

PICTURESQUE
LONDON.

By Percy Fitzgerald.

Illustrated



PICTURESQUE LONDON.

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FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS



Picturesque London

BY

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With a Frontispiece in Photogravure of

"THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT."

(From a Drawing by HUME NISBET.)

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PREFACE.

IN the following pages I have attempted to describe the numerous artistic treasures and beauties of London. These attractions are so abundant and varied, that I have not been able to do more than select specimens, as it were, of each class; but enough has been given to inspire the reader with an eagerness to set out, and make these discoveries for himself. The aim throughout has been to show that the Metropolis is as well furnished with "the picturesque" as any foreign city, and that there is much that is romantic and interesting, which, without a sympathetic guide, might escape notice. There are various modes of "seeing sights." One, the most common, is the regular official method "the Guide Book;" when the stranger goes round, and stares, and takes care that he sees each object set down in his Book. No fruit or profit comes from this process, which leaves a feeling of tediousness. How welcome, on the other hand, is some living guide, the friend that knows the subject, that can point out the special merits and beauties with sympathy, describe in a few words why this or that is attractive, or admired. What was before a mere blank mass of details, now becomes vivified, and has meaning; something of this kind is, in a small way, attempted here.

These "Travels in London" have been the result of many years' exploration. I have always found a never-failing pastime to observe as I walked, and made expeditions into far off and little known quarters, rarely without discovering something novel and unexpected. I must add, however, that these records do not pretend to be at all in the nature of a "guide," or to supply historical or archæological information. They simply register impressions.

In the same spirit the Illustrations have been selected, so as to convey the artistic feeling with which the various scenes impress us. I am conscious too of shortcomings, especially when I think of the conscientious labours of Peter Cunningham, Thornbury, and Walford, though in another department of the subject; but these, I trust, will be excused in consideration of the goodwill and enthusiasm, in which the work has been carried out.

P. F.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE subject of London, old and new, has ever offered a charm and even fascination, attested by the countless works which crowd the shelves of the library. The entries under the word "London" fill nearly a volume of the British Museum catalogue. These old folios and quartos, grey and rusted like the churches and halls they celebrate, have a dilapidated, decayed tone, as though they also wanted "restoring"; and there is a welcome quaintness and sincerity in the style of such antiquaries as Northuck, Strype, Stowe, Pennant, and others, which contrast with the more prosaic tone of the modern handbooks. These old scribes belonged to that amazing and unrequited class, "the county historian": such were honest, laborious Whitaker and Plot. There is nothing more pathetic than the record of these unselfish enthusiasts, who, after collecting subscriptions and devoting their lives and life-blood to these huge quartos, generally ruined themselves by the venture. Now, long after they have mouldered away, their huge tomes fetch large prices at auction; or some dapper editor of our day re-issues them, with airy notes of his own, taking care to point out the various "blunders" of the poor departed Dryasdust who laboured so faithfully and so modestly.

An interesting speculation might be found in considering the different ways persons have looked on the great aggregate of London. For those of fashion it is little more than an enlarged Grosvenor or Belgrave Square: it has few associations, historical or otherwise; while its "curios" may be useful as a sort of raree-show for the crowd. As the excellent Boswell put it, "I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of government in its different departments; a grazier as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change; a dramatic enthusiast as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure as an assemblage of taverns, etc., etc.; but the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible."

Stowe, Maitland, Grose, Pennant, Brayley, Leigh Hunt, with J. T. Smith, the author of "Walks in London," the invaluable Peter Cunningham, and other "guides and friends," in their dealings with London town seem to have been fascinated by one particular mode of treatment, viz.: the tracking out of all the personages and the social and historical incidents that are connected with particular spots. So diligently has this sort of investigation been pursued that some sort of connection has been established between every modern spot and corner and some great memory. Old houses, old inns, old streets and chambers, have all been thus registered and illustrated by quotations from books of their time. As Leigh Hunt says, "Nor perhaps is there a single spot in London in which the past is not visibly present to us, either in the shape of some old buildings, or at least in the names of the

streets, or in which the absence of more tangible memorials may not be supplied by the antiquary. In some parts of it we may go back through the whole English history, perhaps through the history of man, as when we speak of St. Paul's Churchyard, a place in which you may get the last new novel, and find remains of the ancient Britons and of the sea. There also, in the Cathedral, lie painters, patriots, humorists, the greatest warriors and some of the best men; and there, in St. Paul's School, was educated England's epic poet, who hoped that his native country would never forget her privilege of 'teaching the nations how to live.'"

Elia seems to touch a more sympathetic note. He was, indeed, an idolater of the city. "London," he cried, "whose dirtiest Arab-frequented alley, and her lowest-bowing tradesman I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain. Oh! her lamps of a night, her rich goldsmiths, print shops, toy shops, mercers, hardwaremen, pastrycooks, St. Paul's Churchyard, the Strand, Exeter Change, Charing Cross, and the man upon a black horse. These are thy gods, O London! All her streets and pavements are pure gold, I warrant you. At least I know an alchemist that turns her mud into that metal—*a mind that loves to be at home in crowds.*" This is pleasant rapture. In another place he grows almost wanton over what he calls "the furniture of his world," that is, "streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat seamstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the streets with spectacles. . . . lamps lit at night, pastrycooks' and silversmiths' shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk. If you happen to wake at midnight, cries of 'Fire!' and 'Stop thief!' Inns of Court with their learned air, and halls and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges; old bookstalls, 'Jeremy Taylors,' 'Burtons on Melancholy,' on every stall. These are the pleasures of London. . . . for these may Keswick and the giant brood go hang." And his humorous *penchant* for the city was so strong that he would call aloud, "*Give me O'd London at fire and plague times,*" rather than "healthy country air" and "purposeless exercise."

The mutations in the aspect of London are taking place with an almost alarming rapidity, so that it becomes difficult even to note them. Hardly a week passes without some old street or mansion being menaced, and marked for destruction. Of a morning we see the new and significant "hoarding" set up: in a week or two we pass again, and the "house-breakers," as they are called, are hard at work with their pickaxes, shovelling down the old Queen Anne bricks in showers of dust. From year's end to year's end this goes on. The hungry eyes of the speculator, or of the thriving man of business, are often fixed upon the old Wren churches, which, in his view, so idly cumber space that might be covered with useful warehouses at enormous rents. It is sad to think that eventually it will be found impossible to resist this never-relaxing pressure, and that within a few years the clearing away of these venerable memorials will have set in. The recent clamour about St. Mary's in the Strand is truly significant, the spoilers knowing well that if they can insert their wedge or pickaxe here, a happy beginning will have been made. These old buildings have few authorized friends or guardians beyond the amiable amateur.

“London,” as a writer in *The Builder* says, “is still, in spite of all pullings down, and removals of the so-called worn-out and out of date buildings, full every here and there of quaint spots, and bits of architecture, and even of poetic remembrances in dreary nooks and corners. Many of the antique streets are yet in existence, as far as the *plans* of them go; and the irregularity of house pulling down and improvement necessitates differences in the size and height of the houses, which make up the crooked street, and leave the idea of it, as it was, almost intact.”

It is fashionable to abuse the old city, to be ashamed of it, when comparing it with foreign towns. Dr. Waagen, who was in London in 1838, took away a not very favourable impression of London architecture. “The outside of the brick houses,” he says, “in London is very plain, and has nothing agreeable in the architecture, unless it be the neat and well-defined joints of the brick-work. On the other hand, many of the great palace-like buildings are furnished with architectural decorations of all kinds, with pillars and pilasters. There are two reasons why most of them have a rather disagreeable effect. They are destitute of continuous simple main lines, which are indispensable in architecture to produce a grand effect, and the decorative members are introduced in a manner *entirely arbitrary*, without any regard to their original meaning. This absurdity is carried to the greatest excess in the case of columns, ranged here, as wholly unprofitable servants, directly before a wall. This censure applies in an especial manner to most of the works of the deceased architect, Nash. In truth, he had a peculiar knack of depriving masses of considerable dimensions of all meaning, by breaking them into a number of little projecting and receding parts.”

He is even more severe on some of the churches; for instance, All Souls, in Langham Place, “a circular building in two stories, with Ionic and Corinthian columns, surmounted by a pointed sugar-loaf.”

“If the immense sums expended in architectural abnormities had always been applied in a proper manner, London must have been the handsomest city in the world.” Exceptions, however, to this general blame, he admits, are Somerset House, which has the air of a regal palace, and the “new Post Office,” which has quite “a noble effect.”

It is interesting to reflect how the thoroughfares have affected eminent persons. When Leigh Hunt saw a house with flowers in the balcony, or otherwise prettily disposed or arranged with taste, he was seized with an irresistible longing to knock at the door, ask for the proprietor, and formally thank him for the pleasure he had given to a careless passer-by! It might be curious to see this graceful appreciation pass from theory to action; and conjure up the face of, say, some retired cheesemonger as he came down to receive the compliment. His natural sense would be—and would be in the case not merely of a retired cheesemonger, but of an average person—an idea of affront. Johnson, as we have been told again and again, enjoyed Fleet Street, though it must be confessed the removal of Temple Bar has somewhat spoiled this association. There was the idea of formal entrance to the City—much as one would pass under the portals of an old castle to gain the courtyard. The not unpicturesque oval where the Law Courts stand has gained, but Fleet Street has lost. Nay, there was a pleasure, when vulgarly reared aloft on an omnibus, in rumbling under that archway. It was like entering an old fortified town.

One might be inclined to think that a few reflections, new or old, could be suggested by the streets, where custom has so much staled any variety that existed. Leigh Hunt again declares that there is not a single London street—that endless world of flagging, stone, and brick—from which the pleasant vision of a tree is not to be seen. I believe the fact to be true in the main—certainly was true in his day. What curious survivals still remain to us—such as would make the foreigner stop and look back at long and eagerly, and go unheeded by the careless resident! To give an instance or two: On a Sunday morning the early promenader is likely to meet a little procession passing through the Mall of ten or a dozen boys, gorgeously clad in scarlet coats of antique cut, richly and profusely laced with gold, with black hose and shoes with buckles, college caps with gold tassels. Few even in London have encountered these little gentry, and if they did would wonder exceedingly. They belong to the Court, and are the singing boys of the Royal Choir. Again, to pass by Newgate Street and look in between the railings at the boys of the old foundation of “Christ’s” busily engaged enjoying football—what a quaint costume, the orange stockings, the monastic gown confined with a leather strap—like a “Frere”—and the curious rule which interdicts wearing hat or cap, apparently without injury. And we have still left the “Beefeaters” or Yeomen of the Guard.

Indeed, few can conceive how many interesting streets, houses, corners, churches, and general “surprises” are to be found by those who know where to look for them. There are people who have been brought up, “man and boy,” as it is called, in London, and lived there all their life long, and who think it is little more than a repetition of the Strand and Fleet Street, and that the City is all like Lombard Street. What London abounds in is the picturesque and the poetical: there is really an abundance of charming “bits,” of artistic buildings, and of relics as noteworthy as any in a foreign town. Some of them we pass every day, but familiarity obscures their merit. Others, too, we pass every day, but they are hid behind screens and walls, or locked in behind old rusty gates. Often thinking of these ignored treasures, I determined to explore for myself, and see if I could do something in a humble way to introduce to better notice this “Picturesque London,” or the picturesqueness of London. Prompted by this sympathetic impulse, I have for years made regular, diligent “travels in London” as an explorer, and have been astonished at all I saw. It was true, no doubt, that many of these things were described in the official guide-books, but after the appraising, registering fashion of such works. What one has looked for was some one with sympathy to point out the merits and beauties. I pursued my new calling with a growing relish, often directed to inspect curiosities by a friendly counsellor, more often stumbling on them by accident. In time it was amazing what a number of old houses, old doorways, old churches, old corners, I was thus introduced to, what unsuspected treasures were laid open, and above all what a new fund of entertainment was provided for a simple street promenader.

I shall now proceed to share my enjoyment with the courteous reader, and we shall make our wanderings in rather a fitful way, chiefly as the explorer made them, almost without system, dealing with these objects as they lie grouped together within compass of a day’s travelling.

PICTURESQUE LONDON.

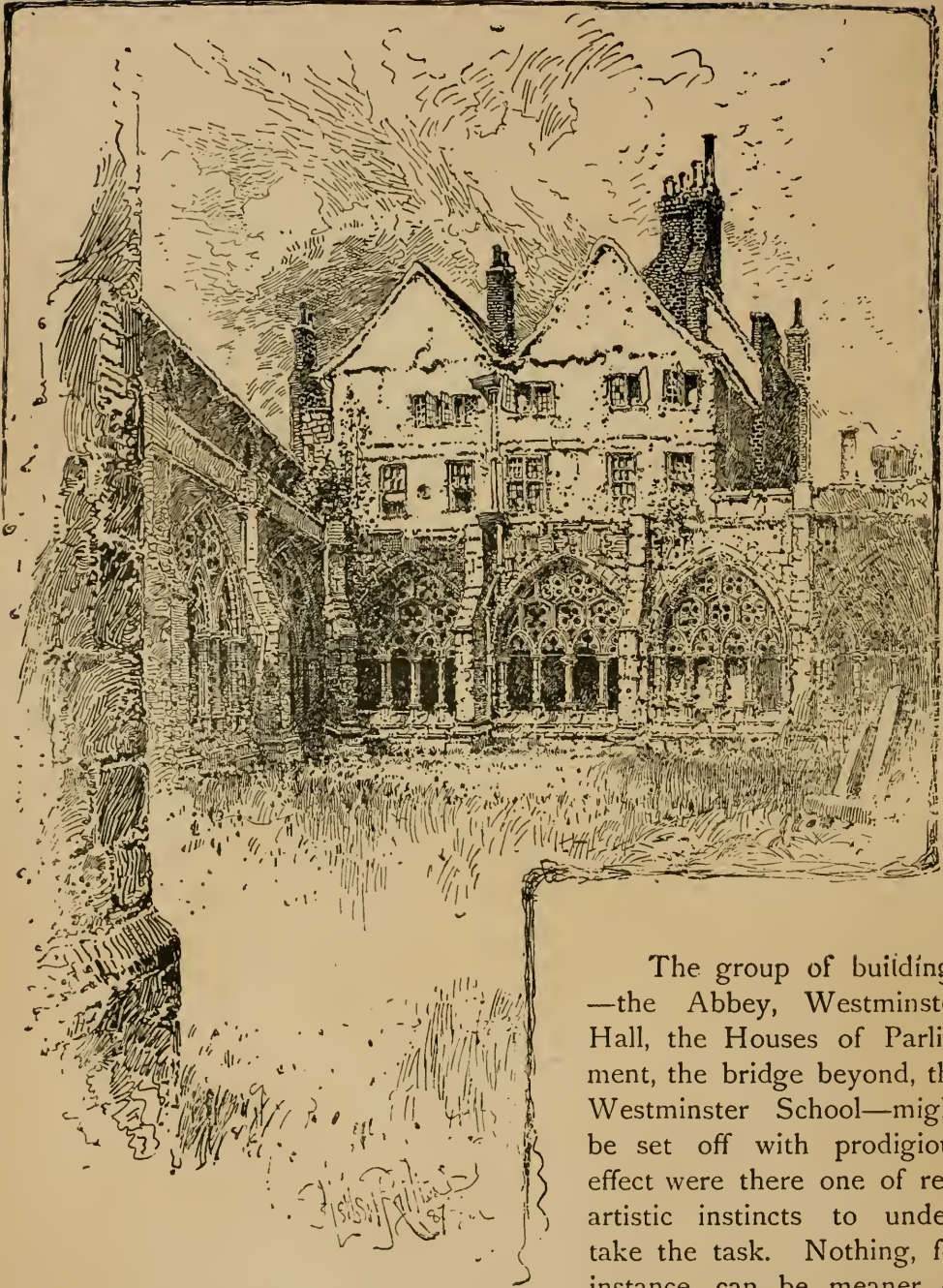


CHAPTER I.

ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.

WE shall commence our pilgrimage at that striking and imposing scene, the old "Broad Sanctuary," Westminster. Few may have noted the quaint obelisks which at intervals help to form the inclosure! Lately the churchyard was laid down in grass, and the flagging removed; but it may be doubted if this be a real improvement. The air of space seems diminished. A sward of this kind is becoming in a genuine close, as at Salisbury, where the cathedral is in the country; but here the minster is in the heart of the town—in the streets—and the grass seems to have an artificial air. Sixty years ago this inclosure displayed a number of fine old trees, which would have been in admirable keeping, and a picturesque adornment. But when the coronation of George IV. was at hand, the obsequious Dean and Chapter determined to erect scaffolding and ample theatres to view the procession; and the trees were cut down. As Mr. Croker said, they had been so ill-advised or so greedy as to take this step, and the "loss of this ornament to the public was great, while the profit to the Chapter did not perhaps amount to £10."

One solitary altar-tomb, carefully railed round, will be noted in this large inclosure, and we may speculate as to the reasons for this toleration, where all the rest have been swept away. The inscription is almost illegible; but it is the memorial of a certain wealthy Mr. Davies. He was the owner of all the estate where are now Grosvenor Square and the adjoining streets; from him this enormous property passed to the Grosvenor family, and Davies Street was so named in his honour. No doubt it was owing to this august connection that his tomb was allowed to remain. But his heritors might have the inscription re-cut.



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

The group of buildings —the Abbey, Westminster Hall, the Houses of Parliament, the bridge beyond, the Westminster School—might be set off with prodigious effect were there one of real artistic instincts to undertake the task. Nothing, for instance, can be meaner or more ineffective than Palace

Square with its statues. It is obvious that this should be treated as a place, with an imposing and attractive object as its centre; instead of which we find it divided in two by a broad walk, and the whole effect is frittered away. There is something grotesque in the statues ranged round *dos*

à dos, huddled together with a commercial view to convenience. A single statue, it may be said, needs an area to itself to have proper effect; as we may see in the *Place Verte* at Antwerp, where that of Rubens is sufficient to give point to the whole area.

In the shadow of Westminster Abbey stands a homely-looking edifice of Churchwarden's Gothic. Uninviting as is the exterior of St. Margaret's, its interior is most interesting and suggestive. Restored not many years ago with excellent taste and reserve, it has been gradually beautified under the direction and encouragement of the rector, Archdeacon Farrar; so that, small and unpretending as it seems, a couple of hours may be profitably spent in viewing it. The interior is of the collegiate pattern, with a flat panelled roof supported by airy and elegant columns with delicate mouldings. The walls have been judiciously allowed to display the outlines of their stones, which furnish good detail and background. No church of its size, perhaps, is so rich in tombs and tablets, a'l of which are more or less interesting; and they are disposed so as to heighten the general effect. Some are fitted on to the light columns, shield-like, and bent to the mouldings. Most of the memorials are of one formal kind; a bust or medallion in the middle, a pediment above, and below a black marble slab or tablet with the inscription. The marbles are mostly of rich russet tones, or of a plum tint.

The idea of making the painted windows illustrate the story of eminent persons connected with the place or parish is a happy one; for it enriches as well as beautifies the church. The legends, moreover, have been supplied by distinguished poets. One great window, which displays its brown and amber glories in honour of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, is a present from the Americans; and Mr. Lowell has written these lines for it:—

The New World's sons, from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of the Past from which our Present grew,
This window we erect to Raleigh's name.

The window is a handsome one, and is richer and deeper in its tones than its fellows. Long ago a meagre white tablet with a bold inscription was placed here by "The Roxburghe Club," to commemorate Caxton. Over the tablet a painted window has recently been fitted, the gift of the printers of London—a happy and becoming tribute; while the Laureate, who has given abundant work to printers all over the globe, has supplied these lines:—

Thy prayer was "light, more light while time shall last;"
Thou sawest a glory growing on the night,
But not the shadows which that light will cast
Til shadows vanish in the light of light.

Some of the side windows are poor and thin in tone, as if done in water.

colour; but the rich depth and gorgeousness of the great window—as of old wine seen deep down in the glass—eclipses the rest. There is also a window to the memory of the ill-fated Lord Frederick Cavendish. The inscription is not particularly happy, and his fellow-victim is described as “Mr. T. N. Burke.” Another commemorative window which seems prosaic is that of the Jubilee, the Queen in the centre, in full view of her great ancestor Elizabeth. Here Mr. Browning furnished the verse:—

Fifty years' flight! Where should he rejoice
Who hailed their birth, who as they die decays?
This—England echoes his attesting voice,
Wondrous and well, thanks, Ancient Thou of days!

A regular riddle or crux, which strains the wit, as we ponder over the meaning. Merriment and wonder were alike excited by the last line, with its odd punctuation:—

“Wondrous and well, thanks, Ancient Thou of days!”

There is also the Milton window—the Poet's wife and daughter are buried here—given by another amiable American, Mr. Childs, with an inscription by Whittier:—

The New World honours him whose lofty plea,
For England's freedom, made her own more sure;
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.

The last line seeming rather prosaic, the author good-naturedly offered to substitute “heirloom” for “freehold.” But “freehold” stands. Another window celebrates Sir Erskine May, whose severe, thoughtful face is portrayed in various Scriptural attitudes—*e.g.*, as the Faithful Steward, with the legend “Well done, thou good and faithful servant.”

Another interesting memorial was set up on December 18th, 1888, thus further enriching the associations of the church. This was in honour of the gallant Admiral Blake, and takes the shape of a three-light window in the north aisle. The upper portions are of an allegorical kind; the lower depicts incidents from Blake's life, such as the indignity of the ejection of his body from the Abbey in 1661, after the Restoration. Mr. Lewis Morris, another of the poets of our time, has furnished spirited verses, and sings:—

Strong sailor, sleeping sound as sleep the just,
Rest here: our Abbey keeps no worthier dust.

This fashion is interesting, and original too. For, as we pass from window to window, we can review our history, and the striking lines attached to each will linger in the memory. Thus we have five poets contributing to the glories of these windows.

The old tablets with which the walls are incrustcd have an interest from the originality of the style and the richness of material. Here we find the rather grim likeness of the worthy Palmer, and of Emery Hill, whose almshouses and schools are still to be seen in Westminster. Many Court ladies find rest in the church: such as Lady Dorothy Stafford, "who served Queen Elizabeth forty years, lying in the bed-chamber;" or Lady Blanche Parry, "chief gentlewoman of Queen Elizabeth's Privy Chamber, and keeper of her Majesty's jewels, whom she faithfully served from her Highness's birth;" or Anne Ellis, "who was born in Denmark, and was Bedchamber Woman to Queen Anne." We come on a record "To the memory of the right virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman, Mistress Margaret Ratcliffe, one of the maids of honour to Queen Elizabeth, and who died at Richmond." Many of the men, too, have served their King, like Cornelius Vandam, "souldier with King Henry at Turney, Yeoman of the Guard, and Usher to Prince Henry, King Edward, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth;" or Peter Newton, "who served King James and King Charles, and was Usher of the Black Rod."

Some of the inscriptions are quaint and touching, like that which celebrates "the late deceased Virgin Mistress Elizabeth Hereicke":—

Sweet Virgin, that I do not set
 Thy grave verse up in mournful jet
 Or dappled marble, let thy shade
 Not wrathful seeme, or fright the Maid
 Who hither, at the weeping Howres,
 Shall come to strew thy Earth with Flowres.
 No: know, blest Soule, when there's not one
 Reminder left of Brasse or Stone
 Thy living Epitaph shall be,
 Though lost in them, yet found in me.
 Deare, in thy bed of Roscs then,
 Till this world shall dissolve, as Men
 Sleepe, while we hide thee from the light,
 Drawing thy curtains round—Good night.

With much simplicity another lady, Dame Billing, frankly tells us of the happiness she enjoyed with her three husbands, whom she sets down in their order, "garnishing the tablet with their armes." Another widow records on an old battered "brass" the merits of one Cole, her latest partner, at great length; whereof an extract:—

In Parliament, a Burgesse Cole was placed
 In Westminster the like, for many years;
 But now, with Saints above, his soul is graced,
 And lives a Burgess with Heaven's Royal Peers.

There is also seen here Pope's well-known epitaph on Mrs. Corbett,

which won Dr. Johnson's highest praise, though he takes the objection that her name is not mentioned in the lines themselves. It is well worth quoting :—

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense;
No conquest she but her own sense desired,
No arts essayed, but not to be admired.

Of this line the Doctor says with grim humour: "I once heard a lady of great beauty and excellence object that it contained an unnatural and incredible panegyric—of this let the ladies judge."

Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own:
So unaffected and so composed a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heaven as its purest gold, by tortures tried,
The saint sustained it, but the woman died.

Of a quaint sort is the following to a Westminster boy :—

Richard Nott, aged 11 years. His Schoolfellow Walter Thomas made his Epitaph.

Dear to his parents here doth lye,
A youth admired for Piety,
His years eleven, yet knew more
Of God than many of threescore.

Another monument is that of Mrs. Barnett, who died in 1674, leaving £40 yearly for poor widows. A large oatmeal pudding is, or used to be, given at the "Feast," to commemorate that this "worthy lady" sold oatmeal cakes at the church doors. Skelton, the poet, is interred here: also Thomas Churchyard, Hollar, the famous engraver, and Colonel Blood of regalia memory. There can be read here the entry of Milton's marriage with Mrs. Catherine Woodcocke, and of Edmund Waller to Ann Bankes. There is also recorded the baptism of Thomas Betterton, the actor, in 1635. Titus Oates, Jeffreys, and Bishop Burnet's children were baptized here. These are interesting associations.

But the glory of the whole is the wonderful window over the Communion-table, with its fine depth of blue, a treat for the eye, and satiating it with colour. This impoverishes, as it were, all the modern performances near it. A great authority on painted glass, Mr. Winston, declares it to be "the most beautiful work in this respect, of harmonious colouring," he was acquainted with. The subject is the Crucifixion. It is divided into five compartments, three of which are filled by pictures of our Saviour and the two thieves. Below them are the holy women, a crowd of Roman soldiers, etc.; over the good thief a tiny angel is seen, bearing off his soul to Paradise, while a little demon has the impenitent one on his back.

On one side is the portrait of a young king at his prayers, arrayed in crown and mantle, with the armed St. George overhead; on the other side a lady, also kneeling, over whom watches St. Catherine. This window had quite a strange course of adventures. According to one account, it was a present to King Henry VII. from the Dutch States-General, and was intended for his beautiful chapel. Another version runs that it was a present from the King and Queen of Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella. It took five years to make, and by that time King Henry VIII. had succeeded. Whether his religious views had altogether changed, or he had other reasons, the window was not set up, and he made it a present to the abbey at Waltham. On the Dissolution it was bought by General Monk, who brought it down to New Hall, where it was well protected during the Civil War. From New Hall it passed to a Mr. John Olmius, who sold the window to Mr. Conyers, of Copt Hall, where it was set up; and there it seemed likely to remain. Unluckily it entered into the minds of the Churchwardens' Committee of St. Margaret's, in 1758, to have a thorough restoration of their old church. Dreadful windows, the same that were to be seen about twenty years ago, were put in: a common "household parapet," as it was called, was added, with the homely porch. But now they bethought themselves of Mr. Conyers's beautiful window, and bought it for 400 guineas. Thereupon the Chapter, offended by its "Popish" character, commenced a lawsuit to have the window removed; but the action was decided against them. There is a loving cup which celebrates this victory. Thus this rich and glowing feast of colour was retained. Below it there is a curious oaken reredos, elaborately carved into the shape of a large picture—the Supper at Emmaus—the work of a Soho artist some 120 years ago. The pulpit is a rather fantastic thing, coloured like a sugar-plum. There is an antique bench in the porch, used at the distribution of the weekly dole of sixpences and bread to a number of poor widows.

Archdeacon Farrar, the Rector, takes jealous care of St. Margaret's, and has excited public interest in the church by his improvements and reforms. He has opened it regularly for some hours in the day; numbers are seen gazing in astonishment at the unexpected monuments and curios.

The churchyard that encompasses it is, however, associated with a degrading history. There is somewhere in the inclosure "a nameless and promiscuous pit," as Archdeacon Farrar calls it, into which were flung, shortly after the Restoration, the remains of some twenty Republicans who had been interred in the Abbey. The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were hung up at Tyburn, and their heads fixed on pikes on the top of Westminster Hall. But into the pit was cast the body of the Protector's mother, who was ninety years old at her death, the great Admiral Blake,

Dr. Twiss, and others of less note. It is fair, however, to say that the Royal warrant did not order this outrage, and has a specious reasonable air. It ran :—

It is his Majestie's express pleasure and command that you cause the bodies of the severall persons undernamed w^{ch} have been unwarrantably interred in Henry the 7th and other Chappels and places w^{thin} the collegiate Church of Westminster since the year 1641 to be forthwith taken up and buried in some place of the Churchyard adjoining to y^e said Church, whereof you may not faile, and for so doing this shall be y^r warrant. Dated at y^e Court of Whitehall, Sept. 9, 1661.



LAMBETH PALACE.

CHAPTER II

THE WESTMINSTER TOBACCO-BOX—THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

IN other ways our "Parish of Westminster" offers much that is still quaint and old-fashioned and picturesque. A stranger seeing the view from the Sanctuary for the first time will be moved to surprise and admiration. The very irregularity, the straggling shape of the ground, is original and pleasing. What a number of striking objects are here congregated! Standing at the bottom of Victoria Street we see to the right the Gothic Westminster Chambers, with the not ungraceful commemorative pillar to the scholars who fell in the Crimea. Beyond is the venerable Abbey, beside which is St. Margaret's Church and Churchyard. Beyond these is seen Westminster Hall and the elaborate façade and towers of the Houses of Parliament. Between is the square with the statues. To the left the old Sessions House, and in the distance Westminster Bridge, Lambeth Palace, and the River. All this is made animated by the ceaseless procession of vehicles, for here runs the tide of life and business very strongly; and the long train of persons making for the Strand from Pimlico passes by this route. All here is interesting, and the foreigner could spend a day or two examining what is grouped in this spot.

Few are aware of the existence of a worthy society, "The Past Overseers of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster," who have been in the habit of dining together at one of the taverns in the district for over 150 years. This body, not otherwise remarkable, are custodians of a singular "curio," which from small beginnings has, like the "deputy shepherd," been "a swellin' wisely" from year to year. This is "the Westminster Tobacco-Box," which is also an extraordinary, bizarre, historical calendar of London during the long period of its existence.

It seems that in the year 1713 one of the "past" overseers, Mr. Henry Monk, was in the habit of bringing to the tavern dinners his own private tobacco-box, which he had bought for 4*d.* at a horn fair, and which he good-naturedly placed at the service of his friends. In so cordial a spirit was this little attention received, that he presented the company with a tobacco-bo:

for its own use when he should have passed away. As a reciprocal attention the society had a silver rim placed on the box, whereon were recorded the donor's name and merits. This imparted a value to the box, and it was intrusted to the charge of the overseer for the time being. The next overseer—not to be outdone in liberality—embellished the box with a silver plate, on which *his* name and achievements were set out. The overseer succeeding followed suit; and thus grew up the rule or custom that every overseer should add a silver plate or decoration suitably inscribed. After a few years the box became overlaid with silver plates. Space failed, and it was now fitted into an inclosing box, upon which the same process was repeated. Figures and pictures came to be engraved on the plates; the notable event of the year, whether battle, royal marriage, procession, or celebration, was duly emblazoned; and still the box, or boxes, kept growing. As a result, the box has become enormous, and has now the aspect of a massive hexagonal silver-covered chest, which resolves itself into some half-dozen boxes, one enclosed in the other, and all glittering with the accumulated silver plates of 150 years. The outer chest or casket is made from an old oaken beam that belonged to the Abbey. The general aspect of the box is rather bewildering, with its pictures, portraits, scrolls, odd costumes, dates, and inscriptions. At the annual dinner there is a ceremonial of handing over the box to the new overseer, who is solemnly enjoined by the senior churchwarden to take all care of the article. He is to have and to hold it on the condition that it be produced at all parochial entertainments he shall be invited to, or have a right to attend, when it must be furnished, with tobacco sufficient to fill three pipes at least, under forfeiture, in case of failure, of six bottles of claret. Moreover, security in the sum of 200 guineas has to be found.

The box has passed through some critical situations: once, in 1785, when some thieves carried off from the dinner-table all the portable silver; but, fortunately, the overseer had the precious box (or boxes) in safe custody. In 1793 an unworthy overseer, named Read, having a claim on the parish, actually detained the box till he was satisfied—nay, threatened to destroy the box if he were *not* satisfied. Thereupon a Chancery suit was actually commenced to recover this Palladium of Westminster; and the casé was heard before Lord Chancellor Loughborough, who decreed that the box be restored and the costs paid by the degenerate “past overseer,” Read aforesaid. There was general joy; the solicitor who conducted the suit was made free of the society, that “he may often” (so it runs in the books) “have an opportunity of contemplating the box and its recovery.”

In 1825 some odd regulations connected with the box were introduced. The dinner which ushered it in was to be served by five o'clock, on the actual striking of St. Margaret's clock; the landlord, on failure, to be fined

two bottles of wine. He was to produce his bill at half-past eight, under penalty of another bottle. When the Westminster tobacco-boxes are opened out there is a glittering show indeed. Hours might be spent deciphering their scrolls and records. There we may see and read of the King and Queen and of Mr. Wilkes, the gallant Nelson, Pitt and Fox, and Wellington, together with pictures of a "scratchy" kind of the new prison, the trial of Queen Caroline, and other interesting scenes. In 1746 Hogarth engraved a portrait of the Duke of Cumberland inside the lid. What is to become of the box when it bourgeons beyond manageable proportions? By-and by it will have the dimensions of a plate-chest. Before long, however, it is not unlikely that some too practical past overseer will move "That this society do hereby for the future suspend their practice of adding silver plates to the tobacco-box; and that in lieu thereof ten guineas be subscribed annually to the funds of Westminster Hospital. And that the box or boxes be deposited in the Town Hall."

In Westminster, as in other districts of London, there is a certain local tone—healthy and independent, as though it were a separate town. Chelsea, Islington, Holborn, all these have their *Town Halls*, some built in rather imposing style. In each there is the Concert room, where shows and entertainments are given to the lieges. At Westminster there is the Choral Society, which has its capital concerts, singing, and orchestra—all to the glory of local Westminsters, who have great repute among their own people. There is something Flemish in this spirit, and no doubt it will develop.

A few years ago there was a cluster of mean and squalid streets on the ground where the Aquarium stands—with others of the Seven Dials pattern leading to it. These have been cleared away with extraordinary rapidity, and quite a new quarter has been formed, of which the Town Hall is the centre. Not unpleasing, and effective also, is the large group of buildings in irregular broken order that gather round it. There is Christ Church and churchyard, across which a path has been made from Victoria Street, and which is flanked by the new and grand "Iddesleigh Mansions," with its stained glass and outside galleries. Then on the other side rise the enormous "St. Ermine's Mansions," rival to the "Queen Anne's." The visitor should note the extraordinary decorations over the doorways—two boys seated in a *déagé* attitude, their legs projecting airily, projections not likely to remain long *in situ*. We should note, however, the pleasing Vicarage just erected in the churchyard, a compact and snug and picturesque little edifice. The church is rude and bald enough, but a project is on foot for completing the steeple. Then the place will be complete. Yet, strange to say, fringing these pretentious edifices, meant for the opulent, are the most squalid dens and alleys filled with cellars and "shanties," with such significant names as

King's Head Court, Smith's Rents, Horse Shoe Alley, and the like, where poverty reeks and flourishes well, as it might be said, and where from half a crown to four shillings is paid weekly for some crazy dilapidated chamber.

The performance of the Westminster Play, which takes place about a week before Christmas, furnishes the Londoner with an opportunity for dreaming himself away into old University or Cathedral life. Once within Dean's Yard a very pleasing delusion steals over him; and so appropriate are the calm associations of the place that he will fancy himself hundreds of miles away in some scholastic retirement, instead of being close to the rattle of streets, of passing omnibuses and cabs and the busy hurly-burly of Westminster. The pleasant old custom of the Westminster Play still flourishes in all its vitality, and should be cherished as one of those survivals which usefully keep green the few romantic associations that are known to the capital.

It is evening at Christmas-tide as we come to the Sanctuary—quaint name for the open space in front of the Abbey—the traffic seems at its very busiest. The Aquarium hard by is getting ready for a busy night; its electric arc lights are blazing. Beyond, the fierce light at the top of the Clock Tower gives token of busy work within, for a so-called "autumn session" is going on. Everything betokens din, bustle, and hard work. Passing under the archway we are in "Dean's Yard," and what a sudden change! It almost seems a monastic inclosure. The moon is at the full; the noise of the streets is suddenly hushed. Here are the old-fashioned buildings, low and antique, with the entrance to the Cloisters of the Abbey. The chimes from the Clock Tower are giving out eight. Here, too, is the Dean's House, quaint, low and spreading, with a deceptive air of ruin, mullioned windows, and the Canons' residences beside it; the Head Master's house, too, all such as would be found in a Cathedral Close. Here are small peaked windows, the walls bearing a look of rust and ruin, but very sound. Passing through a dilapidated little archway, we reach the square, where on the left is made out Ashburnham House, lost in shadow; but its elegant iron gate is distinct enough; while in front there is the old-fashioned and heavy irregular buildings of the Westminster School, with its old-fashioned porch and steps, and straggling doorways. A crowd of persons are entering—the youths, fine lads, stand about in their caps and gowns. We pass up some cramped stairs and find ourselves in the great dormitory, with alcoves on each side, while overhead are seen the beams of the sloping platform which support the spectators' seats. For in this vast hall the performance is given.

It is a gay and festive scene enough, brilliantly lit up, with a handsomely painted proscenium at the end, while the huge sloping platform is crowded. On the right the ladies of the audience are grouped together in ascetic

seclusion, much as ladies are placed in the *Palchi* during the Holy Week at Rome. Young scholastic aides-de-camp in cap and gown distribute bills and show us to our proper places. The Head Master, the cordial and energetic Dr. Rutherford, enters in state, and with him the personages invited, who sit in rows in the centre. On the right and left are the scholars, and dressed in the best West-end style; a brave company. "Alas!" said Charles Lamb's



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

brother, "to think that these fine, bright young fellows will one day become *stupid Members of Parliament.*"

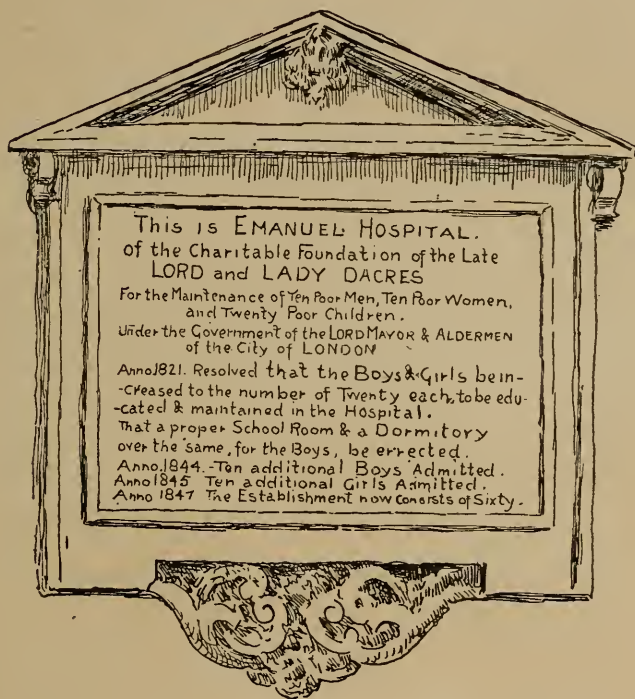
The great thick walls on each side display their blackened stones, and are pierced at the top with small, prison-like windows. These old walls seem to speak, for they are covered over as closely as possible with names—names of scholars, in large, well-cut, and very legible letters. There is something very significant in these records, some of very well known persons. The eye

almost at first, falls upon a bold, big-cut "E. IMPEY"—a boy who was to become Sir Elijah, and to figure so prominently with Warren Hastings. Formerly the boys used to climb up and cut their names anyhow and every how; now it is reduced to a prosaic and regular system: a payment of five shillings is made, and the appointed officer arrives with his tools and ladder, and does the job, which rather destroys the poetry of the thing.

Some pretty music is being played of a soft, winning kind—the performers unseen—which lends a regular theatrical tone to the place. A lad in cap and gown and white tie and kid gloves emerges from the curtain and bends down to whisper to the Head Master, it is presumed to obtain formal leave to begin. This ceremony was repeated at the beginning of every act. Then the curtains are drawn aside, revealing the beautiful view of Athens, painted with much grace and skill by Mr. Cockerell, a combination between interior and exterior, which I believe to be the true mode of presenting a drama. Nothing could be better, more correct or realistic than the dresses. With the discoveries of pictures, mosaics, medals, etc., we can really now dress a Greek or Roman with the minutest accuracy and faithfulness. The hair, beards, etc., are trained with such wonderful accuracy so as to suggest the true antique type of face. The style of declamation was spirited and animated, much beyond what might be expected from youths. There was a solidity and gravity, and a total absence of fear and shyness. It would be affectation to say the meaning was followed by the audience, though at professedly humorous passages volleys of applause came from above, betokening the presence, even here, of a disciplined *claque*, who must have applauded upon signal. There were some grave and reverend pundits, who really understood and followed every word—masters *en retraite*, perhaps—and who were convulsed at every jest—though these seemed mild enough. At the close there was the epilogue, full of allusions to current topics. Altogether a very pleasing and interesting entertainment. There was a suggestion, throughout of collegiate associations, from the presence of the many gowned professors, canons, and others, who had only to walk across from their numerous little quaint old residences either in "the quad," or the antique College Street or Dean's Yard.

As the crowd poured out we crossed the courts once again under the moonlight, everything still and remote, the great Tower of the Abbey dimly outlined, the huge Victoria Tower beetling over all, the many clocks, St. Margaret's, the Abbey, "Big Ben," and others of smaller degree, chiming vigorously one against the other. Ashburnham House, fast closed, was sleeping placidly in the moonlight. We passed the slow, old-fashioned rooms of the Head Master, where there was a cheerful restorative supper, not at all unwelcome after the long course of rather perplexing Latin, where the guests were hospitably entertained by this cordial host.

Towards midnight, as we came out from Dean's Yard through the great entrance, and were once more greeted with cab and omnibus clatter and general hurly-burly, it really seemed again as though we had suddenly emerged from the tranquil University cloister. The gowns, plays, cloisters, old Latin, music, canons, etc., seemed part of a collegiate dream—now rudely broken.



CHAPTER III.

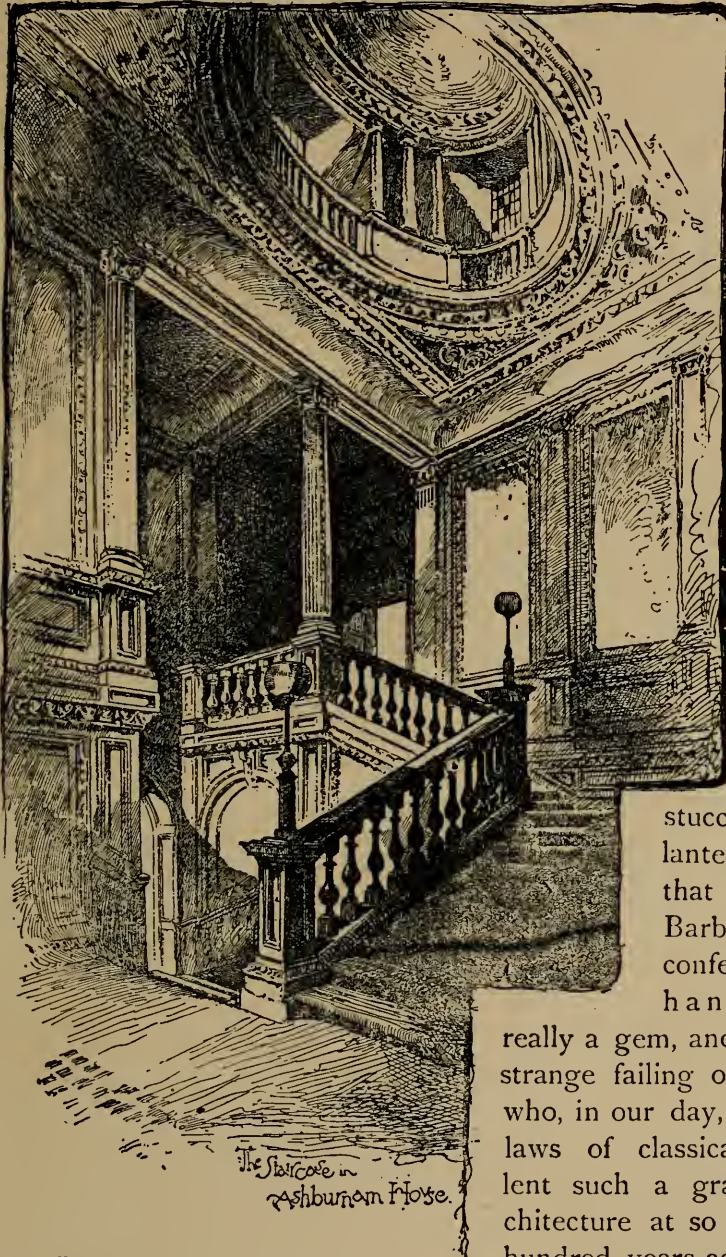
ASHBURNHAM HOUSE—THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, ETC.

PASSING from Dean's Yard, through a Gothic arch which leads through the Canons' houses, we find, ourselves in a large court, round which run the old buildings of the Westminster School and its familiar dormitory. Facing the school is a low building, within an inclosure, known as Ashburnham House, an old Tudor structure of much interest, which a few years ago was in serious peril. The valuable ground was coveted, and it was proposed to level it and erect large modern buildings in its stead. Happily public interest was aroused, pictures and sketches appeared in the illustrated papers, and the plan was arrested. The interest lay in the beautiful and elegant design of its interior, which though of modest scale is so exquisitely laid out and designed as to suggest an air of spaciousness. There is no doubt that it is the work of Inigo Jones, who is also credited with having designed the older dormitory of the school. On entering, a low hall presents itself, with a door facing us, through which can be seen a glimpse of the old garden behind.

Standing in the airy hall, which though of small size yet appears spacious, and is panelled round with delicately indicated mouldings, we see on the left a low arch over a slightly inclined stair of three or four steps, and beyond which the regular stair with its balustrade is seen. This of itself offers a highly original effect. The staircase itself has the most gentle ascent. The walls, generally white, are broken up by delicate mouldings and pilasters crowned at the top by an oval lantern of elegant shape, and there is a general architectural effect produced of the most pleasing kind. Neither is there anything elaborate, nor are the surfaces too much loaded. We feel that the groundwork is panelling, and therefore only suited to the lightest treatment. With the mouldings are combined stucco tracery of the best school.

In the same spirit are the two beautifully proportioned rooms treated, door cases presenting rich borderings and the ceilings rich embroideries

of stucco. Even the shape of the windows is worthy of study, as they let in the proper amount of light, and no more, and are exactly proportioned.



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

The exquisite proportion of the lines, and the general air of space and room, the rich, elaborate stucco and carving, all displayed in its proper place, and yet not too rich, will give delight to the trained architectural mind. One feature is the simple, unadorned panelling exhibited near the ground, and which contrasts with the decoration on the higher portions.

The rich swelling stucco border of the oval lantern at once recalls that of the room in the Barbers' Hall, which is confessedly from the same hand. The whole is

really a gem, and again suggests the strange failing of modern architects, who, in our day, seem to neglect the laws of classical proportion which lent such a grace to works of architecture at so late a period as one hundred years ago. As for stucco, it seems hopeless to look for any

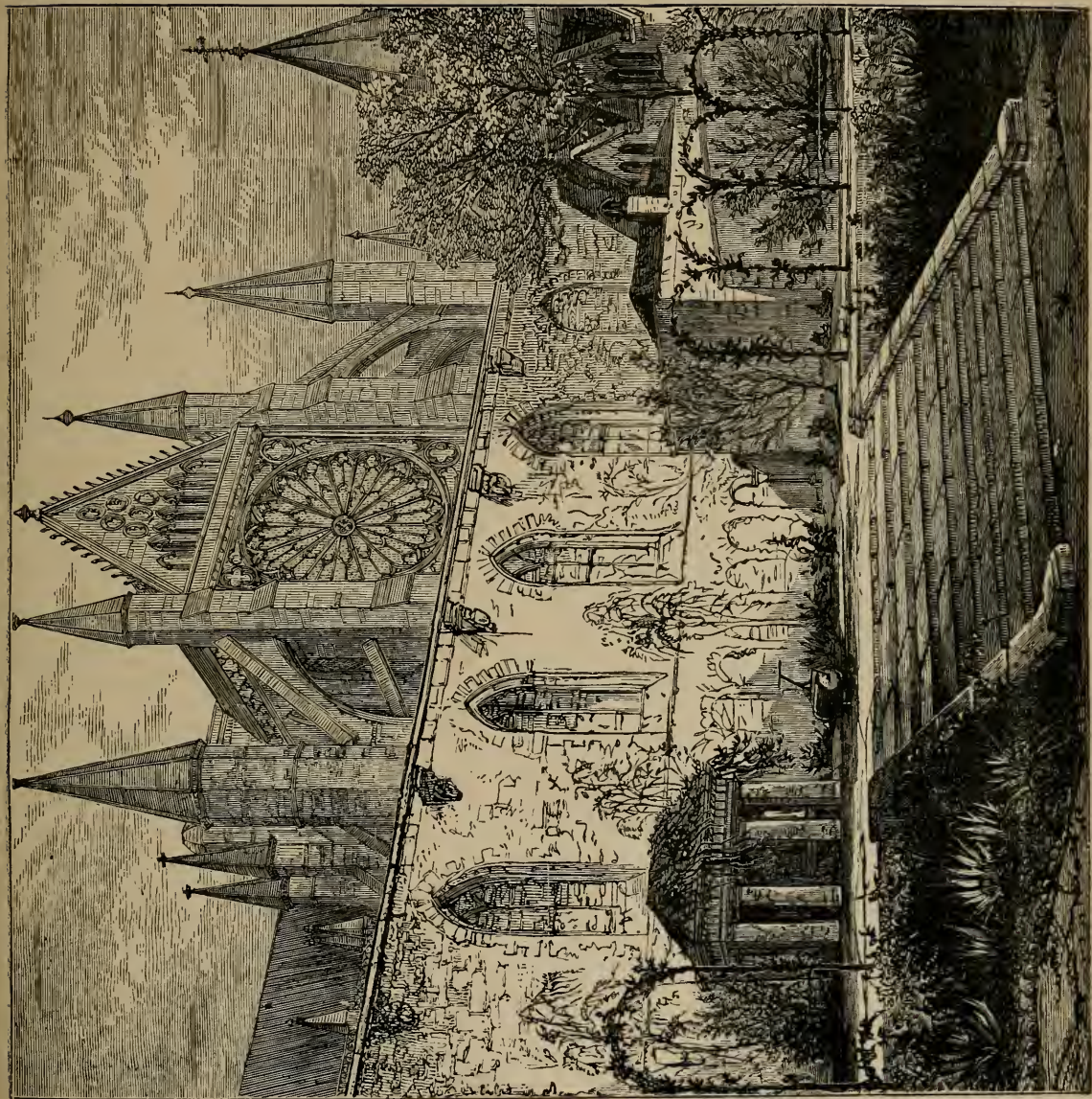
comprehension of its principle. The latest elaborate expression is seen on the ceilings of the new Constitutional Club, which offers a mass of heavy details, suggesting such contours as the familiar "porridge" assumes on cooling.

The charming way in which the few remaining rooms—all that are left—open off the landing, is another of the attractions of this gem, about whose future one feels a little anxious. There is no doubt it is in a precarious state, if not rickety, and is unsuited for the requirements of the school which is carried on there. The landing might be a room itself, so airily is it treated; quite in keeping, too, is the view from the windows, original in its way, unsuspected perhaps by those familiar with the ordinary aspect of the old Abbey; for there rises before us the grim old and much-neglected flank of the fane, with its mouldering buttresses and decayed windows, which the restorers have, fortunately, not thought worthy of their attention, as being too retired to meet the public eye. Some judicious restoring, cleaning, and repairing might be expended on the old house, which has an air of slight dilapidation. The present general tone of white certainly adds to the effect of lightness, and it is questionable whether the effect would be improved by exposing the old oak panelling.

On passing out at the other end of Dean's Yard, we find ourselves in a tranquil, old-fashioned street, College Street. This might be a portion of a close in an old cathedral, so placid and silent is it; the houses being of that small, unpretending order in which canons and choristers might reside. There are carved doorways, there is cheerful red brick, while a few houses are overgrown from top to bottom with a rich clothing of greenery. At the end we have a glimpse of the river and barges passing lazily by. In front stretches the old cobble wall of the Abbey gardens, full of old trees: the iron-grey walls of the schoolhouse, capped with the old richly-cut cornice, are seen within, Lord Burlington's work—while over all rises the huge and solemn tower, the great Victoria—offering quite a suggestion of Canterbury Cathedral. In the wall are little unassuming portals, with the name of a canon or two inscribed on them, and cart or carriage rarely disturbs the solitude. In short there is scarcely anything in town more grateful, or more in tone with the Abbey itself than this little street, or indeed the region in which it is. Taken with the Cloisters, the old houses and little courts in the Dean's Yard, and the School Square and Ashburnham House, all is perfectly in keeping.

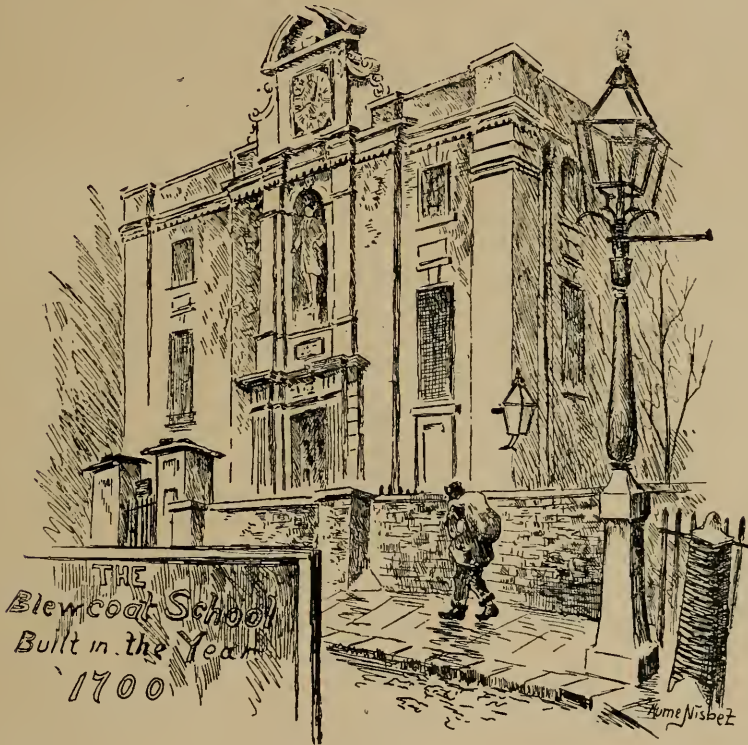
The district round seems to partake of this conventual and retiring character. Going on a little farther we come to the massive, curious church which stands in Smith Square, the houses running round being of an odd, old fashion, unlike anything in London. It might be in a country town. This quarter, too, is one of those which has a distinct character, even in its squalor. But it is still pervaded by the ecclesiastical, cathedral flavour of the Abbey adjoining.

We scarcely expect to find lessons in art among the slums and squalid streets of Westminster, nor could we hope to light on much in



GARDEN OF ASHURNHAM HOUSE (page 18)

the way of antique survival. Yet here we come on at least three interesting old edifices—almshouses and schools—which in their aspect and surroundings offer a charming sort of surprise. Passing out of Victoria Street, where there is much crush and noise at “The Stores,” and down a small alley, we come to a little gem of its kind, as it will seem to the true artist, a small charity school, standing in its walled inclosure. It is of Queen Anne date and pattern, and is no more than a simple square little hall. But how quaint and varied is it! how admirably are its surfaces broken! while every side offers a different pattern. The honest brick is of



a fine plum colour; the wall is daintily divided by pilasters; delicate, unobtrusive cornices run around; the windows are shaped in proportion, and the four doorways are of such varied elegance that it is difficult to decide between them. The whole approach in front, the gateway and its piers, iron work, the flight of steps, the door itself—all strike one as being the work of a tasteful artist. Over the door is the pleasantly rococo figure of “The Blew Coat Boy” in his niche. There is a little garden behind, with steps leading down, and a sort of *appentance* attached, similar in style, but acting as a kind of foil. There is a charm about the little unpretentious building that is extraordinary. Unhappily it needs repair and restoration, though it is not

dilapidated. No one, however, seems to care for it, and a builder has been allowed to construct a sort of "*lean-to shed*" beside it. By-and-by it is likely enough to pass away and to be swept off so coveted a piece of ground. All who appreciate the grace and charm of architecture must admire it.

Passing by this interesting structure and walking down a little farther in the direction of James Street, we come to a bit of almost rural life—a perfect picture, which few would suspect could be found so close to the busy haunts of men. This is a group of old almshouses known as Lady Dacre's—a large square, covered on three sides by the buildings. They are exactly of the pattern that would have delighted the late Frederick Walker, and might be found in the outskirts of some old country town. In front there is a high railing of good old florid iron, with a handsome gateway in the middle. Through the rails we can see the forlorn garden, offering an air of "large desolation" and neglect, with a look of tranquil abandonment. In the centre there is a low block of buildings with a quaint cupola, or lantern, rising over a pediment filled with decayed sculptures. At the side are two pretty little gates by which you can enter and walk round, and play "the contemplative man," past the low doorways, over each of which are faint characters with the name of a parish. A dim-faced clock gives hoarse and wheezy note of time; but there is no one to be seen.

Retracing our steps and crossing Victoria Street by "The Stores," we pass into Rochester Row. Near the Westminster end we come to a large old house of a delightful pattern, with vast inclosed gardens or grounds behind. This is the "Grey Coat" School, with its fine tiled roof, central block, and wings. Nothing can be better than the rare solid brick-work and the air of solidity and comfort. Some directing Goths have, however, erected a barbarous sort of colonnade or passage exactly before the door of entrance, thus spoiling the effect of the façade. Everything is in excellent keeping, even to the high substantial wall round it. But the fair expanse of ground behind is coveted, and already a slice has been taken off for a large factory.

In front there used to stand, not long since, another group of almshouses, which the worthy Palmer and Emery Hill, erst citizens of Westminster, had erected. These were pulled down, and an attempt has been made to erect something of the same *genre*, but with indifferent success.

As we survey the so-called improvements of London, the thought often recurs—how much a little more taste would have beautified the changes! But we seem helpless in this matter. No one appears to have a conception of what the requirements or opportunities are of a particular situation. There is, for instance, a statue of Cœur de Lion, by Marochetti, before the House of Lords—which is *flamboyant* enough to be effective—yet how feebly disposed is it! It seems to shrink, or to be huddled away in a corner. We have

so few equestrian statues, we ought to make the most display we can with them. Note the poorish pedestal, only a few feet high. This statue ought to be in the centre of a *place*, on a high commanding pedestal; and there, would really have effect.

