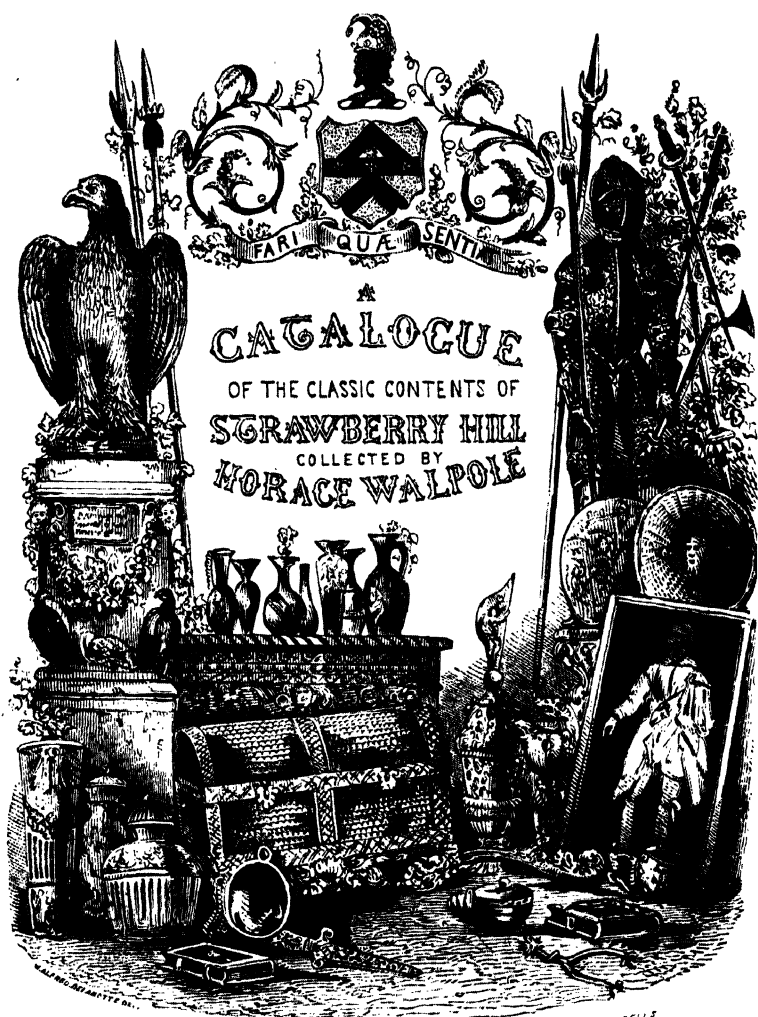


ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE LIFE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR
MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE
YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY
THE WORLD OF FASHION, 1837-1922



FRONTISPIECE OF CATALOGUE OF SALE, STRAWBERRY HILL, 1842

ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE LIFE

BY

RALPH NEVILL

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF FASHION, 1837-1922," ETC.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS



METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FRONTISPIECE OF CATALOGUE OF SALE, STRAWBERRY HILL, 1842	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
NORTH MYMMS PARK, HERTFORDSHIRE	8
HALSTON, SHROPSHIRE (JACK MYTTON RIDING HOME)	40
FOUR OAKS HALL, WARWICKSHIRE	52
CHARLOTTE WALPOLE (MRS. ATKYNS) AS "NANCY" IN "THE CAMP"	90
OLD WORLD SPORT	150
GOLDSBOROUGH HALL, YORKSHIRE (THE SEAT OF VISCOUNT LASCELLES AND H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY)	199
A VICTORIAN SITTING-ROOM	210

ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE LIFE

I

AT the time when England decided to enter the Great War many foresaw that whatever might be the result of the struggle, great social changes would be bound to result. For the first time a large part of the population hitherto closely connected with the soil were about to be brought in contact with the outside world, in consequence of which new ideas would be imported into country villages inhabited by people who had for generations been content to live in a quiet unprogressive way. To some extent these anticipations turned out correct, a very perceptible change having taken place in the mentality of the proletariat after the great struggle had ended. The war, however, had other more unexpected results as regards another class which even before the outbreak of hostilities had found it difficult to make both ends meet—landowners and squires having for some years found themselves confronted with taxation, likely to drive them out of their ancient homes. No wonder then that the largely increased amount demanded as a result of the war has led to many ancestral homes being left empty or put to other uses than those for which they were built.

Among the country houses which modern developments have affected in this way are Hamilton Palace, Trentham, Temple Newsam, Shipley, Charlton, Gars-

wood, Worsley, Stowe, Canford, Battle Abbey, Normanhurst, Ravensworth, Overstone and The Grange, which have been, or are to be, devoted to other than residential purposes.

At the end of August, 1924, the Nottingham City Council acquired Wollaton Hall, the historic mansion belonging to Lord Middleton, who had offered to sell it to the body in question. Built by Sir Francis Wolloughby in 1588, several English sovereigns had been entertained there, including the present King and Queen, who had visited the house just before the war. Part of the deer park, comprising between seven and eight hundred acres, will be devoted to building sites, but the fate of Wollaton itself has apparently not yet been decided.

Another similar case is that of Lord Hampton who, it is said, finds himself compelled to part with Waresley Court, Kidderminster, thus severing the connection of his family with a part of Worcestershire in which they have resided since the days of Henry III.

Industrial developments must in the future cause the destruction of a number of old country houses, not a few having already disappeared owing to their proximity to large and growing cities. In the seventies of the last century, Four Oaks Hall and its finely-wooded park, not far from Birmingham, was sold by its possessor, Sir John Cradock Hartopp (father of the well-known sporting Baronet, Sir Charles Hartopp), and turned into Four Oaks park racecourse, the site of which is now a thickly populated district covered with streets and villas. When the old Georgian house, superimposed upon the remains of a mansion of more ancient date, was pulled down, a skeleton was found walled up in some old brickwork near the servants' hall. This grim relic had no doubt been

connected with some tragedy of long past days, when Henry VIII bestowed much of the land in the neighbourhood on one of his favourites.

Here and there near big towns old country houses survive, an instance of this being Gawthorpe Hall, which, though practically in the town of Burnley, its owner, Lord Shuttleworth, still retains. Meanwhile the very heavy burden of the death duties has forced a number of great landowners to part with their estates, as in the case of Lord Howard of Glossop who, owing to the death of his father, is about to sell Glossop Dale, consisting of 11,000 acres in Derbyshire and his family mansion, Glossop Hall. The days of many servants are past and Stowe, owing to its size, could not under present circumstances have been expected to endure as a country house—it is a matter for congratulation that some at least of its stately glories will be preserved in its new form of a public school.

Quite a number of attractive mansions have during recent years been turned into country clubs, sanatoriums and homes for dipsomaniacs, but a fate far worse than this seems to be awaiting other old houses not adapted for such a use. A short time ago it was announced in the Press that the characteristic old Georgian mansion of Sudbrooke Holme, about five miles from Lincoln, was likely to be purchased by a British Film Company, who proposed to burn it to the ground in order to produce a spectacular scene on the cinematograph.

The mansion in question has for several generations been associated with the Sibthorp family and is one of the noted county seats of Lincolnshire, for which reason strong local feeling was aroused, with the happy result that Sudbrooke Holme has been acquired for public purposes by the Lincoln Corporation. The

utilization of old country houses for film purposes of a less destructive kind will probably become more usual as time goes on, historic seats forming an ideal setting for realistic scenes connected with a past age.

The abandonment of country houses by their possessors, though it has assumed quite formidable proportions since the Great War, is no new thing. At the end of the eighteenth century, for instance, the house and grounds of Abbots Hall (which originally belonged to the family of Le Strange), then in possession of Mr. Christopher Wilson, was handed over by the latter to the town of Kendal, the houses of which had begun to come close up to the domain. Abbots Hall has been well preserved, and is now the local museum. After they had abandoned Abbots Hall the Wilson family migrated to Rigmaden Park, also in Westmorland, another ancient mansion which originally, it is said, had belonged to an owner whose name de Rigmaden testified to Norman descent.

The action of certain modern country gentlemen who have found themselves compelled to have their houses pulled down or allow them to go to ruin was anticipated by the owner of Eastbury in Dorset, a huge mansion built by Vanbrugh. A white elephant to its owners, its possessor at the end of the eighteenth century was so hampered by having to keep it up that he is said to have offered an annuity of £200 to anyone willing to live there and see that it remained in decent repair. At the present time the number of fine old mansions which have been or will be pulled down is rapidly increasing. Wingerworth Hall (Northumberland), Garswood (Lancashire), and Shipley Hall (Derbyshire) are cases in point.

Among a number of picturesque mansions now standing empty and forlorn is Tiltenhanger Park, in

Hertfordshire, a fine old William and Mary residence which, though in good repair, lacks bathrooms and other modern conveniences.

The neighbourhood of London in particular seems likely soon to be more or less bereft of country houses inhabited by private owners. Moor Park, Hillingdon, Phillis Court and some other fine mansions have been converted into golf clubs, among the number being Cassiobury Park, Essex, formerly identified with the social life of the aristocracy. This having been stripped of its contents, has ceased to be the home of the family which it sheltered for many generations, for the present however its grounds are safe, being devoted to the purpose of a golf club. Golf, as a matter of fact, has saved quite a number of old parks and open spaces lying in the neighbourhood of great towns, and it is to be hoped will save a good many more when, as seems inevitable, they come into the market.

Two interesting mansions near London have happily been saved. One is Strawberry Hill, dear to lovers of the eighteenth century, which is to be devoted to the purposes of a Roman Catholic Training College ; and the other is Swakeleys, near Uxbridge, which, sold with the land surrounding it for building purposes, has with a certain amount of ground been acquired by a purchaser who would appear to appreciate this charming relic of a more artistic age at its proper worth. The style in which Swakeleys is built is particularly attractive, exhibiting as it does a number of transitional features of considerable interest. In this case mulioned windows are still retained, but the cornices breaking out into pediments and the gables, also crowned with the latter, indicate the impending change in architectural taste. Strawberry Hill, though of no real architectural value, deserves to be preserved

on account of its close association with the social history of the eighteenth century and with Horace Walpole. It is to be hoped that its new occupiers will leave untouched the somewhat gimcrack ornamentation which a century and a half ago was reputed to be a true copy of the Gothic style. In spite of the finicky nature of the details, many of them are not unpleasing, in a number of other instances country gentlemen copied them, and they mark a definite, if transitory, development in the history of the English country house.

Less interesting in its history and associations is Oatlands Park, near Weybridge, which for many years has been an hotel. At this country seat the Duke of York till his death in 1827 dispensed much lavish hospitality to the fashionable world. The Chinese fishing temple of George IV at Virginia Water saw no visitors outside the little coterie with which his voluptuous retirement was passed, but the entertainments at Oatlands mirrored the modes and fancies of a wider circle. The most imposing of the guests, the diarist, Charles Greville, managed the Duke's stables. Unfortunately, while in his account of the place he dwells rather too much on its peculiarities and inconveniences, he is almost silent about those persons in the company who did not belong to his own set. The Oatlands Park "week-ends" brought together, as Raikes said, every one who was anybody, and shortly before five o'clock p.m. there started from White's Club, in St. James's, a string of chaises so long as to monopolize much of that fashionable thoroughfare—the arrival of the procession at Oatlands must have been a picturesque as well as an amusing sight.

In addition to country houses which have been

converted to other purposes than those for which they were originally designed there are, as has already been said, a number, like Normanton and Combe Abbey, which seem inevitably doomed to suffer demolition.

One of these is Keele Hall, Staffordshire, belonging to Lieut.-Colonel Ralph Sneyd, which was built in the late fifties by Salvin, replacing an Elizabethan mansion of considerable interest. The middle of the last century was a period when many fine old mansions were pulled down in order to make way for modern abominations supposed to be exact copies of some old style. Salvin, it may be noted, was particularly active in remodelling or rebuilding ancient edifices and left a sad mark upon Windsor Castle, where he completely ruined the picturesque appearance of the Curfew Tower by crowning it with an unsightly roof of slates, vaguely recalling certain architectural features to be seen in the walls of Carcassonne.

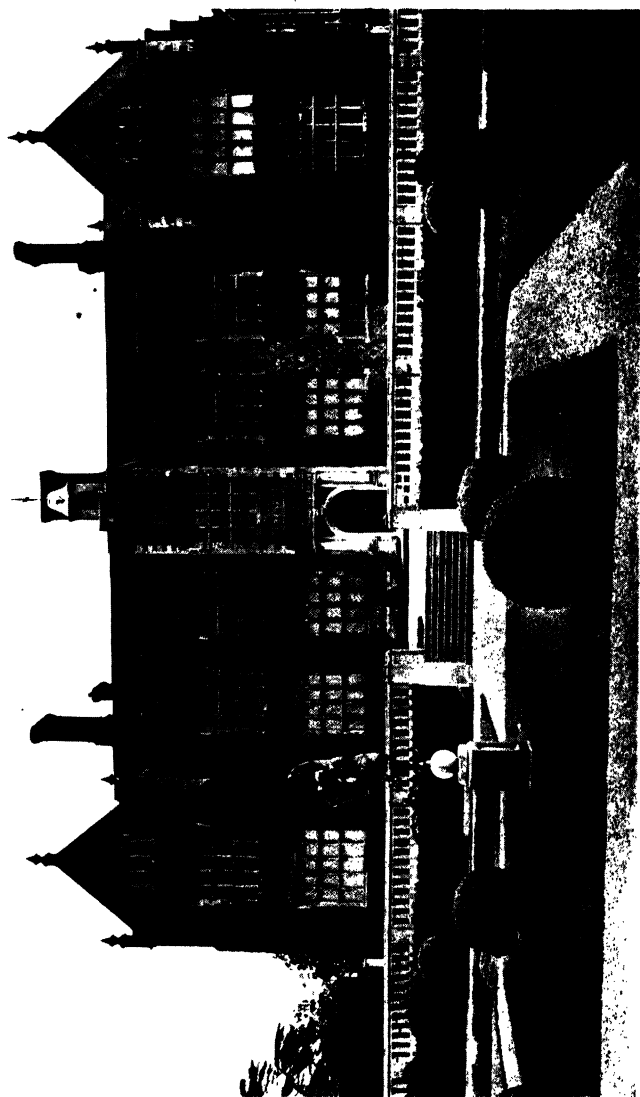
Previous to 1863, when this barbarous alteration was carried out, a bell turret of quaint design had been a time-honoured feature of the Norman tower which a number of old views of the castle show much in the same condition as when Salvin undertook to cover it up with his huge extinguisher roof. The designs for this and other alterations, most of them, it is to be feared, of an almost equally vandalistic kind, were, I believe, submitted to and approved by the Prince Consort, the alteration to the Curfew Tower being, however, only carried out after the latter's death. As architectural taste has improved since those days, it is strange that Salvin's monstrosity, a blot upon the view of the Castle, as well as an anachronism, should have been allowed to remain. Some day, it is to be hoped, this dreadful eyesore will be removed and the old bell tower of quaint and harmonious design

once more occupy the place from which it was so unnecessarily and wantonly removed.

Some houses linked with the age of chivalry still survive. Such a one is Beaurepaire Park near Basingstoke in Hampshire, now the property of Sir John King. This once belonged to a Norman family, after which, in 1353, it was purchased by one of the Brocas Knights whom Edward II had brought from Gascony, and who acquired a large amount of land near Windsor ; from them, the Brocas, so well known to generations of Etonians, takes its name. Hereditary masters of the Buckhounds for three hundred years, the family of Brocas is now extinct, the last representatives having been two old ladies who lived in Camberwell, and retaining a few relics of their glorious ancestors, one of whom, Sir Bernard Brocas, lies in a splendid tomb in Westminster Abbey.

A notable relic of Elizabethan days is Hatfield, and not so far away in the same county is another mansion said to have been erected by the same architect. This is North Mymms Park, now the residence of Mr. Walter Burns, whose mother, besides making large additions, practically remodelled the interior of the house. Externally, however, it retains many of its ancient features, including three rabbits or conies on the façade, the crest of its original owners, the Coningsbys. It is not impossible that some visit to North Mymms in old days may have furnished Disraeli with the title of his famous novel.

At the present time Buckhurst, in Sussex, is let on a long lease, but it is said that when this expires the owner, Lord Delawarr, intends to cut up the lovely park, in which Queen Elizabeth killed deer, for labourers' cottages, and convert the house into a working men's institute, a scheme which, though



NORTH MYMS PARK, HERTFORDSHIRE

quite admirable in its way, seems rather out of place amidst romantic and picturesque surroundings of a unique kind.

A typical instance of an old English country house was Compton Verney, so well described by the late Lord Willoughby de Broke in the volume of recollections published after his death. During the halcyon days of the nineteenth century this mansion had its own brew-house as well as chapel, while a ton of coal a day was burnt in the kitchen, where a glorious sirloin hung by a chain turning slowly round during the process of basting; meanwhile, Compton Verney rejoiced in a household of contented retainers and the owner drew an ample rent-roll from a substantial tenantry. That was the age of high prices, stout broadcloth, top boots and old port, while country house life as a rule was as orderly as the well-kept parks and as dignified as the ancient oaks which adorned them. Income tax and death duties then practically did not exist. This golden era for country gentlemen lasted on till about 1880, when agricultural depression began to press upon owners of land. Up to the end of the last century, five thousand a year went a great way; while the squirearchy, then more or less supreme, hunted and shot to their hearts' content without any disquieting shocks in the way of Radical legislation. It has been maintained that the country gentlemen of those days did no particular good for their country, but such a contention is not based upon any solid foundation of truth. Many of them administered the patriarchal systems, of which they formed such an important part, in an admirable manner—worked for the improvement of the condition of their tenants, and disbursed much of their revenues in well-considered charity. Some of the squires were of course men of

narrow views, but right or wrong, as Disraeli said, these country gentlemen were men of honour, breeding and refinement, high and generous character, and carried great weight in the country. At the present time there seems no likelihood of any finer type appearing to take their place.

The taxation entailed by the Great War, and in a lesser degree the results of the legislation of the Liberal party, are responsible for what is really a national disaster brought about in a most reckless way. Why on earth the party in question, itself now rapidly growing derelict and defunct, should have been so vindictive towards landowners and squires it is difficult to see? Its only object appears to have been wilful destruction without any serious idea of benefiting any portion of the community, a good reason why posterity will see little to regret in the said party's ignominious end.

At the present day, the Liberal politicians who did all they could to hound down landowners and squires should have every reason to rejoice.

Since the Great War the Dukes of Richmond and Gordon, Rutland, Sutherland, Westminster and Marlborough have found it expedient to sell portions of their estate—the Marquis of Cholmondeley has recently announced that certain parts of his property will be for sale, though it is pretty certain that he will retain Houghton Hall, built by Ripley for Sir Robert Walpole. A feature of this mansion is the blank space where once was a flight of stairs leading into the entrance hall, the staircase in question having been disposed of by one of the Walpoles in order to meet his gambling losses. At Houghton was formerly the famous collection of pictures now at the Hermitage, which with other valuable *objets d'art* have long

disappeared, meanwhile the present owner and his wife have done all they could to restore the interior of the house to something like what it must have been in Sir Robert's time. A companion mansion to Houghton was Wolterton Hall, also in Norfolk, built by the same architect for Sir Robert's brother, the first Lord Walpole, of Wolterton, who was ambassador to Louis XV, and therefore well acquainted with the splendours of Fontainebleau and Versailles. He was a man of considerable taste, but nevertheless employed Ripley, whom Pope so unmercifully handled, to build him a country seat.

"Heaven visits with a Taste the Wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley, with a rule."

Notwithstanding the sneers of the poet, Ripley erected a very fine mansion, the state-rooms of which are of noble proportions. The house, indeed, is a kind of smaller Houghton, having on the first floor six reception-rooms and royal bedchamber, all connected with a fine marble hall, which was the original entrance till the outer staircase was removed. The mantelpieces in all these rooms are of extraordinary beauty, while furniture, pictures—in fact, practically the whole of the dining-room—were presented to Lord Walpole by Caroline, wife of George II. For the pictures—portraits of herself and family—she gave some finely-carved frames. Wolterton contains a number of fine old doors of American walnut put in by Lord Walpole, who held a government post connected with what in his time was an English colony beyond the Atlantic. A feature of the grounds up to comparatively recent times used to be the grass plot or *tapis vert* at the back, on which Lord Walpole, with recollections of similar plots adjacent to the

residences of the French kings, loved to feast his eyes.

Another Walpole possession, now long since passed into other hands, was Ilsington Hall in Dorsetshire, built by Inigo Jones. The mansion in question had come into the Walpole family through Margaret Rolle, in her own right Baroness Clinton and Trefusis, marrying Robert, Earl of Orford, eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole. The result of this marriage was not happy, the one son born of it having been the eccentric George, Earl of Orford, whose extravagances were notorious. His mania for driving stags one day nearly caused him to be torn to pieces by a pack of hounds he chanced to encounter upon the Newmarket road. Fortunately he had the presence of mind to put his strange four-in-hand into a gallop, and eventually managed to steer it into the yard of the Ram Inn, now the Rutland Arms, just ahead of the pursuing pack. A great patron of sport, this Lord Orford eventually met his death through taking a dive from a window. A coursing match was going on close by, and eager to see it, he seems to have been in too great a hurry to adopt the conventional method of going out by the door, with the result that he fell on his head and died.

Ilsington Hall, as the present writer's mother knew it in her youth, was a lovely old mansion; the gardens, which are mentioned in the letters of Horace Walpole, being then very attractive and quaint. Her father, the fourth Lord Orford, unfortunately, made many alterations in the house, which did anything but improve it, and since his time other changes have been carried out, which have quite robbed it of its former old-world charm. Close by was Puddletown church, containing many tombs of Crusaders, and also a chapel of the ancient family of Martyn, with several monuments, in which the feet of the

recumbent figures rest upon monkeys, the crest which the Martyns bore; tradition declaring St. Martin to have been their ancestor. Puddletown, it may be added, was up to quite recent times called Piddletown, a name originating from the Norman family of de Pidel who held land in this part of the country. A feature of the church is the Athelhampton Aisle, connected with an ancient manor house of the same name which the late Sir Frederick Treves described as being without question the most picturesque house in Dorsetshire. Its present appearance, however, is largely due to the careful restoration carried out by Mr. de la Fontaine, a former owner. In the fifties of the last century the house was in the most ruinous condition, with grass and weeds coming up to the very doors, whilst no care whatever was bestowed upon the fabric. In 1862, indeed, the venerable gate-house was pulled down, and there seemed every likelihood that the main building would also go to utter ruin and decay. Since then everything possible has been done to restore the house to its pristine condition, whilst great and discriminating reverence has been shown for all vestiges of antiquity worthy of preservation. The result is excellent, and all that now remains to be done is the rebuilding of the old gate-house, the stones of which have been preserved.

Old English country houses often contain woodwork of considerable artistic worth. Wingerworth Hall, the seat of Major Philip Hunloke, which he recently found himself obliged to abandon, was a case in point. Happily some fine walnut panelling has been transferred to Amport St. Mary in Hampshire, which for generations was the abode of the Marquises of Winchester, recently acquired by Lieutenant-Colonel Sofer Whitburn.

The old houses and stately mansions of England

formed a national possession of a valuable and artistic kind, and many of them have been utilized as the scene of their work by our authors and novelists. Who can forget Brambletye House and the Mistletoe Bough of Harrison Ainsworth? Thackeray also drew his picture of the palace of the Marquis of Carabas from some stately, though it must be admitted, cheerless country mansion; whilst the grounds of Bulstrode furnished Lord Beaconsfield with his description of Armine in "Henrietta Temple."

Writing to the author's mother in April, 1865, the latter said :

"DEAR DOROTHY,—

We came down here with our horses; the first time for many years. How delightful after railroads! We baited at Gerrard's Cross, twenty miles from town, and then strolled into Bulstrode Park to see the new house the Duke of Somerset is building in that long-neglected but enchanting spot. There, though they told us we should find nobody but the clerk of the works, we found the Duke and Duchess, who had come down for a couple of hours by rail from Slough, and so they lionized us over all their new creation, which is a happy and successful one—a Tudor pile, very seemly and convenient, and built amid the old pleasance which I described thirty years ago in "Henrietta Temple"; for Bulstrode, then mansionless and deserted, was the origin of Armine. Excuse this egotism, the characteristic of scribblers even when they had left off work.

Adieu, dear Dorothy.

D.

Bulstrode, in the prosperous days of the second Duke of Portland, was full of art treasures and pictures,

but a great number of both were dispersed at a sale occupying thirty-seven days in 1786. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Lords Malmesbury and Canning were frequent visitors, many political gatherings and interviews being held in the lordly abode. Some years before, artistic guests had been welcomed there, including Reynolds and Garrick, who found Bulstrode a "paradise." In its best days it was indeed a centre not only for politicians but for all kinds of people celebrated in the social world to which the ducal owner belonged.

A very magnificent house, fine gardens and beautiful park, as Mrs. Montagu had called it, in the eighteenth century this old mansion, in addition to its artistic memories and *objets d'art*, had the attractions of age; the present mansion, however, is comparatively new, the ancient building, parts of which dated from the time of Elizabeth, having disappeared with the building of a new house in 1862.

Within an easy drive of Bulstrode is another noble country house, Dropmore, where the younger Pitt's Foreign Secretary, Lord Grenville, passed many pleasant days watching the gradual growth of the trees which he had planted with so much loving care. All this part of England indeed is closely interwoven with the days when politics and society went hand in hand, and stately mansions were closely connected with those who held the reins of power.

Severe criticisms have been passed upon the methods whereby certain aristocratic families have acquired large landed possessions and great fortunes. In a number of cases these are based upon fallacious deductions. Shrewd investments and marriages with rich heiresses have originated the prosperity of many a great family. The story of the Grosvenor estates is a

case in point. The father of Mary Davies, who by her marriage brought great wealth to the Grosvenor family, appears to have been a man who began with very little of this world's good: shrewd investments and dealings in land caused him to prosper exceedingly, with the result that his daughter's descendants reaped the benefit.

The Portman estates came into the family by one of them having a keen eye for land likely to develop.

About 1750 the head of the house of Portman, coming up to London for the season, was much troubled about the health of his young wife, who was very delicate. He took the best medical opinion, and the doctors advised that the lady should drink asses' milk.

Learning from his coachman that some asses kept for this purpose were to be found on a small farm just outside London, which was for sale, the anxious husband, after inspecting the property, purchased it, and on the land in question was afterwards built Portman Square.

Among families who owe their prosperity to prosaic trade are those of Cornwallis and Coventry: the Earls of Radnor, Essex, Dartmouth, Craven, Warwick, Tankerville, Pomfret, are respectively descended from a City merchant, a London mercer, a silk manufacturer, a City alderman, a member of the Skinners' Company, a merchant tailor (the "Flower of Wool-staplers" Greville was called, from whom the Earl of Warwick is lineally descended), a mercer, and a Calais merchant, for such was Fermour, the ancestor of the Earls of Pomfret. He it was who had Will Somers in his service before the latter became fool to Henry VIII. This list might be enlarged to a very large extent, for good plain London citizens have been the ances-

tors of many peers and the founders of many prosperous families.

No doubt a number of the latter owe their prosperity to land obtained at the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. With regard to this, however, it would appear that the people in general did not disapprove of the policy adopted by that king, for there seems to have been no resentment at the advent of the new landowners.

In toleration of religions, or the lack of them, England, to her honour, has always been ahead of other nations, and if the monks had deserved to remain, the country would not have tolerated their expulsion.

In the days when the Roman Church claimed to rule in every hamlet in the country, she inspired a deep resentment, which generations later caused an enthusiastic welcome to be accorded to the Huguenots, whom the insensate policy of Louis XIV, prompted by the Jesuits and old Madame de Maintenon, drove out of France.

From among the Huguenots arose many fine old English families, among them the Portals and the de Crespignys, ever ready to fight for the country of their adoption.

Though there is much abuse of the New Rich at the present time, they alone seem able to keep alive the ancient glories of old-fashioned country life.

As long ago as 1855 Montalembert, visiting England, saw the best omen for the social and political future of the country in the *marchand enrichi*, then more or less ignored by the owners of Alnwick, Raby, Hatfield, and other patrician haunts to which only those of unimpeachable lineage ever received invitations.

The incursion of wealthy Americans has undoubtedly saved quite a number of old English country houses;

nevertheless, in a number of cases, the latter have been entirely transformed, not always with happy æsthetic results. There is one feature which Trans-Atlantic owners cannot abide—they think stables near a country mansion vulgar, and almost without exception at once proceed to destroy them. They are also fond of elaborate stone work, terraces and walled gardens, have little respect for ancient trees, and are apt to aim at producing a spick-and-span effect not in character with old English country mansions. Where possible they divert old rights of way and are too often intolerant of allowing villagers privileges which in old days they enjoyed without molestation. All this is curious considering the reputed democratic tendencies of citizens of the United States. As a matter of fact, though wealthy Americans spend large sums on acquiring old country houses and on doing them up in elaborate fashion, they seldom spend much of their time there, and often get rid of them after a short space of time when the novelty of house decoration and garden planning has worn away. Some few, however, have married and developed into quite passable imitations of English squires—the third generation in such cases is, it must be confessed, usually English to the core.

Wealthy families of German descent take longer to identify themselves with our national life.

Inspired no doubt by a feeling that large estates are scarcely profitable investments in these days, few anglicized financiers acquire much land with the country houses which they may choose to buy—they are too shrewd for that, well realizing the uselessness of sinking large sums of money in property which is an ever-present target for the oratorical shafts of the Socialistic agitator and designing politician. On the

other hand, they often hire a large amount of shooting near by, and do not stint money in securing a good supply of birds. One of these financiers on one occasion was the involuntary cause of a somewhat amusing repartee. Remarking after a disappointing day's shooting that at a previous shoot good sport had been enjoyed, and he had sent away over four hundred "braces," one of his guests promptly rejoined, "In that case, my dear fellow, you can hardly expect to keep up your bags."

The estimate of old residents in the neighbourhood of these new country gentlemen is not too favourable as a rule, though very frequently the intruder from the Stock Exchange is not generally unpopular. His dinners, as a rule, are excellent: whilst there hovers around him an atmosphere of astounding prosperity which somehow suggests that anyone privileged to be in touch with him is already well on the way to wealth. "Besides," think the country gentry, "look what he might do for our sons!" As a matter of fact, more often than not he "*does*" for the fathers by putting them into speculations which entirely falsify the bright forecast so attractively portrayed after an excellent dinner.

Success or disaster is a mere incident in the existence of the modern speculator, and the financial disasters of people foolish enough to live away from towns—the only places where money is really to be made—cannot be expected to particularly interest one who views the vicissitudes of individuals with a good deal of the serenity of a prosperous gaming-house keeper.

A *nouveau-riche*, who had bought a fine property in the West of England, had, after the manner of his kind, made himself thoroughly unpopular with his neighbours. Though a Radical, he was more particu-

lar about anyone coming on to his land than any of the wicked Tory landowners of the past had ever been. So far did he carry his selfishness, that for the first time for a long number of years the Yeomanry were not allowed to camp in his park.

Speaking of his master's unpopularity the chauffeur said, "They may say what they like : the old man ain't so bad, but, by Jingo, you should see our eldest son !"

Wealthy aliens who have become domiciled in England are rather fond of acquiring ancient or historic mansions and restoring them to what modern taste or the lack of it believes to be their original state. Very often a venerable mansion which has been untouched for hundreds of years, after being gutted and practically rebuilt, is filled with elaborate panelling stripped from somewhere else, hung with gorgeous tapestries or old Spanish leather which form a background for expensive furniture, some old, some new, but all supposed to be of the exact period chosen by the owner, or more often the decorator whom he employs. Having entirely destroyed the ancient atmosphere of the place and obliterated any quaint features of a simple kind, the latter seeks to create a new atmosphere reminiscent of some particular age. His efforts in this direction, however, are rarely successful, for the spirit of antiquity is not at modern man's command. Spend as much money as you like, fill your rooms with old furniture and older pictures, the soul of the past will yet evade you, while the sense of personality which clings about untouched old mansions will be conspicuously lacking. The latter exists only in houses where generation after generation has added something to the family possessions, unobtrusive records of which tell a picturesque story. The costly jumble of museum pieces brought together by fashionable dealers never

produces the same effect as does what has well been called "the dear jumble of a home." Anyone with money and artistic knowledge can gather together beautiful and valuable *objets d'art*, but getting them to accord with their surroundings is another and more difficult matter. Even when they have been grouped and arranged in a tasteful manner they give no idea of continuity and tell no story. On the other hand, things which have been handed down from father to son in the same mansion often seem exactly to fit the places in which they stand—to have grown there indeed, as flowers grow in appropriate places. Here there is no slavish adherence to period, panelling, furniture and pictures, however valuable, being unobtrusively subservient to the *genus loci*. The sense of personality which so often clings about old rooms and corridors can never be found in new ones—it being a thing which money cannot buy.

Nevertheless, the number of country houses which remained in one family for any great length of time was never so large as is generally imagined.

It is said that the average duration of a county family in England used to be about three generations, a state of affairs not difficult to realize when one remembers that the accepted mode of training an heir to large possessions was to send him to some fast college at Oxford or Cambridge, or into a crack regiment where he learnt to go the pace. For a youth who was to inherit large possessions a military career of this sort nine times out of ten entailed great extravagance, whilst his almost continual presence in London brought him in contact with a number of pleasures and allurements which tended to make him frivolous and unthinking. What could such a man know of the needs of his tenantry, or how to manage an estate?

II

VICTORIAN landowners often had unconventional ideas as to the management of their estates. The second Sir Robert Peel, it was said, having once been told that iron promoted the growth of trees, purchased a considerable quantity of old railway rails, which he piled up around some trees of weakly growth without, of course, reaping any benefit from the trouble and expense.

Sir Robert has been well described as the exact antithesis of his famous father, the Minister. The latter, grave, thoughtful and reserved, had a hatred of anything likely to outrage the proprieties. His son, on the other hand, never seemed to have recovered from the unconventional ways accompanying a vivacious youth. Though Drayton Manor had many attractions, including a fine collection of pictures, the second Sir Robert in his latter years, at least, preferred the amenities of London club life. Though a fine speaker, his methods as a politician were notoriously unstable. No one was quite sure what he might do next—indeed tranquillity was not his line, for he loved a stormy atmosphere, and when a tempest did not exist had a knack of creating it, while always desirous of riding in the most conspicuous position on the crest of the wave. Socially he was a man of imposing appearance and a conversationalist of considerable charm who, retaining much of the grand manner of other days, made no concessions to modern ways. At his club he

opposed the introduction of the electric light, and wore his top hat at dinner up to the date of his death in 1895.

Sir Robert was one of those original characters, the like of which are not to be found in the England of to-day when every one, more or less, has been forced into the same groove. Formerly country gentlemen were apt to indulge in various eccentricities, often of a costly kind. A well-known Warwickshire Baronet, for instance, spent thousands upon a new method of brick-making, with the result that the bricks came out baked into one huge block as big as a house! Far less expensive were the fancies of a north-country squire with a bent for agriculture, who was supposed to have attempted to cross a bee with a glow-worm in the hope of producing an insect which would work double shifts!

Heirs to great estates were often very carelessly brought up, while a knowledge of business methods was not expected of people whose prosperity was well assured. From a purely material point of view, the education of rich young men was not so important as it is to-day, a number of Government appointments being without much difficulty procurable for younger sons of good birth.

A peer, whose family had had a liberal share of the sinecures which at one time abounded, was making his will, a proceeding which necessitated much care and thought. Once it was finished his lawyer pointed out to him that he had made no provision for his younger sons. "Sir," replied the hereditary lawgiver, "my country has provided for the younger male scions of our family for the last three generations, and shall I begin to doubt her gratitude now?"

At the present day sinecures have ceased to be at the

disposal of an impoverished aristocracy, and there is practically no artificial support for the scion of an ancient house who has lost his patrimony. An extravagant landowner has little chance of being set on his legs again, except by the time-honoured method of a rich marriage, failing which many a one has been forced to sell his ancestral estate. As has before been said, all over England old families are now parting with their domains, and in the course of half a century or so their very names will be forgotten in districts where their ancestors lived for centuries. It does not take long for this to happen, and, judging from the constant recurrence of sales, there will soon be no old landowners left. The mania for selling extends to all sorts of personal possessions: at present, indeed, every one seems to be on the sell and ready to part with his pictures, plate, and family portraits, provided always that a good price is obtained, without the slightest feeling of regret. The new school certainly have a better eye to the main chance than had their forbears. There is no one to-day who exercises the magnificent generosity that was displayed by the father of the late Lord Clanricarde, who kept a number of saddle-horses specially for the young officers of his yeomanry to ride. Though by no means a very rich man, he was fond of keeping open house, a great contrast to some of his fellow-peers, who believed that charity should begin and "end" at home!

To-day, of course, circumstances are vastly different, a great proportion of the aristocracy finding it hard enough to make both ends meet. Land, which was formerly considered a good investment, is now generally the reverse, as has been realized by many of the new generation of territorial magnates, anxious to part with their estates. Some little time ago a shrewd

young peer, after succeeding to the family estates, at once proceeded to sell everything he could, including the portraits of his ancestors, amongst them that of his grandfather, which drew forth remonstrances from some of his friends. "I have good reasons to sell the old gentleman," said he, "for like other people he must pay his debts. When he was in control of the property he mortgaged it to the extent of no less than a good many thousands, which I find myself obliged to pay off. It is only natural, therefore, that he should be made to do what he can to make amends for his reckless extravagance and help me to find the money. Even now the old man still owes me a good bit, for unfortunately his portrait fetched only two hundred pounds." As an excuse for having sold another family portrait, dating several generations further back, the same peer pointed out that the ancestor whom it represented had been so stingy that he had actually cut off the last letter of his name in order to save ink. Though shrewd in business transactions this young nobleman was open-handed enough when with friends. Of him it could never have been said, as it was of a contemporary, that the only "waist" in his household was that bestowed upon him by his tailor! Meanness takes many strange forms, and one of the strangest was the mania of a newly ennobled millionaire who collected cigar-bands, which he used to put upon the very inferior weeds which he occasionally offered to his friends.

Possibly, however, the most complete example of meanness was the behaviour not very many years ago of a gentleman well known in legal circles, who, when about to be married, discovered that some one of the same profession as himself had arranged to have his wedding celebrated the same day in the same church,

but at an earlier hour. This being so, the latter was approached to know whether some agreement could not be come to by which the cost of decorating the church with flowers might be shared?

The reply of bridegroom No. 1 was not favourable. "We intend to have no flowers," said he.

Bridegroom No. 2, however, smelling a rat, then ordered a well-known florist to decorate the church, but only in a peculiar fashion. A number of girls were to be sent with flowers ready to be disposed about the church, but not a blossom was to be shown till the first wedding had ended—only when the bride and bridegroom were signing the register were the girls sitting in the back pews to set about their work.

This arrangement was duly carried out and the parsimonious schemes of bridegroom No. 1 to profit by No. 2's decorations without spending any money frustrated. What his bride said history does not relate.

The worst feature of this sordid business was that bridegroom No. 1 telephoned anonymously to the florists the day before his wedding saying, "Mind and see that the floral decorations are put up in good time." However, owing to No. 2's astuteness this was all in vain.

Though there were some notorious examples of extreme parsimony amongst the wealthy aristocrats and landowners of the past, the tendency in their class was far more in the direction of wild extravagance.

Aristocratic spendthrifts, indeed, are responsible for the downfall of many an old family. Brought up to revere tradition, not a few wild young men parted with their estates, only in order to conform with a rigid code of honour: had they been less scrupulous they

might have snapped their fingers at their creditors. Nevertheless, many a reckless young man, owing to his feudal ideas, was content to drift gradually down and end his days among the dregs of the people. To this kind of spendthrift the traditions of his race were everything.

Unhonoured by his fellows, he grew old,
And trod the path to Hell,
But there were many things he might have sold
And did not sell.

The eccentricities of youthful heirs to great estates have alienated many fine estates from families which held them for generations. A striking instance of this was the loss by the Windham family of Felbrigge Hall, Norfolk, which was at one time suggested as a country residence for the late King Edward when Prince of Wales. This fine old mansion passed out of the possession of the Windham family owing to the wild doings of the last squire but one of that name, "Mad Windham," whose wild exploits were the talk of Norfolk just after the middle of the last century.

"Mad Windham," on coming of age, cared only for low society. At one time he insisted upon acting as a railway guard upon a local line ; at another he started a coach to convey people to Norwich, playing the part of coachman to the life, but refusing to accept any fares. Eccentricity followed upon eccentricity, till at last came the crash, and the beautiful old family place, with its chapel containing the tombs of countless Windhams and the De Felbrigges, from whom they sprang, had to be sold. A feature of the place is this chapel in the park, which contains a famous brass to the memory of Sir Simon de Felbrigge, standard-bearer to Richard Cœur de Lion.

Felbrigge itself is a fine early-seventeenth-century

mansion, built by one of the Windhams with a façade, remarkable for a balustraded parapet with stone letters making the sentence "Gloria Deo in excelsis." The interior is full of interest on account of its having been the residence of William Windham, "the darling of Norfolk" as he was called, who played such a great part in politics at the beginning of the last century.

Felbrigge Hall belonged to the Windhams for a great number of generations, and it is said that an ancient prophecy foretold it should only pass from them when an adjoining property, Hanworth, in possession of the Doughty family, should also belong to its owner, it having been decreed that no one should hold the two. As a matter of fact, owing to a marriage towards the middle of the last century a Windham came to own both properties, which were eventually inherited by the spendthrift alluded to above. The latter soon ran through all the money he could, and land having to be sold to pay his debts, it was found that the only portion he could alienate contained Felbrigge Hall, which with all its contents was sold, the purchaser being Mr. Ketton of Norwich. Thus was the prophecy fulfilled.

