

on the top of the stayre case, on the northe side of the house, all which comes to £130 14s. 2d."

Before we enter the house, it will be desirable to say something of its external character. Its plan is a parallelogram, 280ft. long by 70ft. wide on its south or principal front, with two wings, each projecting 100ft. and 80ft. wide, thus forming a hollow quadrangle. At the end of the noble avenue the visitor enters through admirable iron gates between lofty brick piers, the smaller portals on either side being in a very unusual framework of perforated brickwork, taking the form of quatrefoils. Through these gates the enclosed garden or forecourt is reached, with

arcade the pilasters run up, and there are beautiful windows, which light the Long Gallery, while above are gables of Flemish character, behind the perforated cresting. In the midst of this façade is the great porch, which has Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns in its three stages, and bears the date 1611, with the Cecil arms. The turrets with cupolas terminating the many-windowed wings of the house have all the Tudor character, and there are glorious bays, rising tier after tier, which have a noble effect both without and within. The usual entrance to the house is on the north front, which also is singularly attractive. It is plainer in character than the south front,



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the magnificent façade of the house in front. The great central block is very noble, and has the character of the Italian Renaissance, freely and richly treated. There is a grand arcade on the ground level, its frontage being divided by fluted pilasters, with arabesque panelling, and the arches closed with perforated screens of stone, whose apertures are filled with glass. These enclose that long corridor known as the armoury, which is adorned with magnificent tapestry and has a grand strap-work ceiling. Upon its walls are fine pieces of sixteenth century armour, and there are armour-clad figures holding cressets on either side.

But to return to the exterior, above the

and its chief charm is in the fine colour of its brickwork, with stone facings, and in the magnificence of its windows and porch. On every side, indeed, the house has like attractions, and none can gainsay that it is one of the finest of such houses in the land.

Sir Robert Cecil, the builder of Hatfield, did not live to witness the completion of his work. He was looking on, peopling his new house in imagination with the friends of his choice, and welcoming the Royal and the great at his portals, when Death touched him on the shoulder, and it was his son, William Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, who saw the full rounding of his hopes.