People often lament that the old Cathedrals, both in England and abroad, are so crowded up, and incrustated by mean buildings and streets; but do they gain when these are cleared away? One of the most picturesque



glimpses of the Abbey is to be obtained from a point *vis à vis* to the Peers' entrance, near the equestrian statue. There is a perfect old-world charm over this little corner, at the end of which the great arched buttress of the Chapter House—a happy bit of restoration—shows itself. The air of repose and tranquillity is extraordinary. You would think you were in an old rural town.

We are so familiar with the great Westminster group of buildings, the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Hall, that we scarcely can

appreciate the imposing magnificence of the site and disposition. But foreigners are often struck with astonishment and admiration at the vast elaborate workmanship and detail; and certainly for a modern work the Parliament House is singularly successful in the effort to reproduce the old Gothic. The irregularity and originality of the treatment of the two towers, the *flèche*, etc., is worthy of all praise. Of course faults may be detected, and it is said there is a monotony in the repetition of the panelling, which suggests wood-carving, as though wrought by machinery. When the plans were discussed it was proposed to raise the platform on the river side to the full level of the ground in Palace Square, or rather to that of the Bridge, and this would certainly have had an imposing effect. But the difficulty was what to do with Westminster Hall. There was an angry controversy between Pugin and Sir Charles Barry, and between those who represented them, as to their respective shares in the design, a point which the impartial spectator will have little difficulty in deciding. Pugin's spirit is to be recognized everywhere and in all the details, and it was impossible that so pervading an influence should not have its effect in the constructive portions also. Barry's other works offer nothing like this—nothing so free or fanciful. The luxuriance of florid details is indeed extraordinary, and the lavish profusion of ornament seems to belong to some gem of a private chapel rather than to the surfaces of so vast a building. But it is melancholy to note the evidence of decay, and this delicate tracery, though apparently preserving its shape and form, is mouldering away. Any "under-cutting" in this climate is doomed. The *general* decay of the main stone-work which caused such alarm many years ago has happily been arrested; a vast quantity of the decayed material has been cut out and renewed. But there is a constant repair going on, and little "crow's nests" are to be always seen crusted round one or other of the delicate "finials."

Some palpable mistakes, due to economy, can be detected at once. The intention of the architect in designing so long and so low a structure was to relieve it by the two Towers, which were to "carry up" the eye—like spires. The great Victoria Tower, whose enormous proportions can only be appreciated when we are close to it, seems as vast and massive as the Tower of the Town Hall at Ypres—that wonder of the world. Yet the whole idea of its imposing height has been sacrificed: it is indeed difficult to believe that it is as high as the dome of St. Paul's. As Fergusson says, "the Victoria Tower partly dwarfs the portion of the building near it. Yet in the original design it was intended to be six stories in height, which increase would have lessened the sense of breadth, making it more airy. Unfortunately the architect had the weakness of often changing his original purpose, consequently the entrance, instead of being only of the height of two stories of the building as at first proposed, now runs through

and makes the adjacent House of Lords ridiculous. If the size of the gate is appropriate the Lords are pigmies. Worse than this, at the back of the great arch is a little one, one fourth its height, through which everything must pass. The counterpart of all this is the House, which looks much smaller than it really is."

The fact is, that when the Tower was approaching completion the House of Commons, in a fit of economy, interposed and refused to allow it to be carried to its proper height. It is now therefore some thirty or forty feet too short. Its proportions seem clumsy and stunted, and it is really unpleasant to contemplate. The *flèche* that rises from the centre of the building is really beautiful and elegant, covering (which few would suspect) the great central Hall, and, with these various towers and spires forms a charming assemblage, to which the Abbey unhappily does not contribute, for its central tower ought to be furnished with a *flèche*, or an octagonal lantern, like the one at St. Ouen at Rouen. Wren, it is known, prepared a design, which however was laid aside.

As we look up at the Clock Tower, it suggests some curious recollections—first, associated with the "Big Ben" within, which has its history. Few may recollect that it was so named after Sir Benjamin Hall, then Commissioner of Works. Unnoticed too, perhaps, by the incurious is the fact that "Big Ben" has long been cracked, but has done his work effectively for years. Yet the hoarse, rather jarring tone betrays this damage hourly. Forgotten also that it was designed by a bell amateur, Mr. Becket Denison, and that there was a controversy and discussion which long raged fiercely about the bell. It could not be even settled what note it uttered. It is astonishing to think that the large hand of the clock is over fourteen feet long. From the elaborate open-work character of the "cap," or head, of the clock-tower, as well as from its function of holding a number of bells large and small, for which there is no room save in the body of the tower itself, it was intended that the whole should be pierced, and have an airy, open treatment like a church spire. This was actually the architect's design, as will be seen from the slits that run all the way up. These, however, he was forced to "glaze," and fill in with windows, which gives the whole a heavy, clumsy air, instead of a lightness and elegance. The system of lighting the dials is elaborate, and the cost enormous. There is quite a fire-chamber behind. Offenders against Parliamentary discipline have been consigned to the Clock Tower for custody; and, as may be imagined, the chief portion of their sufferings, night and day, must have been the alarming booming of the bells, which were quite close to their ears.

The great embarrassment for the architect of the Houses of Parliament was Westminster Hall, which stood in the way and seemed really irreconcilable. If left detached, with a space between it and the new building, there

would be little room for the latter between it and the river ; if combined with it, it was incongruous, being of a totally different style. The latter course was adopted, and it was turned into a sort of vestibule or entrance hall to the two Houses. On æsthetic grounds this was a blunder, for it has lost its significance as a separate work, and has always been in protest, as it were, against its degradation. From the outside everyone may conclude that here are two distinct buildings, yet on entering it is found to be merely a passage or approach for the other. Barry was so sensible of this that he determined to hide or screen it altogether, and he left designs for a building to be carried in front, and which was to go round the whole yard. There was to be a grand imposing tower, with arched entrance gate at the corner, facing Parliament Street. This costly scheme was never carried out, and instead, the Hall has been taken in hand by Mr. Pearson, fitted with a cloister and buttress, battlements, etc., after its own style. This of course only imparts a more general discrepancy, for its general plainness and rudeness of treatment make the details of the new building appear trivial ; while in return their minuteness and delicacy causes the Westminster Hall to appear yet more rude and rough.

What shall be said of the magnificent interior of the Hall, its unique open and bewildering roof, a marvel of construction, with its history and traditions and trials ? But it is curious, as we walk through it, to see how completely the effect has been destroyed. By opening out the end and adding ascending steps, with a passage beyond, its purpose has been changed, and the sense of space and size abolished. You merely pass through it, instead of entering it and staying there. It is no longer a great chamber. There is a handsome stained glass window seen beyond, of the style called "Perpendicular," a portion of which, strange to say, is cut off by the beams of the roof. It was, however, Barry's intention to raise the roof all through by hydraulic machinery—an intention that never will be carried out, and so the blunder or eyesore remains.

It is curious what uncertainty exists as to the roof of this fine Hall. It is generally supposed to be made of Irish oak, as stated by Macaulay in his account of the trial of Warren Hastings. Others maintain that it is of Normandy chestnut, others again that the roof alone is of chestnut and the ribs of oak.

Everyone is familiar with the two Chambers, with their fine and gorgeous decorations, enriched brass and iron work, carvings, paintings, etc. The House of Commons originally had an elegant open roof, elaborate to a degree, and furnishing the leading "note" of the chamber. It was found at once that the speeches were inaudible, and the architect was allotted the ungrateful office of destroying his own work—having to set up a flat panelled ceiling many feet below his tracery and Gothic work. This has answered perfectly,

and the space between is utilized for lighting purposes. It may be added that when it was determined not to proceed further with Barry's designs, the Palace was completed by his son, a low colonnade being added, the ornamental details of the Clock Tower being continued to the ground. The *grilles* and railings which were also added seem like the colonnade, but have not the same elegance as the building, and offer a different treatment.

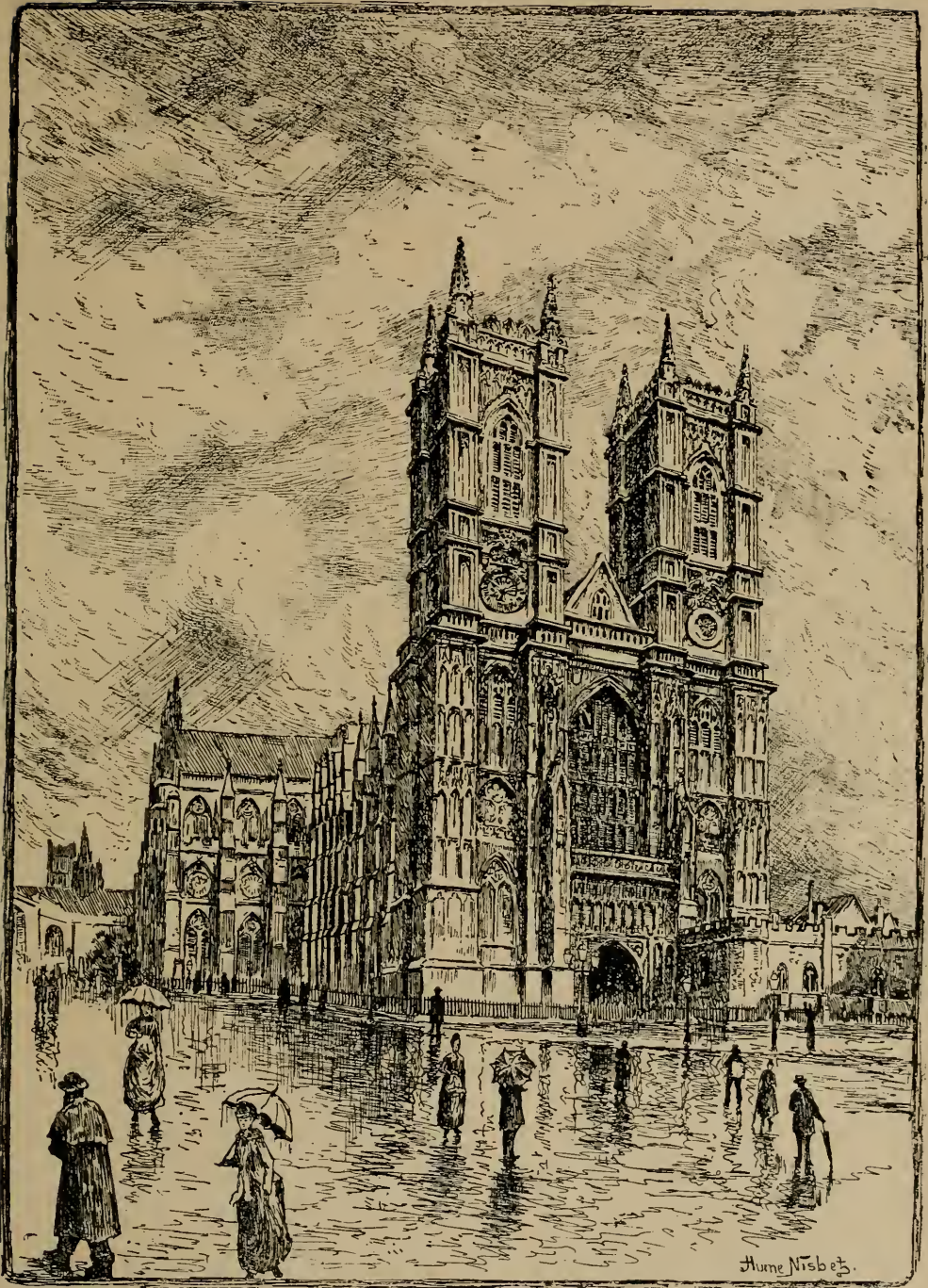
The Gothic clock-face caused the architect a vast deal of thought, and it was only after many experiments that the existing mode of attaching it to the tower was devised. It is considered very successful. Prince Albert, it is said, insisted that the whole upper portion should be of metal. The tower has, within the last few years, been turned into a sort of beacon or gigantic lamp-post—not, indeed, to give light or a warning of danger—but to announce to whom it may concern that the House is *not* up. This acts as a pernicious schoolmaster, and insensibly preaches what is mean and degrading. The tower was a useful and faithful servant, "Big Ben" booming out—albeit a little hoarse and cracked—the hours by day, the huge illuminated dial telling the hour by night. But a gap was made in the fretwork over the dial, and an ugly semicircular lantern thrust out, which gives out a fierce glare while the House is sitting. The handsome Clock Tower is now present to our minds as a sort of gigantic candlestick, with the associations of smoke, fierce heat, flare, and glare. The light is not hung out from the tower beacon-wise, but the tower itself is the beacon.

CHAPTER IV.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

FOR the casual sightseer, however eager, the visiting of the "official shows"—whether in public picture galleries, museums or cathedrals—is often a weary business enough. After the first surprise he passes from object to object, *staring*, and gradually subsiding into a kind of dumb indifference, and troubled with the feeling that so much more remains to be seen and reviewed. He really knows not what is to be admired or distinguished from its fellows. But if, by a happy chance, there were at his elbow some guide who could select and illustrate for him by a few observations what was remarkable, and "the why and wherefore" of its merit, what was singular, and this without show and pedantry or lecturing, how happy and comfortable would be his situation! One of these days we shall have guide-books on this principle instead of the heavy treatises stored with historical and other information, and which require hard study at home. Such "shows" as the National Gallery, the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's, eminently require some such mode of illustration. The Abbey itself is one of the most interesting and richly stored places of the kind in the world, and an entertaining hour or two can always be spent there, even by the hackneyed Londoner. That exquisite gem and "perfect chrysolite," Henry VII.'s Chapel, may be visited again and again with ever increasing wonder and delight. So too with the wonderful irregularity of the chapels, which seem to grow out of the main structure. We are amazed at the rich and costly tombs, scattered about in profusion, and perfectly astonishing in their welcome variety of design. These are indeed *wildings* in themselves; each teeming with suggestion and stored with ideas.

There are many Londoners who have never visited the "wonder of the world," as it has been styled, Henry VII.'s Chapel, and which it is impossible to enter without being oppressed with a sense of overpowering astonishment and admiration. As we lift our eyes, the beautiful roof overpowers us with its exquisite forms and delicate ornamentation, its wealth of details that seem to float so airily, and appear to be crystallized foam, or lace work. The architect is confounded at the combination of enormous weight and solidity with infinite delicacy, and notes the art with which the burden is distributed.



The wonderful miscellany of posturing figures in the Abbey, the men, women and children, gods, goddesses, cupids, river gods, smirking bishops leaning comfortably on their elbows, warriors ascending to Heaven, sea

fights, marble firmaments, &c., have been often described and ridiculed. Still they are curious as an expression of the feeling of their day, and, as progressive changes in treatment, are of value as signifying the tone of social and public thought. As Professor Westmacott has shown in one of his lectures, even the early reposing figures in the chapels betoken the religious feeling of the time. "The recumbent effigies," he says, "with uplifted hands and serious expression, arrest attention, and are aids to reflection. But the time came when the mere personal honour and glorification of the subject was to be illustrated. The figures are now found turned on their side and leaning on their elbow, and look out from their resting-place as if inviting the notice and admiration of the passers-by." This contrast is perfectly just, but is it not the effect of the change of religion, and in the national feeling towards the dead? The old pre-Reformation monuments are plastic reminders to pray for the dead—their images are displayed with a grave and sad solemnity; they are shown kneeling or in tranquil repose. On the other hand, the obstreperous displays of warriors crowned by pagan "Victories" betoken a time when the nation was engaged in wars and desperate struggles. The bishop on his elbow conveyed the idea of stalled and comfortable ease at a period when little was expected from the pastoral office.

"How revoltingly misplaced too," says another writer, "is the shouldering, elbowing strife, with which, like advertising placards or rival shops with every trick that can be devised for glaring prominence, they struggle to outstare each other, as if the very well-being of the defunct depended upon whose statue shall be seen first, or whose epitaph read oftenest! How calmly, amid all this feverish strife, lie the modest retiring memorials of the mighty or the worthy of old, from the dignified reposing figures of the royal Plantagenets to the unpretending brasses of the untitled and humble, if indeed modern selfishness has left any uncovered!"

Every Monday and Tuesday, as is generally known, the whole Abbey is thrown open to sightseers, who may range unguided, and as they list, through the beautiful Henry VII. Chapel and the side chapels. The shrine of the Confessor is in a very shattered and mouldering state, but the wonder is that everything is in such excellent preservation. A reason is given for this state of decay. Once, when they were putting up Lord Bath's monument, in presence of a great crowd, a mob broke in, so that a number of gentlemen who were standing on the ledge at the back of one of the royal tombs were seized with a panic and tore down the canopy of the tomb to defend themselves with the fragments. There is an odd bit of economy, by-the-way, in the direction of showmanship which might be remedied, and which has an air of shabbiness, viz., the setting out the names of the tombs and chapels on dirty cards in pen and ink.

As we make our careless and perhaps superficial promenade from chapel

to chapel, we are almost bewildered by the number and variety of the huge edifices, rather than monuments, which record the memory of the great seigneurs who repose below. These are all of grand and solemn proportions—great gloomy pillared archings and entablatures—huge altars below, tiers and galleries, and angelic or kneeling figures. The materials are of the richest—costly deep-toned marbles and bronzes. Connected with each there is a regular history, which chroniclers like Dean Stanley have set out at great length. Indeed, a full history of Westminster Abbey would fill many a portly volume. We may, without following in the laborious steps of these historians, take a few glimpses at the more striking, and that without any order.

These vast structures, often of a solid and massive pattern, rising to sixty or seventy feet, with columns, arches, carvings, bronzes and rich onyx-like marbles, could not have been reared in our time under some twenty thousand pounds, the Wellington monument, not nearly so elaborate, costing some twenty-seven thousand.

Here, for instance, in St. John the Baptist's Chapel, we find ourselves before Lord Hunsdon's enormous monument, which is truly imposing, and considered by Fuller "the most magnificent" in the Abbey. As Dean Stanley points out, its sumptuousness was intended as an *amende* for the earldom three times granted and three times revoked, the Queen herself coming to him when he was dying and laying the patent on his bed "Madam," was his reply, "seeing you accounted me not worthy of this honour whilst I was living, I count myself unworthy of it now that I am dying." It is worth while thinking of this scene, as we gaze on its stupendous and stately proportions, and learn that it is the loftiest in the place. But what a point this little story gives to this spectacle of empty magnificence!

In St. Nicholas' Chapel we are struck by another of these vast and overpowering tombs, reared aloft, rich in its copper tones and decorations, crowned at the top by a wrought picture. This is in honour of a high dame, Mildred, Lady Burleigh—"a very expensive monument," as it is described. It is divided into two compartments, one elevated over the other. In the lower lies Lady Burleigh, in a recumbent posture, with her daughter, Lady Jane, in her arms, and at her head and feet are her children and grandchildren, kneeling. In the upper compartment is the figure of a venerable old man, supposed to be Lord Burleigh, on his knees, as if in fervent prayer. In this chapel, also, are "two beautiful pyramids dedicated to children"—one a child of two months old, "overlaid by his nurse; he was the son of Mr. Nicholas Bagnal;" the other, a child of a year old, daughter to Harlay, the ambassador, who had "her heart inclosed in a cup and placed at the top of the pyramid!"

One of the aisles of the north transept is crowded up with some very striking, interesting, and original tombs, and here an hour might be spent profitably if the reader cared to trust himself to judicious guidance for a few minutes, instead of being led sheep-like by the guide, or wandering vacantly about, depending on his own resources. It is customary to speak of "The Poets' Corner" as the most interesting or most popular portion; but the one I am speaking of is more dramatic. Here, one of the first things that strikes us is a Roman general, perched on a pedestal as though he were going to topple over, and which is said to have been the first monument set up in the Abbey proper. But the eye is more attracted by a striking monument in St. John's Chapel—a great slab or table, supported on the shoulders of four kneeling knights, whilst on the table is the armour of the knight himself, who is reposing below. The grace and chivalry in these warriors is remarkable—they have no air of subservience. The knight himself was Sir Francis Vere, a famous warrior. It was erected by his widow, but it is said to have been imitated from the Count of Nassau's tomb at Breda. "Hush! he will speak presently," Roubiliac was heard to say, in rapture, as he gazed on one of the figures.

But more striking is the Norris tomb in St. Andrew's Chapel—dark, embrowned, rich and stately: Lord Norris, a stout warrior, reposing, while round him kneel his six sons; their faces, attitudes, etc., are worthy of long study. Of the six, four fell in battle—"that right valiant and warlike progeny of his, a brood of martial-spirited men," says Camden. What an interest this imparts as we look on this memorial! One figure will be noted as looking cheerfully upwards, as if to heaven. As we gaze on the sleeping warrior and his valiant sons kneeling round him, the whole becomes a living family picture.

One of the many impressions left on us, after a promenade through the Abbey, is admiration for the fertility and plastic vivacity, if one may so style it, of Roubiliac. In all the fantastic shapes in which this gay Frenchman displays his talent, he is never conventional or monotonous, or repeats himself; he is always dignified, and if extravagant and theatrical, rarely departs from correctness in his modelling. This extraordinary man seemed "to do what he pleased" with his clay. His draperies particularly, though too elaborate and multiplied in folds for strict sculpture, add a richness to the detail, and indeed suggest a treatment that is usual in bronze; though time, by softening away sharp edges and mellowing the natural colour into a rich tawny yellow, has really imparted a metallic tone. It is said that his fashion of working these draperies was to arrange the linen, fixing it with starched water; he thus carved the marble directly, unassisted by a model, as was the practice of Michael Angelo. All his groups have what artists term *bravura*—a quality which, though not correctly classical, is always evidence of talent.

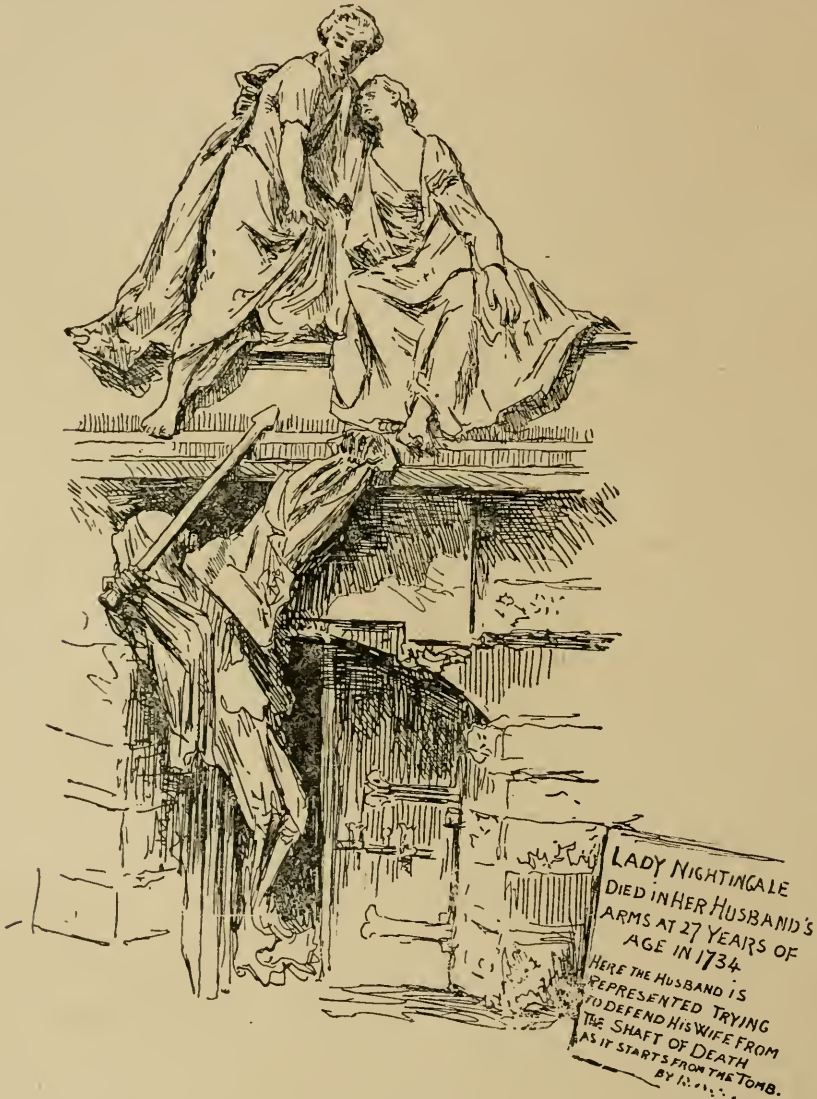
Would indeed that in our time our formal sluggish sculptors indulged oftener in his sort of "dash!" Roubiliac's limbs offer a display of muscle and sinew extravagant enough, but showing much life and action.

There are two of his works which have extraordinary merit: that to the Duke of Argyll, and the more melodramatic one to Lady E. Nightingale. The former is really noble, full of movement and suggestion. Fame is seen writing the hero's name and achievements on the wall behind, though the writer has only got as far as "Duke of Argyll and Gr——," the "conceit" being that this latter title did not descend to his heirs, and expired with him. The grace and earnestness of this figure is remarkable; but the one stooping forward in front as Eloquence, the arm outstretched, the robe gathered up on it, the body bent, the head eager, has always commanded admiration. Canova was quite astonished at its beauties, and after surveying it for some minutes declared that it was the noblest thing he had seen in England. It is a characteristic work of the time, and shows the great powers of Roubiliac in invention and execution, but, like all his works, it is deficient in the repose necessary in a place of worship. The same criticism applies to his monument of Handel close by. The expression of rapt attention with which he appears to be listening to celestial music is admirable, and the execution is, as usual, good; but the whole design is too theatrical for a church.

The well-known Nightingale monument is a wonderful *tour de force*, and every sculptor must admire it for its extraordinary "cleverness" in every point of view. It is of course altogether melodramatic, and no doubt travels outside the bounds of plastic art. Above is seen, in a sort of arched recess, the dying wife, supported by the arm of her husband, who is starting back in terror from what he sees below. A sort of iron door, as of a vault, has opened, and a grisly awful skeleton, in a sheet, half out of the vault, is about to launch his dart at the lady. There is a contrast of pictorial effect, for the arch is bluish grey, the iron door black, and the skeleton yellow. It has been a stock show for a hundred years or so. Here is *bravura* indeed; but the reckless extravagance is redeemed by the amazing cleverness and poetry and even pathos of the show. Nor is dignity wanting. The dying wife is a graceful figure, which, says a good judge, "would do honour to any artist. Her right arm and hand are considered by sculptors the perfection of pure workmanship. Life seems slowly receding from her tapering fingers." A tradition of the place runs that a burglar, who had got into the Abbey by night, was so scared by the figure of Death that he incontinently dropped his tools and fled. The crowbar is still preserved and shown! This monument, generally associated with Lady Nightingale, the daughter of Lord Ferrers, also commemorates her husband, Joseph Nightingale, and was erected according to a direction in the will of their son. The lady died in 1734, aged

twenty-seven; the husband in 1752, aged fifty-six. This survival of eighteen years, during which time the sorrowing spouse had erected no monument, somewhat impairs the dramatic force of the picture.

Our sculptor used to grumble at the injustice done to the position of what he considered his best work, that of Wade. The marshal's profile is displayed



upon a medallion. over which a female figure with wings is springing upwards with much spirit and animation to drive back Time with his scythe, etc. The figures are almost as vivacious as some of those by Rude, on the Arc de l'Étoile, including a mourning Hibernia (whose child he was) with a derelect harp, stringless.

Nearly as entertaining is Roubiliac's memorial of an obscure General

Hargrave, close by : a wonderful piece of execution, and which would be as attractive as the Nightingale one were it placed lower. The general, an excellent, spirited figure, but grotesque, is seen starting out of his bath we had almost said—but it is his tomb, his sheet falling away from his naked form, one attenuated leg lifted timorously over the edge. He has been roused by the Judgment : a little angel is sounding the trump aloft in the marble clouds. There are drums and cannon, a marble flag ; whilst, on the right, a spirited Time is seen thrusting down Death, holding him in fact on the ground, a grisly skeleton, done with infinite art and reality—bones, cartilage, etc., all complete. As a sort of pictorial background, we see the Pyramids, dislodged and tumbling to pieces, the stones falling in all directions : altogether one of the most elaborate *tours de force* in marble existing. But the whole is placed so high that details are lost. It is astonishing to think that an artist of such power and taste should have condescended to this vulgar and ineffective realism, which was, moreover, beyond his material. Near is Fleming's, another military tomb ; two figures, one seated on an arch, with a pyramid behind, over which are spreading trees with a cleverly imitated drum and a flag. The memorial to Sir Peter Warren, in the north transept, has great merit. It consists of a spirited bust of the admiral, bluff and dogged, yet good-natured, in which "realism" is carried so far as to furnish marks of small-pox on the cheeks ! The mourning female figure beside him has been admired, and is graceful enough ; whilst a vigorous Hercules bends over him. The legs and arms may be noted for their muscularity, and it is said the sculptor obtained his pattern legs from those of a stalwart Irish chairman ; the arms were compounded from another herculean specimen of the same race.

Roubiliac "cut," as the vergers would call it, seven or eight monuments in the Abbey : Lady Nightingale's, the Duke of Argyll's, Sir Peter Warren's, Hargrave's, Fleming's, Admiral Wade's, and Handel's. Some of these are inferior works, or are perched so high as to be beyond our appreciation. The sculptor was dreadfully put out at being thus "skied," but he could not always look for so fine a position "on the line" as he had for his Duke of Argyll. Not long before his death the Abbey had become somewhat crowded, and the practice of building up monuments against the windows had set in, with shocking results. Nearly all the nave windows have been thus encroached upon, built up with supporting screens. After a careful examination I find that these amount to about a dozen, which could readily be cleared away, to the enormous advantage and beauty of the fane. No more important improvement than this could be conceived, or more popular if effected, for here the barbarous ignorance of our forefathers is displayed to the coarsest extent. The best of the monuments would gain by being brought low down : they might be set up in the cloisters, for instance, or made a present to St. Paul's.

Roubiliac had a pupil, one Read, who on his death "carried on the business;" concluding that by occupying his studio, it would be assumed he could supply the same article to the public. Strange to say, this theory was accepted, and he was employed for large and important works. Many have seen or heard of the famous "Pancake" monument, put up to celebrate a now forgotten Admiral Tyrrel, who in some engagement abroad, aboard his good ship the "Buckingham," met his death. He died on shore, but was consigned to the deep. Furnished with these heroic materials, Mr. Read set to work. Room being scarce he was given half of a deeply embayed window, and determined to excel all other efforts. His master himself had made a strange prophecy which seemed to point to this very monstrosity, for on the pupil boasting that when he was out of his time he would show the world what a monument ought to be, "the other looked at him scornfully and said: 'Ven you do de monument, den de vorld vill see *vo't d—d ting you will make.*'" And so it proved. There is to be seen on the left an enormous "practicable" flag of white marble, with all the folds, etc., balanced on the right by the ship "Buckingham," about the size of the flag. All the intervals are filled in with what seem to be corals, waves, etc., an extraordinary jumble, whilst in the centre was seen ascending from the sea the figure of the deceased admiral going up to heaven—which Nollekens always declared was like a man swinging from a gallows with a rope round his neck. Unluckily the reforming Dean Stanley deprived us of this entertainment, and strangely cut away the admiral altogether, yet leaving the other monstrosities. As the Dean said, humorously, the artist's object seemed to be "to present the Resurrection under difficulties."

In the south transept there is a monument to Garrick, representing the actor standing in a fantastic attitude, having suddenly drawn aside a pair of curtains to reveal himself. This excited the derision of Elia, and yet it is effective enough, and expresses Garrick's humour fairly. Notwithstanding all Mrs. Garrick's doting affection for her spouse, it is said this had to be put up by other hands, and the donor declares that he appealed in vain to her for her approbation or aid. Close by is a very quaint and original monument to the learned Grævius, who is shown seated in an easy attitude on the side of his sarcophagus, looking at a book in a careless happy mood. There is a quaintness about this that causes a smile.

Of sculptors so eminent as Flaxman and Chantrey there are few examples, and these not particularly remarkable. In the north transept is the ambitious monument to Lord Mansfield, who is presented seated aloft in a judicial chair, on a ponderous circular base, on whose various tiers are found Justice and the other unavoidable attendants. This has been admired, but the effect is grotesque, the Chief Justice, with a very homely air, appearing as if he was about to call on "Brother Buzfuz." But we go round to the

back, and find an exquisite female figure, in the best style of sculpture, with much grace of attitude, refinement of curves and softness and delicacy of the skin. Here we come upon those tremendous piles of masonry which Westmacott and Bacon introduced, enormous pyramidal screens on which flounder as it were huge marble figures, Neptunes and other gods and goddesses, while the suffering hero reposes in the middle nearly naked, with weeping nymphs bent over him. These vast efforts were no doubt owing to the great sums given by public grant; Bacon receiving for his "Lord Chatham" £6,000, Nollekens for the "Three Captains," much more. Chantrey, the foremost of modern sculptors, is scarcely represented here at all.

There is a pleasing figure of Horner, full of character in the face and eyes, with an almost pictorial expression. By what must have been some miscalculation the scale is too small, and as we turn from the huge Sir William Follett—a plain, roughly-finished work of Behnes—it seems the likeness of a half-grown youth.

The two Pitts, father and son, are here: the great earl in the north transept—his monument wrought on the most tremendous scale—a vast screen or pyramid of stone filling in the span between two pillars. Below are enormous reclining gods. But raising one's eyes aloft we see a small dapper figure set in a niche, and stooping forward to address the public. It is the great earl in a court dress. Far away at the west end, and actually perched over the door, is his gifted son, treated in the usual heroic style; the statesman standing aloft and airily on a huge base of marble, "arrayed in his parliamentary robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer. History, in a kneeling posture, is recording his words; and on the opposite side Anarchy seated in chains." There is also a kneeling negro. Close by him, but on the ground, is one of the most singular yet amusing effects in the Abbey, a memorial to the lamented Charles James Fox. The deceased statesman is shown in a recumbent attitude, with a rueful face, on a mattress, "expiring in the arms of Liberty," his enormous figure as fat as marble can make it, at his feet, Peace, reclining languidly; an African on one knee, with his arms clasped to his breast as if in gratitude. The whole effect is gross, and suggests a corpulent man who has just had, or is about to have, his bath. Fox's physique was untreatable for poetical purposes; yet we are assured that when Canova was taken to inspect this figure in Westmacott's studio, he declared to Lord Holland "that neither in England nor out of it had he seen anything that surpassed it." The king gave a subscription of 1,000 guineas, a handsome tribute considering his Majesty's known feelings towards Mr. Fox.

On each side of the arched doorway of the screen we find two imposing monuments which seem to fill their places in a satisfactory way, and are

in harmony with the situation. That on the left of the spectator commemorates Sir Isaac Newton. The pendant to Newton's is Lord Stanhope, a warrior. Both are conceived in a fantastic vein. Newton's was designed by an architect, Kent, who also conceived the well-known, familiar figure of Shakespeare, leaning in a graceful attitude on an altar, and which is almost accepted as a portrait, so familiar has it become. The figure of Newton is exceedingly good, dignified, and well executed. He is seen reposing on a couch, leaning on his elbow, an uncomfortable support. Over him is an enormous sphere, "projecting from a pyramid behind," which seems to fill the whole space, and which is scored deeply with erratic lines delineating, we are told, "the course of the comet in 1689, with the signs, constellations, and planets." But then comes a singular conception: on the sphere is seated Astronomy, a huge female figure, with her book, in a very thoughtful, composed, and pensive mood. The inevitable chubby cherubs are of course present, employed suitably to their strength in supporting or struggling with a scroll. This combination leaves a singular impression.

The military memorial on the other side seems by its treatment to have been intended to correspond. A robust Roman warrior is reposing after his labour, leaning also on his elbow, but holding in one hand a marshal's staff, in the other "a scroll." Before him stands "a cupid resting upon a shield." Behind him rises a marble tent, the canvas folds portrayed minutely, and then, marvel of marvels! on the top of this is seen perched a large lady, Minerva! Behind is a slender pyramid. This wonderful combination must be seen to be appreciated. Rysbraeck, a Dutchman, the author of this composition, was another of the Abbey sculptors who was in fashion. He worked somewhat after the pattern of Roubiliac; but he had not the easy grace and versatility of the Frenchman.

There are many whimsicalities, as they may be called, to be seen in the Abbey, witness the huge table tomb, with accommodation on its broad black marble slab for three persons, Lord Exeter's, who had prepared this roomy accommodation for himself and his *two* wives, one to repose on each side of him. There, accordingly, he lies, arrayed in state, in the centre; on his right his first lady, a beruffled dame, but on his left—a blank space. It seems his second lady was offended at the place of honour being given to her predecessor, who was of somewhat lower degree, and flatly refused to be laid there.

A favourite show with the guides is that of the lady "who died from a prick of a needle"—Lady Elizabeth Russell, in white alabaster. She is holding out her finger, indeed, but is really pointing to the death's-head at her feet. The Duchess of Newcastle's tomb will be looked at with interest by admirers of Elia, who will recall his praise of the "high fantastical lady."

We should note her ink-bottle and book, showing her literary taste, for she was the authoress of thirteen folio volumes. Her husband is beside her, who once made the remark that "a very wise woman is a very foolish thing." The row of modern full-length statues of patriots, orators, and politicians in the north transept has an odd effect, and suggests a visit to the waxworks. Some are very inferior. By-and-by, when they are toned down, they will look better and less offensive. Modern coats, trousers, shoes, etc., are unsuitable for treatment in marble. There is a very striking cluster of the three brilliant Cannings. An excellent *coup de théâtre*, this placing the trio together—George, the statesman; Earl Canning, Governor of India; and the "great Eltchi," Sir Stratford. The first is Chantrey's work—though it has rather the air of an actor with his toga; and it is curious to contrast with this attempt at spiritualizing the realistic style of the other two by Foley. If we turn to some of the inferior ones close by, we shall feel at once the want of a cultivated artist. Lord Beaconsfield, for instance, by Raggi, lacks poetry and expression, and, indeed, proportion, for the head is surely too small for the trunk. The robes droop ponderously, and do not reveal or indicate the figure. Peel, by Gibson, meant to be highly oratorical, is of a rather conventional sort. Lord Palmerston, on the other side, in his Garter dress, looks a Merry-Andrew. There is an absurdly homely expression on his face. It is, indeed, a most extraordinary spectacle, and not to be matched in any country, this row of *marble men*; but it were to be wished that they had been allowed to assume the proper yellowish or tawny hue, instead of being diligently scrubbed at intervals. Note the downcast, doomed look in the eyes of Castlereagh—a forecast of his sad fate, death by his own hand, and a burial here amid the howls and execrations of a furious mob.

So much for this wonderful temple and its extraordinary treasures and curios.

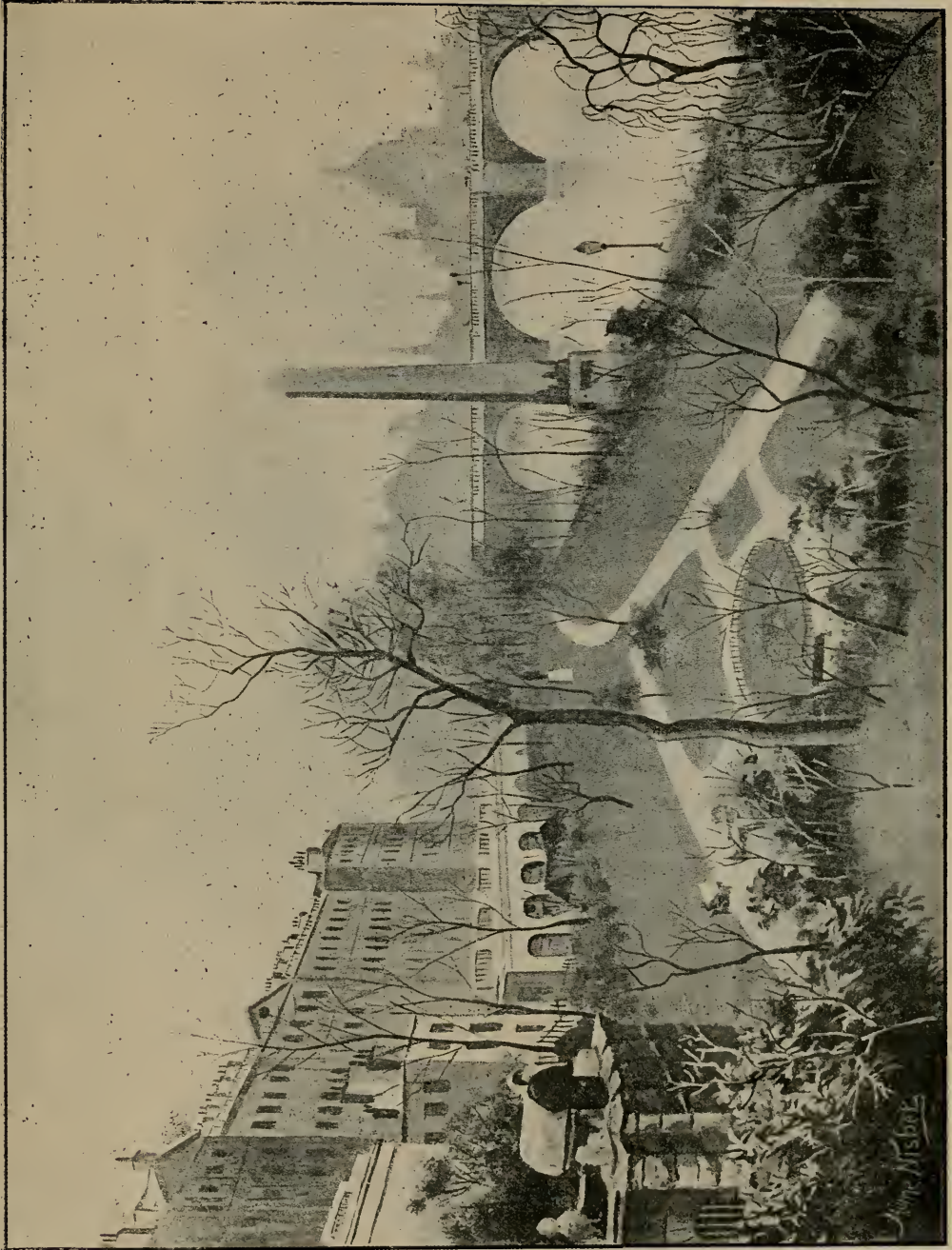
CHAPTER V.

THE ADELPHI AND THE STRAND.

THE little streets that descend from the Strand to the Embankment are mostly old-fashioned and picturesque in their way—perhaps from the contrast they offer to the noise and “sea-shell roar” of that busy thoroughfare. Many end in a *cul de sac* with an open aerial gallery as it were, whence we can look down on the silvery Thames below, with all its noble bridges. All these quiet alleys have some interesting or suggestive memorial to exhibit; their houses seem of the one pattern—sound and snug—of the early Georgian era, and mostly given over to the “private hotel” business. It may be conceived how much more interesting and piquant it was when these alleys led straight down, as many did, to the water’s edge, now set far off by the Embankment. The curious mixture of associations, as we wander up and down; the strange incredible squalor of some portions, the comparative stateliness and imposing air of others, the pretty gardens, the way in which memories of Garrick, Franklin, Peter the Great, the Romans, Charles Dickens, and many more, are suggested and jumbled together at every turn, make the old familiar Strand one of the most interesting quarters in London.

This may seem a puzzling statement. As all the world knows there is little or nothing of pretension about the streets—the houses are mean, the shops poor. There are no stately buildings—save indeed one theatre, handsome enough; and the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, lately in a precarious way, is threatened with removal. For all that it will be seen that a person who starts to explore the Strand and its “dependencies,” with instructions what to look for, will have a very enjoyable pilgrimage.

The Adelphi and the Adelphi Terrace are familiar enough; but it is not so familiarly known to the passing crowd that they were named after certain “Brothers”—an eminent family of architects—the brothers Adam. These remarkable persons have left the most enduring marks of their talent and influence all over London. It is a sign of ability, and even of



ADELPHI TERRACE

genius, thus to make a strong impression on one's generation. The Adam style is felt and appreciated to this hour, and as we walk about London it constantly forces itself on us for recognition. We know it by its grace and delicacy, and generally dignified treatment; above all, by a proportion that triumphs over inferior means and materials. As we walk it is possible to stop and say "Yonder is an Adam house." All their effects are nicely calculated; such as the depth of a pilaster, the size of a window, the relation of the stories. The late Mr. Fergusson notes particularly "their peculiar mode of fenestration." "They frequently," he says, "attempted to group three or more windows together by a great glazed arch above them, so as to try and make the whole side of a house look like one room."

The leading and inspiring member of the family, John, went to Italy to study. He devoted himself to a single building, the famous Palace of Diocletian, which he selected for the sensible reason that it presented a unique pattern of the dwelling-house of the ancients, whereas attention had mostly been concentrated on their public buildings. These studies bore fruit in a perfect system. The enthusiastic Scot, having conceived this idea, betook him to Spalato, taking with him a skilled French artist to make the drawings, while he himself took all the measurements. As we turn over the sumptuous atlas-folio tome which embodied his labours, we wonder at the energy and magnificence which then directed such projects. It was published by subscription, and the roll of distinguished names, from the King down, shows what patronage he enjoyed. The work is one of the most pleasing and romantic of such records.

The arrival of the two *dilettante* strangers in the ruined and deserted town excited suspicion, and it being assumed they were making drawings of the fortifications, they were ordered to desist. But these and other difficulties were overcome. Interest in this extraordinary and astonishing ruin has lately been revived by Mr. Jackson's charming book; and from the beautiful drawings made in Adam's work we see that it was a picturesque, rather forlorn, town with dilapidated fortifications round it on the sea-shore. There were to be seen the remains of the superb galleries of the Emperor, the temples and the banqueting halls, with the richly carved capitals, colonnades, friezes, etc., all in sound and excellent condition. Even the turning over of these pictures seems like being in a dream, with the Claude-like Italian shore before us, the splendid ruins, which appear to want little more than roofing, stretching high above the coast, so as to have the finest view of the sea. More than a century has gone by since that visit, and some strange changes have taken place; the inhabitants have been reverent, but, straitened for room, have built their houses through the palace. As the stranger wanders through the streets he comes on columns and arches

embedded in modern walls, while the two pagan temples which the Emperor built have since been converted into a cathedral and church, without any rude violence being done.

No words could give an idea of the size, the richness of details, the comparative preservation of this amazing structure. Most notable was the beautiful arched terrace or gallery, which was raised up, overhanging the sea, and which stretched along for many furlongs. The splendid courtyard, with its rich friezes, capitals, pillars, and embroidery, all in capital condition, save the roof, shows what the old Roman work was. But it was the terrace that struck the imagination of the young student. On his return, commissions came pouring in, but the family had conceived a bold, ambitious scheme, which was, indeed, the fruit of the Dalmatian studies. The terrace just alluded to filled the mind of the traveller. In the Strand, at Durham Yard, the ground seemed to take much the same shape, and his dream was to rear, on double and triple rows of arches, just such a terrace, which should look down on the Thames. Such was clearly the origin of our familiar Adelphi Terrace.

No sooner was the scheme conceived than it was taken in hand in an ambitious style. Money was wanting, but, being Scotchmen, the brothers, Robert, John, Thomas and William, found a patron in their countryman, Lord Bute, without whom they could not have hoped to obtain the Act of Parliament they desired. They began their works in the Adelphi in 1768, leasing the ground from the Duke of St. Albans. A steep incline, which may be seen now in Buckingham Street, descended from the Strand to the Thames, and their plan was to raise on a series of massive arches quite a new quarter of streets, fronted to the Thames by a handsome terrace. The brothers calculated that their vaults would be used as Government storehouses, but in this they were disappointed. They also found themselves engaged in a lawsuit with the Corporation, as they had encroached on the foreshore of the Thames, and these checks led to serious pecuniary embarrassments in prosecuting the enterprise. In 1773 they found themselves obliged, after mortgaging their property, to take the unusual course of raising funds by lottery. They obtained an Act of Parliament allowing the issue of tickets for the scheme. In this way they raised some £218,000, and the houses to be built appear in some way to have been the prizes. The whole enterprise was brought to a conclusion in a very short time, the buildings, arches, etc., all being completed by 1775, having taken only about five years. The stately mansions on the terrace were eagerly sought. Garrick established himself at No. 4. Indeed, a volume might be written on the lives and adventures of the tenants of the Adelphi or those associated with it—the hapless Barry the painter; Dr Graham, the quack, and his “celestial bed”; Lady Hamilton,

who was his subject; Topham Beauclerk, the man about Town, and Johnson's friend; old Mrs. Garrick, who was there so lately as 1822; with Mr. Blanchard, the amiable and popular *littérateur* and dramatist, who lately resided there. He declared that he was but "two shakes of the hand" away from David. Lord Beaconsfield, it was believed, was born on the terrace, though this is doubtful; while "Tommy" Hill, the friend of Theodore Hook, and the Paul Pry of Poole, resided here. Mr. Attenborough has long occupied the gracefully decorated houses that lead from the Strand, and his books and records could unfold some strange stories of adventure. And finally, to bring in "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice," the great banking house of Coutts spreads away in different directions over the quarter. Mr. H. Wheatley, who has written much that is curious and interesting on the Adelphi, tells us the history of the bank:—

"It is not known when the business was removed to the Strand, or the exact locality to which it was so removed, but the house is described as The Three Crowns, next the Globe Tavern, and it is believed that John Campbell, the founder of the bank, was there in 1692. Campbell was succeeded by Middleton, who was succeeded by George Campbell. The firm was then known for a time as Campbell and Bruce; from 1751 to 1755, George Campbell was sole partner. At the latter date James Coutts, who married a niece of George Campbell, was taken into partnership, and the firm became Campbell and Coutts. In 1760, James Coutts, the sole partner, took his brother Thomas into partnership. He died in 1778, and the sole charge of the bank devolved upon Thomas Coutts, and from that time to this the style of the famous house has been Coutts & Co.

"Although the houses built on the site of the New Exchange were not old when the Adelphi was planned out, the Brothers Adam, who were known to Coutts, were employed to build a new house. This they did with a slightly architectural elevation, the symmetry of which has been somewhat injured by alterations of late years. In the house built by the Adams, Thomas Coutts lived for many years, and his dining-room and drawing-room, with their handsome marble chimney-pieces and fine mahogany doors, are still unoccupied. When Lord Macartney was on his embassy to China, he sent over some Chinese wall-paper to Coutts, which was hung on the walls of one of these rooms, and there it still is."

Garrick, when he came to London and set up with his brother as a wine merchant, opened their small place of business near here, perhaps where Durham Street now stands. Towards the end of his life, after an interval of nearly forty years, he returned to this humble spot to inhabit a stately mansion on the terrace. We can see now the imposing and floridly painted ceiling, and admire the spaciousness and grace of the apartments. These houses are all well designed, the rooms of noble proportions.

—particularly the drawing-rooms. They have a unique feature of a basement in two stories, and you seem to descend into the bowels of the earth. Now they are given up to offices and public purposes, but when richly furnished, decorated, and inhabited by persons in Garrick's position, the effect must have been admirable. Once after a dinner-party on a summer's eve, the company adjourned to the noble terrace, looking down at the shipping and the bridges, and Boswell, who was present, describes the scene. It is curious that the brothers should—unconsciously, no doubt—have renewed the old family street names of one hundred years before. Just as they found streets named after George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—so they christened their work, as we can see, Robert, John, William, James, and Adam. "Off" Alley not long ago ran between Buckingham and Villiers Streets—but the name has been changed of late years.

Still, the wonderful work underground almost excites more interest and astonishment than what is on the surface. The busy passers-by in the Strand will note a huge yawning archway at the bottom of a short inclined street which leads into these catacombs. The work is of a massive cast, the arches being regularly groined in Gothic fashion. Mr. Wheatley, who has explored them, tells us: "The arches below form one of the most remarkable sights in London, but it is a sight that only a few are privileged to see. I have wandered through these arches with wonder, under the obliging guidance of the custodians. Below you there is a very town, much of it filled with bottles of old vintages. The arches were many of them open for years, and formed subterranean streets leading to the wharves on the Thames. They were constructed (as stated on an old engraving) so as to keep the access to the houses level with the Strand, and distinct from the traffic of the wharves and warehouses. They extend under the whole Adelphi, including Adam Street, from York Buildings, and were also carried under the additional buildings at the end of Salisbury Street. In many places there are double tiers of arches. Some twenty years ago the Dark Arches had a bad name on account of the desperate characters who congregated there and hid themselves away in the innermost recesses, but at last the place was cleared out, and the greater portion of it closed in. The extensive cellarage of Messrs. Tod-Heatly gives evidence of the former state, for one of the alleys is styled Jenny's Hole—and the arch above was known as the Devil's Bridge. The disgraceful condition of the arches could not have existed for any length of time, as, some forty years ago, the place was well cared for by the wharfingers, and at nine o'clock at night a gun gave a signal for the gates to be closed."

One of the most singular incidents in this stupendous undertaking is the short lease which was given and accepted. The result was that it expired in the year 1867, and the whole fee, with streets, houses, etc., passed into the hands of Messrs. Drummond. This was a fine property to gain in such a

way. It was, however, rather dilapidated, and there were signs of sinking in the terrace or of failure in some of the arches, but this proved to be merely a trifling matter. The whole was thoroughly repaired and restored. Unfortunately it was thought proper to plaster over the façade of the terrace, which destroyed the graceful arabesques, which are, however, left on the flanking houses behind; though Walpole humorously declared that the embroidered pilasters reminded him of "warehouses laced down the seams, like a trull in a soldier's old coat."

Among their other plans the brothers did not forget a chapel. This was built at the corner of James and William Street, which the bankers, however, soon absorbed into their premises. To join this, however, a covered bridge was necessary, for which the firm had to obtain an Act of Parliament. The old banker "did not wish," says Mr. Wheatley, "the view from his drawing-room window to be spoiled," so he built a low house in John Street, and arranged with the Adams that the opening, now Robert Street, should be opposite this, so as to form a frame for his landscape.

Every one knows the "Adam" work—the long pilasters and medallions on a brick background, each enriched with arabesques and garlands of a delicate character. They sought, too, the beauties of proportion and space, regulated by principle and calculation. In many an old house we recognize their ceilings; a great circle in the centre, filled in with tracery in very low relief. Their designs have been published, and display fancy and variety. Portland Place and its stately mansions, with their broad surfaces of brick, have a certain dignity; but the houses have been sadly disfigured by additions. The pleasing old-fashioned-looking Fitzroy Square seems like a bit of Bath. The brothers are said to have been the first, in London at least, who attacked the difficult problem of imparting to a number of detached mansions the air of being portions of one whole, which in architecture is a deception most intolerable and not to be endured. For there is a perpetual struggle of assertion between the two principles going on—the separate houses making protest, as it were, by their individuality against being considered one great expression—while the long façade in its turn contradicts and overpowers the individuality. There are also some Adam houses in York Place, easily recognizable. Finsbury Square is their work, though Finsbury Circus staggers one. There is a terrible monotony in the place, though the line of the circus is graceful. It was probably a "job" akin to a painter's "pot-boiler," and to be done cheaply. It is to be suspected that Gwydir House, in Whitehall, which has been defaced by alterations, was their work. Plaster and delicate stucco-work—the patterns apparently taken from arabesque work—light garlands and vases wrought in very slight relief, these were all combined with yellow brickwork. Ceilings, chimney-pieces, furniture, carriages, garde-vins, plate-boxes, were also designed by the brothers on these principles.

Some of the most imposing and effective work of the architects is to be seen at Sion House, Isleworth. The great library displays all the resources of the school in the way of bold treatment with beautiful, elaborate work, garlands, Cupids, pilasters, embroidered in low relief. The chimney-pieces, ceilings, and all display this elegance and charming variety. It may be mentioned in proof of the elaborate study and pains devoted to their profession by these brothers, that in the Soane Museum all their minutely elaborate designs are to be seen. But would we have a really good idea of the brothers' work, let us set out for Oxford Street, and pause in front of Stratford Place. Here we see a perfect architectural arrangement—the two terraces stretching down, the ends turning into Oxford Street, forming ornamental flanks, while the end is closed by a graceful classical mansion rising in the air with its pediment and pillars. The eye rests on it with comfort and satisfaction, and we admire the perfect ease and proportion of the lines. We turn and go our way, having gained a sense of general refinement. It should be recollected that the work of the brothers has not received fair treatment. Their idea was a combination of stone with yellow brick, and their two tints were intended to harmonize. In almost every instance the stone pilasters have been painted over, which gives a hard, artificial effect—the loftiness as well as the divisions of the stone are lost; the brickwork, too, has been coloured, and so the intention of the architects has been lost. In Mansfield Street, which lies westward of Portland Place, there is a broad, stately mansion, with spacious, lofty chambers, a goodly specimen of the nobleman's house. It is worth looking at, for the attempt to "spiritualize" the stables by adorning them with Adam crescents and decorations. Horace Walpole noted in his copy of Pennant that this house was built on the model of a French Hôtel. Close to it are some highly elaborated bride-cake doorways in the best Adam style.

The screen that runs in front of the Admiralty, in Whitehall, was also the work of the brothers, and there is a little history connected with it. The hideous portico within is said to be constructed in defiance of all laws of proportion or architectural decorum. The pillars were, in fact, intended for a much larger edifice, and were found "handy" by "my lords" for this building. They, however, presented such an odd spectacle that the Messrs. Adam were called in, and devised the screen in front. The passer-by may now deem it singular that this structure should have been hailed with delight as a beautiful and classical work; it was engraved, and even in architectural books high praise has been given to it for its "chasteness" and perfect adaptation to the purpose intended. This has often been a puzzle to persons of taste; for there is a curiously dilapidated air, a sort of ramshackle look, which seems to exclude it from such a category. The present writer one day found out the reason of this failure. It had been mauled and altered, and

with completest success so far as the destruction of the motive and purpose of its erection. As it originally stood it was a screen with a central arched entrance, on each side of which were two short recessed colonnades, which made an agreeable and original break in what would otherwise have been a blank wall. But the spoilers came presently. The First Lord desired to have one gate to enter by, another to drive out when crowded parties were given. Two such were accordingly broken in the colonnades to the right and left. The centre arch became useless, the whole ceased to exist as a screen, and, pierced with so many openings, lost all character. Few mutilations have been so characteristic and ignorant.

At every turn in London the amateur of Adam work will find abundant evidence of their taste. In Berkeley Square there is Lansdowne House, built after a favourite Adam pattern. Even the gate and walls show the same grace and proportion, and the elegance of the little ornament on each pillar will attract observation. In Harewood Place there is a fine Adam house, and a few in Dover Street.

Buckingham Street is another of the quaint, bright streets in the Adelphi, leading down to a cheerful opening, whence, as from a balcony, we look down on the animated Thames below, with its passing barges, tugs and river steamers: a scene which at first sight must impress the foreigner.

Here is the sequestered little mall, with its dozen trees, once a charming little promenade when the river ran beside it. This scene has been painted by Canaletti, and there are old engravings from the picture, representing promenaders in the costume of the day. The river, covered with ships and wherries, washes the walls; the old trees display their luxuriant foliage: but they are now stunted and decayed, and the whole has a dingy, forlorn aspect. It was once one of the gayest, brightest spots in London. For at the end stands the famous and much admired water-gate, or York Stairs, as it was called: it could be seen from the Strand, and persons eager to go on the water, hurried down here to embark. Owing to the construction of the Embankment, the gate has lost all meaning and purpose to an almost ludicrous extent. Instead of the water washing the steps, as it did not many years ago, the gate is sunk down, all awry, in a pit, and the ground is raised high about it. It is a pity that a little public spirit is not forthcoming to shift it again to the water's edge, its proper position. Unhappily the monument is in a sadly decayed condition—all the square edgings worn round and smooth, and the sculptures almost obliterated—so, abundant restoration would have to attend the removal.

