

"I grant you haven't been well treated," he exclaimed, "but I meant—I hoped——"

"I have nothing to complain of," interrupted Fancourt. "My letter was written the evening before I went to Kazim."

"Then why do you want to go?"

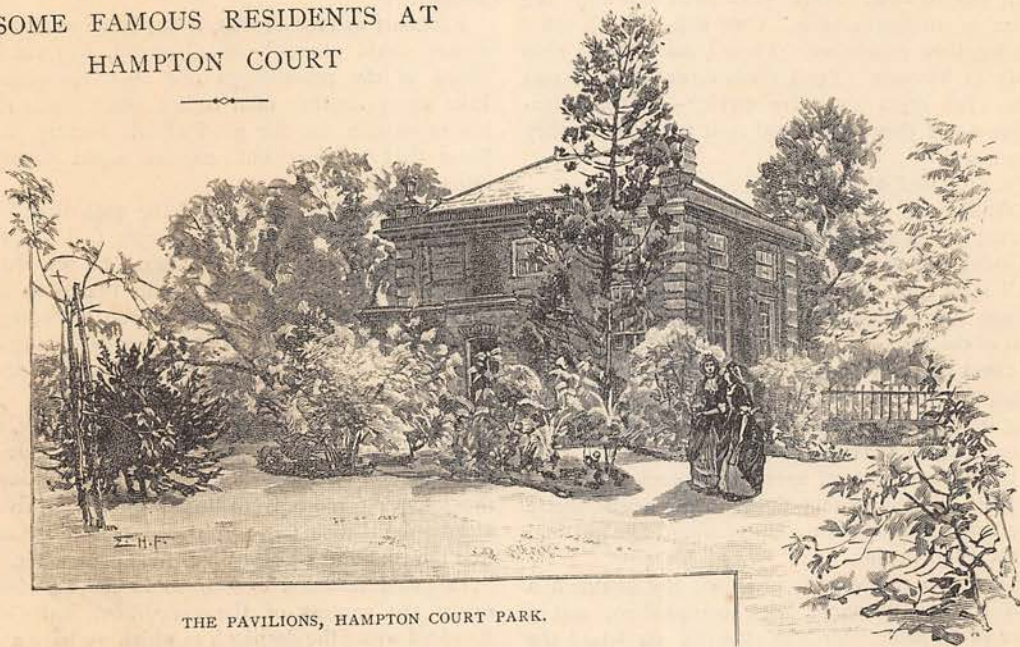
There was a moment's pause. Then Fancourt looked steadily at the general:

"Because I want to marry your daughter."

"If that's all," replied the general, as soon as he had recovered his breath, "I think you had better stay."

E. CHAPMAN.

## SOME FAMOUS RESIDENTS AT HAMPTON COURT



THE PAVILIONS, HAMPTON COURT PARK.

**O**UR English kings and queens have long forsaken Wolsey's famous palace by the Thames. The great Chancellor lavished his fortune in erecting and decorating a princely mansion, which threw Henry's palace at Richmond completely into the shade. The ambassadors and royal guests who came to our shores from all parts of Europe were astonished to find so superb a residence in England. "Nothing like it had ever been seen before out of Rome." Its tables groaned beneath the weight of gold and silver plate of enormous value; its walls were covered with the choicest tapestry; its courtiers and officers of the household were scarcely second, either in number or in dignity, to those who surrounded Henry himself at Greenwich and Richmond.

Skelton's bitter satire is here, at least, true enough:—

"Why come ye not to Court?  
To whyche Court?  
To the Kynges Court,  
Or to Hampton Court?  
Nay, to the Kynges Court;  
But Hampton Court  
Hath the preemynence,  
And Yorkes Place,  
With my lorde's grace

To whose magnificence  
Is all the confluence,  
Sutys and supplycacyons  
Embassades of all nacjons."

