

## THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S HOMES.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.)



WITH Chatsworth House and Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire, Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, Holker Hall, Lancashire, Lismore Castle, Waterford, and Compton Place, Eastbourne, as alternative places of residence out of London, the Duke of Devonshire must occasionally suffer, one would suppose, from an *embarrasse des richesses*. As a matter of fact, however, his Grace's choice almost invariably lies between Chatsworth House, Compton Place, and Bolton Abbey; and of these, "the palace of the Peak" naturally has

the first place in his affections. Even the eminence of its present owner as a statesman can add but little to the renown of Chatsworth.

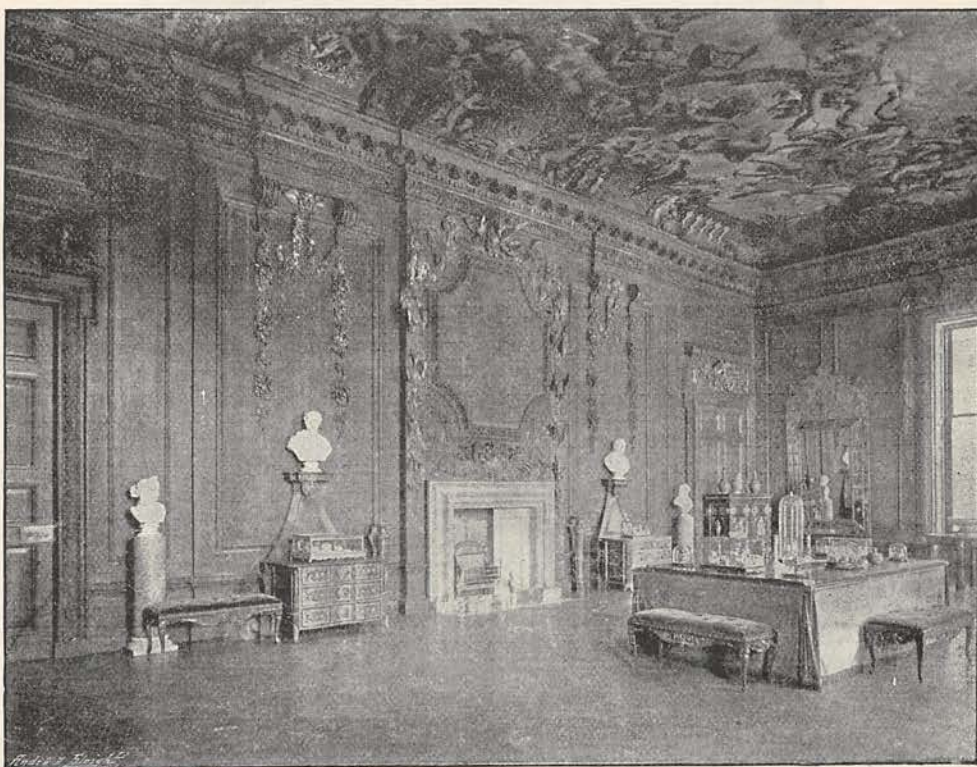
Chatsworth Park has a circuit of eleven miles in the valley of the Derwent, and on all sides is shut in, as it were, from the world by a low range of hills. The river flows through the park, enhancing considerably its sylvan beauty. The village of Edensor, inhabited almost entirely by dependents of the Cavendish family, is within its gates, whilst that of Baslow is close to them. The greater part of the six miles' drive from the nearest railway station of Rowsley is along the well-kept roads of Chatsworth Park: but Baslow itself is the

property of the Duke of Rutland, whose estate there joins that of the President of the Council. Sheffield is but twelve miles away, and between its grime and smoke and the verdant loveliness of this district, it is impossible to imagine a greater contrast.

The approach to the house from Edensor is by a stone bridge across the Derwent. The bridge, which has three arches, was built from a design by Michael Angelo, whilst the marble figures with which it is adorned were, it is said, by Cibber. The German artist of the 17th century was almost wholly employed by the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. From this fine old bridge probably the most complete view of the house can be obtained, and it is the favourite spot for the photographers. As seen from this point, however, Chatsworth House is distinctly broken into parts, and between the two parts there is no artistic affinity. The one, a square mass with Ionic columns and façade, built in the years 1687-1707 by William, the fourth Earl of Devonshire, and described by Macaulay as "an edifice worthy of Palladio"; the other, known as the north wing, a long low-roofed building, with a great elevation at the further end, built in more than one style of architecture during

the earlier years of this century. Between the two there is obvious incongruity, but, regarding them separately, either structure, with its yellow-tinted masonry thrown into bold relief by a background of dark foliage in the woods above, must greatly impress the memory and the imagination.

