



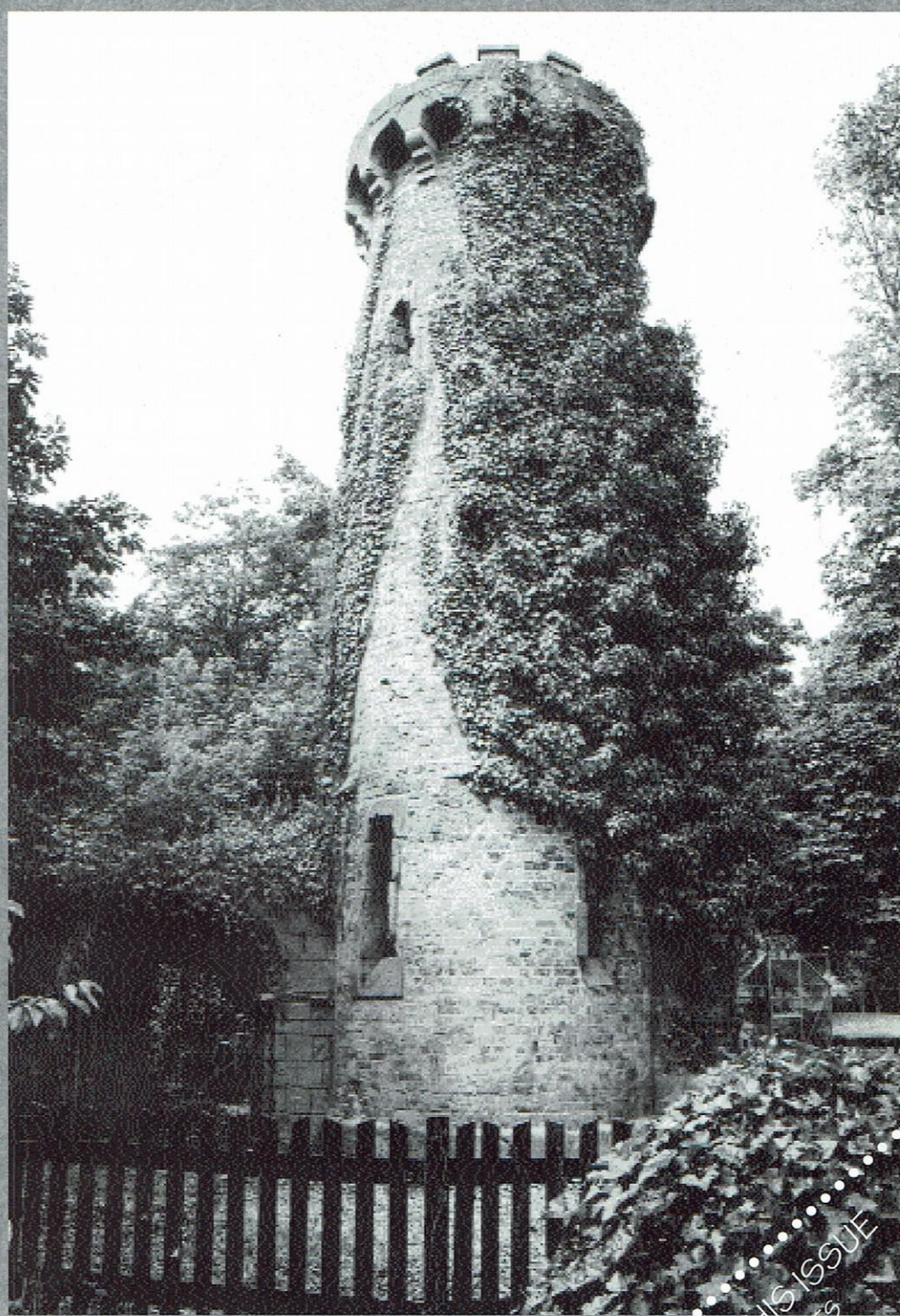
# follies

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR FOLLIES, GROTTOS & GARDEN BUILDINGS

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  - Dereck Green**
  - Susan Kellerman**
  - Dave Martin**
  - Karen Lynch**
  - Pieter Boogaart**



FREE IN THIS ISSUE  
OF FOLLIES  
EVENTS  
2004



BOOGAART

## Editorial

BBC 2's *Restoration* was a welcome change to monotony of yet more Big Brother, Fame Academy styled offerings. And yes, besides the obvious folly candidates, there was many a building worthy of saving: Mavisbank, the Darnley Mausoleum, Arnos Vale Cemetery stick in my mind. Wentworth Castle has been the recipient of a substantial grant anyway; the plan for Stainborough Castle is conservation and partial restoration to how it was when the Earl of Strafford built it. But when a sham ruin is rebuilt beyond its intended ruination, or the form of a folly building so altered or added to, does it lose its folly status? By coincidence one such building, the Castle

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Cover photograph of Hertford Tower, by Ian Woodcock

at Clevedon, was on the market last year (see For Sale); restored well beyond its original scheme to become a fully functional, and quite grand, luxury home. The same could be said for Lord Boston's Folly at Bourne End, also rebuilt to such an exquisite standard that it warranted an article in *Homebuilding & Renovation* earlier last year. So should the privately occupied sham castle at Hagley fall into this category? Probably not as it was always built to be inhabited by a keeper back in the eighteenth century.

Old postcards and photographs demonstrate this only too well: towers with living quarters or a full-blown house stuck on the side (but what's new – that's how it was when Stuart and Revett found the Tower of the Winds at Athens). Well, if it ensures a folly's survival we should be grateful, but I'm sure there are many who feel the original impact of the owner's or builder's design is diminished or lost as a consequence.

#### *follies* MAGAZINE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE  
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### Barbara Hague, Midlands Regional Secretary

You will all, I am sure, be very sorry to hear that in September last year, Barbara retired from this long-held post, having done the job for the last ten years as well as being on the Executive Committee until a couple of years ago. By way of a token of our appreciation for all the many splendid events that she has organised in that time, Barbara was presented with a bouquet of flowers and a collage of follies. Barbara is now working in her newly-established hardy nursery venture, where she would be delighted to see you, and of course even more pleased if you took away (I think we mean 'bought') a plant to enjoy in your own gardens. Best wishes from us all.

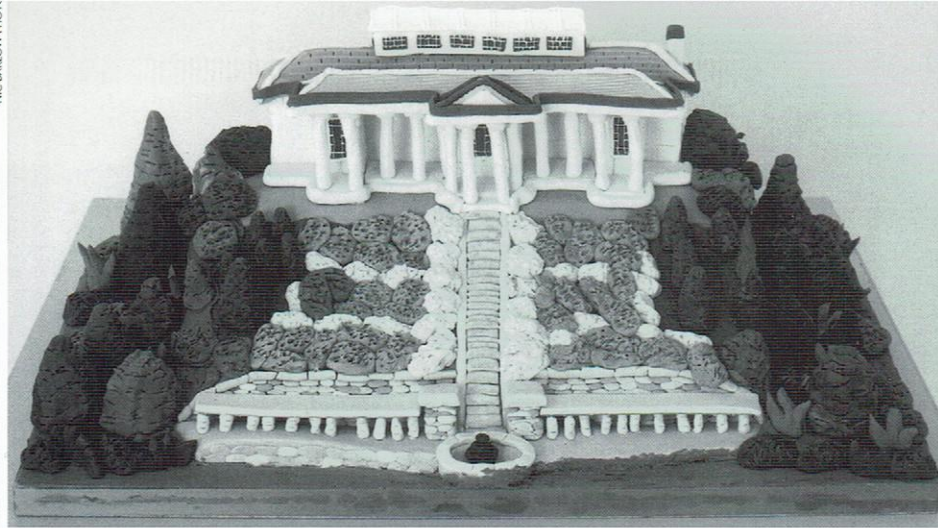
Oliver Bradbury has been kind enough to write an appreciation of Nigel Temple, who sadly passed away last year. Before he died, the Folly Fellowship was very fortunate to be presented with an album of reproductions of old postcards, featuring follies, rustic buildings, and unusual gatehouses. These formed a small section of a much larger collection covering gardens that Nigel had been collecting over many years. Nigel also kindly lent a few postcards so that they could be photographed, and one of these features in this issue.

If you can think back to six months ago, you will remember the wonderful garden party. The feedback was excellent: a marvellous garden and hostess, lashings of food and drink, near perfect weather, a wonderful cake; it has to go down as one of the best in years. So why weren't you there? You missed the Millennium Folly (see *FOLLIES* #56, p. 3). Seriously, our many thanks to Karen Lynch and Elizabeth Waters for their supreme organisation and work.

We also need to express our sincere and deep thanks to Pieter Boogaart, in charge of *FOLLIES* magazine from issue 50. He has selflessly continued to edit the last four magazines at his usual standard after he indicated in 2002 that he wanted to step down as soon as a replacement editor was found. Pieter's health hasn't been too good over the last year, and a recent worsening of this made the removal of any workload and stress a priority for the Trustees. To this end Mike Cousins has agreed to reassume the role of editor, but is standing down as Company Secretary and as a Trustee; Rita Boogaart will valiantly continue to do battle with the typesetting! Our best wishes attend Pieter and we all wish him a full and speedy recovery.

You may notice that this issue of *FOLLIES* is slightly bigger than usual – in part, we have a donation from Lady Scott to thank for this, but we also decided to push the boat out a bit as a one off for the start of a new year. The deadline for contributions for the next issue is 31 March 2004.

Thanks go out to Jeff Cousins, Peter Dane, Iain Gray, Susan Kellerman, Peter Kiff, Dave Martin, 'Pat' Patrick,



Stuart B. Smith, Alan Terrill, Elizabeth Waters, Richard Webber, and especially Karen Lynch for their unsung contributions to and help with this issue.

With the introduction of the Journal, we thought it appropriate to introduce a new publications subscription rate for institutions – corporate membership. The annual rates would be: UK, £40; US \$80; or €70 for the rest of the world (these two prices reflect postage differences for the US and Europe). So what does this mean? The majority of you will be unaffected by this, the differences between the two memberships being as follows:

- 1) an individual membership means payment by personal cheque, and a home address registered for membership, plus the right to participate in events.
- 2) institutional membership would mean payment by company (or similar) cheque and the use of the institution's address in our records and for publication despatch.

#### Events 2004

So, you all managed to resist the temptation of tearing up your envelope without checking to see if there were any other goodies in besides the magazine? You did, **great!** then you will be the proud owner of your own events programme for 2004. It's designed so that you can fold it up and put it in your wallet, purse, or wherever you might choose. But at least you'll know what's going on, and have no excuses for not planning your holidays around our events.

The co-ordination of these events is being handled by Elizabeth Waters, whose details are given on page 2, as well as on the card...and here's a very brief resume:

27–28 March: Three Counties Weekend (Hampshire, Wiltshire and Dorset).

15–16 May: Yorkshire Wolds Weekend.

25 June: Hewell Grange, Worcestershire.

July: Kensington, London.

7 August: The FF Annual Garden Party—Consall Hall (nr Stoke-on-Trent), Staffordshire.

12 September: Shotover & Ditchley, Oxfordshire.

3 October (to be confirmed): Le Palais Idéal, France.

And finally, a big thank-you from Elizabeth to all those people who arranged events for us last year.

**STANCOMBE PARK,  
GLOUCESTERSHIRE,  
THE SUPERB CAKE OF  
THE 2003 GARDEN PARTY**  
OPPOSITE PAGE:  
**THE MILLENNIUM FOLLY**

## Hertford Tower

IAN WOODCOCK

My relationship with 'the folly' began nearly twenty-five years ago in the summer of 1978 when, as a twelve-year-old boy, I moved house with my family to Hertford and it is almost certainly to blame for my love of strange buildings, all things

eccentric and why I became a member of the Folly Fellowship.

Although it stands less than half a mile from the centre of Hertford, the folly is one of the county town's best-kept secrets. In 1978 it stood in the middle of a densely wooded area, its summit just visible from Cowbridge (looking south-west from the bridge itself) and, in winter when the trees had lost their leaves, from what was McMullen's sports field (now part of the school playing field) on Port Vale.

It was from this angle that I first stepped into the wood, on a late summer's evening in July, in an attempt to gain a closer look at the tower. Finding it was somewhat harder than I had expected and I was close to giving up when I came across a tell-tale sign that I must be very near a barbed wire fence and a sign threatening guard dogs. Calculating that any dog was unlikely to be contained by such a fence, I decided to call the sign's bluff and negotiated my way over the wire. But still I could not find the tower. It was getting dark and I was getting frightened, alone in the rapidly darkening wood; I decided to turn back. Concentrating my gaze on the ground, to be sure that my path was safe, I pushed my way through the thick undergrowth and soon chanced upon a small clearing. Glad to have some small respite from being battered and scratched by bushes I looked up in an attempt to regain my bearings and there it was, staring me in the face less than 15 feet in front of me.

