

relief to find that a broken arm was the worst thing Falconer had to report, and that no one but De Bassompierre was hurt; but once assured of that, St. Ives fell into a sombre silence most unlike himself. He was evidently deeply depressed, and was scarcely interested in the news of Netta's engagement. His own troubles were pressing too heavily upon him to leave him free to sympathise very deeply with the sorrows or joys of others. What was the happiness or unhappiness of Netta's life—nay, what was the fate of empires or the fall of kings compared with the question of what Miss Elliven had thought of the avowal of his love? Had she understood it? And what had she thought of his distracted repudiation, of his precipitate flight? The one thing he was clear about was that never, willingly, would he look on that too dear face again.

He held out his hand as they came to the Vicarage gate.

"Good night," he said, "good night, and good-bye. I will not come in: I dare not! Tell her—but no! tell her nothing. Good-bye, Bernard. You will take care of De Bassompierre, I know, for Netta's sake, if not for mine, and I cannot tell when I may see you again."

"Do you mean that you are going away?"

"I mean that I can bear it no longer. I *will* know—I *must*—if my wife is alive or dead."

Falconer looked at the agitated face, working painfully in the uncertain light, and felt that the time had come.

"I can tell you that," he said, in tones that were low from intensity of feeling. "Very strange things have

happened to-day, Arthur. I—I have something to tell you about your wife."

St. Ives staggered back, and put out his hands with a sort of groping action.

"Do you mean that you have heard that she is *alive*?" he whispered, with white lips. "Well—better so than this horrible uncertainty, which is driving me slowly, but surely—*mad*!"

He looked it, Falconer thought. He was white to the lips. His looks were haggard and desperate. At the sight of a passion like this Bernard gave up all attempt to break his news. He felt it must be told at once.

"There is no uncertainty now," he cried. "Your wife is alive—I have seen her! Come with me, and I will take you to her."

"Do you mean that she is *here*?"

"*Yes*," said Falconer.

St. Ives drew a long breath, and nerved himself, as men nerve themselves for the baptism of fire.

"Firm is the word!" he muttered. "If Christabel is alive, I will do my duty to her, poor child! Where do you say she is?"

They were in the hall, and Falconer opened the schoolroom door.

"She is here," was all he said. And then he left them together.

St. Ives stood transfixed with surprise.

"*Miss Elliven!*" he exclaimed. And then she ran to him, and fell into his arms.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur!" she cried, "I am Christabel! Do you not know your *wife*?"

THE END

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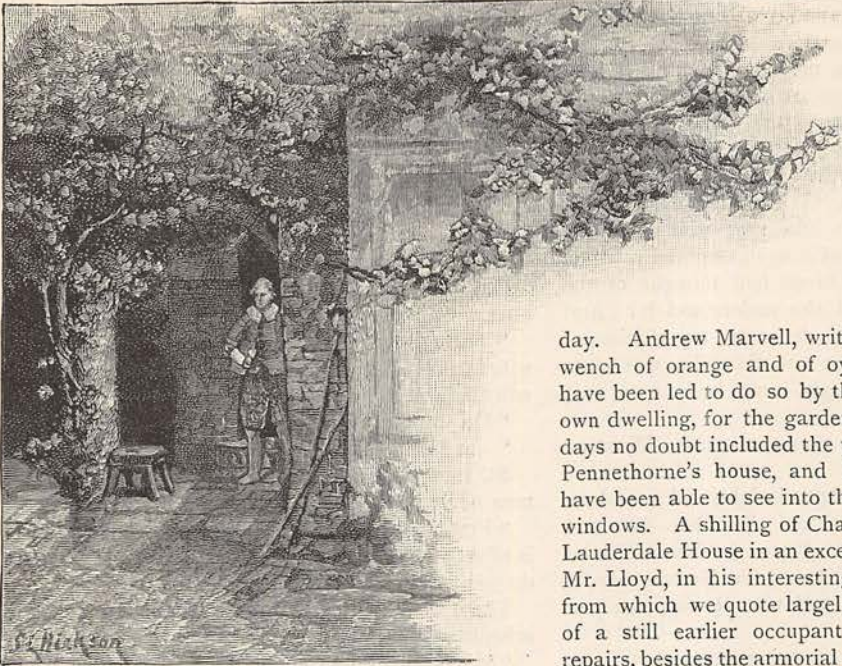
## WATERLOW PARK—PAST AND PRESENT.