It may be added that Mad Windham's son, though well off on coming of age, owing to a good deal of the family property having been safeguarded against his father's extravagance, eventually disposed of what was left and of the fine old mansion of Hanworth Hall, which for a long span of years remained in the possession of Colonel Barclay, who seems to have effected many improvements by exposing to view some old panelling and other details of artistic interest.

At the present time Felbrigge would appear to be in much the same condition as when William Windham (whose portrait is in the house) lived there. As a

matter of fact, when it was sold nothing appears to have been taken away—the last Windham to own it stepping out and Mr. Ketton, the purchaser, stepping in.

Some years ago several sacks full of ancient documents and letters of great antiquity were discovered in a loft. These, I believe, were in due course classified and examined.

The last Windham of Felbrigge, though undoubtedly eccentric, probably owed his ruin in some measure to his bringing up. The mother of the present writer remembered how his parents used to dress their little boy up in a page's livery and make him wait at table, most of the lad's life being passed in the pantry and stable.

At the middle of the last century Norfolk contained a number of strange characters, one of the most celebrated having been an old Lady Suffield, who lived at Blickling in Norfolk. Children could never quite get over the alarm which her mob-cap and severe look aroused—a tremendous personage, she was looked upon as a sort of queen in that part of Norfolk. When she went to the great ball at the county town (Aylsham), she it was who always gave the first cut to the grand cake made in her honour, in those days a feature of such entertainments. Considerable ceremony used to attend this act, and it was with great dignity that the "Double Dow," as the old lady was nicknamed, used to advance to its performance, whilst the whole of the local gentry preserved an almost solemn silence. Intensely arrogant, she was apt to become very angry if asked to meet anyone whom she considered beneath her. Thus on one occasion, having at a party caught sight of an individual who had started life as a miller, she remarked in a loud voice, "I can scarcely see across the room owing to all this flour dust!"

Aristocratic arrogance of the kind indulged in by old Lady Suffield is now more or less a thing of the past, though occasionally it reappears. A peer belonging to an old family, who had had two transatlantic brides, discussing the question of widowers marrying again, said, "I have twice married beneath me, but I am bound to say that in each case it has been a success."

A landed autocrat of uncompromising views was the fourth Duke of Newcastle, who, in reply to a number of complaining tenants, said to them, "Is it not lawful to do what I will with mine own?" Such a point of view was too much even for the more or less docile proletariat of the day, and during an outbreak of fury the Duke was visited by a mob who burnt his castle at Nottingham to the ground, and so alarmed its owner that he had Clumber and the family mansion in Portman Square fortified as if they were about to sustain a siege. It was this Duke who, when his eldest son, Lord Lincoln, stood for Newark, secured the latter's rejection by the issue of an address to the electors in which he declared that his son was acting under the influence of bad advice!

Many heads of great families up to the end of the last century continued to regard themselves as being made of superior clay to that of the world in general. The late Duke of Devonshire, for instance, though nominally a Liberal, had many of the characteristics of his class, including a somewhat cynical contempt for his social inferiors, whether Radicals or Conservatives. It was said that, having once been asked whether political demonstrations ought not to be forbidden in Hyde Park on Sundays, he replied with obvious sincerity, that he could not for the life of him see why, if you were to admit a well-dressed mob into the Park on weekdays, you should exclude from it a less

well-dressed mob on the Sabbath. Another sign of his indifference to what people of his own class thought was his carelessness as to dress. Nevertheless, he could on occasion exhibit a dignity not to be attained by less distinguished persons, noted for the perfection of their clothes. A more striking example of the same state of mind was furnished by the late Lord Clanricarde, who habitually wore the oldest suits: complaining to the writer of the slovenly appearance of the modern man about town. "I don't like to see people badly dressed," said he.

The halcyon day of the English landowner has long since passed; indeed, it is now difficult to realize the large share he formerly possessed in moulding the destinies of England.

In the eighteenth century he was in his own sphere of life practically supreme, while even during the earlier portion of the Victorian era much political and social power lay in the hands of the great landlords, many of whom were determined characters, not at all the men to put up with nonsense from anybody, and often highly unconventional in their ways. "I'm right and you're wrong" was considered by many of them to clinch any argument.

Unlike aristocracy on the Continent, which has ever been much addicted to outward show, that of England sought only to make an impression by the simplicity and solidity of their surroundings, even the greatest noblemen disliking to arouse comment by a dashing and extravagant exterior. The nobility indeed had not the least desire either to dazzle or to awe the tradespeople or to make them envious, being too sure of their position to be tempted to advertise it. Except when giving grand entertainments, most of them, unlike some of our modern mushroom money-bag

peers, were not ostentatious in their ways. From their ancestors they had inherited traditions of real worth, together with far more advanced ideas as to social justice than those which up to the time of the great Revolution had prevailed on the other side of the Channel.

The English nobility of the past practised none of the brutalities which French *seigneurs* considered as part of their rights. Property was respected except after the Reformation, when the monasteries were broken up, though it must be admitted that the ruling class then managed to grab a vast quantity of Church lands, one reason why modern Socialism wants to pillage the aristocracy of to-day. Two wrongs, however, never yet made a right; besides, it is doubtful whether it was not more advantageous for the people at large that the vast estates accumulated by monks should have passed into the hands of a class which, at all events, was likely to make a better use of them than the monks had done. It is significant that the opposition to the breaking up of the monasteries was not serious.

The monks, very unpopular with the proletariat, though many now like to surround them with a halo born of picturesque ruins, old fish-ponds, green lawns, and peaceful old gardens, were notoriously apt to be rapacious, and at one time or other various orders seem to have owned a very large proportion of all the land in England. They were indeed well skilled as land-grabbers, which no doubt was the reason that the populace were rather pleased than otherwise when the nobility grabbed in their turn. About the only individual, other than the monks, whom this last process of grabbing seems to have upset is Mr. Lloyd George, who used never to be tired of alluding to the

appropriation of Church lands by the wicked upper class.

No doubt in the past some of the latter have been careless about seeing that their tenants were properly housed. In particular they disliked spending money on rebuilding, a state of mind aptly illustrated by a great landlord, who owned the greater part of a provincial town. Being once approached by a committee for a subscription to rebuild the fence about a cemetery, he gave a reply which was characteristic as well as witty. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have always made it a rule on my estate never to make any repairs until the tenants themselves begin to complain."

The old-fashioned Conservatives were very outspoken when it came to a question of likes and dislikes. When in 1839 the Melbourne faction had disgusted and alarmed the fashionable Tories by coquetting with the Radicals, the very charge of being a "Radical" was bad enough. At Wilton a fine lady, hearing the unsavoury word mentioned, languidly asked what it might mean? Then, remembering herself, she said, "Ah, I think I have heard—Radicals are people who go about with Dissenters, vegetarians, homœopathists and other uncomfortable persons." If the mere suspicion of Radicalism was then a disgrace, wearing a beard was an aggravation of the offence. The late Mr. G. F. Muntz, for instance, when elected for Birmingham, was the first member of the House of Commons to wear a beard, and was also suspected of Chartist sympathies. Such a combination filled the old school with disgust and alarm, and when Mr. Muntz was made a magistrate, the Lord and Lady Pembroke of that day, who had made Wilton a Tory rallying-ground, thought that the Reign of Terror had come. The only thing to do, they gave

out, was for the aristocracy to consign its art treasures to the cellars of Coutts' Bank, to shut up its town and country houses, and to live abroad till the Whig tyranny should have collapsed. While such a tone pervaded society, news came first of the odious charge, due of course to Whig malignity, against one of the Duchess of Kent's suite, Lady Flora Hastings, and when later on this lady died the Whig Government was naturally branded as having caused her death.

While the old English were fond of expressing their contempt for foreigners they were always kind enough to the latter even when belonging to an enemy country. There was, however, great hostility to Napoleon, whose name was used to frighten naughty children, and much rejoicing prevailed at British victories over the Corsican usurper.

In 1813, for instance, on the report of Bonaparte's defeat his effigy was burnt in the market-place at Norwich, while similar scenes took place at Yarmouth and Thetford. A couple of years later at the time of the restoration of the Bourbons there was a great demonstration in the market-place at Norwich, the church bells being rung and bonfires lit, whilst amidst uproarious cheering the Chevalier de Bardelin, an exile who enjoyed universal popularity and had for twenty years supported himself by giving drawing and French lessons at a local school, took his seat on the mail coach, free, as he said, once more to return to his beloved France. The Chevalier received a real old English farewell, horses, guard, coachman, and passengers being decorated with the emblem of the Bourbons, the white cockade. The Chevalier de Bardelin had originally been a *garde du corps* of Louis XVI, in which capacity he acted at Versailles on the memorable 6th of October, 1789, when the

mob from Paris nearly assassinated the King and Queen. In 1816 M. de Bardelin married a Norfolk lady, Miss Sutton, and until his death in 1852, at the age of eighty-five, he kept in constant communication with his Norwich friends, whom he always delighted to welcome on their visits to France. His daughter became the Baroness de Fabry.

There was at one time a fairly close connection between Norfolk and France. Quite a number of members of the old Roman Catholic family of the Jerninghams of Costessey Hall crossed the Channel and took service under the banners of the French king, attaining in several cases to high military command. The last man to do this was General Jerningham, Colonel Commandant of several Irish regiments under Louis XVI, who, returning to England after the Revolution, died at Costessey in 1814. The late Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham, who for years wrote in "Truth" and other papers and who was well known in the West End, belonged to this family. A peculiarity of the Jerninghams is that, though they have steadfastly adhered to the Roman Catholic Church, no one of them has ever been a priest, or, on the other hand, become a Protestant; though Mr. Edward Jerningham, the friend of Horace Walpole, well known as a good scholar and elegant poet, did, I believe, show some tendencies towards Agnosticism. Notwithstanding the very strong anti-Catholic feeling which in old days prevailed in Norfolk (the bells of the Norwich churches were rung on the rejection of the Catholic Emancipation Bill in 1825), the Jerninghams did not, like so many of their co-religionists, abstain from social intercourse with their Protestant neighbours, with whom, in spite of their faith, they were always very popular.

Political refugees have always been well received in England. At Stansted Park in Hampshire, which has passed through many hands, a number of French Orleanists received a warm welcome; the Duc de Broglie and Guizot were constant visitors in the old house in which Queen Elizabeth had slept. Successively owned by Lord Scarbrough, the Ways, the Wilders and Mr. Whittaker, the house was rebuilt after a fire a good many years ago. The beauty of the place mainly consists in the view of the sea and in the woods full of charming rides.

A Dorsetshire country seat, Lulworth Castle, sheltered Charles X when in 1830 he was driven from Paris, while forty years later some other exalted exiles from the other side of the Channel were expected but did not arrive. When in 1870 the Second Empire had fallen, it was realized that its Imperial occupants would have to fly, and as the Empress Eugénie was about to enter the Kentish watering-place that received her, a letter from the Parisian Englishman, Sir Charles Blount, to his Dorsetshire friends and fellow-religionists, the Welds, held out some chance of her actually landing at Lulworth. About that time there had assembled at Lulworth Castle a little party of English sympathizers with the French Imperialists, one of the guests being the sixth Duke of Rutland, who had known the Third Napoleon while an exile in England, in lodgings in King Street, St. James's. The Empress Eugénie the Duke had first seen during her girlhood at Clifton, Bristol, and he remained to the close of his life in 1888 a devoted admirer of her manifold charms. Others then at Lulworth Castle were Sir William Fraser, two or three Howards, Mr. Frank Lawley, in old days an associate of Prince Napoleon at Crockford's Club, but then a writer for the

“Daily Telegraph.” Another newspaper man who had been even more intimate with the Napoleonic entourage was there also in the person of handsome Mr. Thomas Hamber, editor of the “Standard,” and at that time in the full maturity of vigorous manhood. Before there arrived the announcement of the possible visitors having already disembarked at Ramsgate, the expectant circle at Lulworth was reinforced by Richard Monckton Milnes, who had recently been transformed by Palmerston into Lord Houghton.

III

THOUGH among certain sections of what used to be called the upper classes there is at times some lamentation upon the loss of power and of prestige which has taken place with regard to the British aristocracy, the latter on the whole have contrived to remain in a better position than has been the lot of aristocracy elsewhere. The main factor in the levelling process which has so profoundly affected social life in Europe has in reality been the vast increase of population, which still continues without check. Radicalism and Socialism have no doubt played a great part in shifting the balance of power from the aristocracy to the proletariat, nevertheless, it should be realized that the political influence of the English landowning class must in any case have disappeared with the development of great towns and the increase of urban population. Under present circumstances no effort on the part of the squirearchy could ever have prevented the preponderant social position they once held from passing away. On the whole indeed the old families owning country estates may consider themselves lucky to have retained the position in question as long as they did and to have escaped the social convulsion which practically annihilated their like across the Channel. Such as are still able to live beneath the ancient roofs which for generations sheltered their forbears have indeed good reason to congratulate themselves on having been left any estates

at all, the spirit of the age being manifestly hostile to the principle of hereditary possession of any large portion of the soil. With the increase of population the splitting up of properties is obviously inevitable, and the best the class in question can do is to retain only their ancestral mansions and parks, the upkeep of which will in future have to be drawn from the results of the owners' efforts in the fields of industry and trade. The days are indeed gone when a great landlord can expect to live luxuriously upon rents drawn from an uncomplaining if more or less prosperous tenantry. Farming in the future will only be a profitable undertaking when conducted on scientific lines, a method not at all to the taste of the ordinary countryman, for the most part content to jog along in the same rut as his father has done before him.

At the present day the possession of a great landed estate confers no particular advantages upon the individual who owns it, the urban vote having usurped the political power formerly attached to territorial property, while the squire has been sacrificed to the business man. Meanwhile the wise landowner, perceiving that his successor will be unable to live on the family estate unless he makes a good income for himself, educates his heir to fit him for business pursuits likely to yield a fair return. The serious interests of the latter's life will not, like that of his forefathers, be connected with the countryside, but with London, where his income will be made. Already the country, to many who were brought up there, means nothing but an occasional health resort, where they can rest minds and bodies worn out by the struggle and turmoil of urban life. Great cities, and especially London, apt to sacrifice the yeoman to the artisan and to drain adjoining rural districts of their population,

are as vampires sucking the blood from their prey, and sapping the virile spirit which was formerly such a beneficent element in the national life.

Ever since the passing of the Great Reform Bill political as well as social changes have been working against squires and landowners and depriving them of their privileges as well as of their wealth. Up to that time, candidates for government appointments, or even a seat in Parliament, had to possess a certain amount of land, a custom which dated from the seventeenth century, when the landowners, vesting the executive power in themselves, contrived that admission to the aristocratic caste, which controlled England, could only be obtained by men who owned a certain portion of English soil. Thus, *nouveaux riches* who already flourished were obliged to acquire land and identify themselves with the life of the people, which at that time was almost entirely rural. The opposition to the Reform Bill on the part of squires was, in the light of after-events, founded upon very sufficient grounds, for slowly at first, and speedily later on, it succeeded in robbing them of their privileges and power. Within recent years, the democratic spirit has quite stripped them of the latter, the interests of landowners being but feebly supported, whenever they have come in conflict, even remotely, with those of the towns. Mr. Lloyd George, openly indifferent to any injury he might inflict on those of his countrymen who drew their incomes from land, introduced his famous People's Budget in 1909, with the avowed purpose of destroying landlords as a class. "We will," said he, "give the great landlords a turn on the wheel and put them on the treadmill for a short time, and see how they like it." The landlord's sole function, his chief pride, according to this politician, whose knowledge

of country life and country industries seems to have been limited, was the stately consumption of wealth produced by others. Why Radical politicians of this type should be more bitter against the landed proprietor than against the business man, or great manufacturer, it is not easy to see.

While the Radicals for no particular reason have in modern times chosen to assume a hostile attitude towards landowners, the Conservatives, who should have kept in mind that the countryside has ever been one of their most reliable strongholds, cannot be said to have made any very strenuous fight to uphold the interests of those directly connected with it. As a most thoughtful writer recently said in the "Quarterly Review" :

"Of late years no one seems to remember, or realize that but for the landlord and the yeoman, modern industrial England would never have come into being. Utterly fallacious indeed is the idea entertained by urban workers that the interests of those living by the land are not worthy of attention. Had it not been for the latter, the great cities with their commerce and manufactories would never have reached their present development. The wealthy landowners of the past made large sums of money from well-ordered estates, and were consequently enabled to invest such profits in industrial enterprise. During the middle portion of the nineteenth century, the latter was in some respects of real assistance to agriculture. Railways, for instance, which now irritate the farmer by high charges and none too efficient services, then afforded very adequate transport facilities, and thus indirectly maintained the prosperity of county families, while the squires were able to spend money on farm implements and farms, improve stock and repair

and re-erect houses. There was then a national feeling of confidence in agriculture. In 1854 four million acres still grew corn. Various events, such as the Crimean War and the contest in America between North and South, did no harm to English trade. In the last thirty years of the nineteenth century, however, England and Wales lost two million of the acres devoted to corn, while farmers also suffered severely from the beginning of the importing of frozen meat. The demand for cheap food had by this time become so insistent that, a return to Protection being seemingly out of the question, landlords allowed large areas of tilled soil to be laid down in grass, while considerable tracts of once fertile ground became desolate and neglected."

While it was more or less inevitable that landowners should cease to be as prosperous as their forbears it must be admitted that as a class they have made many and great mistakes, the greatest, perhaps, being their attitude in recent times towards the farmers and small squirearchy, which, often of ancient descent, finds itself treated as if it were of no importance at all. The old-fashioned aristocracy, indeed, though fond of its pleasures, recognized the wisdom of gaining the support of its humble neighbours. On the other hand too often the aristocrat of to-day ignores the small local gentry, and thus alienates a valuable political ally. The result of this is that many a landowner, having had to exchange his luxurious mansion for a small London flat, sits bemoaning that Radical legislation is ruining the country—by which, of course, he means himself.

It has been well said that the squires and the landowners of to-day, against the rising tide of democracy,

stand with their backs to the wall. Some whose powers of initiative are small spend their time in useless laments, others just manage to jog along without much hope of their fortunes improving. Bewailing the past, however, has never done anyone good, a thing realized by another and more progressive class, who, well knowing that the old country life with its hunting, shooting and entertaining is impossible for men of small means at the present day, devotes its energies to really scientific farming, in which their sons, and sometimes their daughters, are carefully trained.

In the days when land was a paying proposition practically every landlord lived upon his estate and was contented with a more or less simple country life, enlivened only by an occasional party of his friends. The country house then was no inconsiderable political force—the views of its owner, as a rule, greatly influencing his neighbours, whilst in most cases a fairly contented tenantry followed their landlord's lead and voted in accordance with his views. Besides this they took a genuine interest in everything which concerned him or his family, a state of things rare to-day, when the rich city men or American millionaires who spend their spare time in the country are but seldom in touch with those living in the neighbourhood of great mansions, hired either for sport or pleasure. The modern standpoint as regards country life is well demonstrated by the remark of a lady whose husband had bought a country house, and was told that some pleasant people lived in the countryside near by. "Pleasant or not, it matters little to us," was the retort, "we shan't see anything of them—we shall get our friends down from London with the fish." Nor is such a standpoint to be wondered at when it is remembered how little a permanent resident in the country can be

in touch with those whose whole life is a rush for pleasure and amusement. A very different state of affairs prevailed among the county gentry up to the latter portion of the Victorian Era. In those days after the Season was over the owner of a country house would move his whole household out of London, and keep them away from it till the next Season began. Now a couple of months or so is the usual limit of country life for the great majority, though of course flying visits for the purpose of sport are common enough. Week-end stays have also supplanted the lengthy sojourns which in former days were the rule rather than the exception. Love of change and variety causes people soon to become tired of remaining in one place, besides which, to frivolous people a succession of guests is more amusing than a few staid old friends whose habits and conversation never vary. After having successfully conquered the town, the spirit of excitement and unrest has directed its energies towards the enlivening of country-house life, with the result that in many cases life there differs very little from what goes on in London during the season. The old days, when, whilst the men were out shooting, the ladies sat peacefully working at home, are over, and only advanced age or unconquerable infirmities can now prevent most ladies from following the guns.

The idea of a permanent home seems to have but slight attraction for those of the present generation well endowed with the good things of the world; in all probability the custom of making frequent trips abroad, and staying in luxuriously equipped hotels, has largely contributed to such a state of affairs. Formerly, people troubled themselves little about artistic surroundings, and provided a house was com-

fortable to live in, little more was required. Not a few spent the whole of their lives in one house, for which, from habit, they felt a sentimental attachment. To-day the vast majority of those living even in houses of historic interest appear ready to sell or let their residence without the least feeling of regret, provided they can secure advantageous terms. The feeling that a landowner had obligations and duties which he was bound to carry out seems practically to have died away. Though often proud and arrogant in society old-fashioned squires seldom failed to put in an appearance at local sports or festivities held on their estates. They no doubt realized that it was good policy to mingle with their neighbours, the result being that great good-fellowship prevailed between the aristocracy and their tenants in those conservative days, participation in the sports of the people being considered an act of great geniality and even condescension.

Addressing the Suffolk Grand Jury in 1844 Baron Alderson said :

“ In a neighbouring county, which I passed through on the circuit this time, I had, what I am afraid I shall not have here, a day of rest ; and I went out into the country and had the pleasure of seeing a match of cricket, in which a noble Earl, the Lord-Lieutenant of his county, was playing with the tradesmen, the labourers, and all around him, and, I believe, he lost no respect from that course ; they loved him better, but they did not respect him less. I believe that, if the aristocracy associated more with the lower classes of society, the kingdom of England would be in a far safer, and society in a far sounder, condition. I wish

I could put it into the minds of all to think so, because I feel it to be true."

The persons who feel most aggrieved at the aloofness of the wealthy people who occasionally come down to the country, are not the working classes, who now care little about such things, but the gentlefolk of small means who retain traditions of a very different state of affairs. The fashion of despising the small squirearchy, which was formerly such a prop of the large landowners, is responsible for much ill-feeling: after all, numbers of poor countryfolk are in reality of better blood than most of our newly manufactured peers. They are, however, ill-equipped with means and there is nothing to be got out of them, which, of course, constitutes a fatal defect in the eyes of the modern world.

With the increase of commercialism, a profound alteration occurred in country life—which lost the solidarity and homogeneity which were once its prominent features. The farmers and labourers who mixed with the squires in church, market-place, and in jollifications up at the great houses, became separated from them either because they ceased to see much of them or on account of the new social conditions of a more sophisticated age. Gradually the landed aristocracy began to despise the society of their neighbours, preferring to bring their own friends down from London, while week-end parties began to replace the old-fashioned guests who had been used to making stays of three weeks or a month. The railway first produced this change and the motor completed it, travelling to and from London by the two latter modes of progression being a very different thing from long journeys which had to be made in stage coach or post-

chaise. The industrial revolution altered the character and habits of the villagers just as much as it did those of the squires, and once the barrier between town and country had been broken by mechanical traction there followed a certain degradation of local life, while the landlord became a mere receiver of rent whom no one respected or cared anything about. At the present day, when a squire manages to remain upon his ancestral acres, any attempt to exercise the paternal control popular in a past age is usually bitterly resented. Village consciousness has practically disappeared and a large number of inhabitants are mere residents or workers in adjacent towns, the ancient unity of interests which once linked together all classes of the population not having much place in modern country life.

During the earlier part of the Victorian era a great landed proprietor was quite content to live the greater part of the year on his estate, where he amused himself with the sport which satisfied the moderate taste of those days. If he had not a house in town, he hired one for three months or so, when he would bring up his wife and daughters for the Season. Entertainments were certainly given—entertainments the comparative modesty of which would to-day provoke a contemptuous smile—and the Season over, the family would once more return to the country, there to remain until the following year. This mode of life was in some cases varied by a journey (considered a great adventure) across the Channel.

Country-house parties were few, but lasted longer than at present, when people go hundreds of miles to stay a day. Life, in short, was slow, rather solemn, inexpensive, not undignified, but, according to modern ideas, dull.

The modern practice of letting one's country house would have appalled the landed proprietors of other days when such a thing was yet undreamt of. There was then, of course, a real bond of connection, often amounting to respectful sympathy, between a landlord and his tenants, which, except on a very few estates, has now quite ceased to exist.

The majority of country squires at present are too poor to resist letting their seats, which are naturally regarded much in the light of a commercial asset, their sale-value for the most part consisting in their capacity for affording some wealthy financier the shooting or hunting necessary to amuse him in the intervals of a life of business and speculation. Country life, or rather short spells of it, has now become a sort of luxury of the rich, while every year sees an increase in the number of American millionaires who establish themselves in old family seats.

To-day the absentee landlord is considered such a common feature of modern English life that no one pays any attention to him. It has indeed become a recognized thing that the well-to-do classes should only frequent the country for the purposes of sport. Most of the small local gentry, who in old days constituted quite a powerful class, have either been sucked into the nearest big town or have gone to live in London; while those who are left eke out a sort of moribund existence bemoaning a past in which they counted for a good deal more than is now the case. Under old conditions the small landowners and little squires were a most important link in a social chain which, beginning with the Sovereign, ended with the hind who toiled in the fields—at present most of the squirearchy merely lead gloomy lives. Considered too dull to be asked up to the great house

by the "gentleman from London," who, besides, brings his own house-parties with him, and too proud to make any attempt to conciliate the *nouveau riche* in question, not a few spend a good deal of their time deploring the vulgarity of modern days and the decadence of the old aristocracy which once used to live in the district. The poorer members of the country gentry are out of touch with the class above them, and consequently have lost most of the Conservative ardour which was one of their chief characteristics even fifty years ago. This unsatisfactory state of affairs has arisen largely from the apathy and selfishness of what may be termed "irresponsible wealth."

The great landowner of other days took care, at various times, to entertain all classes of his tenants and neighbours, and so got into close touch with them. The modern squire, used to town life, considering this sort of thing a bore, often does not entertain at all, or, if he does, gets his agent to do it for him. Hospitality of this kind probably bored many of the landowners of the old school, just as much, but they considered it one of their duties, as well as good policy, personally to attend to it. Looking at the matter from a serious point of view an absentee landlord is really something of a social atrocity, for he is shirking the responsibilities which the ownership of land was originally understood to entail. The original idea regulating the ownership of the soil was that all land was held from the King, military service by the holder and his retainers being one of the conditions of tenure. In course of time, this fell into abeyance, and the landowner found himself in possession of his estates, with only a few quaint survivals of feudal usages to indicate that he owed any service to anyone at all.

Nevertheless, up to the middle of the last century, the owner of a large property, by an unwritten law, was supposed to spend a certain amount of time on his estate, take part in the administration of justice, look after the interests of his tenants and neighbours, and otherwise interest himself in local affairs. As landowners became less prosperous, they took to letting their estates, and thus gradually the absentee landlord made his appearance, with results very prejudicial to the class from which he sprang.

A good many years ago a critic of country life wrote : " In proportion as the landowner loses the sole control and direction of local affairs, so he will cease to be an active member of the community ; he will give himself up to the pursuit of pleasure," a forecast which has proved entirely true. To-day the finer characteristics of English rural life have to a large extent passed away, and properties which had remained in one family for many generations now periodically come into the auction mart, changing hands much in the same manner as the fine old family pictures which were once the pride of so many country mansions. Continuity of tradition, it has been wisely said, made England the most free and leisured nation of the world ; unfortunately in the case of country life that continuity has been gradually broken, till at the present day, the new rich change their country house as easily as they change their motor cars or yachts ! Though extreme Socialists may aver that the new state of affairs is better than the old, in reality England has no reason to be pleased with such a result. It is all very well for people holding such views to boast of the good results which are to follow upon the return of the " people " to the land. The latter in reality, though ready enough to join in abuse of the old landowners,

are exceedingly unwilling to live in the country at all, while those who do make up their minds to undergo, what to most of them is, a disagreeable mode of life, seldom seem to prosper, for owing to various causes connected with the economics of modern life the sale of vegetables and fruit, not to speak of poultry and eggs, almost always proves disastrous to those who invest their small capital in such an enterprise. Farming on a small scale notoriously spells ruin, the disinclination of the modern small farmer to work himself, and his reluctance to make his wife and daughters work, being no doubt a principal cause. As an observant student of country life has remarked, "if every modern Englishman does not want to be a gentleman, every modern girl wants to be a lady." Owing to the absurd ideas now popular with a large number of the middle classes, one of the chief conditions of being a "lady" is never to indulge in any manual labour whatever! Better to live a wretchedly uncomfortable life, while being waited upon by some slatternly servant, than work oneself, is the absurd maxim dear to many. A sad pity is it that some of the millions of pounds now devoted to the so-called education of unteachable children should not be devoted to making the latter perceive that a contempt for manual labour is a low, vulgar idea, and one unworthy of a sensible human being. As, however, modern education or rather mis-education is largely supervised by dreamers and idealists quite out of touch with the real facts of life, there is little likelihood that anything of the sort will be attempted for many a long day to come. In old days men born in the country for the most part realized that honest toil upon their own land was a thing of which they should be proud. They recognized the social functions of the old English yeomen, a num-

ber of whom lived in substantial houses, often little smaller than that of the Squire: "the good yeoman who," as Fuller said, "in the seventeenth century wore russet clothes, but made golden payments, having tin in his buttons and silver in his pockets—the surest landmark whence foreigners might take aim of the ancient English customs, the gentry being more floating after foreign fashions."

As for the Squire himself, even as late as the earlier portion of the last century, his estate was usually self-sufficing and self-contained, while his food, household goods, furniture, and even some of his clothes, were produced in the immediate district, from which sometimes came the architect who long years before had built his house. All the year round the country gentleman lived on game shot on his own ground, on the products of his farm, and of his garden. A brew-house furnished beer for himself and his servants, while a bakery and curing chimney were attached to most country houses, in which still-rooms filled with good things made from old-fashioned recipes furnished a constant supply of wholesome delicacies for the table of the squire and his wife. Thus "the great house," as many a country mansion was known in the vicinity, was more or less self-supporting, and though its occupants might sometimes receive presents of game or venison from their friends, they would no sooner have thought of sending to London for their groceries, or other household requisites, than of jumping over the moon.

From a commercial point of view the country house was a benefit to the district in which it stood, for as far as possible all purchases which had to be made were got from the village shop, the owner of which rarely left the district from which his livelihood was drawn.



FOUR OAKS HALL, WARWICKSHIRE

The villagers, though not well dowered with the world's goods, seem to have regarded the squire, even when very wealthy, without envy, but rather with affectionate respect. He for his part, feeling a proprietary interest in the welfare of his dependents, most of whom he knew by name, often took as much interest in their welfare as he did in that of his own children, who as a rule were brought up in close contact with the offspring of the best class of tenants, who gained a good deal thereby, for in spite of cheap sarcasm levelled at the limitations of the squirearchy of a past age, many of this class were cultured men who besides having obtained a comprehensive knowledge of Europe during a Grand Tour were classical scholars and fond of literature and art, for which reason they took care to have a well-stored library.

At the same time it must be confessed that quite a large proportion of the mid-Victorian country gentlemen were indifferent to science, art, or modern improvements. They had, it is true, mostly got past the stage of actually hating anything new merely because it *was* new, but, nevertheless, they heartily mistrusted innovations. Not a few doubted whether the invention of the steam-engine had not been a mistake, and would have cheerfully gone back to the ways of their ancestors.

The country gentry—who at that time still lived upon their estates—regarded themselves as the very salt of the earth. The sons, if they did not go into the Army, Bar, or the Church, stayed at home and did nothing. The daughters, till they were married at least, led a life of modified seclusion which was almost Oriental, whiling away their abundant leisure with semi-useless occupations, such as tatting, crochet, and fancywork, usually of an appalling description.

From a political point of view the Squirearchy was subject to limitations which were mainly the outcome of its environment and education. In the eighteenth century there was little to ruffle its traditional ideas, but with the passing of the great Reform Bill came a rude awakening. The horrors of the French Revolution naturally made a great impression upon English country gentlemen as a class, for which reason, no doubt, in early and even mid-Victorian days, Radicals were looked upon by the county gentry as dangerous and ferocious men, with principles nearly allied to Atheism and Republicanism. In reality, however, the Radicalism of a hundred years ago was usually of a harmless kind, being often merely academic and literary rather than political, and showing itself in quotations from Shakespeare and the classics to which a number of men of a past generation were exceedingly partial. As the nineteenth century grew older culture among country gentlemen seems to have lessened, which probably was one of the reasons why Disraeli, who ever professed the greatest admiration for the British aristocracy, could not at times help showing that at heart he had no great opinion of their mental qualifications. In his day indeed it must be confessed that the great majority of the class in question made no great attempt to perfect such intelligence as they might happen to possess. Sport and pleasure mainly monopolized their time, which, together with a profound distrust of all change, was not fitted to strengthen them in the attempt to hold back the rising tide of democracy. As for the squires and country gentlemen, every one remembers what Disraeli said about the difficulty of dragging a waggon-load of them uphill.

In dealing with the class in question Disraeli always showed great tact. A good and possibly

true story tells how he once got rid of an importunate applicant for a baronetcy upon whom, for sufficient reasons, it was impossible to confer the honour. " You know I cannot give you a baronetcy," said the Tory leader ; " the best thing you can do, however, is to tell your friends I offered you one and that you refused it, which sounds far better ! "

The acceptance of Lord Beaconsfield's leadership by the class in question was the more remarkable, insomuch as he had not received the training which was then considered almost indispensable to an English statesman. Old Isaac Disraeli had not given him what is usually understood by the term " a liberal education " ; and his son was never reared in the Eton and Oxford of his favourite heroes, but was taken from the suburban academy, in which he had mastered some of the elements of learning, to be articled in the office of a London attorney.

The purchase of Hughenden by Disraeli, in 1848, probably arose from his wish to be considered an English country gentleman. In addition to this the part of Buckinghamshire in which it was situated appealed to him as being not far away from Bradenham, where his father, Isaac Disraeli, had lived in a charming home near a pretty village and church of which Lord Beaconsfield wrote a description under the name of Hurstley. Like many men whose existence had been mainly passed in London, Disraeli enjoyed brief intervals of country life. At Hughenden he was able to entertain his political friends, though at times he preferred to be alone, listening, in his own words, to the " sultry note of the cuckoo, the cooing of the wood-pigeons," and feasting his eyes upon the " blaze of the rosy may." Here midst books, flowers and birds the old statesman enjoyed a repose very

grateful to him after the troublous vicissitudes of political life.

Primroses abounded at Hughenden and the woodmen had orders to protect these plants; they were cultivated in large numbers alongside the walk behind the manor-house known locally as the "German Forest Path," and according to Lord Beaconsfield's directions, given to his head gardener during the last year of his life, a plot of ground in the park where the grass grew scantily was thickly planted with ferns and primroses.

In addition to the masses of the latter flower cultivated at Hughenden that strange old lady, Mrs. Brydges Willyams, of Torquay, who was a great admirer of Disraeli, used every spring to send him bunches of primroses from her Devonshire garden.

The lady in question was a great reader of Mr. Disraeli's works, and one day she wrote to him stating her intention of leaving him all her property. At first he thought this was nothing but a joke, but soon afterwards a second letter arrived, containing a cheque for a thousand pounds, and an invitation to Torquay. Mr. Disraeli went, and more than confirmed the favourable impression which his writings had produced. He paid several other visits before Mrs. Willyams' death in 1856, when she left him her house and property, amounting together to some thirty thousand pounds. She had for years been a well-known character in Torquay, where she never went out for a walk without two very ugly but perfectly inoffensive bulldogs. Mrs. Brydges Willyams was buried in Lord Beaconsfield's vault in Hughenden Churchyard.

Unlike Lord Beaconsfield, whose name became associated with the primrose, Mr. Gladstone does not

seem to have cared very much for flowers. His political opponents indeed were fond of saying that the Grand Old Man carried a mania for destruction into private life, tree-felling being notoriously his favourite relaxation. Nevertheless the owner of Hawarden never cut down a tree merely for exercise, the trees at Hawarden being treated as precious gifts of Nature which were not rashly to be touched. Mr. Gladstone's mode of procedure indeed was to wield the axe only in cases where it was necessary and a tree in the full vigour of life was never attacked, while a doubtful one was tried judicially, and sometimes its fate hung in the balance for a considerable period of time. Not only the opinion of the family was consulted, but that of visitors also: a word from Ruskin once sealed the fate of an oak, and on another occasion the casting vote of Millais caused the disappearance of an old but decrepit elm.

Chopping down trees, no matter how careful one may be to spare the best ones, is essentially a destructive pastime—planting them, on the other hand, is far more invigorating from an imaginative point of view. Cecil Rhodes once told a friend: "I remember in the impetuosity of my youth I was talking to a man advanced in years who was planting oak trees, and I said to him very gently that the planting of oak trees by a man advanced in years seemed to me rather imaginative. He grasped my idea at once and replied: 'You mean that I shall never enjoy the shade.' I said 'Yes,' and he continued, 'I have the imagination and I know what that shade will be and, at any rate, no one will ever alter those lines on which I have laid my trees. Well do I know that I cannot expect to see them beyond a shrub, but with me rest the conception, the shade, and the glory.'"

In his last years, owing to failing eyesight, which clouded the end of his life, Mr. Gladstone was obliged to moderate mental and physical activity, for which he had always been noted.

Writing of a visit to the old Liberal leader at Dollis Hill in 1894 a clever lady said :

“ It was a strange, fine, somewhat sad picture to see the old venerable statesman lying on a seat shaded by trees on the picturesque lawn, looking well and cheerful, with the hope of soon being able to see to write again ; in the meantime talking with his extraordinary enthusiasm and vigour of Homer’s genius, of Japanese talents, and of the hundred thousand uses which can be made of paper. Was there ever such a versatile mind ? ”

Though Mr. Gladstone was popular enough in his country home he was not at all appreciated by country gentlemen at large, the great majority of whom came to regard his great opponent Disraeli as their own particular champion.

The debt of gratitude which the upper classes of England owed to Lord Beaconsfield was far greater than was ever realized during the time he remained alive.

As an impartial foreign critic some years ago pointed out :

“ In no single instance since the death of the old Tory leader have the Conservatives shown the courage of their convictions. Their more active spirits [said this critic] are always seeking how they can outbid their opponents, how trump the socialistic card which the Radical plays. Lord Salisbury vies with Mr.

Gladstone in pandering to Demos—the sole king in England. I see no sign of their resorting to any new expedient. There is no one among them who shows himself capable of grasping the situation, supplying by his own action and initiative what it needs. Disraeli was a man of commanding genius, who by an accident found himself at the head of the Conservative party. But he was not a Conservative. He succeeded because he was the cleverest man the Conservatives could find: He achieved a brilliant personal triumph, and he reflected its lustre upon his political followers. Naturally, therefore, when he departed the whole fabric was dissolved.”

THE old English squires as a rule were good representatives of the national feeling, and understood the ideas of the rural population among whom they lived as to Church and State. Social England as late as the early part of the nineteenth century was suggestive of a family party with identical interests, rather than a heterogeneous mass of well-to-do individuals anxious to get the most possible amusement out of life, in addition to which the various classes of the community were not separated from each other. English social life has always been closely connected with country houses, the owners of which in past times exercised a good deal of influence upon the policy of whatever government might happen to be in power. The comments of the county gentry assembled at such centres of local life often reached the Court, whose policy with regard to foreign and internal affairs and its relations with industry and trade were to some degree shaped by the opinions of landowners having considerable influence with a large and prosperous section of the community. It was only within comparatively recent times that distinctions of class became emphasized to what may be termed an unfortunate degree. Up to the end of the eighteenth century local characters were granted considerable licence, while, in spite of the arrogance of certain territorial magnates, clever and amusing strangers and even foreigners were generally welcome.

People then lived in a more leisurely fashion than is now the case and, as may be gathered from the novels of Fielding and Smollett, were ready patiently to listen to all sorts of interminable travellers' tales.

The old leisured aristocracy of the last century delighted in gathering together people of conversational power, and for this reason alone certain individuals whose sole credentials were their wit and mental cultivation were accorded a place in Society. There were several such men, of whose origin nothing was known or asked, whose claim to social consideration lay in cultivated and well-stored brains—these were welcomed without demur. A brilliant conversationalist enjoyed special privileges, and when he talked other people were content to listen. Certain country houses then enjoyed a special reputation for the feast of intellect and learning at the disposal of those privileged to sojourn beneath their roofs. The Grange in Hampshire, for instance, was especially noted as being a centre of intellectual culture. Frequent visitors here during the first half of the Victorian era were Lords Lansdowne, Clarendon, Canning, Grey, Granville, Houghton, Elcho and Aberdeen. Here among other intellectuals came Sir Henry Taylor, the Reverend Mr. Brookfield, Sidney Herbert and Thomas Carlyle: the outspoken utterances of the latter, it is recorded, being always striking, especially during the Crimean War, when the sage of Chelsea, carried away by his feelings, was wont to thunder forth his version of the elder Pitt's reply to the Duke of Newcastle's objection that an expedition could not be ready at the required moment: "If," quoted Carlyle, with great zest, "the money and the men are not ready on Thursday next at ten o'clock, your Grace's head ought to roll at your Grace's feet." "That," commented the sage,

"is the way to speak to an incapable minister." Sydney Herbert, Secretary for War, chancing to be present during one of these outbursts, Carlyle apologised with a gruff laugh, with the result that in the end the two men parted the best of friends. Carlyle was very apt to say the wrong thing, for on another occasion, arguing with Prince Jerome Napoleon as to the perfection of English naval construction, he blurted out, "Anyhow, the result is, that if one of our ships meets a French ship of her own size, she blows such a vessel out of the water."