The feeling that passed over me was one of intense excitement and, simultaneously, extreme fear all rolled into one – I can still feel it now when I think back to my first encounter with the tower. I wanted to approach yet at the same time I wanted to get as far away from it as quickly as I could. I stood there, in this calm, yet intensely eerie atmosphere, for a few moments with just the sound of the river falling over the weir as company. Of course I did approach, albeit slowly and cautiously, as if the tower might leap upon me at any moment, and, having taken the weir as a reference point, returned on many occasions over the following years.

After I had discovered the tower, I was keen to find out more about it. I asked everybody I could – architects, historians, the museum curator, town councillors, old ladies who had lived all their life in Hertford – but no-one seemed to know of its existence, let alone

any detail about it such as who owned it or how I might gain entry. And so it remained my secret place until I moved from Hertford in 1985. Some years later I learned from a friend that a sheltered housing establishment had been built on Port Vale and that a large amount of the wood had been cleared. Realising that the tower was virtually unheard of in Hertford, I became deeply concerned that, without anyone to 'stand up for it', it might have been demolished rather than restored during the course of the building works.

I could not bring myself to go to Hertford to find out whether my worst fears that my 'old friend' had been destroyed were true, and so it was with great joy that I read in *FOLLIES* in Autumn 2001 that it had been retained and restored and was now enjoying life as a garden building in the new complex. Now it is even more 'secret' than it was in 1978, being completely obscured from all public angles by new housing and can only be seen by 'trespassing' in the grounds of the new sheltered housing complex on Port Vale. Even then it is harder to find than one might expect. On entering the complex, follow the path round the left side of the buildings and keep walking. You will turn a corner and, apparently, will be able to see the whole of the garden in front of you – and yet no folly tower. But if you keep going, the tower will suddenly come into view on your left, when you are no more than 10 yards from it. Nice to think it can still 'surprise' you even though its camouflage of trees has left it exposed on three sides!

The tower itself still remains a mystery, as no documents relating to its design or construction exist. It would seem likely, however, that Thomas Smith, County Surveyor for Hertfordshire between 1837 and 1875, designed and built the tower. Thomas Smith owned North Road House, whose grounds extended to the rear towards the River Beane, beyond which lay woodland and then Port Vale. In the early 1840s, he purchased a further five acres of land bordering his grounds thus extending them back, beyond the River Beane, to Port Vale. He embarked upon an extensive programme of improvement and landscaping, building weirs across the river to create low waterfalls, bridges to give access to the new area and a ruined tower to enhance the more distant vista.

There is a possibility that the ruin had a practical use in that it could have been a disguised water tower; piped water from the Hertford Waterworks was not available in this part of Hertford until the new works were built, at the foot of Port Hill, in 1860. A sales brochure for 1897 states that the tower contained a large water tank.

The brick-built tower with stone crenellations stands about 40 feet high and is attached to a Romanesque arch with three tiers of receding moulded arches, about 7 feet in height, which has been built in stone blocks, with a ragged outer edge giving the tower a 'ruined' effect. It is, however, complete as it was originally built around

150 years ago and is considerably less ruinous than it first appears. The wall to the unattached side of the arch has been built to curve round on itself and gives the appearance of having gradually disintegrated until a point where it reaches the ground. However, on closer inspection, and on removing some of the build-up of weeds, it can be seen that this is in fact a carefully constructed staircase, which allows access to the wall above the arch and then to a narrow door to the tower, which is currently hidden behind a dense growth of trailing ivy.

The tower itself is decorated with a number of narrow false windows, at ground and first floor level, which are edged in stone. In addition to the doorway to the tower, accessible via the staircase to the top of the arch, there is another doorway at ground level at the 'rear' of the building. Both doors are around 30 inches wide and just over 6 feet tall and both are firmly locked. I remember that, in 1978, I had been able to peer in through one of these doors (which had been broken by vandals) but had not been able to gain access due to some rather well-placed barbed wire. I remember looking into a circular room, about eight feet in diameter, with a wooden staircase leading to the next floor. Unfortunately, I could not get through the doorway to gain access to the stairs or to wherever they led.

The current state of the tower is good, considering how dilapidated it was when I 'discovered' it in 1978. The brickwork has been cleaned and repointed where necessary, the doors replaced and a small picket fence put around it (no doubt to deter twelve-year-old boys). A replacement rainwater pipe has also been fitted. The mouldings, however, are not in such good shape. There are large cracks in the capitals of the arches and the columns themselves and, at the time of my visit in June 2003, a substantial section of the decorative stucco moulding had fallen away and was lying on the ground next to the arch.

Regrettably, I was unable to find out any further detail from the Hertford Museum (such as who owned it and how I might gain access) or anything more about its history except for a double-sided A4 sheet entitled *THE TOWER on the banks of the River Beane, Hertford*. Unfortunately, this is mostly concerning Thomas Smith and



only contains four sentences pertaining to the tower itself. Similarly, my other sources, brought no joy.

So it would appear that, currently, the only way to learn more about the tower would be to visit it. Naturally, I have no intention to encourage you to trespass. However, should you find yourself in Hertford, Port Vale is the road at the foot of Port Hill (the B158 north to Bengoe and Wadesmill). The sheltered housing is on the left hand side about 100 yards before the *Two Brewers* public house.

**HERTFORD TOWER**  
 ABOVE: THE LOWER PART  
 BELOW: THE ARCH WITH MOULDINGS  
 FRONT COVER: TOWER AND ARCH, FULL VIEW



## Nigel Temple (1926-2003) - An Appreciation

OLIVER BRADBURY

I came to know Dr Nigel Temple at an extremely formative age in terms of my development as an architectural historian. I was about twenty-one and Nigel was about sixty-eight. Despite a forty-seven year age gap, we soon found that we had much in common in terms of background and shared interests. As I knew Nigel for only the last nine years of his life, the following is rather more of an appreciation than an obituary per se.

Nigel Hal Longdale Temple was born on 21 January 1926 at Lowestoft, Suffolk. Between 1944 and 1948 he did meteorological service in the RAF and from 1948 to 1952 he was a student at Farnham School of Art. In 1955, he married Judith Tattersill and they had two children, Richard and Sidney Anne. In 1952-53, he studied for his Art Teacher's Diploma at Sheffield College of Art (now incorporated into Sheffield Hallam University) and from then on he taught at various colleges of art until 1978, when he gained a MLitt in Architecture from the University of Bristol. In 1985, he was awarded a PhD by the University of Keele, where his supervisor was Professor Andor Gomme. Nigel passed away on 4 November 2003.

Nigel's achievements have been nationally recognised in the form of a substantial obituary in *The Independent* (14 November 2003) and the dedication of this year's *The Follies Journal* to his memory. This issue features Nigel's final article, 'A Hermit for Cadland? "the sooner [sic] the Better"'. Nigel was a perfectionist and this article had been previously published but in poorly edited form - *The Follies Journal* gave him an opportunity to remedy this situation. Aside from Nigel being a loyal friend and a gentleman, I knew him primarily as an architectural/garden historian and photographer. Moreover, he also operated in several other capacities: collector, lecturer and artist.

My father knew him as an incorrigible collector of historic postcards and children's books but I got to know Nigel rather differently as an historian and something of a mentor in my chosen discipline of architectural history. I soon used him ad infinitum as a referee in which he was extremely generous on numerous occasions, as was he always in terms of lending, invariably gratis, historic illustrative material (often never published before) and as a gifted photographer. At a time when he was becoming seriously ill, and without knowing so, Nigel selflessly gave up much time to undertake photography for my first book, *Cheltenham's*

*Lost Heritage* (Sutton Publishing, 2004), and this publication will be co-dedicated to his memory.

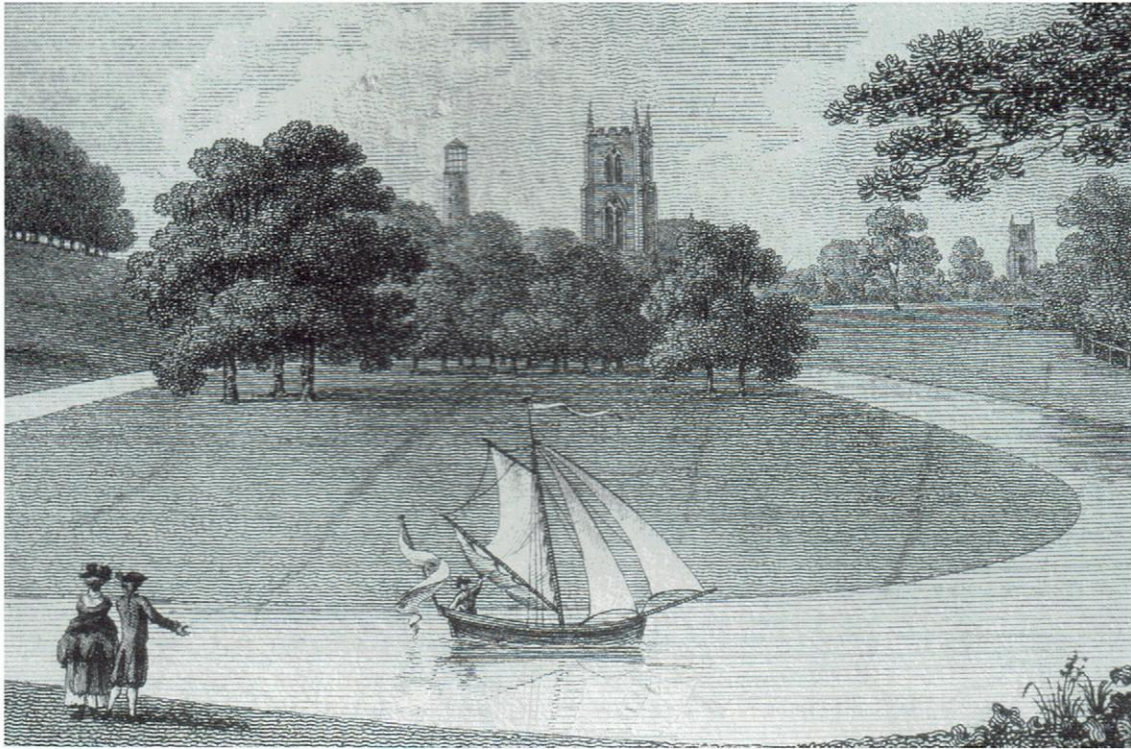
His legacy as a collector is to be found in his book (with Judith Temple) *Seen and Not Heard: A Garland of Fancies for Victorian Children* (1970) and the recent auction (4 December 2003) at Christie's of *The Dr. Nigel Temple Collection of Children's Books*. His comprehensive collection of postcards of buildings and gardens has been left to the National Monuments Record at Swindon.

For many people he was a garden historian (he was the Hon. Registrar of Research for the Garden History Society from 1983) and could be relied upon to answer a ceaseless stream of queries on the Repton dynasty and cottage ornés. Temple is widely recognised as having done much to further our knowledge in matters Picturesque. He was of a retiring nature and would keep himself to himself at large gatherings, and he was also an addictive Francophile, travelling there always alone several times a year. His books include: *Farnham Inheritance* (1956); *Farnham Buildings and People* (1963); *Looking at Things* (1968); *Seen and Not Heard* (1970); *John Nash & the Village Picturesque* (1979) and *George Repton's Pavilion Notebook: a Catalogue Raisonné* (1993). And to this can be added numerous articles in scholarly journals such as *Garden History*, *Country Life* and the *Transactions of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion*. In his various capacities, he will be missed by many.

## Westwick House, Norfolk

MIKE COUSINS

Headley and Meulenkamp are right to highlight the Ordnance Survey's mislabelling of this belvedere as an obelisk - nothing could be further from the truth. The first edition of Pevsner (1962) notes 'a balcony and an iron roof', and the second (1997), 'an iron roof carried on open-cast brackets', and as for the 'conical spire' lying on the ground... well, best disregard that and look at the few facts that we have. And there are few facts, for certainly contemporary estate papers are very thin on the ground. Aside from Thomas Cromwell's brief description (quoted by the aforementioned authors), the best source is from William Watts, *The Seats of the Nobility and Gentry...* (Chelsea: W. Watts, c.1786)



'At a little Distance from the House is an ornamental Building, or Gazebo, erected some Years since by Mr. *Petre*, remarkable for the fine Prospect it affords: It takes in a large Extent of the Sea-coast on one Side; and on the other, a rich inland Country, as far as the Eye can reach; the Whole in the highest State of Cultivation, and most beautifully cloathed with Wood.'

