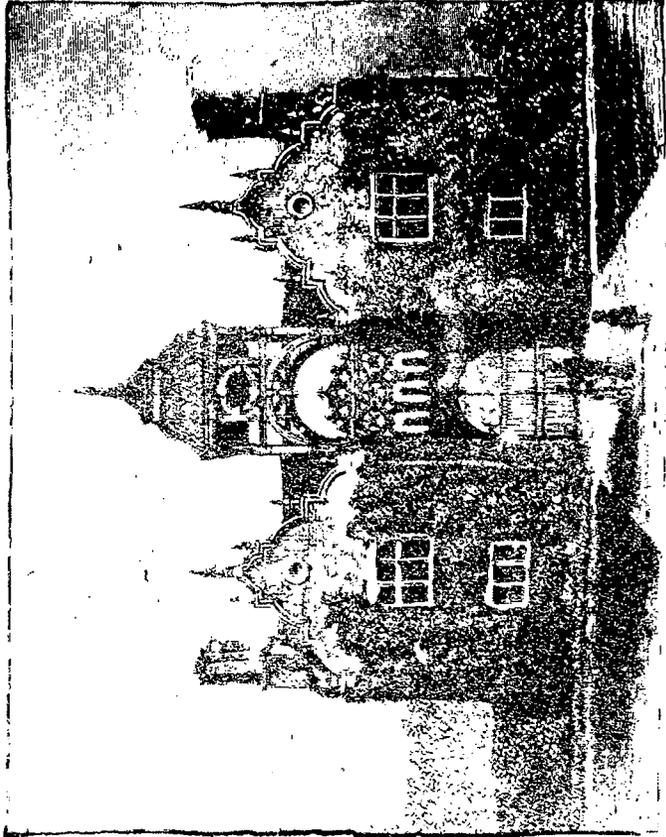


moon—the hospitable blaze of the many windows conveying suggestions of welcome and good cheer—the effect is very fine. The old house is as magnificent within as without. We give a cut of the grand staircase of dark and polished oak, the ancestral portraits, the trophies of the chase, and the quaint



pillars and balls. The old clock on the stairs, which has chronicled for generations the fortunes of the house, might be the original of that described in Longfellow's noble poem:—

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands
 From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,