

# FOLLIES

The International Magazine for Follies, Grottoes and Garden Buildings

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Winter 1998



JANŮV HIRAD, SHAM RUINED CASTLE, LEDNICE. PHOTOGRAPH BY PIETER BOOGAART



AROUND THE REGIONS  
STUDLEY ROYAL—PART II  
GAZETTEER FOR OXFORDSHIRE  
TEMPLE OF HEROES



# FOLLIES

The International Magazine for Follies,  
Grottoes and Garden Buildings  
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## The Folly Fellowship

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## THE FOLLY FELLOWSHIP

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## EDITORIAL

As the storm clouds gather, forecasters tell of snow, and the freezing weather grips the land. Yes, Winter's here again (if you're somewhere where it's gorgeously warm and with a beach, please send the Editor an invite). So how did our Tenth Anniversary year fair? Well, it all culminated in our symposium at Studley Royal/Fountains Abbey, where we had a packed house. All I can say is that the guest speakers covered such a varied range of subjects that it would be unfair, and impossible to single any one out, but our thanks extend to everyone, especially to all of you who made the effort to battle through the motorways to get there.

With well serviced cars, I know that one or two of our members have made it to every single event this year—quite an accomplishment when you consider that we have held events in North Wales, North Devon, Northamptonshire, North Yorkshire, (not so north) Surrey, and of course north of the border to Scotland. It seems fitting, therefore, to dedicate an issue to follies and report-outs for the various regions. Thanks to all the Regional Secretaries, past, present and new, for all their hard work in amusing, entertaining, and generally welcoming the membership at their events.

Now to business... In *The Times* (Aug 12), Marcus Binney ventured into the great debate over the future of Croome Court, and

specifically the involvement of the National Trust in failing to buy the house, which it had the opportunity to do so for less than £1 million at the time that it took on the 'Capability' Brown park. The focus of this attention is a planning application from new owners Montagne Limited to convert the attached outbuildings to fifteen cottages while the mansion itself will remain empty and vulnerable. "The more serious question is whether the National Trust is still a major player in the battle for great endangered houses... In the past decade the Trust's role in a number of key country house battles has not proved helpful. With Elizabethan Pitchford Hall it demanded an altogether excessive endowment, leaving it to Jocelyn Stevens at English Heritage to make a last-minute rescue bid, notoriously rejected by the then new Heritage department." As any visitor to Croome will tell you—before or after the NT's involvement—the house is as much an integral feature to Brown's landscape as the follies and garden features are. Why, then, should they be separated and put at so much risk now?

The future of Wentworth Woodhouse, the magnificent Palladian mansion near Rotherham, is equally in the balance because of financial problems facing its recluse owner Wensley Haydon-Baillie. With its 600-ft façade, said to be the longest of any European mansion, the house was bought in 1989 by Mr. Haydon-Baillie who arrived full of good intentions to restore it. It is reported that "the plasterwork is crumbling, paint is peeling of the walls and the roof is leaking", but no mention of the condition of the superb rotunda that is contained within the house grounds. The once multi-millionaire has applied to enter voluntary insolvency, faced with debts totalling almost £16 million.

### OLD & NEW MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

Due to lack of time—which none of us ever seem to have enough of—and other commitments, Peter Dane has reluctantly had to give up the position of Membership Secretary. We would like to thank Peter (and his wife, Sheila, for her understanding) for all his hard work and commitment in this role.

We are pleased to announce that Ann & Malcolm Hole have emerged from their pristine green Land Rover (don't ask me how they manage to keep it so clean) and joined at the hip, to take on the singular role of Membership Secretary as a couple. If the Royal Family can have their William and Mary then the Folly Fellowship can have its Malcolm & Ann. The Membership Secretary, 7 St. Catherine's Way, FAREHAM, Hampshire PO16 8RL  
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# Cannonballs & Things

GWYN HEADLEY

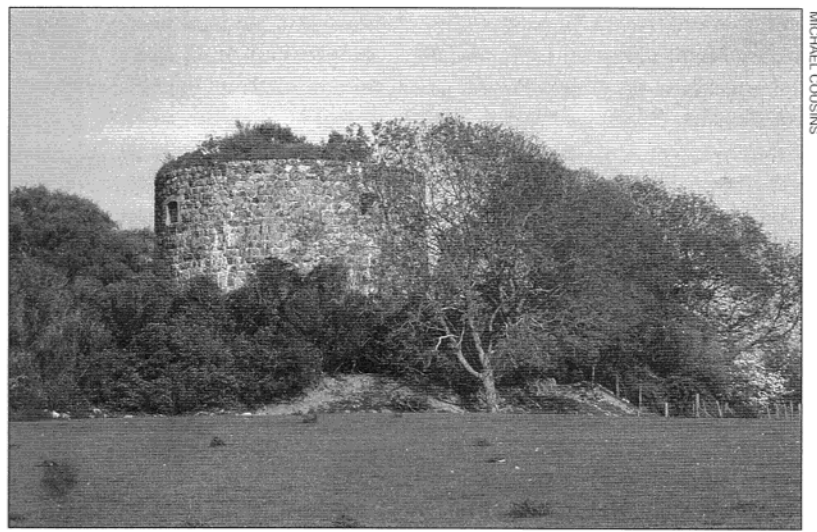
Get me a 944 word report on the Welsh region by Friday or you're for the pillory," screamed the e-mail from your esteemed Editor. Now, having been privileged in the past to sneak a glance at said Ed's collection of (hopefully) literary works on instruments of persuasion, a library only surpassed in Britain in its range and gut-wrenching horror by that of our Honorable Secretary, I have little doubt that by now he has managed to acquire at least one of these devices and very probably a selection of others, suitable for both domestic and committee use. Not wishing to fleck the quality craftsmanship and finish of one of Mr. Cousins's unusual devices with good Celtic blood, I rapidly agreed to submit a piece.

Now Folly Fellowship Committee meetings are strange and wonderful events. In the main they are conducted in genial good humour, leavened by the occasional spat of humanity. Just such a one was held in the ancient Welsh capital of Harlech a year ago, when the idea of a symposium to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Folly Fellowship was mooted. The spat was mine, I confess. "This is a great idea," I boomed. "Just as long as we don't hold it in October, or at Studley Royal." Heads nodded in agreement all round the table, and I could see people carefully writing down 'October' and 'Studley Royal' on their pads. I had my (selfish) reasons; October is always my busiest month of the year, dominated by the huge Frankfurt Book Fair (I am the only estate agent to have a stand) and all its preparation and follow-up (which at the time of writing I still haven't done. Sorry, Mr. Bertelsmann). Studley Royal is perhaps the most visited National Trust garden, and I've always held the view that the Folly Fellowship should concentrate on gaining access for its members to sites which are not generally open to the public. But of course it was a humungous success, thanks to everybody else such as Jonathan Holt, Susan Kellerman, Karen Lynch and our wonderful panel of speakers, so my selfish whinge was even less relevant than usual.

Where was I? Wales! Ah yes, the Welsh Secretary's Report. Well, it's still there, Wales that is, and still as wet and as unsophisticated and as achingly beautiful as ever. But then I'm from the north west, a Gog to my hwntw (outsider) friends. Inevitably the first outings I've arranged for the Folly Fellowship have been in my patch, although we did do a trip to the astonishing Gnoll Park by Neath a year or two back, and Mark Newman from Studley Royal could do worse than look at how Steve Donovan has restored the cascade there, with reference to Studley's Valley of the Seven Bridges. But he knows this.

More recently we've had visits to Portmeirion and to Glynllifon Park, formerly the home of the Lords Newborough. This was a stunner, and anyone who missed it should deliver themselves forthwith to Mr. Cousins or Lord Plum, for a session on one of their *apparati*. The sun shone, as it always does in north-west Wales, the company was convivial and the follies fabulous. The highlight was getting into the circular Newborough Mausoleum, a structure so huge and embedded into the landscape that it looks more Chaldean than Celtic. Work was abandoned in the 1830s and it never served as a tomb. The wonderful guides at Glynllifon, stumbling over the unfamiliar English language, opened it up for us and we climbed its echoing staircase up through vast, hollow, empty chambers to the top of the building, more like a meadow than a roof, with a small grove in the north east quadrant and views to heaven.

The 7th Baron Newborough died this October, and I am delighted to see that he carried on the mildly eccentric tradition of his ances-



MICHAEL COUSINS

THE NEWBOROUGH MAUSOLEUM

tors. One of them had built some small forts along the Menai Straits to guard against the French invasion, whenever it was expected, and when one day in 1969 Lord Snowdon took a day off from stage-managing the Investiture of the Prince of Wales at Caernarfon to race his yacht up and down the straits, he was greatly perturbed when a large cannonball shaved his bow. Enraged, he changed tack and headed for shore to confront the perpetrator, to discover a faintly embarrassed Baron Newborough. "You nearly killed us out there," shouted Snowdon. "Well, I didn't know it was you," Newborough responded petulantly.

This wonderful character has now gone to the Great Cannon in the Sky, or rather gone to the sky as the Great Cannonball. In memory of his exploits at Fort Belan (obviously he didn't learn from his brush with Snowdon, as in 1976 he was fined £25 for bringing down the sails of a yacht in the Menai with a cannonball) his funeral on October 27 consisted of his ashes being fired from a cannon on his estate at Rhug. His son Robert Wynn recalled another happy habit reserved particularly for folly hunters. "There's a folly in the park where father would direct guests to go and see a mythical couple, Mr. & Mrs. Jones. Ringing the doorbell would activate a bucket of water, dousing the poor visitor." Well ho-bloody-ho. Cannonballs I can understand, but buckets of water? Clearly the man was a sadist.

Which reminds me—I have one of the Editor's own instruments of torture in my dungeon here at home: a Fender Telecaster with a 100 watt Marshall amp. Please don't rush to pick it up, Michael; I'm still working with Iron Maiden.

## Old Glory Deserves New Attention

RITA BOOGAART

Although the Folly Fellowship's regional secretary for the Continent spends lots of time in the home of follydom, England, he also tries to explore his own territory. He got some continental members interested in filing data on follies and garden buildings in their home countries of France, Germany and Italy. And he travels with me as his companion and note-taker to find and see for himself whatever seems interesting in our field.

Last May we made a trip to the Wörlitz area for obvious reasons. But we went beyond that into the Czech Republic. This is new territory for the FF that is developing rapidly as we could gather from the growing information streams to our annual national Travel Fair. Only four years ago the Czech stand there did not have any information about

castles and gardens, let alone follies. But last year visiting castles became fashionable, and this year they even provided us with full colour leaflets about one particular park, recommended for its exceptional follies. Off we go. When you study all their tourist information brochures en route you can even find other English gardens mentioned with the possibility of more discoveries. And yes, we were lucky.

First we visited the park of Sychrov Castle. The castle was purchased in 1820 by the French prince Charles Alain de Rohan escaping the French Revolution. He laid out the garden in renaissance manner with a *patte d'oie* from the house. This scheme was softened in the romantic manner by his successor and nephew Camillo Rohan. He redecorated the castle to its present neo-gothick appearance, and added most of the garden buildings to a design by Joseph Pruvot. The **eye-catcher** on the right was first a lodge, and behind that was the village church. The main vista shows the late-classicist façade of the **orangery** (1852), mirrored in a pond. Near its corner is a neo-gothic **water-tower** of 1833, needed for the water supply of the dry grounds. The best new feature of the garden, now just outside the perimeters, is **Arthur's Castle**, a neo-Gothic sham ruin castle gate of 1873—the adjoining **hermitage** has mostly gone. A **rustic cottage** and a **Swiss house** for tenants as well as a Chinese garden were modelled to European fashion, but are now in a sad condition. A rather formal viewing platform for Rudolf near a stone tree-shaped rustic handpump was the last addition (1884). Camillo Rohan initiated the Bohemian Society for Promoting the Garden Trade in 1843 and was a keen plant collector and nurseryman under the guidance of his Czech garden director Vojtech Masek. The present managers, therefore, consider the park at Sychrov as a no less outstanding historical relic than the castle and its collections.

We did not visit the nearby *jardin imaginaire* in Vrchy, Kacanovy. Here Vojtech Kopic sculpted the sandstone cliff faces near his farm into reliefs and shapes—judging from pictures it is very similar to parts of the Palais Idéal in Hauterives, France. Neither did we visit the Park of Cibulka Castle in a Prague suburb, now a public park. This was initiated by Bishop Thun in the early-nineteenth century on a rather rough and steep wooded site. The main feature here is a large **sham ruined castle**, and scattered around are several smaller bits like a **hermitage**, cupolas and an underground room. All need urgent repairs.

We did go north of Prague where, along the river Vltava (Moldau), is the town of Veltrusy, frequented by prominent representatives of Bohemia's cultural life, such as painters and poets and the guests of the manor. That castle is a dark purple baroque-rococo summer palace of the Chotek family, built in stages during the eighteenth century, and surrounded by a large park. After a damaging flood in 1764 Johann Rudolf Chotek (1748-1824) restyled the park into an English landscape garden, using the advice and expertise of Europe's leading specialists, who were holding high positions at court at the time. Over the years it got dotted with follies—a mouthwatering list, all the usual types, of which now only seven survive, far apart but outstanding. The artificial **Cave with Ruin**, built after 1785, is probably the oldest structure, soon followed by the neo-gothic **Red Mill** of 1790, extended widely after 1840. The **Laudon Pavilion** (1792-7) is designed in the shape of a Palladian bridge with a built-in hidden sluice-gate over a canal. The outside is crumbling away, showing brickwork under the stucco, but the frescoes inside are remarkably well preserved, considering all the windows are gone. So are the stuccoes in the contemporary round Pavillion with Ionic colonade, the **Temple of Friends** of the Country and Gardens, an illustrious body preferring the peace of gardens to the turmoil of war. The **Doric Pavilion** of 1814 is just a large, plump square canopy in a clearing really. The position of the **Maria Theresa Pavilion** in the middle of a large lawn surrounded by woods is much more imposing. Built between 1811 and 1813 it is a classical



ABOVE: ARTHUR'S CASTLE, SYCHROV  
BELOW: THE LAUDON PAVILION, VELTRUSY



square open structure with a dome, corner columns with vases on top and balustrades at the sides, commemorating the visit of Empress Maria Theresa to the first Grand Fair of Goods manufactured in the Kingdom of Bohemia in 1754, organised on the estate by Rudolf Chotek, and the first in the world of this kind. The best folly in our opinion is, however, the **Sphinx and Egyptian Cabinet** of 1816-20, inspired by Napoleon's expedition to Egypt. Walking along a long lane one easily finds the sphinx at the side of the path on a pedestal, but

can only discover the Cabinet by going astray through the thickets where it hides under the road with its massive Egyptian pillars half unearthed, as in the drawings from Egypt. Stoop to conquer here.

The Bishop's Palace at Kroměříž (Kremsier) has several gardens, all national monuments now and open to the public. At some distance, the oldest one, the Flower Garden of 1665-75 by the Italian Filiberto Lucchese, is surrounded by a 223 metre long gallery and has a richly decorated octagon pavilion in the centre. The Undercastle Garden behind the palace is formal, Italianate. At the end of the eighteenth century a new extension of the gardens was added in the English landscape style with various follies such as a lofty fisherman's cottage and a Chinese Pavilion on an island, originally with moving Chinese manikins. In the 1830s several neo-classical structures designed by Antonín Arche were added, among them a monopteros, the Temple of Friendship, and the Pompeian Colonnade, a crescent with busts from Pompeii. Arche also built the half-timbered veterinary hospital and home for handicapped animals in the park, now a pet farm. The gardens are in the process of reconstruction. They have always been open to the public and are now regarded as vital for the urban life of Kroměříž and for many aspects of garden history, as well as providing the decor for films, music and a UNESCO symposium about gardens in 1977.

