, And love of havoc (for with such disease Fame taxes him), that he could send forth word To level with the dust a noble horse, A brotherhood of venerable trees. Leaving an ancient dome and towers like these Beggared and outraged! Many hearts deplored The fate of these old trees; and oft, with pain The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze On wrongs which Nature scarcely seems to know; For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays, And the bare mountains, and the gentle Tweed, And the silent pastures, yet remain."

And Burns denounced the degenerate Duke also, in verses, wherein he describes the waving woods as fancy painted them, and demanded of his interlocutor whence came the destruction.

"Old Q." died before his work was done, but he had cut down the wood on one side of the Yeochan; on the other side it still remains. Many stories are told of the destruction. One is to the effect that the Earl of Dalkeith, who inherited the estate from the destroyer, hearing what was going on, bought back some of the trees from the company which had purchased them. The gentry round endeavoured to save them, and Sir Charles Montefeth used to say that he bought back the oak tree near the castle. The despised estate came into the hands of Henry Duke of Buccleuch in 1810, and he at once undertook the work of replanting and of restoring what had perished, with excellent effect, for Nature, ever kindly, has, as Wordsworth long since suggested, forgotten "Old Q.," and the woods and gardens are rich and admirably kept.

A fine avenue of lime trees runs down from the castle, and tradition says that Charles Duke of Queensberry, who formed it, was having the ground levelled with the intention of carrying the avenue forward for upwards of a mile, when he heard that his son Henry had met with an untimely end, whereupon in his sorrow he desisted, and not until a century later was his idea carried into execution. The finest oak in the park is a grand patrician tree, standing apart from all its kind, more than 83 ft. high, with a girth, at 4 ft. from the ground, of 14 ft. 6 in., and a spread of branches of 90 ft. Another fine oak is at the foot of the hill close to the castle. There are magnificent beeches also, and grand sycamores and limes, which were spared the work of the destroyer's hand. Formerly a herd of wild cattle roamed the park, described by Pennant in 1770 as retaining primeval savageness and ferocity combined with timidity—descendants of the old Urus sylvestris, it is supposed. How the herd died out is not known.

In every way a grand, characteristic, and beautiful domain is that of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry at Drumlanrig.
The county of Kent is richer than most shires in ecclesiastical and domestic architecture. It is famous also for many other things—for luxuriant woods and pastures, and beautiful hop gardens which emulate the vineyards of France, while, as one writer has said, its great houses challenge comparison with the historic chateaux of the Loire. Some portions of the county, like that in which Sir Henry Lennard’s house stands, while possessing all the charms of hill and wood scenery, are yet within easy reach of the metropolis. Through the county ran the great road which was the avenue of communication with the Continent, and important men in every century came and went that way. The history of Kent is therefore in a manner the history of the country at large. The Romans have left their traces at Richborough, Reculver, Dover, Lympne, and many other places. The royal palace at Eltham, the stately house of Cobham, the famous mansions of Penshurst and Knole, the old manor house of Ightham, the historic walls of Hever and Leeds, the quaint dwelling of Groombridge, and many other like places, distinguish it greatly.

West Wickham is known to Londoners as lying in the vicinity of the commons of Hayes and Keston, and the varied country thereabout. It will ever be remembered that this was a region beloved by the famous Pitt, who lived at Holwood House, two miles south of Hayes. “When a boy,” said Lord Bathurst to the poet Rogers, “Pitt used to go a-birdnesting in the woods of Holwood, and it was always, he told me, his wish to call it his own.” In Holwood Park, just on the descent into the vale of Keston, at the foot of an old oak tree, Pitt and Wilberforce discussed and settled the Slavery Abolition Bill in 1788, and there Wilberforce resolved to give notice of it in the House of Commons. Johnson, in his life of Gilbert West, the translator of Pindar, another celebrity of this district, says that there was at Wickham a walk made by Pitt, and “what is of far more importance, at Wickham Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his ‘Dissertation on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul.’” Lyttelton and Pitt, the great lexicographer tells us, were accustomed to visit West at Wickham, when they were weary of factions and debates, and to find there books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation.
A GRASS WALK BETWEEN DENSE YEW HEDGES.
CANTERBURY BELLS AND FREE-GROWING BORDERS.
The ancestors of Sir Henry Lennard are of old standing in this part of Kent. In the time of Edward II., the manor of Wickham was the property of the Huntingfields, of whom Sir Walter, for his advantage, procured the grant of a weekly market for the place, long since disused. In 1318. The manor passed thereafter through several families, and at length came to the hands of Sir Henry Heydon, who, about the time of Henry VII., built the quadrangular house of brick, with the characteristic angle turrets, which still remains, after having undergone changes about a century ago. It received considerable additions in the time of the late baronet, John Lennard, of Knole and Chevening, who was Custos Rotulorum in the reign of Elizabeth, purchased the manor from Sir William Heydon. His eldest son married the Baroness Dacre, in her own right, while his youngest son was knighted, and was the father of Sir Stephen Lennard, created a baronet in 1642. This baronetage became extinct in 1727, in the person of Sir Samuel Lennard of Wickham Court, M.P., and the estate then passed through female heirs. Another baronetage was created, however, in 1885, in favour of the late Sir John Farnaby Lennard, who in 1867 had taken the name of Lennard in lieu of his own patronymic of Cator, under the testamentary injunction of Sir Charles Farnaby, Bart., of Wickham and Kippington. Sir John Farnaby had married the daughter and heiress of Sir Samuel Lennard before mentioned, and their daughter married General Sir William Cator, K.C.B., a veteran of the Peninsula, father of Sir John Farnaby Lennard, first baronet of the new creation. The second wife of this gentleman was the only daughter of Henry Hallam, the historian, who lived in the same neighbourhood, and whose portrait hangs at Wickham Court with many other interesting pictures, including one of Sir Walter Raleigh and his son by Zucchiara. The present baronet, who is lord of the manor of West Wickham, and of Boston and Keston, derives his name of Henry Arthur Hallam Farnaby Lennard from the descent which have been recited above.

His house is a truly excellent example of the middle period of English domestic architecture, and the quaintness of its ivy-grown and embattled angle turrets will impress all students of domestic architecture. The material is brick, with stone dressings, and there is great character in the mullioned windows and good chimneys. The walls are richly clothed with ivy, but not to the concealment of architectural features. Quaintness characterises the house everywhere, and its Picturesqueness is most attractive.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the mansion are excellent examples of brick terrace walls, and lofty piers flanking the approach from the forecourt. The two yews cut into cubes, with triple circles above, and birds on the top, are notable examples of the topiary art, and their quaintness is undeniable. Such works fall admirably into such a picture. Evidently the hand of the tree pruner is constantly at work here, with excellent result. The dense hedges cut to a gable shape at the top, which flank that beautiful grass walk leading from the house, are as good as can be found anywhere. Otherwise there is little formality in the place. Banks of rhododendrons and azaleas are a feature and in the enclosed garden, where Canterbury bells are predominant, the hardy flowers, backed by the yew hedges, make delightful colour examples from early spring until the latter days of windy autumn. The turf is excellent, and the trees are of great magnificence. The long occupation of the place by descendants of the builder has given it many possessors, who have valued it and have delighted to adorn it. A fine old garden figure, a recumbent "nymf of the gro\n" with her water urn, remains to indicate what were the adornments of the garden in an earlier time.

It will be seen that Wickham Court, though it lies within a few miles of St. Paul's, still retains, and we may hope long will continue to do so, all the excellent features of an old country mansion, dignified by its antiquity, and valued and adorned in existing times. It reassembles the lavender woods, the bryony creeper, and the rich pastures, all present the character of country life, and it is a thing not to be under-valued that such an ancient house as Wickham Court should, from Tudor times to these days, have been preserved so near to the fringe of London town.
THAT might be said of Lincolnshire which Caesar said of ancient Gaul, "Est omnis divisa in partes tres." There is the division of Holland, consisting almost entirely of fertile fenland, with few grain crops, but possessing a wealth of magnificent churches thickly dotted through the land. There is also the large and varied division of Lindsey, with its fen, its wolds, and its sandy coasts and dunes. On the whole, the division of Kesteven, in which the subject of this article lies, is the prettiest and most attractive part of this broad-aced shire. Here we have the wooded, undulating scenery which is characteristic of middle England, with a marked feature in the "Cliff" range, which presents a curiously steep western declivity between Ancaster and Lincoln. Grantham and Stamford have surroundings as attractive as most towns in England, and Stoke Rochford, which is the close neighbour of Easton Hall, is a village of sweet rural characteristics, while the grand churches of Grantham, Heckington, and Sleaford add distinction to the region.

It is not surprising to find that this part of Lincolnshire, and the portions of the neighbouring shires which adjoin it, are rich in country seats, and Easton Hall, which lies near to the Leicestershire and Rutland borders, is, in fact, one of a group of estates, which includes the parks of Belton, Syston, Belvoir, and Stoke Rochford. The last-named of these is illustrated and described in these pages.

Easton is a township in the parish of Stoke Rochford, lying to the east of the Great North Road, and Sir Hugh Cholmeley is the sole landowner. Anciently the place belonged to the Tyttofts and the Scropes, to whom in the course of time other owners succeeded, and in the year 1666 it passed by sale to Sir Henry Cholmeley, Kt., descended from the ancient Cheshire family, who died in 1620.

Through the estate flows the gentle river Witham, coming southward from Belton and Grantham, and the house of Sir Henry stood upon the hill above, commanding a view of the beautifully wooded valley. Times changed, and through the changing taste of generations the mansion has almost passed away. Mr. Montague Cholmeley took down the west wing, which was reputed to be the oldest part of the house, about a century since, and in the year 1805 he was rebuilding it, as well as the centre. This gentleman was descended from the purchaser of the estate, and wasHigh Sheriff of the county in 1805, being created a baronet in the following year. For some years he represented Grantham in Parliament, as did his successor. The present baronet is the younger and only
surviving son of Sir Montague John Cholmeley, his mother having been Lady Georgiana, fifth daughter of William, eighth Duke of St. Albans.

The architectural features of Easton Hall, as it now stands on the hill, belong to a much earlier form than that of the building of 1805, but the bulk of the structure is much more recent, and embodies all the best features of the domestic Tudor style. There could, we are apt to think, be nothing better. The large and lofty windows, with their many-storied panes, the perforated cresting of the house, and its picturesque gables and chimneys, are, indeed, the features of a fine architectural conception, and in its spacious and dignified character Easton Hall is very attractive and impressive. Within it is extremely beautiful, and it has a very fine collection of medieval arms and armour.

There is a good approach, and a characteristic gate-house, with turrets and cupolas and an oriel window over its arch, leading into the gravel forecourt, with the raised portions of the gardens on the left and a fine ascent to the upper grounds. On the more level land, near the house, there is space for fine lawns, with an abundance of flowers, and the hedges are of the best. The situation is, indeed, all that could be wished, for the eminence is well wooded, and, by a somewhat steep declivity, the land descends thence to the river Witham, with a charming outlook beyond. The park has much foliage, and

is very fair to behold, though at Stoke Rochford Park, on the other side of the Great North Road, the woodland attraction may perhaps even be greater.

The problem that lay before the garden-maker was comparatively simple at Easton, but in simple matters great triumphs may be achieved. At the same time there were dangers to be avoided. On the garden side of the house are grand architectural conservatories, and on the terraces there is much excellent tub and other gardening. The blue African lily is a feature here, with many handsome evergreen bushes. Pleasant regions are on the upper slopes, and the yew hedges are very fine. One admirable hedge of great length links the edges of the descent to the river, to which we may now turn. There is and was abundance of wood upon the crest and slope, and contrast in the garden is afforded by the numerous grass terraces, which form an easy and downward way to a broad lawn diversified with beautiful flower-beds near the water.

It deserves to be noted that the plan of placing grass terraces in this situation has a very excellent effect, though some might have chosen to give greater variety to the descents. The grass, however, is admirable, and if masonry terraces had been adopted the arrangement would have had to be entirely different. At least, it may be said that a long series of architectural terraces on this slope would have dwarfed the house itself. These are matters in which the nicest discrimination requires to be exercised. Otherwise there may be great outlay, with results not altogether satisfactory.

The stairway by which we go down is admirable, and the garden stonework through out leaves nothing to be desired. Sentinel yews mark the way to where that beautiful bridge spans the still water. This, indeed, is a fine achievement in stone, and the double arching of its construction, the stairways of ascent, the perforated parapet, and the globular terminals, make an admirable picture reflected in the placid mirror below. By the water-side are walks in which it is pleasant to linger in the evenings of summer when the shadows lengthen, for gay and fragrant beds of flowers are there, and beyond is another ascent to an avenue of trees. The river is canalised, and its silver surface brings a "little patch of sky" into that enchanting valley. The whole garden area is surveyed from the upper terrace by the house, the broad reaches of the park closing a delightful prospect. It will be noticed that the composition is symmetrical. Through the midst of the pleasance runs the long pathway from the descent, over the bridge, and between the wall-like hedges to the avenue beyond, and on either hand are all the beauties that can enrich a modern garden, while picturesque garden-houses are there, from which new charms may be enjoyed.
Indeed, it is a new region of beauty that lies beyond the river. These dense and magnificent hedges, which would be hard to excel, form an avenue of approach to a gateway, and are the dividing feature of an enclosed tract of garden. The enclosure is by walls and hedges, and the space is subdivided. Here are fruit trees and useful parts of the garden, and the pleasant and decorative form of the pleasure is truly admirable. The garden-houses are simple, but quaint and attractive, and all the details are good.

It may be said of such a situation as this, that it possesses the elements which the Italian garden-maker loved. Here, at least, is the varied ground of hill and hollow which gave him the opportunity for his terraces and his flights of steps leading from level to level. He would have accentuated by hedges or balustraded walls some features which at Easton Hall are left unadorned, but there is something of the distinction of national character in the different manners in which the same essentials are developed. This is as it should be. Mr. Sieveking, in that fascinating volume "The Praise of Gardens," remarks that much ridicule has been leveled at Italian pleasures for...
being only a means of walking up and down stairs in the open air, the suggestion being, one suppose, that the Italians have deliberately chosen to form their gardens on steep declivities. The choice is not always deliberate, but those are unfortunate who have no well-accentuated slopes for their gardenage. A witty writer, Mr. Sieveking tells us, replied to the critic, that the Italian could find but little pleasure in the melancholy monotony of an English park, and least of all in a large extent of level lawn; and that if you told him he was to contemplate Nature dressed, he would probably answer that he saw in it only Nature shorn. Now at Easton Hall Nature is certainly not over-dressed; neither is it shorn; there is a happy combination of effects such as we cannot but admire, and the house and the garden are as one.

On the south side lies a lovely expanse of turf, and there also, as part of the architectural creation, lying between the two bays of the structure, is the great conservatory. Then the Temple Walk leads through a very pleasant region of the garden, and the long terrace, with its hedges and slopes and its fine statuary, forms another attractive feature. Particularly worthy of note are fine flower vases, elegantly sculptured and adorned, which are upon the upper stairway, by the bridge, and in other parts of the grounds. They add interest to the place, and, from the same point of view, the noble garden seat on the raised walk may be mentioned. But in short wherever we go in such a garden as this, lying so advantageously in regard to situation, designed with so much skill, and kept in such a state of perfection, we cannot fail to discover many charms and many beauties of the garden world. It has been said in these pages that the character of the house should be borne out in its surroundings, and we see that this is eminently the case at Easton Hall. The outlook from the terrace over the valley has nearly all the elements to be sought in the best English gardening—the varied slope, the abundance of flowers, the water, the noble bridge, and the many features of interest beyond.
FEW people, having regard to the date and character of the house, will be disposed to differ from old John Aubrey in his opinion of the famous place of Longleat. He said that it was the most august house in England. We do not compare it with such places as Blenheim or Chatsworth, but we look upon it as probably the finest example of that particular and charming style in which the lighter features of the Renaissance were grafted upon the sturdy old English character. Longleat is said to have been designed by the famous John of Padua, whom some have sought to identify with Sir John Thynne, the actual builder, but there can be no certainty in regard to that, for, though the accounts of the building are complete, no architect is mentioned.

What were the special features of the earliest gardens at Longleat we do not absolutely know, but there is record of those which were laid out by the first Viscount Weymouth, ancestor of the Marquess of Bath, who died in 1714. Kip, in his "Britannia Illustrata," has left a bird's-eye view, showing, with much clearness, what those gardens were. There were groves, enclosures, long alleys with vistas, and the mounds derived from the gardens of an earlier time. The "leet," or stream, from which the place is supposed to have derived its name, had been widened out at intervals into fishponds, which were all rigorously angular, and were bordered by chequered flower-beds and geometrical patterns. From the door of the house a long raised terrace, on a level with the highest step, was carried forward to the entrance gates, and thus divided the garden into two main portions.

The gardens of the first Lord Weymouth no longer exist at Longleat. The third lord, who succeeded his father in 1751, appears to have found them fallen into some decay and disorder. They were, moreover, out of fashion, for everywhere throughout England the school of Kent had gained favour, and the hand of "Capability" Brown was busy. Lord Weymouth called the latter in, and very soon the old quaintness vanished, and, in place of the sequestered alley and the trim parterre, an attempt was made to create what was regarded as a natural garden. The hills and valleys of that beautiful country were rich in woodland, but it would appear that plantations were formed, and that the groups of trees were shaped to the ideal of Brown. That garden designer was rather famous for his treatment of water, and, though he found many difficulties at Longleat, he was successful in creating a lake, which was undoubtedly a valuable addition, to contrast with the great masses of wood and the lofty eminences in the extensive ranges of the park. His idea was to produce the effect of a large river or serpentine lake amid umbraeous surroundings.

An examination of our pictures will show that, though the
THE WINTER GARDEN.
work of Brown still remains, much has been done since his time to alter the character of the grounds. The pavilion and the magnificent clumps of trees are in his style, but near the house are things he would scarcely have approved. There is an excellent pattern garden in quinquets, edged with box, full of summer flowers; there are views and other business standing in formal lines; there is regular planting in the garden, with excellent well-kept hedges. Roses flourish abundantly, and the arched rose bower is delightful. The special features, however, are few, and we shall leave the pictures to tell the whole tale of the richness and beauty of the Longleat gardens. Upon their face may be noted the influence of the changing ideas which have inspired the garden designer. The terrace on the east front is noteworthy, but otherwise the architect has had little to do with the gardens.

Longleat House, which is one of the greatest places in the West, lies some four miles from Warminster in Wiltshire, and it will give some idea of the extent of the magnificent domain if we say that the entrance is about two and a-half miles from the mansion. Upon the site of the house stood anciently a priory of black canons of St. Augustine, founded about the year 1270 by Sir John Vernon, of which the church was dedicated to St. Radegund, a Queen of France. The church had several altars, but the priory was a small establishment, and in 1529, having fallen into decay, it was dissolved, and its revenues transferred to the abbey of Charterhouse Hertford, twelve miles away, which itself was dissolved ten years later, after which the place was sold by the Crown to Sir John Horsley. This new possessor alienated it almost immediately to Mr. John Thynne of Shropshire, afterwards knighted, a nephew of William Thynne, who had published one of the earliest folios of Chaucer.

