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MR. JUSTICE WRIGHT AT HOME.

The "Celebrity at Home" in the *World* this week is Mr. Justice Wright at Headley Park. We quote the article at length:—

"The borderland of the counties of Hants and Surrey is confessedly one of the most picturesque, salubrious, and exhilarating districts in the realm of England. To these should, indeed, be added the county of Sussex, for there is a point crossed by the South-Western Railway a mile or so beyond Haslemere where the three counties seem almost to mingle, and the wayfarer is uncertain for a considerable space in which of them he is travelling. A radius of some ten miles from Shottermill would include every variety of sylvan scenery—wood and forest, stream and river, heath and common, town, village, and hamlet, such as might fairly be matched against any similar patch of country in the three kingdoms. Above all, it would include the famous beauties of Hindhead, with its magnificent prospects and glorious heritage of the finest air in the world; so, at least, declared poor John Tyndall, whose pretty house still crowns the hill, though its illustrious tenant has departed. So think many others of the brain-workers in the great roaring loom of London, who have annexed and appropriated, bit by bit, the road and lane sides of Hindhead, until they begin to bear something of the aspect of a fashionable suburb. But though a little cockneyfied, you cannot spoil Hindhead, nor the lovely region of which it is the centre and beacon. It would seem as if the men of the law find a special attraction hereabouts and in the recuperative properties of its ozone-bearing atmosphere. Within the radius which we have suggested above stands, on the Hampshire side, Blackdown, the seat of Lord Selborne; Forest Mere, lately brought to the hammer, the delightful home of the late Lord Justice Cotton; Bramshott Grange, where lived and died the beloved and lovable Chief Justice Erle; almost the next house to Tyndall's is the 'Cottage' of Sir Frederick Pollock (the third); Sir Robert Hunter lives just on the other side of Haslemere, and at no distance from the country home of Lord Davey at Fernhurst; while it was Sir Richard Webster, himself a resident in the vicinity, who introduced the then Junior Counsel to the Treasury (Mr. R. S. Wright) to its beauties some dozen years ago, and persuaded him (in the words of Charles Lamb) 'to benedictize himself' at Headley Park.

"The house is placed with its back immediately on one of the country lanes that seem, mazelike, to encircle the village of Headley. The high banks and hedges, with the extraordinary length, narrowness, and intricacy of these Hampshire lanes, are, it may be noted, usually considered to be characteristic more particularly of Devonshire than of a Home county. It is not until, by a circuitous route, you arrive at the front door that you perceive how admirably the house is placed for a full enjoyment of the sylvan landscape. It is almost entirely new. There stands, indeed, at one end the corner of the plain and

simple edifice, clustered over with chimneys, which sufficed in the main for the modest requirements of a half forgotten Judge of the last generation, Sir Henry Singer Keating; and three of the rooms on his ground-floor, now thrown into one, form a fairly good-sized dining-room for his successor at Headley and in the High Court of Justice. The rest of the red-brick house is wholly of the devising of its present owner, who employed no architect, and who has grappled so successfully with the difficulties of the situation as to suggest either that he has mistaken his true vocation, or that architecture, whether it be an art or not, at all events lags superior as a distinct profession. The long tall gables, the broad latticed windows; the white facings to the red brick are none the less attractive because you cannot affix a 'style' to them; and even that distinguished authority, Mr. J. H. Christian (writing of a pleasant house hard by is denominated, suitably enough for the owner of so Bunyan-like a name, 'The Land of Nod'), would not question the stability, not to say the solidity, of the house. Sir Robert Wright confesses his obligation to Mr. Colecutt, the architect, in the matters of the interior panelling and the chimney stacks; of the rest his boast, for good or ill, is, 'Alone I did it.'