Better still is that the top of the tower is visible in the accompanying engraving (plate XLIV, published 1 May 1782), which clearly shows the form of the top of the tower. What roof there was sat over an observation room, and not directly on brackets – there was certainly no spire. What is present today (just) is a makeshift 'lid' providing at least some protection from the rain, and parts of this that have fallen off show it be of

ABOVE: WESTWICK BELVEDERE  
BELOW: WESTWICK ARCH

thin gauge rolled steel. Interestingly the view, drawn by T. Hearne, came from a 'sketch by H. Repton, Esq.', without doubt made during the time when he was living at Sustead Old Hall less than ten miles away.

And if you want to know what the former entrance arch used to look like, here it is well before its demolition in 1981. Progress being what progress is, one can see why it didn't really stand much of a chance with the increase in road traffic along the former Norfolk to North Walsham road, although reinstatement elsewhere would now be a more satisfactory solution.



THE NIGEL THORPE COLLECTION



**WAPPINGTHORN  
WATERTOWER  
FAR RIGHT: SHAM  
RUINED CHURCH  
IN MILTON ABBAS**

The only problem with this section of the magazine is that by the time you read about these properties, the likelihood is that will have been sold. Still, no harm in dreaming about what might have been...

We reported on **Wappingthorn water tower's** twin in *FOLLIES* #40 (page 5), and last summer the former was on the market for £250,000 through Hamilton Graham. Lots of potential, with plan-

**FOR SALE**

ning permission for a partly subterranean three-bedroom extension (at present there is just one bedroom - 10,000 tons of water sit in a tank on the floor above it). Designed by Maxwell Ayrton, and Grade II listed, the *Telegraph* suggested a budding purchaser would be a 'Lover of towers and power showers'. I hope the buyer knows how to fix a leak.

Unusually, two properties in **Holly Village, Highgate**, were on the market last August.

The first, a three-bedroom gatehouse home had a price tag of £899,950 (as if the £50 is going to make that much difference), and the second, a three-bedroom house on the far side of the hamlet, at the slightly lower £750,000. Hamptons and Benham and Reeves were handling the respective sales.

We must have been clean round the bend to have missed this one, but we did. The *Daily Telegraph* for 13 April last year ran a sales paragraph on **Holly Lodge** at **Boughton**, Northamptonshire, built by Philadelphia Jeyes, the man behind Jeyes Fluid. No doubt it has already gone (despite needing refurbishment) for somewhere around the £700,000 asking price quoted by Jackson-Stops and Staff.

Margarita Hamilton, labelled as the party queen of **Walton Castle, Clevedon**, Avon, selling up. Some FF members were even fortunate enough to visit her 'home' during one of our excursions - how did we miss out on the party invites though? A former hunting lodge, it is believed to have been built around 1620 on a former estate of Lord John Poulett... by 1791 the Castle was derelict. Martin Sessions Hodges first took on the virtual ruin, and restored four of its eight turrets - Margarita and her former husband Rai bought the property in 1984 for around £250,000 and completed the task, adding a swimming pool complex for good

measure. The sumptuousness of the rooms was reflected in the Hamptons sales brochure, which mentioned a guide price of £3 million.

Surprise of the year must have been the appearance of **Endsleigh**, Devon, on the open market, especially after the National Trust were given first refusal, and with the opportunity of getting a third off the guide price. The Trust estimated that £4 million would be required for restoration alone, so add that to the £3.25 million being asked, and you have quite a hefty bill, even if you've won the Lottery twice over. Joint agents Strutt & Parker (01392 215631) and FPD Savills (01392 253344) may still have it on their books if you're feeling flush.

Probably a rare instance this, two follies up for sale by auction. Symonds & Sampson were handling the sale of the **sham ruined chapel** at **Milton Abbas** in Dorset, and **Portreath Folly** in North Cornwall. The former is the gem, and apart from the pride in having your very own, genuine folly (early 1800s), there seems to be no other reason to buy. Absolute folly indeed. That at **Portreath**, a Victorian **summerhouse** built in the 1880s by Gustavus Lambert Basset, was used as a place of retirement for Lady Basset and her lady friends after an invigorating dip in one of her six tidal baths below.

Now just hold on a minute... this is what the Auctioneers would like you to believe; a local author and historian, Michael Tangye, has challenged this. He says that 'the folly could not have been used in the 1880s or later by Lady Frances Basset, because she died in 1855.' Further, 'it is also unlikely that it was used by Mary Basset, wife of Gustavus Basset, as by the 1870s the family had moved from the public Carvannel



Cove to the more secluded Basset Cove on the North Cliffs.' This folly fetched £20,000 on the day (16 December), and the guide price for the sham ruin was £15,000.

**Henham Hall Estate**, Suffolk – there are lots of zeroes on the asking price for this: £12m, when you eventually get to find the figure in the midst of the article in the *Telegraph*. The only reason that it is included here is because the article had pictures of a twee obelisk, and part of one wall, all that remains of the Wyatt house demolished in 1953. Sadly there are no other details of these intriguing features, and I'm fresh out of £12m notes.

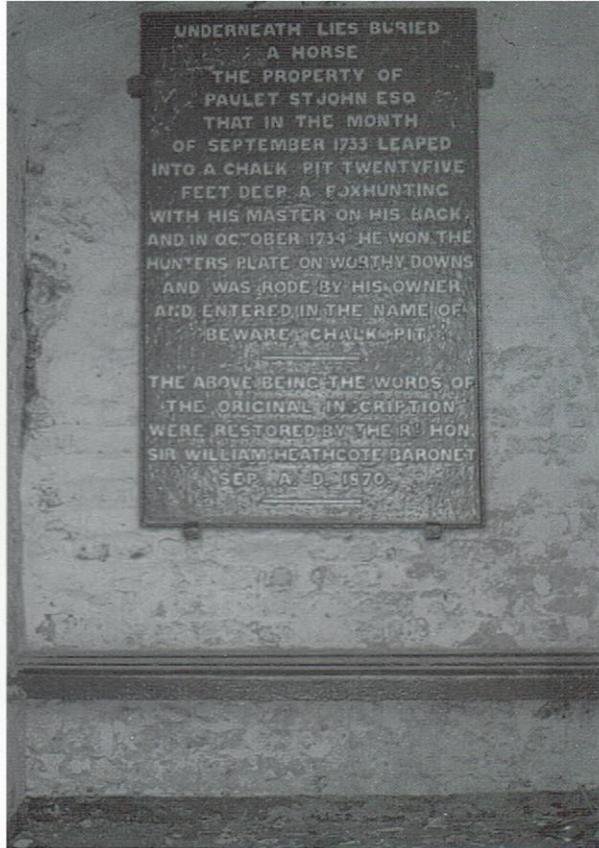
From the Dutch *Volkskrant*: A white plastered building in Neo-Moorish style with minaret and little domes in **Naarden**, the Netherlands, is for sale as an office building. It was built in 1916 for cigarette merchant Antonius Weurman who wanted an oriental look for his tobacco-business, probably inspired by Dresden's Yenitze factory of 1909. His 'palazzo' is graded since two years as a typical cigarette-factory, so you have to accept it as it is, no reshaping. Something for a rich coffeeshop owner?

**WEBWATCH**

Since starting this column, I have deliberately avoided reviewing the next site; not for any sinister reason, but simply because this site is usually top of the list if you type in a search for 'follies'. It seems you can access it via two addresses: [www.follies.btinternet.co.uk](http://www.follies.btinternet.co.uk) or [www.follytowers.com](http://www.follytowers.com), and it is absolutely bursting with information, facts and photographs on a wide range of follies. The author, who ought to be congratulated for creating such a gem, concentrates mainly on follies in the South of England, but the site appears to be regularly updated and will no doubt grow to include more examples from the North. However, the main reason that I'm noting it now is because I recently spotted that it contains a downloadable Follies Screensaver! Simply click on 'Screensaver' on the homepage menu, follow the instructions from there and you too can acquire a screensaver consisting of 35 images, each of which changes after ten seconds to provide a constantly cycling parade of folly fun.

[www.hants.gov.uk/countryside/fmcp/monument.html](http://www.hants.gov.uk/countryside/fmcp/monument.html) is a sort (but sweet) web page dedicated to the Horse Monument in Farley Mount Country Park, Hampshire. It's an extraordinary looking structure with a fascinating story behind it. This article ends by appealing for stories or pictures of the monument. Anyone?

I must credit Hazelle Jackson for the following site: [www.keystothepast.info](http://www.keystothepast.info). What a fantastic idea – a detailed online record of the archaeology of a region (in this case Durham and Northumberland). This site encompasses everything from 'the smallest prehistoric flint to the largest medieval castle'. I typed in 'folly' under the 'Search the Record' facility and forty-seven



**FARLEY MOUNT PYRAMID, THE INSIDE STORY**

results appeared. Each of these could be accessed for further details, including data on location (with links to maps – both current and historical). Diagrams and photographs, both old and new, are also provided wherever possible. It's a rich and invaluable source of information and I can't help but hope that other counties will take note and produce similar sites. Browse it for yourself and see what I mean!

A general search for 'follies' recently threw up this address – [www.corrugatedconstruction.com](http://www.corrugatedconstruction.com). It sounded so intriguing, I simply had to investigate further. This site contains a photographic record of a project being undertaken in Alabama where bales formed from waste corrugated cardboard are used to create low cost structures. In addition to making ordinary buildings, they have assembled some 'follies'. Click on the left hand side link to gain access, then try 'Tower' or 'Twist' to view the best of an odd bunch!

And so we end once again in Scotland. This time it's the turn of a tourist attraction so popular that there are numerous websites which make mention of it. After looking at the first 30 search results for the Wallace Monument in Stirling, I gave up and have chosen a couple that I think would be of most interest in terms of it being a folly. <http://homepages.tesco.net/~scotlandweb> – then click on 'William Wallace' followed by 'Wallace Monument' (both on left hand site menu) gives a good factual account of the structure and contains some older illustrations. These images also contrast well with the more recent, coloured photographs found in [www.undiscoveredscotland.co.uk/stirling/wallace/](http://www.undiscoveredscotland.co.uk/stirling/wallace/). Finally, if anyone is at all interested, you can also view the (clean) Gents toilet on [www.urinal.net/wallace\\_monument/](http://www.urinal.net/wallace_monument/)

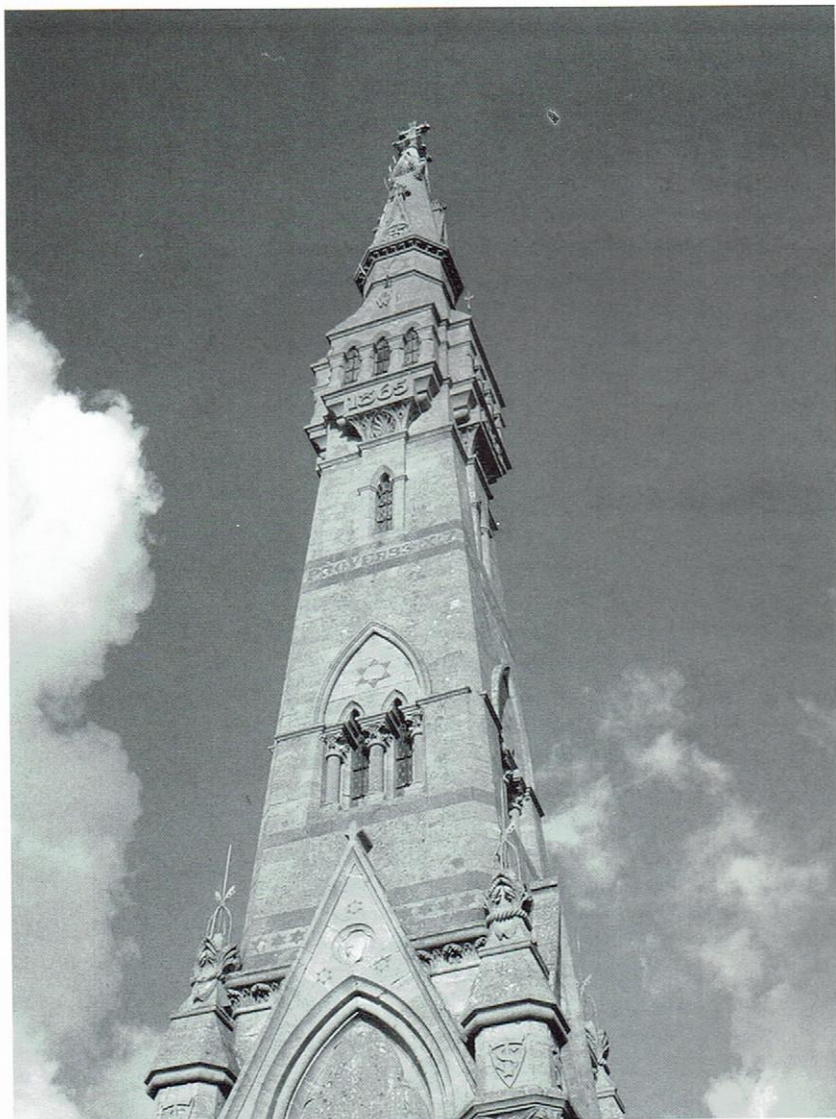
Angela Jones, [aleonpeach@aol.com](mailto:aleonpeach@aol.com)

## Wonders of the Yorkshire Wolds ('a country which has never been

### A historical view

In 1714 the 28-year-old William Kent first met the third earl of Burlington, in Rome. It may be just fortuitous that Kent was born in Burlington, the name by which today's Bridlington was also known at that time, but it is nevertheless tempting to imagine that the coincidence in some way forged a bond. Kent surely contributed to Lord Burlington's projects on his Londesborough estate, on the southern fringes of the Wolds, and we might even start tentatively to trace a Kentian tradition in the region. The man who 'leaped the fence, and saw that all nature was a garden' may be

SIR TATTON SYKES  
MEMORIAL,  
NR SLEDMERE



seen as the godfather of the park, less than twenty miles from his birthplace, at Sledmere – which epitomises the harmony of house and landscape and demonstrates to perfection how to 'call in the country'. Sledmere in turn can be regarded as the model, or inspiration, for building and improvement at other smaller properties in the region.

