

The
ROYAL MANOR:
of
RICHMOND . . .
with
Petersham, Ham & Kew.



To James Hill with best wishes
from the Artist & Author.

Arthur G. Bell.
Nancy Bell.

Christmas 1907.

THE ROYAL MANOR

OF

RICHMOND





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RICHMOND

With Petersham, Ham and Kew

By GEORGE BELL

Author of "The Royal Manors of Richmond, Petersham, Ham and Kew"

"The Royal Manors of Richmond, Petersham, Ham and Kew"

RICHMOND PARK, WITH PEN PONDS AND THE
WHITE LODGE.

With Ten Illustrations in Colour

BY
ARTHUR G. BELL

Member of the Institute of Oil Painters

London:

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BY

Mrs. ARTHUR G. BELL

Author of "Nuremberg," "Picturesque Brittany,"
"The Saints in Christian Art," "Pierre," &c.

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To

SIR MAX WAECHTER, D.L., J.P.,

IN RECOGNITION OF

HIS GENEROSITY TO RICHMOND,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR AND ARTIST.

ERRATA.

Page 30, line 6—for “*who*” read “*whose son was.*”

„ 82 „ 24—for “*military*” read “*botanical.*”

„ 82 „ 25—for “*Demetrius Charles*” read “*George Simonds.*”

„ 82 „ 26—after “*Charles Dickens*” read “*junior.*”

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

THE following are among the books which have been consulted in the preparation of the "Royal Manor of Richmond, with Petersham, Ham and Kew":—

- "The Victoria History of the County of Surrey," edited by H. G. Malden.
- "Old Court Customs and Modern Court Rule," by the Honourable Mrs. Armytage.
- "Debrett's Dictionary of the Coronation."
- "Ham House, its History and Art Treasures," by Mrs. Charles Roundell.
- "The History and Antiquities of Richmond, Kew, Petersham and Ham," by E. Beresford Chancellor, B.A., F.R.H.S., F.C.S.
- "Richmond and Its Inhabitants from the Olden Time," by Richard Crisp.
- "Architectural Remains of Richmond, Twickenham, Kew, Petersham and Mortlake," by Thomas R. Way, with Notes by Frederick Chapman.
- "Handbook to the Environs of London," by James Thorne, F.S.A.
- "A Short History of Renaissance Architecture in England," by Reginald Blomfield, A.R.A., M.A., F.S.A.
- "Richmond Park: Extracts from the Records of Parliament and of the Corporation of London," by Sir Thomas J. Nelson Knight.
- "Richmond," by Dr. Garnett, C.B., LL.D.
- "Recollections of Richmond," by Somers T. Gascoyne, J.P.
- "Richmond and its Vicinity," by John Evans, LL.D.
- "The Illustrated Guide to Richmond and the Thames," by Democritus Dart.
- "The Richmond Vestry: Notes on its History and Operations from 1614 to 1890," by Charles Burt.
- "Reports made in 1894 by order of the House of Commons to the Charity Commissioners on the Endowments in Kew, Petersham and Richmond."

NANCY BELL.

St. George's, Richmond,
December, 1907.

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CHAPTER I.

THE ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE OF SHEEN AND THE PALACE OF HENRY VII.



SO much has already been written in praise of Richmond on the Hill that it would at first sight appear almost impossible to say anything fresh on a subject so hackneyed, yet it is none the less true that volumes would be needed to voice but a portion of the beautiful thoughts its glorious views, its fine reach of the river and the sylvan scenery of its park have inspired in the inarticulate, or to interpret in words the rest, the refreshment and the healing its varied charms have brought to many a worn and weary spirit. For it is not only those who love Richmond for the sake of its thrilling memories of days gone by, and who recognise, in spite of all the changes time has wrought, the continuity of the present with the past; not only the wealthy leisured classes who in the summer flock from far and near to enjoy the prospect from the hill and to disport themselves in pleasure craft on the river, bringing with them their own atmosphere of luxury; or the unnumbered crowds of humbler folk who on Bank holidays risk their lives in boats they cannot manage, or picnic on the towing-path and in the park, to whom the lovely neighbourhood is an unfailing source of delight, but also to the endless succession of more or less permanent residents, the very poorest of whom take a personal pride in its beauties, the consciousness of which forms a kind of luminous background to the often dreary routine of their daily lives.

It is those who live in or near Richmond all the year

round who fall most completely under its spell, for they learn to love the river in its sombre as well as its cheerful moods; they are never weary of watching the happy children playing on the terrace and in the meadows by the water, nor does the pleasure ever pall on them of wandering in the peaceful park, the calm of the outlying portions of which, only broken now and then by the swift passage of a few riders, is but intensified by the occasional rush of traffic along the main roads. The inhabitants who know how to turn their opportunities to account may study nature there as undisturbed as in many remote country districts; they may learn the ways of the beautiful red and fallow deer, noting the selfish absorption of the bucks in their own ease, and the noble devotion to their young of the does, who, timid though they be, will sometimes combine to do to death an intruder in their nurseries. Lovers of flowers can gather quite a variety of specimens, such as the bedstraw, potentilla, eyebright, harebell, hyacinth and bell heather; whilst those who delight in birds can listen to the harsh cry of the heron, the yaffle of the woodpecker, and in the spring to the resonant call of the cuckoo, the soft cooing of the wood-pigeon, the reedy love notes of the nightingale, the reiterated prelude of the missel thrush, and the cheerful twitter of many other songsters, for to all of them the park is a paradise of security, though now and then a hint of tragedy is given by the appearance of a kestrel poised in the air above, ready to claim a victim from amongst the unwary.

It was, of course inevitable, that during the growth of the picturesque riverside village of Sheen into the thriving, populous town of Richmond, many fair landmarks and noteworthy ancient buildings should be swept away, but in spite of all that it has lost, it still retains and will keep for all time, a very distinct individuality of its own, for, thanks to the enlightened liberality of certain generous residents, there is no longer any fear of the glorious view from the terrace, which is its chief pride, being shut out,

nor is it at all likely that the King or his future successors will use the right as owners of the park of excluding the public from it. So long as these two unique features, with the scarcely less characteristic Green, Old Deer Park and remains of the Royal Palace, are preserved, Richmond will hold unchallenged her proud position of being alike the most beautifully situated and historically interesting of all the once independent settlements, that have during the last half century, become indissolubly linked with the ever-growing, all-absorbing metropolis.

It is impossible to determine exactly why the hamlet that was the predecessor of Richmond should have been called Sheen, for the long-accepted theory that it was because of its exceptional beauty, the Anglo-Saxon word *Syenes* from which it is derived, signifying shining or gleaming, being quite untenable. The group of huts at Sheen, inhabited by poor fishermen who got a precarious living from selling the spoils of the river, and ferrying occasional passengers across to the Middlesex side, can have differed but little from similar settlements up and down stream, which at high tide were often almost under water, and at other times were surrounded by mud flats with nothing specially attractive about them. Neither can the date of the foundation of Sheen be fixed with any certainty, although the discovery some fifty years ago of the remains of piles, bronze spear-heads and fragments of pottery in the river bed a little below the Old Deer Park, points to the conclusion that there was a riverine village near the site of Richmond in early Saxon, perhaps even in Roman, times. However that may be, Sheen did not emerge from obscurity until long after the Conquest. There is no mention of it in *Doomsday book*, so far as can be ascertained it took no part in the long struggle between the invaders and invaded, and for several centuries it remained a dependency of the more important *Kingston-on-Thames*, which had enjoyed the distinction of belonging to the Crown from the days of Alfred the Great. That there was

a manor house at Sheen, on the banks of the river, where the Palace afterwards stood, at the beginning of the twelfth century is, however, proved by the fact that Henry I. resided there for a short time about 1126, and it may possibly have been there that he welcomed home his widowed daughter Matilda, who, on the death of her husband, Henry V. of Germany, had returned to England to take up the position of heiress-apparent of her father's kingdom, her only brother having been drowned at sea in 1120.

Before his death Henry I. granted the Manor of Sheen to Michael Belet, the then holder of the hereditary office of chief cup-bearer to the King, and except for a brief interval when it was confiscated in punishment for some offence committed by its owner, it appears to have remained in the possession of the same family for more than a century. About 1230, however, the estate was divided between two sisters, Emma and Alice Belet, joint heiresses of their uncle, John Belet, the elder of whom parted with her share to Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, from whom it was purchased by Robert Burnell, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who later acquired the remainder from John de Valletort who had married Alice Belet. At the time of the division the property was valued at about sixteen pounds, Emma's portion comprising 200 acres of arable and 16 of meadow land, with a pasture worth three shillings and a free fishery, whilst that of Alice contained 220 acres of arable and 13 of meadow land, with a pasture on an islet of the Thames called the Winyard, worth one shilling, which may possibly have been that later known as Lot Ait, but long since submerged, one of a number of islands, such as the one between Petersham Ait and the Surrey shore, which have also totally disappeared and must have added greatly to the picturesqueness, though they somewhat impeded the navigation, of the river.

Both of the Belet sisters had also many rent-paying tenants, an incidental proof that by that time Sheen had

become an important settlement, and they also enjoyed various privileges as landowners. The reunited property was granted to a certain Otto Grandison, but apparently when Henry I. gave the manor to Michael Belet in the first instance, he retained a lien on it, for a document is extant in which it is stated that when the owner returned to England in 1274, after four years' absence in the Holy Land, the possession of the Sheen Estate was secured to him by letters patent from Edward I. on condition that he and his heirs after him should pay an annual rent of four shillings and supply two silver cups for use at the Coronation banquet on the accession of a new ruler to the throne of England. The occasion for the fulfilment of the latter clause of the agreement, however, never arose, for about 1320, for what reason it is impossible to ascertain, the Manor of Sheen reverted entirely to the Crown, to which it has ever since belonged, justifying the modern town which has replaced the ancient feudal village, in calling itself Royal Richmond.

During the latter years of his troubled, strenuous life, Edward I. was more than once at Sheen, and it may possibly have been in the comparative peace of his retreat there, that he came to the wise decision of meeting his rebellious barons half way by granting the more important of their demands. However that may be, it was certainly in the old Manor House that he received the Commissioners from Scotland, in 1305, after the execution in London of the noble patriot, Sir William Wallace, whose death will ever be a blot on his memory; and he probably began at Sheen the drawing up of the abortive Constitution of the land he flattered himself he had finally subdued and looked upon as a mere province of England, proving his prophetic astuteness by providing for the representation of his northern subjects in the English Parliament.

There is no positive proof that Edward II. was ever at Sheen, but Edward III. took a great fancy to it, and spent large sums of money in converting the unostentatious residence which had sufficed for his grandfather,

into a palace in which he often held his Court, entertaining many distinguished foreigners with great magnificence. His wife Philippa of Hainault was also much attached to the beautiful riverside home, and there, maybe, were spent the happiest years of the life of the beloved Black Prince, the news of whose death reached his widowed father at Sheen just one year before Edward himself passed away. It was also at Sheen that the King first fell under the baneful influence of Alice Perrers, the unworthy successor in his affections of his noble wife, and there that in 1377, a few days after he had received the French Commissioners who had come to treat for peace, he died, deserted by all his courtiers and attended by but a single priest, whose presence did not deter his rapacious mistress from robbing her dying lover even of the rings upon his fingers.

The dead body of the long-neglected King was taken to London, whether by road or river there is no evidence to prove, to be interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, and soon after the funeral a deputation of the leading citizens of the capital went down to Sheen to announce to the young King Richard II., then only ten years old, his accession to the throne, on which occasion he is said to have forgotten his dignity in his delight, running round the great hall to embrace his guests and kissing them on both cheeks instead of waiting for them to do homage to him. The next day he went forth robed in white, and riding on a white horse, to make his formal entry into his capital, attended by his four uncles and a great retinue of nobles. During his minority Richard was often at Sheen, where his charming manners won all hearts, and it remained his favourite home after his marriage in 1382 to Anne of Bohemia, to whom he was devotedly attached and for whose sake he made many additions to the Palace, entrusting the superintendence of the work to no less a person than Geoffrey Chaucer, who, though he held several similar appointments elsewhere, does not appear to have been a very successful architect. Already

in the prime of life and engaged in the composition of his masterpiece, the "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales," the great genius could ill spare the time to give the necessary attention to details of construction, and he did not long retain his position at Sheen. Exactly when he was dismissed cannot be determined, nor is the name of his successor known, but during his brief connection with the neighbourhood he learned to love it well, and the fact of that connection must ever be a source of pride to Richmond.

Even before the death at Sheen of Queen Anne, in 1394, the clouds that were to darken the remaining years of her husband's life had begun to gather, he had lost his popularity with the people, and the lavish hospitality he dispensed failed to win back for him the confidence and affection he had wantonly thrown away. Again and again, as when on the eve of her last illness she persuaded him to ride with her in procession from Sheen to Westminster to conciliate the angry citizens of London, did his peace-loving consort save him from disaster, but when her restraining influence was gone his doom was practically sealed.

Directly Anne's funeral, to attend which he summoned all the nobles of the land, was over, Richard severed all connection with the Palace at Sheen where he had been so happy with her, and ordered that it should be at once completely destroyed, but he was apparently only partially obeyed, for though the once-loved home was left unoccupied during the rest of his reign and part of that of his successor, falling into decay through neglect, Henry V. lived there for some time when Prince of Wales, and on his accession to the throne he had the old buildings restored and supplemented by new ones, converting the Palace once more into a worthy residence for a King. At Sheen he found rest and refreshment for mind and body in the intervals between his campaigns in France, and there he spent a brief but happy time with his young bride Catherine of France, whom he brought to England to be crowned in 1421, soon

after the signing of the "Treaty of Perpetual Peace," at Troyes, which was to be broken before he had been married two years. Recalled to France by the ill-success of his brother and representative, the Duke of Clarence, Henry V. died at Vincennes in 1422, leaving behind him an infant son of eight months old as heir to a sorely-troubled heritage.

During the long minority of Henry VI. nearly all that his gallant father had gained by his brilliant feats of arms and astute statesmanship was lost, and but for an occasional visit from the boy king the Palace at Sheen was once more deserted. In 1441, however, the Court was in residence there for some weeks, as proved by various documents dated from it, including a warrant to certain sheriffs to give every attention to His Majesty's aunt, Eleanor Duchess of Gloucester, during her progress through the counties under their care, and in 1445 great rejoicings took place at Sheen in honour of the marriage of Henry VI. to Margaret of Anjou. The royal pair were more than once at the Palace together before their troubles began, and it seemed likely that it would be restored to the important position it had held in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry V., but ere long the weakness of purpose which from the first had distinguished Henry VI. increased into absolute inability to manage his own affairs. He became a mere tool in the hands of his strong-minded wife, and was unable to offer any effective resistance to the insidious policy of the rival claimant to the throne, Richard Duke of York.

It was practically as a prisoner that the unfortunate King, who had been declared insane by his physicians, was taken to Sheen in 1454, and it was from that compulsory retreat that he went forth in 1455, after his partial recovery, to the fatal field of St. Albans. A year later he was again at Sheen, a broken-hearted and disappointed man, alienated from his wife, who had taken their infant son to Chester, and powerless to keep the peace between her party and that of the duke. Exactly

when the doomed monarch finally left his riverside home it is impossible to say, but it was probably early in 1457, if not before, and it must have added something to the anguish of his duration in the Tower to know that the residence so full of happy and tragic memories to him, had passed into the possession of his supplanter Edward IV. The latter was there for some months in the year that he was proclaimed King, and again in 1465 when the Palace was the scene of much merrymaking, the young monarch being exceedingly fond of pleasure and anxious to appease by his lavish hospitality the anger of his adherents at his secret marriage with Elizabeth Woodville, whose father, the Earl of Rivers, was a staunch Lancastrian.

Many are the stories told of the gay doings at Sheen in celebration of the wedding, when the ladies-in-waiting proved their condonence of Edward's unpopular match by giving his brother-in-law a golden garter embroidered with forget-me-nots, and the bridegroom himself curried favour with his lady guests by his gallant compliments to their charms. Although there is no actual evidence that Edward IV. again held his Court at Sheen, he was probably there occasionally with his wife, for in 1467 he gave the estate to her for her life, and it became her favourite home as well as the nursery of her children. There she more than once received the powerful Earl of Warwick before the reckless conduct of her husband finally alienated the man to whom he owed his throne. There, too, rumours must often have reached her of the wrongs done to her as a wife, and it may possibly have been at Sheen that she heard of the victories of Barnet and Tewkesbury, which apparently made her position as mother of the heir-apparent of England secure, but were really the prelude to the great tragedy of her life.

On the death of Edward, whom Elizabeth had long ceased to love, she hoped to regain something of her old influence at Court during the minority of her eldest son, then a boy of thirteen, but she was still at Sheen waiting for the summons to the capital when he and his brother were

murdered in the Tower. Richard III. seems to have allowed the widowed queen to remain unmolested at Sheen, and she was still there when he met the just reward of his many crimes at the Battle of Bosworth, but to her great surprise and discomfiture Henry VII., who was already betrothed to her eldest daughter, so that she felt she had a special claim on him, was no sooner safely established on the throne, than he confiscated her property and ordered her to withdraw to a convent at Bermondsey where she remained until her death. With this high-handed measure the first period of the history of Sheen may be said to have closed, for the King, who was the second Earl of Richmond, in Yorkshire, at once determined to change its name to that of his hereditary estate, and set to work to add to the already extensive buildings of the Palace several lavishly-decorated suites of apartments, filling in the moat that had surrounded Henry V.'s residence to make room for them, and adding considerably to the royal pleasure grounds.

Henceforth the fortunes of Richmond were closely bound up with those of the Tudor Dynasty, its name appearing constantly in State documents, so that its history can be very clearly traced. It was at Richmond that Henry VII. held a Council of War when the insurrection, headed by Lambert Simnel, who pretended that he was the son of the murdered Duke of Clarence, broke out in Ireland in 1487, and there a little later the young Earl of Warwick, whom Simnel had personated, was brought a prisoner to be cross-examined as to his supposed complicity in the plot. In 1488 the king's sister-in-law, Anne, the youngest daughter of Edward IV., was for some months a guest in Richmond Palace, and it was perhaps in it that she became betrothed to her future husband, Thomas Lord Howard, eldest son of the Earl of Surrey. During the next few years many grand tournaments were held in the Palace grounds and on the Green adjoining them, at one of which, that of 1492, an unfortunate knight, Sir James Parker, was slain by his adversary, Hugh



THE END OF THE WORLD





Vaughan, a gentleman usher, because, according to the sixteenth century chronicler, John Stow, who was probably quoting an eye-witness, he wore "a false helmet which, by force of ye Cronacle fayled and so he was striken into the mouth, that his tongue was borne into the hinder part of his head and so he died incontinently," proving that the single combats in which the nobility and gentry of the time delighted were no mere child's play.

In 1497 or 1499, historians differ as to the exact date, Richmond Palace was almost entirely destroyed by fire, but the king lost no time in having it rebuilt in a far grander style than before, taking as his model, it is said, the recent additions to Westminster Abbey, and including in the new structure the somewhat unusual feature of a spacious library. The latest phase of Gothic architecture was then at the very zenith of its popularity, and the restored Palace, with its high-pitched roofs, finely grouped stacks of chimneys and numerous bay-windows which were first extensively used in it, must have been one of the very finest examples of the style in existence, before it was surpassed by Cardinal Wolsey's grand creation at Hampton Court. Only two years after the fire Henry VII. was back again at Richmond, and there in 1501 the contract of marriage between his eldest son Prince Arthur and Katherine of Aragon, that was later to have such disastrous results for the bride, was solemnly signed in the presence of a distinguished assembly of guests. The wedding took place in November of the same year, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and great festivities were held in honour of it on Richmond Green, a certain acrobat specially distinguishing himself by his agility, delighting the King's grace and the noble company who, after the departure of the newly-wedded pair, had betaken themselves to the royal residence by the river, which even at that inclement season evidently retained its fascination for them.

In 1502 another contract of marriage took place at Richmond, that between the young King James IV.,

of Scotland, and Henry's eldest daughter Margaret, which was ultimately to lead to the peaceful union between the two countries that had been so long at war. Unfortunately the rejoicings over this happy event were soon cut short by the untimely death of Prince Arthur, soon after which, to everyone's surprise, the King lent his beloved palace at Richmond to his widowed daughter-in-law, for whom unkind Court gossip whispered he cherished a stronger affection than was altogether fitting, an aspersion that was apparently to some extent justified when, a few months after the death of his wife, he made proposals of marriage to Katherine, though her very large dowry was probably the real attraction.

In the privy purse accounts of the King's and Queen's expenditure at Richmond, the year before they withdrew in favour of Katherine of Aragon, are a number of items that throw a significant side light on their tastes and habits. Henry, for instance, paid on one occasion no less than fifty-six pounds to a Frenchman for certain books and six pounds for two volumes called the "Gardyn of Health"; whilst Elizabeth gave a shilling to my Lord of York's fool, appropriately called John Goose; three shillings and fourpence to William Cromer, gentleman usher, to be offered on her behalf after High Mass on Easter Day; eightpence to each of twenty-one rowers who conveyed Her Grace from Richmond to Greenwich; five shillings as an offering to Our Lady of Plewe; eightpence to a certain Edmund Calvert for fetching bonnets from London; thirteen and fourpence to a surgeon for coming from London to see her; and one and fourpence to a needle-woman, being eightpence a day for making a gown of crimson satin, the last two fees contrasting indeed greatly with what would nowadays be exacted by a fashionable doctor or dressmaker.

Henry VII. does not appear to have left Katherine long in undisturbed possession of her retreat at Richmond, for during the few remaining years of his life he was constantly there with his Court. The position of the young widow

seems indeed to have been a very melancholy one, for it was her fate to be courted not for her own sake, but for that of her dowry, and even from it no personal advantage accrued to her, as proved by the fact that in letters to her father that have been preserved, she complained bitterly of the straits to which she was put for want of money, declaring that she had had to sell some of her jewellery to buy a new dress. In 1504 high revel was held at Richmond to celebrate her betrothal to her thirteen years old brother-in-law, the future Henry VIII., a union against which she protested in vain, pleading that she did not want to marry another Englishman. The actual ceremony was performed in London at the Bishop of Salisbury's residence, but Katherine returned to Richmond soon after it, and resided there until the death of Henry VII.

In 1506 a second fire occurred in the Palace, originating in the bedroom of the King, from which he is said to have escaped only just in time to save his life. Fortunately, very little damage was done to the rest of the building, but the accident was made the excuse for fresh expenditure, so that when, after making his will, in which he several times referred to Richmond, Henry VII. passed peacefully away in the home for which he had done so much, that home with its long, irregular façade, its many turrets and cupolas, its massive archways and lancet-headed windows must have presented a very imposing, if not an altogether harmonious, appearance.

Very impressive must have been the scene when the body of the King, clad in royal robes and followed by a long retinue of nobles, was carried first to the Great Hall, there to rest for three days, and thence to the richly-decorated Chapel to lie in state for another three days before the high altar, after which it was taken by land to the beautiful but still unfinished Chantry in Westminster Abbey bearing the name of Henry VII., though it did not assume its present appearance until long after his death.

CHAPTER II.

THE LATER HISTORY OF RICHMOND PALACE



HE funeral of his father over, Henry VIII. lost no time in taking possession of Richmond Palace, where his *fiancée* was awaiting him, full, no doubt, of anxiety as to the treatment she would receive from him now that his position was so much altered. On this interesting subject, however, historians are silent, though they dwell much on the quantities of treasure the young King found in the vaults beneath the royal residence, accumulated there by his predecessor, who had jealously kept the keys of his underground storehouse on his own person. Possibly this unexpected discovery of wealth may have paved the way for Henry's early marriage with Katherine, the second half of whose dowry of 200,000 crowns had not yet been paid. In any case, the bridegroom's haste in consummating his union with his first wife gives the lie to the oft-repeated assertion that he never really cared for her, for young though he was, his self-will was already too strong for him to have done anything he did not fancy.

Part of the honeymoon of the newly-married pair was spent at Richmond, and on New Year's Day, 1511, their first child, a boy, was born there, who, had he lived, would probably have saved his mother from the mortification of being repudiated, and have altered the whole course of the future history of his native land. All England hailed with wild enthusiasm the birth of an heir to the throne, and at Richmond the excitement over the happy event knew no bounds, making the reaction all the greater when six weeks later the child on whom so much depended died. The

disappointed father is said to have looked upon the sad event as a judgment from Heaven for his marriage to his brother's widow, but the probability is that this view of the matter was a much later afterthought, for he had then no reason to doubt that Katherine might bear him another son, which, as a matter of fact she did in 1514, though he, too, lived but a short time.

After the interment of their first-born child in Westminster Abbey, Henry and Katherine were for some years seldom at Richmond, but when the memory of their bereavement there became less vivid, they often held their Court in the Palace, receiving there in 1523 the handsome and generous, but extravagant, young Emperor, Charles V. of Germany, who had come to England, ostensibly for his betrothal to their little daughter Mary, then only seven years old, but really to strengthen his alliance with the King against France. The betrothal, which was celebrated with great pomp at Windsor, never came to anything, nor does it appear that Charles ever paid the 500,000 crowns he undertook to forfeit if he failed to carry out his engagement. The people of Richmond long remembered his visit, for so great was the number of his retainers that the Palace could not accommodate them, and they were quartered wherever room could be found for them in the neighbourhood. That same year the King, evidently with a view to making a little money out of his riverside estate, leased it to Massey Villiard and Thomas Brampton for a term of thirty years, at a rent of twenty-three pounds eight shillings per annum, but for all that he seems to have looked upon it as still entirely his own, for in 1526 he lent it to Cardinal Wolsey, whom he had compelled, much to that minister's disgust, to give to him his newly-completed mansion at Hampton Court.

Wolsey was not long allowed to enjoy the rest he so much needed and to secure which he had spent so much money on his beloved Middlesex home. The common people, it is said, bitterly resented his occupation of the Palace, and a saying went the

round, "Soe a butcher's dogge doth lie in the Mannor of Richmond," proving that the now discredited story, that the great Cardinal was the son of a butcher, was current during his life-time. The resentment increased when Wolsey, whose fall was now near at hand, celebrated Christmas with greater pomp at Richmond than his master did at Eltham, but for all that Henry was his minister's guest at the former place in 1528, on which occasion a magnificent fête was held on St. George's Day, when all the Companions of the Order of the Garter met in the Chapel. A year later, although his doom was already sealed, and he had been deprived of all his offices, Wolsey once more repaired to Richmond Palace, hoping, perhaps, that he would be allowed to end his days there in peace; but he soon received an angry message from the King ordering him to leave at once, and he sadly withdrew to the Lodge in what is now known as the Old Deer Park, but was then within the precincts of the Monastery of Jesus of Bethlehem, the history of which is given below.

During the struggle with Rome which succeeded Wolsey's death, Henry VIII. was several times at Richmond, as proved by various details of his privy purse expenditure, such as fees paid to watermen, ferrymen and gardeners, but the Court was not in residence there for any length of time whilst Anne Boleyn was Queen. The doomed wife seems, however, to have been there in 1535, a letter from her to a certain Dr. Crome "given," she says, "under our signet at my Lord's Manor of Richmond," having been preserved; but whether her husband and infant daughter Elizabeth were with her does not appear. On the fatal 19th of May in the following year, her rival Jane Seymour is said to have awaited at Richmond in the house, the site of which cannot be determined, of Sir George and Lady Carew, the news that her rival's death had set the King free to avow his secret marriage with her, which had taken place the day before. The newly-wedded pair spent their first and last Christmas together in the Palace, for in October, 1537, Henry's third wife died at

Hampton Court, twelve days after the birth of her son Edward VI.