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**W**ATERLOW PARK, as it is to be called, has a frontage upon the old North Road, and extends along it from the lane now called Dartmouth Park Hill (old Maiden Lane) to the beginning of the Highgate High Street; from this, the eastern side, it spreads west and south-west over the undulating slopes of Highgate Hill, the upper part of the land commanding good views of the City. It is only recently that these grounds became the property of a single owner; thirty years ago they were divided into gardens of various dimensions attached to several separate houses; of these houses, three are still standing: Hertford House, at the north-east corner of the estate; Fairseat House, adjoining it; and Lauderdale House, lower down the hill, but also fronting the high road. The latter was once the residence of the Dukes of Lauderdale. Between it and Fairseat House, stood at the time we speak of, the picturesque old cottage of Andrew Marvell and a house then occupied by Sir John Pennethorne, the architect, who

designed the south front of Buckingham Palace, the London University, &c. This was already demolished when, in 1868, Andrew Marvell's dwelling was found to be in so unsafe a condition as to necessitate its removal—a matter of much regret to lovers of the picturesque. As regards historical interest, Lauderdale may fairly vie with it, and since it is still standing, claims the first place in our attention.

Lauderdale House is supposed to have been built about 1600. It is not imposing in appearance, nor has it great architectural merit, yet we who have known it long would fain find some beauty in its gable roofs and old-fashioned staircase, notwithstanding painted imitation wood and modern casements. What though the growing needs of a more luxurious age have added on gable to gable, so that the gentleman's residence of our day has outstripped the duke's mansion, in spite of later knowledge and architectural proofs, we still see it as the house which our early years associated with the names of Nell Gwynne and the dread Duke of Lauderdale, of whose histories we



THE PORCH AND VINE OF ANDREW MARVELL'S COTTAGE.

were innocently ignorant. As we wander, with our newer wisdom, about the quaint old-fashioned garden, we wonder at what date it acquired its present appearance, and whether the solitary stork still adorning one of its terraces was personally acquainted with these worthies, or whether he and his departed companion, and the fountain and sundial, were the additions of some more peaceful-minded duke, or some country gentleman of a later age.

The house and lands at Highgate first became the property of the Lauderdale family about 1651. John, second earl and first duke, acquired them by right of his wife Anne, daughter and co-heiress of the Earl of Home. The duke seems to have had some trouble in obtaining possession of the estate, as it was seized by the Lord of the Manor, John Ireton. The latter—brother of the General Ireton who married Cromwell's daughter, and lived opposite, on The Bank, in Cromwell House—obtained a grant of it from Cromwell, on the pretence that the duke was a traitor to the State, though history tells us he had taken a leading part as a negotiator for the sale of the king, and we might have thought, therefore, that he deserved well of the Protector. There are extant, in the annals of the House of Lords, petitions dated 1666, in which the duke sets forth his claim. As the position of the great parties in the State was now reversed, the later petition was no doubt successful.

The tyrant Deputy of Scotland, as Macaulay calls him, was the chief instrument employed under Charles II. in forcing Episcopacy on his reluctant countrymen, so that he seems to have been equally willing to lend his hand to any kind of tyranny. It may have been during his absence in Scotland that Charles made use

of his house, with or without his consent, as a temporary home for Nell Gwynne. Traditions long current in Highgate certainly assign this as one of the many occupied by her at various times, and the marble bath in the entrance-hall goes by the name of Nell Gwynne's bath to this

day. Andrew Marvell, writing of the king and "that wench of orange and of oyster," may very possibly have been led to do so by this close proximity to his own dwelling, for the garden of Lauderdale in those days no doubt included the plot where stood Sir John Pennethorne's house, and Marvell therefore would have been able to see into the garden from his upper windows. A shilling of Charles II. was lately found in Lauderdale House in an excellent state of preservation. Mr. Lloyd, in his interesting "History of Highgate," from which we quote largely, further tells us of traces of a still earlier occupant of the house. During repairs, besides the armorial shield of John Lauderdale and Anne his wife, was found a letter addressed to Lady Dorothy Hobart, at Highgate, dated from "St. Bartholomewes, Feb. 28th, 1626." This lady was the widow of Sir Henry Hobart, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; their daughter was buried at Highgate.

The last tenant who occupied Lauderdale House was Mr. James Yates, F.R.S., who held many literary and scientific meetings there; later, when it became the property of Sir Sydney Waterlow, it was lent by him to be for a time a convalescent home in connection with St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of which he is treasurer. It was opened for this purpose by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, July 8th, 1872.

The house of Sir J. Pennethorne had, by various additions, grown up from outbuildings formerly belonging to Lauderdale. It stood back from the road, and was pulled down before the ground became Sir Sydney's. A kind of shed or wash-house remains, which was attached to it, and on the other side almost touched Marvell's cottage. The grounds included the larger of the two ponds in the present Park, and at a time when skating in public was not yet usual for ladies, envious neighbours might see, from the rising ground above, the young ladies of the family enjoying this exhilarating exercise on their private water.

