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TO MARRY AN EARL

International marriages are now of such frequent occurrence as to cause scarcely more than passing mention, and yet each succeeding announcement of a prospective alliance of an American girl with a noble family of England, France or Germany does not fail to create a certain amount of interest. The latest candidate for a place in "Burke's Peerage" is Miss Adele Grant of New York, who has for the past ten years been renowned as a beauty in her native land and all over Europe, where during that period she has passed much of her time.

Miss Grant is the eldest daughter of the late Bech Grant of New York, one of the sons of the late George de Forest Grant, a man of wealth who lived in Gramercy Park. Her debut in society was made in New York during the season of 1887-4 at one of the Delmonico balls. She was that season the acknowledged belle. Miss Grant has particularly beautiful eyes, which have been variously commented on by society writers and hosts of admirers.

The titled Englishman who is to wed Miss Grant is the Earl of Essex. Once before Miss Grant came very near wearing a Countess' coronet. While at Cannes during the winter and spring of 1896 she became engaged to Earl Cairns,

event. A splendid trousseau was prepared in Paris, a house taken in Grosvenor square for the wedding breakfast, invitations were sent out to all the swells of England and New York, and many costly presents were received from far and near, including jewels to the value of thousands of pounds from Lord Cairns.

One day the world of fashion was astounded to learn that after all these preparations the wedding was indefinitely postponed, for the reason that Lord Cairns was hopelessly in debt and was in such deep financial complications that Miss Grant's relatives did not think it worth while to extricate



THE EARL OF ESSEX, him for the sake of his coronet and title. Miss Grant was then obliged to perform the disagreeable duty of returning all her presents, and her trousseau was worn at the regulation parties of the remainder of the London season. Two years later Lord Cairns married Miss Olivia Berens, an English beauty, which marriage he survived but two years.

Since the unfortunate occurrence Miss Grant has passed but little of her time in New York. Her mother bought a house in Washington, D. C., which she subsequently sold, taking a small one in London. For the last four years Miss Grant has been prominently identified with the American set in London, of whom the Duchess of Manchester (formerly Miss Consuelo Yanaga), Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Arthur Paget are the leaders. She has been a frequent visitor of Mme. Von Hoffman at Cannes, and at Homburg has always had a court of admirers, among them the Prince of Wales.

Cassiobury, the country seat of the Earl of Essex, is one of the most noted residences of the English nobility. It lies not far from big, thriving Watford, which is just out of London.

Long before the first house here built of which there is authentic record, Cassiobury is said to have been the home of the warrior chief from whom its name may be derived, Cassibelanus, ruler of the Cassii, a hero, whose heroism seems almost mythical. Near here he fought his last fight, and Old St. Albans (Verulamium,) six miles off—one of the chief towns of his tribe—was made a military station by the Romans. In Saxon times the manor and title of Cassio were part of the endowment of the Abbey of St. Albans received from its founder, Offa, the ruler of Mercia; and we find recorded as "festival dues from Kaiso," three centuries later, "at Christ-

mas 2 shillings and twenty-four hens."

At the dissolution Henry VIII bestowed on Sir Richard Morison, or Moryson, the lordship and manor of Cassiobury—in consideration, one must add, of certain property in Yorkshire and Worcestershire, and of the sum of £176 17s. 10d. in money, with, moreover, "the service of the tenth part of a knight and payment of a yearly sum of £5 12s. 6½d.

This Richard Morison was a noteworthy man, learned and able and a great traveller. Henry sent him on several embassies to the Emperor Charles V and others, accompanied by Roger Ascham. He was knighted, and later, being a zealous Protestant, appointed one of the reformers of Oxford. When Mary came to the throne he found it advisable to live abroad, but after a while returned and began in 1553 the building of his "faire and large house" at Cassiobury. He had not, however, time to finish it before religious persecution drove him once more from England, and he died in Strasburg in 1556.

His son, Sir Charles Morison, finished the house just at the end of the century. It remained the family seat for a hundred years, until by the marriage of Elizabeth, only surviving child of Richard Morison's grandson, with a Capel—Arthur Capel, the hero of the house—the estate passed to that family, from whom the present Earl of Essex is lineally descended.

One's ideal of a stately home is surely a great quadrangle—the house rising four square around a grassy plot, like Tennyson's visionary Palace of Art, where—

Round the cool green court there ran a row  
Of cloisters, branched like mighty woods,  
Echoing all night to the sonorous flow  
Of spouted fountain floods.

Such a plan Wyatt took for his castle home of Cassiobury. It stands on a level ground, fronting to the west over a downward sweep of the broad park to where the lazy river and the neat canal run side by side.

It is a perfect site for quiet English beauty, overlooking its hundred acres of sweeping park broken with countless trees, which stand here in little clumps or circles, here alone, here—away cross the river, sloping up along the westward hill that bounds the view—in a great avenue, planned by Le Notre (who also laid out, but in far more formal fashion, the gardens of Versailles). And one has just a glimpse of a little waterfall, not far away, and a wooden bridge over which drive the farmers in their little carts going to buy and sell at Watford market.

Over all these the great house looks; a simple, stately building, modern Gothic in style, of good red brick. In its

center is a little square tower or gatehouse, and above the entrance—surmounted by the Essex arms—a pinnacled porch, beneath which wooden seats anticipate the hospitality of the open door. Northward stands another tower, red, with a blue clock face; and thence runs down a wall which connects stables and brewhouse with the main building. The river winding through the park is the Gade.

The open door of Cassiobury admits one to a narrow cloister—the entrance hall—whose Gothic windows, enriched with blazonry of rich colored glass, look into the inner court. All along this hall, on five old tables of carved wood, or hanging on the walls, or upon the floor, there is a great store of what our grandfathers called "curios," or curiosities, all duly labelled and described, and this one finds throughout the house. It gives something of an Old World simplicity to the place. After the cloistered hall the visitor passes southward to the Great Cloister, with its white covered ceiling and the five windows of stained glass along its northern wall. The midmost window is in a recess and richer in color than the rest. There is a picture of the present Earl seated beneath it, his favorite collier by his side now upon an easel in the great library. Into the further end of the cloister there stretches from the passage beyond a curious line of skin mats, each from a deer some time inhabitant of the park.

What furniture is in the great cloister—it is more of a corridor than a room—is plain, its color being for the most part red. On the walls hang fine old portraits, one, the oldest in the house, a very interesting head of Henry IV. There is an old picture, too, of Sir Thomas Conynghby—a very formidable likeness—accompanied by a diminutive personage labeled by the artist "Crickit a Dwarf."

From the cloister a step takes us to the foot of the grand staircase, one of the great beauties of the house. There are few things more picturesque and stately than an old massive staircase, whether it gleam with marble shafts and broad white steps or be warm and rich with English oak, like this one—the carved wood of the balustrades standing out, deep brown, against the dark green of the carpet. The wonderful woodwork of this staircase and over many chimneypieces throughout the house were carved by the great English master, Grinling Gibbons.

And an American bride is to be mistress here.

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MISS ADELE GRANT OF NEW YORK WHO WILL BE THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

according to the New York Herald, whom she had met when Viscount Garmoye in America. During that season the beautiful American was the toast of Cannes, and later in London she was invited to all the brilliant parties of the season.

Her marriage to Lord Cairns was sent for the early part of July, 1896, and all preparations had been made for the

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