The King, who really seems to have loved Jane Seymour, though had she lived he would probably soon have tired of her, avoided both Richmond and Hampton Court Palaces during his brief interval of widowhood, and after his divorce from Anne of Cleves he granted her the former for her life. The "Dutch Cow," as her unwilling bridegroom had called her, was very pleased with her new abode and settled down in it with great content, relieved, probably, that all danger of her sharing the fate of Anne Boleyn had been averted from the first. More than once she entertained the King at Richmond with lavish hospitality, pandering to his weaknesses with such success that a rumour spread abroad that he had fallen in love with her and was the father of a boy born to her at Richmond; but his marriage to Catherine Howard in 1540 soon dissipated this absurd report, though two of Anne's servants were punished for aiding in starting it by being sent to the Tower.

Neither Catherine Howard nor Catherine Parr were ever at Richmond, both of them having preferred Hampton Court as a residence, and Anne of Cleves was left in undisturbed possession of the Palace until the accession of Edward VI., who at once gave instructions that she should vacate it for him; but very much to his disappointment his doctors would not allow him to live there long at a time, declaring that Hampton Court was healthier. Certain letters from the self-elected Protector, the Duke of Somerset, are dated from Richmond, and on July 8th, 1549, Edward himself wrote from the Palace there promising pardon under certain conditions to the Catholic rebels of Devon and Cornwall. In June, 1550, the King was at Richmond for a short time, witnessing there the marriage of Somerset's daughter, the Lady Anne Seymour, to Lord Lisle, and of the unfortunate Amy Robsart to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. In July of the same year, as noted in his diary, Edward made the

raging of the sweating sickness in London the excuse for withdrawing "with a great band of gentlemen" to Richmond, remaining there apparently until the autumn, when he received in the Great Hall the French Ambassador, Marshal St. André, sent by Henri II. to invest him with the Order of St. Michael, for which service the envoy received the princely reward of a purse containing £3,000 and a diamond ring worth another £150, which his host took off his own finger to present to him.

A significant light is thrown upon the customs of the Court in the reign of the gentle monarch, whose courteous manners are said to have won all hearts, by the description in his Journal of the hanging of a live goose on two cross posts for the courtiers to strive who should be the first to cut off the unfortunate bird's head; whilst certain entries in the account book of the Princess Mary when she was her brother's guest at Richmond, prove that gambling was a winter amusement, for one December she lost no less than eight pounds at cards in a single week, a large sum for those days. Other items of an earlier date in the same record of expenditure reveal that even during her father's life-time, and when she was heiress-apparent of the kingdom in Edward's reign, the princess was expected to meet her own expenses at Richmond, for on one occasion she paid two pounds to a certain William Allen for two sheep killed by her pet greyhounds, and on another two shillings and sixpence to a fisherman named Perys for some roach.

The last three years of the young King's troubled life were spent entirely away from his beloved home at Richmond, but his sister Mary was at the Palace soon after her accession, as proved by letters written by her in August, 1553, to the Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge, and it was there in February, 1554, that the news reached her of Sir Thomas Wyatt's threatened attack on London, when she at once hastened to the capital. Her courage and decision soon quelled the rebellion; its leader was taken prisoner and executed on April 11th of the same year, and

it seemed likely that the victory would win for the Queen permanent popularity, but unfortunately she stained her triumph by making it the excuse for the judicial murder of the innocent but unfortunate Lady Jane Grey and her husband Lord Guildford Dudley, who with the father of the former, who had really been involved in the plot, were beheaded on Tower Hill. Soon after this triple tragedy Mary still further alienated her subjects by imprisoning her sister Elizabeth in the Tower and by her engagement to the bigoted Roman Catholic Philip II. of Spain, making the final arrangements for the marriage at Richmond, where she also passed part of her honeymoon, doing her best by all manner of sumptuous entertainments to win the approbation of her gloomy husband, who from the first made no secret of his want of affection for her. The next few months were perhaps the happiest of Mary's life: she was united to the man she loved, and she had won for her country reconciliation with the Pope, whose devoted adherent she was. As time went on, however, and she realised that Philip did not care for her, and that she was not likely to become a mother, she became embittered, the beautiful home at Richmond was converted into a prison for the Princess Elizabeth, and the savage persecution of the Protestants which won for the Queen the name of Bloody Mary began. Bishops Ridley and Latimer, Archbishop Cranmer and many others less celebrated, were burnt at the stake, and though there were no executions in Richmond itself, a gloom was thrown over the once bright and merry village by the awful scenes that took place in the neighbourhood, no less than thirty victims having perished in the flames in Surrey alone, during the second, third and fourth years of the disastrous reign.

In spite of the restrictions to which she was subjected by her stern gaoler Sir Henry Bedingfield, the Princess Elizabeth found Richmond Palace a very pleasant change from the Tower. She had come to her new prison by water, and when she alighted from her barge she expressed herself delighted with the general aspect of the place. She would,

she declared, gladly remain there till her sister should choose to restore her freedom, but for this very reason, perhaps, she was soon removed to Woodstock, Mary hoping by rigorous measures to induce her to renounce her religion. It is said that Elizabeth was promised, whilst at Richmond, liberty and a liberal dowry if she would give up all claim to the throne and marry the Duke of Suffolk, but she remained firm in her refusal, though when she realised from certain hints thrown out by her attendants at Woodstock, that her very life was in danger, she temporised by pretending to have become a Catholic. This deception restored her for a time to Mary's fickle favour, and in 1557 she was the Queen's guest at Richmond, when a magnificent open-air fête was given in her honour.

A richly-decorated State barge was sent to fetch the Princess from London, and in it, seated beneath an embroidered awning with her ladies-in-waiting and the officers of her household grouped behind her, she made a slow and dignified progress up stream, escorted by a whole fleet of boats containing her servants. Mary herself went down the river steps to meet her guest, and the sisters walked up through the gardens, chatting amicably together, as if there had never been any quarrel between them. A grand banquet, of which the central feature was a pomegranate tree worked in confectionery, was served, not as usual in the Great Hall of the Palace, but in a pavilion of the form of a castle, made of cloth of gold and violet velvet, embroidered in gold and silver with the arms of England and Spain. Possibly Queen Mary may even then have had a presentiment of her approaching end, and have felt that as there was no longer any hope of her leaving a son to succeed her on the throne, she might as well die in peace with her heir. However that may be, Elizabeth returned to London in the evening greatly charmed with the reception that had been accorded her, the long procession of brilliantly lighted boats forming her escort presenting a charming picture as it gradually receded from view.

Only once more, in August, 1558, was Queen Mary at Richmond, and this time there were no gay doings, for already the illness which was to prove fatal in November of the same year had begun. Several letters written during this last visit, including one to the Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, have a pathetic interest, and in Dulwich College is treasured up an interesting memorandum of the salaries enjoyed by the officers of the Queen's household at Richmond, showing that the Keeper of the Library received ten pounds, the Keeper of the Wardrobe nine pounds two shillings and sixpence, and the Keeper of the House the same sum, the last named, however, combining with his domestic duties the charge of the garden and park, being paid for his care of them a further sum of eight pounds two shillings and fourpence, no very liberal reward for the onerous duties connected with the keeping up of the extensive estate.

Nowhere was the relief at the death of Mary and the accession of Elizabeth greater than at Richmond, which, with the rest of England, had suffered terribly from the gloomy bigotry of the suffering and disappointed Queen during the last few months of her life. From the first the new ruler showed a great predilection for the Palace there, preferring it even to Hampton Court, which held the second place in her affections. The Thames between the two royal residences and between Richmond and London became the scene of a succession of gorgeous pageants, and a new era of prosperity set in for riverside Surrey, the whole population sharing in the benefits accruing from the constant passing to and fro of the Court. Elizabeth was now only twenty-five years old, and the chief desire of her subjects was that she should marry and give them an heir to the throne. She herself appeared nothing loath to meet their wishes, and a constant state of excitement and expectation was kept up by her successive receptions of the suitors for her hand. For these receptions, and also for what may be called her

unofficial flirtations, she evidently considered Richmond an excellent field, for throughout her long reign she was constantly there, playing off her lovers against each other, to the great entertainment of the lookers-on, like any village coquette to the very end of her life. To Richmond in the early part of her rule came the gallant but flighty young King Eric XIV. of Sweden, to whom, though she never meant to marry him, she was so gracious that he is said to have fallen madly in love with her. She even introduced him to her favourite astrologer, Dr. Dee, who was then living at Mortlake, and the story goes that that astute soothsayer was in the pay of the ardent lover as well as of the Queen, privately prophesying smooth things for each, the realisation of which was quite impossible.

The Earl of Leicester and his stepson, the Earl of Essex, to both of whom Elizabeth seems to have been really attached, were constantly in attendance on her at Richmond, and were probably present at the various tournaments held in honour of their royal rivals and of the ambassadors from foreign Courts, to whom for one reason or another the Queen wished to show special favour. In 1564, for instance, she twice received an envoy from her brother-in-law, Philip II. of Spain, who is said to have been in love with her before he married Mary, and in 1581 she accorded a magnificent reception to the representative of the Duc d'Anjou, who came to ask her hand on behalf of his master. By this time her ministers and people were alike becoming weary of the constant negotiations for marriages that never came off; Elizabeth was now forty-eight years of age, and the question of who should be her husband was no longer of vital importance to the realm, but for all that she kept up the farce, behaving as if she were still an attractive young woman, and indulging in her favourite pastime of dancing on every possible occasion. A chief feature of the fête of 1581 was the siege of the so-called "Castele Fortress of Perfect Beauty," supposed to symbolise Her Majesty, which was assailed by a warrior personifying passionate love and his four offspring; and, writing some-

what later, Sir Roger Aston, who had come to Richmond with letters from James VI. of Scotland, declared that whenever he sought an interview with the Queen he was sure to find her dancing merrily, probably, he suggests, with a view to his telling his master that he need not hope to ascend the throne of England yet awhile.

In January, 1587, came an Embassy from Henri of Navarre, the future Henri IV. of France, who would gladly have strengthened his cause by a union with the ruler of England, and in the following month Richmond was the scene of the final act of Elizabeth's long course of cruelty to her ill-fated cousin Mary Stuart, whose death warrant is said to have been signed in the Great Hall of the Palace. Thence, too, were issued in 1588 the Queen's first spirited directions to her fleet and army, when the Spanish Armada was threatening the safety of her kingdom, and to Richmond she withdrew in 1589 to recruit her strength when all danger was over. Again and again during the last few years of her life she was at her beloved Palace by the river, keeping up all her old traditions. Her favourite Essex was hopelessly estranged from her, and the only other two men for whom she had ever really cared—the Earl of Leicester and the Duc d'Alençon—had both passed away; but to the very last she continued to amuse herself by writing love-letters, some of which, including those to Lord Mountjoy, were dated from Richmond. The grave courtiers, who no doubt were laughing in their sleeves at her, gladly fell in with her humour, and the story goes that when she was in her sixty-ninth year she gave a certain William Sydney a kiss as a reward for the grace with which he danced a coranto before her in the Great Hall at Richmond.

In 1593 the Queen halted for some time at Richmond on a progress through Surrey, because the measles and small-pox were raging at Weybridge and Chertsey, and it may perhaps have been on this occasion that Dr. Rudd, Bishop of St. David's, incurred her severe displeasure by a sermon preached in her presence in the private Chapel on the description of old age in Ecclesiastes xii., in which, with

extraordinary want of tact, he pointed the moral by observing that "time had even furrowed Her Majesty's face and besprinkled her hair with meal." Elizabeth is said to have listened to this remarkable discourse with composure, but as soon as it was over she got up, opened a window with her own hands, as if to dispel the impression made on her, and muttering "that the bishop might have kept his arithmetic to himself, and that the greatest of clerks were not always the wisest of men," she withdrew in high dudgeon to her own apartments. A few days later the Queen took occasion to prove that the good bishop, as she ironically called Dr. Rudd, was deceived in supposing her to be decayed in her limbs and senses as others of her age were wont to be, by challenging certain of her courtiers to read an inscription in very small letters on a jewel she produced. As a matter of course they all declared their inability to do so, when Elizabeth told them what the words were, claiming that she could make them out easily, an assertion all present applauded vigorously, none having the courage to suggest that a good memory might have had something to do with her success.

It is said by some authorities to have been at Richmond that Elizabeth received the news of the execution of the Earl of Essex, a tragedy she is popularly supposed to have guarded against by promising him she would forgive him, whatever his guilt, if he sent back to her a ring she had given to him in the happy days before his fall. Although there appears to be really no truth in this tradition, or in the supplementary story that the ring was entrusted to the Countess of Nottingham to be taken to the Queen, but withheld until the former was on her deathbed, when she confessed her crime, the death of the Earl is generally said to have hastened that of his broken-hearted mistress, who survived him for thirteen months only. The last few weeks of her life were spent at Richmond where, on March 24th, 1603, she passed away after great suffering, having before the end caused the ring which had been placed on her finger at her Coronation to be filed off. She was

attended on her death bed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who tried to cheer her by telling her that she had deserved well of Heaven for her devotion to the Protestant cause, but she seems to have taken little comfort from this assurance. The truth appears at last to have dawned upon her that she was but an erring mortal after all, and greatly as the accounts of her last moments differ, all agree in picturing her as a sincere penitent, trusting rather to the mercy of God than to her own merits.

The people of Richmond cherish a belief for which, unfortunately, there is absolutely no foundation, that Queen Elizabeth died in one of the few still existing rooms of Henry VII.'s Palace, that above the only remaining archway, which bears the arms of the Tudor family carved in stone. The story goes that she was taken ill in that room on her way from her private apartments to the chapel, and that cushions were brought for her on which she lay until the end. She refused to allow her attendants to carry her to bed, even when Sir Robert Cecil, who had succeeded his father as Secretary of State, told her she must do so for the sake of her people. The use of the word *must*, which at any other time might have cost the speaker his life, is said on this melancholy occasion only to have amused the dying autocrat, for she replied with a pathetic smile: "Little man, little man! if your father had lived you durst not have said as much, but you know that I must die and that makes you so presumptuous."

Although it was certainly not, as the legend further asserts, from the window of this ancient apartment, which is really little more than a passage, that Lady Scrope, who was one of the Queen's maids-of-honour, dropped the ring which was the preconcerted signal to her brother who was waiting below on horseback that he might lose not a moment in carrying the news of Elizabeth's death to her successor, James VI., the gateway it surmounts was evidently one of the principal entrances to the Palace of Henry VII. Through it that monarch and his Queen, his son Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, Edward VI. and the

Protector Somerset, Mary and Philip II, Elizabeth and her various suitors, must often have passed, so that the little room above it must have looked down upon many a gorgeous scene, and have played a minor part in many of the interesting historic episodes that took place in the great building to which it belonged. From it the preparations for Elizabeth's funeral may have been watched, and in it may have been discussed with bated breath the gruesome story told by one of the six ladies who had kept vigil in the death chamber, wherever that may have been, for the six nights before the great Queen started on her last voyage down stream to the capital, of how the coffin had burst open after it had been nailed down, as if even in death its inmate resented interference with her liberty.

In spite of all her faults, which were but venial after all, the great Queen appears to have been truly and justly mourned by her subjects, and when the State barge bearing her mortal remains started from the river steps of the Palace, it was followed not only by a long procession of boats bearing the official mourners, but also by hundreds of weeping foot passengers, who kept up with it on the towing paths, their numbers constantly swelling as village after village poured forth its contingent. When all was over and the last boat had passed out of sight, an impressive gloom must have fallen upon Richmond, which had for so many years been intimately associated with the fortunes of the Tudors. Never again was it the scene of a great historic pageant, for the Stuart sovereigns, who had no pleasant memories connected with it, cared little for it. James I. greatly preferred Windsor Castle and Hampton Court, but his eldest son, Prince Henry, who, had he lived, might have saved England from the guilt of regicide, seems to have become much attached to the Palace at Richmond, in which he took up his abode when he was practically banished from Court by his father, who was bitterly jealous of him and suspected him of wishing to hasten his death.

Prince Henry, who seems to have been a man of





wide culture, spent large sums of money at Richmond, adding to the Palace a picture gallery, that was designed by Sir Inigo Jones, and forming in it the nucleus of the fine collection of pictures which, though many of its greatest treasures were dispersed during the Revolution, is still one of the most valuable possessions of the Royal Family. Nearly three thousand pounds were expended on building operations alone during Prince Henry's tenancy of the Palace, and various entries in his account books prove that he was equally lavish in other directions, giving for instance, one hundred and twenty pounds to the owners of land that he added to the Park and paying over sixty pounds for new palings, the timber for which was felled on the Royal property. The untimely death of the Prince, which took place in St. James's Palace in 1612, the result, it is said, of a chill caught when bathing in the Thames, was a great grief to the people of Richmond, to whom he had endeared himself by his courteous manners. He had left his collection of pictures to his brother Charles, who was also a great lover of art and who added to it many very valuable works, but it was not until 1615 that the latter lived in the Palace, and it did not become his property until 1617, when his father granted to him the Manors of Richmond, Ham and Petersham.

During the eight years before the death of his father, Richmond Palace was the headquarters of Prince Charles, and there he often made merry with his beloved friend and evil genius, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, starting thence with him in 1623 on the journey to Spain to court the Infanta incognito, an enterprise which, wild as it was, might perhaps have succeeded but for the haughty insolence of the young prince's companion, who was not content with playing the secondary *rôle* assigned to him, but made love to the ladies of the Court on his own account. In spite of this failure, however, Buckingham was chosen a little later to go to France and arrange for the marriage of Charles to Henrietta Maria, when he again

distinguished himself by daring to pay his addresses to the widowed Queen, Marie de Medici. This time, to the misfortune of England, he was successful in his main mission, and on his return home he was eagerly welcomed by Charles, to whom he described the charms of the bride-elect with great enthusiasm. Possibly the two may have discussed at Richmond the situation created by the clause in the marriage settlement, giving to the future Queen and her retinue the privilege of practising the rites of the Roman Catholic religion, and more fatal concession still, secured to Henrietta Maria the right of educating her children in her own faith up to the age of thirteen.

Charles and Buckingham were at the Palace together shortly before the death of James I. in 1625, and although after his accession to the throne the new King was seldom in residence at Richmond, he was often in the neighbourhood superintending the laying out of his new Park there. He also turned the Palace, which, by the way, he had settled on his wife as part of her marriage portion, to account, by lending it at different times to distinguished guests, amongst whom was the beautiful Duchesse de Chevreuse, who had come to England ostensibly as one of the Queen's ladies in waiting, but really because her intrigues had rendered her further residence in the French capital impossible. Soon after her arrival at Richmond she gave birth to a child—some say a son, others a daughter—whose baptism was solemnised with great pomp in the private Chapel. The mother, who quickly recovered her health and spirits, restored something of its old gaiety to the Palace, gathering a little court about her and showing a special predilection for the river, in which she used to swim about with her attendant ladies, winning for herself the nickname of the "female Leander." How long she remained in her comfortable quarters is not known, but she had probably left when, in May, 1628, Charles I. was at the Palace for a few days, as proved by the issue of a warrant dated from

it instructing Sir Robert Douglas, Steward of the Manors of Richmond, Petersham and Ham, to call together a Court Leet to deal with certain local matters.

The murder of Buckingham in August of the same year seems to have given the King a fresh distaste for the place in which he and the friend of his youth had been so happy together, and for the next nine years, though the Royal children were often at Richmond, he avoided it altogether. In 1636, however, he and the Queen halted there on their way from Oxford to London, and were present at a masque got up in their honour, it is said, by their eldest son, Charles, then only six years old, and the young Duke of Buckingham, who since his father's death had been brought up by the King. The entertainment, in which the chief actors were Prince Charles, who delighted every one by his brightness and grace, Lord Buckhurst, and Mr. Edward Sackville, appears to have been of a very feeble description, ill-fitted to cheer the harassed monarch, whose arbitrary measures of taxation and weakness in yielding to his wife, had already alienated the affections of his people and paved the way for his downfall.

This seems to have been the last visit paid by Charles I. to the Palace at Richmond, and there is something pathetic in the coincidence that it was whilst he was there that the future Colonel Hutchinson, the conscientious Puritan who was to be one of the Commissioners who signed his death-warrant, was stopping in a house in the neighbourhood, the site of which cannot be identified, induced to do so, as related by his widow in her Memoir of him, by his music master, who had told him, "There was very good company and recreations there, the King's hawkes being kept neere the place and severall other conveniences." At the same time another friend warned him to take heed of the place—which then, as now, seems to have been in some subtle way provocative of courtship—"for it was so fatal for love that never any young disengag'd person went thither who returned againe free." Strange to say, the

prophecy was fulfilled in his case, for he presently lost his heart to the lady who became his wife, even though he had not yet seen her, simply through hearing a description of her.

Although Charles I. was never again at Richmond, his three daughters, Mary, who was later to drive her brother from the throne, Elizabeth, who was to die unmarried soon after her father's tragic death, and Anne, happiest perhaps of all, who passed away in 1640, were there under the care of the Countess of Roxburgh during the troubled years that preceded the execution of Strafford, that was the beginning of the end; and later the two surviving sisters were joined by their brother Charles, who was sent to the Palace, not by his father, but by the Parliament that had usurped the King's paternal rights, to study with his tutor, the good Bishop Duppa, whose memory is still venerated in the neighbourhood on account of his generosity to the poor.

The young prisoners, for such they practically were, were later removed to Sion House on the other side of the river, and in 1647, in accordance with the orders of Parliament, the defences of Richmond Palace were strengthened that it might serve as a place of detention for the King. Charles, however, so strenuously resisted the attempt to compel him to take up his residence there, that he was allowed to remain at Hampton Court, whence, as proved by a statement in a newspaper for August 29th, 1647, he rode over to indulge, perhaps for the last time, in his favourite pastime of hunting in the Park that, as related below, he had added to his Richmond demesne. Soon after the execution of the King in 1649 a survey was taken of the Royal Palace at Richmond preliminary to its being put up for sale by auction, from which survey, with the aid of various drawings and engravings that have been preserved, a very accurate idea may be obtained of the appearance of the Palace in the second half of the seventeenth century. "Richmond Court," as it was styled by the Commissioners, was, they said, a "leaded and

battled structure built of freestone with fourteen Turretts all standing a convenient height above the said leads, which Turretts," they add, "very much adorn and set forth the Fabrick of the whole structure and are a very graceful ornament unto the whole House, being perspicuous to the country round about."

The most important features of the imposing group of buildings were the Great Hall and the Chapel, the former built, as the emissaries of the Parliament reported, on to a lower storey containing "one very large room called the Great Buttery, and one other littel room known as the Silver Scullery, with a third room called the Saucery, and a large and fayr passage." The hall itself was one hundred feet long by forty broad, and had "a screen in the lower end thereof, over which was a little gallery and a fayr foot pace in the higher end thereof ; the pavement was of square tiles, and the apartment was very well lighted and ceeled (ceiled), there were eleven statues in the sides thereof, a brick hearth for a charcoal fire in the midst, having above it a large lanthorn fitted in the roof for that purpose, turretted and covered with lead, whilst in the north-end was a turrett or clock-case, which," says the report, "with the lantern in the middle thereof were a special ornament unto the building," a remark proving that even the stern commissioners were not altogether insensible to the charms of the Royal home that was so soon to be desecrated. The chapel, which was ninety-six feet long by thirty broad, also won their approval, for they declare it to have been "well fitted with all things useful for a chapel, with handsome cathedral seates and pews, a removeable pulpit and a fayr case of carved work for a payr of organs."

The conscientious emissaries, who did the work entrusted to them with great thoroughness, go on to describe a circular canted or polygonal tower, with a staircase, probably spiral, of one hundred and twenty-four steps, a library well stocked with valuable works, an open gallery one hundred feet long, with a closed-in one above it of the same length, a vast number of bedchambers, including one known as the

Duke of York's; a "third storie with twelve chambers, all well lighted and ceeled, and most of them vaulted," the last detail an incidental proof how greatly comfort was already considered, and an endless series of rooms and offices for the use of the servants of the household, such as flesh, fish and pastrie larders, livery kitchens, ale butteries, scalding rooms, and so on, apartments for the retinues of the King's guests, etc.

The Commissioners also describe minutely the Wardrobe Court, part of which alone survives of all the complicated system of buildings that made up the Royal demesne, to bear witness to the past glories of the Palace, for which reason the section of their report dealing with it is quoted at length: "The wardrobe and other offices," they say, "consist of three fayre ranges of buildings embattled and guttered with lead and tyled in the roof, two stories high, lying round the fayre and spacious court, sixty-six yards long and sixty yards broad, all paved, conteyning very many good rooms and lodgings, both on the first and second storie, and divers garrets, and one payr of strong gates, leaded and well arched, leading into the sayd court from the green lying before Richmond House. The rooms and lodgings in these three ranges of buildings did usually serve for several offices, and did belong to several officers of the Court—to wit, the cupbearer, carver, sewer, grooms of the privie chamber, the spicery, chandelry, cofferer, the clerk of the green cloth, the apothecary, the confectioner, the housekeeper, the wardrobe and wardrobe keeper, the porter, the chaplains and the gentlemen of the bedchamber."

There can be no reasonable doubt that the ancient gateway referred to above in connection with Queen Elizabeth and the embattled buildings adjoining it facing the Green and still known as Wardrobe Court, formed part of the "three fayre ranges of buildings" described in this quaintly worded report, the fact that their material is brick, not stone, proving that they did not belong, as has sometimes been claimed, to the same group as the

Great Hall, the Chapel and the principal Royal Apartments. Divided into private residences that are rented from the Crown, these deeply interesting survivals of Tudor times, with their ornate internal decoration, "divers choice and fayre rooms," picturesque nooks and corners, and, above all, their secret passages, so suggestive of romance and intrigue, still retain in the midst of their modern surroundings the subtle undefinable aroma of the past that is so strong an element of charm, appearing now and then, even at this late day, to be haunted by the ghosts of those who used them when Richmond Court was one of the most beautiful of the palaces near London, rivalling even Hampton Court in the affections of its owners.

Not content with their careful survey of the Royal residence itself, the Commissioners dwelt on the beauties of the Park connected with it, now known as the Old Deer Park, which they describe as "impaled and contayning upon admeasurement 349 acres 1 rood and 10 perches of land," whilst they estimate the Green as twenty acres in extent, "more or less excellent land to be dispastured only with sheep, well turfed and level, and a special ornament to the whole Palace, having one hundred and thirteen elm trees, forty-eight whereof stand on the West Side and include in them a very handsome Walk," which some two and a half centuries later was to become a fashionable promenade of the frequenters of Richmond Wells.

In 1650 the Palace, the value of which had been assessed at £10,782, was sold to provide the money to pay the arrears due to certain regiments of the Parliamentary Army, the purchasers being Thomas Rookesby, William Goodwin, and Adam Baynes, from whom it was bought a little later for £10,000 by Sir Gregory Norton, who had been one of the King's judges and had signed the warrant for his execution. Needless to add that the presence of the regicide was very unwelcome to the loyal people of Richmond, but he appears to have lived unmolested in the still beautiful but dismantled palace

until the Restoration, when he had to give it up to the Crown and narrowly escaped losing his life also.

Soon after the landing of Charles II. at Dover he was joined by *La Reine Malheureuse*, as the French called his widowed mother, but she only remained with him for four months, during which, however, she is said to have paid a short visit to Richmond, wandering disconsolately about the rooms hallowed by so many touching memories, from which all the treasures accumulated by her husband and her brother-in-law, Prince Henry, had been removed. In 1662 she was back again in England, and her son, who did not care to have her at Court, where her silent disapproval would have been a check upon his reckless dissipation, assigned Richmond Palace, which as a matter of fact was really already her own property, to her as a residence, and she lived there in great seclusion till 1665, when she went back to her native land, ending her days four years later at her Chateau of Colombes, near Paris.