Lord and Lady Ashburton, the host and hostess of The Grange, were very unconventional in their domestic relations, the latter in biting sarcasm and readiness of repartee being unsurpassed even by Mrs. Grote. She spared no one, least of all her husband. "I think I may say," once the poor Lord ventured to remark, "that I have no favourite 'ology.'" "Except 'tautology,'" was his wife's reply. As a matter of fact, the unfortunate nobleman did sometimes tell the same story more than once. Lady Ashburton's partiality for Carlyle seems to have rather upset some of her other friends. Her criticism of the revolutionary tendencies she had discerned in a pamphlet by Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) caused the writer in his own defence to say, "The writings of your friend Carlyle are much redder" (meaning, of course, of a redder republican tinge). The lady was prepared with her repartee: "You mean they are much more read." At The Grange it was that Carlyle, hearing that Mrs. Beecher Stowe had lately been there, set himself to scandalize every one by hotly defending slavery and abusing the abolitionists: "Mrs. Stowe," said he, "is only a poor foolish woman who has written a book of wretched trash called 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

It was also at The Grange that the sage of Chelsea passed his famous verdict on Charles Dickens's friend the "harbitary gent," the historian John Foster—"Eh, mon, but you are a poor, weak, miserable crittur." Dickens himself, though he was a welcome guest in society, hated being made a lion of, and if he thought he was being trotted out would scarcely utter a word. Small parties were more congenial to him than large ones, and he was happiest staying with clever men, such as Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who had occasionally been a contributor to "Household Words." "So bright and clever a man, so neat a writer," once said Dickens of this member of the Fourth party, "ought not to have wandered into Conservatism." In his Hampshire home, Sir Henry Wolff, by his courteous hospitalities to political foes as well as friends, first secured the enjoyable popularity on both sides which made him an ever-welcome figure in public as in private life. For this reason his keen criticisms of Lord Granville's foreign policy in the Commons did not prevent his being a host with whom the Foreign Secretary's brother, Mr. Leveson-Gower, became especially intimate. "I looked upon these attacks," said the latter, "as only having been in the way of business."

One of the most popular social figures during a great portion of the Victorian era, Mr. Leveson-Gower enjoyed a great reputation for his excellent and pleasant dinners, and though he was in the habit of saying that his hospitality was praised more than it deserved, no one who enjoyed the result of his cook Monsieur Beguinot's labours ever admitted that they could be overrated. In London, Mr. Leveson-Gower had a house in South Audley Street, which, though in reality small, was so designed as to seem like a large

house in miniature. Later on, the genial host acquired a charming home on the Surrey Hills, which commands a view right across Sussex to the South Downs. Here occasionally came Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, whose friendship was one of the chief happinesses of Mr. Leveson's mature years. The connecting link was Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, who, in spite of old Whiggish prejudices against Tories who had turned their political coats, was one of Gladstone's most enthusiastic disciples. At Cliveden, and in the luxurious villa at Chiswick where Fox and Canning had died, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had been her constant guests ; and there they formed their affectionate intimacy with Mr. Leveson, with whom more than once every year they stayed at Holmbury, the latter's pleasant Surrey home.

Here it was on June 19, 1873—as Mr. Gladstone wrote in his diary—they heard of the death of a valued friend.

“ Off at 4.25 to Holmbury. We were enjoying that beautiful spot and expecting Granville with the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce), when the groom arrived with the message that the bishop had had a bad fall. An hour and a half later Granville entered, pale and sad : ‘ It’s all over.’ In an instant the thread of that precious life was snapped. We were all in deep and silent grief.”

Mr. Leveson-Gower, who lived to a great age, was a delightful link between old days and new ; but practically the last survivor of a vanished era who lived on till the Great War was the late Mr. W. C. Cartwright, who had for many years been a member of the House of Commons. A country squire of the best type,

Mr. Cartwright, after having lived much abroad in his youth, spent the end of his life at his ancestral home of Aynho Park, Northamptonshire.

The original house had been burnt down during the Civil Wars, when the Cartwright of that day had received £10,000 from Parliament to rebuild it. Though the present mansion has no particular artistic features externally, the rooms, remodelled by Sir John Soane at the beginning of the nineteenth century, possess considerable charm. The main attraction of the place, however, is the Park, which, with its herd of deer, forms a delightful prospect when viewed from the back of the house. Here amidst an avenue of ilex trees, which he himself had planted, old Mr. Cartwright would take his afternoon walk. This clever bibliophile, however, was at his best in his study, a small room packed from floor to ceiling with books. Mr. Cartwright, previous to his having entered Parliament as a Liberal, lived much in Italy, where he had got into close touch with Cavour and Mazzini, in connection with whom he had many recollections of the struggle for the unification of Italy. There was probably no greater student than he of the French Revolution, with reference to which he possessed a magnificent collection of books, including all the journals and pamphlets published at the time.

A man of immense learning, it is to be regretted that he published so little. His history of Papal Conclaves is, however, acknowledged to be the best work upon a little known subject. Aynho Park is now the property of Mr. Cartwright's son, the Right Honourable Sir Fairfax Cartwright, a clever diplomatist who left the service after having been Ambassador at Vienna just before the Great War, of the imminence

of which he had repeatedly warned the Government for many years without obtaining the recognition which his far-seeing forecast deserved.

A country house where interesting people were wont to assemble in the latter part of the Victorian era was Strathfieldsaye, the second Duke of Wellington, a man of great intellectual gifts which he never chose to exercise to their full advantage, having been a host who delighted in welcoming visitors with brains. Though he did not get on particularly well with his father during the latter's life-time, he had a great reverence for that Duke's memory, and preserved Strathfieldsaye exactly as it had been in his time. For this reason, while objecting to the smell of tobacco when away from home, he would have no smoking-room in the house, as there had never been one; after the ladies had gone to bed, the men, should they wish to smoke, adjourned to the housekeeper's room downstairs. This dislike for tobacco had been quite usual in the old Duke's day, smoking indoors having then been generally tabooed, and an after-dinner cigar or pipe having to be smoked in the harness-room or servants' hall. In order to prevent their clothes smelling of tobacco, men would don a special coat or suit, often of fanciful design—a habit which originated the smoking-suit which has now almost disappeared. The costume in question seems in early Victorian days to have been finished off by a smoking-cap and a tassel, though, except in farces, such a head-dress appears seldom to have been seen after 1830 or 1840. Up to the latter portion of the nineteenth century, cigarettes were comparatively little smoked. They appear to have first come into fashion about the time of the Crimean War, though in a slightly different form. They had been known long

before, when old Peninsular officers used to smoke tobacco rolled up tight in a piece of paper. This they called a "papelito." Cigars, of course, date from a much earlier period, as may be gathered from "Westward Ho!" in which Charles Kingsley pictures Amyas Leigh smoking a cigar. It is quite clear, however, that cigars were hardly known in England at all as late as 1730, for the writer of a book published about that time, when describing the adventures of certain English sailors taken prisoners by a Spanish pirate in South America, notes with special astonishment that the captives were presented with "segars."

While the second Duke of Wellington adhered to the customs popular in his father's time, he preserved Strathfieldsaye in an absolutely untouched condition, the grounds being beautifully kept. Here were, and probably still are, many magnificent trees, the soil appearing to be very suited to their growth, including a large number of splendid araucarias, raised from seed sent to the great Duke by John Walpole when Consul-General at Valparaiso. Lord Rivers, the original owner of the estate, took care that it should be well wooded, and I believe the abundance of fine trees was one of the principal reasons which caused the Iron Duke to select it in preference to Up Park and Bramshill, both of which places were inspected by him, with a view to purchase, before he decided to settle in Hampshire.

An amusing incident once occurred in connection with the Strathfieldsaye trees. Mr. J. C. Loudon, an eminent landscape designer and great authority on botanical matters, whom the Duke had lost sight of for some years, suddenly sent the latter a note to this effect :

“ MY LORD DUKE—

It would gratify me extremely if you would permit me to visit Strathfieldsaye at any time convenient to your Grace, and to inspect the Waterloo beeches.

Your Grace's servant, J. C. LONDON.”

The beeches in question, it should be added, were trees that had been planted immediately after the Battle of Waterloo, as a memorial of the great fight. The writing of the letter was not very clear, and the Duke having read it twice, and concluded that the signature was J. C. London, promptly wrote back:

“ MY DEAR BISHOP OF LONDON,—

It will always give me great pleasure to see you at Strathfieldsaye. Pray come there whenever it suits your convenience, whether I am at home or not. My servant will receive orders to show you as many pairs of my breeches as you may wish, but why you should wish to inspect those I wore at the Battle of Waterloo is quite beyond the comprehension of yours most truly, WELLINGTON.”

The letter was received, as may be supposed, with great surprise by the Bishop of London, who showed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury and to other learned people, all of whom came to the melancholy conclusion that the great Duke of Wellington had evidently lost his senses. The Bishop of London (Blomfield) declared that he had not written to the duke for two years, and to receive this extraordinary intimation puzzled the whole bench of Bishops until the matter had been cleared up.

Though, as has before been said, the second Duke never took any part in political life, he kept well

abreast of its developments, some of which he occasionally criticized in very trenchant fashion.

"I see," wrote he to a correspondent, "that a deputation of tradesmen have had an interview with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, complaining of the Co-operative Stores. I shall expect next to hear that a deputation of donkeys have waited on Gladstone, complaining of the co-operation of farmers, who, by growing corn, have interfered with their prescriptive right to an abundance of thistles."

Though rather gruff in his manner, the second Duke was very good-natured and just to a degree.

It was once proposed to him to buy a farm in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was therefore a valuable acquisition, for which reason he decided to buy it. When the purchase was completed his steward congratulated the Duke upon having made such a bargain, owing to the seller being in difficulties and forced to part with his land. "What do you mean by a bargain?" said the Duke. The steward replied: "It was valued at eleven hundred pounds and I got it for eight hundred." "In that case," said the Duke, "you will please pay three hundred pounds more to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."

At Strathfieldsaye the second Duke and his Duchess were seldom alone. The entertaining, though excellent, was of a simple and unostentatious kind, but a rare and historic dessert service, now probably long since put carefully away, was always to be seen upon the dinner table. The second Duke bore a remarkable likeness to his illustrious father, which was very apparent when, as was his wont in the evenings, he would stand before the fire in the small drawing-room, immediately beneath that great Captain's picture.

The Iron Duke recognized this resemblance, which apparently was not at all to his taste; for, according to Sir William Fraser, the victor of Waterloo, having been asked by a lady if the innumerable caricatures which had been published of him in the course of his life had not caused him annoyance, he answered, "Not a bit; not a bit," and then, after a moment's pause, "There is the only one caricature that has ever caused me annoyance: 'Douro.'"

At Strathfieldsaye the second Duke entertained all sorts of people, irrespective of whether they belonged to the social or political worlds. There was indeed a touch of Bohemianism about his hospitality, which was not to be found at the stately mansion of another Duke, whose title and estate had also originated from the martial exploits of an illustrious forbear.

During the seventies of the last century, Blenheim was a great social as well as political centre, the visitors' book showing that practically every celebrity of that day sojourned beneath its hospitable roof. The wife of the seventh Duke was a lady of great character, unusually competent to manage a large household. As showing the comparatively modest sums then expended by the leaders of Society, it may be mentioned that though generous hospitality was the order of the day both at Blenheim and her house in town, the Duchess never exceeded an allowance of some five thousand a year, which sufficed for her own expenses as well as for running both of these houses.

A huge pile of buildings erected in a day when such mansions were considered very suitable for the aristocracy, Blenheim, by its size, roused Pope to somewhat severe criticism.

“ ’Tis very fine,
 But where d’ye sleep or where d’ye dine ?
 I see from all you have been telling
 That ’tis a house, but not a dwelling.”

In spite of this, the stately mansion raised by Vanbrugh is now comfortable enough to live in. The bedroom accommodation is ample, while bathrooms, put in within recent years, abound. As for the dining-room, it is difficult to see why the poet should have written carpingly of it. Spacious and lofty, the walls adorned with interesting and agreeable compositions by Laguerre, the painted ceiling is a veritable *tour de force*, giving the idea as it does of curves which in reality do not exist.

A number of portraits, including those of the Great Duke and his spiritual adviser, “Dean Jones,” look out from the walls into the room, producing a very agreeable effect. Much has been done to improve Blenheim by the present Duke, who has restored the forecourt to its original state. At some former period this had been covered with grass right up to the house, and many tons of earth had to be excavated in order to reveal the old level and general lay out, specially designed, it would appear, to facilitate military evolutions of a kind popular in the Great Duke’s day. In addition to this, the Duke has restored to use some pleasant old tea-rooms on the ground floor, which have been redecorated in their original quaint Chinese fashion. In the interior of the house are a number of fine tapestries representing the battles of the Great Duke, evidences of whose martial achievements have been rendered more interesting by a number of replicas of the flags of French regiments which fell into his victorious hands. The flags in question have been added by the present possessor,

who is keenly appreciative of everything relating to the career of his illustrious ancestor.

A great social centre during the mid-Victorian era was Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, the quaint castellated abode put together by Horace Walpole.

Here Lady Waldegrave entertained all London Society. The career of this lady was a striking instance of how a clever woman of humble origin was able, even at a period when birth counted for much, to become a leader of aristocratic society. John Braham, her father, whose name seems to have been a contraction of Abraham, was the child of German-Jewish parents who is said originally to have sold pencils in the street for a livelihood. In course of time, however, having become a chorister at the Synagogue in Duke's Place, a musical co-religionist, Leoni by name, adopted the boy and had him instructed in music and singing with such success that Braham achieved great popularity at concerts and on the operatic stage. The latter after having made a large fortune by singing, lost it in speculation over the Colosseum in Regent's Park, and the St. James's Theatre, in consequence of which he once more returned to the stage. Definitely retiring in 1852, he died at Brompton four years later. Three of his sons adopted the musical profession and another became a clergyman, while of his daughters, Frances, Countess Waldegrave, alone achieved social success. To her credit, she never sought to conceal her origin, but, on the contrary, was rather proud of it. At fashionable parties, where any peculiar-looking people were present, she would often jokingly say: "I am sure every one will put those people down as being some of my vulgar relatives." Her position in society seems to have been due not to any particular good

looks, but rather to sheer determination and character.

As a girl of nineteen, in 1840 she was married first to Mr. Waldegrave, afterwards taking for her second husband his brother, Lord Waldegrave, with whom she lived in the Queen's Bench prison for six months, during his detention for assault. She next married a cousin of Lord Granville, Mr. George Harcourt. Her last marriage was with Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Gladstone's Irish Secretary, who is said to have worked out the details of his chief's Irish Land Bill at Strawberry Hill. Lady Waldegrave's power of winning over all sorts and conditions of people, and of never losing a friend, remained with her throughout her life. This valuable social asset was curiously illustrated by the composition of her house parties, for whoever her husband for the time might be, the relations of his predecessors were always well represented beneath her roof.

In society Lady Waldegrave possessed a number of gifts not often to be found among the aristocracy, with whom she mixed on perfectly equal terms. Though a clever woman, she chose to listen rather than to shine, made light of her own epigrams which were often very good, and even sometimes went so far as to quote them as having been uttered by other people. According to her contemporaries she united in her own person the best qualities of both sexes, and might justly have been called a handsome woman with the virtues of an honest man. Those who knew her intimately regarded her with real affection, a proof of her transcendent social merits being that no one seems to have made any great attempt to run her down on account of her origin—and this at a time when even the higher lights of the dramatic and musical stage were not admitted into good society.

All of her four husbands appeared to have loved her—indeed, Lord Carlingford, the last of the four, when she died in 1879, was at one time not expected to survive her loss and erected a monument to her memory on which was placed a touching record of his love and gratitude. Of her behaviour to her third husband, George Granville Harcourt, who was her senior by thirty-six years, a contemporary wrote that she was an excellent wife to him, and neither during her life with him nor previously was there ever a whisper of disparagement to her character. A pattern even in an age when society was more rigorous in its morals than it is to-day, no great lady held her head higher or maintained her position in a more dignified fashion than the châtelaine of Strawberry Hill.

Lady Waldegrave, as a great Liberal hostess, naturally liked talking of politics; and discussing coming events, she once inquired of Mr. Disraeli whether he intended to dissolve Parliament in the forthcoming autumn? "I have an idea," said she archly, "that you have another surprise in store for us." Dizzy, ever impassive, was silent for a moment, then looking her Ladyship straight in the face, while gently pressing her hand, in a half-caressing, half-bantering tone he merely muttered: "Oh, you darling!"

The external fabric of Strawberry Hill, Lady Waldegrave left pretty well untouched, except that she built a new wing on the site of the stables and offices which dated from Horace Walpole's time. The interior, however, did not escape from the results of the devastating taste which prevailed during the greater part of the Victorian era.

Lady Waldegrave's artistic gifts were not equal to

her social ones, and she expended huge sums on the decoration, or rather destruction, of the old rooms, which she filled with heavy gilt furniture liberally adorned with coronets. She also employed a very indifferent painter to paint pictures of her friends. These works of art were totally out of place at Strawberry Hill, which had been so full of artistic gems in Walpole's time.

A not unsuccessful effort, however, was Winterhalter's painting of a group of ladies, well known as leaders of Society in the Mid-Victorian era, the idea for the picture in question having evidently been taken from a group, representing the Empress Eugénie and her court, executed by the same artist.

Another social leader who lived at about the same period as Lady Waldegrave was Lady Molesworth, a lady whose origin was even more obscure than that of the hostess of Strawberry Hill. In spite of this, however, she was noted for giving the smartest dinners in London and entertaining the most fashionable parties at Pencarrow in Cornwall. The way in which Lady Molesworth managed to get anyone of exceptional brilliancy or interest, no matter of what rank or nationality, to come to her parties was quite wonderful. Samuel Wilberforce, the witty Bishop of Oxford, once said: "I believe if the King of the Cannibal Islands were to come to England, within twenty-four hours he would be dining with Lady Molesworth." A particularly pleasant trait in this lady's character was her devotion to the memory of her husband, whose friends were always invited by her to Pencarrow as long as any of them survived. Thus did she prevent any break in the intellectual traditions which had prevailed there during Sir William Molesworth's time. The house, gardens and grounds were kept as much as

possible in the state in which Sir William had left them, while the library, hallowed by his memory, was preserved as a sort of intellectual shrine. Here she would dwell on incidents of her late husband's career, pointing out the corner in which Sir William had held his earliest conversation with Charles Buller, the real author of the "Durham Dispatch," constituting, as it did, the earliest charter of that colonial self-government which was not to be fully established till 1856, the year after Molesworth's death. This was the conversation in whose course Buller first struck out the phrase often used by him afterwards, of "shovelling the paupers out of the country and shovelling the convicts into the colonies."

At Pencarrow, throughout the sixties, the theatrical profession was always well received, among the visitors being—E. A. Sothern ; Charles Mathews ; his brother, Frank Mathews, with their respective wives ; the best Lady Teazle of her time, Miss Herbert ; and Alfred Wigan. So hospitable was Lady Molesworth that she sometimes exhausted the limit of her mansion's accommodation. Among the foreign royalties who occasionally visited her in Cornwall were the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and the Duc d'Aumale—Royal guests who needed an amount of space which now and then necessitated less exalted people being sent to sleep out in some of the cottages on the estate.

A certain number of politicians always figured in the Pencarrow parties, among them Bernal Osborne, the Parliamentary wit of his time, whose racy electioneering stories were always well received. At Pencarrow many made their earliest acquaintance with Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., afterwards Lord Courtney, a Penzance man by birth. In the Pencarrow days Mr. Courtney's second wranglership seemed a

comparatively recent honour, and London had not overcome its early surprise at the capacity for intellectual and physical exertion which had caused J. T. Delane, the editor of the "Times," to say: "After Courtney has walked for three hours, ridden for three more, and been leader writing for six, ordinary mortals can deal with him on something like equal terms."

Bernal Osborne was a voracious reader of history and biography, and knew a great deal about the artistic contents of old country houses and of the vicissitudes of the families which had been in possession of them. Never, perhaps, was he more agreeable than when he could be induced to indulge in personal anecdote and reminiscence, abandoning for the time being that satirical tone which, as he himself would when in certain moods admit, had cost him much. The English Sunday he once described as "a day of sanctity in which indolent ineptitude passes for religious repose," and the House of Lords as "a dustbin, into which burnt-out reputations and cinders were constantly being thrown." A certain lady he compared to a good housewife, on account of her treating her lovers on the same principle as her dresses: when she had worn either long enough, she turned them about their business or on to friends. Of a somewhat colourless character he said, "He has no affections at all, except rheumatic ones." Mr. Bernal Osborne's public career was perhaps best summed up in his own words, uttered to a friend after his defeat at Waterford in 1869. He said:

"I started in the race of life with many colleagues. Some of these have become Cabinet Ministers, others entered the Peerage, and a few, as the last resource, of noble minds, have accepted baronetcies; and here

am I, because I preserved my honour and independence, and was willing to toady to no man, still plain Ralph Bernal Osborne."

Mr. Ralph Bernal, Bernal Osborne's father, was noted as an art connoisseur during the Victorian era, a reputation which was fully justified after his death by the sale of his collections in 1855—one of the most celebrated art sales which ever took place. So good a judge was Mr. Bernal, that dealers would eagerly try to extract an opinion from him, for in artistic matters his word was regarded as absolute law. He owned considerable property in the West Indies, which eventually proving exceedingly unprofitable, often made his son bitterly deplore the bad financial condition into which it had sunk. The abolition of slavery indeed having rendered it pretty well worthless, the latter on one occasion brought the present writer's mother a pot of tamarinds, with the remark: "I bring you all that is left of my Trinidad estate."

V

ACCORDING to Fielding and other writers of the eighteenth century, country squires were partial—especially after dinner—to bullying and making a fool of any individual who did not conform to the not particularly edifying standards of social life popular in their own circle. Curates and clergymen who happened to stray into their houses were especially apt to be made butts for the witticisms of such Tony Lumpkins, who at times were anything but refined in their practical jokes. Though such pranks had been considerably toned down by the middle of the last century, wild young men, fresh from the University, occasionally emulated the exploits of their predecessors of another age, and were not above playing practical jokes upon quiet individuals without sporting tastes whom they might happen to meet. It must, however, be added that, unlike their forebears, they were rarely wilfully brutal or cruel being as a rule merely silly. Occasionally, however, some really amusing practical joke was carried out by men of greater mental calibre than their fellows. The result, however, was seldom really satisfactory, practical jokes often ending in the permanent estrangement of the person on whom they were played. An elaborate joke, and one which extended over a considerable period, was the one conceived by two well-known men about town (now both dead) who thirty years ago for the space of an entire year contrived to worry

the life out of one of their friends. The individual in question, at that time a good-looking man of a certain age, for some reason or other was supposed to consider himself a great lady-killer, and he was currently reported to have been heard to say that no woman could resist him. In reality, however, all this was to a great extent mere exaggeration, the real truth being that he was very partial to female society, in which he was often to be seen. Be this as it may, the two practical jokers, having made their plan, proceeded to carry it into effect, for which purpose they enlisted the services of a lady, who promised to act the part of their amanuensis. One day, among the contents of his letter bag, the victim was surprised to find a missive signed "Fairy," in which the writer said that, having caught sight of him at a west end restaurant, she had conceived a violent passion for him, owing to his good looks. She had tried, added she, to banish his image from her mind, as she felt she ought to do ; but, her efforts having been in vain, she was now writing to beg for an interview, as she could never rest till she had succeeded in making his acquaintance. The recipient of this amorous epistle, being a man of the world and accustomed to receiving all sorts of queer letters, tossed it aside and thought little more about it. A week or so later came another *billet-doux* of a similar nature, except that the expressions were of an even more rapturous kind. Again he took no notice, concluding that the writer was some poor demented creature. When, however, a fortnight later, he received a third communication of an impassioned kind, he began to alter his opinion ; and, deciding after reflection that there could be no harm in clearing up the mystery of who his fair correspondent could be, he sent back a guarded reply to the effect that

he would be ready for an interview if the lady would name a time and place convenient to herself. In due course came back a note naming a small restaurant frequented by the artistic world, where, said the writer, "I shall look forward to meeting you at lunch next Monday week."

The day came and the gentleman sallied forth to the rendezvous, which he reached just at the appointed time. "Are you Mr. . . . ?" inquired the head waiter, "because, if so, a note has just been handed in here for you which is marked 'immediate.' " Tearing it open, the gentleman read: "Alas, I am detained for reasons I cannot now explain, you shall know all later, ever your devoted 'Fairy.' "

Thinking such behaviour very strange and scarcely polite, he went home determining in future not to have anything more to do with anonymous letter-writers; next day, however, he was mollified to receive a longish letter from "Fairy," in which she explained that the sudden illness of her mother had at the last moment prevented her from leaving home, and appointing another rendezvous for a day during the ensuing week. To this, however, the gentleman made no reply, with the result that a regular bombardment of letters followed, the last of which enclosed a photograph of a singularly beautiful girl. Moved by admiration, he soon consented to make another appointment, with results just as unsatisfactory as had occurred before. After waiting half an hour at the meeting place, a telegram informed him that "Fairy" had been taken suddenly ill: further correspondence took place, and more appointments were made, none of which the lady ever kept. The gentleman was now so determined to find the key to what he conceived to be an extraordinary mystery, that he travelled all over the country

after the elusive fair one. From time to time staying at country-houses, he would receive a telegram saying that at last she found herself free to meet him, upon which, saying that pressing business had called him away, he went, only to find on arrival at a given destination that the lady had been there and left, or that events beyond her control had prevented her from coming. On one occasion he was even induced to cross the Channel at an hour's notice, only to find the usual unsatisfactory result.

The whole thing, it may be added, was concocted by the two practical jokers mentioned above, the letters being written by their lady friend, who also procured for them the photograph which played such an important part in the success of the plot. To show to what extent they succeeded in getting their victim into their power, it eventually became quite an ordinary thing for them when staying in the country to say to friends—"Would you like to see So-and-so; we can have him at the local hotel in the village within four hours?" Off would go a telegram signed "Fairy," and in due course the victim would appear, only disconsolately to return to town an hour or two later. Finally, the joke becoming common property, some one gave its perpetrators away, with the result that a great row ensued, quite a number of people, including a Royal personage, declaring that the joke had been carried much too far, and that its victim, who had got wind of it, had been very badly treated.

Jokes of a less disturbing nature have from time to time been played upon a number of people well known in society, one of whom was the late Mr. Christopher Sykes, a rich country squire and a member of a well-known Yorkshire family, who became known as the intimate companion of almost every member of the

Royal Family. At the commencement of his social life, the late Lord Houghton, Mr. Abraham Hayward, and the late Mr. Bromley Davenport were the popular conversationalists of the day, and their wit needed a butt. Mr. Sykes and Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury were the two butts who were generally invited to dinners at which these were singly or together present. The invariable urbanity of the former, his old-world courtesy and his equable temperament, soon won for him the friendship of all with whom he came in contact, and being thrown continually into the company of various members of the Royal Family, he soon became very popular with most of them. Royalties, owing to the nature of their position, have to be very careful in the selection of their friends, for an ambitious, scheming courtier may become a favourite, and favourites give rise to hostile criticism. Mr. Christopher Sykes wanted nothing for himself or for anybody else; was singularly discreet, and could be treated with considerable familiarity without ever attempting to be familiar in return. Royal personages dislike being bored by too much conversation, which is liable to become tedious, and with Mr. Christopher Sykes long flashes of silence could be enjoyed without the fear of appearing discourteous, consequently his society was always pleasant and restful.

During the latter portion of the Victorian era there were several bachelors who made a regular round of country house visits every year, during which they were regarded as part of the household. One of the best known of these was the late Mr. Augustus Hare, a cultured individual, who was the author of "Walks near Rome" and a number of other interesting works. Not at all addicted to sport, and particularly fond of the society of old ladies, some of whose char-

acteristics he himself seemed to have assimilated, Mr. Hare spent much of his time, when in England, paying visits to his friends. Though he could not have been called a "man's man," he was generally welcome enough wherever he went, by reason of his remarkable store of memories and also on account of a rare and special aptitude for telling ghost stories in a weird and impressive manner. An artist in this line, he well understood how to make his listeners' flesh creep by his convincing way of recounting the doings of ghostly visitors or apparitions connected with his gruesome tales.

Just as the story-tellers of Fielding's day went out of fashion as time went on, so has the type to which Mr. Hare belonged died out of existence in the present age when Bridge, Mah Jong and other games monopolize the interests of the fashionable world from morning till night. The particular type of old lady Mr. Hare used to love has also disappeared—as a matter of fact, there are no old ladies to-day—what the poor man would have thought of the "flapper dowagers" who have taken their place, it would be amusing to hear?

A great patroness of Mr. Hare was Louisa Lady Waterford, who spent vast sums restoring, or rather rebuilding, Ford Castle, Northumberland. Though all she did at Ford cannot be considered entirely satisfactory, she was possessed of real artistic gifts, as some remarkable paintings executed for the schoolhouse of the village there testify. Mr. Hare has left an account of her doings at her northern home, and also at Highcliffe, in his very readable book, "Two Noble Lives."

Louisa Lady Waterford, though an old woman in the days when Mr. Hare used to pay such long visits to Ford Castle, had been a beauty in her time. According to those who had known her then, the only flaw in her good looks was a certain lack of colour, notwith-

standing which it was frequently asserted that this grande dame had been the most lovely woman of her century. That, however, was an exaggeration, the most beautiful amongst many beauties, by general agreement of those best qualified to know, having been the Countess de Castiglione, whose bust as Medusa, by her relative the Duchesse de Castiglione, figured for many years opposite the refreshment rooms at the South Kensington Museum, to which it had been lent.

Ford Castle, which in the nineties was rented by Lord Lawrence of Kingsgate, who entertained a great deal there, is now the property of Lord Joicey, who has carried out some improvements in the interior, which had undergone much alteration of a not entirely successful kind at the hands of Lady Waterford. At the end of the eighteenth century one of the Delaval family had already rebuilt parts of the Castle in what was considered the Gothic style, but most of his work had been swept away by the architect whom Lady Waterford had employed. Like many other Victorians, this lady believed that the costly work she carried out was quite in accordance with the style of architecture in which the Castle had originally been built, though in reality her architect seems merely to have constructed a number of modern rooms against the remains of the old Castle walls.

Some two hundred years ago or so, much the same thing was done at Appleby Castle, Westmorland (the seat of Lord Hothfield), with more satisfactory results, the hall with its fine panelling being a fine and well-proportioned room, though having no pretensions to being in the Gothic style. Behind some panelling in an adjoining apartment a Gothic piscina was discovered not many years ago, from which it would appear that part of the walls of the original chapel

still survive. Externally, Appleby retains much more of its ancient appearance than Ford, a curious walled-up door with grooves for a portcullis being still *in situ*. Some old towers and a substantial keep give great character to the Castle, the enceinte of which in a more or less perfect form still survives.

Appleby, indeed, is a real castle as distinct from the ornate imitations which people liked to produce in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; a case in point having been Knebworth, which the first Lord Lytton adorned with much pseudo-mediæval ornamentation of a somewhat incongruous kind. Nevertheless, the distinguished novelist in question was very satisfied with what he had done, as was shown by descriptions of the house and its surroundings in some of the descriptive passages in his books. It is said that in the lanes near Knebworth one of his ancestors had met a remarkable-looking old man who, in the course of conversation, spoke feelingly of the worthlessness of power and place. The individual in question turned out to be Richard Cromwell, the Protector's son, then passing his last years as a recluse in a Hertfordshire cottage. This incident is described in "Devereux," one of the first Lord Lytton's historical novels. During his Colonial Secretaryship (1858-9) the owner of Knebworth was seldom without visitors in his country home, where he conceived the idea and worked out the plot of "The Caxtons," a book intended, it was said, as a sort of "colonial parable," its Pisistratus Caxton hero, who repairs the shattered family fortunes in the Australian bush, being typical of the England which, having lost her empire beyond the Atlantic, more than compensated herself by a Greater Britain beyond the seas. Even when entertaining visitors at his Hertfordshire home,

Bulwer-Lytton remained invisible in his own suite of rooms till dinner-time. Such glimpses as were to be obtained of him before that time were merely of a figure arrayed in a dressing-gown, with a book under its arm, strolling from one room to another. When, however, the dinner-hour arrived, the host, fresh from an elaborate toilet, welcomed his visitors in the saloon before leading the way to the dining-room. Later on in the evening he would take up his position upon a circular divan in the drawing-room, where he sat languidly smoking a Turkish pipe. Here he would talk of his literary work, and here when asked by the Lord Carnarvon who had been his Colonial Under-Secretary, which he considered the best of his novels, he, after some deliberation, replied, "I think, upon the whole, 'Zanoni.'"

The amount of money expended by the Victorians in restoring and rebuilding their country houses was very large. Many fine old mansions were pulled down, cases in point having been Keele Hall and Amport St. Mary. No sums, indeed, seemed too large when any question of a family property was concerned, and in the end many well-to-do people overbuilt themselves. Expenditure upon building, however, has always been popular with the landed aristocracy.

This mania for large country houses prevailed as far back as Tudor and Elizabethan times—witness Knole, with its multitude of rooms, most of which happily have been preserved more or less in their original condition. A curious feature of this glorious old mansion is the attic which for generations has been known as the Dumb-bell Gallery, by reason of its containing a quaint wooden machine something like a windlass without handles. Around the middle of the roller is wound a rope, and at each end are

four iron arms terminating in a ball of lead. The rope formerly passed through a hole in the floor into a gallery below, and anyone pulling it would cause the roller to revolve and rewind the rope again, giving the person pulling it the same exercise as is obtained by ringing a church bell. Bell-ringing in old times was a very popular pastime, and probably it was about this time that the machine was set up in order to afford opportunities for silent practice. It seems not improbable that the modern wooden dumb-bell was developed from the handles of the windlass dumb-bell by some athlete who understood its possibilities. A dumb-bell machine of much the same kind, or rather the remains of it, was also in existence up to some few years ago at New College, Oxford, where possibly it still remains.

A feature of the exterior of Knole is a number of leaden waterspouts, most of which are some two hundred years old and bearing the initials and arms of Thomas Sackville.

In addition to the beautiful *objets d'art* with which the interior of Knole is filled, there are many less important relics of another age, including some chintz which is over a hundred years old. This, made of a material known as "toile de Jouy," still retains its colour in spite of the countless cleanings which it must have undergone. Many rare stuffs and pieces of fine embroidery work are to be found in the house, the original coverings of some old English furniture being in a marvellous state of preservation. Discoveries of an interesting character have been made at Knole within quite recent years. When, for instance, one of the sofas from a set covered with old red velvet belonging to the Great Gallery was under repair, a yet older covering, dating from the

reign of Elizabeth, came to light. The woodwork of the set in question, it may be added, is elaborately carved, the work in all probability of Italian workmen who were imported into England in Jacobean days.

Though few old mansions contain such interesting internal and external features as Knole, a number still exist which on national grounds well deserve preservation in their present condition. Such edifices, besides being valuable from an artistic point of view, are often associated with romantic stories, for which reason several have been utilized as the scene of their work by our authors and novelists. Thackeray drew his picture of the palace of the Marquis of Carabas from some stately, if cheerless, country mansion, and many other writers have delved amongst the store of romance connected with ancient country houses in various parts of England. It was at Minster Lovel Castle, Oxfordshire, that a bride, while the place resounded with the festivities of her wedding night, in fun hid from her bridegroom, Lord Lovel, in an oak chest which she appears to have been unable to open. Though he and the whole household searched high and low, they never thought of looking in the right place, and so the poor girl died and became the heroine of "The Mistletoe Bough," the old song which bewails her sad fate. Strange sounds and wails are locally reported to be heard in the old ruins at night by persons travelling on the road close by, which runs from Witney to Cheltenham.

According to another story, however, the weird sounds emanate from the ghost of Francis, Lord Lovel, one of the Barons in the Wars of the Roses, who attainted as a deserter from the Red Rose side, lay hidden in a secret chamber in the Castle, where he was hidden by a serving maid. The latter died

suddenly, and the knight, locked in his hiding place, died of starvation, his skeleton being found in 1708.

A somewhat romantic story is attached to Ketteringham Hall, Norfolk, now the seat of the Boileau family. Here at the end of the eighteenth century lived Charlotte Walpole, an actress, who had captured the heart of Mr. Atkyns, a Norfolk squire of some wealth, who, after marrying her, brought her down to Norfolk. Travelling in France, this lady somehow managed to become fairly intimate with Marie Antoinette, with whom at the Petit Trianon she is said to have acted charades. The ill-fated Queen inspired deep affection in the heart of this Englishwoman, who in the guise of a soldier actually managed to obtain an interview with Marie Antoinette in the Temple during the Revolution. Later on, after her husband's death, Mrs. Atkyns expended a good deal of money in schemes for the rescue of the imprisoned Dauphin, who she appears to have believed did escape from his gaolers. In any case, her last years were passed in comparative poverty, the result possibly of her close intimacy with French *émigrés*, some of whom she had welcomed in her Norfolk home. At Ketteringham the memory of Charlotte Atkyns still survives, and in surrounding grounds a plot containing flowers is still known as Mrs. Atkyns's garden, while a tablet in the church records the lady's efforts to save the French Queen. The squire of Ketteringham's marriage to an actress of Drury Lane was not so strange as people unused to studying records may think, for though the English aristocracy of the past were apt to attach great importance to birth, not a few of them had very plebeian blood in their veins. Many romantic episodes have been connected with the Peerage, of which one of the most curious was the second marriage of Henry



CHARLOTTE WALPOLE (MRS. ATKYNS) AS "NANCY" IN "THE CAMP"

Cecil, tenth Earl of Exeter, who being, in 1791, broken-hearted at having, on account of her misconduct, to divorce his wife, retired to a quiet Shropshire village, and became a farm hand to Thomas Hoggins, farmer and miller. In this capacity he came in contact with the Rev. Mr. Dickenson, the clergyman of Bolas Magna, who often invited him to rest in the kitchen and take "a mug of ale." Cecil seems seldom to have been tempted to enter into conversation, but when he did he spoke so well, that Mr. Dickenson's servants gave him the name of "Gentleman Harry." Hearing of this, their master became so much interested in this strange miller's man that "Gentleman Harry" was soon regularly invited into the study, there to enjoy a draught of home-brewed ale and a pipe.

The beauty of Bolas Magna was then the miller Hoggins's only daughter Sarah, a girl of about twenty, well educated for her day, for she knew French and could play the harpsichord. For this reason it was not strange that she should have preferred Cecil to the local young men, the result of which was that Cecil eventually entreated Mr. Dickenson to marry them privately; after which "Gentleman Harry" confessed that he was Mr. Henry Cecil, next heir to the earldom and estates of Exeter. Meanwhile he bound over the clergyman to secrecy, forbidding him to disclose the secret to Mr. Hoggins, or even to his daughter. The miller's consent to the marriage, after some difficulty, was obtained, and it was celebrated on the 30th October, 1791, at St. Mildred's, Bread Street. The happy couple lived upon a small farm during the following two years, until in 1793 Mr. Cecil casually learnt from a Shrewsbury paper that the death of his uncle had placed a coronet upon his brow and the palatial residence of Burghley at his disposal. The

millers' daughter, who, however, did not live very long, became known as the "Peasant Countess"; and Tennyson somewhat idealized the whole affair in his "Lord of Burleigh."

An earlier aristocratic romance is the story of the daughter of Sir John Cochrane, who was taken prisoner fighting in Argyle's rebellion against James II, and sentenced to be hung. The brave young lady, Grizzle by name, learning that the death-warrant was expected from London by coach, dressed herself up in men's clothes, and twice attacked and robbed the mails which conveyed the sinister documents. Thus Sir John Cochrane's father, the Earl of Dundonald, had time to negotiate with Father Peter, a Jesuit priest and the King's confessor, who, for the sum of £5,000, agreed to intercede with his royal master in favour of the culprit, and to obtain his pardon, which was granted. The great-granddaughter of this lady, Miss Stuart of Allen Bank, was the grandmother of the well-known banker, Mr. Thomas Coutts, whose grandchild was the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who died not many years ago.

At the present day marriages between young men of ancient family and young women of none are regarded as being highly desirable, provided that the latter has plenty of cash. This has been largely produced by the American invasion, which really dates from the days of the Second Empire, when the Empress Eugénie showed herself well disposed towards ladies from the United States, for which reason the Imperial balls were sometimes called by the envious "Bals Americains." If the American Embassy desired one or two presentations beyond the usual number, the inquiry was generally made, "Is it a young and pretty woman?" and, if it were, there

was no difficulty, for the Empress was pleased to have her balls set off by beautiful and well-dressed women whom she could trust to make everything go off well.

Curiously enough, though in England laments at the Americanization of society are often heard, the Transatlantic invasion seems on the whole not to have affected the habits of the people at large. It has however had a certain influence upon the English aristocracy, a considerable portion of which has unconsciously assimilated various American ways and notions, especially as regards money being the main object of life.

If, as Carlyle said, the modern hell is the hell of not making money, the making of money to an unlimited extent is certainly the modern Yankee heaven. Only within the last thirty years have Americans found it easy to get into English society. Like the representatives of the Hebrew race, they largely benefited by the affability of the late King, who had a particular liking for visitors from across the Atlantic, especially if they were rich or beautiful. Many of the latter, having married into the peerage, have now become more or less English, but nevertheless they generally keep in touch with their countrymen and women. They are, however, prone to become jealous of any new arrivals who contrive to achieve a like social success and are also terribly afraid of knowing the wrong people.

"I am sorry I cannot send Mr. So-and-so an invitation to my party," wrote a wealthy heiress from Chicago to one of her husband's relatives who had asked for a card for a friend. "As you must realize, he is not of our world."

