

mented with rich carvings of arms and flowers under the cornice, and the chimney-pieces have similar embellishments. From the windows the prospect is exquisitely beautiful though not extensive—noble terraces, majestic balustrades, that seem built for eternity—orchards bending with fruit, forest trees intermingling their lofty arms, and the bright Wye winding gracefully amongst all, as if presenting its gift of trout and grayling, along with the offerings of Pomona and the tributes of Flora—all around is redolent of wealth and beauty—the recollections which belong to feudal attachment, divested of its unpleasant attributes, and the thousand poetic dreams which belong to the heroism, the mysteries, the glories, the sensibilities, of those who are now gone down to the dust, yet survive in these majestic relics.

Here once dwelt William Peveril, the ancestor of that loyal Sir Geoffry, with whom the genius of Sir Walter Scott has made us familiar, as a friend. Here, the lord of thirty manors, Sir George Vernon, distinguished in the first years of Elizabeth, as the King of the Peak, lived in all the splendid hospitality which belonged to immense wealth, family connexion, and ancient descent, at a period when every gentleman owned the claims of his station—a period when no man who boasted a *name* and a *heart*, ever thought of shutting up his house in the country, and leaving his dependents to starve, whilst he consoled himself with the luxuries cheaply ensured at the Albany, or the pleasures sought at Crockford's and Newmarket. If to some of them it were necessary to say,

"Curtail the lazy vermin of the hall,"

yet must we admire the bounteous hand, the considerate protection, which enabled them to "scatter blessings o'er a smiling land," in preference to the confined, but not less destructive expenses, which belong to selfish expenditure and concentrated personal indulgences.

One bed, the bed of state, alone remains in Haddon Hall; but it is unquestionably the ruin of the very handsomest I ever beheld; being of rich Genoa velvet, lined with white satin, of an immense height and corresponding size. It is covered with a rich counterpane, embroidered all over by the fair hands of a Lady Catharine Manors, and must therefore have been wrought since the place became the property of the Dukes of Rutland. Many a wearisome day did she labor at this by no means inelegant production, without any intention of securing the fame it has ensured, for our guide informed us that if his great aunt "had not unluckily died," she could

have told us a great deal both "about Lady Catharine and the ghosts of the Hall, but as he never saw either, it had all slipped his memory."

Perhaps, too, his great aunt could have given us something more interesting than either, being early reminiscences of Mrs. Radclyffe; for we have been told that during the time when her father lived at Chesterfield, her health being delicate, he placed her in the gamekeeper's house as a boarder, for the sake of the pure air, and that her unrestrained wanderings in this wide mansion first inspired that taste for the mysteries and antiquities of feudal times, which her genius afterwards combined so happily in many a tale of wonderful splendor and most thrilling interest. In her own walk truly we shall not "look upon her like again," and who can tread those floors or creep (as we all did) up to the beautiful turret, and gaze on the wide expanse around, without paying a tribute to the memory of one so highly gifted, so capable of describing whatever was beautiful in nature or desirable to imagination.

Every where the rooms of Haddon are richly tapestried, and these hangings cover the doors also, which are badly constructed, and would need this defence against the winds of winter. The house was inhabited until about 1717, after which the family removed to their present residence of Belvin Castle. Whatever may be the *agremens* of that princely mansion, it is impossible not to lament that Haddon was forsaken; although it must be conceded that it is too large to be a second son's habitation, and perhaps not very comfortable as a dwelling for any son. Still, it is a thousand pities no one should enjoy its many beauties, its noble rooms, spacious gardens and matchless air—would it were an Infirmary!

We visited the kitchen, buttery, &c. In the former were two immense fire-places, one of which was suited to the purpose of roasting an ox whole. Large tools for chopping mince meat, mighty troughs for salting, and every other convenience for the "due refection" of an immense establishment are all here ready to resume their functions when called upon for purposes of "solemn festival." The last time they were so used, we understood to be when the Duke of Rutland came of age, at which time the numerous tenantry on his fine estates here were abundantly regaled.

Passing through the gardens, we were struck with a very old, and tall apricot tree, said to be coeval with the house; but well known to have been in bearing upwards of two hundred years. Its strong and gnarled trunk spoke of age, but the abundance and beauty of the fruit which was