The crown on our trip was the Lednice-Valtice area. Only superlatives will do to describe it as the best and largest in that part of Europe (more than 200 square kilometres!). Lednice (Eisgrub) in Southern Moravia was already in the hands of the Liechtenstein family in the twelfth century. They were promoted to the rank of Princes of the Empire in 1608. Valtice (Felsberg) came later, but here another of the Liechtenstein's residences was built, the present one being the largest Baroque château. The whole area was developed as one man-made landscape from the seventeenth century, the swamps and lowlands made into a park with lakes, brooks, flood plains, flood forest and agricultural fields, cut by allées. In 1945 the Liechtensteins gave up, and the area became the border of Austria and Czechia. They left beautiful palaces in Moravia, but most importantly a cultured landscape with follies.

The present Lednice Palace was redecorated in Tudor Gothic style in 1848-58 by Georg Wingelmüller, who had travelled to England and Scotland to get the feel, and contains a forestry museum, a famous palm glasshouse and state rooms. In front is a formal garden, but at the back the park was converted into an English landscape garden after 1805, with a 34 hectare lake with fifteen islands, some of them with buildings, like the sham ruined aquaduct-cum-grotto, 1805-11, and bridges in between, unfortunately not accessible to the public now. At the very end the eye-catcher is an observation tower in Moorish style, the Minaret, towering over a platform on round arches with Moorish rooms on the first floor, and about 60 metres high, designed by Joseph Hardtmuth and built 1797-1802 in the then classical garden.

Joseph Hardtmuth, the successful inventor of the ordinary pencil among many other things, contributed several other buildings during his service until 1812 as architect of the Liechtensteins, and most of them are still intact. The best of them is Janohrad, a large sham ruined castle containing stables, kennels and one large hall, to be used for the hunters' banquet. It is a wedding hall now. Hardtmuth's New Court is a large farmyard with arcades round it and with a Rotunda as an eye-catcher to the house. The complex is now used for horse-breeding. Belvedere is another farm building for pheasant-breeding, where the central rotunda gave the name, but not much of a view.

Let us not bore you with obelisks, classical hunting lodges and little palaces, no matter how beautifully they stand out in the landscape, but concentrate on the more outrageous structures. Diana's Temple, designed 1810 by John Karl Engel, 24 metres wide on the highest spot in the wooded hunting grounds, is so well hidden that it is best seen from the air. It is also called Rendezvous, as the hunters gathered

there for their breakfast in the top room of this huge triumphal arch, shaped and decorated like a Roman original. Engel's temple of the Three Graces (1823-5) is in fact not more than a crescent colonnade, 50 metres across, with a small drawing room and two cottages behind it, named after the sculpture in the focal point.

In the middle of the woods the Hubert's Chapel of 1855 has no inner room but is an 18 metre high triangular neo-gothic open canopy in which the large statue of the saint hides its head. The Apollo Temple by Joseph Kornhäusel likewise has no room, but a viewing platform on top of a 24 metre wide niche with sculptures of Apollo in his sun-carriage and cupids with a lyre. The most impressive structure for size is a memorial to the father and two brothers of Johann I of Liechtenstein, built 1817-23. It is 55 by 6 metres, at 12 metres high, a Colonnade on Reist Hill, modelled on the Vienna Gloriette of Schönbrunn (1772-7). It is on the border between Austria and Czechia and its viewing platform has been used by the border police from 1945 till 1989. Since then we have been gradually allowed to get nearer to it, but restoration will still take some time. A beautiful spot for admiring this outstanding landscaped Lednice-Valtice area.

In 1996 the Ford Foundation Conservation Award for Europe gave the second prize to the Valtice-Lednice conservation and restoration project. The Lednice-Valtice Cultural Landscape was included in the World's Heritage List of UNESCO, "considering that the site is of outstanding universal value being a cultural landscape which is an exceptional example of the designed landscape that evolved in the Enlightenment and afterwards under the care of a single family, and because it succeeded in bringing together in harmony cultural monuments from successive periods and both indigenous and exotic elements to create an outstanding example of human creativity." World acclaim well deserved. At the moment UNESCO has no fewer than three projects there to develop the area. Field projects include planning for restoration and re-use, and on-site conservation training, both for landscaping, building, technology, gardening and environmental studies. UNESCO is also encouraging eco-tourism, developing information boards in several languages on site and is widening and hardening the paths through the wooded areas for better approach. Not all of the locals are in favour of the new developments, but tour operators already offer all-in holidays from the USA, with bicycles and directions to all the monuments; and new hotels advertise with the follies as their main attraction. We are sure that soon you can opt for a visit to this area with every tour to Prague and enjoy this part of the world as much as we did. We have advised the local hotels to give out instructions about the gears of the bicycles they lend you—we sorely needed them!

DIANA'S TEMPLE (RENDEZVOUS), LEDNICE PALACE



PETER BOOGART

## GAZETTEER: OXFORDSHIRE (OX)

- OX1 ABINGDON, Sham Ruin
- OX2 BLENHEIM, Column, Arch, Temples etc.
- OX3 BUCKLAND, Ice-house, Rotunda, Exedra & Rustic Boat-house
- OX4 CHIPPING NORTON, Mr. Bliss's Tweed Mill
- OX5 COKETHORPE, Fish House Mill
- OX6 COLESHILL, Strattenborough Castle Farm
- OX7 DITCHLEY PARK, Grotto & Temples
- OX8 FARINGDON, Lord Berners's Folly
- OX9 HENLEY DEER PARK, Mound
- OX10 HENLEY-ON-THAMES, Friar Park Grotto, Swiss Garden, Island Temple etc.
- OX11 HIGHMOOR, US Army Model House
- OX12 HOLTON, Folly Mound
- OX13 IPSDEN, Druid's Circle & Monument
- OX14 MAPLEDURHAM, Eye-catcher
- OX15 MIDDLETON STONEY, Gothic Barn & Gothic Lodge
- OX16 NUNENHAM COURTENAY, Carfax Conduit
- OX17 OXFORD, Cauldwell's Castle; Judge's Lodging House
- OX18 ROTHERFIELD GREYS, Chinese Bridge
- OX19 ROUSHAM, Eye-catcher, Chapel of the Mill & Rousham House Follies
- OX20 SHIPLAKE, Crowlsey Park Grotto
- OX21 STOKE ROW, Maharajah's Well
- OX22 STONOR PARK, Stone Circle
- OX23 WHEATLEY, Shotover Sham Façade, Temple & Obelisk
- OX24 WOODCOTE, 'The Folly'
- OX25 WOOLSTONE, Tower
- OX26 WROXTON, Eye-catcher, Obelisk, Dovecote & Cascade
- OX27 OXFORD, Headington Shark
- OX28 AYNHO, Temple & Eye-catcher
- OX29 SPELSBURY, Well Head
- OX30 BUCKNELL, Water Tower Arch (M40)
- OX31 STOKE LYNE, Foxhound Obelisk
- OX32 SHIRBURN CASTLE, Rotunda
- OX33 BRITWELL BALDWIN, David Hicks's Follies
- OX34 HENLEY-ON-THAMES, Temple House
- OX35 ABINGDON, Grotto
- OX36 BINSEY, Treacle Mine
- OX37 CARTERTON, Sham Dome
- OX38 CHALGROVE FIELD, Obelisk
- OX39 CHRISTMAS COMMON, Tower
- OX40 HENLEY-ON-THAMES, Wandering Obelisk
- OX41 HEYTHROP, Heythrop Park Grotto & Bathhouse
- OX42 LECHDALE, Thames Head Stone
- OX43 NUNEHAM PARK, Grotto
- OX44 OLD KIDLINGTON, Hampden Manor Tower-folly
- OX45 SANDFORD ST. MARTIN, Sandford Park Chinoiserie Summer-house
- OX46 SARSDEN, Temple, Repton Lodge & Cottage Orné
- OX47 SHIPSTON UNDER WYCHWOOD, Obelisk
- OX48 SOULDERN, Souldern Manor Temple & Pavilion
- OX49 STANTON ST. JOHN, Belvedere
- OX50 STEEPLE ASTON, West Grange; Orchard Lea Gazebo
- OX51 TACKLEY, Grotto, Pigeon House & Ice-house
- OX52 THAME, Castellated lodges
- OX53 WANTAGE, Church House Follies
- OX54 WHITCHURCH, The Baulk

## IN THE NEWS

### WHITE NANCY

According to the *Macclesfield Community News*, **White Nancy**, at Bollington in Cheshire, is to receive £68,000 for repairs and improvements, a project to mark the Millennium. White Nancy is a small white building on top of Kerridge Ridge, commemorating the Battle of Waterloo. In addition to work on the structure itself, the money will be spent on repairing nearby walls and fences that have fallen down, reinstating the eroded footpath leading up to the monument, and erecting a viewpoint indicator nearby. The work is to be undertaken by the Groundwork Trust.



THE ORANGERY, DAYLESFORD, BY JOHN DAVENPORT

### DAY AT DAYLESFORD

Thanks to a one-day-a-year opening under the National Gardens Scheme, Jonathan Holt visited Daylesford House near Stow-on-the-Wold on a typically murky day in July. Daylesford is a kind of sister house to Sezincote, a few miles away, having also been designed by Samuel Pepys Cockerell. The building of the house was ordered by Warren Hastings the first Governor-General of Bengal, and supposedly was one of the first in the Anglo-Indian style, though this is not apparent from the exterior. It has been suggested that Cockerell was responsible for the **orangery** of 1792, but Susan Morris discovered that it was in fact John Davenport who designed it along with the garden. Lady Carole Bamford believes the castellated wings and turrets were completed at the same time, despite having a 'tacked-on' look. Lady Bamford redesigned the interior layout in 1995, which contains some fine citrus and vine arches. Otherwise, Daylesford is folly free, though it has a very pretty dell with cute statues of cherubs carefully placed.

### BRIDGING THE GAP

One of William Adam's lesser known works has to be the **Parentwell Bridge** near Kinross. The bridge, built at the suggestion of Sir Walter Scott, actually goes nowhere—typically folly—and was built as a romantic monument on the spot where Lord Rothes of Leslie plotted to ambush Mary, Queen of Scots, and her husband-to-be, Lord Darnley, in 1565. There are three stone tablets on the bridge, the only account of this history, but the passage of time since it was built in 1838 have rendered them illegible, and the bridge itself in disrepair. Now a group of volunteers have plans to restore the bridge, and have copies of the tablets made so that future generations can read of the lovers' escape.

## BORDER CROSSING

And from the *Craven Herald*, all your questions over this ambiguity are now answered. "When is **Cowling Pinnacle** not Cowling Pinnacle? When it's in Sutton." It has always been believed that the border *twixt* the two villages was the wall dividing the land between the pinnacle and **Lund's Tower**. The maps, however, say different: the pinnacle is classed as being in Sutton. All clear so far? In 1994 the matter was brought to the attention of Cowling Parish Council when it was suggested that the boundaries could be changed by writing to the Parish **Boundary Commission**. For one reason or another, this was not done and only now are plans afoot to attempt to make the changes. If all this goes ahead, then quite a few of the village organisations may have to consider changing their letter-heads that feature the landmark.

## SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL

Outside the village of Birstwith, near Harrogate, Mr. Brennand has built a **small replica of the local church** in front of his house. The ground plan is built to scale, although Mr. Brennand cannot vouch for the accuracy of the height of the spire. The model is made of stone, has coloured glass windows, and is attractively landscaped, with gravel paths and small shrubs. Brass band music emanates from the interior of the church, and it is illuminated at night (the roof lifts off for access to the sound effects and lights).

Mr. Brennand's next project (already underway) is a scale model of the impressive **Scar House Dam**, in Nidderdale, complete with cascading water. It will be interesting to compare this with the **miniature of Angram Dam** (adjacent to Scar House) that has stood for the last twenty years in the front garden of a suburban house at East Morton, Keighley. This was carved in 1913 by the grandfather and great-grandfather of the present owner, when they were working on the construction of the dam, and presented to Bradford Corporation Water Board, where it remained until the 1970s. This miniature has no water effects, but displays beautiful craftsmanship.

## 'EYE EYE' IN SUFFOLK

This very ordinary gateway (spotted by FF member Geoff Ireland) has been built as an 'exit' to a car park—helped by EC funding and carried out with enthusiasm by the good citizens of Eye. The structure became less ordinary when seen from the approach side by those exiting from the car park. Is this building 'coming or going', or perhaps it is finished and is a 'true folly'; apart from its conversational value, it does not seem to have

a function. Can any reader explain this phenomenon?

## SEVEN BRIDGES VALLEY

A survey carried out last year in the Seven Bridges Valley on the National Trust Studley Royal estate revealed that many of the bridges, fords and river walls in the valley were in need of immediate restoration work if further serious damage was to be avoided in the event of flooding. This part of the estate was developed by William Aislabie in the 1740s as one of the first Chinese gardens in the country (see Part II of Mark Newman's article on Studley Royal in this magazine). The bridges were originally wooden, in the Chinese style, although they were later replaced by stone structures. Lying now outside the main area of the Water Garden and Abbey ruins, the valley is little known to the majority of visitors but particularly appreciated by local people.

In the winter, the modest River Skell swells to a torrent and the river-bed is prone to flash floods. Work started this summer on the bridge and ford at the far end of the valley, at a cost of £26,500. The money has been found from the estate's own operations and from various charitable sources. More work is needed, but no further funds are currently available.

## ET IN ARKADIA...

Restoration work at the **Arkadia** landscape garden in Poland is currently concentrated on the unusual **High Priest's Sanctuary** (also known as the Roman Bath), a building thoroughly described by James Stevens Curl in *Garden History*, vol. 23, no. 1. The nearby **Temple of Diana**, by Zug, has already been splendidly refurbished to form the present focal point of this atmospheric landscape,

which has attracted both Polish and German prizes for conservation and restoration. The visitor might hope that the **Roman Aqueduct** will be next in line for attention (or at least have its nasty wooden barricades removed), but other features such as the **Grotto of the Sybil** and the massive **Stone Arch** seem in quite good shape. Compact, off-the-beaten-track Arkadia is a pleasant mix of well-trodden paths and less-visited woodland, where the odd fallen column lying in the undergrowth still gives the enthusiast a sense of

potential rediscovery. (*Update from a recent visit by Dick Knight*).

## BARKING MAD

One of the most important folly gardens this century, Tupgill Park in North Yorkshire, is now admitting dogs, well one very special canine. **Cabot's Dog** took a crane and a flat bed lorry to move it from Hardcastle Crags where he was part of a sculpture trail



SUSAN KELLERMAN

ABOVE: MR. BRENNAND'S VERY LOCAL CHURCH

BELOW: 'EYE EYE': HALF A GATEWAY: BACK DOOR FRONT VIEW?



REX ORTHLOW

exhibition. Ah, you scent the real story unwhin[d]ing. This hound is a 12-ft tall sculpture of dog's head, made from wood and conifer branches by Robert Bradford, who is "very pleased to have found him a home."