Sir John Thynne thus became possessed of the old mansion-house and offices of the priory, with an orchard and garden, covering perhaps 100 acres, but he bought neighbouring land, and before 1550 had formed the greater part of the estate. His wealth grew rapidly, and he married the only daughter of Sir Richard Gresham, the well-known prince merchant of the time. He appears to have called in his architect in 1568, and the building of Longleat went on for many years, the expenditure being at the rate of about £1,000 a year, which would have to be multiplied many times to indicate its value in money of our time. While the work was in progress, in 1573, Queen Elizabeth visited him at
his house. He died in 1580, leaving the larger portion of
the structure finished, and from the hall to the chapel court
inside, but no part of the west side was completed in his
lifetime. There is mention, however, of a garden, an orchard,
and a hopyard. His son, another Sir John, succeeded, and
added the oak screen and wainscot. Sir James, the fourth
owner, employed Sir Christopher Wren to carry on the work,
and by that eminent architect the great staircase was designed.
The knight died childless in 1670, and the estate passed
to his nephew, known as "Tom of Ten Thousand," because
of the presumed value of his estate. The new owner laid out
the road to Frome, carried on extensive work in plantation,
and finished the dining-room of the house. He was a personal
friend of the Duke of Monmouth, who was at Longleat
in 1680. A strange fate befell Mr. Thynne. Having married the
richest heiress in the country, the youthful widow of Lord
Ogle, he encountered the envy and jealousy of Count Königs-
mark, who, with the aid of three confederates, brought about his
assassination.
The four villains were hanged, and
the three agents were executed.
while the arch-
villain was
liberated, to be
killed four years
later at the
siege of Argos,
while the lady
married Charles
Seymour,
seventh Duke of
Somerset.
When Mr.
Thynne was
death his second
cousin, Thomas
Thynne of
Kempsford,
succeeded him, and was created Baron Thynne and Viscount
Weymouth. This was the nobleman who laid out the gardens,
as has been mentioned, and in his time his house became the
refuge for many years of the deprived Bishop Ken. The third
Viscount did much to the estate, and he it was who remodelled
the grounds. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1705, and
in 1709, in which year he received the King, Queen, and
Princesses in great state, he was created Marquess of Bath.
The first Marquess of Bath died in 1755, and was
succeeded by a nobleman widely known for his charitable
disposition and public spirit. The second Marquess, about the
year 1808, employed Wyatt—afterwards Sir Jeffrey Wynn-
ville—to make some alterations in the house, and he worked
upon the grand staircase and galleries. Many hands have
indeed been employed upon the structure of Longleat. It is
preserved in admirable state, and, as the pictures will show,
the grounds and gardens are full of charm.
The orangery is one of the
notable features, and
there is
great beauty in the
arboretum.
There are spots of
surpassing beauty in the
park, and from
"Heaven's Gate"
the outlook is superb.
The scenery is
gentle in its rich
landscape
character, and
in its green
expanses, swell-
ing heights
embosomed in
foliage, its valley
and its lake, it
is scarcely
surpassed any-
where.

SOUTH WALK IN THE WISTER GARDEN.
DRAKELOWE HALL,
BURTON-ON-TRENT,
THE SEAT OF
SIR ROBERT GRESLEY, Bart.

DRAKELOWE HALL, the home of Sir Robert Gresley, is one of those seats of ancient eminence which win the regard of all Englishmen, for, if not here, at least hereabout, have dwelt the family of the present possessor from almost the earliest times of our Norman history. The hall stands in the rich meadow and woodland country which borders the River Trent, some three miles from Burton. A broad bend of the river fringes the park, and opposite lies Staffordshire and the ancient way of the Icknield Street passing on from Derby to Lichfield. Gresley, some five miles from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and about four miles from Drakelowe, a busy centre of industry in these times, is the place from which the Drakelowe family took their name, and some part still stands of the conventual church of Gresley Priory, for Austin Canon, which William de Gresley founded in the time of Henry I. In that church is a monument of Sir Thomas Gresley, 1699, which gives the very elaborate heraldry of his progenitors. It was already a long line indeed. Ralph de Toeni, the standard-bearer of the Conqueror, who bore the banner on the field of Hastings, is said by the chroniclers to have been descended in the female line from Malahulcias, uncle of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy. This Ralph was a man of fame in his day. Ordericus says of him that he gained great glory in the wars, and was reckoned among the first of the Norman nobles for honours, wealth, and long service. One of his descendants, named Nigel, held Drakelowe and other manors and lordships in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, and was the ancestor of the Gresleys. It was Nigel's son William who founded the Augustinian priory at
CREEPERS AND CLIMBERS AT THE GARDEN GATE.
GARDENS

The estate, it is curious to know, was held in capite by the singular tenure of rendering periodically one bow without a string, one quiver of a material described as "Tutesbr," and twelve arrows hedged and one un Hedged. Camden states that Gresley Castle, where the Gresleys lived in those days, was a mere ruin in his time. To William de Gresley succeeded Robert, ancestor of the Gresleys, summoned to Parliament as barons of the realm by Edward II. Seated at Drakelowe were in succession William, son of Robert, Sir Geoffrey, Sir William, another Geoffrey, a Peter, and William another Geoffrey. The eldest son of the latter was High Sheriff of Staffordshire in the time of Edward III., but the present family is descended from a younger son, Sir Nicholas, who married the rich heiress of the Wasteneyes. In direct succession followed Sir Thomas and two Sir Johns, all of them men of note in the shire, which they represented in Parliament in the reigned of Henry IV. and his successors, and the grandson of the last-named was Sir George Gresley, created a Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of Anne Boleyn. Sir William and Sir Thomas succeeded, of whom the latter was at various times High Sheriff, both of Staffordshire and Derbyshire.

The Gresleys were very prominent in county business, and Sir George was one of the committee to arrange the details and the collection of the Common wealth monthly assessment in 1644. This prominent country gentleman, of whom Glover says that he was distinguished for learning, was the first baronet of the family, being raised to the dignity on June 20th, 1611, and his successor in the title was Sir Thomas Gresley, his grandson, who died in 1669. It is from this gentleman that Sir Robert Gresley is descended, and he is the eleventh baronet of the line, being the only son of the tenth baronet, who died in 1638, when his successor was but two years old. Sir Robert married in 1693 Lady Francis, eldest daughter of the eighth Duke of Marlborough, and is a Deputy-lieutenant and J.P. for his county.

Drakelowe is approached by a magnificent avenue of old trees one mile in length. The judicious hand of the planter has done much for the place, and the foliage is everywhere rich and beautiful. The hall bears the aspect of Tudor or Jacobean times, and its embattled walls, its twisted chimneys and pinnacles, its noble oriel and bays, with their millioned windows and traceries, are extremely beautiful. Ivy luxuriantly clothes the walls, especially on the south front. The painted dining-room in the house deserves to be mentioned. It was a singular fancy that made men wish, while in their own houses, to seem to be out of doors. Here, in a recess, we look out, as it were, through a garden archway, with a railing, to a lake and mountains, while over-arching trees rise to the ceiling, and on the other hand the lake extends and mountains rise, while the first face is like the mouth of some rugged cavern over which a classical mask has been sculptured. The room is quite characteristic, and, as a survival of an extinct taste, is interesting.

The gardens at Drakelowe are equally rich and beautiful, and the chief charm of the place. They are specially noteworthy as being a pleasure which has lately undergone partial transformation. Under the skillful direction of the eminent garden architect, Mr. Inigo Thomas, the ground on the west side of the house has been excavated, and instead of the tame features of a lawn and carriage drive there are now fine balustraded terraces, which, with double stairways, leading down to the water, on whose placid surface the ancient structure, with this admirable and appropriate fore-ground character, is reflected. One of our pictures will show how admirably successful is the result. Turf walks are a notable feature of the garden. There is a sense of enclosure by banks of trees and hedges which is gratifying. The circle garden is very fine, and beautiful; yet its elements are simple. In the midst is a circular stone-edged basin, with a mermaid in lead throwing up water from a shell, and a fringe of verdure encircles the water. There is then a circular gravel path, and an outer ring of turf, broken up by flower-beds, full of gay and fragrant blooms throughout the year. Outside, again, is another gravel path, and then there are hedges and glorious masses of trees. The flower-bearing vases and characteristic seats are part of an admirable arrangement, which is particularly satisfying to the eye. The same arrangement is carried out where a smaller stone basin occupies the centre of a beautiful garden, from which four grass walks diverge. Here the hedges and the turf, with the great masses of trees, have a most admirable effect. It will be seen from our illustrations that the new terraces, the broad turf walks, straight gravel paths, and a magnificent environment of trees are the features of the place. The long box garden is a delightful resort, and has that characteristic cave of enclosure which is essential in a good garden. The Drakelowe garden is altogether charming and satisfactory, and it is pleasant to add that it is kept in perfect condition, and throughout the year is characterised by many successive beauties of the season.
SOME five miles south-westward from the godly city of Bristol, in the pleasant land of Somerset, stands a house of name and fame in the West Country, and a place of very great note indeed. Barrow Court, the residence of Mr. Gibbs, is a house of which the history has been greatly chequered, and which has been valued by many who, through the inevitable passage of generations or the slings and arrows of ungentle Fortune, have been severed from it evermore. It has at length lighted upon good and seemly days, wherein, brought to new honour by its possessor, it stands as an exemplar of many excellent things, and a triumph admirably conceived. When the work of reconstruction began there remained the Jacobean doorway of the old house, most of the walls, windows, old chimney-pieces, stucco ceilings, and other features, one end of the farmhouse part alone having been rebuilt, and the Georgian drawing-room being replaced by a library and bedrooms over. But there was scope for much thinking before the plan of the construction could shape itself fully. Then the gardens, with their short terrace walk above the field below, their shrubbery, and large kitchen garden, were to be restored in beauty and to be invested with new and unfamiliar charms. Visions of sunny courts, sequestered alleys, and fine classic garden-houses seemed to be mapped in the survey. It was a work which Mr. Gibbs placed before him when he took possession of the place analogous to that achieved at Athelhampton in the neighbouring county of Dorset, at Great Tangley Manor in Surrey, and at Old Place, Limfield, Sussex Mr. F. Inigo Thomas was the architect employed.

In ancient times this Somerset Barrow was in the hands of the famous Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, possessor of many manors, but, when it came again to the Crown, William Rufus granted it to Robert Fitz-Harding, whose son married a Gournay. Thus it received its distinctive appellation of Barrow Gournay, though the high land to the westward, where now Barrow Court stands, became known as Minchin Barrow, sometimes called "Barwe." There a Gournay, or a Fitz-Harding before him, founded a nunnery, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Edward, and afterwards to the Holy Trinity. The Gournays of Barrow Gurney died out in the time of Edward I., their possessions passing to the Ap-Adams, and from them by conveyance to the Berkeleys, to whom succeeded the Comptons in the reign of Henry VIII.

It was, however, from the dissolution of the priory that Barrow Court had its origin. The fallen house was granted by Henry for the space of five years, at a rental, to one John
Drew of Bristol, who, says Leland, converted the old building into a goodly dwelling-house. In due course the place reverted to the Crown, and was granted, with the manor of Minchin Barrow and the rectory and advowson, to William Clarke, Esq., whose son Christopher sold it, late in Elizabeth's reign, to Francis James, LL.D.

If the grey old stones of the mansion could speak they would asseverate, as by their aspect they do, that in those times they were mortly reared. The goodly house of John Drew had fallen into excellent hands, and upon the poor remains of the old priory rose a noble Tudor and Jacobean mansion. Later possessors added other features, and thus the venerable walls embody an unwritten history of men. The son of Dr. Francis James sold the place in the time of Charles I. to Sir Francis Dodgington, but Sir Francis sold it again to William Gore, Esq., in 1659. After many changes it thus came to the hands of those who set store upon their beautiful possession, and who for generations continued to dwell therein, leaving many of their monuments in the church close by. In Collinson's "History of Somersetshire," published in 1791, is a view of the house, dedicated to Mr. John and Mr. Edward Gore, which depicts it standing with its many gabled front,
closely adjacent to the church, in the midst of a spacious park, with belts of majestic trees on either hand, and ornamental groups standing by the waterside.

The Gores of Barrow Court passed away also, and the misfortune of neglect crept over the perfections of their house. Some what sad was the state into which it had fallen when Mr. Gibbs began the work of regeneration, and now we may see by the pictures what it has become in his hands. Let it be noted first that its neighbour is the church, and that misfortune had overtaken the church as well as the house. Up to 1659 it retained some of its conventual features, but in 1823 the fabric was enlarged in very poor style. Mr. Gibbs restored it, and well was the work accomplished.

The house also grew into new beauty without great structural change, and the Jacobean entrance and many gables still face the park as in the days of the Gores. It is a fine and imposing façade with a grand play of light and shade upon its surface, and the grouping with the structure of the church is extremely beautiful. From whichever side we survey the place it presents an attractive picture indeed. The characteristic gables look out over the gardens, and at the rear the mullioned windows and oriel and the long steep roofs face the venerable tithe barn, an embodiment of quaintness, and the only relic of the old farm buildings.

Our pictures of the gardens speak in part for themselves. It is an architect's garden, as will be discovered, and, pace those who would hold back the architect to the barrier of the house wall, it is not to be gainsaid that the effect is very fine. The long terrace with the yew hedges and descents is most excellent, and the architectural courts at either end, in simplicity and appropriateness of character, would be hard to excel. Then how very delightful is the idea of figuring the months of the year on a segment of a circle by busts lifted aloft on piers. The garden is a monitor of the passage of time. It bears on its face the signs of changing seasons. From the slumberous winter earth rise the heads of the fragrant spring flowers; from the stem, seeming dead, bursts the fruit-promising blossom; all reaches fruition, and all in its turn decays, yet with the presage of nature's renewal.
of another spring. Hence have we the year circle and the dial as the ever-appropriate adornments of our gardens. The green court of smooth-shaven turf at Barrow Court, with the high-pinnacled garden-house, the twin curved flights of steps, and the temple with the splendid vases, is a true poem in stone. The garden architect has worked well, and with force and character that are not to be gainsaid. Look again at the court of the sundial, with the lofty ball-crowned piers, flanking the segmental stairway to the balustraded terrace walk, and an ideal garden seat. Then, once more, how sweet and radiant is the iris pond, a veritable world of water gardening, with the picturesque dovecote beyond. The kitchen garden entrance is as excellent as the rest. " God gives the increase" is its motto and adornment. All is good and beautiful—a place where the green turf is the friendly neighbour of the radiant flower-bed, and where tree and shrub are chosen for some specific end and aim.

There are lessons in such a place, of course, which will suggest themselves to the reader—the charm of enclosure, the beauty of appropriateness, the excellence of detail, and the loving care of which the garden gives testimony. It is a garden wherein design has ruled the creation and attained the success, with a woodland neighbour for its framework. Such surroundings are often found in the case of Somerset gardens, or the shire was a woodland region of old, and is still rich in its greenwood. Lovely country lies about Barrow Court. The beauty of Brockley Combe was dear to Golderidge, who in one of his wanderings through this country wrote some delightful lines which describe the charms of the region well, and deserve to be quoted:

"With many a pause and oft-reverted eye
I climb the comb's ascent: sweet sunbeams near
Warble in shade their wildwood meads;
Far off the unwavering cuckoo soos his call;
Up scorre the startled stragglers of the flock;
That on green plots or precipices browse;
From the deep fissures of the naked rock
The yew tree bursts! Beneath its dark green boughs
(For which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
Where broad smooth stones just out in mossy seats
I rest—and now have gained the topmost skie;
Ah! what a luxury of landscape meets
My gaze! Proud towers, and cots more dear to me,
Elm-shaded fields, and prospect-bounding seas;
Deep sighs my lonely heart: I drop a tear;
Enthralling spot! Oh, were my Sars here!"
In the search for beautiful houses—the homes of long-lived gentlemen, and not less the fruits of the genius and taste of later days—and of stately, radiant, and sweet-scented gardens, the county of Lincoln is found to be richer than some might suppose. They lie broadcast through the shire, and now another is selected to grace these pages, which picture so many places fair to behold. It is a very noble example of domestic architecture and garden adornment. The village of Stoke Rochford lies in a favoured situation in the valley of the Witham, near to the Leicester and Rutland borders, and in the vicinity of the Great North Road, a rustic place of rural charm, with the beautiful park of Stoke Rochford Hall on one side and the not less attractive domain of Easton Hall, Sir Hugh Cholmeley's place, on the other. The latter is also illustrated and described in these pages.

The village has its distinctive appellation from an ancient family which came from Essex, the Rochfords, of whom the earliest possessor seems to have become seized of one of the manors early in the fifteenth century, and who conferred their patronymic upon it. There were two churches at the place, now combined, and within the interesting edifice, which has a Norman arcade with massive piers and sculptured capitals, several memorials of that family remain. Under the eastern arches, on both sides, are Perpendicular tombs of certain of its members, the one on the south being under a canopy. The brass of Henry Rochford is a very good example of monumental art.

There is also in the church a large monument to Sir Edmund Turnor, who died in 1707, and whose family have long been resident at this charming place. Christopher Turnor, of Milton Erneys in Bedfordshire, had for his eldest son Sir Christopher Turnor, a well-known Royalist judge and one of the Barons of the Exchequer in the Civil War, and Sir Edmund Turnor, knighted in 1663, the possessor of Stoke Rochford, was the latter's brother.

The ancient house in which the Rochfords had dwelt has long since perished, and Bishop Sanderson (1661) said that part of the gate-house thereof had been lately standing, while near by, taken out of the ruins of the other part, might be seen a large escutcheon with the Rochfords' arms and crest. At a little distance to the westward, from the side of
The hill, winning the admiration of the divine, flowed a goodly spring of clear water, then used for the turning of an ancient mill.

The seventeenth century, notwithstanding that it was a time of civil war, was a prosperous age, and out of its prosperity flowed a wave of architectural fervour, which covered the land with noble domestic structures.

It was in 1665 that Sir Edmund Turner set about erecting a new house where the old one at Stoke Rochford had stood, and in the next year two wings were added, which brought the building into the form of a letter H. The good knight also fitted up the old chapel "in a very elegant style." Stables were built in 1676, and were so contrived as to form the west end of the garden. We can realise what such a house would be. There would remain in its structure those evidences of the taste of a former time, which lasted with vigour into the seventeenth century, and linked with them would be something of a classic aspect, giving the special character that seems to have belonged to the age in which it was built. There were formal gardens, laid out by the skill and care of the old gardener, with the tall, well-clipped hedges which enclosed the parterres, and terraces to adorn the slope of the hill. These gardens remained until comparatively recent times in some form, and have very noble and stately successors.