"I agree with you about Mr. So-and-so not being of your world," came the reply; "his father was not engaged in the meat-canning industry, but merely an English gentleman of ancient lineage."

One objectionable habit introduced by American ladies into English society is unpunctuality, which vulgar people have always been apt to think fine. The Victorians, who had traditions of politeness inherited from another age, had no idea of standing that sort of thing. Sitting next a lady at dinner who had kept the whole party waiting, John Bright pointedly remarked, "There are two unpardonable sins—one writing an illegible hand and the other being late for dinner."

Far-seeing American parents with plenty of money keep, it is said, a register of eligible young noblemen, and as a handy little volume now gives a full account of those best suited for marriageable purposes, there is really no excuse for mistakes.

In order to meet a growing want, there was published at the end of the last century by Messrs. Street and Smith of New York a practical guide to the European marriage market, called "Titled Americans," i.e., a list of American ladies who had married foreigners of rank. The first part of this book dealt with the comparative values of titles in the different European States; the second enumerated the various American ladies who had secured aristocratic husbands; the third supplied a careful list of all the eligible men of rank throughout Europe; and the fourth provided the names of some 1,500 persons who constituted the nobility of New York.

"Titled Americans," as a matter of fact, was a sort of "stud book" to the eligible aristocracy of our continent, the names, characteristics, antecedents, and money qualifications of a selected number of young men being most fully set forth within its pages. Notes as to position and character were appended, such as: "Has sown his wild oats," "Family very poor,"

"Enjoys a small allowance," and other information of a like character. This original work was, in short, a species of catalogue to the desirable young men in the Continental and English marriage markets. Quite a useful work, if annually revised, this volume possibly still appears?

A very satisfactory policy for an heiress is to keep two or three strings for her bow; thus if one aristocratic bridegroom fails another can be at once secured.

Meanwhile an intermediary in England is instructed to see how things are going, and, if necessary, pack off eligible suitors to any given point. This system was not very long ago employed in the most efficient manner possible. The mother of a very wealthy American young lady had for some time hesitated whether her daughter should marry a rather dissipated foreign grandee or a thoroughly impecunious but quiet and gentleman-like English peer, absolutely warranted to give no trouble.

Owing to unsatisfactory reports concerning the foreign grandee, choice ultimately fell upon the English peer. A telegraphic summons—"Grandee off, send along peer"—dispatched to an accommodating English friend caused the jubilant nobleman to sail for America at a day's notice. He is now married, and in every way has turned out a most satisfactory bargain.

The Astor family has now firmly established itself in this country, and members of it own two of the best known country houses in England—Cliveden, and Hever Castle, Kent, the respective owners of which are both identified with politics. It is amusing to recall the stir caused in the Press by the announcement that the head of the house of Astor (afterwards given a Peerage) had arrived in London. "The Times," by some unfortunate misapprehension, called it the "house

of Aston " ! From everything one read, it then seemed as if the United States of America were in some danger of becoming disunited on the question as to who really had the right to style themselves by this impressive and important appellation. The culminating point, it was declared, had been reached at Newport, U.S., a year before, when certain letters miscarrying, the matter was referred to the Postmaster-General at Washington. This unromantic official, however, replied that, according to United States law, every single citizen could, if he so pleased, call himself Mr. Astor or any other "darned" name he pleased !

The river Thames was formerly an essentially aristocratic waterway, but the ownership of Cliveden by an American millionaire symbolized a social change which has since had far-reaching effects. After its erection by George Villiers, Charles II's Duke of Buckingham, the most notable incident in its history was the well-known meeting for the first time, caused by a shower of rain, of the Prince who was to become George III and his future minister, Lord Bute, at the card-table within its walls. Before its occupation by Frederick, Prince of Wales, George III's father, it had been improved by the Earl of Orkney, to whom the place had come as part of his wife's dowry. The terrace in front of the house, higher than that of Windsor Castle, was begun by Lord Orkney and extended by George III's father. In May, 1795, entirely owing, it would appear, to a servant's carelessness, arose a conflagration which Lord Inchiquin, one of the house-party at the time, described in a letter still extant. The flames began just as he was going to bed, and by the time they were extinguished the building was completely gutted, but it rose once more from its ashes, being rebuilt in 1830 by Sir George

Warrender one of the founders of the Garrick Club and a bon-vivant, nicknamed Sir George Provender by Theodore Hook. Later on Cliveden passed into the possession of the Duke of Sutherland. Again destroyed by fire in 1845, the mansion was once more rebuilt by its ducal owner, himself to be succeeded by another Duke, his Grace of Westminster, who in 1890 sold it to the late Lord Astor. The latter after taking possession embarked upon a controversy with the Duke as to the ownership of the Cliveden visitors' book in which a considerable number of illustrious people had inscribed their names. The controversy in question terminated, I believe, in a victory for Lord Astor, who during his tenure of the mansion did a good deal of entertaining there, the only thing which rather spoilt his lavish hospitality having been a tendency to map out plans for his guests, who were more or less obliged to carry out the programme devised for them.

An especial victim of the craze for rushing exotic celebrities all over the country was the famous Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, who was hurried from one place to another during a visit to England which lasted some time. It was said that all the rest this venerable Chinaman was occasionally able to obtain was by declaring that important despatches from China claimed his attention, his original plea of age and infirmity not being deemed a sufficient reason for the modification of the official programme. Li Hung Chang, in addition to having been a man of very real ability, was also something of a wit, as was shown by some lines which he wrote in the visitors' book at a well-known country house. In this volume, as was explained to him, guests were expected to write some sentiment or proverb of an appropriate kind.

The place indicated for the aged statesman's contribution happened to be just beneath something written by another guest, which ended with "Penny wise and Pound foolish." Here the old statesman solemnly inscribed certain Chinese characters resembling hieroglyphics. A few weeks later, a celebrated Oriental scholar, chancing to be in the house, was begged to translate the mysterious inscription. On reading over the words, however, he manifested considerable embarrassment, firmly declaring that he could not give the English version before ladies, some of whom were present. Eventually, however, being much pressed, he said that Li Hung had written after "Penny wise and Pound foolish"—"or what is the use of going to bed early to save candles if the result be twins?"

During the latter part of the last century there was rather a mania for rushing people about, and no one suffered more from it than the distinguished visitors from other climes who were taken to see lots of things to which they were more or less indifferent, whether they liked it or not.

The Shah, Nasr-ed-Din, during his visit to this country in 1889, used to complain that he was never left in peace. The only thing he seemed to have really enjoyed was the performance of a female acrobat at Brighton. On this occasion he manifested a desire to know how many "taumauns" it would cost to add her to his harem. As for his courtiers, the majority frankly owned that visits to factories and the like were not at all to their taste. "What do I care," said one at Sheffield, "if they can turn out five thousand penknives a minute? It would do me no good if they produced five million!" The Shah was taken a round of country houses, but he did not enjoy himself very much I fear. At dinner he seldom spoke except

when some lady attracted his attention by her good looks or *embonpoint*, then considered a beauty in Persia.

"How many children have you?" he would ask in his indifferent French.

"None, your Majesty."

"Then you had better marry and have some as soon as possible," the old monarch would say.

On one occasion when a bride of mature years had been presented to him, the King of Kings, after looking her over, dryly remarked, "C'est tard!"

During the first visit of the Shah to England, in the seventies' he was particularly astonished at the interest taken in horse racing, considering it absurd to take so much trouble to go and see one horse run faster than another. At the time of the King of Kings' stay the very pious Lord Shaftesbury found himself in rather a dilemma, concerning which he wrote:

"Arrived here last night. I find we are invited for the races at Ascot. I am sorry for it, but I cannot refuse to go there. I am the Queen's guest, and I cannot think it right to put upon my Sovereign such a rebuke as would be conveyed by my declining to accompany her. I wish to avoid and discountenance races, and I do not like to add the value of my example (such as it is) to aid the maintenance of the practise, but the thing is not wrong in itself, simply in its consequences. I shall acquiesce, therefore, in this instance, and pray God it may not be productive of any mischief to the slight influence I may have in the world for carrying forward measures and designs of good to mankind.

"June 9.

"It was a dull affair and, I hope, harmless."

And so ended Lord Shaftesbury's racing career.

VI

THOUGH it is now the fashion to decry the past and to speak of the bad old times, it is impossible to maintain that in matters connected with daily life there has been much real progress from an æsthetic point of view. On the contrary, the existence of the people is undoubtedly more drab to-day than in the eighteenth century, when men's clothes were decorative and even the simplest articles were of good design.

Taste seems to have been more or less innate among the well-to-do classes of those vanished days—how otherwise can one account for the fine proportions and good decoration to be found in country houses of the eighteenth century? The aristocracy then set fashions which were copied, though not in a slavish way, by those moving in a less exalted social sphere.

In the same way the state, kept up by great nobles and landowners, was in a degree merely a reflection of that of the King and his court. Monarchs were expected to make a good show, and even old George III, a man of simple tastes, never drove abroad without a considerable retinue. While on a driving tour into Buckinghamshire from Windsor Castle, in 1783, we read that the Queen with her daughters, attended by three ladies-in-waiting, were in two coaches, each drawn by six horses. The King in his Windsor uniform of blue and gold rode with two equerries by his side. The aristocracy of the eighteenth century with a

natural sense of the picturesque, which so-called "Progress" has successfully annihilated, was fond of figuring in cavalcades. Great landowners on special occasions rode into country towns at the head of their tenants, and even small squires liked to make as brave a show as possible, for which reason all sorts of servants were sometimes put into livery in order to give their master and mistress importance. This love of parade was later on gratified by country gentlemen becoming officers of fencible cavalry, yeomanry or militia, young men of good family instinctively liking to don a uniform as a change from the daily dress which as the nineteenth century grew out of its teens gradually shed all its old decorative features. At the present day we have gone to extreme lengths on the drab path of purely utilitarian clothing. At one time, indeed, the hideous khaki seemed likely to triumph all along the line as regards military dress. Happily, however, the Guards have been once more allowed to don the picturesque scarlet, and the sooner the same privilege is accorded to all our regiments the better for recruiting and for the brightening of our crowded and gloomy streets.

The last time when a large number of the old aristocracy of England assembled together in picturesque garb was on the occasion of the Eglinton Tournament.

Sadly enough, three of the lively noblemen who took part in this memorable event died comparatively young men. One was Lord Eglinton, the generous and liberal founder of the affair, who spent, it is said, nearly £80,000 in his attempt to revive a picturesque pageant from the records of the Middle Ages. The life of the latter ended at the early age of little more than fifty; another, Lord Alford, the heir to

the princely estates of the Earl of Brownlow and of the Earl of Bridgewater, died young, as did the Marquis of Waterford, whose melancholy and sudden death, from a fall in the hunting-field, evoked much sorrow. Louis Napoleon, whose pretensions to ascending the Imperial throne of France were then not considered very serious, took part in this Tournament, at which the Duchess of Somerset acted as Queen of Beauty. In her old age this lady became eccentric, and for years before her death she never parted with any of her old dresses and the like; the sale at her demise of an enormous accumulation of things was quite extraordinary.

At the period of the famous Tournament, men's dress had already lost all the embroidery and trappings which had embellished it as late as the reign of George IV, who, in spite of the fact that as a young man he had worn the picturesque eighteenth-century dress, seems to have played a great part in popularizing the frock-coat, trousers and top hat which up to just before the Great War was an English gentleman's ordinary dress. Nevertheless, as Prince Regent he showed a keen appreciation of beautiful things, as is proved by the fine collection of French furniture and china gathered together by him at Windsor Castle. Oddly enough, the collection in question was almost entirely chosen by his French cook, who, having the reputation of being a great connoisseur in such matters, was commissioned by his master on various occasions to visit France on purpose to purchase *objets d'art* which might meet with his approval. After the death of George IV, Lady Conyngham is said to have taken away several wagon loads of fine things from Windsor. Anyhow, in the course of time a good many art treasures mysteriously disappeared from the Castle, this being

facilitated by the fact that there was then no complete catalogue in existence. A particularly fine specimen of French furniture once in this collection found its way to the hammer in London many years ago and fetched about £15,000, George IV having originally given about one-eighth of that sum. In that King's time there seems to be little doubt but that several of the jewels were abstracted from the Crown, and a good deal of the Royal plate improperly given away. Stories were told of great physicians of the day having been paid by gifts of plate from the royal chests instead of receiving fees. Anyhow, great carelessness seems to have prevailed, as is proved by the fact that famous *objets d'art* known to have been at Windsor turn up at sales from time to time. All this, however, was rectified some seventeen years ago, when a complete inventory was compiled and every article carefully numbered, so as to prevent any further depredations.

Though the china pictures and *objets d'art* in the Royal Palaces are now safe, those in private hands are quietly but steadily drifting out of England—the transference to France not so very long ago of a Louis XV room, with tapestry and furniture of the finest kind, which had belonged for several generations to a noble English family, passed quite unnoticed over here. The transaction in question was very quietly arranged, the owner being well satisfied to receive £50,000 for this beautiful suite, which was resold at once for four times that sum, and now adorns a château near Paris. Quite recently the fine collection of ship models which for some two centuries had been preserved at Cuckfield Park, the Sergison manor house in Sussex, passed into alien hands, and now forms part of a private collection in America. Cuckfield Park, with its picturesque appearance, secret chambers,

lake and park, may have given Harrison Ainsworth some idea for the scenery of his novel "Rookwood." Sussex, like other English counties, up till quite recently possessed a number of ancient manor houses full of pictures and *objets d'art*, a large proportion of which have now drifted into strange hands. If the passion shown by wealthy Americans for acquiring such things does not abate, it seems likely, indeed, that except in the national collections little of this sort will be left to us. Antiques which for centuries have been regarded with indifference by successive generations, together with quaint specimens of ancient architecture and the fittings of old houses and churches, become, after they have been widely boomed, valued at some sum quite disproportionate to their real worth.

A conspicuous instance of this was the Globe Room of the Reindeer Inn at Banbury. The circumstances connected with the sale of this, which Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox and the Marquis Curzon of Kedleston tried so hard to save, were indubitably rather discreditable to the town of Banbury and to the well-to-do residents of the surrounding district. Not one of these, with the exception of the lady mentioned above, seems to have made the very slightest effort to save the room from being carted away. As for the town, putting aside all considerations of art or sentiment, it would have been a good investment for it to have bought the Reindeer as it stood. Carefully renovated by competent hands, the old house would undoubtedly have attracted visitors who would have been a source of profit. The local authorities, however, were apparently too dense or too indifferent to pay any attention to the matter, and so the Globe Room, sold by the firm of dealers who purchased it at an extravagant price, has been packed away to

the other side of the Atlantic, no doubt to form a smoking-room for some American plutocrat.

A few years ago, before the War, one of the latter class secured some real treasures in the shape of the contents of an old Suffolk manor house which had fallen into a bad state of repair. Here were discovered twelve chairs and a settee with a triple back of most extraordinary design, but all in a terribly bad state of preservation. They were rather of a Queen Anne period pattern, yet distinguished by several very unusual features, having ormolu mounts, with the front legs terminating in hoofs of gilt metal. A flat piece of wood in the centre of each back had a medallion covered with glass, on which were painted the arms, crest, coronet, and supporters of that Earl of Scarsdale (Nicholas Leake, or Leke) who is the old nobleman represented in the first plate of Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" pointing to his genealogical tree; he came, of course, of a totally different family from the "Curzons" Lords Scarsdale, and among other seats owned Scarsdale House, Kensington. The furniture in question was purchased for a considerable sum, which came as an unexpected boon to the vendors, and in due course the chairs made their way across the Atlantic, where let us hope they are appreciated at their proper worth.

Though fond enough of collecting pictures and *objets d'art*, the English of the past seldom attached much importance to artistic work of native manufacture. In Sussex, for instance, up to quite recent years fine old firebacks and ironwork lay neglected in cottages and farmhouses, the present writer's mother having been one of the first to devote attention to this form of old English art, a collection made by her being now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Old Sussex

ironwork was often of most artistic design, even the humblest utensils, such as rush-holders and fire-tongs, having evidently been the work of skilled craftsmen. The Sussex ironworks, however, were chiefly noted for their cannon, at one time well known throughout Europe. These pieces of ordnance appear to have been manufactured at a very early date, the idea that cast-iron shot had been unknown in France or England till the sixteenth century being apparently baseless. Old records indeed seldom mentioned such things, unless they were of such unusual size as to excite comment, like those weighing up to 5 cwt. each, made for Louis XI, or some seen in France by Sir R. Guylford, Master of the Ordnance to Henry VII. In connection with Sussex there is no reference to cannon shot until a much later date.

It is known, however, that Henry VIII, in 1543, on the eve of his last French and Scottish wars, covenanted with a Sussex founder for the production of cast-iron cannon at £10 per ton—the founder in question having been Ralphe Hogge, or Huggett, whose furnaces were between Mayfield and Buxted, where his rebus on his dwelling-house still remains. His family was for two or three generations rewarded with Government appointments. When Sussex iron became celebrated, the King's most famous gun-founders, Peter Baude (a Frenchman), Arcanus de Cesena (an Italian), Van Cullen (a German), and the English Owens and Johnsons, were despatched to the scene of operations in the Weald. Magnificent bronze guns of Baude, Arcanus, and the Owens are in the Tower, at Woolwich, and elsewhere. John Owen, with his brother, has also been credited with the invention of iron cannon. John Johnson remained with Hogge, "succeeding and exceeding his master in this his art of casting ordnance,

making them cleaner, and to better perfection." Among the State Papers is a petition from Ralph Hogge ("Manufacturer of guns and shot for the Ordnance Office"), dated January, 1574, to the Council, complaining of the infringement of the patent granted him by the Queen for the sole exportation of ordnance ; whereupon a return was procured on February 15th following (No. 18), giving a list of the owners of iron-works in Sussex, Surrey, and Kent. The chief men were summoned before the Council, and from the others bonds were taken, under a penalty of £2,000, not to found or sell ordnance without a licence from the Queen. Included in the list are the following names of Mayfield founders : " Sir Thomas Gresham, 1 furnace in Mayfelde. Isted, 1 fordg in Mayfelde [probably Richard Isted of More House, Mayfield]. Thomas Isted of Mayfelde. Nicholas Fowle of Mavill [Mayfield] for furnes and forge in Wadhurst. Thomas Ellis of Biblesam [Bibleham]."

In defiance of these measures, however, the exportation of Sussex cannon went on : so in 1587 the Earl of Warwick, Master of the Ordnance, despatched " a gentleman of his, one Mr. Blincoe," into Sussex, to summon all the gun-founders of the county up to London, to understand his pleasure respecting their further continuance of the manufacture. " Henry Nevill (of Frant and Mayfield, considered the chief Sussex ironmaster), and the rest of that occupation," obeyed the summons, and the matter was referred to the arrangement of the Deputy-Master of the Ordnance and Mr. Blincoe. The result was, that a fixed quantity of cannon should be cast annually " for the necessary provision of our own navigation," a certain proportion being allowed to each founder. It was also stipulated that no ordnance should be sold except in the city,

and not even there but to "such merchants as my lord should name."

As time went on the ironmasters were confronted with difficulties which had not hampered their predecessors. Every year lessened the limits of the once great forest of Anderida. Up to a certain period the destruction of timber for fuel for the furnaces had been useful, as it cleared the land for agricultural purposes, but at last the supply of wood diminished. The local families, such as the Ashburnhams, Pelhams, Nevills, Sidneys, Sackvilles, Howards, Gages, and others, turned ironmasters, and cut down the old timber which surrounded their stately homes. Humbler folk waxed rich, and founded families; and to these ironmasters we owe many of the beautiful old timbered houses in the neighbourhood. As early as 1543 it became necessary to enact that

"no wood shall be converted into pasture; that, in cutting coppice woods at twenty-four years' growth or under, there shall be left standing and unfelled, for every acre, twelve standils or storers or oak, or in default of so many, then of elm, ash, asp, or beech; and that, if the coppice be of under fourteen years' growth, it shall be enclosed from cattle for six years, provided always . . . that this act do not extend or be prejudicial to any of the lords or owners of the woods or woodlands growing or being within any of the towns, parishes or places commonly called or known to be within the wilds of the counties of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, other than to the common woods growing or being within any of the said Wilds." . . .

Gradually the forty-two forges and iron-mills which once sent forth culverins, falconets, firebacks and irons,

ploughshares, spuds, and many other implements and ornaments, including the railings of St. Paul's Cathedral, ceased to work. With the close of the eighteenth century the Sussex ironmasters saw that the end of their industry was near. The growing scarcity of wood, and the opening of coal mines in Wales and other parts of the kingdom, where iron-ore was in close proximity to them, were fatal to the Sussex works, which gradually grew fewer and fewer, until the last of them, at Ashburnham, was closed in 1809, the immediate cause having been the failure of the foundry men, through intoxication, to mix chalk with the ore, by reason of which it ceased to flow, and the blasting finally ended.

The Henry Nevill mentioned above appears to have been no relative of the Nevills of Eridge Castle, close to Frant, where a number of finely-designed firebacks, mostly displaying the family arms, are still preserved.

One of the last seats left to the Nevills, Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Eridge during her progress through Sussex, at which time it appears to have been a considerable mansion. Nevertheless, not very long after this it became practically abandoned as a residence, and in the course of time degenerated into little more than a farmhouse. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, however, the Lord Abergavenny of the day determined to leave the comparatively new family place of Kidbrooke, and once more reside at the home of his forefathers. Accordingly, he restored Eridge in the Strawberry Hill style of castellated architecture, which, owing to the splendid position of the house on an eminence looking over the glorious park, looks quite feudal from a distance.

In addition to many fine specimens of Sussex iron-work, Eridge Castle contains a number of interesting

things, including a very curious model of the *Foudroyant*, the man-of-war which brought Nelson's body back to England. It was on this ship that Ralph, Viscount Nevill, fought at Trafalgar. Some time ago a party of tourists who were being shown over the house, having come to a halt before the model of this old three-decker, which stands in a recess off the entrance hall, became much interested in it, and proceeded to make inquiries as to the name and history of the miniature vessel. The old servant who was showing them round, it is said, was fully equal to the occasion, and without the slightest hesitation said: "The little ship is a model of the one which brought the Nevills over from Normandy in William the Conqueror's day!"

A curious travelling weather-glass by Daniell Quare, hanging in the hall, is still in use; only some eight or nine examples of this type are said to exist.

There are several good pictures in the house, amongst them a beautiful full-length portrait by Beechey of the Hon. Henry Nevill as a boy. Here also are preserved the robes of that Baron Abergavenny who was one of the judges at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay, as well as other relics of far-away times—such as curious old brass-studded chests, old arms, queer fowling-pieces, and the like; gorgeous is a richly-embroidered coat, which, belonging to Joseph Bonaparte, was captured at the Battle of Vittoria by John, Viscount Nevill, who was wounded by the last shot fired on that day.

Once, while at Tunbridge Wells, Lady Holland heard that no stranger was ever allowed to visit Eridge Castle, not far away. Determined to have her way, she never rested till she obtained leave to inspect it, and when this was accorded, marched through the

place in triumph with a large party, in which her maid was even included. Her behaviour, indeed, even when staying at other people's houses, was dictatorial in the extreme. Staying at Bocket, fulfilling a self-given invitation to stay with Lord Melbourne, she completely upset his household, and installed herself exactly as if she were at home. Her room, as it happened, chanced to be on the first floor, the windows completely surrounded by the magnificent flowers of a splendid magnolia. Lady Holland, however, did not appreciate their scent, which, as she afterwards casually told her aged host, was too strong; and, without asking permission, ordered every blossom to be cut off within twenty-four hours of her arrival. Very dictatorial, Lady Holland owed her preponderant position at Holland House more to her masterful disposition than to any especial distinction as a brilliant conversationalist or wit. Nevertheless, she occasionally made very trenchant and clever criticisms. Of a devoted old couple who, it was notorious, had been lovers for many years whilst the wife's first husband had been yet alive, she said: "Is it not pretty to watch them—they almost make adultery respectable!"

A far more welcome visitor to Eridge Castle than Lady Holland was Queen Victoria, who when a child several times came over with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, from Boyne House, Tunbridge Wells, sometimes bringing flowers from her own little garden. Princess Victoria was fond of making excursions in the neighbourhood, and there is an account of her having ridden over to luncheon at the Old Palace, Mayfield, in the Sussex Archæological Colls. The account in question was written by Mrs. Day, of Hadlow, who was present, to her son Ansell.

“Your Father had a note from Lord Delawarr, who had previously promised to bring Lady Delawarr with him to the ruins, where we were to have a luncheon prepared. The Duchess of Kent was staying at Tunbridge Wells, and this note stated that the plan was changed, that the subject had been mentioned at the Duchess’ table, and that he had been desired to give the Duchess’ commands to your Father to attend her there on the following day, and that it would be proper (though not imperative) that I should accompany him.”

“At the hour fixed, or rather about half an hour earlier, we were on the spot. Instead of its usual quiet, it was filled with servants bringing in everything necessary for the collation, or as Mrs. Homewood (the farmer’s wife, who had charge of the place) said, ‘There were nasty furriners jabbering everywhere.’ Soon Lord and Lady Delawarr arrived to do the honours. Just then arrived the Duchess, the Princess, and their suite. Lord Delawarr and his family being a quarter of an hour after time, it was very awkward, as we did not know one person. The appearance of the whole ‘cortège’ was not imposing; such a dusty party I think I have never seen. . . . A call for a clothes’ brush followed, and after considerable delay it was procured, and the young ladies set to work to brush each other’s habits at the door of the sitting room. This did away with a good deal of ceremony, and occasioned much fun. The Princess Victoria was then about 14 or 15 years of age, and I heard her say it was not the first time she had visited Mayfield; that on the previous occasion she was quite a little child; that she had fallen asleep in the carriage, and awoke very hungry, adding, ‘I never was so angry in my life; there was nothing to be had that I could

eat.' You will, perhaps, like to know the names of those who were there. I remember the Baroness Leitzen (I am not sure that the name is exactly correct); the Princess' governess; Dr. Davies, then her tutor; Miss Davies; Sir John and Lady Conroy, and two daughters; Lady Flora Hastings (for whose very kind attention I had much reason to be obliged, for your father was called upon to act as cicerone, and when the luncheon had been discussed, I was the only person not known to all, and should have been uncomfortable, had not she so kindly joined me). There were some others in the Duchess' suite, but I have forgotten their names. Lord and Lady Delawarr were also there with their eldest daughter and the youngest, the present Marchioness of Salisbury. She was a little girl then, and the Princess delighted her by presenting her a silver-mounted riding whip."

The Marchioness of Salisbury afterwards married the Earl of Derby, and she and her daughter, Lady Margaret Cecil, with her brother, Lord Sackville, visited Mayfield Palace once more in March, 1896, a few years before her death; when she said she well remembered the royal visit, and the gift of the riding whip; also that she kept a diary as a child, in which she had recorded it.

Mayfield had been a place of some importance, having furnished two high sheriffs for the county in the eighteenth century. The first was Mr. John Edwards, of Herrings, in 1744, and it is said he dressed his javelin men in smock frocks; and, so attended, performed his duties at the assizes during his term of office. The second was Mr. Thomas Baker, of the Lower House, in the year 1775.

Javelin men were employed on all State occasions.

John Evelyn, who, some fifty years previously to Mr. Edwards, was the last sheriff of the combined counties of Kent and Sussex, attended the judges with one hundred and sixteen servants in green satin doublets and cloth cloaks trimmed with silver galloon, as were the brims of their hats, which were further adorned with white feathers. These men carried new javelins and two trumpets, and bore banners on which were emblazoned Evelyn's arms. There were besides thirty gentlemen, mostly his nephews and great-nephews, who went with him to do him honour.

Mayfield now so tranquil appears to have been rather Radical in its politics during the Civil Wars : the principal inhabitants certainly espoused the Parliamentary cause. Mr. John Baker was then appointed by the Parliament as one of the sequestrators for Sussex ; Mr. Maynard, the vicar, who was presented by Mr. Baker, belonged to the Assembly of Divines, and preached a sermon at St. Margaret's, Westminster, by order of the Long Parliament ; Mr. Aynscombe of Aylwins was married to a daughter of John Goring ; and Mr. Herbert Morley, the celebrated general of the Parliamentary troops, owned land and ironworks at Bibleham : all of which goes to show that the Sussex town had no sympathy for King Charles.

Papers in the Public Record Office show that any Sussex Royalists' estates were at the mercy of the sequestrators appointed in April, 1643. Among those appointed for Sussex were Sir Thomas Pelham, Anthony Stapley, Herbert Morley, Thomas Whitfield, John Baker, Herbert Hay (nephew of Colonel Morley), and Herbert Springate. It was ordered that the estates of all persons who had raised, or should raise, arms against the Parliament, or had assisted in any way the King's forces, should have their lands

seized and sequestered. The majority of offenders, however, appear to have been pardoned by King Charles II.

An unpleasant feature of this part of Sussex in ancient days was the bad state of the roads ; in a letter written by Horace Walpole in 1752 he says :

“ We lay at Tunbridge town. The inn was full of farmers and tobacco ; and the next morning, when we were bound for Penshurst, the only man in the town who had two horses would not let us have them, because the roads, as he said, were so bad. We were forced to send to the Wells for others, which did not arrive till half the day was spent. We went to Lamberhurst to dine ; near which, that is, at the distance of three miles, up and down impracticable hills, in a most retired vale, we found the ruins of Bayham Abbey. Here our woes increased : the roads grew bad beyond all badness ; the night dark beyond all darkness ; our guide frightened beyond all frightfulness. However, without being all killed, we got up, or down—I forget which, it was so dark—a famous precipice, called Silver Hill, and about ten at night arrived at a wretched village, called Rotherbridge. We had still six miles hither, but determined to stop. Alas ! There was only one bed to be had, all the rest were inhabited by smugglers. We did not at all take to this society, so, armed with links and lanterns, set out again upon this impracticable journey. At two o'clock in the morning we got hither to a still worse inn, and that crammed with excise officers, one of whom had just shot a smuggler. However, as we were neutral powers, we have safely passed through both armies hitherto, and can give you a little further history of our wandering through

these mountains, where the young gentlemen are forced to drive their curricles with a pair of oxen."

It was said that John Wesley's work in Sussex was much hindered by the terrible state of the roads. With a pair of good horses, on a journey from Rye to Sevenoaks, he managed, "but with great difficulty," to get through fifteen miles in five hours.

It was by the introduction of turnpike gates, by which tolls could be levied under private Acts of Parliament, that the much-needed roads were supplied. These were chiefly passed between 1765 and 1780. In 1840, out of fifty-three turnpike trusts, the roads in thirty-six were in good repair, in twelve they were in tolerable repair; in four only they were in bad repair, and one was under indictment. When the question of a turnpike road was discussed at a Mayfield vestry meeting, there was a great outcry at the idea, and one farmer present declared it would be absurd to have a hard smooth road, because, "how could a broad-wheel waggon stand upright if it had no ruts to go in?" Slowly, very slowly, did the roads improve, though now, except for the hills, they are all that can be desired. An old inhabitant of Mayfield, Miss Stone, who died in 1883 aged 92, was fond of telling the story of her return from school at Lewes for the Christmas holidays. The only practicable way was by riding on horseback on a pillion behind her father's groom. She was holding on to his leather belt, but at one very bad place the horse struggled so hard that she was jerked off into the mud. The man was rather deaf, and neither heard her call nor missed her for a short time. At length he turned back, to find she had managed to reach the bank; but with the loss of one of her shoes, which had com-

pletely disappeared in the mire, and could not be found. It is also a fact that so late as 1818 Bishop Buckner advised a clergyman whom he had ordained in the November of that year, as the curate of Waldron, to lose no time in going there ; for in the course of a very short time he would find it impossible to do so.

In East Sussex were a number of country seats full of picturesque associations. Such a place is the beautiful domain of Ashburnham—the Esseborne of Domesday—held for at least 800 years by the family that bears its name. They themselves claim a much longer possession and a Saxon ancestry derived (according to a catalogue of the Lords Warden of the Cinque Ports and Captains of Dover Castle, published in 1586 by a herald named Francis Thynne) from “ Bertram Ashburnham, a Baron of Kent, who was Constable of Dover Castle in 1066 ; being (as it is said) the first and last year of King Harold ; which Bertram was beheaded by William the Conqueror. after that he had obtained the Crown, because he did so valiantly defend the same against the Duke of Normandy.” There are, however, various difficulties to be met in this pedigree, in addition to the historical fact that Dover Castle, though styled “ the lock and key of the whole Kingdom,” surrendered to the Conqueror without striking a blow. Bertram’s two sons, Philip and Michael, are said to have been also executed ; but his grandson Reginald reappears in possession of the estate, as one of the benefactors of Battle Abbey. Now the name of the Saxon owner of Ashburnham is given in Domesday, and was Sewardus, instead of Bertram ; and at that time the place was held by Robert de Crull or de Crioll, under his kinsman, the Earl of Eu, who then governed the Rape of Hastings,

the Lewknors. Here also lived the Peacheys, while George IV held his Court at the Pavilion. In 1804, however, West Dean was acquired by Lord Selsey, who completely rebuilt the place and furnished it with a frontage of three hundred feet. Through Lord Selsey's daughters it passed to the Vernon Harcourts, of Nuneham, who sold West Dean to Mr. Frederick Bower, a China merchant, who in turn disposed of it to Mr. James, by whom many improvements and additions were carried out. The original plan of the building, however, is still preserved ; all the living-rooms open one out of another on the same floor, an old-fashioned arrangement frequently to be met with all over England.

Farther west along the Downs is Up Park, a house full of china and wonderful furniture. The late Marquis of Hertford, of art renown, years ago offered £2,000 for a bureau, the work of the great artist David. Lady Featherstonhaugh, who then owned the house, after an uneasy night refused the offer, tempting as it seemed. The old lady in question has now long been dead and a few years ago it was sold for more than double that sum. A Tory of the old school, she would not allow a Radical, even a Liberal, within her doors, saying that she did not like such animals ; her Conservatism indeed was carried to extreme lengths, which was rather strange considering that she herself had sprung from the people, having in her youth been a village girl with whom old Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh, in his day a buck of the Regency, had fallen desperately in love and married.

During the eighteenth century, when Horace Walpole made his tour of Sussex, he specially mentioned Cowdray, Hurstmonceux, and Stansted. Of these Cowdray remains a ruin, Hurstmonceux has been partly

restored by Colonel Lowther, and Stansted rebuilt after its destruction by fire not a great number of years ago. At the period in question Woolbeding appears to have been greatly to the taste of those who paid a visit to it. About 1792 it had been bought by Lord Robert Spencer, it is said with money won at "faro," the game so fatal to Charles James Fox. Sheridan called it "exquisite," being impressed by the variety of the views and the pleasant grounds. The neighbourhood, while particularly attractive, is associated with the memory of a fifteenth-century lord of the manor of Trotton—"Lord Camoys," who commanded the left wing of the English army at Agincourt. The warrior in question lies in Trotton Church with a famous brass over his tomb and that of his wife, a daughter of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who had been Hotspur's widow. The church in question, situated close to the manor-house (Trotton Place), underwent considerable damage during the Civil Wars, and the old door, bearing traces of Cromwellian bullets, was to be seen up to about forty years ago. The manor-house, in the Queen Anne style, with a lovely old walled garden, was leased from the present writer's father by the late Mr. Knox, a great ornithologist as well as a raconteur and popular social figure. His daughter, it may be added, married Mr. Fletcher, of Dale Park, a country house not very far away.

In addition to its famous Camoys brass and its fine old bridge over the Rother, Trotton is identified with the memory of the unfortunate poet Otway, the only child of the Rev. Humphrey Otway, Curate of Trotton and later Rector of Woolbeding, who was born there.

Sussex on the whole has been little troubled by

strife, with the exception of the famous conflict at Hastings. For this reason from an historical point of view the most interesting place in the County is Battle Abbey, closely associated as it is with the sanguinary fight which decided the fate of England and thus exercised such tremendous influence upon the development of the world. To us of to-day it does not seem quite clear why Duke William, who possessed a comparatively large stretch of territory on the French side of the Channel, should have risked everything in his expedition to England. It must, however, be remembered that he lived in adventurous days and came of adventurous stock.

“ The Normans,” said Macaulay, “ were the foremost race of Christendom, a race of colonists and of conquerors ; of men of lofty aspirations, and still loftier courage. Though of the same stock as the Saxons, the Northmen were gifted with a more heroic cast of soul. Perhaps it was the peculiar scenery and climate of their native homes which suggested to them such lofty aspirations, and such enthusiastic love of danger and hardship. The stillness of the desert may fill the fierce Arab with a rapturous enjoyment, and the interminable forests of Britain and Germany might breathe profound mystery, but the icy mountains and the hoarse resounding waves of the North nurtured warriors of a princely stature, both in mind and body, befitting the future occupants of European thrones.”

From the far North, whence they derived their origin, the Normans spread into various parts of Europe, for a time actually ruling Sicily, where the tombs of their leaders may still be seen. Loving the sea as they loved fighting, for its own sake, these fierce

wanderers were born rovers and seafarers. Restless on shore, they were never so happy as when on the water, the trackless "swan's path" of the Sagas. Their ideal life was never one of ease, but on the sea with a wild wind to speed their sails and save them from the drudgery of the oar. Storms and gales appalled them not at all: to their ears they merely formed part of the shrill music of their cradle song, accustomed as they were to be rocked upon the billows from their earliest years. The untamed "white horses" of the sea were their beasts of burden, that bore them forth on all their errands and adventures, and however turbulent and unruly, found in them skilled and confident riders.

In the Conqueror's day Normandy, though a flourishing province, was inhabited by a restless population, a great number of whom were imbued with the spirit of their great hero Rollo. A stay-at-home existence had no charm for the nobility, it seeming so easy for an enterprising younger son, or landless gentleman, to win for himself abroad all that he lacked at home. The idea of many of this class was that one had only to cruise to the shores of the Mediterranean, draw one's sword, conquer the natives, and make one's fortune. This was the idea which caused the Normans to become Dukes, Princes, Counts of Calabria, Apulia, and Sicily, Tarento and Capua, Capitanata and Conversano. Of all the lands they acquired, however, one only remained permanently their own, and that was England, the trophy won by "William Bastard de graunt vigoure," who has rightly come down to us as William the Conqueror.

Before finally deciding on his expedition to England, Duke William, it must be remembered, did all he could to come to some arrangement with Harold,

while even at the last moment after his landing at Pevensey he made proposals which in the light of subsequent events the English King would have done well to consider.

William's last effort was to propose a personal interview at some appointed spot between Hastings and Senlac, which Gurth, Harold's brother, refused in his brother's name. Then the Duke offered Harold the choice of three things : either to resign the kingdom according to his oath ; to hold it under the suzerainty of Normandy, Harold, as Under-King of Northumbria, governing all the land north of the Humber, and Gurth as Earl of the West Saxons, with the whole of the great estate that had been Earl Godwin's. The alternative to this was for both claimants to the throne of England to meet and fight body to body, on the terms that he who killed the other, or could conquer and take him prisoner, " should have England in peace, nobody else suffering." If, however, Harold declined to discuss these proposals, the Duke's messenger was solemnly to declare, standing in the presence of all his knights and nobles, that he was a liar and a perjurer, under the special ban of the Church, and that all who upheld and followed him were excommunicated by the Pope's own mouth, according to the bull held by the Duke of Normandy. This procedure was duly carried out, and at the dread word " excommunication," fraught with such terrible meaning in those days, it is recorded that the Saxon chiefs looked at each other in dismay. Nevertheless they answered courageously and nobly. " We must fight," said their spokesman, " whatever the peril to ourselves may be. There is no choice left to us. This is no mere question of accepting a successor to our late King : far more than that is at stake. The Duke of

Normandy has given away the whole of our lands to his barons, knights, and men-of-arms, of whom the greater number have already done homage for them ; they will claim their due should he become our sovereign, and he will bestow upon them all that we possess, and take from us even our wives and our daughters. He comes not only to ruin us, but to ruin our children after us, and take from them the country held by our forefathers. Whither shall we go, and what will become of us, when we are driven from our homes and our inheritance, and have no longer a country we can call our own ? ” Then they swore with one accord to make neither peace, nor truce, nor treaty with the invaders, but either to drive them into the sea or die fighting with their arms in their hands. Never—as the next day was to bear witness—was pledge more faithfully and worthily redeemed ! Harold himself merely sent a simple refusal to all three alternatives. He would not resign his kingdom, nor divide it, nor hazard it on the uncertain chances of a single combat. “ God should judge between him and William on the morrow.”

When William knew that the decisive hour which was to decide the fate of England had come, raising his hand to heaven he vowed that if God should give him victory, he would on that very spot, where the Saxon standard stood, raise a great minster and sanctuary in His honour. “ Upon this place of battle I will found a free monastery for the salvation of you all, and especially of those who fall ; and this I will do in honour of God and His saints, to the end that the servants of God may be succoured ; that even as I shall be enabled to acquire for myself a propitious asylum, so it may be freely offered to all my followers ” (“ Battel Abbey Chronicle”). There

were many churchmen present to take note of the Duke's words, and among them was a monk of Marmoutier, surnamed Faber, because in early life he had worked as a smith. Stepping forward, he craved that the proposed monastery should be dedicated to the soldier-saint who had been the founder of Marmoutier, the blessed Bishop St. Martin. The Duke at once consented, and thus the future foundation obtained its name of the "Abbey of St. Martin of the Place of Battle."