We now come to the spot where stood the modest and picturesque dwelling of Andrew Marvell. It stood rather high from the road, and the piece of garden in front was entered by a flight of steps now built into the boundary wall to mark the spot. The house—or rather cottage—was prettily surrounded by trees and shrubs, and partly hidden from the footway by a hedge of evergreens. On the side towards the garden it was, we think, most interesting, the casements being of considerable age, and the porch enriched by

a beautiful old vine, which twined about lattice and windows with most luxuriant growth. We may well believe it to be the one mentioned in the poem, well known by its having a place in the *Golden Treasury*, in which Marvell describes his delight in his garden retreat. One verse runs as follows :—

“What wondrous life is this I lead?  
Ripe apples drop about my head;  
The luscious clusters of the vine  
About my mouth do crush their wine.”

The old scholar must have had a humble and well-contented mind to make so much of this little plot of ground—for very small it was, though pretty and secluded. Several of the apple-trees were left when we first remember it, but we confess to incredulity as to the existence there, even in his time, of melons in the open air, though in a later line he professes to have stumbled over them. A facetious friend suggests it was to the unpoetical vegetable marrow that he, with poetic licence, gives this title, or we may conjecture that the great linguist was not equally well versed in botany. Of a sundial we can find no trace; but in the garden of Lauderdale, besides the one on the terrace marking the height of St. Paul's, there is a broken one cast aside in a corner, where it has remained as long as we can remember, and this may possibly be the one mentioned in the poem.

Andrew Marvell, whose career was laid in the same troublous time as that of John Lauderdale, claims our regard even more for his high integrity, political and social, than for his intellectual merits. These,

however, were of no common order. Marvell was the son of a clergyman, master of the Grammar School at Kingston-on-Hull; he was born in 1620, and at fifteen was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge. The books of that college show that he remained at the University longer than was necessary for merely taking a degree, for in 1641 it was agreed that he, with others, should *no longer* receive benefits of the college. We next hear of him as a traveller on the Continent, where he distinguished himself by the ready way in which he acquired languages. These stood him in good stead presently as tutor to Mary, daughter of Lord Fairfax, and were afterwards named by Milton in recommending him for the office of Assistant Secretary to the Council of State. Milton speaks of him as a man of good family, well versed in French, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch, and a good scholar in Greek and Latin, and a man of so much capacity and so many accomplishments, that if he (Milton) had had any feeling of jealousy or rivalry he might have been slow to recommend him as a coadjutor. This office Marvell afterwards obtained, and was also at one time secretary to Lord Carlisle abroad, when he was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. The inscription on the engraved portrait by Basire states that Marvell was the last commoner who received allowance from his constituents, and perhaps this pecuniary relation helps to account for the very voluminous correspondence he maintained with the electors of Kingston-on-Hull during the many years he represented them in that borough.



ANDREW MARVELL'S COTTAGE (BEFORE IT WAS PULLED DOWN).



THE CEDARS UNDER HEAVY SNOW.

The uncompromising manner in which he exposed the corruption of the Court of Charles II., and his satirical notices of members of the first Parliament after the Restoration, made Marvell many enemies. A proclamation was issued offering a reward for his apprehension, and he found it necessary to retire to Hull. It is by no means sure that his death in 1678, at fifty-eight years of age, was not hastened by poison,

for his constitution was sound and vigorous. His poems were edited by his widow in 1680. It may be told to his honour that, Roundhead as he was, one of the noblest panegyrics on the demeanour of Charles I. on the scaffold comes from him.

His chief work is "An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England," but it is as a poet and satirist that his name will live.

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### THE END OF THE STORY.

THE bright eyes, lifted from the book,  
Seem, by their sweet and thoughtful look,  
To see, as in a magic glass,  
The vision of the story pass :  
The hero and the heroine—  
The faithful pair whose fortunes shine,  
In spite of days long overcast,  
Complete in happiness at last !

Though he was brave, and she was fair,  
And sympathy for such a pair,  
In all their strange vicissitudes,  
Is well bestowed, the thought intrudes

That there are heroes brave as he,  
And heroines as sweet as she,  
Since, from the world we know to-day,  
The race has never passed away !

O gentle maiden, from the page  
The story speaks to every age—  
To such a tale there is no end ;  
The heroine thy bosom friend—  
Nay, more, thy very self—may prove !  
The hero, he whom thy sweet love  
May influence, in the days to be,  
To fight life's battle manfully !

J. R. EASTWOOD,

