

GLADSTONE IN HIS LIBRARY.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AT HAWARDEN.

**T**HERE are two Hawarden Castles, one the old, the other the new, one the real, and the other—if the word do not seem too ruthlessly accurate—the sham. The first stands upon a hill dominating a far-reaching tract of country. It was rebuilt in the time of Edward the First or Edward the Second, and formed one link in the chain by which the Edwards held the Welsh to their loyalty. Its name appears in Domesday-Book, where it is spelled Haordine, which antiquarians presume is the Saxonized form of the earlier British name Y Garthddin, which, being translated, means “The hill fort on the projecting ridge.” The Welsh still call it Penarlag, a word the etymology of which points to the period when the lowlands of

Saltney were under water, and the castle looked over a lake.

This is the comparatively later history of the castle, whose earlier records go back to the time when it was held by the ancient Britons, and stood firm against Saxon, Dane, or whatever they might be who sought to deprive the people of their heritage in the soil. When William the Conqueror came over he found the fort on the hill held by Edwin of Mercia. In later times Prince Llewellyn was lord of Hawarden, whence he was dispossessed by his brother David. It was, of course, only after Wales was conquered that Hawarden became an English stronghold against the Welsh. Somewhere between 1267 and 1280 the castle had been





OLD HAWARDEN CASTLE.

destroyed and rebuilt. King Edward generously presented it to the house of Salisbury. Then it came into the possession of the Earls of Derby, who played the host to Henry the Seventh when he visited the castle in the last years of the fifteenth century. During the Parliamentary wars the castle played many parts. At the outset it was held for the Parliament, and was taken by siege in 1643. Two years later the royalists were dispossessed, and at Christmas-time, in 1645, Parliament ordered that the castle should be dismantled, which was done with grim effect. When the latest proprietor of the period, James, Earl of Derby, was executed, the estates came into the market, and were purchased by Sergeant Glynne, from whom in long descent they were inherited by the wife of William Ewart Gladstone. Sergeant Glynne's son, the first baronet, Sir William, coming into possession, was seized with the odd notion of further destroying the old castle, and by the end of the seventeenth century very little remained beyond what stands up to this day in face of the fierce winds of the Marches.

At this time the Glynnes were living in Oxfordshire, near Bicester. In the

first quarter of the eighteenth century they built themselves a small house at Hawarden, and in 1752 Sir John Glynne created a stout, honest, square, red brick mansion. In 1809, the lord of the manor, doubtless fired by the daily prospect of the picturesque ruin that faced the mansion, determined that his own residence should be something more in keeping with the scene. It was not the rose, but it lived near it; it could not be the castle, but it should be castellated. This pernicious idea was carried out with great energy, and quite as much success as it deserved. The plain brick house was plastered and stuccoed, sham turrets were run up, and the new Hawarden Castle unblushingly turned its front to the massive ruin which had looked down on six centuries.

It would not have been surprising if the old castle had, after the manner of Jewish chivalry, torn its hair of thickly entwined

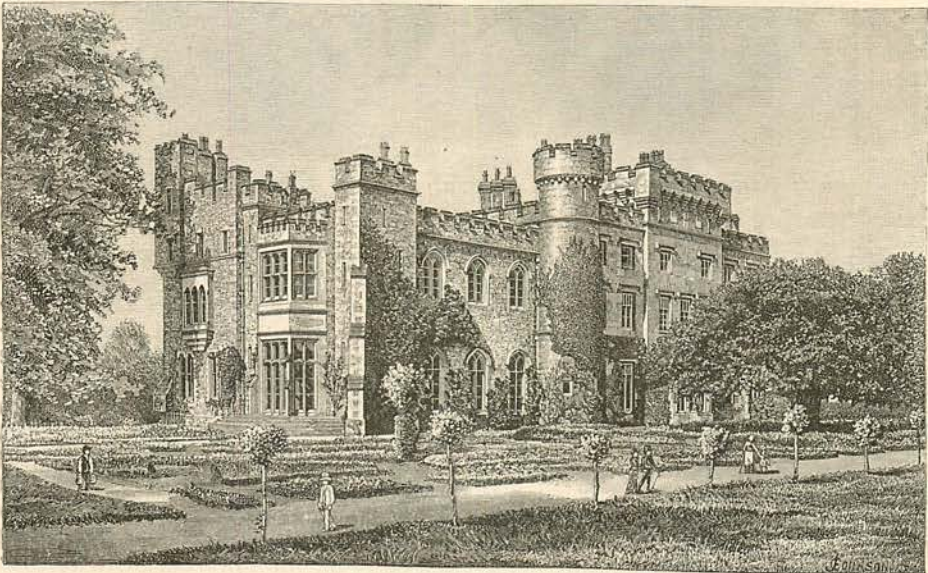
ivy, rent its garments of moss and lichen, and fallen down prostrate, determined forever to shut out the sight of the modern monstrosity. That, however, is the kind of thing that would happen only in a metrical tale of the border. What was left of the old castle at the beginning of the century stands to-day, a monument of the massive work of the early masons. The remnant which the political purpose of the Parliamentarians and the incomprehensible zeal of Sir William Glynne permitted to exist is in marvellous preservation, as might well be, seeing that in places the masonry is fifteen feet thick. The present proprietor is not inclined selfishly to enjoy the grandeur of the ruin or the quiet beauty of the scene that may be surveyed from its towers. The old castle, like the park itself, is open to the public without restriction. Only two requests are modestly preferred in the interests of good order. One is that visitors entering the park will kindly keep to the gravel-walks; the other, which more particularly pertains to the ruined castle, entreats Jones, Smith, and Brown to restrain their natural impulse to write their honored names on whatever memorable remnant of stone-work they may chance to come