The successive members of the house of Turner who possessed Stoke Rochford doubtless adorned it, each to his taste, under the changing influences of the times; and still there are visible evidences of love for the old gardening in those fine hedges and conventional arrangements of the terrace formed in accordance with the character of the land. On the wooded slope of the opposite hill was a summer-house, "which corresponded with the centre of the stables," while the declivities on both sides afforded ample scope for an arrangement, "in the Dutch taste," of terraces and flights of steps, which then were general in gardens of importance.

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A FINE STUDY OF YEW HEDGES AND GARDEN URNS.
GARDENS OLD AND NEW.

The house is surrounded by a beautiful park, rich in its variety of surface, and distinguished by the presence of fine patrician trees, some thorns being especially noteworthy. A spring rises near the bridge and forms a sparkling cascade, issuing from the limestone, and herons may often be seen haunting the borders of the brook, and seeking food for their young. The situation lent itself to the hand of the gardener, for there were level spaces for his regular ornamental efforts, and the slope gave scope for excellent terracing. The pattern gardening, with box edging, is very good. The grass descents, by which many pleasant garden resorts are reached, give character to the place, and the foliage is very beautiful wherever we look.

Note how the sunk croquet ground is embowered by imposing masses of dark green, and you will see how the true character of the old enclosure by tall yew hedges, extremely fine and as good as may be found in most places, is retained. The effect is most admirable in this typical example of good gardenage. There is colour, both rich and varied, and strong character imparted in a most successful way. These glorious dark hedges and superb belts of trees offer a pleasing contrast to the sunny outlook over the green lawns; but, indeed, the whole place is rich in its variety of attraction. The sculpture, which is never intrusive, fills a right place in this well-arranged pleasaunce, and the carved urns and vases are particularly noteworthy. They are of the finest art character, with the elegance of old Greece, and are in more delicate style than is commonly found in garden sculpture. In this matter, as in many others, Stoke Rochford may serve as an example. No garden that is not purely natural can ever dispense with distinctive features, be they of a topiary character, or sundials or temples. Long usage has sanctified the introduction of the urn, which is endeared in memory by associations of literature and emotion, and the artistic successes attained in its adornment—as is exemplified at Stoke Rochford—are proof enough that the practice is sound. Here are distinctions found in very many good gardens.

garden. The form may have changed to some extent, but the spirit remains, and the style is wholly appropriate in its terraced symmetry and simple grace.

Mr. Edmund Turnor of Stoke Rochford, who died in 1820, was a well-known antiquary, and author of "Collections for the History of the Town and Soke of Grantham," which is an interesting survey of the antiquities and annals of many interesting places, and contains "authentic memorials" of Sir Isaac Newton, the great astronomer, who was born at Woolsthorpe close by.

The existing house of Stoke Rochford is modern, and a very noble example of the best Jacobean style, with some elements of an earlier character. The older manor house stood somewhat nearer the bridge over the ornamental water. The character of the hall is seen well in the pictures, and is unquestionably imposing and picturesque, with a good deal of richness and gaiety in its composition. The noble conservatory built by the architect as a part of the structure, and therefore perfectly harmonious, will be observed at the south end. It is

crested by ornamental stonework and characteristic urns, and its roof is thus concealed. There have been many arguments as to the merits of architectural conservatories. They may not always gratify every aspiration of the flower-grower, but there are situations in which they are wholly successful, and Stoke Rochford seems to be one of them. None, at least, can gainsay the high architectural merits of the conservatory there.

The enclosed forecourt on the west front is true to the spirit of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and in the lofty gables and bold chimney stacks there is much that is attractive, while a bold play of light and shade has been obtained by a skilful grouping of the structural masses. The character of the house is, indeed, both animated and stately. The forecourt is enclosed by a most beautiful clairvoyance, and the entrance gate is an admirable piece of work, while the enriched flanking piers, crested by splendid sculptured urns, are in excellent character. Better garden architecture could scarcely be.
KENTWELL HALL, at Long Melford, in Suffolk, is just such a house as we should expect to find in the level land of East Anglia. There are many such antique mansions of red brick, with mullioned windows, buttresses, turrets, and cupolas, in that region, much enriched in their character, and fine types of the old English dwelling-place. Some are illustrated in these pages. Kentwell Hall retains far more of its original character than most other Tudor houses, and it has been little altered since it was built, though in 1836 a fire occurred in which the dining-room was burnt, and devastation extended through to the garden side. Originally it was one of those places made defensive by art, though built at a time when the need of defence had mostly gone, and its most remains complete and perfect; access to the house being gained at two points by quaint brick bridges. The approach is through a notable lime avenue, planted by Mr. Thomas Robinson in the year 1678, all the trees in which appear to have been pollarded, and no stranger who comes to Kentwell on a summer’s day, when the long avenue, now forming a natural arch of foliage, is thickly with light and shade, can withhold admiration when he emerges to discover the manifold beauties of Kentwell Hall.

For our immediate purpose, looking for the garden attractions of the place, perhaps the chief interest lies in the moat, the fine trees, and the level lawns. The presence of water is always an attraction, and when it is found in an ancient moat it appeals to the imagination as well as to the aesthetic sense, while it recalls the day when the warden would hold parley with the stranger across the water-ditch. Its placid surface has a singular value in its immediate neighbourhood to the house and the garden, for it imports a patch of sky, as it were, into the foreground, and reflects the picturesque gables and the fine trees and garden things that grow thereby. A moat might doubtless be treated in many ways. It might be margined by a terrace; or it might be bordered by flowery meads; or, again, as at Kentwell, its edges might be grass slopes and picturesque walls of buttressed brick. This Suffolk moat favours the growth of water-loving plants and trees, and the walls that flank it are delicious in hue and character. The lichens cleave to them, giving them patches of cool and glowing colour, and ivy and climbing plants look over them. The bridges are simple, but beautiful, with their quaint arches doubled by the silver surface. Valuable, therefore, in the garden is the ancient moat. Within it lies a well-kept space of
Kentwell Hall—The North Moat.
floral beauty, and beyond it are level lawns and radiant beds of flowers. The trees also, without being of great size, are beautiful in form and disposition. Ivy has taken kindly to the structure itself, perhaps even with too tenacious a grasp. But the pictures are a sufficient recognition of the fine garden character that springs from the features alluded to—the ancient moat, the sylvan beauty, and the level lawns that are spread about the place.

We may now turn to the history of this stately Suffolk abode. The Saxon thane who had been in possession before the Conquest gave place to the followers of William, and Sir William de Walence, who doubtless belonged to the family of the great Earls of Pembroke, owned it. He was killed in France in 1206, and is buried in Westminster Abbey. Other possessors followed, and at length, by the marriage of Dame Catherine Mylde with Sir Thomas Clopton, Kentwell came to a family whose members held it long, and to whom the erection of the present house is due. The Cloptons had been settled in Suffolk long before they acquired Kentwell, and their memorials may be seen in many churches thereabout.

It would appear that during the troublous times of the Wars of the Roses, the family residence was at a place called the Pond Wood, lying about three-quarters of a mile from the present edifice. At a later date a dwelling-house was built upon the present site, of which some part appears to remain in the existing edifice, which dates from the middle of the sixteenth century. It is referred to in a will, dated 1560, by Dame Elizabeth Clopton, as "my new manor house of Kentwell Hall." The descendants of Sir Thomas Clopton continued to live at Kentwell until the death of Sir William of that name, who, by his wife Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Barnardiston, left a daughter and heiress, Anne, who married the famous Sir Simonds D'Ewes, the antiquary, whose autobiography gives such a striking picture of his times. The heiress was at that time of the mature age of fourteen, and the marriage took place at Blackfriars Church in October, 1620, in which year D'Ewes was knighted. He always maintained a romantic affection for his wife, and his later years appear to have been lonely. He threw in his lot with the Parliament in the Civil War, and died at his father's house, Stow Langtoft Hall, Suffolk, in 1650. Sir Simonds appears to have made little use of Kentwell, and it passed with his only surviving child, Cecilia, to Sir Thomas Darcy, Bart., who married her. Subsequently it was sold to Sir John Robinson, Prothonotary of the Common Pleas in the
time of Charles II. Early in the eighteenth century it was again sold, to John Moor, Esq., and afterwards to Robert Hart Logan, Esq., High Sheriff of the County in 1828, and M.P. for the Western Division. About the year 1838 the estate passed once more by sale to the family of Starkie Bence, and it is now the property of E. Starkie Bence, Esq., J.P., D.L.

Since its erection, more than three centuries ago, Time, far from detracting from its beauties, has only added thereto, by imparting to it the present lovely and mellow tones and shades of colour, and rendering more venerable the fine trees about it. The general features are well preserved. The plan is that of the letter E, which was usual at the time, the great hall being in the centre, and one of the two wings being devoted to the offices. There is fine painted glass in the library, including the arms of the Cloptons, Howards, Wakegraves, De Veres, Tendrings, Mylades, and other families which have been connected with the house. Externally the mansion is almost in as fine a condition as when it was built, and the frontage presents the peculiarities and beauties of the Elizabethan style. A description of the place in 1676 is of interest. It describes Kentwell as "a very fair brick house, with twelve wainscot rooms, the park stored with above 150 deer, a double dove-house, fish-ponds, and other conveniences, besides timber in the ground and woods considerable." The old timber and "brick-nogged" brew-house and offices, the bases of which are washed by the moat, are as picturesque as well could be.

Kentwell Hall is in every way a place well worthy of being enshrined in the affections of East Anglians. It is a style that has been perpetuated in many modern buildings, and which has the merits of dignity in character and of beauty in detail. Places so constructed should naturally have about them fine and spacious gardens. There is in their neighbourhood ample scope and opportunity for gardening in many styles. In the old times, doubtless, there would have been walled or well-hedged enclosures, with pleached alleys and bowling greens; but the pictures of Kentwell will make it clear that another form may be given to the surroundings of such houses, and certainly the house rises charmingly from its foreground of well-kept grass, moat, and ivied garden walls, and groups admirably with the beautiful trees that are its neighbours. An abundance of flowers adds the final charm, and it is not surprising that those who live there have come to love the old place, the very brickwork, and the weeds and lichens which have clung to it.
Moyns Park is a fine house of true East Anglian character, lying adjacent to the little town of Steeple Bumstead, sometimes known as Bumstead ad Turrim, and so named from an ancient tower which once stood in that northern part of the county of Essex, not far from the borders of Cambridge and Suffolk. The house belongs to a large class of mansions distinguishing that region, which, as most people know, has added no little to the charms of our domestic architecture. It is a superb creation, fashioned in the familiar brick of that part of England, with sweet and graceful gardens about it, and it stands high among the architectural gems even of a county which possesses, in Layer Marney Tower, an example of old brickwork that has no superior in the land. Moyns Park is a brother house to such places as Kentwell and Melford, in Essex, and to Felmingham, and a dozen more like houses in the neighbouring shires. The East Anglians were manifestly men of substance and discernment in the period in which English houses were being built in large numbers, during that new burst of prosperity which marked the Tudor times. Hence it is that to Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, and Norfolk we look for some of the finest examples of old English architecture in that style, which, although it well accords with stone construction, was perhaps best expressed in brick.

The estate of Moyns takes its somewhat curious name from a family which anciently possessed it. Shortly after the Conquest, men of the name of Le Moyne, or Le Moign, "the Monk," were settled there, their name sometimes being written Molium. A certain Robert FitzGilbert le Moign, who possessed the estate in the time of Edward II., seems to have been descended from the original tenant of the Domesday survey, and his family had estates in other places in the vicinity. In the reign of Henry VII., by the marriage of Joan le Moyn to William Gant, the estate passed to the family of the latter. The Gents had been settled at Birdbrook and other places in the neighbourhood, and had had an estate at Wimbish as early as 1328.

The new possessors became people of consideration thereabout, and Thomas Gant, who was a person of note, learned in the law, and described as the ornament of his family, was the builder of the noble west front of Moyns Park. He was educated at Cambridge, and entered at the Middle Temple, being called to the Bar, and he acted as Lent Reader there in 1571 and 1574. He held the lucrative office of steward of all the courts of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. He entered Parliament in 1572 as Member for Malden, became a serjeant-at-law in 1584, and was appointed a Baron of the Exchequer in 1585, in which year he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, who
THE PEROLOA AND GRASS WALK.
held Sir Thomas Gent in high esteem for his learning and virtues, and, as a special mark of her favour, granted him a licence to be Judge of Assize in his own county. He is celebrated by Thomas Newton in his "Encomia" for his religion, virtue, piety, modesty, and truth. The knight married an heiress in the person of the daughter of Sir John Swallow of Bocking, and had seven sons and six daughters. The name of Baron Gent deserves to be remembered in East Anglia as the builder of the main frontage of Moyns Park. Behind it remain portions of the older house, and the dairy is said to be of the fourteenth century. The place was moated, like most other great houses on the level ground, as a measure of protection, and one portion of the moat still remains, spanned by a modern bridge. The west front, which is the finest architectural feature, is symmetrical. There are four gables, the inner ones being smaller and stilted, and in each inter-space is a magnificent semi-hexagonal bay. That in the centre forms a porch, and has the arms over the door, while above is a noble window. Each window in these splendid bays has eighteen lights, formed by finely moulded mullions and transoms, and all the other windows are the place is most picturesque from every point of view, and the varied colour assumed by the old brick adds a great deal to the charm of the pictures it presents. Ivy loves to vest such structures, and it is needful to be watchful lest it cling too closely. The growth at Moyns Park, where the vigorous climber shows a tendency to become rampant, is at least 3 ft. thick on the walls. It completely vests the great gate-posts topped by the eagles, and conceals their architectural character. The extent to which ivy should be allowed to grow must, of course, rest with those who possess the places to which it clings. Its further growth is checked at Moyns Park, but it might be pleasant to discover the architectural merits of those tall gate-posts. Within, the house is spacious and dignified, and is well polished and adorned in accordance with its style.

THE BOWLING GREEN.

LUPINES AND POPIES.
QUAINTLY-CUT SHRUBS.

The son of the builder of Moyns Park was Henry Gent, High Sheriff of the County in 1639. He died in 1679, his eldest son, Thomas, of Lincoln's Inn, having passed away in the previous year, leaving an only daughter, Frances, heiress to a considerable estate, which she conveyed to her husband, Sir Edmund Alleyn, of Hatfield Peverell, in the same county. Once more an heiress succeeded—Arabella Alleyn, who was twice married. The estate of Moyns Park had, however, been excepted from the female descent, and passed to George, the second son of Henry Gent, mentioned above, upon whom the estate had been settled by his father. Successive possessors bore the name of George, and one of them died in 1748 at the age of ninety-four. Upon the death of his son the place passed to a collateral branch, and through various hands to those of the late Major-General Cecil Robert St. John Ives, who at one time commanded the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), and died in 1866, having married the daughter of Lord Talbot de Malahide.

The gardens of Moyns Park do not demand extended notice. Their character is simple and beautiful. There are ample spaces of lawn, excellent grass paths, and an admirable long bowling green, flanked by a dense yew hedge kept in rounded form. Some other quaint features, in the shape of yews cut in table-like shape, are in the gardens, but generally speaking there is an absence of formality. Roses grow rampant upon the garden walls, and there are long herbaceous borders full of lupines, proud poppies and ranunculus, and phloxes, and having gay colonies of other flowers that fill them with fragrance. From the pergola under the old gables on the south side the rose garden may be entered, and is full of colour and fragrance. The ornamental trees are numerous and of fine character, and there are evergreens which have a come effect in the winter-time. The value of trees and bushes retaining their leaves when many have fallen is everywhere recognised, and there should be ornamental garden devoid of this beauty in the months of winter. Moyns Park is well furnished in this respect. In one place is a fish-pond, with sloping grass margins. It may be mentioned, too, that from the gate-posts excellent hedges extend to enclose the forecourt of the house. The park covers about 200 acres, and is well wooded with a profusion of fine timber. The ground is level, and does not, therefore, present many advantages; but excellent planting bears its fruit, and the ancient place lies amid very pleasant surroundings.
HEN the Duke of Westminster came into his own, he succeeded to a goodly heritage indeed. His ancestors were mighty men in ancient days, strong in counsel as in war, and perhaps above all things else great huntsmen, and official Nimrods in their time; bearing now a name of famous meaning, to which they have added many honours. For more than a hundred years the stables of their descendants have sheltered many a winner on the turf, and the association of the Grosvenors with the sports and occupations of outdoor life in the field is appropriate to those in whose veins flows the blood of the great Hugh Lupus. The late Duke did an excellent thing when he commissioned Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., to adorn the grounds of Eaton Hall with the fine equestrian statue of that historic huntsman, which, in its might and majesty, may well compare even with the most famous equestrian figures of the Italian Renaissance.

Eaton Hall is a great and imposing structure, possessing the aspect of stately magnificence. There is nothing merely picturesque in the grouping or outline of the structure. The place has had a somewhat singular architectural history. In the eighteenth century there stood upon the site an old brick house of plain character, which had been built by Sir Thomas Grosvenor about the reign of William III. It consisted of a central block, with two advancing wings, and in front of the house was a forecourt, enclosed by railings of iron, and with a fountain in the midst for its adornment. Such a structure might content the age in which it was built, but when the romantic spirit passed through the land, and men learned to look with admiration upon the art of their medieval forefathers, it followed almost necessarily that a new mansion should replace the old. In the year 1803, therefore, Earl Grosvenor undertook the work of rebuilding the house upon the early foundations. A certain Mr. Porden was his architect, and it is declared that this gentleman's object was "to adapt the rich variety of our ancient ecclesiastical architecture to modern domestic convenience." The methods employed were
undoubtedly singular. Details were drawn from York Minster and from many other ecclesiastical edifices in the land. Rich tracery filled the windows, but it was of cast iron, and many a stained pane cast its glow of colour upon the richly-carpeted floor. The ingenuity and resource of Mr. Porden were extraordinary, but he laboured undoubtedly under a difficulty in his effort to breathe new life into the dead bones of the great mediæval style. His efforts were highly appreciated, nevertheless, and some were moved to capture by the wonders they saw at Eaton Hall. The structure had been built at a cost of about £1,000,000, but the late Duke was naturally not contented with all that had been done. In his day Gothic architecture was better understood than in the early years of the century, and he therefore employed that eminent architect, Mr. Waterhouse of Manchester, to revise, if the term may be used, the work of Mr. Porden, and to bring it into conformity with the truer spirit of medieval art. It was this way that Eaton Hall assumed the fine and imposing character which it now possesses.

There have always been many visitors to delight in the attractive scenes that abound in the neighbourhood, to survey the beauties of the house and its gardens, and to learn the interests of its stable. When Syntax journeyed that way—and how he did so may be seen in Rowlandson's illustrations—it was his good fortune to meet, as many may now, with a trusty guide, albeit in these days the guide may not be such an important civic dignitary as he seemed to be in those. For the guide of Syntax accosted him in this wise:

"In this fair town I often hear: 
Nay, I'm of some importance here—
An alderman, perhaps a mayor; 
And I shall find it, sir, a pride
Through every part to be your guide."