#### NEW CHINESE FOR BRUM

Birmingham now has a new landmark in the form of a 40-foot high **Chinese Pagoda**, a gift from a prominent local businessman Mr. Wing Yip, to the people and City of Birmingham. It is located on a landscaped traffic island—Holloway Circus—and is set to be an impressive and attractive feature near Birmingham's Chinese Quarter. The Pagoda itself rises in eight tiers from a plinth already in position, and was quarried and crafted by hand in Fujian Province, south-east China, using traditional methods.

It was shipped to Britain in sections by container vessel and accompanied by Chinese craftsmen to supervise the assembly in Birmingham. To support its massive weight, 50 tons, strengthening work was necessary in the immediate area. The Pagoda is guarded by two Chinese Foo dogs, with two pairs of dogs along the approach path. Foo dogs guard against evil spirits! The whole feature will be floodlit, so expect this new City landmark to become a tourist attraction. At first it was suggested that the Pagoda was leaning, but the City Engineer sent to carry out a check said that it was an optical illusion and blamed the nearest light column!

The necessary alterations to Holloway Circus and its landscaping were funded by a grant from the European Regional Development Fund and Birmingham City Council, and the whole refurbishment programme co-ordinated by the Department of Planning and Architecture.

#### VANDALS REACH NEW HEIGHTS OF DESTRUCTION

One night this summer, vandals got into the grounds of Castle Howard, climbed onto the roof of the **Mausoleum**, and threw a lead-lined hatch cover to the ground. In falling, it smashed four of the flagstones on the base of the plinth. The cover will have to be remade and the stones replaced. Dr. Christopher Ridgway, Curator at Castle Howard, estimates the cost of repair could run into thousands of pounds, since replacing the hatch will probably require the erection of scaffolding, or possibly even the hire of a helicopter. Apart from the usual condemnation of such vandalism, one can only wonder at the lengths (and heights) these people will go to in order to destroy. It would be no mean feat to climb onto the roof of the Mausoleum—if only such determination and physical effort could be harnessed for more positive ends.

This is one of fourteen mausoleums listed in English Heritage's recent register of buildings at risk. Its current condition is, according to the estate, due solely to the substantial sum of £2million needed to complete restoration. Major repair work had been carried out in the 1980s to ensure the integrity of the building, part of major programme of restoration estimated at £5million.

#### ANOTHER PRESIDENT EXPOSED?

Clumber Park may not have a lot to offer, especially since the fire-gutted house was demolished in 1938, and most visitors know of just the odd temple and grotto. Those who have delved a bit deeper will know that the lake was once resplendent with two fine vessels, the *Salamanca* and the naval frigate '*Lincoln*'. The latter is reputed to have sunk during the Second World War when children playing on the frozen lake set fire to it. Today's visitors no longer have to delve deeper as its timbers have been exposed after routine maintenance caused a drop in the water level. The 40-ton '*Lincoln*' was brought to Clumber by the Duke of Newcastle in 1817—with a battery on the lakeside, cannon and piles of shot, it would have played a key role in naumachia, but never a shot was fired. The National Trust, owner of the park, is keeping the exposed timbers watered to preserve them until the lake covers them once again. Although there are no plans at the moment to carry out substantial conservation to the frigate, it may become an option in the future.

#### DUMB-BELL TOWER

Adjacent to Blanchville House, Dunbell, Maddoxtown, Co. Kilkenny, stands a solitary **Bell Tower**, c.1830. It was commissioned from architect Daniel Robertson by James Charles Kearney, whose family owned Blanchville Estate from 1761 to 1876—the house itself was built c.1800. James was the "last in the line" of his family, inheriting the estate in 1846 on the death of his father. Unmarried, he was a lieutenant in the 2nd Regiment of Dragoon Lancers and for some reason, an expert on strange disorders. With mild eccentricity, he installed a great organ in the Ballroom at Blanchville and hired Viennese organists to play for him, alone, as he had a strong aversion to company. The Bell Tower was built to hold a clock and chime of bells—the latter were sold to the Augustinian Community in Limerick c.1930. Unfortunately, the Tower is now locked, the structure being considered unsafe. Still, the situation could have been considerably worse as, apparently, it was originally intended to stand twice its present height (construction was sensibly stopped when a crack appeared above the door).



DERRICK GREEN

ABOVE: BIRMINGHAM'S NEW PAGODA  
BELOW: THE BELL TOWER, BLANCHVILLE



SIMON SCOTT

## Tunnel vision

SUSAN KELLERMAN

**T**he Grade II-listed portal to the north entrance of the Bramhope Tunnel, on the Harrogate to Leeds line, is a magnificent affair. It was built in the 1840s by Thomas Grainger, one of the foremost railway engineers of the period, in the Gothic style, with tower, turrets, castellations and machicolations. A cartouche depicts a wheat sheaf, fleece and fish motifs, and immediately above the horse-shoe arch, the keystone shows a man's head (it would be nice to think this was a likeness of the engineer). Unfortunately, the only people who can easily (and legitimately) enjoy the sight of this fine example of our railway heritage on a regular basis are the train drivers. Few people are fully aware of its existence, and probably even fewer have ever seen it. More people will be familiar with the monument based on the tunnel portal, which stands in Otley Parish Churchyard, a memorial to the men who died during the tunnel's construction.

The stonework is currently graced with a variety of vegetation, including small trees. The space inside the tower (apparently formerly rooms of some kind, possibly used for storage) is derelict and clearly unsafe. The stone mullion is missing in one of the windows. A recent letter to Railtrack, expressing concern at the state of the stonework, elicited the following response: "Although I sympathise with your concerns about the visible condition of the bridge (sic), please be assured that the structural integrity fulfils all safety requirements and that the tunnel is fit for purpose."

This dismissive and platitudinous response could only come from the mind of a bureaucrat (in fact, it comes from the Community Relations Officer!). Apart from displaying a breathtaking philistinism, it fails to take account of Railtrack's responsibilities as owner of a structure that is deemed to be of historic and architectural interest—although this makes the bold assumption that they knew it had been listed, which news, apparently, they hadn't been notified.

No doubt Railtrack counts on the fact that the structure is well out of the public eye and, therefore, is not worth bothering about. Far more important to put money into high-profile, publicly visible projects (like Leeds station, for example). But the tunnel deserves greater public awareness so that it can be properly appreciated.

## Some Clarity Sawley Needed<sup>1</sup> or, A Tale of Two Sawleys

KAREN LYNCH

**T**he West Riding of Yorkshire was home to two villages called Sawley but local government reorganisation placed one in North Yorkshire and the other suffered the shame of being shunted over the border into Lancashire.

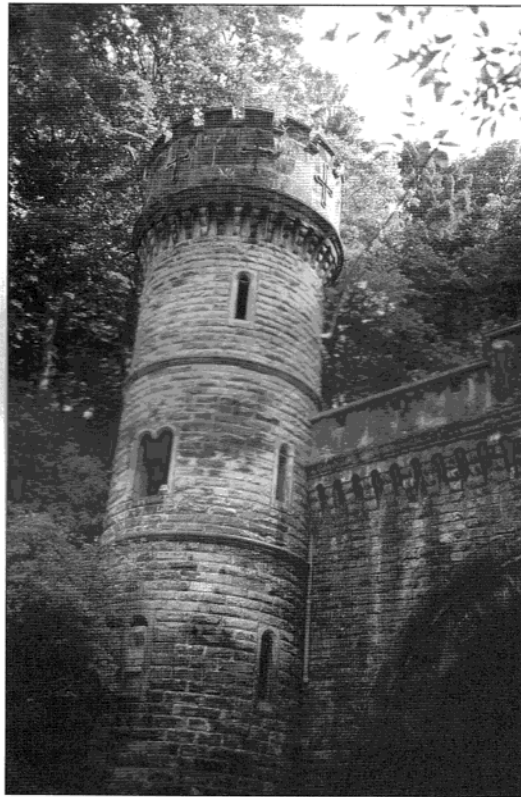
The two villages share more than a name—both have very popular pubs, both are close to ruined abbeys. Sawley (Lancs) is little more than a hamlet centred on the scant ruins of the Cistercian Salley Abbey and the Spread Eagle Inn. Sawley (North Yorks) is a larger village only a couple of miles from Fountains Abbey and is home to the Sawley Arms. It is easy to see where confusion might arise...

Various descriptions exist of bridges and arches at Sawley, Lancashire and at Sawley, North Yorkshire and in one book they cleverly make an appearance in both counties.<sup>2</sup> I hope this brief history will give a clearer picture of what did exist and what remains today.

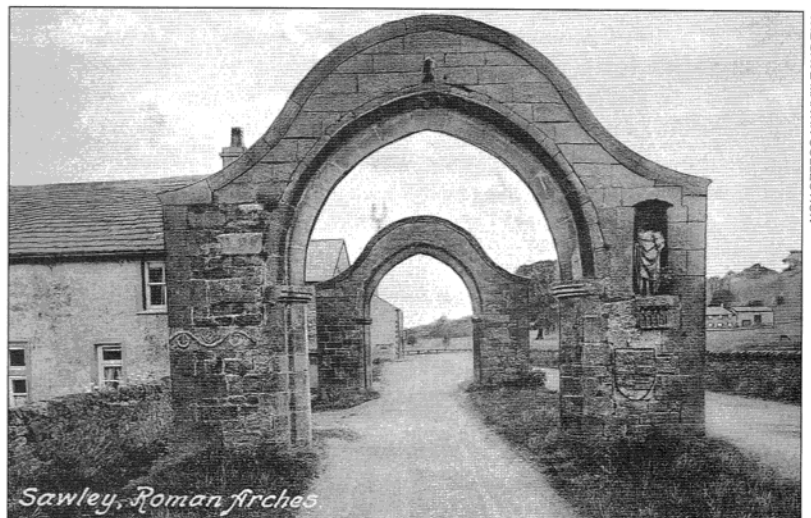
Barbara Jones describes an arch of c.1848 at Sawley Hall in North Yorkshire as "a bridge, hardly folly, crossing a field road, made with stones from the old abbey."<sup>3</sup> The grid reference she gives is for the North Yorkshire Sawley but I have searched in vain for this arch. Sawley Hall has a lovely park and a fine lake but I am convinced by Jones's date and description that she refers to Sawley, Lancs. From this point on any reference to Sawley will refer to that in Lancashire unless otherwise stated.

Pevsner's volume on the West Riding appeared in 1959 and he gives a clear description of the structures which were then standing in Sawley at that time—"The prominent arch across the main road and the fragment of a second are built from abbey materials, probably at the time of Earl de Grey's restoration c.1848."<sup>4</sup> This introduces a further factor in the confusion between the two sites. Earl de Grey, later the Marquis of Ripon, owned the abbey at Sawley (called Salley Abbey—still with me?) but his main seat was at Studley Royal which of course has that little trinket Fountains Abbey in the back garden. The de Grey connection has been responsible for many incorrect assumptions that the Sawley in question is that in North Yorkshire.

Earl de Grey carried out excavations at Salley Abbey in 1848-49. He cleared the site of vegetation and demolished some of the more modern buildings attached to the old walls. De Grey used some of the old carved stones to build two arches over the road through the village. One of the buildings which de Grey removed was "the



ABOVE: THE BRAMHOPE TUNNEL  
BELOW: THE TWO ORIGINAL ARCHES, SAWLEY



*Sawley, Roman arches*

THE DAVE MARTIN COLLECTION

gateway, a mean building" which had "a richly ornamented tabernacle wrought into it."<sup>75</sup> This tabernacle became a feature of one of the arches and was described by the abbey's historian in 1853: "the chief ornament of the inner gateway is that noticed by Whitaker, as a tabernacle or statue. It is a stone statue of the Virgin, with the infant Jesus on her left arm, within a canopied niche, with the usual inscription... *Holy Mary, Pray for us...* There is much grace and spirit in these mutilated remains; though both figures are now headless."<sup>76</sup> The arches also featured shields which had previously been "wrought into the walls of... adjoining houses."<sup>77</sup> Although some visitors believed the arches were genuine mediæval structures others were not fooled, and the eminent Yorkshire historian Harry Speight wrote of the arches: "an examination will show these as having been erected without regard to taste or design, some of the sculpted stones being wrong side up."<sup>78</sup>

The position of the arches over an increasingly busy road led to local concern about their safety and one of the arches was partially demolished after having been hit by a lorry in 1952. By 1960 there were calls to demolish the arches and as the Ministry of Works stated that they did not wish to re-erect the arches within the grounds of Salley Abbey the arches were demolished in Autumn 1961. The landowner, George Braithwaite of Sawley, received some of the stone and the more important pieces went to the Ministry of Works. Some of this stone is on display within the grounds of the Abbey.



GEORGE BRAITHWAITE'S REBUILT ARCH

Luckily the story does not end there. George Braithwaite, a farmer, decided that the Sawley Arches should be enjoyed by future generations and he used local craftsmen to build the present arch, to the design of the originals, at the entrance to one of his fields. Work was complete by the beginning of 1961.<sup>9</sup>

A final note. If, like me, you think a perfect day involves folly-spotting, beautiful countryside and lunch in the pub, then visit Sawley and then go to the Coach and Horses in nearby Bolton-in-Bowland. Not only is it a friendly pub in a lovely village but there on the wall is a photograph from early this century of the two original arches.

#### NOTES:

- 1 The credit/blame for this headline must go to Susan Kellerman.
- 2 Which shall remain nameless so as not to upset the President but he had clearly sampled the wares at the Spread Eagle and the Sawley Arms.
- 3 Barbara Jones, *Follies & Grottoes*, 2nd edn., London, 1974, pp.366-7.
- 4 Nikolaus Pevsner, *The Buildings of England: The West Riding of Yorkshire*, Harmondsworth, 1959.
- 5 Dr. Thomas Dunham Whitaker, *The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven in the County of York*, London, 1805.
- 6 John Harland, *Historical account of the Cistercian Abbey of Salley, in Craven, York-*

*shire*, London, 1853.

7 Whitaker, *op. cit.*

8 Harry Speight, *The Craven and North-West Yorkshire Highlands*, London, 1892.

9 For the recent history of the arches, see *Clitheroe Advertiser and Times*, 26 Aug 1960, 3 Nov 1961, 5 Jan 1962.

Many thanks to Keith Emerick of English Heritage and Sue Holden at Clitheroe Library for help with this article.

## Mr. Yorke's Seat: Follies at Temple Grounds, Richmond

VAL HEPWORTH

*The History of Richmond in the County of York* by Christopher Clarkson, published in 1821, is an important account of an historic market town, which in the previous century had been a significant provincial social centre, and since 1575 had returned two members to Parliament. For almost one hundred years beginning in 1661, one of those members of Parliament was a Yorke, whose residence Yorke House or 'The Green',<sup>1</sup> was the focus of their small estate situated on the north bank of the river Swale to the west of Richmond Castle.

The Yokes were a prominent local Whig family who held extensive estates in Nidderdale and the manor of Bewerley near Pateley Bridge,<sup>2</sup> acquiring their Richmond property by marriage in 1651 and owning it until 1824. It is during this period that the landscape of what is now called Temple Grounds was laid out, first as a *ferme ornée* and later as a Picturesque landscape.

Clarkson's description: "The property... laid out in an open spacious demesne... various summerhouses were built, caves cut through the rocks, fences pulled down and walks made in several directions, ornamented with clumps of trees and beautiful plantations... Great alterations have been made here at different times, either by erecting new buildings or pulling down old ones, and where nature has been only assisted, not tortured nor thrown into absurd and monstrous shapes."<sup>3</sup> indicates how beautifully the Yorke's had managed their Richmond estate and gives a hint of what we might find today! The *Gazetteer for North Yorkshire* in FOLLIES, vol. 9, no. 4, p.13, however, only gives six entries for Richmond—there is no sign of one of the remaining Yorke buildings; the menagerie. The grottoes too have not made an appearance.

