

BROMLEY-HILL,
THE SEAT OF THE
RIGHT HON. CHARLES LONG,
M. P.

A SKETCH BY

GEORGE CUMBERLAND.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast,
The labouring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks

ALLEGRO.

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BROMLEY HILL.

So much has already been published in defence of the English taste in laying out pleasure grounds in a better manner than the natives of other countries, and so universal has been the failure in every attempt to imitate them with success, both in *France*,* *Italy*, and even in *Germany*, that it may appear to be no longer necessary to continue

* To come to particulars.—In France I well remember, when the Duke of Orleans, in attempting only an English garden, produced a thing more detestable than even our common tea-gardens; with a serpentine river of not six feet wide, covered with bridges all in view at once, with their little hand rails, that made it more convenient for the visitors to go over at any other place. The cut generally dry two or three times a week. The shrubs with little hopes of life, dying under continual

the discussion : I shall therefore adhere to the maxim which first guided my pen in the *attempt to describe Hafod* in Cardiganshire, —and as I have all my life rather looked to men's actions than their professions, by the same sort of analogy I shall commence this Sketch by selecting a good example, out of many that might probably be found, in

sprinklings of dirty water, and sand flying in all directions, so as to half smother the helpless flowers, and half choak the unhappy visitors.

. At Rome, the generous Prince Borghese tried to flatter us with what was called an English lake ; which, after all his munificent expenditure, frequently disappeared suddenly through cracks in the bottom ; and when, having, by my advice, puddled it as we do our canals, it held water, it was too formal to satisfy even his own taste.

Next, Cardinal Doria, having purchased the Villa of *Rafael*, resolved, by way of rivalship, to convert it into an English pleasure-ground, than which nothing could be more unsuccessful, and the venerable spot soon became an object of public ridicule.

Voltaire's miserable attempts were still worse, as all must know who ever visited Ferney ; a place that we should laugh at here, as a garden at Hogsden, in the hands of a Spitalfields weaver, often exhibits better taste.

preference to general assertions, which, on subjects of Taste, are too often resorted to.

For although, as in national character and propensities, we must always draw our conclusions from the general practice, yet in matters of Taste, which is a slow-growing excellence, the proof of its advances must arise from its existence; and the most likely mode to promote it must also be, coming to facts as to its having taken a right direction *somewhere*, so as to draw attention to that source, from whence, the fountain being pure, useful channels may be opened, and wholesome examples adduced; and our *Addison* had evidently no other object in publishing his *Spectator*, than the correcting and guiding the public Taste in morals and religion, by well selected individual examples; names were concealed, but facts were brought forward, that carried conviction of their being extracted from real life; success followed; and we owe to his particularizing, most of that success

But here we have the means of exhibiting the pattern by referring to existing scenes for the confirmation of our description ; and if in this sketch of Bromley-Hill it shall be admitted that I have drawn my picture from grounds inimitably disposed both as regarding fitness and elegance, it will be allowed that I have selected a perfect model, and in it a point to rest on, to prove that it is not without reason that our nation is so celebrated for the judgment displayed in disposing the ornaments of some of the villas that surround the great Metropolis.

The very favourable reception which my feeble attempts to describe *Hafod* met with from the Public, to whose notice it was recommended, fresh from the irresistible impression made by its beauties on my own feelings, (after having become a sort of spoiled child of Nature, and a little too fastidious in consequence of searching and seeing too much;) this very favourable and

undeserved approbation had the contrary effect it might in many have produced ; and instead of exciting to fresh exertions on subjects of that agreeable nature, it entirely checked my pen : for knowing how difficult it is to describe any thing by means of words, in comparison of images, I thought it quite sufficient to have once succeeded in painting landscapes and water-falls without the pencil's aid, and therefore best to sit down contented with the success of the first fortunate experiment.

The real truth is, that it is *very* difficult also to express what we feel on such subjects, so as to convey the picture to the mind's eye in all the vivid colouring in which it presented itself to the admiration ; and, content with the pleasure we receive from contemplating beautiful objects, we seldom intend, or wish, to communicate it to others by images that must all be drawn at the instant and on the spot, to make any impression ; unless

indeed we are impelled by the ties of affection, or urged by the natural desire of communicating sensations too agreeable to be concealed without submitting to the charge of selfishness from our own bosoms.

There is also another reason why we often decline these tasks : the fine effects of Nature depend on seasons, on light and shadow, and on happy effects, nearly as much, if not more, than on form ; and we may describe what greatly interested and touched us in May, which yet in July, or August, may appear to our readers (who make no allowances), perfectly ridiculous ; as in the case of falls of water, and the tender effects of juvenile foliage.