Those who approach Eaton Hall will generally do so by the principal entrance from Chester. They could, indeed, do no better than thus to reach the great domain by the Grosvenor Lodge. They are brought to the threshold of a noble place, and at once realise the spaciousness of its character. Here—about the land is mostly level, but where the hand of culture has worked, beautifying what it touches with the richness of foliage, in variety of charm, all sense of monotony disappears. Indeed, at Eaton Hall, as at most other great places in England which have remained in the good hands of possessors who have treasured them, many lessons may be learned, and none more valuable than that of supreme importance of foliage boldly used to impart the great masses which give dignity and repose on the one hand, and the brighter aspects of sylvan character on the other. Washington Irving used to remark that it was the character of an English gentleman to love his woods and trees. To "build like Bathurst" and to "plant like Boyle" was indeed, long before his time, the honourable ambition of the patrician Englishman, and how well that ambition has been realised we may see at Eaton Hall.

Entering, then, by the Grosvenor Lodge, we pause a moment to reflect that its picturesqueness arises from the fact that it is a structure inspired by St. Augustine's Gateway at Canterbury. Then for three miles there is an enchanting drive through the park, diversified by many a belt of noble trees, and affording to the visitor glorious prospects of the widespread "Vale Royal of England." This approach brings him to the grand entrance, which is a lofty vaulted portico on the western side. It would be pleasant to survey the beauties of art that are within. What deserves to be noticed is that the greatest richness of handicraft prevails throughout the structure. The masonry work, like the stonework in the garden, and the wood-carving and inlaying are exceedingly good. The most capable artists have been engaged on the creation, and the interior is a triumph of skill. Here is an art collection which ranks among the best in the land. Here is a library famous for its riches, and how gloriously those riches are housed! Here we have a multitude of choice and rare objects brought from many lands.

We shall not be tempted, however, to enter the hall or to survey its treasures. Our business is with the exterior...
THE DRAGON FOUNTAIN AT EATON HALL.
attractions of the place, and we have already made acquaintance with the glorious trees of ancient growth, the groups and individual trees which are the attraction of the park, with the younger plantations, skilfully disposed. Great and beautiful are the gardens, as the illustrations will show. Their earlier predecessors are known to have been of a quieter aspect, with the well-known features of dense yew hedges and clipped trees, and one old visitor when these had been swept away remarked that an excellent metamorphosis had been wrought by the removal of leaden gods and goddesses, of lions, peacocks, and temples, all shaped out of yew, and "all in rank and file according to the military rules and regulations of the days of Marlborough and his royal mistress Anne." Lancelot Brown—the famous or notorious "Capability"—wrought the change. He declined to accede to the wish of George II, that he should "improve" the gardens at Hampton Court, "out of respect to himself and his profession," but we have the assurance of Chatham, in a letter to Lady Stanhope, that he was an esquire of great taste. Here, as everywhere else at Eaton, the garden is exceedingly good, for eminent hands have been employed in adorning the grounds with suitable figures and groups, which are not surpassed in England. The vases and stonework are of the best, but we may regret the absence of the leaden gods and goddesses whom Brown seems to have removed. The glorious banks of foliage which enframe this charming place complete a superbly attractive garden picture, but it will be observed that the view is not restricted, and that an opening is left in the belt of trees to admit a wide outlook through the park.

Another remarkably beautiful garden is on the south side. This is somewhat Italian in character, although it may be remarked that the distinction between the national styles of gardening is not very clearly drawn. The enclosing yew hedges are as good as can anywhere be found, and within the chosen space the sculptor has exercised his skilful hand. Here is the Dragon Fountains with appropriateness in the figure, for those who have studied early mythology know that the fabulous beast, after having inflicted upon man untold woe, by stealing from him the fountain of water, and afflicted him with famine and disease, became later the guardian and possessor of those life-giving streams which, in the earlier mythologies, he had stolen for his own.

The mention of the fine sculpture will have suggested to the reader that there has been no stint in the embellishment of the grounds with the best works that art could supply. This will again be seen in the magnificent ironwork. The splendid grille at the entrance to the avenue is a noble example of the ironworker's skill; and there are other rich and elaborate gates also, splendid examples of the skill of the craftsmen in metals. These add much to the attraction of the gardens; but, indeed, wherever we go something will be found to delight or charm in the glorious gardens of Eaton Hall. The skill of Mr. Lutyens was employed by the late Duke in further adornment.

THE BROAD WALK.
THE fine seat of the Marquess of Lothian near Dalkeith stands on the site and embodies in itself the foundations of the Cistercian Abbey of Newbattle, or Newbattie, founded in the year 1140 or 1141, according variously to charters and chronicles, by King David I., who also established Holyrood and many other ecclesiastical centres in Scotland. The situation is such as the Cistercians loved, and one that has favoured the efforts of the gardenmaker’s hand. It was not for the Cistercians to settle in the busy haunts of men; they had chosen rather the seclusion of the wood and the wild. While the Franciscans worked in the town, and the Benedictines loved the hills, the followers of St. Bernard of Clairvaux sought the valleys by the streams. At Newbattle, the South Esk, escaped from the green hills of Temple and the woody ravines of Dalhouse—ever to be associated with the famous “Laird o’ Cockpen”—wadens into a valley, giving place to a long range of meadows or level “haughs.” Behind, to the north, are the remains of the monastic village, where once dwelt the hinds and shepherds, separated from the Abbey gardens by massive stone walls, a-curbed to William the Lion. These ancient walls still form the boundary of the park on that side. Beyond the stream the bank rises somewhat abruptly, and is broken into ravines, much wooded, which, upon investigation, are found to be the remnants of ancient coal-workings. The monks of Newbattle were probably the first to develop the coal industry in Scotland, but the method of winning the mineral in those times was more like quarrying than the coal-mining of these days.

The Abbey was not placed in a position to command extensive views. Sunk in the hollow in the midst of the woods, where ancient beeches and venerable sycamores flourished, the situation calls to mind such seclusion as St. Bernard had sought at Citeaux. It may be worth while here, since the Cistercians accomplished a vast work in developing the agriculture of this country, to recall the fact that Clairvaux was the daughter house of Citeaux, and that from it sprang the twin foundations of Fountains and Rievaulx. It was Alfred of Rievaulx who went forth with a party of brethren to found the first Cistercian Abbey in Scotland—the historic house of Melrose—and from Melrose went out the brethren who established themselves at Newbattle. Thus a perfect chain brings us from Citeaux to the banks of the South Esk. The
situation of all the British Cistercian houses is similar—they lie among the woods by the streams. The architectural character of Newbattle is mostly unknown, though, in recent times, the foundations have been largely excavated.

The situation in the Midlothian vale is very beautiful and the climate propitious to the things that grow. In the Statistical Account of Scotland it is remarked that the air by the river is exceedingly mild, while at the Roman camp—on the neighbouring hill—it is very keen. The Abbey of Newbattle flourished until the Dissolution, when its revenues were returned at £1,413 in money and divers payments in kind. After the Dissolution it was held by Lord Mark Kerr, "the right venerable," who was commendator of the Abbey, and who continued throughout his life to take a prominent part in the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland. A fine head of him, by Sir Antonio More, 1551, hangs at Newbattle Abbey. He was succeeded by his son Mark, who, in 1587, obtained from James VI. a patent erecting the lands into a barony, and in 1606 was created Earl of Lothian. The property has since remained in that family, from which the Marquess of Lothian is descended.

The existing structure dates from about a century ago, but has since been enlarged considerably. The older portion of the mansion, much overgrown with ivy, has notable picturesqueness, and in the form of its windows and its twisted gables and gablets it possesses a character that seems to spring from the soil. It has been made more imposing by the addition of modern castellated buildings, which are commodious and attractive. Although outwardly the house is modern, it occupies a portion of the site of the ancient monastery, of which the foundations are partly hidden, and the old work is still visible in parts, and here and there antique mouldings peep out. The interior is extremely interesting. The pictures are of great note. There are portraits of Henry VIII., Margaret Tudor, and Sir Thomas More by Holbein. The works of Albert Dürer in England are few, but
Newbattle possesses a Virgin and Child. There are examples of Titian, Raphael, and many more, including English artists like Sir Joshua Reynolds, and portraits of Hawkins, Drake, and Cavendish are adorned with wreaths carved by Grinling Gibbons. The books and manuscripts are of great value, and some of the latter belonged to the old Abbey of Newbattle.

We may now survey the enchanting scenes which are found in the gardens and park by the course of the South Esk River. For something like two miles does this beautiful stream wind its way through the valley and park. The woodland scenery is superb, and some of the trees are of great antiquity. They are mostly oak, ash, elm, beech, and plane, with various firs. Many are of remarkable size and beauty, and the planes and elms are very majestic. The greatest of the patricians is a mighty beech, said to be the largest in Scotland. It is 102 ft. high, with a vast spread of foliage, having a circumference of 400 ft. The great depending boughs have rooted themselves in the soil. There are also huge sycamores and cypresses. The plantations are very extensive and are well kept, being regularly thinned and pruned. The near approach of these great woods to the house is one of the most enchanting features of the place. It brings the charms of the landscape, with great richness of character, into close juxtaposition with the formal gardening, and the effect is very beautiful.

The opportunities of the garden designer were certainly very many in this lovely place. The green lawn in the valley bordering the river, with the great woods fringing the banks, was an ideal place for his work. The woods nearly meeting in either direction form the lawn into a kind of amphitheatre, and the garden is the gem set in the glorious surroundings. The arrangement is purely formal, but completely satisfactory.
The enclosure is formed by an admirable yew hedge, dense and close as a wall; but this boundary does not completely surround the garden, which on one side is margined by the river and the wood. Straight pathways divide the space into formal parterres, and there are stone-fringed flower-beds as attractive features. One part of the area is devoted to pattern gardening, and affords a very beautiful example of that style of work. The pictures will show in what admirable state the gardens are kept, and will also illustrate how the friendly neighbour- bhood of the woods makes pleasant this form of gardening. Along one side of this pleasance the South Esk flows, and the steep wooded bank beyond is superb in its sylvan beauty.

Near the stream, embayed in the yew hedge, stands a magnificent sundial, and another is not far away. "What an antique air," said Charles Lamb of the dials of the Temple, "had the now almost effaced sundials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never sought, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!" Scotland is famous for its very picturesque and attractive garden sundials, and excellent examples are at Balcarres, Pitmedden, Woodhouselee, Duthie Park in Aberdeen, Stobhall in Perthshire, and other places, all offering a marked contrast in style to such English dials as we have at Wrist in Bedfordshire, at Wilton, and at Kew. The Newbattle dials, perhaps, surpass any others. They rise from octagonal bases, resting upon flights of steps, and with grotesque creatures supporting the upper parts, upon which are the several gnomons, while a pinnacle crowns the whole. The effect is rather font-like, but the dials are singularly beautiful and quaint, and are very richly worked.

Along the bank of the river, and between the house and the wood, runs the south terrace, which is one of the most attractive regions of these enchanting gardens. Behind us are the verdant and flower-gemmied places, and before us the pelucid stream and the woodland haunts of the squirrel and the murmuring wood-pigeon. Every variety of water plant appears to be cultivated along the margin of the South Esk, and the richness of the scene is extremely attractive. It is a combination of garden, wood, and river not surpassed in many places. Again, as a contrast on another side, are level lawns as an attractive foreground to the enlarged structure, being the place where, in ancient times, monastic buildings stood.

The splendid character of the Newbattle trees is found also in those which form the great avenue in the approach from the south, of which the length is over five hundred yards. They are very majestic, and the whole character is one of much magnificence. The great double gate-house, dating from the early part of the eighteenth century, is truly noble in its breadth and simple character. Two great gate-posts, with pilasters on every face, support magnificent urns, fluted, and adorned with wreaths, and on either side of the posts are short colonnades turning outwards, to unite the gateway with the gate-houses, which are picturesque buildings of rough stone, with dressed angle-pieces. Each of these houses is crested with a fine balustrade, crowned with pinnacles and urns, and there are other architectural adornments well befitting so noble a place, while the dense woods behind form a fine background to the admirable architectural composition.

Among the great houses of Scotland, this beautiful seat of the Marquess of Lothian holds a deservedly high place. It is not stately like some, but it has attractions in its woodland landscape that are not possessed by many. Its gardens, too, are radiantly beautiful, and are a very fine example of the gardener's art.
An interesting garden is that at Woodside, Chenes, near Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire, lying just beyond the village, near the foot of a somewhat steep hill there, because it is so beautiful and quaint and yet quite modern. An intense love for natural beauty has inspired the creation, and it will be seen that the work has been conducted in a truly artistic spirit, and with fine imaginative talent. This, indeed, we should have expected, for the designs and "lay-out" were the work of Mr. Lutyens, the eminent architect, who is so well versed in garden lore and design.

The slope suggested the terraced character, and it is notable that the garden embodies the character both of the slope and the terrace, of the natural and the formal, the green lawns leading downward being the framework for that delightful descent. Turf, one of the most beautiful things to be found in these latitudes, is not wanting. Descending, then, by sloping paths and stairways between the lawns, and by a delightful sundial, you reach the Pond Court, which is the central feature of the garden most admirably conceived. You have passed, as you approached it, by gay flower-beds and rich green yew hedges, and find something very quaint in the wooden pavement and the stone edgings of the flower-beds in the court itself. Above the pond, the pillars, which have a true Jacobean cast, bear heavy beams, and upon them climbing roses have cast their tints. Here is the characteristic of the old English garden—its simplicity. The whole of the court is enframed by yew hedges, and at its corners are delightful seats.

Nothing could surpass the special charm of the surroundings. On one hand you pass by an opening in the hedge into a beautiful rectangular enclosed garden, where other fine hedges enframe rich flower-beds and green grass edgings, and at the other end is a most tasteful seat, where it is pleasant to sit and look at what has been left behind. Here, screened off, is a retired and sheltered place, such as Chaucer might have loved, and where many lovely blossoms flourish. The trees beyond this garden are singularly beautiful, and lend richness to this part of the grounds. Then, on the other side of the Pond Court is the rock garden, where irises and other water-loving plants find a congenial home. Here is a delightful contrast of character. From the semi-formality of the enclosed garden courts, you have passed, before reaching the foot of the slope, into a tract of the garden where Nature is tempted to manifest, among rocky surroundings, some special charms.
From the paths near the house all the beautiful things which we have described may be surveyed. Water pervades the place, for from the Pond Court and the rock garden it is but a few paces to the river, which flows at the foot of the slope, with an old flour mill on the left. Most tempting are the walks laid out by the stream. Here great lurs, sycamores, and elms over-shadow the way, as well as many ornamental trees, while nodding daffodils light up the grass and irises border the stream. The water is crossed by a bridge which is very tasteful, and beyond it is another region of delight in the rose garden, divided into square spaces, and neighboured by a delightful croquet lawn. The details of the garden have been carefully thought out, and no point of harmony or contrast has been overlooked. The shrubs and trees in the upper part of the garden have a most happy effect from below, and the vistas opened through the grounds in every direction, and particularly from the neighbourhood of the Pond Court, are extremely delightful. Truly, before the gardener began his work, Nature had done very much to prepare for the exercise of his skill. There was a green slope, and there was a flowing river in two branches at the foot, and the whole of the area was graced by beautiful trees. There was nothing exceptional in these conditions. They may be found almost anywhere in sunny England; but not everywhere has such a sympathetic, discerning, and artistic hand been found to plan and work out such a creation. And yet it is astonishing how few and simple, and how easily obtainable are the main essentials of a good garden, and strange therefore how rarely these essentials are well employed. The garden of Adeline Duchess of Bedford is a very successful example, and a very suggestive one, as to how, where magnificence is not sought—and where, indeed, it may not be desirable—the talent of a skilled hand may produce what magnificence could not achieve. In this garden all the work is particularly good, and the masonry is everywhere as excellent as could be desired. Note, for example, the character of the edgings to the flower-beds in the Pond Court, and the wholly satisfactory character of the rose-twined pillars and the panelled masonry. Then, again, it was an admirable idea thus to create in the Pond Court a centre from which the various features of the garden might open out, and the excellent result is conspicuous in our pictures.
THE TERRACE.
THE LOWER TERRACE AT BARNCLUITH.
The romantic hillside Scottish garden of Lord Ruthven lies in a glorious part of the Middle Ward of Lanark, a region full of history, where the stern walls of many a fortalice still rise on the mountain crest, or frowned on the brink of the chasm—ivy-mantled ruins, dating from the days of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig, and long before. Beautiful gardens they are, lying like a gem in a great country of peat-stained burns, which linger in dark pools beneath umbrageous woodlands, and break then into yellow torrents over rocky ledges in their haste to join the broader waters of Avon and Clyde. A luxuriance characterises this district which is not found everywhere in Scotland, and Nature has dealt kindly with the region. It is true that the higher hills are often waste, and given up to the swelling moorland, but along the river courses the sylvan scenery is of the most enchanting beauty. It is the country described by Scott in "Old Mortality," and he speaks of the grand woodland character of the landscape along the Clyde valley, where the forest breaks into level ground and gentle slopes near the river, forming cultivated fields, interspersed with hedges, rows, tre s, and copses, "the enclosures seeming as if they were to have been cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, and which occupies, in unbroken masses, the steeper declivities and more distant banks." From the peat on the moors the streams take their colour, "a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the cairngorm pebbles," and go rushing through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly seen and partly concealed by the trees which clothe their banks. Such is the romantic setting of Lord Ruthven's remarkable terraced gardens, masterfully formed upon the rocky steep above the Avon. The visitor approaching from Glasgow to Hamilton will pass by Rutherglen and by Bothwell Castle, on the lofty bank of the Clyde, one of the most imposing baronial ruins in Scotland. At Bothwell Bridge was fought. In 1679, the famous battle between the Royalist troops under Monmouth and the forces of the revolted Covenanters, wherein the Covenanters, who had been victorious at Drumclog, were altogether overthrown. Very graphically is the flight described in "Old Mortality," Hamilton, a cheerful and prosperous town, was once distinguished as a Royal residence, and afterwards was the chief
FROM THE THIRD TERRACE, LOOKING SOUTH.
THE UPPER TERRACE AT BARNCLUITH.
burgh of the Duchy of Hamilton. Here is the stately palace of the Duke, standing close to the town—the place where Mary collected her adherents in 1568. The loop of the river rising near the border of Ayr, flows into the Clyde. It has passed in its lovely course through the vale to which it has given its name, and has entered Hamilton Parish at Millbridge House, a little below which it flows through a magnificent defile, bounded on each side by majestic rocks of romantic aspect, rising 200ft. or 300ft., and richly clothed, in some cases almost to the summits, with stately and venerable oaks. Nearly in the centre of this defile are the remains of Cadzow Castle, dedicated in Sir Walter Scott's ballad, sited on a rock which ascends perpendicularly to a height of 200ft., above the bed of the stream, and on the opposite bank is the banqueting-house of the Duke of Hamilton, a charming creation, modelled upon the design of Châteaurenard, from which place Sir Walter Scott's幂 is said to have been inspired. At this place did at one time which its Grace holds in the priestage of France. It is a region of natural loveliness, the traditions and characteristics of which appear very powerfully to the national sentiment of Scotland, and the course of the Clyde and its tributary the Avon are both memorable in history. The first of these is grand and spacious, the latter more touched with the beauties of wildness and remoteness. In the region of rustic charm and old-world simplicity, Lord Ruthven, illustrated here, rising on terraces on the western bank of the river, which, after forcing its way along its rocky channel below, flows through the fertile valley and falls into the Clyde, as we have said, near Hamilton Bridge. Very considerable antiquity is assigned to the quaint old gardens in the Dutch taste at Barncluth, and one authority says that they were laid out in or about the year 1583. The terraces formed on the rocky steep are of later date, and the whole garden, in the course of generations, has undergone many changes. The fall of the ground being natural gave many advantages to the garden-maker, but, on the other hand, there were great difficulties, and it was not without the exercise of high skill that the gardens were formed as we see them. Even now there are visible traces of the balustrades on the edge of the terraces being wanting. Terrace-making is an art that has exercised the ingenuity of many Scottish gardeners and architects. John Reid, in his "Scotts Gardiner" (1683), gives instructions to those who would make terraces upon the natural declivity of the land. "As to terras walks, if the brow on which you make them be not too steep, the wall will be the more easy. If you build them up with wall-t, be careful to find deep enough to the level; and if the middle of the terras be on the central line of the house, or of any wall, make the stair to part at a point on the head, going down on both sides. So much of the staircase may be within as that the outer edge thereof may be in the garden. If the wall walk should be much above the wall; the rest may be at the ends. Plant the borders at the upper side of the walk with wall-trees; the under side, being but an ell high, with laurels, etc. But if your terras consists only of walks and sloping banks, you may have the border at the head and foot of each bank, on either side of the walks, planted with standard cherries, etc., and the banks of violets, strawberies, or grass."