The Duke, according to the custom of those days, was expected to exhort his followers before leading them into the battle, and so in due course all his Barons having gathered round to hear him, he delivered his address "on a hill, where he could best see his men." "He spoke," says the old chronicler, "to them proudly"; reminding them of the famous and invincible name they bore, and of all the former glories of their people. Were they not descended from the men who had wrested Neustria from the enemy, and forced the French King to submit to the most humiliating of treaties? Who had ever conquered the Normans? What people could withstand the Normans in arms? Were they to yield to the felon English, never renowned as soldiers, who had been harried and subdued over and over again by their kinsmen the Danes? Then he spoke of his own former victories. Had they not stood side by side to fight and conquer at Mortemer and Varaville? And this day they would fight and conquer together again. Victory was certain; for did not God Himself fight for those that fought in the righteous cause?

When the fate of England had been decided, the Conqueror did not forget the vow he had taken on the field of battle. One of his first acts was to found

and endow the monastery that was to be "the token and pledge of the royal crown," and, according to the words of its foundation charter, the "one great chantry for the soul's health of those who helped to win by toil and aid the kingdom for him, and especially of those who died in the battle." Its endowment was as generous as befitted the trophy of so splendid a success, but the founder of Battle Abbey never lived to see the completion of the monastery, built owing to his munificence, his death taking place in the autumn of 1087 at Rouen owing to injuries he had received while riding through the burning streets of Nantes, his latest conquest. On his deathbed "William was not unmindful of the Abbey he had reared," and spoke some sorrowful words, which show how strongly he had been moved by the hope of expiation in erecting this great chantry, where unceasing prayer was to be made for the dead. "From earliest youth," said he, "I have been trained to the use of arms, and I am stained with blood. No one can tell the evils I have caused during the sixty years I have passed in this world of bitterness. I go now to account for them before the Eternal Judge." In addition to this he exhorted his son to perform the duty he was obliged to leave unfulfilled, and made him promise that when he returned to England to receive the crown, he would "endow the Abbey with one manor of forty pounds, over and above what he himself had freely conferred upon it." In addition to the gifts from the royal treasury he sent this as his last bequest. Nor did the Conqueror forget to add a few words of grateful praise of his countrymen, to whose valour his conquest was due. "The Normans are a generous people, and if governed with firmness, tempered with clemency, they will prove themselves

invincible." He was buried among them, in the church of the Norman abbey that he had founded. To-day his epitaph may still be read in the noble Abbaye aux Hommes at Caen, but his ashes which lay beneath have long been scattered to the winds, torn from their last resting-place by a frenzied mob during the wild days of the French Revolution.

Of Duke William's work in England relics still remain. One of the most picturesque of these, however, disappeared on January 1, 1925, when with the coming into force of the Law of Property Act, 1922, the ancient title of Lord of the Manor ceased to exist, William the Conqueror's copyhold system of land tenure under his feudal parcelling of Britain having been superseded by this new Act devised by Lord Birkenhead.

Had Duke William died in England he would have certainly been buried at "La Bataille," as Battle was called in his day. As it was, only in the eighth year of the reign of William Rufus did the dedication of that Abbey take place. The King, who happened to be at Hastings, waiting for a fair wind to cross to Normandy, came over the day after Candlemas in great splendour, with "an innumerable train of Barons and of the common people," and seven bishops—Walkelin of Winchester, Ralph of Chichester, Osmund of Salisbury, John of Bath, William of Durham, Roger (Mowbray) of Coutances, and Gundulf of Rochester. None of the names of the nobles present have been preserved, but there were probably still many among them who had fought, nearly thirty years before, in the great battle it commemorated. The King was met by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, with a great concourse of the clergy, "whom he caused to dedicate the Abbey with great pomp to the honour

of the holy and undivided Trinity, the blessed Mary, ever virgin, and Christ's confessor, S. Martin. This ceremonial took place on the 3rd of the ides of February, in the year of the incarnate Word of God 1095." William then offered his grants, confirming these and all the former possessions of La Bataille by a new royal charter, to which the churchmen present added their authority by forbidding all interference therewith under pain of excommunication. They also, by common consent, awarded thirty days' indulgence to any pilgrims who might attend the anniversary of the dedication. Then all sat down together to celebrate the event at a magnificent banquet, which is called by the monkish chronicler "an oblation of charity": and then "joyfully departed" homewards.

The subsequent history of Battle Abbey seems to have been a prosperous one up to the time when Henry VIII decided to identify himself with the cause of those who produced that tremendous religious convulsion known as the Reformation. A great favourite of Bluff King Hal appears to have been Sir Anthony Browne, for in 1535 the King granted him, in exchange for some other manors, the manor of Poynings, in Sussex, and in 1538 he further received the "house and suite of the 'late monastery of Battel in Sussex,' to be held by him and his heirs for ever." Sir Anthony took possession of this splendid gift about three months after it had been seized by the Royal Commissioners. The story goes that when he was holding his first great feast in the Abbot's Hall with great rejoicings and festivity, a monk suddenly made his appearance in the midst of the guests, strode up to the dais, and pronounced a solemn malediction upon the spoliator of the Church. He warned Sir Anthony that the curse would cleave to his remotest posterity, and fore-

told the special doom that was to be their temporal punishment. "By fire and water," he cried, "your line shall come to an end, and perish out of the land!" This prophetic denunciation must have cast a chill over the mirth of the company, but we are not told how far it affected Sir Anthony. Though he professed himself through life a Roman Catholic, he can scarcely be called a consistent one, for the amount of Church land that he held was, to say the least of it, remarkable. With Battle, he received a grant of the Priory of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark, where he built a house (mentioned as inhabited by a Viscountess Montague in 1593 and 1597); as well as the manor of Send, in Surrey, one of the "temporalities" of Newark Priory. In 33 Henry VIII he had a grant of the manor of Brede (which included a large part of the town of Hastings) and hundred of Godstow, part of the spoils of the monastery of Syon; and when, four years later, he succeeded his half-brother, William, Earl of Southampton, at Cowdray, he inherited among his estates Eastbourne Priory, Waverley Abbey (a Cistercian house in Surrey) and the monasteries of Bayham and Calceto. No doubt he was able to digest this booty with little trouble of conscience. Nevertheless his descendants, during five or six generations, seem to have been earnest and devout Roman Catholics. Many of the daughters took the veil; and one, at least, of the sons renounced his inheritance to become a monk. At the same time, actuated by the force of old habit and of tradition, none of the family appear to have felt any qualms in the remembrance of the source from which so much of the estate had been derived. It is indeed difficult to understand how Sir Anthony reconciled his being Master of the Horse, and King's proxy in the formalities preceding the

marriage of Henry VIII and Anne of Cleves, with his adherence to the Roman Catholic faith—moreover, he certainly seems to have viewed the spoliation and destruction of the Abbey buildings with complete equanimity. According, however, to Horace Walpole, the worst defacers of Battle were not its first owners, the Brownes, but far more modern possessors, the Websters, it having been a lady belonging to that family who covered a fragment of the old monastic gateway with cockle shells. The gateway in question, part of the ancient cloister, is now incorporated in the front.

In addition to utilizing the remains of the original Abbey a certain portion of the present buildings was begun and carried some way by Sir Anthony Browne after he had become the first Lord Montacute. The latter seems, on the whole, to have religiously respected all remnants or suggestions of antiquity. Owing to him a good deal of the Abbey survived, and even the vandalism of the sacrilegious Websters did not prevent Horace Walpole, in his minute examination of the place, from making a discovery for which he took special credit to himself. Up to his time an outlying building, which had become a barn, had passed by an unquestioned tradition for the old refectory. Walpole, however, on his visit to Battle in 1752, returned radiant from an archæological morning in the park, having, he declared, found reasonably conclusive evidence that the modern barn had never been used of old for eating purposes, but had been the original church. Considering the vicissitudes it has gone through it is a matter for congratulation that Battle, built on the morrow of the Conquest, some eight hundred years ago, should still retain, visible and almost intact, so much of its early masonry? In

addition to the structure specially investigated by Walpole, be it refectory or church, there are still in good preservation the Norman cloisters, as well as the great gateway and outer wall, built between 1327 and 1377. The conversion of the place from a monastery into a country house was not only begun but practically completed by its first private owner, Sir Anthony Browne. He certainly built the banqueting hall that has since disappeared, while not improbably he began the great feature of the house, the arched drawing-room with its Purbeck marble columns. The Webster additions, which to Horace Walpole seemed anything but satisfactory, have in more recent years been severely criticized and called defacements. It was from the fourth Lord Montacute that the Websters purchased the property, which they held for about a century and a half; in 1857, however, Sir Godfrey Webster sold it to Lord Harry Vane, the future Duke of Cleveland.

During the various formalities connected with the sale and transfer of Battle the place was necessarily closed, and one of the first missives that greeted the new owner, on his taking possession, was a formal request from the Mayor and Corporation of Hastings that it should be reopened to the public, which had been admitted to the Abbey time out of mind. Hastings considered that it had a prescriptive right to its "show place," and could not bear to be shut out from the great attractions of such a picturesque spot. The Duke wrote a courteous reply, freely granting the required permission for all visitors to go over the ruins, as of old, once a week, and to see the hall when the family was absent. He and his wife at that time had no idea what the first public day was to be like, and beyond appointing and directing

a guide, made no special arrangements. Seldom, however, were two easy-going people more speedily put upon their mettle; for a crowd of some eight hundred persons arrived, and congregated on the Upper Terrace, at that time in a rough and ruinous state, and closed on the garden side by a gate which had been locked, in order to exclude visitors from the reserved portion of the grounds. This gate the crowd at once took off its hinges, flooding the whole place like a sudden inundation, and mocking the feeble efforts of the guide to restrain their ardour. Many came and peered through the window of the study, where the poor Duke sat writing his letters, till they fairly stared him out of countenance, and drove him from the room. Others glued their faces with equal persistence to the panes of the Duchess's sitting-room windows; but here they met with their match, for being roused to great indignation, she resolved to try the power of the human eye upon them in her turn, especially as she possessed the additional advantage of wearing a large pair of spectacles. Armed with these powerful auxiliaries she stared steadfastly at the invaders, and rising very slowly from her chair, without averting her eyes, moved gradually, step by step, across the room. The result was astounding, for long before she had reached the window the whole party had fled. This intense curiosity to look in at the windows, though afterwards more restrained, remained more or less a characteristic of visitors to Battle, a number of whom did not scruple openly to express their annoyance when they were told the "family was at home." The general public, indeed, seem to have regarded Battle as being their own property, to be administered for their use and amusement.

One lady complained bitterly of the shabby recep-

tion she had received. "It is but once a week," wrote she to the Duke of Cleveland, "that you are subjected to any personal annoyance, and it is the price the great and the noble pay for their magnificence." About the middle of the last century, tourists seem to have been far more pushing and obtrusive than is the case to-day. "I remember," once wrote the old Duchess of Cleveland, "at Lowther Castle in old days, how the 'Lakers,' or tourists, used to look in upon us at every hour of the day—when we were sitting at our meals, when we were practising duets, when we were rehearsing charades, whenever it seemed most inopportune; and at Holkham, the late Lord Rosebery has often told me how he never ventured near his dressing-room in the daytime, having been once surprised there in the act of washing his hands by a large and fashionable party!" "Ashburnham was closed because the late Lady Ashburnham was hustled and nearly knocked down her own stairs by the crowd of sight-seers. I warmly sympathize with the interest felt for the dwelling of any famous man and fully share the honest enthusiasm of the people of Walmer, who watched the figure of the great Duke of Wellington, pacing slowly by in his Mexican 'poncho,' as if a blessing must rest on the spot where his shadow fell, and crowded into the room he had just left for London to see the chair on which he had sat, and the plate from which he had eaten his breakfast. I can even—though more remotely—understand the sentiment of the lady who asked permission to carry away his empty egg-shell. But I must own that the curiosity to examine other people's homes and modes of living, without any such motive, passes my comprehension."

Many curious reasons were given by visitors desirous

of being accorded privileges denied to the ordinary public when visiting Battle.

One man felt sure he might come as his ancestors had fought at Hastings, and he himself—perhaps in commemoration of the event—had been christened “Norman !” People were very fond of airing their genealogies at Battle, as a rule ; and many of these genealogies were claimed to have begun earlier than the Conquest. Amongst others, Mrs. Grote, when she visited the Abbey with her husband, the historian, in the autumn of 1867, informed the Duke that she was lineally descended from Harold’s younger brother, Earl Leofwine, whose name had been abbreviated to Lewin.

The Duke and Duchess were being constantly pestered with complaints about the guides. A letter in a local Sussex paper declared that the writer had been hurried over the grounds by “boors as obstinate as they were ignorant,” who could not comprehend the natural craving he felt to sit down amid the ruins and reflect upon the Norman Conquest and all its varied results. Everything about Battle “invited to meditation” ; and yet he was not permitted to indulge in it ! One of the Battle guides was a retired servant of the Duke’s, whom the Duchess had carefully coached for his new office, and endeavoured to keep straight when he diverged from the paths of knowledge. Having once heard him announcing at the top of his voice that the Gateway had been built in the time of Henry III, she suggested that he should say Edward III, which could make no difference to him, and put matters right. But he disdained all criticism when he had once begun, declaring that he received many compliments from the visitors for “explaining it so well,” some even saying that he had told them of

many things they had never heard before. This might, without any reflection on their education, have been quite true ; for the man certainly appears to have evoked the most astonishing facts from his "inner consciousness." One of the great ambitions of the Duchess's life—which remained ungratified—was, it is said, to be shown over the place by this guide as a stranger. On this character's death, a more educated man took his place, who was a little too erudite, some thought, for most of his hearers. Solemnly addressing a large Cockney party: "This, ladies and gentlemen, once," said he, "was the Calefactory!" upon which there arose a little buzz of consultation as to his meaning, ending with, "Ah, yes! to be sure—the calico factory!" But what shall be said of a young and beautiful lady of fashion, to whom the Duchess explained that she had had to turn aside a gravel walk she had been making, as she found it led through the former cemetery. "Did you find any tombs?" asked the visitor, with sudden interest. "Yes, several." "How thrilling! Do tell me: *did* you find anything *very* pretty?" "No," replied the Duchess, "I cannot say I expected to do that." "But don't you remember," went on the lady, surprised at so much indifference, "when we were at Rome, what lovely ornaments they were always finding in the tombs there?"

During their tenure of Battle the Websters had lacked money for the proper maintenance of the place. The Duke, however, repaired the disastrous dilapidations, extensively renovating and adding to the fabric. Amongst his creations was the fine library converted into the chief reception-room. It may be well here to recall the steps in the peerage which gave Battle a place in the Sussex dukeries. The viscountcy of Bernard and the earldom of Darlington had been

created in 1754. William Harry Vane (1766-1842) succeeded his father as third Earl of Darlington. Most of his time he spent as a sportsman, rather than as a great noble or a politician, at his Durham castle of Raby.

A great sportsman, Benjamin Marshall, painted his portrait on horseback with his hounds, which painting was engraved by J. Dean in 1810, and published by W. D. Jones, Cambridge. He is represented wearing a cap, but at a later period he abandoned this for a tall hat, and made his hunt servants do the same, considering it to be a better protection. Lord Darlington hunted his own hounds for thirty-eight years; his country, it may be added, is now hunted by the Zetland, the Bedale and the Badsworth hunts, an enormous tract of land according to modern hunting ideas.

The successor of this lover of the chase, the fourth Earl, as an ardent Whig, united keen partisanship with courageous conviction, while showing himself a stalwart amid the agitation and intrigue connected with the Grey Reform Bill. Under him Battle became, in the South of England, what Raby had already proved in the north—a social agency for counter-acting the political disaffection long growing against the Prime Minister. Among the noble Borough-mongers of that day none was more heavily threatened in influence and purse by the Whig disfranchising proposals than the Lord of Battle. Nevertheless, he not only accepted such losses, but expended all the resources at his command in promoting the passing of this Reform Bill. In 1827 he had been created Marquis of Cleveland, and his action in this matter gained him a Dukedom which was held successively by its first recipient's three sons, none of them leaving an heir to inherit it.

The youngest was the Duke of Cleveland, whose wife had become, by her first marriage with Lord Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery's mother. With this lady's tenancy of Battle began a new era, for the old place, which during many years had sheltered few fashionable visitors, now became a noted centre of hospitality among Sussex country houses. The taste and judgment of the Duchess improved the Battle gardens, which were kept up out of the revenue accruing from the sister estate of its owner, Raby, in Durham. The colliery income from the district whence the Duke took his title was very large, the first Duke of Cleveland having died, in 1842, worth £110,000 a year, and with nearly £1,000,000 in hard cash at his bankers. His eldest son, though inheriting only the entailed property, had an assured annual income of £70,000, while the two other sons were left equally well off. The last Duke of Cleveland, however, owed his reputation to other causes than the wealth he had inherited. In 1836, before coming into his title, he was acclaimed as being the most polished and agreeable of travelled Englishmen, and a great favourite in Parisian salons. "My handsome Duke," said the Duchess, pointing to her Lord of Raby and Battle, "is the only Englishman who was ever perfectly at home in the best French society, and therefore as popular in Paris as in London." In later years the Duke, who had known the Faubourg St. Germain as well as he knew St. James's Street, liked to entertain at Battle old friends from abroad, often as varied in their antecedents or vocations as in their nationalities, while others with letters of introduction were sure of a warm welcome. Both he and the Duchess thereby gained an European reputation for hospitality at their Sussex home. Some among the brightest and most representative of these Battle

gatherings took place during the seventies. From a material point of view, however, visitors had not much reason to be satisfied. The Duke was inclined to economy, and the Duchess, an extremely clever woman, was so much immersed in various intellectual interests, mostly of an archæological kind, that she did not trouble to give much attention to household management. Matters were allowed to take their own course more or less, with the result that on one occasion the French Ambassador, on his way from the station to the Abbey, was delayed by the breaking of the carriage pole, which collapsed owing to extreme old age. It was certainly no place for sybarites, who generally agreed with the quotation from the Litany which Mr. Godfrey Webbe, a witty and luxurious member of the Foreign Office, once wrote in the visitors' book :

"From Battle, murder, and sudden death, Good Lord deliver us."

At the same time, great care was devoted to the remains of the old buildings, which, wherever possible, were as judiciously restored as the taste of that day allowed. The Duchess, who was a clever woman, took the greatest interest in Battle, which was left to her for her life by the Duke, who died in 1891, her grand-nephew, Captain Francis Forester, coming into it on her death.

The Webster connection with Battle, it may be added, would probably not have been broken but for the fact that when the place was bought by the Duke of Cleveland, five dowager Lady Websters were all simultaneously drawing their jointures. Each of these ladies lived chiefly at Hastings, and each seems in her day, however brief, to have reigned like a queen at Battle. A property impoverished by this remarkable coincidence of claims could only be recuperated

by an owner of considerable wealth, but a turn of Fortune's wheel eventually brought Battle back to a descendant of its earlier owners, its purchaser from Captain Forester having been the late Sir Augustus Frederick Walpole Edward Webster, the grandson of the possessor from whom Lord Harry Vane had bought it. Sir Augustus, who was for many years a popular officer in the Guards, took the greatest interest in the home of his ancestors; but the strange ill-fortune, which in so many cases seems to pursue the owners of monastic property, did not spare him, his son having been killed in the Great War, and his wife drowned while bathing. Finally, when a comparatively young man he died, and Battle, which for a certain term of years had been let to the late Mr. Michael Grace, has now, I believe, become a girls' school.

One of the glories of Sussex up to the end of the eighteenth century was Cowdray, the ruins of which are now owned by the Peer who took his title from the old place which had been destroyed by fire in September, 1793. Containing much woodwork, the house seems to have burnt like tinder, for the fire was first discovered at eleven o'clock, and by seven the next morning the whole of the interior was gutted. Attempts were made to detach a part of the building in order to arrest the conflagration, but the great solidity of the masonry rendered this impossible; nor could much of the furniture be saved. The dawn of day found Cowdray the wrecked shell it still remains, though the ruins continued to smoulder for more than a fortnight.

The history of this fine old house stretched back to Henry VIII's time, when it had been built by the Earl of Southampton on the site of the old castle of the Bohuns, covering an acre of ground. He left it,

however, incomplete at his death in 1543, and it is said to have been only entirely finished, some time before the visit of Queen Elizabeth in 1591, by the first Viscount Montague, whose arms appear on a large achievement over the principal entrance in the western front, impaling those of Mabel Dacre, his second wife. In its halcyon days Cowdray was a large quadrangle, of regular and massive rather than ornamental architecture, entered by a central gateway finished by four light turrets, and at each angle were hexagonal towers, enclosing the staircases. In the court was a curious fountain, afterwards removed to Woolbeding; and on one side a beautiful porch, which still survives, elaborately wrought in fretwork, with the cognizance and cypher of Lord Southampton. This led into the hall, which was the grand feature of the place, of which the plan—as regards the carved timber roof and the dimensions—resembled those built by Cardinal Wolsey at Christ Church, Oxford, and Hampton Court. Locally it was called “the Buck Hall,” from eleven figures of stags carved in oak, and as large as life, that stood on brackets surmounting the cornice of the high wainscoting. At the upper end two sat erect, like supporters, each bearing on his shoulder the staff of a carved banner: on one of these were the arms of England, on the other those of the family, another wore suspended round his neck the bow and arrows used by Queen Elizabeth when shooting deer in the park. This hall was fifty-seven feet long, or exactly the same length as that at Battle, but about five feet narrower, measuring only about twenty-six feet in width, and contained some great pictures by Giulio Romano, representing the “Assemblies of the Gods.” The screen was very intricately carved with Lord Southampton’s device and cypher. The open

timber roof, as shown in Grimm's drawing, must have been magnificent, being finished externally by an open louvre, forming a slender cupola, ornamented on each side by a row of metal vanes arranged as on a stepped gable, with excellent effect. The windows blazed with stained glass, being filled with escutcheons of arms, and one of them, the great bay looking west, reached nearly from the floor to the roof.

The whole house had been erected on a splendid scale, well calculated to please lovers of the Arts. The chapel was richly gilt and decorated in the Italian style, the great staircase painted by Pellegrini, the great dining-room was decorated with frescoes attributed to Holbein, while a long gallery extended through the whole of the upper storey of the north front.

The most gorgeous of the smaller apartments was the state velvet bed-chamber, in which Queen Elizabeth had lain—this was hung with tapestry taken from cartoons by Raphael. Everywhere throughout the house were pieces of curious furniture, valuable heir-looms, and relics of all kinds, so interesting that they moved even Dr. Johnson to enthusiasm. "Sir," cried he, when he came over from Brighton to see Cowdray, "I should like to stay here twenty-four hours. We see here how our ancestors lived." Horace Walpole writes in 1749: "Our greatest pleasure was seeing Cowdray, which is repairing; Lord Montague will at last live in it. We thought of old Margaret of Clarence, who lived there; one of her accusations was built on the bulls found there. It was the palace of her great-uncle, the Marquis Montacute. I was charmed with the front, and the court, and the fountain." The latter which had been designed, it was said, by Benevenuto Cellini, was transferred with

other relics which had been saved to Woolbeding, as was noted by Mr. Creevey in his diary, together with a confession that he had never heard of the famous Italian !

Many interesting mementoes of Battle Abbey perished in the fire at Cowdray. Several of the pictures are said to have been brought from thence, and Dallaway mentions that "against the parapet, on the left side of the quadrangle, were placed two ovals, containing heads in baked clay, like those at Hampton Court, which were removed from Battle Abbey when it was sold by this family." But the really irreparable loss was that of the relics of the Conquest : a sword said to have belonged to William the Conqueror, his Coronation robe ornamented with gold and gems, and the Battle Abbey Roll—all of which, according to family tradition, had been transferred thither in 1717 when the seventh Lord Montague had sold Battle to the Websters.

A picture of Charles I at Woburn is said to have been one of the few saved from Cowdray, another being a painting of the two brothers Fitzwilliam lying dead in armour.

After the burning of Cowdray no care appears to have been taken to safeguard any of the contents which remained undamaged. Things, indeed, saved from the fire were taken away to Midhurst by anyone who cared to take the trouble, the whole neighbourhood being allowed to roam through the ruins.

At the time of the fire at Cowdray, superstitious people did not fail to connect it with the monk's curse at Battle, owing to the fact that its owner, the eighth Lord Montague, was drowned while attempting to shoot the falls of Laufenburg just at the time when Cowdray (then being renovated for his coming of age)

was consumed by the flames. To this others objected that Sir Anthony Browne and his descendants for two hundred years had lived free from misfortune. In any case, the curse seems to have taken a long time to work. With the eighth Lord Montague, the connection of the Brownes with Cowdray ceased, for two sons of Lord Montague's only sister, Mrs. Poyntz, were drowned in the very flower of their youth, before the eyes of their parents, in a boating accident at Bognor in 1815—another sad catastrophe also attributed to the curse either of the monk of Battle or to another said to have been uttered by the Abbess of Easebourne, who on being expelled from her convent is supposed to have declared a similar curse of fire and water on the Lords of Cowdray. On the death of Mr. Poyntz the Cowdray estate was divided amongst his sisters, and in 1843 it was sold to the sixth Earl of Egmont for some three hundred thousand pounds. The new possessors of the place made no attempt to restore the ruins of the noble old mansion, a splendid example of domestic architecture, but built a new house on the site of the keeper's lodge, which has since been considerably enlarged and improved by the present Lord Cowdray.

Cowdray, like many other country houses, has memories of Queen Elizabeth, and the oak still remains from which with bow and arrow she shot a stag, a feat which the virgin Queen often performed when she visited her faithful subjects.

The park at Cowdray has always been celebrated for its timber. Unfortunately, the seventh Lord Montague put himself into the hands of "Capability Brown," and "the bowers of ancient oak gave place to formal clumps of trees: the shady walks and recesses which once afforded delight to Queen Eliza-

both having been then first removed." The park wall was in itself a curiosity. "There were formerly about 120 burgage tenements at Midhurst, which entitled their respective owners to vote. One of the Lords Montague pulled some of them down that they might enlarge Cowdray Park, but had stones inscribed "a Burgage" put into the wall to indicate their sites, whereupon a noble Duke remarked that "so low had the elective franchise fallen, that at Midhurst the very stones appeared as voters for members of Parliament."

The connection of the Egmonts with this part of Sussex began with the first Earl, who having as President of the Court of Admiralty accumulated considerable savings, bought a mansion in Surrey and Cowdray Park. Since the property has been acquired by Lord Cowdray it has been considerably improved, and the ruins preserved with judicious care.

VIII

OLD-FASHIONED English country-house life as it existed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had special characteristics not to be found in other countries.

France, it is true, before the upheaval of 1789 had a certain number of châteaux with parks approximating somewhat to those which existed in England ; comparatively few, however, survived the Revolution, and little land remained attached to most of those which did. In their halcyon days the country gentry across the Channel were not in the habit of making long stays away from Paris, and there was nothing exactly equivalent to the country squire who in England was content to amuse himself with the sports of the field. At the same time the *noblesse* regarded hunting as a sport essentially reserved for themselves, and the Kings of France maintained a large body of officials whose duties were exclusively connected with the chase. The most sporting monarch of his age was Louis XV, who brought hunting in France to the highest pitch of perfection in an epoch which cannot be called particularly virile. Louis XVI, though he devoted much of his time to partridge shooting and made very large bags, appears to have been indifferent to the chase. Like another Royal votary of the gun—Philip IV of Spain, in whose shooting expeditions thousands of birds are said to have met their doom—this French King was not fortunate in governing the country over which





HALSTON, SHROPSHIRE
(Jack Mytton riding home)



he ruled. Extreme devotion to sport of any kind does not seem to be propitious to Royalties, implying as it does a certain degree of mental weakness dangerous in a ruler. Nevertheless, a judicious indulgence in sport is calculated to enhance a monarch's popularity. Among the humbler classes hunting has always been associated with Royalty and aristocracy; and the existence of the Royal Buckhounds in England, now rather unfortunately abolished, probably did a good deal to promote loyalty not only among hunting men but with others liable to take their cue from those whom they considered entitled to set an example.

During the nineteenth century, next to politics, sport was the ruling passion in English aristocratic society. Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, was a great patron of the Turf, seldom missed an important race meeting, and at times was said to have had a share in the ownership of certain racehorses. The most fashionable sporting event of the year then as now was in the late summer when the Duke of Richmond celebrated the Goodwood meeting, held in his park, with a brilliant country house party of not less than thirty or forty in number, containing the cream of London society, every one of whom was interested, or made a show of being interested, in racing. A number of other landowners living in the neighbourhood also dispensed hospitality, though naturally upon a less splendid scale. The gay and fashionable crowd which frequented Goodwood in August had previously attended Ascot in June, while a fortnight before Ascot the Derby had been run at Epsom, the week before Epsom and Ascot traditionally marking the zenith of the London season. Other great Turf festivals at Doncaster, at Stockbridge, and at Chester were scarcely of less local importance. During the Victorian era a very sporting

spirit prevailed in the House of Commons, which up to comparatively recent years adjourned on Derby Day. Lord Palmerston was a great supporter of the Turf, and as Premier, in 1858, he was early on the course at Epsom, to watch the running of his horse, Toxopholite. He had the mortification to lose the prize—the coveted blue ribbon of the Turf—by about a length, which it is said caused him to display great vexation, and to have remarked in a tone of impatience, that he would rather have accepted the defeat of his Ministry than that of his favourite horse: another Premier of later date, Lord Rosebery, was more fortunate. With English statesmen of an earlier age hunting was very popular. In the early eighteenth century a large number of members were ardent devotees of the chase, as was shown at the time when Sir Robert Walpole was left in a minority, whereby his administration was terminated. When the division had been taken, the “teller,” as he went up to report the numbers of the division, shouted out “Whoo-hoop!” intending to apprise the House that “at length the old fox was run down.” In spite of this, sport, though generally reputed to have been highly popular with the old English, had not the same importance for the men of the eighteenth century as it afterwards assumed with their descendants of a later age. Sport, indeed, only obtained a firm grip upon the English aristocracy when the star of their political power was beginning to set. The squires of the early part of the nineteenth century it is true rode a good deal to hounds, but their hunting was not the hunting of the present day, but a much more leisurely business altogether, indulged in only when they were in the mood for a gallop across a country in which there were usually no very formidable obstacles to jump. Hunting was not then the

serious business it has since become, it being quite common for country gentlemen to keep their own packs of hounds which were taken out at all sorts of odd times whenever their owner felt disposed for a little relaxation.

He kept a pack of foxhounds too, of pure old English breed, Most musical and staunch they were, but not much famed for speed. His hunters were enduring, and could go a decent pace, To suit his hounds he bred them, not to ride a steeplechase.

In spite of the comparative modesty of the hunting establishments of these old squires, the sport in which they indulged seems to have been more the real thing than the costly fashionable and carefully organized affair which passes under that name to-day when huge sums of money, which have been amassed in cities by business men, are lavished upon cutting a dash in the hunting-field.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, however, there were a certain number of country gentlemen who devoted their whole lives to the sports of the field. Such a one was the famous Jack Mytton whose family for generations had owned Halston in Shropshire, a fine old seat which wild extravagance caused to pass into other hands. Mytton, though by birth entitled to occupy a commanding position in his native country, forfeited the respect of his fellow-landowners by his wild ways and extraordinary pranks. For a time he hunted part of what is now the Albrighton country, but these hounds he gave up in 1822, after which he kept a scratch pack at Halston with which he occasionally hunted bag foxes. An engraving of this spendthrift squire by W. Giller after a painting by Mr. Webb shows him on horseback, horn in hand, among his hounds. As in everything else he touched, Mytton, though a reckless rider, does not seem to have excelled

as a huntsman. As a matter of fact, the squires of a past age took all sport in a very easygoing, light-hearted manner. With most of them it was merely a diversion and not a serious ideal as it is to-day with a certain section of well-to-do people who, lacking a sense of proportion, frankly speak of it as the supreme purpose of country life.

Shooting in old days was, for the most part, a very easygoing affair, country gentlemen being quite content with very moderate bags. Since then battue shooting, which in its early days was fiercely denounced by sportsmen of the old school, has entirely revolutionized sport with the gun. According to an old ballad the old English squire :

On the first day of September, as the season still came round,
With his pointers in the stubble he was certain to be found,
Though his gun was like a musket, an old-fashioned flint and steel,
Wide muzzled and a kicker, she was heavy in the heel,
Yet birds then being plentiful, he brought down many a brace.

His biggest bags, however, were always small when compared with those now made by "driving"; nevertheless, the old squire and his friends probably got a great deal more amusement and health out of his shooting than do the crack shots of to-day who have reduced partridge and pheasant shooting to an affair of almost mathematical precision. Pointers and setters are out of date, and in place of the large amount of walking which a day's shooting formerly entailed there is now only a leisurely progress from stand to stand and from butt to butt.

Considering that the old school shot with muzzle-loading guns and walked up their game, the bags some of them made were extraordinarily large. At Rendlesham in Suffolk, for instance, fourteen guns in 1804 killed no less than four thousand partridges. Here



OLD WORLD SPORT

as in certain other parts of England it was then the custom for parties to go on from house to house thus covering a good deal of the county. From Rendlesham the shooters would go on to Sudbourne, and then on again to Campsey Ash. The old house at Rendlesham was burnt down in 1830, after which a modern mansion was erected in its place. Fine bags continued to be secured on the estate up to a few years ago when the house was sold and the land split up. The old home of the Thelluſons has now, like a number of other aristocratic mansions, become an institution where paying patients are received.

Before the days of the breech-loader it was customary for the host at a shooting party to provide powder and shot for his guests. This, of course, was not such a serious item as providing cartridges, and when the latter came into fashion the old custom naturally lapsed. Before battue shooting had become a regular feature of country-house life the bags made were usually comparatively small. Guns did not shoot so straight or shooters aim so well as has since become the case. On the other hand, a day's sport was something more than a mere stroll from cover to cover—from the point of view of health the old methods were the best. The general average of proficiency with the gun, making allowances for the somewhat primitive character of the old fowling piece, appears to have been lower than is the case to-day, most of the prominent social and political figures of the earlier part of the Victorian era having been but very moderate shots. A case in point was Lord Palmerston who, when he missed, would sometimes lay the blame on the wind somewhat after the style of the foreigner who complained that the English rabbits were too short. During his later years, Lord Palmerston, then as fond

as ever of the sport, was known to fire off both barrels at birds a hundred yards off ; indeed, as long as he could get his gun off he was usually quite satisfied even when there could be no result. It was told of another noble lord (Lord Ashbrook), who never touched a feather during an entire day's shooting at Holkham, that the keeper, by way of consolation, remarked that he had seen people shoot worse than his lordship. " How can that be, when I missed bird after bird ? " " Aye, but your lordship misses them so clean."

Though during the greater part of the Victorian era comparatively moderate sums were expended upon sport a great many people managed to indulge in it. The fashionable legal luminary of those days who liked to enjoy the good things of life generally managed to devote several weeks in every year to shooting in the Scotch Highlands. As a rule, he could bring down his due allowance of grouse, and occasionally did considerable execution amongst the deer. Often, like the late Lord James of Hereford, he was the proprietor of some good coverts within easy distance of London, and when his legal duties compelled him to be in town during the late weeks of autumn, contrived to snatch the time for shooting parties of a very agreeable kind.

At that period, of course, first-class shootings were not to be so easily obtained as in more modern days. One of the greatest changes indeed in the mental standpoint of landowners is the way in which they regard the letting of their estates for sporting purposes. As late as the middle of the last century the aristocracy and gentry did not at all approve of allowing strangers to pay for the right of shooting over their estates, the letting of grouse moors and deer forests which was then just beginning to come in, being considered as a

vulgar and plutocratic innovation by the old school, which openly expressed its disgust at those squires who, to fill their pockets, let their shootings to city men somewhat apt, it was said, to shoot keepers and generally outrage the usages traditional among sportsmen. The shootings of those days were, as a rule, very poor compared with those of to-day, cockney sportsmen, as they were called, being comparatively easily satisfied, and never thinking of demanding the luxurious accommodation which is considered essential to-day. As a rule, the neighbouring squires and their wives left such people severely alone, deploring the incursion of urban barbarians into the country-side, and vowing that they themselves would always keep their shooting in their own hands. Since then, however, mainly owing to stern necessity, these squires have found themselves obliged to place their own estates in the agents' hands, and as early as the seventies and eighties the letting and selling of country houses and of sporting rights had come to be considered quite a reputable manner of increasing a landed proprietor's capital or income.

In the social history of Victorian and Edwardian times sport looms very large, the last survivor of the many aristocratic figures who indulged in it fifty or sixty years ago having been the late Lord Chaplin, who was a connecting link between the worlds of society, politics, and sport. As a politician he appeared to take as his model Lord George Bentinck, who was the champion of the Protectionist party in Parliament when Free Trade was being pressed forward, and who was also a mighty patron of the Turf. There was a mixture in this veteran's bearing of geniality and pomposity which people found by no means unpleasant. He had had many ups and downs, together with serious

troubles in his life ; nevertheless, his disappointments and turf vicissitudes, many as they had been, never permanently embittered him. Though he denounced his political opponents in Parliament, there was no malignity in his invective. His oratorical manner was heavy, his voice sonorous, his sentences rotund, and a cynic once said that he reminded one of something between a schoolboy declaiming his theme and an evangelical clergyman proclaiming the doom of the scarlet lady from his pulpit. Lord Chaplin had all the instincts, and took interest in all the avocations, of the country gentleman in addition to which he had always been a staunch supporter of the Turf which incidentally, it may be added, had cost him vast sums of money.

It is curious that whilst much is heard of the demoralizing effects of betting on races amongst the working classes, little is said as to the many old families which have in the past owed their ruin and downfall to racing. Peculiarly fatal to the English aristocracy almost throughout the nineteenth century, racing as a means of scattering a patrimony has rather fallen into disfavour in recent years, speculation in the City having taken its place. Betting to-day is carried on in very moderate sums, the huge wagers of the past, when a fortune sometimes depended on some horse's success, being now rarely heard of.

The sale of Chesterfield House and its gardens by its noble owner in the late sixties was directly due to Lord Chesterfield's losses on the Turf. His widow, well known as the hostess of Bretby, had had a unique experience in the way of proposals. As Miss Anne Forester, before her marriage to Lord Chesterfield in 1830, Mr. Stanley, afterwards fourteenth Earl of Derby, had proposed to her, and after her husband's death in 1866 it is said that Lord Beacons-

field, not once only, but several times, laid his heart at her feet ; thus she had rejected two Prime Ministers of England. It seems probable that, had it not been for her daughter Evelyn, Lady Carnarvon, the mistress of Bretby would have accepted Lord Beaconsfield, for whom she ever entertained a great admiration. In this she was not alone among the aristocratic dames of her day to whom Disraeli owed much in the way of his social advancement.

Lady Chesterfield was essentially a great lady of the old school, retaining to the end of her life the erect figure and elastic gait for which she was distinguished. At one time she had lived much in the racing world, and for many years no ladies were better known or more popular at Newmarket than the hostess of Bretby and her sister, Mrs. Anson. It was the latter who said to Lord George Bentinck at the first Spring Meeting in 1848, when he rode up to her carriage, looking ill and careworn : " For Heaven's sake, George, let me persuade you to cut politics and come back to the Turf, or you will be dead in six months ? "

A great sporting figure of late Victorian days was the eighth Duke of Beaufort, who was a patron of the stage as well as of all branches of sport. His father, the seventh Duke, had also been a popular figure in his day. Master of the Badminton hounds from 1835 to his death in 1853 he was also, like his son, a famous coachman, his team of skewbalds having been one of the sights of the London season. A man of unstinted munificence and an exemplary landlord, he was the type of what an English gentleman ought to be. The best-dressed man of his time, he did not despise the less serious aspects of life—he it was who invented a special form of cup known as " Badminton " which

was very popular in its day. The traditions of his father were admirably carried on by his son who, though the possessor of a racing stud, was more largely interested in hunting and in four-in-hand driving than any of his contemporaries. As eighth Duke he had no town residence, living at apartments near by St. James's Park, while in the country he kept open house. As a patron of the lighter forms of the drama he enjoyed a unique position, being admitted behind the scenes of such theatres as he chose to frequent. A genial, open-handed representative of the English country squire, combined with the best attributes of a man about town. Following the example of his father, the ninth Duke, who died in November, 1924, aged seventy-seven, well maintained the sporting traditions with which Badminton has so long been associated. A first-rate amateur huntsman and master of his own hounds, he continued to remain in the saddle almost up to the end of his life when he found himself compelled to follow the chase in a carriage instead of on a horse. As Colonel of the Gloucestershire Hussars he struck out an unconventional line after the Boer War by manifesting a great dislike to his yeomanry being put into khaki or being encamped on Salisbury Plain.

"Because there has been a war in South Africa," said he, "I do not see why we should be condemned to spend our time in wet tents and convicts' dress."

Though not such a noted whip as his father, the eighth Duke, the late Duke of Beaufort was expert at handling a team and while in the Blues drove the regimental drag for fifteen years.

The Duke took part in the famous run of the Badminton hounds in 1871 when the hunt covered twenty-eight miles in three and a half hours, the Duke finishing on a farmer's cob which he was able to borrow.

The Badminton hounds now hunt about six days a week and the present Duke, as Lord Worcester, shared the duties of huntsman with Tom Newman, thereby following the example of his sporting father, who, in his day, was exceptionally gifted in hunting hounds. The Belvoir, another ducal pack, is still owned by the Duke of Rutland, though the mastership is in other hands. The Earl of Yarborough is co-master with Sir Charles Wiggin of the Brocklesby, while Mr. George Fitzwilliam and Lord Exeter hunt the Peterborough district with the Milton hounds.

Badminton House, Gloucestershire, has attached to it stables said to be the most extensive of their kind in England. The original home of the Somersets descended from John of Gaunt was Raglan Castle, Badminton only becoming their principal seat when the Castle in question, which was surrendered to the Parliamentary General Fairfax in the Civil Wars, had been dismantled. The present Duke was married in 1923 to Lady Mary Cambridge, elder daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge, the Queen's brother.