"It is not a very easy matter to find 'the Judge' at home in Hampshire upon any lawful day during term-time, though it would appear that he counts the labouring hours between his departure early on Monday morning and his return on Saturday. These 'week-ends' are as glimpses of the promised land, possession of which is only fully entered upon when the Courts rise for the Long Vacation. The interim is, however, not wholly intolerable, for it is passed in a pleasant house a few steps out of the 'celebrated eminence' of St. James's-street, a house which was formerly a famous 'hell'; and its present tenant is the proud possessor of the identical chain formerly called into requisition upon the arrival of the 'minions of the law.' But it is easy to see that his heart is at Headley, for which fact the wonder is small. Not only has the building of his house and the planning of the grounds been the main occupation of his leisure for more than a decade, but here he has gathered together a not inconsiderable collection of treasures, artistic and literary, the spoils of many years' travel and research during his now dead-and-gone bachelor years. Across one corner of the capacious drawing-room stands a noble Italian-carved *cassone* in gold and red, which came from the *palazzo* of a Venetian admiral; fixed in the spaces of the walls ordinarily devoted to pictures are several delightful Florentine marble bas-reliefs of the *Cinque cento*, upon which their owner sets much store, though with becoming candour, too rare in a collector, he owns to a suspicion that he has been 'done' more than once by the vendors. The decorative qualities of these objects are, at all events, unquestionable, the more so as oil-paintings are unusually scarce at Headley. A fine work of Angelica Kauffmann stands, indeed, almost solitary; instead of pictorial art, that of the potter is evidently appreciated; and you are shown *inter alia*, several notable specimens of Italian *fabronce*, a really

beautiful plaque of Delia Robbia, representing the head of one of the Casars, and a fine old statuette in ancient terra-cotta of St. John the Baptist. The walls are covered with fine Spanish-stamped leather in crimson and gold, a very suitable background for the handsome cases which contain these delightful objects, and many others. A visitor would willingly linger before these, and over the large illustrated books (of which the *Collectanea Spitzzen*, in five folio volumes, may serve as example); but Sir Robert urges you afield, and you discover that it is neither as a lawyer nor a dilettante that he is anxious to hand down his name to posterity, but in the homelier capacity of a farmer; and that if he ever hopes to entitle himself to the gratitude of his countrymen, it is as a planter and forester—one, he says, who has made two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

"As you ramble through copse and grove, fir and pine 'hanger,' you perceive that your host has in him the making of a second White of Selborne, had the fates so willed it. Not without reason, and not without excellent effect, has he given his own personal supervision and loving care to every rood of land on the property. It was, he tells you, 'formerly'—that is to say in the time of Charles I.—the appanage of the Brocas family, an old Hampshire race whose story has been written by Professor Montagu Burrows. 'The Judge' has now their title-deeds as well as their lands, and those, too, of the Fauntleroy's, a family of which the notorious forger was a member, who came after them. A very fine house stood on the land: it fell into decay, and was pulled down eighty or ninety years ago, the dwellers in it subsequently inhabiting the cottage which is now part of the residence. There are some of the oldest and finest Scotch pines in England to be found upon it; in fact the 'twelve apostles,' as a row of just a dozen of them was called, though only two or three now remain, were planted at the same time as the celebrated specimens at Bramshill, in the days of James I., when they were first introduced to the Southrons. The bracken, which strikes you as perhaps the finest you have seen, grows here to the quite exceptional height of thirteen feet. Sir Robert, however, not unnaturally takes more proper pride in a fine field of hops, trellised and trained in all the luxuriance of their beauty, which, if this year's price range with last year's, will bring him a hundred pounds per acre, for they are the finest in the district. A huge brick building in an adjoining field, which you at first imagine to be a tower, is a new kiln, in course of erection on the most approved principles, for the drying of them; it is, declares the 'farmer,' the only crop that pays nowadays. On your way you have inspected what is known (in the family) as Lady Wright's farm (the acreage we will not disclose); upon it she pays to 'the farmer' not only rent, but rates, tithes, taxes, and other outgoings, a complete balance-sheet being made concerning it. In all, Sir Robert's farming operations extend over about one hundred and forty acres; these are not only in his own hands, in the ordinary sense of the word, but in very deed, for he