We ought, therefore, as the artist does, to mark our seasons, and mark our spots of foreground ; and not, as a late enthusiastic writer* has done, place our readers

* Mr. Coleridge, in his *Lakes*.

on a cloud between two mountains, without considering the difficulty of his getting there—but rather repose him as near as we can just where *we* were placed when we received our first impressions, leading him by the hand with gentleness, or only going a little before, to clear away the brambles; and after all, without the aid of painting, not much will be accomplished, while with a few chalk touches we can work wonders, as the masterly etchings of this very spot, from an elegant mind and practised hand, (that I wish could accompany these observations,) sufficiently prove.

Grand scenes of uncultivated Nature excite and impress at once that approbation which is never recalled, and, to even the poor in language, supply, by that very excitement, new combinations of words, from the mere force of sudden admiration; as men who are startled receive often new energies that are effectual; and a few broad strokes (if I may be allowed the expres-

sion) so well mark out the principal features, and so decidedly, that a common understanding may easily supply the rest.

But where a particular portrait is to be drawn, and the spot owes a great many of its features to art, we must then work from a more varied palette, and use all *our* art to explain Art herself in her careful workings, in order that others may learn how these effects are to be acquired by duly studying fitness and propriety.

Having therefore long ago selected *Hafod* as one of the finest specimens of good taste employed in displaying the grand contours of Nature, as she offers herself in the sublime mountain scenes of North Wales, as far as such scenery had come to my acquaintance; and being urged frequently to go on, by those who were better acquainted with the use of such details than with the extent of my abilities; I at length looked round for an equally good example of the same system followed up in

embellishing a modern villa, on the smaller scale of that pleasure-ground usually occupied for such a purpose in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis ; and after carefully searching for the object desired, I thought, and still think, I have found this desideratum in the at once charming, and useful retirement of Bromley-Hill ; a small but well-varied estate, the residence and property of the Right Hon. Charles Long ; a villa of no mean pretensions, inasmuch as it unites beauty with utility, the joint produce of a chastened and well cultivated taste, founded on a superior knowledge and practice of the arts of painting on one hand, and travelled experience corrected by agricultural improvements on the other.— In stating this I offer no invidious comparisons, neither do I deny that there may be many other situations, which if it had been my fortune to be as intimately acquainted with as I am with this, I should with pleasure have ranked on the same scale or near

it, such as Parkhurst, Lord Macartney's, and the simplicity so well displayed at St. Ann's Hill.—But neither of these were so favourably fixed, and each possessed only one fine feature, whereas in Bromley-Hill I find *three* perfectly distinct, in a small compass, and infinitely more suitable surrounding scenery.

It may be urged again that I am swayed by friendship in my choice. To this I shall only reply, that my judgment has been justified in dedicating my *Hafod* to the man whose labours I now approve; and that if any thing can evince our friendships to be founded on impartiality, it must be when they adhere to those who for years differ from us in our political opinions, without engendering coolness, animosity, or ill-will;—and I hope we live in times when it is honourable to love those who have borne themselves so mildly in the offices that usually create inimicity in those of an opposite persuasion, that all parties

offer their suffrages to that suavity and probity which distinguishes superiority of understanding.

But to return from this digression, which I trust will be found to be, like what the bye-walks of this pleasure-ground are, short, interesting, and not unnecessary to the main subject of this essay, which was the tranquil employment of a day in this Spring, past in sweet solitude and silent reflection: let me then commence by remarking that as a whole, and a whole composed of three distinctly fine parts, each the pure effect of considerate art, on features that are not uncommon, (especially in this country,) I cannot but think it an object well worthy the attention of men of good inclinations, but who wish for some *rule to go by*, for we daily see the happiest spots degraded for want of a criterion, and Nature supplicating in vain a hearing and a notice.

