

French. The Comte de Paris vacated the house about 1871, and some two years later the house and grounds were submitted for sale by public auction.

The mansion, which occupies a pleasant position on an elevated plateau overlooking the river Thames, is built in what is now known as the "Queen Anne" style of architecture, and consists of a centre and wings, and the apartments are both numerous and spacious. A grand staircase of oak with carved

"Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,  
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;  
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,  
Women and fools must like him, or he dies.  
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,  
The club must hail him master of the joke.  
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?  
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.  
Thus, with each gift of nature and of art,  
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;  
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,  
And most contemptible to show contempt;



THE GARDENS OF ORLEANS HOUSE, 1882.

balustrade, &c., gives access from the hall to the principal chambers in the upper storeys. From the drawing-rooms and library windows open upon a broad terrace walk, which extends the whole length of the river front. The gardens and grounds, about nine acres in extent, are admirably laid out, and include a wilderness, fernery, flower-garden, lawns, &c.

In a house, called The Grove, long since swept away, but which stood in or near what is now King Street, in the western part of the town, lived for some time the witty and clever, but disreputable, Duke of Wharton, whose character is summed up by Pope in one of his "Moral Essays" in the following often quoted lines:—

His passion still to covet general praise,  
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;  
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;  
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;  
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind;  
Too rash for thought, for action too refined;  
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves,  
A rebel to the very king he loves.  
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,  
And, harder still, flagitious, yet not great.  
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?  
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool."

"It is difficult," remarks Horace Walpole, in the "Royal and Noble Authors," "to give an account of the works of so mercurial a man, whose library was a tavern, and women of pleasure his muses. A