Although not lost, Temple Lodge at Richmond seems to have eluded the most ardent of folly hunters until recently. Its better known and slightly older 'cousin', the Culloden Tower or Cumberland Temple, described by Clarkson as rearing "its lofty head, boldly situated upon an eminence, and proudly overlooking the surrounding country", is easy for visitors to enjoy. However, Temple Lodge lies hidden behind tall yews at the end of Newbiggin, a secret jewel, known to locals as the home of three spinster sisters and before the Second World War the residence of Canon Lawson. Temple Lodge is the Yorke's menagerie.

Clarkson writes: "To the north of it [Culloden Tower] is a neat building in the Gothic style, with an open piazza before it, used as a menagerie, built in the year 1769 by the late John Yorke, as appears from some painted glass over the door of the northern entrance, on which are the arms of Yorke impalling those of Campbell with the above date beneath them." The types of animals kept in the walled enclosure behind the menagerie are not documented, neither is the architect. Perhaps John Yorke (1733-1813) or his father Thomas (1688-1768/70) designed this exciting little building themselves using one of the pattern-books available at the time,<sup>4</sup> for landowners regularly follow-

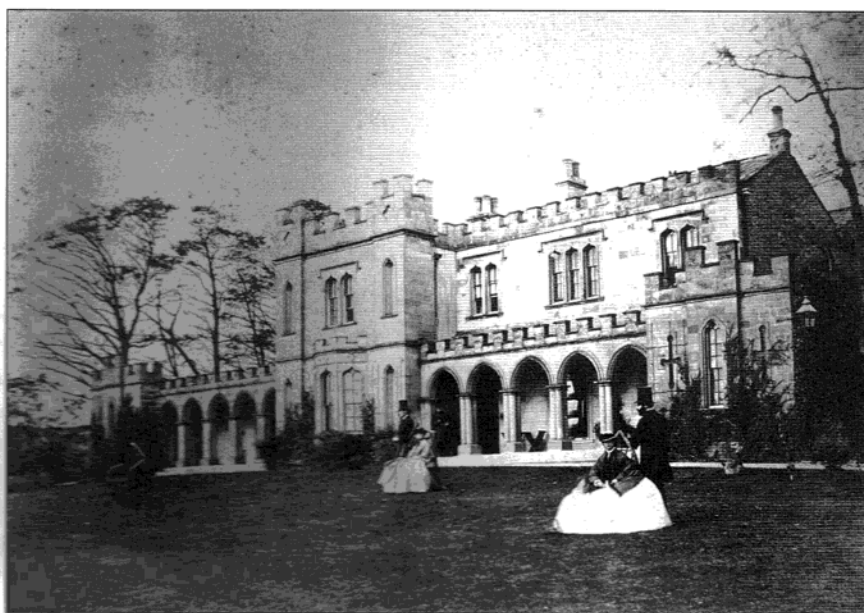
ed Horace Walpole's advice, "the possessor, if he has any taste, must be the best designer of his own improvements. He sees his situation at all seasons of the year, at all times of day. He knows where beauty will not clash with convenience, and observes in his silent walks or accidental rides a thousand hints that must escape a person who in a few days sketches out a pretty picture, but has not had leisure to examine the details and relations of every part."<sup>5</sup>

The Culloden Tower, described by Pevsner as "a very early essay in Gothic", was built by an earlier John (1685-1757)<sup>6</sup> in 1746, to commemorate the Hanoverian victory at the Battle of Culloden which secured the parliamentary seats and property of Whig families like the Yorke. Its design has been attributed on stylistic grounds to Daniel Garrett,<sup>7</sup> who worked at country seats near Richmond including Forcett Park c.1740 and the Gothick Temple at Aske Hall in the 1740s. Leach has suggested that Garrett acted as clerk of the works for William Kent's design for the Gothick Temple, and then perhaps used his expertise to design the Culloden Tower. Pevsner writes: "Inside, the first floor room has a glorious chimney-piece, Gothic with Classical Kentian enrichments. Such enrichments also around the doorway and windows. Plaster vault with Gothic ribbing. The second floor room, however, is entirely classical. Flat ceiling with ribbon-work stucco. Excellent chimney piece."

To the west of the Culloden Tower, below woodland, eighteenth century wrought iron railings bound a paved walk beside the river with grottoes set into the stone-faced cliff. Clarkson<sup>8</sup> refers to the short lived exploitation of copper ore on the Yorke land but says this occurred in 1798—a misprint for 1748 perhaps? Family letters and a keystone incised with I Y 1748 located nearby as part of the mill leat, give credence to the suggestion that copper mines were transformed into grottoes as part of the pleasure ground circuit at this time. Although deteriorated and vandalised, the four entrances and two seat niches give a clear impression of the feelings which they would have evoked and the contrast between the rough and shadowy interior with perhaps a glint of mineral and Arthur Young's "fine sheet of river"<sup>9</sup> beyond the railings.<sup>10</sup>

It is clear from surviving records that the Yorke's were devoted to their Richmond estate, spending considerable amounts of money and time improving their grounds and making it a feature for travellers like Lady Oxford who wrote in 1745 "Mr Yorke, then representative, has a good house there with hanging gardens on the side of the hill."<sup>11</sup> The hanging formal gardens, a feature of the *ferme ornée* period were to be demolished probably within twenty five years of the Culloden Tower being built and the whole area resculpted with new stables thought to have been designed by John Carr of York, a new walled garden and of course the menagerie as the northern focus. The woodland walks and the grottoes along the river were further embellished so that by the time of Viscount Torrington's visit in 1792, John Yorke had laid out his estate incorporating all the Picturesque elements which were either part of his grounds or readily available in the outstanding scenery beyond. The rocky cliffs, the woods and hills, the ruined castle, the grottoes, the foaming river, the bridge, and the Gothic tower and menagerie; all could be viewed. It is not surprising that Viscount Torrington's mind turned to Hackfall when he saw "Mr York's seat."<sup>12</sup>

After the death of John Yorke in 1813, the estate was tenanted before being sold in 1824. Soon afterwards Yorke House was demolished and its walled garden and stable block became separated. The purchase of the rest of the estate by the Smurthwaite family, in 1844,



TEMPLE LODGE (THE MENAGERIE)

brought about the conversion and extension of the menagerie into the domestic dwelling, Temple Lodge, with its own garden... and the planting of the many yews which now hide it. A marked contrast to its likely original design as an eye-catcher, with ornate gates and piers,<sup>13</sup> making a visible impact on the townspeople of Richmond and a reminder of the influence and taste of its builders.

*Temple Lodge is the home of Dr. and Mrs. Lawson and their family. Dr. Lawson is a descendent of George Smurthwaite who bought the estate in 1844. The Culloden Tower belongs to the Landmark Trust and is open occasionally to the public. The stable block was demolished in 1958 and is now Yorke Square car park, but the walled garden immediately to its north remains. It is intended that there will be permissive public access to the southern part of the estate and details will be displayed on the notice board by Yorke Square car park. Requests for group guided walks should be addressed to Dr. and Mrs. Lawson, or the author.*

#### NOTES:

- 1 It was demolished between 1824 and 1827.
- 2 Yorke's Folly near Pateley Bridge was built by John Yorke (1733-1813), possibly in 1780s.
- 3 Christopher Clarkson, *The History of Richmond in the County of York*, Richmond, 1821, pp.331-332.
- 4 E.g. Timothy Lightoler, *The Gentleman and Farmer's Architect*, London, 1762.
- 5 Isabel Wakelin Urban Chase, *Horace Walpole: Gardenist*, Princeton, 1943, p.37.
- 6 Probably also paid for by his brother Thomas (1688-1768/70).
- 7 Peter Leach, "In the Gothick Vein", *Country Life*, September 26, 1974.
- 8 Clarkson, *op. cit.*, p.332.
- 9 Arthur Young, *A Six Months Tour Through the North of England*, vol. II, London, 1770, pp.162-165.
- 10 In 1739 Alexander Pope began the second phase of his Twickenham grotto using Cornish tin mines as one of his influences—an interesting comparison with John Yorke's 'grottofying'? Batey, Savage & Willson, "Alexander Pope's Twickenham Grotto", *FOLLIES*, vol. 9, no. 3, pp.13-14.
- 11 *Lady Oxford's Journey through Yorkshire, Durham etc. into Scotland in 1745*, Historic Manuscript Commission, Report on the MSS of the Duke of Portland... at Welbeck Abbey, vol. vi (1901), p.184.
- 12 C. Bruyn Andrews (ed.), *The Torrington Diaries*, London, vol. 3, p.64.
- 13 Probably designed by Daniel Garrett and moved from near the Culloden Tower to the end of Newbiggin when the menagerie was built.

Many people have assisted me in my research, and I am particularly grateful to Anne Ashley Cooper who shared her family history, Richard and Morven Lawson, Jane Hatcher, the North Yorkshire County Record Office and Durham University Library.

## FOR SALE

In a joint partnership with Atherton Joyes of Tunbridge Wells, Pavilions of Splendour have Saxonbury, part of Eridge old deer park, on their books. With a precise 170.13 acres, the southern part of the property features Saxonbury Hill topped by the recently restored **Saxonbury Tower**, built in 1828 as a pre-Victorian Observatory by the 2nd Earl of Abergavenny. The freehold is for sale with a price guide in the region of £350,000 with "vacant possession upon completion (subject to the tenancy of the Tower)". A mere snip.

It must be the season for towers, especially the watery kind. The 1912 Edwardian **watertower** in Hunstanton, Norfolk, is likely to come on the market as its restorers and current occupiers—the Rogers family—have their eye on a nearby Victorian rectory. Up for grabs is the derelict Bedworth **watertower** in Warwickshire, dating from 1898. There is no garden but room to park six cars and with a guide price of £50,000, that's a pound a yard for one of the tallest towers in the UK.

For those wishing to emulate Windy Miller, the converted Grade II listed **Belle Vue Tower** at Briningham, in Norfolk, is a six-storey mill tower set in nine acres. It is being sold by FPD-Savills' Norwich office for £395,000. Equally lofty experiences can be had, at a price—£1 million—with **Gypsy Tower**, a detached 120-ft church tower built in the eighteenth century. Situated in South London, and boasting sweeping views over the City, Hamptons and FPD Savills are the people that you need to speak to.

Classier, but smaller, much smaller, and lower, is **Eastgate Lodge** at Grimston Park near York. At a mere 121 square feet, we suffer from the usual claims of the "smallest house" etc. etc. But a brief description may suffice as to just how small this property is—on sale for £69,000 through Middleton Marketing. The Grade II-listed building built in 1842 comprises a single room above ground (with a platform above the front door), which has room for a double bed. The rest is built underground and reached via a spiral staircase, and consists of an open-plan sitting area, with a kitchen to one side overlooking a sunken patio, and a tiny bathroom all lit by a skylight. Quiet it may be, intimacy is a forgone conclusion.

Back in June, **Guildford Lodge**, gatehouse to Horsley Towers, was on the market for £300,000. The lodge straddles the former carriageway to the house and despite, almost because of, its grandeur, provides little in the way of accommodation—two bedrooms plus the usual amenities. Existing, unbecoming extensions may be softened by a more sympathetic addition, subject to planning permission, all of which has to be balanced against the petrol station next-door. Henshaw's (01483 285757) would be able to tell you if it's still available.

'**The Gazebo**', a Grade II-listed building formerly known as the Banqueting House, originally set in the grounds of Batley Hall, West Yorkshire, does not appear to enjoy a very high profile. It is not mentioned in the usual books on follies, nor in Pevsner, but it does currently feature on William Brown Estate Agent's books. Here it is claimed that the Gazebo dates from 1463, and is believed to be one

of the oldest buildings in the area. It has been restored and had an extension built at the side, and now forms part of a family home. The exterior has ornate brickwork and the wrought iron casements have leaded lights.

## BOOK REVIEW

The series 'Lost houses of...' has a new addition: following on from East Yorkshire, York and the North Riding, Co. Durham, Newcastle and Northumberland, comes *Lost Houses of the West Riding*, by Edward Waterson and Peter Meadows. The West Riding was a vast area, stretching from Harrogate in the north and including what is now known as South Yorkshire. Many of the illustrations are being published for the first time.

The book is priced at £8.95, or can be obtained by post from the publisher: Jill Raines, The Grange, Welburn, York YO60 7EQ at £10.50 (incl. p&cp).



FOR SALE: BELLE VUE TOWER, BRININGHAM

## EVENTS

Two northern region events for your diary: **A Tour of Studley Royal led by Mark Newman, Regional Archaeologist, The National Trust, on Sunday 29 November at 10.30am.**

Following on from his talk at The Folly Fellowship Tenth Anniversary Symposium on Saturday 17 October (on recent discoveries in the landscape park at Studley Royal), Mark Newman will act as guide on a walk round some of the lesser-known buildings and the sites of others that have disappeared. The walk will last about 3 hours.

Please note that this second tour has been organised in response to the popularity of the original event on the weekend of the symposium.

For a booking form and further details, contact: Susan Kellerman, 19 Sandy Walk, Bramhope, Leeds LS16 9DW. Tel: 0113 261 3673 E-mail: s.kellerman@leeds.ac.uk or Karen Lynch Tel: 01943 816747

**A visit to Brocklesby Park, North Lincolnshire on Sunday 18 April 1999.** Further information in the next magazine.

*And two brief summaries from Pieter Boogaart on continental events that took place this year...*

### FRANCE

Shortly before the summer holidays a special folly do was held in France. It took place in Mereville, south of Paris and Étampes, and was organised mainly to get the restoration of the old Park there going—an English-style garden, whose follies have largely disappeared over the years, some of them to the Parc de Jeurre (FOLLIES, vol. 6, no. 4, p.7). The idea was to draw attention to follies by building follies. The travels of James Cook could be used as a source of inspiration, since Cook's cenotaph was part of the Mereville follies. Four groups of youngsters from various countries (France, Italy, the Netherlands and the UK) came together for a week and built follies, under the guidance of artists and architects. Well, most people would not characterise

them as follies, but as (architectural) works of art. At the end of the week they were presented to the general public, together with a commercial show of gardening and garden furniture, a number of modest exhibitions on follies and a symposium, i.e. a series of five lectures on follies and folly gardens, three of them by FF aces—everything sponsored by the European Parliament. Put like this it may sound a fairly impressive happening. It wasn't really, for all sorts of reasons that we need not go into now. Still, it is to be hoped that this initiative will find a continuation (next year? in Italy?). It was a start of something well worth developing, and the French organisers at least deserve credit for that. And, by the way, please send us the money you still owe us.

#### NETHERLANDS

What happens when the director of a local museum suddenly discovers the phenomenon 'follies' and gets fascinated? He organises an exhibition. At least, this is what Peter Schipper did in Tiel, a pleasant riverside town in central Netherlands. In the beginning of this year he got hooked on the subject and he familiarised himself with it by talking to a few Dutch FF members. He then set to work, travelling round and photographing, reading, selecting and borrowing. In a few months' time he almost single-handedly mounted an exhibition on follies in his museum, which lasted two-and-a-half months. In a second room there were models of works of art (or architecture) that an association of artists had been asked to produce, using the idea of follies for inspiration. Quite predictably it provided ample opportunity to start discussions again about the difference between art and architecture. The exhibition on follies itself, apart from being fun, was educational of course, although it struck me that some books need adaptation to modern finds and insights (e.g. the word 'folly' is not derived from French 'feuillee'). Very enjoyable, all in all—another initiative out of the blue, so to speak. Full marks this time.