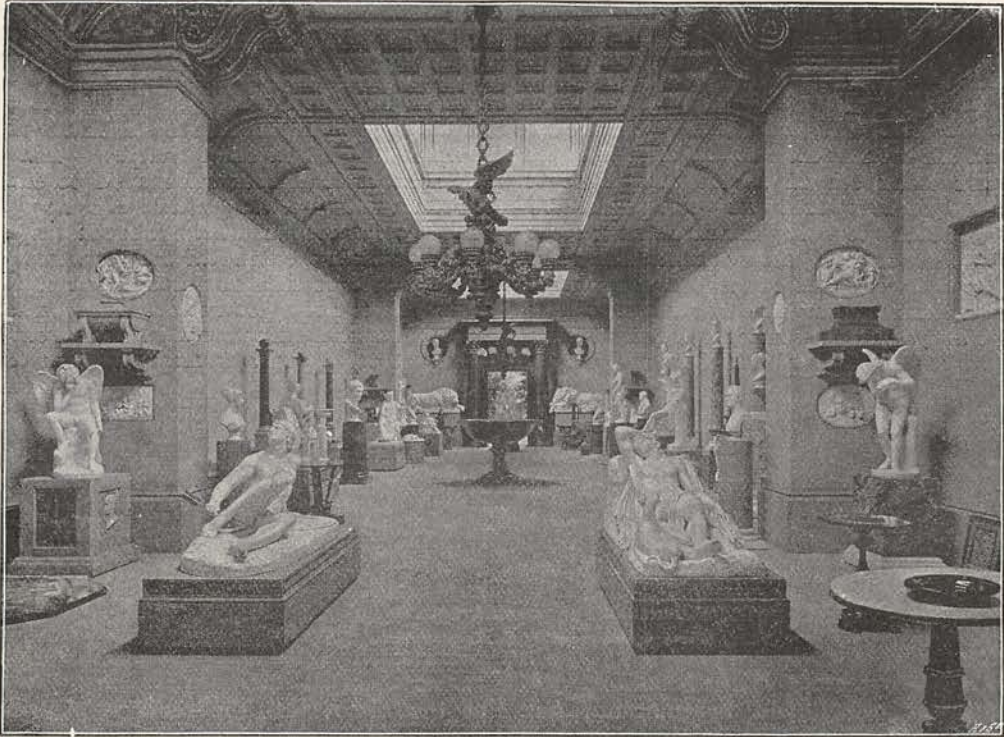
In imagination, indeed, one already pictures the series of palatial apartments through which the visitor is conducted on entering the courtyard in the north wing. The interior of Chatsworth House has a magnificence which even the noble proportions of the exterior only partly suggest. I need say little, however, in description of the state apartments, for they are freely shown to all visitors, and many pages have been written on the subject of their splendour, and the great value and beauty of their varied contents. The great hall, the music-room, the state dining-room, and the state drawing-room, with their decorated ceilings and carved woodwork by famous artists, and the sculpture gallery, with its almost priceless examples of the genius of such men as Canova and Thorwaldsen, and the picture gallery, which is a scarcely less remarkable exhibition of the sister art, and the sketch gallery, containing a unique collection



CHATSWORTH HOUSE.—THE STATE DINING-ROOM FROM S.W.  
(From a photograph by R. Keene, Limited, Derb.)

of the original drawings of the great masters for some of their finest pictures; with all these celebrated features of Chatsworth House nearly every visitor to the Peak district must have become acquainted. The presents from royal and other distinguished personages which are scattered about the house, the historic souvenirs and curios from all parts of the

reserves for his private use is the library. Originally designed for a ball-room, the library is 92 feet long and 22 feet wide. Practically, the whole of the enormous wall-space thus indicated is occupied by the book-cases, which are of polished Spanish mahogany, the higher shelves being reached by a gallery which runs round the room. With the aid of a catalogue



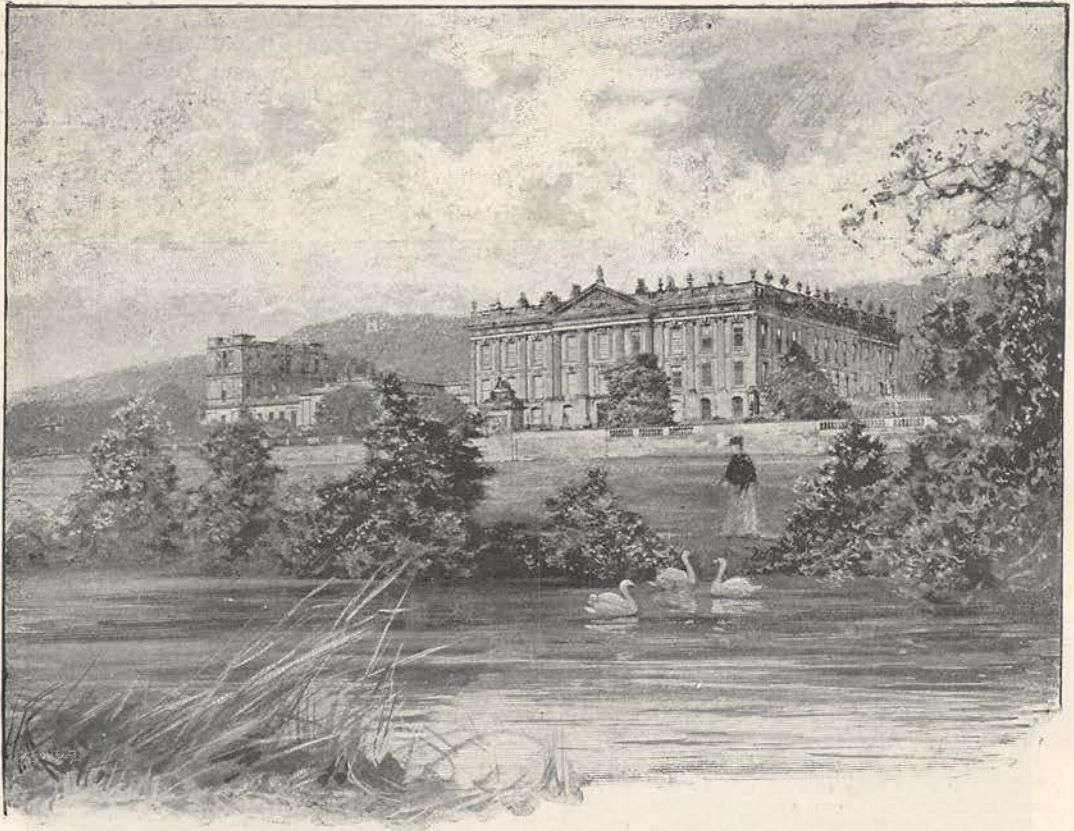
THE SCULPTURE GALLERY, CHATSWORTH HOUSE.