within pencil-length of. Either the injunction has come too late, or it is partially disregarded, for on some of the walls which echoed with the shout of the English soldiery hailing Edward, Prince of Wales, and which during the great civil war alternately stood for King and Parliament, the names of Smith and Brown and Jones are inscribed with undesirable iteration.

The visitor privileged to enter the modern house, which has a more illustrious tenant than had the older building, albeit the Tudor king was once a guest, can not advance a single step without being reminded of Mr. Gladstone's most famous and perhaps

reasons at the time greatly agitating the country, the last opportunity he had had of indulging in his favorite exercise. A great gale, memorable in the annals of shipwreck, had swept over the country. It had played sad havoc with trees everywhere, and some of the lords of the ancient forest which skirts Hawarden Park had fallen. The next day the Premier, going out axe in hand, had spent some hours in clearing the timber, and shortly after coming back had found himself attacked with a serious cold. He had been confined to his room for some days, and though now convalescent, was still a prisoner in his library. The attack had been

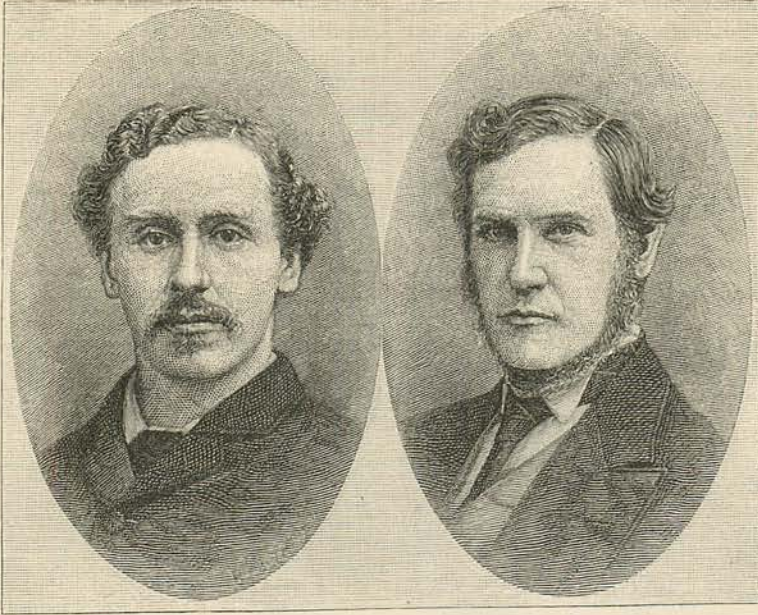


THE NEW HAWARDEN CASTLE.

most popular recreation. Just behind the door, on the day I visited Hawarden Castle, stood an axe—not one of the costly and ornamental gifts which from time to time the people have pressed upon the acceptance of the great statesman, but a plain and exceedingly handy instrument, bearing evidence of being much used. It was not there for show, or even from the feeling which prompts hunting men to decorate their walls with stags' heads or foxes' brushes. Doubtless Mr. Gladstone, entering after a hard half-day's work, had dropped it there, as being the nearest place at hand. Probably it had been there since the Saturday preceding, which was, for

serious, as one could see, looking upon the pale face, and touching the still feverish hand. But no doctor had been called in. Everything is homely at Hawarden Castle—always of course excepting the plaster battlements and turrets, with which the present proprietors have had no more to do than had Edward the First. It is an old-fashioned English notion that wife or mother can nurse a man through a cold, and Mrs. Gladstone, who has had some experience in this department of woman's work, had assiduously set herself to the task, and was now rewarded by final triumph. Her patient, she confided to the visitor, left nothing to be desired in the





HERBERT AND W. H. GLADSTONE.

way of patience and docility when once avowedly on the sick-list. The difficulty was to keep him off the sick-list when in health. He had no capacity for measuring the limit of his powers, which a long series of great achievements had led him to believe were invincible and inexhaustible.

