BADDESLEY CLINTON,

WARWICKSHIRE.

IN the time when the Christmas numbers of illustrated papers gave their readers more generously of those tales which by tradition should be told at Christmas, an editor of such a paper was questioned concerning the quality of one of his illustrators. "He may be of no great account as an artist," said the editor, "but as a moated-grangist he has no equal." The wood-engraver of the great school of the sixties and seventies wrought for many such masters. The raven sat on the withered bough and looked over the dark moat to croak his warning toward the walls in whose one lit window you saw the shadow of the doomed lord's face; the wandering heir came haggard in his rags to the moat's edge and peered across to the ancient stones of his father's house; and into the same black water the ruffians, reckless of the laws of household sanitation as of the statutes of the realm, dropped the fearful witness of their deed of darkness. Even by day the arts have made for us a sombre thing of the moated house. William Morris added to the first and best-remembered of his moats a mouldering shallop, above whose gunwale you saw "a dead man's stiffened feet." Mariana was in the moated grange, and no one came to share her long vigil in that lonely place, for the moat was between her and all light-hearted and worldly things.

Though ever a layman's manor house and not a grange, the poet's fancies seem to hover over Baddesley Clinton, whose grey stone walls, rising out of the encompassing moat, are



NORTH FRONT; INSIDE THE QUADRANGLE.



ON THE MOAT.



ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE MOAT.

still stout to keep out the modern and the commonplace, a house of panelled rooms and mullioned windows, lit with armories. Such houses in our own days are apt to shed their lords. In England successful commerce and the newly-gained million pay homage to that love of old places and old enduring things which every Englishman loves in his heart, and venerable beauty in a house has its well-considered market value; therefore, our first question at sight of an ancient home may well ask whose money has last bought it.

Ightham Mote, which so closely resembles Baddesley Clinton in character and condition,



ACROSS THE MOAT.

changed hands some dozen years ago, and Hever, one of our best fifteenth century moated houses, has since that been twice bought and sold. But at Baddesley Clinton we have no such

clashing of old and new. The lady who has now her seat here is widow of a gentleman of an old name. Marmion Edward Ferrers, the last Ferrers squire of Baddesley, was the last of a line of lords of this place which began with the marriage, about 1498, of his ancestor, Sir Edward Ferrers, with Constance Brome, the heiress of Baddesley. But the ancestry of Marmion Ferrers mounted much higher than the marriage which brought in Baddesley Hall. The boast of having "come in with the Conqueror" is one which we still hear about us on all sides from respectable families who would be hard pressed to find sound warrant for their boast. Yet the descent of Marmion Ferrers from one who came to these shores in a Norman ship cannot be doubted; and this ancestor at the head of the pedigree was no obscure swordsman, being that Henry de Ferrières who fought at Hastings, and whose share of English land was that of one who had brought great aid to his duke. When William's Commissioners passed through the country, counting its lordships and its pigs and ploughs, its landlords and its serfs, Henry of Ferrers was one of those who made the reckoning of Worcestershire for that Domesday Book which sets against his own name a vast estate of more than two hundred manors, one hundred and fourteen of these being in Derbyshire. In Staffordshire he had for his chief seat Tutbury Castle, by whose side he and his wife Bertha founded Tutbury Priory. His son Robert was made Earl of Derby by King Stephen, and the succeeding Earls were chiefly engaged in rebelling against their kings in England or in fighting the infidel in the East.



STABLES FROM THE BRIDGE.

The fourth Earl, William, made two marriages to his great enrichment, the one with a sister of



IN THE QUADRANGLE.

the Earl of Pembroke, and the other with a daughter of an Earl of Winchester ; but wealth, as the copybooks remind us, does not bring



THE OUTLET.

happiness. It brought to Earl William its familiar chastisement of the gout, which evil so afflicted him that he could at last sit no more in his saddle as became a great military tenant of the Crown,

but rode evermore in a cart. Illuminations of the thirteenth century do not picture for us an English cart or chariot in which easeful driving might be enjoyed by an elderly nobleman in agonies of gout, and Earl William's chariot seems to have been no better than its fellows. As he drove over the bridge of St. Neots on



IN THE OLD HALL.



PART OF THE OLD HALL.

an April day of 1254, the Earl was jolted to the ground and died of the shock, as is related in the chronicle of Matthew Paris, monk of St. Albans.

From William Ferrers of Groby, a second son of this Earl who was thrown from his cart on the bridge of St. Neots, descended Sir Edward Ferrers, who, by marriage with Constance Brome, became lord of Baddesley Clinton.

Of Nicholas Brome, the father of Constance, we have something more than names and dates. This high-spirited gentleman was the mirror of that side of the Middle Ages which endears them to the studious schoolboy. John Brome, his father, a Lancastrian partisan, had been stabbed by Richard Herthill, the king-maker's steward, in the porch of the Whitefriars church in London, his wicked son Thomas laughing at his father's



DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE.



IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

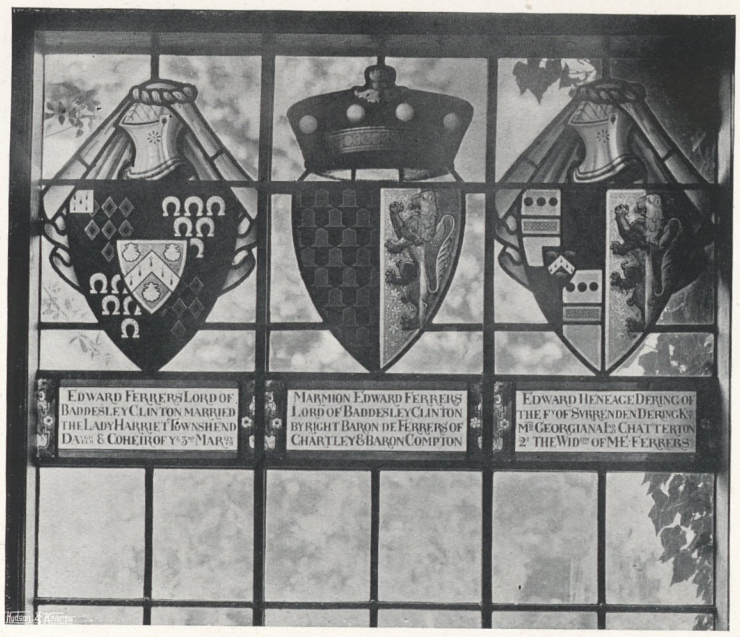
woe; but Nicholas Brome, fiercely dutiful, met his father's slayer three years afterwards, in Longbridge field, and slew him in his path. This was not the only occasion which saw Nicholas Brome's steel bare, for a story recorded by Sir William Dugdale, the historian of Warwickshire, tells that in a moment of anger he killed his chaplain in Baddesley hall. This Henry Ferrers, who died in his eighty-fifth year, in 1633, was an antiquary largely consulted by Dugdale in his Warwickshire labours, and began, it may be at Baddesley Clinton, that tradition for preserving the memorials of its past which gives the house its peculiar distinction.

In the Civil War-time the lord of Baddesley was not found in arms for the King, but Squire



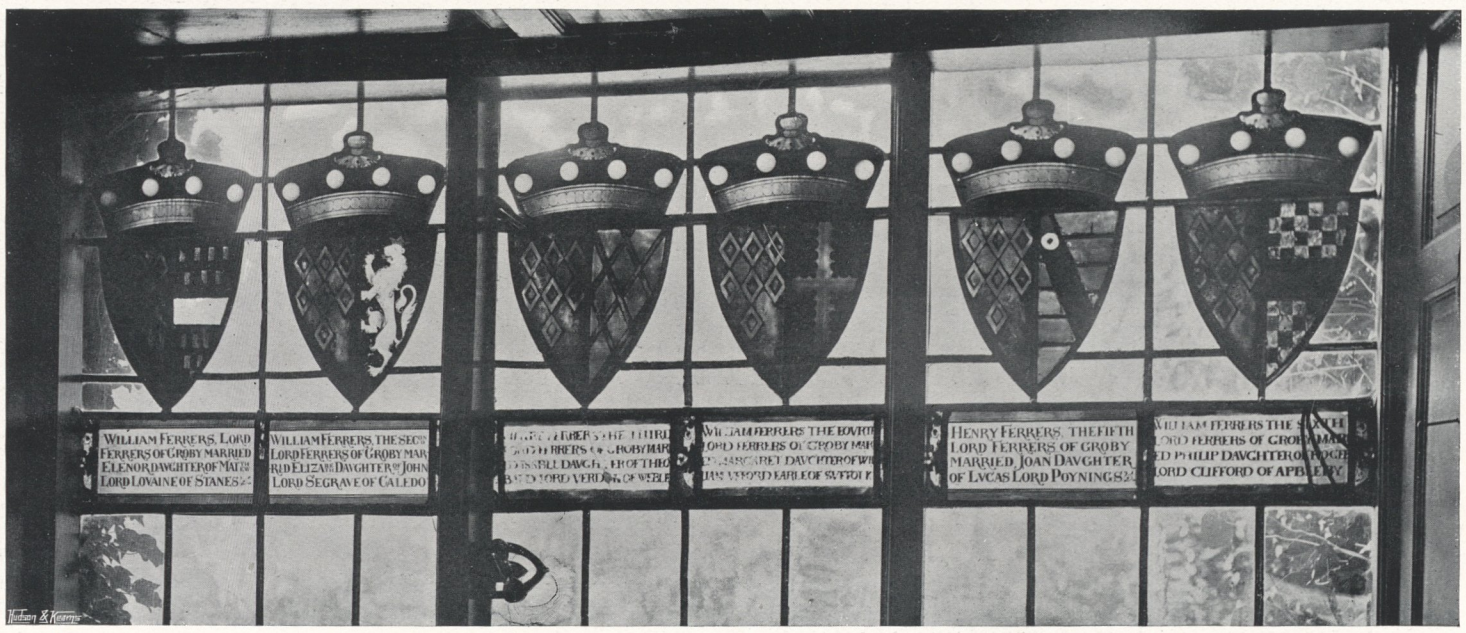
WINDOWS IN THE HALL (LEFT SIDE).