There are more stately terraces in Scotland, but, go where we may, we shall find none so full of the ravishing sweetness, or so happily embodying the features of the natural and artifical styles as those here depicted. Reid's principles rather than his details are exemplified at Barncluth, the character of the ground having enforced the disposition of the stairways. There are four terraces or walls most picturesquely and beautifully planned and constructed. The bed of the Avon is some 50ft. below the level of the lowest of them, and the declivity is very steep. This lowest walk is a grass terrace, deeply shaded by trees, and at one end is a quaint old garden-house, with a twisted double stairway leading to its upper storey, while at the other end is a charming circular bed with flowers half fluted with the angle of a casse-like top filled with flowers, throwing up a sparkling jet of water. The balustrade at the edge of the declivity is very charming, and the nature of the slope causes the wall to curve near the fountain. A beautiful acacia grows upon the terrace, and its lovely enduring green and beautiful flowers add much to the charm of the place. At the end of the terrace near the fountain are two rustic arches under the upper wall, and a rustic stairway leads up to the highest of the walls. The retaining wall of the second terrace wall is covered with ivy and climbing plants, and crested with characteristic vases. Above, upon the level which it bounds, is a gravel walk, with a border of flowers, giving access at one end to a second garden-house. Roses border the way, and there is a stone bank supporting the next higher level, overgrown with wall-flowers, forming, etc. Still mounting the steep, therefore, we reach the third terrace, which is a beautiful grass walk, bordered by a long flower-bed, and commanding a charming outlook over the sylvan gorge. The retaining wall of the fourth level is again clustered with climbing plants, and there are several yew trees along the upper border. Very quaintly are these cut, and they possess a rustic attraction in contrast with the gray thorn-beds which neighbour them. A balustraded wall, with vases, is behind the terrace, and there are many pleasant places to explore, the recorft of the house being on that side. The pictures will show how very delightful is the effect of this terracing upon the declivity above the Avon. The masonry is exceedingly good, and there is a happy union of classic formality with rustic quaintness. There were opportunities which do not fail to every garden-maker's hand, but not every designer would have used them so well. The illustrations will complete the description of this delightful hillside garden. It is a place full of suggestion for those whose houses may lie adjacent to woodland gor-es, which present opportunities that are not always realised by modern gardeners. Species need not always be left in native lines. The formation at Barncluth is rock, and much excavating must have been required, but the soil is deep enough to give rootage to the splendid trees, while the sunny slope is conducive to a luxuriant growth of flowers. The place is as beautiful in winter as in summer, for the green yews are there, and the other trees line their varied tracery against the rising hills, and set the rocks, which are of granite, with sculptured and finished sound of the Ancients. It is a fine river, full of salmon, trout, perch, lampreys, and silver eel. Allusion has been made to the splendid growth of trees in this region. Hamilton Wood, on the Avon and the Barncluth Burn, is a great woodland tract, which, with its varied and venerable trunks, represents practically all that remains of the ancient Caledonian Forest. The storms of centuries have blown over some of the oaks, which thrive extremely well, many being venerable trees of great size, some even measuring 60ft., in girth. Larch and Scotch fir are numerous, and the river banks are crowned with luxuriant foliage. Silver and spruce fir succeed, and the cedar of Lebanon has attained considerable size. Here may be seen the only herd of red deer in Scotland. In the wood of Barncluth is a great silver birch. The Barncluth Burn joins the Avon about half a mile from the town of Hamilton, after flowing down through the wood, and leaping over five or six declivities in brawling picturesqueness, adding greatly to the beauties and attractions of the scenery. "In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
If thundering shoots, and dashes the country round.
At first, as a mere sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,
And from the brow resounding rocks below
Dashed in a cloud of foam it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower." These lines have been used of one of the neighbouring Falls of Clyde, and they may be applied, with modification, to the lesser falls on the Barncluth Burn. The whole of the vale of the Avon, with the gorges of its tributary burns, is markedly beautiful, and has all the charm that is found in Scottish river courses, with a richness that does not invest them all. The gardens of Barncluth have also, as we have seen, a marked and attractive character, and the succession of terraces has evolved in its line of development in Scotland. The Picturesqueness in their character, arising from varied treatment, too rare in formal gardens, which may serve to show that formal gardening is no bar to the introduction of a sweet naturalness, but rather that it lends itself to such a character. It is a lesson for the garden-maker which the pictures in this volume will not fail strongly to enforce.
AGECROFT HALL, LANCASTER.

AGECROFT HALL is one of those strongly individualised mansions of ancient date in which the county palatine of Lancaster is singularly rich. What that district of England may lack in the genial climate that vests the brick dwelling-places of Southern England with those lichens which, in their hues of orange, yellow, green, and grey, form so incomparable a vesture, it has compensation for in those "magpie" mated structures, impressive in time-worn oak, rich in beautiful carving, picturesque in their many gables and their grey slate roofs, which grow mellow under rain and sun. When such houses are valued and preserved like the old mansion house of Agecroft, and others illustrated in this volume, and are made beautiful with gardens and pleasure grounds, they do most certainly deserve to hold a high place among the quaint and beautiful mansions of the shires. Agecroft is both fortunate and unfortunate—fortunate in the loving care which adds new beauty to its antiquity, unfortunate in the fact that the country thereabout is much given over to the busy whirl of modern things. Yet advantages may be won even where discouragement might prevail, and thus close to Agecroft Hall is a pond or lake, formed by the sinking of the ground, owing to coal mines below, and constituting a very pleasing feature amid the trees, over-hung by flowering bushes in the garden. The Irwell flows near by; in truth, somewhat lower down, a Stygian stream, bearing in waters no longer pellucid the waste products of many manufactures. Nevertheless, the course of the river in this part of the valley has considerable elements of beauty, and the winding stream, with overhanging woods, is not without attractions.

Agecroft Hall stands upon a low tongue of land which here stretches down from Pendlebury into the valley, and the house is probably, as the crow flies, not more than four miles from Manchester Cathedral. These ancient halls manifest a predilection on the part of their builders for the neighbourhood of rivers. It was convenient to have water near, and very often the stream possessed some advantages in the matter of defence. It is interesting to observe that near these ancient oaken structures we rarely find much in the way of formal gardening, and, save for a bridge or a garden seat, the architect seems
rarely to have played a large part. Simplicity characterises the surroundings, and there is nothing to delay the pen in a description of the great charm of the lawns, flower-beds, and hedges. These are all-sufficient in their relationship to such houses, and none can deny that the pictures presented of house and garden are singularly sweet and attractive. The views of Agecroft Hall will show how, without great effort and without ambitious design, eminently satisfactory results are attained. Fortunately for this ancient place, it has fine trees in its neighbourhood, wherein rooks have built their nests, adding something of an air of dignity and antiquity by the presence of their busy colonies in the boughs.

And now, in regard to the character of this great class of Lancashire houses—and let it be said that Cheshire possesses them also—it might be useful to refer to several of the venerable confraternity, such as Speke Hall, near Liverpool, Smithfield Hall—which has a place in these pages—Samlesbury, Ordsall, Crumpsall Old Hall, Haugh Hall, Barton Old Hall, Urmston Old Hall, Kersal Cell—a very pretty example of timber architecture, quite near to Agecroft—and many others. The old halls, mansions, and manor houses of Lancashire are a mixed company. Many have fallen upon evil days, and are half ruined or divided into cottages; others have been swept away, leaving some fragment for memory; and comparatively few are those preserved. In the northern part of the county the dwellings are more castle-like, but the typical Lancashire house is of timber, and belongs to the time of the Tudors or of James, and, especially in South Lancashire and Cheshire, possesses the general characteristics of the example we depict. They have bars, vertical and horizontal, angles and curves, oriel windows, and many gables to break the skyline. Inside are chambers and corridors, many and varied, and antique stairways leading to the upper storey. Everywhere is oak panelling, with fine carvings, and in the more dainty
THE ANCIENT ENTRANCE.
parts the wainscot is divided by fluted pilasters. A prodigious amount of oak has been employed in building a quadrangular house like Agecroft. It would almost suggest to us that a grove of oaks must have bowed beneath the woodman’s axe ere that structure was raised, and the operation must have somewhat resembled the building of a great ship, for here, too, the seasoned timber was jointed and pegged to withstand the storms.

Agecroft occupies a somewhat peculiar position. On the west side is the edge of a steep cliff, and there are evidences that the three remaining sides of the quadrangle were protected by the moat. The square is complete, and measures about 100 ft. externally, and the main gate, which has a beautiful Tudor arch, with a lovely oriol window over it, is on the east side. It would appear that a large part of the house was built in the reign of Henry VII. or his successor, and the beautiful carving of fine Perpendicular character, in the corbelling of the windows on the east front, is very noteworthy. Owing to the effect of weather the south face of the building has called for partial renewal, and not much of the ancient plaster-work remains, but the east façade is quite original.

Passing through the arch we reach the interior of the courtyard, which is picturesquely attractive. Opposite to us is the long window of the great hall, with magnificent decorative timber-work over it, the kitchen and offices and the servants’ quarters to the right, and the family apartments on the left hand, with the chapel, now converted to the dining-room. Mr. H. Taylor, in his “Old Halls in Lancashire and Cheshire,” says that originally Agecroft had open galleries as corridors in one portion of the quadrangle, similar to those which may still be seen in many old hostleries; but, with the exception of one short length, these are now enclosed. The interior has been a good deal modernised, and the great hall is now used as a billiard-room. It was doubtless inevitable that some changes should be introduced, but it is satisfactory to find the place so greatly valued and so well preserved.

It is, however, time, having described the house itself, that we should say something about those who have lived therein. In 1327 John de Langley and Joan his wife paid a fine to William de Langley, Rector of Middleton, for the manor of Pendlebury and other lands, and here the knightly family of Langley of Agecroft established itself. To this family is said to have belonged Robert Langley, Bishop of Durham, Lord Chancellor of England, and a Cardinal. He was supervisor of the will of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and, by his will, left a number of books to the College of Manchester, in the foundation of which he had been concerned. It is interesting to know that in the windows of Agecroft Hall are portions of ancient glass, zealously protected by wire frames externally, in which are the hearings of the Langleys and of John of Gaunt. The house and estate came in 1560, on the death of Sir Robert Langley, to his daughter and heiress Anne, who married Thomas Dauntesey, and thus Agecroft passed to the family which long continued to reside there. It was afterwards occupied by the Rev. Richard Buck, and there have been other occupants, but Mr. Robert Dauntesey is in possession, and the house is in good hands.

Enough has been said to indicate the character and history of Agecroft Hall. It may be interesting to mention that at the bottom of the hill the Irwell is crossed by Agecroft Bridge, which leads to Kersal Moor. The river was once pure and well stocked with fish, but much more than a century ago pollution had set in. A certain Mr. Rasbotham, writing in 1786, said: “The river hath trout, shadler, chub, dace, gudgeons, and eels. Salmon came to it before the establishment of the fishery at Warrington, higher than this township; but there is no such thing experienced at present.” Those who know the Irwell will wonder that salmon should ever have visited its waters. That day is long past, but we may hope that the ever-growing bustle of modern things may yet for centuries spare the ancient beauties of Agecroft Hall.
PEGGED AND JOINTED ENGLISH OAK.
THE GATE-HOUSE AND THE SOUTH GARDEN-HOUSE AT WESTWOOD PARK.
WHETHER we regard Westwood Park from the historical, the personal, the architectural, or the gardening point of view, we shall find that it is an unusually interesting place. It has characteristics that are not discovered in many great seats, and it has been associated with not a few men of eminence in the State and Society. The house lies something less than two miles to the west of Droitwich, in Worcestershire, in a very fine situation, upon an eminence commanding very beautiful prospects, and its park covers about 208 acres, with a fine lake in view of the mansion on the east side. The park is laid out in "rays of planting," as shall presently be described. Here, in ancient times, was a small priory of Benedictine nuns, subject to the Abbey of Fontevraud, the site of which appears to have been upon the slope of the bank above the present fish-ponds. After the Dissolution, the place was granted by Henry VIII. to Sir John Pakington, a sergeant-at-law, who was given many judicial offices, chiefly in Wales. When the knight died he possessed some thirty manors, and the greater part of his estate passed to his nephew, Thomas Pakington, the son of his brother Robert, who had been murdered in London in 1537. The new possessor was knighted by Queen Mary in 1553, and died in 1571.

It does not appear to be known with any certainty that a mansion house existed at Westwood at the time, and the central block of the existing structure dates from the possession of Sir John Pakington, who succeeded on the death of his father, Sir Thomas. When Queen Elizabeth visited Worcestershire in August, 1578, she seems to have been attracted by the wit and the handsome person of the squire, not yet Sir John, who had been educated at Christchurch, Oxford, and had studied the law at Lincoln's Inn. The Queen invited him to Court, where he was received with great favour, and plunged into the vortex of the fashionable life of his time. Pakington was knighted in 1587, but he appears to have outrun his means and to have been enmeshed in financial difficulties.

His residence was then at Hampton Lovett, but he seems to have conceived the idea of building a kind of banqueting-house or place of resort at Westwood. To him the central portion of the house is due, but it did not become the residence
THE WEST FRONT AND DIAGONAL BAYS.
of the family until after the Civil War. It stood in the midst of a fine woodland, and Pakington constructed a lake, probably represented by the present sheet of water. His lake, however, encroached upon the highway, and his right to divert the road being questioned, he very impetuously ordered his embankments to be cut through, and his waters were dispersed through the valley, probably to the dismay of those who had opposed him. Sir John had married the daughter of Humphrey Smith, the Queen's silkman, widow of Benedict Barnham, and she had brought him a considerable estate, which enabled him to retrieve his fortunes.

The knight was succeeded by his son John, who was created a baronet in 1620, and was M.P. for Aylesbury, in 1687. He succeeded his father in the Westwood estate, which district the family had estates. He died as a young man, and was succeeded by Sir John Pakington, the second baronet, who suffered much in the Royal cause in the Civil War, and to whom the present character of Westwood Park must be ascribed.

The house at Hampton Lovett had suffered heavily in the Civil War, and the cavalier baronet transferred his residence to Westwood. The King came to his assistance, and a grant of £4,000 was made to him under the name of "Edward Gregory," as the King explained, lest the example should be prejudicial. It was at this time that Westwood received the four diagonal wings, which were built cut from the original structure, giving it a form that appears to be unique. The noble bay windows rising to the third storey, the quaint gables, and the striking character of the diagonal wings all mark out Westwood Park as an extremely fine example of the architecture of that time.

What is specially worthy of note is that Westwood Park does not stand alone. There is the grand and characteristic gate-house, which may go back to the time of the first builder, with its admirably picturesque gables, its arch, and the delightfully fantastic character of the lofty structure which supports the cupola roof in the midst. At a little distance from each wing, and lying in the diagonal direction from each corner of the house, stood most picturesque garden-houses or bow-houses or banquetting-rooms, of sylvan rings. It is true that the arrangement was not carried to completion on one side of the house, where the ground declined to the lake, and in this direction was a broader outlook, which gave variety. This symmetrical plan of the garden at Westwood deserves to be specially noted. With its garden-houses and avenues the place had features that may be said to have brought it into competition with those which we associate with Le Nôtre.

Sir John Pakington, the cavalier baronet, died in 1680, and was succeeded by another Sir John, who spent a retired life at Westwood, and was reputed to be one of the finest Anglo-Saxon scholars of his time. He represented his county in Parliament from 1669 to 1685. Deen Dickson was his intimate friend, and appears to have written some of his learned works at Westwood. His "Grammatice Anglo-Saxonica" is dedicated to Sir John Pakington, and the beauties of Westwood and its gardens and park at the time are set forth.

The student baronet was succeeded by a worthy gentleman, another Sir John Pakington, who lived until 1728, and is supposed to have been the original of the famous Sir Roger de Coverley. It is true that Addison disclaims having had any originals for his characters, but, although Sir Roger does not altogether answer to Sir John in the circumstances of his life, there are undoubtedtly resemblances in the two personalities, and again in Coverley Hall and its surroundings, as resembling Westwood Park, with a ruined abbey near it, and its pleasant walks "struck out of a wood in the midst of which the house stands," Addison's baronet was a bachelor, but
Sir John Pakington was twice married. Two of his sons pre-deceased him, but his third son, Sir Herbert Perrot Pakington, succeeded at Westwood Park as fifth baronet, and, like many of his ancestors, represented his county in Parliament. Sir Herbert's two sons—Sir John and Sir Herbert—followed him in succession, and the baronetcy became extinct on the death of Sir John, the eighth baronet, in 1840. The eldest daughter of the seventh baronet had married Mr. William Russell, of Powick Court, and their son, Mr. John Somerset Russell, who, on the death of the last baronet of the original creation, had taken the name of Pakington in lieu of Russell, was himself created a baronet in 1846. This gentleman was a well-known politician, and was Colonial Secretary, twice First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary of State for War. He was made a G.C.B. in 1859, and in March, 1874, was raised to the peerage as Baron Hampton of Hampton Lovett, and of Westwood, Worcestershire. Westwood Park is illustrative of much that is notable in the history of the country. Its present owner is Mr. Edward Partington, whose son-in-law, Mr. R. B. Ward, resides there.
A VISTA AT LEIGHTON HALL.
The judicious guide who instructs the visitor as to how best to see the notable places in the upper valley of the Severn, in that romantic part of it which lies adjacent to Welshpool and below Montgomery, will often tell him to drive from the former place to Powis Castle, where he may survey its ancient glories, and then, crossing the Severn by the bridge, to visit the splendid modern domain of Mrs. Naylor at Leighton Hall, rich in recent improvements, in farms, mills, and sawing establishments, and so beneath the shadow of Leighton Church to return to Welshpool. Something like this has been done in these pages, for the reader has looked with delight upon the pictures of antique Powis and the glory of the terraces on the steep, and now has before him the picturesque and noble mansion of Leighton Hall, and the loveliness of its well-kept gardens and grounds, from which Powis Castle is itself a prominent object in a beautiful landscape, famous for its grand hills and wooded steeps, and the meadows by the river Severn, here but a youthful stream that may be passed at Leighton ford. Here about are fine prospects of the Vale of Severn, and from the heights one may look upon Moel-y-Golfa and the Breiddin Hills, and, if the day be clear, even Plinlimmon, Cader Idris, Snowdon, the Arans, and Arenigs are within the view.