This is an old story, which finds many illustrations in the House of Commons. One night last session Mr. Parnell was with something more than usual success obstructing the passage of the Land Bill, and the indignation of the majority of the House had crystallized into determination to sit, if necessary, all night. Mr. Gladstone was in his place on the Treasury Bench, in a condition of exhaustion that was evident to every one but himself. It was close upon midnight, and he had, an hour earlier, flamed forth in a magnificent outburst of righteous wrath, which played round the heads of the obstructionists with the greater intenseness since it had been so long restrained. Mr. Jesse Collings, long a faithful ally of the Irish members in their policy, now rose, and formally dissociating himself from their tactics, concluded, amid loud cheers, by declaring that "all they wanted was that Mr. Gladstone should go home to bed, and let the House settle down for the night, or till whatever hour might be necessary in or-

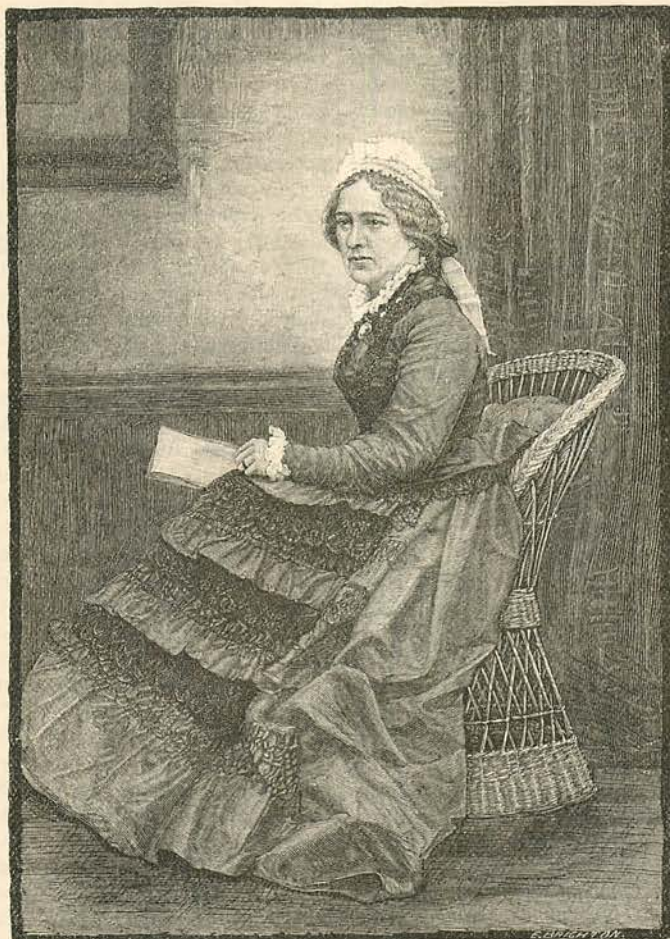
der to dispose of the question immediately before it." In deference to this unanimous and hearty desire, the Premier presently withdrew. But that was a concession he is not ordinarily inclined to make to the frailty of the human frame. He will sit for hours, frequently far into the morning, when he might as well, and even much better, be in bed. But whether at home or abroad, at Hawarden or in the House of Commons, as long as he can bear the weight of his harness he will stand up and carry on the work begun more than fifty years ago.

The woodman's craft is the only exercise, except walking, which Mr. Gladstone indulges in. It is many years since he was astride a horse, and he never much cared for the exercise. He very rarely drives, and neither shoots, hunts, nor fishes. But he is a great hand with the axe, establishing fresh claims upon the filial respect of Mr. W. H. Gladstone, himself no mean craftsman. In the recess, weather permitting, and sometimes whether or not, scarcely a day passes that he does not stroll out with his seventy-three years on his head, and his axe on his shoulder, not returning till, if his labor were paid at the current wage, he would have earned his dinner. Failing opportunity for tree-felling, he takes a turn



for an hour or so on the terrace in front of the house, where the flower garden is, and whence may be seen a far-reaching stretch of meadow-land bounded by trees. During the session, his hour for retiring to rest is usually contemporaneous with that of the adjournment of the House of Commons. It is oftener two than any other

bed before half past eleven, and sometimes hears the chimes at midnight before turning in. But at whatever hour he retires to rest, he is down at a quarter to eight, and before breakfast walks off to the little church in the village, where the service is conducted by his son, the rector. There is a private footway connecting the castle with the



MRS. GLADSTONE.

hour on the dial that he gets to bed, with the consciousness that he must be up betimes to carry on the business of an empire on which the sun never sets. At home, in the piping days of the recess, he does not follow the wholesome habit of some tired legislators, who, being in country quarters, have been known to go to bed at ten o'clock, by way of striking an average with the patriotic dissipation of the session. He is rarely in

gateway leading into the road, and here, very soon after eight o'clock every morning, fair weather or foul, snow or wintry sunshine, the English Premier may be seen walking with light and active footsteps toward the village church.

