

HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE.

THE name and fame of Haddon Hall have lifted that historic house to such a height of dignity and consequence among the glorious mansions of ancient England, that it stands as the chief exemplar, and the speaking voice, as it were, of the dwelling-places of our long dead sires. Who, we may ask, can visit Haddon Hall and not be filled with the moving story and the fond romance of humanity? What memories of old-time glories, ambitions, and occupations, of passions long stilled, and yet of emotions that are ours, are evoked as we walk in the golden shade of the sycamores and limes, or linger on the terrace under the low-hanging boughs of the yews, or traverse that wondrous range of buildings, and sojourn in those ancient chambers, out of whose windows looked lovingly

into their garden the men and women of long ago! There may be places more magnificent, but the transcendental delight of the home of the Vernons lies in its happy union of history and poetry with rare beauty of architecture, richness of internal adornment, and the external charms of an old garden, and a beautiful neighbouring land. Where else can we receive such impressions of ancient greatness touched with the witchery of bygone romance?

Haddon Hall owes much of its charm and picturesqueness to the slope by the beautiful Derbyshire Wye, upon which it stands. It is unusual, in that ranges of buildings enclose two complete courtyards, each as quaint and delightful as the other.

The visitor passes into the lower courtyard



THE BANQUETING HALL.