



MR. PERCY WHITE.

most. She is a good comrade for young or for old, for all sorts and conditions of men.

A writer in a recent number of the *London Sphere* made merry over the discovery that Charles Brandon, the gallant lover of Mary Tudor in *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, was less of a gallant knight and hero and more of a rascal and a bit of a domestic blackguard. The writer wondered whether the author was aware of the true character of his hero. There is very little doubt that Mr. Major knew all about Charles Brandon; it served his purpose to take such facts from history as were consistent with the making of a good love story, and there it ends. Mr. Major was not concerned with Brandon's history, either antecedent or subsequent to the events narrated in his novel. We wonder, however, whether Mr. Major or his critic is aware of the interesting fact that the duke and his royal spouse used to walk through the park, beautifully timbered with portions of the old Forest of Arden, which was to become famous in *Scenes of Clerical Life*. For "Cheverel Manor" in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story* is the Italianised architectural pile known as Arbury Hall in Warwickshire, once the seat of Augustinian monks and the home of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor after they were married.

Arbury Hall and the estates, covering three hundred acres, and well stocked with deer, were sold by the heirs of Charles Brandon to

#### Arbury Hall.

Sir Edmund Anderson, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who demolished the old monkish house, and reared upon its ruins "a faire structure of quadrangular form." But this stern adherent of Protestantism in Good Queen Bess's reign seems to have still been haunted with monastic memories; for shortly after the building was completed he wished himself well out of it, and succeeded in exchanging it for the Manor of Harefield in Middlesex, where the Newdegate family had been settled since the days of Edward III. Arbury Hall thus became the seat of this old family, who subsequently spelled the name Newdigate

About the year 1770, Sir Roger Newdigate, to whom the estates had descended, returned from "the grand tour" and set about remodelling the unsightly ancestral Hall into the "Cheverel Manor" of to-day. On the estate was employed



MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

a young man of trustworthy character and excellent craftsmanship, who became Sir Roger's confidential servant, and whose name was William Evans. William had a younger brother, Robert, who in 1799 became the steward and land agent of the young squire, Francis Newdigate, when the latter took possession of a large estate at Kirk Hallam in Derbyshire. This Robert Evans it was who in 1819 became the father of the future George Eliot; and when the novelist came to write *Adam Bede*, it was the intimacy between her father and the young squire which suggested the friendship between Arthur Donnithorne and Adam.

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The curious and archæological minded will find in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story* a most intimate and minutely accurate description of the

George Eliot  
and "Cheverel  
Manor."

Hall, with which George Eliot from childhood was daily familiar. And in Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel they will discern the portraits of Sir Roger and Lady Newdigate most sympatheti-



RONALD MACDONALD.

cally limned and void of all offence. An earlier attempt to use the fine old character of the baronet may also be recognised in Squire Oldinport, who appears in *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton*. Griff House, to which George Eliot was taken to live while yet an infant, is a large brick building, overlooking "Cheverel Manor." Sir Roger was a contemporary and an intimate friend of Sir Horace Walpole.

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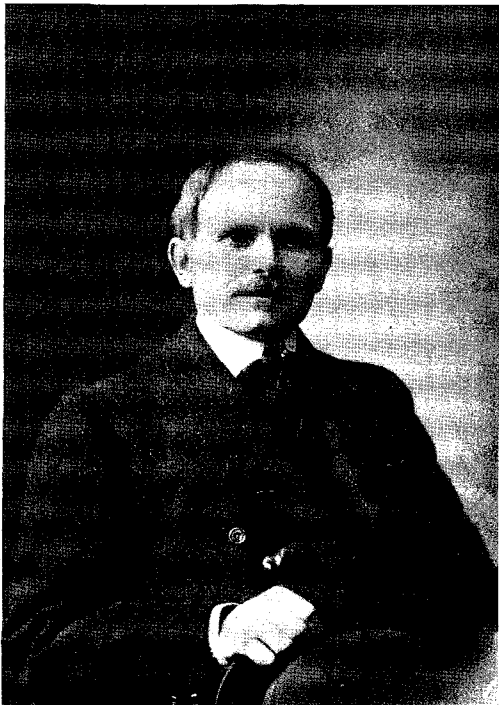
Mr. Percy White, whose excellent novel, *The West End*, is reviewed on another page of this number of THE BOOK-MAN, was born in London in 1852. He was professor of the English language and literature in a French college for a time, afterward becoming a private instructor. Mr. White turned to journalism in 1880, and for ten years was editor of *Public Opinion*. He is well known in London as a contributor to the various reviews and magazines. His first novel, *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, was published in 1883, and, like *The West End*, shows the author's satirical turn of mind.

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A very interesting figure passed away with the death some little time ago of Michael Cavanagh, the Gaelic scholar and poet. Mr.

The Late Michael  
Cavanagh.

Cavanagh was seventy-three years of age at the time of his death. He was born in Cappaguin, County Waterford, Ireland. He was just entering manhood when the rebellion of 1848 broke out, and he became so deeply implicated in that struggle that after its collapse he was obliged to make his escape to the



FREDERICK BURR OPPER.