(From a photograph by R. Keene, Limited, Derby.)

world, and the extraordinary number and value of the articles of "bigotry and virtue," these things are likewise matters of common knowledge. But, regarding Chatsworth as the home of one of the leaders in the political life of our time, its most interesting part is that which the tourist naturally finds closed to him—the part of the house in which the Duke of Devonshire actually lives when the flag on the hunting-tower—which on the heights above is a landmark for miles around—proclaims that his Grace is residing there. For it need hardly be said that the apartments, which are as freely open to the public as the National Gallery or the British Museum, are now maintained merely for "show" purposes.

Chief among the rooms which the Duke

occupying two large volumes, and carefully revised from time to time, the Duke has, nevertheless, been able to familiarise himself with the contents of most shelves, and seldom has any difficulty in laying his hands upon any desired volume. The painted ceiling was the work of Louis Charon; whilst the mantelpiece, as is the case throughout the house, is beautifully carved in the finest marble. The large plate-glass windows, through which there is an enchanting view of gardens, fountains, and distant woods, gives the reader the light which is ever the desire of his eyes. A solitary student in this vast apartment could not but be disconcerted by the wide space around him, and for this reason, probably, the Duke always sits and works in the ante-library, or cabinet library. These rooms are, in



GENERAL VIEW OF CHATSWORTH HOUSE.  
 (From a photograph by R. Keene, Limited, Derby.)

comparison, small and insignificant; but, judged by any other standard than that which prevails at Chatsworth, would be accounted large and splendid, with their columns of alabaster and Italian marble. Everything in them is as ideally beautiful as in the state apartments, but the finely-carved writing-tables bear some evidence of actual use; whilst the presence of stray copies of the *Fortnightly Review* and *Punch* brings them into close relation with present-day life. On the other hand, there is, even in these rooms, an absence of the contemporary portraits and sketches such as could be regarded as in some way characteristic of the present owner of Chatsworth.

The billiard-room, like the library, has a large share of the time which the statesman spends at Chatsworth. This is not extraordinarily large, and there is but one table. In beauty and elegance, however, the billiard-room, as a billiard-room, is probably unique. On the walls hang many fine pictures, whilst the painted ceiling is full of classical beauty;

at the same time, the room is pleasantly suggestive of social comfort, with its easy chairs and couches of red velvet. The same union of elaborate decoration, with careful regard for personal enjoyment, is characteristic of the modern dining-room. The large room, in which the present Duke and the late Duke of Devonshire have entertained the most distinguished men of their time, is entered between columns of Sicilian jasper and African marble. The ceiling, contrary to the general rule at Chatsworth, is unadorned by the painter's brush, but its white-panelled wood is refreshing to the eye in the soft glow of the electric light, which was recently installed throughout the house. The two mantelpieces of Carrara marble have carved figures, life size, of Bacchus and Bacchante. The tables round the room are of porphyrite and Siberian jasper, while looking down from the walls upon them are some of the Duke's ancestors, painted by Vandyke, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and less celebrated artists.

There is, comparatively speaking, a similar simplicity about the drawing-room now in use. Its walls and ceilings are of white and gold, the furniture and decoration being of the style of Louis Quatorze. Among its contents is a fine collection of ivories. There are also two or three cabinets of old china in which the Duke takes an exceptional interest, and some good specimens of the "Bluejohn" at one time found in the mines belonging to the family in Derbyshire. On the walls the most interesting canvas is Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of "the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire"—the heroine of the electioneering kiss on behalf of Fox in Westminster.