keeps no bailiff. He has contrived a scheme of profit-sharing with his labourers, by which they divide the wages of that superseded functionary. Every week, when he is in residence at Headley, he holds a parliament, or palaver with them, and arrangements are made for the ensuing seven days. For the present, 'not to force the pace,' he reserves a right of veto in regard of these. You may walk, he tells you, changing the topic as he 'lays on' a fresh pipe, ten miles in a line from his front door over heather alone; but before undertaking that delightful enterprise you will probably prefer to see something of the gardens, to hear of the wonderful weed, in regard to which Sir Robert forecasts many startling possibilities; it is a species of Melilot, specimens of which are now in process of identification at Kew. Or you may learn something of the remarkable supply of pure water which, when there was a cry of "no water," Sir Robert procured owing to his own amateur knowledge of geology—'only a smattering,' he modestly declares—suggesting a possible source from which at this moment upwards of one hundred thousand gallons spring daily, 'enough to supply all Aldershot, but not London, though that may come in time.' This now goes mostly to waste in the lake—termed, preferably, the pond—on which float many exquisite water-lilies, not to mention a group of handsome Canadian-geese, grebes, coots, and varieties of wild duck; the Canadians affably entering into conversation with their proprietor, after their manner, as

he 'voices' to them in their vernacular from the edge of the lake. Next you are introduced to a pair of Russian ravens, very fine and large, 'Ravenna' and 'Marco,' their owner's pride; and are permitted to penetrate the secret of the snare by which some fourteen large rats were secured a day or two before your arrival. Everywhere animal life abounds, and none of it is allowed to be forfeited in the name of 'sport'; though occasionally the genius of the criminal law is vindicated by such summary procedure as that dealt out to the rats. Myriads of rabbits start and fly and burrow almost at your feet; foxes emerge and sport about in front of you; otters, squirrels, stoats, moles, green-woodpeckers abound; there is a plentiful supply of game in the fields and of fish in the ponds, as well as in the eastern branch of the Wey, which flows through them; but it is truly a five-hundred-acre Paradise of living things, who are never interfered with. Once a year, with his neighbours, Sir Robert has a *battue* of rabbits, when some couple of thousand or more are killed—a necessary measure of 'police.' As a sportsman, the judge has, however, had his day, for when he was fellow of Oriel, and managing certain of the College property, he was a keen shot.

By an easy transition, at the mention of the word 'Oriel' your thoughts turn to the Oxford days of your many-sided host, and you hear something, though it is little enough, of the labours and triumphs of the days when 'Wright of Balliol' practically swept the board of almost all the scholarships and prizes that were worth the having. The son of a West-country clergyman, he had gone up with a

Balliol scholarship, and had passed through a career at the University of extraordinary brilliancy. It would not, perhaps, be in place to catalogue his victories, but he admits, quite casually, that the Craven scholarship, the Latin Verse and the English Essay prizes and the Arnold prize for History fell 'somehow' to him. The 'Ireland' escaped him; for on the examination-day he was in a high fever, a disappointment which was not without its compensations, for during his illness 'the Master' never missed a day in his visits to the bedside of one of his favourite and most distinguished pupils. A fellowship at Oriel and a call to the Bar followed in turn; for some time Wright 'devilled' for the Attorney-General, and enjoyed one of the first practices at the 'outer' Bar. Like Blackburn, Hannen, Mathew, and several other Judges of our own day, he was, with general approval, elevated to the Bench without ever wearing a silk gown. In the year of his promotion he married one of the daughters of the late Prebendary Chermiside, vicar of the well-known Byzantine church at Wilton; a union already blessed with a son, Master 'Jack' whose perambulator is a favourite object of interest at Headley. Within the last month Sir Robert has been appointed to a seat on the governing body of Winchester College; and at an even later date has been elected by his neighbours to the Chairmanship of the District Council. Some fifteen months ago Headley Park obtained some public prominence from the fact that, while on a visit to his old pupil, the Master of Balliol passed away beneath its hospitable roof. Many other eminent legal and social luminaries have shared with him the hospitalities of Sir Robert and Lady Wright. The Judge, although one of the juniors of the High Court, has already made his mark. He is not regarded as one of the professed humourists of the Bench; a chorus of laughter is not an invariable sequence of his observations, yet there as in his home, a 'gay wisdom,' a lively sense of the incongruous, a playful irony, an occasional leaning towards paradox, are among his most delightful characteristics."