This building, which has a good deal to do with the home life of Hawarden, has a history which goes back almost as far as that of the ancient castle. Certainly there



was a church here in the year 950, at which time a parlous incident happened. The rood, or cross, fell upon the head of the Lady Trawst, wife of the châtelaine, and did her grievous damage. Hereupon some Jews, seeing their opportunity, seized the cross and threw it into the river Dee. But it was washed up on to the sand-bank, to which it gave a name famous in the Spring meetings of the racing world. Probably few of the book-makers who congregate in front of the grand stand at Chester races ever pause to reflect that Rooddee (now often spelled with unwarrantable interposition of the letter h) means "The islet of the cross," and that the name is derived from this untoward accident to the Lady Trawst.

There is preserved in the annals of the church a list of the rectors of Hawarden as far back as 1180. When the estates came into the hands of the Glynnnes, the living was bestowed upon a member of the family—a course of procedure pretty regularly followed since. At the present time the rector is Mr. Stephen Gladstone, son of the Premier and of the lady to whom the Glynne estates have descended. Twenty-four years ago a fire broke out in the church, and when all was over, very little was left of the original structure. It was restored with great expedition, and was reopened within the same year. It is the centre of hard, earnest work done for an exceptionally large parish. But the church population is occasionally recruited from all the ends of the earth. When in residence at Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone, apparently not finding sufficient work to do through the week, volunteers to read the lessons. He is always a regular attendant, and the prospect of seeing so famous a man in his pew, with the added chance of hearing the Prime Minister of England read the morning lessons, is sufficient from Sunday to Sunday to draw a crowd of strangers to fill up any possible vacancies left by the regular parishioners. The curiosity of the great majority will, however, be balked whilst the service is proceeding, except of course during the time when the Premier stands at the reading-desk. The pew of the lord of the manor is at the remote end of the chancel. It is perhaps the only one of the kind in England uncushioned. The sittings all being free, the rector has a notion that the introduction of cushions would lead to invidious comparisons. Accordingly their use is not offi-

cially recognized, and is as much as possible discouraged in the body of the church. One or two parishioners have weakly yielded to the luxury. But Mr. Gladstone and his family sit on the bare bench.

Mr. Gladstone having only one country house, probably spends as much time at Hawarden as any other minister finds it possible to devote to residence out of London. Hawarden is his house in the sense in which Harley Street can not be, and Downing Street certainly is not. He has lived here for many years, even before the property descended upon his wife. At the time when Mrs. Gladstone's brother was in possession, he (in 1864) added to the castle a new wing, which he specially dedicated to his illustrious brother-in-law, and which is fondly known as "the Gladstone wing." Here is situated the handsome and comfortable library, on which has been bestowed, by way of warning to whomsoever it may concern, the title of "the Temple of Peace." If Mr. Gladstone were given to the adorning of his house with inscriptions, he would have had written over the door of the library, "Abandon conversation, ye who enter here." Without the inscription, the injunction is understood. If people hanker after conversation, there are plenty of rooms adjoining where they may enjoy themselves. In the library, it is understood, you read or write, but do not talk.

The library has three windows and two fire-places, and is built about with book-cases. Here and in other rooms there are stored over 10,000 volumes, of which theological works form an appreciable proportion. These are collected in one particular corner of the room. Separate departments are assigned to the works of Homer, Shakspeare, and Dante. Unlike most lovers of books, Mr. Gladstone is not selfish in his affection. Since there is no public library near at hand, the library at Hawarden Castle is open to borrowers, no further security being taken than the entry in a book of the name of the borrower, with the date of the transaction. There are three writing-tables in the library, each having its distinct work assigned to it. At one Mr. Gladstone seats himself when engaged in political work; the second is reserved for literary labor and Homeric studies; the third is Mrs. Gladstone's. "It is," Mr. Gladstone remarks, with a mournful smile, and a wistful glance at the desk where *Juventus Mundi* was written, "a long time since I sat there." In a



corner of the room stands an axe, a present from Nottingham, its long and narrow blade contrasting strikingly with the American pattern, which Mr. Gladstone prefers, and is accustomed to use. In the library the Premier spends nearly the whole of such portion of the day as is occupied within-doors. Here, with the busts of Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, Canning, Cobden, and Homer looking down upon him from the book-cases, and with his old friend Tennyson glancing out from the large bronze medallion which lies on a table near, Mr. Gladstone has thought out an Irish Church Bill, two Irish Land Bills, and many Budgets.