It is John Carr of York who represents the architectural link between Sledmere and these other properties. (Carr's early work at Kirby Hall, between Boroughbridge and York, executing a design by Burlington and Roger Morris, helped forge his typical architectural style.) The Sykes family at Sledmere provide a further vital connection. Sir Christopher Sykes, Carr's patron, was a considerable builder in his own right. It is actually hard to distinguish (by eye) Sykes's and Carr's structures. A later Sykes was responsible for a major Wolds building programme, including churches and schools.

The Wolds tradition could well be called ongoing, thanks to the work of the late Francis Johnson (one of whose garden buildings has been described as paying homage to Kent) and his still-practising architectural partners. Johnson worked on the restoration of Carr buildings as well as designing new, classical, country houses (with appropriate garden buildings). If, then, we may regard the 'Burlington set' as, architecturally, the first Georgians (George I was proclaimed king in the same year that Kent met Burlington), we can surely also think of Johnson as one of the latest Georgians.

### A geographical survey

Bridlington and its hinterland seem in the past not to have enjoyed an unreservedly good press. Alexander Pope's droll reference to the area as 'a country which has never been held no part of Christendom' seems particularly uncharitable. Even in the 18th century, 'East Yorkshire Wolds were barren lands/No better than the shifting sands/Of desert wild and wilderness' – at least according to the poet Whiting. (You'll have heard of Bridlington Whiting.)

The West Riding incomers (Wessies, in the local jargon), who have nowadays made Bridlington Yorkshire's answer to Miami or Sun City, probably did not notice barren lands as they drove along the A166, nor find 'Brid' folk unduly heathen when they arrived. But what is today a relatively benign (though windswept) agricultural landscape must once have seemed a rather more formidable obstacle to travellers. Originally, of course, it was wooded: hence 'wold' – meaning the same as 'weald'. Subsequently, under monastic control, it became a huge sheep pasture. The transformation of this rather bleak wilderness was due principally to certain large landowners in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Their legacy – our inheritance – is both today's landscape and the built objects in it.

The Thomas Jefferys map of Yorkshire, of 1775, shows Bridlington a little inland, on the north bank of a stream, with Bridlington Quay at its mouth, on The

German Ocean. A little upstream from Bridlington we find the Stricklands' Boynton Hall, with a temple (Carnaby Temple) also marked. A couple of miles further still, at Rudston, is the Bosvilles' Thorpe Hall (in 1775, Thorp). Boynton and Rudston both stand on High Street, an ancient way leading inland, which runs near the north bank of the Gypsy Race, an intermittent chalk stream.

South of the Gypsy Race, parallel to High Street, is the Roman road from the coast, marked nowadays on maps as York Road, Woldgate or simply Green Lane, which led first to York and then on to Chester and the west coast. A dozen miles inland, both High Street (today's B1253) and Woldgate (at this point a farm track) approach Sledmere. The Jefferys map shows 'Sledmire', but a somewhat different settlement (in layout) from what we see today: it was only in 1775 (some time after the Jefferys team had surveyed the East Riding) that Christopher Sykes was authorised to divert High Street and to proceed with enclosure. The Sykes family was central to the entire re-landscaping – the improvement – of the Wolds. It is perhaps not by chance that the nineteenth-century monument to Christopher's legendary son, Tatton, stands by what was the Roman road.

Some miles to the northwest of Sledmere is the source of the Gypsy Race, which (if enough rain has fallen) passes on its way to the sea one more spot to note, Wold Newton. This is an isolated village whose claim to fame is that a 56-pound meteorite landed nearby in 1795. Although the stone is said by Pevsner to be in the Natural History Museum, he also asserts that it weighed 561 pounds, which surely would have rendered the local sheep extinct. There is an obelisk, in a field behind The Wold Cottage, commemorating the meteorite.

### Some key locations

'The folly of an overbuilt farmhouse [...] is surpassed by that of an ornamental one – what can be "so absurd and devoid of taste, as a Gothicised farm-house, or a castellated cottage?" Fortunately, such incongruities seldom occur in this area.' (H. E. Strickland, 1812)

### Boynton

Lord Burlington apparently made a design to modify Sir William Strickland's 16th-century Boynton Hall in about 1730, but this was accidentally not used. The builder (in Sir William's absence) 'took it for granted the Architect had made a mistake, therefore he put on the sort of roof, etc., of all Seats in that neighbourhood'. William Kent seems to have left his mark on the interior, John Carr certainly on the exterior, whilst Francis Johnson restored the house – divided into flats for 25 years – in the 1980s.

Sir William was something of a landscape improver, pioneering larch clumps around 1725, using trees imported from Switzerland. His son, George, diverted High Street to the north to expand the park in 1768, and exploited the Gypsy Race in the 1770s to make what



**CARNABY TEMPLE,  
BOYNTON HALL, NR  
BRIDLINGTON**

must surely have been a very modest serpentine lake. At around the same time, he erected Carnaby Temple a mile to the south, on a crest just beyond Woldgate, to provide a sea view. The octagonal Temple still stands (Grade II listed), abandoned and seemingly at considerable risk, on land no longer owned by the Hall.

'An ill-treated folly' says Barbara Jones (1974), providing a little sketch and describing the Temple rather wonderfully, as: 'built by Sir George Strickland "on the Model of the Temple of the Winds at Athens" but bearing absolutely no resemblance to it.'

At the same time, Jones talks of a 'chinoiserie roof' to the building, and her sketch manages to convey this thanks to a degree of artistic licence which also gives the upper part of the building disproportionate importance. The English Heritage Listed Building information for the Temple, perhaps following Jones, describes it as being in 'Chinoiserie style' and talks of a 'bell-shaped roof' surmounted by a lantern, which in turn has a 'Pagoda roof with ball finial'. One must judge the accuracy of all this for oneself. It is a fact that if one regards the Temple as an austere classical tower which might be mistaken for a dovecote, then attribution of the building to John Carr (as per Wragg and Worsley, 2000) is unproblematic. But then there is the roof. There seems to be no record of Carr chinoiserie else-

where. Perhaps Kent had left a drawing in the library at Boynton Hall?

Carnaby Temple is said to have inspired Francis Johnson, who adapted its general profile and exploited the octagonal lantern as a bellcote in two churches. St Michael and All Angels in Hull (1958) is the more distant relation; but the tower of St Margaret at Hilston, in Holderness, (1957) has both the right proportions and, excitingly, pagoda-ish roofs at two levels – on, and below, the bellcote.

The Temple seems to have gone through a period of use in the 19th century as a cottage, and the first edition OS 6-inch map shows a second building a little to the east. Four tracks approached it from Woldgate. In the 18th century a walk or carriage drive led from Boynton Hall to the Temple, the return route passing under Woldgate, where Fond Brig, an ornamental rough bridge, was constructed to separate road and estate traffic. What has been lost altogether from the Boynton estate is a farm and dairy-house in the Dutch style, further south beyond Carnaby village, apparently a feature of a 'little Holland' landscape complete with dykes and Dutch bridges. This was presumably, like Carnaby Temple, a place for summer outings, and indeed the carriage-drive leading towards it from Woldgate can still be discerned. Another dairy, with Gothick details, forms part of the charming ornamental domestic buildings near Boynton Hall itself, dating from the second half of the eighteenth century and including, most notably, a gothicised 16th-century garden house.

St Andrew's Church in Boynton is rarely mentioned without reference to the lectern (which is a real turkey, by Francis Johnson – see for yourself). However, the

building should be viewed on its own merits: it is an unusual and rather austere rebuilding by John Carr. It contains memorials attributed to William Kent and to Robert Adam, and another in memory of a Strickland whose 'life was spent in the active study of the wonderful works of God and of Caroline wife of William Lowndes Stone'. Again, personal inspection is recommended – in this case, of the grammar.

### Rudston

In Rudston, the next village upstream, the Gypsy Race was exploited (around 1815–1830) to create water features in the park at Thorpe Hall. Thorpe's Upper and Lower Pond were complemented by Stable Bridge over the Race, incorporating sea-worn stone from Filey Brigg. This rocky promontory on the coast nearby was also the source of building material for the sham ruin Hunmanby Arch (or Gate) a few miles away, which still stands (in very good condition), about two hundred years old.

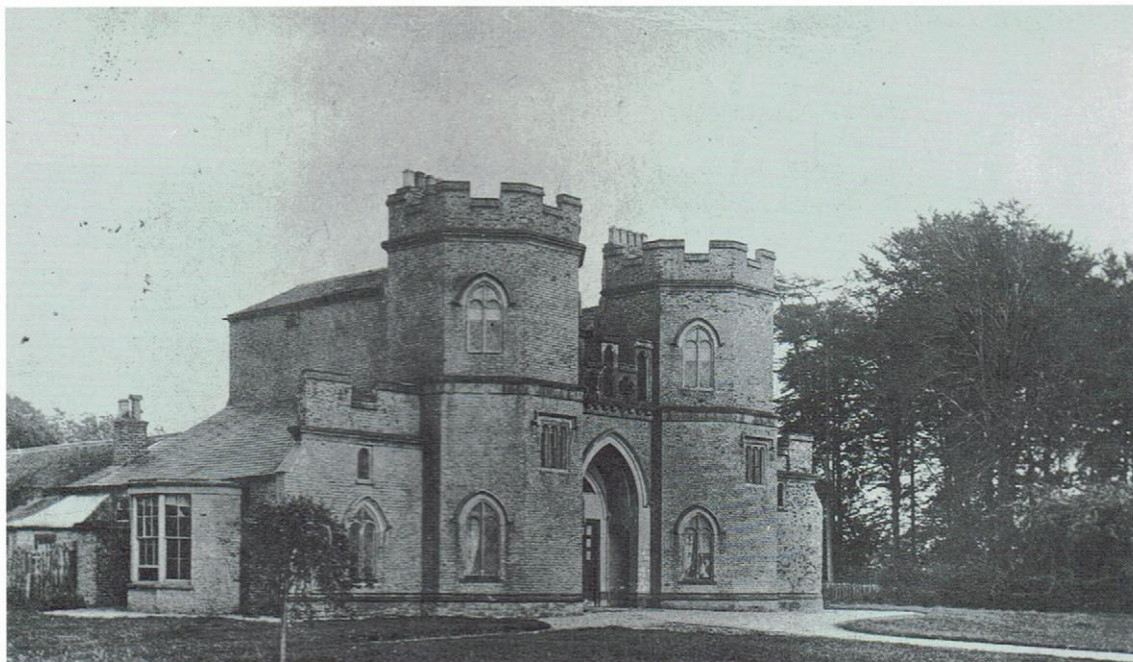
At Thorpe, the Bosvilles erected a number of garden buildings in the course of the 19th century, some still in existence, including a Regency dairy (Grade I listed), an orangery and billiard room (1821; separate from the house), and an octagonal game larder. (A hexagonal dovecote is now lost). The dairy is 'an elongated octagon surrounded by a verandah', 'in the rustic picturesque style' (Neave and Turnbull, 1992) with interior wall tiles and stained glass windows.