## LOST & FOUND

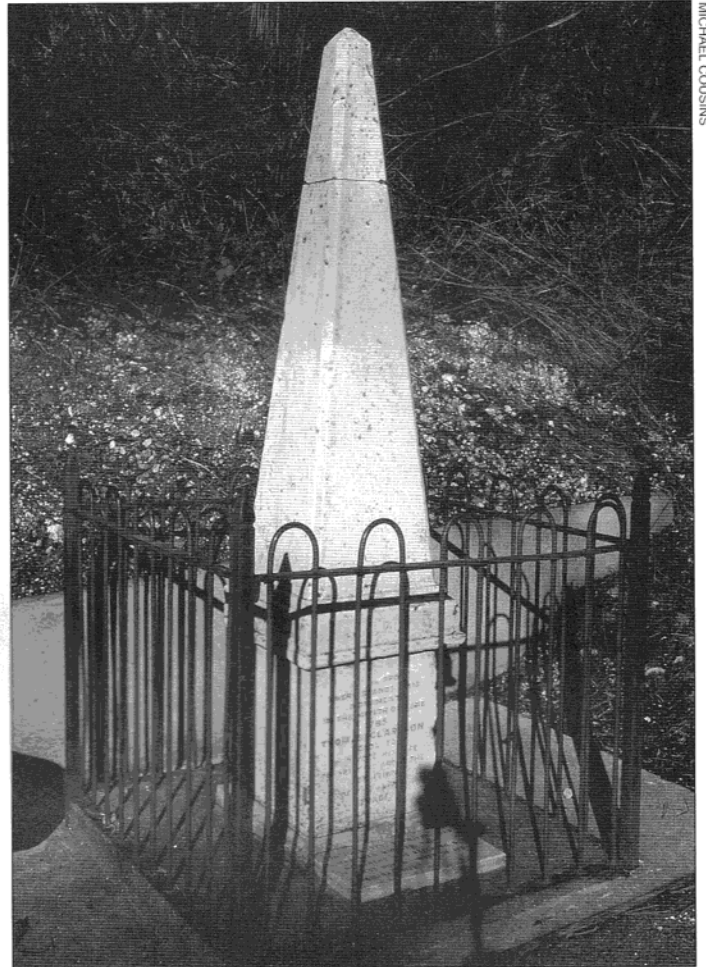
Hidden in the trees, on the garden side of the house at **Duncombe Park**, near Helmsley, North Yorkshire, is an oblong two-storey stone building with two apses. It has a wooden door and niches on the exterior walls, but is largely overgrown with ivy. It is not mentioned in the guide book, but young visitors to Duncombe have the advantage over adults, as a quiz leaflet refers to it as a water tower. Pevsner records it as the 'Temple in the Wood'. In fact, it housed the pumping mechanism to bring water up to the house from the river in the valley below. Lady Feversham believes that because the house is built on limestone, the pump was an alternative to sinking a well. The building, probably eighteenth century, was used until 1899, but the pumping mechanism has been removed and the building is now empty. She knows nothing more than this as no records for the building exist (both the house and the estate office have suffered from a number of fires), but she is following up a 'lead'. Next summer visitors to Duncombe Park will be able to take part in guided tours of the garden, and perhaps by then more will be known about the structure.

### Over to You

In planning our regional events, we hope to choose venues or tours that meet with the majority of our membership's wishes. But have we ever asked YOU where you would like to go, or for your suggestions for events? No... so why not drop us a line and we'll see what we can do. No doubt top of the list will be a certain underwater ballroom, which is proving harder to see than a needle on the moon, but we will do our best in response to your other ideas.

## THE OBELISK COLUMN

Easy to miss, blissfully small, often overgrown, occasionally cleaned, the 7-ft high obelisk on the A10 at Wadesmill is one of England's well-meaning monuments. It was erected in 1846, some thirty-three years after the death of the man it commemorates, Thomas Clarkson. The inscription is a story of dedication and commitment...



MICHAEL COUSINS

ON THE SPOT  
WHERE STANDS THIS  
MONUMENT  
IN THE MONTH OF JUNE  
1785  
THOMAS CLARKSON  
RESOLVED  
TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE  
TO BRINGING ABOUT THE  
ABOLITION  
OF THE SLAVE  
TRADE

And on a smaller stone set in the ground in front of the obelisk:

IN JUNE 1972 WHEN THE ROAD  
HAD BEEN WIDENED, THIS  
MONUMENT WAS REPLACED 9  
YARDS NORTH - WEST OF ITS  
ORIGINAL SITE.

(see "An Obstinate Hill to Climb", by Neville Harding in *Hertfordshire Countryside* magazine, March 1995, vol. 50, no. 431, pp.15 & 17 for a fuller history of Clarkson's life)

# That Plywood Obsession

JONATHAN HOLT

When Graham Caine takes you around his workshop at 3 Boiling Wells Lane in St Werburgh's, Bristol, his enthusiasm runneth over. Dressed in cravate and purple beret, he is excited at showing you the immense variety of his work—lamp standards, knobs and knockers, tables, the whole gamut of artistic output that a woodworker can produce—and then he also shows you his house which is a wonder world of writhing natural shapes.

He left London in 1984 for Bristol where he was well received by the city council who employed him over four years in community projects, producing work such as the entrance to the Barton Hill Settlement and the City Farm Caf. The latter is probably his best-known work, run by a co-operative of local people who grow their own crops. The 'caf' building has an interior that is likened to a glade of plywood trees and is approached up a wonderfully curvy concrete balustrade overlooking the children's playground. One can quickly see Caine's familiar wooden window and door frames, and he is particularly proud of the 'bones' which he has put into the arches, a feature that recurs in his work. Around the back, the sculpting in concrete includes some ribbing and an outstretched arm, with the hand bending upwards—a gesture of desperation?



THE ENTRANCE TO BARTON HILL SETTLEMENT

His first community project in Bristol was the Barton Hill Settlement, a social housing development and community centre in the east of Bristol. Here Caine has produced double swing doors with windows to either side with the usual knobby and swirling effects. Inside, there are what might be described as handles running the height of the window which jut out and invite you to hang on to them as you sit on one of the benches, catching up on the news from the Settlement posted on the notice-boards with that familiar plywood look to their frames. The nicest touches to this entrance hall are the little rafters and circular mirrors set at either end of the entrance hall in little gables under a tiled roof, far too high to look at yourself or anything else in this little gem of a hall.

It was time, in 1987, to turn his attention to building his own house, and when he applied for planning permission, the council imposed

few restrictions except that it had to have 'farmhouse red' tiles on the roof. With that concession to conformity made, the rest of the house is decidedly non-conformist, a one-off job in builder's parlance, permeated with plywood on the inside and mahogany on the outside. They are principally factory offcuts and recycled hoardings, the many pieces forming the doors, the window-frames, the staircases as well as the furniture. Inside the house, you are welcomed into an Aladdin's cave of sculptural riches, flowing over in a cornucopia of wooden surprises and jokes. There are several door frames and many window-frames, mainly circular and all irregular in shape, which have been superimposed on panes of glass. Knobby and gnarled, they create an effect of a bower in the house, reaching out its branches and creepers that appear to support the ceiling. One has a choice of access to the upper storey—the easy route or the hard route. The easy route is by means of the flowing, knobby staircase, typical of Caine's work and remarkable for its banister which waves up and down, and which ascends in two flights. More difficult is the very steep staircase next to the bathroom which one is advised not to descend if feeling tipsy or unwell because it only has half steps, alternately descending on the right and the left.

Caine's skills extend beyond the wood-based, for some of the walls of his house are in parts built of natural flowing concrete sculpted around wire mesh. The bathroom is like this, cave-like with low ceilings, again with that natural, flowing style that is the hallmark of his woodwork. Wherever you go, it is easy to understand why Caine says "Plywood has an obsession for me... it's what I'm all about".

He explains the process by which he converts his raw material into the finished item: "Each layer of my sculptures is a grain of a tree trunk which has been stripped progressively off, the cutting blade unwrapping the tree along its natural contours, not across the contours as in traditional sawing and, therefore, there is little wastage. The plywood is then ready to be used and I build up layer upon layer, sticking them together with glue until I reach the thickness necessary for the finished item. Then I sand the item down, stain and varnish it if that is what is required. Obviously, to create the rounded effect of trees, each layer is progressively smaller until I use a thin, slightly rounded piece of ply to complete the trunk or branch-like look. And if there are any cores, I use them for smaller items like knobs and hooks."

Caine also regularly makes lamp standards that look like trees, and you wonder how the wiring

got inside. His other furniture speciality is tables, some multi-level with platforms for placing things at any height you like, others single-planed. One in Caine's sitting room has a little funnel dropping from the main plane, perfect for rolling a joint, his daughter has remarked.

One of Caine's most charming buildings is the summer-house of Margaret Burrows at Hope Cottage in Weston-Super-Mare. A hobbit house, a Gaudiesque pixie house, a den, all are terms that have been used to describe this cute building standing next to a lawn in a charming secluded garden on the hill rising above the seaside town. Standing about ten feet high and eight feet wide, it is a hexagon with a pointed top like the hat on Snow White's seven dwarfs. Six ribs made of Douglas fir faced with plywood give it its basic shape and with a steel rod they are sunk into a concrete footing. The ribs meet at a central boss in the roof, and around the ribs the walls have been constructed, consist of concrete built up round a wire mesh to give it form and

strength, sculpted into curves, as found in the interior of Caine's own house. The door and window frames are also made of Caine's familiar plywood, built up in layers and distinctly lacking in straight lines. On three sides there are windows, which have a variety of knobs for hanging clothes, and little trays jutting out for putting a watch, jewellery or spectacles before one reclines on a hot summer's afternoon, or indeed for the whole night, as Mrs. Burrows does.

The interior decoration at the Coach House at Brockley Hall is a more complex conception, amalgamating practicality with art. The centre piece is the bookcase in the living room that is more a piece of stage scenery than furniture. The central section is a view of landscape starting with the sky at the

top, and two mountains beneath split by a river. The river flows into a cave, which in turn becomes a waterfall with five separate flows of water, and at ground level it becomes a pool. To the right, a section of tree trunk swivels open to reveal books and videos, a section of the furniture which is shaded by a tree with branches and foliage which curve round the corner of the wall. The water from the pool at the base of the bookcase finds somewhere to go in the form of the floor of the hall, a greenish blue, it is like a wide river or lake with brown banks and skirting boards looking like the slopes of hills. Further along there is a pebbly with real flowing water, and the stairs to the front door have the same green-blue and brown contrast like water rushing over rocks.

A group of clients who have given Caine a licence to create in more ways than one is the Gover family, who own off licences in Chipping Sodbury and Long Ashton, villages either side of Bristol. At Long Ashton, there is the The Little Tipple, which as its name suggests has barely enough room to swing a cat, its bottles crowding the shelves, and the counter itself has the familiar curvy lines. It is the shop sign on the façade which has the greatest individuality, with



DETAIL FROM 3 BOILING WELLS LANE



## A New Folly in Warwickshire

BARBARA HAGUE

Great joy greeted the news of daughter Julie's engagement to Ned. An ideal match, both families truly delighted, but there was to be a sting in the tail. Julie, whose birth sign is scorpio, announced that she wished to take her doll's house to the new home. A reasonable enough request, after all it was made for her by our friend Brian from Worcester. A charming half-timbered cottage with central chimney, open hearths, real stairs, real doors and many other refinements normally missing in commercial models. Also, I had been using it as the Folly Fellowship Midlands Region filing cabinet! This tale of woe was related to Brian, who replied "I'll make you another one, only this time I fancy a challenge, perhaps something Gothic."

large red letters on a black background, and hands carved into the design, a trade mark of Caine's work. Inside the shop, there are two projecting hands designed to hold a magnum of champagne. Apart from this touch of frivolity, Caine's work in the shop consists primarily of shelves and bins to hold bottles and packets of snacks, but the plywood marks it out unmistakably as the work of one of the 'The Gnomes', the nickname that Yvonne Gover has given to Caine and his friends.

Behind the Little Tipple is what the Govers call 'The Folly'. It is a pleasant Swiss chalet-style house, a project that started as three new garages, but then expanded. The exterior has few caprices, but inside there are a number of fittings and pieces of furni-

ture that could only come out of one workshop. The most striking feature of the kitchen, which opens out into the living room, is a bewildering series of shelves and levels which rise above the food preparation area and double as crazy, irregular steps which allow a fit person to climb to the loft above.

Norman Gover, son of David and Yvonne, says that "Caine manages to make spaces in which you want to live, creating room and light out of the smallest of places. In the case of 'The Folly', he has designed it so that there is light at all times of day. And the bedroom, which is the finale of the continuum of kitchen, living room and casino (with curvy roulette table by Caine), is situated so that it's cool at the end of the day."

In summary, the work of Graham Caine can be described as the triumph of natural forms in a multiplicity of spaces. His versatility and range of skills, from civil engineering to carpentry, and architecture to window fitting, makes him a creator who does not easily fit into any of the pigeonholes that we are often assigned to in life. The Caine canon will continue to grow, and with his lust for experimentation, he will surely continue to delight anybody with a taste for the unusual.

Now Brian is a great Goth and has built himself a wonderful model cathedral in his garden. In fact it has moved house three times and taken as long to complete as the genuine article. I suggested that eighteenth century Gothick may be the challenge he needed and he agreed: "Do some sketches and I will let you know if the idea is possible for small scale." Now, what will it be...? The choice is endless; A tower? Something grottofied? A greenhouse? A summer-house? A lodge? A hermitage? A bridge-house? It was like being let loose in a sweet shop. I looked through many books, both my own and those in the local library. I tried *Follies* the book, *FOLLIES* the magazine, scrap books, post cards and even good old Bannister Fletcher.

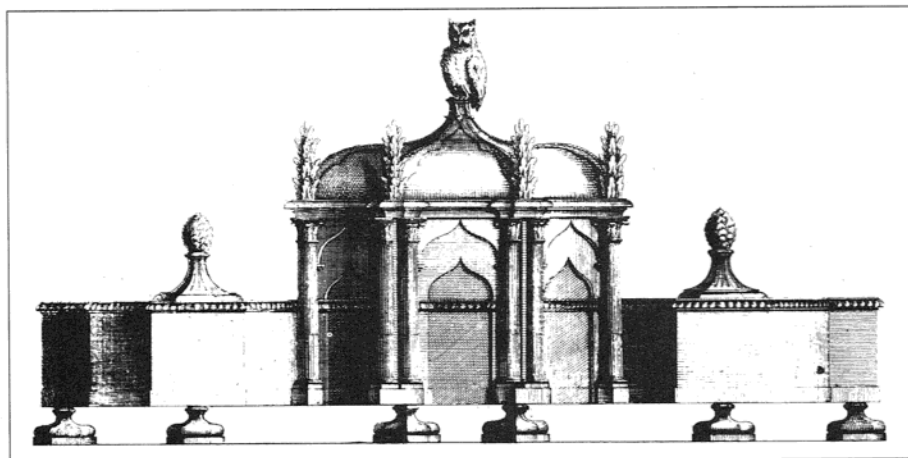
In the end it was William Kent who came to my rescue. From a book of John Vardy's engravings, I chose a delightful 'Gothick' Standish designed for Queen Caroline.<sup>1</sup> Then I began to think of my favourite Gothick house, Luggala in County Wicklow, Ireland. A

fusion of these two was to be 'Barbara's Folly' because I intended it to be halfway habitable. Sketches were made—a large octagonal saloon, with smaller rooms to each side. Pointed windows and doors, with an ogee dome over the octagon. These were posted to Worcester and Yes, the idea was sound and my builder was to prepare plans using the classic doll's house scale 1/12. Soon afterwards came the phone call... "bearing in mind the size of your own house (very small), I can't see where you are going to put the thing when you get it home! I'm going to re-draw the plans using 1/16 scale." A trip to Worcester followed to view the revised plans and discuss details such as windows, doors and what to use for the marble floor specified in the saloon.