On leaving the dinner-table, however, the ladies at Chatsworth have an even pleasanter place of retirement than this beautiful room. They can stroll through the Sculpture Gallery, amid the sweet odours of the choicest exotics in the subdued light of a lofty glass roof, and with their eyes resting upon some of the most beautiful productions of the chisel of Thorwaldsen and of Scadow—"Venus and Cupid," "Agamemnon's Herald Carrying off Briseis from Achilles," "Castor and Pollux," and other classical subjects in cold white marble. Some of the plants, which bear an extraordinary number of the most beautiful blooms, were brought to Chatsworth from Malmaison, the residence of the ex-Empress Josephine. Near the Orangery is the

ball-room, which was one of the chief features in the scheme for the extension of Chatsworth carried out by the late Duke. But it is many years since the ball-room has been in use, one of the last Chatsworth balls being given, I believe, on the occasion of the visit of the late Emperor of Russia. At the present time it is largely filled with furniture, etc., brought from Chiswick and not yet disposed of throughout the house. The Duke of Devonshire's residence in the south-western suburbs of London was given up, it may be remembered, a year or so ago, and the old-fashioned villa, with its picturesque grounds, is now the asylum of a number of lunatics of the richer classes.

Since his marriage the Duke has entertained his friends much more largely, and there is some prospect that before very long the ball-room at Chatsworth may again become a gay and brilliant sight. In strolling through the grounds, examining in turn their varied beauties and many curious features, I was more than once reminded of the gatherings of distinguished people that again and again have been brought together at Chatsworth, whose acquaintance the present Duke made in youth and early manhood at his own home and in the company of the members of his



THE FRENCH GARDEN AT CHATSWORTH HOUSE.

(From a photograph by R. Keene, Limited, Derby.)

family. Near the house, at the entrance to the Oriental Garden, for instance, is a group of trees—an oak, a sycamore, a chestnut, etc.—that were planted by the Queen, the late Prince Consort, the Emperor Nicholas, the Archduke Michael, and other royal personages of the first half of the 19th century. The Emperor Fountain, which is in the centre of the largest lake and throws up a jet of water to the height of 267 feet, was so

House, which has been made to flow down a succession of stone steps into the Derwent. Paxton's masterpiece at Chatsworth—the Great Conservatory—is at some distance from the house, rather too far, in fact, to serve as the most delightful of retiring rooms after the dance. But the conservatory—which occupies an acre of ground, is filled with a wonderful collection of the best-known and the least-known plants of the world, and has an



CHATSWORTH HOUSE.—THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM, FROM S.W.  
(From a photograph by R. Keene, Limited, Derby.)

named in honour of the visit of the Russian ruler.

The Oriental, the Italian, and the French gardens were all laid out under the direction of Sir Joseph Paxton, each having a distinctive character justifying its name. In what is called the Ornamental Pleasure Garden, which alone has an area of 126 acres, the same artist by means of an unstinted expenditure created a bit of wild and romantic scenery on what was formerly pasture land, rocks, water-falls, trees, plants, and shrubs being strewn about in artistic profusion. Similarly artificial, yet seemingly natural, is the Great Cascade—a broad stream of water from the wooded hills above Chatsworth

agreeably warm temperature all the year round—has as an afternoon lounge an irresistible fascination for most people who are fortunate enough to be guests at Chatsworth. The Great Conservatory is, I believe, still without a rival in the private gardens of England.

In the park are several herds of deer, and in the adjoining woods a large quantity of game, but the Duke shoots comparatively little. Besides the House itself, the park—or inner park, to be strictly accurate—contains two other residences. One is a large roomy house, with a high tower and a very large kitchen garden, but with little pretension to architectural beauty. It was the residence of Sir Joseph Paxton, and is now

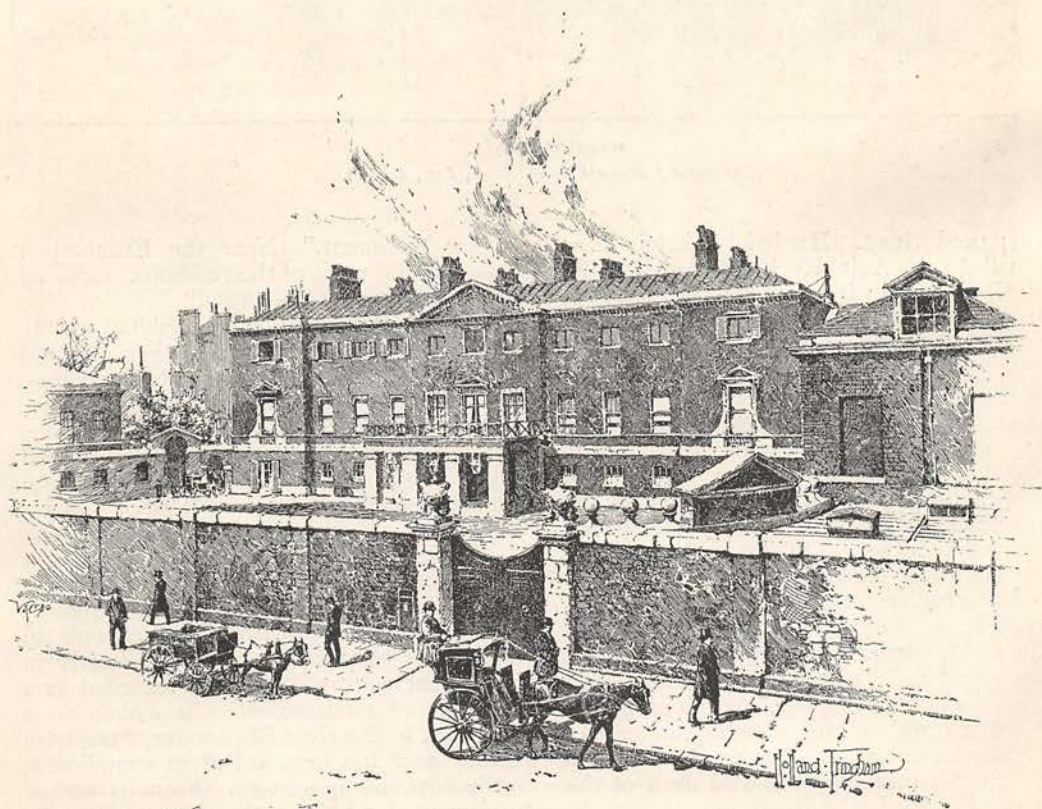
occupied jointly by the Duke of Devonshire's steward and gardener.