All that there was here to work on was a fine rising knoll, a few acres of wood on a

little hill, three or four low meadows, a winding brook that skirted them, and a small head of pure water;—but the surrounding scenery was well wooded, well varied with interesting objects, and the skirts of the horizon what I may be allowed to call, well fringed, and well degraded.—How that knoll, that wood, and those meadows have been treated, and with what masterly taste they have been transformed, must now be the subjects of my eulogium:

There are two entrances from the high road; one by a common park-gate on the top of the hill which conducts to a private way that crosses the estate by the Mansion; the other, its proper entrance from the Metropolis, of the most unassuming form, a real cottage lodge, with few ornaments to distinguish it from other habitations of the sort, and which perhaps *ought to be* a little more dressed; although I cannot but think that many of our country villas are greatly injured in their effects by splendid

lodges, and that the true secret of raising admiration is by promising little. This entrance conducts by a gently rising road, where gravel is dug on the spot, through a lawn judiciously broken, into groups of trees that conceal the boundary up to the house, which crowns very handsomely the summit of the hill; it is a modern villa, of a compact form, well broken into masses by varied angles.

The entrance, which has no porch, opens into a covered and glazed corridor of some length, ornamented with bronzes, busts, candelabra, and large China vases; and leads to a handsome flight of steps that delivers the guests to a hall, from whence are the passages to a dining-room, breakfasting-room, anti-room, and library drawing-room, that opens into a very handsome conservatory dressed with trellisses, and furnished with some full-bearing orange and lemon plants that would be

admired at *Margam** for their prolificness and vigour ; while of climbers and exotic flowers there is always present a judicious choice, scarce, handsome, and well selected.—

This agreeable library is ornamented with some large pieces of rare China on brackets and slabs, and gives an entrance, through the conservatory, to a singular flower-garden that has the best feature of, the old taste preserved; the inclosed terrace with its sun-dial, low wall for flower pots, vases, &c. and shaded at both ends by two or three well grown pinasters; its position also is very favourable, as the sun rises behind it, and its pensile garden, covered with rock plants, cheddar pinks, &c. crawling over large masses of the aggregate fossils found in the neighbourhood, which contains rounded pebbles, oyster-shells, scallops, and many others; from this little

* The seat of the Vaughans of Gower.

antique terrace the view commands, at times, St. Paul's Church; its dome and turret towers appearing as if banded with white, and beyond, extend the Highgate and Hampstead Hills, forming a broad line of back-ground; but that which renders the scene still more remarkably interesting is, that you see nothing of London except its spires, and the great church seems to arise like a vision from the edges of a wooded hill.—Shooters Hill, Blackheath, and, best of all, Sydenham Common, makes a noble distance, owing to its long lines and purple tints of heath.—The pictures within the house are not many, but they are well chosen, a *Reynolds*, a *Gainsborough*, a *Mola*, a *Teniers*, a *Poussin*, and, above all, a landscape by *Reubens* that cannot be matched for excellence, and although not one of his largest is certainly one of his *very best*.—One only thing we have to regret, that we can there find none of Mrs. Long's incomparable views, who certainly is admitted to be

equal to any artist of the present day, and whose landscapes exhibited annually, at the Royal Academy, have never been rivalled, even when put in competition with practical professors, and placed* side by side with their happiest efforts : a talent rarely carried to such perfection without the motive power of interest, and certainly contradictory to an assertion of one of our Northern Reviewers, who not long ago maintained, that without the stimulus of *want*, art could never be advanced towards perfection.—But let us now proceed to the Grounds, as the primary object; and taking their parts in order, commence with a distinct portion.

* See Exhibition of this year in the View of the Thames.

THE WATER SCENERY.

PASSING down the lawn, I should recommend a descent to the brook by a path that conducts us again almost to the lodge, and is entered by a rustic hatch, formed, as all the hatches are here, by pieces of ground poles nailed and platted rudely together with the bark on. You enter this walk by the field gate of an extensive sloping meadow, spotted with thorn bushes, and bounded by scattered woods that gives the whole a Flemish-farm appearance; a birch copse next follows, skirting the meadow, and leading, by a winding path, to a long green alley, commencing from a bench near a noble willow; an over-arched way bordered by low Flemish-looking woods, and meadows of deep grass, which brings us soon to an ample rustic shed calculated for the advantage of fishing, and which makes a rude head to an irregular

pool bordered on all sides by young woods, and ornamented and fringed by iris's, water-lily, and other aquatic plants; the nilumbo, and great water-dock in bloom, making fine fore-grounds. And here we meet the first specimen of that remarkable aggregate of pebbles and black flints rounded by attrition, intermixed with shells of oysters, the cement of which is loose, and not hard enough to bear a polish, yet tenacious often to a great degree: there is also a sort found near that is more compact. Round the sides of this retired pool is a narrow walk for the convenience of reaching its points when angling, which comes out upon the meadow, just where the springs rise that supply it so as to constantly overflow.—Continuing, we come next to the margin of a swiftly-running brook, that takes very intricate and winding forms among low birches and alders, and flows over pebbles and flints, whose white decomposed sur-

faces contrasted by other darker ones, glitter at the bottom, and sparkle on the eye delightfully.