The work each succeeding morning brings to the Premier is enormous in quantity and universal in interest. Human energies, however colossal, would fail to grapple with it unless assisted by method. Mr. Gladstone is as methodical as he is energetic, and no day departs without having its work fully accomplished. His correspondence, both private and official, is enormous, and is dealt with on a very simple plan. The secretary opens his letters, reads them, and indorses on the back of each the name of the writer and the purport of his epistle, this last undertaking being accomplished within a space that would surprise the writer, who has probably covered three or four folios. Mr. Gladstone sees everything, and indicates the nature of the reply, where reply appears to be necessary. If the letter be specially important, or peculiarly interesting, he reads it himself. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he is satisfied with glancing at the *précis*. Before he resumed office his irrepressible energy found some outlet in conducting his correspondence with his own hand. Any bore or ninny-hammer who cared to invest a penny in a postage stamp could draw from the great man a post-card written in the well-known handwriting, and with the even more familiar signature. Now, Mr. Gladstone avails himself much more fully of the services of his secretaries, and though he writes many letters in the day, they stand in infinitesimal proportion to those that are sent out in his name. One device he has hit upon is calculated to soothe the feeling of his innumerable correspondents. He had a note in his own handwriting lithographed, in which he begs to thank his correspondent for his favor, and remains his faithfully,

W. E. Gladstone. This is so well done that the unsuspecting correspondent, not familiar with the appearance of lithography, may cherish the note under the impression that it has been written especially to him by the great minister.

But though Mr. Gladstone is compelled, in order to keep pace with his correspondence, to enlist the services of more than one secretary, he is always ready to fill up interstices in the day's labor by writing a letter. It is one of the commonest spectacles in the House of Commons to see the Prime Minister sitting on the Treasury Bench with a blotting-pad on his knee, writing a letter. The attitude is painful, and makes the, to some people, always distasteful work of calligraphy doubly laborious. Moreover, the task is frequently undertaken late at night, at the close of a hard day's work, and at a time when ordinary men would be only too grateful for opportunity to lean back on the well-cushioned bench, fold their arms, close their eyes, and court slumber. Since Mr. Gladstone persistently writes letters when debates are dragging along, and some interminable bore is occupying the public time, it is a fair presumption that the undertaking is the issue of a struggle with his own conscience. He feels he can not waste his time, and since there is nothing else to be done, he will write a letter.

One night last session, when the Irish members were in high spirits, and were leading the high court of Parliament through a continuous series of perambulations round the division lobby, Mr. Gladstone got through an immense amount of correspondence. He wrote on his knee whilst seated on the Treasury Bench. When the bell rang for the division he went on writing rapidly. As soon as the Speaker dispatched "Ayes to the right" and "Noes to the left," the Premier adroitly sprung up, and displaying the agility of a young buck, made his way out into the division lobby before the crush came. In recesses of the lobby there are providentially set forth writing-tables, and here, whilst the throng of members pressed forward, the Premier sat, taking up the thread of his discourse, and writing as if the immediate object of his life was to earn the tenpence an hour doled out to the minions of the Foreign Office. As soon as the last member approached the wicket, Mr. Gladstone rose, passed through, resumed his seat on the Treasury Bench, and went on



writing as before, going through the process with undiminished energy as often as it pleased the obstructionists to trot out the Saxon Parliament through the lobbies. In these circumstances, when the House is unequally divided, a minority of ten or a dozen going into one lobby and a majority of two or three hundred into the other, a division occupies at least a quarter of an hour. But Mr. Gladstone had saved every moment except those occupied in rapidly walking over the uncrowded course.