The story goes that when the unfortunate Henrietta Maria was at Richmond this last time she was one day suddenly intruded on by the notorious Lady Castlemaine, who had run away from London in a fit of temper with the King, and, in spite of the cold reception she received from her lover's mother, insisted upon remaining for the night at the Palace. The next morning Charles himself appeared upon the scene, eager for reconciliation with his beloved mistress and regardless of the remonstrances of Henrietta, who must indeed have wondered that his early troubles had taught him nothing, he achieved his purpose, the reconciled pair, after a somewhat stormy interview, going off happily together. Possibly this incident, if it really occurred, may have had something to do with the Queen Dowager's resolve to leave England, for it must have proved to her that she need hope for no consideration from her undutiful son, and she can have had no wish to watch him consummating his own ruin. However that may have been, it is very evident that she never intended to return to her husband's country, for before her departure she granted

the Manor of Richmond to Sir Edward Villiers, who either let it or lent it to his relative, Lady Frances Villiers, then guardian of the young children of the Duke of York, the future James II. Lady Frances brought her Royal charges to Richmond, and there, in 1669, the two boys, the Dukes of Cambridge and Kendal, died, greatly to the grief of the people of England and Scotland, who began to despair of the survival of a legitimate heir to the United Kingdom.

On the accession of James II. in 1685, Sir Edward Villiers is said to have given back the Richmond estate to the Crown, but he appears still to have had a hold upon it, for when, shortly afterwards, the Princess Anne wished to live in the Palace, permission for her to do so was refused by the then occupier, Madame Puissars, a married daughter of Lady Frances. The new King cared nothing for Richmond, and did not assert his rights to the property there until some little time after his marriage to his second wife, Mary of Modena, when he sent his infant son, James Francis Edward, who was born in 1688, to be taken care of there. The boy, who was to have such a melancholy career as the Pretender, was so delicate that he was not expected to live, but the country air did him so much good that he survived to share his mother's flight to France on the eve of the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay. Happy perhaps would it have been for him if he had died in infancy, and strange was the irony of fate which made his half-sister Mary, who before his birth was the next heir to the throne, the wife of the man who was to dispossess his father of his heritage. Mary, who had never seen her brother, naturally felt little compunction at supplanting him, but the younger Anne, though she consented to the act which secured the succession to her brother-in-law William should he survive her sister, seems to have had a genuine affection for the unfortunate boy who, through no fault of his own, was deprived of his birthright before he was a year old. The loss of her own children, one after the other, must have intensified Anne's regret at the course events had taken, and she must often

have longed to be back in the quiet home at Richmond, where she had been so happy before her father came to the throne.

Neither William III. nor his wife ever resided in Richmond Palace for any length of time, though the former occasionally put up there for a night when he had been hunting in the Park, and after the accession of Anne it fell into decay for want of repair. Later, much of it was deliberately pulled down, the Tudor style having gone completely out of fashion. Exactly when and how the tragic work of demolition began is not known, but that the materials of part at least of the palace were sold for building purposes and turned to account in the construction of some of the many houses that were built on or near the site of the once noble Royal residence, is proved by the incorporation in them of pieces of fine old oak panelling and beautiful bits of Gothic carving, etc. Queen Anne did not live to see the completion of the havoc she had sanctioned, but either just before or soon after her death in 1714 what was left of the beautiful riverside home of her predecessors was cased in stucco to give it a resemblance to the Renaissance work which was then becoming the rage, and it was not until the nineteenth century was considerably advanced that the disfiguring addition was removed.

George I. had, of course, no associations with Richmond, and so far as can be ascertained never resided there, but soon after his accession he gave the Palace to the Prince and Princess of Wales as a residence. They had not been in it long before the former wrote to his father complaining of the want of accommodation for the ladies-in-waiting, an incidental proof of the amount of destruction that had already taken place, and the King replied by giving leave for the erection of the four fine red brick houses still standing, known as Maids of Honour Row. George II. was seldom at Richmond after he became King, but his wife, Caroline of Anspach, was often there, finding consolation perhaps in its beautiful surroundings for the

neglect of her husband, to whom, in spite of his infidelity, she seems to have been greatly attached, thinking more of his interests than her own, for almost with her last breath she urged him to marry again.

Queen Caroline passed away in 1737, the year of the banishment of her son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, from Court, and for the next half century Richmond Palace was practically deserted by the Royal Family. Neither George IV. nor William IV. ever lived in the Palace, though they may have been there as children, and by the time Queen Victoria came to the throne further portions of the grand old mansion, which with its dependencies once covered more than ten acres of ground, had been pulled down. Fortunately, however, the Crown, to which the little remnant of the old Palace still belongs, has shown a real respect for its traditions, a respect that has been shared by the successive tenants to whom it has been leased, who from the first have one and all greatly prided themselves on living in a building associated with so many interesting historic memories.

CHAPTER III.

THE RELIGIOUS HOUSES OF SHEEN, THE ROYAL LODGE, AND THE OLD DEER PARK.



WOULD the true story of the Religious Houses of Sheen be fully told, there can be little doubt that it would be almost as full of fascination as that of the Royal Palace itself, for whereas the latter reflects chiefly the outward and visible fortunes of its successive owners and occupiers, the former is intimately bound up with the inner lives of those who strove to propitiate Heaven by the foundation of monasteries, and which is even more important, of the devout who sought in them a refuge from the cares and ambitions of the world. Unfortunately, however, there is little to aid the student in an attempt to reconstruct what may be called the spiritual history of Sheen, for there remain scarcely any traces of the beautiful buildings that were at one time the homes of holy men and women, who devoted all their time to prayer, meditation and good works. Neither is there anything in the present appearance of the sites that were occupied by the monasteries to recall their memories, which are preserved only in such names as Friar's House, The Priory, Friars' Lane and Friar Stile Road, though it must be added that certain eighteenth-century houses on the green were evidently raised on the foundations of some of the old conventual buildings, as proved by the existence beneath the modern ground floors of subterranean passages and cellars lined with ancient masonry.

The earliest and most important of the Sheen monasteries was that called the House of Jesus of Bethlehem—the seal of which, representing the Nativity with the Star of Bethlehem above, is in the British Museum—which

was situated in what is now known as the Old Deer Park, about half a mile to the north-west of the Palace, covering a space 3,125 feet long by 1,305 broad. It was one of two religious houses, the other having been the Convent of Sion, on the opposite side of the river, founded by Henry V. in 1414 to expiate the crimes of his father, who had usurped the Crown of England, and it is popularly believed had caused the murder of his predecessor Richard II. From the first Henry had shown himself anxious to atone for the past, as far as possible without jeopardising his own safety, for soon after his Coronation he released his rival, the young Earl of March, from prison, and he is also credited with having had the body of Richard II. brought from its obscure resting place—though where that resting place was is not known—to be buried with regal honours in Westminster Abbey.

The House of Jesus of Bethlehem, which belonged to the Carthusian Order, and at first accommodated forty monks only, whose numbers greatly increased as time went on, appears to have been a most imposing group of buildings, the chief features of which were a spacious Refectory 132 feet long by 24 feet wide, a great Quadrangle, a series of lofty Cloisters and a Chapel, the last the true *raison d'être* of the whole, in which, as in that of the contemporaneous convent of Sion, continual prayers were offered up day and night for the repose of Richard's soul, a fact skilfully turned to account by Shakespear, who in his play of *Henry V.* makes the King say, in his grand soliloquy on the eve of the decisive Battle of Agincourt:—

“ Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think thou upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown !
I Richard's body have interred anew ;
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood :
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Still sing for Richard's soul.”

The revenues of the Monastery, which were drawn chiefly from those of the then recently suppressed alien priories, amounted to nearly a thousand pounds a year, a very large sum for the time of its foundation, and its monks enjoyed many privileges, including the right of fishing in the Thames from Kew to Petersham Were or Weir, that was situated near the present Glover's Island, and of receiving every Candelmas four pipes of red wine from the Royal cellars. The prior was exempt from all taxes, and had the power not only of holding a Court Leet, but of having offenders against the law executed or put in the stocks within the precincts of the monastery. Moreover, all goods forfeited for felony within his jurisdiction became his property, as well as any profits that accrued through wrecks on that part of the river under his jurisdiction. The new community—to which in 1616 a hermitage was added endowed with twenty marks a year contributed by the holders of the manors of Greenwich and Lewisham—quickly won a great reputation for sanctity, and its superiors were all men noted for their unselfish devotion to duty.

Until his death in 1422 Henry V. retained his affection for his Chantry at Sheen, and though his son and successor Henry VI. cared nothing for it, it was left in undisturbed possession of its property all through the long struggle of the Wars of the Roses. In 1472 Edward IV., who had far more cause to look back with remorseful regret to the events that won him his throne than the founder himself, who was personally innocent, went to the House of Bethlehem with his wife Elizabeth Woodville to share in the benefits of the Great Pardon promised to all who had contributed to the expense of the restoration of the conventual buildings. There, too, perhaps, he may, as would have been but fitting, have added to the prayers that still ceaselessly went up for Richard's soul, a petition on behalf of that of his own victim, the gallant young Edward of Lancaster. On this occasion the King was accompanied by his brother the Duke of Gloucester, to whom he was greatly attached, but

from whom he would have shrunk with aversion could he have foreseen the murder in the Tower eleven years later of his own sons, which was to avenge the tragedy of Tewkesbury.

To the chapel of Sheen Monastery the widowed and broken-hearted mother of the unfortunate princes often went to pray during her tenancy of the Palace, but Richard III. seems to have avoided it, and so far as can be ascertained Henry VII., in spite of his great love for the neighbourhood, was perfectly indifferent to the presence of his saintly neighbours, until they incurred his severe displeasure in 1496 when they gave shelter to the impostor Perkin Warbeck, who claimed to be the younger of the two sons of Edward IV., refusing to give him up to the messengers of the King. The fugitive was dragged from his refuge, vainly pleading for the right of sanctuary, and for a short time it seemed probable that some terrible punishment would be meted out to those who had protected him, but for some unexplained reason the storm blew over, possibly because Henry had no wish to make an enemy of a man so powerful as the Prior. Throughout the whole of the reign of the first of the Tudors, and much of that of Henry VIII., the House of Jesus of Bethlehem continued to be a centre of religious and also to a great extent of political influence, to which the sons of the great Roman Catholic families were sent for education. There, for instance, the future Cardinal Pole, who was under the care of the monks from the age of seven to twelve, imbibed the principles to which he remained radically true throughout his long and chequered career, and it was to his old school at Sheen that he withdrew on his return from Italy in 1525, to prepare for his strenuous life by two years of quiet meditation and prayer.

It was long popularly believed that the dead body of James IV. of Scotland was brought to Sheen for interment after the Battle of Flodden, which took place in September, 1513, and a gruesome story is told of how it was left "unhoused and unassoiled" in an upper room of the

monastery, preserved from decay by leaden wrappings, until 1552. It was then, it is said, accidentally discovered by some workpeople in the employ of Queen Elizabeth, who cut off the head and buried the rest of the remains in the garden. Why a spot so remote from the scene of his death should have been chosen as the burial place of the unfortunate young King is not explained, but if there be any truth in the rumour, it was, indeed, a strange irony of fate that brought back to Richmond, under circumstances so tragic, all that was left of the man who had been betrothed in the Palace there to the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., and who left behind him an infant son who was to become the father of the yet more unhappy Mary Stuart. The fact that the monasteries had been suppressed long before the finding of what a prejudiced chronicler, writing in 1575, irreverently called the "perjured carcas of the King of Scottes," militates greatly against the truth of the legend, for it is scarcely likely that so strange a relic as a body wrapped in lead should have escaped the notice of the successive tenants of the Priory buildings.

It must have been soon after the accession of Henry VIII. that the founder of St. Paul's School, the liberal-minded and saintly Dean Colet, paid his first visit to the House of Jesus of Bethlehem, at Sheen, when he was so charmed with the beauty of its situation that he determined to make the neighbourhood his home when he could work no longer. With part of the large fortune left to him by his father, Sir Henry Colet, who was twice Lord Mayor of London, he bought a piece of land from the Prior, some say within, others without, the precincts of the monastery, and built on it a house to which he withdrew in 1518, and in which he passed peacefully away a year later. The exact position of this house cannot be determined, but it is generally supposed to have formed the nucleus of the so-called Lodge, that after the death of its builder, became a kind of annexe to the Royal Palace, and was occupied at different times by guests of the King. It was to this Lodge that Cardinal Wolsey, as related above, was ordered to withdraw when,

after his disgrace, he paid his last visit to Richmond, but whether it passed by bequest, purchase or confiscation to the Royal Family it is impossible to ascertain.

Even before the drastic measure of the suppression of all the important religious houses of England had been finally decided on, the monks of Sheen had fallen under the severe displeasure of Henry VIII., for the Prior, Henry Man, had dared to espouse the cause of the so-called Holy Maid of Kent, a servant girl named Elizabeth Barton, who was looked upon as inspired by the common people and had won over many dignitaries of the Church, including Archbishop Warham and Bishop Fisher, to belief in her divine mission. No impostor, but only as she described herself in her confession at the stake, "a poor wench without learning who had been deceived to her own undoing," she brought her terrible fate on herself by her denunciation of the King as an adulterer and her prophecy that should he insist on marrying Anne Boleyn he would die before the ceremony. When her prediction was falsified by the consummation of the union, the greater number of her followers deserted her, but Henry Man remained staunch in his loyalty to her, and but for the fact that the monks of Sheen, on the advice of the Prior, who seems to have seen the error of his ways, anticipated the confiscation of their property by their voluntary surrender of it to the King, a severe punishment would probably have been meted out to him.

At it was, Henry Man escaped with censure only, actually receiving a pension of one hundred and thirty-three pounds six shillings and eightpence, and the Priory buildings were given by their Royal owner first to the Earl of Hereford, brother of Jane Seymour, and later to the Duke of Somerset, on whose disgrace in 1551 it passed to his rival, the Duke of Suffolk, who brought to it his wife, Lady Frances Brandon, and their daughter, Lady Jane Grey, then a lovely girl of fourteen. During their tenancy the Priory was several times visited by Edward VI., and according to some authorities it was in its chapel, not

that of the Palace, that the marriage took place, in the young King's presence, of Sir Robert Dudley, later Earl of Leicester, to Amy Robsart. However that may be, the estate was seized by Queen Mary soon after her accession, and given back to the Carthusian friars. A little remnant of the dispersed community took up their residence in their old home under Prior Maurice, author of a deeply interesting pamphlet on the sufferings of the Carthusians under Henry VIII., but they were not allowed to remain in it long, for when Elizabeth came to the throne she at once reversed the policy of her sister. The monks were again banished, this time never to return, and the Priory was leased by the Queen first to one and then another tenant, including Sir Thomas Gorges, who later became Keeper of the Palace and Park, and whose son, Sir Edward Gorges, succeeded him both in that office and in the possession of the property.

During the reigns of James I. and Charles I. the former monastery at Sheen changed hands several times, many changes being made in it by the successive occupiers, and in 1650 particulars of its condition were included in the survey of the Parliamentary Commissioners already quoted from, in which its value was assessed at ninety-two pounds a year. The ancient Chapel was condemned as ruinous and fit only to be pulled down, and amongst the buildings still standing were mentioned the Monk's Refectory, the Lady of St. John's Lodgings, the Anchorite's Cell, and a Gallery. Sold to a certain Alexander Easton, the estate changed hands several times before the Restoration, when it was once more declared to be Crown property, and was leased to various tenants, passing about 1675 to Lord Brouncker and the distinguished diplomatist and writer, Sir William Temple, who in 1677 took an important share in bringing about the marriage of the Princess Mary with William of Orange. By this time the buildings of the Priory had evidently been restored and others added to them, for John Evelyn, in his diary for August 27th, 1678, says, "I dined at Mr.

Henry Brouncker's, at the Abbey of Sheene, formerly a monastery of Carthusians, there yet remaining one of their solitary cells with a cross," and, he adds, "within this ample enclosure are several pretty villas and fine gardens of the most excellent fruits, especially Sir William Temple's, late Ambassador into Holland, and Lord Lisle's, son to the Earl of Leicester, who has divers rare pictures there, above all that of Sir Brian Tukes of Holbein."

Sir William Temple became deeply attached to his "little Corner at Sheen," as he called his beautiful home there, finding comfort in his many sorrows and relief from his many cares, in the cultivation of rare flowers and fruit in his gardens and orchards. His love for the place was shared by his wife, Dorothy Osborne, whose charming letters to him when they were engaged are well known, and it was her delight to look after his interests during his many absences on State affairs. To her, too, was confided the care of her husband's ward, Hester Johnson, who was born on the Sheen Estate in 1681, and is supposed to have been the daughter of its owner. However that may be, she was brought up as a child of the home, and teaching her was part of the duties of her reputed father's secretary, Jonathan Swift, who has immortalised her as Stella, and, in spite of all his vagaries, remained true to his love for her to the last. She was but a child of seven when he first saw her, and he was fourteen years her senior, but for all that she was the one real passion of his life, and it was no doubt from him that she imbibed the principles that enabled her to bear with heroic fortitude the bitter disappointments of her womanhood.

Sir William Temple was offered the important post of Secretary of State by William III., but he declined it, declaring that he had no mind to return to the arena of politics, and the King had to be content with consulting him privately, a privilege he often availed himself of by riding over to Sheen from Hampton Court. Ill-natured gossip declared that the conferences which took place in the little corner at Sheen, at which Jonathan Swift and

his Stella were generally present, had reference rather to the best way to grow and cook vegetables and fruit than to more important matters. It seems certain, however, that it was on Sir William's advice that his son John, the only survivor of eight children, was made Secretary of War, a fatal appointment as it turned out, for unable to cope with the difficulties of his new position, the young man drowned himself in the Thames four days after he received his seals of office. A few months before the sad event his father had given him the house at Sheen, and it may have been from its gardens that the tragic plunge was taken. In any case, Sir William never cared to visit his old home by the river again, but spent the remainder of his life at Moor Park, where he died in 1699, leaving Jonathan Swift his executor.

After the deaths of Sir William Temple and Lord Brouncker, the houses occupied by them at Sheen passed to tenants of little note, and by the middle of the eighteenth century the buildings were nearly all pulled down, the gateway of the ancient Priory alone remaining standing until 1770, when it shared their fate. Meanwhile, however, the Royal Lodge referred to above in connection with Dean Colet and Cardinal Wolsey, had remained uninjured, and was leased by the Crown to different tenants until about 1707, when it was granted by Queen Anne to James Butler, second Duke of Ormonde, who pulled it down, rebuilt it, and lived there till his impeachment for high treason in 1715. It was then either rented or given by George I. to the Earl of Arran, the late owner's brother, who in 1721 is said to have sold it to the then Prince of Wales, the future George II., whose wife, the Princess Caroline of Anspach, took a very great fancy to it. It was in the Lodge that they received the news in 1727 of the death of George I., and one of the first acts of the new King was to settle it upon the Queen, who made it her chief residence, lavishing vast sums of money on it, adding a library to the house itself, and erecting in the grounds a number of ornate buildings, including a quaint

structure which she called Merlin's Cave, forming a kind of shrine for wax effigies of the titular wizard and those who came to consult him, a Hermitage adorned with busts of Sir Isaac Newton, John Locke and other *savants*, a Dairy, a Grotto and a Menagerie.

It was in the Park of the Lodge that Sir Walter Scott is by some supposed to have laid the scene in his "Heart of Midlothian" of the interview between Queen Caroline and Jeanie Deans, on which the fate of the unfortunate Effie depended, and the description he gives of the drive there calls up a very vivid picture of Richmond and its surroundings as they were then. The carriage containing the Duke of Argyle and his humble *protégée*, says the novelist, "rolled rapidly onwards through fertile meadows ornamented with splendid old oaks, and catching occasionally a glance of the majestic mirror of a broad and placid river. After passing through a pleasant village, the equipage stopped on a commanding eminence, where the beauty of English landscape was displayed in its utmost luxuriance. Here the Duke," he continues, "alighted and desired Jeanie to follow him. They paused for a moment on the brow of a hill, to gaze on the unrivalled landscape which it presented. A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom an hundred barks and skiffs whose white sails and gaily fluttering pennons gave life to the whole."

According to some authorities Queen Caroline bought the Lodge and its grounds with her own money, which would account for the fact that the King, parsimonious though he was, did not complain of the alterations she made, declaring that he did not care how she flung away her own revenue. Great indeed, however, was his indigna-

tion when he found, after her death, that Sir Robert Walpole had lent her twenty thousand pounds from the privy purse, and his anger was still further increased when he was informed that the property had been left to his hated son, the Prince of Wales, for his life. He is even said to have tried to induce the Lord Chancellor to declare the will to have been invalid, but all his efforts were in vain, and he had to submit to the law. It is uncertain whether the new owner ever occupied the Lodge, and after his untimely death it seems to have been left empty and neglected for many years. His son, George III., settled it on Queen Charlotte in 1762, and the Royal pair occasionally resided in it, but they never really cared for it, and about 1768 or 1769 the King had all the buildings pulled down, and the grounds, which were added to the Kew Estate, ploughed up to serve as pasturage for his herds of sheep and cattle, in which he took far more interest than in affairs of State. A narrow pathway, known as Love Lane, that formed a boundary between the Richmond and Kew Gardens, was closed up, and very soon not a sign was left to recall either the Carthusian friars or their successors in the possession of the Old Deer Park. Many years later a considerable portion was leased from the Crown by the Mid-Surrey Golf Club, and another large portion as an athletic ground, the latter being now a very important centre for various sports that has been the scene of several celebrated football, hockey, and cricket contests. There, too, is held every summer the famous Royal Horse Show, that attracts hundreds of fashionable spectators, when the scene is brilliant in the extreme and presents indeed a striking contrast to what it must have been when the chief charms of the Richmond demesne were its quiet seclusion, its ancient avenues of trees, its brilliant flower gardens and prolific orchards.

The fate which befell the various groups of buildings that once occupied the Old Deer Park also overtook the hamlet of West Sheen that had grown up about the conventual buildings, and was later occupied by retainers

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in the service of the occupiers of the Lodge. Every cottage and hut was swept away, and nothing now preserves the memory of what must have been quite an important settlement but the names of Sheen Road, and North and East Sheen. It was the same with two other religious houses founded in the neighbourhood by Henry V., one of which, for French monks of the Celestine Order, was suppressed before it had been a year in existence, whilst the other was soon removed to Oxford. A somewhat longer career was, however, enjoyed by the convent of Observantist Friars which was founded by Henry VII. in 1499, the year of the destruction of the Royal Manor House by fire, possibly in the hope of winning by this pious generosity immunity from further disaster for the beloved home he was rebuilding. The new monastery, as proved by a drawing by Wyngarde, dated 1652, preserved in the Bodleian Library, had a long river frontage, extending from the garden of the present Asgill House beyond what is still called Friars' Lane, and its buildings, that included a fine Gothic chapel and extensive cloisters, occupied the sites of Queensberry House, Cholmondeley Lodge, Cholmondeley Cottage, St. Helena's Terrace, the White Cross Inn, and some of the houses on the Green, notably the one still known as Old Friars, which was at one time a famous London coffee house, a favourite resort of the *beau monde* of London in the eighteenth century, and later the headquarters of the Richmond Liberal Club. Suppressed by Henry VIII. in 1534, the Observantist Friary was all but completely destroyed by his orders, but in the survey of 1649 reference is made to a building adjoining the Palace called "The Friars, containing three rooms below stays and four handsome rooms above stays," that were then used as a chandler's shop. Even this relic was, however, soon "plucked up," as the saying then was, as of no value, and its materials were sold for building.

CHAPTER IV.

RIVERSIDE RICHMOND, THE FERRY AND THE BRIDGE.



It is of course to its position on a picturesque reach of the Thames that Richmond owes its chief distinction, and it is impossible to over-estimate the way in which the joy of the river enters into the life of the people, or the importance of preserving to them unspoiled the source of so much innocent recreation and mental refreshment. From early spring to late autumn the silent highway between Kew and Teddington Lock is the resort of hundreds of pleasure seekers, who flock to it to enjoy its charm, some merely strolling or resting on its banks, but the greater number passing in endless procession up or down stream in a great variety of craft, from the cheap hired punt or skiff to the luxuriantly fitted-up electric or motor launch, contrasting equally with the quaint heavily laden barges, reminiscent of days long gone by, and the noisy up-to-date excursion steamers, the shrill warning whistles of which now and then strike a note of prose in what is truly an idyllic environment. Lovers of nature for her own sake will prefer the river when it is comparatively deserted, but it is at Eel Pie Island on Saturday and Sunday evenings, when the open-air concerts are being held at that popular rendezvous, that the scenes presented are most characteristic and impressive, long lines of boats full of gaily-dressed women and men in boating costumes lining the banks, whilst the space between them is crowded with pleasure craft, jostling each other as they shift their position, and forming a kaleidoscopic feast of colour. Scarcely less noteworthy, however, are the pictures formed below the Weir, where the only sound is

the rush of the foam-flecked water, forming an effective background to the picturesque pool beloved of fishermen, and those at the Rollers, where group after group of athletic men and graceful girls, who rebel against the long wait at the locks, may be seen silhouetted against the sky, as they embark or disembark or stoop to drag their boats to the upper river.

Few things have added more to the healthiness of Richmond or to its popularity with lovers of boating than the construction of the half lock and weir, completed in 1894, between it and St. Margarets, that keep the river clear of mud at all states of the tide, rendering it possible to row or punt up to Teddington Lock without difficulty at any time, and at high water to hold regattas and the beautiful Venetian fêtes that of late years have brought no little renown to the town, when river, bridge, and banks are converted for the nonce into a veritable fairy land of mysterious beauty. Before this valuable improvement was made, Richmond had been in great danger of losing the exceptional advantages it had long enjoyed, as the level of low water had been for many years steadily sinking, owing to the tapping of the river for the London water supply, the removal of old London Bridge, and other causes, but it was not until August, 1890, that the Royal Assent was given to a Bill sanctioning the useful scheme inaugurated by the local members of Parliament and other public-spirited gentlemen. No time was however, then lost in putting the work in hand, the main feature of which is the use of sluices of great weight that, with the aid of rollers placed in the recesses of the piers above, can be easily lifted and lowered. Fortunately, care was also taken not to spoil the view up and down stream, for it was contrived that the sluices when raised should not remain suspended, but turn under the footway out of sight. By this ingenious contrivance all the old charm of the Richmond reach of the river has been preserved, and there could now be no more delightful walk than that from Kew to Teddington Lock, the winding towing-path

revealing fresh beauties at every turn, whilst on the Middlesex side one picturesque scene succeeds another, beginning with the quaint old houses of Strand-on-the-Green and passing on to Brentford, Isleworth, Marble Hill, Twickenham, and Strawberry Hill, that in spite of all the changes that have taken place in them during the last half-century, still retain something of their ancient character when seen from the river or the Surrey side.

In contrasting riverside Richmond of to-day with that of the past, it must be remembered that it is only comparatively recently that the public has had free access to the banks of the river. It was not until 1774, the year when the first stone of the bridge, the history of which is related below, was laid, that the embankment was made from Kew to Cholmondeley Walk, the towing path coming before that date to an end opposite Isleworth. The bargemen who had brought the heavily laden craft from Putney or Barnes were there relieved by others who, walking on the Middlesex bank, towed the barges to an ancient hostelry, known as Ragman's (originally Rayman's) Castle, at Twickenham, whilst the rest of the journey to Kingston was performed on the Surrey side of the river. The men, seven or eight to each barge, were harnessed together by broad leather straps fastened round their shoulders, each strap being connected with the long towing rope. They worked for short stages only, earning very high wages and living together in huts or cottages near the river, the Richmond men congregating in what is still called Water Lane, that runs down from Hill Street to the Thames, ever ready day or night to respond to the cry, "Man to horse! Man to horse!" of those who wished to secure their services.