This interesting approach from the Strand has yet more associations to increase its value. We note the remains of former state and dignity, at the bottom of the street. On the left hand is a remarkable house of some antiquity, which, as one of the useful medallions of the Society of Arts tells

us, was occupied by the Czar Peter on his visit to London. Its various chambers are now given over to the Charity Organisation Society, to a maternity association, etc.; but on going up the stairs we see palpable vestiges of the magnificence of the place, which must have had some con-



THE WATER GATE.

nection with old York House. For we find ourselves in a spacious and imposing drawing-room, of which the entire walls are oak as well as the flooring, while the two elegant doorways are embroidered round with a rich carved flowering border. But it is the unique ceiling that will excite admira-

tion, consisting of a thick wheel-like border, filled in with the boldest and richest stucco-work, presenting solidly wrought roses and leaves. This encircles a painted allegorical piece, but so grimed with dirt that the subject cannot be clearly seen. It is but little damaged. One could fancy this room restored and furnished, and the rude Muscovite seated in congenial proximity to his favourite river. The side of the house that looks over the Embankment, though covered with whitewash, displays a tall elegant central window of a decorated kind, showing that the whole must in its best days have been of a spacious and imposing character. The view from this window, as indeed it is from all these corner houses giving on the river, is charming. On the opposite side of the street, a few doors higher up, is another old mansion of some pretence—also given over to offices—and noteworthy for the twenty or so grotesque heads, one of which is set over every window. It is hard to account for this odd form of adornment, unless it came with the Dutch. They are found in many quarters of London, some putting their tongues out to the spectators, others crying, laughing, etc. This mansion is believed to have been the one occupied by Mr. Secretary Pepys, and so we look at it with interest.

But this does not exhaust the associations of the Adelphi. There we lately saw the "house breakers" hard at work levelling what has some very pathetic associations with the early life of Dickens. For many generations now, a dilapidated miscellany of shanties has been visible from the terrace; a shed, outhouses, a small mean-storied thing in the last stage of decay, with an ancient cart or two lying up in ordinary. Across the wall ran a faded half-effaced legend, in what were once gold letters on a blue ground:—

THE FOX-UNDER-THE-HILL.
 HOARE & CO'S ENTIRE,
 AND BRILLIANT ALES.

It was hard to conceive of anything "brilliant" in such a place, save the little half-starved boy employed at the blacking factory in Hungerford Market, who used to make his way thither. "One of his favourite localities," says Mr. Forster, "was a little public-house by the water-side called the Fox-under-the-Hill, approached by an underground passage, which we once missed in looking for it together; and he had a vision, which he has mentioned in 'Copperfield,' of sitting eating something on a bench outside and looking at some coal-heavers dancing." This memorial has for years borne a dismal forlorn aspect, very suggestive of this despairing season in Dickens's childhood.

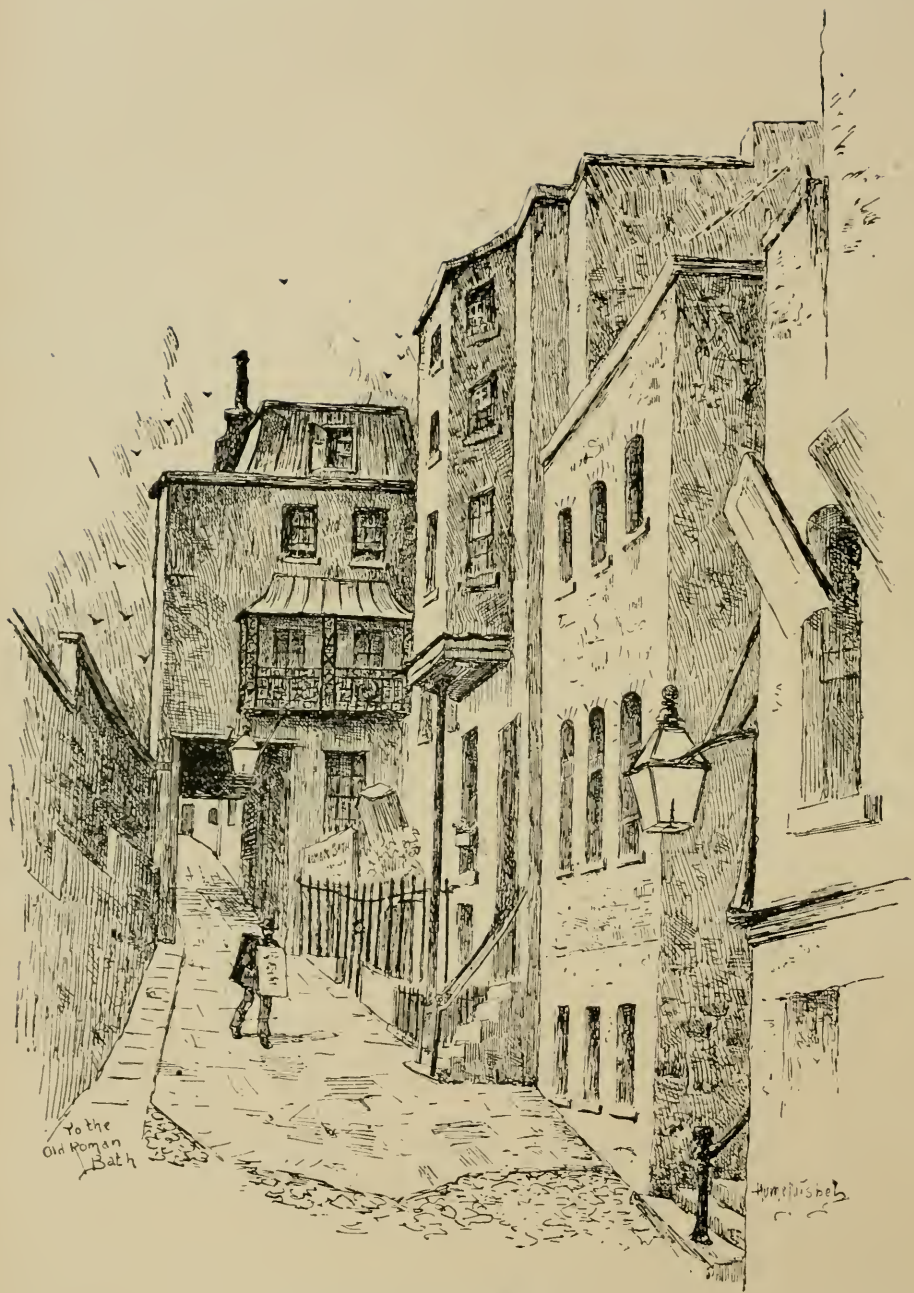
Within these few months, therefore, it was like losing a friend to find the "brilliant ales" gone and the house all but levelled.

On the higher level of the terrace, facing the Strand, are some gloomy-looking hotels, of many windows, "The Caledonian" and "The Adelphi." There is here the air of dingy old fashion, so well suited to *Pickwick*, and we know that this Adelphi Hostelry is the "Osborne's Hotel," where Wardle and his daughter Emily put up, and where the droll scene occurred of Mr. Snodgrass being secreted during dinner—the fat boy running "something sharp into Mr. *Pickwick's* leg" to attract his attention. As we look up at the first-floor windows the scene rises before us, and the whole appears in harmony with the humours of *Pickwick*. Most natural is it, too, that the Wardles should put up at such a house, for the dingy furniture, etc., all seems to belong to that era.

Here in the Adelphi we come upon a handsome building which houses the useful Society of Arts, its energetic Secretary, Sir H. Trueman Wood, and Librarian, Mr. Wheatley, so well skilled in London lore.

The story of the luckless Barry is most pathetic, and as we sit in the fine meeting-room of the Society and look up at the painter's crowds of animated figures that line the walls, it comes back on us with a strange vividness. He had something akin to the character and erratic temper of Haydon, the same despairing sense of talent neglected and put aside; the same struggle with the Academy, and a quarrelsome eccentricity. A difference, however, between the two men was that Barry's work on the walls speaks for him and proclaims his fine academic culture, his grace and poetry in the beautiful, well-designed figures and groups, and the refined transparent colouring; with which we have to contrast the heavily-painted, earthy-looking portraits of the Sovereign and her Consort, which by some strange lack of congruity have been thrust into this classical company. One can conceive, however, the difficulties of dealing with a man who insisted on representing the death of Wolfe with a number of perfectly nude figures standing round, and who in his latter days of penury and neglect, when asked out to dine, insisted on tendering two shillings to his host in payment of the meal! These fine pictures cover a canvas that spreads round the room. To obtain the fame and expanse of canvas allowed by such an undertaking, the artist offered to do the whole work gratis; not, however, it may be supposed, that when the work was done the Society left him without remuneration. As the result proved, he was fairly well paid for his labours. The variety, the fine workmanship displayed, the grace of the figures, are extraordinary when we consider it was the work of one man.


Having thus concluded our exploration of the Adelphi, we may fairly ask the Londoner who passes through the Strand a dozen times in the day, could he be prepared to find so much that is novel in this familiar district?



ENTRANCE TO THE ROMAN BATH.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROMAN BATH.—COVENT GARDEN.

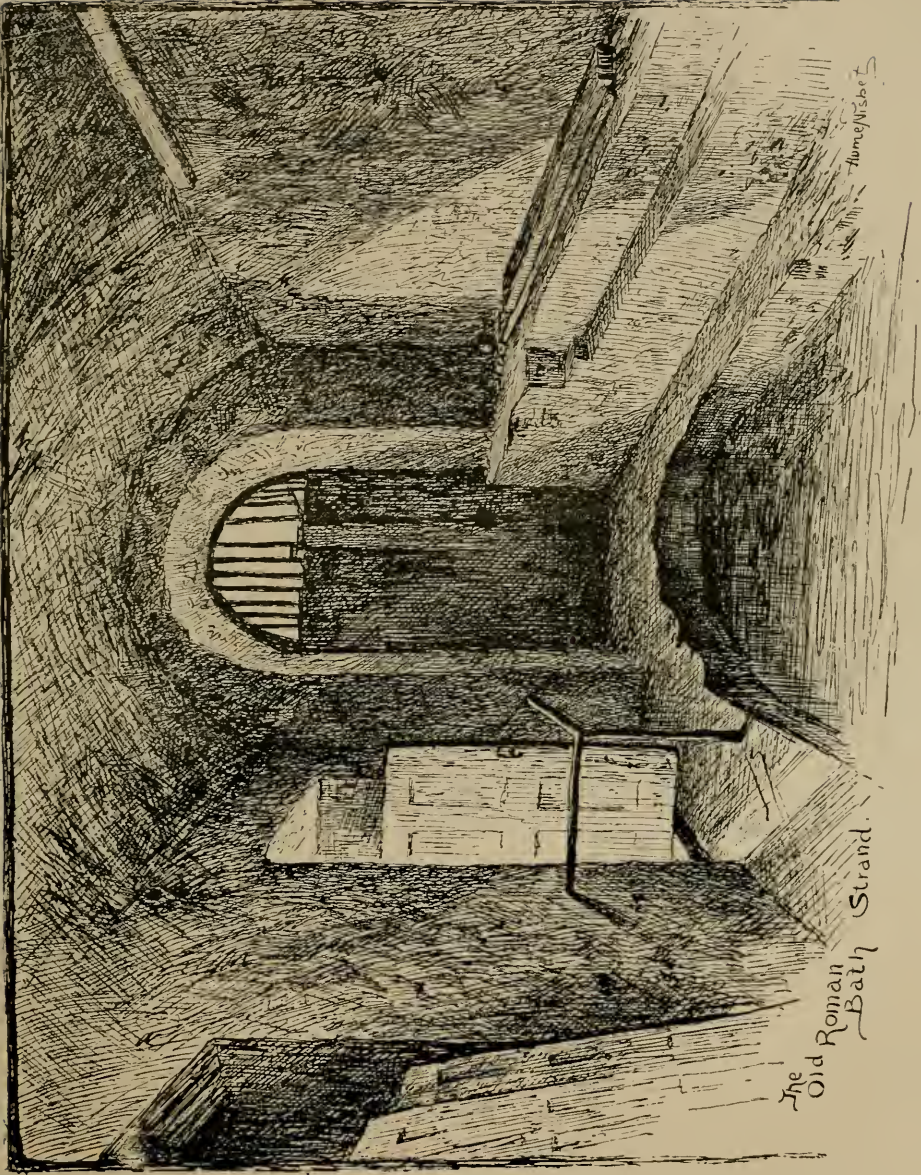
BUT in this exceedingly modern Strand, where we are so eager to clear off the only bit of antiquity left us—the graceful church of St. Mary—what Monkbarns would think of looking for his “ancient Romans,” or anything connected with them? It is an astonishing surprise to find that we have only to turn out of the Strand hard by St. Mary’s Church, and see staring at us an invitation to come and look at a genuine, recognizable, Roman work, in sound condition. We pass under a sort of archway, down a steep paved lane, lined with low whitewashed walls and a few old houses, with a glimpse of the river beyond, and see the board before us, with directions “ TO THE OLD ROMAN BATH.” On the left rises the towering wall of the New Strand Theatre (and it is wonderful they did not sweep the Romans away), and we come to a sort of shanty of a house such as we would see in a village, white-washed, a languid green creeper overgrowing it, which imparts quite a rural look. At the iron gate we are met by a showman of the place, who does his work intelligently enough, and communicates such details as he has picked up. Opening a door to the left and descending a few steps, he suddenly plunges us into a low cellar-like chamber. As we grow accustomed to the dim light, there is a sense of astonishment on looking round and finding ourselves before a genuine unmistakable bath. It is a fairly sized, vaulted chamber, solidly built, with curved ceiling lit by a little semi-circular window perched high on the left. The bath is in the centre, rounded at one end and square at the other. On the opposite side are two or three stairs or tiers, and where it touches the water we can recognize the true fashion of Roman workmanship—the thin tiles of cheerful red, hard as iron, and the imperishable cement which has stood and resisted the water for centuries. The stately Roman look of the whole, even the massive grace in decay, is extraordinary. Extraordinary too is the volume of water, the purest and most delicious in London, which pours up at the rate of some ten tons a minute, and is *recherché* in the district, being sold at a fixed tariff. It is remarkable that this interesting

relic, rare in any capital, should be so little known and so little esteemed. It is highly desirable that the bath should be secured to the City without loss of time, and its destruction thereby saved.

On the other side is another bath, known as "Lord Essex's" plunge-bath, which has its interest also. It is elegantly designed, with rather original little steps for descending into the water. The bath is of a sort of buff-coloured marble, and is known to have been made, and perhaps used, by the Earl of Essex some three centuries ago. Our cicerone goes so far as to affirm that the Good Queen Bess was fond of taking an occasional "dip" here, and rather illogically points to a sort of darkened window or passage in proof of his assertion. But without introducing this august lady at all, or the Earl, the bath is sufficiently old and interesting to stand, if we may use the metaphor, on its own bottom. Holywell Street, close by, is evidence of the traditions of a holy source in the neighbourhood, and Essex Street is not far away. But how many who pass through the Strand daily for years have ever been to see the Old Roman Bath?

"Within memory of man," says Mr. Roach Smith, "huge masses, with trees growing upon them, were to be seen at London Wall opposite to what is now Finsbury Circus. They were probably—like what may still be seen opposite Sion College, and in various places with warehouses, in obscure courts and in cellars, near Cripplegate—the core of the Roman wall denuded of the facing stones. In 1852 was discovered a portion which the Corporation had given to the Church Building Society to be pulled down, but it was happily saved; it had been preserved so long owing to a buttress built against it in the Middle Ages. But though saved, owing to earnest representations, it was built into a stable."

There are indeed scarcely any of the associations of London more impressive or overpowering than its connection with the Roman Empire. There is of course the common vague and popular idea of "Roman remains" found all over England, and the "local museum" can generally boast some well-grimed vessels of various shapes, which are labelled "Roman." There is often, too, the "incised" slab on which may be deciphered some "Roman" lettering, as ambiguous as that discovered by Mr. Pickwick. Nothing, however, is so astonishing to the casual spectator as the abundance and splendour of the *real* Roman remains found in London. The Guildhall Museum, where they are stored in quantities, might be a portion of the Vatican Museum. The Roman glass and pottery alone would fill a warehouse, and their variety and beautiful shapes and materials are perfectly astonishing. We say nothing of the tablets and statues, etc., and fragments of brickwork found about Blackfriars, but what really recalls the Roman domination in the most forcible and practical way is the superb Roman pavement, about 14 feet long, with its round end, which must have covered a goodly sized vestibule. The bright-



The Old Roman Bath Strand.

ness, the brilliancy of the colours, the freshness of the whole, the boldness of the treatment, excite wonder, and call up before us the conquerors who walked over it in this actual London of ours, with its cabs and policemen and costermongers, which presents a nation so opposed to every idea of Rome. The Guildhall Museum, viewed in this light, offers a real surprise when it is thought that the inanimate objects here found—hundreds of bronze implements for domestic use, combs, looking-glasses, cups, bottles, lamps, bowls, in profusion of pattern, all were the work of this fallen and departed race.

The most impressive of these memorials is the old Roman Wall, still to be seen close to Cripplegate Church, and which affects the spectator much as would one of the fragments to be found in Rome. There it rises up before us, in the street called "London Wall," a stretch of about 50 yards long, and lofty, now made to do duty, which really secures its preservation, by being built into houses. This seems to add to the effect. A narrow strip of garden runs in front, so as to separate it from the pavement. In the curious diversity of colour and detail which the Roman wall always presents, owing to the ripe mellow tint of the brick, which contrasts with the white of the rocky cement, and to the general dappled tone, there is found a variety and air of suggestion. The whole seems to be caked and crusted into a rocky mass, which still speaks of the imperishable, enduring character of the conquerors. It does credit to the City Fathers that they have preserved this relic, which is really a striking ornament. Not far off is a curious fragment of a tower, of the same character, and which rises with odd effect in the busy City. It is indeed most interesting to find that the antiquaries can follow the course of the wall with almost perfect certainty by fragments of this kind which have shown themselves at intervals. Some years ago, passing by the Broadway on Ludgate Hill, I found an intelligent crowd gathered about some houses which were being pulled down; a portion of the old Roman wall was being removed, and all were staring with an absorbed interest, while certain persons learned on the subject, or affecting to be so, discoursed to the rest.

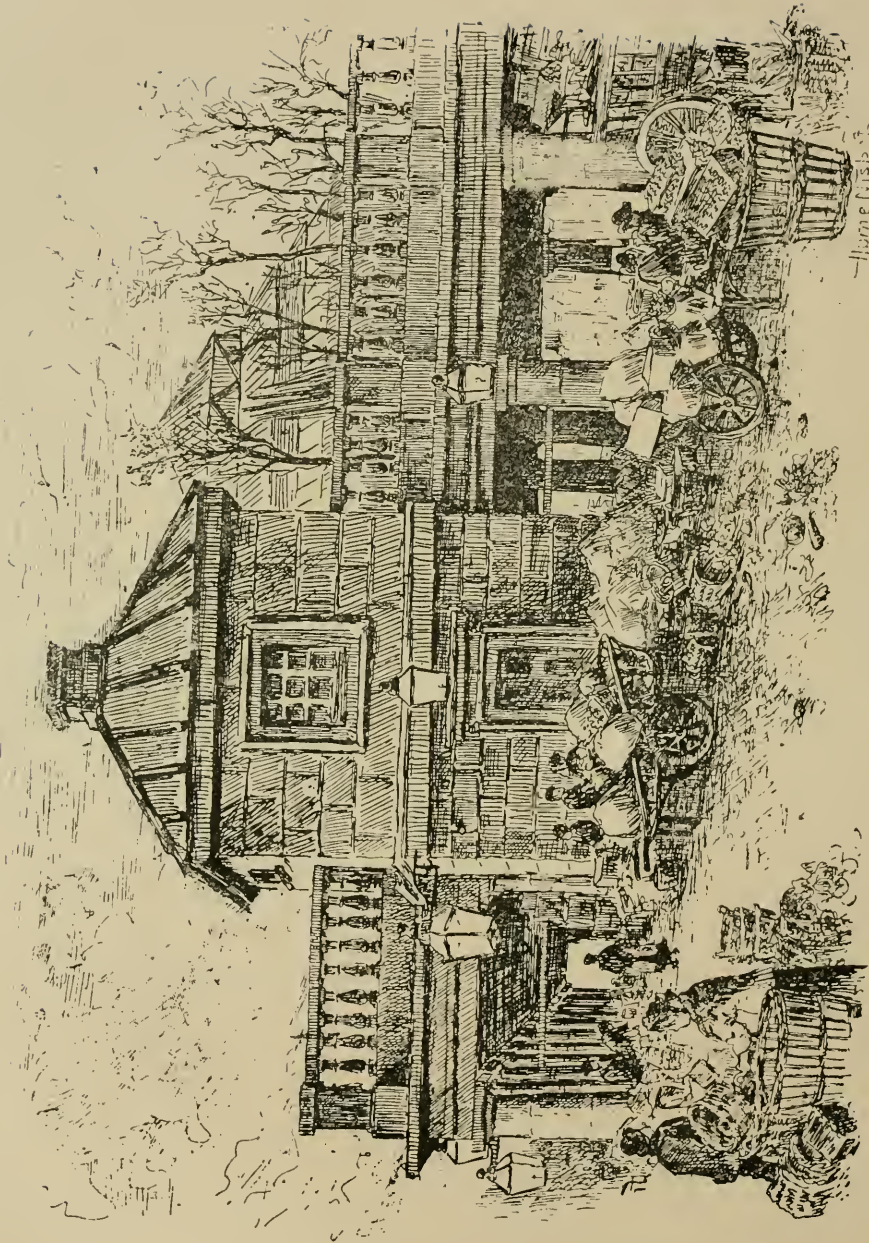
The little hilly Southampton Street, Strand, is interesting, leading as it does into Covent Garden Market. Near the top is No. 27, Garrick's old house, where he lived so many years until he became "grand" and moved to a stately mansion on the Adelphi Terrace. It is said that this change injured his health, the terrace being exposed and unsheltered, the old house being "snug and quiet." This became an hotel, "Eastey's," and later was dressed up with plaster mouldings. It is now in the possession of a business firm. With excellent feeling and good taste a handsome shield with Garrick's arms has been set up in the hall, which recalls the fact of its having been Garrick's residence, that in that parlour he had read Othello to a number of his friends, and in the drawing-rooms had given a party, during which Goldsmith arrived, wishing to borrow a guinea, but had gone

away without having had courage to do so. The doorway which separates the back and front parlours is an elegant piece of work, most gracefully carved and moulded. I never pass by the house without looking in and recalling the pleasant scene described by Tate Williams when he came to exhibit his talents to the actor; and when he noticed this very door moving softly, and found that Mrs. Garrick was listening unseen to his mimics.

The destroyers have lately been very busy in Covent Garden, where there have been wholesale clearances. Gone now is an entire block in Bow Street, where stood the old police court, the foundations of which the blind magistrate Fielding had laid, after his own house had been burnt to the ground by the Gordon rioters. This, however, could be spared; but not the Piazza in the market behind, Inigo Jones's work. This is literally being nibbled away. Some years ago was razed the section where the old "Hummums" stood—a house known to Johnson, who used to relate a curious ghost story associated with it. A new, fresh, and gaudy "Hummums" has taken its place, with much unpicturesque iron sheds for the market. At the corner was the old "Rockley's," described by Mr. Sala nearly thirty years ago, a house of call for actors and Bohemians. There is now a new Rockley's. Last year another portion of the Piazza—that behind Bow Street—was levelled, and with it that quaint specimen of the old London hotel, the Bedford, with its coffee-room, curved old-fashioned windows, entresols, bar, etc., to say nothing of its air of snugness and comfort. A few years ago another section, the one that touches "the old Evans's," or Cave of Harmony, was taken down, but was rebuilt. Thus out of the four sections there is now left to us but one, whose grace and proportions all amateurs must admire. It is said that Inigo Jones intended to imitate the Piazzas he had seen in Italy; and it will be noted how fine is the proportion of this fragment, and what an air of spaciousness he has imparted to it. The line of the arches, the intersections in the ceilings, the general gaiety of the whole are extraordinary; and to be the more remarked when we turn to the rebuilt portion, which seems narrow, over-grown, too tall for its width, and generally dismal.

No one looking at St. Paul's, Covent Garden—this "Barn Church"—would believe that it is the most complete specimen of the Tuscan order of architecture known, for no ancient building of the kind exists in Italy or elsewhere. The extraordinary depth of its porch, the projection of its eaves, and the general rudeness and simplicity of its details have always obtained praise. Ralph, in the last century, declared it to be "one of the most perfect pieces of architecture that the art of man can produce." Walpole, however, pronounced it to be a complete failure.

It must be confessed it looks ungainly enough. The truth is, as designed by Inigo, and in its original state, it was a finely-conceived structure.



Hume 1815

COVENT GARDEN.

The architect wished to present a purely Doric building ; though some maintained it was of a "barn-like order," the pediment and pillars are impressive from their boldness and deep shadows. It has lately undergone an odd process of restoration, or rather transformation. The whole of the stone casing has been removed, and a flaming brick one substituted. Few edifices have been more vilified than this ; and it must be confessed it is ugly enough. But it has been sadly mauled and outraged. The original building was burned, and the present one is a sort of replica with alterations. Passing by it, I have paused again and again, seeking to discover what was the cause of the apparent failure, and what a man of such eminence could have had in view in conceiving so bald, rude even, and unattractive a building. At last I discovered the secret. It was not he—as might be expected—but the fires, and what was as bad as the fires, the restorers and alterers, that were responsible. It should be remembered, too, that this is the *back* of his building, the front being really stately and imposing enough, could there be a fair open view of it obtained. This back presented a deeply-embayed porch, the foot-way running in front ; but to gain space for the market, arches were cut in the flanking walls, and the foot passengers were made to pass through the porch. There was the secret. The walls being continued to the line of pillars, a shadowy depth or recess was gained, in keeping with the heavy cornice, and so much was added to the length of the church. In old prints we can see this effect. The pathway ran *in front* of the pillars, instead of behind them, as is now the case. In short, it was then a porch instead of a colonnade, which it is now. This shows how a mere touch, as it were, will destroy the whole character of a work. Further, the whole used to be garnished with some very piquant lanterns, vanes, sun-dials, etc., which imparted a lightness and finish. The restorers have not thought fit to replace these. The church and its churchyard cover a large inclosure in the block between the market and Bedford Street, and can be seen through gratings opening into the four streets that lie round it. It ought to be thrown open and laid out as a garden. Few even suspect its existence. In this great churchyard lie some of the most interesting notabilities who haunted Covent Garden in their life—actors chiefly—such as old Macklin.

Mr. Thackeray has a picture of Covent Garden which admirably conveys the impression left by the place. "The two great national theatres on one side, a churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other ; a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote or history ; an arcade often more gloomy or deserted than a cathedral aisle, a rich cluster of brown old taverns—one of them filled with the counterfeit presentments of actors long since silent : a something in the air which breathes of old books, old painters, and old authors, a place beyond all

other places one would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight—a crystal palace—which presses timidly from a corner upon many things of the past: a withered bank that has been sucked dry; a squat building with columns and chapel-looking fronts, which always stand knee-deep in baskets, flowers, and scattered vegetables; a population that never seems to sleep, and that does all in its power to prevent others sleeping: a place where the very latest suppers and heartiest breakfasts jostle each other over the footways." It is so long since this picture was done, that the strokes are altered and the details scarcely recognizable. But the tone is still the same. The old stately-looking building at the corner of the Piazza was once the town house or palace of a nobleman, and has been often engraved. More interesting, however, is it to think of it as the "Cave of Harmony," once directed by the well-known "Paddy Green." It was then the earliest type of Music Hall, where sober and serious glees were sung by choir boys, while the audience consumed kidneys and chops and baked potatoes, washed down by stout. This combination has passed away, and supping to music is no longer in vogue. The place was hung round with a vast number of curious theatrical portraits, old and modern, some of merit, while Paddy himself, red of face, walked about and conversed with the guests. When he saw anyone waiting or apparently neglected, he interposed with friendly courteous excuses, summoned waiters, and remedied the oversight. To the casual visitor to town this was altogether a novel and curious entertainment. Later it became the Falstaff Club, which went the way of ephemeral clubs. It is now the New Club.

Close as this district is to the Strand—and it is within a stone's throw—it has a charm of old fashion that is extraordinary. Unhappily the devouring "Market" is rapidly absorbing the whole. Two entire sides have been swept away to find room for carts and vegetables. The eminent ground landlord seems insatiable in this respect; though it must be said that it is difficult, if not impossible, to resist the pressing advances of the dealers. It is said that a small space or coign of vantage is let three times over to successive tenants in the course of the twenty-four hours. The old Bow Street Court, and the buildings beside it, have been drawn in and swallowed up; the Floral Hall, erst a concert room, is now converted into a market. The lease of Drury Lane Theatre, close by, will run out in a few years, and it is rumoured will yield itself up to the inexorable market. This, as I said, is but the pressure of circumstances. "Facts are stubborn," but the force of trade is irresistible.

We often lament the destruction of old houses with traditions, and the present writer has often joined in such jeremiads. But here is the test. Some one of moderate income, as most persons are, is the proprietor of some sacredly antique monument,—let us say Fairfax House at Brixton, standing in

its "fayre grounds." Presently the district has come into request; the speculative builder is about, and by-and-by a heavy, substantial sum that would yield an annuity is offered for the whole. The æsthetic proprietor cannot resist, for he will rationally argue, that if he decline, he will be paying an amount equal to the annuity he declines for the pleasure of retaining his old monument. Notwithstanding this process of unceasing destruction there is much left to interest, and the old tone of the place remains: as Mr. Hare points out, even the very names of the streets surrounding it, often carelessly and familiarly pronounced, have a suggestive significance.

Indeed, the London traveller, or contemplative man, whether promenading or gazing listlessly from his "knife-board" as he frets against the stagnant progress of his vehicle, may furnish himself with plenty of entertainment by speculating on the names of the streets through which he passes. The whole life of the great city could be traced by the aid of its street names. Thus, Fleet Street and Holborn were called after two rivers which crossed those thoroughfares, the Fleet and the Bourne; the Fleet also giving its name to the ill-omened prison. The modern christening of streets is rather of a formal, artificial kind, and has not the spontaneous natural character of the older names, which were given as a matter of convenience by the inhabitants of the locality. The origin of the familiar Piccadilly has been hotly debated; and a plausible theory has been offered—that one Higgins, a haberdasher, had invented a sort of spiked ruff, suggesting the "piccadille," or lance, and out of this he made a fortune, which he invested in houses along the famous thoroughfare—then a rural lane. The Adelphi quarter was so named by the "Brothers" Adam, architects; to whom London also owes the Adelphi Terrace, Portland Place, Fitzroy Square, Stratford Place, Finsbury Square, and other buildings. John, Robert, and Adam Streets, as we have seen, recall their names. Close by we find George, Villiers, Duke, and Buckingham Streets, betokening that all this was the property of Charles II.'s favourite. On the other side of the Strand there are Charles, Henrietta, and York Streets; and it is unlikely that it ever occurs to the market gardener's mind, or even to the intelligent publishers who flourish there, that these are the names of the hapless Charles I., his Queen, and brother. A vast number of streets take their names from territorial landlords—such as Bedford, Oxford, Essex, Arundel, and others. A bit of family history is illustrated by various small streets contiguous to the Strand. Thus, one of the Bedford family married Catherine, heiress of Brydges, Lord Chandos, and later, Lord Tavistock married a daughter of Lord Southampton. These alliances are now recalled by Catherine, Chandos, Tavistock, and Southampton Streets. Bow, with its bells and church, is said to be derived from the Norman arches in the crypt; and Bow Street from its bent shape. Fetter

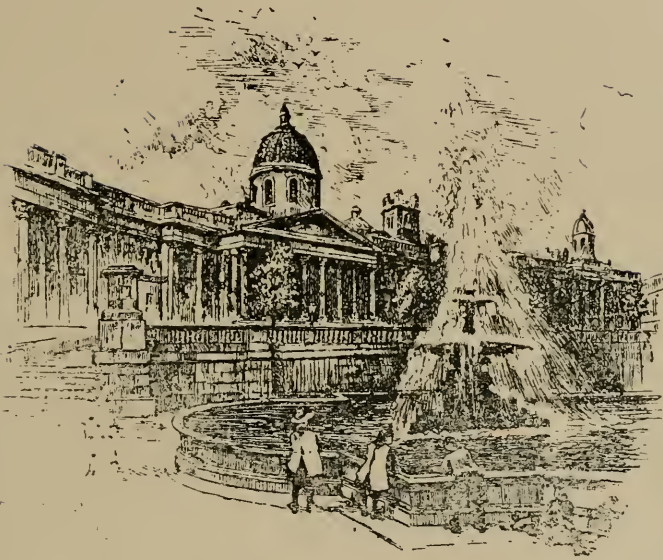
Lane was the street of beggars or "Fewters." Pentonville has a plain and unsuspected origin, being named after a certain Mr. Henry Penton, M.P., who flourished in the present century. King's Cross is another delusion; for, while we expect venerable associations akin to the Eleanor Cross, we are shocked to learn that here stood a poor effigy of George IV., long since removed. Lombard Street, of course, was a compliment to the banking natives of Lombardy; and Threadneedle Street was Three Needle Street, the Merchant Taylors' Company being located there. Bunhill Fields, the great graveyard, was really Bone Hill Fields, and Houndsditch a ditch into which dead dogs were often cast. The Minories was originally the Minorites, an order of Poor Clares so named; and Mincing Lane was similarly distorted from the Minchin nuns, who had their convent at St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. Goswell Street was God's Well. At Tokenhouse Yard and thereabouts tokens used to be made. A fowl market was in the Poultry. Bread Street and Milk Street were devoted to the sale of those useful commodities. The curiously and picturesquely named Knightrider Street is most significant of all; for through it used to pass in procession the train of knights going to the joust. Rotten Row is said to derive its name from "rotteren" (to muster); but it is more likely to be a slang word expressive of the peculiar composition of the ground.

The large family of Ludgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Billingsgate, etc., all, of course, betoken the different City gates which stood in the localities. Billingsgate is said to be named after King Belin; Cripplegate after St. Giles, an abbot said to have written a work on palsy, and also venerated as the patron of lepers. It may be noted that the old statue of Queen Elizabeth which decorated Lud Gate is still to be seen in Fleet Street. Spitalfields was named after St. Mary Spital; Moorfields and Finsbury, or Fensbury, from the marshes; St. Bride, or St. Bridget, gave her name to Bridewell; indeed, a vast number of our streets have some such pious associations. It would take long to go through the full list of derivations; but these specimens will show how interesting and fruitful is the inquiry.

The naming of a street requires much tact, and is really a difficult office. Witness the clumsy suggestions and debates when Northumberland and Shaftesbury Avenues were formed. Thames Avenue or Thames Mall would have been better and more picturesque for the first, and Shakespeare Road for the second. The old "Paragons," "Circuses," "Crescents," have a pleasant sound. In compliment to the great prose poet of Cockneydom, we ought surely to have a "Dickens Street,"—a good, sharp, well-sounding, and serviceable name.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



THIS great collection really holds the first position among the galleries of Europe, not for the number of pictures, but for their choiceness and value. The building which contains the collection has been assumed to be rather a failure, and many a jest has been made upon what are called its "pepper casters," an article which its cupolas suggest. Yet upon the whole it is a classical, well-proportioned building, with a fine, imposing façade. Of late years a new gallery has been added in the rear, whose Italian campanile rears itself awkwardly, and is inconsistent with the Grecian style of the rest. Sir Frederick Leighton has spoken with just severity of this incongruity. The new rooms are stately and lofty, united by imposing central halls, floridly decorated, contrasting oddly with the low and shabby chambers beside it. Still, the smaller area is more effective for the display of pictures; they are brought closer to the eye, are seen more comfortably, and there is the feeling of being in a private gallery. The small but

beautiful collection at The Hague has its peculiar charm from these conditions. Within the last few years the great entrance hall has been remodelled and treated sumptuously, laid out with flights of stairs, pillars of costly African and other marbles, profuse gilding and painting. But the effect is scarcely satisfactory: the pillars are thin, and ill proportioned to this work, and seem more ornamental than serviceable, while the complicated umbrella and stick arrangements seem to do violence to the natural construction of the building.

The Gallery owes much to its accomplished director, Sir F. Burton, who is an artist of the Academic school, with much fine taste and feeling, and power of drawing. The days when men were trained in the schools, and when studies of the human figure (on one of which Mulready would expend months) were labours of love, are unhappily passed away. To Sir F. Burton's admirable judgment we owe the real development of the collection, and its almost universal character. If we might make an objection, it would be that there is almost a surfeit of works of the earlier Italian school of the Pre-Raphaelite time, and there is something monotonous in the innumerable altar-pieces and sacred pieces set off with richly gilt and carved architectural framings. On the other hand, it is admitted that the English school is imperfectly represented. At the same time nothing could be more difficult than to form a really representative gallery of English works, owing to the shiftings of taste and criticism. This can be seen by considering the once-admired Vernon collection, where figure all the "Augustus Eggs" and "Redgraves," and which seem scarcely worthy of a place in a public gallery. At the Academy Exhibitions we find every school imitated—French, German, Dutch. Still it would not be difficult to apply some principles in the selection, and to define what might be considered a purely English character in landscape, portraits, or *genre*.

A serious difficulty is what to do with the accepted bequests which for half a century or so have held possession. These keep their place by virtue of law and Acts of Parliament, and as they entered in company with works of real value, there would be an ungraciousness in rejecting them. The pigments of this era seem to have faded: the pictures are flat, stiff, and, in some cases, seem the work of amateurs. One instance of this "white elephant" sort of donation is the picture of Rembrandt's "Night Watch," said to be a copy of no startling merit, which is yet allowed a conspicuous place.

The visitor is assisted by guides and guide-books of all kinds; one, a full, reformed one, in two volumes, has been issued recently. I always think that a model guide-book, such as the eager but uninformed public would desire, has yet to be devised. The usual system is after this pattern: The name and number is given, then the painter and school, say, "The Umbrian

School"—with the size of the picture in inches, a few lines about the painter, his birth and death, and to what "school" he succeeded; then a rather *banal* description of what the figures are doing—which the spectator can discover for himself without assistance. These points, such as size in inches, and the description, are, of course, valuable for the Waagens and other critical persons, but are *caviare* to the visiting public. I venture to say that the questions every one puts to himself on seeing a "famous" picture are these: "Why is it that this work is so admired? What are the particular merits?" The effect is admittedly good and beautiful; but it seems so like many others that we have seen, excellent, pleasing; but it puzzles us to say *why* it exceeds in merit the others. How delightful, on the other hand, and improving is it, when it is our good fortune to be attended by some real critic and trained judge, who in a few words points out the merits, the contrast of colour, the drawing of that arm, the difficulty overcome in grouping in figures! Again, what is *style*? Corot, the French landscape painter, is deservedly admired, and the spectator, looking at his catalogue, will exclaim, "*Oh! that is a Corot.*" He sees, with wonder, a sort of marsh or fen with gloomy "furry"-looking trees. He is told of the enormous price this small work fetches in the market, and wonders again. It seems to him sketchy, blurred, and unfinished, perhaps meaningless, but it *must* be a great work from its price: he cannot puzzle it out, and he has to pass on to others. The critic, however, at his elbow, will draw him back and tell him, first, what the Corot theory was, viz., that nature has moods of humour, of feeling and passion, which can be noted, just as we note expression on the human countenance; that this often becomes so marked and absorbing that we do not observe mere details. The painter, who wished to seize the humour or expression, passes by all details of leaves, branches, etc., and even the outlines, so that the spectator, like the painter, will note only, say, the general *sadness* of the whole. This is roughly and, perhaps, broadly expressed, but it furnishes a sort of key. But we now look at our Corot with a different interest, and its meaning gradually grows upon us. So with the Dutch school. We pass from one to the other in the Peel collection, from Teniers and Van Steen to De Hooge, with a sense of sameness. There are the usual "Boors" and "Vrows" carousing or dancing; or there are "Interiors" by De Hooge; or Hobbema, with his alleys and trees, all great, clever, finished minutely, and curious. But we have no key, and there is a mystery beyond us. Here, again, we should reflect that this "style" is due to the conditions of climate and character. Dutch skies are sad and sombre, the country flat and bare, the long avenues of trees add to the mournful feeling; the interiors are dark. There is a wonderful, much-admired Hobbema, here a "grand piece," as it is called; an alley of long bare trees stretching away from the

spectator, a landscape spreading away beyond. The spectator as he gazes will feel a curious sense of melancholy, owing to the flat wastes, the trunks exposed to the sweeping winds, the earth redeemed by stern toil from the sea, the feeling of isolation, with a suggestion of the indomitable Dutch character, which has battled successfully for centuries with the ocean, and which finds a relief in scenes of carousal. They have no mountains or valleys, or woods to draw from. The houses in the cities are narrow, their rooms small and dark; hence everything is looked at in miniature; hence, too, the laborious finish. Hence, too, plenty of dark corners and shadows. All which explains Rembrandt's traditional effects, his faces emerging from dark backgrounds. Hence, too, the costume of the Dutch portrait, with its white collar and black jerkin. In the small dark rooms, panelled with dark oak, the light falls only on the face; rich-coloured clothes would lose their lustre. So with De Hooge's picture of the "Entrance to a Dutch Yard," where there is a welcome but unexpected stream of light, and which is treated as light that enters into a dark place.

I have often thought, too, how interesting it would be if there were some critics to explain the treatment and manipulation adopted by different painters! Why did Gainsborough, for instance, deal in exquisite streaky greens and translucent blues; how is it that his faces are so delicate and tender? The fact is, different painters see things with different eyes, and the figure presents itself differently. One will note only the expression as worthy of representation, another the colours of the face, another will be struck by the attitude, the richness of the dress, etc. Denner saw nothing but lines and wrinkles. It is with painting exactly as it is with authorship. One will relate a fact exactly as it occurred, another in newspaper style, another with touches of character; another has a certain charm of description; yet another is poetical.

To give a more particular illustration of how enjoyment would be increased by some such critical aid as this, let us pause a moment before this fine full-length portrait of Lewis, the actor, which hangs in the vestibule of the hall—a smiling figure in a sort of Spanish dress. It is the character of "The Marquis" in "The Midnight Hour," and is painted by Sir Martin Shee, erst President of the Academy. There is something effective and pleasing about the picture, but most persons content themselves with a glance and pass on. Now, suppose we inform him that Lewis was a comedian of the old "airy" school, was noted for his elegant style of representing people of rank—that is to say, personages gay and witty, without condescension—carrying themselves through difficult situations without embarrassment, and making love in a very irresistible way. Shee had seen Lewis many times on the stage, and knew him *au bout des ongles*; these gifts were present to him; so, selecting this favourite character, he

embodied here an epitome of all its attractions. With these facts in view, we look again at the picture, and how different it appears! There is the delightful expression, half rallying, half of enjoyment, a general refinement, with a graceful carriage—in short, a regular bit of comedy is going on before us.

In some of the great "Gallery" pictures—such as Sebastian del Piombo's "Raising of Lazarus"—the assistance of judicious criticism is really essential. We must be instructed how and why to admire. Otherwise, as in other kindred instances, such as with pictures of the Caraccis, we see only a number of Scriptural figures in robes, blue or scarlet, grouped together; no doubt large, dignified, impressive, but not by any means interesting. There is a general conventionality. Yet this "Raising of Lazarus" has been criticised by Hazlitt, Haydon, and others in a very interesting way, and our catalogues of the future might profitably have these inserted. Dr. Waagen thought this picture the most important of the Italian school that England possesses. He adds that the "first glance would teach us that the figure of Lazarus was drawn, though not painted, by Michael Angelo." The figure of our Saviour he praises for its nobility, and "in Lazarus the transition from death to life is expressed with wonderful fidelity. In the other figures gratitude, astonishment, conviction, doubt are to be traced." I fear there are few of the thousands passing who would gather this or anything from the first glance, or note any of these things.

There is one picture considered the cynosure of the whole, on account of the vast price (some £70,000) given for it—the *Ansidi* Raphael. Of this we might venture to say that the effect scarcely corresponds to the outlay; or rather, that were it placed among the other Italian estimated pictures, and divested of its history, it would not probably attract much notice. This may seem heretical, but I am confident it is true. With the critical, of course, it is different, though I fancy it would be a difficult task to give a nice, accurate, and judicial appreciation of its points of attraction, going beyond mere phrases of praise. I confess, if choice were offered, I would prefer the more "taking" *Soult* Murillo in the Louvre. *Pace* Sir Frederick Burton, it seems also to suffer from the heavy mass which does duty as frame—the excessive gilding impairs the colours, and it is constructed with a sort of basement which stands "in the air" unsupported, which seems to imply that it ought to be on a bracket or altar.

A crying blemish to the collection is the room full of fantastic pictures, so called, the terrible legacy which Turner bequeathed to the nation. These grotesques have neither form nor meaning, and seem to be mad, wild caprices. There is nothing to match them in existence, and no gallery, private or public, would tolerate them. Some are nothing but streaks and smears—yellows and blues utterly amorphous; yet admirers will protest that

there is some deep-seated "no meaning" mystery beneath, which study and sympathy will reveal. Some arrangement by Act of Parliament or otherwise should be made for disposing of these performances, which we have heard again and again excite the derision of the foreigner as "*polissonneries*." The serious and responsible works of Turner are here, and excite admiration: but these, it is well known, were the eccentricities of his dotage. Some of his large grand pieces are truly fine, such as "The Sea Fight" and the beautiful Italian landscape placed as a pendant to the well-known Claude, though it is easy to note that the exquisitely sultry luminousness of the French painter cannot be approached, Turner's atmosphere, from the very contrast, being somewhat thick and heavy. Any one who goes from picture to picture of Turner's, those, I mean, of his sane manner, with care and regularity, will be lost in wonder at the variety of his styles, and will conclude that he could "do anything." The mistake of his later days was his attempt to simulate with colours atmospheric tones and effects, such as the "actual sense of effulgence" in the sun when we attempt to look straight at it, or the glare from a passing train, or a steamer showing lights and letting off steam.

Perhaps the truest "painter" of the modern English school who could be called a master, and whose works would stand the test of criticism, is Wilkie. No praise could do justice to that masterpiece, "The Blind Fiddler," with its minutely delicate handling of faces and hands, yet offering a grand breadth of style. The beautiful limpid colouring, the firmness, yet delicacy, of the touch, the pleasant, quiet, unforced humour of the scene—akin to that of Goldsmith—the brilliancy and largeness of treatment, are perfectly miraculous in a youth little more than twenty. Neither Mieris nor Meissonier have works that can be classed with this gem, which, by-the-way, would gain by being hung higher. His picture of "The Beadle" leading away the Mountebanks and their Dancing Dogs, with figures brilliantly and exquisitely finished, is not, however, his best specimen. We should note the contrast with his well-known "Knox Preaching," which seems the work of a different hand. Many would be puzzled at this; but art critics know that Wilkie altered his style completely after a visit to Spain, and affected a rich, juicy, full-coloured tone, even adopting a large unfinished "streaky" manner. In this contrasting of style we may profitably turn for comparison to a picture truly unique, of which, as Lamb says, "One species is the genus," and which may be coveted by any gallery, that is, the famous "Treaty of Munster," by Terburg, a small cabinet picture, the gift of a private person. This extraordinary little masterpiece is worth an hour's study, and illustrates all the principles of painting. There are some fifty or sixty figures, and the force, dramatic expression, and feeling of the whole is surprising. Every minute face is distinct, and leaves the air of perfect

finish; yet, if we look closely, we shall see the workmanship is rough and bold. Mr. Ruskin has happily illustrated this valuable principle by a minute vignette of Turner's, which decorates his "Italy." It represents the marvellous windows and elaborate details of the Ducal palace in Venice, all within a couple of inches; yet, if we take a magnifying glass, we shall find that none of the objects represented are actually drawn. There are only a number of dots and touches, and yet the effect of the relief, details, and carvings is perfectly conveyed. On the other hand, had the details been actually *drawn* on so small a scale, these details would at a distance have failed to convey the idea intended. Here is one of the secrets of largeness of style. Meissonier has much in common with Terburg. Our fashionable modern painters have little idea of relative values. They copy all before them with the accuracy of a photograph.

A little study of one who is the glory of this Gallery, viz. Constable, will illustrate this better. A landscape painter may copy carefully and minutely a spreading cornfield, with reapers at work and effects of sunlight, but, as was said in the case of Corot, there is a mystery in landscape which only genius can discover. This is not to be interpreted as Corot found it was, by wholesale sacrifice of details, but by studying the art of making these contribute to the general effect. The really great painter seems to work in this way: he sees or discovers an "effect"; it becomes an inspiration, it takes possession of him, and it imprints itself vividly on his pictorial memory. He notes the same effect under other conditions, and so the idea becomes generalized. Thus a great marine painter, on an occasion, watches the form of waves in a storm, or a peculiar effect of light. As to mere mechanical painting, that becomes, or should become, as the language he speaks; neither does he require the object or model to be before him to paint from, save by way of suggestion or correction. It is to be suspected that the average modern painter does not work on these principles. He *copies* everything from without, and not from within. The great painter who has found inspiration in his landscape will only copy so far as to ensure topographical correctness, but his main purpose is to produce the general effect or inspiration which is imprinted on his memory. Such is the meaning of the impression left by Constable's work. The trees, pastures, figures, are all subsidiary to the *tone* of the whole, the grand feeling of open air which spreads beyond the narrow, contracted limits of the frame. As *he* felt the largeness, so is the sense of largeness produced in the spectator. One well-known picture will illustrate this more effectively.

Like the human face, the cathedral has its cast of expression, a kind of soft tenderness, or placid, quiet solitariness, wholly different from the air of perky sharpness and strutting detail which photographs present. Turning to the "Salisbury Cathedral" of this painter anyone

that has seen the original will recognize how he caught the poetry, the contrast of the grey building with the green sward of the close, and the deep tone of the trees, and the beautiful significance of the spire, which seems almost to be a natural product of the landscape. These spires, indeed, always seem to give a different sort of interpretation to the place in which they stand; and every person of sensibility will own to different impressions as he passes on the railway by Canterbury, Peterborough, or Ely. In the case of the Salisbury spire there is a certain sharpness which contrasts with the dark and angry cloud behind, and gives an air of menace and hostility.

To take another illustration. There are photographs and engravings in plenty of the picturesque Dover Harbour, with its cliffs and castle. Many who have seen the place in its various moods have wished for some reminder, and may have found the traditional sketches of commerce accurate enough, but insufficient to restore the old charm. As the traveller returning from France approaches, he notes the pyramidal character, the junction and blending of the castle with the clouds behind it, the contrast of the glaring white cliffs with the grey of the sea; there is, besides, the grand air of large security and shelter afforded for centuries back. Now, there is a picture by Turner—in which all these complex ideas are abundantly suggested; he has caught the whole tone of the place, dealing with the skies above and the waters below, quite as elaborately as with the town and harbour; indeed, these are subsidiary. In this way it is true a great artist becomes an interpreter, as well as a painter, of Nature.

It is difficult not to feel a sort of enthusiasm and deep admiration when standing before these grand works of Constable. There is a breadth and solidity, a massiveness, about his style and treatment. The secret might be the sense of dignity, the imparting of a *grand personality* to the trees, the grass, the water, and everything represented. As we look, the details seem to grow and be enriched. It is not surprising to learn that the introduction of one of his pieces into France was the foundation of the school for landscape in that country. The Gallery is well furnished with other masterpieces of his, and the visitor will study them with delight. If we look at the "Flatford," or the "Haywain," we shall see and recognize the power, the mixture of emotions suggested, the grand tranquillity of the country, the variety, the sense of distance, and, as we said, the air of *state*; as for the colour, its depth and richness are not even approached in our day.

To turn to another of our English masters, it must be said that Landseer was hardly a "painter" in a strict sense. He really only took portraits of animals—and of particular animals. A "painter" would generalize more, and in this view Herring's horses are more pleasing, and exhibit the animals in their relation to surrounding objects. Of course, in producing fur, hair, etc., Landseer is unequalled. This can be further illustrated by a painting

here of Morland's, who is usually associated with certain vulgar subjects, such as pigs, coarse hinds, and the like, masterly in their way. This portrays a heavy cart-horse and pony entering their stable. The sort of living interest infused is extraordinary, with the languid, helpless expectancy of the pair, the general tone of the stable. We would place it above anything Landseer has done. This will be seen if we compare this stable scene of Morland's with the well-known "Horse-shoeing," which has quite an artificial air. Among the finest Landseers are, no doubt, the "Newfoundland Dog" and the capital, vigorously-painted creature who personates Alexander in the visit to Diogenes. In his latter works he became rather tame and insipid in his colour and touch, as we can see by turning to "Peace and War."

Thirty or forty years ago among the chief attractions of the Academy were pictures by Ward, O'Neil, Crowe, Mrs. Ward, Frith, and others. Such were "James II. receiving the News of the Arrival of William," "The South Sea Bubble," the "Derby Day," and "The Railway Station."

Leslie, Maclise, Eastlake, Ward, and many more have all fallen considerably in public esteem. Many years ago there was a general exhibition of Leslie's works, and it was curious to see how the assemblage revealed his defects—the "chalkiness" of his white, his thin colour, his general stiffness. This was the result of the Academic school, when drawing was much insisted upon. Nowadays, when the French imitative system is in vogue, a hard pure outline, it is contended, is not in nature. The figure is softened or blended with the background according to experience.

There are some pictures at which we look with astonishment; the gaudy, glaring figures all dressed in variegated fashion and crowded together. It may be said these are like "Tableaux Vivants," and painted, it might be, from grouped figures. It will be noted that all are in the light, and there are no shadows; indeed, no point of view conceivable could take in so many objects at a time. There is little or no "composition," and the laws of Academic arrangement seem to be set aside. These pictures, admired, gravely discussed by the critics, have long since found their legitimate place. We have, indeed, only one purely Academic painter—the President of the Royal Academy—who has been trained in the "schools," and whose work is always elegant, graceful, and honest. If he has to present a draped figure with an arm exposed, the arm and hand are truly "drawn." There is an exquisite contour exhibited which pleases the eye; the drapery falls not merely in natural, but airy folds, while the tints are of a delicate harmony. There is, in short, composition, and we turn away refreshed. Not so much could be said of some of our popular portrait painters, whose hands are not outlined, but blurred, though dashing, and whose drawing is misty.

Another painter once in high repute, and scarcely thought of now, was Etty, assumed to be the most gorgeous colourist of his day. We look now

at his nude nymphs sailing in boats, and wonder a little at this reputation, though there are plenty of tints of lake, and rich black tresses, and cobalt. Somehow these works now seem heavy, and not so brilliant. Would we seek a genuine colourist, let us turn to this little cabinet Bonnington, who has left but few examples, but whose works are precious and much esteemed in Paris. Another rare master of this kind is Muller, of whom there are few specimens. These small cabinet pictures, a few inches square, produce extraordinary effects of force and brilliancy, and gorgeous colour.

To enumerate the attractions of this great collection would, it need hardly be said, take long, but one must speak of the famous "Chapeau de Poil" of Rubens ("The Felt Hat," not, as it is vulgarly known, "The Chapeau de Paille"). As any one can see for himself, there is no *straw* hat in the case. These, with the wonderfully powerful and abundant Rembrandts, the "Sassoferrato" (blue-hooded) head, the Murillos, the Reynolds and Gainsborough portraits, the grand Constables, the Turners, the Claudes, the great Rubens landscape, the Hogarth series, the Wilkies, Landseers, Moronis, Botticellis and Bordones may be considered the "stock pieces" of the place. Frith's "Derby Day," and Rosa Bonheur's well-known "Horse Fair," and the room full of Landseers, furnish the holiday stagers with delight. Rosa has, however, "gone down" somewhat in the estimation of connoisseurs, and her horses and her style of painting do not seem quite so marvellous nor so wonderful as they did originally: her colouring is somewhat sketchy. There are other artists of later date concerning whom we must also revise our judgments.

Our own Sir Joshua is here handsomely and abundantly represented. The charm of this great painter is extraordinary; the grace, "distinction," and variety of his treatment are no less remarkable. "Lord Heathfield" exhibits robust serenity with the rugged good-humoured face, and the fine generous scarlet of his coat. The variety of Reynolds' attitudes, considering his countless sitters, is truly astonishing. One of his most powerful efforts is the well-known head of Dr. Johnson, in the Peel Collection. Here should be noted the suggestion of suffering, so delicately conveyed, the curious look of expectancy, the air of softness and even gentleness, infused into the rough lineaments. Our moderns make their sitters stare from their frames, and every one says "How like!"

Gainsborough is a painter in whose praise one is tempted to grow wanton. We are often inclined to wonder where he found the sea-green, cobalt blue streaks. His faces are worthy of study. As will be seen, he conveys the idea perfectly of transparency of skin, that is, we see the colour below, *through* the upper cuticle. The large picture of the Baillie family in the vestibule is one of his finest works. There is the bold firmness of touch, a rich stroke, and a certain brilliancy. This is the more astonishing, as in

his larger pictures and portraits there is often an unpleasing coarseness. The term "master" may be certainly applied to him, as it may be to Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilkie, Constable, Morland, perhaps Wilson, and a few more. Lawrence was a portrait painter, not a master.

No painter is more accepted on account of his rank and prestige than Rembrandt, and the collection is singularly strong in his works. There is a sort of conventional idea of what a Rembrandt should be—a yellow old man or woman looking out of a dark background. Yet few think how luminous is his work. Thus, the old Vrow in the ruff is an amazing specimen of his power; and it is worth while looking closely into the face to see the vigorous fashion in which the strokes are dealt out, the paint being literally plastered on, but with profoundest method. For we have of course moderns who can lay on their paint as with a trowel, thus assuming a vigour they do not possess. Each of his strokes have a meaning, and it was not his intention to give an air of raised surface. No one has approached him in the rich tone of his *golden* tints.

The great Italian portraits here—the Moronis, Pordonones and others—we have to grow acquainted and intimate with, to discover their power. The "Tailor" of the first has been often praised for its expression and dignity. The attitude is delightfully significant of his calling, without, however, the least vulgar emphasis; so with that of the lawyer. We learn in these that grace and propriety belong to all castes and conditions. The costumes enter largely into the expression. When will our moderns recognize the fact that a portrait must be *intellectual*, both in the painter's and in the sitter's share? At the Academy exhibitions we see Mayors, City men, Parliamentarians, and others, whom nature has furnished with parts of a low money-getting type, and whom our artists faithfully portray in dignified attitude and recognizable shape. The sitter has done his best to look stately and "like a gentleman." Yet this is *not* his likeness. But were we to see this man in his counting-house with his clerks at a crisis, we should find him becoming animated, ready, resolute, his features light up, and the low vulgarity disappears. Your Moronis and others have found out this secret.

There are some great canvases of Paolo Veronese in the large room: "Alexander receiving the Family of Darius," and others; but the visitor turns from their comparatively dull tones with a little disappointment. Any one who has seen the grand and brilliant "Marriage of Cana," in the Louvre, is spoiled for future judgment. That superb and brilliantly animated scene seems to be the work of another master.