It is fairly presumable that the correspondence the Prime Minister thus takes in hand whilst seated on the Treasury Bench is of special importance. It is therefore the more remarkable that he should be able so far to concentrate his mind as calmly to conduct it not only amid the turmoil of debate, but apparently with his mind being at the same time wholly engrossed by what is going forward in the House. To see him rapidly writing in his neat and well-formed calligraphy, one might be forgiven for supposing that the voice of the man who may chance to be on his feet is in his ears an inarticulate sound, carrying no more meaning than the roll of distant thunder. But if the man chance to make any statement that differs from fact, or, above all, if he happen to misrepresent any statement made by the Premier, at what time soever remote, the writing is stopped, the hitherto tranquil face is upturned with eager, questioning look, and Mr. Gladstone either shakes his head in emphatic dissent, or flings across the table some uncompromising correction, after which he goes on writing as composedly and determinedly as Madame Defarge, under other circumstances, went on knitting. His mind appears to be composed something on the principle of the telephonic exchange. However deeply he may seem to be engaged in communication with one quarter of the metropolis, he can at a signal instantly turn on a switch and be in communication as perfect and as engrossing with quite another district.

On the question of his industry with the pen, I may mention an illustration that came within my personal knowledge. Three years ago, Mr. Gladstone, still warm with the work which was completed by the overthrow of the Conservative government at the polls in 1880, had made a speech at Oxford in which he plainly announced his intention of devoting all his

energies to upsetting Lord Beaconsfield. To this the then Premier scornfully retorted at a public meeting which he addressed a little later. So contemptuous was his bearing toward his life-long adversary that he did not even take the trouble fully to possess himself of the precise phrases used by Mr. Gladstone, placing words in his mouth which he certainly had not used at Oxford, and assigning to him proceedings during the controversy on the Eastern question for which it would appear there was no authority—at least Lord Beaconsfield, though he undertook to have "diligent search" made, never produced the challenged proof. Mr. Gladstone took the unusual course of addressing a letter to Lord Beaconsfield, pitilessly pinning him to his statement, and demanding his authority. This letter, with Lord Beaconsfield's reply, he read in the House of Commons amid a scene of lively excitement. Having occasion to write on the incident, and being desirous to have an authentic version of this remarkable correspondence, I sent a note to Mr. Gladstone, addressed to his place on the front opposition bench, asking him to favor me with a copy of the manuscript of his letter, supposing he chanced to have one by him. Within half an hour I received a copy in his own handwriting. As the document is historic, and the opportunity favorable for presenting to those who have not seen it a fac-simile of Mr. Gladstone's handwriting, the first page of the letter is reproduced on the opposite page.

The Premier's dealing with the newspapers of the day is even more rapid than his treatment of his correspondence. He has all the London papers forwarded to him at Hawarden, but half an hour a day is the average of time required by him to master their contents. He has for many years been accustomed to read the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a journal from which he doubtless derives more satisfaction under its present editorship than was possible whilst Mr. Greenwood steered the ship, and, with an ability and a pertinacity of which Mr. Gladstone has himself made graceful recognition, managed it so as to do all that was possible to hamper the progress of the Liberal statesman. As summarizing not only the events but the opinions of the day, Mr. Gladstone finds the evening journal a convenient means for mastering the drift of newspaper opinion. But he has himself in marvellous degree the faculty



Copy

73 Harley Street  
July 30. 1878.

Dear Lord Beaconsfield

I find you are reported in the 'Times' of today to have made last night a reference to a speech delivered by me at Oxford, in which you state that I "described you as a dangerous and even devilish character."

I shall be obliged by your informing me on what words of mine you found this statement.

You likewise are reported to have said that during the controversy on the Eastern Question I "had indulged in criticisms replete with the most offensive epithets as to your conduct and in description of your character."

Will you have the goodness to supply me with a list, or a selection of these

FAC-SIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER TO LORD BEACONSFIELD.

of seizing upon the real point at which a newspaper article may be aiming. If he had not chanced to be an illustrious Prime Minister, he would have made an exceedingly successful sub-editor. His half-hour impartially devoted to all the London newspapers probably leaves him as fully master of their contents as half a day occupied by an ordinary reader diligently plodding up and down the columns.

A glance over the tables in the drawing-room at Hawarden Castle leads one to

the conviction that Mr. Gladstone is the most photographed man in the world. The tables are literally covered with photographs, presenting the well-known face and figure in all habitual circumstances and attitudes. Mr. Gladstone submits to the photographer much upon the same principle that he endures many other of the experiences that sadden life. He recognizes a certain amount of possession that the public have in him, and if they insist on taking it out in photography,



that is their affair. It would be impossible to count the number of times he has marched unflinchingly up to the lens's mouth. He is not only photographed often, but happily, having, indeed, by this time acquired so much skill that he always "comes out well." In proof of his trained endurance it may be mentioned that when he visited the studio of Mr. Walker, the artist whose admirable photograph is reproduced in the portrait which illustrates this article, the Premier gave him fifteen minutes, during which space of time he stood unflinchingly before the camera, whilst fifteen several negatives were taken. More serious efforts in higher art are not less successful. Mr. Millais's oil-painting, exhibited in the Academy a year or two ago, and subsequently sent on a tour through the country, is one of the most beautiful paintings and most successful works of the great artist.