From Friar's Lane to Petersham Meadows, the gardens of the riverside houses, the timber wharves and the premises of the malt-houses, that were long distinctive features of Richmond, came right down to the water, and even the little creeks that flowed into the river were private property, constant quarrels arising between their owners and

those who ventured to trespass on them. To set against these various restrictions on the use of the banks, however, the Thames itself appears to have been practically free to all, and the fishermen who depended for their livelihood upon the spoil they won from it were often quite well-to-do men. Salmon and a great variety of other large fish abounded, for Holinshed in his valuable "Chronicle" says: "The noble river Thames yieldeth not clots of gold as the Tagus doth, but an infinite plentie of excellent sweet and pleasante fish, wherewith such as inhabit neere unto her banks are fed and fullie nourished. What should I speake," he adds, "of the fat and sweet Salmon dailie taken in this stream and that in such plentie after the time of the smelt be passed, and no river in Europe able to exceed it. What store of Barbels, Trouts, Perches, Smelts, Breames, Roaches, Daces, Gudgings, Flounders, Shrimps, etc."—a description that did they read it—must rouse the envy of the patient fishermen who now sit for hours in punts, hoping against hope for a bite and counting themselves lucky if they carry home a few small fishes, scarcely enough for a meal for one person!

The first riverside house above the Old Deer Park and the unsightly railway bridge is Asgill House, named after its first owner Sir Charles Asgill, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1758, for whom it was built by the noted architect Sir Robert Taylor. Rising from part of the foundations of the Royal Palace, that were skilfully turned to account by its designer, the lines of the frontage are supposed to follow those of the western wing of Henry VII.'s erection. The view commanded by its windows and grounds is therefore practically the same as that on which so many Royal and distinguished residents looked down in the golden days of Richmond, when richly-decorated barges, now replaced by humbler craft, were constantly passing up and down stream, and the river banks were crowded with spectators, eagerly interested in the doings of the inmates of the Palace and the arrival and departure of their guests.

Next to Asgill House is an ancient red brick mansion now known as the Old Palace, but long called the Trumpeting House, because two figures of men holding trumpets once adorned the entrance. Built in 1708 by Richard Hill, brother of the Mrs. Masham who exercised so great an influence over Queen Anne, it is a typical example of the domestic architecture of her reign, the effect of which is somewhat marred by the ornate portico in the Renaissance style, added later. In the Old Palace lived at different times the Dowager Countess of Northampton, Lady Sullivan, and Prince Metternich, the last of whom took refuge in it during the political troubles which drove him from France, receiving in it many sympathisers, including Lord Beaconsfield, who in a letter dated May 2nd, 1849, says: "I have been to see Metternich. He lives on Richmond Green, in the most charming house in the world called the Old Palace—long library, gardens, everything worthy of him. I met there the Duchess of Cambridge and the Colloredos. I am enchanted with Richmond Green, which, strange to say, I don't recollect ever having visited before, often as I have been to Richmond. I should like to let my house and go to live there. . . . It is still and sweet, charming alike in summer and in winter."

The grounds of the Old Palace adjoin those of Wardrobe Court, already described as the one remaining relic of Henry VII.'s Palace, and the next riverside residence above it is the pretentious modern Queensberry House, that presents a very marked contrast to both its older neighbours. It occupies the site of a considerably larger building that was contemporaneous with the Trumpeting House, for it was built at the beginning of the eighteenth century by George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, whose name is still preserved in those of Cholmondeley Lodge, Cholmondeley Cottage, and the beautiful riverside walk running from Old Palace Lane to Friar's Lane, which is also connected with the memory of David Garrick, who met his future wife in a house overlooking it.

The original owner of Cholmondeley House bequeathed it before his death to the Earl of Warwick, and after changing hands several times it was bought by the notorious profligate the Duke of Queensberry, familiarly called Old Q. by his intimates, who at once changed its name to his own and set about embellishing it, hanging the hall and some of the principal rooms with costly tapestry, whilst others were adorned with a number of fine pictures, which he brought from his estate at Amesbury. After he had resided in his new home for some years, and had won great popularity by his open-handed generosity, the Duke made an attempt to extend the grounds by taking in Cholmondeley Walk, an illegal proceeding that was bitterly resented by the people of Richmond, who set the law in motion to prevent it, so incensing the offender that he left the neighbourhood in a fit of temper, greatly to the regret of those who had driven him away, so much were the money he spent in his lavish entertainments and his gifts to the poor missed when he was gone. The loss of temporary patronage was really, however, but a small price to pay for securing in perpetuity the rights of the public, and all who have rested beneath the beautiful trees in Cholmondeley Walk and enjoyed the fine view from it up and down stream, must feel grateful to the public-spirited men who successfully resisted encroachment upon it.

Contemporary correspondence is full of allusions to the gay doings at Queensberry House when its owner was in residence; Horace Walpole, for instance, telling the Misses Berry how on one occasion the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert dined there together, whilst on another the Duke of Clarence, later William IV., was the guest of the evening, when supper was not over till midnight. Horace Walpole himself, most of the chief members of the aristocracy, Lady Diana Beauclerk, Lady Cowper, and, alas! also many fair women whose beauty was greater than their discretion, were constant guests at the hospitable riverside mansion, which was left by the Duke on his death in 1810 to a lovely

girl, whose mother was an Italian named Fagniani, and who was supposed by some to be the testator's daughter, whilst others make the famous wit and *bon vivant* George Selwyn her father. The young heiress does not seem to have cared much for the legacy, and so far as can be ascertained was never at Richmond for any length of time. In 1821 Queensberry House was occupied by the Marquis of Hertford, who gave an entertainment in it to the Duke of York, but this was the last time that any important gathering took place in it. In 1830, having fallen into decay through neglect, it was pulled down, with the exception of a few arches that were left standing, and with the long old-fashioned pergola, preserve to the grounds something of their original appearance. The present mansion, that stands further back from the river than its predecessor had done, was built in 1831 for Sir William Dundas, who obtained a grant of the property from the Crown, in exchange for some other land belonging to him in what are now the Kew and Mortlake Roads.

Above Friar's Lane, looking down upon the walk known as Waterside, is the modern St. Helena Terrace, that is succeeded by the White Cross Hotel on the site of an ancient hostelry of the same name, generally supposed to occupy the position of the chapel of the Observantist monastery, and to have been built soon after its demolition. Not far from it are the gardens of a group of Georgian houses, on the site of the old Royal Hotel, known as Heron, originally Herring, Court, said to be named after a former owner, a wealthy Dutchman, in one of which Lord Lytton was often the guest of his less celebrated brother. A little higher up stream are some boat-building yards, that in spite of their up-to-date appearance are quite in harmony with their surroundings, and the substantial eighteenth century mansion long known as Camborne House, but now called Northumberland House, that was at one time the residence of the Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, and is rented by the Richmond Club. Above the Bridge are several other historic mansions,

including Bridge House, built by Sir Robert Taylor about the same time as Asgill House; Ivy Hall, at one time the home of William IV., when Duke of Clarence, and of the beautiful actress, Dorothy Jordan, who was the mother of nine of his children, and that was later occupied by the widow of the learned divine, Charles James Blomfield, Bishop of London.

Other interesting riverside residences are Gothic House, where lived for a short time in 1813 the gifted Madame de Staël, who in 1811 had been secretly married to Count Albert de Rocca, twenty years her senior, throwing over for his sake her devoted lover, Benjamin Constant, who had hoped after the death in 1802 of her first husband, the Baron de Staël-Holstein, that she would become his wife; Bingham House, named after Lady Ann Bingham, who at one time lived in it, that replaced the old hostelry of the Blue Anchor, long a favourite resort of the Richmond watermen and their patrons; and Buccleuch House, that was for many years as celebrated for the receptions held in it as Queensberry House. Built towards the close of the eighteenth century for the first Duke of Montagu, it passed on his death to the Duke of Buccleuch, after whom it is named, who in 1842 gave in its grounds a magnificent moonlight entertainment to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, the King and the Queen of the Belgians, and many other distinguished guests, when the Thames, with its countless illuminated boats, must have presented an appearance not unlike that of the river pageants in which the Tudor sovereigns delighted. Connected by a subterranean passage running under Petersham Road with a building still standing, long used as a library, and with gardens extending up the hill to the present Terrace and fine lawns sloping down to the water, Buccleuch House was long one of the most charming riverside mansions of Surrey, its successive owners constantly adding to its attractions.

Some years after the river fête of 1842 the grounds of Buccleuch House were added to by the purchase of those

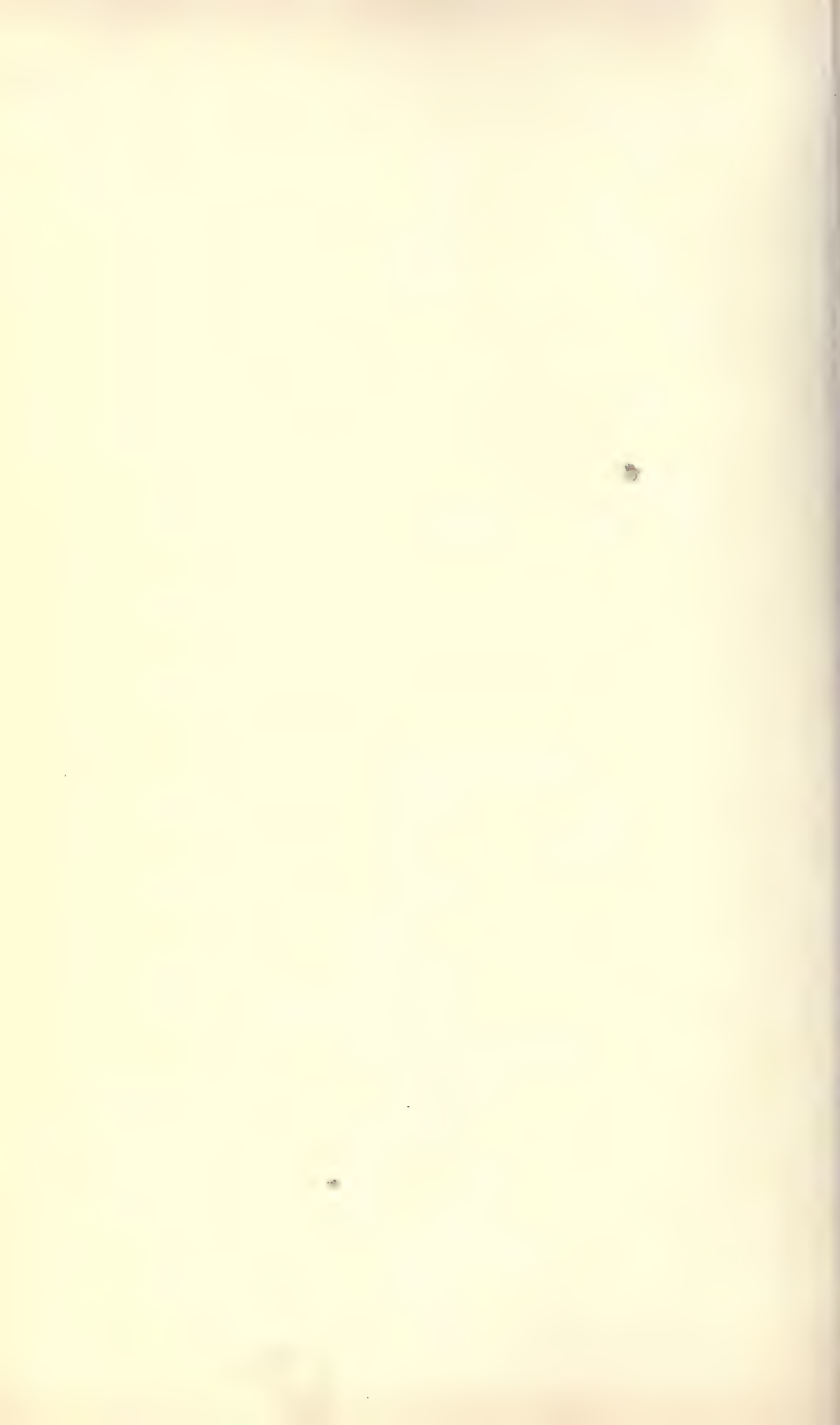
of Lansdowne House, a fine mansion that belonged to the Marquis of Lansdowne, which stood upon the brow of the hill, where the ornamental Fountain and Terrace of the Public Gardens now are, a little above Cardigan House. Lansdowne House was pulled down about 1865, and as time went on the owner of Buccleuch House became more and more indifferent to his beautiful property, but later, when his old home was occupied by Sir J. Whittaker and Lady Ellis, to whom it still belongs, its traditions were worthily maintained. In 1886 the combined Lansdowne and Buccleuch estates were offered for sale. This afforded an opportunity, which was fortunately not neglected, to secure a fine open space for the use of the people, and the whole was bought for the large sum of £30,000 by the Richmond Vestry, who a little later re-sold Buccleuch House and part of its gardens, reserving, however, a very considerable portion, which was laid out to great advantage under the superintendence of Sir Frederick, later Lord Leighton and other men of taste, various residents in the neighbourhood contributing to the expense. The beautiful pleasure ground was declared open in May, 1887, scarcely a year after the acquisition of the site, by the late Duchess of Teck, representing Queen Victoria, Lady of the Manor. Since then the gardens have been one of the most attractive of the many charming features of Richmond on the Hill, the shady trees, the flower beds bright with flowers from early spring to late autumn, with the distant vista of river, woods and meadows, forming a truly beautiful picture.

A little below Buccleuch House, the last of the old riverside mansions in Richmond parish, is the popular Pigeon's Hotel, now under the management of the well-known trainer to the Cambridge crew, William Giles East, familiarly called Bill East, who won the Doggett's Coat and Badge in 1887, the Sarle Memorial Cup in 1888, the Sculling Championship of England in 1891, and was made Bargemaster, in succession to James Messenger, to King Edward VII. in 1901. As

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RICHMOND FROM TWICKENHAM FERRY.





the holder of that appointment "Bill East" has taken an important part in more than one State function, the Royal Watermen being under his orders. During the hard winter of 1906-7, when the Cam was frozen over, the Cambridge crew put up for practice at the Pigeon's Hotel before the great annual contest, attracting crowds of spectators whenever they went out, and all through the summer the restaurant is the haunt of lovers of boating who make it their headquarters.

Close to the Pigeon's Hotel are the not unpicturesque buildings and wharves known far and near as Messum's, owned by Mr. Richard Messum, who has developed an extensive boat-building and boat-letting business from a small river-side hostelry left to him by his father. He is a King's waterman, as is also his neighbour up stream, Robert Chitty, but, alas! the time-honoured corps will ere long be extinct, for on the death of its present members, who were last called out at the opening of Tower Bridge, no new ones will be enrolled, and the quaint old costumes that have added so much to the *eclat* of aquatic fêtes and ceremonies, will be stowed away, treasured up, no doubt, as heirlooms, by the descendants of their wearers, but never again to appear in public.

The finely situated Mansion Hotel, on the slope of the hill, a little above the grounds of Buccleuch House, occupies the site of Nightingale Hall, that was pulled down some forty years ago, and was long the home of the cultivated Ladies Ashburnham, and in Petersham Road, looking down on Petersham Meadows, that were leased for some years from the Earl of Dysart, and are now the property of the Richmond Corporation, is the creeper-clad Devonshire Lodge, formerly known as the Wilderness Club, the central portion of which is the old Devonshire Cottage, named after the beautiful Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, whose portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, who may possibly have visited her in her Richmond retreat, the former having been her near neighbour, when he was living at Wick House. Devon-

shire Cottage is also associated with the memory of Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, who married Lord Bolingbroke, was divorced from him, and two days after married Topham Beauclerk, who is often alluded to in Boswell's "Johnson." Lady Di, as she was called by her friends, was one of the most accomplished art amateurs of her time, and found no little consolation for her many troubles in making designs for the famous potter Josiah Wedgwood, some of them of great beauty and full of classic feeling. She survived her second husband for eight years and died at Devonshire Cottage in 1808.

After the death of Lady Diana Beauclerk, Devonshire Cottage was occupied at intervals by the Misses Mary and Agnes Berry, who are constantly referred to by Horace Walpole in his letters, and who seem to have quite fascinated him by their charmingly unaffected manners and ready wit. Of the elder, who appears to have been a bit of a bluestocking, he says, writing to Lady Ossory, "she understands Latin, and is a perfect Frenchwoman in her language; the younger draws charmingly, and has copied Lady Di's Gipsies which I lent her, though for the first time of her using colours." Mary Berry kept a diary, as was, at that time, customary with well-born ladies, and often speaks in it of her visits to Richmond from Twickenham, as when, writing in 1808, the year of Lady Diana's death, she says: "Drove with Phil Cayley to Rayman's Castle (the Ragman's Castle of the bargemen), walked through the meadows, crossed the Richmond Ferry, and straight up the hill, which Phil Cayley had never seen, and which has always new beauties even to those much accustomed to it. The door of the 'Star and Garter' (now shut up as an hotel) was open, we walked in, and a civil quondam servant of the house showed us the rooms. Dismal history from the woman of the foolish man who made these great additions to the former house—ruined himself and died in prison; his wife seeing that all was going wrong became insane and died before him." More cheerful than this are later entries in this valuable picture

of early nineteenth-century Richmond, in which the same writer tells of the balls she went to at great houses in the neighbourhood, but as time goes on the note of pathos is struck, for she alludes constantly to the increasing infirmities of old age and to her anxieties about her sister. In February, 1844, she says: "If life consisted of nothing but eating and drinking and sleeping, she is well; but her adviser, Dr. Grant, allows that after such a severe attack at her age she cannot recover," and again, in 1845: "Here (at Richmond) I am still and once again in Mr. Lamb's House (Devonshire Cottage). After all, few women at eighty-two have so little to complain of. Life begins to be very fatiguing, although aware how much better off than most or almost any woman of my great age, both as to physical and as to moral advantages."

In January, 1852, Agnes Berry passed peacefully away at Richmond, and was buried in Petersham Churchyard, and in November of the same year Mary died at her London residence in Curzon Street, Mayfair, and was laid, in accordance with her own wish, beside her sister, their tomb bearing the following inscription to their memory from the pen of their devoted friend and admirer the Earl of Carlisle:—

"Mary Berry,

Born, March, 1763. Died, Nov., 1852.

Agnes Berry,

Born, May, 1764. Died, Jan., 1852.

Beneath this stone are laid the remains of these two sisters amidst scenes which in life they had frequented and loved, followed by the tender regret of those who close the unbroken succession of friends, devoted to them with fond affection, during every step of their long career. In pious adoration of the great God of Heaven and earth, they looked to rest in the Lord. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Amongst the "unbroken succession of friends" who often

visited the Misses Berry at Devonshire Cottage was the Rev. Sydney Smith, who was apparently as much in love with them both as was Horace Walpole himself, and never wearied of making puns upon their name, calling Mary the Elderberry and Agnes The Berry par excellence. A letter written to them in April, 1841, is so characteristic of the celebrated wit that it deserves quotation at length.

“Dear Berrys,—I dine on Saturday with the good Widow Holland, and blush to say that I have no disposable day before the 26th, by which time you will, I suppose, be plucking gooseberries in the suburban region of Richmond ; but think not, O Berries, that that distance, or any other of latitude or longitude, shall prevent me from pulling you, plucking you and eating you, for whatever pleasure men find in the raspberry, in the strawberry, or in the coffeeberry, all these pleasures are to my taste concentrated in the Mayfair Berries.

Ever theirs,

SYDNEY SMITH.”

The beautiful stone bridge which is so notable a feature of the river at Richmond, presenting an equally picturesque appearance whether seen from above or below, replaces a ferry that had been in use for many centuries, various entries in the privy purse expenses of the Tudors proving that it was often used by them. On two occasions in 1529, for instance, Henry VIII. paid the ferryman there six shillings and eightpence, and in 1537 Princess Mary and her attendants availed themselves of his services for crossing the river. In a lease granted to Edmund Cooke and Edward Sawyer, who are described as gentlemen of London, for forty years from March 25th, 1652, the rent they were to give was assessed at the very low sum of thirteen shillings and fourpence, “to be paid yearly during the said term at the feast day of Michael the Archangel and the Annunciation of Mary the Virgin, into the receipt of the King’s Exchequer by even and equal portions.”

As time went on and the population on either side of the river increased, the inadequacy of the means of transit became ever more apparent. Foot passengers often had to wait a very long time for their turn to use the ferry-boat, whilst riders on horseback, or in carriages, and travellers encumbered by luggage, were sometimes kept on the bank for hours, watching the slow passage to and fro of the heavily-laden horse-boat, as the larger craft for the conveyance of heavy goods was called. Ferry Hill, that led up, as Bridge Street does now, to Hill Street, was so steep that the old and infirm were scarcely able to climb it, and at one time it was customary for a woman to earn a few coppers by letting out chairs to the poor for a trifle. Well-to-do passengers, however, preferred to rest in the hostelry known as the Ferry Inn, that occupied the site of the later King's Head, or in that with the sign of the Dog that was replaced by the Talbot Hotel, where they were of course expected to order drink for the good of the house.

At the expiration of the forty years' lease referred to above, the rent of the ferry was raised to £8 13s. 4d., an incidental proof of the greater profits to be made by it, and it was not until the eighteenth century was considerably advanced that the idea of a bridge was mooted. Even then some few opposed its erection as an unnecessary innovation, and when their absurd objections were overruled much time was lost in disputes as to the best position for it, some advocating the one eventually chosen, others thinking it would have been better for it to start on the Surrey side from the gardens of Herring Court or from Water Lane, the latter opinion being still shared by many inhabitants of Richmond, who are now advocating the pulling down of the bridge and its replacement by another lower down stream. It is, however, greatly to be hoped that if a new bridge should be built for heavy traffic, that the old one will be preserved for the sake of its architectural beauty and its old associations.

In 1773 a lengthy report was drawn up, setting forth

very clearly the advantages and disadvantages of the different schemes, reading which it is difficult to understand the decision finally arrived at, but the probability is that it was the then owner of the ferry, whose rights it was necessary to consider, who was responsible for the mistake that was made. Six thousand pounds were paid to him in compensation for the loss of the remainder of his lease, which did not expire until 1798, and on August 23rd, 1774, the first stone of the long-talked-of bridge was laid by the Honourable Henry Hobart. The architects were Messrs. Paine and Couse of London, and the graceful structure, with its five main arches, supplemented on either side by several smaller ones, the semicircular bays breaking the outline of the parapet, does no little credit to their taste and technical skill. The bridge, which cost £26,000, was opened in 1777, the money having been raised on what is known as the Tontine system, named after the Italian, Lorenzo Tonti, who evolved it in 1653, when he saved the French Royal exchequer from bankruptcy by its means. The shares of £100 each represented an annuity that was divided amongst the purchasers according to age, the surplus accruing from the death of the shareholders being divided amongst the survivors, so that the whole eventually fell to the longest liver. The shares were mostly, for self-evident reasons, made out in the names of the youngest members of the families interested, but some few who loved to be associated, however remotely, with the Royal Family, chose to make their profits depend on the length of the lives of the Prince of Wales or the Duke of York. The last surviving tontine nominee, an old lady of eighty-six, died on March 3rd, 1859, having, during the last five years of her long life, received no less than £800 per annum from the bridge. Until 1825 somewhat heavy tolls were levied on all traffic, but at that date they were considerably lowered, and after the last holder of the original shares had passed away they were remitted altogether.

The throwing open of the bridge was made the occasion

of a picturesque ceremony, when Mr. Henry Pownall, as the representative of the Commissioners, crossed over it on horseback, followed by a long procession of the residents in the neighbourhood. Having passed through the further gates, Mr. Pownall made a short speech to the assembled crowds, and then in a loud voice he declared the bridge open to all-comers. He was answered by a ringing cheer, and the next moment a strong body of navvies advanced upon the gates and tore them up then and there, to the accompaniment of shouts of joy from the spectators, but it was not until some fifty years later that the quaint toll houses, which figure in old prints, were pulled down, since which time little change has taken place in the approach to the bridge on the Surrey side.

CHAPTER V.

RICHMOND GREEN, TOWN AND HILL.



It is indeed fortunate that although the grand old Palace of Henry VII. has fallen a prey to the spoiler, part of its ancient pleasure has been preserved. Known for centuries as the Green, it retains, though its limits have been considerably curtailed, and its surroundings almost completely changed since it adjoined the Royal Gardens and was the scene of jousts and tournaments, a certain air of seclusion, rendering it difficult to realise that it is in close touch with a busy modern town. The old sundial that once stood in the centre, has been removed to the Terrace Gardens, and the wooden palings that long encircled the Green were replaced by iron railings, put up at the expense of William IV., who, though he never lived in Richmond after his accession, often drove through it on his way to Railshead House, Isleworth, to see his beloved daughter, who had married the second son of the Earl of Cassilis, and her children, one of whom, the Countess of Munster, dwells much, in her recently-published "Memories and Miscellanies," on the generous kindness of Queen Adelaide to Mrs. Jordan's family.

The venerable rook-haunted elms overshadowing the borders of the Green, the fine old Queen Anne and Georgian mansions overlooking it, and even the comparatively modern buildings of the Vicarage, and the Free Library (opened by the Countess Russell in 1881), are all to a certain extent in harmony with it, and it has been more or less intimately associated with the life of the people of Richmond for many generations. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a certain portion of

the Green, where the Vicarage and the adjoining villas now stand, was set apart for a bowling alley, protected from the weather by a series of lofty arches, along the top of which was a gravelled path, called the Terras, or High Walk, that formed a delightful promenade, commanding a fine view of the Old Deer Park. As time went on, and the more manly sports of cricket and football superseded the leisurely game of bowls, the Green became the scene of many a hotly-contested struggle, and although the extensive recreation grounds of the Old Deer Park are now formidable rivals to it in popular esteem, it is still constantly used for practice and local matches. Many important public meetings have also been held on it, such as the great Radical gathering of 1821 to advocate Parliamentary Reform, and in 1890 a seal may be said to have been set on the old-world Green as the heart of modern Richmond, by the reading within its boundaries of the Royal Charter raising the town to the rank of a borough.

The name of the High Walk was retained, long after the removal of the arches and promenade, by a narrow railed-in pathway leading from the corner of what is now known as the Little Green, to a group of small houses called Poverty Court, because they were occupied by well-born tenants in reduced circumstances, that stood near the former entrance of the Old Deer Park, and from which a country lane led to all that was left of the hamlet of West Sheen, and thence along the riverside to Kew. A more important thoroughfare was Love Lane, which was a continuation of the present Park Shot, and as already stated was closed by George III. It must, however, be added that the King gave to Richmond parish in exchange for it the valuable piece of property known as Pest House Common, because a hospice for the plague-stricken, pulled down in 1787, once stood on it, that included all the land on the eastern side of Queen's Road from below the grounds of Ancaster House to that of the new cemetery. The bargain struck between the King and his people was

therefore really a very fair one, in spite of all that has been said about the Royal land-grabber's high-handed measures.

It is generally supposed that at the end of the seventeenth century the railings enclosing the Green extended from the corner of Duke Street, where, by the way, stands one of the very oldest houses of the town, as far as King Street, meeting at right angles those starting from Cedar Grove, on the opposite side. The space now occupied by the houses on the left of the pedestrian going from King Street along the alley known as Paved Court, was probably then entirely free from buildings, so that the residences between the two thoroughfares must all have faced the Green. However that may have been, it is certain that it was not long before a number of stately mansions rose up within what had so long been the precincts of the Palace, for in the view and plan of Richmond, dating from about 1710, that hangs in the Public Library, several of those still standing, with others since replaced by modern villas, can be identified. Of the latter the most important, after the riverside residences already described, was the one later known as Fitzwilliam House, which occupied the site of the present Pembroke Villas, with part of the land now owned by the railway company.