Edensor, which is in what may be called the outer park, is one of a number of "model villages" now scattered about the country, and is more worthy of that appellation than any that I have seen. The church and many of the dwelling-houses in the place were rebuilt by the late Duke about 30 years ago, Sir Gilbert Scott being employed as architect. The church, which stands on raised ground, is Gothic, while the cottages were built in different styles of architecture, no two being exactly alike. Some are Anglo-Italian, some Swiss, and others Gothic, whilst all these working-men's villas have their gardens, back and front, cultivated with the same care as the pleasure-grounds at Chatsworth. The school-house, standing by itself in the centre of the village, is equally excellent inside and out, whilst a villa near serves as a social club for the villagers, with the usual facilities for recreation and instruction. There is but one public-house at Edensor, the Chatsworth Hotel, and that has only a six days' licence.

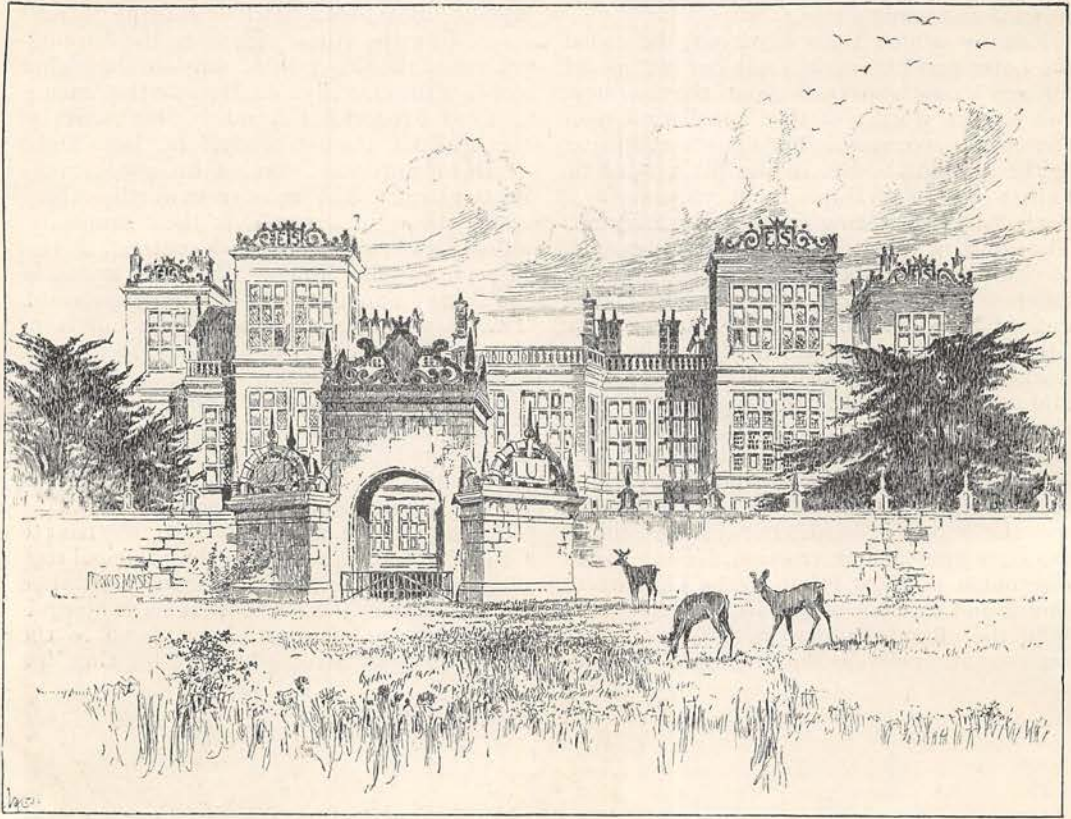
In the church, as may be supposed, there are several memorials of the Duke of Devon-

shire's ancestors; there is also one of the famous "Bess of Hardwick." But the greatest interest for the visitor centres in the burying-ground of the Cavendish family, on the higher slopes of the churchyard. Here lie the remains of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the victim of the Phoenix Park tragedy, the late Duke of Devonshire, and one of his predecessors in the title. The most noteworthy thing about these ducal tombs is their simplicity, all of them being in marked contrast, in this respect, to Sir Joseph Paxton's imposing sepulchre in another part of the churchyard. The plain white grave-stone of the unfortunate Irish Secretary, on which a few fresh flowers are periodically strewn by the instructions of the present Duke, is simplicity itself. Of the murdered Cavendish, the church has a second memorial in the form of a stained glass window, which was, I believe, subscribed for by the people of the neighbourhood.