Leighton is a small parish in the hundred of Cawrse, in Montgomeryshire, about two miles from Welshpool, and the Hall lies in the valley, nearly at the foot of the Long Mountain, which forms a range running north-east between this point and the Breiddin Hills. It is a region full of history and rich in romantic traditions and associations, and here was fought the last contested battle for Welsh independence in 1294, when the Welsh were commanded by Madoc, Llewelyn's brother. It is not surprising that such a district should have attracted the wealthy, and the region is somewhat famous for the beautiful seats that distinguish it. In the neighbourhood of Leighton Hall are Garth, Nantcribba, Glansevern, Vaynor, and other fine places. To Mr. John Naylor, J.P., D.L., at one time Sheriff of Montgomery, the architectural beauties of Leighton and the perfection of its surroundings are mainly due. In the work of erection, and of adornment within and without, there was scope for much wise planning, and for the exercise of fine
artistic taste. How well all was done the pictures will disclose. In bringing to perfection such a place as Leighton Hall, developing its individual character, and surrounding it with gardens like these, many qualities were called for, but the chiefest of them was love for the higher forms of art, and the resolve to give splendour to the dwelling. Architecturally, Leighton Hall is imposing and stately. It is well and substantially built of stone, in a tasteful adaptation of the medieval style of the fourteenth century, with tall gables and mullioned windows, and covers an ample space of ground. There rises from it a lofty octagonal buttressed tower, with an embattlement, somewhat ecclesiastical perhaps in its character, and having a turret and a gallery for the outlook. There is much to survey in this romantic vale, and the tower promises to those who climb a truly glorious prospect. Within, of course, the house is choice and beautiful in design and plenishings, and is somewhat famous for its pictures and other art treasures. Without are the artistically attractive gardens, which are mainly our subject. Such a house demanded beautiful grounds for its complement, and it is deserving of note that the harmony between the mansion and its surroundings is such as we should desire. The opportunities were many, and they have been well used. An undulating space at the foot of the hills suggested special treatment, and gave unusual opportunities to the garden architect. It was decided, for the convenience of the ways, and also, we may suspect, for the stronger character of the gardens, that the hollows should be spanned by bridges. The Lion Bridge illustrates the style of work, and alike in solidity and elegance is admirable. Its buttressed piers rise from a sylvan dell, and carry a roadway flanked by a balustrade, and having pleasant seats for those who would linger thereby. Those who would descend may do so by a simple but truly admirable stairway,
which leads by several flights into the enchanting region below.

On the south side of the house is the principal garden, which is in a measure formal. A terrace lies along the front of the mansion, stone-edged, and having stairways down to the level space of greenward, with its flower-beds and flowering bushes. Here is a magnificent fountain rising from an octagonal basin, with dolphins below, and very finely modelled figures above. It is well seen in one of the pictures, and is truly a glorious work in bronze. There is much statuary in the gardens, and this is the material of nearly all of it. The effect is superb, for bronze, like lead, has a hue that falls well into a garden picture, and it has the advantage that its hardness and quality make it the fitting vehicle for fine artistic expression. Now the statuary in this material at Leighton Hall is by eminent artists, and in pose, lovely contour of limb, and excellent modelling is most excellent work of the sculptor’s hand. The Venus and Cupid below the east terraces in this garden is a lovely example of work, and the amorini everywhere have individual merit and character, while the Icarus, in defeated ambition, falling headlong into the pool as a miniature Jovean, is both original and admirable. The vases also are bronze, and are most beautifully wrought. There is nothing more difficult than to place sculpture well in a garden, but the success at Leighton Hall is complete, and very few gardens can boast of such admirable statuary.

At the east end of the garden the ground rises, and the stairways and terraces, which are of fine and unusual character, lead up the slope to the park, where the foliage is magnificent. The belts of trees that enframe the garden are a fine and reposeful feature, and are of varied hue and foliage. At the other end of the principal garden the ground falls, and there the landscape character will delight those who love natural gardenage. In this quarter is a small lake or pool—the same into which the son of Dredalus plunges in his headlong fall—bordered by grass slopes, and reflecting the umbraneous landscape. Here are great masses of water-lilies and other water-loving plants, and on the banks the rhododendrons are glorious in the summer, while the trees are of beautiful ornamental varieties. It will have been noticed that the formal and landscape features are closely juxtaposed, and, indeed, each is the foil and complement of the other. So far we have noted nothing of the really old school of
THE POOL AT LEIGHTON HALL.
growing, but this is found in the walled library garden, which lies near to the east end of the principal garden. This is a most beautiful and sequestered resort, seemingly set apart for studious reflection or pleasant converse. The wall that encloses it has an excellent coping, and the low buttresses are of the same period as the house. The area is grass, with flower-beds framed in the turf, the garden being divided into spaces by gravel paths, and where the ground rises a low terrace has been formed, with a grass slope and a flight of steps ascending, beyond which is a vista through a green archway to the garden beyond. Flanking the stairway and the path are delightful little amorini of individual merit, all in bronze, like the rich flower vases which are in the area, and upon their stone pedestals these line the top of the grass slope that has been added to the walls of this library pleasure are themselves gardens, and have a mutability of loveliness in the flowering climbers that clothe them.

Here roses flourish abundantly, and the fine sylvan background completes a truly beautiful garden picture.

Though there is at Leighton most charming dwelling-house, with attractive pleasure grounds, and a considerable estate, the character of the whole is simple, and there is little to delay the pen. What we observe is a happy union of various styles of gardenage—the broad and effective character of the principal garden, with its mountain and admirable statuary, the excellent and original terraces at the east end, where the ground rises to the sylvan park, the charming landscape features on the other hand, with the lake as the gem of the whole, and the finest space of the retired library garden within its walls. Various periods and features of gardening are thus represented, and an admirable setting is provided for the architectural splendour of the mansion. Reserve is another distinguishing character of the gardens. There is no lack of richness, as the visitor realises when he traverses these enchanting places. It was no small thing, for example, to bring together so many excellent works of sculpture, and to dispose them well. They import into the garden something of a spirit that is alien to that of the architectural period to which the house belongs, but the result is undeniably pleasing and attractive. There is a partial breaking and intermingling of styles which adds a freshness to the older forms. Here, perhaps, a lesson may be suggested. Let not the gardener plan set up too rigid a method in his work, else will he most certainly exclude some things which, with a broader view, he might have welcomed to his satisfaction. Charming indeed is the sculpture in the garden at Hall, though some purists might have been willing to exclude it on the ground of its being the outcome of the classic and naturalistic school. There are many beautiful gardens in this part of Wales, and those of Leighton Hall deserve to be accorded a high place among them. They are radiant, beautiful, varied, and architecturally interesting, therefore both admirable and attractive. The tall spire of the modern Early English church, erected by Mrs. Naylor, adds to the attractions of the landscape.
THE picturesque Welsh village of St. Fagan's, lying upon the river Ely, not far from ancient Llandaff, takes its name from the saint to whom the quaint old Norman and Decorated church there is dedicated. Tradition alleges that the good man arrived in Britain about the year 860, and that he founded a church in the Ely valley, of which the existing structure is the successor. The village of St. Fagan's, with its many quaint, old-fashioned thatch-roofed cottages, its Tudor gabled mansion, and its interesting church, almost hidden among spreading trees, is one of the most charming and pleasing in that part of the Principality. Its principal attraction lies in Lord Windsor's beautiful seat, the castle of St. Fagan, which, though not of imposing grandeur, indeed possesses in its hoary walls and many gables, its ancient features, and its Tudor embellishments, a character which we love to find in the old houses of the land.

The oldest portion of the remains probably dates from the thirteenth century, indicating the existence of a strongly fortified dwelling-place, commanding the neck of the Ely valley. This castle has left features of interest in our garden pictures, and of value in the garden plan. St. Fagan's underwent reconstruction later on, and Rice Merrick refers to it, in 1578, as one of the castles near the "frontiers of the mountaynes." Its owner at the time was one John Gabon, a doctor of the law, and it seems probable that the manor house was built about that date. It possesses the gables, mullioned windows, and chimneys which we associate with Tudor days, and is a bold and impressive house, standing on the crest of the hill, and looking, from its many windows and ancient embattled walls, over the gardens which lie upon the slope and in the valley to the landscape beyond. The position is very advantageous, and has lent itself extremely well to the formation of the gardens.

Before describing them, let us note the fact that the neighbourhood was the scene of a very sanguinary engagement.
in the Civil War. The Royalists had arranged a plan by which the entrance of the Scots into England was to be a signal for a simultaneous rising in every quarter of the kingdom, but the zeal of the Welshmen did not brook delay, and a force of 8,000 men quickly gathered. Chepstow was surprised, Carnarvon besieged, and Colonel Fleming defeated, but success led on the Welsh to their turn. Laughern was hastening towards Pembroke on May 8th, when, at St. Fagan's, he encountered the Parliamentary forces under Colonel Horton, who had been sent by Cromwell to enforce disbandment. A hard-fought engagement took place, in which the Welsh were defeated with great slaughter and the loss of many prisoners. Of St. Fagan's parish alone sixty-five inhabitants were slain, and it was impossible to reap the next harvest for want of men.

A SUNNY CORNER.

The Parliamentary tide flowed on to Pembroke, where a siege ensued, which detained Cromwell's forces for six weeks before the place surrendered.

In the seventeenth century St. Fagan's Castle, or manor house, passed into the hands of the family of Lewis of the Van, and by the marriage of Miss Lewis with the third Earl of Plymouth, who died in 1712, it came to a family new to the district. The Earls of Plymouth did not reside much at St. Fagan's, and the castle appears to have fallen into disrepair. Part of it was, in fact, used as the village school, but the late Baroness Windsor gave it as a residence to her son, the Hon. Robert Windsor-Clive, after his marriage with Lady Mary Bridgeman. This gentleman largely restored the old house, and furnished it with excellent taste, collecting the old oak and fine tapestry and china which it now contains. A great

MARBLE VASES ON THE TERRACE.
THE WATCH-TOWER—EARLY MORNING.
deal was done at this period, and many improvements and alterations in the grounds were suggested by the rough old walled garden and the picturesque contours of the ground. It remained, however, for Lady Mary Windsor-Clive to carry on the work after the death of her husband, who had designed and completed the terraces and fish-ponds, which are such an attractive feature in the place. The present Lady Windsor has added much to the beauty of the gardens, and work is still going on, so that the charming house and surroundings of St. Fagans may be expected to grow in their attractions.

Entering the grounds by the gate on the north side, very beautiful is the picture discovered. A broad drive, flanked by trees, and by green and spacious lawns, leads to an archway through the ancient castle wall, behind which rise the lofty gables of the Tudor structure. The grey walls of the ancient place gave rare attraction to the scene, and a dovecote raised upon a pillar is a feature of interest in the garden. The archway through which we reach the forecourt is richly clothed with ivy and flowering plants within and without, and in the centre of the area stands upon two steps a superb and very remarkable leaden cistern, surrounded by grass, which we illustrate. Such an object is very unusual in our gardens, and is perhaps unique, but the history of it seems not to be known. It is a glorious example of craftsmanship in lead. The date is 1622, and the tank bears the Royal arms. Grouped about it are features of exceptional interest—on one side the rugged walls of the medieval castle, on the other the many-windowed structure, luxuriantly vested with roses and climbing plants.

The principal garden front of the house, however, is on the other side, where the embattled wall, after partially enclosing the forecourt, extends towards the crest of the hill, which it lines with most admirable and picturesque effect, giving a glorious outlook over the terraced gardens to the south. There are gardens, however, on the north side of the wall, lying on the right of the approach to the house, of which something may be said before we pass to those on the slope. Here is the moated rose garden, which has the unusual feature of a narrow stone-margined water channel surrounding its central part. Roses flourish abundantly, and group with admirable effect against the grey stone walls of the old building.
THE THIRD TERRACE.
for on this side the remains of the ancient castle are many. The garden of annual flowers, enclosed within walls, is a delightful example of gay and successful gardening, and the walls are floral also. Near by is the characteristic and fanciful trellised garden, a triumph in its way, and the rose garden proper is also on this side. The rosery has been formed by the present Lady Windsor, and is a perfect dream of loveliness, and an ideal home for the queen of flowers. Here are bowers, screens, and pergolas with delightful green turf paths, and beds of the best varieties in great masses, the borders of hardy flowers arranged in a free and natural manner. There is also an orchard, in which are well-grown old trees, rich in blossom and heavy with fruit in the season. This is a happy place also for the cultivation of bulbs, and a succession of crocuses, narcissus, tulips, and other spring flowers makes this part of the gardens a place of enchanting beauty in the early months of the year. We are tempted to recall the thoughts of Ruskin in this garden—to think that the
flowers rightly flourish here for those who love them. "I know you would like to think that true," he says; "you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them; nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard!" Something like this seems the influence at St. Fagan's.

The long embattled wall which crests the hill there, separates the delightful garden region on the elevated land from the romantic beauty of the terraced garden on the southern slope. The wall is the most important portion of the old castle still remaining. It overlooks the Elly River; and the "wall walk," which commands the prospect, is well preserved, and terminates in a small turret, being a picturesque part of the modern offices built in the middle of the last century. From this exalted position in the castle gardens there is a great deal to survey, and the quaint turret is the place for the outlook in its realm of flower-land.

The terraces are in close proximity to the mansion, and there is a most lovely view over them from the battlements, terminating below in the fish-ponds, which reflect a magnificent growth of trees, partly enclosing them on the farther side, over whose topmost branches, from our lofty position on the hill, we look out to the lovely landscape beyond, rich in the sylvan beauty and green spaces of the country. There are five successive terraces, edged with stone or grass, and some of them having grass slopes, while the descent from the house is by a fine flight of steps, flanked on either side
by rows of junipers. The arrangement is superb, and may serve as an example for many who would form their gardens on the slopes.

In such a garden, where formality has not been sought, it is natural to find that the architectural features are few. Yet, at the various descents, the work is extremely good and very characteristic, and the masonry is handsome, and falls rightly into the garden picture. An abundance of flower vases forms an attractive feature, and roses and pelargoniums, the blue African lily, and multitudes of fine flowers are thus cultivated in perfection. All along the terrace walls also exceeding care is displayed in cultivating beautiful things. Here are exquisite borders, full of admirable plants, and the walls are rich in flowering climbers. It is a garden of subtle and abundant charm, created and tended with unflinching skill and care.

The garden melts, as it were, into the surroundings on this side, and when at length, going down by the various descents, we arrive at the border of the ponds, where the water-lilies grow, we find ourselves in a natural landscape—a transition most delightful. In the silvery surfaces of the ponds the surrounding trees are reflected, and when we have passed to the other side, looking back we see the house reflected, with all its terraces and gardens—true an enchanting picture. The two ponds, though close together, are separated by a walk giving access to the park beyond.

On the southern slope, where the terraces are, all things prosper, and the terrace borders are triumphs in successful gardening, the place being beautiful and fragrant because of the admirable selection of flowers grown, from early spring until the last winds of autumn have blown. The trees are magnificent, though not of great size, and include fine planes, lovely birches, branching oaks, and stately and imposing conifers, which last are green all the winter through. Individually and in masses the trees adorn both the foreground and the distance with admirable effect, and the outlook over the garden, with the rushing streamlet and waterfalls, and the perfect sylvan beauty, conjures up in the mind the idea of some southern land.

The village of St. Fagan's may be described as a garden also. It has in that picturesque ness which we delight to find in our rural villages. The quaint cottages, admirably picturesque in their irregularity, are embowered in fragrant shrubs and trees, their porches gay with sweet-smelling honeysuckle and jasmine, and roses climbing to their chimneyes. There is nothing to break the rural charm, and St. Fagan's is a village dear to the artist, who finds in the quaint cottages and in the ancient walls of the castle many subjects for his pencil. The church is a feature in the landscape, and its ancient character and many memorials make it interesting to the antiquary. The neighbouring country adds the right grace and charm. There are undulating pastures, wide sweeping dales, woods, and rippling streamlets, all constituting a most agreeable country.

We remember that it was here the famous battle was lost and won, in which, in some measure, was decided the fate of a kingdom and a commonwealth, but we may say with Byron:

"Those days are gone, but beauty still is here;
Sta's fall, Art's fail, but Nature doth not die."

We must add that to the present Lord and Lady Windsor, who are true lovers of all that makes the country and country houses beautiful, are due the preservation and the enrichment of the sylvan and rural beauty of St. Fagan's.

The river Ely flowing through the valley enhances the charm of the landscape. Few would suspect that within a few miles lies the busy port of Cardiff, where the ships ever come and go, and the town is busy with the hum of men. Up on the hill at St. Fagan's, or down by the fish-ponds and the woods, we do not think of such things. We are content to look upon the beautiful terraced gardens, to linger in the rosery, or among the annual flowers, and to endeavour to trace out the plan of the old castle which stood here long ago. Much of the beauty of these islands is due to the care and judgment, and the love of natural things, of those who, like Lord and Lady Windsor, devote themselves to beautifying and adorning with new attractions the places in which they dwell.
THE TROUT STREAM AT LITTLECOTE.
THE famous house of Littlecote—the ancient home of the Darells and the Pophams—stands within the Wiltshire border, but at a distance of some three or four miles from Hungerford in Berks. Leland describes its grounds as "a right faire and large parke hanyngge upon the cliffe of a highe hille welde woddyd over Kenet," and the description is true to-day, for the Kennet still flows through the park, and the woods still are green.

The situation is fine, aud the land by the house level, but higher to the south, so that as the visitor nears it, approaching by the old avenue, he sees the red brck wall and the gables, of which there are some forty, and the chimney-stacks rising above the hedges and garden adornments. Truly a house of marvellous charm is this, in a grouping of old-world picturesqueness, a feast of colour also, when seen in the setting sun, with the dark green foreground and the sky behind, and countless panes in its mulioned windows to reflect the evening glow. The alterations made nearly a century ago by General Edward Leyborne-Popham, who had married the heiress of the Pophams and taken the name, do not in any way break the unique spell.