Fitzwilliam House was built for Sir Charles Hedges, Secretary of State to Queen Anne, and was occupied for many years by Sir Matthew Decker, one of the founders of the Richmond Parochial School, the children attending which used to wear a picturesque costume. The house was considerably enlarged by Sir Matthew, some of the new rooms resembling, it is said, the State apartments at Hampton Court, in the luxury of their appointments, especially the Dining Hall, in which the owner often received George I. and his successor, who happened to be dining with him on the day that he was proclaimed King. Inherited from Sir Matthew Decker by the cultivated Lord Fitzwilliam, the eager advocate of Catholic emancipation and Parlia-

mentary reform, it became his favourite residence, and in it he formed the fine collection of rare books, illuminated MSS. and pictures, which he bequeathed, with a large sum of money, to the University of Cambridge, and which is still preserved intact in the Museum named after him in that town. Between the death of Lord Fitzwilliam, in 1816, and the sale of the property to a builder about 1850, the beautiful mansion was the home of several notable personages, including Sir Patrick Ross, at one time Governor of St. Helena, and the Countesses of Pembroke and Mulgrave, but even before its doom was sealed by the exigencies of modern traffic, it had lost many of the attractions that distinguished it during the occupancy of the Earl, after whom it was named.

Another site on the Green that is associated with many deeply interesting memories, though of a kind differing greatly from those called up by the name of Fitzwilliam House, is that now occupied by the modern Garrick House. There once stood what was known as the New Theatre, to distinguish it from an older one on the Hill, and near to it rose a grand old elm tree, said to have been planted by Queen Elizabeth, that had to be removed many years ago. Built on the model of Drury Lane Theatre, but on a smaller scale, in 1765-6, at the expense of a certain Mrs. Horn, for an actor relative named Dance, better known by his *nom de guerre* of Love, it had a small residence connected with it, and was opened on June 15th, 1766, with the declamation by the lessee and manager of a prologue written for the occasion by David Garrick, then at the zenith of his fame.

There does not appear to have been anything specially attractive about the earliest plays performed at the place of entertainment inaugurated with such a flourish of trumpets, and it was not until the theatre on the Green had been open for more than twenty years that any great actor or actress appeared on its boards. In 1789, however, when a Mr. John Edwin was manager, the lovely Mrs. Jordan, whose real name, by the way,

was Bland, and who had made her *début* in 1785, at Drury Lane, in "The Country Girl," was persuaded to act at Richmond in the "Constant Couple," taking the part of Sir Harry Wildair, and delighting everyone by her spirited interpretation of the character. A year later began her long connection with the heir-apparent to the throne, and in 1793 she was present with him in the Richmond Theatre, in a private box, when Charles Mathews, then only an amateur, appeared, having, it is said, paid a large sum for the privilege, as Richard III., a part that does not seem to have suited him very well, for in his Autobiography he gives a humorous account of the effect on his audience of the dying scene, which moved them to mirth instead of tears, the Duke of Clarence and Mrs. Jordan being in convulsions of laughter.

In 1791 the comic actor Suett made his entry into the theatrical world at Richmond, and the same year the elder Macready acted there several times as Marplot in "The Busybody," but the next important event after the appearance of Mrs. Jordan in the history of the little playhouse was the fancy taken to it in 1796 by George III. and Queen Charlotte, who were the first members of the Royal Family to patronise it officially, and quickly made it the fashion to attend the entertainments given in it. It was now no longer difficult to secure the services of the stars of the London stage, and in 1807, when a Mr. Beverley was manager, even the Queen of Tragedy, Mrs. Siddons, deigned to act in the theatre on the Green as Lady Randolph in the popular play of "Douglas."

Many were the spirited efforts made by Mr. Beverley's successors to attract the public, one of them, a Mr. Klanert, hitting upon the singular device of organising a competition for the Thames watermen, the prize being a wherry, which was presented to the winner at the theatre, and in which he was carried round the stage in a triumphal procession, to the accompaniment of the strains of "Rule Britannia." Needless to add that the rowing match drew crowds, not only from all the neighbouring villages, but also from

London, but great as was the renown which accrued through it to Mr. Klanert, he is now chiefly remembered for his connection with Edmund Kean, whose services he secured at a very high salary for the winter season of 1817. The great tragedian, who had made his *début* at Drury Lane Theatre as Shylock in 1814, was announced in the Richmond advertisements as "Mr. K. ! ! !" a transparent disguise assumed because he had agreed to act at Drury Lane only, and the first character he impersonated was Sir Edward Mortimer. Kean at once took a great fancy to Richmond, and used to put up at the Castle Hotel, pulled down about 1890, from which he dated various characteristic epistles to his manager, who paid very dearly for the privilege of employing him in more ways than one, often lending him money which it was not always easy to recover.

The story goes that on one occasion, when Kean had been playing Richard III. to Mr. Klanert's Richmond, he had been so enraged at the indiscriminate applause, no distinction being made between the actors by the uncritical audience, that he refused to acknowledge the plaudits, leaving the house directly the performance was over, and at once sending the following note to his employer: "My Dear Sir,—I have the greatest respect for you and the best wishes for your professional success, but if I play in the Richmond Theatre again 'I'll be damned!" For all that he did play again very often, and when Mr. Klanert died in 1831 Kean became lessee of the theatre, taking up his residence in the house connected with it, much to the delight of the people of Richmond, who through all the vicissitudes of his chequered career retained their affection for and pride in him. Unfortunately, however, his health was already broken, and in 1833 he passed away in a little room connected with the theatre, having been brought to Richmond after the tragic incident at Covent Garden Theatre when, whilst acting Othello, he was suddenly taken ill, falling into the arms of his son, who was playing Iago. He was buried in Richmond Churchyard, in the presence of the chief

members of the dramatic profession and many whom he had delighted by his genius or aided with his sympathy, and a little later an excellent bas-relief portrait, by A. Fletcher, a sculptor of some little note, on a marble tablet, was placed, at the expense of his son, on the West Front of the Church, near his resting-place, but removed in 1904 to the interior, where it occupies a prominent position on the West wall.

Many are the references in contemporary correspondence and literature to the beloved Edmund Kean, whose faults, serious though they undoubtedly were, were condoned by those able to recognise the true nobility of his character. No one in distress ever appealed to him in vain, and many were the actors and actresses who owed everything to his encouragement. His appearance on the Green for his daily stroll during the last few years of his life was the event of the day at Richmond, and in her delightful book, "Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters," the great actress, Helen Faucit, who as a child lived during the summer in one of the houses of Old Palace Terrace, and was to make her *début* in the little theatre near by, under Kean's successor, gives a most vivid picture of the great tragedian in his old age. "One of my earliest and most vivid recollections," she says, "was a meeting with the great Edmund Kean, as my sister called him. She had seen him act, and had, through friends, a slight acquaintance with him. Wishing her little birdie, as she called me, to share all her pleasures, she often took me to the Green for the chance of seeing him as he strolled there with his aunt, old Miss Tidswell. . . . At last, about noon one very warm sunny day, my sister's eager eyes saw the two figures in the distance. It would have been bad manners to appear to be watching, so in a roundabout way our approach was made. As we drew near I would gladly have run away. I was startled, frightened at what I saw—a small pale man with a fur cap and wrapped in a fur cloak. He looked to me as if he had come from the grave. A stray lock of very dark hair crossed his forehead, under

which shone eyes which looked dark and yet bright as lamps. So large were they, so piercing, so absorbing, I could see no other feature. I shrank behind my sister, but she whispered that it would be unkind to show any fear, so we approached and were kindly greeted by the pair. Oh, what a voice was that which spoke!" she adds. "It seemed to come from so far away, a long, long way behind him. After the first salutation it said, 'Who is this little one?' When my sister had explained, the face smiled (I was reassured by the smile and the face looked less terrible), and he asked me where I went to school, and which of my books I liked best." The ice once broken, a long conversation ensued between the veteran actor and the little maiden, every word of which the latter treasured up in her heart to the end of her life, especially the "God speed" with which Kean dismissed her, laying his hand for a moment on her head.

To the last the great tragedian loved the river and the hill; he had his own boat, and was fond of rowing up alone, beyond Teddington, though towards the end he would time his excursions so as to have the help of the tide both ways. In climbing to the Terrace to enjoy the view, he always used the agate-headed stick he appeared with on the stage when he acted as Sir Giles Overreach, and would stand for a long time leaning on it to watch the sunset. Strange to say, though the elder Miss Faucit was familiar with all the haunts of her hero, neither she nor her sister ever saw him again. His aunt, Miss Tidswell, told them that he often talked of the sweet-voiced maiden, and hoped she would soon go to see him, but a few days after the meeting on the Green he was taken seriously ill, and although he recovered sufficiently to act again, he was rarely able to receive visitors, reserving all his strength for his work.

Kean was succeeded as lessee and manager by a Mr. Willis Jones, and Helen Faucit made her *début* as Juliet under him. Whether her decision to go on the stage was the result of the memorable interview with the great tragedian it is impossible to say, but she tells how

after it she and her sister never lost an opportunity of stealing in at the theatre, the door of which was always left open on off days, to stand on what to them was the weirdly mysterious stage, and to gaze from it into the gloom of the pit and boxes. One hot afternoon they took refuge in the dark cool place to rest awhile, and presently noticing a flight of steps and a balcony left standing after rehearsal, the elder girl suddenly exclaimed, "Why, this might do for Romeo and Juliet's balcony! Go up, birdie, and I will be your Romeo." The sisters then went through the whole of the balcony scene, with which they were thoroughly familiar, little dreaming that they had an unseen listener, for Mr. Jones, happening to pass through the theatre on the way to his house, was arrested by the sound of their voices and remained concealed till the end. He was so delighted with Helen's appearance, voice, and manner, that he called on her parents, and with great difficulty persuaded them to let her appear as Juliet on his boards. "Thus," she says, "did a little frolic prove to be the turning-point of my life," and she goes on to relate how she was allowed to dress for her first appearance in the room that had been Mr. Kean's, "in which, under a glass-case, were preserved as relics several articles of his toilet, brushes and things of that kind, which brought vividly before her the frail figure . . . the large eyes so intense in their lustre, the dark hair straggling over the forehead, the voice coming from so far away, and the kind, quaint manner."

Up to the time when the signal was given for Miss Faucit's entry on the stage, the spirit of Kean seemed to be with the trembling neophyte, but, she says, "when I turned to give a last look at the relics in the glass-case it was a sort of farewell, a feeling as if life were ending." Vainly she strove to keep up her courage, and after struggling painfully through the opening scenes she wound up by crushing the phial containing the potion she had to drink in her hand, the broken glass cutting it severely, so that the blood trickled down upon her white satin dress. "Excited as I already was," she says, "this was too much

for me," and having always had a sickening horror of the bare sight or even talk of blood, poor Juliet grew faint, and went staggering towards the bed, where she really fainted. "I remember nothing," she adds, "of the end of the play, beyond seeing many kind people in my dressing-room, and wondering what this all meant. Our good doctor from London was among the audience, and bound up the wounded hand; but, oh, my dress! my first waking thought. I was inconsolable till told that the injured part could be renewed."

In spite of this melancholy breakdown, Helen Faucit played Juliet several times at Richmond with greater success, a wooden phial replacing the broken glass one, before, three years later, she made her first appearance at Drury Lane, where she was to win such great renown and to secure what she valued even more, the friendship of Charles Kemble, then about to retire from the stage, who, she relates, was always present at rehearsals, seated in the front of the dark theatre. The next actor of note to grace the boards of the little house of entertainment on Richmond Green was Charles Kean, son of the greater Edmund, who, though he did not inherit his father's genius, had considerable talent. Later Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Ben Webster, the Keeleys, and Sothorn drew large audiences, but in 1880 the long-popular theatre was closed. In 1884 it was decided to pull it down, and Helen Faucit, in a note to her "Reminiscences," dated March, 1885, refers with regret to its destruction.

Of the older houses on the Green the most important and interesting are the four known as Maids of Honour Row, already referred to in the account of the Old Palace, which are very typical of the time at which they were built, resembling each other in their general style, but each with a distinctive character of its own. In one of them Sir Richard Burton, the famous traveller and linguist, lived when a boy, attending as day scholar an academy kept by the Rev. Charles Delafosse, in a house at the corner of Duke Street, now replaced by modern offices. In No. 4

Maids of Honour Row, resided for many years and died John James Heidegger, Master of the Revels to George I. and George II., who had made a fortune as Director of the Italian Opera Company in London, and was a liberal patron of artists. His scene-painters were very superior to most of their brethren in the craft, and he commissioned the best of them to decorate the panels of the principal reception rooms in his Richmond home, that still remain much what they were in his time.

Other noteworthy old residences facing the Green are the three of uncertain date known as Tudor Lodge, Tudor House and Tudor Place, adjoining Maids of Honour Row, that have, however, been completely modernised with somewhat unsatisfactory results; the irregular row of houses known as Greenside, the best of which is that named after Queen Anne, with good iron railings and finely moulded eaves; the group called Old Palace Terrace, in one of which lived Helen Faucit, and in another Richard Crisp, author of a valuable book on Richmond, published in 1866, opposite to which is a strip of turf, supposed to be the sole relic of an extensive greensward that connected the present Green with the Palace grounds; the mansion called the Old Friars, with a fine hall and a private theatre, built, as stated above, on part of the foundations of the Observantist monastery; and Cedar Grove. In a vault beneath the last-named was discovered, in 1813, two ancient silver spoons with diamond-shaped bowls and long handles, and a large number of bottles of antiquated shape, the corks of which had crumbled away with old age, that had evidently contained wine, and were probably part of the stores referred to in the Rutland papers, that in the time of Henry VIII. were "laid yn dyvers places for the King and the Emperor (Charles V.) between Dovyr and London."

There is a certain air of the long ago about the narrow alleys such as Paved Court, and Brewer's Lane, leading to the Green, though most of the shops and houses in them are modern, but there is not very much left

THE END



in the actual town of Richmond to recall the past. Gone, fortunately, is the pond that was the receptacle of the parish refuse, and gone are the ancient Watch House, or Lock-up, and the old Stage Coach Office, where tickets used to be taken for the journey to London, the up-to-date Fire Brigade Station and the Quadrant replacing them. Ere long, too, will be improved away the picturesque but somewhat insanitary Red Lion Street and Artichoke Alley, the former, now the haunt of organ-grinders and costermongers, at one time an important thoroughfare. The present Red Lion Inn, probably licensed about the middle of the eighteenth century, bearing on its front the misleading date 1520, represents a very much older and more important hostelry that was, it is supposed, built in the early sixteenth century, and was the scene of many important meetings, including that of September 24th, 1638, for the creation of one William Crowne as Rouge Dragon Pursuivant of Arms and the future Sir William Dugdale as Blanch Lyon Pursuivant, when a bowl of wine was poured over the head of each newly-appointed officer by the presiding Earl-Marshal.

The original Red Lion Inn was of red brick, with stone facings in the Tudor style, and from two huge beams projecting from the chief front hung swinging signs. An archway gave access to a vast paved yard, with accommodation for carriages, horses, and the grooms in charge of them, the premises altogether covering a considerable area, including, it is supposed, the sites of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, George Street. No. 4 still retains the wide fireplace of the kitchen, that escaped destruction when the rest of the fine old building was pulled down. The house containing this interesting relic of the good old days before the railway ruined so many country places of entertainment, was for a time used as the Richmond post-office, when a corner adjoining the wide fireplace served as a sorting-table.

Of the many hostelries that competed for custom with the first Red Lion Inn nearly all have passed away,

though in some cases their successors retain their names. The popular Greyhound, in George Street, has been transformed beyond recognition; of the famous Feathers Inn, at the Junction of King Street and Water Lane, only the assembly room and the staircase, now part of modern places of business, remain; and of the more celebrated Castle Inn, of George Street, that was the resort of the actors, Edmund Kean and James Quin, as well as of the wealthy City magnates, only the memory remains. To make up for this, however, its site is occupied by a building of no little importance in the history of modern Richmond, the Town Hall, built on land given to the town by Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, its first Mayor, soon after its incorporation as a Borough, the arms of which, it may be added, are singularly appropriate, combining as they do the lion of the Royal Manor, the portcullis, a favourite badge of Henry VII., a swan, in allusion to the river; a stag, suggesting the parks, the Tudor Rose, and a representation of the old Palace, the motto, "A Deo et Rege" succinctly expressing the recognition by the people of all they owe to God and to the King.

Passed away, too, with the more important Feathers and Old Castle Inns, leaving absolutely no trace, are the Rose and Crown that stood opposite to the latter, the Queen's Arms and Black Boy, of George Street, as well as the outlying Bull's Head Tavern, that stood on the site of the house now known as the Wick, whilst its neighbour, near the top of Queen's Road, the Lass of Richmond Hill, is now being rebuilt for the third or fourth time, and but for its attractive name would probably escape notice altogether. Who that name commemorates it is, alas! impossible to say with any certainty, and many are the theories that have been hazarded on the subject, some asserting that the "Lass" was none other than the lovely Mrs. Fitzherbert, who is said to have been living at No. 3, The Terrace, when she first attracted the attention of her Royal admirer. Others think the famous maiden was the Lady Sarah Lennox, with

whom George III. was in love before he married Queen Charlotte, and yet others, who really seem to have the weight of evidence on their side, insist that she was a rustic beauty of the Yorkshire Richmond, who had never seen or even heard of its younger rival on the Thames.

The same fate which has overtaken so many of the old Richmond inns has been meted out to the places of entertainment that preceded the theatre on the Green. The earliest of these appears to have been the one known as Richmond Wells, near a medicinal spring that has long since disappeared, in what are now the grounds of Cardigan House, and to which there were two entrances, one from Petersham Road, the other from the Hill. The buildings connected with it included a great ballroom, stabling and coach-houses, and from its opening in 1696 to about 1750 Richmond Wells enjoyed no little popularity. By degrees, however, the style of the entertainments given there deteriorated, attracting such rowdy crowds that they became a nuisance to the residents in the neighbourhood, and about 1755 the property was bought by the Misses Houblon, then living in Ellerker House, now converted into Ellerker College. The new owners lost no time in having the Wells closed, but it was not until twenty years later that the last of the buildings, including the Well House, were destroyed.

In 1719, what was long known as the Old Theatre, to distinguish it from the one on the Green, was built. It occupied the site of an ancient stable for donkeys, the quaint business card of which announced that, "At King William's Royal Ass-House a little above ye ferrey on Richmond Hill, Asses milk is sold. Also Asses are bought and sold there or let to such as desire to keep them at their own Houses by John Scott." Humorous reference to its predecessor was made in the prologue spoken on the opening night at the Theatre, and the joke was often referred to in the contemporary Press, in which there are also many allusions to the pieces played. Tickets for the Old Theatre were bought at a little inn opposite to it,

called the Three Compasses, an incidental proof that the establishment was on a much smaller scale than its rival on the Green. Its career was apparently prosperous but brief. Some of the great actors of the day played in it, and it appears to have been turned to account by Garrick for testing the powers of the actresses he wished to bring out at Drury Lane, for Horace Walpole, writing in 1749, remarks that he had "seen Miss Clough there; a new actress, an extremely fine and tall figure, and very handsome. Garrick is to produce her next winter; and a Miss Charlotte, a poetess and a deplorable actress. Garrick, Barry, and some more of the players were there to see these new comedians. It is to be their seminary." For some unexplained reason the license of the Old Theatre was forfeited in 1756, and the then owner, Theophilus Cibber, brother to the famous actor, dramatist and poet laureate, Colley Cibber, who wrote several of his comedies at Richmond, evaded the difficulty in which he found himself, by advertising his establishment as a snuff warehouse, with "an histrionic Academy connected with it for the instruction of young persons in the art of acting." The device had but little success, for the audiences in the snuff warehouse dwindled away, till there was nothing left to do but to close it, and after serving as a warehouse for some little time it was pulled down.

Scarcely less complete than the destruction of Richmond Wells has been that of the greater number of the old houses in the town, only a few of the ancient shops remaining, amongst which may be noted the one near Water Lane, known as the "Maid of Honour," because certain cakes are still made in it that were first introduced in Richmond by Queen Caroline's ladies-in-waiting. Here and there, however, amongst the sea of modern villas that cover the slopes of the hill, a venerable homestead rises up, robbed, it is true, of the environment that made up half its charm, yet striking in the present the unmistakeable note of the past. Such are the fine Queen Anne houses of Ormond Road, in one of which lived

the authoress, Mrs. T. C. Hofland, and her artist husband; Ormond House, in which lives Mr. Frederick Brown, Slade Professor of London University; with the neighbouring Lancaster, Clarence, and Halford Houses, all not far from the approaches to the old ferry.

In what, not so very long ago, was a beautiful country lane overshadowed by venerable trees, but is now a noisy artery of traffic, though parts of it, strange to say, are still without a footpath, Sheen (formerly Marshgate) Road, are several noteworthy mansions, built probably on the sites of yet older ones, occupied by the nobility when Richmond and Kew were the favourite residences of the Royal Family. Such are Marshgate House, with an iron entrance gate of beautiful and ornate design; Egerton House, dating probably from about 1710, possibly built on the site of one of the outlying dependencies of the Palace, a silver coin of the reign of Queen Elizabeth having been dug up in its grounds some years ago; Streatham, Carrington, and Beverley Lodges—in the second of which lives the distinguished artist, Mr. Charles Edward Johnson, R.I., one of whose works is in the Tate Gallery—all three originally a single mansion with a remarkably fine oak staircase; and Lichfield House, named after the Bishop of Lichfield, who at one time lived in it. A grand old red brick building with a beautiful formal garden, thoroughly in harmony with the delightful home to which it belongs, it is a centre of the social and intellectual life of Richmond, as the residence of the celebrated novelist, Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon), and also of her son, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, who inherits his mother's literary talent.

Many picturesque thoroughfares, of which few now retain anything of their original character, led up from Sheen Road to the Hill and Park, of which the most important is Sheen Lane, close to the lower end of which is an interesting milestone, bearing the date 1751, and the inscription, "X miles from the Standard, Cornhill, and $\frac{3}{4}$ from West-Minster Bridge, VI. miles and $\frac{3}{4}$ from

Hyde Park Corner." Once lined on either side by the seats of noblemen and leading up to the Sheen Gate of Richmond Park, Sheen Lane still retains the famous Temple Grove, long the residence of Sir John Temple, brother to the more celebrated Sir William, of West Sheen memory, and East Sheen Lodge, to which the Duke of Fife brought his bride, the Princess Royal, in 1889, but Sheen House, once the retreat of the Comte de Paris, has recently been pulled down, and its grounds are now advertised for sale. Fortunately, however, Sheen Common, which may be reached from Sheen Road or from the Park, will ever remain an open space for the enjoyment of the public, as will also the little remnant of the so-called Pest House Common at the Sheen Road end of Queen's Road, that at one time extended to the top of the Hill.

In Mount Ararat Road, named after a large mansion that once stood in it, there is nothing reminiscent of the long ago, but it is associated with the memory of the philanthropist, Mrs. Hanbury, who aided Mrs. Fry in her noble work amongst prisoners, and in it now lives the talented novelist, Miss Tuttielt (Maxwell Gray), author of the "Silence of Dean Maitland," the "Last Sentence," and other fine works. In Onslow Road lives the well-known naturalist and writer on military and other subjects, Professor Demetrius Charles Boulger, and his wife, the novelist, Dorothy Boulger, long a collaborator of Charles Dickens in "All the Year Round;" and in the adjoining Marlborough Road is the home of Miss Agnes Dunbar, whose useful "Dictionary of Saintly Women" is a standard work on the subject of which it treats. Friar's Stile Road prides itself on having been a favourite resort of Thackeray, who used to put up at the Rose Cottage Inn, now the Marlborough Hotel; in Queen's Road lives the poet, John Gurdon, whose "Erinna" is a masterpiece of classic style. One of the houses in Chisholm Road has long been the residence of Mr. Frederick Dixey, whose fine interpretations of local scenery are appreciated far beyond the limits of Richmond; and near to him, on the skirts of the

freeboard of the Park, a long strip of which she rents from the Crown as a garden, lives Miss Beatrice Fellowes, hereditary Herb-strewer to the Royal Family, the dignity having been conferred on her great aunt, daughter of William Fellowes, M.D., one of the King's physicians, by George IV., who was very much attached to her, and used to call her his "Little Fell."

Even more completely transformed than Sheen Road and the slopes of the hill, is the thoroughfare once connected with the Green by a shady lane, known as Parkshot, its name recalling the time when the land on which Richmond is built was divided into portions called shotts, of which there were fourteen in the Upper Field and ten in the Lower, all now completely built over. In lodgings, at No. 8, Parkshot, recently pulled down and replaced by the building now occupied by the offices of the Richmond Board of Guardians, lived and worked, from 1855 to 1859, the great novelist, George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans), and the less celebrated George Lewes, who exercised so strong an influence over her, receiving there, amongst other kindred spirits, the philosopher, Herbert Spencer, with whom they loved to discuss the subjects in which he was interested. In this even then most commonplace locality, close to the railway, were written those masterpieces of imagination, the "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede," and their author's Journals and Letters are full of allusions to the progress of her work, its reception by the public, and the varying aspects of the environment in which it was produced. She tells how, when with hesitating diffidence she first confided to Mr. Lewes her idea of writing a novel, he gave her but scant encouragement, observing, "It may be a failure, it may be that you are unable to write fiction," though later, when she told him, as they were walking in the Park, that she intended to try a series of stories founded on her own observation of the clergy, he cheered her by admitting that it was a fresh and striking notion.

"About a week afterwards," says George Eliot, "when I

read him the first part of 'Amos,' the scene at Cross Farm satisfied him that I had the very element he had been doubtful about—it was clear I could write good dialogue. There still remained the question whether I could command any pathos, and that was to be decided by the mode in which I treated Milly's death." "One night," she adds, "G. went to town on purpose to leave me a quiet evening for writing it. I wrote the chapter, from the news brought by the shepherd to Mrs. Hackett to the moment when Amos is dragged from the bedside, and I read it to G. when he came home. We both cried over it, and then he came up to me and kissed me, saying, 'I think your pathos is better than your fun.'"

At 8, Parkshot, on December 29th, 1856, George Eliot received a cheque for fifty guineas for "Amos Barton," and there as long afterwards as December 10th, 1857, her disguise was first penetrated by Major Blackwood, who called on behalf of his brother, being still, till he came face to face with her, under the impression that she was a clergyman, so intimate was the acquaintance she had displayed with the clerical point of view.

It seems strange that two literary people, for whom quiet was so essential, and who were free to live anywhere they liked, should have remained so long in Parkshot, and her immediate surroundings seem to have coloured unfavourably the great novelist's opinion of Richmond, which, she says, writing on June 5th, 1857, "is not fascinating in the summer. It is hot, noisy, and haunted with Cockneys, but at other times we love the Park with an increasing love, and we have such a kind good landlady that it always seems like going home to return to Parkshot." She writes with real enthusiasm of the Park, referring to "delicious walks" there, dwelling on the exquisite colouring of the scenery in the autumn and winter, on the clearness of the view of London and Hampstead, and describing one particular sunset when everything "had a delicate blue mist over it, that seemed to hang like a veil before the sober brownish yellow of the



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distant elms." The last word of "Adam Bede" was written at Richmond on November 15th, 1858, and in February of the following year the "home-like lodgings" were finally given up, George Eliot and Mr. Lewes removing to Holly Lodge, Wandsworth; but the spirit of the former still seems to haunt the scene of her early triumphs, and to lend a romantic interest to the prosaic district that witnessed them.

There is nothing specially noteworthy about the approach from the town to the world-famous terrace on Richmond Hill, most of the villas on either side being modern, but near the summit, completely hidden from the road by a high wall, is Cardigan House, named after the Earl of Cardigan who once owned it, which is still much what it was a hundred and fifty years ago, when it was described by a contemporary writer, "as a small house under Richmond Hill, standing so shady that every apartment in it is as cool and gloomy as a grotto." Beyond its extensive grounds, which the same author declared were so thickly planted with trees that the sun had no admittance, are the Terrace Gardens already noticed, that are succeeded by the Terrace Field, long known as the Hill Common. The latter was granted to the Richmond Vestry in 1786, and is the favourite playground of the children of the neighbourhood, who, rich and poor alike, seem to prefer it and the promenade above even to the Park, their light-hearted merriment and the picturesque groups they form in their games adding not a little to the attractions of a scene that is without a rival in its charms to those who know how to appreciate them as they deserve. Not even in the depth of winter, is the Terrace deserted, and never is the long vista presented by its fine avenue of trees anything but fascinating, though it is perhaps in the early spring, late autumn, and on the rare occasions when the popular walk is one gleaming stretch of frozen snow, and the leafless branches of the trees are outlined with delicate hoar-frost, recalling the fan-tracery roof of a Gothic aisle, that the colouring and atmospheric effects are most

entrancing, especially in the gloaming after the sun has set.