Back to Coventry and the 'formica' offcuts department of a local builders merchant where a very large, very helpful West Indian gentleman found this crazy English lady some suitable 'marbles'. Cotton reels from a toy sewing set made chimney pots and various beads became finials. A site inspection was ordered, so off to Worcester once more to view progress. The base board was complete. All of the wall sections cut, fine mouldings around ceiling, doors, niches and windows were cut from brass strip, as wood was too coarse. Very successful, but so time-consuming. We were bowled over by the amount of detail. Brian was having the time of his life and even took two weeks to make the double entrance doors. The next stage was to choose interior colours so that he could paint the walls before the roof went on. Back to Coventry again to buy some 'match-pots' from Homebase; Pale lilac for the bedroom; Classic yellow for the saloon; Pinky-stone for the kitchen. These were then posted to Worcester.

One more site visit before the roof went on. The walls were up, all mouldings in place, the 'marble' floor was a triumph. All the walls were painted, and the arched interior doors were beautiful. The view of the enfilade through the quartrefoil peephole was quite breathtaking. Of course, Brian had to have his little joke—well this was a folly—the tiny loo with Victorian style boxed-in pan and lift up lid! These are his trade mark and feature in all his doll's houses.

The roof was complete and ready to screw down, its ogee dome had caused quite a few problems. The original idea for copper sheets being scrapped in favour of car-filler spread over radiating fins of wood. The outer edges left showing in order define the octagonal form. Just a few weeks before Julie and Ned's wedding, we were in Worcester once more, this time to collect the finished folly. While



ABOVE: WILLIAM KENT'S 'SILVER STANDISH' FROM VARDY'S *DESIGNS*...

BELOW: BARBARA HAGUE'S GOTHICK FANTASY



we were loading it on the back seat of the car, Brian almost shed a tear. He was sorry to see it go, so much had he enjoyed the challenge. I said: "well, I'll commission another one. What about a column house like the one at Désert de Retz?"<sup>2</sup> He paled and muttered something about doing a bit more to his cathedral and "try me again in five years."

Our still nameless folly is much admired by all who see it, children love it, though no-one could love it more than I do, especially in the evening when, lit by a night light, the view through the peephole into the softly lit rooms is almost lifelike. Needless to say—in true folly spirit—it is quite useless as a filing cabinet, so all the Folly Fellowship paperwork is relegated to sundry baskets. One last word, another friend, Ron from Bedhill, who is a dab hand at Latin, wrote this

inscription on the back wall of the house:

HAE ÆDES MAGNA CUM COURA ET CUM INVECTIONE  
CONSTRUCTEE SUNT.<sup>3</sup>

#### NOTES:

- 1 William Kent designed a grotto and a cave in the grounds of Richmond Palace for Queen Caroline. Plates featuring these were engraved by John Vardy in 1744, seven years after the Queen's death. Among the designs is plate 31, "A Silver Standish for the Late Queen in Merlin's Cave" (*Some Designs of Inigo Jones and William Kent*).
- 2 The Maison Colonne is the centre piece of a fantastic folly garden—the Désert de Retz, built on the Paris outskirts in the eighteenth century. Abandoned and overgrown for many years, it has been restored by the Société Civile du Désert de Retz.
- 3 Translated, this reads 'This House was built with much loving care and strong language.'

#### ADMIN & A SERIOUS REQUEST

To ease the communication burden, and also to demonstrate that we are a state of the art charity, we would really appreciate it if you could let us have an e-mail address where we can contact you, should you have one at your disposal. Can we also put out a genuine plea to all of you to keep us informed of developments, restoration work, planning applications, etc. that you may hear about concerning follies, grottoes and garden buildings—this way we can help to protect our own endangered species.

#### ERRATA

In the last issue of FOLLIES (p.6, note 10), Dorothy Stroud's groundbreaking study on 'Capability' Brown was published in 1950 and not 1750—these OCR packages aren't what they are cracked up to be!

# “The Wonder of the North”: The ‘lost’ buildings of the Aislabie family’s pleasure grounds at Studley Royal—Part II

M.A. NEWMAN

*Continuing from part I of Mark’s well-received article on the lesser-known features of Studley Royal, we present the concluding part of his discoveries...*

## THE PAGODA AND CHINESE GARDENS

William Aislabie’s first development of the garden was its extension along what is now referred to as the Seven Bridges Valley. This incorporated the Roman Monument, probably built by his father as an eye-catcher from the Octagon Tower, based on the tomb of the Horatii & Curatii at Aricca. Neither Aislabie completed a Grand Tour (again, contrary to popular myth) to see the original; an illustration in Bartoli’s *Cu Sepulchri Antici* is the most likely source. The diminutive scale of the Aislabie version is an example of painterly tricks with scale and proportion that are such a feature of the Studley gardens.

William did not incorporate the Monument, so much as ignore it. Instead he pressed on down the Skell, to an area to the east of Mackershaw (not owned by the National Trust, and strictly private property, to which entry is prohibited) where he built a Chinese garden.

This was a remarkable venture, not least in terms of its date. The correspondence of Lady Harley shows that he was gathering ideas for a garden of eastern design in 1743, work was underway by 1744, and completed in 1745. This makes William’s Chinese garden amongst the earliest in the country, predating the Publication of Halfpenny’s *New Designs for Chinese Temples* by five years. If one includes the approach along the Seven Bridges valley (so named for the bridges—initially wooden Chinoiserie designs—which provided access, crossing and recrossing the meandering Skell) this oriental addition extended to some 40 acres, making it one of the largest Georgian gardens of its

style. Moreover, perched as it was on high exposures of limestone draped with established tree cover and overlooking the river, it was probably truer to its models (i.e. the engravings brought to Europe by the Jesuit Ripa) than most other attempts.

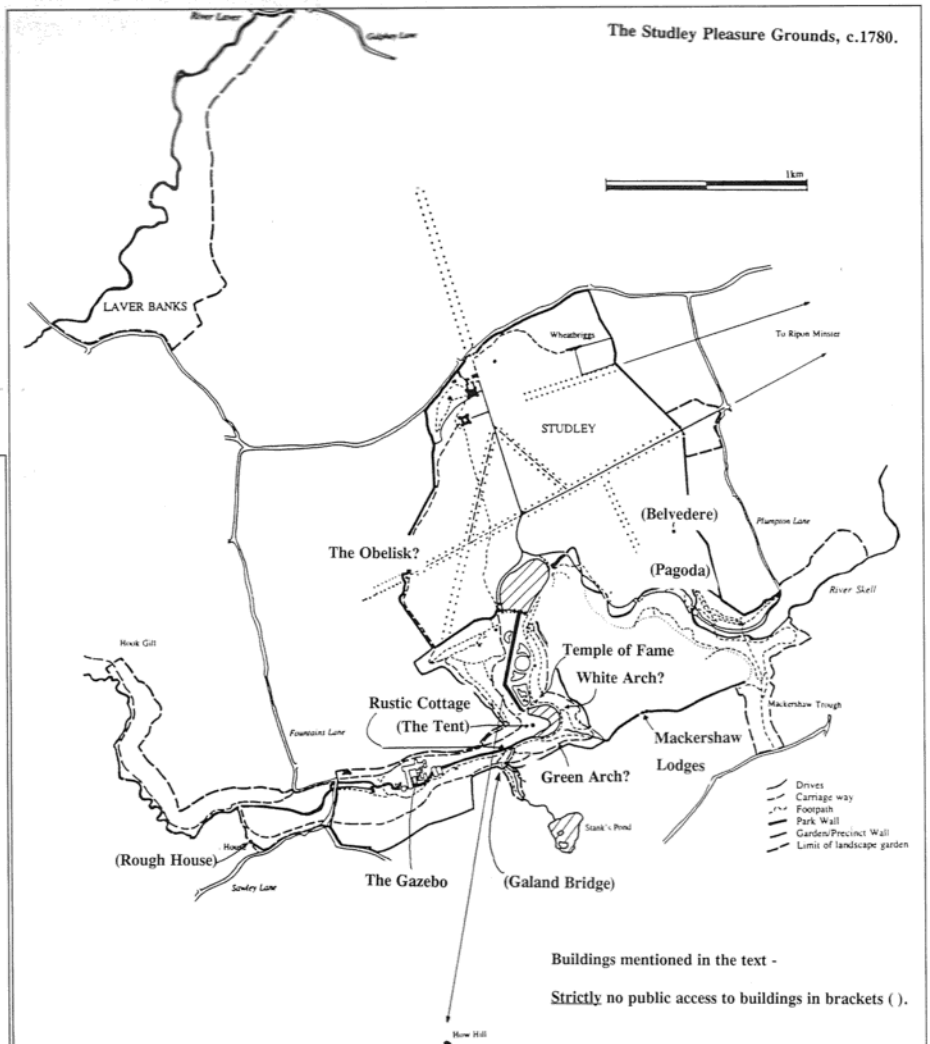
At the focus of this garden, its western end overlooking the river, Aislabie erected a pagoda. Although Philip York was told that this would be Japanese in style—with a series of floors and verandahs—when he visited in 1744, what emerged was more modest in scale, an open single-storey structure. This was drawn by a French visitor in 1746, and appears on paintings by both Nebot and Antony Devis. Sadly, only its dressed stone plinth survives today, the superstructure apparently having disappeared by the end of the nineteenth century.

## THE BELVEDERE OR GLASSHOUSE

An oddity of the south-east part of the estate that it was rarely toured by visitors and, therefore, little described. In addition to the Pagoda, the area of parkland adjoining contained another lost building in the gardens for which records survive. Only one visitor mentions it and there is only a single published sentence recording its presence. It was located on Gillet Hill, in the south-east corner of the park, just visible from the main avenue when tree cover was suitable. Uniquely amongst Studley’s buildings it didn’t play a part in a set internal vista, but instead (as its name suggests) took in the magnificent views of Ripon and the North York Moors beyond. A building in this location is marked on the 1831 Estate map, and the 1854 OS 6" first edition, but had vanished by the end of the century.

This meagre background was greatly augmented by a discovery made during the archaeological survey. The British Library holds the

BELOW: THE PAGODA, AS DRAWN IN 1746

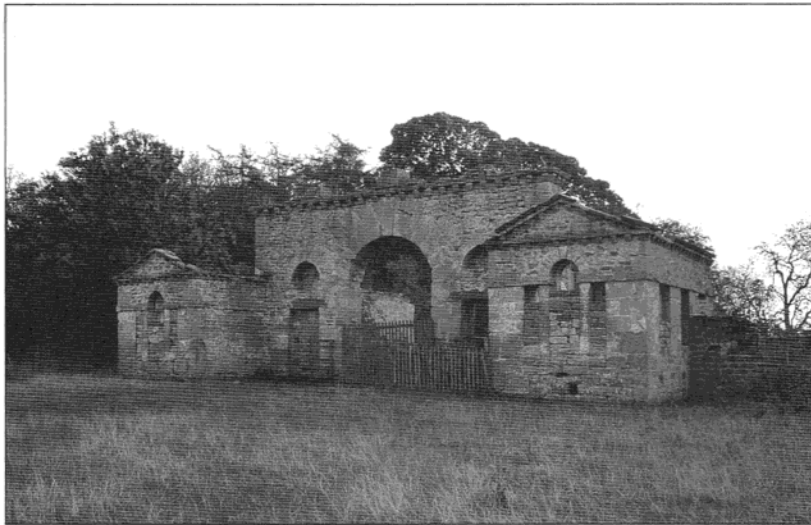


architectural drawings and sketches of Samuel Buckler, including seven of Studley Royal dating between 1817 and 1819. Most show the garden and park much as they appear today, but one is of Gillet Hill and the Belvedere. Buckler shows a square single chamber building not unlike one of the Fishing Tabernacles, surmounted by an ornate Gothic pinnacle roof. Subsequent research determined that this was replaced in the mid-nineteenth century by a timber and glass structure, which could be rotated around a central pivot. 1994 excavations succeeded in finding the post-hole in which the pivot was set, though only limited traces of the earlier building. The glasshouse was removed to nearby Studley Roger in the early years of this century, and served for decades as a horticultural greenhouse!

#### MACKERSHAW LODGES

Unlike the Belvedere and Pagoda, the third major building of the eastern pleasure grounds Mackershaw Lodge lies on a public footpath and can still be seen today. This catalogue is organised in a roughly chronological order, but Mackershaw Lodge is difficult to place, its dating being problematic. Traditionally it has been seen as quite a late addition to the gardens, more likely to date to William's ownership than John's, but recently this has been reconsidered. This mainly rests on stylistic arguments; the lodge consists of two small dwellings set on either side of a large arch, presenting an imposing architectural face into the grounds, laid out on broadly classical lines. However, rather than being decorated with finely dressed mouldings, architectural details are all executed in a rough local limestone. This does not seem to be simple cost cutting on a structure only be seen at a distance (the lodge and arch, contrary to appearances, do not stand on a major entrance into the grounds and were principally just eye-catchers) but a deliberate stylistic intention. The closest parallels for such designs can be found in the various menagerie buildings designed by William Kent in the late 1720s and 1730s. The Aislabies certainly had close associations with Kent's patron, Lord Burlington, and a Kentian connection with the Lodge cannot be ruled out.

In the nineteenth century the lodges were converted into domestic accommodation, at their peak housing no less than 17 people. At a similar date the top of the arch was decorated with two sphinxes, formerly beside the canal, and a substantial urn which had graced an allée off the High Ride, visible from the Banqueting House. All three pieces of sculpture were removed for safekeeping in the 1970s, the dwellings having been abandoned after the harsh winter of 1948.



ANDREW PLUMRIDGE

ABOVE: MACKERSHAW LODGES

BELOW: THE TENT (DETAIL), A. DEVIS, c.1770



#### MINOR FEATURES AROUND THE RESERVOIR

Although belonging to a relatively late phase in the development of the garden, many of the features constructed around the Reservoir between 1768 and 1770 failed to survive the test of time. As has already been mentioned, William Aislabie initially marked his acquisition of Fountains Abbey by re-landscaping of the environs of the Reservoir. The Reservoir itself was enlarged by 50%, the bridge that

previously crossed its inflow being lost in the process. In addition to the erection of the Tent, the heights around the new water were decorated with a variety of semi-permanent features; contemporary writers mention both White and Green Arches, several statues and a white bench, as well as the statue of Anne Bulleyn that had gazed down at the abbey ruins since the 1750s. The extant Temple of Fame also belongs to this phase—and is not a reincarnation of the Rotondo formerly in front of the Banqueting House, again as popular myth would have it.

Other features have not fared so well. Of the White Bench and Arch, apparently sited between the Temple of Fame and Anne Bulleyn's Seat, little or no trace can now be found. The site of the Green Arch can be

identified with a 20 metre wide depression in the valley side to the south of Anne Bulleyn's Seat, well off currently used visitor routes. None of the documentary sources mention the small water features—an artificial cascade and spanning arch—in the valley immediately south-east of the Reservoir, which are also likely to be of this vintage. Overall, by 1770 this was a visually busy part of the gardens, and it may not be wholly to the detriment of the overall effect that few features have survived.