I could linger longer on these interesting themes, and have done little more than touch on some of the great masterpieces here collected. But it is not vanity to say that the visitor who has studied principles akin to what we have been imperfectly setting out, will find a new, unsuspected enjoyment in a visit to a Picture Gallery.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH AND ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

IT is curious that most of the great London architects should have come from Scotland. Among these the most distinguished are Chambers, the designer of Somerset House, Campbell, Rennie, Gibbs, and the Brothers Adam. All these have left their mark upon the great city. The Barry family were Irish; Pugin and Vanbrugh of foreign extraction; while Inigo Jones was a Welshman. Wren, however, outweighs the rest, and he was an Englishman.

Vanbrugh was an interesting character, and his scattered works abound in London and its suburbs. This brilliant man has scarcely obtained the full credit he deserves for his numerous and versatile gifts, for he adorned no less than five professions. He was soldier, dramatist, and manager; an architect and a herald to boot: to say nothing of his being a wit and a poet. His plays, "The Relapse," "The Confederacy," "The Provok'd Wife," and "The Provok'd Husband" are among the works that no theatrical gentleman's library should be without. His great mansions at Blenheim and Castle Howard are monuments of his skill, and his fables were considered by Pope to be superior to those of La Fontaine. In soldiering and management he was not so successful, though he was persuasive enough to obtain from the nobility and gentry £30,000 with which to build an opera-house in the Haymarket on the exact spot where Her Majesty's Theatre now stands. When this theatre was finished hardly a word could be heard, and the voices of the actors had the effect of low undulating murmurings. The object of the designer, however, was to furnish an interior for both music and Italian opera; and it would pass the wit of our Phippses and Emdens to supply a building which would be equally suited for acting and singing.

It seems to be the fate of every architect of eminence who is favoured with a "commission" for some vast public building to suffer hardship and sordid treatment at the hands of the authorities. It was so with Wren, Barry, Street, and above all with Vanbrugh, who had to go to law with the

Marlboroughs to obtain his fees. He was himself sued by the contractors and workmen, who could obtain no money from either the family or Government. The story of this persecution is to be found in the curious Vanbrugh papers. More curious is it to discover, as the writer did lately, that there is still standing in London his old mansion, the very first attempt he made, which (though dilapidated enough) seems still hale, stout, and strong. When it became known, about the year 1702, that the wit and dramatist had turned architect and had actually built himself a mansion in Whitehall, it became the subject of much ridicule; and Dr. Swift was merry on the shape and peculiarity of the new building.

One asks the waterman hard by,
Where may the Poet's palace lie?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pie—
A type of modern wit and style
The rubbish of an ancient pile.

It seemed unlikely that this "goose-pie," amid all the vicissitudes of Whitehall, could have escaped demolition. But recently the writer of these notes

came on a rather minute description of the place, drawn up in the year 1815. As it then appeared, it was a low, long building in three divisions, two stories high, with arched windows, three in each compartment. Further, the brothers Adam had taken it in hand, and added two wings or vestibules, projecting forward and decorated with their own peculiar "fan-like" orna-



STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

mentation. This was satisfactory for identification ; though no one of our generation was likely to recall such a structure in Whitehall. But almost at the first search it was revealed. There it stood flanking the Banqueting Hall in the shape of the dilapidated, gone-to-seed museum known as the United Service Institution. This was the original Vanbrugh "goose-pie" family mansion, answering in every point to the description, encumbered with the Adam additions, effective and not without merit. It is, however, in rather a squalid state ; and it is safe to prophesy that in two or three years it will have disappeared. It is curious to think of the brilliant author of "The Relapse" living here nearly two hundred years ago.

Close as it is to Charing Cross, St. Martin's Lane and the district about it still retain an old-fashioned air. At its very entrance we note one of the most effective and effectively placed buildings in London, the fine church, St. Martin's, with its soaring and conspicuous steeple and stately portico. The levity of our time was never better illustrated than by the proposal to cut away the steps to gain a few feet of roadway, and it was actually gravely suggested and discussed whether it would not be the best course to remove the portico wholesale, and place it at the back of the church! From every direction, almost, the spire can be seen, and from every quarter the church forms a pleasing point of view. It was built by Gibbs, and its interior is in Wren's peculiar favourite manner—a vaulted ceiling supported on columns, which, in their turn, support galleries, their bases being covered up by the massive pews.

St. Martin's Lane is a far more interesting street than might be supposed, being full of strange Hogarthian memories. Bishop Horsley told the antiquary so oddly named "Rainy-day Smith," that he had often heard his father describe the time when St. Martin's Church was literally "In the fields," and when there was a turnpike leading into St. Martin's Lane. Mr. Smith wrote this over sixty years ago, and there have been enormous changes since then. There are two curious little lanes or passages turning out of it on the right hand as you go up, one of which bears the name of "May's Buildings, 1739," in faint characters. This was built by a gentleman of that name, whose house is still to be seen at No. 43, a sausage shop, a striking and elegant piece of brick-work, though unpretending. It was thus that it struck "Rainy-day Smith," fifty years ago, who was much praised in his day for "his attention to old houses." He says that Mr. May's house "consisted of two pilasters supporting a cornice ; and it is, in my opinion, one of the *neatest specimens of architectural brick-work in London*. The site of the White Horse livery stables was originally a tea-garden ; and south of it was a hop-garden, which still retains that appellation. The extensive premises, No. 60, were formerly held by Chippendale, the most famous upholsterer and cabinet-maker of his day, to whose folio

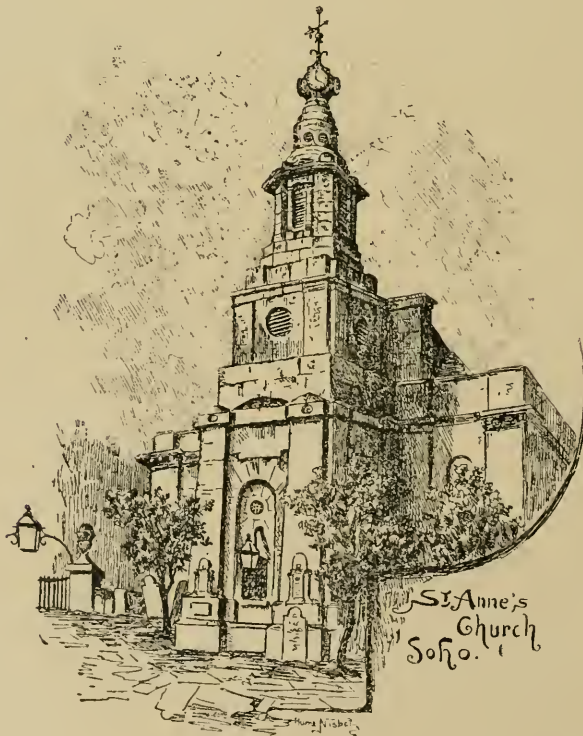
work on household furniture the trade formerly made constant reference. It contains in many instances specimens of the style of furniture so much in vogue in France in the reign of Louis XIV., but which for many years past has been discontinued in England. However, as most fashions come round again, I should not wonder if we were to see the unmeaning scroll and shell-work, with which the furniture of Louis's reign was so profusely incumbered, revive; when Chippendale's book will again be sought after with redoubled avidity, and, as many of the copies must have been sold as waste paper, the few remaining will probably bear rather a high price.* Another house that always attracts attention is the one numbered 96, and which deserves notice for its artistic doorway—certainly one of the most effective in London for its flowing style of carving and elegant design. It is now a cloth shop, but Mr. Smith describes it as being in his day "one of the oldest colour-shops in London, and has one of the very few remaining shop-fronts where the shutters slide in grooves. The street-door frame is of the style of Queen Anne, with a spread-eagle, foliage, and flowers, curiously and deeply carved in wood, over the entrance, similar to those remaining in Carey Street and in Great Ormond Street. The late Mr. Powel, the colourman, and family inhabited it; and I have heard him say that *his mother for many years made a pipe of wine from the grapes which grew in their garden, which at that time was nearly one hundred feet in length*, before the smoke of so many surrounding buildings destroyed their growth. This house has a large staircase, curiously painted, of figures viewing a procession, which was executed for the famous Dr. Misauin, about the year 1732, by a painter of the name of Clermont, a Frenchman, who boldly charged one thousand guineas for his labour; which charge, however, was contested, and the artist was obliged to take five hundred. Behind the house there is a large room, the inside of which Hogarth has given in his *Rake's Progress*, where he has introduced portraits of the doctor and his Irish wife."

Passing on beyond St. Martin's Lane, we enter that curious street dedicated to bird and dog fanciers and frame makers, Great St. Andrew Street, but which in truth popularly ranges itself under the designation of "The Dials." We stop before a mouldy shop, No. 42, whose window is filled with as disagreeable a category of objects as was found in the establishment of the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*—skulls, jaw and thigh bones, skeletons of monkeys, stuffed birds, horns of all kinds, prepared skins, and everything unpleasant in the anatomical line. When Dickens was busy with his *Mutual Friend*, a *confrère*—Mr. Wilkie Collins, I think—described to him a strange character, a bird-stuffer—and "articulator" of bones and skeletons—and the

* This has turned out a singularly accurate prophecy. Chippendale's work now fetches an enormous sum whenever it appears at a sale by auction. It lately brought close on £30.

idea so "tickled" the writer that he at once put in "Mr. Venus," the intimate of Wegg. This original character excited much attention; and a friend of the great writer, as well as of the present chronicler, Mr. C. Kent, passing through this street, was irresistibly attracted by this shop and its contents—kept by one J. Willis. When he next saw Mr. Dickens he said, "I am convinced I have found the original of 'Venus';" on which said Mr. Dickens, "You are right." Anyone who visits the place will recognize the dingy gloomy interior, the articulated skeleton in the corner, the general air of thick grime and dirt.

In full view of St. Martin's Lane, and next to where the old Northumberland House stood, stood the house that was remarkable as having been the first that was numbered in London. Readers of old letters will notice with surprise how readily a person's residence was found by the post; "To Mr. Sterne, in ye Pall Mall," was sufficient. This seems almost a mystery.



In the London churchyards there is plenty to interest the explorer, but it may be doubted if anything could be more tragically romantic than is offered by two memorials, found in two old churchyards—separated by one easy half-hour's walk. The moralist will find profit, and a curious meditation

over the instability of things, in his visit to these two interesting spots. Standing on that ill-shaped open *place*, the former Regent's Circus, and looking along the bend of the new Shaftesbury Avenue, we can see the blackened and ungainly steeple of old St. Anne's Church in Soho, now unexpectedly revealed by the clearances and "demolitions." This clumsy, eccentric object seems to take the shape of a vintner's cask perched airily on a spire, and must be pardoned to the memory of Wren, as one of those architectural freaks in which he occasionally indulged when invention failed him. To the same class belonged those extraordinary obelisks and other devices which he has placed on some of his towers. The church is a very old and interesting one, dating from 1686, and looks out on Dean Street. It has attained a sort of celebrity from its musical services; and the Princess of Wales and other distinguished persons are often found in the congregation. The old rectory, where, up to the present incumbency of Dr. Wade, the rector used to reside, stands where it did, beside the church, its rows of ancient windows having a cheerful prospect of the churchyard; but the actual rectory is in the quaint Soho Square. The churchyard is a very large forlorn piece of ground opening upon Wardour Street, and it was taken in hand some years ago by the improvers and spoilers. The tombstones were all collected together and laid down neatly as a sort of pavement, the rest planted with grass. It is now given over to a large colony of fowls, which pick up a livelihood and enjoy a sort of *rus in urbe* there. One would have thought these measures were preparatory to throwing open the place as a recreation ground; but the gates remain fast locked, and the public may not enter now.

On the outside wall of the church are seen two tablets, which arrest the attention; one to the memory of Hazlitt, of an extraordinary kind, setting forth his peculiar opinions; the other to an actual genuine king, who, after his abdication, died in England. The king's coffin was placed in the vaults beneath, where the clerk recollects seeing it many years ago. But among the other bizarre proceedings which marked the course of the "improvements," the vaults were completely filled up with sand, and the contents, as it were, obliterated. The inscription, which is the work of Horace Walpole, runs:—

Near this place is interred THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA, who died in this parish, Dec. 11, 1756, immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison, by the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, in conveyance of which he registered his kingdom of Corsica, for the benefit of his creditors.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
 Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;
 But Theodore this moral learned ere dead—
 Fate poured its lessons o'er his living head,
 Bestowed a kingdom and denied him bread.

His story is sad, romantic, and perfectly true ; for he was a real crowned king and adventurer. His name was Newhoff, and he had figured in many capitals in many countries, making himself useful to the smaller potentates, and had finally succeeded in impressing the Corsican insurgents with the idea that he was a personage of power, and could find them assistance. They were tempted by his offers to lead them. One morning he arrived in a ship laden with cannon and other stores, and landed arrayed in Eastern dress and attended by black servants. Received with acclamations, he was duly crowned, lived in a palace, put himself at the head of an army, and fought battles.

Soon, however, his supplies failing him, he went away to raise money in Holland, but did not succeed. He then came to London, was arrested by his many creditors, and thrown into the King's Bench. He took advantage of "the Act," and registered his crown for the benefit of his creditors. On his liberation he did not know where to go, and went in a chair to the Portuguese Minister's, whom he did not find at home. The fallen king, literally not possessing a sixpence in the world, was charitably taken in by a Soho tailor, fell ill the next day, and died ; his coffin and interment were paid for by this worthy tradesman, who said he wished for once to have the credit of burying a king.

Another strange being was laid in the vaults, but only temporarily, in the year 1804. This was the eccentric Lord Camelford, whose adventures and intemperance were always exciting attention. He was shot in a duel by Captain Best, reputed the best shot in England, which was the odd reason given by his antagonist for meeting him. "Six quarts of blood," we are told, were found in the cavity of his chest. All the denizens of Soho crowded round Mr. Dawes's shop in Dean Street to see the crimson-velvet coffin, adorned with cherubim of silver and "wrought gripes," as it lay in the St. Anne's vaults, until the strange provision of his will could be carried out. It seems he had once passed many hours at a romantic spot by a lake in the Canton of Berne, where there were three trees. A sum of £1,000 was left to the proprietor, and he directed that his body should be transported thither and placed under one of the trees. There was to be no monument ; he only wished "the surrounding scenery to smile upon my remains."

Here also rests the beautiful maid of honour, Mary Bellenden, to whom the Prince of Wales showed his devotion, which was of an extravagant kind, by taking out his purse and counting his money. "If you go on counting your money," said she, "I will run out of the room." This beauty was secured by Colonel Campbell, later Duke of Argyll. Her royal admirer had made her promise that she would let him know whenever she made her selection ; but she forgot, or omitted purposely, to do this. She thus incurred his bitter dislike ; and whenever her duties compelled her to

PICTURESQUE LONDON.

attend at Court, which she did with some alarm, this gracious person always took care to whisper some ill-natured speech. She did not live to share her husband's honours, and now sleeps in the well-sanded vaults of the old Soho church.

Now taking flight across London to "the Marble Arch" and to the Queen's Road, we reach the old Bayswater burying-ground, where it is assumed that one of our great humorists lies buried. It is not, however, generally known that there are well-founded doubts as to whether Yorick's "dust" is to be found beneath his headstone, and whether the "mortal coil" he shuffled off in Bond Street has not been sacrilegiously transported away.

Sterne the *recherché*, the friend of wits and nobles in Paris as well as London, died on March 18, 1768, in mean lodgings, No. 41 Old Bond Street, a silk bag maker's. Mr. Loftie, however, believes that the house was No. 39B, now Messrs. Agnew's. The Shandean gave up the ghost piteously enough, abandoned by his family, and by a strange chance a footman, sent by a convivial party to inquire "how Mr. Sterne was," arrived almost exactly at the moment of dissolution, and saw him pass away. This person was one James Macdonald, "own man" to Mr. "Fish" (so nicknamed) Crauford, a person of fashion; and he has recorded this curious incident in his valet-memoirs.

Now, this departure of poor Yorick was disastrous enough. His whole career, indeed, was one of eccentric gambadoes on his hobby-horse; but he never reckoned that after his death yet another grimly grotesque chapter was to be added to his Shandy record. It was hard enough that so jocund a person should die so miserably—or, as he might have thought, die at all; and there was a hideous contrast between the crowd which the *viveur* was always secure of, and this sad desertion.

But the funeral was in keeping. It might have been expected that a Canon of York, one holding the curacy of Coxwold, would have had many mourners; but the English humorist was attended to the grave by—how many will it be supposed?—two mourners! One was Becket, who published the defunct's works; the other, old Sam Salt, one of Elia's Benchers, a Shandean in his way, though why he attended seems as mysterious as why the others stayed away. This humble *cortège* took its way to the old burying-ground near Tyburn, and there, on the west side, poor Yorick's remains were duly consigned to the earth.

More than a year passed away, when, in July, 1769, a strange report got into the papers: "It is rumoured that the body of Mr. Sterne, the ingenious author of *Tristram Shandy*, which was buried at Marylebone, has been taken up and anatomized by a surgeon at Oxford." This

must have astounded Hall-Stevenson and other jovial Shandean. It was likely enough to be true. The meanness of his burial, the beggarly account of mourners, was a plain hint to the resurrection-men that here was a subject not likely to be watched or inquired after. The remains were certainly "lifted" and disposed of, like the late Mr. Gamp's, "for the benefit of science."

Mr. Edmund Malone, who had much of his friend Boswell's taste for small gossip, tells us that he had heard that the body was sent to Cambridge, and sold to a surgeon there for dissection. He adds, that a friend of Sterne's, coming in during the operations, told him that he at once recognized the features. This was the last outrage that poor Yorick could have dreamed of—worse than what befell his own Slawkenbergius, or the sufferers by the famous Tagliacotian operation. Yet there seems little reason for doubting Malone's account.

There is a third version, which supplies even the name of the anatomist—one Mr. Charles Collignon, B.M. of Trinity, who died in 1785, and who on this occasion had invited some amateur anatomists to see him operate on "a subject" just received from London. After the recognition it was too late to suspend the dissection, which had nearly been completed. It is added that the friend of Mr. Sterne fainted away.

So far the tale seems supported. But there is a further bit of evidence, such as it is. In a copy of the *Sentimental Journey* the owner has written a curious note to the effect that "the Rev. Mr. Green told me that, being at Cambridge a short time after, he saw the skeleton, and had the story confirmed to him by the Professor himself." Yorick, therefore, besides suffering the original indignity, would seem to have been regularly anatomized or "articulated," according to the science of Mr. Venus. It might be worth inquiring whether any such skeleton is preserved in the Cambridge museums, private or public.

The ghastly story is further supported by the fact that at the time the rifling of graves was a regular practice, and the Tyburn burying-ground was a favourite *locale* for such depredations; so much so that only a few months before it had been guarded by watchers and a stout mastiff-dog. "This burial-ground," says Mr. Hutton, in his useful *Literary Landmarks*, "is situated between Albion and Stanhope Streets. Sterne's memorial, a high but plain flat stone, stands next the centre of the west wall, under a spreading, flourishing old tree, whose lower branches and leaves almost touch it." The explorer will find in the burying-ground a headstone and flourishing inscription set up by strangers—for the widow and daughter were left in extreme poverty, and had to be relieved by a subscription made on the York race-

course. Two Freemasons, signing themselves "W. and S." furnished this tribute:

NEAR THIS PLACE LIES THE BODY OF
THE REVEREND LAURENCE STERNE, A.M.

DIED SEPTEMBER 13, 1768,

Aged 53 years.

Ah ! molliter ossa quiescant.

If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,
Unstained worth and soul without a stain ;
If mental powers could ever justly claim
The well-known tribute of immortal fame,
Sterne was *the man* who with gigantic stride
Mowed down luxuriant follies far and wide, &c.

And they added at foot, that although he "did not live to be a member of their society, yet, as all his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square, they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages."

Nearly every portion of this effusion is inaccurate or untrue. His body did not lie there; he was fifty-seven, not fifty-three; he died in March, not September, and on the 18th, not on the 13th. His head was not "sound"; his worth *was* "sullied"; and acting "by rule and square" was about the last thing we would give our Shandean credit for. It will be noted that the words are "near this place," so that it does not mark the spot of interment.

Under these circumstances there would be a certain hollowness and uncertainty attending any form of memorial in this particular spot. On the other hand, it must be said that the existing stone—a wretched thing, with its wretched inscription—would not have been set up by the two Freemasons if such painful rumours were abroad. The very preparation of the stone would have occupied some weeks or months.

Many years ago the writer suggested that a memorial should be placed in York Minster, of which cathedral Sterne was prebendary. The Dean was favourable to the project, as also was his Grace of York. A few subscriptions were obtained, notably from the late Mr. Carlyle and Lord Houghton, but beyond this there was little encouragement. This project might now be revived, as there is a taste or craze for recording monuments. It may be added that Sterne's "Eliza" is entombed with all the honours in Bristol Cathedral, a "very elegant piece of statuary" (*vide* local guide books) marking the place. It says that in this lady "genius and benevolence were united." So they were in her less fortunate admirer, for whose cenotaph might be prepared a simple medallion on the minster wall, with the short inscription, "Alas, poor Yorick!"

CHAPTER IX.

PICCADILLY, BOND STREET, AND ALBERT GATE.

WONDERFUL changes have been made at Hyde Park Corner within a few years. Many have considered that this was one of the most effective architectural bits in London. For here was the great archway with the avenue beyond, while facing it was the elegant screen or colonnade, through which was seen the Park and the procession of carriages and promenaders. A dreadful and ungainly alteration has been made. A sort of unmeaning triangular slope has been cleared, the arch has been carted away and placed at an extraordinary and unmeaning angle. The space has been cut up in roadways, with triangular or rather mutton-chop-shaped "refuges," in one of which an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington has been set up. The bold irregularity of the whole—barbarous almost—causes a feeling of despair, for no amount of statues or decoration will cure the original radical defect. What must be lamented most is the injury to the beautiful open colonnade, designed by Mr. Decimus Burton to stand at the side of a street, and to be faced by other buildings. Now it looks too poor and mean to flank such a vast open *place*. Yet a little knowledge and care would have secured an effective arrangement. The arch should have been left where it was, even though it stood isolated. It was a monument. The mischief is now done, and seems irreparable.

Through the screen we can see among the trees the great bronze statue erected "by the ladies of England" in honour of the conqueror of Waterloo. Since the days of its being cast there has always been irreverent jesting at the expense of the particular "ladies of England" who had chosen to offer this nude figure as a token of their admiration. Mr. Croker, however, once, reviewing a Frenchman's account of a visit to London, thus vindicated the fair dames:—"Let it be known," he says, "that the ladies of England had nothing to do with the selection of this brazen image. Both are the work, as we believe, of a self-elected committee, in which we doubt whether there was a single lady; and the whole affair was got up, we have heard, by the artist and half a dozen *dilettanti*, who cared little about the ladies or

Wellington, or a triumphal monument, but were enraptured at the idea of erecting in London the copy of a statue which they had admired at Rome."

Close beside is the house of the "Iron Duke." A few "oldest inhabitants" will recall how remorselessly, after all his windows had been broken by the mob, he kept his iron shutters down until the day of his death, a span of five-and-twenty years, once pointing to them significantly when the crowd attended him home with flattering shouts. It was a fine rebuke.

Here we come to the Byron statue, a sort of schoolboy, in jacket and trousers, sitting on a triangular lump of metal, with a poorish dog. This is surely not the ideal of the noble poet. Instead of stopping with a reverential gaze and thinking of Childe Harold, we only wonder what this queer bit of pantomime signifies. The pedestal has been likened to "a cake of Pears' soap." It is the work of the once famous Belt, who obtained the commission from a committee of noblemen and gentlemen of taste. At the trial it was contended that one Verheyden had furnished the design, or the drawing of the design, and there was much fury of contention, cross-examination, etc., on this point. Those who wish to see what this Verheyden could do, may study the two graceful female figures over the door of the handsome New Water-colour Exhibition building in Piccadilly, and which were actually carved "*in situ*," as it is called—a difficult feat.

Towards Knightsbridge we note the two large mansions which flank the entrance to the Park. One of them, long left untenanted, obtained the sobriquet of Gibraltar, because "it was never taken." Here the once famous speculator Hudson lived, an extraordinary instance of financial reverse and romance. The story of "the Railway King," as he was called, illustrated the meanness of fashionable life, and there were many tales circulated of the flatteries and homage of great ladies. Forgotten now are the jests that used to circulate as to the sayings and doings of his spouse, whose extraordinary and original "derangement of epitaphs" were better even than those of her famous prototype. This millionaire's fall was as sudden and rapid as his rise. By a curious coincidence, one of the great houses close by in Grosvenor Place, the one built for the residence of the Marquis of Westminster, but never occupied by him, was tenanted during the French war by another gigantic speculator—Dr. Strousberg, also a Railway King—the crash of whose fall resounded through Europe. The Albert Gate Mansion is now the French Embassy.

These two large houses are associated with Lady Morgan in a pleasant way. When she came to live in William Street, about the time of the Coronation, Mr. Cubitt had just taken the Belgravian district in hand, but the road presented a very different aspect from what it does now. There was no entrance to the park here, nor was it needed, as no one wanted to enter,

save Lady Morgan herself—with her a good reason. There was the great Cannon Brewery, with a smoking chimney; public-houses, too, galore, as indeed there are now; such are true Tories, and never move or change. "I must have a new gate," she declared, "where the 'Fox and Bull' pothouse now stands. There is a rural air over the whole that is pretty. What I want is a gate where the old sewer tap now moulders, and flanks a ditch of filth and infection. A sort of little rustic bridge should be over it, which would not be without its picturesque effect." Lord Duncannon, of the "Woods and Forests," was appealed to, but declined to grant the favour, on the ground of the block at Hyde Park Corner—"It would not be desirable to establish another thoroughfare near it." What an amusing book could be written on the sapient reasons offered by public men for not undertaking schemes, commencing with Lord Palmerston's wise prophecy as to the Suez Canal!

More interesting is it still to pass on a little beyond to Albert Terrace, one of the most charming *locales* in London as to its rearward view, though the front is dusty and noisy, and perhaps disagreeable. But in the mornings you may look out on the park as on your own grounds. Here used to reside Charles Reade, the author of "Its Never Too Late to Mend," one of the men of genius of the day, though he once mystified his friends and others by the strange inscription along his garden wall—I well remember reading with astonishment the large letters on the parapet—"Naboth's Vineyard": a protest against the ground landlord, who coveted his tenement "hugely for the detriment thereof," and its re-creation in the shape of Belgravian terraces. Now one of those *monstre* ranges of building to hold innumerable tenants, and which are in such favour, is being erected. By-and-by the whole of the old-fashioned little terrace, with its pleasant gardens, will disappear.

Returning to the Corner, we pass Hamilton Place, recently—yet it seems long ago—a *cul de sac*, and no vulgar thoroughfare. What a contention was raised by the invaded fashionables when it was proposed to throw it open to general traffic! Now the waggons and cabs trundle through the sacred precinct, and one hardly credits the fact that it was so lately a gloomy and deserted inclosure. Here lived the old Chancellor Eldon, who, for so august a personage, was plagued in a most amusing way during the Queen's Trial. The Government had agreed to find her a town house in default of a palace, and her friends maliciously selected one in Hamilton Place, next door to the Chancellor. The horror and anguish of the old gentleman may be conceived, since the noble lady was always attended home by shouting mobs, and appeared at the windows while her friend, Alderman Wood, made speeches. He wrote to the Government to say that if this was allowed he would be driven from his house and his office at the same time. The Government gave directions accordingly; but the Queen's

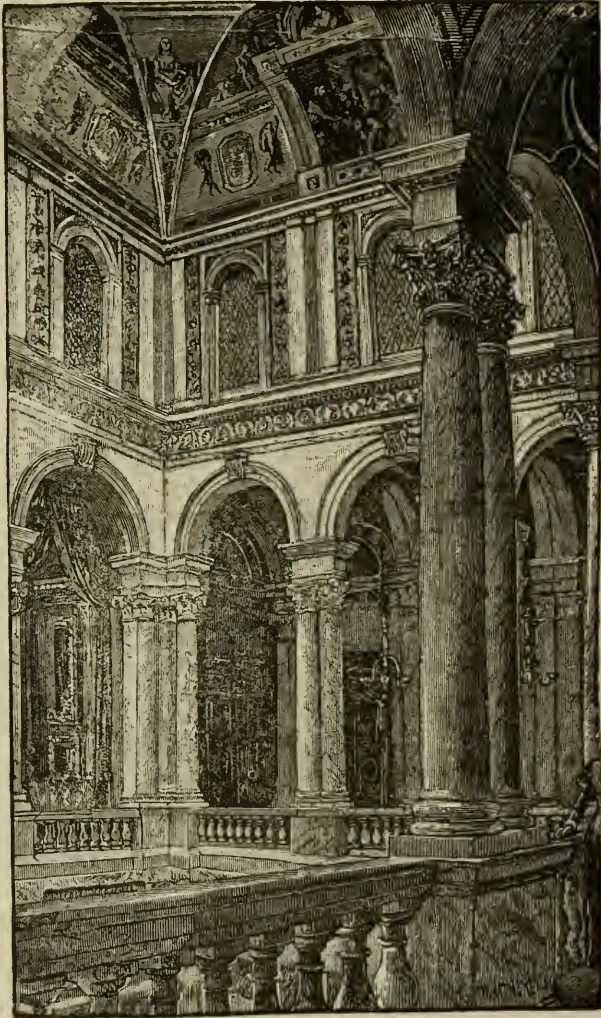
friends seemed to be bent on his annoyance, and proposed a subscription to purchase that house and no other. The poor Chancellor had actually to buy it, as the only way to save himself from persecution, though he was lucky enough to re-sell it again without loss.

It may be noted that there are some survivals in London which almost savour of feudal times. All may notice those "bars" which are maintained in certain districts, fashionable, or formerly fashionable, and which are kept strictly select, the guardians severely refusing passage to the heavily-laden waggon or market cart that desires to pass through; none of this class are admitted but have business in the inclosure. This is like one of the nobles' privileges on the eve of the French Revolution. More strange is it to find that on a certain day in the year His Grace of Bedford closes his "bars" altogether at Gordon Square, Gower Street, and other points of that district, and luggage-laden cabs, making for Euston and King's Cross, have to get round by circuitous roads as best they can. This is done to keep the right "alive," but it seems a monstrous thing. Once this private property has been turned into a public street, the privilege of private property should cease, as the inhabitants pay rates for the use of the road.*

A glimpse of Park Lane, of its strange fountain, is "a sorrow for ever," painful to the eye in spite of its Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, presided over by the flaming gilt female blowing hard at her trumpet. The last is the peccant part, and were she removed the three poets might look dignified and respectable. Of all ugly things in the metropolis, drinking fountains offer the largest variety. There our professors of deformity revel, and the more pretentious and costly the attempt, the greater hideousness is the result. The idea generally is to produce something imposing and architectural, a sort of temple or building, if possible—ridiculous when it is considered that a little cheap "squirt" of water, dribbling into a basin, is the entire aim and end. You have all the apparatus of a grand "fountain," only without the gush of water. There is a pretty marble boy's figure in St. James's Park, by Jackson, close to Queen Anne's Gate. For years, however, it has been

* Few are aware of the number of these mediæval obstructions, of which there are some 250 in London. "In most parishes there are two or three; in some the number reaches thirty or forty. The whole metropolitan area is dotted with them. There are nine in Marylebone; thirty in St. Pancras, principally on the Camden Estate and Crown property. St. George's, Hanover Square, has a dozen; St. Mary, Islington, twenty; St. Giles's, Camberwell, sixteen. There are four each in St. James and St. John, Clerkenwell, in Chelsea, and in Woolwich. Paddington has five; but the number increases, sometimes by leaps and bounds, until we reach such totals as 27 for Wandsworth, 28 for Lewisham, and 36 for Fulham. Poplar has only one, but it reconciles the deficiency to its self-respect by levying a toll. The privilege of shutting out vehicles is highly prized in some parts of St. Pancras, and highly paid for. It makes a substantial addition to the rent, and it constitutes a sort of permanent charge on the rates, in the form of payment on the original cost of the roads."

allowed to remain in a mutilated state, the nose having dropped off. There is another by Dalou, of yet more artistic pretension, behind the Royal Exchange in the City. It represents a fleshy woman, wrought in marble, who is busy with the old maternal office of suckling her child, oddly suggestive to



ACROSS THE HALL, DORCHESTER HOUSE.

the wayfarer who is slaking his thirst below. As one passes it, it recalls the facetious W. S. Gilbert's pathetic chorus in "Iolanthe":—

"Had that refreshment been denied
Then your Strephon must have died."

The ingenious artist, a refugee, I believe, in the Commune days, introduced the school of Carpeaux among us, but did not receive the full patronage

he merited. One of these most terrible combinations is that temple in the Sanctuary at Westminster—a mixture of mosaics, marble, and metal, ever grimy and slimy and squalid. There is, however, one artistic work, in Berkeley Square, well worthy the attention of amateurs. This, a graceful female figure, represented as pouring the water from a vase—the work of a well-known sculptor, Munro. But the statue is rather decayed, and what marble could stand our weather? By-and-by the features, fingers, etc., will drop away.

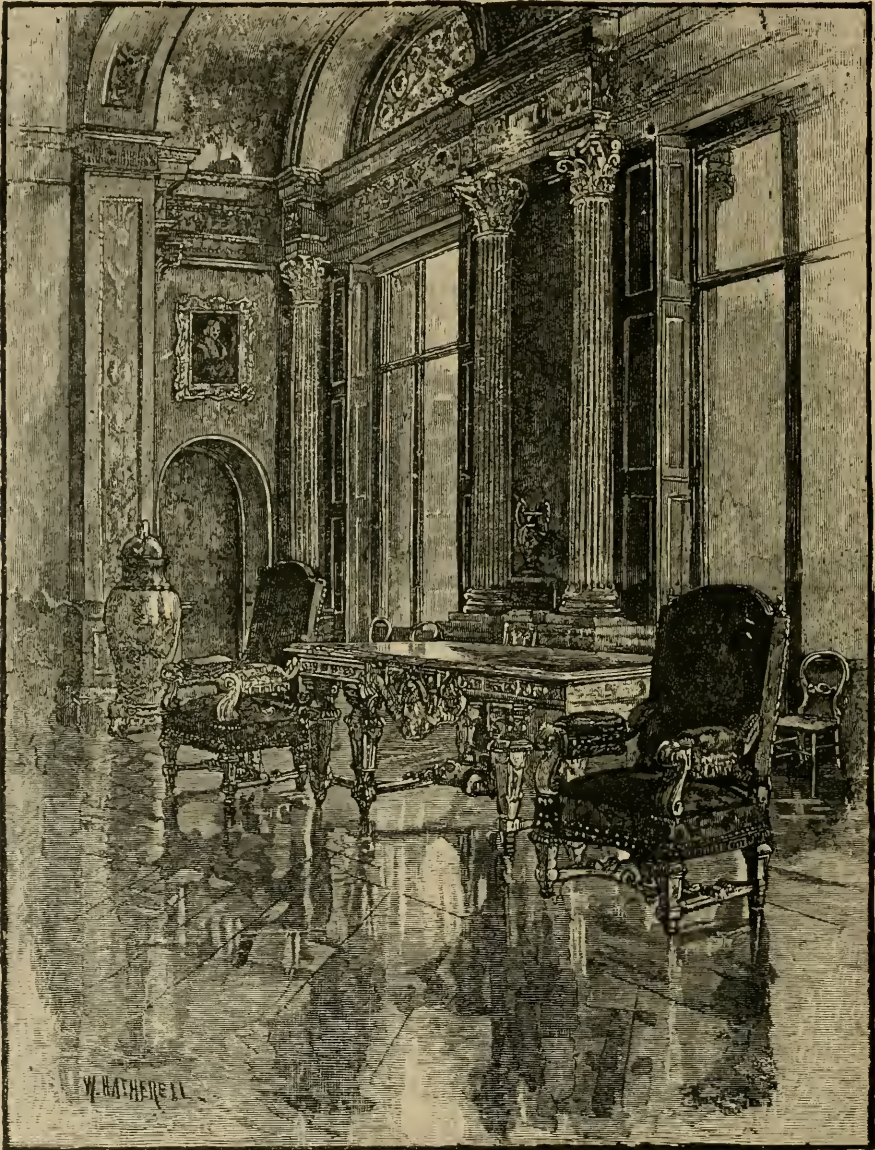
Park Lane, with its stately mansions and choice collection of noble owners, is a charming thoroughfare, and suggests, a little, portions of the Champs Elysées. The houses on the whole are poor and old-fashioned, ingeniously altered and shaped to modern use, with a ludicrous disproportion to the enormous sums paid for them, and which is in truth paid for the situation. It will be noticed what shifts are resorted to to gain room and make the most of the precious ground, the “areas,” as they may be called, being generally covered in and turned into kitchens, over which a garden is laid out. In foreign countries, palaces, or noblemen’s “hôtels,” would be reared on each site. Here is the Earl of Dudley’s bright, smiling mansion,* with a colonnade and verandahs, with those of the Marquis of Londonderry, the Duke of Westminster, and other grand seigneurs. An amusing work might be made, setting out the stories of these houses and their tenants, and no doubt there is at this moment some Greville or Raikes, busy putting down notes and anecdotes.

One of the finest and most architectural mansions in London is the Italian villa of Mr. Holford, Dorchester House, to be found here. This elegantly designed structure is favoured by its situation on a “tongue” of land, and is enriched internally by some splendid monumental chimney-pieces, the work of the accomplished but ill-fated Steevens, whose story we shall relate further on.

Returning into Piccadilly, a few doors from the Duke of Cambridge’s mansion, Gloucester House, we note a curious arrangement, a sort of landing in front of a doorway, with a green door, like that of a cupboard, on a level with the street. This was associated with “Old Q,” the famous old *roué*, the Duke of Queensberry, whose house it was. This disreputable person lived to a vast age, till he could not walk, when a machine was devised that let him down, Bath-chair and all, to the

* Of the wealth of the late Earl an incidental proof carelessly escaped on the occasion of the fire at Cortachy Castle, when it was stated that his lordship had brought sixty servants and some four or five thousand pounds’ worth of furniture for this summer excursion, just as an ordinary family would take a few articles to complete the furnishing of a house taken at the seaside! Further, it was mentioned that fifty sovereigns belonging to her ladyship were saved; they had been left on her table just as “the gentle reader” himself might leave some pence on the chimney-piece.

street; and this cupboard contained the apparatus.* Another arrangement was the keeping a servant mounted on a pony by the curbstone. At a signal



THE RED DRAWING ROOM, DORCHESTER HOUSE.

from "Old Q," when anyone passed that he wished to see and talk with, or wished to know more of, the menial cantered off in pursuit.

There are other houses hard by which illustrate curious mutations of

* But, as I write, this memorial is being removed, and the whole façade is being cased with stone.

life. Here, for instance, is a handsome mansion, built by Mr. Beresford Hope for his private residence, and from the designs of a French architect, one of the rare specimens in town. In time it passed from his hands, and is now the Junior Athenæum Club. Further on, an imposing stone mansion, crescent-shaped in its façade, and of classical character, was, I believe, built by the late "Marquis of Steyne"—or Hertford, rather—at, of course, great cost, and equally, of course, never inhabited by him. For thirty or forty years, I believe, it remained in this ghostly condition, until his strange, eccentric course came to a close, and more rational successors arrived. Passing on, we reach Cambridge House, once the mansion of the ever-popular Palmerston. There is something dignified, yet unpretending, in this house, not to say classical; it seems suited to a prime minister. Here were those parties and receptions, where the adroit hostess was supposed to have the art of cementing political ties. It is now a club, and enormous additions have been made on the ground behind. Few know that it was in this row that the Hamiltons and Lord Nelson lodged when they came to London, and where the hero's weakness was exhibited in most open and unbecoming manner, which has been good-naturedly glossed over by his countrymen.

The White Horse Cellar, a most interesting old place for its traditions, lingered on, bow windows and all, till a few years back. The revival of the old coaching days saved it. But now it has been fashioned into a new modern hotel. There is hardly a more exhilarating and original spectacle to be seen than occurs here in the full "swing" of the season, at the close of a summer's day, between six and seven o'clock. At this time gather elegants in glossy hats and frock-coats with waists, ebony sticks with silver knobs, like miniature "black rods;" together with wiry elderly gentlemen, like the curious water-colour portraits that used to be seen in Sams' old shop at the foot of St. James's Street. A few years ago "Sams" was swept away, with all his curious water-colour noblemen in tight trousers and strange hats, and a vast Dutch house has taken its place. The coach seers are all well shaven, and wear check cravats. Some stand on the steps, others on the *pavé*. Less aristocratic beings cluster there too, straws in the mouth, or emerge from the cellar below. Now the clock hand is within a quarter of an inch of the hour, and hark! the faint winding of a horn from the Knightsbridge direction, then another nearer, from the Strand side. The coaches are coming up true to their time—to a minute. There they are—the bright yellow, the dark, the grey panelled: the policeman puts back the traffic; up they roll, well laden; ladies bright and cheerful; the scarlet guard; the coachman confident and secure, and bringing up his team with exquisite nicety, as a river steamer captain puts his vessel alongside. What fine horses and fine harness! Coachman, copper-coloured by the sun and the dusty roads of Dorking, flings down

his reins and strides in, as if every second was precious, to keep some appointment in the office. The metal ladder is put up, the ladies assisted down. It has been a delicious day among the velvet greens of Dorking.*

The large detached building near St. James's Hall, erst the shop of Attenborough—name of good and evil omen to many—had become a haunt for exhibitions. The first was in the "old days," that is what time the wonderful Sarah brought over all her models and pictures, and with a pleasing, harmless vanity exhibited them. The scene of her first reception there comes back on us—the wiry creature leaning on her crutch stick, flanked by a certain lad, receiving the company. The curious specimen of the Parisian confidential man-servant—exactly like those on the stage—who took the tickets—was interesting in his way. He gave the idea that he knew secrets, and, better still, could be trusted with them. The motley nature of the crowds was also amusing; consisting of "swells," artists, press, all in a jumble. Not undramatic was the meeting of the tall German Ambassador and the diva. There was a theatrical trickiness in the show, though there were one or two works at the most that were of extraordinary merit—the Drowned Boy, and the heads of Girardin and Busnach.

On a balmy morning there is nothing more agreeable than a walk in the Green Park, and the happy mortals, or immortals, who own the houses that look into it—Salisburys, Ellesmeres, Spencers, *e tutti quanti*—may be envied as you walk. There are a few trees, and there are generally some lazy mortals seated on the green chairs under their shade, and perhaps sleeping. We look up at the house that seems all bow-window, and call up "old Rogers," who was there but yesterday, with his breakfasts, his exquisitely choice pictures, his epicurean tastes, his social life, which he may be said to have created, and his stories, which in his old age and decay he used to repeat in a strange formal way, and always in the same words.† After his death, when he was an enormous age, he was of course speedily forgotten; his treasures, more speedily still, were sold by auction, with his elegant house.

* Lately died Selby, the Liston-faced coachman, with his low-crowned hat, who drove to Brighton and back in the surprisingly short time of seven hours 51 minutes, for a wager. His funeral was an extraordinary spectacle, followed by more than a score of coaches, laden with wreaths, and driven by "the fancy." This recalls the interment of "Tom Moody."

† Mr. Dickens used to relate how, at one of his last dinners when in this senile state, the servant, who had the whole *répertoire* by heart, would suggest and prompt. "Tell the gentlemen, sir, about Mr. Selwyn and the Duke of Queensberry, sir," etc., on which the old man, set a-going like some musical-box, would start off on his narrative. He was a sad spectacle.

Nose and chin to shame a knocker,
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker.

One of the best stories told to us by Mr. Dickens in a railway carriage—unpublished, too—we

Nothing more piteous can be conceived than the closing years of a veteran breakfast giver. Crabb Robinson describes his final efforts in this line with a sort of dismal but doubting satisfaction. The rôle of professional breakfast and dinner giver—*i.e.*, of one who wishes to have a reputation for these things—must be an unsatisfactory one, and bring but poor return. It is ever recurring, and the thing has to be done over again; for, alas! nothing is so true as that *the stomach has no memory*.

We may glance up Bond Street, the Rue de la Paix of London, at the house occupied by Messrs. Agnew. Bond Street is specially devoted to the craze for picture exhibitions, where there are a half-dozen, including the Grosvenor and Doré Galleries. The portico of the Grosvenor Gallery was originally that of some palace in Italy, and is admired for its elegance. It was purchased by the owner, and set up here. In the South Kensington Museum is the screen and balcony of a church, a beautiful work, which had been torn down and condemned, and was rescued in the same manner. Here is found the home of the Fine Art Society; and above, Goupil's, a model of elegance. Note the bronze decorations of the era and the rich tone of the interior. In Bond Street, too, is Long's Hotel, lately rebuilt, an historic house, celebrated in fashion and fiction. There is an old novel called "Six Weeks at Long's," and it is probably the scene of the fight between Nickleby and Sir Mulberry Hawk. Opposite, where a number of new shops stand, used to be the Clarendon, a fashionable dining place forty years ago.

At the corner of Grafton Street stands a big house, unpretending and old-fashioned. Here, at "No. 22A," resides Henry Irving, the favourite and fashionable tragedian. His rooms are rich and luxurious, as becomes so conspicuous a person. In Bond Street we find the agents who enabled the impoverished aristocrat to enjoy the pleasures of the theatre, for here has flourished time out of mind the great "Mitchell." The annals of the Mitchell House might be about as interesting as those of the Christies. It was Mitchell who introduced the French plays, and engaged the famous Ballerinas. His shop even to this hour preserves the old tradition, and the windows are filled with the graceful lithographs, after Chalon and D'Orsay, of Mario, Grisi, Cerito, Taglioni, together with little plastic figures of Tamburini, Paganini, and other artists. It is enough to look at one of the *figurantes* to

must repeat; but the voice cannot be supplied: it was that of Justice Stareleigh, as given at the "readings," very slow and unceral:—

"The Honour-able Augustus Stanhope, one of the most fashionable bloods of his day, fell in love with the lovely Miss Beauclerk, who did not re-turn his passion. He bribed her maid to secrete him in her cheea—ruber. When she came up to attire herself for a ball, he emerged from his concealment. She looked at him fixedly. 'Why don't you began?' she asked, after a pause. She took him for the 'airdresser!'"

see what an exquisite art dancing was in these old exploded days. It was then literally the poetry of motion. There is now motion enough, but no poetry. The ghosts of these personages must haunt this place. There are still on sale here that curious series of likenesses of his contemporaries executed by D'Orsay, a vast number. They are clever, but amateurish, and not such rigid, literal likenesses as the photographers have accustomed us to.

Returning to Piccadilly we pass into the regions that branch away, Duke Street, Bury Street, King Street, and the rest, and enter Bachelor Land, where every old house has been furbished up, and made to take the shape of apartments for gentlemen. The class of persons who lodge here are notoriously *exigeant*—old gentlemen coming to town to enjoy themselves, and requiring all their comforts to precede them. Apartment letting here, therefore, becomes almost scientific, and would astonish the rude operators elsewhere. The retired butler and retired lady's maid, who have joined their fortunes, "work like horses." The grandfather of Brummel, the dandy, was a retired servant of Lord Liverpool's, and kept one of these lodging houses in Bury Street.

Here, in King Street, is Christie's—which has been, however, more disastrous than Crockford's to many an artistic gull. Never can be forgotten the ridiculous displays at one or two of the famous picture sales five or six years ago. Within the last twenty years there have been great days at "Christie's," when on the "view" days the streets were blocked with carriages, and the *dilettanti*, in a sort of mad fervour, gaped, and raved, and bid for works whose value is now admitted to be about a quarter of what was then paid. Not to be forgotten was the spectacle and pressure of the perspiring, enthusiastic, and ignorant dowager, with her daughters, pushing her way round and staring at the works; and the grave, subdued excitement of the courteous administrators of the place, who felt how much was at stake. There were other field days, when the noble Dudley contended for the great Sèvres jars and won them at ten thousand guineas. It would also be a history of human folly, and infatuation of cracked amateurs, who nibbled away their fortune, in confidence of their own precious judgment, when all they bought was to "fetch double hereafter."

This rather grimed waste of brick wall on the south side of King Street is "Willis's Rooms," familiar enough; but it is not so well known that here used to be held the old "Almack's" balls. They were instituted a full century ago as gambling and dancing rooms. There is a pleasant old-fashioned flavour in the term "The Rooms," and there are "the Rooms" still at Bath, and at York. These are of a pleasing rococo pattern, rich and florid, and the design is of the good old spacious school, now extinct. "Willis's Rooms" is the sole survival of such things in London. Some

years ago we had the Hanover Square Rooms, of the same kind, long since converted into a club. The rooms in King Street are enriched with florid old stucco, but it has been coloured, to suit the tastes of the day, with execrable feeling. Almack was originally one MacCall, a Scot, who came to "Town," and thinking his name somewhat too provincial, reversed the syllables. Close by is the St. James's Theatre, built by Braham, and where, till the hour of her death, his daughter, Lady Waldegrave, had her box. This pretty house has since been enlarged after the modern fashion, and a balcony added; and the observer may note that the ceiling and the portion of the auditorium nearest the stage, with the panelling of the boxes, belongs to the old theatre.

Hard by is the picturesquely-placed old Palace of St. James's, which, however, has been sorely maimed by later improvements; witness the "skimpy" colonnade in its court. The really effective bit is the old-fashioned gateway, with its towers of fine, rubicund brick, hard as stone, as ripe in colour and crusted as old port. It is a welcome, familiar object, well proportioned, with a Dutch quaintness and effect in its belfry. How pleasant and satisfactory it is may be conceived by simply imagining it away from the bottom of St. James's Street. Some fifty years ago it was suggested to George IV., by his Minister, that the whole Palace should be sold, and pulled down, to supply resources for building ugly Buckingham Palace! Mr. Whistler has noted the gaiety of the scene, and has done an etching of the lively, cheerful view. Every passer-by avails himself of the services of the pleasant, cheerful clock, and its agreeable unpretending chimes. Our old friend the tower is all for practical use, his cupola sheltering the bells, his gate for passage, his dial for telling time. And what a right well-proportioned, conspicuous dial it is! It is seen at once that the building was intended for it, and it for the building, whereas in numberless so-called clock towers the clock face seems to have been merely "stuck on" as an after-thought, or a hole made in which a dial was inserted. There is art in so simple a thing as this.

Few undertakings have been more ridiculed or sneered at than the quarter of Regent Street which was for a time one of the boldest and most daring schemes in the way of building that could be conceived. It has always been the fashion to speak of the plaster palaces, and the pretence of the architecture, but there can be no doubt that Waterloo Place, the Quadrant, and the houses of Regent Street are the most effective and gayest portions of London. The general design is admirable, and the Quadrant is particularly graceful and original. Waterloo Place and the terrace and steps leading into the Park are picturesque and foreign. Even the Insurance Office, with its piazza, closing the vista afar off, could not be spared. The two blocks on each side passing Carlton House Terrace are singularly effective. The

conception had a perfect airiness and magnificence; and we may be certain forms the ideal of London for persons at a distance. It is curious to think that within living memory there was a stately palace standing where the terraces now are—the well-known Carlton House, which displayed an open colonnade somewhat of the pattern of the Duke of Westminster's house in Grosvenor Street. The problem set to the architect, Nash, was to make an attractive thoroughfare up to Portland Place, and thus join the new Regent's Park with the Green Park. The Quadrant within living memory was far



STATUE OF SIDNEY HERBERT, BY FOLEY.

more imposing than it is now, owing to the lofty colonnade which ran in front of the shops. This, however, was found to interfere with trade and public order; it was accordingly removed: the line of the parapet may be still followed along the walls.* The cost of this important work was very little,

* It was in December, 1848, that the Quadrant colonnade, "one of the most elegant architectural features of the Metropolis," and certainly an effective addition to the pretentious glories of Regent Street, was removed. There were, however, sound utilitarian reasons for the step; the colonnade being the resort and shelter of disorderly characters at night. Each of the columns, it was stated by the auctioneer, who sold them in lots, weighed 35 cwt., and had cost £35 to put up. There were 270 in all, and 144 realized about £1,000. These now form unsuspected portions of other buildings in various parts of the country.

scarcely a million and a half, which included all charges, purchase of ground, and goodwill, and the return in annual rentals was put at about thirty-five thousand pounds, which at three per cent. was a fair investment for so important a scheme. For his own residence the architect designed the old Gallery of Illustration, with its courtyard in front, which contained a long, well-designed gallery at the back, still to be seen, intended for the display of architectural objects. It is now a Club. The variety of patterns displayed in Regent Street does credit to the imagination of the designers ; and the curious in styles will have no difficulty in identifying some houses that are the work of Sir John Soane, and which exhibit his special oddities. The impetuous Pugin used to describe the whole as "a nest of monstrosities."

CHAPTER X.

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

IN no part of London is there felt such a mixture of sensations as when we enter Lincoln's Inn Fields. There is a tone of old-fashioned repose mixed with quaintness, and a "large air of neglect" too. There are ancient houses enough and decayed chambers. The Square itself has a certain pleasant old fashion, and is not trimmed up as are the modern ones. It is rather an old garden run to seed. There is a tradition that it is the exact area of the base of one of the Pyramids; but this has been found by measurement not to be exact. I never pass the side of the Fields that faces the Inn without examining with a deep interest the range of mansions that line it, once inhabited by personages of state and quality, now by clerks. These are of an architectural and stately pattern, and though altered, cut up, subdivided, and otherwise disfigured, can, by a little exercise of the imagination, be readily restored to their former state.

The large bare and gaunt structure in Sardinia Street is the old Embassy Chapel, which dates from the seventeenth century, and the sanctuary portion of which is held to be the work of Inigo Jones. Its large vaulted ceiling is certainly in his manner, and suggests the arcades at Covent Garden. The faded old gilding and foreign decorations of the interior, the painted pillars and capitals, and the curious tiers of galleries, like the stern of a Spanish argosy, are interesting; and we call up the turbulent nights of the Gordon Riots, when it was sacked and set on fire. In one of the houses opposite Franklin lodged, with a pious Catholic widow, when he was pursuing his trade as a humble printer. The side of the Fields adjoining the chapel has a particular interest from the stately houses before alluded to. We may note the large, well-carved roses and fleur-de-lys which ornament them, and Inigo's favourite type of stone pilasters and capitals on a brick ground. The finest and most picturesque old house to be seen in London, close by, in Great Queen Street, is also his work, and almost as he left it. The roof and the enriched capitals and bold cornices are very striking; but the lower portion has long been a shop, which makes the whole look insecure. At the corner of this

street, and looking into the Fields, is the great mansion of the notorious and intriguing old Duke of Newcastle, with its courtyard in front and sweeping flight of steps—a very striking pile, with its fine stairs and stately and spacious apartments, now devoted to offices. A few doors lower down we are arrested by a large open paved courtyard, with two enormous piers capped by gigantic vases of the most massive and florid kind. Here there now appear to be two houses ; but a second glance shows us that this is another imposing mansion, with a handsomely designed front, which the moderns have cut up into two : it was, in fact, the residence of the Lindseys, Earls and Dukes of Ancaster. Another mansion of theirs, even larger, is still to be seen on the Chelsea Embankment, close to Battersea Bridge. Often from familiarity we overlook much that is interesting ; but this house in Lincoln's Inn Fields proclaims its ancient significance in a striking way. Next to it is a granite mansion of the Lord Burlington era, with an elegant and original semicircular portico, also divided into two houses.

There is a house here which has associations connected with Charles Dickens, interesting and even romantic. This was the residence of John Forster, so well described by Charles Dickens in his will as “my *trusty* friend.” The happy propriety of this word will not be questioned by any one who knew John Forster well. I have many a letter of his before me, addressed from this handsome residence from 1855 to 1860, the palmy days when he and his friend were full of ardour and of plans, in the “full swing,” as it is called, of success and reputation. This house, No. 58, may be known by its handsome exterior and architectural portico. Here, surrounded by his well-selected books, were gathered the most celebrated *littérateurs* of the day, and notably the bright and amiable “Boz.” It was in 1844 that, hurrying home from Switzerland, he fixed a particular night at these chambers for the reading of the “Chimes.” This came round on a Monday, December 2nd, when a number of his friends were assembled to hear the charming little story read aloud by its gifted author, of which Mr. Forster writes in the *Life*, “No detail remains in my memory, and all are now dead who were present at it, excepting only Mr. Carlyle and myself.” These words were written in 1873—but very soon Mr. Carlyle followed, and after Carlyle the amiable writer himself.

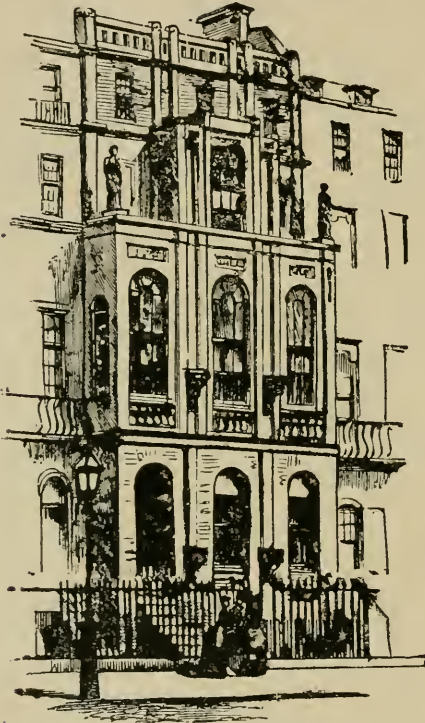
Maclise sketched the scene, brilliant in its pencil outlines, every stroke full of character, and the whole pervaded by a gentle humour. “It will tell the reader all he can wish to know. He will see of whom the party consisted, and may be assured, with allowance for a touch of caricature, to which I may claim to be considered myself as the chief victim, that in the grave attention of Carlyle, the eager interest of Stanfield and Maclise, the keen look of poor Laman Blanchard, Fox's rapt solemnity, Jerrold's skyward gaze, the tears of Harness and Dyce, the characteristic points of the scene are sufficiently

rendered." Thus wrote Forster of the scene. Nothing, too, is more gracefully romantic than the figure of the inspired young author reading his work, a slight "halo" round his head; and though the "trusty" owner of the rooms makes good-natured protest against the mode in which he has been dealt with, it is impossible not to recognise the likeness.

John Forster was the last of the cultured, refined school of literary men, well trained by a rigorous course in all the schools—journalism, politics, biography, theatrical and artistic criticism. No man had a nicer taste in all matters of art. His judgment of a player, a poem, a book, a picture, was

ever excellent, fortified by judicious remark and reasons that were a ready instruction. Most of all, he was one of the heartiest appreciators of *humour*, and of a good thing. I shall not forget, as a choice entertainment, how he one night read aloud to a small circle, Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, with such fine elocution and excellent dramatic power, principally bringing out the Kitely passages, which he himself had performed on some famous occasions. It was simply masterly. This same spirit directed him in the qualification of his taste for pictures, rare MSS., bindings, books, sketches, and the like.

On the opposite side of the Fields is the strange Soane Collection, given to the public under



SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM.

eccentric conditions, which seem contrived to discourage all access. Capriciously selected days, during certain months of the year, as capriciously selected, ensure that no one, without inquiry or trouble, can ascertain the proper time for a visit. Not more than ~~twenty~~ persons are to be admitted at a time, and none at all on rainy days. Such are, or at least were, the testator's rules.