The glorious prospect from the Terrace and the houses overlooking it from the other side of the road, with Petersham Wood and the winding river in the foreground, extends to the distant Surrey and Berkshire Hills, taking in Windsor Castle, that can be distinctly seen on a clear day, St. Ann's Hill, Cooper's Hill, and Guildford. Never twice exactly the same, the exquisite panorama has been again and again painted and described, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Turner having been amongst the great artists who have interpreted it in colour, whilst Wordsworth and Thomson have written immortal poems in its honour; yet it remains ever full of fresh inspiration to each succeeding generation, and may yet be the theme of other masterpieces, for there is now no longer any fear that it will ever be lost to the public. Often has it been threatened, but as often saved through the generosity of public-spirited residents, who have interfered when one or another distinctive feature of the prospect was in peril of desecration or obliteration, and amongst whom special recognition is due to Sir Max Waechter, who a few years ago bought the beautiful Petersham Ait, or Glover's Islet, and presented it to the Corporation of Richmond.

Fortunately only two houses, both built in the eighteenth century, interrupt the view from the Terrace: that called the Wick, on the site, as already stated, of the Bull's Head Tavern, and Wick House, that was built for Sir Joshua Reynolds by the noted architect, Sir William Chambers, but has been considerably altered since his time. In it the famous artist received many of his royal and aristocratic sitters, giving princely entertainments not only to them but to his literary friends, including Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and many others. Sir Joshua was fond of strolling in the Park, but he preferred what was then known as Richmond Gardens, connected with the Palace, and there more than once met George III., who was always ready for a chat with him, and is said at one of these

accidental meetings to have congratulated him on having been made Mayor of Plympton, as he called Plymouth, to which the astute courtier replied that he valued more the distinction of knighthood that had been conferred on him by His Majesty.

Few of the houses opposite the Terrace have any claim to antiquity, but some of them are associated with the memories of distinguished people. In Downe House, now divided into three residences, the grounds of which occupy the site of Bishop Duppa's Almshouses, lived the gifted and versatile Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who married one of the famous beauties of the day, the lovely Elizabeth Linley, and later it was the home for a time of the poet earl, Lord Crawford. The large house that was for many years the Queen's Hotel, was at one time the residence of the Countess of Mansfield, whose name it bore; Morshead House, at the top of Queen's Road, was named after a former owner, and Doughty House, now the residence of Sir Frederic Cook, who owns a fine collection of pictures by the old masters, was once the property of Miss Doughty, whose memory is also connected with the Roman Catholic Church in the Vineyard. In the house next door to Doughty House lived Rhoda Broughton, the novelist, and Terrace House, adjoining the modernised but still old-fashioned-looking Roebuck Inn, is the property of Sir Max Waechter, the generous benefactor of Richmond referred to above in connection with the preservation of the view.

Close to the entrance to the Park, and opposite the Fountain put up in 1901 in honour of Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, is Ancaster House, soon to be pulled down or converted into flats, named after the Duke of Ancaster, who sold it to Sir Lionel Darrell, the favourite of George III., who often visited him in it, and one day, when he complained that he had not room enough for all the hot-houses he wished to build, gave him a slice of the Park to add to his grounds, marking it off with his riding whip then and there.

Better known perhaps than any other building in Richmond is the Star and Garter Hotel, occupying a fine position on the brow of the hill, close to the entrance to the Park, above Petersham Wood, and commanding a view as grand and extensive as that from the Terrace itself. It occupies the site of several earlier hostelries, the first of which was a small, unpretending inn, completed in 1738, and named the Star and Garter because the land on which it stood was leased from the Earl of Dysart, a knight of the noble order of chivalry founded by Edward III. The first lessee paid a ground rent of forty shillings only, but in 1803 an adjoining strip of land was added to the premises and the rent raised to £3, a condition being inserted in the agreement that no trees should be allowed to grow higher than three feet, so that the view from Ancaster House and the Park Gate Lodge should never be intercepted, a restriction that might with great advantage to the public have been placed on all owners of property between the hill and the river. Needless to add, the condition was very soon evaded, if not in the letter in the spirit, by the successive proprietors of the hotel, who as time went on made additions that interfered greatly with the prospect from the hill.

After undergoing various vicissitudes of fortune the Star and Garter passed into the management of Mr. Joseph Ellis, father of the first Mayor of Richmond, and it was under his spirited direction that it first became a popular resort of the *beau monde* of London, who delighted in driving out to it for luncheon or dinner, whilst many writers of fiction whose scenes were laid in London, notably Thackeray in his "Vanity Fair," made a point of introducing their heroes and heroines to its delights. Its fame spread far and near, foreign visitors to London always including it amongst the places it was their duty to see, and all through the summer the approaches to it were lined with the gay equipages of its patrons. On the death of Mr. Ellis, one of his sons, Mr. George Ellis, carried on the business with no little success

until 1864, when he sold it to a limited liability company, who employed the then fashionable architect, Sir Charles Barry, to add to it what is still the principal building, that contrasted very strongly with its older neighbour. In 1870, however, the latter, with the exception of the original coffee room, was completely destroyed by fire, and replaced a few years later by the present pavilion, so that as it now stands, the hotel consists of three distinct parts, which cannot be said to harmonise well either with each other or their surroundings.

During its palmy days the Star and Garter was occupied for some time by the exiled King, Louis Philippe, who was visited in it by the young Queen Victoria, and later it was the home for a time of Napoleon III. and the ill-fated Prince Imperial, of the equally unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, the Duc d'Aumale, the Empress of Austria, the widowed Queen Amelia, and many other celebrities. Some of the Indian Princes, too, who came to England to attend the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee lodged in the Star and Garter, but during the last decade its popularity has been greatly on the wane, and when in 1907 it was offered for sale by auction no satisfactory result ensued, and it is still in the market. The universal use of motor cars may possibly have had something to do with this untoward change, it being easier with their aid to go much further into the country in a shorter time than was needed for the drive from London. The Drinking Fountain that was put up only a few years ago by the Richmond branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and has been such a boon to the horses that have climbed the long hill, is already far less used than it was at first, and it may be that, before the end of the century, drinking-places for draught animals will be quite out of date.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHURCHES, CEMETERIES, AND CHARITIES OF RICHMOND.



ALTHOUGH it was only some sixty years ago that Richmond attained to the dignity of becoming a distinct and separate parish, its ecclesiastical history can be traced back to the twelfth century, for when, in 1130, Gilbert the Norman—to whom Henry I. had granted the Manor of Meretone—founded Merton Abbey, he endowed it with the advowson of the church of Kingston-on-Thames, with its dependent chapelries at East Moulsey, Thames Ditton, Petersham and Sheen. The first step towards independency was gained by Richmond in 1658, when the Commissioners appointed to examine into the condition of the benefices of England, decreed that its church should be characterised as a parish one, and the second in 1769, when Richmond was made a perpetual curacy, but it was not until 1849 that it was finally divided from Kingston by the passing of an Act of Parliament, which provided a stipend and residence for the vicar, and vested in him the site of the church, the church itself, and the churchyard thereto adjoining.

Whether the present Parish Church of Richmond occupies the site of the chapel that was part of the endowment of Merton Abbey it is impossible to say, the various references to a chapel at Sheen, generally quoted to prove that it does, probably alluding to the one connected with the Royal Manor House or to that of the House of Jesus of Bethlehem. The earliest unmistakeable mention of a place of public worship in Richmond occurs in a MS. book

of the privy purse expenditure of Henry VII., who, it is there stated, "gave £5 to the Parish Clerke of Richmond toward the building of his new church," the use of the word new implying that the building then in course of construction was not the first. That the former was completed before the end of Henry's reign is, however, proved by the fact that several interments are stated to have taken place in it; and in a will preserved at Doctors' Commons, dated July 17th, 1487, the testator directs that his body shall be buried in front of the altar of St. Mary Magdalene at Richmond.

Whatever the date of its first foundation, very little now remains of the original fabric of Richmond Parish Church. The tower, evidently the oldest part, in spite of much restoration, is still however a typical structure, one of fifty similar examples of the style remaining in Surrey. It contains a very fine peal of bells, dating from about 1680 to 1790, on the greater number of which the names of the churchwardens holding office when they were cast are inscribed, the fourth bearing also the quaint sentence—

"Lambert made me weake not fit to ring,
But Barklett among the rest hath made me sing."

Next to the tower the walls of the nave, that are of red brick and date probably from the eighteenth century, are probably the oldest part of the church, but the interior has been completely transformed. The old chancel was pulled down a few years ago—when the monuments were removed to the walls of the nave—and replaced by a new chancel, having on one side the vestry and organ, and on the other a chapel dedicated to All Saints, erected by the present vicar, the Rev. Max Binney, to the memory of his first wife. The windows in the new chancel and chapel were all designed by the well-known architect, George Frederick Bodley, R.A., and are good examples of modern stained glass. The themes are well chosen and form an harmonious scheme, illustrative of the work of Christ as

the Redeemer of the world, and of the chief saints of the early history of the Church in Great Britain.

Fortunately the ancient monuments in the Parish Church, in spite of their change of position, serve to keep the much modernised sanctuary in abiding touch with the long ago, and to preserve the memory of many of those who worshipped in the ancient building before its transformation. Oldest of all of these memorials of the dead is the beautiful Brass to Robert Cotton, with kneeling effigies of himself, his wife, and their eight children, beneath which is the following inscription: "Mr. Robert Cotton, gentleman, sometime an officer of the Remooving Wardroppe of Bedds unto Queene Marie, whoe by her Mat^s speciall choise was taken from the Wardroppe to serve her Mat^{ie} as a Groome in her Privie Chamber al her lyfe-time and after her decease againe he became an officer of the Wardroppe, wher he served her Mat^{ie} that now is Queene Elizabeth many yeres, and dyed Yeoman of the same office." He married, it is further stated, "one Grace Cawsen, of whom he had issue 4 sonnes and 4 daughters."

Scarcely less interesting than the Cotton Monument is the one to Sir George and Lady Dorothy Wright, who died, the former in 1623 and the latter in 1631, who were both great benefactors of Richmond, Sir George having founded the almshouses now known as Queen Elizabeth's, and contributed towards additions to the church, whilst his wife helped to restore the tower and was a constant visitor to the poor and suffering in the town. Two kneeling figures represent the beloved knight and his wife, and beneath them are bas-relief effigies of their three sons and four daughters, the inscription below stating that Lady Wright "lived the faire example and cleare Light of her whole sex, her mother's matchless merit in all thinges good and great shee did inherit and left it to her children," with much more in the same strain. Exactly where this paragon of all the virtues rests is not known, but it is probably near her husband, who was buried

in the old chancel, the marble slab marking his grave bearing the inscription, "George Wright here buried lies, Learned, Just, Religious, Wise, Friendlie, Chearfulle, Charitable, sober, gentle, hospitable, a sweet companion, a safe friend, harmless his life, peaceful his end."

Very noteworthy, too, are the Monument with a kneeling figure to William Hickman, of Kew, one of the original vestrymen of Richmond, who died in 1617, and the marble Tablet to the memory of Matthias Pringham, who passed away in 1620, bearing the curious tribute: "Here lieth interred under this stone a man of charity alone who while he lived did good to all. He was a help to great and small. He left the world all full of sinne. He lived in Christ and dyed therein. He hoped in God his soul to save."

To the 17th century also belong the Monument to Lady Margaret Chudleigh, who died in 1627, with kneeling figures of herself and her second husband Sir John Chudleigh; the brass Tablet, dated 1646, commemorating Margaret the virtuous wife of Thomas Jay, mother of Thomas Jay, Captain of Horse, whose "short life was beavtefyed with many graces of nature and rare pieces of arte"; the Monument to Henry Lord Viscount Brouncker, who was cofferer to Charles II., and lived, as related above, in a house on the site of the monastery of Jesus of Bethlehem; and the Monument, dated 1656, in the gallery, to the Bentley family, with three good portrait busts, very characteristic of the Stuart period. Of considerably later date are the bas-relief Portrait of William Rowan, Esq., K.C., Fellow of Dublin College, who died in 1767; the marble Memorial, now on the wall of the passage outside the gallery, to the famous tragic actress Mrs. Mary Ann Yates and her husband, who are represented kneeling side by side; the two mural Bas-reliefs designed by Flaxman, with medallion portraits, one of the Honourable Barbara Lowther and the other of the noted schoolmaster, the Rev. Mark Delafosse; and the three Tablets commemorating the Rev. George Wakefield, and his sons

Gilbert and Thomas Wakefield, who were successively ministers of Richmond, and are buried in the churchyard. Of these the most famous was Gilbert, the elder of the brothers, who suffered many things for conscience sake, including imprisonment for two years in Dorchester Gaol for his so-called seditious reply to Bishop Watson's address to the people of Great Britain, and during his incarceration brought more than one condemned criminal to repentance by his exhortations.

One and all of the memorials of former residents in Richmond parish enumerated above are eclipsed in interest by the brass tablet on the western end of the north wall of the nave to the memory of the poet James Thomson, who, as related below, lived for several years and died in a cottage known as Rosedale, in the Kew Foot Road. He was buried in the graveyard close to what was then the outer wall of the church, David Mallet, the poet, and James Quin, the actor, having been his chief mourners. No monument marked the last resting-place of a man who had conferred lasting honour upon Richmond by his association with it, and a few years after his death his very grave became lost, for when the church was enlarged the new wall cut right across it, so that it is now almost impossible to identify it. The tardy tribute on the wall was put up in 1792 by Lord Buchan, and bears the following inscription: "In the earth below this tablet are the remains of James Thomson, author of the beautiful poems entitled the 'Seasons,' the 'Castle of Indolence,' etc., etc., who died at Richmond on the 27th August, and was buried on the 29th, O.S., 1748. The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man and so sweet a poet should be without memorial, has denoted the place of his interment for the satisfaction of his admirers in the year of Our Lord 1792."

Beneath this sentence, so touchingly human, with its bracketing together of the names of its author and of the immortal bard, is a quotation from the latter's beautiful poem "Winter," which, revealing as it does Thomson's

reverence for, and aspiration after, the divine, forms indeed a fitting epitaph:—

“Father of Light and Life! Thou God supreme,
 O teach me what is good, teach me Thyself!
 Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
 From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace and virtue prove,
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.”

In the graveyard connected with the Parish Church also rest many of the celebrities already noticed in connection with old Richmond, including Lord Fitzwilliam, Sir Matthew Decker, John James Heidegger, Edmund Kean, Dr. Moore and Mrs. Hofland, whilst in that in the Vineyard—the name of which recalls the time when the lower slopes of the hill were covered with vines—which was consecrated about 1790, are several interesting early nineteenth century tombs, including one to the memory of the political refugee Louise Frances Gabriel d’Alsace Chimez, Viscountess de Cambris, born Princess of the Empire, who died at Richmond on January 27th, 1807, at the age of 72.

The Parish Registers of Richmond, though the earliest dates only from 1583, that is to say, forty years after the issue by Thomas Cromwell of an injunction that “every parson, vicar or curate of every church should keep one book or register for the entry of marriages, births and deaths,” are of great value as reflecting the growth of the population, and contain a number of interesting entries. Among these are specially noteworthy that of July 24th, 1596, telling how the wife of one Lawrence Snowe brought her husband’s body from Kingstone to Richmond to be buried; that of July 28th, 1626, noting that a certain ass-tamer named Elizabeth Mason was interred in the churchyard, and above all the one dated March 20th, 1680, recording the baptism, under the name of Hester Johnson, of Swift’s beloved “Stella.” Many references also occur to chrisom children, that is to say, infants who passed away after being privately baptised before their mothers had been able to return public thanks,

and there are occasional allusions to collections made in the church on what was known as the brief system, the name being derived from the briefs or written messages that were addressed, when England was a Roman Catholic country, by the Pope to local magistrates, and were later superseded by similar licenses from the Protestant ecclesiastics, without which it was illegal to ask for contributions from the congregation.

Although, as proved by the entries of births in the parish registers, the growth of the population of Richmond was slow in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it increased so rapidly in the nineteenth that the Parish Church became quite inadequate for the congregation, and between 1831 and 1870 no fewer than three Protestant places of worship were erected, dedicated respectively to St. John, St. Matthias, and the Holy Trinity. In 1824 a Roman Catholic Chapel was built in the Vineyard at the expense of Miss Elizabeth Doughty, already mentioned in connection with the house named after her on the hill, and six years after its consecration a Congregational Chapel rose up beside it. Somewhat later were built Christ Church and the Wesleyan Chapel in Kew Road, and the chapel in Friar's Stile Road connected with the now famous Wesleyan Missionary College. The latter, standing in extensive grounds near the brow of the hill, is entered from Queen's Road, and is a picturesque edifice in the Tudor style, with a fine hall and library, in the former of which is preserved, with other Wesley relics, the pulpit from which the great founder of Methodism used to preach in Foundry Chapel, Moorfields.

As will be seen from the list of churches and chapels in the Borough of Richmond, the spiritual needs of its people are well provided for, and fortunately a beautiful resting-place for the dead, a veritable God's acre of peaceful seclusion, has also been secured, which occupies part of the land given to the parish by George III. in exchange for Love Lane, supplemented by more than ten acres bought by the Vestry from Sir Arthur Rugge Price in 1890. The

new Cemetery has the Park on one side, and on the other a charming public Garden, known as the Grove Road Pleasure Ground, laid out in 1874 to meet the wishes of the inhabitants in the immediate neighbourhood, which, but for the superior attractions of the Park, would no doubt be more frequented than it is. Not far from the Cemetery is the Workhouse—to which a new wing was added in 1902—with several windows and a balcony overlooking the Park, it having been built flush with the wall, part of it on the so-called Freeboard forming its outer boundary. The cost of the Workhouse which replaced a much less satisfactory Union on another site, was borne by George III.—a tablet on the outside commemorating the fact—who, though it has long been the fashion to underrate what he did for Richmond, proved himself on more than one occasion a true friend to it.

In addition to its Workhouse, which, alike in its situation and management, enjoys exceptional advantages, Richmond owns many almshouses, some of them dating back for several centuries, the value of the endowments of which has increased a hundredfold since the death of their founders. Of these the earliest in date were those built about 1600 at the expense of Sir George Wright, but generally known as Queen Elizabeth's, the founder having been one of Her Majesty's most devoted servants, that stood not far from the river, a little below the Bridge, which were pulled down in 1767 but replaced a little later by the present Almshouses in the Vineyard, that are occupied by eight poor old women. The next oldest charity of Richmond is that founded by the saintly Bishop Duppa of Winchester, the tutor, as related above, of Charles II., who built a group of almshouses, also for old women, on the hill, where Downe Terrace now stands, that were pulled down some time after his death and rebuilt in the Vineyard, next door to those just described. They consist of a row of ten houses, with an archway dividing them into two groups, and above the entrance gateway is the beautiful

inscription: "Deo et Carolo Votiva Tabula. I will pay the vows which I have made to God in my trouble," a touching proof of the faithful devotion of the founder to his God and King, though his loyalty to the latter must often have cost him dear.

Nearly opposite to Bishop Duppa's Almshouses are those founded in 1696, for the use of sixteen poor old men, by John Michel, who drew up a very strict code of rules for the conduct of his pensioners, the perusal of which calls up a very vivid picture of the time when they were issued. No dissenter was eligible, and no person was to be admitted who was likely to be offensive in any way to his neighbours, each almsman was bound to attend divine service every Sunday and holiday and to partake of the Holy Communion three times a year, fines being inflicted for the neglect of any of these duties. Drunkenness, the use of bad, or even aggravating, language, the refusal of any person in health to nurse the sick, were severely punished, a second offence, after due admonition, bringing upon the evil doer final expulsion, from which there was absolutely no appeal.

Even more important than Michel's Almshouses are those founded in 1727 by William Hickey in Sheen, then Marshgate, Road, which own a charming little private chapel, to the services in which outsiders are admitted. Rebuilt more than once and greatly added to at different times—the income of the charity having long considerably exceeded the expenditure—the almshouses now accommodate more than four times the original number of pensioners, who are all old women, for though the married ones are allowed to have their husbands with them, the latter have to leave if their wives die before them. Each inmate, in addition to a two-roomed house with a kitchen, owns a small plot of ground, in the cultivation of which the greatest pride is taken, the flowers raised giving to the gardeners the priceless privilege of having something of their own to offer to their friends. To enter the gate of Hickey's Almshouses from the busy turmoil of Sheen Road

is like going into another world, so peaceful and secluded, and withal so picturesque, are the whole precincts, and so happy do the tenants of the well-built stone cottages appear, in spite of their dependent position and extreme old age.

Next door to Hickey's Almshouses are those connected with the Parish Church, consisting of ten tenements only; and on the other side of Sheen Road, on what was long known as Church or Conduit Shott, are the oldest existing almshouses in Richmond, though the charity to which they belong was not founded until one hundred and fifty years after Sir George Wright's. Built in 1757 for the use of nine old women, at the expense of Miss Rebecca Houblon, one of the sisters referred to above in connection with Ellerker House and Richmond Wells, and named after her, they remain much what they were when first completed, and consist of three blocks of quaintly picturesque old buildings, overlooking on one side a grass-clad court, to which a very fine old iron gate gives entrance, and on the other a secluded garden, that, until comparatively recently, was used as a parish store ground, but when part of the Houblon property was let for building was acquired by the trustees for the use of the inmates of the cottages.

No greater contrast could be imagined than that between the old-world Houblon Almshouses and the up-to-date Hospital in Kew Foot Road—near the entrance to the grounds of the Athletic Association—the latest and most widely useful of the charities of Richmond. Founded in 1863, the year of the marriage of King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, the initial expenses were met with the surplus funds subscribed for the celebration of that important event, supplemented by many generous gifts from residents in the neighbourhood. The new Institution, which had long been greatly needed, was opened in February, 1868, by the late Earl and Countess Russell, who were then living at Pembroke Lodge in the Park. Since then many important additions have been made to the Hospital, including two new wards, opened by the

Princess Mary of Cambridge, Duchess of Teck, in 1892; the Princess May Ward for children, the name commemorating the marriage of Princess May to the Duke of York, opened by the late Duke of Cambridge, who, at the dinner at the Star and Garter, given in honour of the occasion, announced that Her Majesty Queen Victoria had consented to become a patron and to allow the hospital to assume the title of Royal; and, lastly, the Ophthalmic Ward, opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1907.

The original nucleus of the now vast hospital was Rose-dale Cottage, a charming retreat that was long occupied by the poet, James Thomson, who removed to it from London in 1736, and lived in it till his death in 1748, writing the "Agamemnon," "Alfred," "Tancred and Sigismunda," and the "Castle of Indolence" in a summer-house in the garden. In this quiet home the poet received many of his famous contemporaries, including Alexander Pope, who used to come over from his villa at Twickenham, Richard Savage and Lord Lyttelton, with the less well-known Paterson, Armstrong, and Malloch, the last of whom lived at Strand-on-the-Green, where he was often visited by Thomson, who was fond of strolling down to Kew along the towing-path, and crossing over to Chiswick. His chief friend and companion at Richmond was, however, James Quin, the actor, with whom he shared many a revel at the Old Castle Inn, and the humbler hostelry in Kew Lane, known as the Old Orange Tree, where his barber, Taylor by name, often formed one of the party. Quin was, indeed, to some extent the poet's evil genius, and the story goes that the housekeeper at Rose-dale Cottage often wished the genial actor dead, so pernicious was his influence over her master. For all that, Quin was truly devoted to Thomson, often lending him money, and on one occasion rescuing him from duress vile in a sponging-house, by paying the debts which had led to interference with the poet's liberty.

Thomson died on August 27th, 1748, soon after the publication of his "Castle of Indolence," from the result of

a chill caught, it was reported at the time, by going on the river in evening dress after a drinking bout with Quin, whose grief, when he learnt that there was no hope of his friend's recovery, was extreme. He remained with Thomson to the end, and when the funeral was over, severed his connection with Richmond, so bitter were the memories connected with it. After the death of the poet, Rosedale Cottage was sold to a Mr. George Ross, who added considerably to it and also to the garden, taking care, however, to keep unchanged the rooms Thomson had occupied, and the summer-house which had served him as a study. Later, the enlarged house passed to the Honourable Frances Boscawen, who put up a tablet on it commemorating its famous tenant, that was unfortunately removed after her death. The next owners of the property were the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, parents of the great philanthropist, who was often with them at Richmond, and under them the house was so greatly altered that, though two rooms are still shown as Thomson's it is evident that they are very unlike what they were in his time. The only actual relic of the poet that is still just what it was when he died, is the table on which he used to write, that is carefully preserved in the Hospital, for although when the house was purchased by the committee from the executors of Lady Shaftesbury, it was resolved to keep the summer-house as a memento, it was stolen one dark night, not, as would have appeared probable, for the sake of the memories connected with it, but to be used as firewood.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT PARK AND ITS INHABITANTS.



IT is only the comparatively few, fortunately perhaps for them, who can justly claim to be thoroughly familiar with all the varying charms of Richmond Park. The residents in the neighbourhood are no doubt all more or less conscious of the great privilege they enjoy in having the vast open space at their very doors, and thousands of outsiders pass through it or linger in it for a brief space in the course of every year. As a general rule, however, they confine themselves to the beaten tracks and their immediate vicinity, remaining absolutely unconscious of the beautiful dells and dales beyond them, and of the wild life which, to the initiated, is such an unfailing source of interest. Even on Sundays and public holidays, when every seat within sight of the entrance gates is occupied, and the grass near them is dotted with groups of happy idlers, it is still possible to spend hours in the inner recesses of the Park, undisturbed by the intrusion of a single human creature, though now and then a herd of deer may dash through the undergrowth, or a verderer in the picturesque green velvet coat and waistcoat of his calling may appear in the distance, on his way to look after the animals under his care.

Many are, of course, thoroughly familiar with the general characteristics of the far-stretching demesne: its low hills, shallow valleys, and undulating plains, its groves of oak and chestnut, its long avenues of venerable trees, its scattered clumps of silver birch and hawthorn, and its dense thickets of rhododendron, that are one blaze of glory in June and July. They have strolled along the Terrace

Walk, laid down in 1832 at the expense of William IV., leading from Richmond Hill Gate to the north entrance of Pembroke Lodge, to read the oft-quoted memorial to Thomson just within its gates, and to look down upon the glorious prospect the poet loved so well, of the Valley of the Thames, with the hills of Surrey, Buckingham and Berks in the background, and Petersham Park in the foreground. They have stood for a time upon the rising ground known as Oliver's Mount, between the Sidmouth and Conduit Woods, from which the best view is obtained of the White Lodge and the Queen's Ride, and whence, on a clear day, the Towers of Westminster Abbey and of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, with the hills of Hampstead and Highgate, can be seen on one side, and the Crystal Palace on the other. They have duly made a pilgrimage to the venerable "Shrew Ash," near the Sheen Gate, in which long centuries ago a living mouse is said to have been shut up with solemn ceremony, to ensure the prosperity of the cattle of the farmer to whom the land then belonged, and to which, until quite recently, women used to resort to mutter incantations, for, from time immemorial, a cleft ash has been credited with supernatural powers. They have stood beside Pen Ponds and noticed the smaller Owen's, Leg of Mutton, Ham and other sheets of water, and have often watched the browsing deer, but for all that much of the Park still remains a *terra incognita*, for though they may often have been close to them they have never yet discovered the nurseries of the fawns, or the lonely reedy pools beloved of wild fowl, about which the deer gather to drink in the early morning and at eventide, preferring them to the more public watering-places. It remains true, indeed, of Richmond Park, as of many another beautiful district, that it is only to the genuine lover that all its secrets will be revealed; but for that lover who, with the power of appreciation combines that of knowing how to watch and wait, there is practically no limit to the delights in store.