In point of size, Hardwick Hall ranks next to Chatsworth House. It was the principal residence of the present Duke for many years when he sat in the House of Commons as Marquis of Hartington, but since his accession to the peerage, comparatively little of his time has



DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY.



HARDWICK HALL.

(From a photograph by R. Keene, Ltd., Derby.)

been passed there. Hardwick Hall is near the village of Ault Hucknall, a few miles from Chesterfield; it is close to the Claycross coal district, and the surroundings generally are much less pleasant than those of Chatsworth. The house itself is only less magnificent than "the palace of the Peak." Built in the reign of Elizabeth by "Bess of Hardwick," its stone walls and towers have defied the ravages of time, and to-day one is impressed by its solidity and strength rather than by the symmetrical beauty which it possesses to a considerable degree. Oblong in shape, Hardwick Hall has three square towers, with decorative turrets, at each end, whilst a broad colonnade is the most conspicuous feature of the front. It has been supposed that Lord Beaconsfield had Hardwick Hall in mind when he described "Hellingsley," in "Coningsby," as "a huge and strange blending, in spite of its Tudor parentage, of Grecian, Gothic, and Italian architecture, with a wild dash of the fantastic in addition, with its lantern, watch-towers, oriel windows, Italian doorways, and

Grecian pediment." Near the Elizabethan house are the ruins of the residence occupied by the ancestors of "old Bess."

Lismore Castle has been inhabited chiefly by servants since the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish. Before that unhappy event, the late Duke of Devonshire or some members of the family usually spent some portion of the year in Ireland and entertained a large company at Lismore. It is doubtful whether the present Duke will often visit his Irish home, although it is one of which a man of different taste and temperament might well be fond. The castle was originally built by King John, and has witnessed various vicissitudes by fire and sword. Even now, in the form in which it was "restored" early in the present century, it must be regarded as a fine relic of mediævalism. It stands on a huge rock in the river Blackwater, "the Irish Rhine," as it has been called in compliment to the surrounding scenery. From its highest battlemented windows there is a sheer descent of 100 feet into the water below. The



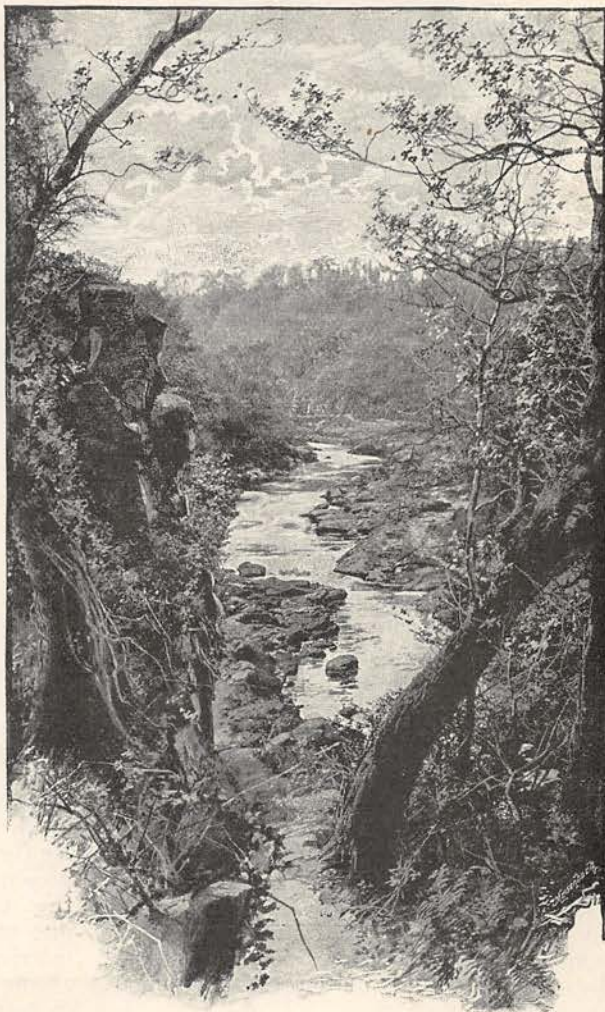
warlike sternness of the castle, however, is now relieved by the foliage which has grown thickly around it, whilst one of the Dukes of Devonshire rendered it more accessible at the expense of its ancient character as a fortress by constructing a stone bridge across the Black-water.

For about a month every year—during the grouse season—the Duke usually resides on his extensive estate in Wharfedale. Bolton Abbey is the name of his Grace's celebrated Yorkshire seat, but it is needless to say that the venerable pile is now a ruin, admirable in its beauty, but useless as a habitation for peer or commoner. The Duke's residence, near the Abbey, is but a shooting-box, a plain, substantial building just large enough to house the small company of sportsmen—friends that the statesman gathers here year by year. On the estate, which is nearly nine miles long and seven miles broad, a large contingent of keepers and foresters are employed. I am told, however, that the present Duke of Devonshire makes no exclusive claim to the sport which this fine domain affords. As a rule, a day's fishing is freely granted to any visitor to the neighbourhood who may choose to ask for it.