Wolsey found by bitter experience that he had schemed and built for others rather than for himself. His royal master, who had often led the revels at the Cardinal's entertainments and had suddenly come from London with his gay retinue to surprise his chief minister, grew jealous of his boundless wealth and reputation. He asked him why he had built so magnificent a house for himself at Hampton Court. Wolsey made the astute reply: "To show how noble a palace a subject may offer to his sovereign." This was six years before the Chancellor's fall, but the ominous incident must have been unspeakably suggestive to one who knew the character of his royal master so well as Wolsey did.

Hampton Court thus became a royal palace some years before its first master's death. That proud position it held for two hundred and thirty years. Henry the Eighth has left his mark upon it in the Great Hall, and traces of his luckless wives still linger to teach the mutability of earthly fortune. His three children who succeeded to his throne all knew and





WREN'S HOUSE.

FARADAY'S HOUSE.

loved the palace. It kept its glories through the days of the Stuarts and of Cromwell. Then came William and Mary, whose rapture over the place and its surroundings would have satisfied even the great Cardinal himself. To William Hampton Court was the happy spot which, in the land of exile, reminded him of his beloved home in Holland; to Mary its gardens proved one of the chief delights of life. They determined to make it their chief residence, and called in the aid of Sir Christopher Wren to provide the State apartments, which still stand as the memorial of themselves and their architect.

It was not till the accession of George III. that the palace ceased to be a royal residence. That prince's choleric grandfather, George II., when annoyed at anything done by his ministers or attendants, would kick his hat or wig about the room. It would be well if all angry people would content themselves with giving such vent to their feelings, for though undignified, it had at least the merit of being harmless. Once, however, the monarch boxed the ears of his unfortunate grandson in the State apartments. The Duke of Sussex in walking through these rooms said that his father had been so disgusted by this insult that he could never bear to visit Hampton Court.

With George III.'s accession in October, 1760, a new era dawned for the palace. The story of these days supplies some racy pages in Mr. Law's valuable history of Hampton Court. The kitchen utensils were removed to Westminster for the coronation banquets; the pictures were taken away, and all the building, save the State apartments, was gradually divided into suites of rooms, which were allotted to private families at the pleasure of his Majesty. Officials and servants were then the chief residents. But a few "squatters" had also invaded

the palace. They were persons who had managed to prolong their stay when summoned to Court, or had gained a footing by bribing someone in authority to let them have a room or two. Thus by begging,

LADY MORNINGTON'S APARTMENTS  
(NOW LADY DESART'S), AND THE  
PRINCE OF WALES'S STAIRCASE.



borrowing or stealing they managed at last to secure suites of large and comfortable apartments. The authorities were inclined to recognise and legalise the tenancy of these strange hangers-on of royalty, but the King was bent on introducing reform. He laid down the rule that no one should occupy rooms without written authorisation from the Lord Chamberlain. In this way the palace was portioned out into about forty suites of apartments. There are now fifty-three, besides about a dozen occupied by officials, such

who has had the honour of vindicating his Majesty's Government, a retreat in one of his houses may be not improperly or unworthily allowed." The doctor's application was not granted. One wonders indeed how that ardent lover of Fleet Street would have borne his transplantation to Hampton Court.

Single-speech Hamilton occupied an apartment here for three years. Thomas Bradshaw, who, if one might trust the letters of Junius, was appointed one of the Secretaries of the Treasury for his uncommon address.



LADY MORNINGTON'S GARDEN.

as the housekeeper, clerk of the works, head gardener, and keeper of the pictures.