It is perhaps in the spring that the Park is most

fascinating, when the woods seem palpitating with fresh life and vigour; every day, almost every hour, bringing about some subtle change in the general aspect of the scenery and in the details that contribute to its charms. The passing of the winter is heralded by the appearance on the hornbeams of the delicate green catkins, that drape as with a shimmering veil the still leafless branches of the trees; but very soon they are succeeded by the blossom of the hawthorns, looking like masses of driven snow, the silent hymn of praise being ere long taken up by the chestnuts, their upright spikes of waxen flowers lending to their solemn beauty an ethereal charm, whilst the venerable oaks, the giants of the sylvan glades, begin to put forth their tender green foliage. As the slow procession of the seasons passes on, and promise is fulfilled in fruition, a certain languor falls upon the Park, and throughout the summer repose is its dominant expression, but with the approach of autumn that repose is broken by many sounds not heard at other times. In late September begins the love-making of the deer, when the bellowing of the harts is echoed by the challenge of their rivals, and now and then the clash of antlers locked in deadly conflict strikes a note of tragedy where all had long been peaceful calm. Not even in winter does the grand open space lose its attraction, for when the glory of the autumnal decay is beginning to fade, and rising mists obscure the distant scene, it is easier to realise the fine proportions of the foreground trees, their dark trunks and canopies of bare branches standing out against the sky, and in the red glow of sunset looking like sentinels in a world on fire.

Even more beautiful than in its ordinary winter aspect is the Park when snow has fallen, and all is transformed and etherealised by the pure white covering in which everything is shrouded, when familiar objects are so changed that recognition is difficult, and the very deer seem to feel themselves at a loss as they roam about in search of food. To the poetic temperament the time of

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A WINTER SUNRISE IN RICHMOND PARK.



frost will indeed appeal with special force, but it is really at night, at every season of the year, when there is no light in earth or heaven but the pale light of stars, that Richmond Park excels itself in its romantic charm, for then to all its other attractions is added that of mystery. Through the darkness loom the huge forms of the forest trees, resembling the ogres of fairyland, and isolated hawthorns, some of which even in bright sunshine look as if a curse had fallen upon them, so weird and distorted are their forms, seem to stretch out long fingers to clutch the unwary. Strange, too, and impressively solemn are the rare sounds that break the brooding silence, for now a stag gives vent to a roar of discontent, or a lonely hound, craving for companionship, utters a melancholy howl. Then, perhaps, a heron, on his way to his solitary fishing in the river near Sion House, calls to his mate; a nightjar sounds his vibrating whirr, like that of a spinning-wheel, as he peers down from his lofty perch; or an owl mournfully complains as he passes by with muffled flight, intent on his living prey, perhaps a young rabbit, or a little shrew that has lost its way in the long grass and betrays its presence by a plaintive cry.

To the permanent dwellers in the Park, the birds and the deer, it is as a general rule a true sanctuary, for the former are never disturbed in their nesting or in the bringing up of their families, except by their natural feathered enemies, and the latter are no longer hunted. There are some fifty head of red and fifteen hundred of fallow deer, the latter including the dark brown, yellowish-brown, and spotted varieties, with a few of pure white, the different colours adding much to the picturesqueness of the herds. The red and fallow deer are alike gregarious; the bucks and does, however, keeping apart except during the three or four weeks of the pairing season, and in the early winter, when they graze together. The life story of both kinds begins at the same time, that is to say, when the mothers, who have already chosen a suitable spot, drop their young amongst the full-grown fronds of the bracken,

making the little creatures lie close to the ground curled up like puppies, and so completely hidden that unless an intruder actually stumbles over them they are rarely discovered, except by the keepers, who know where to look for them.

From the first the mother deer shows the greatest affection for her offspring, keeping within reach of it in its infancy, though she only actually visits it to feed it, fearful no doubt of drawing attention to it, and when it is old enough to follow her taking it with her wherever she goes till it is about two years old, when she leaves it to fend for itself. The young buck develops his first antlers at about the age of ten months, the branches appearing in the later annual growths, which are at first covered with a very sensitive skin resembling velvet in texture, that adds very greatly to their picturesqueness, and is shed as the bone beneath them hardens. It is just before this yearly shedding, when their coats are still soft and flexible, harmonising well with the delicate bloom on the spreading antlers, and contrasting with the liquid darkness of the pathetic-looking eyes, that the young deer are at their best, and it is impossible to imagine anything more beautiful than the appearance they present as they browse beneath the trees, stand and gaze at the passers by, or lie amongst the bracken. Later, however, when they have rubbed off some of the velvet on their horns and the rest hangs like ragged curls down the sides of their heads, or when they have shed one antler and retained the other, there is a touch of the grotesque about them. Sometimes, too, like their human admirers, they lose some of their grace and charm through undue indulgence in the pleasures of appetite, for in the autumn they glut themselves on acorns, of which they are inordinately fond, standing on their hind legs to drag them down from the trees rather than wait for them to fall, and bringing on now and then violent attacks of indigestion as a punishment. Yet in spite of their weaknesses—and how

human those weaknesses are—they are most lovable creatures, friendly and familiar with those who approach them rightly, and without them the Park would lose much of its unique attraction.

It is to Charles I. that the people owe Richmond Park, with the deer that roam in it, and bearing in mind how much delight the beautiful open space has given to many generations, it is not difficult now to condone the high-handed measures that were so bitterly resented at the time when the estate was first secured for the Crown. Generally known as the New or the Great Park, to distinguish it from the older one connected with the Royal Manor House, it includes portions of six different parishes: Richmond, Petersham, Ham, Kingston, Putney and Mortlake, which formed part of a vast tract of unenclosed land of which the present Ham and Sheen Commons are survivals. This land belonged to many different owners, chiefly farmers, and the King had control only over the comparatively small area that came under the head of Wastes and Woods, his rights over them being shared by the common people, who enjoyed the privilege of pasturing cattle and gathering firewood without payment.

Charles I., who was passionately fond of the chase, had, it is said, long coveted the fine property and determined to convert it into a new royal hunting ground, but it was not until 1637—just when, by the way, his unpopularity owing to the extension of the ship tax was at its height—that he announced his intention of enclosing some two thousand acres and stocking them with red and fallow deer. As a matter of course the various freeholders, copyholders, and others interested in the matter, opposed the scheme with all their might and main, their cause being warmly espoused by Archbishop Laud, Bishop Juxon, and Lord Cottington, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who entreated the King to forego his arbitrary action. All was of no avail, and in the end most of the malcontents were induced to sell their property considerably below its

value, whilst the few who remained obdurate were ignored. A lofty wall some ten miles in circumference was built by Royal command round the unjustly acquired territory, having outside it $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet of so-called Freeboard, also known by the poetic name of the Deer's Leap, for the periodical perambulation of the estate, which was only discontinued some thirty years ago, and to allow of the trees within the boundary overhanging. The only concessions made to public opinion were the confirmation to the poor of the six parishes in which the Park is situated, of the privileges enjoyed by them in the old woods and wastes, and the provision of gates and step-ladders for foot passengers, one of the latter of which was close to the present Coombe entrance, still known as the "Ladder Style Gate."

The wall was completed in June, 1637, and the Earl of Portland was appointed the first ranger, receiving for his services the modest salary of one shilling a day, the right of pasturage for four horses, and the use, rent free, of a house called Hartleton Lodge, the site of which cannot be identified. During the Earl's tenure of office, which lasted until 1648, the King often hunted in the Park, some of his happiest hours during the last two or three years of his life, having been spent in it, but after his execution the property was confiscated by Parliament and granted by Cromwell to the City of London as a reward for its loyalty to the representatives of the people. At the Restoration it was given back to the Crown, and Charles II. is said by some authorities to have made the Duchess of Lauderdale, then living in Ham House, its ranger, but if this be so she can only have held the office for a very short time, as Sir Daniel Harvey was certainly custodian in August, 1660. Whether the latter lived in Hartleton Lodge or not is not known, and the whole history of the Park is somewhat obscure during the rest of the Stuart period.

Queen Anne, who, as has been seen in the account of the Palace, was very fond of Richmond, gave the rangership of the Great Park to her uncle, Laurence,

Earl of Rochester, making the appointment hereditary for three generations, but early in the reign of George IV. the Earl of Clarendon, to whom it had descended, sold it to the Crown for £5,000, with the consent of his son and heir, Lord Cornbury. The rangership was then given by the King to Robert, son of the great minister, Sir Robert Walpole, later Earl of Orford, and brother of the famous Horace, who in his gossipy "Reminiscences" often refers to the work being done on the estate by his father, for though it was the younger Robert who was nominal ranger, it was the great statesman who fulfilled all the duties of the office.

"The Park," says the sage of Twickenham, as Horace Walpole was somewhat ironically called, "had degenerated under the Hydes, into a mere bog and harbour for deer-stealers . . . nor was there any mansion other than the Common Lodge of the keepers. The King, however, ordered a stone one, designed by Henry, Earl of Pembroke, to be erected for himself merely as a banqueting house, with a large eating room, kitchen, and necessary offices, where he might dine after his sport, and Sir Robert began another of brick for himself and the under keeper, which by degrees he much enlarged, retiring thither from business, or rather, as he said himself, to do more business than he could in town, on Saturdays and Sundays. On that edifice and on the Thatched Cottage and other improvements, he laid out £14,000 of his own money." The new brick house that was called the Old Lodge, and stood on the rising ground where the Spankers' Hill Wood now is, was Sir Robert's favourite home until his death, and in it, as well as in the cottage he hired on the Hill during its construction, he often received the King, who loved to shoot in the new Park and to enjoy a good dinner afterwards. The Old Lodge was later occupied by several distinguished people, including the Countess of Mansfield, the Land-

gravine of Hesse, and Sir Henry Campbell, but it was pulled down in 1837, why it is impossible to explain.

Under the auspices of Sir Robert Walpole the Park was drained and many trees were planted, whilst various restrictions were placed on the admission of the public, for the step ladders were all removed, and keepers were stationed at the gates with orders to admit only such as could prove their respectability, even those on horseback or in carriages being compelled to show tickets. On the death of the Earl of Orford, in 1751, the rangership of the Park, which had now become a very coveted office, was granted to the Princess Amelia, aunt of George III., who carried the policy inaugurated by her predecessor to extremes, for she looked upon the estate as her own private property, and endeavoured to exclude all but members of her own household and a few favoured friends to whom she granted passes. Petition after petition was presented to her, but she would not even look at them, and when the people tried to take the law into their own hands, by breaking down the wall, she merely had it built up again. In the British Museum is a pamphlet, published in 1751, in which a party of indignant protesters against the ranger's despotic proceedings are represented, headed by a clergyman in his robes, passing through a breach in the wall made by them, in allusion to the fact that the Rev. Thomas Wakefield, then minister of Richmond, vigorously espoused the side of the people in the quarrel, and in a letter to his friend George Montague, dated 1752, Horace Walpole relates that when Lord Brooke, who had taken the Duchess of Rutland's house at Petersham, asked for a key, he was told that one had just been refused to the Lord Chancellor.

In 1754 a suit was brought against the Princess by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, instigated by the Duke of Newcastle, but the verdict at the trial was in favour of the defendānt, and it was not until some years later that the evil was remedied through the spirited proceedings of Mr. John Lewis, a brewer of

Richmond, whose name will ever be held in grateful remembrance by all who love the Park and have the cause of justice to the people at heart. Mr. Lewis diplomatically ignored the Royal ranger in the matter, bringing an action not against her but against the gate-keeper, Martha Gray, who is said to have refused the King himself admission, and the case was heard at Kingston Assizes, in April, 1758, before Sir Michael Forster, when to every one's delight the right of free passage through the Park was finally secured. The judge, who won much honour and glory by his decision, and was called by an admiring contemporary, the Lord Chief Justice De Gray, "the Magna Charta of liberty of persons as well as of fortune," directed Mr. Lewis to see that the step ladders were replaced, adding the sensible rider that they should be "so constructed that not only children and old men but old women could get up them without difficulty."

The victory thus won was later fully confirmed, and there are now six entrances for carriages, one for each of the parishes represented in the Park, and a number of swing gates for foot passengers, the public having absolutely unrestricted use of the whole beautiful estate except the enclosures known as the Great Paddocks, extending from the Roehampton to the Robin Hood Gates, and the smaller game preserves. True some small portions of the vast demesne appropriated by Charles I. have passed into private possession, but there remain more than two thousand acres, the Park, being with the exception of Epping Forest, the largest open space in close touch with London. Even the beautiful stretch known as Petersham Park, on the slopes of the hill at the foot of which lies the village after which it is named, part of which was given by James II. to one of the Hydes, and part by George I. to John, Duke of Argyll, has been restored, and in 1846 the whole of the noble heritage was declared by Act of Parliament to be a permanent recreation ground for the people. In 1851 its custody was transferred from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests—to whom is due the credit of

buying back Petersham Park—to the Commissioners of Works, who have proved themselves most efficient guardians of their trust, and are represented by a Superintendent, who has an assistant and a number of keepers under him. The wall put up by Charles I. is now missing for a considerable distance between the point adjoining what were until recently the grounds of Bute House to Ham Common, another portion was taken down when the land referred to above was alienated, and a short piece was wisely removed and replaced with iron railings near the Richmond Gate, as it obstructed the view of the charming wood known as Petersham Common below the Star and Garter, but with these exceptions and a few minor gaps the circuit is still complete.

The Princess Amelia was so enraged at her discomfiture at the Kingston trial that she declared she would have nothing more to do with the Park, and in 1761 she sold her rights in the rangership to George III., who had ascended the Throne the year before. The office was then bestowed upon Lord Bute, the stern upholder of the Royal prerogative, who held it until his death in 1792, when the King declared his intention of being ranger himself. He appointed the Countess of Mansfield to be his deputy, and later the same position was held by Mr. Addington—the future Lord Sidmouth and the successor of Pitt as Prime Minister—George III. himself superintending all that went on on the estate, a considerable portion of which he placed under cultivation. Traces of his ploughing operations can still be made out near Sidmouth Wood, but, alas, ere long his mental malady interfered with his happy work in the Park, as well as at Kew, and when he became insane the Princess Elizabeth was made ranger in his stead, retaining the appointment until 1825, when it passed to the Landgravine of Hesse. Later the Duchess of Gloucester, aunt of Queen Victoria, held it for five years, and was succeeded, in 1856, by the Duke of Cambridge, who was the last ranger properly so-called.

The most important house in the Park is the White Lodge, the oldest portion of which, long known as Stone Lodge, was built by George II., and is probably the building referred to by Horace Walpole as contemporary with the Old Lodge that belonged to his father. It occupies a commanding position on rising ground, looking down on one side upon the avenue known as the Queen's Ride and the Pen Ponds, so called because they are near the enclosures for the deer, with the undulating Park beyond, and on the other on to Beverley Brook and Wimbledon Common. The two wings, which harmonise well with the central block, were added, probably at the expense of the King, by the Princess Amelia, who also had the Pen Ponds made in what before her time were somewhat unattractive gravel pits, so that whatever her faults in the administration of the estate, credit must be given to her for having originated one of its most beautiful and characteristic features. She probably introduced the wild fowl which still give so much animation to the beautiful sheet of water, but it is not known whether she also stocked it with the eels, that soon increased to an extraordinary extent, great numbers migrating yearly to the river, the young ones, some two inches long, making their way from their birthplace in the upper pond to the lower, and thence through subterranean water courses to the Thames.

George II. and Queen Caroline were occasionally at Stone Lodge, though the former rarely used it except, to quote his own words, "as a house to dine at after his sport," and the latter greatly preferred her home in the Old Deer Park. Neither did George III. reside in it, though he sometimes put up at it on his visits of inspection, but he lent it first to Lord Bute—who owned a fine residence at Petersham that was pulled down a few years ago after serving for some time as a school—and later to Lord Sidmouth, who there, in 1805, had his last interview with William Pitt, who rode over to see him from Bowling Green House on Putney Heath. A little later the deputy ranger received a farewell visit from Lord Nelson, with

whom he had, it is said, a very interesting conversation on naval tactics, the great commander having traced with his finger, which he had dipped in wine, the plan of the still unfought Battle of Trafalgar on a small table that is still preserved as an heirloom in the family to which his host belonged.

Lord Sidmouth, after whom is named the beautiful wood planted in 1823, in the depths of which is the far-famed heronry, died at the White Lodge in 1844, and since then it has been the home of many distinguished people. The Duchess of Gloucester lived in it when she was ranger, and Queen Victoria spent three weeks in it in strict retirement after the death of her mother, the Duchess of Kent. It was the residence for some years before his marriage of King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and later it was bestowed upon the Duke of Teck and his wife, the beloved Princess Mary of Cambridge, who, when she passed away, was mourned throughout the neighbourhood as a personal friend, so thoroughly did she identify herself with the interests of Richmond, and so eagerly did she share in every work for the good of its people. To the White Lodge the Princess May, Duchess of York, withdrew in the spring of 1894 to be under the care of her mother, and there, on June 23rd of that year, her eldest son, Prince Edward, heir to the throne after his father, was born. The happy event was celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm in Richmond, ever devotedly loyal, and won for it the valued privilege of welcoming the aged sovereign, Queen Victoria, who came from Windsor to see her great grandson, driving from the station through the town to the hill entrance of the Park in the presence of a vast crowd of sympathetic spectators.

Next to the White Lodge the most interesting house in the Park is Pembroke Lodge, the exact date of the erection of which it is difficult to determine. It is an extensive two-storeyed building, standing in its own grounds on the brow of the hill beyond the Terrace Walk, and in eighteenth century plans is called the Molecatchers.

It was also at one time known as Hill Lodge, and received its present name in memory of the famous beauty, the Countess of Pembroke, who is said to have lodged in it when it was occupied by a gamekeeper named Trage, and to have become so attached to it that she persuaded the King to give it to her for her life. The tenant was turned out and a cottage, since pulled down, built for him near the Richmond Hill Lodge, then recently erected after the design of the so-called Capability Brown, who, whatever his other gifts, had certainly no architectural taste. The Countess, well pleased with her new home, settled down happily in it and remained there till her death in 1832 at the age of ninety-four, when the house, which she had considerably improved, was lent by William IV. to the Earl of Errol, who had married one of the King's elder daughters, and there the new tenant more than once received his father-in-law and Queen Adelaide, who was from first to last a true friend to her husband's illegitimate children. Later Pembroke Lodge was occupied for many years by Earl Russell, who was twice Prime Minister, and during his residence in the Park he received many of the celebrities of his time, including Lord Palmerston and the popular hero, Garibaldi, who was welcomed with wild enthusiasm by the people of Richmond. After the death of the Earl, which took place in 1873, his widow, Lady Russell, lived at the Lodge till she too passed away, and it is now, 1907, the home of Georgiana, Countess of Dudley.

In the grounds of the Lodge, which command a fine view of the Thames, St. George's Hills and Kingston Vale, is a mound, marked as the King's Standinge on the oldest extant map of the Park, dated 1637, the year of its first enclosure. This quaint name, the real meaning of which cannot be determined, is supposed to have reference to the legend that Henry VIII. stood upon the mound to watch for the going up of the rocket which was to announce to him that the head of Anne Boleyn had fallen, and, in deference to this tradition, care was taken when Sidmouth Wood was planted not to intercept the view from the

mound, by leaving a clear space, through which the dome of St. Paul's can be seen on exceptionally clear days, between two rows of trees that some years hence will form a fine avenue. Unfortunately, however, there is really no more historic foundation for the romantic story connected with the King's Standinge—Henry having been far away from Richmond on the day of the unfortunate queen's death—than for the even more improbable supposition that Oliver's Mount takes its name from Oliver Cromwell having witnessed from it a battle between the Royal and Parliamentary forces, no struggle having taken place that could possibly have been seen from Richmond Park.

Beyond the southern limits of the Pembroke Lodge Estate is the beautiful Hornbeam Walk, in which is the singular phenomenon of a hawthorn that has grown into a hornbeam, the trunks of the two trees being inextricably joined together, and near the Ham Gate, on rising ground looking down upon Kingston, is the picturesque Thatched Lodge, formerly known as Aldridge's and Burkitt's, after keepers who lived in it, that was for some years the home of General Sir Edward Bowater, who died in it in 1861, and later of General Meadows and Sir Charles Stuart. It has been lent to Sir Frederick Treves, who succeeds the Right Honourable Sir Edmund Monson, Bart., who has held many important posts as Ambassador to Foreign Courts, and was in 1888 Arbitrator in the dispute, known as the Butterfield claim, between the United States and Denmark.

Sheen Lodge, marked in a map dated 1732 as the Dog-Kennel, a rural-looking building near Sheen Gate, opposite to Owen's Pond, was the home in the time of George I. of the head keeper, and was later lent by George III. to Baron Adam, then Lord High Commissioner for Scotland, but it owes its chief distinction to the fact that the great physiologist, Sir Richard Owen, lived in it for some years before his death, and was there the host of many of his famous contemporaries, including Sir Walter Scott, who was a great admirer of Richmond

Park. Other picturesque buildings within the precincts of the Royal demesne are Bailiff's Cottage, Whiteash Lodge, the residence of the assistant superintendent; Bishop's Lodge, named after a gamekeeper of that name who had charge of the so-called Cattle Gate, that was probably near the present Chisholm Road swing gate; and the more important Holly Lodge, below the Conduit Wood, in the valley on the left of the road from Richmond Hill to Roehampton, occupied by the chief superintendent of the Park.

Long called Bog Lodge because of its vicinity to the marshy land now drained, Holly Cottage is also often spoken of as Sawyer's, three custodians of the estate—grandfather, father and son—having lived in it. The Sawyers all enjoyed no little repute for their devotion to duty and their woodland lore, even the famous naturalist, Edward Jesse—who was at one time Itinerary Surveyor of the Royal Parks to the Woods and Forests, and died in a cottage in Sheen Lane—owning his debt to them for much of his information respecting the wild life of the Park, which, not long ago, included in addition to the red and fallow deer, and the foxes that levy toll on the wild fowl, turkeys, squirrels, and hares. George III. was much attached to the first of the three Sawyers, and used often to ride over from Kew to see him quite early in the morning before his deputy ranger, Lord Sidmouth, was astir, King and keeper walking about together as familiar friends, discussing the best place for planting trees, etc. William IV., too, when he was staying with his daughter at Pembroke Lodge, never failed to have a chat with the reigning Sawyer, and had such a respect for the family that he once declared he was sure it had come over with his namesake the Conqueror.

CHAPTER VIII.

PETERSHAM, HAM HOUSE, AND HAM.



THE history of Petersham, the inhabitants of which, not altogether without reason, claim that it is the most aristocratic village of England, can be traced back to before the Conquest, for it is mentioned as Patricesham or Peter's home in Domesday-book as held in demesne by the Abbey of Chertsey, that was dedicated to St. Peter. Its value in the time of King Edward the Confessor was assessed at ten hides, but it fell to four hides after his death, the record adding in its usual laconic style: "There is a church and a fishery with 1,000 eels and 1,000 lampreys, and three acres of meadows. In the time of King Edward it was worth 100 shillings; now 6 pounds and 10 shillings." The church here referred to was probably but a small chapel, possibly the same as the one referred to in connection with St. Mary Magdalene, Richmond, as having been part of the endowment of Merton Abbey, but whether it occupied the site of the present St. Peter's it is impossible to say. The existence of an outlying chapelry belonging to an Abbey implies, as a general rule, that there was an anchorite's or priest's cell attached to it, and the remains of a brick arch in the foot-path between Ham Road and the church is supposed to be a relic of such a cell.

It is noteworthy that lampreys are nowhere else mentioned in the Domesday-book as homeland assets, but eels formed in many riverside districts an important part of the dues paid to the landowner, and it would appear that in the reach of the Thames between Kew and Kingston their numbers were very great. Until the

making of Teddington Lock interfered with their movements they used to go up stream from Richmond to Kingston in the early summer, in one huge palpitating shoal, some two feet wide, when they were easily caught in great numbers by anyone who chose to dip a basin or net into the river, no conditions whatever being attached to their capture. This remarkable migration was known amongst the Surrey and Middlesex fishermen as Eel Fair, and eel-pie was a favourite dish, not only with them, but with the more aristocratic residents of the neighbourhood, a fact commemorated in the name of Eel Pie Island, where, until the middle of the nineteenth century, the dainty generally formed part of the hotel menu in May and June.

The Manor of Petersham was retained by Chertsey Abbey until early in the fifteenth century, when it became the property of the Crown, and was given by Henry I. to Gilbert the Norman, founder of Merton Abbey, remaining in the possession of that religious house until 1541, when it was granted by Henry VIII. to the divorced Anne of Cleves, who does not, however, appear to have lived in the house belonging to it. In 1548 the property was again taken possession of by the Crown, and in 1610 it was bestowed by James I. upon Henry, Prince of Wales, who also held the Manors of Sheen and Ham. On his death in 1612 all these passed to his brother Charles, who in 1637 granted a reversion of that of Petersham to William Murray, who had been his whipping-boy when he was a child, an office greatly coveted by parents for their sons, as it often led to preferment. This William Murray was the son of the minister of Dysart, a picturesque fishing village in Fifeshire, and the nephew of Thomas Dysart, who had been tutor to the young princes, and soon after the death of Henry had rendered an important service to the King, so that it was probably through his influence that the future Earl of Dysart obtained the introduction to Court which was to have such great results for him. Prince Charles, who was, as is well known, a very delicate child, took a great fancy from the first to the deputy who was to

suffer for his delinquencies, and certainly studied better than he would otherwise have done to save William from punishment. Heir-apparent and whipping-boy became the closest friends, the latter remaining in the service of Charles after his accession to the throne. The King's affection for him was shared by Henrietta Maria, who in some of her letters speaks gratefully of the services rendered by him to her husband.

In 1643 William Murray was created Earl of Dysart, taking his title from his old home in Scotland, and Baron Huntingtower, of Huntingtower, in Perthshire, with remainder to his heirs, male and female, receiving at the same time a grant of the Manors of Ham and Hatch, the latter now absorbed in the former. He had married some time previously Catherine Bruce, daughter of Sir Robert Bruce, of Clackmannan, and on his death in 1651, his wife, who is buried in Petersham Church, having died before him, his property in Surrey passed to his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, who had for many years been the wife of Sir Lionel Tollemache, and was the mother of three sons and two daughters. She now became Countess of Dysart in her own right, and the earldom has ever since remained in her family, her eldest son Lionel taking his father's second title of Baron Huntingtower until her death, which took place in 1698, when he became Earl of Dysart.

Some little time after the death of Sir Lionel Tollemache his widow married the Earl, later the Duke, of Lauderdale, the ceremony taking place in Petersham Church on February 17th, 1671, when, in addition to the usual fees, the bride gave, as stated in the parish register, a carpet, pulpit cloth, and cushion in honour of the occasion. A year later her second husband was made Duke, whilst the Lordship of Ham and Petersham was also granted to him in fee simple, with the title of Baron Petersham and Earl of Guildford, but as he died without heirs the barony lapsed to the Crown, and it was not until 1742 that it was given to William Stanhope, who was at the same time made Viscount Petersham and Earl of Harrington.

Although opinions differ greatly as to whether the ancestral home of the Tollemache family does or does not occupy the site of the original manor house of Petersham, there can be no doubt that it is the successor of a much earlier residence of some importance. The present Ham House, beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames, is the principal seat in the parish, indeed in the whole neighbourhood, and was built, it is generally supposed, by Sir Thomas Vavasour, who was at one time the colleague of Lord Bacon as judge of the Marshal's Court, for Henry, Prince of Wales, who, however, never lived in it, though he may possibly have ridden over to see it from Richmond Palace. It is an imposing red brick mansion, bearing above the principal entrance the date 1610, with the words *Vivat Rex* and the initials T. M. V., and is a very typical example of the Jacobean style of domestic architecture, for though certain details may have been modified, it remains structurally much what it was when first completed. It stands in extensive well laid out grounds, in which are some fine Scotch firs, the first introduced into England, that were planted by Archibald, third Duke of Argyll, and is approached by two beautiful avenues, one leading from Petersham, the other from Ham Common, presenting a very dignified appearance from every point of view.