But perhaps it will be thought that no photograph, and scarcely this great work of Millais, comes up to the interest possessed by a little ivory painting which lies in the drawing-room at Hawarden. This represents a chubby little boy, some two years of age, sitting at the knee of a little girl in nymph-like costume, and fondly supposed to be learning his letters. He has, in truth, one chubby little finger pointed toward the book, which rests on his sister's knees; but his face is raised, and two great brown eyes look inquiringly into those of the beholder. This is the child the father of the man who sits in the other room, though beyond the measurement of the floor there stretches between them the long span of seventy years. The little girl is Mr. Gladstone's "sister who died." The portrait was taken in Liverpool whilst Mr. John Gladstone lived in Rodney Street. It was even before the time when Canning stood for the Lancashire town, and being carried through the streets by his enthusiastic supporters, halted before Mr. Gladstone's house, and from the balcony addressed the throng, whilst from an upper window, held in the nurse's arms, the chubby little boy with the big brown eyes looked out with pleased wonder at the throng, the first political gathering he had been prominently present at. It is rarely that Youth and Age are brought together in so striking a manner as they are here—the dumb yet speaking child in the ivory miniature, and the eloquent old man sitting reading in the next room, drawing

somewhat close to the fire, feeling that the days are growing chill. To see Mr. Gladstone holding the brass-framed miniature in his hand, and looking down at the chubby face with a smile, half amused, half critical, and wholly sad, there comes back the memory of Coleridge's most musical plaint:

"When I was young!—ah, woful when!  
Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then!  
This breathing house not built with hands,  
This body that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands  
How lightly then it flashed along!  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind and tide!  
Naught cared this body for wind or weather  
When Youth and I lived in't together."

The revival of a particular style in house furnishing and decoration, so prevalent in London and throughout the country, has not disturbed Hawarden Castle. There is not a dado in the house; and one may look round the walls in vain for any reminiscence of

"the peacock, spreading like a sail  
The green and purple splendors of his fringed  
aesthetic tail."

The most notable combination of colors that strikes the eye of the visitor is the green table-cloth in the breakfast-room in combination with the chairs, whose cushions are of a good lively red, and that, I understand, is not an "arrangement" that would make the place appear an earthly paradise to Mr. William Morris. There was a time when the fitful energy of Mr. Gladstone's mind made inroads in the old-china market. There was then presented the spectacle of the greatest practical statesman of the age tenderly handling a cracked tea-pot, and watching over a cup and saucer as if they were critical clauses in a Land Bill. But in 1874 he abjured this vanity, and sold his collection, retaining the ivories and antique jewels now on exhibition at South Kensington Museum. There are still in one of the rooms at Hawarden two antique and handsome cabinets full of china, but they belonged to Mrs. Gladstone's late brother.

Nor are there, as in some of the ancestral homes of England, many notable pictures. There are a good many portraits about, but Mrs. Gladstone modestly says that the only really valuable picture is a portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby by Vandyck. In the dining-room Sergeant Glynne, the founder





GLADSTONE AND HIS SISTER (1811).