There must have been an even earlier landscape at Thorpe, since mention is made in 1779, by Mrs Greame of Sewerby (Sewerby Hall near Bridlington), of 'a magnificent Roothouse' and 'a Grove which was illuminated in the manner of Vauxhall'. Francis Johnson

DAVE MARTIN



HUNMANBY  
ARCH OR  
GATEWAY



**CASTLE FARM,  
SLEDMERE**

designed estate cottages in the 1940s and 1950s, built the local rectory in 1963, and worked on the restoration of Thorpe Hall from 1978 onwards. As a village, Rudston is most famous for the superb 25-foot monolith in the churchyard.

### **Sledmere**

Fascinating as they are, neither Boynton nor Thorpe can compare in scale and stature with Sledmere, where an enormous diversity of structures – monuments, agricultural buildings, and so on – spans a period of about 125 years. As suggested earlier, the first step towards the creation of this grand estate was the enclosure of 1775; shortly thereafter, first Thomas White and then Lancelot Brown were commissioned to draw up plans for the park. The landowner, Sir Christopher Sykes, seems to have been a talented and self-confident individual. The Brown proposals for the park were preferred but used only as a guide. Similarly, the John Carr plans for remodelling the house were rejected in favour of DIY (but with Carr ‘retained’ as an occasional technical adviser). The estate buildings constructed up to the time of Sir Christopher’s death all seem to have been designed either by Carr or by Sykes himself. They are part of a spate of model farm building in Yorkshire in the last two or three decades of the eighteenth century, in which Carr was a key player.

Castle Farm (1778; sometimes referred to as The Castle or Sledmere Castle), by Carr, was created as an eye-catcher resembling a castellated gateway, on a southeasterly vista from the house. The pavilions attached in Carr’s design were not built. Originally the estate office, the building was presumably remodelled to provide accommodation. It is one of two objects seen from the first-floor library in the house, the other, to the southwest, being a superb deer shed (The Deerhouse) by Sykes (1792). Renovated in recent years, the shed is in effect a classical temple in brick and wood. It has a tall central section with a timber-framed Westmorland slate roof (and a timber pediment) supported on brick Tuscan columns, flanked on either side by store-rooms. Christopher Sykes also designed a greenhouse (gone – apparently demolished in the 1850s by his own grand-

son) and Carr an ice house (also lost). In the wider estate, apart from planting vast acres of trees (including, apparently, 177,000 trees in just six months in 1778–79), Sykes designed and built some fourteen model farms. These are still to be seen, providing an elegant and fascinating record of investment and innovation in agricultural improvement.

Christopher’s son and heir, Tatton, commemorated his father and his remarkable achievements by having a rotunda of Tuscan columns, with a lead dome, built over the village well in 1840. It still stands. Tatton was an improver in his own right (particularly as regards agricultural fertiliser), and a man seemingly obsessed with horses and hounds, selling off treasures from the family library, and paintings, to raise £34,000 for his

**THE DEER-  
HOUSE,  
SLEDMERE**





THE MONUMENT,  
SLEDMERE

hunt and stud farm. As an idiosyncratic but still preposterously athletic senior citizen, he was said to be one of the three great sights of Yorkshire, along with York Minster and Fountains Abbey, and his own monument is itself surely the grandest of the sights at Sledmere. Erected (according to a text in a time capsule in the foundations) by 'his tenantry and numerous friends' the Sir Tatton Sykes Memorial Tower is a 120-foot over-the-top Gothic Revival confection on Garton Hill, dating from 1865, two years after his death.

Just as Sir Tatton had sold off the family's collections to buy horses, his son, heir and namesake sold the family horses – but only to buy better ones. Given that he was a significant traveller with a passion for architecture, getting to India, Japan and China, as well as Europe and North America, it may seem odd that he created no major garden feature. In fact, he hated gardens and destroyed them, apparently out of resentment towards his mother, demolishing the orangery and hothouses in the process. On the other hand, he erected in 1895 a copy of the Northampton (Hardingstone) Eleanor Cross in the village street; and he lavished attention and funds over the years on the rebuilding of churches throughout the Wolds. His later life brought two disasters: a very public wrangle over his wife's debts (in the context of a collapsing marriage) and the almost total destruction by fire of the house at Sledmere, in 1911. He died in 1913.

It is not clear why Sir Tatton 'the younger' built the Eleanor Cross. Ecclesiastical interests apart, he may have been motivated by a wish to commemorate a loyal wife (Eleanor), who crusaded with her husband, as a form of comment on his own wife (Jessica), who converted to Catholicism and was, it seems, far from loyal.

The Eleanor Cross was in due course adapted as a war memorial by Mark, heir to this second Sir Tatton, to commemorate local lives – the lives of friends – lost in 1914–18. It was complemented in 1919 by the poignant Wagoners' Memorial, testifying to a regiment Sir Mark himself created. A volunteer corps of 1000 Wolds farm-cart drivers was trained, and recruited to 'The Wagoners Reserve', later seeing service in France (in the First World War) as field-battery drivers. The monument graphically records their experiences, and is 'the best war-memorial in England' (Barbara Jones, 1974). Designed by Sir Mark, the memorial was created by Carlo Magnoni (responsible for the frieze, which por-

trays both the local training in Fimber Field and the atrocities of war) and A. Barr (mason for the stonework). Sir Mark died in the 1919 influenza pandemic. A great traveller like his father (especially in the Middle East), he had overseen the rebuilding of the house (completed in 1915 – most of the original contents had been saved by the estate workers) and was responsible for the Turkish Room on the ground floor. 'A copy of a room in the Valide Mosque at Istanbul' says Pevsner, emphasising in a footnote that this is a 'Victorian' mosque, built in 1870. 'Its tiles are very pretty in their way' he suggests, damning with faint praise. Sledmere House as a whole is a delight. The Library was redecorated under the supervision of Francis Johnson (1979–81), and he created a 'baroque' breakfast room some years later.

The village and the wider estate are equally appealing. Developments continue: for example, a pair of gate piers was erected some years ago, salvaged from the demolished Kilnwick Hall (at Kilnwick-on-the-Wolds, between Driffield and Beverley).

One slight mystery attaches to Sledmere. John Bigland in 1812 writes of 'a lofty arched gateway erected over the present and ancient Roman road from York to Bridlington, [...] seen at a considerable distance from every quarter'. Pevsner lists: 'Eyecatcher, SW of the house, on the hilltop. Pedimented Tuscan portico open through. One arched opening each side'. This is surely The Deerhouse. Is this conceivably what Bigland also saw, at a distance? A more recent work on follies refers to 'a pedimented arch on a hilltop near the B1251' (probably dating from the late 18th century), and certainly nothing exactly like this exists today, if it ever did. But then again – 'Archway? Demolished in the 1830s or 1840s', said someone who ought to be 'in the know'. There seemed to be a suggestion, too, that footings had been found next to the old High Street (the Bridlington road, but not the Roman road), not far beyond Castle Farm. As ever, there is still something left to discover or uncover, and for that we should be grateful.

#### Suggested reading

- Bigland, John, *The Beauties of England and Wales; or, Original Delineations, Topographical, Historical and Descriptive: Yorkshire* (London, 1812)
- Hall, Melanie, *A Walk around Sledmere Village: An Architectural Guide*
- Headley, Gwyn and Wim Meulenkamp, *Follies, Grottoes & Garden Buildings* (London: Aurum Press, 1999)
- Jones, Barbara, *Follies & Grottoes* (London: Constable, 1974)
- Neave, David and Deborah Turnbull, *Landscaped Parks and Gardens of East Yorkshire* (Georgian Society for East Yorkshire, 1992)
- Oswald, Arthur, 'Boynton Hall, Yorkshire, I and II', *Country Life*, 22 and 29 July 1954, pp. 280–83, 356–59
- Pevsner, Nikolaus, *Yorkshire: York and the East Riding* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1972)
- Robinson, John Martin and David Neave, *Francis Johnson, Architect: A Classical Statement* (Otley: Oblong, 2001)
- Wragg, Brian, *The Life and Works of John Carr of York*, ed. by Giles Worsley (York: Oblong, 2000)

## Tong - Convent Lodge, Pillars, Gates and Walls - a Sorry

Convent Lodge is still standing, derelict but with a temporary roof. It acquired its name from the fact that the woman who kept the gate was obliged to dress as a Nun when on duty - it had nothing to do with any religious establishment.

The pillars, gates and part of the decorated red sandstone wall, built in 1821, are also still standing having been removed from outside Convent Lodge in 1977/78. Their removal was hastened when Convent Lodge became vacant in 1973, and the lack of supervision allowed vandals to begin their work on the structure. They can now be seen in Marston road, Wolverhampton, West Midlands, and form the entrance to a series of industrial units, formerly Villiers Engineering Co. Ltd.

Originally the gates were re-erected with the piers the same distance apart as they were at Tong. But they proved to be too narrow for lorries, which were damaging the piers. Listed Building Consent was given for them to be moved slightly further apart to avoid any further damage - which meant that the gates no longer met when in the closed position. This was supposed to keep them safe, but in 2001 a lorry demolished the left pier and part of the wall! In August 2003 there was still a pile of rubble lying on the ground, awaiting the outcome of an insurance claim. Now the whole lot looks a very sorry sight - a far cry from the days when they were the main entrance to Tong Castle or when Barbara Jones saw them and described them in so much detail in her book *Follies & Grottoes*. (See her ink drawing in the 2nd edn (London: Constable, 1974), p. 126)

The lattice-worked cast iron gates are supposed to have been designed by Capability Brown and made in the Coalbrookdale Iron Foundry, which was only a few miles away from Tong. A bas-relief of Tong Castle that was part of the wall next to a gate pillar still survives and now rests in the porch of Tong Church. All the carvings on the pillars and wall were carried out to a very high standard by the estate stone-mason, John Vaughan.

The only part of the wall remaining at Convent Lodge contains the lower half of the octagonal stone Gazebo/Pulpit and has almost disappeared under brambles, ivy and rotting tree branches. The top half being removed by vandals who must have used pick axes and crowbars. That said, some wall decoration can still be seen. The safest way to see the wall is via the grounds and through the wood of Kilsall Hall (permission needs to be obtained) as the direct approach by way of Convent Lodge is hazardous.



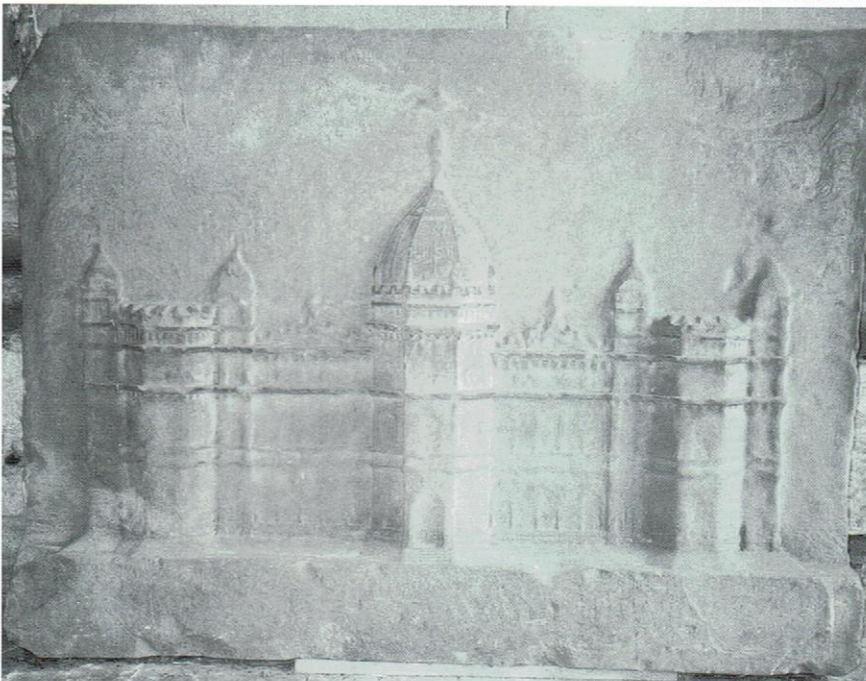
TONG GATE PIER

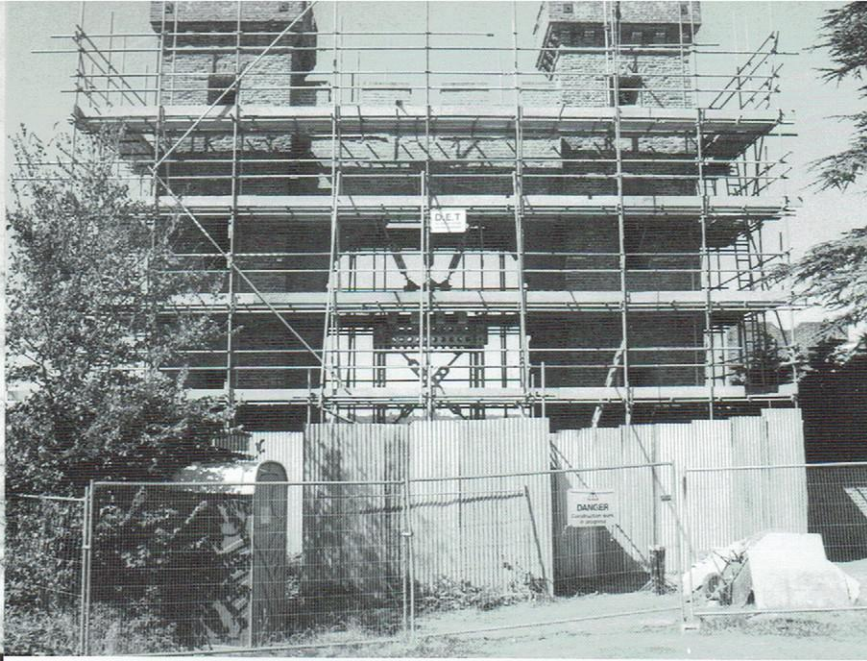
Tong Castle was demolished in 1916, with all the lead, the old oak, and the domes, sold. All that was left was the façade of the Castle, and this was eventually demolished by explosives in July 1954 when a farm worker's son was killed after he slipped whilst climbing over the ruins. Tong Wood, the grounds of Tong Castle, is now a Paint Ball Games area!

