

sion for antiquity could not keep them up. Every minute I expected to see ghosts sweeping by—ghosts that I would not give sixpence to see, Lauderdale, Tollemaches, and Maitlands. There is one old brown gallery full of Vandycks and Lelys, charming miniatures, delightful Wouvermans and Poelemburghs, china, japan, bronzes, ivory cabinets, and silver dogs, pokers, bellows, &c., without end. One pair of bellows is of filagree. In this state of pomp and tatters my nephew intends it shall remain, and is so religious an observer of the venerable rites of his house, that because they were never opened by his father but once, for the late Lord Granville, you are locked out and locked in, and after journeying all around the house, as you do round an old French fortified town, you are at last admitted through the stable-yard, to creep along a dark passage by the house-keeper's room, and so by a back door into the great hall. He seems as much afraid of rats as a cat, for though you might enjoy the Thames from every window of three sides of the house, you may tumble into it before you guess it is there."

Macaulay mentions this house as a symbol of wealth derived from dishonest statesmanship. He writes in his "History of England"* in the chapter which he devotes to a general view of the state of England in 1685: "The sumptuous palace to which the populace of London gave the name of Dunkirk House,† the stately pavilions, the fish-ponds, the deer park and orangery of Euston, the more than Italian luxury of Ham, with its busts, its fountains, and its aviaries, were among the many signs which indicated what was the shortest road to boundless wealth."

In the "Extracts of the Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry" (Vol. II., p. 423) appears the following description of a visit to Ham House, and of the impression it made upon her, by Queen Charlotte, in a letter to one of her own family:—"The Rain having ceased, Ldy. Caroline wished to show me from Ham walks the View of the River, and likewise that of Lord Dysart's Place; and as She has been favoured with a Key, She offered to carry us there. We walked, and most delightful it was there, and saw not only the House, but all the Beautifull Old China, which a Civil Housekeeper offered to show us. It is so fine a Collection, that to know it and admire it as one ought to do would require many hours; but when all the Fine Paintings, Cabinets of Excellent Workmanship, both in Ivory and Amber, also attract yr. Notice. Days

are required to see it with Advantage to oneself. The House is much altered since I saw it by repairing, and tho' the old Furniture still remains, it is kept so clean, that even under the Tattered State of Hangings and Chairs, One must admire the good Taste of Our forefathers, and their Magnificence. The Parqueted Floors have been taken up with great Care, cleaned, and re-laid, and in order to preserve them the Present Lord has put Carpets over them, but of Course not Nailed down. I saw this time also the Chapel, which is so dark and Dismal that I could not go into it. Upon the whole, the Place remaining in its old Stile is Beautiful and Magnificent, both within and without, but truly Melancholy. My Lord is very little there since the Death of His Lady, for whom he had the greatest regard and attention."

Lady Dysart died here in 1840, not far short of being added to the list of centenarians.

The following amusing story in connection with Ham House has been often told, but is worth repeating:—In 1829 old Lady Dysart asked Bishop Blomfield to dine here to meet the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV. The duke, being offended with the bishop for having voted in favour of Catholic Emancipation, was so rude that he would hardly speak to him. At the end of the evening, however, the good dinner and the port wine had so far mellowed his feelings that he had quite condoned the offence; and afterwards, when he came to the throne, few prelates stood higher with his Majesty than the Bishop of London.

The avenues and groves which occupy the meadows between Ham House and the river, extending as far as Twickenham Ferry, have long been known as "Ham Walks," under which name they have been celebrated by writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The poet Thomson speaks of them, in his "Seasons," as

"Ham's umbrageous walks."

The spot was a favourite resort of Swift, Pope, and Gay. In our account of Twickenham* we have quoted from the *Daily Post* of June 4, 1728, the advertisement wherein Pope draws attention to a "scandalous paper cried about the streets under the title of 'A Pop upon Pope,'" intimating that he had been "whipt in Ham Walks on Thursday last," and notifying that he did not stir out of his house at Twickenham on that day, at the same time adding that the paper in question was "a malicious and ill-grounded report." Gay was often here whilst he lived in the house of the Duchess of Queensberry, close by. The Duchess herself lived here till 1777.

* "History of England," Chapter III.

† See "Old and New London," Vol IV., p. 274.

* Vol. I., p. 99.