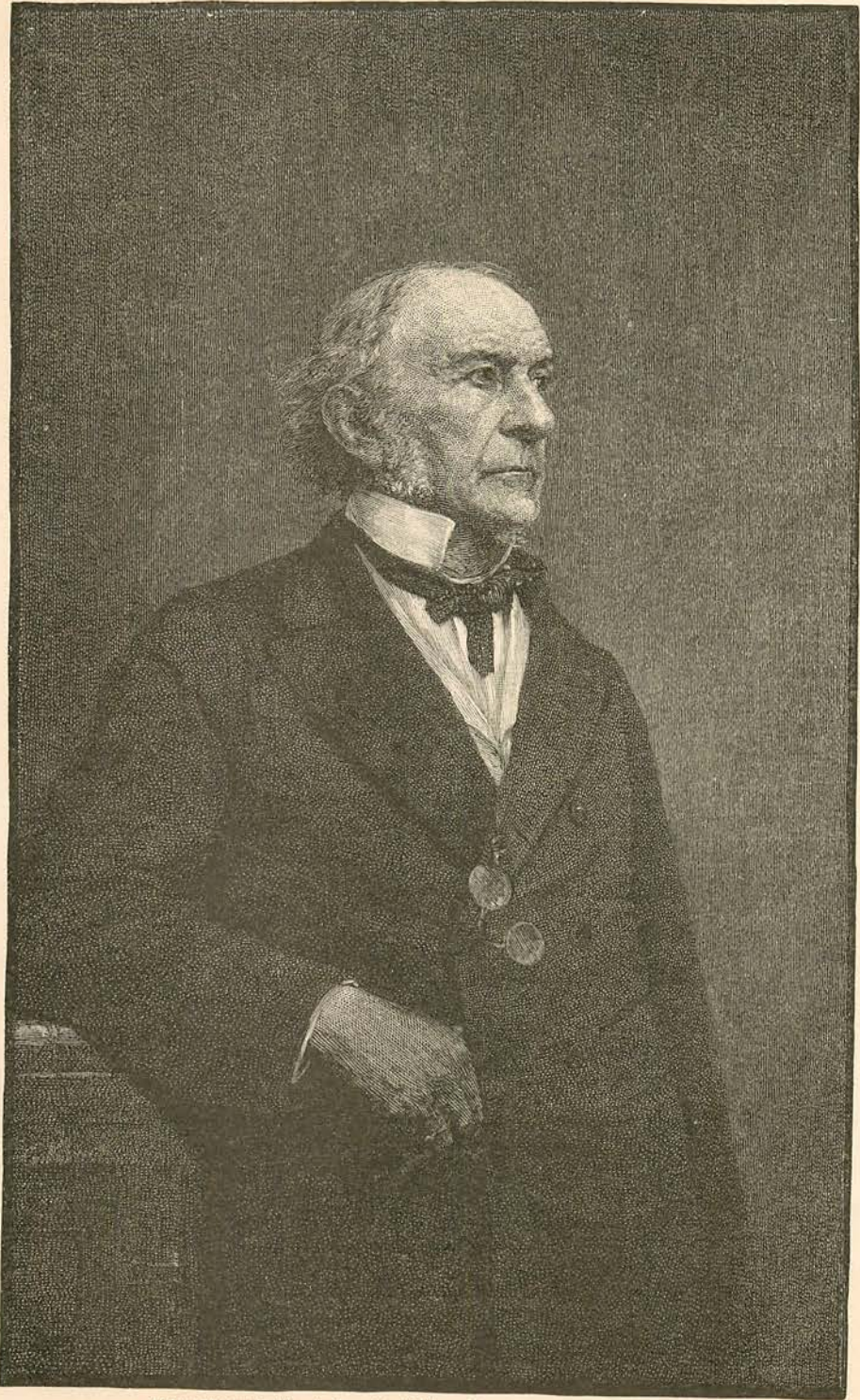
of the family, has the place of honor over the fire-place. Opposite to him is a charming family group. On the left is Sir Stephen Glynne, Mrs. Gladstone's father; on the right, the beautiful face of Lady Glynne. Mrs. Gladstone and her sister, Lady Lytleton, occupy the space between their father and mother. There are also portraits of Sir John and Lady Glynne. In the garden, just outside the hall, Sir John Glynne provided himself with perhaps a more lasting—certainly a more remarkable—memorial than is to be found on canvas. He planted over a dozen limes close together so as to form a narrow ring. These have now grown to mighty heights, and in summer form a shady inclosure, known as Sir John's Dressing-Room.

There are a good many busts about the various rooms. One of Mr. Gladstone, by Marochetti, stands in the hall at the foot of the staircase, and shows how little like the original a great sculptor can by chance work out the marble. In the drawing-room is a bust of Mrs. Gladstone, done in Rome in 1839, by Macdonald. A bust of Pitt stands close at hand, by right of distant relationship with Mrs. Gladstone's family. In the corner by the fire-place is an alto-relievo of Herbert Gladstone in

babyhood, fondled on his sister's knee. In the drawing-room, as elsewhere, books literally abound. An omnivorous reader, a constant purchaser, and the recipient of many gifts from authors, Mr. Gladstone has been accumulating books all his life. Having long since overflowed the library, they have got into the breakfast-room, and dominate the drawing-room. In order to keep pace with the ever-increasing flood, Mr. Gladstone has invented, or adapted, an arrangement of book-cases of which he is pardonably proud. Instead of having them set along the walls after the ordinary fashion, he has both the library and the breakfast-room buttressed, as it were, with book-cases. At right angles with the walls there stand out into the room book-shelves just broad enough to hold two books set edge to edge, with the title outward. Recesses are left wide enough for one to enter and select a book, and there is no limit to the slim rows of upright book-cases except the length of the wall.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, when at home, lives at Hawarden Castle. Mr. W. H. Gladstone, the eldest son, lives with his brother Stephen at the rectory, which is connected with the castle by means of a telephone.





From a photograph taken by Samuel A. Walker, at his studio, 230 Regent Street, London.

THE RT. HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.