#### THE GAZEBO

Having adjusted the approaches, William's attention turned to the treatment of the Abbey itself in the early 1770s. His treatment of the ruins has long been vilified, largely on the grounds of the vindictive report of William Gilpin in *Observations on a Tour of the North of England*, 1772. Gilpin's unfair appraisal has obscured a pioneering piece of conservation work, presaging modern approaches to monument management—but that too is a story for another place! Of more relevance here was William's erection of a Gazebo at the east wall of the Abbey church. This was rectangular in plan, with stairs at either end accessing a raised platform. From there, views of the church lay in one direction, and of the Reservoir in the other. The walls of the Gazebo were carefully constructed to match the thirteenth century decoration of the rest of the Chapel of the Nine Altars; so successful was this

that for a while it was thought to be an original feature. Aislabie has stood accused of demolishing the reredos to provide materials for this project, probably again without foundation as it is not recorded extant on a 1748 plan of the abbey. Unfortunately, this fascinating monument to eighteenth century visitor management displeased Earl de Grey (owner of the estate from 1845-59), and it was removed during the Walbran excavations of the abbey (1848-57). Of William's antiquarian reconstructions only the Altar tiling remains—and like the Gazebo before it, this is still happily accepted as a mediæval survival by visitors.

#### ROUGH HOUSE, RUSTIC COTTAGE AND GALAND BRIDGE

The last development undertaken by the Aislabie's was the extension of the grounds for a further mile along the Skell valley to the west of the Abbey. By the 1770s the Picturesque taste was dominating landscape thinking, and this was reflected in the style of the newly added areas. The western Skell valley 'garden' mainly consisted of semi-natural woodland, accessed by newly created drives, without man-made ornaments except occasional bridges.

The only garden building of this addition survives as a private house. Rough House, to the north of the lane to Sawley, had been rented by the Aislabies as an agricultural tenancy with farmhouse, prior to acquisition in 1774. The farmhouse occupied a pronounced knoll in the south side of the valley affording unique views of the abbey from the west. William modified the house, rustivating its exterior, incorporating much decorative stonework from the abbey ruins, and artificially raising its gables—a feature that survives today. The result was a building in appearance not unlike Mowbray Point at Hackfall.

Rough House was not William's only rustic building. On the site of the former monastic east gate he built Rustic Lodge, again incorporating stonework from the abbey in its very rough exterior stonework. Before 1801 this too had been forced into service accommodating estate employees. Its chimney incorporated a carved face of a man—perhaps reused mediæval sculpture—through whose nose smoke issued when a fire was lit. The consumption of tobacco was strictly

THE ROUGH HOUSE, SAWLEY, c.1910



THE 'GAZEBO', FROM STORER'S "DELINEATIONS...", c.1820

forbidden to Victorian visitors, and it was said that the sculpture was the only man on the estate permitted to smoke! The lodge is marked on the 1929 OS 25" survey, but was demolished in the later inter-war years.

Rustic Lodge occupied a surprising position set back into the valley side, off the main east-west vista. The reason for this was that the view it was intended to grace linked to the third of William Aislabie's rustic structures, Galand Bridge, across the valley to the south. Like Rough House this still survives, but lies in a part of the garden not open to the public. A blocky structure, the 'bridge' fills a substantial valley cut by the outflow from Stanks Pond. This stream once marked the boundary of the Abbey, the precinct wall lying just west of its bank. A cart-width span under the east end of the structure maintained access between the garden and the farmland beyond, while under the west end an artificial cascade for the stream to perform over was constructed, with a seat platform on the slopes to the south-west. The intended inter-visibility of these features is underlined by the cutting made through the earthwork remains of the monastic wall on the main sight line.

With William Aislabie's death in 1781 the expansion of the Pleasure Grounds ceased, and deterioration of many of its elements—especially its outlying ones—started. It is often said the next owner of the property—William's daughter, Elizabeth Allanson—showed little interest in Studley. Although not a regular visitor, this is not wholly true, and nor were the gardens neglected. The numbers of visitors steadily increased as the eighteenth century drew to a close, and the grounds were decently maintained for their enjoyment. Indeed there is even evidence for minor modifications; Anne Bulleyn's Seat, one of the buildings still seen today, was probably not built until the early 1790s. Its sliding doors, thrown open by tour guides to reveal the 'Surprise View' was one of the highlights of Victorian tours of the grounds.

THE DAVE MARTIN COLLECTION

# The Magazine

ANDREW PLUMRIDGE

Every now and then, but thankfully not very often, I receive what purports to be a polite letter about the late arrival of the magazine or an invitation etc. It therefore seems appropriate to explain how this simple job works, which as many long-term members will know, is something that the Fellowship has been practising for a few years and managed to develop into a fine art. And so...

From an afternoon nap I'm awakened  
By the ring of my hall telephone.  
The voice on the end is of Michael's.  
Oh damn, he knows I'm at home.

"Have you finished your piece on that column  
In the jungles of Kashmir - Jammu?  
I want to be using it this week,  
For the next magazine that is due".

I said that "the thing's nearly finished".  
In truth I had barely begun.  
But by taking three days off in sick leave,  
I should just about get it done.

All over the country, other authors  
Are receiving a similar bell.  
And I'm sure that their own protestations,  
Are falling on deaf ears as well.

A fortnight or more since that first call,  
My article's finished and sent.  
Its then I remembered the spell-check  
Had wrongly corrected 'Sargent'.

At that point a magic thing happens.  
My article's put on machine.  
It's done with QuarkXpress software;  
A process that I've never seen.

Another two weeks and it's typeset,  
And sent to Susan to proof read.  
"A paragraph's missing" she calls out.  
Well, the computer is going to seed!

At last the artwork's at the printers,  
With photos and cards by the pound.  
Mike spends the next week having kittens;  
They sometimes appear wrong way round.

A print date is finally given.  
The 'stuffers' are all standing to.  
The envelopes? - ordered from Viking.  
Is there anything else we should do?

Three weeks after printing was promised,  
The magazine finally appears.  
"We'll stuff them at Enfield", says Michael.  
"Is it your turn to bring in the beers?"

The industrious workers get busy,  
Stuffing, sealing, and labelling too.  
By the time that we get them all sorted,  
I should get to bed around two.

Next day in bundles of fifty,  
The envelopes: stacked up and weighed.  
A trip to the Post Office counter,  
No stamps: these days it's pre-paid.

The Royal Mail has been alerted.  
But then there's a 'phone call from Ben.  
"The men are on strike until Wednesday;  
They can't be collected 'til then".

The Royal Mail called in on Friday,  
To take the brown parcels away.  
They're not franked until the next Thursday:  
They're supposed to be done straight away.

A week later the mags are delivered,  
To houses all over the land.  
Another week later in Europe:  
France, Italy, Spain, Netherland.

Three weeks after posting has happened,  
They've reached the Australia too.  
With one more in Quatar, and two in Bengal.  
But one's still some way off from Peru.

Another five weeks after all this - Hooray!  
The Peruvian copy's arrived.  
But the postman who tried to deliver it,  
From a snake bite has suddenly died.

That night in a study in Burpham,  
The telephone suddenly went.  
It's Mike - wants a piece on an ice-house!  
Will the bloody man never relent?

So next time your magazine's held up,  
And failed to meet the due date.  
Just remember what we have all been through:  
It's not just our fault that it's late.

And if this excuse seems paltry,  
There's only one thing you should do.  
Thank God that you still live in Bromsgrove.  
And not in the wilds of Peru!



Mrs. Lawrence (William's granddaughter) inherited in 1808, and owned Studley until 1845. Like her aunt before her, she respected her forebears works and enacted only comparatively minor changes—such as the inclusion of the valley top above Rustic Lodge in the garden, to open a new high level path from the abbey to the Banqueting House. However, both she and her successors faced increasing maintenance bills exacerbated by the swelling ranks of tourists (over 30,000 a year by 1871) The Marquis of Ripon's solution was to 'rationalise' the suite of features, and restrict areas that were kept up and kept open.

In the 45 years since acquiring Studley the National Trust has undertaken to arrest two centuries of erosion and—as far as the principal features of the gardens are concerned—is making considerable progress. The main water features and buildings have been consolidated, and are in good heart for the coming century. The recent archaeological research has gone some way to clarifying what has been lost and has perhaps helped to identify features that at some future date might be further investigated or even restored. This, of course, will be reliant upon obtaining funds not only for the initial works, but also for the ongoing maintenance of the restored features. In the meanwhile, the research has at least developed our understanding of what is undoubtedly one of England's most important and exciting gardens.

## Browne's Folly Update

Now that our Browne's Folly Appeal has nearly reached its target figure of £12,000, instructions have been given to the builders to proceed with the work of reforming the roof in lead, and introducing for the first time two lightning conductors. Work is expected to finish before Christmas.

Unlike any normal project, it is impractical to scaffold a remote and isolated folly tower. Not only would it be difficult to carry the scaffold for the half-mile distance across hilly woodland terrain, it would also be dangerous to leave it unattended at night and at weekends. The builders will therefore be completing the work using mountaineering techniques, abseiling from fixing points attached to the roof and the walls.

Ownership of the tower was successfully transferred earlier this year, thanks to the excellent work of Rodney Milne-Day, a long-time member who acted as conveyancing solicitor. We are greatly indebted to him for his kindness and his generosity, and despite the bureaucratic activities of H. M. Land Registry, his ability to make it an entirely painless experience.

If you have not yet made a donation to the fund, and would like to do so, please send your cheque made payable to The Folly Fellowship, and send it to 7 Inch's Yard, Market Street, Newbury, Berkshire RG14 5DP. Please mark your envelope or accompanying note "Browne's Folly Appeal" so we know what it is for.



# A Kingdom and its Queen

IAIN GRAY

Our drive for membership in Scotland is still in its infancy but its first official outing—a whole weekend—was such a complete and wonderful experience that our new Scottish Secretary, Sarah Innes, has set herself awesome standards to follow.

Is there anyone out there unfamiliar with the paperback edition of *Follies* (the New Testament of follyologists' bible)? As it's currently out of print while the revised and updated version awaits publication, there may be a few who don't know that the **Dunmore Pineapple** adorns the cover of what had appeared originally in hardback as the National Trust guide to our favourite subject. Naturally, we started our momentous tour at the gateway leading to this breathtaking spectacle, near the top of most lists of most want to see and number ONE in our Top Ten (see *FOLLIES*, vol. 10, no. 2).

A march near the town of Kincardine on the north side of the bridge of that name caused long tailbacks towards Fife and not a little anxiety amongst the group of well-established folly hunters, joined for the occasion by some newish members experiencing their very first FF outing, and surely not their last.

In the best traditions of follies Sarah had a tale to tell about why the Pineapple came to be built. Her source was a very aged gardener she met a good many years ago who had worked all his adult life at Dunmore, as had his father and grandfather before him. That must take us well back into the last century. The Earl of Dunmore had gone to Italy on his honeymoon, probably on at least part of the grand tour. There he and his wife saw a building much like that we stood before as we listened. "We must have one of these," cried the bride and the Earl promised her he would knock one up as soon as he got home. Rather better than his word he built a little miracle of engineering though very large indeed as fruit goes. A simple enough story, but the beauty of it, as is so often the case in the enchanted world of follies, is that it is not the explanation offered by Headley & Meulenkamp (see *Follies*, pp.469-70). What they say suggests that the tale had evolved somewhat down the generations of gardeners.

All this fruit had given us an appetite for the lunch Sarah had laid on for us in Kincardine (the march having dispersed and the tailback of traffic with it). A key ingredient of any good folly outing is the chatter between times but we did have a splendidly civilised and delicious lunch before making our way to Broomhall House, the home of the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine (who still has all his marbles and an impish wit). This dear man seemed to warm more to our receptive company with every twinkle of his eye as he proudly showed us his house with its **Chambers's folly** incorporated into one wing in 1880 having been built in about 1750. We peeped inside to see the toys of a bygone age and heard about the curious bathroom before following a track back to the **ice-house** and the scene of some planned

restoration. The Earl's son, who lives in an interesting house nearby, stands to inherit a huge responsibility. One hopes that modern politics, here and in Brussels, does not interfere with his freedom to do so.

From Broomhall we set off for Balchrystie (home to Sarah and her husband Michael for only a few more days at the time of the visit). The house is lovely, the garden paradise, devouring 100 hours a week of Sarah and Michael's time and truly one of the most exciting private gardens we have been in, an adventure to explore and one surprise after another. Even the secret garden led to new finds including... well, what exactly is it? we asked one another. An apple store, or a game larder, a passion parlour? Jonathan, who had made the journey from Broomhall by a characteristically independent route, went for an apple store but most of us favoured ignorance or just folly. In another hidden corner we found a torrent (well, a rushing burn!) with the most amazing display of flowers bending their heads to drink from its waters.

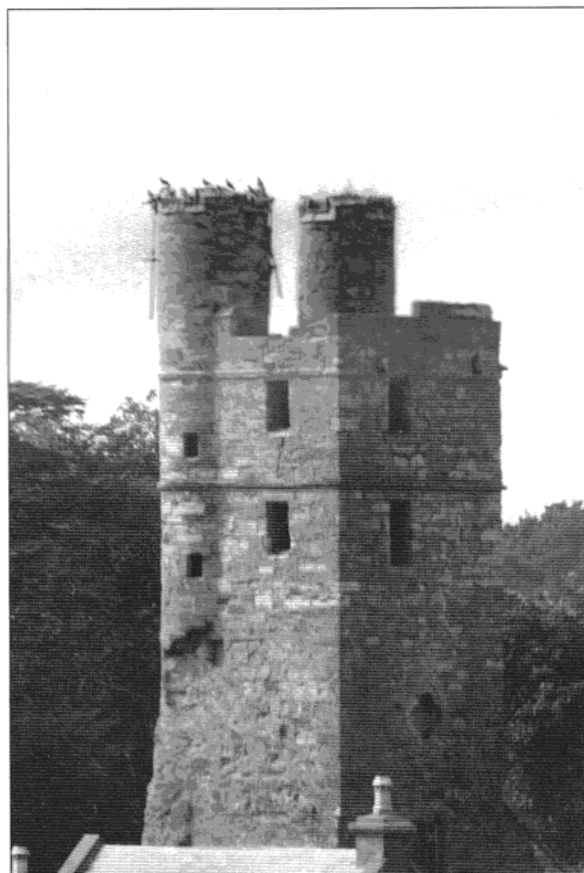
In the secret garden, a sun-trap par excellence, Michael and artist son Robert, had laid out wine and nibbles. Gretchen (all the way from America for this outing) was doing the rounds and singing selections from her collection of golden discs but there wasn't time to tarry. Off to Balcarres. Sarah's social contacts take a bit of beating if you like exquisite gardens. Take the Countess of Crawford's. It was blessed not only with every kind of plant known to these parts but a lovely roofless chapel with much family history in its walls.

The route to the **tower** (a ready-made ruin by Robert Lindsay, nineteenth century) on the crag is a bit challenging and that's by the easy route. The first of us to reach the door of the tower found that it had been forced, probably not too long before so, not wishing to turn down the opportunity, we swarmed to the top where I finally had to sit down to take in the dizzying spectacle of the month of the Firth of Forth, with Elie at its edge.