Near this the House is seen, to the left, heading a sloping lawn, taking your view from a handsome tree on the margin of the stream, whose trout-runs cross and recross you with a rapidity that affords continual music; low, flat, juggling sounds, of sweet notes, as the current ripples round and over the weeds, that extend their green waving locks from the bottom beds.— You next pass under a very elegant little sexagon temple seat, with circular roof of fern or gorse, of a fan-like form, and paved with sections of small trees driven into the earth and sawed off to a complete level; where is an ample bench or two; and one of its sides opens to a picturesque bend of the brook, of the current of which you acquire from this point two views, while the margin is elegantly ornamented by trees of

very tasteful forms, and happily diversified in the direction of their stems, which adorn this rural seat, whose lining is ivy sticks happily disposed, and over which the vegetation of the living plant is rapidly advancing :—a little island and rude rail, the king-fisher's perch, terminate the perspective. A little farther on, where the water accompanies the path, you take in from a bench, a long line of brook both ways ; a carp-stew is near at hand that seems to promise a good store ; and often, in this walk, pheasants rise up from their nests among the sedges, alarmed at the tread of feet or sound of voices.—A murmuring note next attracts our attention, which we soon find to proceed from a broad cascade, that falling continually from a head of water, meets and augments the querulous brook.—The side scenes are well calculated to shew it to advantage. This fall is about two yards in height, and six in breadth, and pel-

lucidly transparent at the head, exhibiting its spotted and spangled bottom broke with water-plants into masses of varied tints.

The path now enters the meadow, and goes along the side of the piece of water, on which moor-hens, dab-chicks, and even bitterns are often seen: in the winter the heron frequents it, for eels, and several bitterns have been shot in one year. Pheasants also breed there; and I thought it remarkable, that a Botany-Bay black swan, who has long inhabited a pond by the garden, seldom chooses this sheet of water for his excursions, but, as a foreigner, seems not to like to mix with the inhabitants of other pools; to his own he refuses access at all times to other birds, especially of his own species; and having lost his mate, who died here, lives in decided singleness.

The House now is seen again partly hid in trees, and from it a long pleasing sloping sided wood descends to the right.

To the left are rich deep meads, ascending to pasture ground: to the right are other flat meadows, fringed elegantly with pole woods, such as we often find in pictures by Reubens, backed by a range of near hills that rise gently as a good ground to display their foliage on.

A little further the aquatic features of this varied spot ends at a foot bridge, crossing the most transparent spring on earth of about eight or ten yards round, edged with duck-weed and wild flowers, and so extremely clear, that every coloured pebble is seen as distinctly at bottom, although pretty deep, as if they were in the hand, broken also with two or three shades of green weeds and water-plants, that art cannot imitate; while, momentarily, a thousand sparkling bubbles ascend, by fits, to burst on the surface and give motion to the picture.—Finer water cannot be drank; and here, with the greatest advantage, a

cold-bath might be erected pure enough to satisfy the most fastidious niceness.

Crossing a small meadow or two we next come to the walled Kitchen-garden, Conservatory, and Hot-house, placed in a sheltered spot, just below the woods; and from the small meadow, looking back, the water we have left makes a bright point, below a double range of long hills, covered with woods and corn-fields, intermixed.

From hence I recommend a view of the Farm-yard, which now presents itself, situated in the midst of woods of high overhanging and varied foliage, suspended from banks that are lofty and rich, and form a very interesting effect, being a mass of useful barns, stalls, and buildings, with a cottage and gates to enclose them, buried in a low dingle every way surrounded by woods; excellent as a shelter to cattle, yet as great an ornament as could have been devised for the spot, and every way accessible both to the house and grounds. The smoke rising

from this cottage among the woods frequently adds to the picturesque scenery; and the sheds and buildings, partly disclosed, and partly concealed by long boughs, are no small additional ornaments to these snug stables and farm-yard, where every thing is in its place, yet from the walks and grounds every thing concealed judiciously, and again as judiciously exposed just where they can contribute to the picture.

Near the Kitchen-garden, and below the Farm-yard, in the road to the farm, is an entrance to the Woods, a remarkable change of scenery, which recommends itself greatly by its *abruptness*: for in disposing ornamental grounds, we want strong contrasts and deep markings to keep alive admiration.

THE WOOD.