### Did You Know...?

Charles Dickens' Grand-mother worked at Tong Castle (now not a lot of people know that!)

TONG CASTLE





FOLLY ARCH AT  
BROOKMAN'S PARK

IN THE

### On the mend

The Folly Arch at Brookman's Park, Hertfordshire, is quite literally, a gateway to nowhere. The former house at Gobions (or Gubbins if you prefer) was demolished in the nineteenth century, having become superfluous with the amalgamation of two estates. Well, the arch deteriorated rather rapidly of late, with soaring repair costs to match. Fortunately English Heritage stepped in and major work to tie the fractured archway and repair the brickwork was completed last summer. The photo is how it looked in July 2003.

Things are looking up for the future of the charming Gothic shell house at Cilwendeg, one of a number of follies and estate buildings there, including a remarkable pigeon house. (See *Pavilions in Peril*, pp.

CILWENDEG SHELL  
HOUSE IN 1980



THE NIBBLE FOLLIES COLLECTION

18-19). Dyfed Archaeological Trust members have been excavating the area around the shell house as part of the initial stage of a project organised by the Temple Trust (those nice people responsible for rescuing Garrick's Theatre). The original dome roof and veranda had disappeared; but bits of these that have now been rediscovered, it is hoped, will be salvaged and used in the restoration project.

### The Future's... dark, underground

Unless you're one of those people who instantly bin such post, subscribers to Orange will have appreciated *O Magazine* dropping through their letter boxes last year. The main subject of the article 'Going Underground' was the **Williamson Tunnels**, with some excellent photographs considering how difficult it is to shoot in such conditions. The work that has been undertaken so far is very impressive, but clearly there is still much to be done by the tunnels' devotees.

### Inspired thinking

**Great Henny**, in Suffolk, has a new folly, thanks to male woodpeckers. The birds use the drumming noise of their drilling into wood as a signal to potential mates, and they discovered that timber in the hollow frame of the nine-hundred-year-old church spire at Great Henny presented a perfect sounding board. This disturbed the worship down below, and didn't do much for the fabric of the spire. So in 1999 Diocesan architects spent £50,000 on repairs and (some really lateral thinking here) a **decoy spire**: a scaled-down replica, erected close by. But the woodpeckers were not impressed: they ignored the decoy, and continued to seek out the tastiest grubs and insects in the wooden roof shingles, and use the spire as a lonely-hearts column.

### The original folly?

Archaeologists have discovered what appears to be a sham Romano-British villa in Wiltshire. Twin villas, located on a hilltop above **Bradford-on-Avon**, were apparently, identical in plan and quite palatial. One structure had conventional living accommodation, including a mosaic in the dining room; the other, however, bears no trace of living accommodation, having had only mud or rough stone floors. It appears to have been used as a farm store, for housing cattle. We can only speculate as to the precise motivation for building a **sham villa**. Perhaps this is proof, if it were needed, that the impulse to build follies has a longer pedigree than many believe.

### On the up

The intended work to **Keppel's Column** was noted in the last issue of the magazine – a slight setback, however, resulted in adopting an unplanned method of examination. It was discovered that the internal staircase had collapsed and so

a massive 'sky-crane' had to be brought in to lift experts to the top, a vertigo-inducing 115 feet, to allow them to inspect the exterior.

### Would you Adam and Eve it

The Landmark Trust (well, their publicists at any rate) is putting forward the claim that the **Banqueting House at Hackfall**, Yorkshire, a sublimely situated building, was designed by Robert Adam. It was under construction in the summer of 1766, when one visitor recorded 'a fine hanging wood to a torrent river rolling over a rocky bottom & winding in a vast channel thro' a narrow valley the sides every where rocky & covered with Timber & underwoods opens at once from a Banqueting room now building with 3 arches to be finished as a ruin & beyond the valley over the mountains that form it all the East side of Yorkshire & part of Durham'. The claim is being made on the premise that Aislabie *may* have seen a watercolour by Adam, that Adam *may* have visited nearby Studley Royal, and that Aislabie *may* have taken the architect to see the work in progress. Maybe a 'maybe' to many?

### Strawberries, but no cream

The World Monuments Fund has put Horace Walpole's **Strawberry Hill** on its 'most at risk' list of structures in need of repair, renovation and protection, ranking it alongside such famed structures as the Great Wall of China. An estimated £12 million is needed for restoration, principally to the interior: 'plasterwork is crumbling, wood is rotting, one of the internal ceilings is facing collapse and some of the papier-mâché decorative work needs urgent work to save it'. The present owners, St Mary's College, who took over the property in 1927, cannot afford these costs, and schemes to turn the house over to a preservation trust are under consideration. The most prolific writer of his time, Horace, no doubt, would have something to say on the matter were he alive today.

### On the move... at last!

I'd read of a few schemes to return **Temple Bar** to London, but I had no idea that there had been as many as 32 unsuccessful attempts. There is little point in reciting the gate's history (readers are directed to the numerous folly books for this) but its transfer from **Theobald's Park**, Hertfordshire, to the new Paternoster Square next to St Paul's Cathedral should be complete by November 2004. The

### Did You Know...?

The cost of moving Temple Bar to Theobald's Park in 1887 cost about £12000. Its return journey will cost an estimated £2million.

scaffolding went up last July, followed by a cleaning operation and then inspection by the Cathedral Works Organisation to determine which stones will need replacing and which can be restored. Each stone will be given a reference number, discretely chiselled in by a stonemason, as the gate is taken apart. Scale line drawings and state-of-the-art 3D views taken through a process known as photogrammetric projection will be used to help re-assembly. The statues were originally removed to save them from neglect - just as well as the vandals or thieves would have had them years ago. They will be reinstated in their respective niches after conservation and repair by English Heritage, subtly lit by hidden fibre-optic lighting. If you want to see a daily photo diary of the project, go to [www.thetemplebar.info](http://www.thetemplebar.info)

### Stranded

For that slightly different beach holiday, you might like to visit Denmark's **Den Tilsandet Kirke**. Situated at **Skagen** (pronounced Skay-in) right at the top of the Jutland peninsula, all that is left of the old church is the white-painted tower - the rest of the building has been swallowed up by sand.

### Over the top

How the **grotto** at **Newhailes House**, near **Musselburgh**, can be 'newly unearthed' when there is perfectly good photo of it in *FG&GB* (p. 47) defeats us, but that's what *The Herald* for 13 September 2003 says. Anyway, the good news is that a group of archaeologists are beaver away to research the whole garden, now in the care of the National Trust for Scotland. Other 'discoveries' include a marble cascade that had been lost for almost a century under a bank of dry earth. Those lucky enough to be able to tune into BBC Radio

TEMPLE BAR, c. 1920





LIZABETH WATERS

**CLASSICAL GATEWAY,  
CHARLETON**

Scotland would have heard more, as Newhailes featured in the *Vanished Gardens* series, examining how Scotland's lost gardening heritage is being reclaimed.

**DUDDON HALL TEMPLE,  
NEAR BROUGHTON-IN-  
FURNESS**

Duddon Hall Temple erected 1843, near Broughton-in-Furness, Cumbria, is a fine listed building in need of repair and restoration. The owner and the Lake

District National Park Authority are co-operating together with this in view.

Spotted along the A3135 at Charleton, Somerset (grid ref: ST 685 523), this gateway is in a sad state of repair. The entablature is made of wood, with the decoration appearing on the reverse side as well – albeit upside down in some cases – but the whole thing is in desperate need of a coat of paint. It appears like an architectural salvage job, but does anyone know its history, or anything about it? Please write and tell us if you do.

**Meanwhile, at the White House**

Members may be interested in the talk being given by one of our patrons – Gilly Drummond – at Gilbert White's House, Selborne, Hampshire on 3 March 2004. Further details can be found at the following link:

<http://www.easthants.gov.uk/ehdc/whatson.nsf/0/ecd6ebca-c83dd65880256d880041adf8?OpenDocument>

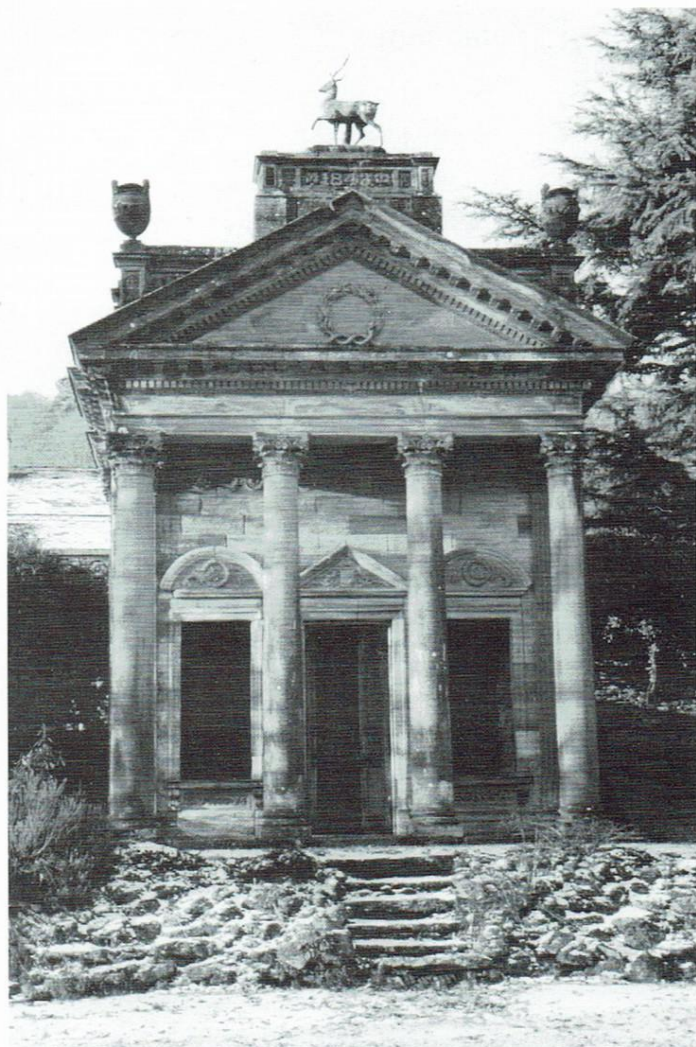
**Splish splash**

Julian and Isabel Bannerman have arranged fake ruins at one end of their outdoor swimming pool. With such an ecclesiastical setting, it's nice to know that these celeb garden designers practice what they preach at their own home. Failing this, you could go for a Gothick-inspired changing room as a termination – both styles featured in an article in the *Telegraph's* Gardening section last August.

**'Sheer Folly'**

Flounders Folly, near Craven Arms, Shropshire, is to be restored this year. An award of £281,000 has been made by the Heritage Lottery Trust and a further £36,000 will be found from other project partners. A contractor had been found to start in spring, with completion hopefully by the end of the summer. A picnic was held there on 27 July and Alan Terrill, who was present, confirms that the views on all sides are spectacular even at ground level. Sula Rayska, chairman of the Flounders' Folly Trust, hopes to have the tower open on at least one Sunday per month, depending on volunteers to man it.