I had to admit by then that descent by the more hair-raising path was just enough to prepare me for a very hearty fish supper acquired after much patient queuing at the fish 'n' chip shop at Pittenweem. We sat overlooking the harbour as the stars came out, the fishing boats chugged home and a seal played and counted our blessings as the haddock and chunky chips went down with a slurp of good old 'Im Bru'. Scotland, my Scotland!

So to St. Andrews for the night, a nightcap in a studenty sort of place. What would Sunday have in store?

There was time to do the town and just be tourists. See the Abbey, up the tiny steps to the top of the old church tower, to the Castle, revisit the Bottle Dungeon (my childhood favourite) and the tunnel (we do love tunnels), then dash to Cupar to see if we could locate the Preston Hall **mausoleum**. The OS reference suggested it was near a sewage plant but not that near surely. A helpful policeman was unable to help so back to St. Andrews we went, anxious not to miss a minute in June Baxter's delightful garden with its elegant doo'cot and its riggs. A long, long garden, stretching from one street to another. I promised June I would tell her whatever we could about where that mausoleum was. Anyone?



LUNDIE TOWER, LEVEN

ANN HOUE

Trying to get some lunch and still have time to eat it tried my patience. We shouldn't have bothered. At **Dairsie Castle**, our last official visit, Sarah and Mrs. Ruffle between them had laid on a spread. Fragrant tea and home-made cakes and spicy bread in the great hall. We would just have seen a ruin if Historic Scotland had had the last word. "An unsuitable candidate for restoration." May we beg to differ please, sir?

Historically Dairsie goes back a mere 700 years when built by Bishop Lamberton (they must have had bishops in Scotland then). In 1335 a parliament of Scotland was held there, to decide on a strategy to meet the invasion of Edward III. In 1517 Archbishop Forman granted Dairsie to David Learmonth. Then in 1583 James VI, aged 17, escaped to Dairsie from his Ruthven captors at Falkland. In 1616 it went back from Learmonth to an Archbishop (Spottiswoode this time). Thirty years later Sir George Morrison bought it, but in 1692 it passed to his largest creditor, Alexander Bruce of Broomhall, later Earl of Kincardine (of whose descendants see above). A notorious gambler was the next buyer, Major General John Scott believed to have won £500,000 in his lifetime. What is that in today's money? His eldest daughter, who inherited it, went on to become the Duchess of Portland (a Welbeck Abbey link here). The castle went through a succession of hands before Chris Ruffle, in need of a ruined castle to rebuild, instructed his agent to buy the site without having set eyes on it. This must have galvanised him into action since he let no obstacle deter him. A grant was offered, then withdrawn, but the castle went up, faced with sandstone, as decreed by Historic Scotland, with a tower of curved ashlar almost without precedent in modern Scotland. The use of a certain amount of reconstituted stone cost Chris Ruffle a £250 fine. Do we love reconstituted stone? We do. The fire officer and Historic Scotland couldn't agree about the back door and history itself wasn't sure about the lift.

By a curious coincidence, the stone for cladding came from a house belonging to a seventeenth century laird who engaged in a duel with Sir George Morrison (see above, 1646 to 1692). Oh dear, it's all getting a bit complicated. Let us leave Dairsie, but not forget the quite remarkable surreal sculptures commissioned for it.

That was supposed to be the end of our tour but some of us couldn't tear ourselves away. It just happened that Elie was nearby and, of course, **The Lady's Tower** is there. So off we went again. Wonderful sea air, that sort of grass you get at the seaside that chops at your legs. Heaven! The lady was Lady Jane Anstruther of Elie House and the tower was a bath-house. Can't imagine how Lady Jane got to the water, or they got the water to her. William Adam may well have built the tower in the 1740s, adopting a gothic style. Below it, on the beach is a curious grotto of which Gwyn has offered this quotation: "What's the difference between (insert company name) and a hedgehog?" Answer: "The hedgehog has the pricks on the outside." There you are, Gwyn, it's in print.

This proved to be thirsty work so we repaired to Sarah and Michael's new home in Elie. Far from moving in, they had been stuffing tea

chests throughout that weekend, yet magician that she is, Sarah managed to produce plenty of chilled wine and enough glasses from a paper bag (well, that's how it seemed to me) and we made a tour of house and garden, spotting a sparrowhawk flying over under siege from various other birds. Sarah's not keen on sparrowhawks, having seen the carnage they impart. I confess that the winged raptor fascinates me.

But my tale is not yet told. Consulting my secret list of 'must sees' I spied Lundin Tower supposedly in Lower Largo (birthplace of the prototype Robinson Crusoe, Alexander Selkirk). Little did I know it but Georgina and Matt in that super little Baby Austin have beaten us to it and have found what is actually called **Lundie Tower** and is just outside the village of Leven. Wow! This really is a stunning building. We park up with the Hole family, who had also beaten us to it, and describe it as looking like a pair of binoculars standing on one end! It certainly looks like that. It was tempting to abandon the cars in the middle of the road and run down the track. Anyway I made haste only to meet one man and his dog coming the other way. The last thing on their minds was going to mow a meadow. I had transgressed and summary justice was about to be ministered. While negotiating for my life I continued to feast my eyes on the amazing tower leaping out of a collection of low buildings clinging to it. Local people apparently call it 'The Mill' and it had a small loch behind it at one time, not

to mention a splendid **doo'cot** close by and evidently converted from an ancient chapel. The loch incidentally had been drained through a tunnel. Most of the research for this article is Sarah's and within about five minutes of my asking for it she had dug out a few facts for me: the tower (Gwyn reckons it's a stair tower — what, not a folly?) was the back of a pretty house demolished in 1870 when dry rot set in. Mary, Queen of Scots, stayed there, of course. She laid her head in



LUNDIN DOO'COT, NR. LEVEN

nearly as many places as Good Queen Bess. During World War Two, it was used for para training by Polish airmen.

We couldn't find the Shell Bus at Leven. It really seems to have gone and it was too dark to go creeping around in the dark looking for Wemyss Castle's home farm. Gretchen provided a whole concert from the darkness of the back seat of our car as a very contented trio made its way to Forth Road Bridge and a night in Edinburgh. Sarah, you are the true Queen of the Kingdom of Fife.

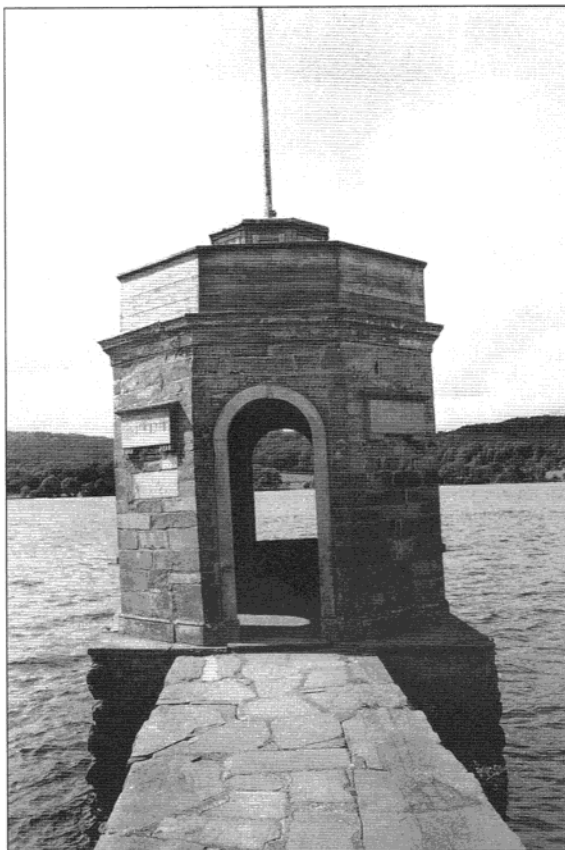
## Help...

As a special project Mrs Marie-Louise Brulatour Mills, Villa Belvedere, 55010 Gragnano, Lucca in Italy, is trying to establish an inventory of follies, grottoes and garden buildings in Italy. Do you know of follies or even lists of follies? Those who think they can help her are asked to contact her at the address given.

# Temple of Heroes, Storrs Hall, Cumbria

OLIVER BRADBURY

NAY! Stranger! smile not at this little dome,  
Albeit quaint, and with no nice regard  
To highest rules of grace and symmetry...  
Doth it seem  
A vain intruder in the quite heart  
Of this majestic Lake, that like an arm...  
yet in this humbler tower,  
The mimicry of loftier edifice...  
Of battlements, amid the mountain-calm  
To stand as proudly, as yon giant rock...  
Then blame it not: for know t'was planted here,  
In mingled mood of seriousness and mirth...  
and on its point,  
Bethinking him of some sea-structure huge,  
Watch-tower or light-house, reared this mimic dome...  
See! in the playfulness of English zeal  
Its low walls are emblazoned! there thou read'st  
Howe, Duncan, Vincent...  
Then, stranger! give  
A blessing on this temple, and admire  
The gaudy pendant round the painted staff...  
This monument to heroes dedicate...  
When a high spirit prompts the builder's soul.<sup>1</sup>



TEMPLE OF HEROES, STORRS HALL

There have been numerous references—some of them considerable—on the Temple at Storrs Hall, but this article is perhaps the first on the history and architecture of the folly *per se*. According to the 1st edition Ordnance Survey map of c.1860 it was originally known merely as 'Storrs Temple'.<sup>2</sup> The Temple is situated at the end of a peninsula on Lake Windermere and is approached by a stone causeway. The causeway is approached via a woodland walk in the grounds of Storrs Hall. It was probably built by Joseph Michael Gandy in 1804 for Sir John Legard though there appears to be no documentary evidence for Gandy's involvement aside from the fact that he worked at Storrs Hall from 1804-11.<sup>3</sup>

The Temple is an octagonal stone gazebo in a paired down neo-classical style mounted on a square stone base. The octagon is punctuated with four arches, one the entrance, the other three allowing panoramic views over Windermere. A wooden parapet (perhaps once stone) above the moulded stone cornice follows the octagon shape as does a diminished top section sporting a flag pole once used for the famous regattas held in the vicinity. The non-arched facets of the octagon are relieved by rectangular tablets that give the impression of being supported by pairs of what appear to be guttae. The tablets are dedicated to Admirals Howe, Nelson, St Vincent and Duncan, and hence are the *raison d'être*, or excuse for this folly.<sup>4</sup> The tablets, arches, cornice and skirting (at the octagon's base) are all in dressed stone whereas the body of the folly is constructed of roughly hewn local stone. The arched openings (except presumably for the entrance) were originally glazed with stained glass perhaps lending a Soanean quality to the interior, now lost.<sup>5</sup> The design of the folly is not especially Soanean except for the plain unrelieved arches.

In 1982 the restoration of the causeway was criticised for being 'over-zealous',<sup>6</sup> but evidence from an old print of the Hall and grounds<sup>7</sup> reveal the nineteenth century causeway to have been pretty substantial with a castellated parapet, and not a "very tenuous connection... by a

series of stepping stones."<sup>8</sup> In 1962 the folly was described in *Country Life* as "badly in need of repair",<sup>9</sup> but it had just been handed over to the National Trust; the current owners have since carried out restoration. The Temple's initial appearance was controversial as it was considered an eyesore, so Christopher North was inspired to write a poem in its defence which is quoted here in part. He wrote: "and with no nice regard To highest rules of grace and symmetry"—perhaps a reference to Gandy's occasionally ungainly and uncompromising neo-classicism.

Again, in 1982, it was said that the boat-house built by Gandy for Legard had been demolished.<sup>10</sup>

This is a curious statement as there is (1996) a boathouse at a short distance from the Temple of Heroes. It is marked 'Boat House' on the 1st edition OS map, and is approached by an inlet. Gandy exhibited a design for a boat-house at the R.A. in 1804<sup>11</sup> though Sir Howard Colvin has expressed reasonable doubt as to whether Gandy designed "the rather rustic boat-house" at Storrs.<sup>12</sup> The boat-house is in a vernacular style constructed of drystone masonry. The waterfront entrance is spanned by a huge elliptic arch almost on the point of collapse (1996), and above it is an externally inaccessible little wooden door now battened back below an overhanging roof—again emphasising the vernacular. It can be reported that Storrs Hall itself has been recently restored to its former glory.

Thanks to Sir Howard Colvin, Dr. Nigel Temple, and Anne Rowe: Assistant Curator, Cumbria Record Office

## FOOTNOTES & BIBLIOGRAPHY:

- 1 "Apology For The Little Naval Temple, On Storrs Point, Windermere", from *Lakeland Poems* by Professor Wilson ('Christopher North'), selected and arranged by W. Bailey-Kempling, Ambleside, G. Middleton, 1902. The poem has been abridged for this article.
- 2 Sheet 37.3, scale 25" to 1 mile.
- 3 Howard Colvin, *A Biographical Dictionary of British Architects, 1600-1840*, 3rd edn., New Haven & London, 1995, p. 389. Colvin says: "there is a strong probability that the octagonal temple built in 1804 was designed by Gandy." (correspondence 2 Aug, 1998).
- 4 Anon., *Storrs Hall, Lake Windermere*, hotel booklet, printed by 'News' Printing Works, Hawick, undated, p. 3.
- 5 *Idem*.
- 6 Joseph Michael Gandy, Architectural Association, 1982, pp. 29-30.
- 7 Anon., *op. cit.*, p.14.
- 8 Gandy, *op. cit.*, p. 30.
- 9 November 29, 1962, p. 1338.
- 10 Gandy, *op. cit.*, p. 29.
- 11 Colvin, *op. cit.*, p.389.
- 12 Correspondence 2 Aug, 1998.

## LETTERS

We are members of the Folly Fellowship, and partake in the National Garden Scheme on Sunday 6 June 1999. We have a half-acre site, with a lovely garden overlooking the valley and hills towards Fawsley, as well as a house built of brick in 1744, which has castellations and looks like a castle—thus the folly. We are in *Curiosities of Northamptonshire* and Pevsner. The garden will be open from 2pm to 6pm; three other gardens are also open in the village, plus an excellent plant stall and teas at one of these.

*Marion Carlisle, The Folly, Old Forge Lane, Preston Capes, Daventry, Northants NN11 3TD (Tel: 01327 361489)*

## OBITUARY

### JOHN CANE

The sudden news of John Cane's death came as something of a shock. He was one of those kind and generous people whom we all hoped would live forever. He was a much under-valued arts and crafts architect, a leading expert in the field of construction law, and resolu-

er of many legal disputes in his role as arbitrator. He was also a brilliant artist, and sketched everything of any architectural value in Italy where he loved to holiday. He was also a tutor at the Oxford and Birmingham Schools of Architecture, and was where I met him during my student days at Oxford. His wide understanding and interpretation of legal and contractual matters, mixed with a wealth of highly amusing and informative anecdotes, made him an ideal tutor for what could otherwise have been a dull and uninspiring subject. Even now, twelve years after graduating, I still find myself saying in times of difficulty, "what would John have said?" In that respect he certainly does live forever, in the heads, hearts and professional careers of his many grateful students.

When I first proposed the idea of an organisation dedicated to follies and landscape architecture, John was an encouraging voice among the otherwise modernist tutors. He gave a healthy contribution towards the cost of our first magazine, and was one of our earliest members. And while he rarely managed to attend our garden parties or excursions, he was a stalwart admirer of the magazine and our work. Of the very many memories that I have of him, I will always remember his ability to conduct business with patience, charm, strict professionalism and a smile, something that I try hard to emulate.

We have lost a great and unique friend.—AJP

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