Through this museum and the strange crowded miscellany which is packed into it, one must always wander with mixed feelings of astonishment, puzzle, amusement, pity, bewilderment and admiration. At times we might be looking at the choicest cabinets of a dainty collection, so elegant and precious are the things collected; at another, at the heterogeneous gathering

found in a marine dealer's shop. This is the secret of the extraordinary feeling as we go from room to room. It is a museum in a private house. Every inch of space, every corner, every bit of wall is literally "stuck over" with scraps and odds and ends of sculpture and fragments. All seem to have been as fish to the owner's net. Medals, coins, casts, drawings, engravings, models in cork and in wood, books, paintings, broken bits of sculpture, stained glass, sarcophagi, "cinerary urns," bronzes, gems, Etruscan vases, MSS., busts, with a hundred oddities, are all gathered into the heterogeneous mass. This variety is what gives the collection its charm, everything is so conveniently placed under the eye: a contrast to the *ennui* of wandering through vast halls, as we have to do in great public museums, where you *stare* but do not look; while there is such an air of snugness, that the whole has a charm of its own, not to say fascination. You walk through a private house. Some of the pictures have the highest merit, such as Hogarth's fine series of the "Election," which are interesting as having been in the possession of Garrick, and purchased at Mrs. Garrick's sale in 1823 for 1,650 guineas—a great price then. There are fine Canalettis and Turners, and many pleasing pictures by inferior artists. Of course the great attraction is the famous Belzoni sarcophagus, purchased for £2,000.

But with all these evidences of good taste there is an extraordinary mixture of fantastic, if not eccentric, things, which seems incredible in a man thus cultivated. Thus, on the basement floor there is a sort of theatrical or Vauxhall imitation of a monk's cell, contrived by some arrangement of old stones and tawdry stained glass, of the yellow tint which was in high fashion for hall lamps and greenhouses forty or fifty years ago, and so delighted was the owner with his contrivance that he thus expatiated on the result:—

"Returning from the oratory, you proceed to the *Parloir* (as he calls it) of Padre Giovanni. The scriptural subjects represented on glass are suited to the destination of the place, and increase its sombre characters. The other works of intellectual and highly-gifted talent, combined with the statues, etc., *impress the spectator with reverence for the monk*. From Padre Giovanni's room the ruins of a monastery arrest the attention. The interest created in the mind of the spectator on visiting the abode of this monk will not be weakened *by wandering among the ruins of this once noble monastery*. The tomb of the monk, *composed from the remains of an old ornament, adds to the gloomy scenery of this hallowed place*. The pavement, *composed of the tops and bottoms of broken bottles found among the gravel dug out for the foundation of the monastery, furnishes an admirable lesson of simplicity and economy, and shows the unremitting assiduity of the pious monk*. The stone structure at the head of the monk's grave *contains the remains of Fanny, the favoured companion, the delight, the solace of his leisure hours, whose portrait, painted by James Ward, R.A., may be seen in the breakfast-room*." All

which nonsense about "*Parloirs*" and Padre Giovanni and his faithful dog can only cause a smile.

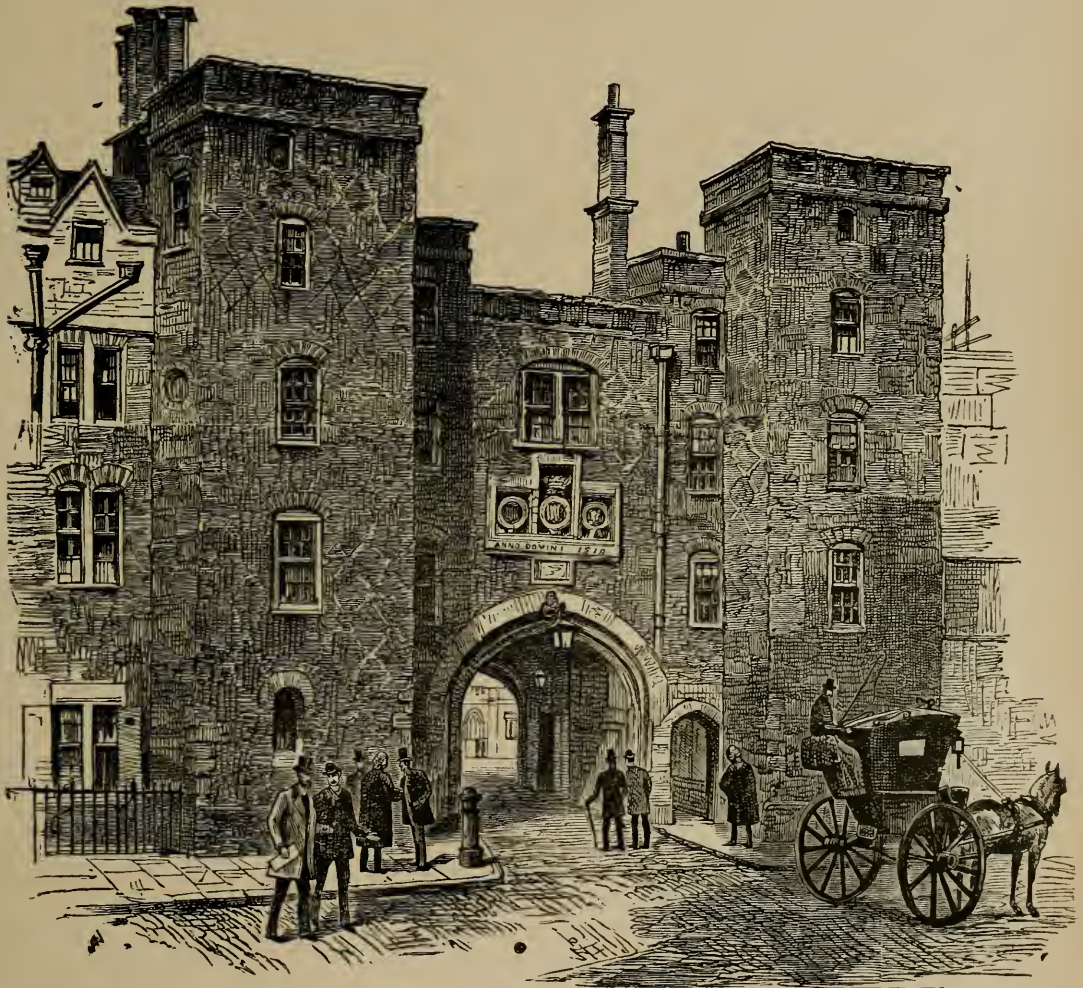
Leaving the "ruins," turn we now, as the old guide book would put it, to the "monument court": "in the centre is an architectural *Pasticcio*, of about thirty feet high, composed of an extraordinary miscellaneous jumble, the pedestal upon which the cast of the Belvedere Apollo was placed, a marble capital of Hindoo architecture, a capital in stone like that at Tivoli, and another of a Gothic sort. These are surmounted by various architectural groups placed one upon the other, *and the whole is terminated by a pineapple.*"

This small, cramped, and inconvenient tenement is worth considering as a curiosity from the ingenuity with which the owner has contrived to make the most of his space and materials. One room has no less than seven doors, one communicating with the vestibule, the other with the front room, whilst that on each side of the fireplace opens into a small book cabinet lighted from above; these latter most happily contrived. The Picture Cabinet gives a happy effect to a vista from the gallery; one critic says "it is perfectly fascinating in its result."

Passing into the inclosure of the old Inn adjoining, we cannot but admire the "elderly repose," (Eli's phrase), the old-fashioned air of the green, and the fine sound old houses over which the great tower of the Law Courts lifts itself. The line of houses that look on the small square—like an old-fashioned garden—have a pleasing air of tranquillity. A sort of low booth or shop projects here with odd effect, and serves as the headquarters of a volunteer corps. Turning by it into a narrow passage, we find ourselves in a little retired inclosure, with a tiny walled garden which belongs to an old sequestered house; and, going on further, we find some decrepit gabled mansions peering down at us; and beyond, some gloomy passages leading out into Chancery Lane, lined with finely-crustad mansions, the back of the old Inn, while an ancient tavern, the Old Ship, rears itself conspicuously. All this miscellany is oddly antique, and Dickens like.

At the other end of the Fields the unclean disorderly passages about Clare Market still "flourish"—if that term be appropriate. Here are two extraordinary old taverns: one black with age, its upper stories overhanging the pavement and propped up with rude beams of old wood serving a columns. This is the Old "George IV." The other is "The Black Jack, whose name is significant evidence of its antiquity. One or other of the taverns is associated with the immortal Pickwick, and is presumed to be the Ragpie and Stump, where Lowten, Perker's clerk, spent many convivial hours. These grimed old places are quite in harmony with the traditions of Jack Keppard and Joe Miller, which haunt them. Both will soon be gone. In Chancery Lane, almost facing Carey Street, is an arch, through which we get a glimpse of the old Rolls Chapel, which seems a ghostly place and abandoned.

Lincoln's Inn itself is an attractive building enough. The old heavy brick gateway, grimed and encrusted with the dirt of centuries, has an air of impressive gloominess. All the old buildings adjoining it on one side have been levelled and replaced by these Elizabethan gabled structures. The venerable gate itself is now menaced, it is said, by Lord Grimthorpe, and indeed, but for protests, would have been improved away. There is no



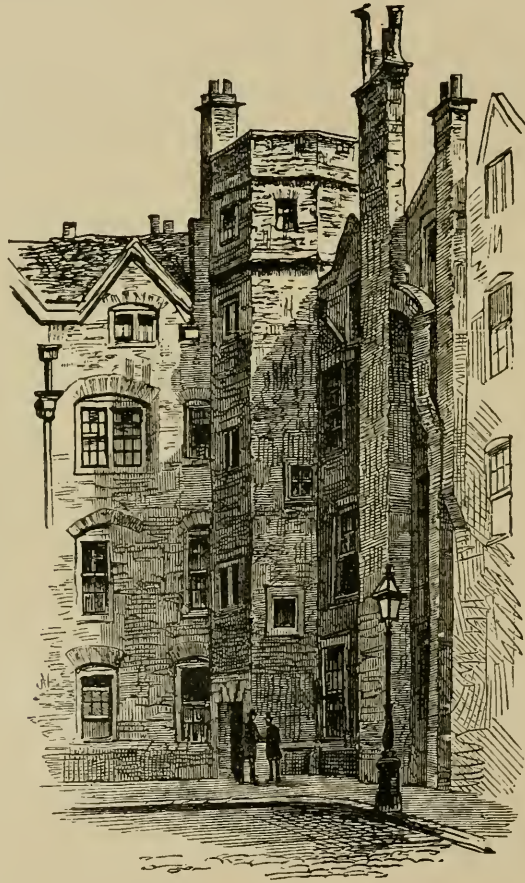
OLD GATEWAY, LINCOLN'S INN.

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reason, however, why it should not be restored. A consummation to be wished is, that some modified system of restoration could be introduced, that is, by introducing new bits here and there where there is weakness. But no—the work must be thorough, and from the ground.

The old, interior court of Lincoln's Inn, daily traversed by hundreds of incurious clerks, is charming from the delicately-designed corner towers the

little windows perched up and down, the pleasing irregularity, and general rusted tones of the old brick. Even the modern hall which faces the gate has a quaint and becoming air of old fashion, and is in keeping. But the plaster should be stripped away and the brick revealed. Close by, on the right, is the characteristic chapel, which rise so curiously on its arches, with fan-work of Inigo's design, while beyond we have glimpses of the trees and sward of the "fayre gardens." The new modern chambers are in an excellent Elizabethan style, and, through the obliging aid of London smut,



A CORNER IN LINCOLN'S INN.

already begin to harmonize with the rest; and though the stately "Stone Buildings" close by are of quite a different style and pattern, the mixture is not unpleasing. In half a century or so the whole mass will have been well blended together. The effect is extraordinary when one suddenly turns out of the narrow, crowded, noisy Chancery Lane, with its lines of omnibuses, cabs and carts, into this college-like seclusion, where scarcely a sound can be heard.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD INNS—CLIFFORD'S, STAPLE, BARNARD'S, ETC.

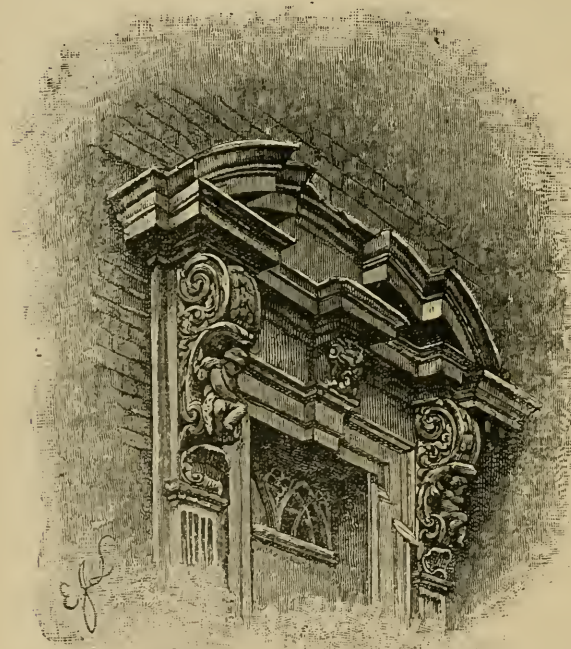
AS we turn from the bustle and hurly-burly of Fleet Street, hard by St. Dunstan's—an effective modern church—we see a retired alley, leading by a curious little archway into Clifford's Inn. It is difficult to conceive the sudden surprise as we find ourselves in this forlorn inclosure. It might be a fragment of some decayed country town, or of some of those left-behind corners we come upon in an old Dutch or Flemish hamlet. Here are a few ragged, blighted trees, a little railed-in square without grass, inexpressibly unkempt, like a disused burial-ground, on which blink sadly the ancient crusted mansions surrounding the old "Chambers." Behind us, and next the low entrance, is a sad-looking dining-hall—a small, steep-roofed little building that might hold a score of diners. Above it is the usual pert little lantern-clock. No doubt in the last century the Dutch tradition of such things survived. Its two or three blackened, well-grimed windows have a shining metallic look, and there are shadowy outlines and leadings which betoken armorial work and stained-glass emblems. Here are old, tattered, yet still serviceable houses, encrusted together, as it were, and toned into a deep copper colour; their tiled roofs are sinuous, with eaves shaggy as old eyebrows; while above is a picturesque form of dormer windows which suggest Nuremberg, coupled, half a dozen windows in a row together, under a low, tiled roof. Thus is there roof upon roof. The mellow gloomy tone of the whole is quite "Walkerish," and would have pleased the lamented artist. In a corner are other retired white-plastered houses. The general solitude is rarely disturbed, save by some hurried messenger or man of business taking a fancied short cut from Chancery Lane to Fleet Street; the tailor, with his forlorn book of patterns displayed, seems little disturbed by customers. The Inn, however, is still inhabited, and the names of tenants are displayed at the doors. They look down into the forsaken and grassless "square"—so called—whose shaky gate of twisted iron excludes trespassers. The old Inn has remained in this precarious state for some years. The "Antients" have not found the way to sell their property—as they deem it..

Some morning, however, the new clean hoarding will be found set up, and the "housebreakers" with their picks will be seen at their work. A Naboth's Vineyard of this sort is a perpetual challenge to ingenuity to surmount all impediments.

Clement's Inn is close by, just beside the Law Courts. The gardens of both touch each other, separated only by a railing, and have something of the air of the Temple Gardens in miniature. A little quaint, well-designed Queen Anne villa, as it might be called, juts into the centre, and seems a residence that might be coveted. A well-known dramatic critic lived with his family for some years in the inclosure, and has described to us the delightful sensation of looking out on this agreeable plaisance, where his children played, quite with the feeling that these were his own grounds: while close outside were Wych Street and the busy Strand. It is not

surprising that the old Inn, with its close-like retirement, should have been affected by literary men and others of tranquil pursuits. It was in one of these places that the late Mr. Chenery lived in solitude, editing the *Times* from his modest chambers; and it was here, too, that he was seized with his last illness, and died, it was said, with but little attendance.

Even after the wholesale clearance for the Law Courts, when an incredible number of streets and houses were swept away, there lingered, till last year almost, a number of tortuous alleys and passages; and urchins lay in wait to guide or direct the wayfarer who wished



OLD DOORWAY, 24, CARRY STREET.

to gain *Clare Market* or *Drury Lane*. Here were some extraordinary houses, which "doddered" on, crutched up by stays and props; and a beautiful carved doorway, with garlands and a Cupid on each side as supporters, was lately to be seen here; but it was soon torn away—probably to be sold in *Wardour Street*. It was sketched by an artist, who set up his easel in presence of an admiring crowd, and engraved to illustrate the writer's account of the place. The old hall of *Clement's Inn* has, fortunately, been preserved—a bright,

cheerful structure of red brick, compact and well balanced, with its tall, florid, and elaborately-adorned doorway at the top of a flight of steps. It has fallen into the hands of a printing firm, who have added on a piece at one end. Still, even as it stands, it is pleasant to see it, and it lends a gaiety to the inclosure. In the grass-garden used to stand the old sundial, supported by a bronze negro, which one morning, on the dissolution of the Inn, disappeared. There was a general clamour at the loss of the old favourite.

The dissolution of Clement's Inn was one of those greedy acts of spoliation which seem almost incredible, but which have often occurred. It would appear now that the members of these bodies have some right to sell and divide among themselves the property of which they are virtually only trustees. A more amazing proposition could not be conceived. Some years since we read in a morning paper this "Bitter cry":—"As I was passing through Clement's Inn this morning I was astonished to see the negro sundial that has stood, or rather knelt, in the centre of the garden for over a century and a half, dismounted from its pedestal and lying ignominiously on its back on the grass. What had this 'poor sable son of woe' done to deserve such treatment? I found there had recently been a private auction amongst the members of the Honourable Society of the Inn, and that this well-known statue had been knocked down for £20 to one of the members, and that having been disposed of, the Inn itself, the pictures, plate, and other effects were now following in its wake. Surely Lord Clare, who brought this figure from Italy early in the year 1700, and presented it to the Inn, little contemplated its ultimately falling into the hands of a private individual." This negro is well modelled and effective in his attitude, and it is pleasant to find that he has been restored, not to his original position, but to a good place on that agreeable *plaisance*, the gardens of the Temple, close to the river, and through the railings the passer-by can see the negro renewed and polished, still supporting his sundial.

In Wych Street, where Theodore Hook declared he was always regularly blocked up by a Lord Mayor's coach at one end and a hearse or market-cart at the other, we find the entrances to two other Inns, Dane's and New Inn—now "pretty old," as Elia said of the New River. Dane's deserves little attention, as it is a simple lane, lined with modern houses, somewhat of the Peabody type; the well-shuttered windows of New Inn, ranged along one side of Wych Street, suggest the long files of jalousied windows in some retired street in Calais or other French town. To visit the place on some dark evening, and with the lights twinkling from the windows, recalls this foreign air more strikingly. Enter, and it seems the inclosure of some tranquil old college. On the right there is a shadowed recess surrounded by old houses, from which projects the sound and solid

old dining-hall, with its bold cornices and square windows, now lit up. Beside it are enclosed gardens and lawns. There is plenty of open area, plenty of breathing-room and apparent tranquillity: scattered lights are



GATEWAY, STAPLE INN

seen here and there: there is a general romantic and peaceful tone over the whole.

Yet more interesting and original is a visit to Staple Inn, into which we enter from Chancery Lane, meandering through it into Holborn. The variety and incongruity of the place is singularly piquant. There is the

florid gateway, in modern but good taste, from which we descend by a flight of broad steps. The old Hall is garnished with two lanterns, one square and glazed, the other circular; with a quaint door at the side, over which is the usual sensible clock. There is another square beyond, on which the other side of the Hall displays itself; and thence we pass through a low, old-fashioned arch out into roaring Holborn. It seems almost dreamlike. This arch, with its ponderous wooden gates, is sunk in one of the well-known picturesquely-framed houses which front Gray's Inn Lane or Road. They overhang the street in satisfactory style, and "hold their own," as it is called, with Rouen. These have been restored and put in sound condition by the Prudential Assurance Company who purchased the Inn, and who it was expected would "develop the property" in the usual way. Fortunately, they have only repaired and improved it, and let it out to "desirable tenants." Strange places are these old Inns. Not many years ago the little kitchen used to be busy periodically, when the "Antients" met to dine. These Antients were usually worthy tradesmen and solicitors, etc., of the neighbourhood; and pleasant evenings enough they spent. Houses were to be had for "a song," and a pleasant Bohemian who lived there used to declare that at times his rent was quite forgotten.

Associated with these places, and to cover their uselessness, the Antients received students and instructed them. In the last century this was actually carried out, and "Readers" gave lectures. And at Clement's Inn, up to a recent period, a reader arrived regularly from the Temple, who however remained for but one evening, when he was invited to dine and was courteously entertained. There used to be a practice of holding what were expressively termed "moots and boulds" in the hall after supper, when one of the Antients, learned in Coke, set points for discussion, which a student was required to answer. There was indeed something very quaint and interesting in the theory, at least, of these societies. There was a sacred division, of the upper table, where the "Antients" sat to the number of eight to a dozen. The lower tables, where the students sat, were fewer in number. Grace after dinner was not said, but rather acted. Four loaves, closely adhering together, a type of the Four Gospels, were held up by the chairman,



KING'S BENCH WALK,

who then raised them three times as symbolical of the Holy Trinity. They were then handed over to the butler, who hurried with them out of the hall with an affected haste, as though not to lose a moment. This ceremony is of extraordinary antiquity and of religious origin. The Antients had the privilege of electing persons from the lower class into their body, which was done after a number of years' probation. It was impossible to discover any title or right in these persons beyond long custom, though trustees were appointed whose title was as shadowy. They dined together at certain intervals in the mysterious little halls, each person paying his own charges.

But the whole interest in the institution is easily discoverable, and rested on certain profits divided among the Antients, and these depended on the rooms in the Inn, which as they fell vacant were disposed of, each tenant paying a sum down, usually about £400, for his life use of the premises. This sum was divided among the Antients.

Furnival's Inn, which faces its truly genuine companion opposite, Staple Inn, is sadly modern, having been rebuilt about a century ago. Yet there is an old fashion about it. There is a certain attractiveness in the comparatively old and old-fashioned hotel, which fills the further extremity, and which has an air of snugness and comfort with its trees in tubs and cheerful *jalousies*. This arises from the perfect repose and retirement, the shelter from the hum and noise of Holborn. Outside there is one of the genuine old taverns, Ridler's Hotel, where people like Mr. Pickwick might descend. Its bow-windowed coffee room and glass-enclosed bars will be noted, as well as the dark stairs. There are very few of this pattern of tavern left, and where the old tavern life is pursued. There is one at the West End, in Glasshouse Street, which seems exactly what it must have been sixty years ago. There are the old "boxes," the sanded floors, the coats and hats hung up, and the kettle on the hob.

But perhaps of all these places, "Barnard's" is the quaintest and most old-fashioned, from its irregular and even straggling aspect. Entering from Holborn, by a simple doorway a little below its neighbour, Staple Inn, we pass the snug little porter's room, for it is no lodge, facing which is the truly effective dining hall, though "hall" is too ambitious a term for what is really a largish room. Yet how old, rusted and crusted and original it seems, with its steep tiled roof, and elegant little lantern and clock! The windows glitter as with diamond panes, and we can see the patches of stained glass in the centre of each. A small, business-like porch is fitted on at the side, with its little iron gate in front, while round the tiny court are the good, sound old brick mansions. Beyond again is a glimpse of the trees, and a garden, rather forlorn it must be said; beside which is a strange accumulation of old framed houses, all white and overhanging. These must be of

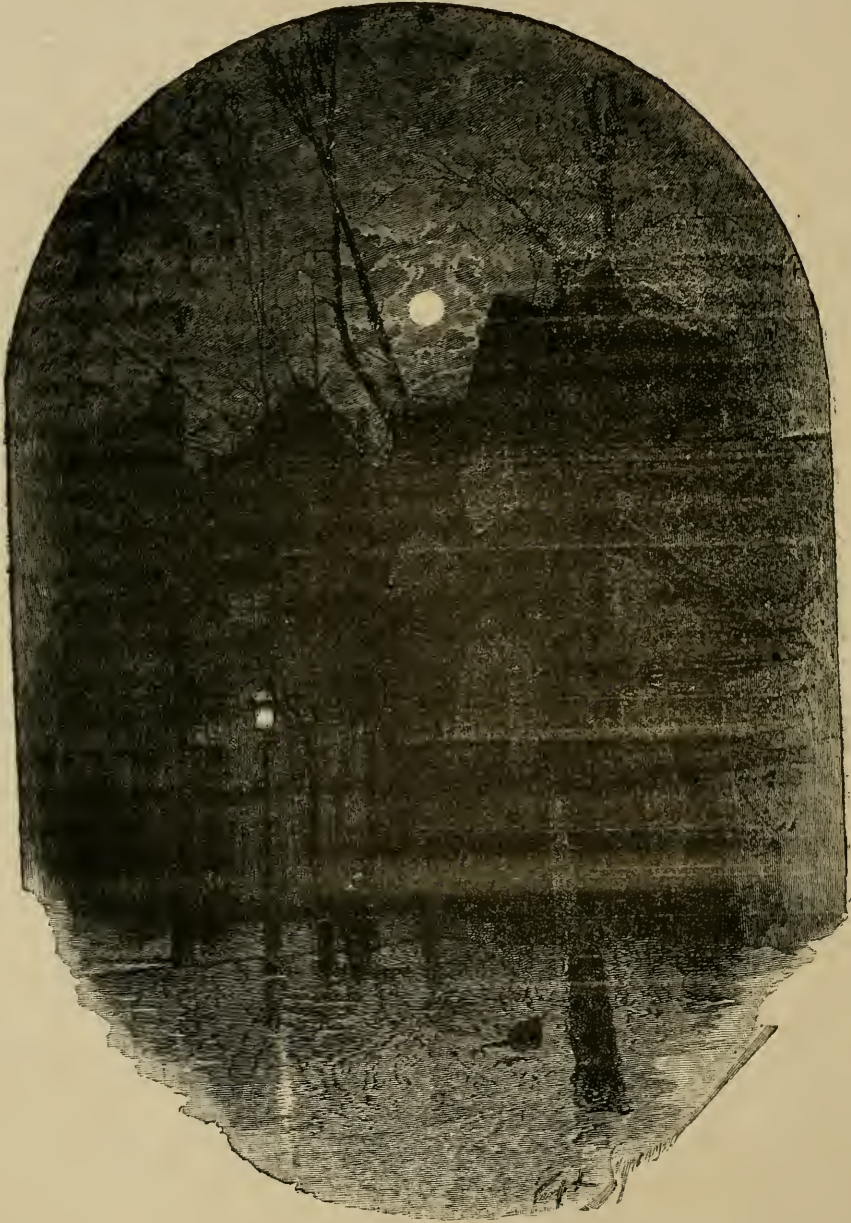
very great antiquity, and seem crazy enough. The life in these retreats must be strange, with a sort of monastic tinge. Here "chambers" and rooms, etc., are to be had at low rates.

One of Dickens's happiest scenes describes Thavies Inn, a curious little recess at the Circus end of Holborn, "a narrow street of high houses, like an oblong cistern to hold the fog." Of Barnard's Dickens seems to have had a poor and disparaging opinion, for it is described (by Pip) as "the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for Tom Cats." Staple Inn is really an interesting, pretty retirement; there is a strange charm in its trees and quaint old hall, which have evoked an abundance of sentiment, and prompted some graceful sketches. Many a stranger and hurried American enters by the effective archway, leaving the din of Holborn behind, and changing of a sudden to unexpected peace as of the country, anxious to trace the abode of the characters in Edwin Drood. Mr. Grewgius's chambers can be identified as Number 10 in the inner quadrangle, for it is described as "presenting in black and white over its ugly portal the mysterious inscription of P. J. T., 1747. Perhaps John Thomas, or perhaps Joe Tyler, for a certainty P. J. T. was Pretty Jolly Too." Landless's rooms are given with a graphic touch which recalls the whole place: "The top set in the corner, where a few smoky sparrows twitter in the smoky trees as though they had called to each other, 'let us play at country.'"

These old dining halls of the old inns have a certain character, with their lantern, clock and weather-cock; an honest dial generally, with bold gold figures that all the inn may read as it runs. Within, a business-like, snug chamber, with a great deal of panelling and a permanent "dinner" flavour. They really give a character or note to the little squares in which they stand. These places are gradually dwindling, and in a few years will be extinct. Close by Bream's Buildings, out of Chancery Lane, there used to stand another inn, "Symonds'," which it is hard to call up again, yet it disappeared only a score of years ago and figures a good deal in the legal scenery of Bleak House. "A little pale, wall-eyed, woe-begone inn, like a large dustbin of two compartments and a sifter. It looks as if Symonds were a sparing man in his day, and constructed his inn of building materials which took kindly to the dry rot and to dirt and all things decaying and dismal, and perpetuated Symonds' memory with congenial sadness."

I take from the *St. James's Gazette* the letter of a reminiscient who refers very pleasantly to the poetry and people which Dickens has associated with the "old inns." I may add that in the account referred to the connection of Dickens with the old inns was purposely omitted, as the article was purely descriptive, and special books have been devoted to "Dickens in London."

“Time was when on an allusion to Barnard’s Inn it was impossible to keep one’s pen from writing of Pip and Herbert Pocket who had there once



BARNARD'S INN.

(once! they have still) their lodging. Or Staple Inn, and straightway one's thoughts flew to Hiram Grewgius, and Neville, and Mr. Tartar, and 'the flowers that grew out of the salt sea.' Or Gray's Inn, and one smiled over

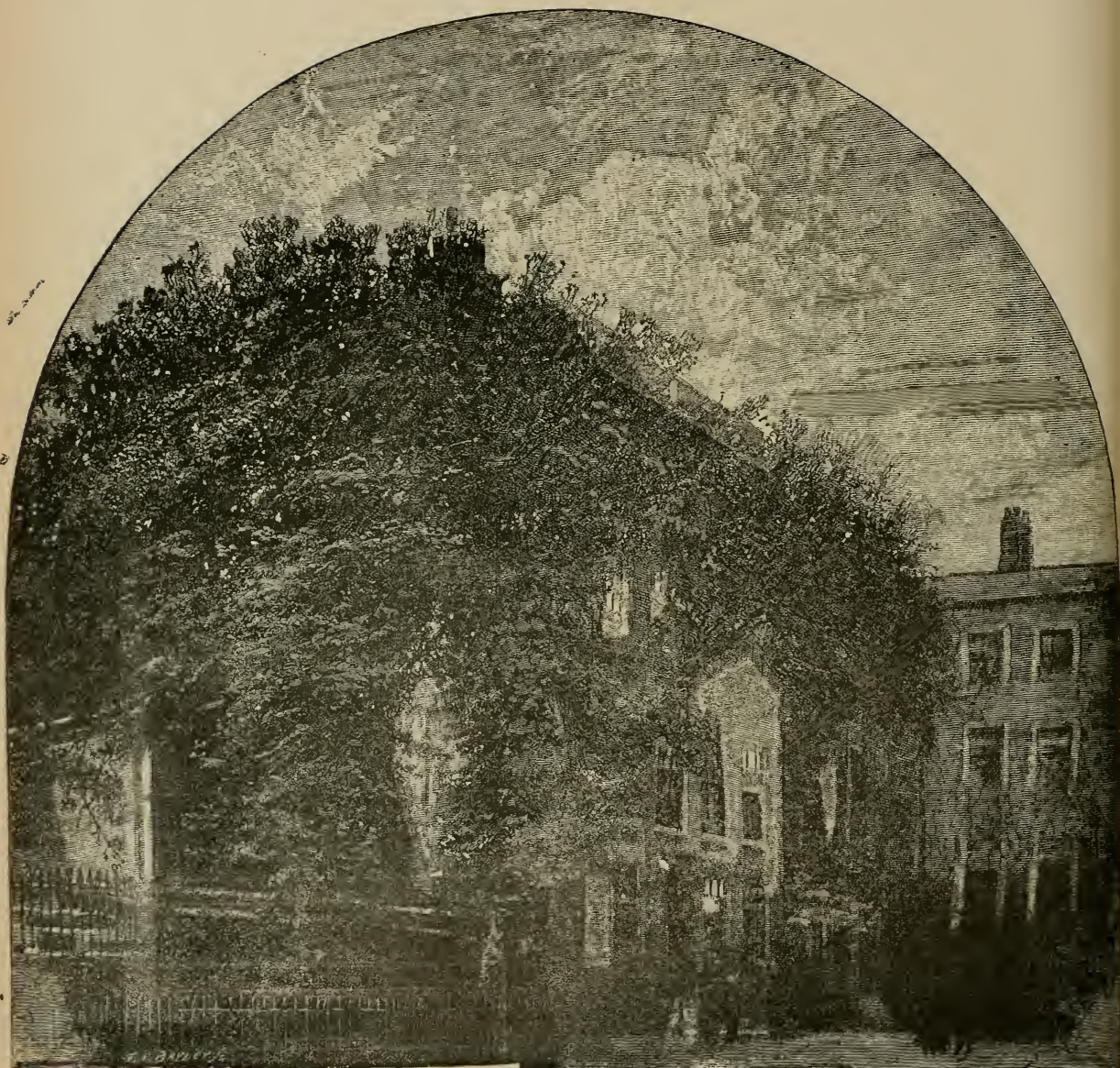
the recollection of Mr. Parkle and his friend; and of the gentleman who, by the help of the leeches and Mrs. Miggot, was restored to health. Or the late Lyon's Inn, which should be as indissolubly connected with the name of Mr. Testator as ever it was with that of the unfortunate Mr. William Weare. Mention Furnival's, and you speak of the place where the most part of 'Pickwick' was composed; Lincoln's, and I drink to the memory of Miss Flite and Esther Summerson, of Richard and Ada.

"But my object in writing is to say that if any one after reading Mr. Fitzgerald's paper should journey to those charming forgotten spots of which he speaks, let him walk to the end of the little square in Barnard's Inn, and he will find, on looking beyond the south wall, that straight before him stands an old cowhouse of the time of George I. Often have I loitered about this quiet place, but never realized what that building was till one day an old man passed trundling a wheelbarrow. '*All that's left of the farm,*' quoth he, nodding at the shed; and not till then was I conscious that at the close of the nineteenth century, in the heart of what Mr. Gosse calls 'Londonland,' there is still to be seen, suggestive of green meadows and syllabubs, such a countrified relic of the ancient inhabitants of Holborn.

"Also one should visit Clifford's Inn, where once, somewhere high up on the fourth floor, George Dyer was to be found; which reminds me that, though the New River is covered over in Colebrooke Row, Lamb's cottage exists pretty much as it did on the day when gentle G. D., staff in hand, plunged into the waters that rippled tranquilly along. Poor Dyer! Of all places, Clifford's Inn is not the one where I would choose to live and die: rather Staple, with its bright little terrace; or Clement's, bereft though it is of its sundial, the gift, brought from Italy, of Goldsmith's Lord Clare. There is a mouldy air and a dismal about the quaint Tudor hall (the Inn's principal ornament), where Sir Matthew Hale sat to settle the citizens' claims after the Great Fire; and though the hammered iron railings and the



CLIFFORD'S INN.



GRAY'S INN (page 112).

gates and the trees would all come out charmingly enough in an American magazine, I don't think even one of the admirable Yankee artists could make much of a picture of these dilapidated dreary mansions.

"Then, on your way west, stay at Somerset House, where there is a

George S. [Signature]

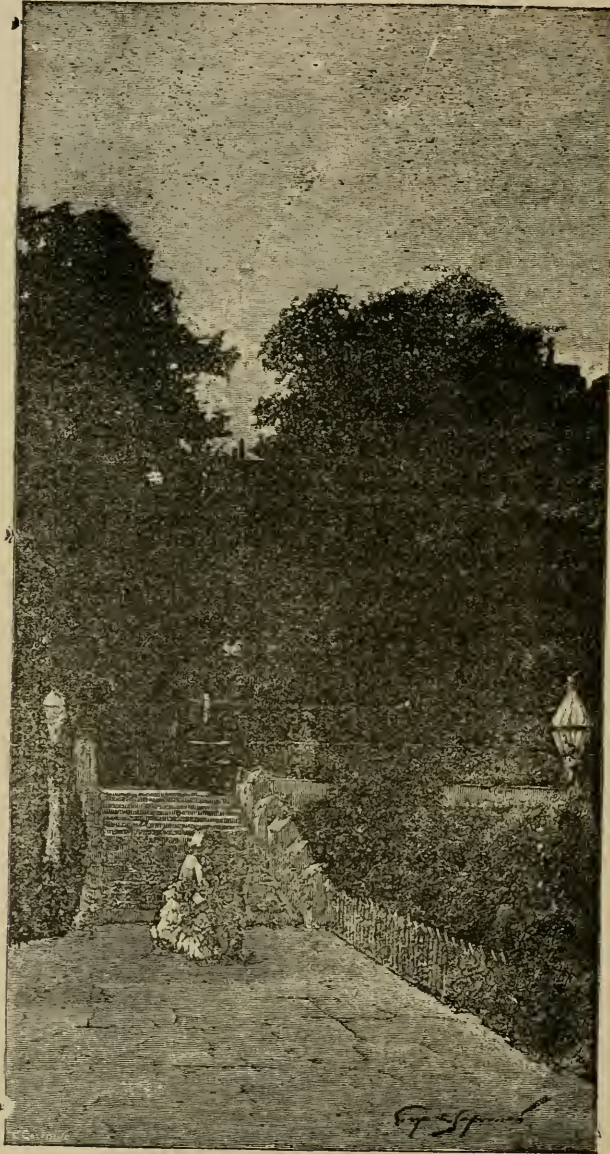
certain wreathed and domed room I wot of which will repay you for a somewhat toilsome ascent up a fine staircase. This gallery was built by Chambers for the use of the Academy (you will recollect Ramberg's picture, engraved by Martin, of a Private View here in 1787), and Reynolds' has been here before you, and here he delivered his Discourses; and all the great men and women of the first half of the century have passed over this threshold, including the famous Dr. Parr, who tells how he came in the Princess of Wales's train."



THE FOUNTAIN, MIDDLE TEMPLE.

Ever new and welcome are the charming gardens and squares of the two Temple Inns, so charmingly irregular in their disposition. The peaceful tranquillity of the region is extraordinary; one could wander there for an hour, gazing across the fair grounds at the glistening Thames, which bounds this view, and the barges and steamers slowly gliding past. The straggling diversity of the buildings, old and new mingled together, is not displeasing, to

say nothing of the arcades, the stately halls, libraries, and the fortress-like church. The well-known, prettily-named "Fountain Court" has its reputation for picturesqueness—has been sketched by Dickens with a true feeling



FOUNTAIN COURT, TEMPLE.

of its charm—the fountain, ever rippling softly, with the terrace and the few old trees shading the old red brick, in a Dutch-like fashion, is truly unique. We love the various old courts and meandering passages. "Brick Court," where poor "Goldy" had his rooms. The hall here is magnificent and im-

posing, and its elaborate roof second only to that of Westminster Hall and Hampton Court Banqueting Room.

As we stray on and on we come to one of the most quaint and attractive residences conceivable, the residence of Dr. Vaughan, the Master of the Temple, with its pleasing garden in front raised on a terrace, its green *jalousies*, and general rural air, though its rear is but a few yards from the Strand. Those who relish genuine old English houses, well framed and overhanging the path, will wander here into the Temple Lane, on turning out

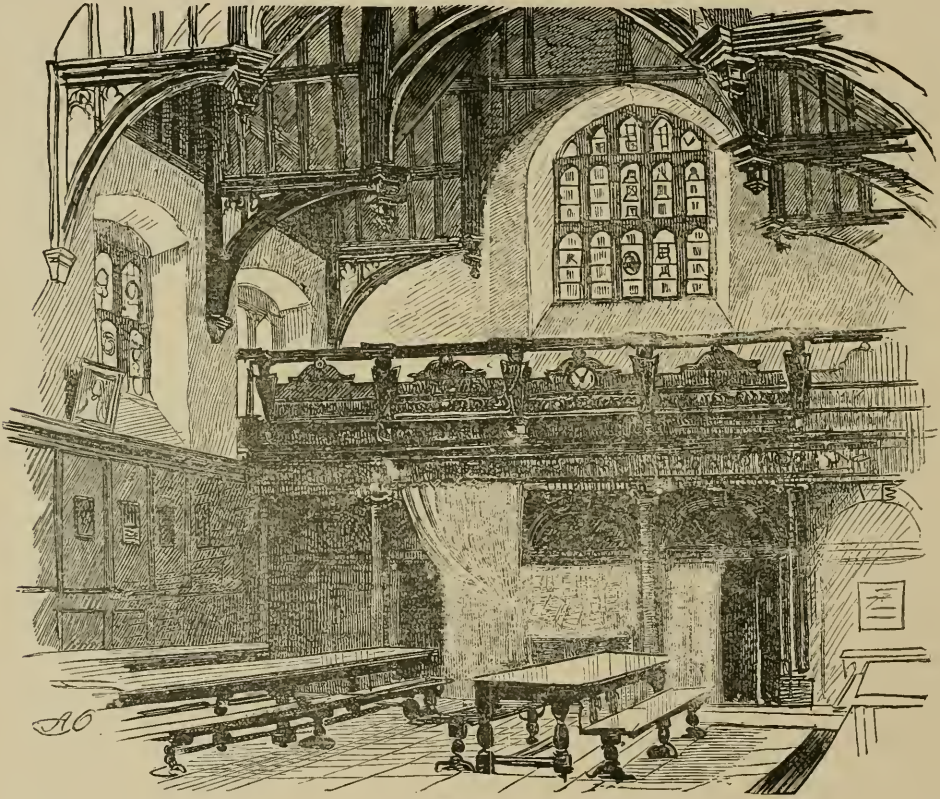


HALL AND LIBRARY, GRAY'S INN.

of the Strand. Curious are the dark and somewhat crazy twisting stairs. Many years ago there was yet another row of these ancient houses standing, among which were Dr. Johnson's chambers; the door-case and its frame were actually sold by auction by Messrs. Puttick. The ponderous gate-house is said to be the design of Inigo Jones. The *soi-disant* Cardinal Wolsey's palace is a curious relic enough, more curious still from being now in the hands of an enterprising hairdresser. Without admitting its lofty claims, the carvings and wrought ceilings are interesting.

But to find the true monastic air of retirement, with something of the tone of an ancient park or grounds long forsaken, commend us to Gray's Inn.

From the din and roar of the noisy, clattering Holborn, we can escape by arches and alleys, and then of a sudden find ourselves in this still, sequestered retreat. We wander along a quaint flagged lane, by the old chambers propped on stout pillars, or a short arcade, with glimpses of the green plaisance seen through old well-wrought iron railings. Most effective are the elaborate iron gates and piers that open on the gardens. Here we have the welcome rooks, the few survivors of the tribe in London.*



GRAY'S INN HALL.

The somewhat bare and gaunt squares are set off by the old Hall and Chapel, disfigured, however, by modern plastering and other garnishing in the Nash manner. It is a pity that the honest old brick could not be restored to view. The hideous modern platitude, known as Verulam Buildings, and which excited Elia's indignant lamentations, is of course hopeless, and must be endured. Curious as an instance of antique squalor and dilapidation is the row of buildings on the west side of Gray's Inn Road. Some years ago there was a delightful entertainment given here, which proves that the

* Lately, passing near Camden Town, I noticed a crowd staring vacantly at the top of a very lofty old tree, and was delighted to note an immense nest in process of construction, with a couple of the "inky-coated" on solemn guard.

practical spirit of the age has not wholly extinguished the poetical sense. A "Masque of Flowers" was presented in the old Hall under the direction of Mr. Arthur à Beckett, performed by a bevy of fair maidens and brave youths, most of whom—as was fitting—were connected with the profession of the law. The old squares became ablaze with light and crowded with gallant company, the unfrequented lanes well filled with "coaches" from the West End. It was altogether a pleasant and appropriate festival.



GARDEN GATE, GRAY'S INN.

CHAPTER XII.

DICKENS IN LONDON.

DICKENS, indeed, is so bound up with the old places of London that it may be said that he has lent a peculiar flavour and charm to all town peregrination. He certainly must be considered to have been the best interpreter of the City to us. He supplied the tragic and comic grotesque meaning of the old courts, shops, alleys, "all-alones," "rents," etc. "The reminiscences of his stories," says a late visitor, "meet us at every turn, in the ancient churches, hemmed in on all sides by gigantic warehouses, in their melancholy deserted graveyards, with their ragged grass, their blackened trees, and neglected gravestones. In the odd boarding-houses and unaccountable inns that had buried themselves up strange courts, and lurked, half hidden, in unaccountable alleys, and presented themselves in quiet behind-the-age squares. In the spacious halls of opulent companies, which showed but an old-fashioned porch in a narrow quiet lane, but which presented to those who were permitted to enter their portals a superb range of apartments teeming, mayhap, with old furniture and valuable pictures, and doubtless giving on a quiet garden, worth no one knows what a square foot for building purposes, but preserved from the ravages of the builder, merely to gladden the eyes of the plump City sparrows, and of the master, the wardens, and the clerk of these most worshipful corporations. So too in the curious old banking-houses, in the mouldy old counting-houses where so much money was made; in the difficult-to-find but cosy chop-houses where you could get a chop or a steak—and such a chop or a steak!—hissing hot from the grid-iron; in the methodical old clerks, the astonishing octogenarian house-keepers, the corpulent beadles in their splendid gaberdines, in the ticket porters, the bankers' clerks chained to their pocket-books, the porters, the dockmen, the carters, the brokers. Down by the waterside, along Thames Street, through the narrow lanes and passages leading thereto, you continually saw some spot, some character or incident that recalled something in one of the stories you knew so well."

With such a guide the old streets and houses long since demolished and being fast demolished every day, revive before us; with them rises the old-

fashioned London, its humours, its society of fifty years ago. One of the results of this association is that as we walk through some of these old-world quarters, such as Goswell Street or "Lant Street, Boro'" (where Bob Sawyer gave his party), the whole Pickwick, or rather Dickens flavour seems to pour out, and the figures live again. It is not surprising that this connection between the gifted writer and the old bricks of London should have become a study, and a very engaging study, and in antiquaries' accounts of the great city it is now become customary to trace the haunts and localities of the places described in his novels. In an unpretending but lively little book Mr. Allbut has undertaken this labour of love, and furnished a very useful little handbook to the Dickens explorer. From this one might profitably glean a few passages. It will be noted what a poetical instinct the great writer had in this respect, and he caught the true "note" as it were of making selection of what was best fitted for his purpose. This power of vividly imprinting the locality on the mind might be illustrated by that dismal gate and alley, "Tom all alone's," of which the site only remains in Bedford-bury, just out of Chandos Street, where the huge Peabody Buildings rise, though it has been claimed for other localities. Indeed, close to the upper end of Shaftesbury Avenue there is a strange forlorn alley with a dilapidated tottering old inclosure beyond, which would exactly serve for the original. And in Russell Court, that curious winding passage leading to the pit door of "Old Drury," we fancy we see the gate of the dismal burial ground on whose steps Lady Deadlock was found. It still looks exactly as in the print, "with houses looking on on every side, save where a reeking little tunnel of a court gives access to the iron gate." This depressing intramural burial ground has been garnished up into a recreation inclosure, and is but a trifle less gloomy than a cheerful mortuary house built at one side.

Dickens always delighted in the mystery attendant on banks and their cashiers, old mouldy mercantile houses where yet a large and safe business was done; and these things he could interpret and give significance to, just as Wordsworth and the later poets did with their favourite district. When Temple Bar was removed in 1878, there was removed with it a building which touched it, and was as old and grimy, Child's venerable bank. It is difficult to call up either structure now, though the frequent "omnibus outside" may have occasionally turned his eyes to the blackened walls and to the windows in the Bar, a sort of store room where were kept stacked away all the old account books of the firm. The late Peter Cunningham was allowed, I believe, to rummage here, and discovered some curious documents, among which were cheques drawn by Nell Gwynne, who kept her account with the Childs or the predecessors of the firm. Speaking of the old house Dickens says, in the "Tale of Two Cities":

"Tellsen's Bank, by Temple Bar, was an old-fashioned place even in the year 1780. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. Any one of the partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding Tellsen's. Thus it had come to pass that Tellsen's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Tellsen's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop, with two little counters; where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always under a shower-bath of mud from Fleet Street, and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars proper and the shadow of Temple Bar."

Dickens just lived to see the extraordinary wholesale reformation that took place in the construction of the Holborn Viaduct, with the levelling and sweeping away of some of his most popular localities. The Holborn Valley before lay between two steep hills, of which Snow Hill was one, and on Snow Hill was "The Saracen's Head," where Mr. Squeers invariably put up. This old hostelry stood close to St. Sepulchre's Church, on the ground, Mr. Allbut states, now covered by the new police office.

"The Wooden Midshipman," one of the most effective and playful conceits of Dickens, might be pointed out as an illustration of his mode of illustrating stories. Take away the little figure from the associations of Cap'n Cuttle and Sol Gills, and much life and colour seems abstracted. Only so late as the close of 1881 the "Midshipman" was flourishing at a house in Leadenhall Street, nearly opposite the India House. In that year some tremendous operations in demolition and re-erection were being carried out, and the "Wooden Midshipman" received notice to quit. A pleasant writer, Mr. Ashby Sterry, with a specially delicate touch, and who has written some "Tiny Travels"—so called—because they are merely visits to places familiar and close at hand, often more enjoyable than the official far-off show-places—heard of what was going to be done, and made a hasty pilgrimage to take a last look. He tells us how he was affected. "With his quadrant at his round black knob of an eye, and his figure in the old attitude of indomitable alacrity, the midshipman displayed his elfin small clothes to the best advantage, and, absorbed in scientific pursuits, had no sympathy with wordly concern. When I was a boy, the very first book of Dickens's that I read was 'Dombey and Son.' Passing down Leadenhall Street shortly afterwards, I noted the 'Wooden Midshipman,' and at once 'spotted' it as the original of Sol Gills's residence. The description is so vivid and exact that it is unmistakable." This was the old-established firm of Norie and Wilson, nautical instrument makers, established since 1773, and which, as it seems to me, had a thorough Dickensian reputation. *Norie.* The

firm had associations with Nelson, kept up diligently their old-fashioned connections, and took pride in their Midshipman.

“A more popular little officer in his own domain than our friend it would be difficult to find. At one time the Little Man used to get his knuckles severely abraded by passing porters carrying loads, and was continually being sent into dock to have a fresh set of knuckles provided. Old pupils, who had become distinguished naval officers, would pop in to inquire what had become of the genius of the place, and many have been the offers to buy him outright and remove him. Several Americans have been in lately and have offered his proprietors very large sums if they might be allowed to purchase him and take him to New York. It is furthermore on record that King William the Fourth on passing through Leadenhall Street to the Trinity House raised his hat to him as he passed by.” All this is quaint enough. But before this account appeared he had been already taken away carefully, and set up at his new quarters, No. 156, Minories, where he still continues to take his observations. But he is sadly out of keeping. The old shop is described as being curiously appropriate, so snug, and so unobtrusive, so ancient and conservative in its fittings. On the eve of the levelling of the place, the visitor was invited in by the owner, “It is with a sad heart,” he says, “that I accept the courteous invitation of Mr. Wilson to take a last look at the premises, and listen to much curious gossip about the old shop and its frequenters. The interior of the shop, with its curious desks and its broad counter, is fully as old-fashioned as its exterior.” He then went upstairs, passing up “a panelled staircase with a massive handrail and spiral balusters to the upper rooms. I look in at Walter’s chamber, and see the place in the roof where Rob the Grinder kept his pigeons. I spend some time in a cheerful panelled apartment, which at one time was the bedchamber of Sol Gills.” There is something, however, too remote in thus identifying minutely the various rooms and scenes; for Dickens, as the writer has shown, like all good writers, “abstracted” in all his creations or adoptions, and would have found a loss of power had he copied strictly. It was the tone of the place that inspired him. When I myself came by that way a little later, the whole was gone.

Again, many have noted in the vicinity of Clare Market, in Portsmouth Street, the old overhanging shop devoted to the sale of waste paper and bones. Some years ago it was boarded up and shored up, and it became known of a sudden that the original of Dickens’s “Old Curiosity Shop” was doomed to “demolition.” Then was witnessed one of those strange rushes after “fads” so peculiar to the Londoner. “All day long on Saturday the narrow pavements of Portsmouth Street—that quaint south-western outlet from Lincoln’s Inn Fields—were besieged by a crowd of sympathetic sight-seers, who had journeyed there from all parts of London to

worship at the shrine of Little Nell.' They stood four deep in front of the 'Crooked Billet,' staring curiously over the way at the rickety old timber house with a projecting story, on the plaster face of which was boldly inscribed, 'The Old Curiosity Shop, Immortalised by Charles Dickens. Here and there among them was an artist, busy with pencil and note-book taking down sketches of the tumble-down old place; and one could not fail to distinguish the noisy demonstration of the American traveller, as he demanded to know, with nasal eagerness, 'If that really was the home of Little Nell.' For a year or two past, at any rate, it had been one of the stock visiting places of American tourists. 'They went there to worship,' a neighbouring shopkeeper said; 'took off their hats when they got through the doorway, and asked questions about Quilp and the Grandfather as if they had been actual persons. The ladies were the worst. I have known them get down on their knees and burst out crying about Little Nell.' Miss Mary Anderson might have been seen there more than once, with her heart full of tenderness for the little maiden; and so delighted was the fair American with the ancient dwelling and its overhanging story that the doors of the Lyceum were opened to the fortunate occupant whenever she chose to go." The place had been condemned by the Board of Works, but that body moved very slowly, or there had been a reprieve. With American shrewdness, the American actress, Lotto, brought this scene into an adaptation of the story she was about to play.

Latterly it is becoming a pleasant hobby, notably in the case of the Americans, to diligently follow in the footsteps of Dickens, and visit and identify all the scenes he placed in his novels. Year by year these are disappearing. Numerous pleasant articles have appeared in American magazines, with pretty illustrations, and carried out in a very fond and tender spirit. Indeed, this *culte* of Dickens is growing every day; but it will be a serious loss when all his houses and haunts have been pulled down. There will be a link lost then between him and us.* We have only to walk to the Marble Arch, and there we see his last town residence, No. 5, Hyde Park Place, a solemnly genteel, if not monotonous, residence, that belonged to Mr. Gibson. It is astonishing, indeed, how every step, turn, and corner in London is somehow associated with this great master of fiction—chambers, old streets, slums, etc. The secret is, he delighted himself to associate his fancies with some particular locality, and this feeling inspired him. There is a remarkable passage in his life where he deplores the difficulty of writing, when far away from the bustle and motion of London streets. It will be remembered how he set off to "choose a house" for Sampson Brass in *Bevis*

* In the room in which I now write he has often sat, and often has it re-echoed to his jocund laugh. His paper-knife and paper weight marked C. D. are beside me. His ghost should flutter

Marks. It is impossible to look at Bevis Marks now without calling up that strange character. You feel he *must* have lived there. So with Lant Street, Borough, the residence of Mr. Sawyer, and which has the suitable dinginess : all this is pleasant to the pedestrian, the scenery being so much in keeping. In a few years, when everything is altered and pulled down, we shall have only the *site* left by which to recall old associations.

Near the bottom of Parliament Street, and almost opposite the Home Office, is a narrow lane leading into Cannon Row, whence could be long seen the rear of the unfinished Opera house. At the corner stands a third-rate public-house, suggesting one of the extraordinary incidents in London, where meanness and opulence are ever side by side. This public-house is associated with the hardships of Dickens's boyhood, in a very characteristic recollection, which he relates himself. "I remember, one evening (I had been somewhere for my father, and was going back to the Borough over Westminster Bridge), that I went into a public-house in Parliament Street, which is still there, though altered, at the corner of the short street leading into Cannon Row, and said to the landlord behind the bar, 'What is your very best—the *very best*—ale, a glass?' For the occasion was a festive one, for some reason: I forget why. It may have been my birthday, or somebody else's. 'Twopence,' says he. 'Then,' says I, 'just draw me a glass of that, if you please, with a good head to it.' The landlord looked at me in return, over the bar, from head to foot, with a strange smile on his face; and instead of drawing the beer, looked round the screen and said something to his wife, who came out from behind it, with her work in her hand, and joined him in surveying me. Here we stand, all three, before me now, in my study in Devonshire Terrace. The landlord in his shirt-sleeves, leaning against the bar window-frame; his wife, looking over the little half-door; and I, in some confusion, looking up at them from outside the partition. They asked me a good many questions, as what my name was, how old I was, where I lived, how I was employed, etc., etc. To all of which, that I might commit nobody, I invented appropriate answers. They served me with the ale, though I suspect it was not the strongest on the premises; and the landlord's wife, opening the little half-door and bending down, gave me a kiss that was half-admiring and half-compassionate, but all womanly and good, I am sure."

When a bachelor, he lived in Furnival's Inn, No. 15, on the right as you enter, but on his marriage removed to 48, Doughty Street. In this clean little street there is a prim monotony, every house being of the same cast—small, and suited for a clerk and his family. These seem indeed miniature Wimpole Street houses; but they have a snug, comfortable air, and it is something to pause before No. 48 and think of "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" written in this study. With

increasing prosperity he moved from this humble but snug quarter to a more pretentious mansion, "Tavistock House," where he lived for ten years. There are three houses standing together in this rather forlorn-looking waste, which stands in a *cul de sac*, and his is the first. "In Tavistock Square," says Hans Andersen, "stands Tavistock House. This and the strip of garden in front of it are shut out from the thoroughfare by an iron railing. A large garden, with a grass plat and high trees, stretches behind the house and gives it a countrified look in the midst of this coal

and gas steaming London. In the passage from street to garden hung pictures and engravings. Here stood a marble bust of Dickens, so like him, so youthful and handsome; and over a bedroom door were inserted the bas-reliefs of Night and Day, after Thorwaldsen. On the first floor was a rich library, with a fireplace and a writing table, looking out on the garden; and here it was that in winter Dickens and his friends acted plays."

Turning out of the road one is

struck by the rather stately air of the mansion. During these ten years he made it re-echo with his gaiety and cheery spirit. It had, however, a damp or dampish air, which all such edifices seem to contract. The trees and the verdure generally do not flourish. Later it became the residence of Mrs. Georgina Weldon, *née* the beautiful Miss Treherne.

A mile or two away is Devonshire Terrace, No. 1, a later residence of the novelist, where he wrote "Master Humphrey's Clock," "David Copperfield," and other works. It is found near the Marylebone Road. This, too, is in an inclosure set back from the road, and was humorously described by its tenant as "a house of great promise (and great premium), undeniable situation and excessive splendour"; while it struck his friend Forster as a handsome house with a garden of considerable size, shut out from the New Road by a brick wall, facing the York Gate in Regent's Park.

In Gower Street is a house associated with some scenes in the boy Dickens's life, full of pain and misery. At No. 4 (it was then) Mrs. Dickens set up a school, or tried to do so. Mr. Allbut has found that, owing to a change in the numbering, the present No. 145 is the former No. 4. It is a strange feeling to stand before it and recall his own disastrous, even



DOUGHTY STREET
where the last portion of "Pickwick" was written.

tragic account of this early misery:—"A house was soon found at No 4, Gower Street North; a large brass plate on the door announced Mrs. Dickens's establishment; and the result I can give in the exact words of the then small actor in the comedy, whose hopes it had raised so high. 'I left at a great many other doors a great many circulars, calling attention to the merits of the establishment. Yet nobody ever came to school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive anybody. But I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and baker; that very often we had not too much for dinner; and that at last my father was arrested.'" "Almost everything by degrees was pawned or sold, little Charles being the principal agent in these sorrowful transactions until at last, even of the furniture of Gower Street, No. 4, there was nothing left except a few chairs, a kitchen table, and some beds. Then they encamped, as it were, in the two parlours of the emptied house, and lived there night and day."