These further funds clearly come from some diverse sources. The Shropshire brewer Woods even created a special edition ale as part of its 'Shropshire Heroes & Legends' series. For every pint of 'Sheer Folly', the brewery donated 4p to the trust, and the heat wave last year was very good news indeed as the whole of the first brew sold out, with large orders for the subsequent one. So if you're into folly memorabilia, this is a must have.



## Aysgarth Edwardian Rock Garden; an 'idiosynceratic little

After four years of research, and an equally long search for funding, the restoration of the Aysgarth Rock Garden in Wensleydale was completed last summer, culminating in an official opening on 5 July 2003.

Angela and Peter Jauneika bought Heather Cottage in 1998; the property included the Rock Garden, located on the opposite side of the road. This was in a very neglected, overgrown state, with trees having taken hold in the crevices of the rocks. The garden was created by Frank Sayer Graham, 1906-14. He was a local game and fur dealer, and bred silver rabbits to supply the Russian Tsar with fur. After Graham's death in 1946, the subsequent owner set up a business selling garden gnomes, which were put on display all over the rocks in the garden. The local children amused themselves by taking pot shots at the little fellows, and during restoration work, their mortal remains were discovered, scattered all over the site.

The Heritage Lottery Fund and the Yorkshire Dales Millennium Trust provided 80% of the money for the restoration, and nurseryman Michael Myers oversaw the clearance and replanting. Tyne Tees and Yorkshire Television filmed the work over the final year. The official

opening was conducted by Eric Robson, host of Radio Four's *Gardeners' Question Time*, who described it as an 'idiosynceratic little garden'. He observed that it had been saved by neglect, safeguarded by a protective layer of weeds, and had thankfully escaped the current garden make-over mania.

Angela is to be congratulated on her persistence (and Peter on his patience, probably). Visitors to the garden are welcome.

AYSGARTH EDWARDIAN ROCK GARDEN



**Mentholiptus Hall.** The Hall and landscape gardens took four generations to be finally completed in 1802 by the TB stricken 6th Duke of Mentholiptus. The current Duke is famous cough-sweet magnate Bryan Perkins.

### Mentholiptus Hall.

The Duke of Mentholiptus  
Sat and pondered in his hall.  
The walls were crumbling all around,  
And he began to pall

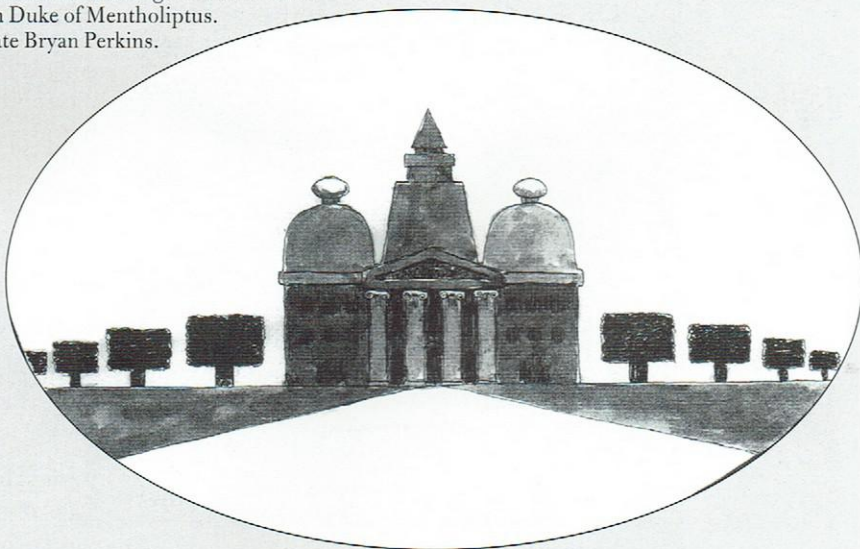
And by and by through winter  
Then he sickened morè and more.  
The dreaded TB came and took  
Him off for evermore.

So then the Hall, it looked as though  
The years would surely fell.  
Until, in 1990,

Duke Fourteen was forced to sell.

The man who bought the Hall  
And did the novel topiary,  
Was cough-sweet magnate  
Bryan Perkins — won the lottery.

© George Parfitt 1997





MAIL COACH  
PILLAR, ALONG  
THE A40

## OBELISK

Barbara Jones places it at Trecastle, the National Benzole book on Monuments at Llandovery, and *FG&GB* at Pentre-bach, none of which is right - the correct grid reference SN 802 349 (sheet 160) shows it to be closest to Pentre-ty-gwyn, Dyfed, along the A40. But enough of this, and let the obelisk tell its own story:

THIS PILLAR IS CALLED  
MAIL COACH PILLAR AND ERECTED  
AS A CAUTION TO MAIL COACH  
DRIVERS TO KEEP FROM INTOXICATION  
AND IN MEMORY OF THE GLOUCESTER  
& CARMARTHEN MAIL COACH  
WHICH WAS DRIVEN BY  
EDWARD JENKINS ON THE 19 DAY OF  
DECEMBER IN THE YEAR 1835, WHO  
WAS INTOXICATED AT THE TIME -  
DROVE THE MAIL ON THE WRONG  
SIDE OF THE ROAD AND GOING AT  
A FULL SPEED OR GALLOP MET A  
CART & PERMITTED THE LEADER  
TO TURN SHORT ROUND TO THE RIGHT  
HAND AND WENT DOWN OVER THE  
PRECIPICE 121 FEET WHERE AT THE  
BOTTOM NEAR AN ASH TREE WHEN THE  
COACH WAS DASHED INTO  
SEVERAL PIECES  
COLONEL GWYNN OF GLANBRIAN  
PARK, DANIEL JONES ESQ OF  
PENYBONT & A PERSON OF THE  
NAME OF EDWARDS WERE OUTSIDE  
& DAVID LLOYD HARRIS ESQ OF  
LLANDOVERY SOLICITOR AND A LADY  
OF THE NAME OF KERNICK WERE INSIDE  
PASSENGERS IN THE MAIL AT THE  
TIME AND JOHN COMPTON GUARD

Around the corner it continues:

I HAVE HEARD SAY WHERE THERE IS  
A WILL THERE IS A WAY ONE PERSON  
CANNOT ASSIST MANY, BUT MANY CAN  
ASSIST A FEW, AS THIS PILLAR WILL  
SHEW WHICH WAS SUGGESTED  
DESIGNED AND ERECTED BY J. BULL  
INSPECTOR OF MAIL COACHES, WITH  
THE AID OF THIRTEEN POUNDS  
SIXTEEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE  
RECIEVED BY HIM FROM FORTY ONE  
SUBSCRIBERS IN THE YEAR 1841

The work of this Pillar was  
Executed by JOHN JONES  
Marble & Stone Mason Llanddarog  
near Carmarthen.

REPAINTED AND RESTORED  
BY POSTAL OFFICIALS 1930

## I Spy... No More

MIKE COUSINS  
& DAVE MARTIN

There's nothing like an unrecorded folly to get the pulse racing, even if the odds are against it having survived. So when this postcard turned up, postmarked 1911, of Spy Tower (or 'The Spire') at Fagley, Bradford, we just had to know more. Suburbia and housing have subsumed what remained of the tower; a metal plaque once fixed to the lower front wall of the tower, then destined to lean against a shed at the bottom of a nearby quarry, has long since vanished... unless anyone knows better, of course.

The best source is by William Cudworth:

'At the south-east corner of Eccleshill Moor is the hamlet of Fagley. Here is an octagon tower or observatory, two storeys high, which bears this inscription: - "Not for any merit. Pure, sincere love and esteem caused this tower to be erected to perpetuate to endless ages the memory of Susan, Joseph, John and Samuel Jobson, upright, honest persons. Erected by Benj. Farrer, A.D. 1828." Ben Farrer (who out of pure gratitude to the persons who left him a fortune, erected the above tower) was a wool dealer of a remarkable "saving turn," and resided at Fagley'.

Who the family were, and why they were so beholden to Farrer, we are left to ponder - the author provides no further details.

The tower, once castellated, used to stand near the corner of Moorside Road and Fagley Road (the current grid reference would be SE 1875 3485), and the postcard shows it still relatively intact, although roofless.



## The Summer House, Great Ayton, Cleveland

KAREN LYNCH

This lovely little building sits in the shadow of Roseberry Topping, the distinctive rocky outcrop in the Cleveland Hills. There is a very pleasant walk to the Summer House (as it is named on local maps) from the village of Great Ayton and the energetic can rest here before making the final ascent to the summit of Roseberry Topping. The building carries a plaque recording what little is known of its history:

### The Shooting Box

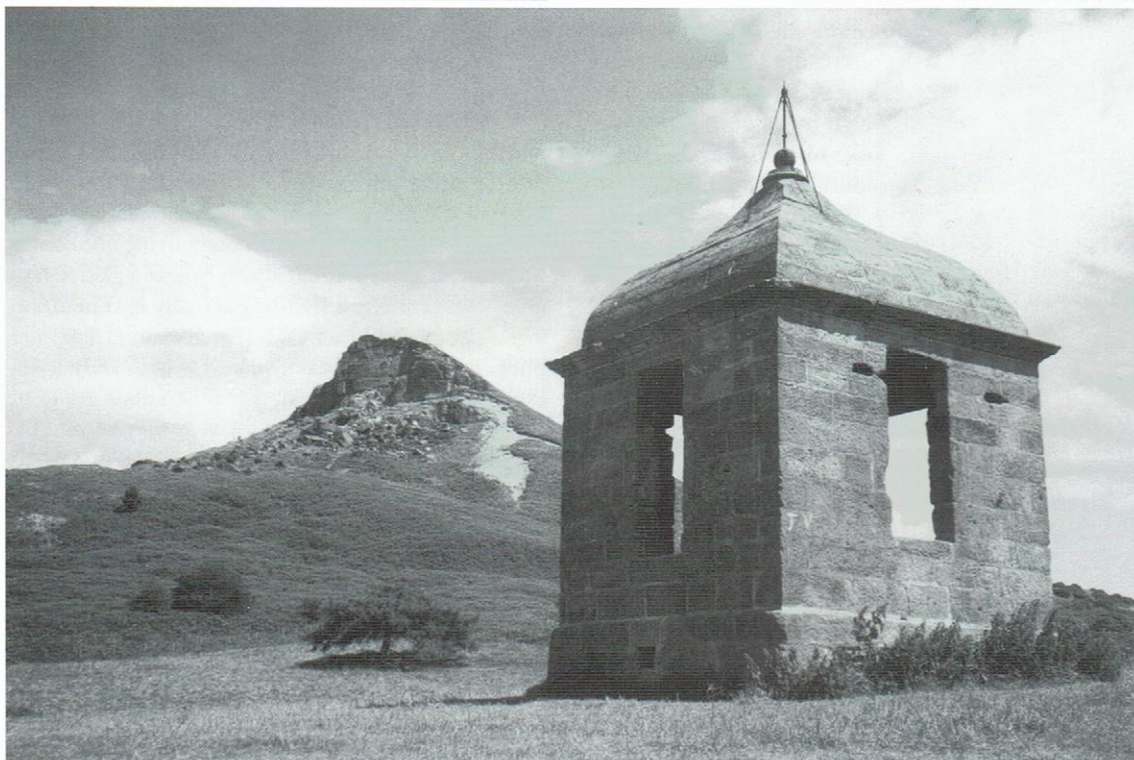
This building was commissioned by Commodore Wilson of Ayton Hall in the late 18th century as a shelter at lunchtimes and inclement weather during shooting. It was restored in 1983 with assistance from the North York Moors National Park Committee.

Commodore Wilson (d.1795) was a friend of Captain James Cook, the great explorer who was born in the area and who corresponded with Wilson from his voyages overseas. In 1827, long after Commodore Wilson's death, a monument to Cook was erected on nearby Easby Moor and there are great views of the obelisk from the summer house.

Other cards show steps on one side of the base, presumably leading to an entrance door and a staircase inside. Quite innocent looking – but evidently ideal material for a ‘Haunted Castle’ – the local children of the time recounted tales of its eerie attraction, that is, of course, until a period of severe storms culminated in its collapse between the First and Second World Wars. Yet some of the tower may still survive for those intrepid enough to seek it out, a modern legend claims that a large stone from it is built into a boundary wall near to St Clare’s Church.