Other prominent figures in the sporting set of the Victorian era were Lord Rosebery, Lord Rosslyn, Mr. Henry Calcraft, Lord Alington, Sir George Chetwynd, and Sir Frederick Johnstone. The last two were sportsmen pure and simple. Without their stables and their race meeting they would have had no occupation, though both had figured in well-known passages of English social history. Sir Frederick Johnstone had won and lost heavily; Sir George Chetwynd, while on the whole not unsuccessful with his horses, owing to the huge expenses connected with a racing stable, died anything but a rich man. Both were pleasure-seekers of the type to be seen at fashionable resorts like Monte Carlo, not necessarily playing

high, but always enjoying life in a well-bred way.

The Earl of Rosslyn, in addition to being a sportsman, was noted for his gift of versification and shrewd business powers. Very distinguished in appearance, with something of the old school in his face and presence, he possessed a certain arrogance of manner compatible with perfect dignity. He also had an essentially aristocratic voice, and an expression of the eye which, when it was directed at a stranger, said as plainly as words, "Who the devil are you?" Lord Rosslyn was by taste sportsman and poet, but his views of life were less those of the poet than of the sportsman. The impression which he conveyed to his acquaintances and friends was that of great shrewdness; indeed, he had as good an eye for a bargain as he had for a horse, having always something to suit some special requirement of a friend, or knew of somebody else who did.

Writing of this nobleman a contemporary observer said :

"Whether it is a 'chef' or a secretary, a stud or a perambulator, Lord Rosslyn can assist you to get the very thing you want on the most advantageous terms. To those whom he meets on a footing of equality Lord Rosslyn is amusing, the best fun in the world. To his inferiors he is arrogant. Yet he means no evil: it is simply his idiosyncrasy. He is a kind-hearted, chivalrous, and cultivated gentleman, with a wide acquaintance of the world, and with liberal ideas of comfort and grandeur."

A less attractive sporting figure who belonged to a slightly earlier time was the seventh Lord Cardigan of Balaklava fame, a type of arrogant aristocrat,

who, though he only entered the army at the age of twenty-seven and had become a Lieutenant-Colonel by purchase three years later, carried the military spirit into private life. When walking up partridges at his shooting parties at Deene he would order the line to advance or halt just as if he were drilling a company of soldiers, and when on board his yacht he was wont according to tradition to stride about the deck in a costume which included military spurs. Lord Cardigan created something of an unfavourable sensation during the Crimean campaign by abstaining from sharing the hardships of the trenches with his brother officers (with most of whom he was on bad terms). Instead of inconveniencing himself by anything of this sort he lived in the harbour on board his yacht, the *Enchantress*, on which considerable luxury prevailed. His conduct in the famous charge of the Light Brigade, though courageous enough, came in for a good deal of criticism at the time. First in among the Russian guns he was said to have taken no trouble to rally his men whom he left to retire by twos and threes while he himself rode calmly away. A great fire-eater, he fought a duel with a Captain Harvey Tucket in the "forties" and severely wounded that officer. Having claimed the right to be tried by his peers, Lord Cardigan became the central figure in a solemn farce played in the House of Lords during which their lordships professed themselves unable to discover the identity of the Captain Tucket shot in the duel with the officer of the same name mentioned in the indictment. Having all solemnly lain their hands on their hearts they pronounced Lord Cardigan "not guilty upon my honour." The old Duke of Cleveland, however, qualified this utterance by saying "not guilty *legally* upon my honour." As a conse-

quence of the verdict Lord Cardigan left the trial a free man. Previous to this he had got into trouble with the military authorities in 1833, when in consequence of having illegally ordered one of his officers to be taken into custody, he had been forced to relinquish the command of the 15th Hussars. With all his faults, however, Lord Cardigan seems to have been a keen enough officer ; during the time when he commanded the 11th Hussars that regiment was known as the smartest in the service which was no doubt owing to the lavish expenditure of its Colonel, who is said to have spent no less than £10,000 out of his own pocket to achieve the end in question. A dashing rider in the hunting-field, Lord Cardigan could not bear to be " cut down " by anyone else. There was a great rivalry between the dashing Hussar and the famous Mr. Assheton-Smith and at a dinner in 1835, when the Queen's staghounds had been sent to hunt the New Forest, both sportsmen were observed to be glaring at one another as if about to engage in mortal combat. During the hunt, which took place the next day, both rode a regular race against one another till their horses were absolutely exhausted. Lord Cardigan, however, appears to have had the best of it, his steed being able to go three or four hundred yards farther than that of Mr. Assheton-Smith. More or less associated with horses during the whole of his long life, Lord Cardigan met his death in 1868 from a fall while out riding in his park at Deene in Northamptonshire, where his widow lived on after him for so many years. Though she married again, not too successfully it may be added, she remained immensely proud of the memory of her departed lord. At Deene were preserved his uniforms and the stuffed head of the charger he had ridden in the famous charge, while in the church

close by, Lady Cardigan had constructed a tomb on which lay the full-length effigy of her dead Hussar, side by side with another of herself dressed in a somewhat fanciful costume. The greatest blow to Lord Cardigan's pride must have been the unfortunate occasion when, having issued invitations to his neighbours to attend a grand ball to be given in a new ball-room he had built, nobody came!

Deene Park possesses a hall coeval with that at Westminster, and built in the same style, though of course on a smaller scale. The connexion between Deene and the Abbey dating from 1215 at one time was very close. Even to-day the owner of Deene pays what is called a Fee Farm rent of £18 a year to the Abbey funds, a feudal usage which has only once fallen into abeyance during hundreds of years. This occurred during the Commonwealth when the Lord Cardigan of the day, a stanch Royalist, refused to pay on the ground that the money would be diverted from its proper owners by the Protectorate. The officials of the latter, however, stood firm and all arrears were eventually made up.

In the library at Deene are a number of old books, the majority not of any great value. Some manuscripts, however, are of considerable interest and worth, notably a monkish manuscript of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" from which it is said Caxton's first edition was printed. During the war the manuscript in question, having been purloined, found its way to America, where it eventually became the property of Vassar College, which to its honour, without demur, returned it to its original owner after he had informed the collegiate authorities that their new treasure, valued at a great sum, had been stolen. The whole story, there is reason to believe, will be given to the public in a

volume on Deene and its history now being written by Mr. Charles Brudenell-Bruce.

The circumstances of Lord Cardigan's marriage to Lady Cardigan had shocked the society of the day, the ladies in particular declining to have anything to do with the somewhat flighty bride. For years she was subjected to a sort of social ostracism which, however, probably affected her little, she having strong Bohemian tastes. Men were always glad to go to Deene where, if the cooking was indifferent, the shooting was sure to be good and many a merry party assembled under its hospitable roof. Though Lady Cardigan had been left a very large income, amounting, it was said, to some £17,000 a year, towards the end of her life she had not too much money to spend. Extravagant and not ungenerous by nature she spent large sums upon dress and entertaining while for many years owning a considerable stable of horses. Up to the very end of her life she persisted in keeping up the illusion of riding to hounds. At a very advanced age she would drive to the meet in elaborate hunting costume. There a groom with a horse, or with horses, would meet her ; somehow or other she contrived to get away without mounting, though afterwards ready to discuss the run and maintaining the fiction of having taken part in it.

Of Lady Cardigan's rather lamentable literary effort it can only be said in extenuation that according to a number of her contemporaries she had undoubtedly been hardly treated by society in her youth. The circumstances attending her marriage with Lord Cardigan would have been more leniently judged to-day, and the hard measure meted out to her undoubtedly caused her to become revengeful, hence her scathing and, in some cases, quite unjustifiable

references to some of the companions of her youth. Long years before the publication of her memoirs she was known to be apt to say bitter things. On one occasion, happening to have been asked to a party which was attended by a certain great lady of Victorian days, the latter who was seated near her scornfully turned her head in another direction.

"And how is your little son, by Captain X?" suddenly inquired Lady Cardigan. The lady, very much embarrassed, motioned to her tormentress to hold her peace. Lady Cardigan, however, still continued in the same strain with the result that she drove the lady out of the room. In this case the *châtelaine* of Deene knew that she was on firm ground, it being notorious that the lady, though outwardly austere, had had more than one lover with rather embarrassing results.

Lady Cardigan's father was Mr. Spencer de Horsey, M.P., who assumed the name of de Horsey from that of a remote ancestor who was Governor of the Isle of Wight in the reign of Elizabeth. His son, Admiral de Horsey, was a popular resident of Cowes, while his brother, General de Horsey, a man of extraordinary charm, passed the end of his life at Venice where he delighted people he met with interesting reminiscences of long-vanished days.

Like a number of other noblemen of his day, Lord Cardigan was fond of yachting, and, as has been said, adverse comment was directed against him for living on his yacht in Balaklava Bay while on service with his regiment in the Crimea.

A more sympathetic yachtsman was the second Earl of Wilton, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron from 1849 to 1881. Acknowledged as the Admirable Crichton of the society of his day, he was a good deal more than a mere pleasure-loving aristocrat. His

musical talents were widely known and for many years during the season he seldom failed to take his place at the organ during Sunday service at the Chapel Royal. As a young man he had walked the hospitals with good results, as was shown at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830, when, after a sad accident, he bound up Mr. Huskisson's femoral artery and, though he could not save the latter's life, prevented the injured man from bleeding to death upon the spot. Though not indifferent to serious pursuits, Lord Wilton was notoriously a great admirer of the fair sex ; this tendency, together with a love of hunting, furnished Bernal Osborne with materials for a clever character sketch in the *Chaunt of Achilles*, a poem describing the fashionable throng which daily passed before the statue then recently erected at Hyde Park Corner—a statue subscribed for by the ladies of England, which had aroused some criticism on account of its lack of costume.

“ Next upon switch-tailed bay with wandering eye
 Attenuated Wilton canters by ;
 His character, how difficult to know—
 A compound of psalm tunes and tally-ho ;
 A forward rider half inclined to teach,
 Though less disposed to practise than to preach ;
 An amorous lover with a saintly twist,
 And now a jockey, now an organist.”

In 1854, during the Crimean War, Lord Wilton was instrumental in getting the Royal Yacht Squadron to fit out a large yacht and filling it with comforts and luxuries to alleviate the lot of the suffering men in the trenches before Sebastopol. The schooner *Fairy* unloaded its welcome cargo at Balaklava to the delight of the troops who thoroughly appreciated Lord Wilton's kindly thought.

For many years a close connexion existed between Lord Wilton's family and Cowes. In the manner of the fine old school, he would punctually run up his flag as Commodore on the *Palatine* at a fixed hour on the Saturday after Goodwood, a family party always being on board, including "Sim" Egerton, afterwards fourth Earl, the hero of a celebrated escapade at Fenton's Hotel. The latter, who inherited his father's musical talent, could perform upon almost every known instrument and was the conductor of a famous amateur band known as the "Wandering Minstrels." In this his elder brother, who became third Earl, played the big drum. Bettine Lady Grey de Wilton and Maria Marchioness of Aylesbury, a lady who in old age presented a truly awe-inspiring appearance, usually completed a party without which Cowes would then not have seemed to be complete.

The death of Lord Wilton, in 1882, deprived the Royal Yacht Squadron of a Commodore who had done much to ensure its prosperity. At the same time society lost an interesting and picturesque personality, as well as one of the last of the fast-decreasing band constituting a link with the eighteenth century.

Lord Wilton, indeed, had spent his youth in a world which had long passed away—he remembered the "Dandies" of the Regency and the wild doings of George IV. For nearly fifty years he had been a prominent figure with the Quorn Hunt and had in 1829 appeared at the first meet of the Leicestershire season in leathers, thus reviving a fashion in hunting attire which still endures. As an arbiter of sporting costume he ruled supreme. It was said indeed at his death that he had earned the gratitude of the breeches-makers and the curses of all hunting men

liable to rheumatism by his success as "a fugleman of fashion in hunting affairs."

Many romantic stories were told concerning the doings of this peer—according to one story the *Xarifa* schooner which he acquired in 1835 had originally been a slaver on which many strange things had occurred.

An original member of the Royal Yacht Squadron was the first Earl of Craven who, like a number of his fellow-aristocrats, went to the stage for a wife when he married Lavinia Brunton. The owner of a full-rigged ship, the *Grafton*, he was fond of sailing along the south coast anywhere between Dover and Plymouth, accompanied, as the local chronicler said, by his wife and his three blooming daughters. The late Earl of Craven, also a member of the Squadron, owned a vessel of a much more modest kind from which he fell into the sea one night when moored just off the Castle, a disaster which evoked much sympathy and regret from a host of friends.

A prominent member of the Squadron in old days was Mr. Thomas Milner Gibson, who, elected in 1828, lived until 1884. In addition to being an energetic politician, Mr. Milner Gibson was one of the few yachtsmen who could sail and navigate his own vessel. Devoted to cruising, he was the last to sail in the Mediterranean under a pass from the Dey of Algiers, the fact being commemorated by a tablet in the English church at Algiers at which port he died on board his yacht the *Resolute*. In public life Mr. Milner Gibson was a convinced and active Free Trader and did much useful work as President of the Board of Trade.

An old member of a different kind was Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey, who appears to have been more of a gambler than a yachtsman. A notorious plunger at Crockford's, he was the victim of that famous

"facer" which, on the steps of the famous gambling resort, now the Devonshire Club, he defined to Mr. George Payne as "the loss of £50,000 at a sitting." Among the yachtsmen of his early days he was prominent as the owner of the cutters *Scorpion* and *Elizabeth*.

A pioneer of ocean cruising was Sir William Curtis, first Baronet and Lord Mayor of London in 1795. In 1809 Sir William was reckoned to possess the "finest pleasure vessel belonging to any British subject," the cost of its upkeep being sixteen hundred a year, a sum which evoked expressions of admiration and astonishment from the Press.

What the "Morning Herald" of that day would have thought of the huge expenditure in connexion with modern yachts, it is impossible to conceive?

Peter Pindar made great fun of Sir William and of the luxury of his yacht, the *Emma Maria*, on which he often entertained the Prince of Wales. Sir William was in the suite of the latter when King George went to Scotland in 1822 and appeared in complete Highland costume down to the knife in his stocking. The King also wore a kilt and it is said was quite upset to find that Curtis alone was similarly clad. The latter, however, being highly pleased to have done the right thing, asked His Majesty if he did not think him well dressed? "Yes," replied King George, "only you have no spoon in your hose."

A well-known sportsman of mid-Victorian days was Mr. Frederic Delmé Radcliffe, who certainly stood out among his fellows as a gifted personality well qualified to excel in everything he undertook. Introducing him to the American Minister at Knebworth, Bulwer Lytton described Mr. Delmé Radcliffe as "a country gentleman able to hold his own in every field of sport with all his fellows and no less qualified to

take his seat in the cabinet of the statesman or the closet of the scholar and philosopher." One of the best men across country, he was also the best amateur jockey, the best shot and the best fisherman of his day, possessed a real taste for literature and remarkable literary talent. After having been a master of hounds he gave up hunting owing to ill-health, when he took up yachting and was elected a member of the Squadron in 1840. Radcliffe's "Noble Science" is among the classics of fox-hunting, and he also wrote some good sporting verse.

A great character at the Squadron in Victorian days was Mr. George W. P. Bentinck, who entered the Club with the *Zephyr* in 1834 and continued to own various yachts, many of them named the *Dream*, till 1882. He belonged to the old type of yachtsman who would have nothing to do with racing, loved the sea for its own sake, carried out the old tradition of living on his vessel as much as possible, and professed the greatest contempt for owners who did not follow his example. Commanding his own ship, he kept strict discipline; long voyages and surmounting the difficulties of bad weather were his delight. Nothing, indeed, is said to have pleased him so much as telling the story of a trip in the *Dream*, which took forty-two days between Cowes and Gibraltar. On another occasion he was very proud because his yacht had shipped twenty tons of water in the Baltic.

Mr. Bentinck, though a staunch Tory, hated Disraeli whom he was said to speak of in private life as "the Jew." As a member of the House of Commons he was very outspoken and once lectured both the front benches at the same time, shaking his finger at them and saying, "You know you have all ratted, the only difference between you is that some of you have

ratted twice." Belonging to the old school of English gentlemen who impartially opposed all innovations of no matter what kind, he was yet not unpopular in the House of Commons, his absolute honesty of purpose disarming hostile criticism. Mr. Bentinck died in 1886, aged eighty-three, and with him the Squadron lost an original figure, the like of whom will probably not be seen again.

The sensation caused some years ago by Sir Thomas Lipton's efforts to capture the America Cup was almost paralleled about 1870, when Mr. James Ashbury was one of the most-talked-of men in England and America. In 1870 his yacht the *Cambria* sailed the first race in American waters for the America Cup!

Mr. Ashbury was a rich man, having inherited some £400,000 in ready money, besides other property of considerable value, and after he had taken up yachting he was not long in making a reputation as the owner of the *Cambria*. For some years well known in London society, as time went on little was heard of him, except that through lawsuits and other cases his fortune had been seriously diminished. When he was found dead in his bed in Old Burlington Street, a suit involving a large sum of money was said to have been pending between him and the firm of Scholfield, of Manchester. Like many others, Mr. Ashbury, who was a very generous and amiable man, experienced in a singularly severe manner the contemptible fickleness of London society, which so soon forgets those who, for some reason or other, cease to be in close touch with it.

In mid-Victorian days the English aristocracy troubled itself little about America from which so many of the brides of its descendants were to be drawn. During the Civil War, however, its sympathies seem

(not unnaturally perhaps) to have been mainly with the South. Still no very great interest seems to have been displayed in what was really an all-important struggle.

Mr. John Lancaster, a well-known member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, having from his yacht, the *Deerhound*, witnessed the memorable fight between the *Kearsage* and the *Alabama* off Cherbourg and picked up the captain of the latter, came on to Cowes where, hearing that the Commodore Lord Wilton was at dinner, he thought that the latter might be interested to hear the details of the fight. Having sent in his name, he was shown into the dining-room and gave a vivid description of the action. Lord Wilton did not recognize Mr. Lancaster in his seafaring kit and taking him for a sea-captain was heard to say to a gentleman sitting near him: "Do you think we ought to offer him a glass of sherry?"

Lord Palmerston seems to have dabbled a little with the sea. On one occasion when the Royal Yacht, owing to rough weather, found itself unable to enter Southampton Water a boat was lowered and Lord Palmerston asked to take the helm, so that all available hands might be given to the oars. On landing safely a distinguished foreign diplomatist paid the Foreign Minister a far-fetched compliment about the vessel of state and a common boat being steered with equal safety by the same man. Lord Palmerston, in reply, merely remarked, "Oh, one learns boating at Cambridge, even though one may have learned nothing better there!"

Eaglehurst, a "marine residence" in the Solent, as old-fashioned people would have called it, deserves not to be forgotten, for according to the old Sporting Magazine Lord Cavan, its owner at the beginning of

the nineteenth century, swam from his home to the Isle of Wight—a remarkable swim which it must have required much courage and endurance to perform.

Eaglehurst, originally built, it is said, by Lord Cavan, after the pattern of some tents he had seen during his travels in the East, has recently been acquired by Mr. Maldwyn Drummond. With its tower forming a landmark for those out at sea it is a very picturesque place. The garden parties given there by Count Edmund Batthyany during the Cowes week in the seventies were noted as pleasant functions, while a long series of other fêtes at that time were enlivened by many original features. At Eaglehurst in 1880, which was a most disastrous year for the Conservative party, considerable amusement was caused during a flight of fire balloons by one of them which represented Lord Beaconsfield coming to grief on the beach, while another, depicting Mr. Gladstone, went gracefully sailing away over the Solent only being lost to view near the Isle of Wight. Eaglehurst since those days has passed through the hands of several tenants. For many years Mr. A. K. Tharpe, a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, dispensed liberal hospitality there, his guests being conveyed from Southampton in the funny little *Jap* which assumed new youth when its owner fitted it with sails. Signor Marconi and his wife also lived there for a while, but owing to various causes the quaint old place seems to have lost much of the attractiveness which it formerly possessed. In a cottage close to Eaglehurst formerly lived the late Mr. Gibson Bowles, the Captain Cuttle of Toby, M.P., in "Punch," who possibly will be best remembered for his gallant fight against that pet project of the Foreign Office—the Declaration of London which, had it been allowed

to pass, must have proved so disastrous to us in the Great War.

Not far away are quite a number of country seats, including Exbury, Cadlands and Leete—the latter once an old inn and, it was said, a smugglers' resort. Up the river is Beaulieu with its picturesque ruins and lake drained a few years ago in order, it was reported, to find the golden image of the virgin which had once graced the Abbey Church and had been thrown into the water by the monks at the Dissolution. Be this as it may, nothing of the sort was found; the probability is that instead of being of pure gold, as local tradition declared, it was merely of wood coated with gold leaf like so many images to be found in Catholic churches.

IX

IN most parts of England villages have now lost much of their former picturesque aspect owing to hideous new buildings and to the modification of old ones. Cinema theatres and garages, together with modern shop-fronts of rude design, have robbed rural England of much of its charm, while the quaint old cottages grow fewer in number every year.

The old-fashioned English village, which now scarcely exists, was no doubt, from a sanitary view, usually far from satisfactory, but remembering its quaint and pretty features, one cannot help regretting that the march of progress should have swept so many quaint groups of little houses away. As a rule, village streets possessed great charm before they were disfigured by "stores" and other artistically abominable, if convenient, innovations. Fifty years ago the small and unpretentious shops still retained most of the charm which is to be discovered in the pictures of the eighteenth century. Plate-glass and cast-iron ornamentation were as yet absent, while in many of the old country towns the streets were full of delightful Georgian shop-fronts, the woodwork of which was often fine. In connexion with this subject it is curious to note that, whilst of recent years a distinct attempt at reviving eighteenth-century shop-fronts is visible in the West End, they are still looked upon with contempt by tradesmen in the provinces, the majority of whom consider them old-fashioned and out of date.

A pleasant feature of the English country-side used to be the little gardens of cottagers full of old-world flowers in which the fuchsia was apt to predominate. Lilacs and jasmine were also popular. When exactly the latter was imported from the East seems uncertain, though according to an old legend the first possessor of the jasmine in Europe was a Duke of Tuscany who was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to own, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, nor so much as a single flower, to anyone. This command the gardener would, it was said, have faithfully obeyed, had not a fair but portionless peasant girl captured his heart. On the birthday of his inamorata he presented her with a nosegay and to render the bouquet more acceptable, ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The girl, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into fresh earth, and the branch, remaining green all the year, blossomed in the following spring. Under her care it flourished and multiplied so much that in course of time she became able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which her lover had made her, and, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she eventually bestowed her hand on the happy gardener who had been the means of her having a substantial dowry.

A feature of cottage gardens used usually to be a number of quaint straw beehives of local construction, out of which the owners as a rule did well. The great part which bees formerly played in the economy of rustic households was indicated by a queer old custom now probably quite obsolete.

When any one of their owner's family died the bees were solemnly informed of the death and an omission to do this in due form entailed disaster, the hive,

according to an old superstition, being then apt to dwindle and die. The manner of communicating the intelligence to the little community was to take the key of the house, and knock with it three times against the hive, telling the winged inmates, at the same time, that their master or mistress, as the case might be, was dead !

Some other equally strange usages were in old days connected with funerals ; one of the strangest of these, which must have originated in prehistoric times, was the idea of providing food for a corpse. As late as 1892 a Nottinghamshire rustic was buried with a tin of salmon and a tin opener in his coffin !

Though the old-world rustics were not polished in all their ways they had a code of politeness with which they inculcated their children.

Little girls, for instance, in the country gave a graceful curtsy when they passed any grown-up individual whom they knew, and little boys touched their caps—old-fashioned ways, which, to a great extent, have now been superseded by a sort of “ I’m-as-good-as-you ” kind of air.

Also, when a child stopped one of his or her elders to inquire the time of day, the little one never failed to return its thanks when the information had been given.

The traditional customs connected with harvesting were calculated to promote good relations between a farmer and his men. A feature used to be the last wagon—the last load home—decorated with corn and boughs, which drove up to the farmer’s front door. It was usually filled with a number of the oldest labourers on the estate, who arrived singing, the oldest worker of all afterwards contributing a quaint country song, in the chorus of which all the others joined, the pro-

ceedings ending with the men being given presents of tobacco and a good tea.

The white smock-frocks formerly worn in certain rural districts are now practically extinct. In Sussex, on ceremonial occasions, such as funerals, smocks were of finer stuff than those for workaday uses, and were kept for the purpose. They were used at the funeral of Mr. John Hughes, of Skippers Hill, in 1893. The bearers usually attended service on the Sunday after a funeral, wearing the white smocks, and long streamers of crape on their hats. In Sussex smock-frocks, usually of grey or green linen, adorned with beautiful needle-work, and rows of coloured glass buttons, were, up to the early seventies, always worn on Sundays by working men.

English country life at that time still retained many of its old characteristics. Rustic mummers at the proper season used to come and enact the quaint play of "St. George and the Dragon" in the grounds of the local gentry, where they were always sure of some pecuniary remuneration as well as a hearty meal. Village life in old days was generally enlivened by the eccentricities of certain rustics who, while sane enough, were unconventionally amusing in their ways.

In the early days of the penny post original characters occasionally took part in the distribution of letters. Such a one was an old letter-carrier who, with the avocation of postman, combined that of an *accoucheur*, and upon whose cards appeared the following eccentric information : " Letters and Ladies safely delivered ! "

This was in Sussex, where quaint survivals of other days seem to have lasted longer than in other parts of the country. It is said indeed that the last pigtail in England survived in Mayfield, Sussex ; worn by

an old farmer who adhered to this fashion of his youth until his death in the sixties. This man was a visitor to the Great Exhibition of 1851, where he attracted some attention, which did not escape his notice. At last, overhearing one lady say to another, "I wonder to what country he belongs," he turned round and gave the answer: "Plain John Bull, madam. Just plain John Bull," which reply turned the laugh in the quaint-looking rustic's favour.

Sussex in old days from an electioneering point of view was especially corrupt, all sorts of people deeming it quite legitimate to make a dishonest penny out of such an affair.

In 1798, during an election for the now extinct borough of Seaford, Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart., was a candidate. The chances of both sides ran so even that it was doubtful who would be returned. An old lady sent one morning for him, and addressed him as follows: "Mr. S—, sir, will vote of course as he pleases, I have nothing to do or to say about him, but there is my gardener and my coachman, both of whom will, I am sure, be entirely guided by me. Now they are both family men, Sir Godfrey, and I wish to do the best I can to serve them. Now I know that you are in great doubt, and that two sure votes are of great value; I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall give me £200; nobody will know anything about it; there will be no danger—no bribery, Sir Godfrey, at all. I will desire the men to go and vote for you and Colonel Tarleton, and it will be all right, and no harm done." The bargain was struck—the money paid—the votes given as promised—and, the election over, the old lady gave the two men £30 apiece, and pocketed the rest.

There were many pleasant touches about old country

life which was more varied by romance and adventure than that of to-day. Boys ran away to London or to sea, in addition to which, especially on the south coast, there was a good deal of smuggling, which was winked at by the higher classes and abetted by the people in general. The smugglers or Free Traders, as they were called, who ran contraband cargoes from France were generally favourably looked upon and popular in Sussex, the "anker of Schiedam," which they often discreetly dropped in a convenient place on a farmer's premises, being cordially welcomed, and emptied with many good wishes for their success. The country people helped and shielded them as much as they could, leaving their gates unlocked for them to pass through and guarded their hiding-places from the revenue officers, as from a common enemy. The smugglers were regarded as their best and cheapest purveyors, and received the sympathy naturally given to friends and neighbours. There was besides something of romance in the lives of these lawless men, in the stories of risk and adventure, hairbreadth escapes and reckless bravery, that touched the imagination and fired the pulses of those who knew them ; something picturesque in the descriptions of the white boats, manned with crews all dressed in white, that hovered at nights on the bar of moonlight that crossed the sea, undistinguishable in the flood of silver light, and the casks of contraband spirits, also painted white, that were dropped among the lumps of chalk lying under the cliffs of the South Foreland, and thus eluded the keen sight of the look-out men. Of the better classes, not a few were engaged in the trade themselves. Several gentlemen of landed property in smuggling neighbourhoods made fortunes from this source, and though in later years they avoided any allusion to the origin of

their wealth, in old days it was not considered to have been at all discreditable. It harmed nothing and no one but the Revenue, and who could feel much sympathy for such a mere abstraction? Not so very long ago old residents in Kent and Sussex remembered the long trains of loaded and well-guarded carts, passing on their way inland from the coast, interfered with by no one, and generally unmolested, though occasionally there were desperate fights with the coast-guards who sought to capture such convoys.

Smugglers used to have regular store-places for their goods, which were often concealed in squires' or noblemen's parks.

In Eridge Park caves still exist where smugglers used to store their bales of goods. During the eighteenth century the house was not inhabited, and the surrounding park was practically a wilderness, so that these caves were well suited for the purpose of concealing smuggled goods.

Old Lady Zouche used to relate that when she was a little girl walking out with her governess she was once required by the smugglers to open the gate of her home, Parham Park, for the long train of pack-horses loaded with kegs, which they were conveying to a remote part of the park, near the heronry, where they were in the habit of stowing away their goods. Another place of rendezvous in that neighbourhood was an old house near Rotherbridge, "the fayre bridge of stone about a mile from Petworth upon the water that commith down from Cowdray" (Leland). It was at the end of Hunger's Lane—a lonely bit of road about a mile in length, so narrow that two vehicles could not pass each other, and said to be haunted—perhaps by the ghosts of travellers waylaid there in former days. Smuggling ended at the beginning of the

nineteenth century, at which period the last great party of smugglers passed through Petworth. About sixty in number, these men were all armed with pistols and cutlasses, and had tubs of brandy or hollands and large bales of silk slung across their horses' backs. Two carts laden with goods accompanied them. They came on a Sunday morning, while the inhabitants were at church, and promenaded through the town at their leisure, coolly halting to have a drink at several of the inns on their way, no one attempting to molest them.

The advent of the locomotive steam engine at the beginning of the last century profoundly affected and changed country life. Among other picturesque features which it destroyed was the old coaching inns which had indirectly brightened village life owing to the arrival and departure of the teams driving to and from London.

Children would make a point of studying the hours of a coach's arrival in order to run across the fields to greet any male relative coming home by it. Ladies as a rule did not go by coach, travelling in their own carriages or in a post-chaise. On the whole, however, the latter made few journeys. The decay of coaching was not immediate, for as late as the thirties the glories of the road to some extent survived, though coach proprietors had ceased to make large sums of money, as in the days when the old Weymouth Union left London at three o'clock in the afternoon and snailed it down to Weymouth at three the next day, a rate of progression which caused the stock to last for years. At one time a stage or two of a coach was a regular little fortune, and it was notorious that a certain Mayor on the Western Road got about forty miles of an old coach's journey as his wife's dowry.

The livery stable business was also a highly profitable

one. Those in a position to know computed that George Payne had spent a fortune alone in the hire of chaises and horses in the time previous to the introduction of railways, for it was his practice to spare no expense in order to get from one place to the other with the greatest speed possible. Racing men, of course, expended vast sums in this way, many of them, like the wild sporting squire, Jack Mytton, never giving a moment's thought as to what any whim might cost. Sitting behind a fine pair of horses had become such a habit with people of means and position that a number of them clung to the old fashion of going up to town in their own carriages which they had placed upon trucks to which they were secured.

This custom, however, did not last very long, having been ended, it is said, by a distressing accident. The Lady Zetland of that day, with her maid, was proceeding to the north in her private chariot drawn along in this fashion, when a large cotton umbrella, strapped on the back of the carriage, swung loose from its moorings, and its folds in consequence began to flap wildly in the breeze. As ill luck would have it a stray spark from the engine set fire to the umbrella, the flame being fanned into a blaze by the rapid motion of the train. The strange and penetrating heat soon revealed to the inmates of the carriage the critical position in which they were placed. The maid at once became wildly excited, but her mistress, while fully alive to the danger, retained complete presence of mind, and did her utmost to prevail upon the distracted girl to remain seated, pointing out to her that they were about to reach a station, where immediate rescue was certain.

Persuasion and argument were, however, impotent to restrain the demented creature, who, tearing open

the door, flung herself out upon the line, across which she lay in prostrate unconsciousness. One minute later the station was reached, and Lady Zetland was taken safely from the cushions, whose stuffing had up to that time intercepted the fire which threatened to reach her. An engine was at once dispatched in quest of the maid, whose motionless figure the engine-driver discerned lying clear of the rails. The man, however, most unhappily failed to observe that her two arms were stretched out over the side-line by which he was approaching, and the terrible result of his inadvertence was that, in drawing up the engine quite close, in order to raise the inanimate form, both the poor girl's hands were accidentally cut off at the wrists.

The journeys of the country gentry at that time were generally few in number—up to London for the season and down again when it was over being usually about the extent of their wanderings from home.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, and even later up till the time when England had become covered with a network of railways, country visits were usually of considerable duration, often extending to a month or even to six weeks. It has been well said that social customs, as a rule, trace their origin to the necessity of circumstances—the lengthy visits of the past were accepted as a matter of course, because going from one place to another besides being costly, took a long time; travelling by coach, or even in a post-chaise, must, under the most favourable conditions have been a tiring affair and guests were naturally reluctant to go to their friends' houses unless they were sure of making a long stay.

When, however, the triumph of steam had ruined the stage-coach business and put the old post-boys on the shelf, visits, like the journeys which they entailed,

grew shorter and shorter till, with the advent of the motor-car, they shrunk into mere "week-ends."

At the close of the nineteenth century—in 1897 to be precise—came the new mode of progression which has made a greater change in social habits than the locomotive ever could have done.

Once the regulation which caused all self-propelled vehicles to be preceded by a red flag had been repealed, matters like the newly born motorists moved more and more quickly with the result that a trip into the country which formerly entailed preparation and thought became quite an easy affair. The limit of distance, within which neighbours were formerly expected to call upon one another, was something under nine miles. Under the new conditions people who want to see one another can easily go thirty or forty miles in a day, the result of which is that distance has been practically annihilated and old county boundaries have disappeared.

To-day one may be said to have no neighbours, for anyone who chooses may range all over the country to visit friends he may wish to see. One of the consequences of this state of affairs is a much closer connexion between rural districts and the Metropolis which within certain limits may be said to have been brought close to every one's door. Owing to the motor-cars maintained by great London stores, villagers within quite a wide radius find it convenient to buy London goods, a sad state of affairs for the village shop which, seldom very enterprising, finds itself confronted by rivals with which it is powerless to compete.

Though wealthy squires and landowners were able to do a fair amount of travelling in the old days the class immediately beneath them made a great business

of moving out of town. Those who owned country estates made a regular migration once a year, after the season, the whole household being transported with much fuss and bustle. Once installed in its rural abode no further move was made till the end of the next spring when the whole caravan once more made its progress back to London. As for people who had no country house of their own, those who were able to do so made elaborate arrangements to spend as much of their time as they could in a round of long visits to friends or relations in various parts of England. The round in question, when possible, lasted from immediately after the season till the beginning of the next year. In many cases, no doubt, the hosts or hostesses who received these urban migrants did not look forward to their arrival with any particular pleasure. Bethinking themselves, however, of the old adage "What can't be cured must be endured," they regarded the advent of a certain amount of old maids and crusty old bachelors as one of the decrees of Providence which no one could set aside. In some cases, however, the arrivals from town contributed a note of life and gaiety which considerably enlivened country life.

There were scarcely any hotels suitable to accommodate ladies who as a rule stayed with friends. Country squires, however, without their families, as a rule, made a practice of putting up at Long's, Limmer's, Hatchett's or the Bath Hotel, all of which have now disappeared. Limmer's was the first to go, being rebuilt and modernized with not very successful result. The same process with like effect was applied to Hatchett's, but Long's after reconstruction lingered on for many years, though the character of the place changed since Byron had met Scott there.

Originally it was a regular meeting-place for many interested in amusement and sport. As late as the eighties the large smoking-room on the right of the entrance hall was every evening the constant resort of several jovial souls, many sporting men making Long's their head-quarters whenever they came up to town. A great feature of old Long's was the head waiter, William, the very perfection of what is now an extinct type—civil, obliging and urbane under the most trying circumstances. William, as was only natural in a head waiter of the old school, took a great interest in the Turf; and on great occasions would respectfully lay stress upon the excellent chance possessed by some animal or other whose merits he had heard discussed. His fondness for sport in all probability did his pocket but little good, for the poor man died in anything but prosperous circumstances.

The food at Long's, though not, of course, anything like the sumptuous fare provided by the modern palatial restaurant, was not by any means to be despised. There were one or two dishes, indeed, such as devilled soles, which were nowhere else to be equalled. Another feature was the peculiar blend of whisky and soda concocted by William, the head waiter, who had a way of mixing this drink which old frequenters will still remember; it may perhaps have been some special whisky or some particular kind of soda, but Long's whiskies and sodas were, without doubt, the very best in the world.

The original hostelry, of course, was solely a man's hotel; only later did the feminine element make its appearance. The rebuilding no doubt changed the character of the place, which, as a resort for sporting bachelors, exists only in tradition. The same thing had happened at Hatchett's, where, before the old

house was pulled down, country squires, from generation to generation, were wont to put up. The erection of the new edifice, however, scattered the old clientèle whilst, apparently, not attracting a new one, for Hatchett's as an hotel is now but a memory of the past, though an excellent and comfortable little restaurant still does very good business upon the same site.

The last of the old-fashioned inns in this part of the West End was the Bath Hotel, which was pulled down but a comparatively short time ago to make way for the palatial Ritz Hotel, which now spreads over the site of the rambling old building which had been about the last of the hostelries in the West End which had welcomed many generations of squires.

As a matter of fact, the disappearance of the old English hotel calls for but few regrets; dingy and in reality none too comfortable, its advantages, compared with modern resorts of the same nature, were nil. An old-world air of quaintness certainly hung about the place, but this was but poor compensation for the dinginess and dirt which were its occasional concomitants. The old-world English waiter, though a character, was as a rule not a temperate one; whilst the rest of the staff was usually of a somewhat happy-go-lucky disposition, more or less addicted to a tolerated inebriety.

Bathrooms, such as abound in modern hotels, were, for the most part, non-existent, and where one did exist it was usually of a none too efficient kind, besides too often the receptacle for brooms, mops and other articles of domestic necessity.

The whole place, as a rule, was unattractive and stuffy, conveying a peculiar impression of latent microbes and dirt. Occasionally, however, these old

hostels contained some fine old pieces of English furniture and decorations, which, as a rule, were not held in any particular estimation by the frequenters, who were quite free from the collecting mania so prevalent to-day.

Driving up to town in a stage-coach, a post-chaise, or even one's own carriage, though picturesque enough in prints, must have been a tedious business. For one thing, the turnpikes were a great nuisance.

The last private turnpike seems to have been removed in 1912, and the present generation does not realize what inconvenience turnpikes entailed. In addition to necessitating irritating stops when out driving, they led to various forms of extortion on the part of coachmen and others, for it was almost impossible to check what they called "Turnpike Money" in their books. Only in the middle of the last century did the nuisance begin to abate. In 1865, the turnpike gates on the Surrey and Sussex roads were taken away, and next year those who drove to the Derby did not pull up at Kennington and Sutton, as they had had to do for so many years that "memory of man ran not to the contrary." In consequence of this, there were amusing contests at some of the gates and sidebars around London. Cab-drivers knew that twelve o'clock at night was the time when the new Act of Parliament came into operation, and refused to pay toll; while, on the other hand, the gatekeepers were desirous of taking the advantage of a few minutes to increase their "takings." The police, however, came to the rescue, and those who had purchased the material of the gates and houses followed, so that in a short time neither keepers, bars, nor gates were to be seen. In connexion with turnpikes, a curious incident was a legal point raised in the fifties of the last century, when the Court

of Queen's Bench was to decide whether a person driving in one of Her Majesty's carriages was liable to pay toll. In the case in question, Mrs. Groves, the wife of Major Groves, was driving through Bathampton, in Somersetshire, in one of the Queen's carriages, driven by the Queen's servants. She refused to pay toll, and the toll-keeper brought his action. It was contended on his part that the toll was personal, and did not depend on the ownership of the carriage. But the Court overruled that pleading, and laid it down that the prerogative of the Crown gave exemption to the carriage whenever used by Her Majesty's permission.

After the introduction of railways the village carrier, often a quaint character, found his occupation gone. The heavy carriers' carts, which were formerly such familiar features of English country roads, have now long disappeared. The last journey of a famous Sussex carrier's (Bourner) van between Lewes and London was made in 1859. Bourner had been preceded by other well-known carriers—Shelley, for instance, whose carts, drawn by eight horses, had broad wheels, the tyres being near a foot and a half in width, going at a steady pace of two miles an hour, and occupying four days in the journey from London. Next came Jarrett's van, doing the journey in fifteen hours. This was a revolution, and it was regarded with suspicion as an innovation. The proprietor dying, it fell into the hands of Mr. Bourner, who eventually had to give up the business owing to the competition of the railway.

The carrier was far from being the only ancient institution doomed by the triumph of steam, which indirectly destroyed many a village custom of immemorial age.

Up to the time when trains came puffing their smoke

all over the country, many curious usages prevailed in places quite close to London.

For instance, within the memory of people alive at the latter end of the last century, the congregation in the parish church of Kingston-upon-Thames were accustomed to crack nuts during divine service, on the Sunday before the eve of St. Michael's Day (September 29). Young folks and old alike joined in the cracking; and the custom is thought to have had some connexion with the choosing of the Corporation officers on Michaelmas Day, and of the annual feast attending it. Still, the oddity was not peculiar to Kingston; for Goldsmith makes his Vicar of Wakefield say of his parishioners: "They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes at Shrovetide, showed their wit on the 1st of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve."