CHAPTER XIII.

WATERLOO BRIDGE, THE LAW COURTS, ETC.

DESCENDING now to the river's side we may think what amazing progress has been made in developing and adorning this noble stream, and all within twenty years! Three or four great monumental bridges, the almost Roman Embankment; the railway running under ground, the red-brick terraces at Chelsea, the palatial hotels at Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridge; Northumberland Avenue now built over on both sides, the many statues; the large and flourishing plane trees, and the gardens! What a change from the sludgy, sloppy land and foreshore, the mean barges and fringe of poor houses and shanties, and the "Adelphi Arches" of evil name! It has now quite an air of state and magnificence.

The Embankment itself was a prodigious change from sedgy shore and "slob" land; but the change on the Embankment itself within a few years has been something extraordinary. Great terraces, vast rows of mansions are rising along its banks, and impress us with a sense of state and splendour. Within half a mile or so we have the rich and original Houses of Parliament, Westminster Bridge, the new Police Offices, the enormous terrace of Whitehall Mansions, the National Liberal Club, the great Hotel Metropole, the Charing Cross Bridge, the Adelphi Terrace, and the superb Waterloo Bridge. Strange to say, the other side of the river is old London still, mean warehouses and shanties disfiguring the shore.

Then we come to Cleopatra's Needle, with its odd and romantic adventures. As we stop to look, its extraordinary history rises before us. It is certainly one of the oldest monuments existing, after its long sleep in the sands; its being made a present to the English, and left neglected because impossible or difficult to remove. As all know, it was brought here by Sir Erasmus Wilson, was cast off and lost in a storm, recovered again, and finally happily moored off the Embankment. Here, by some elaborate pneumatic operations that consumed months, it was successfully raised. It may be said that the "fitting up" of the obelisk has been done inartistically, the plinth, base, etc., being of the modern fashion, and rather out of keeping.

But the great glory of our river is Waterloo Bridge. This remarkable monument deserved Canova's praise, who declared that "it was worthy of the Romans." It is really more a roadway than a bridge, and grandly and loftily is it carried through the air, the approaches being made to suit it, a reversal of the common operation.*

This noble structure spans the river with the dignity of an aqueduct. It is really a fine, impressive work, such as could hardly be conceived in our time. There is no graceful bend as in ordinary bridges; it is a stately, *straight* road carried across the broad river. No wonder it has excited the admiration of foreigners, and a French critic has spoken with rapture almost of its merits. Here are his words: "If in the course of Revolutions, the nations of a future age should one day demand where

* The architect of the bridge, Sir John Rennie, gives a curious account of the plans that were proposed towards the beginning of this century for the improvement of the river:—"A committee," he tells us, "called the Committee of Taste, was appointed, in order to design such improvements as were imperatively required in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, the Strand, and Holborn and Oxford Street. This Committee consisted of the late Lord Farnborough, John Wilson Croker, Sir John Soane, Sir Robert Smirke, Nash, and others. To its labours we are indebted for Trafalgar Square and the improvements in the Strand, Cockspur Street, the Haymarket, the old Opera House, and those between Oxford Street and Holborn, which are really very good, and the architecture, although not altogether faultless, is nevertheless, taken as a whole, very effective; in fact, nothing like these improvements has been effected since. The new street from Waterloo Bridge to Oxford Street, undertaken soon after, has been a miserable failure; instead of taking a direct line, they availed themselves as far as they could of the old miserable intervening streets, so that this thoroughfare, which ought to have been one of the best in London, is now one of the worst, and the increase in the value of the property on each side has been very little. But if this street had been made in a straight line, and of ample width, the shops and buildings on both sides would have been of a superior character, and would have yielded far higher rents, which would have gone a long way towards paying part of the expenses, if not the whole.

"About this time Sir F. Trench, who moved in the most fashionable circles, and was a great amateur in architecture and fine arts, was seized and enraptured with the idea of constructing quays along the banks of the Thames between Whitehall and Blackfriars Bridge, and converting the space so recovered from the shore of the Thames into a handsome carriage-drive and promenade ornamented with gardens and fountains. He applied to the late Mr. Philip Wyatt and myself to assist him in preparing the designs and in obtaining an Act of Parliament to carry it into effect. Trench said he had no doubt that sufficient money would be obtained. He accordingly, with his great influence and indefatigable activity, formed a committee of the highest class; neither were the ladies excluded; amongst others, the beautiful Duchess of Rutland took the greatest interest in the undertaking, and at the first meeting, which took place at Her Grace's house, she was unanimously voted to the chair, and conducted everything in the most business-like manner. Lord Palmerston, then Secretary for War, took a leading part, and it is singular that many years later his Lordship, then Premier, should have proposed a similar measure, and the continuation of the coal duties for carrying it into effect, which was adopted; but when we proposed the undertaking and the mode of raising the funds, notwithstanding our powerful committee, the idea was considered chimerical. For this and other reasons the project fell to the ground."

was formerly the new Sidon, and what has become of the Tyre of the West, which covered with her vessels the sea, most of the edifices devoured by a destructive climate will no longer exist; but the Waterloo Bridge will exist to tell remote generations 'here was a rich and powerful city.' The traveller on beholding this superb monument will suppose that some great Prime Minister wished by many years of labour to consecrate for ever the story of his life by this imposing structure. But if tradition instruct the traveller that six years sufficed for the undertaking, that an association of private individuals was rich enough to defray the expense of this colossal monument, worthy of Sesostris and the Cæsars, he will admire still more the nation which prompted the work."

The author of this eloquent passage did not know that a private company had expended over a million in their project, and were fairly repaid their outlay; but his admiration would have been increased had he foretasted that the work would have been finally purchased by the wealthy Metropolis, and presented as a free gift to the citizens.

The Waterloo Bridge toll-gate now seems part of ancient history. Elderly people of a new generation will be saying to their children, "I recollect when there was a turnstile here and toll-houses, and every cab was stopped to pay twopence," while a careless and "superior" allusion in a leader might run, "People will smile to think how those of the last generation, hurrying to catch the train, could have so calmly and patiently submitted to this importunate levy!" The public, however, grew so deft and experienced that the traveller was always ready with his cash, while the toll-man, co-operating, handed out the proper change in a second. This he contrived by long practice and by sense of touch, having a number of pockets, one for pennies, another for silver, etc. Many years ago Dickens was taken down the river of a night by the police, and heard from one of the toll-men some curious experiences concerning the suicides for which the bridge was then in high fashion. "The Bridge," as the toll-man informed him, "was originally named the Strand Bridge, but had received its present name at the suggestion of the proprietors when Parliament resolved to vote three hundred thousand pounds for the erection of a monument in honour of the victory. Parliament took the hint," said Waterloo, with the least flavour of misanthropy, "and saved the money." Of course the Duke of Wellington was the first passenger, and of course he paid his coin, and of course he preserved it ever more.* The treadle and index at the toll-house (a most

* As the great Duke was the first to pay the halfpenny toll, it might be interesting to know who was the last passenger to pay it; for, of course, there must have been a halfpenny received which was the last. I understand that the late Mr. Thomas Purnell—whose incisive criticisms in the *Athenæum* some years, "fluttered the doves" of the dramatists, and which were signed "Q."—claimed the distinction of being positively the last passenger that paid the halfpenny.

ingenious contrivance for rendering fraud impossible) were invented by Mr. Leathbridge, then property-man of Drury Lane Theatre. This was the now familiar "turnstile," known so well at every exhibition, but then quite a novelty.

Dickens ensconced himself in the toll-house and had a long and interesting talk with the toll-man on all the incidents he observed in his professional life. First, of the "suicides," which now appear to have "gone out" with the tolls. "This is where it is," said Waterloo, "if people jump off straight forwards from the middle of the parapet of the bays of the bridge, they are seldom killed by drowning, but are smashed, poor things; that's what *they* are; they dash themselves upon the buttress of the bridge. But, you jump off," said Waterloo to me, putting his forefinger in a button-hole of my great coat; "you jump off from the side of the bay, and you'll tumble, true, into the stream under the arch. What you have got to do, is to mind how you jump in! There was poor Tom Steele from Dublin; didn't dive! Bless you, didn't dive at all! Fell down so flat into the water that he broke his breast-bone, and lived two days!"

"He considered it astonishing how quick people were! Why, there was a cab came up one Boxing-night, with a young woman in it, who looked, according to Waterloo's opinion of her, a little the worse for liquor; very handsome she was too—very handsome. She stopped the cab at the gate, and said she'd pay the cabman then: which she did, though there was a little hankering about the fare, because at first she didn't seem quite to know where she wanted to be drove to. However, she paid the man, and the toll too, and looking Waterloo in the face (he thought she knew him, don't you see!) said, 'I'll finish it somehow!' Well, the cab went off, leaving Waterloo a little doubtful in his mind, and while it was going on at full speed the young woman jumped out, never fell, hardly staggered, ran along the bridge pavement a little way, passing several people, and jumped over from the second opening. At the inquest it was giv' in evidence that she had been quarrelling at the 'Hero of Waterloo,' and it was brought in Jealousy. (One of the results of Waterloo's experience was, that there was a deal of jealousy about.) 'Sometimes people haven't got a half-penny. If they are really tired and poor we give 'em one and let 'em through. Other people will leave things—pocket-handkerchiefs mostly. I *have* taken cravats and gloves, pocket-knives, toothpicks, studs, shirt pins, rings (generally from young gents early in the morning), but handkerchiefs is the general thing.'"

At the point where the Charing Cross Railway bridge crosses the river, the most startling change of all has been made, and within not many years. That useful personage, the "oldest inhabitant," or indeed even an old inhabitant, will rub his eyes as he thinks of Old Hungerford Market and the

old Hungerford Suspension Bridge which has been twice enlarged. So dense is the traffic growing at this place that it seems of necessity that a large open *Place* should be made, a slice being taken from the adjoining gardens. And here is a suggestion for some enterprising *Ædile* as he is called. Too little, indeed nothing, is done for the entertainment of the people in London. Neither music, nor shows, nor reviews of soldiers, nor anything entertaining is supplied. Were such an open space provided, and a kiosk or pavilion, an orchestra erected, a pleasant and cheap attraction for poor, much-neglected Demos would be found. Of a summer's evening we could call up a picture of the Embankment crowded, and the river covered with boats, the crowd scattered, promenading, or seated—a *café* or two busy. Such entertainment of this cheap, healthy kind the population is fairly entitled to: it is astonishing that something of the kind is not thought of.

Close by Waterloo Bridge rises that stately and imposing range of buildings, Somerset House. This vast pile, designed by Chambers, was erected with little trouble or fuss, and in a comparatively short time. In our day we must have "committees," and competitions and discussions, and a distracted responsibility ending in complete confusion or uncertainty, and for the result such a comparative failure as the New Law Courts. Much of the riverside effect is lost owing to the Embankment, for the terrace rose actually straight out of the river, and now seems rather purposeless. We are so familiar with our public buildings that it becomes difficult to criticise them seriously. Somerset House, taken as a public office, with its vast accommodation and its stately river front, will hold its own with any similar building in Europe. It is interesting, too, as being the work of the last English architect who attempted to carry out the sort of classical style inherited from Inigo Jones, and introduced from Italy. The entrance, or covered ways from the Strand, have been admired by architects. It is a curious instance of the small value of allegorical decoration, that the great heads which form the keystones of the arches were intended to signify the great English rivers, and were the work of one of the most eminent sculptors of his time—Wilton—while in some of the medallions are to be recognized likenesses of the Georges. We may lament that this pure Grecian style, always effective, has so completely fallen out of favour, not its least merit being its always continuing sound and in respectable repair. Chambers has left his mark all over the kingdom; and in Dublin there are some majestic buildings, notably Trinity College Hall and Chapel, and Charlemont House, from his designs.

Sculptors and painters have always been fond of sketching the picturesque additions which the river's banks afford, and Mr. Whistler has been very successful in depicting the banks of Chelsea and Battersea, as well as the old encrusted shanties and warehouses beyond London Bridge.

London is held in high favour by the sketcher, and certainly offers attractions not to be found elsewhere. As Mr. Arthur Severn tells us, much that is beautiful in the way of landscape is still left, but Londoners, "in their money-making and slavery to fashion," are blind to it. "How many people are there who think of looking at the view from one of our London bridges, at the picturesque groups of sailing barges, at the curious effects of light behind, and the towers of Westminster in the distance? How many men wending their way homewards from the City on the top of an omnibus in summer ever thought of noting the flood of golden haze in Oxford Street, a street which from its position is peculiarly adapted for the study of sunlight effects? Here, on a midsummer afternoon, our eyes may be opened to one of the greatest truths in Turner's work, his great knowledge of the artistic treatment of light.

"When the declining orb flushes all the stream, and the black barges come sailing smoothly down or pass across the broad water-way, their tawny sails enriching the already golden glow, and the picture is backed up in the distance by dark masses of indistinct wharves, chimneys, spires, and towers, those of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament being the most shapely and conspicuous, we have surely a subject unrivalled of its kind, demanding the utmost artistic skill for even its most meagre reproduction; and, again, there is often a peculiar freshness in the breeze that follows the tide from the sea, and the sky seems to open up unwonted depths. This appearance is caused by the innumerable tender gradations of light."

Not many years ago the banks close to Somerset House were attractive enough, owing to certain old hotels, the Arundel and others, whose quaint bow windows and galleries hung over the river. These lingered on till recently, but their place has been taken by a row of very effective Dutch-looking houses with cupolas and mullioned windows. These hotels and lodging-houses are in high favour with a particular class of visitors to town, and we fancy that this living over the river has almost the flavour of a foreign city. During festivals such as the Derby week, all the little river streets are filled to overflow—the hotels, overfull themselves, billet their guests about; and we see the group of travellers led away by the Boots, to some of these "succursals."

Here too is the little grimed terrace over the station of the underground railway company, who, beside their locomotives, have to keep stationary engines, both here and at Victoria Station, pumping day and night, otherwise the line would be flooded. It is amusing to recall the flourishing of the papers when the line was opened; the beatific vision that was dwelt on of the terrace being crowded with votaries of the *dolce far*, gazing placidly on the waters, smoking and communing. Nothing of the sort took place, it is needless to say. No one was at the pains of ascending the steps to gain, or cared

to be enclosed in a sort of yard; and the Company soon had gates attached and shut it up. Hard by Waterloo Bridge used to be moored a dilapidated old hulk in which the River Police used to dwell, uncomfortably, as it may be imagined. It, however, added a nautical flavour. With the march of events came a change. They are now moved to one of the unoccupied barge piers—a pleasant, sheltered, floating tenement where they have abundant flowers and almost a garden. From the steamers passing by they appear to be very comfortable and happy. The old sheer hulk has been taken away and a more sightly training ship substituted, through whose ports can be seen a handsome piece of cannon; and of a summer's evening a crowd lines the balustrade of the Embankment watching the sailors at drill. At another of these unoccupied or disused piers the Humane Society has its house, not at all unneeded, for the ghastly dramatic elements associated with a great river are never lacking here. The *habitué* who takes his daily walk by this route to the City is certain, periodically, to see the slow-moving boat close under the walls, with the man in the stern casting the drag, and if he wait a reasonable time may see the "body of a fine young man," or some unhappy, draggled woman brought up. Sometimes the police boat, or "tub," of the Humane Society is seen pulling with frantic haste to the piers of the arches, invariably too late to recover the poor wretch whom the man patrolling the little pier has seen—strange vision!—flying down to the waters from the parapets of Waterloo Bridge.

Some years ago there was a strange floating structure at Charing Cross; it was one of the undertakings literally "floated" amid the flowery acclamations of the papers, which spun whole cocoons of columns anent the advantages that were to accrue; the town bathing, and learning swimming; general cleanliness and strength of the population improved, while numerous other establishments would follow, etc. Notwithstanding these prophecies the thing languished from the first—the town looked coldly on. It then took a strange freak, and some ingenious Professor—was it Gamgee?—devised some mysterious process by which, with the aid of steam engines and acids circulating below, artificial ice could be formed. Skating accordingly took place, but somehow that did not flourish, and the somewhat ungainly tabernacle, daily rising and falling with the tide, then reverted to its old function of a swimming bath. It has long since been removed.

The cluster of buildings at Blackfriars Bridge, and indeed the whole view here, with the widening river and St. Paul's dome rising majestically, is fine and noble. The City of London School is a satisfactory work of good proportions, filling its site worthily; but the same cannot be said of its neighbour, the Sion College Library, which affects much and is decidedly poor in the result. The Royal Hotel fills in the corner admirably, and is perhaps the only hotel of importance in London "run" upon foreign lines.

It must be pleasant to live there for a season perhaps, and it is likely the sojourner would have quite a new and different idea of London from the conventional one. The Moorish building facing it, and now the headquarters of the Salvation Army, has an excellent and piquant effect. An extraordinary and unusual arrangement will be noticed here, viz., that of three bridges crossing the river almost side by side.

Returning now to the Strand, in Garrick Street, close to Covent Garden, we find the most interesting Club in London—a sort of theatrical museum—THE GARRICK CLUB. Its wonderful collection of portraits of actors, and of dramatic scenes, is truly extraordinary, and we can fancy no more pleasant entertainment for a person of cultured theatrical tastes than to be “taken over” the club on the privileged Wednesday, by some well-skilled person, and to be shown all that is curious.

The club was originally a sort of convivial resort for actors and literary men, and met originally in a cosy house in King Street, Covent Garden. It expanded into its present handsome club house—not, it is said or lamented, without losing its original *cachet*. The pictures were mostly collected by Charles Matthews “the elder,” of facetious memory, and he seems to have embarrassed himself by the sacrifices he made to secure them. In his difficulties he was induced to exhibit them with the hope of making a little money, and he comments with bitter sarcasm on the result of the experiment. It was astonishing, he said, how passionately eager every one was to see them when they were at his home—and strangers used every art to obtain admission. But when they were offered for exhibition, no one was inclined to pay a shilling to see them. Mr. Durrant Cooper bought the collection, and *lent* them to the club, in the hope that it would buy them; but, as its resources did not enable it to do so, he most generously gave it as a free gift.

Though many of the portraits are copies—and some very inferior ones—the general charm of the collection is the striking merit of the workmanship. There are some scenes by Zoffany, in his most brilliant manner, miracles of gay colour and vivid touch—the well-known scene from “The Clandestine Marriage,” with the portraits of King and Mrs. Baddeley, is, in my opinion, the gem of the whole, and, if put up for sale, would fetch a very large sum. It is astonishing that this fine and spirited painter, who inherited his style from Hogarth, should not be more valued. The fine *bravura* portraits of Woodward and Cibber in the dining-room are very striking, as well as the many works of that brilliant painter, Clint. The stage antiquarian will be amused at the contemporary scenes of the Garrick era. The great actor as Macbeth, with the daggers, etc., appearing in a wig and coat and long *scarlet* waistcoat—“like the Lord Mayor’s coachman,” it was said.

The club possesses many theatrical “curios” and relics. Shoe-buckles, snuff-boxes, etc., of this and that celebrated performer. It acquired lately

what I look on as the most characteristic and valuable theatrical collection that exists, viz., three stout volumes of bills, sketches and criticisms, gathered by one Nixon, an artist who flourished towards the end of last century, and not only knew Garrick, Kemble, Kean and the rest, but had a knack of sketching them. There is a portrait of Irving by Millais, presented by the actor, but it is scarcely worthy of the artist. Strange to say its library is its weakest part; though there is a fair gathering of plays and memoirs, this department is not so strong as it should be.

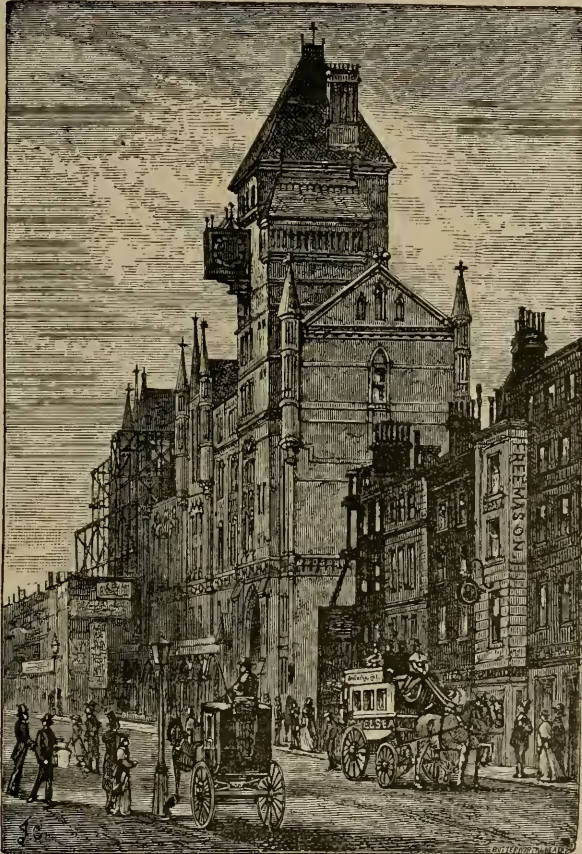
This Garrick is a pleasant place of tryst, and has that motley complexion which makes it more agreeable. Here are found all the actors of established position—*littérateurs*, soldiers, lawyers. The "Father of the Club" still happily flourishes at a great age—a link with the past.

As we enter the great church-like hall of the LAW COURTS, we notice that to the right one of the lower arches is filled in with a memorial to the architect of the structure, the late Mr. Street. There is a large sitting figure, well sculptured, a monumental inscription of high compliment and panegyric in which it is conveyed to the spectator that all the wonders he sees about are the single work of this man thus celebrated. The result is singular, as the stranger naturally turns to survey the work which had brought its creator such unusual honour. He sees a hall with painted windows, which any architect of the time could have designed, while through the door he is led away, to the right and left, through catacombs and dark passages. This exhausts the effect of the interior, and no one surely deserves a memorial, meaning plainly "*si monumentum requiris, circumspice,*" who had contrived such a combination.

Granting that the hall is harmonious and pleasing, albeit narrow and thin from its length, this introduction of the monument is surely a curious instance of the inappropriate; though we might understand and accept a tablet in a retired place which recorded the single fact that Mr. Street had designed and built the work. This bold flamboyant structure, which engrosses and encroaches on the architectural work, disturbs the *coup d'œil* and entraps the spectator; for he expects to find the glories of some eminent lawyer or judge in whom the entire kingdom is interested. It is utterly out of keeping, and causes us on the instant to challenge its right to be there at all.

In Brussels, as we look down from the Place Royale, we see at the bottom of the hill the magnificent Palais de Justice, a stately monument, worthy of the Cæsars and of the race which reared the Town Hall at Ypres. This building may be objected to in many points, but there can be no question as to the grandeur of the architect's conception and the thorough logic and grasp of detail which distinguishes it. It really astounds one to think of this modest, unpretending little kingdom, rearing without fuss or show so

splendid a pile, massive and enduring as the Pyramids, and conveying to all Belgians a stately, dignified embodiment of the law. This work will be standing and admired as a wonder hundreds of years hence. But with our great kingdom, after years of consultations, selection, debate, changing and re-changing, doing and undoing, after endless chatter about "the New Law Courts," "progress of the New Law Courts," "Street's great work," etc., the result is the cluster of odds and ends to be seen at the entrance of Fleet Street! If an architect had purposely contrived to give the effect of a number-



THE LAW COURTS

of detached buildings and "dependences," added one to the other at different times, he could not have been more successful. One could fancy the idea of a great central hall being conceived with a row of courts on each side. The great hall would then be the prominent object, and express itself in a demonstrative way; it would be seen from afar, with its courts attached to the side in a less obtrusive fashion. But the hall shrinks back from the front, and seems to hide itself behind the unmeaning-looking porch, over which runs the curious little Gothic gallery. The two octagonal towers in front are obtrusive.

enough, and claim more attention than the hall, yet they only hold dark spiral staircases, which lead to the court gallery at the side, though they affect to have some duty connected with the hall.

More defective still is the disposition of the *façade*, which is intended to express a central hall with two wings, while beyond is a sort of register house and offices with a clock tower. Now these offices, having inferior functions, should surely have been marked off distinctly; and proclaim that they were mere "dependences." But it will be seen that they are in the same style and have the same importance, nay, a portion is a *replica* of one of the "wings" of the Hall, which makes the whole outline indistinct.

The great hall has merits, and there is a certain calm elegance about it, though it suggests something ecclesiastical rather than legal. It is said that a flight of stairs leading to the arcades above had almost been forgotten, and was supplied by some afterthought. The arrangements for access to the different courts and waiting rooms are of the most extraordinary kind, through dark passages, up winding breakneck stairs and bewildering crannies. The public when they find themselves in the hall and naturally seek access to the courts, are sent out of the building, and have to struggle up a winding stair in the two towers outside. No idea can be given of the dark galleries above, of the sense of oppression, the want of air and light which is found in them. The Courts are gloomy caverns, where artificial light has nearly always to be used. Every arrangement is more or less inconvenient, and there are incessant complaints. The truth is, the whole should be courageously remodelled. Stone galleries should run round the great hall, gained by a broad monumental double flight of stairs; these galleries should lead directly to the several courts. All the minute subdivisions of passages, waiting rooms for jurors, waiting rooms for witnesses, which only bewilder, should be swept away. A new set of courts should be erected on the vacant piece. The whole fault arises from squeezing too much into a small area. Some such heroic remedy will assuredly be carried out sooner rather than later.

Close to the Law Courts, and on the spot where Temple Bar stood, has been placed the notorious "Griffin," which excited a storm of ridicule when it was set up. It will hardly be credited that this grotesque thing, which consists of a sort of pedestal, little more pretentious than a drinking fountain, with its monster on the top, and two small effigies at the side, cost some £10,000! The late Mr. Street offered to design a new archway which would harmonize with his building and be suitable to the traffic, but this was declined.

It seems almost to be the destiny of London monuments to be pulled down with indignity, and perhaps sold to some one in the country to ornament their mansions. The stones of Temple Bar, after lying in a yard for some ten years, were bought by Sir H. Meux, and transported to his

place, "Theobalds," near to Waltham Cross, where it has been re-erected as a gateway to the avenue. The stones were numbered, but the rains washed off all the paint, so the architect had a difficult puzzle to fit them together. It is said to have a very imposing and satisfactory effect. But a place might have been found for it in town. The old railings in front of St. Paul's were sold to some one in America. Mr. Sala, who has much curious lore of this kind, discovered that the stones of old London Bridge were carried off to build a house in Kent, and that the fittings of the Star Chamber now decorate a dining-room in Sir Edward Cust's house; while the grand staircase of Northumberland House does duty in a mansion at South Kensington. Mr. Sala knows of a house not far from Leighton Buzzard, where the chimney-piece of the Rubens-House at Antwerp is fixed; and Mr. Barnum informed him that he "was in treaty" for the old timber of the Traitor's Gate at the Tower. Perhaps some disposition of this kind might, after all, be the best; for the old stones of the Burlington colonnade, now lying derelict at Battersea.

Returning to the Law Courts, it may not be remembered what a story of embarrassment and trouble and heated controversy is associated with the building. It began with the competition of designs, which went on for years. A plan was accepted, then set aside. When we find fault with the general failure of the interior arrangements, it should, in fairness, be borne in mind that the architect was cruelly hampered, checked and interfered with. At the time the hard, unsympathetic Ayrton was in office, who seems to have pursued the same course that he did in the case of the unhappy Alfred Stevens, the sculptor. To insure some miserable savings in the outlay, he appears to have insisted systematically on paring away everything that could not be justified by the strictest utility. Towers were shortened, ornament of all kind was suppressed—and above all, he insisted with Procrustean severity, on almost impossible accommodation being provided, which had to be furnished to the sacrifice of light, air and room. Hence the darkened, stifling chambers, narrow passages, and tortuous communications. This was indeed being "penny wise and pound foolish."

It is perhaps forgotten that nearly the whole structure was erected by foreign workmen—Germans principally—who were imported at the time of a great building strike, and lived in the inclosure. At the termination of the strike they continued in their employment.

The familiar clock which projects over the street was the subject of many experiments and failures. As it is there is something ungainly and lacking in proportion about it. It was tried in various positions, but the truth is it is not adapted to the tower, and the old and old-fashioned carved and gilt dials which are seen in the bye lanes of the City are infinitely more *cheerful* and effective.

It was long "on the cards" whether the Courts should be built on the Embankment instead of in their present *locale*. It is unfortunate that the former site was not selected. The effect would have been as imposing as it was convenient; but it was thought to be too far away from the haunts of the barristers—from the Temple and the Inns of Court.

The most splendid "Palace of Justice" in the world has been recently completed by "poor little Belgium." Nothing more monumental, more stately, gigantic, can be conceived than the new Courts at Brussels. It towers over everything, and almost astounds.

Perhaps the most striking and imposing structure in all London is the great Cathedral of St. PAUL.

In a pleasing passage Mr. Justin McCarthy has recorded his impressions of the aspect of this wonderful building. Many years ago, when he was beginning his literary career in London, he used, he said, to come down the river as far as Blackfriars at all seasons and in all weathers, and he never came near to the Bridge without observing the magnificent dome of St. Paul's. He would go into one of the niches and lose himself in the singular beauty of the noble dome, rising out of the mist or gilded by the sunlight. It was always beautiful and always touching, no matter what the weather might be. Seen dimly shining through fog or mist it had a certain charm, because it seemed to be like some building in a distant phantom city of which you could only imagine a dim outline. When he looked around him and saw the hurrying crowds of people and heard the noise, the tumult, the incessant tramping, the constant talk of the passers-by, it seemed to him a sort of poetic duty to lift himself, for a few moments at least, out of the daily commonplace of life, and have a sort of communion with that ideal world which was floating high above him. He added, that there were two points of view from which such a picture could be looked at; to consider whether the real and ideal ought to be brought into juxtaposition or be compared and contrasted with each other to make a true picture, whether in life or in art. The very dome of St. Paul's would not be so beautiful were it not for the bustling crowd below, nor would the crowd seem so real without the calm dome above.

More wonderful still is the view from the surging gathering at the bottom of Ludgate Hill, where all the ways meet. There is the raging tumult, the hurrying from the City and to the City, the business, the traffic, the confusion; yet calm, unruffled above all, rises the great dome, like some work of nature and with all the mistiness of a mountain. The railway bridge across is not by any means a blemish, and most picturesque is the quaint spire of the church half-way up the hill, said to have been placed there by Wren as a foil to his greater work. Its elegant Italian



George S. Edwards
1852



mouldings are well worthy of study, as well as the exquisite proportions of the spire, exactly adjusted to the tower and building below.

There are some other interesting points associated with the great Cathedral and its construction, which may be suggested to the casual visitor. He will note the imposing portico which fronts him as he approaches from Ludgate Hill, which is in two tiers, one placed over the other, with a double row of columns. It has been often compared with that of St. Peter's, which offers a single portico of the ordinary pattern, and is considered to be more simple and imposing. Wren, however, could not procure from the quarries blocks more than four feet in diameter, and as lofty columns, to exhibit due proportion, should be far thicker, he was thus compelled to content himself with short columns in two tiers. The same difficulty was found at St. Peter's, but there the portico is comparatively low, and the columns short.

With all the claims to admiration of this great work, the critical architect, or indeed the amateur, finds other blemishes. One of the most conspicuous is the treatment of the side aisles, where they join the nave and transepts. The most careless observer will be struck by the confusion and make-shift air of the whole. A gallery runs across each, with a low second arch. Below there is a sort of apse, from which open out the two side aisles. This complicated arrangement destroys the general grandeur. The chapels on the right and left near the bottom are set down to the inspiration and influence of the Catholic Duke of York, who, it is said, hoped in better times to use them for his own faith. But it is not likely that such interference would have been tolerated.

The curious statue, or group of statues, in front of the Cathedral, representing Queen Anne, with images of the kingdoms at her feet, is not ineffective. It had gradually fallen into decay, and her Majesty's features had fallen away. A fanatic once climbed over the railing and was discovered hammering ferociously at the nose, figures, etc. The damage was never repaired. Later the Corporation determined to have it altogether renewed, and the commission was given to the notorious Belt, whose supposed wrongs and hard treatment had excited great noise and sympathy. During the progress of the new *replica* the sculptor unluckily "got into trouble," and being found guilty of a serious charge of fraud, was consigned to prison. The work, however, went on, and was completed in prison, where, by the indulgence of the authorities, the sculptor was allowed to do his modelling, carving, etc. This work therefore may be said to have been executed by a convict under sentence.

This suggests the incuriousness of the London public as to some of their monuments. Many will recall the perplexing statue which once stood in the centre of Leicester Square. Antiquaries could not agree as to the

individual it represented, and from time to time amusing and heated discussions broke out on the subject. Meanwhile the statue began gradually to go to pieces. But no one thought of interfering. Soon it appeared with a wooden prop under the horse, which was accepted as satisfactory for some time. By-and-by came a *farceur* who fitted it up with a broom in one hand and a saucepan on its head. And this degradation was tolerated. At last it was carted off.

But it would be idle to expatiate on the impressive beauty of St. Paul's, which rises with such solemn majesty, and towers so tremendously over the clustered houses at its feet. There are some curious particulars associated with this great cathedral which are perhaps little known to "the general." The huge walls which form its outline, it will be noted, are of the height of the central aisle, and suggest a lofty interior of cruciform shape. But when we enter we find that the interior does not correspond to the exterior. There is a great central nave, flanked by narrow aisles, much lower in height, while the choir seems contracted. It is only by comparison that we discover that the exterior is deceptive, and pretends to represent far more space within than really exists. The side aisles are really but half the height represented on the outside, and there is a whole "mock story" over the aisles, which seems a pretence scarcely worthy of so great an architect. Indeed, this system of sham is carried out through the whole, the interior scarcely anywhere corresponding to the exterior.

But there is a greater surprise in the case of the famous dome. It is generally assumed that what is seen inside the church is but the inner surface of the outer dome. But in nearly every constructed dome there is an inner shell, with a space between it and the outer dome. The reason is, it would be impossible to raise so ponderous a piece of vaulting in the air. Only a construction of a small and shallow kind could be thus supported, and a light outside shell of timber and lead is framed over it. But few could suppose what a tremendous disproportion exists between the outer and innermost shells of St. Paul's dome, the latter being some fifty feet below the other! The daring plans of Wren made him adopt no less than *three* casings for this dome. His object was to surmount all by a massive stone lantern, to be capped by the gilt ball and cross; but the difficulty was that the weight would be so great that no system of arching would support it. He therefore carried up from the base whence the dome springs an enormous funnel-shaped cone of brick, on which he securely built his stone lantern, the sides of the funnel being perfectly straight. This erection, which is so lofty that it would hardly stand under the roof of the nave, is, in parts, only a couple of bricks thick, yet it supports a massive structure in the air; and to prevent its spreading at the base, the ingenious architect wound round it a vast chain, which he sunk in molten lead.

Outside the funnel was placed the grand dome, which is simply a wooden shell covered with lead, while, to hide the funnel within, a second dome was constructed below. This is the one that exhibits the Thornhill paintings. A grand dome is like an epic for the architect, and the story of the dome of St. Peter's is a romance; but when we think of an architect carrying up with him to the clouds, that is, to the height of 360 feet from the ground, a stone temple 40 or 50 feet high, to be there perched securely, defiant of storms, the head grows dizzy. Nor does this exhaust the singularities of the structure. The line of the circular wall that is behind the visitor to the Whispering Gallery slopes inwards at a sharp angle, and continues to do so all the way upwards.

"I think," says Hawthorne, "I must have been under a spell of enchantment to-day, connecting me with St. Paul's; for, trying to get away from it by various avenues, I still got bewildered, and again and again saw its great dome and pinnacles before me. It is very beautiful, very rich. I did not think that anything but Gothic architecture could have so interested me. The statues, the niches, the embroidery as it were of sculpture traced around it, produced a delightful effect.

"The exterior of this fabric, no less than that of its Italian rival, is remarkable (as seen from its immediate vicinity) for deceptive smallness. Few spectators from the surrounding roads would believe the dimensions of any part, if stated to them. This defect (which some by singular sophistry have tried to prove a beauty) arises here chiefly from the want of a scale, owing to the fence preventing our seeing any human figures near the foot of the building, or even judging of the distance that separates us from it." This fence, however, has been removed. To quote a shrewd architect:—"It takes little to humble a cathedral, and this little, Wren's successor contrived to add, in his mock balustrade over the second cornice; a thing protested against by Wren without seeing it—how much more had he seen its barbarous design!—and, what is worse, a thing studiously contrived to give a false scale; and it is therefore taken by every eye as a perfectly safe measure or scale. We know that a balustrade is meant to lean upon, and therefore, wherever we see one, we conclude it to be 3 or 4 feet high. A *mock* balustrade, *nine* feet high, never enters our calculations, so that when we see such an absurdity, on a building 90 feet high, if we have other scales we are simply puzzled, but if, as in this case, we have *none*, the building is at once reduced to 30 or 40 feet." This theory, however, will scarcely hold; for a statue placed at a great height must, to appear of ordinary size, be made of colossal proportions.

Within will be noted the massive piers and arches which support the dome, and which are of enormous strength below as well as above ground. Many will be puzzled by the little gallery and second arch which disfigure

the four corner arches. It is believed that some signs of settlement were noted or feared during the work, and that Wren took this mode of strengthening the supports.

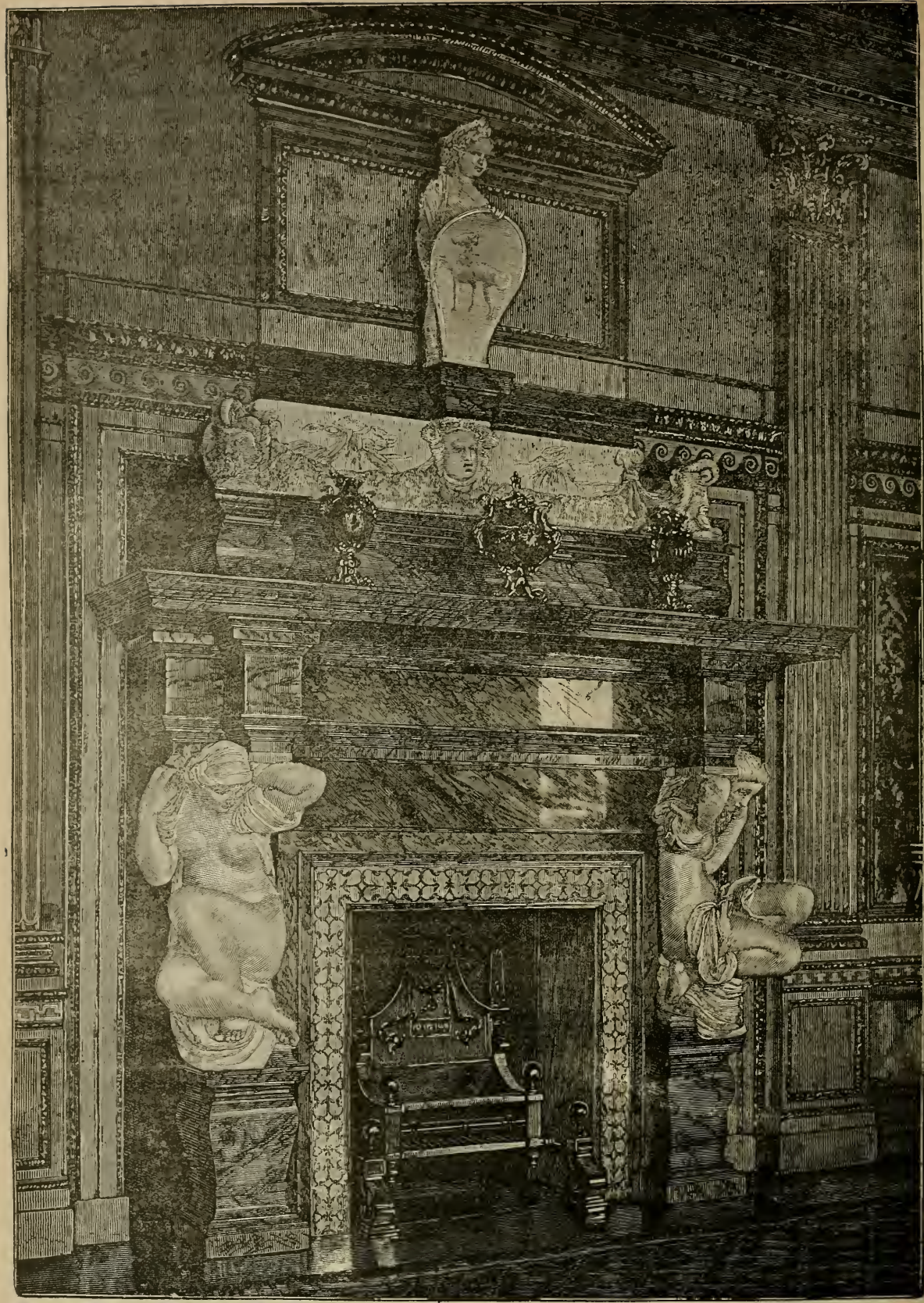
The latest addition to the glories of the Cathedral is the new reredos, set up in the year 1888, at a cost of over £30,000. This is an enormous structure, apparently suggested by the sumptuous altar in the Oratory; it rises to a vast height, and is a rich composition of rare marbles, gildings, and statues. Notwithstanding, the effect on the Cathedral is most unhappy, and instead of being an ornament it is really a disfigurement, as any one can see for himself. It seems like a great solid screen; it does not harmonize with the style of the Cathedral, and seems to cut off a portion of the choir. The side columns have quite a "skimpy" air, and appear to do no duty, having nothing to support, suggesting the lines on those in front of old Carlton House:

"Care colonne, che fate là?
Non siamo in questa verità."

The depth and mistiness of the apse behind is lost. The accomplished architect of the fane had these objections in view when he designed a fine baldacchino, supported on rich twisted columns, which would have left the view open and increased the sense of distance. It is really melancholy to find how architects have lost this sense of appropriateness in all their attempts.

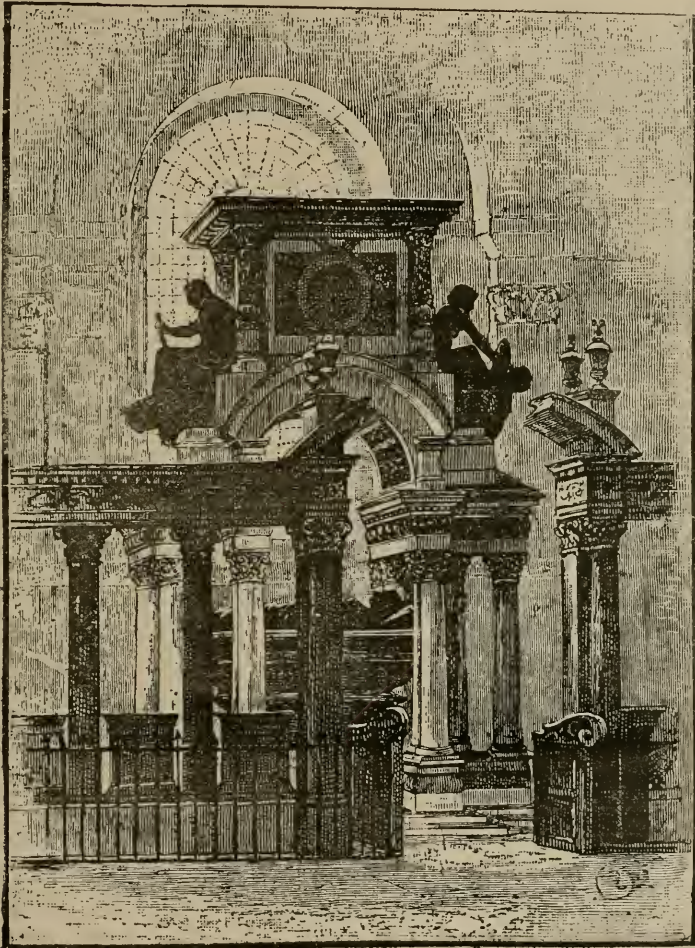
In a side chapel on the right is seen the Duke of Wellington's monument, an ambitious structure, somewhat after the pattern of Queen Elizabeth's monument in the Abbey. There is a sad story of disappointed hopes and failure associated with it. The artist, Alfred Steevens, was an enthusiastic person, full of ardour, and accomplished. He could paint as well as mould, and saw here a chance, as he fancied, of "immortalizing himself." He flung himself into the work, but only to pass from disaster to disaster. He had modelled his style a good deal after the Elgin marbles, and in Holford House there is a great chimney-piece of his execution, of which the model is shown in the South Kensington Museum; figures in rather contorted attitudes, with brawny, muscular, and fleshy limbs; these were his favourite peculiarities, and as they contrasted with the tame conventional school of his time, it was considered genius and not extravagance.

Full of high aspirations, he accepted the commission which was to give him immortality, and agreed to execute it for the sum of £14,000. Considering that the whole was nearly twenty feet high, and comprised carvings and marbles, and bronze castings and much delicate detail, this was cheap. But the artist was a careless, unbusiness-like man; the cash was served out to him as he asked for it by Mr. Penrose, the architect of "the fabric." He took his time over the matter, and one day it was discovered that almost the whole sum was spent and scarcely half the work executed. The



CHIMNEY PIECE, BY STEEVENS.

modelling was fairly complete, but there were the castings, the erection, etc. ; the artist had no more money to go on with, and ruin stared him in the face. In this condition he fell into the hands of Mr. Ayrton, a rough official, without delicacy, and who only looked to his strict duty. This unfeeling but still conscientious man—at least, to the nation—peremptorily called on the artist to deliver what he had been paid for to perform, and, on his failure, actually



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S MONUMENT.

seized on his studio and all his models, by way of execution. The unfortunate sculptor wrote a piteous letter, appealing to Mr. Gladstone for mercy, which had no result. There was much hubbub. Mr. Ayrton was abused by some and praised by others, for doing his duty by the nation. At last, after much clamour, and appeals *ad misericordiam*, it was resolved that he should have another chance ; further time was given, some more money was

granted, and the ill-fated artist set to work with what spirit he could muster. Before he could do much he died, and the "job" being now left on their hands the Government had to make what they could of the business. An artist was found who undertook to complete the whole for £5,000 or £6,000 more, and it was finally set up at a total cost of £27,000. There can be no question that the poor artist was in the wrong and behaved badly ; but at the same time it must be said this improvidence was owing to a good spirit. He wished to furnish the best of work and the best of material. In this view, the visitor should note the exquisite and perfectly pure character of the marble columns, and that there are no exceptions to this excellence is owing to the generous recklessness of the sculptor, who rejected many pieces before he accepted one that was suitable. The beautiful delicacy of the tracery on these columns is worth notice, and could only be brought out by a material of a corresponding delicacy. The general result, however, is unsatisfactory. The artist intended to have a small equestrian figure on the top, which the rough Ayrton declared would exhibit the Duke as "riding over his own recumbent body," so an emblematic group was proposed instead. This pedestal, however, is still left vacant. The monument is, moreover, unsuited to the place, and so large for the area that no proper view of it can be obtained. The large window behind still further hinders the effect. At the time it was judiciously suggested that it should be shifted and placed across the chapel, with the wall for a background. The sarcophagus on which the Duke reposes is oddly balanced on a small base, and his head and feet project between the columns. Stevens has done other work, but there is a certain violence and extravagance in his conceptions which must modify the high opinion once entertained of him.

St. Paul's does not offer so much farcical entertainment as the Abbey in fantastic memorials ; but the figures displayed have an unvarying tameness and platitude. Few would recognize Dr. Johnson in the undraped man with the head bent down, the work of Bacon, and which is reared at the corner of the choir. Here we find a number of ponderous generals and commanders, not one of whom shows the spirit displayed by the effigies at Westminster. Still there are some of interest, one or two of Flaxman's, such as that of Howard : the Napiers, however, are dreadful. All the modern work is rather indifferent ; witness the black doors to the sham tomb, flanked by two "lumpy" figures. Worst of all are the amateurish relievos let into apsidal spaces in the aisles, in memory of regiments. The iron gates to the choir aisles are really fine pieces of work, solid and yet airy in treatment. The treatment of the choir, under modern rearrangements, has had the effect of narrowing it to an extraordinary degree. The organ, divided in two and perched aloft at each side, has helped this effect, and the stalls encroach too much. It is forgotten now that the arched screen gallery placed at one of the doors stood across

the entrance to the choir with the organ at the top, the fine commemorative inscriptions to Wren below, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." *

The wonderful solid railings round the Cathedral are the admiration of the ironfounder. It has been noted that those of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields appear to have come from the same foundry. Like everything connected with the great Cathedral they have a little history. They cost, to begin with, nearly £10,000. They are of a fine colossal pattern, to show, as it were, that their service is worthy of the church they protect. If we would contrast with them specimens of poor workmanship, we shall find them at the Law Courts, which are fenced round with fragile and pretentious railings, which look as if a strong arm could pull them down in a few moments. Of the St. Paul's railings an art-writer has said truly: "These celebrated railings are examples of that old art of working in iron which once flourished in England and died out almost suddenly. Their history is singular. When the Cathedral was completed tenders were invited for supplying the ironwork, and it was found that one of the tenders sent in was so much lower than all the others that it was at once accepted. The rails were duly delivered, and proved to be of cast iron. The specifications had, by accident, never mentioned hammered or wrought iron, and all the other conditions prescribed had been fulfilled. So the railings had to be accepted; and they are to-day almost as perfect as when they were first put up. The casting certainly was of the finest description. Hammered iron would have shown corrosion long ago; but the skin to some extent protected the surface. In the cast-iron cannon of early date the skin was invariably left on, and so the outsides of the pieces actually show less rust than the insides. A railing of hammered iron fixed into stone coping with lead soon becomes a battery in which the ironwork suffers constantly. The damp and fog and rain, unequally affecting the two surfaces, set up electrical action, and the iron gradually gives way. Had those railings round St. Paul's been of the best wrought instead of the best cast metal, we should to-day have seen the bases all attenuated and eaten away like the posts to which gondolas are moored at the doorway of a Venetian palace." A portion, as we have said, is now in America.

Of all the many questions that have exercised the artistic world the treatment of the interior dome of St. Paul's has caused the greatest perplexity. Experiments of all kinds have been made to try the effect. Nearly all the angles have been fitted with costly mosaic work, but any one can see for himself that the effect is not what might be expected, or in the least satisfactory. The reason is, that the colouring is too sombre and

* A piece of Irish wit may be quoted here. It was proposed to erect a monument to a well-known Dublin physician in one of the public cemeteries, and the inscription was debated. Some one suggested this of Wren's!

heavy, and not of the gay, bright, and radiant character which mosaic demands. The prominent portions have been gilt, but in a "niggling" way, and, the stone remaining soiled and stained, the effect is bad. The Whispering Gallery was treated experimentally by such artists as Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Poynter, who set up round it simulated figures and other decorations, but without result. The truth is, these decorations do not suit our skies and fogs, nor the rough state of the rest of the Cathedral. The only treatment would be painting the whole in gay cheerful colours, as in St. Peter's; but this again, for many reasons, would not be desirable.

About the year 1825 an accomplished architect, Mr. Elmes, brought forward a plan for improving the churchyard, and which would have set off the Cathedral with extraordinary effect. He proposed to take down all the houses surrounding it and rebuild them after a large uniform plan so as to follow the outline of the Cathedral.

One of the pleasantest incidents in these London explorations is the sudden discovery of some quiet sequestered nook or corner, so sheltered and forgotten that the great hum and roar of the streets does not reach it. These agreeable surprises occur oftener than one would imagine, and in places where we would least dream of looking for them. Nowhere is the current of life and traffic so congested as on Ludgate Hill: the stream surges up and down the hill, yet here we come upon such an oasis. Turning out of Paternoster Row, and passing near its aorta, as we might almost style Stationers' Hall Court, we stand before a red arch and gateway, quite modern, but not out of keeping. This is the entrance to Amen Court, happily named, a little sequestered square, where the canons of St. Paul's live when they are "in residence." Nothing more lazy, dreamy, or retired can be imagined. The hum of the City seems without, and shut out as by walls. The inclosure is quite monastic. You enter at one gate, pass round three sides of a square, and out by another. There is a central block of old, grimed, well-worn, and well-caked brick houses, in front of which spreads out a vast expanse of ground ivy, spread out like a carpet: who would think of or expect such a thing? There is a grass plot and flower beds and more old brick houses, with bits of shining brass on which are inscribed the canons' names. Here life dozes away; but the sound of the Cathedral bell reaches us.

CHAPTER XIV.

OLD SUBURBAN MANSIONS.

IT is always pleasant to see some old, well-preserved mansion, with its pictures and doorways in good condition, the attendant housekeeper directing attention in her prim "show-woman" way to the carvings by "*Grumbling Gibbons*" (a phrase once actually uttered). More grateful, however, is it to come by chance on some neglected, unsung mansion which is celebrated by no flourishings of housekeepers, and which lingers on in its modest seclusion. Such used to be Hoghton Tower in Lancashire, with its long-forsaken court and leaden statue in the centre, its terraces and balustrades, all sad and dilapidated, but now restored to its old uses.

There are still to be found about London suburbs a few of the old and picturesque family mansions built in the days of King William or Queen Anne. These veterans of ripe, time-defying brick, spacious and even elegant in their proportions, excite more interest than many of us are able to explain. Some of the best have been levelled. A few still exist—usually altered and added to, for the use of schools or "institutions"; but not many of them are likely to last much longer.

Last year we heard of a fine old house at Wandsworth that had been doomed: it was to be cleared away by some builder of suburban villas. It was a very interesting specimen of its kind. It stood back a little from the road—presenting a rather imposing front of ripe and hard old red brick, with a richly-carved tympanum curiously protected from the incursions of the birds by a wire netting—a building well disposed and balanced, with two little low wings or "dependences" peeping from behind luxuriant shrubs. Over all was that sort of red rust which gives a grateful look of ripeness to old brickwork. The doorway was well and richly carved. Welcome, on entering, was the prospect of the old hall, dusky, panelled in oak, and crossed by three airy arches, well carved, with light pillars suggesting a colonnade. Beyond was the stair, rising effectively in short lengths. The elegant, twisted rail, slight but stable, the solidly-moulded balustrade—we e admirably effective, and interesting. The wall of the stair was richly

dight with allegorical painting; whilst in the carved ceiling, among the clouds and vapours, were stately medallions with portraits. The colours, though somewhat faded and overlaid with grime, were in good order, and when cleaned would no doubt make a brave show. Verrio's work—a country job—we may easily believe it to be. All through the mansion was abundant panelling and doors, with cornices richly cut. There was a perplexing little room, seemingly sliced off some greater apartment, the ceiling of which also displayed pictorial glories—two tremendous dames seated on clouds, one handing a sealed letter to the other. In the broad ceiling over the stair a medallion picture, said to be a portrait of the Duchess of York; and another believed to represent Queen Anne. In all this there was a sense of surprise mingled with a tranquil charm, a kind of new sensation. It was pleasant to think that the hard and grinding London practical spirit had overlooked this graceful relic. The spirit of Anne seemed to flutter through the old chambers. But it was on passing through to the back, to the old-fashioned “grounds,” that this sentiment was intensified. Looking up we could see that its back façade was as architectural as the front, displaying another richly-carved pediment and scutcheon with what appeared to be a cipher. The solemn brickwork, rusted and mellow, looked down on an old-fashioned, low-lying plaisance. From the richly-carved doorway we entered upon a stone platform, two gracefully-curved flights of steps sweeping down to the garden. Here you could scarcely believe that you were close to the high-road and to the ever-jingling tram-cars. Beyond, there were shady old trees and velvet lawns, strongly marked by an old-fashioned air of tranquillity. This old place is said to have been the residence of the Princess Anne and her husband. For my part, I have no hesitation in accepting the tradition. In any case, let us hope that the spoiler will not be allowed to intrude. There are but few of this pattern in or near London, and none so interesting as this “Wandsworth Manor-house.”

Another house is also interesting, not merely from its merits as a picturesque structure, but also from its associations. Half way up Highgate Hill, which leads us to a cluster of old houses and on to Hampstead, where there are many more, we come to a solid, impregnable-looking building, rising in its garden, and standing retired behind a low wall and surrounded by old trees. This is Cromwell's House, which, the tradition runs, was inhabited by him, or by one of his generals—Ireton, most probably. This fine old building impresses us by its massive and picturesque air, its high roof and “shaggy” eaves, its heavy solid cupola, and its rich and beautiful carvings. The very wooden gates of the period have been retained, with their delicate, carvings in low relief. The tone and colouring of the brickwork is of a mellow genial crimson, almost a raspberry tint, the mouldings are all delicate, yet bold and firm, a model for modern artists in brick; they are as sharp

as on the day they were wrought and will stand time and weather for a century to come. The doorway is heavy and massive. The whole aspect of this fine old mansion suggests that we are a hundred miles away from London. When we enter, we find nothing but deep-brown oak, heavily corniced doors, a hall all set off with the same material, sombre and mysterious. Beyond is the stair, which has a celebrity of its own: it is laid out in the always effective style of short flights of half a dozen steps, with then a turn at right angles, and a landing, as though our fathers, like Hamlet, were "short and scant of breath," and liked to ascend leisurely.



CROMWELL'S HOUSE, HIGHGATE.

There are fine massive balustrades and—here is the curiosity of the thing—at intervals rise carved oak statuettes of the Parliamentary soldiers with singular and pleasing effect. It is astonishing that these *bizarre* ornaments have escaped destruction hitherto, and that accident or design has not damaged or destroyed them. The old house is now a children's hospital, and nurses and matrons pass up and down the Parliamentary staircase. But this occupancy suggests misgivings, as a hospital, once it begins to flourish, has a fashion of expanding or levelling regardless of antiquarian associations. The choice piece of ground, the gardens behind, and the fine

healthy, stimulating air are tempting enough; and a few years may see the Cromwellian house levelled, and an imposing modern, but hideous pile reared in its place.

A scientific pilgrimage in search of the old London houses and mansions would discover even much more that is interesting and novel. London abounds in such. But here the same old story of disaster has to be repeated



FAIRFAX HOUSE, PUTNEY.

—the best are going or gone. Not by the slow processes of the leveller and builder, but through some onsets which work wholesale.*

Among the solid old houses in the London suburbs, few attracted the pedestrian more powerfully than the imposing residence at Putney, known as Fairfax House. This pile of old brick was a welcome adornment

* There has been an enemy working underground during the past years—an ogre more wholesale and omnivorous than has yet appeared. This arises out of the burrowing of the underground lines in the City—the grand teredo, such as bored its way to the Mansion House Station from the Tower. It has been stated “that there has been no such general demolition since the days of the Great Fire. No less than 130 houses, some of them the oldest in London, and two of the City halls, have been pulled down in order to construct the new thoroughfare which continues Gracechurch Street to Tower Hill. The general destruction is added to by the tunnelling of the link line from the Tower to the Mansion House.”

to that pleasing bit of Putney which was close to the bridge. Its great length, old ivy, quaint gables and grounds, gave it a particular attraction. Yet, in 1886, the word went forth that it was to be levelled, and the ground built over.