THIS second feature, and which we next enter on, is a complete contrast to that from which we have just parted; a park-paled-gate opens upon a wild scene through a broad gravel walk, not yellow or trimmed, but its native soil, (pebbles compacted by moss and short herbage.) **The change is striking;** white thorn in bloom, holly, horse-chesnuts, oaks getting into leaf of a pale green opposed to their dark branches, and slender crowds of birches in full young leaf trembling to the breeze.—Below, underwood of all sorts; juniper, laurel, heaths, brooms, ferns, and wild briars, are allowed to extend their forms, while rabbits and squirrels play and run in their lanes, and pheasants often rise at the footstep of the visitor.—The place also so abounds with nightingales that five or six may be heard at once, some of which are of the strongest

pipe, being carefully preserved from molestation, and cherished like game. This wildness is the predominant character throughout the whole walk, which extends near one mile; sometimes the bare gravelly soil appearing, sometimes moss, sometimes the finest turf, but always dry after the heaviest rains, from the nature of the spot, which is gravel and sand, yet sufficiently strong to support the growth of moderate-sized wood, and annually affording considerable thinnings (so that while it adds greatly to the beauty of the place, nothing is sacrificed to mere show; and in proportion to its original price, it is said to produce a very good rent in wood). We now pass a grove of tall birch trees, near the Ice-house, from whence, at the first bench, the water appears to the right, behind, adding great beauty to the landscape; and, ascending gradually through thickets that skirt the Garden and Hot-house, soon arrive at another painter's

halt (which, as usual, a little seat suggests); hollies add to the beauty of it, as we wind round a small knoll covered with long yellow broom, ferns, and ericas, where the walks begin to be enamelled with a carpet of natural growth, and the country, to the right, opening through passages made very judiciously on many pleasing scenes, while the winding of the paths affords infinite pictures under low branches, like those at Piersfield and Clevedon; a white mansion set in deep woods comes in well here, and a point of a distant hill covered with variety of wood and open patches of olive hue.—But this is best seen a little further on from a very pretty rustic temple built of rude bolls and branches, circular at the top, and open on four sides, with posts covered with honey-suckles, having lounging benches, &c. ; here a number of rural beauties are assembled, and were a temple to Pan placed on the point above-mentioned, it would be truly pastoral and Theocritan.

Sitting here, a bank, sweetly varied, presents itself to the declining sun ; a spring picture of golden glory ; the yellow brooms that skirt the foreground, degrading as if from the palette of a Reynolds, into the tender jaun and sulphur-green tops of the birch trees, opposed to patches of olive-coloured heath, and spots of gravel disclosed by the rains ; sea-green masses of weeds, spires of ferns peeping through the old decayed stalks that lay at their feet, gray stems, and the blue line of the distant horizon, altogether united and opposed by thorns in bloom, give a picture that any painter might study with effect, but which I am unable to describe without the aid of the pencil and colours.*

The time I viewed this evening pastoral prospect from the rustic seat, was early in

* The garden, which before we had not seen,
In spring's new livery clad, and white and green,
Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks between.

Palemon and Arcite. DRYDEN.

May ; cattle and sheep were sprinkled over the opposite meadows of the farm near a seat half buried in trees, whose colour enhanced the value of the surrounding tints. I was alone, the whole race of spring warblers were giving me a concert, led on by several nightingales,* and I would not have changed my choir and theatre for

* “ At last I found her on a laurel spray,
Close by my side she sate, and fair in sight

Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd,
And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd ;
On the green bank I sate, and listen'd long

Nor till the lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove,
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And every note I fear'd would be the last ;
My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,
And all the senses in full gust enjoyed ;
And what alone, did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place ;
Single, and conscious to myself alone,
Of pleasures to th'excluded world unknown ;
Pleasures which no where else are to be found,
And all elysium in a spot of ground.”

Dryden's Flower and the Leaf.

the whole herd of opera singers and the Hay-market band in their orchestra.

But every where there must be a want, and I wanted, (when I looked to the left at this summit covered with oaks and hollies,) to see a shaft cut through the thickest part of it, through which, as through a tube, some distant object might be seen, or a peep of sun-set at the horizon like a spot of fire, as we often see imitated by Reubens and his master in colouring, Titian; and I also thought a small statue of Pan would exactly suit the scene, which has a Doric air of rudeness, and is brilliantly wild.