HEADLEY RECTORY.

—In the "Institutions to Livings in the County of Southampton," "Hedley, R., William Cope. 30 June, 1626," is, in some way, not exact. Mr. William Cox read himself in on October 2nd and 9th, 1597, and was still rector in 1629, as appears by an entry concerning money left to the parish. He had children baptised 29th August, 1602, and 29th Jan., 1603 (old style). Mrs. Cox was buried Sept. 18th, 1606. "Cope" is, no doubt, a mistake in transcription, the old English long-tailed *x* having been read as *pe*; but the date of institution, "30th June, 1626," is difficult to understand. "Per me, Albericam Thompson," an entry in the registers, corroborates the "Averie Tomson" of the *Observer*.
—W. H. L.

A few weeks ago a genteel woman, about 25 years of age, applied to a Farmer a Broom-maker, near Hadleigh in Hants for lodging, telling him that she was the daughter of a Nobleman, and forced from her father's house by his ill treatment. Her manner of relating the story so affected the Farmer, that he took her in and kindly entertained her. In the course of conversation, she artfully let drop that she had a fortune of 90,000l. of which she should be possessed as soon as her friend in London knew where she was. After some delay, she told the Farmer, that the best return in her power for his favours, would be to marry his son Thomas (a lad of about 18) if it were agreeable to him. The poor old man was overjoyed at the proposal, and in a short time they were married; after which he informed her father-in-law she had great interest at court, and if he could for the present raise money to equip them in a genteel manner, she could procure a Colonel's Commission for her husband. The credulous Farmer thereupon mortgaged his little estate for 100l. and every thing necessary being bought for the new-married couple, they took the rest of the money and set out for London, accompanied by three of the Farmer's friends, and got to the Bear Inn in the Borough on Christmas Eve, where they lived for about ten days in an expensive manner; and the woman in a coach every morning to St. James's end of the town, on pretence of soliciting for her husband's commission, and to obtain her fortune: But it was at length discovered that the woman was an impostor; and the poor country people were obliged to sell their houses by auction, towards defraying the expence of the Inn, before they could get out on their turn home, which they did on foot last Saturday morning. Before the fatal discovery, the company were greatly pleased with the woman's behaviour, as she was not only very sprightly and engaging in conversation, but sung and played on the guitar to perfection. By the description given, she is supposed to be the same woman who has for near two years past obtained money, by imposing on the credulity and credulity of different persons in town and country. Dec. 1764

Address (in full)

Mr. URBAN, M. Temple, May 14, 1816.
SIR Thomas Gatchouse, p. 321, was a person of considerable note. He married Anna-Maria, daughter and co-heiress of William Huggins, esq. of Headley Park, Hants; and on the death of that gentleman in 1761 succeeded, in right of his wife, to the possession of that pleasant residence, and to a moiety of Mr. Huggins's property. Sir Thomas is said (in Mr. Manning's History of Surrey, vol. I. p. 60), to have been delineated by Smollett, in his "Humphrey Clinker," under the name of Sir Thomas Bulford. I know not when he died; but any of your Correspondents in the neighbourhood of Guildford can inform you. (His wife died Dec. 18, 1793, aged 69.)—The Library of Sir Thomas Gatchouse, including that of his father-in-law Mr. Huggins (the translator of the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto), was sold by Mr. Russell, of Guildford; I forget in what year.

By the way, was the *Orlando Furioso* of Mr. Huggins actually published, and when? or was it left in MS.? His father, John Huggins, esq. was formerly Warden of the Fleet, and lived to a great age. When did the father die?
CARADOC.

Source of Headley
by Charles H Beck FSSe London
4 to vol
Photographs of:
1 The Wey at Stoodford
11 All Saints Ch Headley
3 The Hangar
4 Woodmen Pond
5 A Headley Lake
6 Wagners Wells
in collection of Rev S Wilson
letter press engraved

In Hampshire Periodicals extracted from
5 Nov. then Daily Mail there is No 33 contains
account of Headley & Grayshott with an engraving from a photo of Headley Church
I have extracts from above

Lombard Street, London, E.C., together with the sum payable on appl