What kind of garden should we desire to adorn such a house? We might have chosen a low terrace, perhaps, for our outlook, but, in any case, we should have demanded simplicity. Now, simplicity is the dominant characteristic of the place. There is enclosure by walling and hedges, and every wall is used as the support for fruit trees or climbing flowers. The Kennet lends a branch of its stream on the north side to form a trout water in the gardens and meadows, and there are well-kept grass walks on either side, flanked by glorious borders of herbaceous flowers. Here stately lilies, giant hollyhocks, gay phloxes, glorious poppies, and tall foxgloves, snapdragons, and larkspurs flourish, with many a humber gem at their feet, and the unrivalled background of a dark, dense hedge, or a mossy, well-clothed wall. There are beautiful lawns, and a bowling green covered with perfect turf, and a quaint "Dutch garden"—though why that fair retreat should not be English no man can say. Flower-beds and garden seats are there also. Then the south court is approached by a superb iron gateway, leading to the grass plot, the dale, and the porch, and we think of the generations of Darells and Pophams who have entered that way. Everywhere are fine trees rising naturally in masses and affording cool shade and the aspect of repose. The park, which is some four miles in circumference, is varied in character and contour, and picturesque, with a certain wildness in its aspect that is charming and beautiful. On one side rises a
GARDENS OLD AND NEW.

The Coat of Arms over the doorway.

The North Front and Bowling Green.
lofty hill, crowned with wood, and forming a fine contrast with the luxuriant and level meadows extending along the banks of the KenAUT. Radiance, sweetness, and natural attraction are everywhere to be found.

Littlecote was long the seat of the Darells, and here lived, in the sixteenth century, William Darell, the last of the line of its builders, whose stormy career is still recounted by the neighbouring peasants, when they tell the tale of "Wild Darell." The story goes that one dark and stormy night a hasty messenger arrived on horseback at the cottage of a Berkshire midwife, demanding her services for a lady. Plentiful was the reward, but the strange condition was that the woman should be blindfolded, and be carried on the horseman’s pillion to her duties. Her scruples were overcome, and the pair rode on until they reached a solitary mansion, where the midwife, still blindfolded, was conducted to an upper room. She performed her duties to a lady, whom tradition avers to have been masked, but scarcely had the new-born infant been thus strangely ushered into the great world, when a man of ferocious aspect entered, and brutally extinguished its new-budded life by dashing it on the back of a great fire which roared on the hearth, amid the shrieks of the mother and the cries of the woman.

Then the midwife, again blindfolded, was mounted on the pillion, and, hurriedly riding in the breaking day with her silent companion, was put within her own doors; but the strangeness of the summons had aroused her curiosity, and, on reaching the house, she had counted the steps and had cut a piece out of the lady’s bed-curtain. Thus ultimately was the horrid deed brought home to its cruel author, and palpable was the proof of his guilt. Yet Darell escaped the penalty of his crime. Old Aubrey avers that a dark transaction wrought his freedom. "The knight was brought to his trial; and, to be short, this judge had his noble house, park, and manor, and (I think) more, for a bribe to save his life."

The judge in question was Sir John Popham, Chief Justice of the King’s Bench, a sound lawyer, but a severe man, who presided at the trials of Sir Walter Raleigh and Guy Fawkes. The story, it must be confessed, seems improbable, though it is not to be denied that Darell lived, and that Popham possessed his estate, but it would appear that Darell sold the reversion to him in 1586, and that he entered into possession when the murderer died in 1589. The manner of his death is stated by tradition to have been consonant with his desperate and passionate life. He had always been a wild
A FLOWER BORDER BY THE TROUT STREAM.

THE ORANGERY.

THE ORANGERY.
horseman, and they say, dashing in frenzied career across the park, his steed fell in the headlong course, and I was killed with his rider on a spot still known as "Darell's Leap."

Such is the story told with bated breath at Littlecote, lending a strange interest to the old house and the grounds in which these scenes were enacted. The place, in all appropriateness, has its haunted room, and the curious will like to know that it is the chamber with the open window in our picture of the north front and bowing green. With the Pophams the house long remained, and happily it is still in their possession. The judge's only son was Sir Francis Popham, a soldier and politician of litigious temperament, who died in 1644. His son John had died before him, and was buried with great pomp at Littlecote in 1638. Alexander, the second son, succeeded at Littlecote, and, after siding with Parliament in the Civil War, entertained Charles II. at his house in 1663. The buffet scenes of the day still hang in the hall. The third son of Sir Francis was Sir Edward Popham, a distinguished admiral and general, who was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1651.

It is unnecessary, however, to follow the generations of the Pophams of Littlecote. The present owner is descended in the female line from Alexander Popham, just mentioned. Macaulay records that William of Orange, after his conference with the Commissioners of James at Hungerford, December 8th, 1658, retired to Littlecote, where a great assemblage met him. He occupied the rooms of which the windows, shown in the picture of the north-west corner of the garden, look out along that lovely grass walk. The present owner is Mr. Francis William Leyborne-Popham, eldest son of the late Mr. Francis Leyborne-Popham, D.L., J.P., of Littlecote, who died in 1880. Mr. Leyborne-Popham married, in 1890, Maud Isabel, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Howard, of Greystoke Castle, Cumberland. For some years Littlecote has been let, and Mr. Leopold Hirsch is the present tenant.
WITHIN some three miles of the busy Lancashire town of Bolton-le-Moors, noisy with the hum of the spind'le and the rattle of the shuttle in the loom, stands ancient Smithills Hall, apart in its gardens, and preserving its old-time splendour undimmed. In these pages several of the black and white—or "magpie," as it is sometimes called—timber-work houses of Lancashire have been depicted. We might dwell upon the charms of that old English style, which has few finer exemplars than the house of Smithills, but it is perhaps unnecessary to refer again to the general character of such places. What is specially gratifying in regard to this antique house is that, though it lies so near to a manufacturing town, it is maintained in something even greater than its pristine charm. Such additions as have been made to fit it for a modern habitation are in admirable taste, and the stone enlargements are in excellent harmony with the whole structure.

Beautiful gardens and a good park are the setting of the place. Their character is broad and simple, and without elaboration, as will be seen from the pictures, and the effect is eminently satisfactory. In the ancient courtyard there is a pleasant arrangement of flower-beds. The long lawns which are upon the south front form a raised terrace, and there is nothing to detract from the architectural proportions or the harmony of the structure. At the outer edge of this terrace runs a low wall without any balustrade, and there are three simple descents, with stonework margins and the old adornment of stone balls.

The stairways lead down to a long walk, with a fine flower border under the wall, and a grass margin on the other hand, beyond which is another low stone wall with grass lying below. The garden masonry is everywhere excellent, as may be noticed in the illustration of the ascents to the mount. That mount is a feature in the garden, and it has been conjectured that it was the mound or base of a fortified tower, which it is believed anciently stood upon the
spot. The trees about Smithills Hall are fine and wide-spread, and add a great deal to the charm of the pictures. In some places ivy clings to the structure, as well as various flowering plants. Generally speaking it may be said that the garden is good, simple, and appropriate. In this, of course, there is a lesson. It is, that much may be achieved without either great labour or great expense; and in this matter Smithills might well be an example.

The site of the Hall presents many analogies to those of other Lancashire houses, and it is reasonable to think that it was selected because of the facilities it presented for defence. In this matter it is like Agecroft, Little Bolton Hall, and the well-known “Hall i’th Wood” in the same neighbourhood. Smithills stands on the edge of a steep cliff, at the bottom of which flows a tributary of the river Tonge, while on the other sides, in former times, there was the protection of a moat.

The glen which results from the steep declivity adds picturesqueness to the place, and a rocky bridge and overhanging trees have an agreeable touch of wildness, and give to the park a great deal of natural charm. The water of the glen comes down from the hills above, forms a basin or lake, and runs into a ravine of rock towards Bolton and the busy places which lie at the foot of the hill. The arrangement of the house shall presently be described, but, while we are speaking of its situation, it may be interesting to say that the old gate-house seems to have been at the south-west corner of the quadrangle, as is marked by an avenue of trees which leads that way. The quadrangle is not enclosed, as in some houses of the class, but is open on the south side, and the more modern erections have been added in an extension westward.

In very ancient times the place belonged to the great house of Lacy, and it passed to the Stanleys of Lathom, and then to the Radcliffes, who were seated at Smithills in the reign of Edward III., and were a branch of the Radcliffes of Radcliffe Tower. Joanna, the daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Radcliffe, conveyed Smithills to her husband, Ralph Barton of Home, Esquire, at some date after 1450. The older portions of the present house at Smithills, with their singular enrichments, and very fine internal carvings, were built by Sir Andrew Barton in the reign of Henry VII., and it is interesting to note that the rebus of his name—a bar and a ton—with the initials “A.B.,” still remains in the panelling of the dining-room.

It was during the residence of the Bartons at Smithills that a somewhat remarkable episode occurred there. Those were bitter times, when the hand of one man was often set
up into the throat of another, and when the wrongs of one reign brought their retribution in that which followed. It is recorded that in 1555 a young curate, named George Marsh, was apprehended and brought before Justice Barton at Smithills, on the charge of holding heretical opinions obnoxious to the government of Queen Mary. At the examination Marsh's friends, foreseeing the dangers, entreated him to conform, but he stood steadfast, and, stamping his foot on the ground, exclaimed: "If my cause be just, let the prayers of thine unworthy servant be heard." Theretofore, so the story goes, the footprint remained, and was regarded with veneration; and even now, as if to confound the incredulous, it may be seen in the passage by the "gospel hall." A panel in the floor is raised, and there something like the imprint of a foot is seen, while above is an inscription on the wall recording how George Marsh of Orme, whose footprint it is, was burnt at Chester in Mary's time. It appears that, after being examined at Smithills, Marsh was taken before the Earl of Derby at Lathom, and was burnt outside the walls of Chester on April 24th, 1555.

Sir Thomas Barton of Smithills died in 1659, and the estate passed, with his daughter Grace, as sole heiress, to Henry Belasyse, M.P., eldest son of Thomas, first Viscount Fauconberg, whose descendant, the third Earl, sold the manor in 1721. It afterwards passed to the Byrons of Manchester, and was sold for £21,000 to Mr. Richard Ainsworth of Helliwell, who died in 1813. It thus reached good hands, and, through the care of that gentleman and his present successor in the estate, has been brought to a new state of perfection.

Mr. Henry Taylor, who has written a very interesting book, entitled "Old Halls in Lancashire and Cheshire," says that the architectural history of Smithills is more beset with entanglements than that of almost any other old house he has dealt with, in consequence of the great number of alterations and rebuildings in mediaval and subsequent times. The difficulty of unravelling the confusion is increased by the unusually large number of rooms and the great size of the house. From the architectural point of view, the main interest is on the eastern side of the quadrangle, from which the domestic part has gone westward, where the more modern portions lie in an added wing. The courtyard, which, as we have said, is open on the south side, is about 60ft. square. On the north is the great hall, with the pantry and buttery, and across the western end of the large apartment are screens, with an ancient passage through the building from north to south. At the east end stood the high table, with a canopy over it, but at the close of the eighteenth century the great hall was converted into a brew-house, the side walls raised, and a false roof of flatter pitch added, and a new floor. The walls have been all more or less rebuilt, the first rebuilding being from wood to stone in Tudor times. There is now an open timber roof of very great beauty, and from it the date of the earlier building may be taken.

entered by a door at the back of the high table was the smaller hall, or lord's chamber, now divided into rooms, and further east was a charming withdrawing-room or banqueting-room. The don ste chapel is on that side also, and may be seen in the pictures, with a cross upon the table and by clothing the walls. Unfortunately, it has suffered damage in past times by fire, and so is not so generally interesting. On the western side of the quadrangle are apartments with massive oak timber roofs, built originally without the corridor, which is now seen. This was added in the Jacobean period to provide means for entering the upper rooms independently, and is supported by an arcade of oak columns, forming a verandah to the lower rooms, where is the splendid old oak carving, with the ancient linen pattern, the rebus of the bar and ton, the oak leaves and acorn, and quaint legends, most of the oak having been taken from the old withdrawing-room on the other side of the quadrangle.

Such, then, is the ancient Lancashire house at Smithills. In its surroundings, though we might wish the busy hum of the urgent world somewhat further away, there is very much that in our garden survey we have been able to admire. Those broad expanses of grass, that simple treatment of the terracing upon the gentle slope, the presence of those old trees, and the encouragement of those gorgeous colonies of radiant flowers, seem to present together all that we should wish to find in the surroundings of such a house. Long may Smithills Hall remain as the exemplar of good things coming down from ancient times, and well preserved in modern days.
GROOMBRIDGE PLACE, near Tunbridge Wells, separated from the neighbouring county of Sussex by a stream of the Medway, is celebrated among all the great houses of Kent. Its historical and personal interests and associations are many, and its present attractions conspicuous and even famous, while the neighbourhood is as beautiful as any in that part of England. In its moated and terraced gardens there is a great deal to admire—so much, indeed, that too many have sought the privilege, and now, it appears, the place is not shown. The more welcome, therefore, should be the pictures of it presented here. Groombridge is a hamlet and manor in the Kentish parish of Speldhurst, which in the time of Edward I. passed to a younger branch of the powerful family of Cobham of Cobham. Its owner, at that time, was Henry de Cobham, who was commonly known as "le Uncle," in order to distinguish him from another of the same name. He obtained a charter for a weekly market there, which was a notable source of revenue, but presently alienated the place to the Clinto:s, and Sir John of that family possessed it in the days of Richard II. His descendant in the reign of Henry IV. did homage, and became Lord Clinton and Say, the latter title coming through his wife’s inheritance. From this nobleman Groombridge passed by sale to Thomas Waller of Lamberhurst, to whom succeeded John Waller of Groombridge. The Wallers were a great family in Kent and Sussex, and, although Groombridge Place is later, some of the buttressed walls probably belong to their time. It was a place well moated and made defensible by art.

The son of John Waller of Groombridge was Sir Richard Waller, a valiant soldier, who did gallant service at Agincourt. His name does not occur in the roll of those who were there, but the same is the case with some others, including the famous David Gamme, or squint-eyed David, who was knighted on the field, and whose Sir Walter Raleigh extolled as a modern Hannibal. Let us not wonder, therefore, at the omission from the proud list of the name of the knight of Groombridge. Sir Richard Waller would have merited the
eulogy, for he it was, as we most credibly hold, who took the Duke of Orleans on the field. The shocking massacre of the fight is well known, and although the circumstances are somewhat obscure, it is on record that Waller laid hands on the Duke, who, for his welfare, was discovered alive under a heap of the slain. It has, indeed, been asserted that Sir John Cornwall was the actual captor, but the statement can scarcely be correct, for, though Cornwall afterwards had charge of the Duke, there can be no doubt that the noble captive was confided to the custody of Sir Richard Waller, as was his due, who held him captive at Groombridge. It would appear that the seizure of this important prisoner was profitable to the Kentish knight, for he rebuilt the house on the old foundations, and was a benefactor to Speldhurst Church. The Duke was afterwards confided to Sir Thomas Chamberworth, and then to Sir John Cornwall. Waller is said to have had, as an addition to his achievement, the arms of France on an escutcheon hanging by a label on a walnut tree, with the motto "Fractus Virtutis."

His grandson, William Waller of Groombridge, was Sheriff of the County in 1530. To him succeeded another William, whose son, Sir Walter Waller, buried at Speldhurst, was the father of George Waller and of Sir Thomas, who, though his younger son, succeeded him at Groombridge. The latter was Lieutenant of Dover Castle in the time of James I. He alienated the estate to Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, Lord Treasurer of England, but that nobleman's grandson conveyed it to John Packer, Esq., Clerk of the Privy Seal to Charles I., who rebuilt Groombridge Chapel.

In the new possessor we encounter another interesting man. Packer, who was born at Twickenham, and had studied both at Cambridge and Oxford, grew to high favour at Court, under the patronage of Burghley, of two successive Earls of Dorset, and of Buckingham, and he travelled with Thomas Lord Dorset in France in 1610, afterwards going as envoy to Denmark. He gained the favour of many great people, and had profitable offices conferred upon him. About the year 1618 he had grown rich enough to buy Groombridge, and in 1625 he rebuilt the chapel there in gratitude for Prince Charles's return from Spain, and perhaps with an idea of further Royal favour. As a matter of fact, Charles gave him a manor in Berkslihire at the coronation, and he had possessions elsewhere. Charles doubtless felt that he could depend upon Mr. Packer, but when loans were asked in 1629-30, it is on record that the squire of Groombridge refused, and forthwith allied himself with the Parliament. Unlike persons have represented him as self-seeking, avaricious, and even treacherous; he certainly was a good business man. He may also have imbibed new political doctrines from his friend Sir John Eliot, but the Cavaliers naturally did not like him, and all his property, save Groombridge, was sequestrated.
filled then the sylvan valley with their raucous cry, and spread their glories on the terrace walls as in these days. Certainly the place became beautiful, with attractions to Mr. Packer's mind.

It has been stated that when Evelyn returned from Italy enraptured with the classic taste, he persuaded his friend to rebuild the house at Groombridge in that style. It does not seem, however, to possess very much of the Italian character, though the portico and loggia are Ionic, for the roof and windows are very much in the Dutch character. It may well be that Evelyn's advice was sought in regard to the arrangement of the grounds. He went to Groombridge in July, 1672, and heard a sermon at Mr. Packer's chapel there, and in his diary describes the house as "a pretty melancholy seat, well wooded and watered," and he records the fact that the chapel had been built by Mr. Packer's father in remembrance of the return of Prince Charles safety out of Spain.

Evelyn records another visit to Groombridge in August, 1674, which seems to explain his view of the melancholy character of the seat. "I went to Groombridge to see my old friend Mr. Packer; the house was built within a moat, in a woody valley. The old house has been the place of confinement of the Duke of Orleans, taken by one Waller (whose house it then was) at the battle of Agincourt, now demolished, and a new one built in its place, though a far better situation had been on the south of the wood, on a graceful ascent. At some small distance is a large chapel, not long since built by Mr. Packer's father, on a vow he made to do it on the return of King Charles I, out of Spain, 1625, and dedicated to St. Charles, but what saint there was then of that name I am to seek, for, being a Protestant, I conceive it was not Borromeo."

It is pleasant to associate John Evelyn with this lovely place in the region of England he knew and described so well. It is something, indeed, of classic ground that we tread in the beautiful terraced gardens of old Groombridge, and though Evelyn would have liked a site on the hill, few will question that the place gains much by the ancient moat spanned by its three bridges on the north, east, and west. Mr. Packer was buried in Groombridge Chapel, and was succeeded in possession by his son John, and then by his grandson Philip. The last-named died unmarried, when Groombridge Place came to his sisters as co-heiresses, and was vested in the Court of
THE NORTH-EAST WALK.