The owner of this beautiful piece of country betwixt the smoky, manufacturing districts of Lancashire and the West Riding certainly does his best to make it accessible to the people at large. There are something like twenty-seven miles of paths through the glens and across the fells; the pleasure-seeker has not only to thank the Duke for the excellent order in which they are kept, but also for the shelter to be obtained in a number of moss-covered huts from heavy showers and sudden storms. Every summer great numbers of visitors come from the many large towns within a short railway journey of Wharfedale, greatly to the profit of the cottagers and inn-keepers on the Duke's estate. As an illustration of the feeling entertained for his Grace at Bolton Abbey, the story goes that the vicar presents the choristers in the Abbey Church with clean surplices four times a year—on Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, Ascension Day, and the first Sunday the Duke attends

church on his annual visit to the estate. Bolton Abbey, it may be added, became the property of the Devonshire family on the marriage of the fourth Duke with a daughter of the Earl of Burlington and Corke. This nobleman was a descendant of the Clifford family, who held the leading position in the district at the time of Flodden and Towton.

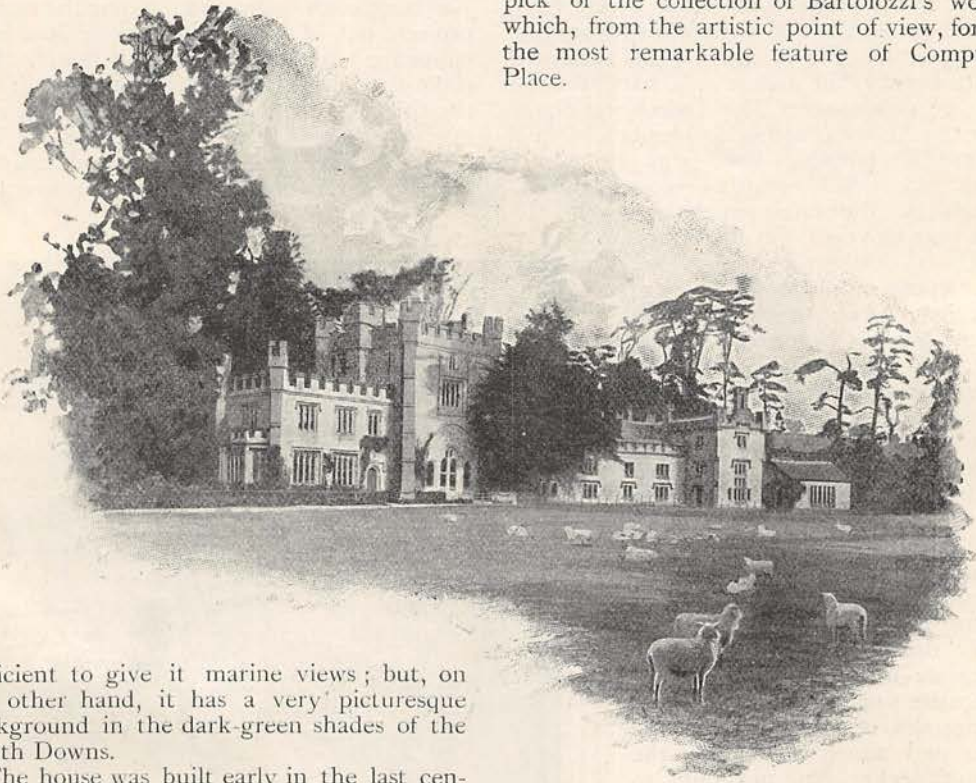
For some years the late Duke of Devonshire frequently resided at Compton Place, Eastbourne, planning and devising the various projects out of which Eastbourne rose into eminence as a fashionable holiday resort. But when the Marquis of Hartington succeeded to the title and estates, it had long been the residence of his aunt, Lady Fanny Howard. The Liberal Unionist statesman has found Compton Place an exceedingly pleasant and convenient



ON THE WHARFE, BOLTON WOODS.

Saturday to Monday resort during the Parliamentary session. The house has none of the magnificence of Chatsworth, although it stands in the midst of a park which, for natural beauty, might vie with some parts of that more celebrated domain. On the outskirts of Meads—Eastbourne's beautiful suburb—Compton Place is at a slight distance from the sea, with an elevation hardly

floor is a delightful little music-room, adorned (as are other parts of the house) with very clever copies of the decorations in the Vatican, at Rome. This apartment became the sanctum of the Princess of Wales when H.R.H. once or twice visited Compton Place some years ago. Here also is the drawing-room, with its windows looking out upon a tennis lawn, and a series of prettily-shaped flower-beds. The drawing-room contains the pick of the collection of Bartolozzi's work, which, from the artistic point of view, forms the most remarkable feature of Compton Place.



BOLTON ABBEY.

sufficient to give it marine views; but, on the other hand, it has a very picturesque background in the dark-green shades of the South Downs.