Many protests were made, among others, by a lady who had been a former resident. "I lived," she pleaded, "for nineteen years in that dear old house, and would take any trouble to prevent its destruction. It is older than he mentions. The house was built by one Dawes, a merchant, in the reign of Henry VIII. Queen Elizabeth used to breakfast in the oak-panelled drawing-room, waiting for the tide, to ford the river on her journeys from Sheen to London. This gave it the name of the Queen's House, by which it is called in the older documents, and by which it was known till the present name was given after General Fairfax was quartered there. The house was added to in the reign of Queen Anne; this date is given on one of the two sun-dials on the walls. Much more lofty rooms were built over the low drawing-room. Besides its picturesqueness and historic interest, the old house has the merit of being built in a substantial style only too rare in these days. The best preservation would be if some rich man would buy. Could not the garden be saved also? Such a variety of fine old specimen trees is rarely to be met with even in much larger grounds: and the house would be much spoilt by having the garden destroyed."

But some practical-minded surveyors, in whose hands was the sale of the house, came to demolish the story: "Many erroneous statements have been published, and we may state that there is no shut-up room in the house. There was formerly an enclosed space in the cellars, but this was opened some years ago, and nothing whatever was discovered. There is no indication of any subterranean passage, and it would be difficult to propound any theory to account for its supposed existence. There is every reason to suppose that the house was never visited by Queen Elizabeth, and this supposition is strengthened by the fact that no portion of the house (which we have carefully inspected) appears to be of older date than her reign. If Queen Elizabeth was ever entertained in the oak-panelled drawing-room, as has been stated, the room must then have presented a totally different appearance, as the present panelling is about the date of the Restoration, and much of the work in the house is of considerably later date. It is also practically certain that Fairfax never took up his quarters in Fairfax House, although it is probable that his Commissary-General, Ireton, might have done so." It is probable that few owners of moderate income, who were offered a large sum for some relic of antiquity, would decline, no matter how æsthetic their tastes. The result of the discussion was that the house was levelled, and over its fair gardens was built a row of practical and unlovely shops.

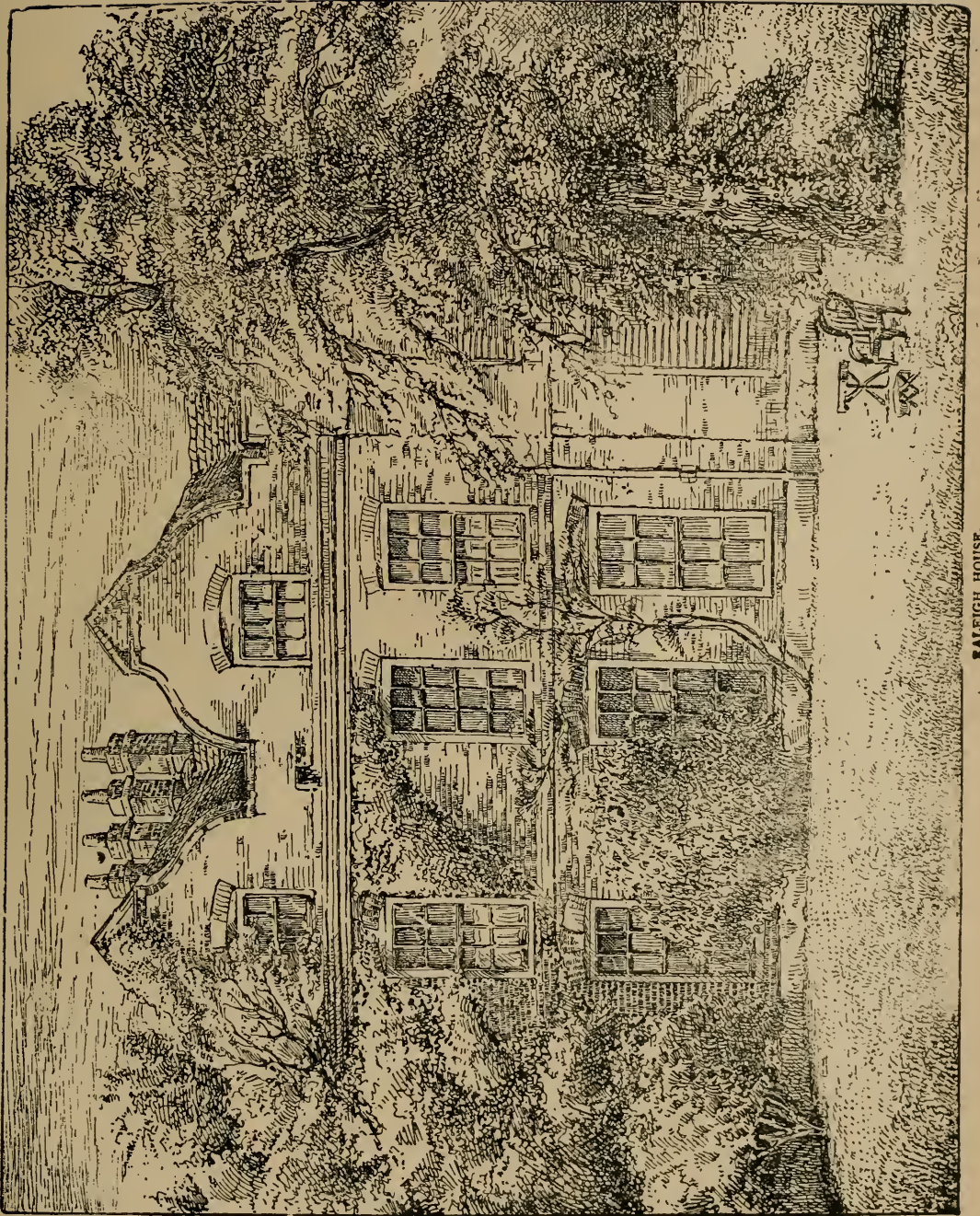
In the year 1888, a number of famous and historic houses were offered for sale by Messrs. Lumley. These included the old Shaw House at Newbury. "This may claim to rank, from an historical point of view, among the most interesting places in the southern counties. The beautiful Elizabethan mansion house, built by John Doleman just three centuries ago, is that same Shaw House, otherwise 'Doleman's,' which figures so prominently in the exciting story of the second battle of Newbury. It is one of the few remaining sixteenth-century houses which, while it is in good preservation, has suffered nothing from the rash hand of the restorer, and its bowling-greens, fish-ponds, yew walks and paths along the Lambourne, and even the defensive works thrown up by the Royalist army, are still there to illustrate its remarkable history." On the same day was offered for sale Carshalton House—whence Dr. Radcliffe was summoned to attend the death-bed of Queen Anne, and did not go. This mansion has its richly-timbered grounds and "fayre" gardens, and beautiful iron gates. There was also "submitted to public competition" Chalfont Park and Lodge, which was praised by Horace Walpole; also "The Oaks," associated pleasingly with General Burgoyne's drama "The Maid of the Oaks," an old castellated red-brick mansion, standing in well-wooded grounds. Gatton House, with its marble hall, was also sold, once connected with the notorious and corrupt old borough. This was not bad for a single day's work. The probability would be that the buyer would turn his purchase to immediate profit, level, and sell materials, and lay out the grounds for villa residences.

Yet one more agreeable old mansion, whose fall is hovering in the balance, or has been already determined, is the pleasing Raleigh House, out at Brixton.* It stood, or stands, in some charming grounds, old-fashioned, and rather secluded. For some years an agitation has been going on in the district to secure it as a park.

It is nearer to London, however, that the old houses disappear with the rapidity of a pantomimic change. The temptation of a garden and "grounds" is irresistible. Now where a single house stood you can trace a street of villas or terraces. A keen, sympathetic antiquary, living at Stoke Newington, Mr. Andrews, kept mournful watch on this, and some years ago recorded these baleful efforts:—

"Like autumn leaves, the ripe old red-brick mansions of the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century, which stood in their spacious grounds surrounded by lofty buttressed walls, and which gave a peculiar character to our London suburbs, are falling around us. Only a few months have passed since I recorded the demolition of Fleetwood House; last month the end of Ken-

* With such rapidity are the blows struck, and so capricious too is the spoiler in his work, now hurrying on, now suspending altogether, that it becomes difficult to bring the record "up to date," as it were.



RALEIGH HOUSE.

sington House was narrated, and I have two others to add to the series this month. The flat little branch line which ran out of Lower Edmonton was terminated at its Enfield end by a fine old red-brick mansion of the period of Queen Anne, which was utilized as the terminal station. This alteration would seem to necessitate the erection of a new station and the removal of the old one ; so that probably before these lines are in the hands of the reader, the pick will be at its cruel work upon the fine old pile. The front of the house has good specimens of carved and moulded brickwork. The central portion of the front is, perhaps, one of the finest pieces of English brickwork in existence. It consists of an elaborate entablature, with a segmental pediment and four pilasters, which divide the front into three spaces, the central space, which contains a large window, being twice as wide as the lateral ones, each of which contains a niche, semicircular in plan, with a semicircular head, filled in with a well-carved cherub's head. Above the niche is a panel containing swags of fruit and flowers, well carved out of brickwork. The entablature is very elaborately moulded and carved, the cornice having delicately-moulded dentils. Each pilaster has a carved composite capital. The bricks of which this portion of the front is formed are small, and the joints are almost imperceptible. All the carving is out of the solid brickwork, and none of this work appears to have been cast. The front contains, in addition, four windows, with carved brick architraves and label-heads. The other features are the usual ones found in houses of this period. All the rooms are panelled.

"The other old house is at the foot of Denmark Hill, Camberwell, and was till lately known as 'Denmark Hill Grammar School.' It was erected by Sir Christopher Wren upwards of two hundred years ago, and is said to be the last specimen of his work in the neighbourhood. It was once the residence of Mrs. Thrale, and during her occupancy Dr. Johnson was, no doubt, a frequent visitor here, as he was at Kensington House. The mansion was, on the 16th ult., sold in upwards of a hundred lots for old building materials, and two hundred small houses will shortly spring up on the site."

The changes which have taken place in the City have been so imperceptible that we are scarcely conscious of the alteration of old landmarks and lines of streets. They have been well summarized by a laborious antiquary in one of the daily papers :—

"The amount of rebuilding that has taken place in the last ten years far exceeds that necessitated by the Great Fire. With the exception of the Regent's route, cut through from Carlton House up to Regent's Park, there is no important thoroughfare that has not changed its appearance in the last few years. The Strand and Piccadilly are on the maps what they were long ago, but one by one, and sometimes in small groups, so many houses have been pulled down and rebuilt that their appearance is considerably

altered. Where entire rebuilding has not been effected, refronting has been adopted in many cases, as, *e.g.*, in Gower Street, Hans Place, and several houses in Mayfair. Mount Street and its neighbourhood is new, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, is not recognizable, while Flood Street and others adjoining have been swept away. The aspect of Whitehall is greatly changed of late years, and Spring Gardens is all but gone. Michael's Grove, Brompton, has undergone a thorough transformation. The whole area about Lower Sloane Street, where was the Old Chelsea Market, with its neighbouring courts, has been cleared, and is already partly rebuilt. The completion of Lennox Gardens and Cadogan Square was followed almost immediately by the rebuilding of Leete Street, Draycott Place and Street, and part of the King's Road. Shaftesbury Avenue and the new Charing Cross Road are showing their influence right and left of them, and the whole of that part of London is becoming new, while their existence has already altered the character of life in the celebrated Seven Dials neighbourhood."

CHAPTER XV.

OLD TOWN MANSIONS.

THE old mansions of nobles and gentlemen in Grosvenor Street, Brook Street, Hill Street, Cavendish Square and Portman Square are generally of a fine and dignified pattern. There is an imposing air about the halls. The staircase is laid out in a noble style. The reception rooms are grand, and disposed in an original way, a surprise to us who are accustomed to the modern pattern of "front and back drawing-rooms."

Some of these old mansions offer a pleasing study, and excite admiration from their good effect. The Burlington Hotel has lately added to its premises a couple of old and stately mansions of this grand pattern. The decoration is the most interesting feature, consisting of garlands and panelling, wrought in a sort of massive stucco and laid profusely on the walls, with a rich but heavy effect—"surfaces," as they are called, of the boldest pattern. Everywhere are medallions and flowers.

Close by was a more interesting pile which for years many passed by without even a look of curiosity. This was a large building at the bottom of Old Burlington Street, apparently a factory or warehouse. "Few persons living," says an agreeable reminiscer, writing in February, 1887, "can recollect the old Western Exchange, which in 1820 was one of the sights of London. It ran parallel with the Burlington Arcade, the entrance being from 10, Old Bond Street, to which house it is still attached, and was at one time the grand banqueting hall. This hall is 170 feet by 105 feet, is very lofty, and has spacious galleries all round, supported by handsome Doric columns, highly decorated. There are numerous ante-rooms covering a large space of ground at the rear of several houses in Old Bond Street, the whole abutting on the Burlington Arcade, to which at one time there was an entrance. Its existence dates back to about the end of the sixteenth century, when the northern part of the street ended here. New Bond Street was then an open field known as

Conduit Mead, named from one of the conduits which supplied this part of London with water.

"In 1820 this place was converted into a bazaar, known, as already stated, as the Western Exchange. Though a fashionable resort before dinner of the idle and well-to-do, it did not last many years. Since then it has had a chequered existence, being occupied by commercial firms for various purposes. It is now about to be demolished, to erect on its site 'commanding premises' for a West-end firm of coach-builders, and thus one more of the few old London houses with a history will soon have disappeared."

In various streets of the neighbourhood are to be found some fine, well-preserved houses of excellent pattern. In Clifford Street there is an ironmonger, or dealer in chimney-pieces, and as we enter his "store" we are surprised to find ourselves in one of the handsome architectural halls of the old days. Low, but richly adorned, columns, fluted, and with Corinthian capitals, support the ceiling, which is as richly worked with panels and devices. On the left a stair rises, in very short flights of half a dozen steps, between two of the columns, and the balustrades are quite monumental in their solidity. All is as stout and solid as it was a century and a half ago, when no doubt it was constructed. Such a sight as this is a pleasing surprise to the traveller in London.

Many will recall the fine old "Kensington House," a long, tall, high-roofed building of many windows, which stood behind a low wall in that suburb. It was ever interesting to pass by, for one thought of Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, who lived there; of the French school held there after the Revolution by the Prince de Broglie as principal, to whom King Charles X. was pupil; and of Mrs. Inchbald, who lived here when it was a boarding-house. It was a pity to lose so fine a mansion, and with such gardens behind.

In 1872 this and another fine old house, with wings, were levelled to make way for Baron Grant's imposing but ugly palace, and a space of seven acres was cleared. Many will recall the gigantic green lattice work reared at each side to fence out the adjoining houses. The edifice and grounds cost close upon £300,000, equivalent to a rental of £15,000 a year. By the time it was completed its owner was ruined, and he never lived in it.*

In some of the old-fashioned streets in Westminster we find noble-

* It was sold "in lots" in 1882 for about £10,000; the grand marble staircase, which cost £11,000, went to Madame Tussaud's for £1,000, where a portion may be seen. The massive gilt grille, or railing that faced the street, cost £3,500, and was bought for Sandown for 300 guineas. Being all levelled and cleared the ground was laid out and sold, when it was found there was room for seventy-five houses.

men's or gentlemen's houses disposed inside after a pattern which might be commended to the study and imitation of our modern architects. Not long since we were in a house in Park Place, whose interior seemed strikingly original and elegant. The staircase was in a sort of well, and the drawing-room landing took the shape of a kind of balustraded gallery, whence you could look down on the company ascending. The drawing-room had a piquant window, whence there was a view of the stairs. Though this was a small house there was a general tone of spaciousness. There are modest houses in the little streets leading out of the Strand which display the same elegance of arrangement.

One of the most pleasing, or quaint, survivals is a little tranquil corner in Westminster known as "Queen Anne's Square," or Gate. A very few years ago this might have altogether escaped the town traveller, so abandoned was it; but now it has come into fashion; the great "Mansions" tower over it, the ground is coveted, and is increasing in value every hour. Here are some houses of a truly antique pattern, high-roofed, with broad eaves, dormer windows, and, finally, some seven or eight doorways all of the same pattern, carved elaborately, each taking the shape of a sort of projecting canopy with pendent bosses. The whole is in perfect keeping, and is after one design—pillars, door-case, and railing. The effect is charming, and elaborate as the doorways are, the workmanship is so sound that they are in admirable condition, and have stood wind and weather for a couple of centuries. The artistic visitor will note the beautiful proportion of the pilasters, the due and effective breadth of the mouldings, while even the railings—simple and in such contrast to the pretentious and modern railings—are in keeping. In the corner of the square is the statue of Queen Anne. But already the refashioning has set in; stories are being added, the dormers swept away, and presently the houses will be modernized and rebuilt, the doorways coveted by the dealers, or disposed of for a good price in Wardour Street. One of the quaint oddities of the place is the grotesque faces which dot the walls, each different.

Within a couple of doors of the Adelphi Theatre are to be seen two houses, "quaint and old," belonging to the Charles II. era—one said to have been the house of Drayton the poet—carved and original. I suppose few who pass hurriedly by, observe them. The old houses in London, of great pretensions to beauty, are very few. Of course there are a goodly number of simply antique mansions.

In James Street, and looking on the Wellington Barracks, is a quaint old Queen Anne house, extremely simple in treatment, but original. It is well worth looking at from its cheerful, gay brickwork, and the arrangement of the windows, disposed irregularly. It has quite the suburban or Richmond-like air, and ought to be on a common. Indeed, there is a

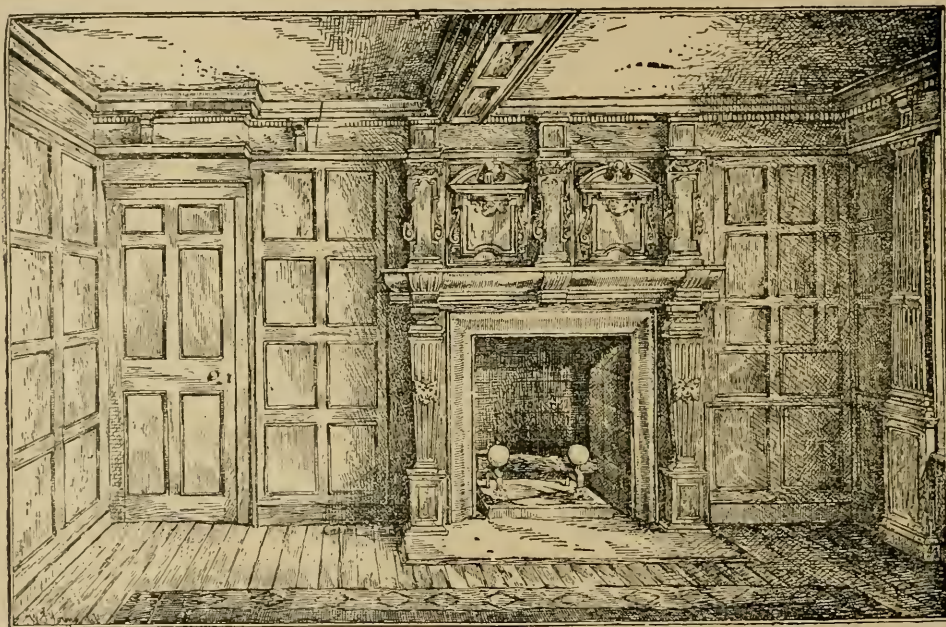
quaint air of old fashion about this James Street rarely found in a London street.

Perhaps a gem of a house, as it might be called, is the one in Great Queen Street—No. 56, which was before alluded to. It consists of a most original, red-brick front, with pilasters adorned with rich and even elegant Corinthian capitals; above runs a no less rich cornice, while some piquant dormer windows give point and emphasis. Happily it has fallen into the hands of a worthy firm who deserve credit for having maintained it in its old perfect shape; but the necessities of trade have entailed the "excavation" of the lower storey, which of course destroys the effect. Still, as it is, this charming relic—the tradition runs that it was the work of Inigo Jones—is ever welcome to the passer-by, from the rich warm, mellow tint of its brick—its "closeness," the whole being as smooth as a billiard table—and the general soundness of the work. This must have been built two centuries ago. What house of our day will stand for half a century, even with abundant renewings and repairs?

Two of the most beautiful and elaborate Old London houses are those to be found side by side at the end of Mortimer Street, out of Regent Street. There is a grace and richness in the carvings and general design which suggest some of the old Flemish houses in Antwerp and Bruges. Very few, I fancy, have ever noted this piece of architectural embroidery, which is as solid as it is interesting.

But it is melancholy to think of all that has been swept away, even recently. Forgotten now is the so-called Shakespeare Tavern, that stood a few years ago in Aldersgate Street, an extraordinarily picturesque specimen of the framed house, richly carved, overhanging the street, all gables and bows, a wonderfully effective example of the old wooden structures. In a short time we shall be looking for such things in vain, and have only pictures and photographs to remind us of them. Further down, on the opposite side of the street, stood, at the same period, that curious specimen of a nobleman's town mansion, Shaftesbury House, with its huge stone pilasters and rambling façade. This also is levelled. It is something, however, to have seen these things. Nor must I forget a welcome surprise, or "treat" as an enthusiast would put it, in the way of old houses, which occurred many years ago, when it was announced in the papers that there was a special old house in the City, in Leadenhall Street, on the eve of being pulled down, and which every connoisseur ought to see before its destruction. I repaired thither with the rest, and was more than gratified, for a more instructive or effective survival could not be imagined. It was an old mansion of a thriving merchant in the days of Queen Anne. Outside it was gloomy, with an archway, under which you entered into a courtyard, round which spread the houses and offices. The front was clearly devoted to the business of the office; in the dwelling,

just behind, the merchant and his family resided. But in what state! and what evidence of wealth and taste! There was a noble staircase with ponderous balustrades; the walls and ceilings were painted in allegorical devices—gods and goddesses and clouds; rooms all panelled in oak with carved cornices—such was the spectacle! This was the fashion of the day, the combination of business with opulence. The merchant had not then his box in the country, to which he repaired at evening, but lived in the town. Here was a glimpse of the old City—state and trade commingled—merchant and family and clerks and wares all under the same roof. In a few days the pickaxes were busy on the paintings!

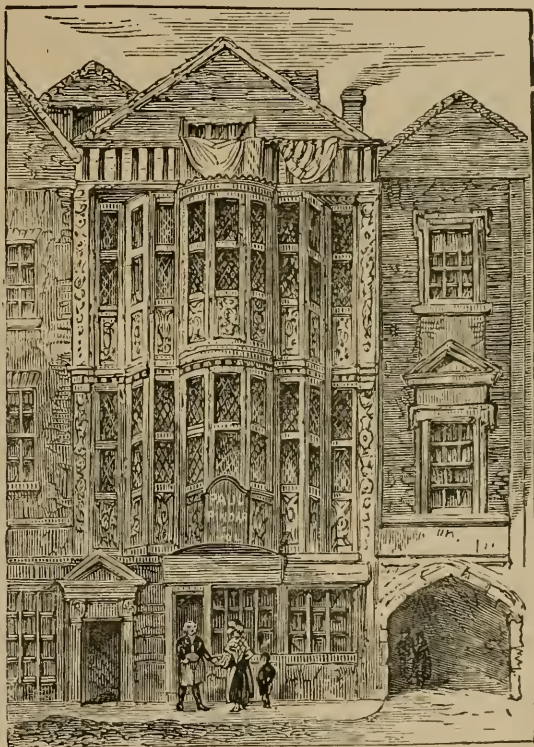


ROOM IN THE SIR PAUL PINDAR TAVERN.

So lately as December, 1877, an action was brought by the owner of the Sir Paul Pindar Tavern in Bishopsgate Street to restrain the neighbouring hospital from pulling down the adjoining old house. The two houses were said to be to some extent framed together, so that parts of the rooms of one would be immediately above or below the rooms of the other. The two had probably formed originally one house. The buildings were old and interesting, and the plaintiff deposed that he attributed much of the value of the good-will "to the antique and quaint appearance of his house." It appeared that the one house was separated from the other by a timber-framed partition, and that a portion of this had been removed *to enable the South Kensington authorities to get some large and handsome ceilings.* Already Sir Paul Pindar's house leans ominously, as though the foundations were giving way. This elegant old

mansion might be placed in a museum, so profuse and delicate are the carvings and carved panellings. Mr. Birch tells us it was built about the year 1650, the owner being a wealthy merchant, who gave a sum of £10,000 to old St. Paul's Church. The ceilings of the two rooms are exceedingly rich, one representing, in flat relief, the sacrifice of Isaac, the other being divided into geometrical patterns. What will become of this work when the old building has to be taken down?

Mr. Birch notes with much praise the fine old mansions of St. Helen's, their fine design and material, of "cut brick." The date 1646 is on one of the pilasters. He thinks—and is probably right—that it is the work of Inigo Jones, who was employed on the church, where some of the screens and also the doorways are of his design. In No. 9 is to be seen a good fire-place. To the same architect also, Mr. Birch attributes "a very noble chimney-piece" in the house No. 25, Bishopsgate Street—Crosby Hall Chambers. It is a duty of rather mixed experience, the hunting up these relics, and the request to be admitted to see a room or hall upstairs is sometimes received suspiciously, but often enough very cordially. In some cases the City mind cannot understand the taste that prompts such inquiries. But on the whole there is a courtesy and cordiality of reception which is gratifying,

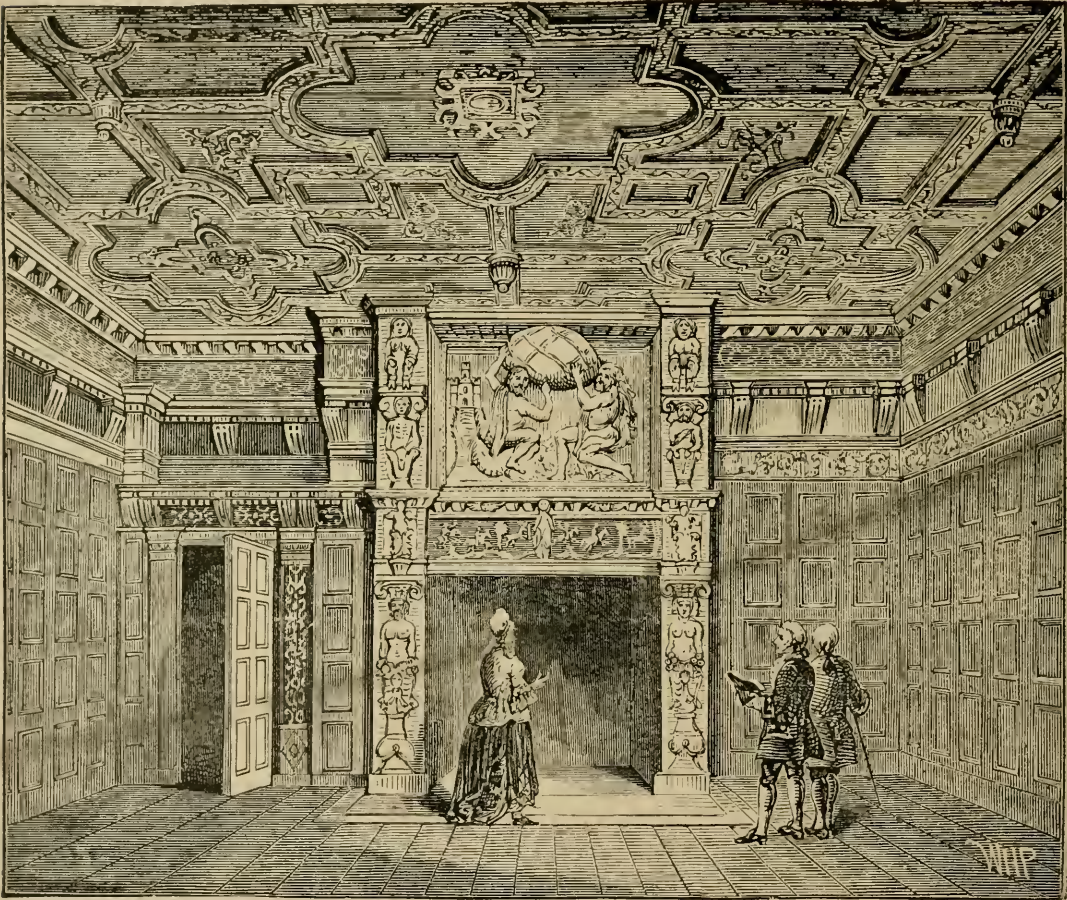


SIR PAUL PINDAR'S HOUSE.

the owner seeming flattered that his property should attract the notice of the curious. Mr. Birch, always a sympathetic observer, describes an old chamber in the Ward Schools of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, as a perfect gem, with its fine oak panels running round, in each panel an excellent painting in *chiaro oscuro*. Another imposing chamber is that one at Islington where the Directors of the New River Company meet, with its fine ceiling wrought with an oval in Inigo Jones's manner. But in truth there is an abundance of these old apartments in London, stately, dignified, but comparatively unknown and difficult to find.

In Hanover Square and George Street there is quite a Dutch tone, as

any one will see who pauses and glances from one house to the other. Removing the shops, in imagination, as well as the plaster with which the old brickwork has been encrusted, and peopling them with fine company, carriages waiting at the door, we can see what the old pattern was. Many are rich in pilasters and cornices, and it will be noted that most of the windows are slightly arched. They are, in fact, of the same pattern as some of the stately mansions in Grosvenor Square inhabited by the "nobility



ROOM IN SIR PAUL PINDAR'S HOUSE.

and gentry," and would have the same effect if occupied by such tenants. A curious and elaborately adorned house stands on the right of the church—the fashionable St. George's.

To an artistic eye one of the pleasantest sights is an old-fashioned mansion standing in its garden, with an elegant gate of twisted iron, monograms, and a gilt helmet, it may be, interlaced, with sinuous leaves gracefully bent. Through its openings we see the straight flagged walk leading to the fan-shaped steps, with the smooth flowing rail of hammered iron, opening out

in a graceful curve. The doorway is tall and narrow, with an overhanging cornice. The windows exhibit a feeling of design and balance. There are the high, the solidly imperishable carved eaves which no damp can penetrate. The whole has an air of grace; it suits its garden, and its garden suits it. Out at Clapton, nearly opposite to the Salvationist Barracks, is a house of this pattern; pleasing, if only as a survival of the well-designed suburban house, and which will well repay a walk. It is now a ladies' school.

The larger mansions in London, which answer to noblemen's "hôtels" in Paris, are few, and are not very imposing of their class. Of this grand and pretentious kind there are barely half a dozen. The old Northumberland House, with its well-known lion—now levelled—was perhaps the only one with historical associations. The Brothers Adam, who have done so much for the metropolis, do not seem to have been sufficiently appreciated in this line. Their work is found abundantly in the country and suburbs, in houses of "noblemen and gentlemen." The speculator is ever casting hungry glances at these tempting morsels. One of the finest of these mansions, so interesting from its associations, was Chesterfield House, with its graceful façade, flanked by colonnades joining the two wings, its harmonious yet unpretending combination of spacious rooms and fine staircase. Of late years this mansion passed through all the vicissitudes of a "letting house," and was finally disposed of to a wealthy magnate who is said to have shown much ability and skill in "exploiting" his purchase. In the gardens a row of magnificent mansions, stables, etc. was reared. The ground covered by the wings was also built over, and the house, shorn of its charming colonnades, now disposed against the blank brick walls at right angles to the main building, serves as a residence for the proprietor himself. It was whispered that this clever arrangement of the purchase had recouped the whole outlay, and that the mansion is now rent free. The room where, as the tradition runs, Johnson waited, is now lit with the electric light!

Devonshire House, whose gloomy and rather dilapidated wall is familiar to all who pass through Piccadilly, is "a neat, plain, well-proportioned brick building," a description that well suits its unpretending merits. There is also Lansdowne House adjoining, on the north, which has a large expanse of garden and grounds. It is one of the earliest works of the Brothers Adam, and after their favourite pattern, a central block with a pediment and four columns, two lower wings adhering, as it were, to it. It is said that the reception apartments when thrown open for festivities will hold a larger number of guests than any other London house. It has its grand gallery, one hundred feet long, with a famous collection of statues and pictures. Perhaps, says a certain guide book, in an amusingly odd criticism, "there is no other collection in

which the human countenance appears with such glorious attributes of mental expression and artistic execution." It may be said, however, that this at least applies admirably to the famous Reynolds portrait of Sterne, with its very original attitude and Voltairean glance. The Duke of Westminster's mansion in Upper Grosvenor Street had probably originally one of those dismal walls which excited Sir W. Chambers's reprobation. There is now in front a striking, open colonnade, or "columniated screen," as the architects call it, with two gateways, probably suggested by that in front of old Carlton House. Through this is seen the rather ordinary mansion itself, which somehow suggests an "hôtel" in the faubourg. Facing the park are the gardens, which have been curtailed by the erection of a somewhat ponderous gallery to hold the pictures. Here is one of the most famous London collections, with ten Claudes, eleven Rubenses, and seven Rembrandts, and over one hundred works by masters of the first and second rank. This is the remarkable feature in the case of these noble London mansions, viz., the curiosities of the picture gallery or art collection, suggesting the show palaces at Rome and Genoa. A sad specimen of failure, after abundant promise and lavish outlay, is offered by Apsley House. This was an old brick house which the Iron Duke purchased for nearly £10,000, and proceeded to patch and remodel, with the most unprofitable result. There are many stories of his dissatisfaction and disappointment at the result, and of the costly shifts to which he and his architect, Wyatt, were led to resort to. It was admitted that it would have been better and cheaper to have reared an entirely new edifice. Here is a gallery and many choice works of art, the most interesting of which is Canova's colossal statue of Napoleon—the first object which greets the visitor.

Few would imagine that in that fast-decaying city, Dublin, are to be found some of the finest and most architectural specimens of the nobleman's house. It is pitiable to see these stately piles falling into ruin, or turned to baser and, at least, unsuitable uses. There are some half a dozen still remaining, worthy of admiration from their beautiful proportion, noble and spacious apartments, and exquisite stucco. The Duke of Leinster's in Merrion Square is now occupied by the Royal Dublin Society. Another, in William Street, belongs to a commercial firm; Lord Alborough's, a name long associated with Mr. Holloway and the "cure of a bad leg of long standing," with its private theatre and chapel forming two wings, has become a barrack. Lord Charlemont's, in Rutland Square, designed by Sir W. Chambers, is a public office. The friezes, ceilings, and other decorative works in these places are truly astonishing and indeed incomparable, and, it is said, a number of Italian artists were brought over specially for the work. Nothing indeed shows the decay of taste so much as the contrast between the older patterns of chimney-piece and the new. Not many years ago there was a sort of *bande noire*

established in Dublin, who bought up all these artistic fittings, with the result that almost every old house in the county was ruthlessly stripped of its adornments, which were taken away to embellish newly-built houses in London. One private gentleman, who was concerned in a building speculation, secured no less than forty or fifty chimney-pieces at one swoop!

An imposing pile of building rises on one side of Piccadilly, between the Arcade and the Albany, whose great archway leads to the most popular of exhibitions, that of the Royal Academy. This pretentious and florid mass is already grey and ancient-looking. Yet not many years back its place was filled by a long, prison-like, well-grimed, and very dead wall, literally blackened with the dirt of a century, and more. In the centre was a huge, massive gateway, that might have opened into Newgate. This forlorn-looking place was old Burlington House, which seemed as though no one ever lived in, or entered it. Few supposed that within there was a building and architectural combination of an original order, which had often excited the admiration of connoisseurs—the work of the *dilettante* Earl of that name, whose skill is still to be admired in the spacious York Assembly Rooms, for which he furnished designs. In his alterations of his house in Piccadilly there was much pleasing grace. It was of only two stories, which can still be noticed, but they are now groaning under the superimposed third story laid on them by the modern architect. They seem to protest—

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Those who about twenty years ago passed by its grim portals might have wondered how this monastic air could have recommended itself to the English nobility, for it was to be noted that all the great houses in London, with an exception or two, preserved this air of hostile and barricaded exclusion. Long ago Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House, after remarking how in Italy and France the gates of palaces are always of open ironwork, so as to allow the house within to be seen, added this pleasant criticism:—

“In London many of our noblemen’s palaces towards the street *look like convents*; nothing appears but a high wall, with one or two large gates, in which there is a hole for those who choose to go in or out, to creep through: if a coach arrives the wide gate is opened indeed, but this is an operation that requires time. Few in this city suspect that behind an old brick wall in Piccadilly there is one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe.” Here he alludes to the well-known colonnade, which, on the conversion of the place to its present purposes, was carted away ignominiously to Battersea Park.

It was a happy and original idea of the noble architect’s. For as he

looked from the windows of his house, his nice artistic sense was offended by the blank space of the wall in which his gateway was pierced, and he filled it up with this imposing semicircular colonnade, which must have formed a stately and ennobling object for the eye to rest on. Horace Walpole gives this natural account of the surprise produced on its first introduction to him. "I had not only," he says, "never seen it, but had never heard of it. I was invited to a ball at Burlington House; as I passed under the gate at night, it could not strike me. But at daybreak, looking out of the window to see the sun rise, I was surprised at the vision of the colonnade that fronted me. It seemed one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night time." Of another mansion planned by Lord Burlington, but since destroyed, Lord Chesterfield said in his lively way: "That to be sure he could not live in it, but intended to take the house over against it, to look at it." This was as handsome a compliment as the sarcastic peer could offer. But there were other additions to be supplied to the scene. The house itself was flanked on each side with stately dependences joined to it by corridors, a system of arrangement to which the older architects were partial.

Some forty or fifty years ago, one of the Cavendish family remodelled the house, abolished the gardens, and allowed the familiar Arcade to be cut through them; while not many years ago the final change was made, and the house, purchased by Government, was given over to what may be styled the Artistic and Scientific Societies. The beautiful colonnade was levelled and carried off to Battersea Park, where the stones now lie piled on each other, and are decaying away. The late Mr. Ferguson, an admirable, critical architect, has pointed out the shocking, meagre, treatment that the house has received—the new story being heavier than the one underneath, and the monstrous stone arcade placed in front, as if on purpose to even further shorten the story below. Any unprofessional person can see for himself how discordant is all this, but "the job," as it may be called, was not done by the architect of the new buildings. "Burlington House, at present, is only remarkable as an example to show how easy it is to destroy even the best buildings by ill-judged additions or alterations; an upper story has been added more solid, with an order taller than that in which it stands, so as utterly to crush what was a *piano nobile* of the building. The result is, that what a few years ago was one of the most elegant is now one of the very worst architectural examples in the metropolis."

Another interesting pursuit for the "Traveller in London" is the visiting of old houses where famous persons have lived or died. It is a curious sensation, this, of halting before some cenotaph of this kind, especially when it wears its old habit, and has not been altered. You think how many times they ascended those steps and entered the always open door. There was his room—there his study. In most instances the reflection is, how poor, how

mean the tabernacle! Never did this recur with such force as on a visit to Enfield to Charles Lamb's old house—a poor, stricken little dwelling—one in a mean cluster, so straitened and small, with a little doorway through which you could scarce squeeze. Yet here he gave parties, and lived amid madness and misery. Friends came down from London to see him. The Society of Arts has furnished aid in this direction, and like some Old Mortality goes round London recording, and keeping alive, these memories by fixing pretty, circular tablets on the front of the more notable mansions. This good work is being gradually extended, but it takes time; for it entails negotiation with the proprietors, some of whom are slow to understand what is intended. But, in truth, if one were to diligently search the “lives” and “memoirs,” an enormous list could be made. The American, Mr. L. Hutton, has done this recently, with singular painstaking. The difficulty is, however, that in the last century “numbers” were not in fashion, and people gave generally the name only of the street. Sir H. Wood, the secretary of the Society, has given an account of his pleasant labours, by which it would appear that the complete list of tablets to the present time is as follows:—

James Barry, 36, Castle Street, Oxford Street; Edmund Burke, 37, Gerrard Street, Soho; Lord Byron, 16, Holles Street; George Canning, 37, Conduit Street; John Dryden, 43, Gerrard Street; Michael Faraday, 2, Blandford Street, Portman Square; John Flaxman, 7, Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square; Benjamin Franklin, 7, Craven Street, Strand; David Garrick, 5, Adelphi Terrace; George Frederick Handel, 25, Brook Street; William Hogarth, 30, Leicester Square; Samuel Johnson, 17, Gough Square, Fleet Street; Napoleon III., 3A, King Street, St. James's; Lord Nelson, 147, New Bond Street; Sir Isaac Newton, 35, St. Martin's Street; Peter the Great, 15, Buckingham Street, Strand; Sir Joshua Reynolds, 47, Leicester Square; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 14, Savile Row; Mrs. Siddons, 27, Upper Baker Street; Sir Robert Walpole, 5, Arlington Street.

We find also—Henry Cavendish, Sir Humphrey Davy, Charles Dickens, Thomas Gainsborough, Count Rumford, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Joseph Mallord William Turner, and Josiah Wedgwood. It is hoped that arrangements may, in most of the above cases, soon be completed. This is not so interesting a list as might be made; many more of greater importance might be added. Sterne, for instance, lodged in Old Bond Street, at a cheesemonger's, as Mr. Cunningham ascertained; James Boswell in Halfmoon Street and Downing Street; William Penn, in Norfolk Street, Strand. The site, at least, of the Turk's Head Coffee House, where the Literary Club met, might be easily ascertained. Theodore Hook's and Charles Lamb's house, in Colebrooke Row, should certainly be noted.

There is another admirable society especially devoted to cherishing the interest in old London buildings, and which has already worked admirably.

This is "The Society for Photographing Relics of Old London," and which has been excellently directed by Mr. Alfred Marks, of Long Ditton. Already no less than eighty-four pictures have been taken, many of which are already the sole and faithful records of what have been swept away. These are very different from the average photograph, being artistic to a high degree, done in low tones with effective shadow, of large size, and mounted on a bluish grey card, so as to throw out the picture. The list includes—the "Oxford Arms" Inn, Warwick Lane; houses in Wych Street and Drury Lane; Lincoln's Inn; St. Bartholomew the Great, and adjacent houses in Cloth Fair; Temple Bar; houses in Leadenhall Street; Gray's Inn Lane; Brewer Street, Soho; the "Sir Paul Pindar;" Staple Inn, Holborn Front; Canonbury Tower; Barnard's Inn; Christ's Hospital; Churchyard of St. Laurence Pountney; houses in Great Queen Street and Aldersgate Street; twelve views of the Charterhouse; the Southwark Inns; old houses in the Borough and Bermondsey; St. Mary Overy's Dock; Sion College; Oxford Market; Little Dean's Yard; Ashburnham House; Banqueting House, Whitehall; Water Gate, York House; Lincoln's Inn Fields; Lambeth Palace Gate House, Great Hall, and "Lollards' Tower"; old house, Palace Yard, Lambeth; old houses, Aldgate; "The Golden Axe," St. Mary Axe; No. 37, Cheapside; No. 73, Cheapside; old house, Great Ormond Street; old house, Queen Square, Bloomsbury; shop, Macclesfield Street, Soho.

Another old mansion whose loss is to be lamented is that of the Tradescants, in South Lambeth. It had fine old grounds attached, and venerable trees. Indeed, in Lambeth, up to a recent date, there was an abundance of picturesque, heavy-eaved houses, often sketched by the artist. This, of the Tradescants, had been visited by Charles I., Pepys, Atterbury, and others. "On this spot, which until the last few weeks (1881) remained a rare pleasaunce amid bricks and mortar and smoke, were grown the first apricots ever seen in England. These, tradition declared, were stolen from the Dey of Algiers' garden by John Tradescant, who had joined an expedition against the Barbary pirates. 'Tradescins' Ark' was a favourite show place of the Londoners, and its contents subsequently became the foundation of the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford. In the gardens grew noble trees, which long relieved the dinginess of the decaying neighbourhood. But the axe has been laid at the root of the tall trees. The shrubs have been torn up, the absurd little temples to Flora have fared roughly at the hodman's hands, and this winter every trace of the 'Ark' itself has disappeared."

Not long ago the public was invited to take farewell of a great merchant's mansion, declared positively to be the last-surviving specimen of the kind. Vast crowds came accordingly, and visited every portion of this

interesting old place, which however was not so imposing or effective as the old destroyed house in Leadenhall Street. I went with the rest. It was situated in the interesting Austin Friars, where you enter from the street under an arch and find yourself in the grounds and inclosure of the old Augustine monastery, now covered with houses, but still laid out in curious winding passages, and not unpicturesque. On the right is the old Dutch Church. "With difficulty," says an explorer, "we find the old house, which is like a manor house—No. 21—having its steps and garden—waste enough. It could be traced on maps, and had a regular pedigree, from its first possessor, Olmius, a Dutch merchant, in King William's time, from whom it passed to the French family of Tierrenoult, from them to the Minets—eminent bankers in the days of the First French Empire—and from them to Thomas Le Marchant, whose descendant held it as representative of the firm of Thomas, Son, and Lefevre. From these last holders the present owner, Mr. John Fleming, acquired the property." It is described as "a large red-brick structure, lined throughout with quaintly carved panels and wainscoting, and its many rooms are capacious, lofty, and comfortable. Entering the old hall through a fine doorway, the merchant's counting-house is seen to the right, and his morning room and many remains of ware rooms to the left. Below this are capacious cellars, containing mysterious hiding places, and a remarkable vaulted strong room with an iron door. Here, too, was an old stone well, the water of which was used by the present owner until he discovered that there were some human bones at the bottom of it. In the vaulted kitchen there is a veritable old Dutch oven, faced with fantastic blue tiles, representing courtiers caracoling on fat Flanders mares, and the figures alternate with illustrations of tulips and tiger-lilies. Outside are the old red-tiled stables, and brew-house with gabled roof; and these look on part of the Garden of the Mendicants, still containing a gnarled old fig-tree that has at spasmodic intervals borne fruit, but ends its life next week. Returning to the hall we mount a broad staircase with large twisted balustrades and rails, every step of which is ornamented with intricate floral decoration. The panelling was of a rather meagre kind, with small mouldings up a narrow stair, and getting on to the red-tiled roof, with a stone parapet surrounding it, we can see what may be called the scheme of this extraordinary old property. The house is surrounded by other old buildings—all alike sentenced to destruction next Monday morning—and scraps of gardens, and over the way we see the huge modern buildings that now stand on the site of the Drapers' Gardens, which existed in many a living person's memory. There was something pathetic in the forlorn look of the whole, particularly of this abandoned bit of City garden, with its broad flight of riveted Purbeck flag steps and old iron handrails approaching it. Lofty, comfortable, highly respectable, and in its true sense 'snug' is the dining-room on the first floor,

with its many ingeniously-contrived cupboards and good woodwork. The outside displayed the sad-coloured tint of old and grimed brick." Coming by a day or two later, I found the hoardings already up, and the "breakers" at their work.

Turning out of High Street, Kensington, close by the station, and descending "Wright's Lane" for a hundred yards or so, we find ourselves before another of these surviving old mansions—Scarsdale House. There is the venerable brick wall running along the road and enclosing a garden as old, while the mansion, with its tiled roof, turns its shoulder to the road and looks toward its fair garden. A pleasing gateway, with piers surmounted by well-carved vases of graceful pattern. Entering we find ourselves in a spacious garden of the old Manor House pattern, a broad walk, with piers half way down—remains, probably, of a terrace—and at the bottom a sort of ruined pavilion or summer-house; steps lead down from the old doorway into the garden, and the house, with its tiled roof and dormer windows, forms a pleasing background. There is a pleasant air of repose and abandonment over all, and no one would suppose he was in the heart of a busy quarter of London.

Within we find all in keeping. The spacious reception and drawing-rooms are long and lofty, and "walled" with old panelling, heavily moulded, which have not been disfigured with paint or even varnish. The staircase is in short flights, with broad landings, and has fine substantial balusters of oak, with richly-twisted rails. The doorways are black as ebony, and carved elaborately; and an entrance to one of the bedrooms is deeply embayed, and offers an effective union of arched and square doorway combined, supported on carved pillars. There is an abundance of recesses and shadowy places, and the whole has quite a picturesque air. Long may Scarsdale House be spared! though railway companies and speculative builders have the valuable ground in their eyes, and would be glad—the latter, at least—to erect a showy Scarsdale Terrace, or Mansions, "suitable for noblemen, gentlemen, Members of Parliament, or bachelors of position."

Another interesting house is to be found in a mean street just out of Leicester Square, next Orange Street Chapel, where the great philosopher Newton lived—a poor, whitened, tumbling-down place, that will not hold together long. It is a melancholy spectacle. Some thirty years ago it was a sort of restaurant, dignified by the name of "Hôtel Newton." Persons before that date recalled the aspect of the house, which appropriately displayed the actual observatory on the top, used regularly, it was said, by the philosopher. A Frenchman who occupied the house, and who carried on the calling of an optician, professed to have many of the philosopher's instruments, which he offered for sale to the curious in such matters. After he passed away the observatory was removed, amid much lament over such

a heathenish sacrifice. It came out, however, that the whole was an imposture ; the observatory had been constructed by the Frenchman himself, and the sale of the instruments was akin to the sale of the bits of bronze which professed to be portions of the adjoining statue of Charles I. !

Flaxman's house is close to that interesting square—so suggestive of Bath—Fitzroy Square. Canning's house is in Conduit Street, but has been fashioned into a shop. The name, however, does not excite much interest, as we are too near his time ; though this objection would not hold in the case of Lord Beaconsfield, whose house in Curzon Street, Mayfair, might be acceptably distinguished by a tablet.

CHAPTER XVI.

OLD SQUARES.

THE old, smaller squares in London are very interesting from their tranquil, retired air and antique pattern, and venerable trees. None is more characteristic than Queen Square in Bloomsbury, with its pleasant Queen Anne and Georgian houses running round. Most of these inclosures were laid out originally after the Dutch manner, which is still apparent. It must be a curious solitary sensation to live in one of these retreats, and they are affected by students and literary men. Old fashion, indeed, reigns in Queen Square, though now they have pulled down some of the houses to rear hospitals. The houses have a pleasant, tranquil air, though within they are gloomy enough. Everyone knows the curious half solemnity, half chill, inspired by an old Queen Anne house, such as one has experienced in Church Row, Hampstead. Here, you would think you were miles away from town, in some sleepy suburb. At the upper end lived Dr. Charles Burney—the father of the brilliant Fanny Burney—in a house which had been inhabited by Alderman Barber, and to which Swift was accustomed to resort. This house, I fancy, was one of those recently pulled down to give place to the hospital. In this worthy musician one has the interest that one takes in all connected with Johnson.

Not far away is another antique square, very old-fashioned, and with good houses, Red Lion Square. The inclosures of both these places have more the air of “grounds” than of the prim and trim modern square. There is a certain wildness, and the grass grows carelessly. But it is now completely invaded by business, and every house is subdivided into offices. Curious little foot-alleys lead into it from various quarters.

Another interesting little square is the one yclept Golden. Many a Londoner scarcely knows of its existence, and many more have never seen it; yet it is within a stone's throw of Regent Street. It is prettily proportioned, the grass flourishing with extraordinary greenness, and in the centre rises an effective statue. Not so many years ago private persons of high respectability lived here among others Cardinal Wiseman. Now it is entirely

given over to commercial offices, and has a busy air in consequence. It would seem strange now to look for any person of condition residing here. Some of the most forlorn and dismal places are those curious squares found in the long roads that lead out of London. There is one such near the Old Kent Road, built in a pretentious style and now utterly gone to seed and decay. All the doorways, of a curious pattern, are the same, so are all the windows. No one walks there, no custom appears to visit it. It seems one mass of abandonment and we hurry away depressed. Soho Square is really quaint and interesting: it is in a sound and flourishing condition; and so full of interest, that a small book has been written on its history. Nothing is more pleasing than the sudden glimpse that is obtained of it from Oxford Street, or from Dean Street, its fine old trees spreading out umbrageously. The old houses have a quaint, solid air, notably those at the corners. Still flourishes the old Soho Bazaar at one corner, a visit to which in days gone by was thought a treat and a wonder for children. The houses, with the streets surrounding, are valuable as suggesting how old London of a hundred and fifty years back must have looked. It can have been little altered, and though shops have been opened in many of the lower stories, these have in many instances retained their old parlour shape. One is struck by the handsome quality of the mansions, the sound, solid doors, and the "detached" character of each house; that is, each was finished by itself, and not built in "rows." A long blank wall pierced with windows, now a chapel, was formerly Mrs. Cornely's Ridotto Rooms. On the same side of Soho Square we may note a singularly handsome house, architectural in its bold pilasters and cornices, and the cheerful red of its brick, which suggest that famous old Inigo Jones's house in Great Queen Street. This imposing-looking edifice belongs to the flourishing firm of Crosse and Blackwell, who have taken pains to keep it in sound condition, and have fitted up one of the handsome old chambers as a sort of baronial hall, with oaken panellings and ornamental chimney. Wardour Street is suspiciously close at hand, but the spirit that prompted the work was good. Some of the houses display curious devices—faces, roses, and fleur-de-lys. Close by, in Oxford Street, we find the wine-famed Messrs. Gilbey in occupation of a rather stately building with a heavy porch and architectural front. It is long forgotten now that this was erst the Pantheon, originally one of the most beautiful buildings ever erected in London, as we can learn from the fine series of engraved plates published in its heyday. The interior was burnt early in the century, and it was reconstructed, but not with the same magnificence. It has a curious history therefore—being used as an opera house, and a place of entertainment for assemblies. A well-known man of fashion in Sheridan's days, Colonel Greville, was much concerned with its fortunes.

Indeed, a history of the London squares would have extraordinary interest

and romance, and there are many odd details associated with them. Who knows, for instance, that the eminently grave and respectable mansions round Russell Square were actually built out of the square itself?—the bricks being obtained from an immense pit dug in the centre, which still lies in a hollow. The air of Portman Square used to have a reputation for extreme salubrity and mildness, and Mrs. Montagu—who lived in one of the corner houses, and entertained her chimney sweeps there—used to declare that “it was the Montpelier of England.” One of the most genuine and truly old-fashioned squares is Berkeley Square—where the trees are ancient, their branches spreading away close to the ground. The grass seems extra rich and green, as though long laid down. Of a sunny day there is a most picturesque effect from the shade cast on the grass by the branches. We seem to be straying in some old park, and there is a tranquil, retired air. These little effects are overlooked by the incurious sojourners in town. Belgrave Square dates from only the year 1825, and was the work of the Messrs. Cubitt, the houses being designed by an Italian. Hanover Square, and George Street adjoining, is certainly one of the most notable and characteristic portions of London, for its almost picturesque old houses. These are in fine condition, but so familiar is the locality that few will perhaps have taken note of them. The square and street date from the time of George I., and, it is stated, “exhibit many examples of the German style of architecture in private houses.” Indeed, we have only to pause before some of the houses at the upper end of George Street to see the truth of this. Within there are fine specimens of staircases and panellings. “The view down George Street, from the upper end of the square, is one of the most interesting in the whole city; the sides of the square, the area in the middle, the breaks of building that form the entrance of the vista, the vista itself, but above all, the beautiful projection of the portico of St. George’s Church, are all circumstances that unite in beauty, and render the scene perfect.” Mr. Malton says, “This view has more the air of an Italian scene than any other in London.” Harewood House, on the north side of the square, was built for the late Duke of Roxburghe, but purchased by Lord Harewood: it was designed, as can be seen at the first glance, by the Adams. These tall houses of George Street, with their bright cheerful tint, their long windows, have within fine spacious staircases of infinite variety, walls handsomely panelled and richly decorated, and, above all, fine ceilings elaborately wrought in good old stucco work. In some of the houses the drawing-room walls are set off with medallions in low relief of the Wedgwood pattern. This old stucco work is now a lost and beautiful art. Mr. Aitcheson, the accomplished architect, has recently explained its true principles, which are totally at variance with the modern system. One of



BERKELEY SQUARE,

MS

W. & A. G. LEITCH

the most attractive of the houses here is the Arts Club—a fine, interesting specimen, with rather florid ceilings exhibiting very delicate work, fine inlaid marble chimney-pieces, and a “flowing” staircase. Though a small mansion, it offers that curious air of spaciousness which arises from the sense of proportion being duly felt and carried out.

While wandering through the immediate district of Hanover Square, where the same school of architects seems to have inspired the work, I came on a house of pretension which many an explorer would overlook, and which has certainly escaped the notice of the careless wanderer. At the top of Old Burlington Street is a large mansion, a centre block and two wings, which now does duty as two or three distinct establishments. One wing forms the entrance and hall, with a circular stair built into a sort of rotunda, from which open richly-carved doors and doorways. The other wing is pierced by a long tunnel which leads by a kind of alley to St. George’s Church. The centre block is given over to a house agent. Here too is abundance of mouldings and decorations, with a monumental fireplace, over which is a sort of panelled chimney-piece. This contrast with the practical uses for which the place serves is curious. Behind is a large building or hall which can scarcely be made out from the street, so built in is it. This is now known as the Burlington Hall, and used as a Young Men’s Association. This place, with all its dependences, must date from the middle of last century.

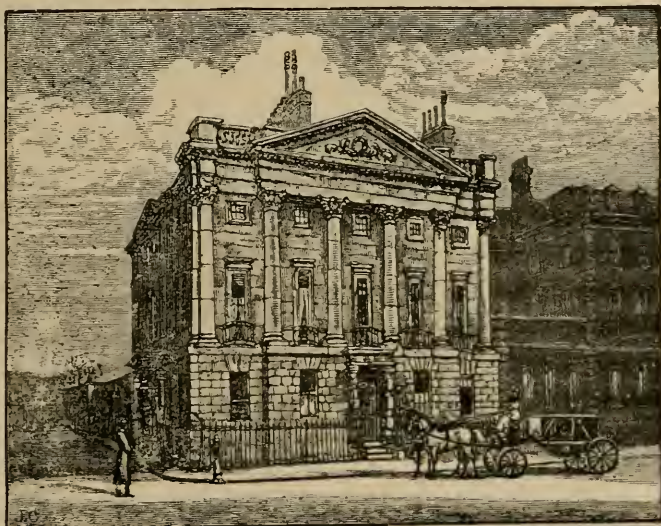
Portman and Cavendish Squares offer a great variety of mansions, well built and well designed—such specimens of the interiors as I have seen are remarkable for their noble stone staircases, florid ironwork railings, and heavily panelled walls. The beautiful solid work with which noblemen and gentlemen used to adorn their mansions can be well illustrated by a casual instance which lately came under my notice. A gentleman who was fitting up his West End house was informed by his builders that a mansion was being pulled down in Grosvenor Street, I think, and that some of the fittings could be secured for the usual “old song.” Among these were a set of massive mahogany doors—*portes battantes*—of the finest description, the mouldings being set off with richly gilt brass.

St. James’s Square has a cheerful dignity of its own: one of the most dramatic incidents of the century took place in one of the houses. When the issue of the battle of Waterloo was unknown, a wealthy Mrs. Boehm was giving a grand ball, at which the Regent was present. All the rank and fashion of London were there, the windows lit up and open, for the night was sultry; the crowd gathered thickly, looking up at the festivity and the clustered figures. It was after midnight, when a roar came from the distant streets, which increased and swelled, and was borne into the room. The dancing stopped, and those looking on witnessed an indescribable scene of tumult and

joy. A chaise and four approached—flags projecting from the windows: an officer, Major Percy, leaped out, carrying his flags, rushed upstairs, and coming up straight to the Prince, knelt on one knee and announced the great victory. Poor Mrs. Boehm's ball was ruined, for the Prince and everyone departed instantly. But the scene rises before us on some of the summer nights when festivity is going on in the square.*

How very few "West-enders" have penetrated so far as Fitzroy Square, which, though close to Tottenham Court Road, is somewhat difficult to find. There is an attraction in its stately façades, one side of which is the work of the Brothers Adam, and has quite the flavour of Bath. Another side was designed by an inferior artist; while the remaining ones are in the ordinary style. Anyone who would wish to feel thoroughly "old-fashioned" should come and live here. Not many years ago, before the era of stud'o building set in, it was much affected as a haunt of artists; but now it offers a curious "running to seed" air. It is, however, well worth a visit, and a person of taste, by contrasting the two sides, will see how skilfully a true architect can lay out a pile of buildings.