THE GATEWAY AND THE PEACOCKS.
Chancery, where it remained until it was purchased by Mr. William Camfield towards the end of the eighteenth century. It passed through the hands of other owners, and came into the possession of the late Rev. John J. Saint of Groombridge.

The broad moat is the distinguishing feature of the place. The main approach is by a bridge that spans it, leading to two lofty gate-posts, topped by acorn-like adornments, and clustered, like the bridge, with ivy. This brings us to the entrance, and there is little space for gardenage between the moat and the house. Nevertheless, the immediate neighbourhood of the edifice is rich and glorious in its abundant flowers and its wealth of greenery, and there are lawns and flowering bushes, while on the east side a sundial has an appropriate place.

The grouping of the structure with these neighbouring gardens is very fine, and the effect most beautiful. It is a grand composition in colour, for the mellow brickwork contrasts delightfully with the green things that grow there. On the placid surface of the moat many are the charming objects reflected, and the antique walls and lofty roofs, thus doubled, form a picture not to be forgotten when seen with the gardens and woods behind in the full prime of the leisiest month of June. The old brickwork, the ancient buttresses of the walls, the gate-posts with their ornamented tops, the fruit trees and flowering climbers, the splendid herbaceous borders, and the sequestered ways, like that under the pergola to the garden seat, are the features of truly delightful gardenage. It is a summer garden that we depict, but Groombridge is beautiful at all times of the year, with charms that the town-dweller would scarcely suspect. Thus in the winter frosts the old brickwork assumes a deeper hue, contrasted with the delicate silver tracery of the houghs and the snow-laden evergreens.

The foliage is magnificent in character and variety, and planting long ago bears its fruit now. Nothing could surpass the magnificent colour and form of the sylvan groups. Passing the bridge, and ascending the slope, the terraces are reached, from which all may be surveyed. There are pleasant ways by stairs and green slopes, where stone edgings mark the ascent, with vases full of flowers, and when we reach the top, with the glorious trees behind us, there is an outlook over the house, gardens, and water spaces which appeals most powerfully to the imagination when its beauties are contemplated and the historic memories which make it famous are recalled.

In such a garden as this there is infinite charm because of its great variety. There is the pleasant border by the old brick and stone garden wall, with the huge butresses, and the vista beyond to the pergola. Look again at the moat, reflecting the cultivated woodland, margined with a terrace wall, and crossed by bridges thickly grown with ivy, while the moat walls give kindly hospitality to many plants that root themselves therein. Then there is the pleasant fountain in the north garden, where the triton blows upon a shell in a region of summer flowers and evergreen bushes. The green slopes by the water are a great feature, and water counts for much in the character of the Groombridge gardens. Still more notable, perhaps, is the prodigious growth of flowers in the long borders, like those which margin the grass walk in the upper garden, where the history of the year may be read. Here we think the first snowdrop came, here colonies of crocuses, daffodils, and narcissi also; the blue gentians followed, and the columbines, and the great globe-amaranth, the dark blue monk's-hood; perhaps, the spiky veronica, and the meadow-sweet, the lady's-smantle, and the evening primrose, and then in the late autumn the tall-growing lilies, lycoris, it may be, or auratum.

The more stately part of the garden, with its trimmed hedges of yew and laurel, recalls the days of Evelyn. He was ever counselling and advising his friends. Thus, when he went with his "brother Evelyn" to Wotton, it was to give him directions about his garden. There a mountain, overgrown with huge trees and a thicket, was to be removed, and the moat was to be drained, which was done at no great cost. Perhaps in these days Evelyn would not have recommended the destruction of moats. At least we may congratulate ourselves that, notwithstanding his opinion, Groombridge stands where it did, with the moat to reflect the charms of its architecture and its garden.
FEW great places in the east of England have so inadequate a record of their past as Lord de Saumarez's mansion and famous gardens at Shrubland. Some remains of the original house still exist at a little distance from the present Hall. The date, 1637, and the initials, N.B., show that it was probably built in the later days of its tenure by the Bacons. It appears that the place from the days of Edward III. passed through a great number of hands, and did not remain long in the possession of any family until Helen Lytton, granddaughter of Sir Robert Lytton of Knebworth, brought it to Edward Bacon, third son of Sir Nicholas, the Lord Keeper. It remained in the Bacon family for four generations following the first owner of the name, and was sold, after the death of the Rev. Nicholas Bacon in 1795, to Mr. William Middleton of Crowfield, who was created a Baronet in 1804, and assumed, by sign-manual in 1822, the name of Fowle, in addition to and before that of Middleton. Sir William was a native of South Carolina, and a grandson of a former Governor of that colony. The estate, after the death of his son, Sir William Fowle Middleton, passed to his nephew, Admiral Sir George Brooke-Middleton, and after his death to his niece, the present Lady de Saumarez, daughter of the late Captain Charles Acton Broke. Sir Philip Broke, who commanded the Shannon in the famous action against the Chesapeake, married a daughter of Sir William Fowle
Middleton. His fourth son took the name of Middleton from his mother's family. The hero of the Shannon was thus the ancestor of the lady who now owns Shrubland, and is married to the descendant of another of the most famous of English Naval heroes. The site of Shrubland is the finest of any house in Suffolk, except those on the Orwell River. The valley of the river Gipping, a small deep navigable stream, which runs down from Stowmarket to Ipswich, forms in front of the place, a typical alluvial valley, of the kind which Constable delighted to paint. The side of this valley, on which the house stands, is one of the last pieces of chalk in East Suffolk, with light sandy loam above it. The contour is far steeper than that of the ordinary heavy loams of the county, which lie for miles behind the park. Consequently, it forms a long elevated ridge, all covered with park and woods from foot to crest, where the Italian house and stately garden architecture of Sir Charles Barry had full scope for display.

The gardens and pleasure grounds are exceptionally large, even as those of the great houses go; and the gardens and "kept" grounds cover sixty-five acres. There are greater houses in England than Shrubland Park, but probably not another possesses such a very stately example of the grand style of gardening, as the creation of comparatively recent times, and in a situation where a great and truly magnificent descent from level to level could be formed upon so attractive a steep. To survey these gardens is, indeed, something of a liberal education in the splendid aspects of the art of gardening. Through the centre runs a magnificent green drive bordered with arbor-vita and yew. Green drives are also cut and kept mown through the park, and woods as well.

A WALK BY THE GREAT STAIRWAY.

The splendour of the gardens must appeal to all. They are set in a large wild park, full of deer, and planted with trees both new and old. The latter belong probably to the era of the old Hall, the former to that of the present house, which was rebuilt for Sir William Fowle Middleton by Sir Charles Barry in 1830. Sir Charles also designed the elaborate and immensely costly garden architecture and "lay out," assisted largely by Lady Anne Middleton (a sister of Earl Brownlow) in improving the great additions—not the first instance in which a lady has exercised an important influence in the highest developments of garden design. The "Brownlow Terrace," still recalls the memory of her family. The ancient chestnuts, which probably formed the avenue to the old house, were spared where possible. Thirteen still remain, probably among the largest and oldest in England. The measurement of the finest tree is, at the present time, 32ft. in circumference at the base. At 4ft. from the ground it measures 24ft. in girth, and is 86ft. in height. What was formerly the largest tree, but now sadly broken by storms, is 47ft. round on the ground line, and 50ft. at 4ft. from the ground.
did not desert purely Italian models, the effect at a distance is slightly Sarcenic. From the grand staircase, looking south, is as fine a prospect of formal garden arrangement as can be seen elsewhere in England. The whole coup d'oeil is complete. Successive stairways and balustraded platforms drop down through cedars and pines to the lower gardens, the circular fountain basin being immediately at the foot of the stairway, and an immense lower terraced garden, with perfectly formal bedding, and a semi-circular sweep on either side of balustrading, and another terraced slope, lead to the parks and woodlands below. Beyond is the wooded valley, and the timbered line of hills far beyond it, a representative English landscape, in which, on the principle that all good things go together, the splendid and extensive Italian gardens take their place as foreground with admirable effect. The vast amount of building, the hundreds of thousands of cubic yards of earth removed, and the extent of walling and terracing, account in part for the staff of masons and brickmakers kept on the estate, doing almost entirely ornamental, or at any rate non-remunerative, work. There are no odd corners at Shrubland; every side was cared for equally. The east terrace, for instance, has its gushing fountain. Close by is a stone terrace set with vases and statues down to the fern gates, made in a design admirably suited to the classical setting of which they are an ornament. It will be seen that at a greater distance from the house, and lower down the slope, the garden architecture assumes a lighter character. Pierced parapets take the place of the heavier balustrades. The garden-houses have Anglo-Italian finials and decoration and flat pierced work, and children and cupids replace adult gods and goddesses and classic busts. This is seen in the view of the panel garden.
THE GREAT STAIRWAY AND BALUSTRADED PLATFORMS AT SHRUBLAND, LOOKING SOUTH.
and the lower terrace. From the sides of these subordinate gardens vistas like the famous green walk run out into the pleasure grounds. But perhaps the most striking use of turf terracing is that of the crossing lines of sward, such as that which runs for a great distance right through the grounds at the foot of the stone terraces, passing the lower pleasuregrounds, with its upright yews, its pavilions and cedars. Modern taste has mitigated the severe classicisms of the Shrubland gardens by covering the balustrades with roses and letting climbing plants drape the terrace walls. But they still remain one of the finest examples of the Italian style of garden embellishment as British architects understood it.

When Sir William Fowle Middleton died the estate was vested in a trust, now terminated, but of a kind containing rather unusual provisions. The upkeep of the gardens was specially provided for by an endowment of £2,000 a year to be spent in their maintenance. It probably was not at all too much for the task. There are serpents of golden yew lying on green cushions of turf, gardens hanging rooftop above other gardens, and along the great transverse walk is a whole series of gardens each in a different style. You take your choice of anything you fancy, or can imagine yourself in Japan at one moment, or at Hampton Court the next. Going to the right from the panel garden the visitor sees the fountain garden, a blaze of colour; next is a Chinese garden; then a box garden follows, devoted to the treatment of that staple of the topiary art; a verbena garden follows, and then a maze. The poplar garden is greatly in place in Suffolk, where that tree forms in its wild state the most striking feature in the landscape. There are also a rose garden, a tent garden, and detached groups of flowers stretching away to lake and wood. The looking-glass garden sends two brilliant borders up to an open summerhouse, whence the coup d'oeil can be surveyed at leisure.
SHRUBLAND PARK.

THE UPPER TERRACES AT SHRUBLAND PARK.
THE PRIVATE GARDEN AT FROGMORE.
Since the time when William the Conqueror laid the foundation of Windsor Castle each English Sovereign in succession has added to it an expression of his or her individuality, and that of the longest lived of them all lingers there still. We scarcely know what great and inspiring memories may not be evoked by the prospect of these enchanting scenes. Here the long line of our Sovereigns has lived. Hither have come the Ministers of State, the great soldiers and seamen, heroes of every sort, the highest personages in our literary and art annals. How many great men have looked upon these historic scenes, which many are now privileged to survey! Frogmore especially represents the tastes and character of Queen Victoria, just as Sandringham, the place which has, so to speak, grown up under his ownership, represents those of King Edward VII., while Windsor is the great exemplar of Royal taste and kingly majesty. Already the places are being changed and modified. Throughout her whole life, but especially towards the end, Queen Victoria had the affection of a strong nature for what was old and endeared by long association, so that she was averse to the removal of ancient landmarks. And what a great deal Windsor and Frogmore must have been to her! Here was her stately and historic home during life, and for long years of widowhood she contemplated sleeping in death side by side with her beloved husband under the mausoleum she had erected to his memory at Frogmore. Set there in stillness, amid sombre green trees, it suggests Goethe's
WATER-LILIES AND WOODS AT THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S MAUSOLEUM.
solemn line, "Stars silent over us, graves under us silent." Within a hundred yards is the tomb of her mother, the Duchess of Kent. There remains the simple tea-house where so much of her time was spent, and close to it two very fine old evergreen oaks, holm or holly oaks, as they are sometimes called. Between them and under the shade cast by the dark foliage of their gnarled limbs she used to receive endless visitors who came about affairs—Cabinet Ministers, diplomatists, and the others who have business with Royalty. Queen Victoria ever delighted in trees, and there are few parts about Frogmore that are not distinguished by noble specimens. There is the beautiful lime avenue, one of the finest extant, in which the upper parts of the trees are thick with benches of mistletoe; we know of no other place in England where it grows more profusely. Not far from the Duchy of Kent's tomb there are three remarkable trees. One is a maidenhair, Salisbury adiantifolia, said to be the finest of its kind in Europe; another is a towering decidual cypress; and the third a Californian Thuja gigantea, planted by the Princess Hohenlohe in 1857. Of a curious historical interest is the well-known Luther beech. Its history is written in the tablet placed at its root. "This tree was raised from the beech tree near Altenstem, in the Duchy of Saxe-

Meiningen, called Luther's Beech, under which Dr. Martin Luther was arrested and conducted from thence to Wartburg in 1521. The little offshoot was brought to England from Meiningen by King William IV. in 1825, and planted by Queen Adelaide near the house at Bushey Park. Per Majesty bequeathed it in her last will to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with the request that it might be transplanted into the enclosure at Adelaide Cottage." This was successfully done in 1856. Queen Adelaide's Cottage was originally a keeper's lodge, but was greatly enlarged and improved. Very pretty and attractive it looked, with its surrounding borders of simple spring flowers—primroses, wallflowers, forget-me-nots, and the like.

In the late Queen's favourite and private garden the spectator breathes a very old-world air. It is surrounded with thick yew hedges, which themselves testify to the clipping and care of several generations—how many or how long it would be difficult to say. Then you come first to tiny flower-plots laid out in the formal, simple style of the early Georgian, or an earlier period. Each has its tiny box edging, and the general effect is one of being carried back for at least two hundred years. Here Queen Victoria followed her fine conservative instincts, and would allow no modernisation to be attempted. Plot and box edging and yew hedge are to all appearances left as she found them. But the rose garden at the further end has, of course, received the magnificent roses developed by scientific nineteenth century horticulture. In all the grounds there is nothing more eloquent of the late Queen's tastes than this exquisite, tasteful, and admirable private garden. Fragrance, floral beauty, the reposeful aspect of the hedges and borders, and the general air of quiet and calm, are the note of character in this pleasance. Time and long usage have imparted to it a sweetness of their own, and it is easy to believe that in this seclusion the widowed Queen found solace and refreshment.

This quiet feeling is very appropriate at Frogmore. The house itself is elegant rather than grand, and was long the residence of the Duchess of Kent. The estate is an ancient demesne of the Crown, although during the Civil Wars it was sold by Charles I., but was returned to its original owners during the reign of his son Charles II. The house was built by Queen Charlotte, who at her death bequeathed it to the Princess Augusta, who resided there till 1840. The approach is by a semi circular drive, planted with shrubs, and there are many art treasures within. A very fine and pleasing building,
A MARBLE URN ON THE TERRACE AT WINDSOR.
THE TERRACE AT HADSOR.
HE pleasant county of Worcestershire is famous for its many fine houses, great churches, and picturesque villages. It is a county of orchards, gardens, and cornfields—though there are now fewer of these than of yore—where the rustic cottages are garlanded with flowers, and the great houses stand bravely in the midst of great domains. Its rural fame of rare productiveness is of ancient date, for William of Malmesbury describes it thus: "A land rich in corn, productive of fruits in some parts by the sole favour of Nature, in others by the art of cultivation, enticing even the lazy to industry by the prospect of a hundredfold return; you may see the highway clothed with trees that produce apples, not by the grafter’s hand, but by the nature of the ground itself, for the earth of its own account rears them up to fruit in excellence of flavour and appearance, many of which wither not under a year, nor before the new crops are produced to supply their place." Robert of Gloucester, too, referred to the rich fruitage of Worcestershire where he describes the character of various places in England.

Here stands the fine house of imposing aspect which we depict, plain in its classic severity, but expressive both of domestic comfort and of cultured leisure. It is a place of some antiquity, altered and modernised by its present owner, Major Hubert George Howard Galton, R.A., or his predecessor. The Amphlettis were former owners here; and of them several monuments may be seen in the village church, which is a fine Decorated structure possessing some ancient glass. Here, also, is a memorial brass of the late John Howard Galton of Hadsor Hall. The church stands near the house, as was the custom in olden times, when it was often but a stone’s throw from the cradle of the child to the place where his aged bones should lie. Mr. Galton did a great deal to beautify Hadsor, and his fine taste may be seen in many parts of the structure and its surroundings. Within is a fine and valuable collection of pictures, including admirable portraits by Reynolds of the sixth Duke of Hamilton and his wife, one of "the beautiful Miss Gunningns." There are examples at Hadsor also of Vandyck, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Mytens, Cuyp, Berghem, Morland, and many more; as well as sculpture by Thorwaldsen and Canova. These, and the rich plantings of the stately rooms, are beautiful features at Hadsor; but they are rivalled by the attractions without, where the garden is a most successful example of harmonious grouping, very charming and reposeful in character.

There were old gardens and pleasure grounds here, but the late Mr. Galton remodelled them entirely, and they were laid out with the assistance of eminent gardeners. The situation was favourable for good garden effects, for the sheltered position and deep rich soil favour the growth of tender things; and it will be seen that in tubs and vases palms are finely grown. A broad and ample terrace extends before the house, excellently laid out with flower-beds. Let it be noticed how appropriate is the character. There is no gulf between the mansion and its gardens, and we pass from
the terrace by the steps to the lower lawn, with the feeling that the architectural character is fading into the landscape and the woodland as we go.

The garden architect has wrought excellent things in stone at this house. The finely-worked balustrades and the masonry supporting walls are as good as could be wished, and the many vases which adorn the place are all of the best, and are rich in masses of flowers. A surprisingly beautiful colour-effect is gained by making such vases as these brilliant points of glowing hue, to contrast with the cool stonework and the various greens of lawns and trees.

The garden seat is an extremely pleasing example of what we have said, for stone and flower growth are here brought together in satisfactory fashion. What more pleasant place could we wish than this in which to welcome the vernal sun, or in the fading autumn to catch the glow of his fading beams? The flower vases here are particularly fine, and the splendid yew hedge behind is the foil that enhances the charm. For in the matter of well-hedged gardens, again, Hadsor is as we should wish it to be. The trim lines of these well-kept hedges remind us that in the "dictile yew" and box we are able, without grotesqueness or exaggeration, if we will, to express something of architectural character; and thus the hedge or the formal bush may be the link between the house and its green surroundings. There is an attractive circular garden, full of beautiful things, and enclosed by an excellent box hedge, with notable variety in the manner in which it is cut.

From such a garden wandering we return with the impression that Hadsor is a place wherein an excellent artistic idea has found embodiment. It is a study of harmony and of contrast, in which, from opposites, and from things of like nature, we find developed a spirit of completeness that is delightful. Hadsor, indeed, though not one of the most imposing places in Worcestershire, is one that deserves special consideration for the harmony and beauty of its architecture and its garden.