Ham House, the interior of which is very suitably and lavishly decorated, contains a small private chapel, a spacious central hall, many noble reception and other rooms, and a long, well-lighted picture-gallery. Its art treasures include fine portraits by Van Dyck, Sir Peter Lely, Hogarth, Janssens, Van der Helst, Dobson, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; landscapes by the great Dutch masters; miniatures by John Hoskins the Elder, Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, Cosway and Plimer; rare MSS., one dating from the time of King Alfred; printed books such as the first produced by Caxton in England, some of the later examples in bindings of rare beauty; tapestries, porcelain, etc. The furniture, too, is a kind of epitome of all that was best in

the different periods to which it belonged, so that it may be claimed for Ham House that it is a well-stored museum as well as a most characteristic private home.

Ham House passed from Sir Thomas Vavasour to the Earl of Holderness, after whose death in 1625 it was sold to William Murray, who was living in it when he was made Earl of Dysart. The erstwhile whipping-boy made it his chief residence, and there more than once received his beloved master, Charles I., to whom he remained faithful to the end. His traditions were nobly carried on by his daughter and heiress, the second Countess of Dysart, who was not only a very beautiful, but a very gifted woman, and exercised no little political influence, her personal charm sometimes winning adherents to the Stuart cause even against their better judgment. It has actually been said that she so fascinated Cromwell himself that she cherished hopes of bending even his iron will, and the story goes that after the Battle of Worcester she won from him, by a personal appeal, the life of her future husband, the Earl of Lauderdale. Whatever truth there may be in this romantic story, Ham House was the chief rendezvous, throughout the Countess's long life, of those to whom the very name of the Protector was anathema, and after her marriage to the Earl of Lauderdale, it was the meeting-place several times of the famous or, according to some, infamous, Cabal Ministry, of which her second husband was the L, the other letters standing for his four colleagues, Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, and Arlington. The room in which this notorious quintet held their sittings, and the furniture they used, has been preserved exactly as it was in the Duke's lifetime, and the rest of the house still bears the unmistakable impress of his tastes, for the greater number of the art-treasures in it—which were, however, supplemented by his successors—were collected by him during his term of office, when his gains were enormous.

Charles II. was several times the guest of the Duke at Ham House, and it was suggested that James II. should



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be sent there after his compulsory abdication, but he pleaded so earnestly that some other place of duration should be chosen, declaring the riverside mansion to be a cold and comfortless place in the winter, that he was allowed to go to Rochester instead. The Duchess, who was not in residence at the time, would no doubt have made him very comfortable, for she remained to the end loyal to the Stuarts, though the ingratitude shown by the last of the family to wear the crown to those who had served him best must often have pained her.

In spite of the atmosphere of perpetual intrigue characteristic of Ham House in the time of the Cabal, the Duke and Duchess appear to have lived very happily together in it, and after the death of the former, his widow, who survived him for sixteen years, continued to reside in it, surrounded by her children and grandchildren, who all looked upon it as their home. The Countess's eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth Tollemache, had married the tenth earl and first Duke of Argyll, and her two sons, John and Archibald, who successively inherited their father's title, were born in the so-called Yellow Satin Room in Ham House. The elder of these boys was to become the famous "Good Duke" who had no little share in bringing about the Act of Union, was made Duke of Greenwich in 1718 for services rendered to George I., and in 1737 won great popularity with the Scotch by his defence in the Edinburgh Parliament of the rioters, who had taken the law into their own hands and hung the notorious Porteous, after he had been pardoned by the King, an incident turned to admirable account by Sir Walter Scott in his "Heart of Midlothian."

The Duchess of Lauderdale was laid to rest in Peter-sham Church, followed to the grave by a long procession of mourners, and the parish register adds to the official entry of the sad event the characteristic comment: "No affidavit made within 8 dayes and information of her Graces being buryed in Linnen given by myself to Sr John Buckworth, etc., accordingly." Her son, the third Earl of

Dysart, who was one of the richest peers in England, lived in great retirement at Ham House, leaving a very large fortune to his grandson and successor, whose father had died in 1712.

Later the historic mansion once more resumed its old position as a centre of political and social life, especially during the reigns of Grace Carteret, wife of the fourth Earl of Dysart, and the beautiful Lady Louisa Manners, who became Countess in her own right in 1821, and lived to a great age, retaining her attractions to the last. Contemporary correspondence is full of allusions to the gay doings in the popular riverside residence. Horace Walpole, one of whose nieces married Lord Huntingtower, who was to become the fifth Earl of Dysart, Mrs. Delany, Queen Charlotte and the artist John Constable being amongst those who successively sung its praises, the last dwelling especially on the masterpieces of painting on its walls, declaring that he "wished he had seen a certain sublime Cuyp before he sent away his own Salisbury."

Other interesting old mansions in Petersham are Petersham House, with fine entrance gates, long the home of the late Mrs. Warde, the generous donor of the new Church, Clergy House and Institute; Montrose House, named after the Duchess of Montrose, to whom it once belonged; Rutland House, a very typical Georgian structure, supposed to have been built for the family to which Lady Louisa Manners belonged; and Douglas House, once the property of George Cole, who also owned the fine old Petersham Lodge that stood in what is now Petersham Park, near the site of the schools given to the village by Earl and Countess Russell, and was bought by Charles I. when he first decided to enclose the new hunting ground. Burnt down in 1721, it was replaced by a new building, to which the same name was given, erected after the designs of the Earl of Burlington for the then owner of the estate, the William Stanhope referred to above, to whom it had been given by Charles II. when he created him Baron Petersham and Earl of Harrington.

It is to the second Petersham Lodge that refers the oft-quoted line from Thomson's "Summer": "The pendant woods that nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat," but that retreat, after changing hands several times, shared the fate of its predecessor, for it was bought and pulled down by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests soon after they took over the custody of Richmond Park, with which its site and grounds were re-united, all that is now left to recall the once famous residence being the fine old cedars that were a characteristic feature of its beautiful gardens.

The memory of the two Petersham Lodges is preserved in the name of a smaller house, that dates probably from the early Georgian period, which was bought in 1902 by Sir Max Waechter, who gave a ninety-nine years' lease of it to the Princess of Wales and conferred the freehold upon the Corporation of Richmond. The Princess converted the charming residence into a home of rest for governesses and the generous donor in his deed of gift expressed a hope that the lease should be renewed at its expiration should the lodge still be required for that purpose. In the well-timbered grounds, the trees including a remarkably fine plane tree, of the third Petersham Lodge is the picturesque summer house overlooking the towing path and the river, that was a favourite retreat of the poet Gay, when he was the guest of the eccentric Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry, familiarly known as Kitty, who lived for some years at Petersham, and whose charms were lauded by contemporary poets, though her vagaries greatly scandalised the aristocratic residents in the neighbourhood, who never knew what her Grace might choose to do next.

It was in the summer house of Petersham Lodge, that has been kept much what it was when the poet used it, except that some decorative panels have been removed, that Gay wrote his celebrated "Fables," dedicating them to the Duke of Cumberland, then an infant in arms, but gaining nothing by this attempt to

curry favour at Court, though later the book became very popular. Gay was fond of strolling about in the beautiful meadows, known as Ham Walks, between Petersham Lodge and Ham House, that belong to the Earl of Dysart, but are open to the public, and there perhaps he may have pondered over the "Beggar's Opera," the idea of which is said to have been suggested to him many years before by Dean Swift, and the fame of which was to eclipse everything else from his pen. In these same meadows a century later Charles Dickens, a man of a very different type to the pleasure-loving poet, might often have been seen with one or other of his favourite companions, for it was in Elm Cottage, now Elm Lodge, in the Ham Road, that the great novelist wrote his "Nicholas Nickleby," and corrected the proofs of its predecessor, "Oliver Twist."

Adjoining what were once the grounds of the Earl of Harrington's home are the estate and mansion known as Sudbrook Park, the early history of which is somewhat obscure. Sudbrook Park is referred to as a separate hamlet of Petersham in a MS. dated 1266 preserved in the British Museum, but in whose possession it then was is not known. It became the property of John Duke of Argyll in the reign of George I., and it is a tradition dear to the hearts of many of the people of Richmond that he there received Jeanie Deans and introduced her to his wife and daughters before the memorable interview with Queen Caroline, that they maintain took place, not as others assert in the Royal Lodge in the Old Deer Park, but in the White Lodge in Richmond Park. However that may be, it is certain that Jeanie's protector died at Sudbrook Park in 1743, the estate passing, as he left no son, to his eldest daughter, Lady Catherine Campbell, who was created Baroness of Greenwich in 1767, and bequeathed the property to Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, her son by her first husband, Francis, Earl of Dalkeith. Later the mansion, which has certain typical features of the Queen Anne period, notably the central saloon with rooms opening into it, was bought by the

Crown, and the estate is now rented by the Richmond Golf Club.

The quaintly picturesque Parish Church of Petersham is supposed to date from the sixteenth century, but it retains certain details, of which the remains of blocked lancet windows in the chancel are the chief, suggestive of a yet earlier building. It was restored and enlarged in 1790, and again in 1820, but even now it is only capable of holding a congregation of about 300, and is soon to be supplemented by a much larger building in the basilica style now (1907) nearing completion, with a Baptistry containing a bath for total immersion, and other characteristic features of ecclesiastical architecture in the first centuries of the Christian era.

As it now stands the older Petersham Church has a squat western tower, surmounted by a low dome-like turret. The interior retains unchanged the old-fashioned pews and other fittings that have served many generations of worshippers, and above the entrance to the chancel are the royal arms, marking the fact that the living is in the gift of the Crown. Many monuments of distinguished residents of Petersham serve still further to keep the present in touch with the past, of which the most noteworthy are: that to George Cole and his wife Frances (parents of the Gregory Cole who sold the first Petersham Lodge to Charles I.), with fine recumbent effigies, one above the other, the ornate memorial of Sir Thomas Jenner, who was Recorder of London in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and the mural tablets to the memory of the great navigator, Captain George Vancouver, who died in 1798; the Rev. Mark Delafosse, who was minister of Petersham for some forty years; Caroline Maria, Duchess of Montrose; the Honourable Sir Charles Stuart, grandson of the unpopular minister, the Earl of Bute; and General Sir William Moore; all of whom are buried in the churchyard, where also rest, as already stated, the famous sisters, Mary and Ann Berry.

The village of Ham, though it is perhaps not quite so

aristocratic as its neighbour Petersham, rivals it in antiquity, and is its equal in up-to-date patriotism, as proved by the remarkable success of the Ham and Petersham Rifle Club. True Ham is not mentioned, as is Patricesham, in Doomsday Book, but it is referred to in the seventh century Charter of Chertsey as Estreham, that is to say, a hamlet in the street, the Via Militaris, or military road, having run past it, and lands in its district were given by King Athelstane to his chief thane, Wulfgar.

The greater part of Ham is built round a beautiful common adjoining Richmond Park, and the ancient Green, which remains much what it was centuries ago, whilst several of the older mansions, including Ormeley Lodge, with very fine entrance gates, West Heath, formerly Morgan House, once the residence of the Duke of Chartres, Orford House and Latchmere House, probably date from early Georgian times. The modern church in the Gothic style dedicated to St. Andrew, was built in 1832, when Ham, which till then had been a mere chapelry of Kingston, was raised to the dignity of a separate parish.

MAHARAJA JAYASINGH RAJAH

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, PETERSHAM.



CHAPTER IX.

KEW AND ITS MEMORIES.



ALTHOUGH it is of course greatly altered since it owned a Royal palace and was a favourite residence of the reigning monarch of Great Britain, Kew—the name of which is variously spelt in ancient records, Kayhoo, Kayhough and Kayo being some of the forms—still retains, in spite of the vast number of modern villas that have been built during the last half-century, a certain rural charm, whilst its world-famous Botanic Gardens preserve to it a distinction it will never lose.

Pleasantly situated on the Thames opposite Chiswick and Isleworth, and owning in its Green, that is twelve acres in extent, an inalienable playground for its people, Kew is even now one of the most popular outskirts of London, and bids fair ere long to grow into as thriving a town as its rival up-stream, to the Royal manor of which it belonged until 1769, when it was separated from it by Act of Parliament.

Kew is not mentioned in Domesday-book, for when that invaluable record was drawn up it was, like Sheen, a hamlet of Kingston, and the earliest reference to it occurs in a thirteenth century Roll of the Royal Manor of Henry VII. At that time there may possibly have been a small chapelry at Kew, though the first actual allusion to a place of worship there bears date 1532, when the Princess Mary, sister to Henry VIII. and widow of Louis XII. of France, was living in the neighbourhood with her second husband, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in a mansion that was pulled down about 1560, near to one, also now destroyed, then occupied by Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester.

Later, Kew was the home for a few years of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who lived in a house that is supposed to have occupied the site of the one marked as the Dairie House in a map of Kew and Richmond Gardens dated 1734, and preserved in Museum III. in the present Botanic Gardens. From his Kew residence, wherever it may have been, the ambitious Earl used often to ride over to Richmond to pay court to Queen Elizabeth, although he was already married to the unfortunate Amy Robsart. Whether the neglected wife of the fickle lover was with him at Kew, and whether her Royal rival ever visited the Earl there, history does not say, but after his death Queen Elizabeth was more than once the guest in a house on the Green, the site of which cannot now be identified, of Sir John Puckering, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, whose steward gives a very interesting account, quoted in the Sydney Papers, of her reception and of the valuable presents given to her by her host, which included, he says, "a very rich jewel with many pendants of unfir'd diamonds, a fair pair of virginals, and a fine gown and juppin," and he adds, as if that were not enough, that "to grace his Lordship the more she of herself tooke from him a salt spoone, and a forcke of fair agatte."

It is very often asserted that the Earl of Leicester, soon after his second marriage, with the Dowager Countess of Sheffield, which so angered Queen Elizabeth when she discovered it, sold his house at Kew to Sir Hugh Portman, a wealthy Dutch merchant, and it has been claimed that the building now erroneously known as the Palace, standing just within the chief entrance to Kew Gardens, is the very mansion occupied by the maiden Queen's favourite. A mere glance at the house, which is a typical example of the style prevalent in Holland at the time of its erection, should be enough to dispel this error, and the probability would appear to be that Sir Hugh pulled down the Earl's mansion and built one on its site, that was long called the Dutch House in memory of him, and the further history of which is given below.

Opposite to the Dutch House was a far more imposing building called Kew House, the date of the erection of which and the name of the first owner are alike involved in obscurity; all that is certain being that it belonged early in the seventeenth century to a Mr. Richard Bennet, whose daughter married Sir Henry, later Lord Capel, who was really the first founder of the gardens, though as long previously as 1551 a Dr. Turner, author of a well-known Herbal, had a nursery on a portion of their site for the cultivation of rare plants. Sir Henry Capel was an enthusiastic botanist, and after the death of his father-in-law he lived in Kew House, for some years, which his wife had inherited, devoting much of his time to laying out the grounds, which became quite famous for the fruit and flowers grown in them. John Evelyn, in his journal for August 27th, 1678, records, "I went to my worthy friend, Sir Henry Capel, brother to my Lord of Essex; it is an old timber house, but his garden has the choicest fruit of any plantation in England"; whilst on March 24th of the following year the same writer dwells especially on the "orangerie and myrtelum," which he characterises as "most beautiful and perfectly well kept."

Soon after he was raised to the peerage Lord Capel was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and went to take up his duties in that country, where he died in 1696, never returning to his beloved home at Kew. His widow, however, resided at Kew House until her death in 1721, when, as she left no children, the property passed to the great niece of her husband, Lady Elizabeth Capel, who had married Mr. Molyneux, secretary to the Prince of Wales, later George II. This Mr. Molyneux was a man of great cultivation, who was deeply interested in astronomic science, and he may in a certain sense be said to have been the founder of the Observatory, though it was not built until more than a century after his death, for he it was who set up its comparatively humble predecessor, the great Zenith Sector (the site of which is

marked by a sun-dial presented in 1830 by William IV.), with the aid of which the celebrated astronomer, James Bradley, confirmed the first of the discoveries with which the name of Kew is associated, the aberration of light, that was, it is said, suggested to him when he was sailing on the Thames, by the fact that the vane of his boat never lay in the line of the wind, but inclined to it at a variable angle.

Mr. Molyneux died in 1728, and two years later his widow granted a long lease of Kew House to Frederick, Prince of Wales, whose bitter quarrel with his father, George II., that was only to end with his life, had already begun, and who was anxious to secure a retreat where he could receive his political friends away from the carping criticism of the Court. The new tenant added considerably to the mansion, and placed the grounds under the care of a landscape gardener named Kent, who then enjoyed no little repute; but it was not until after the death of the Prince in 1751 that the foundations were laid of the exotic gardens that were to become so famous. The widowed Princess found consolation for the untimely death of her husband in watching over the education of her children and superintending the estate at Kew.

Until the death of his grandfather in 1760 the future George III. lived with his mother at Kew House in great seclusion, and many references were made in the contemporary press and private correspondence to what was most unjustly called the Princess's injudicious training, for there can be no doubt that it was she who inspired the heir-apparent with a real desire to prepare himself for the important position he was to hold. The future King, who from boyhood had shown a marked taste for horticulture, took the greatest possible interest in all that was being done at Kew, and was constantly with Sir William Chambers, to whom the control of the works there had been given by the Dowager Princess. The Orangery and other houses for plants, the classic temples such as those of the Sun, Bellona, Arethusa, Victory and Æolus, the last

rebuilt in 1845, and the Chinese Pagoda, were all designed by the popular architect, and though perhaps not altogether in character with the beautiful gardens they adorn, are very typical of the taste of the eighteenth century. They present, indeed, a striking contrast to the charming Queen's Cottage, built somewhat later for Queen Charlotte, and also with the modern Museums that without any special claim to architectural beauty are thoroughly suitable for their purpose.

Sir William Chambers was equally successful with his design for the Observatory, that was erected at the expense of George III. in the Old Deer Park in 1768 for the observation of the transit of Venus, which took place that year. The building was long a centre of successful astronomical study, but unfortunately the scientific men, who so long watched from it the movements of the heavenly bodies, were driven away by the electric trams running between Brentford and Twickenham, which caused so much oscillation of the delicate instruments employed, that their accuracy could no longer be depended on, an unfortunate result all too typical of the triumph of commercial enterprise over scientific research. The Observatory still serves, however, as a Department of the National Physical Laboratory.

The distinguished botanist William Aiton, author some years later of the important "*Hortus Kewensis*," was appointed as the colleague of Sir William Chambers in the improvements to be made in Kew Gardens, and it was not long before the wisdom of the choice was proved, for under his auspices the estate became celebrated throughout Europe for the successful acclimatisation of exotic plants, for the cultivation of which new houses were constantly being erected. On the death of the Princess Dowager of Wales, her son George III. kept Mr. Aiton on as his chief adviser, and shortly afterwards bought the freehold of the Kew property from the Capel family, making the mansion on it his chief country seat. There he lived like a simple squire, himself superintending

all the planting that went on, and buying adjacent land to add to the property. Several acres were purchased in Mortlake Parish, and a large slice of the Old Deer Park was appropriated to be converted into grazing land for a flock of merino sheep, of which the King was very proud.

Kew House, which was a very picturesque, half-timbered, building, soon became too small for its new owner's large family and ambitious schemes, and shortly before his first attack of insanity George III. determined to pull it down and erect in its stead, on another site facing the river opposite Brentford, a huge palace which, when completed, would combine the dignity of a mediæval fortress with the comforts of a modern home. The plans were prepared by James Wyatt, and the building was begun, but its walls had scarcely risen above the foundations, before the King's mental malady had increased so much that he had to be put under restraint. Though he recovered for a time, he lost all interest in his grand scheme, and after his death George IV., who had never cared much for Kew, had all trace of the proposed palace removed.

Meanwhile the Dutch House had become as closely associated with the Royal Family as its neighbour Kew House. Queen Caroline lived in it for a short time, whilst she was superintending the works in the grounds of the Lodge in the Old Deer Park, and in 1871 it was bought from the then owner, Sir Richard Levett, for Queen Charlotte, who always preferred it to any other residence, and turned it to account for the education of her large family, for which reason it became known as the Royal Nursery, and later as the Princes' House. There the Royal children were taught gardening and agriculture by their father, who, it is said, was specially delighted when a loaf made of wheat grown by them was put upon the table, and there, alas! the unfortunate King was more than once shut up with his attendants when his evil hour was upon him, his wife and children removing for a time to Kew House.

In July, 1818, three marriages, those of the Dukes of

Cambridge, Clarence, and Kent, the last the future father of Queen Victoria, were solemnised in the drawing-room of the Dutch House, fitted up for the occasion as a chapel, and in November of the same year Queen Charlotte passed away in the bedroom which had long been occupied by her. Since then the building connected with so many memories has not been used by the Royal Family, and serves as a Museum of Georgian relics. It remains a typical example of Dutch seventeenth century domestic architecture, and also a silent witness to the simple tastes of the Royal Lady whose home it was for so many years.

After the death of George III. till the accession of Queen Victoria, the estate at Kew was somewhat neglected, but in 1840 a new era of prosperity and usefulness began for the gardens, for in that year, after a debate in Parliament, it was decided with the consent of Queen Victoria, to whom they belonged, that they should be given to the people as a permanent recreation ground. Since then, under the able directorship of Sir William Hooker, his son and successor, Dr. J. D. Hooker, Sir W. Thiselton Dyer, and other distinguished botanists, the beautiful estate has been not only a delight to thousands of pleasure seekers, but also a centre of scientific research. In 1841 the Queen added several acres to the grounds, and a little later gave up the Royal kitchen garden and the fruit houses connected with it. In 1846 the imposing gates, designed by Sir Decimus Burton, were set up at the main entrance from Kew Green, and as time went on one attraction after another was added to the gardens, including the Palm House, and the Winter Garden.

Kew, long a mere hamlet of Kingston, was separated from it in 1769, to be united with Petersham, but was later made a separate parish. The living is in the gift of the Crown, and the church was dedicated to the Mother of the Virgin, in memory of Queen Anne, who gave the site on which it stands. It was consecrated in 1714, the year of the accession of George I., and is a fairly good example of early eighteenth century ecclesiastical architecture, for

though it has been a good deal altered since its completion, the original style has been followed. The Doric portico and octagonal Tower have been restored, the nave widened, and the chancel lengthened, whilst the last has been supplemented by a mortuary chapel at the eastern end, in which rest the remains of the Duke of Cambridge, youngest son of George III., and of his wife.

In Kew Church the blind King George of Hanover, who was born in a house still standing in Kew Gardens, was baptised, and there long afterwards the Princess Mary of Cambridge, who had long resided in the neighbouring Cambridge Cottage, was married to the Duke of Teck. The death of the Duchess was mourned in Kew as sincerely as it was in Richmond, where most of her married life was spent, and a stained glass window in the chancel of the church where she worshipped as a girl, commemorates the esteem in which she was held.

Amongst the noteworthy memorials to the dead in the church of St. Anne, are monuments to Elizabeth, Countess of Derby, who was a liberal benefactor of the poor in Kew and Brentford, and is buried in Westminster Abbey, and to the Lady Dorothy Capel, already referred to in connection with Kew House, and tablets to the landscape gardener, William Aiton, Sir William Hooker, Francis Bauer, who contributed illustrations to the great botanist's "Genera Filicum," the miniature painter, Jeremiah Meyer, the Bohemian artist, Johann Zoffany or Zauffely, who lived at Chiswick in a house still standing on Strand-on-the-Green, and Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., all of whom are buried in the churchyard, the last and greatest resting beneath a simple stone slab near the south wall of the church, close, in accordance with his own wish, expressed in his will, to his beloved friend Joshua Kirby, to whose patronage he owed much in the early portion of his career.

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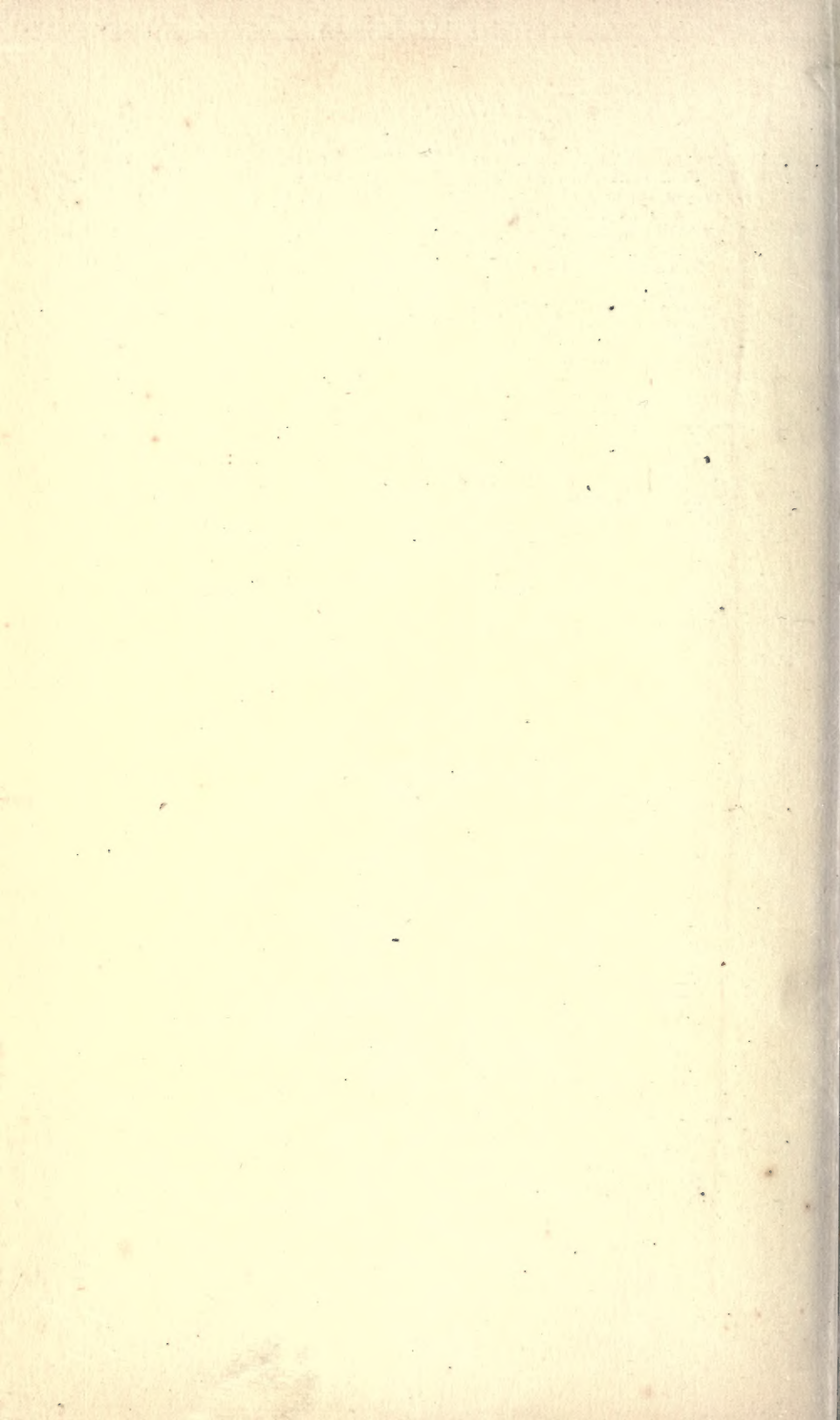
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