Hannah More, who often visited Garrick at Hampton, stayed a few days in the palace in 1770. She writes: "The private apartments are almost all full; they are all occupied by people of fashion, mostly of quality; and it is astonishing to me that people of large fortune will solicit for them. Mr. Lowndes has rooms next to these, notwithstanding he has a fortune of £4,000 a year. In the opposite one lives Lady Augusta Fitzroy. You know she is the mother of the Duke of Grafton." Rooms were often given in recognition of services rendered by the tenants or members of their families in the army and navy, or in any branch of public life. Dr. Johnson himself wrote from Bolt Court, on April 11th, 1776, to ask Lord Hertford for a lodging: "Such a grant would be considered by me as a great favour; and I hope, to a man

in ministering to the pleasures of the great, procured sixty or seventy rooms, but having squandered all his money, he shot himself in the autumn of 1774. Lady Malpas, Horace Walpole's niece by marriage, lived in the palace. Another niece, Maria, Duchess of Gloucester, the most beautiful woman of the day, lived at the Pavilions at the end of the Long Walk, with her three lovely daughters, the Ladies Waldegrave. Yet another niece of Walpole's, Mrs. Keppel, lived at the Stud House in the Home Park.

One of the most notable residents of Hampton Court was the Countess of Mornington, who received apartments in 1795. Here her two great sons—the Governor-General of India and the conqueror at Waterloo—often visited her. People are still living who remember seeing them together—"The Mother of the Gracchi and her Sons," as the old lady proudly styled herself. It was the Iron Duke who gave the





name of "Purr Corner" "to the nook in the east front of the palace, on the right hand side of the gate as you come out from the cloister into the garden." There was a seat in this sheltered corner where the old ladies used to bask in the sun and enjoy their gossip. The Marchioness Wellesley also came to reside at the palace, in February, 1843, after her husband's death.

Professor Faraday lived at the Crown House on the Green, which, by the Queen's special orders, was made ready for him, so that the great philosopher incurred no personal expense. It was a generous deed, which

showed how much her Majesty and the Prince Consort esteemed the unassuming scientist. He died there on August 27th, 1867, after nine years' happy residence. Two doors away Sir Christopher Wren spent his last days, "free from worldly cares, in contemplation and studies, and principally in the consolation of the Holy Scriptures, cheerful in solitude, and as well pleased to die in the shade as in the light." His old house and garden, Mr. Law says, are little changed. His terrace by the river, his toolhouse and his rooms, still remain much in the state the great architect left them more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

Mrs. Sheridan, daughter-in-law of the great dramatist and orator, had apartments in the Palace in 1820. Her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who was married in 1827, passed some happy years here, as also did Lord Dufferin's mother, who was married in 1825. As a boy Lord Dufferin was much with his grandmother. He wrote to an old friend whom he had first met at Hampton Court: "I cannot tell you what an affection I have for that place, and what tender memories it brings back to my recollection."

There are many other names connected with the palace on which we must not be tempted to linger. The apartments are not undesirable residences. Some suites have as many as forty rooms, others not more than ten or twelve. The average is from fifteen to twenty. Some rooms are large and lofty, others small and low. Some suites are like separate houses, with front and back doors, staircases and entrance halls; others resemble "flats." Inconveniences and anomalies, which arose from the haphazard way in which the rooms were allotted, are gradually disappearing. In one suite every dish has still to be carried to the dining-room across an open court, to the great discomfort of all concerned. Such things will no doubt soon be matters of the past.

## THAT HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE!

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"A light dinner, a less supper, sound sleep, long life."—*Iago ab Dewi.*



"H! I have passed a miserable night!" is what we often hear people say, though they have no intention of quoting Shakespeare. And possibly the dreams which have caused their misery have been as terrible as those which disturbed the last night of the guilty Duke of Clarence. Few of us, however, would be able to describe them in such vivid language as he does. Strictly speaking, even dreams, where a succession of terrors fills the night, do not

merit the title of nightmare. This is generally used to denote a feeling of actual physical oppression, a common form being some heavy body compressing the chest, causing a feeling of suffocation. Many varieties of this suffocating sensation are experienced in dreams. Thus, I have heard people describe it as if caused by thick clouds of vapour or smoke which closed densely about them. But although this feeling of oppression is the real true nightmare, it will be better for the purposes of this paper to consider all dreams of a terrifying or painful nature as of the same family, since in them similar causes are at work, and if the milder form can be prevented, so can the other.

Almost everybody dreams, more or less. Some have thought it would be a positive loss if we did not do so,