We are indebted to a small booklet by Eccleshill Local History Group, *A Ramble Round Fagley*, (Eccleshill, 1995) and William Cudworth’s *Round about Bradford...* (Bradford: Thomas Brear, 1876), pp. 356–57, for a number of these sources.

### GREAT AYTON SUMMER HOUSE





## Irish Stew

PIETER BOOGAART

TOP: HUTCHIN'S FOLLY, KENMARE  
 BOTTOM: O'CONNELL'S WRITING TOWER, DERRYNANE HOUSE



When James Howley's *The Follies and Garden Buildings of Ireland* was first published in 1993, *FOLLIES* magazine gave it a good coverage. First James's 'On The Writing of...' was published in issue 19, then the book review of the expert Desmond Guinness in issue 20 and finally an article by me in issue 23 about what we found in our quest to fill James in on as many 'dag-

gers' (his index sign for more research needed) as we could in one summer holiday. We love and cherish the book, and when we visited Ireland again in June 2002 we continued to use it, we took new photographs and made it a sport to hunt down unsung follies again. This stew consists of some results of our trip, and we leave some others for another time.

On Bunkers Hill in the outskirts of Kenmare, Co. Kerry, we saw Hutchin's Folly, which is a tower. From what we heard at the Tourist Information Office we gathered that it was built by Mr Hutchin as a memorial to his son who had been killed in the American War of Independence. It

was repaired by the town some ten years ago. The tower bears no inscriptions and any signs of posts for door or windows are gone. The door opening is some 2.5m high and there are three big windows near it. Six smaller windows with oblique slabs can be seen on the first floor, or rather: what probably used to be the first floor, for the tower is an empty shell. It is octagonal, with wedge-like castellations on the corners and some five metres high. It is built of a sort of slate, but more beige in colour. There are holes for floor beams, but no indications of a staircase.

Derrynane House, near the south-west point in the Ring of Kerry, is where Daniel O'Connell, 'the Liberator', used to live about the 1830s. Inside you can see the duelling pistol that he employed to kill a challenger, and many other historical references. In the woods in the grounds we discovered a tower that he used for writing purposes. It is an empty shell now, but must have been quite elegant, we imagine. About five metres high, round with thick walls, two floors, pointed door and windows.

The town of Macroom in Co. Cork has the N22 running right through it. At either end they have built bizarre town gates that look like little castle leftovers or pious portals. Very nice and folly-like.

A place that you have to pay for to see is Kilfane, a few miles north-east of Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny. We reported on the discovery of old plans for a cottage orné by Nick and Susan Mosse, and the subsequent building of this summerhouse (*FOLLIES* #26;17). Well, it has been ready for some time now, and is stunningly beautiful, inside as well as outside. This 1990s version is sited exactly on the 200-year-old cottage basis. The planting around the cottage is derived from the 1804 drawings and uses only those plants available at the time. Rustic furniture was originally created by careful use of forestry underthinnings. If you are lucky enough to get inside, you'll see beautiful murals painted as well. As romantic a place as you'll ever come across, down by the river in this wooded glen across the stream, with the waterfall opposite. Do you get the picture?

As James Howley's book has been out of print for some time, the need was recognized for a reprint, which will be available from March 2004. For those who were no readers of *FOLLIES* Magazine in 1993 we will add a review below and whet your appetite for a future Ireland event.

### BOOKREVIEW

**THE FOLLIES AND GARDEN BUILDINGS OF IRELAND** by JAMES HOWLEY. LONDON: Yale University Press. 2004. 260 pp. Pb £20. ISBN 0 300 10225 9

This paperback edition is a reprint of the 10-year-old masterpiece, with a new epilogue.

A standard book is not often entertaining or inspirational, James Howley, born in Ireland, has achieved the feat of writing one. On first flicking through the book it is difficult not to start reading at once. That's how attractive it looks. There are roughly a few hundred recent photographs and also a few hundred drawings. Measured drawings, all in the same scale. One of the treasures of the book is the accompanying book-mark with a scale measure that shows you at a glance how many feet or metre a building actually is. The drawings alone constitute a wealth of architectural data. The photographs are instructive and – with only a few exceptions – beautiful. All the illustrations are to be found near the appropriate texts, as they should be.

The book starts off by discussing the problems of defining the subject-matter and explaining why so many peculiar buildings have found a home in Ireland (North and South, the whole island). After that the various types of follies and garden buildings are divided into categories and described in 12 chapters. There is a conclusion (about unbuilt follies and the most recent ones), followed by extensive notes and a gazetteer (per county) of more than 600 follies. There is an impressive bibliography and a modest index.

The book has clearly been written by an architect (James Howley has a practice in Dublin). The lengthy introduction to the chapter on (designed) ruins e.g. offers a surprising insight in how an architect can experience the processes of construction and decay. The writer calls his book 'a study' and the tone of the discussions is tranquil and explanatory, nowhere agitated. But it is permeated by the love for the subject and the country itself. And there is so much to enjoy. Surprisingly much. Pure beauty in architecture and the attractions of follydom. There is the art of architecture (Casino Marino) and there are artful follies (Bone House, Caledon).

Naturally one can't read a book about follies without coming across wild stories, anecdotes and funny stuff. The only real drawback to the book is that the photographs are not in colour. That may be because it is a nice-to-read coffee-table book as much as an academic work on architecture. There is a definite danger that a book like this will get follies appreciated in academic circles!

It is a classic. Learned and entertaining. Written with an authentic passion for architectural follies and a yearning for the native country. An academic book by an incurable romantic. If only for the historical information this book is a must for every folly-lover. And now that the new epiloque brings you up to date about the recent folly-awareness, the conservation and restoration programmes, even the building of new follies in Ireland, you want to do your folly-hunting all over again with the promise of a wonderful and exciting time, thanks to your guide James Howley.—PRB

**A PELICAN IN THE WILDERNESS: HERMITS, SOLITARIES AND RECLUSES** by ISABEL COLEGATE. London: HarperCollins. 2002. 284 pp. Hbk £16.99. ISBN 0 00 765076 1

Intrigue set in with the introductory quote from a 1791 guidebook which stated there is 'an elegant building called the Priory, with Gothick windows and a circular embattled tower, in which is a commodious tea-room, and offices below. At a little distance from this, under a thick mass of shade, stands a rustic hermitage...'. This described the grounds of Isabel Colegate who goes on to say that little of the Priory remains and the tower is suffering badly but the stone hermitage has been rebuilt with a thatched roof. Many may have guessed already where she lives but if not, the last chapter mentions Henry Disney Roebuck whose folly is in Somerset.

Hence the book, which was published to coincide with the Bath exhibition 'Hermits and Solitude in Art', has immediate appeal for follyphiles with further mentions of Stourhead, Hawkstone, The Leasowes, Hagley, Stowe and the people connected with these estates. Additionally, references are made to the pattern books of Batty Langley and William Wrighte, said to be the starting point for many her-

mitages and garden buildings that have appeared on the landscape. However, the book is primarily about the inhabitants rather than the hermitages themselves so do not expect a detailed architectural read.

That said, Folly Fellowship members will be familiar with a number of the people discussed, such as the Duke of Portland. Described as scopophobic, it is easy to justify his inclusion in the book, given the lengths (three miles if we are talking of tunnels) to which he went at Welbeck to avoid being seen. On the other hand, William Beckford is there on the basis that he was ostracised out of polite society and he described Fonthill as his hermitage. These are not the strongest links to being described as a hermit, solitary or recluse and maybe Beckford is better named an eccentric. However, it is a matter only of degree for even the Duke of Portland is a minor compared to the likes of John Bigg, the Dinton Hermit, who spent thirty-six years in a cave.

The only real complaint about the book is in connection with the author T.F. Powys whose inclusion is appropriate given his isolated and eccentrically God-fearing life in Suffolk and Dorset. Sadly one of his books, *Mr Tasker's Gods*, is mis-titled as '*Mr Tasker's Pigs*' and the opportunity is not taken to refer to another of Powys' works on a relevant subject, namely *Soliloquies of a Hermit*. The books references and index are useful and it is pleasant to see Barbara Jones's *Follies & Grottoes* in there. However, it has to be reported that Headley and Meulenkamp are missing.

As stated above, garden architecture is not the focus of the book but gets a fair number of mentions and with each comes a little more understanding of who had them built, why and who inhabited them. On that basis the book is worth reading and additionally it brings to attention a number of fascinating dendrites, stylites, anchorites and the like.—David Matthews



TOP: SHAM TOWNGATE, MACROOM  
BELOW: REBUILT COTTAGE ORNÉ, KILFANE





DETAIL OF THE SUGAR LOAVES, WERRINGTON, BY GRAHAM DAW

LETTER

Dear Sir,

My friend Mr Stuart Smith of Camborne, Cornwall has sent me a copy of an article about Werrington Park published in one of your recent issues [*FOLLIES* #55, p. 8]. I made some comments about it to him and he has suggested that I send them also to you, as your readers may perhaps be interested. I have lived in the parish of Werrington for 64 years, was born in the adjoining parish of St. Stephens and have known Werrington Park and three generations of owners all that time, so it is pretty familiar to me.

The first point I would like to make is that the church was not moved from within the Park confines to its present location because it cramped the outlook of the house. It was moved because the eccentric Sir William Morice wished to construct a bowling green on the site of the original church (behind the house) and demolished the old church and built the new one further away. In so doing he incurred the wrath of the parishioners as gravestones were thrown out and graves desecrated and the parishioners put a curse upon him and his family. It apparently worked because the Morice family went into decline and William Morice died without issue. The Morice grave in Werrington churchyard has always been totally forgotten and neglected and, in fact, it was partly built over when a new vestry was added to the present church in the 19th century. The only remaining reminder of the Morice family in the church is a small heart shaped marble memorial taken from the Morice family tomb in the original church and which is now on the wall of the present inner vestry, unseen and almost unknown. When some years ago it was thought it would be nice to move it into the church and put it on the wall which stands almost above the Morice tomb it was found that it was so thin and delicate and cemented into the vestry wall that the craftsman engaged to move it said that it would crumble if any attempt was made to move it. So it remains and seems to be a further proof of the curse on the Morice family!

William Morice designed the new church himself and made as its main feature the two small replica towers at the west end. It is the only church in Cornwall to have such a feature. The two towers are solid and filled with rubble. The house faced the river Attery,

not Ottery. Only Cornwall Council in its ignorance calls it Ottery! Leland called it Attery and there is a small housing estate in the parish called Attery View.

The amphitheatre is believed to have been originally constructed as a cockpit and was used for that purpose until the mid 1800s. It is now used for the rearing of pheasants for syndicate shoots in the Park. There is a second cockpit at the Smallacombe end of the estate but is in very poor condition. The Terrace House or Hermitage is known locally as the Poacher's Pound because it was used in the past to incarcerate poachers caught in the Park! It is now ruinous but poachers were locked in there up to the end of the 19th century.

The Sugar Loaves in Smallacombe Copse were based on the design of the Horatii and Curiatti in Italy. It is surprising that Todd Gray (not a reliable source I fear) ever called them 'A Folly of Indian Design' because they are nothing of the sort. He was presumably copying Pevsner. They were so placed by Morice in order to allow his guests to have an excellent view of the house. There is a seat incorporated in them for that purpose. Possibly after a long session in the nearby Smallacombe cockpit 'punters' could retire there to contemplate their gains and losses! Who knows?

The drawings with the article of what the various buildings may have looked like in 1765 are interesting. I fear the church did not look anything like the drawing. It had no tower at the east end and never has had such an ornament. Nor does it have two towers, side by side, at the west end. The two miniature towers are each corner of the building at that end. The church was apparently very cramped at the east end and when Werrington Park was bought by Mr J.C. Williams in the 1880s Mrs Williams wanted it lengthened, so the chancel was built on at the east end. Williams Morice is buried in a vault at the east end of the churchyard but in 1882 with the building of the chancel and a new vestry it was partially covered by the buildings. Mr J.C. Williams had the Triumphal Arch demolished and The Castle had gone before that time.

On the sketch map what is marked as 'canal' is actually the Abbot's fish pond from the time when Tavistock Abbey owned Werrington Park as part of its vast estates and the pond provided food for the Abbot's table and ice for the ice house. The boat house is still there but not a survival from Sir William Morice's time I fear!

It is hoped that these notes may perhaps be of interest. I gave a photocopy of the article to the present owner of the Park, Mr J.M. Williams, and he was very interested. He does not know a lot about the history of the Park, having only inherited it on the death of his father, Mr Robert Williams a few years ago. Some of the Werrington Park archives are in the Cornwall County Record Office; others remain in the house. They were unfortunately split up and some destroyed some years ago.

Joan Rendell, Launceston