The walk divides here, but soon meets again, and forms a winding avenue under a broad umbrageous glade with turf beneath, and woody sides, and openings sweet to distant hill and farm, leading to a brow that overlooks the cottage and stables, whose spiring smoke among the trees for a great depth below, almost

precipitous and charged with deep foliage,
creates a new and pleasing picture ; and
here terminates the wood scenery

Where from their breathing souls the sweets repair,
To scent the skies, and purge th' unwholsome air ;
Joy spreads the heart, and with a general song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.

Dryden's Flower and Leaf.

HOME PLEASURE-GROUND.

WHEN we have quitted the wood, whose character is so perfectly wild, we are surprised to find that we have walked in it near one mile, yet the whole is not many acres, and its boundaries, although often seen, which could not be avoided, are judiciously managed, so as to convey no idea of confinement; but this wood is not all the scenery of that sort easily accessible, for a great deal more joins to the estate of the like character, and you might stroll nearly all the way to Bromley, from wood to wood, open enough to walk in, and every now-and-then presenting knolls crowned with firs, where the breeze plays freely, and distant views are pleasingly exhibited. From one of these Mr. Long's Grounds present a very pretty scene.

Quitting the wood you cross the hollow lane that leads to the stables, barns, and

ox-stalls, and enter the pleasure walks more trimly dressed, indeed kept in very high order, that lead through a deep shrubbery on the side of a hill, fenced with laurels, and other ornamental plants, both red and white thorn, mountain ash, larch, &c. —this, through a deep close shade with peeps at the wood above, conducts us, suddenly, at last, on one of the fronts of the building, near a very unaffected façade of good proportion and agreeable colour, nearly surrounded on the first floor with a plain but handsome balcony; on the left are a row of bower arches for honeysuckles and climbers, between which are seen baskets of roses, geraniums, and depending plants, in front of a very handsome conservatory containing orange and lemon trees in full bearing, such as do honour to our gardening on account of their abundance of good fruit, united with a healthy appearance, that would be considered as such in Italy, where indeed they

are also obliged to house them in winter, as at Florence, in the gardens of Boboli may be seen, and at Naples, in the king's gardens.—Other rare plants and climbers abound, and the whole gives its entrance to a small but elevated pensile terrace backed by rock plants, with its parapet in front, carved sun-dial, and vases, shaded at each end, and by means of its ancient bench, reviving a pleasing feature in gardening, now almost lost, and scarce known but in the pictures of *Watteau*.—The gay spot where concerts used to be given, or little crashes of music, where the summer refreshments were shared, and the choice wines brought out to share it in cool arbours with the ladies, in those good times when honourable gallantry was not quite extinct, men's habits a little more conformable to nature, and when they did not always ask themselves if what was quite agreeable, might not also be a little ridiculous.

From this gentle elevation the water is

seen at one end, and you look over the finest shaven lawn of considerable extent that descends every way to a genuine flower-garden, through another ancient feature, a long nut-tree bower, whose path is a mass almost of primroses, and instantly reminds us of Dryden's Flower and the Leaf: the rest of this hilly crest is sprinkled with firs, shady oaks, and flower baskets, and from every part is seen the surrounding country in gradual succession, a panorama of great beauty.—But to return to the pensile terrace; the distant view is Lewisham Hill, St. Paul's cupola, many spires, and Hamstead, Highgate, and Shooters-Hill; to the left the farm-yard buried in woods, to the right a slight railing separates us from the sheep that are grazing the outer lawn, at the bottom of which is a rookery, just far enough off to be interesting.

From the terrace, the first room you enter is the drawing-room library, tastefully

decorated ; that opens also on the conservatory, by two large glass doors ; an anti-room receives you from this, very cool and prettily disposed ; from whence one entrance leads to the terrace, going round the conservatory, and the other delivers us to the marble hall at the head of the great staircase ; this hall also serves as a communication to a large dining-room, and a very commodious breakfasting-room, besides others of less importance.

Thus have we carelessly strolled through the whole of this very judiciously-laid-out, and, for its size, unrivalled villa,—a work of fair example, where Nature has done a little and Art much ;—where taste, convenience, and utility go hand in hand ;—where nothing is gaudy or glaring, nothing disappoints promise, and all its ornaments are suitable and fitting.

P.S. The author offers it as no apology, that the whole was the work of little more than a day,—written from a recent impression; but to make amends for its faults and conciseness, he intends, if it is liked, to add a Postscript, with a new plan of disposing large parks into profitable and beautiful arrangements, consistent with pleasure, an ornamental style hitherto unknown, the augmentation of the apparent size, and, he trusts, general utility.