The house was built early in the last century, in the style that was then typical of English manor houses—a square shape of white stone, with a broad portico entrance supported on either side by three substantial pillars. The large hall was the result of the one structural alteration made by the present Duke on his accession to power. Formerly you stepped into a comparatively narrow passage, and this was enlarged into the present commodious hall by the sacrifice of one of the rooms. On the left of the hall is the dining-room, panelled in white and gold, with the walls filled by portraits of the Compton family; on the right, a large billiard-room, with an excellent table by Thurston, which on Saturday evenings during the last four summers has given the Duke and several distinguished friends in Lords and Commons many an enjoyable game.

At the back of the house on the ground

Ascending the staircase, you reach a broad corridor which divides the upper floor into two parts, running the whole width of the house from back to front. In the corridor many interesting things are to be seen. Among various pieces of statuary is the bust of the fifth Duke, about whose birth there was a curious mystery. It was alleged that, as an infant, he had taken the place of the legitimate heir, but in the opinion of the present Duke there was no foundation for the story. His title to the dukedom was uncontested, on condition that he never married. To console himself for the want of a wife, the Duke indulged himself in much more expensive luxuries. One of his many extravagant purchases whilst travelling abroad

is in the corridor—a mosaic table, containing no fewer than ninety-nine different specimens of marble.

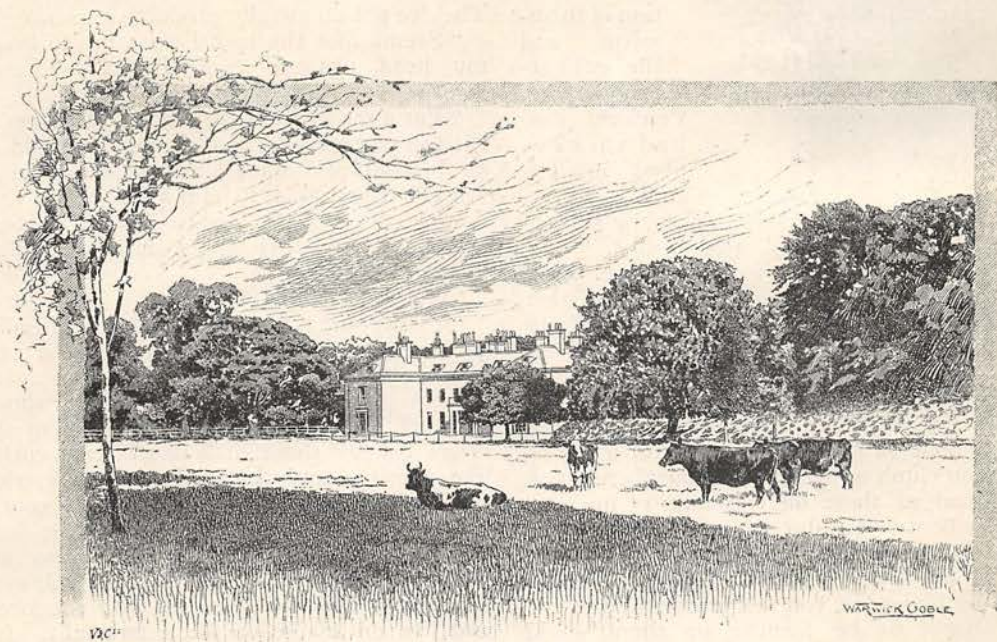
On the ground floor is the library, containing a great number of books, although few are of exceptional value. At present, they greatly need re-classifying and re-cataloguing. To this and similar matters in his ancestral homes the Duke of Devonshire has been applying himself as actively as the other claims upon his time would permit. A day or two before I visited Compton Place, for instance, his Grace had had transferred to it a number of books from the library at Chatsworth, because their subjects were of local interest in Eastbourne and Sussex. Compton Place was renovated and redeccorated, and largely refurnished, as soon as it came into his possession, and in looking through the bedrooms, with their fine old tapestry, one could see the full effect of these measures. New brass bedsteads, among other things, have taken the place of the old "four-posters," which were built into recesses of the walls. The old Duke slept in one of these "four-posters" whenever he was at Compton Place, and his room was formerly quite bare of carpets, the old nobleman preferring his sleeping-place to be as free as possible from furniture of any kind.

The library opens into a room which the

Duke has had furnished as his private sitting-room, and here he does such political and other work as he cannot always escape from by going to Compton Place. But, like the rest of the world, his Grace goes to Eastbourne mainly for rest and recreation, and on his Saturday to Monday visits he is generally accompanied by about a dozen friends bent on the same object.

I have spoken of the billiard-room and tennis court, where the Duke also finds some pleasure. Within sight of the grounds—part of the Compton Estate, in fact—are the links of the Eastbourne Golf Club, and to these his Grace is accustomed to take his guests—notably Mr. Balfour—for a game with "niblicks" and "cleekers."

The private grounds at Compton Place have an area of about thirty acres. For a seaside place trees flourish exceptionally well at Eastbourne, and those at Compton Place are of the best; they consist principally of beeches, larches, and elms, the oak being conspicuous by its absence. The gardens employ eight men, and there are seven glass-houses, which help to supply Devonshire House with its floral decorations during the London season. There are but few orchids, but carnations are grown in great profusion and variety, these being the favourite flowers of the distinguished peer.



COMPTON PLACE.

(From a photograph by G. and R. Lewis, Eastbourne.)