It was the spread of railway lines all over England which gave such an impetus to the restoration mania so popular and, as a rule, so artistically disastrous in mid-Victorian days.

In addition to the harm done to many fine old buildings by injudicious tinkering, it seems probable that numbers of rustics were driven into the ranks of the Dissenters by what seemed to them the new-fangled arrangements introduced into the village churches where their forbears had worshipped for generations past.

The old-fashioned services of that day would seem strange to the present generation. How quaint were the prayers which had to be said in commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot, the martyrdom of Charles I, and the restoration of Charles II! In January of 1859, rather needlessly, one is inclined to think, a Royal

warrant abolished the use of all these services, and ordered them to be eliminated from the Prayer Book.

Churches have often been restored in memory of some celebrated person who attended service there, the main object, as a rule, seemingly being to obliterate everything connected with the individual somewhat dubiously honoured. Thus St. Nicholas's Church, Brighton, was entirely transformed in memory of the great Duke of Wellington, and the church at Burnham Thorpe presents quite a different appearance to that which it did in Nelson's day. In most cases the very pew in which some celebrated individual sat has been cut down or removed.

Though the craze for wholesale restoration seems now rather to have abated, occasional acts of gross vandalism still take place.

In 1913, for instance, was destroyed the fine old church of St. Mary, at Rotterdam, held on a perpetual lease, and founded in the reign of Queen Anne; subscribed for by the Queen, by Admiral Sir George Rooke, and many other eminent Englishmen; possibly built by Wren; and at all events an excellent type of church of his date, and in a perfect state of preservation. In spite of this, the church was ruthlessly torn down, all its fine woodwork offered for sale—a landmark in Rotterdam gone for ever in order to satisfy some passing whim, and to provide a modern, up-to-date church for the use of the British residents of that town. This whole thing was a disgrace to every one concerned, the only redeeming feature in the matter being that a considerable part of the woodwork was secured by Eton College for that atrocious building—the new memorial Hall!

Modern alterations at Eton have for the most part impaired the picturesqueness of the college. The

restoration—really a rebuilding—of the Hall, for instance, destroyed much ancient work, while the removal of the old panelling in the Chapel in the forties of the nineteenth century seems to have been more or less of a mistake. Winchester College, however, has fared much worse, a gross act of vandalism having been perpetrated there in the seventies, when the Chapel was stripped of its beautiful old panelling enriched with fine carvings, which was replaced by modern Gothic woodwork, adorned with the usual machine-made looking embellishments so dear to the heart of the restorer. The authorities at first proposed that the discarded panelling—being old and of restrained, dignified, and simple appearance—should be treated as lumber, and burnt; eventually, however, they accepted a small offer for it. This panelling subsequently passed through several hands, and was a short time back sold for several thousands of pounds to Sir George Cooper, of Hursley Park, not very far from Winchester, who, showing great good taste, arranged a special hall in which it was re-erected with excellent effect. It is pleasant to think that this beautiful woodwork is now probably for ever safe from the hands of ecclesiastical vandals.

At the present day only in a very few village churches can one find the box-like pews (often of deal, but sometimes of fine old oak and good workmanship) and old-fashioned galleries, in which local instrumentalists supplied the music, now furnished by organs. All these things, to simple village souls, were inseparably connected with the ideas of worship; and when they saw all the old woodwork carted out like so much lumber, and the church gutted before being handed over to some architect from town, no wonder that a link with the past seemed to have snapped. No amount

of elaborate modern work and stained glass could produce just the same atmosphere as they had known, when as children they were first taken to church

Though the High Church clergy believed new methods would increase the influence of the Church, they were in most cases mistaken. On the other hand, the Nonconformists were not slow to realize how advantageous ornate ritual and elaborate decorations were likely to be to them. The advance of Ritualism, whatever it may have done in great towns, has not been popular amongst agricultural labourers, to a vast number of whom the services held in the dull, dreary chapels are far more attractive than the ornate services of the modern village church, in which they feel themselves out of place. Frank antagonism existed between church and chapel.

"But Dissenters are connected with it, and I can't work with Dissenters," said a clergyman asked by a lady to participate in a fête got up for some charitable purpose. "But do you not expect to meet some good Dissenters in heaven?" The clergyman replied, with an air of condescension, that he believed he should. "Then how will you be able to associate there if you will not meet them here?" The clergyman paused a moment, and then replied, "Well, you know, we are told there will be many mansions."

Old villagers do not seem to have been great admirers of the clergy influenced by the Oxford movement—the old hunting parson was more in their line.

Country parsons up to the middle of the last century often hunted, and were inclined to be unconventional in their ways. An old clergyman whose peculiarities of preaching were proverbial, and who was blessed with a temper of great value, was one day told by a parishioner that he did not like his sermons. "Well," said

the old man, "I don't wonder at it; I don't like 'em myself."

Others, well aware of their shortcomings, made little secret of the fact that they were in the habit of purchasing their sermons. Some, however, tried to pass off the product of other men's brains as their own.

A divine, celebrated for his powers as a preacher, was once astounded to hear one of his own published sermons delivered in an obscure village. At the close of the service he accosted the clergyman, and said:

"That was a fair sermon. How long it did take you to write it?"

"Oh, I tossed it off one evening when I had leisure," was the reply.

"Indeed, it took me much longer than that to think out the very framework of the sermon."

"Then I suppose I am speaking to the writer?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the unabashed preacher, "all that I have to say is, that I am not ashamed to preach one of your sermons anywhere."

"Look at him," whispered a wag, whilst another clergyman whose sermon was one long string of unacknowledged and bare-faced plagiarisms was preaching, "I declare his very whiskers are curving into inverted commas."

A cleric of the old school was the Reverend R. S. Hawker, who gave Charles Kingsley a good deal of useful information when the latter stayed with him at Morwenstow Rectory, Cornwall. This was afterwards used in "Westward Ho!"

The Rev. Mr. Hawker only assumed clerical ways with his cassock. At most other times his daily life and appearance were that of a country gentleman,

scrupulously avoiding in his conversation any approach to religious topics. Whenever there seemed any danger of theological subjects being broached, he would rise from his chair by the table at which he habitually sat, and looking out of the window upon the Atlantic, would say, "There you have my views; as to my ideas, they are that, if the human eye could reach so far, you might see right away to Labrador." Acquainted with most of the great writers of the Victorian age, Hawker delighted to talk of how he had entertained Tennyson, for whom, in other than literary matters, he professed great admiration. Only a west-country man, he declared, could read properly his poems; of these he considered the verses about "the bells of Boscastle" to be his best. Nothing pleased him more than to be asked to read them, which he would do standing up in a rather theatrical attitude, and in a deep-lunged, monotonous chant, exactly copying the Tennysonian method of recitation! Though Mr. Hawker's congregation seldom numbered more than the members of his own household, the daily service in the little church was never, or very seldom, neglected. Very often the service in question was followed by a fifteen minutes' sermon, marked by a studied avoidance of dogmatic theology, and a sufficiency of moral admonitions purely practical in their tone. Occasionally he would be dramatically personal in his allusions. On one occasion, having missed a sack of potatoes from his garden, he took the eighth commandment for his text. "One of our neighbours," he concluded, "has been robbed of his vegetables; the thief is now in the church; can it be that a piece of thistle-down has just alighted on his head?" Instantly the culprit brushed his hair with his hand. The potatoes were restored in the course of the afternoon.

A Victorian ecclesiastic of a highly original character was Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, playfully known to his friends by a familiar nickname.

"Bishop," said a little girl, nestling up to him after the day's labours in the drawing-room, "why do they call you Soapy Sam?" "Because, my dear, I am always getting into hot water and coming out with my hands clean." At the dinner-table of Wilberforce, whose curate he had once been, Archbishop Trench thought himself overtaken by his life-long terror, paralysis. "At last," he murmured, "it has come. Total insensibility of the right side." "It may console you," said the lady next to whom he was sitting, "to know it was *my* leg you were pinching."

The Bishop's genial way was apt to astonish some of those he met. William Cory, describing a visit to Lord Pembroke at Wilton House, near Salisbury, where some restorations were on foot, made this note on the abuse of slang: "Sam Oxon lowered my opinion of the clergy by coming up to his brother-bishop of Salisbury, who was showing the plans for the mending of the spire, and saying, 'Let me have a squint at them,' which was the only utterance of His Ubiquity which I caught or cared to catch. If the clergy wish us to respect them, let them be plain, grave, and perfectly gentle, without a pennyweight of affected *bien-séance*, without a grain of any kind of slang."

Bishop Wilberforce was a man of most conciliatory spirit, and the grace with which he held a sort of balancing pole on the tight-rope of widely divergent views earned for him the nickname of Soapy Sam. For a time he would appear to tend towards Ritualism, and then with a spring reseated himself in public favour, at that time not too favourable to the High Church movement, towards which the good Bishop was favour-

ably inclined ; nevertheless he, as an ecclesiastic of his high sense of justice should do, never failed to hold the scale most evenly between the two. Winning golden opinions from all sorts of men, Bishop Wilberforce conciliated even Thomas Carlyle. “ I met him,” said the Sage of Chelsea, “ as he was going to a dog show, and accompanied him there. We stayed two hours, and I found him a delightful companion, a most active, ardent creature, bound, in my opinion, to succeed better than every one else in anything he was set to do.”

X

FROM an architectural and decorative point of view it would seem probable that the golden age of the English country house was during the ten or fifteen years just preceding the outbreak of the Great War. During the period in question, a considerable number of fine old mansions were redecorated and put into thorough repair, while vast sums were spent in the restoration of old gardens and the laying out of new ones.

The electric light, bathrooms and other modern conveniences were put into many an ancient abode. In addition to this, many decrepit old manor houses were repaired and enlarged while old cottages with picturesque possibilities were turned into comfortable residences, often of an ornate and artistic character. The elaborate gardens mentioned above have sadly degenerated since those days, while the mansions to which they were attached are now mostly too large for the straitened means of their heavily taxed owners. Moderate-sized country houses which can be run with a small staff of servants are what people want to-day, which is the reason why so many fine old country mansions stand empty or have been left to fall into decay. On the other hand, picturesque-looking small residences and cottages are in great request, for which reason numbers of them have been restored, or rather rebuilt, filled with modern panelling, and otherwise made to assume the semblance of a comfortable anti-

quity, in order to be sold to city men and others who like to persuade themselves that they are entering into possession of an old English manor house. Though to judge by the announcements of house agents such an abode is quite easy to find, really genuine examples are rarer than most people suppose.

The aristocracy of the past were often keen patrons of art, and as a rule employed the best architects of their day. Belton House, near Grantham, for instance, was built for Sir John Brownlow by Wren ; alterations were, however, subsequently carried out by Wyatt or Wyatville, who practically remodelled Windsor Castle at the beginning of the last century. Knoyle House, Salisbury, is another country house which is said to have been designed by the architect of St. Paul's, who was born at East Knoyle, of which parish his father was rector. Private houses built by Wren, it may be added, are chiefly remarkable for the admirable arrangement of the rooms and the dignified sobriety of their exteriors.

Originally, it would appear, only the castles of the nobility were built of stone ; the ordinary manor houses, like the homes of the peasantry who tilled the soil, were built of wood, for which reason only small portions of the original structures have survived. The wood-and-plaster residences of ornate black and white design are of a later date, the best examples existing in Cheshire, though some good half-timber residences exist in Kent and Sussex. Marton Hall, Cheshire, now destroyed, showed a great variety of effect, but the finest specimen of this kind of building is Bramhall Hall, near Stockport, which besides being picturesque is also stately.

A number of old country houses are interesting as exhibiting specimens of various styles, a good instance



GOLDSBOROUGH HALL, YORKSHIRE
(The seat of Viscount Lascelles and H.R.H. Princess Mary)

being Goldsborough Hall, Yorkshire, the home of H.R.H. Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, who, possessing a fine appreciation of art, have very wisely done nothing to impair its old-world charm. Originally built by Sir Richard Hutton and later the property of the Byerley family, Goldsborough was acquired by the Lascelles family in the eighteenth century. Alterations were made in 1740, 1760, and again in Victorian times, when plate-glass windows (now being gradually replaced) were inserted in accordance with the somewhat misguided taste of that day. An interesting feature of the house is a chimneypiece of painted stone of the time of James I, bearing in relief Abraham sacrificing Isaac and Cain killing Abel. Abraham, it may be added, wears a high-crowned hat copied, no doubt, from that worn by James I and his Court. A fine staircase and some good panelling have also survived the various restorations which Goldsborough has sustained.

While the renovation of country houses at different epochs has undoubtedly destroyed much interesting and artistic work, it has, at the same time, saved a good many old houses from complete ruin.

It does not take long for a neglected building to go to ruin and decay, witness the case of Kirby Hall, Northamptonshire, built by Thorpe in 1570. This fine old house endured as a residence for over two hundred years, but at the beginning of the nineteenth century, probably owing to the extreme narrowness of the wings, which left no room for passages, which caused one room to open into another, the Lord Winchelsea of the day ceased to live there. Gradually the beautiful old mansion fell into disrepair, mantelpieces and other portions of fine stonework finding their way into farmhouses and cottages of the vicinity. The final touch to its ruin was some years later given

by its noble owner selling all the lead off the roof in order to settle some heavy losses on the Turf. This was in the first quarter of the last century, and ever since then Kirby has been a complete but picturesque ruin. There have, however, been times when it seemed not improbable that the fine old house would be restored. Not so very long ago, indeed, a wealthy American appears to have made overtures with a view to acquiring the ruins in order to restore them to their original state. His offers, however, were not accepted, and the gentleman in question had to console himself by taking a long lease of another fine old mansion, Rushton Hall, on which during his tenancy he expended a quite prodigious sum of money with not entirely unsatisfactory results.

During the sixteenth century Italian influence became apparent in English country houses. Layer Marney, Essex, and Sutton Place, Surrey, with its amorini are typical examples of the new fashion which, though it affected house decoration, did not for a long time involve any change in the usual plan. All Italian work seems to have been subsequent to 1516, the year in which the tomb of Henry VII in the Renaissance style was erected by order of Henry VIII. Curiously enough the latter King, though he appears to have been quite indifferent to the destruction of fine monastic buildings, was a munificent patron of the arts.

During the sixteenth century were built a number of the largest country houses in England. Holdenby, as far as the house went, was larger than Blenheim or Castle Howard, while the front of Audley End covered even more ground still. Other huge mansions were Buckhurst in Sussex, Burghley House, Theobalds and Knole. The reason for this was that the builders were expected to erect a building capable of accom-

modating Queen Elizabeth, who was fond of paying visits with a huge suite of courtiers in her train.

The great majority of country houses have been restored or altered within the last hundred and twenty years; indeed the only one which the present writer has ever seen, in what probably was more or less its original state, was Canons Ashby, which possesses many interesting details, including a fine coved ceiling. What struck him here in contradistinction to other country houses which had passed through the restorer's hands was the extreme simplicity of the woodwork, quite unencumbered by the superfluous ornamentation so dear to the fashionable decorator of modern times.

Especial offenders in this respect were the Victorians, who played havoc with so many of the country houses and churches which they restored. Quantities of fine old panelling were thrown upon the rubbish heap as a consequence of the so-called Gothic revival at the middle of the last century, when over-zealous architects were apt to discard what they called "dirty old woodwork made by hand" in favour of the machine-made ornamentation which was considered so wonderful at that time. On the other hand, it must be confessed that without the intervention of the restorer many a fine old building, like the Campanile at Venice, would have been liable to collapse. The persons in recent years who have expended the largest sums in averting catastrophes of this kind have hailed from across the Atlantic, no one else having now the money to spend.

While a considerable number of country houses have been saved from decay and even destruction by American tenants or purchasers, others have been stripped of their picturesque features owing to the transatlantic dislike for anything which clashes with

the grandiose ideas dear to architects and decorators. The old English mansion built by local magnates of the past usually had stables in close proximity to the house so that carriages and horses might be ordered at a moment's notice, the telephone being then undreamt of and coachmen and grooms forming an important part of the domestic staff of those far-away days. The old squires and their sons usually spent a good deal of time in that part of their domain, the harness room being often utilized for boxing matches and the lofts for rat-killing, dog-fights and other rough sports dear to a vanished generation. In addition to this, smoking not being tolerated indoors, it was the practice with many hosts to take visitors to the stables after dinner in order to enjoy their pipes and cigars. With the advent of the motor, however, the importance of the stable as a place to wile away the time in has passed away, and the first thing a number of Americans do when they acquire a country house is either to turn the buildings which once contained horses to other uses or pull them down altogether. For some reason or other visitors from beyond the Atlantic often have an idea that stables near a house are vulgar or at least out of place, in consequence of which quite a number of quaint old buildings crowned by a clock-tower and weathercock of eighteenth-century design have disappeared. The picturesque old posts and chains which formerly adorned the approach to many an old manor-house are also becoming rarer year by year, a strong tendency existing to replace them by elaborate stone balustrades and other architectural extravagances quite unknown to the builders of a past age. Use, not ornamentation, was the object of the latter, though owing to an innate good taste, which has now unfortunately disappeared, the

result was usually most satisfactory from an æsthetic point of view. The houses, outbuildings and walls raised by these men for the most part fell gracefully into harmony with the surrounding scenery and park. However quaint or eccentric their work might be it rarely or never clashed with the natural features of the spot on which it was reared, which is the reason why what remains of it possesses such a unique charm. The modern architect, on the other hand, seems to glory in ignoring, or rather obscuring, the natural features amidst which he sets to work. Babylonian terraces, with meaningless walls and gates leading nowhere, catch the eye in the place of the gently undulating greensward which in old days formed such an agreeable transition between the house and its park. That manifest absurdity, a stone-encompassed water-garden on the top of a hill, is occasionally to be seen in front of some fine old mansion, the decorative value of which it often impairs. Garden-houses in which no one ever wants to sit are set up in places where they serve no purpose except to obscure the view—the shoddy fountains of Victorian days were bad enough from an æsthetic point of view, but they were at least inexpensive and capable of being easily removed.

It seems now to be forgotten that a large plot of greensward, or *tapis vert*, as it was called, was considered one of the essential amenities of the grounds attached to a country gentleman's mansion. This, no doubt, drew its origin from Versailles and other Royal residences which young squires were taken to see while making the "Grand Tour."

The restful impression produced by a smooth expanse of well-kept lawn seems, however, to make little or no appeal to those who own country houses to-day.

To most of the latter it is only a "bit of grass," and in consequence, having torn up the turf, they proceed to cover the ground with all sorts of architectural abominations of a pretended artistic kind.

In the south of France or in Italy there is some reason for this kind of thing. Grass, such as we find at home, will not grow there, and any form of decorative work is better than an expanse of arid soil. English greensward, however, is one of the most satisfactory natural features of the country, for which reason the most possible ought to be made of it, instead of tearing it up in order to erect decorative work not suited to the scenery or climate. As long, however, as rich people are ready to place themselves unreservedly in the hands of fashionable architects or decorators this sort of thing will go on; the only consolation is that owing to climatic conditions the stonework which the latter love to pile upon the unoffending earth requires such careful tending that after a certain number of years it is either removed by some new owner who does not care for the expense of keeping it up, or falls gradually into a condition of picturesque ruin, in which case it eventually acquires a certain charm of its own and blends with the surroundings which at one time it defaced and obscured.

In the case of alterations or improvements made in Victorian days even the hand of Time is usually powerless to mitigate the atrocity of their decorations. Nor did the people of that age confine their vandalism merely to the structure and surroundings of the mansions in which they lived.

Towards the middle of the nineteenth century the owners of a number of country houses made a clean sweep of their old English furniture, which they either sold for a song or relegated to servants' quarters or

attics, replacing it by heavy mahogany furniture.

A hideous feature of a mid-Victorian room was its elaborate fireplace with a heavy mantelpiece. In the late seventies a craze arose for having a board placed on the top, covered with plush or stamped velvet embellished with gilt nails, in addition to which there were often curtains at the side full of meaningless embroidery. The *raison d'être* of the latter, I suppose, must have been that they were intended to hide the ugly grate with its rounded top, but as they were never drawn there was no valid reason for them at all.

Though a few of the larger mid-Victorian country mansions had one bathroom, such conveniences were non-existent in smaller country houses, the owners of which were inclined to look upon such things as innovations of an unnecessary kind. When such modern sanitary appliances were becoming fashionable a visitor from town said to a squire, "Why don't you have bathrooms put in your house?" "I don't see the use," was the latter's reply. "After all one can always have a bath in one's bedroom—if one wants one!"

The Victorians cared little for art. Even those who had survived from the really artistic days of the eighteenth century did not always realize the full beauty of the designs of that day.

Sheraton himself appears to have held Chippendale in but very small esteem as a cabinet-maker, for in one of his books he speaks of the designs of the latter as being "wholly antiquated and laid aside." Possibly Chippendale's somewhat ornate designs may have appeared frivolous to the austere Sheraton, who was an ardent Baptist and wrote a good deal in furtherance of his religious views.

A great deal of wood was used in genuine Chippendale chairs, and an infallible sign of a copy is when

the carving seems cramped and flat owing to the shallowness of the frame out of which it has been scooped.

In early Victorian days a horrible craze prevailed among owners of country houses for abominable chairs and sofas of a hideous type, poor satinwood being especially popular. A great upholsterer of that day, Dowbiggin by name, must have profited hugely by this, for most of the splendid old furniture in numberless country houses was either consigned to the attics or sold, its place being taken by tasteless satinwood suites. At the same period carpets of modern design began to take the place of the old needlework carpets, a good specimen of which was the one which is, or was, at Apethorpe, Northamptonshire. This had been worked for the Lord Westmorland who was British Ambassador at Vienna by some ladies of that city as a mark of their esteem. At Croome in Worcestershire I believe there still exists a portion of an eighteenth-century needlework carpet, which once decorated the floor of a boudoir in the family mansion at 106, Piccadilly, now the St. James' Club. The reaction against the solid ugliness of the Victorian era was in a great measure brought about by the æsthetes of the late seventies, to whom "Art" meant blue and white china, Japanese fans, and green or yellow curtains. They were, indeed, much given to swathing all kinds of things in what was termed "art drapery" of those colours—"greenery-yallery" as they were called.

Nevertheless, it was the "greenery-yallery" school which made the first attack upon plush picture frames, plush-framed mirrors plastered over with crude paintings of fruit and flowers, and other similar horrors; the so-called art decorations and blue china which

supplanted these atrocities, in spite of the satire they evoked, paved the way for better things.

The Victorians loved covering up everything with little mats, generally decorated with flimsy tassels or pompoms, care apparently being taken to select a material which might be relied upon to attract the greatest quantity of dust. They were also very partial to painting mahogany doors or bureaux black and gold, cutting up fine prints to make screens, and affixing modern china plaques to elaborately decorated cabinets. Numbers of people, who prided themselves upon their taste, relegated beautiful pieces of eighteenth-century furniture to the lumber-room. The art of the eighteenth century was considered merely as "old-fashioned," a word which people were fond of scornfully using in connection with old furniture, prints, and other *objets d'art*, now worth untold gold.

What these people thought about the artistic furniture which is now so highly prized is afforded by the criticism which the late George Augustus Sala—a man, be it remembered, in many things by no means wanting in taste—passed upon a room in the old style, designed and furnished by two ladies (the Miss Garrards, I believe) in the English Section of the Paris Exhibition of 1879.

"The section of a poky little English room is shown, furnished in the angular and uncomfortable style pertaining to the end of the last or the beginning of the present century—a style of which I thought that we were well rid, but for the revival of which there seems to be at present a partial craze. These rickety, 'skimping,' spider-legged chairs, tables, corner cupboards and 'whatnots,' these sofas too narrow for purposes of flirtation and too short to put your

feet up—are all very well in the delightful pictures of Mr. George Leslie, R.A., and Mr. G. H. Boughton. In actual oak, walnut, mahogany or rosewood I object very strongly to them; and, if the lady-decorators will study even the rudiments of the History of Decoration, they will find that this kind of furniture belongs to a period when a succession of long and cruel wars had virtually shut us out from the Continent, and had left us a people almost entirely ignorant of the art of design and wholly destitute of taste. The carpet in the lady-decorators' model room is a significant illustration of our deplorable condition at the period which the apartment is supposed to illustrate. It is a carpet substantially without a pattern, and there is a good reason for the absence of pattern. In the age in question we did not know how to draw carpet patterns, and we could import no pattern-draughtsmen from abroad. The two ladies may be complimented on the scrupulous fidelity with which they have reproduced a number of poverty-stricken and weak-kneed little models; but the value of their work is diminished by the extravagant prices which they have affixed to the examples of upholstery exhibited. Sedulous rummaging among the brokers' shops round Lincoln's Inn and behind the Waterloo Road would buy for so many shillings what these ladies have charged so many pounds for. On the whole, this little exhibition of a state of domesticity to which it is to be hoped we shall not return is interesting."

At that time a number of unsuspected artistic treasures lay forgotten in many a country house, whilst prints, pictures and books of considerable value were often quite unappreciated by their owners. A huge number of portraits by Count d'Orsay hung all

over the country, many of which must still be in existence. As a matter of fact, such portraits are by no means devoid of interest, and it seems strange that in these days, when exhibitions of drawings, pictures and the like illustrating the past were so popular, no enterprising exhibitor has ever attempted to hold a "d'Orsay Loan Exhibition," for a collection of those portraits should be peculiarly interesting.

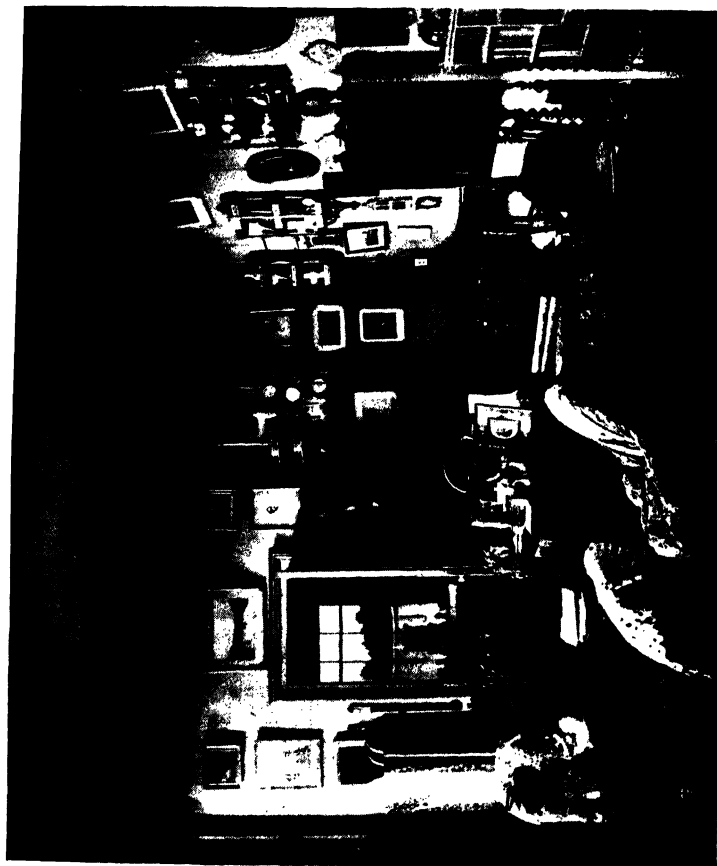
No one seems to have remembered that when Count d'Orsay was in England he made sketches of most of the well-known men of the day, and those who were able to remember some of the originals used to declare that these likenesses were very faithful representations of the men who sat for them.

Count d'Orsay was by no means deficient in artistic talent; he is, however, always remembered only as a supreme dandy, it being generally assumed that he was the king of fashion in England for twenty years. This is not strictly correct. The truth is that d'Orsay was a very agreeable fellow, remarkable for social tact, good humour, and good sense.

In the Victorian country houses of the past people were fond of keeping all sorts of rubbish, odds and ends of every kind being generally stored in a sort of small library or study which no one seemed to use. Here were bookshelves containing dusty volumes of the "Annual Register," "Racing Calendar," or "Gentleman's Magazine," and an old gun or two which had seen its best days, and possibly some other derelict implements connected with sport. Often a fine old ship model with rigging much out of repair stood in a glass case on a side table, while miniature Chinese palanquins, figures and the like were also usually to be found. On the mantelpiece a clock which had long ceased to go was flanked by bronze figures or candelabra, the

result of some Continental tour—a mass of old top-boots and other rubbish often littered the corner of such an apartment, the furniture of which was usually of the solid mahogany kind popular at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. A room of this kind, useless as it appeared to be for any purposes, was never devoted to smoking; that had to be indulged in in the servants' hall after the servants had gone to bed, or in the harness room outside. Even to light a cigar just inside the front hall door was considered a sort of social crime by many of the old school; why, it seems difficult to say. Many of the rooms at that period were stuffy and their atmosphere would have often been improved by a little tobacco smoke. However, the latter being tabooed except in certain uncomfortable places, no one dared to lead a revolt. A feature of many country houses in those days was an excellent library, the well-selected contents of which, now for the most part unfortunately dispersed, bore testimony to the wide and practical mental outlook which those who formed them must have possessed. A good family library indeed was considered an indispensable adjunct of a country house, and many a country gentleman who cut a good figure at Westminster owed his culture and learning to the well-bound books amongst which he had been taught as a child to browse. In these old libraries the young England of another age were grounded in much which they found useful in after-life; they might indeed have been called the mental nurseries of many distinguished soldiers, sailors and ambassadors as well as forcing-houses where bishops and judges were trained.

But from these temples of learning came no business men, the manipulation of other people's money in order to benefit one's own pocket not being then



A VICTORIAN SITTING-ROOM

considered a suitable profession for the son of a country gentleman. Occasionally the offspring of an impoverished squire became a solicitor, in which case he usually secured all the business of the local gentry and made a good thing out of it. In such cases, however, it was generally felt that the family had degenerated in caste, the only form of law which could be practised without loss of social prestige being that which lay on the path leading to the Woolsack, which not a few sons of squires had been able to reach.

The most popular professions with the aristocracy and gentry were the army and navy, the feeling which produced such a state of affairs being akin to that concerning the *noblesse de l'épée* which prevailed in pre-Revolutionary France.

In the libraries of old English country houses there was generally a door contrived in the bookcases, one side of which was covered with sham books to match the rest of the room. The titles were sometimes very amusing, the best instance being in the library at Chatsworth, where the titles in question were composed by Tom Hood for the Duke of Devonshire of the day. Amongst them is "On Cutting off Heirs with a Shilling," by Barber Beaumont. There actually existed a gentleman of this name, J. T. Barber Beaumont, F.S.A., Major of the Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters, who wrote several real books. "Percy Vere" in forty volumes (the latter an allusion to the forty volumes of the "Percy Anecdotes") is another good title; so is "Annual Parliaments, a Plan for Short Commons." "Michau on Ball Practice" is an allusion to a famous dancing mistress, Madame Michau, who was widely known in the thirties of the last century. "Debrett on Chain Piers," "Shelly's Conchologist," and "Ude's Tables of Interest," all allude to well-

known men. M. Ude was a famous French cook in the royal household, who afterwards was engaged by Mr. Crockford for his celebrated Temple of Chance in St. James's Street. Perhaps the best of all is "Chronological Account of the Date Tree," but "Memoirs of Mrs. Mountain," by Ben Lomond, and "Boyle on Steam," run it close. Mrs. Mountain, it should be mentioned, was a celebrated singer who died in 1841.

The amusements of an English country-house party during the Victorian era were simple in the extreme compared with those of to-day. To begin with, the men did not see nearly as much of the ladies as is now the case, generally only joining them for a cup of tea and for an hour or two after dinner. The rest of the time (after smoking indoors had come in) was passed in the smoking-room, though, of course, the sexes met for croquet, lawn tennis, or one of the round games which were once popular.

On summer afternoons the hostess with her lady guests would go and sit in the garden, there to wile away the time with a little needle or fancy work. Occasionally some one would read aloud, the arrival of the latest three-volume novel from London being something of an event. Drives to neighbours' houses were of course often indulged in, but before the days of motors the radius was naturally limited, and people saw little of one another if they lived farther away than nine miles. Garden parties of a much more formal and stilted kind than those of the present day were events looked forward to for weeks beforehand by young people who were not then satiated with the amusements so easily to be obtained by those of the present day. Life indeed was full of mild excitements which would not now attract the slightest notice. When, for

instance, the guests at a country house party had been marshalled previous to going into dinner, all the maids of the household would gather together in excited groups, out of sight, at the top of the staircase, in order to feast their eyes upon their masters and mistresses making a solemn procession to the dining-room. Another occasion when the maids and other servants were wont to assemble was for family prayers, a daily observance of somewhat doubtful religious value, at which the master of the house conducted a sort of abbreviated service. In the more pious households this function was carried out twice a day, and abstention from morning prayers by guests was looked upon askance whenever the latter were bold enough to attempt it.

In London and in fashionable country houses the dinner hour has been getting later and later for the last two hundred years. In Addison's time people dined at two o'clock, but gradually dinner was put off and put off till four or five became the popular hour for dining amongst the well-to-do classes. With the beginning of the nineteenth century came a further postponement, and the dinner hour eventually came to be fixed at some time about seven o'clock. Since then further postponements have occurred, a number of people dining as late as nine and some even at half-past. The Victorians were occasionally apt to indulge in somewhat strange innovations as regards the decoration of the numerous dishes which they considered indispensable for the success of a dinner party. As a tribute to the memory of her departed husband, noted as a great gastronomic connoisseur, the châtelaine of a well-known country house once considerably astonished her guests. After a decent interval had elapsed from the date of his demise she

entertained a number of old friends, who at dinner on the first night of their visit found several dishes garnished with an edging of truffles, an unconventional mark of respect for their old friend.

A feature of country house dinner parties during the Victorian era was the care devoted to table decoration ; all sorts of designs in flowers and leaves being scattered about the tablecloth, sometimes, it must be admitted, with very decorative effect. Skilled gardeners would be employed for an hour or so in producing geometrical patterns radiating from the silver epergnes which, filled with fruit and flowers, were a regular feature on the dining-tables of that day. So important was this minor form of horticultural art considered, that books of patterns were published in order to enable people to learn how to make the best possible effect.

The gardens and grounds of a country house in mid-Victorian days presented a very different appearance from those of a modern mansion of the same kind. The mansions of great landowners usually had large ranges of greenhouses attached to them, greenhouses which to-day have become something of a white elephant. Witness the case of those belonging to a noble owner which, owing to the cost of upkeep, had fallen into disrepair and were recently blown up with somewhat disastrous results to the adjoining grounds which were covered with débris and broken glass ! Hot-houses at that time were generally utilized for the display of rare exotic plants, palms, and even tropical trees ; later on came a mania for orchids, for which enormous prices were often given. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, it will be remembered, was a great collector, and at the proper season had a rare display at Highbury. A great number of hot-houses

was then an achievement of which country gentlemen were proud. On the other hand, the open-air flower garden did not greatly appeal to them. A certain amount of brilliantly-coloured carpet bedding was usually to be seen scattered about the green sward surrounding a country mansion, geometrical patterns marked out by variously coloured flowers striking a bright note of colour rather lacking in modern gardens. The upkeep of such beds required a good deal of attention and much labour, but at that time labour was cheap and gardeners easily to be found, while lawns and paths were kept tidy by numbers of old pensioners, men and women past work, who sauntered easily about with their brooms—not, after all, an unpleasant occupation for rustics who had been accustomed to an open-air existence all their lives. The Old Age Pension Act has, however, practically put a stop to all this kind of thing; squires who, owing to excessive taxation, find it hard to make both ends meet, not being inclined to spend money in what practically amounts to charity.

A great feature of minor country houses forty or fifty years ago was the abundance of laurel bushes, not particularly attractive and at times apt to become positively unsightly. Any bare space indeed then seemed liable to be covered with laurels, and though no one can have particularly liked them every one seemed to accept their existence as a matter of course. The herbaceous border, now such a feature of every self-respecting garden, had not then yet come into existence; in the way of flowers, the carpet bedding was considered enough. It may here be said that the complete disappearance of this form of horticultural decoration from English gardens is really something of a misfortune, for in a modified form it is capable

of presenting a very attractive note of colour to the eye, witness the Continental gardens, where huge beds of bright flowers are still to be seen. With the advent of the herbaceous border more scientific gardening became the order of the day, considerable time and trouble being expended in the selection of the flowers composing it, a great difference from the old system which decreed that beds should be laid out on a traditional plan which varied little from year to year.

A great feature of Victorian hot-houses was frequently a profuse display of "Bourgainvillia," which produced a very good effect. Bourgainville, the French admiral who introduced this pretty blossom into Europe, though a celebrity in his day, is now more or less forgotten, some uncertainty even prevailing as to the exact site of his grave. According to some the gallant French sailor is buried in the Pantheon, Paris, but the real truth is that he lies in the little cemetery of St. Pierre on the heights of Montmartre, his tombstone bearing various naval attributes suitable to the navigator who rests beneath. By his side lies his wife, "Flore de Montendre," a charming and fitting name for the consort of one who took such a loving interest in flowers.

A household word in the gardens of the Victorian period was the name of Veitch, a firm which had a well-earned reputation for reliability. The late Sir Harry Veitch, who died only a short time ago in his eighty-fifth year, was so absolutely trusted that contracts involving hundreds of pounds were known to have been sealed by a shake of his hand—all who knew him were quite ready to take his word, and no more generous man ever lived. In 1884, for instance, he gave away the secret of the process of hybridizing and of raising the seed in a paper which he read before

the Royal Horticultural Society. Philanthropy may be said to have been his hobby, his gifts to the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Society alone totalling some seven thousand pounds. Every plant collector of thirty or forty years ago relied upon his judgment, and he may be said to have had the free run of all the great gardens in England. When Sir Harry retired, in 1914, the firm of James Veitch & Son retired too; the great old gardener had no relative who could carry it on, and though most tempting offers were made him for the goodwill, he decided that James Veitch & Son should go out of business, as he said, with its flag flying. The thought of any firm bearing such a time-honoured name taking second place was unbearable to him, and so it ceased to exist. At his country house near Slough, however, he continued to maintain a wonderful garden which all the leading horticulturists came to see. Gardening seems to have an admirable effect upon humanity; certainly there was no more generous or gentle soul than the fine open-handed veteran who had passed his life in that pursuit.

Though England produces much excellent fruit, the latter seems never to have been appreciated at its proper worth. That grown in hot-houses, for instance, even now does not find its way to the owners' tables in the condition it ought to do. Victorian gardeners were fond of keeping greenhouses locked up, and their successors of to-day more or less follow their example. A good deal of fine fruit, it is true, is now sold to tradesmen in local towns, but comparatively little seems to find its way to country house tables, gardeners seemingly having an objection to sending in the finest products of their fruit trees. The fact is that the English do not really care about fruit, in consequence

of which no one troubles to see that the latter is presented in the attractive and appetizing form in which it appears on the other side of the Channel. If the English did care about fruit, small baskets of carefully selected cherries and plums would be on sale in fruiterers' shops as they are in Paris and other continental towns, but except in a very few West End shops nothing of the sort is to be obtained, while in poorer districts the condition of such fruit as is on sale is usually little short of lamentable. This probably is one reason why fruit-growing, except for the purposes of making jam, is such an unprofitable business.

The Victorians, except when they gave big dinners, scarcely troubled about fruit at all, anything the gardener—often an acknowledged autocrat in his own line—cared to send in being accepted without demur. On great occasions, however, heavy silver epergnes appeared on the dinner-table laden with carefully arranged piles of grapes, peaches and the like, all one on the top of the other according to traditional usage. Few people cared to attack such horticultural citadels, with the result that the fruit was only eaten a day or two later, after it had been more or less spoilt by the pressure to which it had been subjected.

Though the epergnes have now practically disappeared, the practice of piling up various kinds of fruit one on the top of the other still prevails, no one apparently having grasped the fact that such a method is calculated to produce most unsatisfactory gastronomic results.

Though the Victorians did not go in for gardening to such an extent as has since become the fashion, a number of country houses had "gardens of friendship" in their grounds. At one of these, belonging

to Lady Airlie at her place Cortachy, in Scotland, Lord Sherbroke, better known perhaps as Robert Lowe, wrote some pretty lines :

THE GARDEN OF FRIENDSHIP AT CORTACHY

Is life a good ? then if a good it be,
 Mine be a life like thine, thou steadfast tree ;
 The selfsame earth that gave the sapling place
 Receives the mouldering trunk in soft embrace,
 The selfsame comrades ever at my side,
 Who knows not Envy, Wilfulness, or Pride,
 The Winter's waste repaired by lavish Spring,
 The rustling breezes that about thee sing,
 The intertwining shadows at thy feet,
 Make up thy life, and such a life is sweet.
 What though beneath this artificial shade
 No Fauns have gambolled and no Dryads strayed !
 Though the coy nurslings of serenest skies
 Shudder when Caledonian tempests rise,
 Yet sways a cheering influence o'er the grove
 More soft than nature, more sedate than love.
 And not unhonoured shall thy grove ascend,
 For every stem was planted by a friend,
 And she, at whose command its shades arise,
 Is good and gracious, true and fair and wise.

During a number of years at Easter, Mr. Lowe and his wife were regular visitors at Dangstein, the Hampshire home of the writer's parents. Other guests here at the same time used to be Lord and Lady Airlie, Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Leighton, and Mr. Hamilton Aidé, a man with considerable artistic gifts and an agreeable conversationalist. Mrs. Sartoris before her marriage had been Adelaide Kemble, a niece of the great Sarah Siddons, to whom she was said to bear a striking resemblance. A remarkable woman, she was especially noted for her voice, and would sing Shelley's lovely little song " Good-night " in an exquisite manner.

