

feature in that wonderful grouping of structures. It stands within two hundred yards of the gatehouse, and is now a mere shell, which, having witnessed the lives of many, is tottering to its own decay, although still excellent in construction and solid masonry, and very delightful in form and colour to behold from the windows and grounds of its more stately sister. Its immense timbers are crumbling, and trees of great age now grow up from the basement to the topmost floor. Below the ruins is the place from which the stone for both buildings was taken, and very arduous must have been the labour with which the stone was carried up the steep ascent.

A hard frost in 1607 interrupted her work at Bolsover, and the magical spell was broken. A witch's prophecy was fulfilled; she ceased to build, and accordingly she died.

The new Hardwick rose between 1590 and 1597. Gray, writing with poetic feeling to his friend Dr. Wharton, in 1762, said: "I have only time to tell you that of all the places which I saw on my return from you, Hardwick pleased me the most. One would think that the Queen of Scots had but just walked down into the park, with her guard, for half-an-hour; her gallery, her room of audience, her ante-chamber, with the very rich canopies, chair of state, footstool, *lit de repos*,



THE MINSTRELS' GALLERY.

Elizabeth Hardwick was, however, a masterful builder, and nothing deterred her from her work. She partly quarried from the walls of old Hardwick to build her Chatsworth and her new Hardwick. The former was not completed until after the death of Sir William Cavendish, her second husband, and when her third husband, Sir William St. Lo, was dead, she married that powerful nobleman, George, Earl of Shrewsbury, whose life she contrived to make somewhat unhappy. She survived him for many years, living to the verge of ninety, and even to her last hour indulging in her pride and worldly magnificence.

oratory, carpets, and hangings, just as she left them; a little tattered indeed, but the more venerable, and all preserved with religious care, and papered up in winter." This quotation is given in order to point out an error into which some writers have fallen. It is quite certain that the unhappy Mary was never confined in the present Hardwick Hall. The new house was not built until after her death, and it seems uncertain whether she ever stayed at the old Hall, although she may have visited it, because that structure was already partly dilapidated in her time. It is true that many things associate the new Hardwick