Edward Ferrers and his son Henry could have had small love for the Parliament whose officers plundered the household. A manuscript quoted by the Rev. Henry Norris of Tamworth, in an excellent monograph on Baddesley Clinton, recites and appraises the losses, telling how a bright bay and a grey were led away by a troop of horse, one of them with its rich plush saddle trimmed round about the skirts with a gold lace and a gold fringe, and how at the same time arms and armour, gunpowder and ready cash from a desk, a Geneva Bible and the linen from the drying-room were carried off by Hawksworth's troopers. But the household stayed out the storm, and the restoration of King Charles saw the Ferrers family still safe at home upon their lessening estate, to which they could add little in those centuries of ruinous fines and heavy disabilities to those of their faith; for the chief boast of the lords of Baddesley has long been their fidelity to the Roman church, whose priests have often ministered in these walls at the risk of life and liberty.



THE CENTRE WINDOW.

The nineteenth century saw Marmion Edward Ferrers, the last squire of the line, living at Baddesley a life which made of his old house and park a grave hermitage for one who escaped therein all the insistence of modern life. His picture, painted by his wife, shows



WINDOWS IN THE HALL (RIGHT SIDE).

a figure which might well be mistaken for that of his ancestor, the unwilling host of the Parliament's raiders, a figure to which the painted moat and walls make a fitting background. The likeness of his faithful friend Captain Dering, who saved Baddesley from passing away for ever from the name of Ferrers, must be set beside it, a second of these recluses clad in velvet breeches and buckled shoes, the dress commonly worn by them in their retreat. The moat is crossed by a brick bridge of two arches, by which the house is entered through an archway under an embattled tower, whose details seem to show that its upper part was rebuilt early in the seventeenth century by



A RECESS IN THE HALL.

Henry Ferrers, who, within and without, so largely renewed the old home of the mediæval Bromes. Two of our illustrations give a view of the ancient door, studded with iron bolts, which keeps the house at the inner end of the bridge. The buildings without the bridge, and topped with a weather-vane and clock, are the stables.

The house within the bounds of the moat runs on three sides of a quadrangle, enclosing a pleasant garden with brick paths running between close-mown turf and clipped yew bushes. Our picture of this inner court shows much of the restoration and building work made by the late Captain Dering. On the north-western side the garden is bounded by the low



THE STATE CHAMBER.

wall over which the bushes thrust themselves towards the water of the moat. The old house is rich in panelled rooms, with mantel-pieces of carved work The great hall, lying on the left as the courtyard is entered, is no longer of mediæval proportions rising to the roof, but is a single-storeyed rearrangement of Henry Ferrers, to whom we must owe the noble stone fireplace, with the arms of Ferrers quartering Brome of Baddesley (three sprigs of broom on a cheveron), Hampden and White. The work, which is of the first James's time, is a fine example of late strapwork with good Renaissance scrolls in frieze and pilasters. The fire-dogs of cast-iron on the open hearth will be remarked, and among other furniture in the room the chest with drawers having elaborately shaped and much-raised panels and ivory inlay. The archway in the centre of the deep drawer is copied from Indian cabinets, and that and the inlay mark the date as about the middle of the seventeenth century, when there was great vogue for these features. It stands under the portrait of a cavalier of the house of Dering. Beside this chest begins the long series of shields of the alliances of the house of Ferrers, some of which are illustrated by us—a series beginning with the arms of the six horseshoes attributed to Henry Ferrers, who came in at the Conquest before shields of arms began among us, and ending with three shields set up by Mrs. Dering to commemorate the last Edward Ferrers and Marmion Ferrers his son, and Edward Heneage Dering, her second husband. The great fireplace in the dining-room is decorated with a carved wooden panel of the arms of Ferrers of the Groby line, being those of their ancestors the Quenci Earls of Winchester. The drawing-room fireplace has the same arms quartered with White of South Warnborough, commemorating the match of Henry Ferrers the antiquary with Jane White, in 1582, and the fireplace of the state bed-chamber has Ferrers quartering Hampden with a scutcheon of the arms of White.

The decorations within the house show that three periods may be reckoned with for the chief dates in its history. The shell is that of the ancient home of the Bromes of Baddesley as it came to the house of Ferrers; but it is evident that, especially within doors, money and work were spent freely in the days of Henry the antiquary and of his son Edward Ferrers, and we class our illustrations with early seventeenth century work. Last of all, we have the black and white timber-work and other rebuildings, designed by Captain Dering, which are in admirable keeping with the ancient work around them.

That the calm graces and ancient peace of Baddesley Clinton may ever gain for the house those who will maintain it in all its beauty of to-day, must be the wish of all who have been happy enough to cross the bridgeway of this noble old hall.



THE ENTRANCE.