In the grounds at Dangstein was a cemetery in which were buried my mother's pets, and for this Mr. Lowe wrote an epitaph which in its own line can scarcely ever have been equalled.

Soft lies the turf on those who find their rest
Beneath our common Mother's ample breast ;
Unstained by meanness, avarice, or pride,
They never cheated and they never lied.
They ne'er intrigued a rival to misplace ;
They ran, but never betted on the race.
Content with harmless sports and simple food,
Boundless in faith and love and gratitude.
Happy the man—if there be any such—
Of whom his Epitaph can say as much.

A SELECTION FROM MESSRS. METHUEN'S PUBLICATIONS

This Catalogue contains only a selection of the more important books published by Messrs. Methuen. A complete catalogue of their publications may be obtained on application.

- Alleroff (A. Hadrian).** DOWNLAND PATHWAYS. With Preface by E. V. LUCAS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
- Archer (D.).** CORSICA: THE SCENTED ISLE. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
- Armstrong (W. W.).** THE ART OF CRICKET. Illustrated. Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. net.
- Bain (F. W.).—**
A DIGIT OF THE MOON: A Hindoo Love Story. THE DESCENT OF THE SUN: A Cycle of Birth. A HEIFER OF THE DAWN. IN THE GREAT GOD'S HAIR. A DRAUGHT OF THE BLUE. AN ESSENCE OF THE DUSK. AN INCARNATION OF THE SNOW. A MINE OF FAULTS. THE ASHES OF A GOD. BUBBLES OF THE FOAM. A SYRUP OF THE BEES. THE LIVERY OF EVE. THE SUBSTANCE OF A DREAM. All Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net. AN ECHO OF THE SPHERES. Wide Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
- Baker (C. H. Collins).** CROME. Illustrated. Quarto. £5. 5s. net.
- Balfour (Sir Graham).** THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Twentieth Edition. In one Volume. Cr. 8vo. Buckram, 7s. 6d. net.
- Bell (Aubrey F. G.).** A PILGRIM IN SPAIN. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.
- Belloc (H.).—**
PARIS, 8s. 6d. net. HILLS AND THE SEA, 6s. net. ON NOTHING AND KINDRED SUBJECTS, 6s. net. ON EVERYTHING, 6s. net. ON SOMETHING, 6s. net. FIRST AND LAST, 6s. net. THIS AND THAT AND THE OTHER, 6s. net. ON, 6s. net. ON ANYTHING, 6s. net. MARIE ANTOINETTE, 18s. net. THE PYRENEES, 8s. 6d. net.
- Butler (Kathleen T.).** A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE. Two Vols. Each Cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
- Campbell (Olwen Ward).** SHELLEY AND THE UNROMANTICS. Illustrated. Second Edition, Revised. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.
- Chandler (Arthur), D.D.,** late Lord Bishop of Bloemfontein—
ARA CELI: An Essay in Mystical Theology, 5s. net. FAITH AND EXPERIENCE, 5s. net. THE CULT OF THE PASSING MOMENT, 6s. net. THE ENGLISH CHURCH AND REUNION, 5s. net. SCALA MUNDI, 4s. 6d. net.
- Chesterton (G. K.).—**
THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE. ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. TREMENDOUS TRIFLES. ALARMS AND DISCURSIONS. A MISCELLANY OF MEN. THE USES OF DIVERSITY. FANCIES VERSUS FADS. All Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net. CHARLES DICKENS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. WINE, WATER, AND SONG. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.
- Clutton-Brook (A.).—**
WHAT IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN? Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net. ESSAYS ON ART. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net. ESSAYS ON BOOKS. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net. MORE ESSAYS ON BOOKS. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net. SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net. SHELLEY: THE MAN AND THE POET. Second Edition, Revised. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
- Conrad (Joseph).** THE MIRROR OF THE SEA: Memories and Impressions. Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net. Also Uniform Edition, 3s. 6d. net.
- Dark (Sidney) and Gray (Rowland).** W. S. GILBERT: His Life and Letters. Illustrated. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.
- Dolls' House (The Queen's).** THE BOOK OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE. Vol. I. THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE. Edited by A. C. BENSON, C.V.O., and SIR LAWRENCE WEAVER, K.B.E. Vol. II. THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY. Edited by E. V. LUCAS. Illustrated. A Limited Edition. Crown 4to. £6. 6s. net.
- EVERYBODY'S BOOK OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE.** Illustrated. Crown 4to. 5s. net.
- Drever (James).—**
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY LIFE. (Fourth Edition.) Cr. 8vo. 6s. net. THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INDUSTRY. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.
- Dutt (W. A.).** A GUIDE TO THE NORFOLK BROADS. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.
- Edwardes (Tiekner).** THE LORE OF THE HONEY-BEE. Tenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
- Einstein (A.).** RELATIVITY: THE SPECIAL AND THE GENERAL THEORY. Translated by ROBERT W. LAWSON. Eighth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.
- SIDELIGHTS ON RELATIVITY.** Two Lectures by ALBERT EINSTEIN. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
- THE MEANING OF RELATIVITY.** Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.
- Other Books on the Einstein Theory.*
SPACE—TIME—MATTER. By HERMANN WEYL. Demy 8vo. 18s. net.
- THE PRINCIPLE OF RELATIVITY.** By ALBERT EINSTEIN, H. A. LORENTZ, H. MINIKOWSKI, and H. WEYL. With notes by A. SOMMERFELD. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.
- RELATIVITY AND THE UNIVERSE.** By HARRY SCHMIDT. Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.

- THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY. By Prof. ERWIN FREUNDLICH. *Cr.* 8vo. 5s. net. RELATIVITY FOR ALL. By HERBERT DINGLE. *Third Edition.* *Fcap.* 8vo. 2s. net. EVANS (Joan). ENGLISH JEWELLERY. *Royal* 4to. f2. 12s. 6d. net.
- Fitzgerald (Edward). THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. An edition illustrated by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN. *Wide* *Cr.* 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
- Fyleman (Rose)—
FAIRIES AND CHIMNEYS (*Eighteenth Edition*). THE FAIRY GREEN (*Tenth Edition*). THE FAIRY FLUTE (*Eighth Edition*). THE RAINBOW CAT AND OTHER STORIES (*Second Edition*). FORTY GOOD-NIGHT TALES (*Third Edition*). EIGHT LITTLE PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. All *Fcap.* 8vo., 3s. 6d. net. A SMALL CRUISE. *Fcap.* 8vo. 4s. 6d. net. THE ROSE FYLEMAN FAIRY BOOK. Illustrated. *Crown* 4to. 10s. 6d. net.
- Geering (Thomas). OUR SUSSEX PARISH. With an Introduction and biographical chapter by ARTHUR BECKETT. Illustrated. *Crown* 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
- Gibbins (H. de B.). INDUSTRY IN ENGLAND: HISTORICAL OUTLINES. With Maps and Plans. *Tenth Edition.* *Demy* 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.
- THE INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. With 5 Maps and a Plan. *Twenty-seventh Edition.* *Cr.* 8vo. 5s.
- Gibbon (Edward). THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Edited, with Notes, Appendices, and Maps, by J. B. BURY. *Seven Volumes.* *Demy* 8vo. Illustrated. Each 12s. 6d. net. Also in *Seven Volumes.* Unillustrated. *Cr.* 8vo. Each 7s. 6d. net.
- Glover (T. R.)—
THE CONFLICT OF RELIGIONS IN THE EARLY ROMAN EMPIRE. 10s. 6d. net. POETS AND PURITANS. 10s. 6d. net. FROM PERICLES TO PHILIP. 10s. 6d. net. VIRGIL. 10s. 6d. net.
- Graham (Harry). THE WORLD WE LAUGH IN: MORE DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. Illustrated by "FISH." *Second Edition.* *Fcap.* 8vo. 5s. net.
- Graham (Kenneth). THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS. *Fourteenth Edition.* *Cr.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. Also, illustrated by NANCY BARNHART. *Small* 4to. 10s. 6d. net.
- Hadfield (J. A.). PSYCHOLOGY AND MORALS: An Analysis of Character. *Fourth Edition.* *Cr.* 8vo. 6s. net.
- Hall (H. R.). THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE NEAR EAST FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS. Illustrated. *Sixth Edition, Revised.* *Demy* 8vo. 27s. net.
- Hind (A. M.). A CATALOGUE OF REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS. *Two vols.* Illustrated. *Wide Royal* 8vo. f1. 15s. net.
- Holdsworth (W. S.). A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LAW. *Seven Volumes.* *Demy* 8vo. Each 25s. net.
- Hoppé (E. O.). IN GIPSY CAMP AND ROYAL PALACE: WANDERINGS IN RUMANIA. With a Preface by the QUEEN OF RUMANIA. Illustrated. *Demy* 8vo. 15s. net.
- Hudson (W. H.). A SHEPHERD'S LIFE. Illustrated. *Demy.* 8vo. *Sixth Edition.* 10s. 6d. net. Also *Fcap.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
- Inge (W. R.). CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM (The Bampton Lectures of 1899). *Fifth Edition.* *Cr.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
- Jenks (E.). AN OUTLINE OF ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT. *Fifth Edition.* *Cr.* 8vo. 5s. net.
- A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LAW: FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE END OF THE YEAR 1919. *Third Edition, Revised.* *Demy* 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.
- Jones (M. E. Monckton). ANCIENT EGYPT FROM THE RECORDS. Illustrated. *Crown* 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
- Jullian (Lady) of Norwich. REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE. Edited by GRACE WARRACK. *Eighth Edition.* *Cr.* 8vo. 5s. net.
- Keats (John). POEMS. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by E. DE SELINCOURT. With a Frontispiece in Photogravure. *Fourth Edition.* *Demy* 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.
- Kidd (Benjamin)—
THE SCIENCE OF POWER. (*Ninth Edition*). *Cr.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. SOCIAL EVOLUTION. *Demy* 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.
- Kipling (Rudyard). BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS. 233rd Thousand. *Cr.* 8vo. *Buckram*, 7s. 6d. net. Also *Fcap.* 8vo. *Cloth*, 6s. net; *leather*, 7s. 6d. net. Also a Service Edition. *Two Volumes.* *Square Fcap.* 8vo. Each 3s. net.
- THE SEVEN SEAS. 172nd Thousand. *Cr.* 8vo. *Buckram*, 7s. 6d. net. Also *Fcap.* 8vo. *Cloth*, 6s. net; *leather*, 7s. 6d. net. Also a Service Edition. *Two Volumes.* *Square Fcap.* 8vo. Each 3s. net.
- THE FIVE NATIONS. 138th Thousand. *Cr.* 8vo. *Buckram*, 7s. 6d. net. Also *Fcap.* 8vo. *Cloth*, 6s. net; *leather*, 7s. 6d. net. Also a Service Edition. *Two Volumes.* *Square Fcap.* 8vo. Each 3s. net.
- DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. 111th Thousand. *Cr.* 8vo. *Buckram*, 7s. 6d. net. Also *Fcap.* 8vo. *Cloth*, 6s. net; *leather*, 7s. 6d. net. Also a Service Edition. *Two Volumes.* *Square Fcap.* 8vo. Each 3s. net.
- THE YEARS BETWEEN. 95th Thousand. *Cr.* 8vo. *Buckram*, 7s. 6d. net. *Fcap.* 8vo. *Cloth*, 6s. net; *leather*, 7s. 6d. net. Also a Service Edition. *Two Volumes.* *Square Fcap.* 8vo. Each 3s. net.
- A KIPLING ANTHOLOGY—VERSE. *Third Edition.* *Fcap.* 8vo. *Cloth*, 6s. net. *Leather*, 7s. 6d. net.
- TWENTY POEMS FROM RUDYARD KIPLING. 397th Thousand. *Fcap.* 8vo. 1s. net.

Lamb (Charles and Mary). **THE COMPLETE WORKS.** Edited by E. V. Lucas. *A New and Revised Edition in Six Volumes. With Frontispieces. Fcap. 8vo. Each 6s. net.*

The volumes are:—

I. MISCELLANEOUS PROSE. II. ELIA AND THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA. III. BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. IV. PLAYS AND POEMS. V. and VI. LETTERS.

Lankester (Sir Ray).—

SCIENCE FROM AN EASY CHAIR (*Fifteenth Edition*). SCIENCE FROM AN EASY CHAIR: *Second Series (Third Edition)*. DIVERSIONS OF A NATURALIST (*Third Edition*). GREAT AND SMALL THINGS. All Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. SECRETS OF EARTH AND SEA (*Second Edition*). Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

Lodge (Sir Oliver). **MAN AND THE UNIVERSE.** *Ninth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

THE SURVIVAL OF MAN: A STUDY IN UNRECOGNIZED HUMAN FACULTY. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

RAYMOND REVISED. Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.

Lorimer (Norma). **BY THE WATERS OF EGYPT.** Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Loring (F. H.). **ATOMIC THEORIES.** *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.* THE **CHEMICAL ELEMENTS.** *Demy 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.*

Lucas (E. V.).—

THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB, 2 vols., 21s. net. EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, R.A. 2 vols. 16, 6s. net. VERMEER OF DELFT, 10s. 6d. net. A WANDERER IN HOLLAND, 10s. 6d. net. A WANDERER IN LONDON, 10s. 6d. net. LONDON REVISITED, 10s. 6d. net. A WANDERER IN PARIS, 10s. 6d. net. A WANDERER IN FLORENCE, 10s. 6d. net. A WANDERER IN VENICE, 10s. 6d. net. A WANDERER AMONG PICTURES. 8s. 6d. net. THE OPEN ROAD: A Little Book for Wayfarers, 6s. net. Also an edition illustrated by Claude A. Shepperson, 10s. 6d. net. Also an edition on India paper, leather, 7s. 6d. net. THE FRIENDLY TOWN: A Little Book for the Urbane, 6s. net. FIRE-SIDE AND SUNSHINE, 6s. net. CHARACTER AND COMEDY, 6s. net. THE GENTLEST ART: A Choice of Letters by Entertaining Hands, 6s. 6d. net. THE SECOND POST, 6s. net. HER INFINITE VARIETY: A Feminine Portrait Gallery, 6s. net. GOOD COMPANY: A Rally of Men, 6s. net. ONE DAY AND ANOTHER, 6s. net. OLD LAMPS FOR NEW, 6s. net. LOITERER'S HARVEST, 6s. net. CLOUD AND SILVER, 6s. net. A BOSWELL OF BAGHDAD, AND OTHER ESSAYS, 6s. net. 'TWIXT EAGLE AND DOVE, 6s. net. THE PHANTOM JOURNAL, AND OTHER ESSAYS AND DIVERSIONS, 6s. net. GIVING AND RECEIVING, 6s. net. LUCK OF THE YEAR, 6s. net. ENCOUNTERS AND DIVERSIONS, 6s. net. SPECIALLY SELECTED: A Choice of Essays, 7s. 6d. net. URBANITIES. Illus-

trated by G. L. STAMPA, 7s. 6d. net. YOU KNOW WHAT PEOPLE ARE. 5s. net. THE SAME STAR: A Comedy in Three Acts. 3s. 6d. net. THE BRITISH SCHOOL: An Anecdotal Guide to the British Painters and Paintings in the National Gallery, 6s. net. LITTLE BOOKS ON THE GREAT MASTERS, 5s. net each. ROVING EAST AND ROVING WEST: 5s. net. See also *Dolls' House (The Queen's)*.

Lynd (Robert). **THE BLUE LION** and Other Essays. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net.

THE PEAL OF BELLS. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net. Masefield (John). **ON THE SPANISH MAIN.** *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.* A SAILOR'S GARLAND. *Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net.*

SEA LIFE IN NELSON'S TIME. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.* Meldrum (D. S.). **REMBRANDT'S PAINTINGS.** *Wide Royal 8vo. £3. 3s. net.*

Methuen (A.). **AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE.** With Introduction by ROBERT LYND. *Seventeenth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net. Thin paper, leather, 7s. 6d. net.*

SHAKESPEARE TO HARDY: AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH LYRICS. With an Introduction by ROBERT LYND. *Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net. Leather, 7s. 6d. net.*

McDougall (William). **AN INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY.** *Nineteenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.*

NATIONAL WELFARE AND NATIONAL DECAY. Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.

AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOLOGY. Demy 8vo. 12s. net.

BODY AND MIND: A HISTORY AND A DEFENCE OF ANIMISM. *Fifth Edition. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.*

ETHICS AND SOME MODERN WORLD PROBLEMS. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Maeterlinck (Maurice).—

THE BLUE BIRD: A Fairy Play in Six Acts. 6s. net. Also an edition illustrated by F. Cayley Robinson, 10s. 6d. net. MARY MAGDALENE: A Play in Three Acts, 5s. net. DEATH, 3s. 6d. net. OUR ETERNITY, 6s. net. THE UNKNOWN GUEST, 6s. net. POEMS, 5s. net. THE WRACK OF THE STORM, 6s. net. THE MIRACLE OF ST. ANTHONY: A Play in One Act, 3s. 6d. net. THE BURGOMASTER OF STILEMONDE: A Play in Three Acts, 5s. net. THE BETROTHAL; or, The Blue Bird Chooses, 6s. net. MOUNTAIN PATHS, 6s. net. THE STORY OF TYTYL, 21s. net. THE GREAT SECRET. 7s. 6d. net. THE CLOUD THAT LIFTED, AND THE POWER OF THE DEAD. 7s. 6d. net.

Milne (A. A.).—

NOT THAT IT MATTERS. IF I MAY. Each Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net. Also Uniform Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net each. WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG. Illustrated by E. H. Shepard. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. Also, Limited Edition, Fcap. 4to., £2. 2s. net. Newman (Tom). **HOW TO PLAY BILLIARDS.** Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net. **BILLIARD DO'S AND DON'T'S.** Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

- Oman (Sir Charles). A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES. A.D. 378-1485. *Second Edition, Revised and enlarged. In two volumes. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 36s. net.*
- Oxenham (John)—
 BEES IN AMBER; A Little Book of Thoughtful Verse. *Small Pott 8vo. Stiff Boards. 2s. net. All's Well; A Collection of War Poems. THE KING'S HIGH WAY. THE VISION SPLENDID. THE FIERY CROSS. HIGH ALTARS: The Record of a Visit to the Battlefields of France and Flanders. HEARTS COURAGEOUS. ALL CLEAR! All Small Pott 8vo. Paper, 1s. 3d. net; cloth boards, 2s. net. WINDS OF THE DAWN. 2s. net.*
- Perry (W. J.)—
 THE ORIGIN OF MAGIC AND RELIGION. THE GROWTH OF CIVILIZATION. With Maps. *Each Crown 8vo., 6s. net. THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN: A STUDY IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. With Maps. Demy 8vo. 18s. net.*
- Petrie (Sir Flinders). A HISTORY OF EGYPT. Illustrated. Six Volumes. Cr. 8vo. *Each 9s. net.*
- VOL. I. FROM THE 1ST TO THE XVTH DYNASTY. *Eleventh Edition, Revised. (12s. net.)*
- VOL. II. THE XVIIth AND XVIIIth DYNASTIES. *Seventh Edition, Revised.*
- VOL. III. XIXth TO XXXth DYNASTIES. *Second Edition.*
- VOL. IV. EGYPT UNDER THE PTOLEMAIC DYNASTY. J.P. MAHAFFY. *Second Edition.*
- VOL. V. EGYPT UNDER ROMAN RULE. J. G. MILNE. *Third Edition, Revised.*
- VOL. VI. EGYPT IN THE MIDDLE AGES. STANLEY LANE POOLE. *Third Edition. (10s. net.)*
- SYRIA AND EGYPT, FROM THE TELL EL AMARNA LETTERS. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.
- EGYPTIAN TALES. Translated from the Papyri. First Series, 1vth to xiiith Dynasty. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*
- EGYPTIAN TALES. Translated from the Papyri. Second Series, xviiith to xixth Dynasty. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*
- Pollitt (Arthur W.). THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*
- Ponsonby (Arthur). ENGLISH DIARIES. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 21s. net.*
- Power (Eileen). MEDIEVAL PEOPLE. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 6s. net.*
- Price (L. L.). A SHORT HISTORY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY IN ENGLAND FROM ADAM SMITH TO ARNOLD TOYNBEE. *Twelfth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*
- Selous (Edmund)—
 TOMMY SMITH'S ANIMALS. TOMMY SMITH'S OTHER ANIMALS. TOMMY SMITH AT THE ZOO. TOMMY SMITH AGAIN AT THE ZOO. *Each 2s. 9d. TOMMY SMITH'S BIRDS, 2s. 6d. JACK'S INSECTS, 3s. 6d. JACK'S OTHER INSECTS, 3s. 6d. All Illustrated.*
- Smith (Adam). THE WEALTH OF NATIONS. Edited by EDWIN CANNAN. *Two Volumes. Third Edition. Demy 8vo. £1. 5s. net.*
- Smith (C. Fox).
 SAILOR TOWN DAYS. SEA SONGS AND BALLADS. A BOOK OF FAMOUS SHIPS. SHIP ALLEY: MORE SAILOR TOWN DAYS. All Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s. net. each. THE RETURN OF "THE CUTTY SARK." Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Sommerfeld (Arnold). ATOMIC STRUCTURE AND SPECTRAL LINES. *Demy 8vo. 32s. net.*
- Stevenson (R. L.). THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited by Sir SIDNEY COLVIN. *A New Re-arranged Edition in four volumes. Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Each 6s. net.*
- Surtees (R. S.)—
 HANDLEY CROSS, 7s. 6d. net. MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR, 7s. 6d. net. ASK MAMMA: or, The Richest Commoner in England, 7s. 6d. net. JORROCK'S JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES, 6s. net. MR. FACEY ROMFORD'S HOUNDS, 7s. 6d. net. HAWBUCK GRANGE; or, The Sporting Adventures of Thomas Scott, Esq., 6s. net. PLAIN OR RINGLET? 7s. 6d. net. HILLINGDON HALL, 7s. 6d. net.
- Tatchell (Frank). THE HAPPY TRAVELLER: A BOOK FOR POOR MEN. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
- Thomson (J. Arthur). WHAT IS MAN? *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s. 6d. net.*
- SCIENCE AND RELIGION. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
- Tilden (W. T.)—
 THE ART OF LAWN TENNIS (*Sixth Edition*). SINGLES AND DOUBLES (*Second Edition*). *Each Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 6s. net. THE COMMON SENSE OF LAWN TENNIS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.*
- Tilston (Mary W.). DAILY STRENGTH FOR DAILY NEEDS. *Twenty-ninth Edition. Medium 16mo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Underhill (Evelyn). MYSTICISM. A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness. *Tenth Edition. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*
- THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT AND THE LIFE OF TO-DAY. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
- Vardon (Harry). HOW TO PLAY GOLF. Illustrated. *Eighteenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*
- Waterhouse (Elizabeth). A LITTLE BOOK OF LIFE AND DEATH. *Twenty-second Edition. Small Pott 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Wegener (A.). THE ORIGIN OF CONTINENTS AND OCEANS. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Wells (J.). A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME. *Nineteenth Edition. With 3 Maps. Cr. 8vo. 5s.*
- Wilde (Oscar). THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE. *Fcap. 8vo. Each 6s. 6d. net.*

I. LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME AND THE PORTRAIT OF MR. W. H. II. THE DUCHESS OF PADUA. III. POEMS. IV. LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. V. A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE. VI. AN IDEAL HUSBAND. VII. THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST. VIII. A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES. IX. INTENTIONS. X. DE PROFUNDIS AND PRISON LETTERS. XI. ES-

SAYS. XII. SALOME, A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY, and LA SAINTE COURTISANE. XIII. A CRITIC IN PALL MALL. XIV. SELECTED PROSE OF OSCAR WILDE. XV. ART AND DECORATION. XVI. FOR LOVE OF THE KING: A Burmese Masque (5s. net.). Yeats (W. B.). A BOOK OF IRISH VERSE. Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. net.

PART II.—A SELECTION OF SERIES The Antiquary's Books

Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net each volume. With Numerous Illustrations

ANCIENT PAINTED GLASS IN ENGLAND. ARCHEOLOGY AND FALSE ANTIQUITIES. THE BELLS OF ENGLAND. THE BRASSES OF ENGLAND. THE CASTLES AND WALLED TOWNS OF ENGLAND. CHURCHWARDENS' ACCOUNTS. THE DOMESDAY INQUEST. ENGLISH CHURCH FURNITURE. ENGLISH MONASTIC LIFE. ENGLISH SEALS. FOLK-LORE AS AN HISTORICAL SCIENCE. THE GUILDS AND COMPANIES OF LONDON. THE HERMITS AND ANCHORITES OF ENGLAND. THE MANOR AND MANORIAL RECORDS. THE MEDIEVAL

HOSPITALS OF ENGLAND. OLD ENGLISH INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC. OLD ENGLISH LIBRARIES. OLD SERVICE BOOKS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. PARISH LIFE IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND. THE PARISH REGISTERS OF ENGLAND. REMAINS OF THE PREHISTORIC AGE IN ENGLAND. THE ROMAN ERA IN BRITAIN. ROMANO-BRITISH BUILDINGS AND EARTHWORKS. THE ROYAL FORESTS OF ENGLAND. THE SCHOOLS OF MEDIEVAL ENGLAND. SHRINES OF BRITISH SAINTS.

The Arden Shakespeare

General Editor, R. H. CASE

Wide Demy 8vo. 6s. net each volume

An edition of Shakespeare in Single Plays ; each edited with a full Introduction, Textual Notes, and a Commentary at the foot of the page.

The Arden Shakespeare has now been completed by the publication of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Edited by GRACE R. TRENERY.

Classics of Art

Edited by DR. J. H. W. LAING

With numerous Illustrations. Wide Royal 8vo.

THE ART OF THE GREEKS, 21s. net. THE ART OF THE ROMANS, 16s. net. SANDRO BOTTICELLI, 31s. 6d. net. CHARDIN, 15s. net. DONATELLO, 16s. net. FLORENTINE SCULPTORS OF THE RENAISSANCE, 21s. net. GEORGE ROMNEY, 15s. net. GHIRLANDAIO, 15s. net.

LAWRENCE, 25s. net. MICHELANGELO, 21s. net. RAPHAEL, 15s. net. REMBRANDT'S PAINTINGS, 63s. net. RUBENS, 30s. net. TINTORETTO, 16s. net. TITIAN, 16s. net. TURNER'S SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS, 15s. net. VELASQUEZ, 15s. net.

The "Complete" Series

Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo

THE COMPLETE AIRMAN, 16s. net. THE COMPLETE AMATEUR BOXER, 10s. 6d. net. THE COMPLETE ATHLETIC TRAINER, 10s. 6d. net. THE COMPLETE BILLIARD PLAYER, 10s. 6d. net. THE COMPLETE COOK, 10s. 6d. net. THE COMPLETE FOXHUNTER, 16s. net. THE COMPLETE GOLFER, 12s. 6d. net. THE COMPLETE HOCKEY PLAYER, 10s. 6d. net. THE COMPLETE HORSEMAN, 15s. net. THE COMPLETE JUIITSUAN. (Cr. 8vo.) 5s. net. THE COMPLETE LAWN TENNIS

PLAYER, 12s. 6d. net. THE COMPLETE MOTORIST, 10s. 6d. net. THE COMPLETE MOUNTAINEER, 18s. net. THE COMPLETE OARSMAN, 12s. 6d. net. THE COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHER, 12s. 6d. net. THE COMPLETE RUGBY FOOTBALLER, ON THE NEW ZEALAND SYSTEM, 12s. 6d. net. THE COMPLETE SHOT, 16s. net. THE COMPLETE SWIMMER, 10s. 6d. net. THE COMPLETE YACHTSMAN, 15s. net.

The Connoisseur's Library

With numerous Illustrations. Wide Royal 8vo. £1, 11s. 6d. net each volume

ENGLISH COLOURED BOOKS. ETCHINGS.
EUROPEAN ENAMELS. FINE BOOKS.
GLASS. GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS'
WORK. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS.

IVORIES. JEWELLERY. MEZZOTINTS.
MINIATURES. PORCELAIN. SEALS. WOOD
SCULPTURE.

Health Series

Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net each volume

THE BABY. THE CARE OF THE BODY. THE
CARE OF THE TEETH. THE EYES OF OUR
CHILDREN. HEALTH FOR THE MIDDLE-
AGED. THE HEALTH OF A WOMAN. THE
HEALTH OF THE SKIN. HOW TO LIVE

LONG. THE PREVENTION OF THE COMMON
COLD. STAYING THE PLAGUE. THROAT
AND EAR TROUBLES. TUBERCULOSIS. THE
HEALTH OF THE CHILD, 2s. net.

The Library of Devotion

Handy Editions of the great Devotional Books, well edited

With Introductions and (where necessary) Notes

Small Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net and 3s. 6d. net

Little Books on Art

With many Illustrations. Demy 16mo. 5s. net each volume

Each volume consists of about 200 pages, and contains from 30 to 40

Illustrations, including a Frontispiece in Photogravure

ALBRECHT DÜRER. THE ARTS OF JAPAN.
BOOKPLATES. BOTTICELLI. BURNE-JONES.
CELLINI. CHRIST IN ART. CLAUDE. CON-
STABLE. COROT. EARLY ENGLISH WATER-
COLOUR. ENAMELS. FREDERIC LEIGHTON.
GEORGE ROMNEY. GREEK ART. GREUZE

AND BOUCHER. HOLBEIN. ILLUMINATED
MANUSCRIPTS. JEWELLERY. JOHN HOPP-
NER. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. MILLET.
MINIATURES. OUR LADY IN ART. RAPHAEL.
RODIN. TURNER. VANDYCK. WATTS.

The Little Guides

With many Illustrations by E. H. New and other artists, and from
photographs, Maps and Plans

Small Pott 8vo. 4s. net to 7s. 6d. net each

Guides to the English and Welsh Counties, and some well-known districts.

The main features of these Guides are (1) a handy and charming form ;
(2) illustrations from photographs and by well-known artists ; (3) good
plans and maps ; (4) an adequate but compact presentation of everything
that is interesting in the natural features, history, archæology, and archi-
tecture of the town or district treated.

Plays

Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net each

MILESTONES. Arnold Bennett and Edward
Knoblock. *Eleventh Edition.*
AN IDEAL HUSBAND. Oscar Wilde. *Acting*
Edition.
KISMET. Edward Knoblock. *Fourth Edition.*
THE WARE CASE. George Pleydell.
THE SAME STAR. E. V. Lucas.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. Arnold Bennett.
Fifth Edition.
GENERAL POST. J. E. Harold Terry.
Second Edition.
THE HONEYMOON. Arnold Bennett. *Third*
Edition.

Sport Series

Mostly illustrated. Fcap. 8vo

ALL ABOUT FLYING, 3s. *net.* ALPINE SKI-ING AT ALL HEIGHTS AND SEASONS, 5s. *net.* SKI-ING FOR BEGINNERS, 3s. *net.* GOLF DO'S AND DONT'S, 2s. *net.* QUICK CUTS TO GOOD GOLF, 2s. *net.* INSPIRED GOLF, 2s. 6d. *net.* DRIVING, APPROACHING, PUTTING, 2s. *net.* GOLF CLUBS AND HOW TO USE THEM, 2s. *net.* THE SECRET OF GOLF FOR OCCASIONAL PLAYERS, 2s. *net.* THE GOLFING SWING, 2s. 6d. *net.* GOLF RULES AND DECISIONS, 3s. 6d. *net.* THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CADDY-BAG, 2s. 6d. *net.* LAWN TENNIS, 2s. 6d. *net.* LAWN TENNIS DO'S AND DONT'S, 2s. 6d. *net.* LAWN TENNIS

FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, 2s. 6d. *net.* LAWN TENNIS FOR CLUB PLAYERS, 2s. 6d. *net.* LAWN TENNIS FOR MATCH PLAYERS, 2s. 6d. *net.* LAWN TENNIS FOR PUBLIC COURTS PLAYERS, 2s. 6d. *net.* THE TECHNIQUE OF LAWN TENNIS, 2s. 6d. *net.* THE LAWN TENNIS UMPIRE AND REFEREE, 2s. 6d. *net.* HOCKEY, 4s. *net.* HOW TO SWIM, 2s. *net.* PUNTING, 3s. 6d. *net.* SKATING, 3s. *net.* WRESTLING, 2s. *net.* MOTOR DO'S AND DONT'S, 2s. 6d. *net.* MAH JONG DO'S AND DONT'S, 2s. *net.* AUCTION BRIDGE DO'S AND DONT'S, 3s. *net.* BILLIARD DO'S AND DONT'S, 2s. 6d. *net.*

Methuen's Half-Crown Library

Crown 8vo.

Cheap Editions of Popular Books

Methuen's Two-Shilling Library

*Fcap. 8vo.**Write for Complete Lists*

PART III.—A SELECTION OF WORKS OF FICTION

Bennett (Arnold)—

CLAYHANGER, 8s. *net.* HILDA LESSWAYS, 8s. 6d. *net.* THESE TWAIN. THE CARD. THE REGENT: A FIVE TOWNS STORY OF ADVENTURE IN LONDON. THE PRICE OF LOVE. BURIED ALIVE. A MAN FROM THE NORTH. WHOM GOD HATH JOINED. A GREAT MAN: A FROLIC. MR. PROHACK. *All 7s. 6d. net.* THE MATADOR OF THE FIVE TOWNS, 6s. *net.*

Birmingham (George A.)—

SPANISH GOLD. THE SEARCH PARTY. THE BAD TIMES. UP, THE REBELS! THE LOST LAWYER. THE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER. FOUND MONEY. *All 7s. 6d. net.* INISHERNY, 8s. 6d. *net.*

Brandon (John G.)—THE BIG HEART. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

Burtoughs (Edgar Rice)—

THE RETURN OF TARZAN, 6s. *net.* THE BEASTS OF TARZAN, 6s. *net.* THE SON OF TARZAN, 6s. *net.* JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN, 6s. *net.* TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR, 6s. *net.* TARZAN THE UNTAMED, 7s. 6d. *net.* TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION, 3s. 6d. *net.* A PRINCESS OF MARS, 6s. *net.* THE GODS OF MARS, 6s. *net.* THE WARLORD OF MARS, 6s. *net.* THUVIA, MAID OF MARS, 6s. *net.* TARZAN THE TERRIBLE, 2s. 6d. *net.* THE MUCKER, 6s. *net.* THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL, 6s. *net.* THE CHESSMEN OF MARS, 7s. 6d. *net.* AT THE EARTH'S CORE, 7s. 6d. *net.*

net. PELLUCIDAR, 7s. 6d. *net.* THE GIRL FROM HOLLYWOOD, 7s. 6d. *net.*

Conrad (Joseph)—

A SET OF SIX, 7s. 6d. *net.* VICTORY: AN ISLAND TALE. THE SECRET AGENT: A SIMPLE TALE. UNDER WESTERN EYES. CHANCE. *All 9s. net.* Also Uniform Edition. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net each.*

Corelli (Marie)—

A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS, 7s. 6d. *net.* VENDETTA: or, The Story of One Forgotten, 7s. 6d. *net.* THELMA: A Norwegian Princess, 7s. 6d. *net.* ARDATH: The Story of a Dead Self, 7s. 6d. *net.* THE SOUL OF LILITH, 7s. 6d. *net.* WORKWOOD: A Drama of Paris, 7s. 6d. *net.* BARABBAS: A Dream of the World's Tragedy, 7s. 6d. *net.* THE SORROWS OF SATAN, 7s. 6d. *net.* THE MASTER-CHRISTIAN, 7s. 6d. *net.* TEMPORAL POWER: A Study in Supremacy, 6s. *net.* GOD'S GOOD MAN: A Simple Love Story, 7s. 6d. *net.* HOLY ORDERS: The Tragedy of a Quiet Life, 8s. 6d. *net.* THE MIGHTY ATOM, 7s. 6d. *net.* BOY: A Sketch, 7s. 6d. *net.* CAMEROS, 6s. *net.* THE LIFE EVERLASTING, 8s. 6d. *net.* THE LOVE OF LONG AGO, AND OTHER STORIES, 7s. 6d. *net.* INNOCENT, 7s. 6d. *net.* THE SECRET POWER: A Romance of the Time, 6s. *net.* LOVE—AND THE PHILOSOPHER: A Study in Sentiment, 6s. *net.* Also Uniform Edition. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net each.*

Hichens (Robert)—

FELIX: Three Years in a Life, 7s. 6d. net.
 THE WOMAN WITH THE FAN, 7s. 6d. net.
 THE GARDEN OF ALLAH, 8s. 6d. net. THE
 CALL OF THE BLOOD, 8s. 6d. net. THE
 DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD, 7s. 6d.
 net. THE WAY OF AMBITION, 7s. 6d. net.
 IN THE WILDERNESS, 7s. 6d. net. AFTER
 THE VERDICT, 7s. 6d. net.

Hope (Anthony)—

A CHANGE OF AIR. A MAN OF MARK.
 SIMON DALE. THE KING'S MIRROR.
 THE DOLLY DIALOGUES. MRS. MAXON
 PROTESTS. A YOUNG MAN'S YEAR.
 BEAUMAROT HOME FROM THE WAR.
 All 7s. 6d. net.

Jacobs (W. W.)—

MANY CARGOES, 5s. net. SEA URCHINS, 5s.
 net and 3s. 6d. net. A MASTER OF CRAFT,
 6s. net. LIGHT FREIGHTS, 6s. net. THE
 SKIPPER'S WOOING, 5s. net. AT SUN-
 WICH FORT, 5s. net. DIALSTONE LANE,
 5s. net. ODD CRAFT, 5s. net. THE LADY
 OF THE BARGE, 5s. net. SALTHAVEN, 6s.
 net. SAILORS' KNOTS, 5s. net. SHORT
 CRUISES, 6s. net.

Knox (R. A.)—

MEMORIES OF THE FUTURE, 7s. 6d. net.
 SANCTIONS: A FRIVOLITY, 7s. 6d. net.

London (Jack)—WHITE FANG. *Nineteenth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.**Lucas (E. V.)—**

LISTENER'S LURE: An Oblique Narration,
 6s. net. OVER BEMERTON'S: An Easy-
 going Chronicle, 6s. net. MR. INGLESIDE,
 6s. net. LONDON LAVENDER, 6s. net.
 LANDMARKS, 6s. net. THE VERMILION
 BOX, 6s. net. VERENA IN THE MIDST,
 8s. 6d. net. ROSE AND ROSE, 6s. net.
 GENEVRA'S MONEY, 7s. 6d. net. ADVISORY
 BEN, 7s. 6d. net.

McKenna (Stephen)—

SONIA: Between Two Worlds, 8s. net.
 NINETY-SIX HOURS' LEAVE, 7s. 6d. net.
 THE SIXTH SENSE, 6s. net. MIDAS & SON,
 8s. net.

Malet (Lucas)—

THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD CALMADY:
 A ROMANCE, 10s. net. THE CARISSIMA.
 THE GATELESS BARRIER. DEADHAM
 HARD. COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE, All
 7s. 6d. net. THE WAGES OF SIN, 8s. net.

Mason (A. E. W.). CLEMENTINA. Illustrated. *Ninth Edition.* 7s. 6d. net.**Milne (A. A.)—**

THE DAY'S PLAY. THE HOLIDAY ROUND.
 ONCE A WEEK. All 7s. 6d. net. THE
 SUNNY SIDE, 6s. net. Also Uniform
 Edition. *Fcap.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. net each. THE
 RED HOUSE MYSTERY, 6s. net.

Oxenham (John)—

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN ROSE. MARY
 ALL-ALONE, 7s. 6d. net.

Parker (Gilbert)—

THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE. WHEN
 VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC: The Story of
 a Lost Napoleon. AN ADVENTURER OF THE
 NORTH: The Last Adventures of "Pretty
 Pierre." THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY. THE
 BATTLE OF THE STRONG: A Romance of Two
 Kingdoms. THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD.
 NORTHERN LIGHTS. All 7s. 6d. net. THE
 JUDGMENT HOUSE, 3s. 6d. net.

Phillpotts (Eden)—

CHILDREN OF THE MIST. THE RIVER.
 THE HUMAN BOY AND THE WAR. All
 7s. 6d. net.

Richmond (Grace S.)—

FOURSQUARE. A COURT OF INQUIRY.
 RUFUS. All 7s. 6d. net.

Rohmer (Sax)—

THE GOLDEN SCORPION, 7s. 6d. net. THE
 DEVIL DOCTOR. THE MYSTERY OF DR.
 FU-MANCHU. THE YELLOW CLAW. All
 3s. 6d. net.

Swinnerton (F.). SHOPS AND HOUSES.
 SEPTEMBER. THE HAPPY FAMILY. ON
 THE STAIRCASE. COQUETTE. THE CHASTE
 WIFE. THE THREE LOVERS. All 7s. 6d.
 net. THE MERRY HEART. THE CASEMENT.
 THE YOUNG IDEA. All 6s. net.

Wells (H. G.). BEALBY. *Fourth Edition.*
Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Williamson (Mrs. C. N.). NAME THE
 WOMAN. *Crown* 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Williamson (C. N. and A. M.)—

THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR: The Strange
 Adventures of a Motor-Car. LADY BETTY
 ACROSS THE WATER. IT HAPPENED IN
 EGYPT. THE SHOP GIRL. MY FRIEND
 THE CHAUFFEUR. SET IN SILVER. THE
 GREAT PEARL SECRET. All 7s. 6d. net.
 CRUCIFIX CORNER, 6s. net.

Wodehouse (P. G.). BILL THE CON-
 QUEROR. *Crown* 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Methuen's Half-Crown Novels

Crown 8vo.

Cheap Editions of many of the most Popular Novels of the day

Methuen's Two-Shilling Novels

Fcap. 8vo.

Write for Complete Lists