* Many will have noted the curious iron posts fixed in the ground in front of one of the corner houses. These are real cannon, captured in one of Admiral Keppel's victories, and presented to his family.



MANSION IN CAVENDISH SQUARE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OLD TAVERNS.

OLD INNS in London may perhaps owe their repute to the share they have in the scenery of Pickwick and Nickleby. The London inns and inn-yards, still used as houses of entertainment, are among the last few survivals which link us to the antique customs of old London. These are now being swept away with a pitiless rapidity, and in a dozen years more not one will be left. The enormous, sheltering, tiled roofs, the galleries, balustrades, crannies, winding stairs, joined to make these singular structures picturesque, with their lights and shadows, suggestive of the buildings in an old Normandy town. The strange part is that these hostelries seem to do business up to the moment of their extinction; and even when that occurs, the traffic is transferred to a parasite public-house bearing the same name. In most cases, however, the tradition of its being a halt or starting place for carriers and country waggons is maintained, as the great railway companies have seized on many to serve as their goods depôts. Hence we find the Bricklayers' Arms and such places, from under whose archways now rumble forth the Pickford vans, instead of the favourite "Mouldy's Iron Devil," the six or eight-horse waggon of our grandsires. The old inns were frail and precarious structures; and it is a marvel that they should have survived so long, the vast expanse of tiled roof being warped and bent in eddying waves, while the crazy stairs and galleries of ancient wood were rotten with age. Many of the Dickens inns were in the City, notably the one in which Mr. Squeers put up when he used to repair to London to collect victims for his school. Mr. Squeers's house, with many other curious places, was swept away when Snow Hill was abolished, and the Holborn Viaduct carried through to Newgate Street.

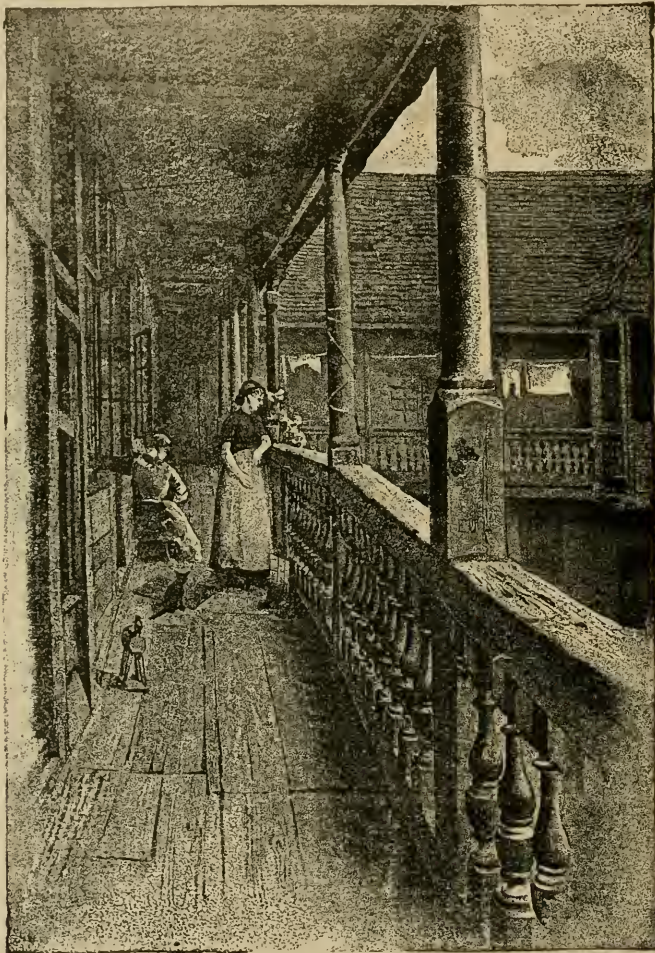
Two picturesque specimens—the "Old Tabard," in the Borough, and the "Warwick Arms," close to Paternoster Row, would have found admirers in Nuremberg or Rouen. The latter was a remarkable specimen from its size and elaborateness, with its huge roof, rambling galleries and crannies, cavernous dark shadows, and general air of mystery. The tiled

roofs of these buildings seemed to grow bent and warped from age and weakness, and fall into those wavings and twists which form an element of the picturesque. The wood of the balustrades grew black and grimed; it was strange that what appeared so crazy should have held together so long. The "Tabard," though it did not date from Chaucer's day, as many innocently fancied, was a genuine structure of the seventeenth century. The wonder, in truth, is that any of these fragile structures should still be in existence. Perhaps the most remarkable and most interesting of the old inn-yards was that of the "Four Swans," which stood till some eight or ten years ago in Bishopsgate Street. This was considered the most perfect and best preserved of all, having more galleries, and having been the scene of a stirring adventure during the Roundhead and Cavalier wars. Its neighbour, the "Green Dragon," was levelled about the same time. What a pleasing twang, it may be said, is there about the titles of these hostelries, which contrast with the more prosaic designations of latter-day life!

Of these old inns, with their yards and galleries, there are but two or three in which the business of entertainment is still carried on. There is the old "Bell Inn," a grimed, caked, red-brick, ancient building, with its sign of the Bell, a china shop in front, and an archway according to the old pattern. Entering, there is the true old-world flavour—the galleries, the tumble-down stairs fashioned of wood-panelling with projecting eaves, the files of bells outside, the kitchen to the left as in a foreign hotel, strange little rickety stair-steps as from the cabin of a ship, with also the occasional appearance of a figure in one of the galleries. The inn life here, from these arrangements, is certain to correspond—every one is, as it were, in evidence. You can hardly dream of the noisy Holborn just outside. It is very different in the regular hostelries, where everything is at the top of the house or at the bottom, not, as here, all round about it. London has many of these quaint surprises to those who wish to see them. Here is to be seen the low arch, under which the coaches and waggons drove into the inn-yard, with its galleries running round, from which chambermaids looked down or called to those below. Even now it seems a strange order of things and a quaint arrangement, and you wonder how business is carried on at such places.

It is, however, when we cross London Bridge and enter the Borough that we come to the region of inn-yards. Here began the road to Canterbury, and here, in the old times, the waggons and coaches arrived with their goods and passengers; and we are at once struck with the innumerable yards and small inclosures into which these vehicles used to drive. There were a large number of these inns, most of which remain in some shape, surviving at least as public-houses. There were the old "King's Head," the old "White Hart," the new "White Hart," the "Old George," the "Queen's Head," the "Nag's Head," and the "Spur." Few only of the old patterns

remain, and their days, or hours in one case, are certainly numbered. The first is the old "King's Head," of which a fragment—some thirty or forty yards long—still stands all ruinous and forlorn, with its two ancient galleries or balustrades in a sadly tottering state, its anatomy exposed in a heartless fashion at each end. One could be sentimental and mournful over it. It is surrounded by new spick and span brickwork, and a new "King's Head" insolently confronts it and seems to flourish.



THE WHITE HART.

"In the Borough," says the author of "Pickwick," "there still remain some half-a-dozen old inns which have preserved their external features unchanged. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries and passages and staircases, wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories. It was in the yard of one of these inns—of no less celebrated a one than the 'White Hart,' that a man was employed in brushing the dirt off a pair of boots:" the introduction as the

world knows, of Mr. Pickwick to the immortal Samuel Weller. The yard is then described: "It presented none of that bustle and activity which are the usual characteristics of a large coach inn. Three or four lumbering waggons, each with a pile of goods beneath its ample canopy about the height of a second-floor window of an ordinary house, were stowed away beneath a lofting which extended over one end of the yard; and another, which was to commence its journey in the morning, was drawn out into an open space. A double tier of bedroom galleries with old clumsy balustrades ran round two sides of the straggling area, and a double row of bells to correspond, sheltered from the weather by a little sloping roof, hung over the door leading to the bar and coffee-room. Two or three gigs or chaise-carts were wheeled up under different little sheds and pent-houses."

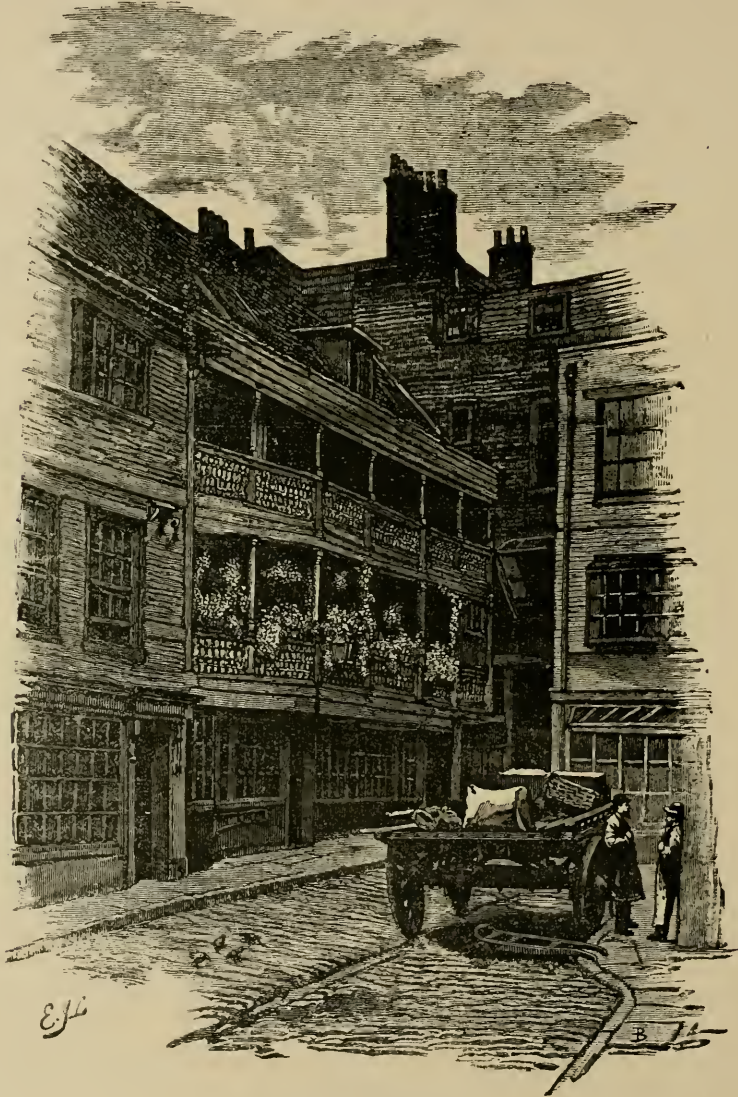
The guests, it would appear, slept in rooms giving on the galleries all round; for, we are told, "a loud ringing of one of the bells was followed by the appearance of a smart chambermaid in the upper sleeping gallery, who after tapping at one of the doors and receiving a request from within, called over the balustrade" to Sam. Presently the "bustling landlady of the 'White Hart' made her appearance in the opposite gallery, and after a little vituperation, flung a pair of lady's shoes into the yard and bustled away."

It is curious to think that this scene was a description of what was going on about fifty years ago, and was kept up for many years after "Pickwick" was written. The picture of that morning—the chambermaid coming out of the room in the gallery, the landlady throwing the boots down to Sam—still rises before us as we turn into the yard. Two sides of the inclosure now remain, but it shows how imposing an establishment must have been the house that in Dickens's time would be called "the *celebrated* 'White Hart Inn.'" The huge tiled roof is there, and the double tiers of galleries, with the doors of the guests' chambers. But a wooden shed has been built round the lower portion, close to where Sam stood and was questioned by Mr. Perker and Mr. Wardle. Clothes-lines hang across the galleries, and a few years ago squalid women could be seen looking down and surveying the intruders, just as the chambermaid and landlady looked down upon Mr. Weller. A waggon lies up in ordinary in the corner, as it did in Dickens's day. The whole is black, grimed, rusty, and decayed, and fills the mind with a sort of melancholy, as things "fallen from their high estate" do. By the right rises a flight of stairs leading to the gallery, close to which is a quaint, short balcony. Such is the old "White Hart," or all that is left of it, which, however, still accommodates a certain number of tenants. On the other side is the newer "White Hart," with its long row of glass windows, seeming a comfortable place enough.*

Our next halt is at the "George," which has really a bright and

* Since writing the above, the "White Hart" has been demolished.

bustling air of business. It is a not unpicturesque courtyard from its very irregularity, the old wooden galleries being alternated with buildings of a different pattern, some projecting forward. The galleries are gay with paint and plenty of flowers; and altogether one might seem able to take one's ease in one's inn here very fairly. Even more picturesque is the "Queen's



THE GEORGE INN, BOROUGH.

Head," a little lower down, a very effective gathering of irregular buildings. It has its two galleries on the left, but another portion has been boarded in for greater room and comfort. A tall archway in the centre block offers a De Hooghe-like glimpse of another court beyond, while a bow-windowed bar-parlour has been built out in front, and suggests a Captain Cuttle flavour.

Here, too, is the heavy tiled roof, over which rises a little peaked cupola, not without effect. One hardly hears the hum of the Borough without. Who "puts up" at these places? What sort of "entertainment for man or beast" is there? How long do the guests stay? These are questions of high mystery. The people who dwell here must have ways of their own, and be influenced by the dispensations under which they abide. This conversing from aloft, with occasional pausing to look down and see what is going on, lends a sort of vitality to what would otherwise be a sleepy and antiquated kind of existence. To this old arrangement, as is well known, it is that we owe the form of our theatres. The old inn-yard being a favourite place of entertainment, the guests would gather in the galleries to look over; the floor suggested the later pit; while the stage was set up, facing the archway, at the far end.

In Covent Garden, under Inigo Jones's *loggia*, are found some old inns of a thoroughly Pickwickian sort, with the bars and snuggeries which are fitting background for a gathering of Dickens's men and women. These are "The Tavistock" and "The Bedford," in high favour with country bachelors. They must be as old almost as the colonnade itself; while the "Bedford Coffee House" has quite a history of its own, resplendent with the names of Churchill, Hogarth, the steak-ordering Duke of Norfolk, and many a son of fame besides. Still flourishes also the "Hummums," where Parson Ford saw the ghost, as described by Dr. Johnson; but it has been rebuilt.

On the top of Hampstead Heath, and situated in a most picturesque spot, is "Jack Straw's Castle," a little inn which has a reputation of its own. 'Tis said to be the highest point in the quarter, and though so close to town, has an antique and truly rustic air. The pleasant Hampstead mornings, with the keen air of those northern heights, the glimpses of cheerful old red-brick houses, the vicinity of Church Row, one of the most effective "bits" of old brick architecture in the country, the delightful undulations of the Heath, all make "Jack Straw's Castle" a most acceptable hostelry, though John Sadleir was found hard by, with his silver poison cup lying some yards away. Readers of Forster's "Life of Dickens" will recall the many rides of the novelist, accompanied by his "trusty" friend, to this inn, and the pleasant *tête-à-tête* dinners that followed. Indeed, a pleasant volume might be made on "The History of Old Inns, and Those who Frequented Them." One of the most famous is of course the "Red Lion" at Henley, where Johnson and Boswell stayed—Johnson, indeed, had a particular predilection for taverns. He was one of their most ardent votaries; he remains their most eloquent apologist. In the inn at Chapel-house, after "triumphing over the French for not having in any perfection the tavern life," he went on to enlarge upon them in a discourse which has become historical. "There is

no private house," he declared, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy ; in the nature of things it cannot be : there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests ; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him ; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome ; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir ; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn." Thus did he discourse to Boswell ; while to Hawkins he asserted that a tavern chair is the throne of human felicity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TAVERNS.

THE old London taverns and chop houses are disappearing year by year, but there are a few quaint survivals which are interesting. Take it that on some winter's evening, we have passed through old Holywell Street, where the gas is flaring wildly over the doors, and emerge at the foot of the picturesque St. Clement Danes' tower, in whose belfry windows are red lights, while its bells are clanging away noisily, worked by the strong arms of "the College of Bell Ringers." We hurry on, passing through the old Bar, which once seemed like entering a fortified town, and only wanted a draw-bridge; then see to the left, over a little low porch, the illuminated beacon of "The Cock," cheerfully inviting entrance. The long bent passage, with the swing-door at the end, had an air of ineffable comfort—there was a glimpse of the cozy bar beyond. To the right hand, as the swing-door opened and shut, you saw the jovial red curtains within, the blackened mahogany boxes, the hats hung up, and the sanded floor. It seemed like a whiff of the "Old Maypole." You understood at once the significance of Dickens's old inns, which he seemed to revel in. How snug that corner seat near the fire—just holding two—with the stout table in front—the kettle singing close to you—from below came the sound of cheerful hissing, as the tender chops or "dinner steak" was being prepared "to follow" or not, as it might be—to be succeeded again by the peculiar "rare-bit," the unapproachable stout, fine port, and finer whiskey!

It was a curious sensation to find refuge here after a weary day, and look round on the characteristic figures, mostly solitary, dried up, old lawyers, who have spent their day in company with deeds and papers. They would have their tumblers of old Scotch—more as a companion for their thoughts—and you could see their faces wandering placidly to the fire as if tracing some of their favourite quiddities and quilllets there. Here, too, was to be found the adventurer come to seek his fortune in the great town, brooding over the buffets already met with, planning how to fend off others, yet finding a soothing comfort in the placid retirement of the old hostel.

"I may here mention," wrote an old City solicitor named Jay, "that the 'Cock Tavern' in Fleet Street has been a noted resort of lawyers for more than two centuries. When I first went there, no chops or steaks were cooked, but gentlemen and tradesmen went there in the afternoon to smoke their pipes (cigars being then very little used). The landlord at that time held a high position in Whitbread's brewery. It was at this time kept open during the night, and until the early hours of morning were far advanced it was often a difficult matter to find an unoccupied seat. The gentlemen who frequented it were members of the Temple and other Inns of Court, and used their own silver tankards bearing their crests, which were exposed to view against the wall of the bar or coffee-room; and I have still many pleasant reminiscences of oyster and other suppers furnished at this house; a man from a neighbouring fishmonger's being specially retained to open oysters for the numerous customers, who with sharp appetites kept him fully employed.

To many persons who have never entered a tavern in their lives, "The Cock" had a certain charm of association, mainly owing to its having been celebrated in verse by the Poet Laureate. Perhaps few, again, are familiar with all he has said or sung upon the subject, contenting themselves with the oft-quoted lines to the "plump head waiter at 'The Cock,'" which gave that personage an immortality. The lines on "Will Waterproof's" visit have an extraordinary charm of pensive retrospect and solitary meditation, and convey an idea of the tone of the old place, and of the fancies it is likely to engender in some solitary and perhaps depressed guest. A series of pictures and moods is unfolded in this charming poem, a sort of dreamy rumination and pleasant sadness; visions float upwards in the curling fumes of the smoker's "long clay." But only a great poet could extract a refined quintessence from the mixed vapours of chops and steaks.

WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRICAL MONOLOGUE.

MADE AT "THE COCK."

O, plump head waiter at "The Cock,"
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.

Go fetch a pint of port:
But let it not be such as that
You set before chance comers,
But such whose father-grape grew fat
On Lusitanian summers.

* * * * *
And hence this halo lives about
The waiter's hands that reach
To each his perfect pint of stout,
His proper chop to each.

He looks not like the common breed
 That with the napkin dally;
 I think he came like Ganymede,
 From some delightful valley.

* * * * *
 Ah, let the rusty theme alone!
 We know not what we know.
 But for my pleasant hour, 'tis gone,
 'Tis gone, and let it go.
 'Tis gone: a thousand such have slipt
 Away from my embraces,
 And fallen into the dusty crypt
 Of darken'd forms and faces.

* * * * *

This sketch of the "head waiter at the 'Cock,'" is the portion of the poem that is the best known and oftenest quoted. But the rest is full of noble, sad pictures.

The region about is a sort of tavern-land; there used to be a strange ramshackle place opposite, "Tom's," or "Sam's," or Joe's," (we forget which), with the old "Rainbow"; and hard by was "Carr's"—the older "Carr's,"—which owed its repute to a sentence in "Household Words," which praised the "capital cut off the joint, washed down by a pint of good Burgundy."

You passed through a little squeezed and panelled passage to enter "The Cock," and at the end of the passage was seen the little window of the "snuggery," or bar, most inviting on a winter's night, with something simmering on the hob. There sat one whom we might call "Miss Abbey"—like Dickens's directress of the "Fellowship Porters"—to whom came the waiters, to receive the good hunches, "new or stale?" which she, according to old unvarying rule, chalked down, or up, on the mahogany sill of the door. All was duly sawdusted. The ceiling of the long, low tavern room seemed on our heads. The windows small, like skylights, opened upon the hilly passage or lane outside. There were "boxes" or pews all round, with green curtains, of mahogany black as ebony. But the coveted places—say about a sharp Christmas-time—were the two that faced the good fire, on which sang a huge kettle. The curious old chimney-piece over it was of carved oak, with strange grinning faces, one of which used to delight Dickens, who invited people's attention to it particularly. There was a quaintness, too, in the china trays for the pewter mugs, each decorated with an effigy of a cock. On application, those in office produced to you a well-thumbed copy of Defoe's "History of the Plague," where allusion is made to the establishment, and also a little circular box, in which was carefully preserved one of the copper tokens of the house—a little lean, battered piece, with the device of a cock, and the inscriptions "The Cock Alehouse," and "C. H. M. ATT. TEMPLE BARR, 1655." The *Intelligencer*, No. 45, contains the following adver-

tisement: "This is to notify that the Master of the Cock and Bottle, commonly called the Cock Alehouse, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants and shut up his house for this long vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons whatsoever, who have any Accompts with the said master, *or Farthings belonging to the said house*, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant July, and they shall receive satisfaction."

It is a pity to find that there is not the conservative continuity in the line of waiters which should be found in such a place. They seem to come and go—go rather than come. They used to be all "in key," as it were—had grown stout and old in the service. Latterly, time, in its whirligig changes, had brought round changes almost revolutionary, and we found strange, unsuitable beings in office. One was a dry, wiry man of despotic character, who administered on the new modern principles, unsuited to the easy-going manners of the place. He dealt with the customers in a prompt, almost harsh style. He knew and recognized no distinction between old frequenters and new. I fancy he was not popular. His place was really in the new "restaurants"; but here among the "boxes" and pews, and on the sanded floor, he was an anachronism. With the old habitués he was a perfect fly in the ointment. When he found himself unpopular, he adopted a strange device to recommend himself—the compounding a curious sauce, which he called "Pick-ant," and which he invited guests to try. It did not much avail him, and death has since removed him to pay his own score.

Mr. Mark Lemon, who had to pass the tavern every day on his road to the "Punch" office, lower down, has laid a scene in one of his novels at the little tavern.

In early days, when the then unknown Tennyson dwelt in lofty chambers up behind the balustraded parapet of No. 57 Lincoln's Inn Fields (west side), he used to resort to the "Cock" for his quiet five-o'clock dinner, where, after a pint of the special port, he probably wrote the famous verses on Will.

An American visitor was fortunate enough to see the poet engaged in discussing the favourite delicacies of the place:—

"I had the good fortune the other day to come upon Tennyson taking his chop and kidney at that house, some three doors above the old Temple Bar, which he has made famous, the 'Cock.' I had the curiosity to look for the 'half pint of port' in the poem, but I saw at the bard's elbow no wine, fruity or crusted, but a plain pewter of stout, which the author of 'Locksley Hall' discussed like any northern farmer of them all. He is aged and worn, and bent in the back, with hollow chest; but I think these are rather the effects of a brooding habit of mind and body than the marks of physical debility, for he looked tough and muscular. Tennyson is not a beauty. There was the head-waiter at the 'Cock,' and it was fine to see him waiting,

on the Laureate. The man was tremendously conscious of his distinction, and kept watching guests out of the corner of his eye, to see if they were admiring him. His manner to Mr. Tennyson was delightful, at once re-



The
Old Cock
Tavern

spectful and friendly—just as if he felt himself a partner in the work which has given the ‘Cock’ a sort of literary reputation.”

There were old rites and customs of service maintained according to tradition. Your good clay pipe was brought to you, and the twist of good and

fragrant tobacco. An anchorite or Temperance League man would find it hard to resist the apparatus for mixing the "brew" of "hot drink" or "Scotch," the little pewter "noggin," the curling rind of lemon with the more juicy fragment of the interior, and the tiny glass holding a sufficiency of sugar, with the neat black jug filled from the copper kettle always boiling on the hob.

Alas! we have now to lament the fate of the pleasant, social snug old "Cock." In course of time the buildings around it fell into decay, or were demolished. The Law Courts were built and opened; the fish shop close by was taken down and removed to another district. To this state of things it came at last—that every house near it had gone, and there only remained a sort of little tunnel with the swinging glass door, with the gilt, defiant Cock above, while behind was the old tavern, standing solitary in its decay. People wondered at this vitality, and how in the general wreck and destruction the old hostel was not swept off. But the heroic Colnett kept his ground. The old liquor, the old pipe and "screws" were still supplied as of yore. The customers were staunch. But, what consternation, when, one morning it became known that the gilt presentment of the bird—the supposed "Grinling"—had disappeared, had been stolen in a vulgar way, much as the famous Gainsborough Duchess had been cut from her frame! Now it was felt indeed that the charm was gone; there was nothing to rally round. Still we clung to the old place. But, somehow, with the loss of the bird it was felt that a change had come over the place.

But the last stroke came. One day it struck the visitor that the chop had lost the old succulent flavour. It was a good chop, but had not the aroma. So marked was this that inquiry was made. "The meat was good—the best Spiers and Pond could supply." What! Had it come to this! Spiers and Pond! Yes, it was true—the eminent caterers had taken over the place—the "Cock" of the Plague, of Pepys, of Tennyson, and of the Templars! This was a sad business—the knell of the place was rung. As the bird was gone the nest might go too. After that blow I fled the place and never returned.

The end was not long in coming. The eminent firm of caterers did not long pursue their venture. In a very short time hoardings began to be set up, the tunnel was invaded, and the "Cock" closed for ever. Farewell now to the dreaming, ruminating winter's night, the mellow Scotch, the screw of Birdseye. The last incident connected with this destruction was, however, appropriate enough. One of the famous old tankards, adorned with a suitable inscription—"a pint pot neatly graven"—was sent to the Poet who, we say, had done so much for the place. The Laureate wrote gracefully:—

"Mr. Earringford, I have this morning received the 'Old Cock' Tavern tankard. Will you give my best thanks to Messrs. Spiers and Pond for their present, and tell them that I shall keep it as an heirloom in my family, as a memorial not only of the old vanished tavern, but also of their kindness.—Yours faithfully,
"TENNYSON."

On the site of the old Tavern, where was the fish shop, etc., the Bank of England has just reared a splendid and imposing Italian edifice, which harmonizes well with the Law Courts. The proprietor has moved to the other side of the street, taking with him all his properties—the old mahogany boxes, fireplace, tankards, etc.—reconstructing a sort of ghostly "Cock." Even the gilt bird, a very spirited piece of work, even if *not* Grinling's, flourishes away over the door. But it is not the same thing—can never be.*

There were two other taverns almost *vis-à-vis*, and each with antique claims. One, "The Rainbow," which boasts a remote pedigree. But though you enter in the favourite Fleet Street style, through a narrow passage, the place itself has undergone much restoration. "Dicks'" the other, was down one of the Temple lanes, dark and grimed, and somewhat rudely appointed, as though it wished to rest its claims entirely upon its "chops and steaks," and upon nothing else. "Dicks'" used to be labelled outside "Ben Jonson's Noted House," and boasted of having enjoyed the custom of that eminent man. "Dicks'" however, has gone. It has fallen into the hands of Germans, who hold a table d'hôte.

The art and science of cooking chops is not nearly so highly esteemed as it used to be in the last century, when noblemen and gentlemen frequented taverns, and clubs did not exist, save at taverns. The history of the lately revived Beefsteak Club is familiar; its huge gridiron is still to be seen in its old feasting room at the Lyceum Theatre, with its admirable motto, "If it were done when 'tis done," etc. The greatest chop and steak eater of his day, and patron of this club, was the Duke of Norfolk, a gross and coarse feeder, who often astounded visitors by his consumption of successive steaks brought in "hot and hot," and consumed voraciously.

* "The fate of the Cock Tavern was decided yesterday, when a special jury at the Recorder's Court in the Guildhall awarded £9,000 for the freehold, and nearly £11,000 to the lessee and occupier, in all about £20,000. It was proved that the profits were £2,000 a year. A casual visitor would have great difficulty in believing the fact. The ancient dinner haunt was a small, dingy snuggery, greasy with the steam of fifty thousand dinners. It hardly seated a score guests, and served nothing but steaks, chops, and kidneys with ale and stout for liquor. Counsel for the lessee, in addressing the court on the amount of award, said he had himself seen only that day three of Her Majesty's judges at luncheon hour in the neighbouring law court sitting over their chop and pewter of London stout in The Cock. The only articles reserved in the old place are the mantelpiece, a massive work in oak, of the time of James I., and the sign of the house, which was carved by Grinling Gibbons."

Fleet Street, interesting in so many ways, is remarkable for the curious little courts and passages into which you make entry, under small archways. These are "Johnson's Court," "Bolt Court," "Racquet Court," and the like. Indeed, it is evident that the strange little passage which led to the "Cock" must have been originally an entrance to one of these courts on which the tavern gradually encroached. Much the same are found in the Borough, only these lead into greater courts and inn yards. But in Fleet Street there is one that is specially interesting. We can fancy the Doctor tramping up to his favourite tavern, the "Cheshire Cheese."

Passing into the dark alley known as "Wine Office Court," we come to a narrow flagged passage, the house or wall on the other side quite close, and excluding the light. The "Cheese" looks, indeed, a sort of dark den, an inferior public-house, its grimed windows like those of a shop, which we can look in at from the passage. On entering, there is the little bar facing us, and always the essence of snugness and cosiness; to the right a small room, to the left a bigger one. This is the favourite tavern, with its dirty walls and sawdusted floor, a few benches put against the wall, and two or three plain tables of the rudest kind. The grill is heard hissing in some back region, where the chop or small steak is being prepared; and it may be said *en passant*, that the flavour and treatment of the chop and "small dinner steak"—are there breakfast and luncheon steaks also?—are quite different from those "done" on the more pretentious grills which have lately sprung up. On the wall is a testimonial portrait of a rather bloated waiter—Todd, I think, by name—quite suggestive of the late Mr. Liston. He is holding up his corkscrew of office to an expectant guest, either in a warning or exultant way, as if he had extracted the cork in a masterly style. Underneath is a boastful inscription that it was painted in 1812, to be hung up as an heirloom and handed down, having been executed under the reign of Dola-more, who then owned the place. Strange to say, the waiter of the "Cheshire Cheese" has been sung, like his brother at the "Cock," but not by such a bard. There is a certain irreverence; but the parody is a good one:—

Waiter at the "Cheshire Cheese,"
Uncertain, gruff, and hard to please,
When "tuppence" smooths thy angry brow,
A ministering angel thou!

It has its regular habitués; and on Saturday or Friday there is a "famous rump-steak pie," which draws a larger attendance; for it is considered that you may search the wide world round without matching that succulent delicacy. These great savoury meat pies do not kindle the ardour of many persons, being rather strong for the stomachs of babes.

Well, then, hither it was that Dr. Johnson used to repair. True, neither

Boswell, nor Hawkins, nor after them Mr. Croker, take note of the circumstance; but there were many things that escaped Mr. Croker, diligent as he was. There is, however, excellent evidence of the fact. A worthy solicitor named Jay—who is garrulous but not unentertaining, in a book of anecdotes which he has written—frequented the “Cheshire Cheese” for fifty years, during which long tavern life, he says, “I have been interested in seeing young men when I first went there, who afterwards married; then in seeing their sons dining there, and often their grandsons, and much gratified by observing that most of them succeeded well in life. This applies particularly to the lawyers, with whom I have so often dined when students, when barristers, and some who were afterwards judges.

“During the time I have frequented this house there have been only three landlords—Mr. Carlton, Mr. Dolamore, and Mr. Beaufoy Moore, the present one; and during each successive occupation the business has increased. I may here mention that when I first visited the house, I used to meet several very old gentlemen who remembered Dr. Johnson nightly at the ‘Cheshire Cheese’; and they have told me, what is not generally known, that the Doctor, whilst living in the Temple, always went to the ‘Mitre’ or the ‘Essex Head’; but when he removed to Gough Square and Bolt Court he was a constant visitor at the ‘Cheshire Cheese’, because nothing but a hurricane would have induced him to cross Fleet Street. All round this neighbourhood, if you want to rent a room or an office, you are sure to be told that it was once the residence of either Dr. Johnson or Oliver Goldsmith! Be that as it may, it is an interesting locality, and a pleasing sign—the ‘Old Cheshire Cheese Tavern,’ Wine Office Court, Fleet Street—which will afford the present generation, it is hoped, for some time to come, an opportunity of witnessing the kind of tavern in which our forefathers delighted to assemble for refreshment.”*

* A sympathetic frequenter of the “Cheshire Cheese” has sent me a glowing account of its alternations, which I can cordially endorse. “The ‘Cheese’ is really the last of our old taverns, conducted on genuine principles, which one wishes to cherish. When genial spring has brought forward vegetation the waiter’s cheerful intimation that ‘Asparagus is on, sir,’ recalls the fact forcibly to your notice. When later, ‘Am and peas’ can be secured, the vision of early summer is perfect, and is not even disturbed by boiled beans and bacon. In the hot, sultry days, cool salads are appropriate, and when these disappear there is a closing in of daylight and a general warning that the year is past its prime. Then does the ‘Cheese’ draw its blinds and light its gas, stoke up its fires and announce its great puddings. Yet, further ahead, when raw November days come upon us, the savoury smell of Irish stew—that fine winter lining for the hungry—pervades the place, and so the season goes round. Of all the changes brought about by the rolling year, however, none is so popular as the advent of the pudding, though it means frost, and damp, and cold winds. *The pudding* (italics for ‘the,’ please) has no rival in size or quality. Its glories have been sung in every country, even the *Fort Worth Texas Gazette* having something to say on the subject. The pudding ranges from fifty to sixty, seventy, and eighty pounds weight, and gossip has it that in the dim past the rare dish was constructed to

Doctor Johnson died in 1788—and this solicitor's acquaintance with the place began scarcely twenty years after the Doctor's death. The old frequenter's memory would therefore have been very fresh. His style too, is pleasant. This worthy reminiscent dedicâtes his labours, in a quaint inscription, "To the Lawyers and Gentlemen with whom I have dined for more than half a century at the 'Old Cheshire Cheese Tavern,' Wine Office Court. Fleet Street; this work is respectfully dedicated by their obedient servant, Cyrus Jay."

On the other side of Fleet Street we can see the "Mitre Tavern," closing up the end of a court—but not the old original "Mitre," where Johnson sat with Boswell. It was pulled down within living memory, and with it the corner in which the sage used to sit, and which was religiously marked by his bust. Yet, even as it stands in its restoration, there is

proportions of a hundredweight. It is composed of a fine light crust in a huge china basin, and there are entombed therein beefsteaks, kidneys, oysters, larks, mushrooms, and wondrous spices and gravies, the secret of which is known only to the compounder. The boiling process takes about sixteen to twenty hours, and the smell on a windy day has been known to reach as far as the Stock Exchange. The process of carving the pudding on Wednesdays and Saturdays when it is served is as solemn a ceremony as the cutting of the mistletoe with the golden sickle of the Druids. The late proprietor, Mr. Beaufoy A. Moore, could be with difficulty restrained from rising from his bed when stricken down with illness to drive to the 'Cheese' and serve out the pudding. No one, he believed, could do it with such judicious care and judgment as he did. The dining-room is fitted with rows of wooden benches and wooden tables without the slightest pretence of show. But the cloths are white and clean, and the cutlery bright, while the china service is of that ancient and undemonstrative blue design which delighted our forefathers, and is known as the willow pattern. The glasses are large, thick, and heavy, and might be used with effect in an argument. But the silver is silver, not Brummagem, and has seen more service than would destroy half the property of modern public-houses. On the walls hang three prominent objects (in addition to the usual advertisements of brands of champagnes and clarets), viz., a barometer, a print of Dr. Johnson, and an old oil painting by Wageman, representing the interior of the room with a gentleman trying his steak with his knife, a waiter holding up a port wine cork in the well-known attitude 'two with you'; and a cat rubbing her oleaginous hide in anxious expectation against the leg of the settle. This picture, like one in the bar, is an heirloom, or rather a fixture, which cannot be sold, but must pass from landlord to landlord. The fireplaces are huge and commodious, capable of holding a hundredweight of coal at a time. On a cold winter's day, when their genial warmth penetrates every portion of the room, and the merry flames dance and leap after each other up the capacious chimney space, a man listens to the howling wind without, or hears the rain pattering on the paved courts. Here gather poets, painters, lawyers, barristers, preachers, journalists, stockbrokers, musicians, town councillors, and vestrymen, with just a *souffçon* of sporting celebrities, and a decided dash of the impecunious 'Have beens.' The latter represent in the 'Cheese' colony the Irish division in Parliament. Up-stairs there are extensive ranges of kitchens, where burnt sacrifices are being perpetually offered up in the shape of mutton and beef; a dining room, and a smoke-room, dark-panelled and cosy, where a man may forget the world and be lost to it during a much-coveted midday rest. The privileged few who are allowed to go into the wondrous cellars—redolent of sawdust, cobweb-coated, and covered with dust—wander amidst avenues of wine-bins with wonder and astonishment at the space occupied underground as compared with the upper regions."

something quaint in the feeling, as you enter a low, covered passage from Fleet Street, and see its cheerful open door at the end. There are other taverns with such approaches in the street. The "Old Bell" is curiously retired. The passage to the "Mitre" is as it was in Johnson's day, and his eyes must have been often raised to the old beams that support its roof. Even in its modern shape it retains much that is old-fashioned and *rococo*. It is like a country tavern in London, with its "ordinary" at noon—and a good one too—and its retirement ; so close and yet so far from the hum and clatter of Fleet Street.

From the old tavern we pass into the open *place* where St. Clement Danes stands—one of the most Dutch-like spots in London, to which idea the quaint and rather elegant tower lends itself. To hear its chimes, not at midnight, but on some December evening, when the steeple is projected on a cold blue background, while you can see the shadows of the ringers in the bell-tower, offers a picturesque effect. The bells fling out their janglings more wildly than any peal in London : they are nearer the ground, and the hurly-burly is melodious enough. Those tones the Doctor often heard in Gough Square and Bolt Court, and within he had his favourite seat, to this day reverently marked by a plate and inscription. Yet St. Clement's is in a precarious way, and before many years its fate will be decided.

It is perhaps Gough Square, to which one of the little passages out of Fleet Street leads, that most faithfully preserves the memory of Johnson. It is rather a court than a square ; so small is it that carriages could never have entered, and it is surrounded with good old brick houses that in their day were of some pretensions. The Society of Arts has fixed a tablet in the wall, recording that "Here lived Samuel Johnson." The houses are of a good, sound old brick ; some have carved porticoes, and one is set off by two rather elegant Corinthian pilasters. There is a pleasant flavour of grave old fashion and retirement about the place, and little has as yet been touched or pulled down. Johnson's house faces us, and is about the most conspicuous. He had, of course, merely rooms, as it is a rather large mansion ; a little shaken and awry, queerly shaped about the upper story, but snug and compact. It was lately a "commercial family boarding-house," and the hall is "cosy" to a degree, with its panelled dado running round and up the twisted stairs, in short easy lengths of four or five steps, with landings—which would suit the Doctor's chest. The whole is in harmony. We can see him labouring up the creaking stairs. A few peaceful traders are in occupation of the Square—printers, and the like. It is an old-world spot, has an old-world air, and suggests a snug country inn.

But, turning back to Essex Street, and not many doors down on the left, at the corner of a little cross passage leading to the pretty Temple gate,

with its light iron work, we come on the "Essex Head Tavern," an old, mean public-house of well-grimed brick. It was here, in his decay, that Johnson set up a kind of inferior club. Boswell is angry with Hawkins for calling it an "alehouse," as if in contempt; but certainly, while the "Cheshire Cheese," the "Mitre," and the "Cock" are taverns, this seems to have been more within the category of an ale or public-house. It has been so rearranged and altered to suit the intentions and purposes of the modern "public," that there is no tracing its former shape. In the passage there is a little room known as the "parlour," underneath which accommodation has been found for a cobbler's stall. The proprietors should surely have Johnson's "rules" hung up. Probably they never heard of his name.



CHAPTER XIX.

CITY WALKS.

THE charm of exploring the City is ever novel—to me at least. Not every one has thoroughly fallen under the spell; for an occasional visit is not enough. One should linger, and come again and explore, and be led hither and thither by the humour and attraction of the moment. At the different seasons of the day, morning, noon, and evening—nay, on the Sunday even, when it becomes an astounding wilderness—it offers quite different aspects, and a succession of surprises. It is in truth another city, another people, we never can get rid of the notion that we are entering a foreign town. Often has been described the aspect of the overwhelming tide of busy men, all hurrying and crowding and pushing past at a brisk speed; the carriages, waggons, carts, incessantly moving in a crowded procession; the hum and roar in the ears. The vast size, solidity, and imposing stateliness of the buildings astonish us. But more pleasing is the picturesque irregularity, and windings and curves of the bye-streets or alleys, changed by the tall and massive structures which line them into Genoa-like streets, lacking only the *grilles* and the gloom. Here is the contrast to the West End; and here is seen the different spirit which animates the merchant, as compared with the smaller trader. *His* ideas are magnificent: he must have his trading palace and warehouses beetling, lofty, and of granite or Portland stone, a great arch or portal for the entrance; a sort of City architecture has been engendered specially to meet his wants.

Most “West-enders” rarely travel beyond the Exchange and the banking streets adjoining. But until Cornhill is passed, this peculiar aspect we have been describing is not met with. It is when we reach Mincing Lane, and Mark Lane, and Leadenhall, and Fenchurch Street, that we come upon these grand and endless ranges of business palaces. Sometimes, as in the case of Fenchurch Court, the greater thoroughfares are joined by a long paved footway, lined with these vast storied buildings. It seems a bit of Brussels city; the office windows, it may be, looking out upon a small patch of churchyard, allowed to linger on in a grudging way. This irregularity is often as sur-

prising as it is picturesque; witness that fine, massively pillared doorway, last fragment of some noble mansion, which is the entrance to a descending covered way, leading first to a tavern and thence into Leadenhall Street. It is in these imposing alleys that we come upon some conventual-looking City Hall, its great gates closed, its windows forlorn-looking, and barred like some disused monastery. ♦

A fine imposing view, which gives the best idea of the state and magnificence of the Great City, is to be found at a spot exactly in front of the Mansion House. From here no less than eight distinct vistas are to be obtained along nine distinct streets and alleys, each exhibiting something worthy of admiration, and the whole offering contrast and variety. Add to this the tide of life running at its strongest, and the busiest "hum of men" conceivable. In front is the Mansion House itself, a heavy pile, of little pretension or merit. Beside it, a short street is terminated by the quaint spire of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, which contrasts with the rude stonework of the church itself, and is considered a gem in the way of church building, and held by Wren himself to be his masterpiece. Next stretches away the comparatively new Queen Victoria Street, with its rows and blocks of stone mansions, the huge pile of the National Safe Deposit Company being conspicuous. Near to it opens up the busy Cheapside, with the stately and original Bow Church half-way down, projecting its friendly clock face over the street. "Within the sound of Bow Bells" is a familiar City phrase, but I confess I have never heard the sound, though most have heard Sir J. Bennett's odd chimes over his shop. Next, at right angles almost, comes Princes Street, with a church at the end, and some banking houses built in the curious Soane style. Then interposes the Bank of England itself—a not unpicturesque structure considering its straggling shape. Then Threadneedle Street, with its vista of almost Genoese buildings, mostly banks—gloomy and massive, and straying from the level line with picturesque irregularity. Between it and Cornhill rises the Royal Exchange, with its ambitious imposing portico of many pillars, commanding all issues. Half way down Cornhill, rising with a charming irregularity, is the showy tower of St. Michael's. Next to the right is Lombard Street, with more dungeon-like banking houses, while between this and the next street stands the very unique and much admired church of St. Mary Woolnoth, set off by a luxuriant tree which projects its leafy branches over the road. Next comes King William Street, with glimpses of the "tall bully," the Monument, and at the end the Sailor King's statue. And so the circle is complete. Let any one stand on the central "refuge," as we have been doing, and turning, survey deliberately each issue, and he will feel surprised to find how much he has habitually overlooked, and how much there is to admire.

But the stranger who would gather the most impressive notion of the

grandeur of the City should pause at Fenchurch Street, before entering Cornhill. Here the crowd, the block, the hum, the roar, even the crowd pushing on, and the state and solemnity of the buildings and streets, will most affect him. Here are the darkened streets of the great banks—some carrying on their business in huge palaces where the street is so narrow that the lamps have to be lit; others preferring to retain the old-fashioned structures. There is one very striking building at the corner of Throgmorton Street—The National Provincial Bank of England, monumental almost, and of really good architecture, displaying a row of statues on the top. Another building of great state and pretension is the Consolidated Bank, in Threadneedle Street. Through all the doors are pressing and pouring in a stream of persons, all in a hurry. Every place—telegraphic, shipping exchanges, etc.—seems crowded to overflowing. Business is everywhere.

Perhaps the grandest and stateliest of all these City streets is Lombard Street, not from its associations merely, but from the imposing character of its mercantile palaces. As we enter from Threadneedle Street end there is quite an air of magnificence in the massive, richly-wrought buildings which line both sides of the narrow winding way in a sharp curve. The great pile at the corner, where the "Crédit Lyonnais" carries on its business, has a stately effect.

A picturesque incident of the City streets is the recurrence of lanes of warehouses striking out of the busy highway, and which, all narrow, and lined by lofty warehouses, wind down, where they can, to the river. These alleys, not so long since, could be found in one long, uninterrupted course from the Strand to Wapping, but the Embankment has cut off the earlier series. In the City nothing is so genuine or so truly mercantile as these not unpicturesque little descents, with their cranes, lofts, and waggons waiting below. One of these vistas, which suggests a scene in a foreign city, is the view down Fish Street Hill, the Monument rising on the left, the bottom closed by the imposing effective church of St. Magnus and its elegant steeple. A fine old tree blooms beside it. Hard by is the steep and gloomy St. Botolph's Lane, filled with its venerable and busy warehouses, every floor having its crane. There is something pleasing in this old-fashioned shape of trade, and the whole suggests the traditional view of the London merchant and his business.

In some November evening, when the air is fresh and cool and clear, and there is a dark "gloaming" over the whole city, it is pleasant to go down to the Embankment and embark in one of the swift river steamers bound for the City. How inspiring is the evening air! The river is lined with lights, and seems twice its ordinary size. Landing at London Bridge, we take our way up one of the narrow winding warehouse-lined streets, which lead up to the busy main thoroughfares. Nothing is more

poetical than the church towers which rise in these lanes: one in Martin's Lane, whose church has been removed, looks, with its projecting clock-dial, like a perfect Italian campanile. There are glimpses of shadowy



FRESH WHARF AND ST MAGNUS STEEPL

gardens and inclosures, such as that on Laurence Pountney Hill, which might be a patch of some foreign town. On one side of Cannon Street, the windings of the lanes are singularly picturesque either by night or day,

and the newer, later buildings fall in harmoniously. This is owing to the irregular shape of the ground.

Few views could be found more suited for the etcher than the one to be seen as we look down College Hill. On the left are the two richly-carved monumental gates, side by side, leading into the courts of what is supposed



COLLEGE HILL—WHITTINGTON'S HOUSE.

to have been Whittington's house. Higher up is a modern, red-brick, not ineffective building, of a gorgeous pattern. The eye is then led down to the bottom of the steep, and winding lane, which seems closed by the elegant steeple of a church in wrought clean grey stone, so high and airy in its treatment as to recall the charming old Town Hall at Calais. From its

side is projected the well-gilt clock-face, richly glowing on a well-carved bracket.

In truth there is this perpetual charm and flavour in the old City which few are aware of—a sort of antique air which recalls old Flemish cities. The flagged square behind the Exchange seems like a mart—the busy hum, the perpetual, headlong *va-et-vient*, the general bustle and brightness, are all suggestive, and the bye streets, such as the old Thames Street, that skirts the river, the oddly-named Garlick Hill, and others, have all a strange, foreign effect, being narrow lanes, yet having fine old churches and towers rising to a great height. The infinite variety of these Wren steeples is well known, and there is a curious effect in the reflection that, alone and deserted and useless as they appear, crowded into dark corners, so that even with the utmost “craning back,” you can scarcely see to the top, they still produce their effect for the world at a distance, and are seen rising gracefully from afar off—from river, rail, and bridge—producing a solemn and imposing effect. A pleasant and almost poetical contrast can be furnished by viewing one of the busiest of City streets under different conditions; much as in a Diorama we are shown the same view by day or by night. If at the busiest hour of the day we descend from London Bridge into Thames Street, which passes under one of its arches, we shall see a curious specimen of antiquated trade, and very much what might have been noted a hundred years ago. The side next the river is lined with wharves and rather tottering warehouses, while innumerable steamers, crowded together in apparent confusion, are discharging their cargoes of fruit and vegetables, principally oranges, lemons, onions, currants, etc. The air is heavy with the odours of these articles, intermingled with that of dried and fresh fruit, stores of which line the other side of the street. An enormous army of porters are engaged in carrying these wares from the vessels, and they are borne on peculiarly-constructed cushions which rests on their heads and shoulders. There is thus a perpetual procession; while the street is blocked up by waggons loading and unloading, and in the air the cases are seen swinging and ascending to the different lofts. Further on we come to Billingsgate, where the fish is discharged, with a confusion of its own, which however is more apparent than real. This scene is really extraordinary, and is, a survival; for all this work should surely be carried on at the docks, and not in a thoroughfare.

But would we see the strangest of contrasts—we need only visit this street on a Sunday in the winter time, between five and six o'clock. Then it seems literally a Street of the Dead. We have often walked from end to end almost without meeting a single person. The silence is oppressive: instead of the former Babel of shoutings, clatter of carts and confusion, every house and shop and warehouse is fast closed and

deserted, as if it were Plague-time. The lamps flicker feebly, and we might without stretch of imagination conceive it was now the middle of the night.



VIEW OF THE TOWER FROM LONDON BRIDGE.

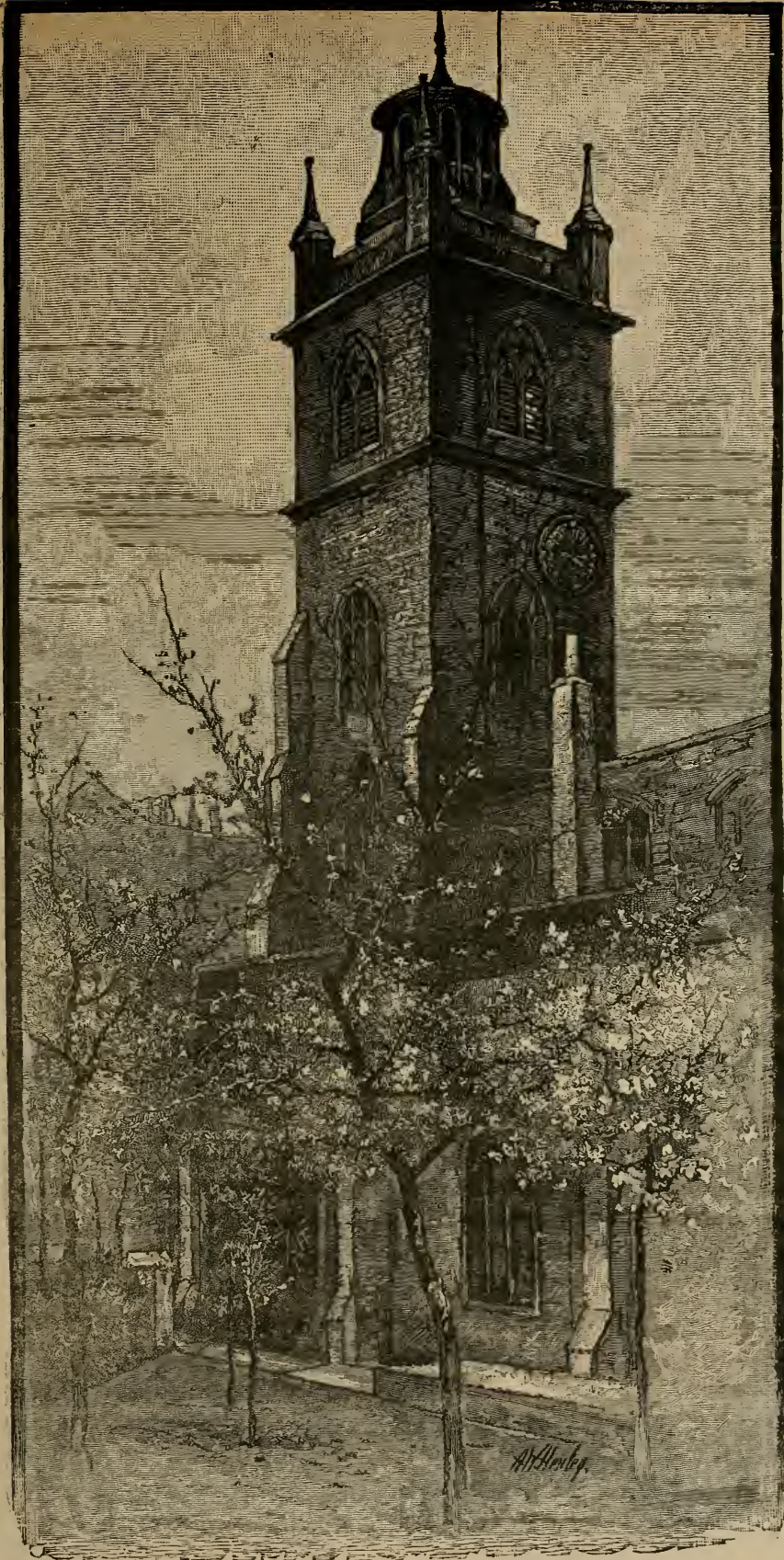
Heavy shadows hang over the corners. The church towers loom out at the corners of the ascending alleys ; but the doors are closed and their bells are

silent. We hear the sound of foot-falls echoing loudly as some one draws near—a solitary policeman, who continues his patrol sadly. We are separated by but a row of houses from the great river, but that highway is really silent. The steamers are at rest. The lamp-light here and there flashes feebly on the names of the great dealers and middle-men, set up over their mean and tottering shops, where thousands of pounds are “turned over” in a day. Billingsgate is fast closed, not an oath nor a word of its famous vocabulary is in the air. This air of solitude and desertion is one of the most extraordinary sensations associated with the City, and the impression is worth experiencing. We ascend by one of the alleys, and come once more into something like life and motion and see the clattering cabs and omnibuses hurrying by.

Again, what can be better than the view as you walk towards Cripplegate, through winding streets, and begin to see the old gaunt, quaint, weather-beaten tower of St. Giles’s Church rising above the houses? There is nothing in London better than this solemn tower, formed of old stones half the way up, the other half of grimed, caked brick, the whole surmounted by an odd and quaint belfry. We might think we were in some Belgian town. Then, the old churchyard behind, with the path winding round by a short cut to other streets; the old wooden houses that adjoin it, overhanging the street, and that seem “caked” to it; and, finally, the strange doorway of the church, decorated with its significant supporters—a skull on one side and an hour-glass on the other—wrought in the spirited fashion of Cibber.

In the City there are many strange places like this, with narrow winding streets and antique names. Of a bright, sunshiny day, for instance, there is one portion which is picturesque, animated to a degree, and worthy of a painter. Standing in the street and looking down towards the Monument and the point where King William and other streets converge towards London Bridge, the buildings and warehouses and churches all rise and cross each other at various angles, catching the light in different ways. There is the statue, such as it is; the elegant steeple of the church in Thames Street; the glimpse of the bridge and the river; the enormous busy traffic; and the effective Monument itself. Then going on, we look down on the picturesque Thames Street, passing under the arch, and which is as it might have looked two centuries ago. Here is the picturesqueness of trade. The London merchants and their men thus carried on business centuries ago. Then the river itself, “noble” certainly—with the vessels and steamers crowded in rows at the wharf sides, and the huge landing warehouses—seen from the middle of the bridge, is a wonderful sight to behold.

Another picturesque surprise awaits us on turning out of Cannon Street into a sort of bye-lane or slope that leads down towards the river. This



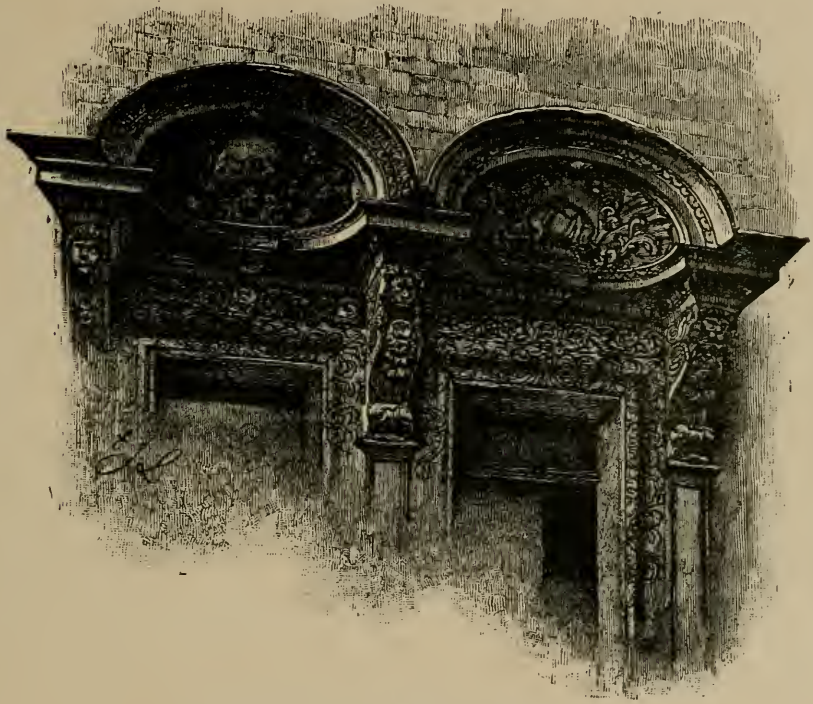
ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE,

little, concealed quarter is charmingly irregular, an odd miscellany compounded of straggling lanes and inclosures, churches, churchyards, halls, old houses, and lofty mansions of fine old brickwork. One has been partially rebuilt and furnished with additions and excrescences which have not improved it. Turn to the left, along a road cut through the old burying ground, and you are led into a curious little old-fashioned, rambling sort of square—half business, half residential. A “vestry hall” gives on the disused burying-ground, as also some mouldy business houses, while here begins Laurence Pountney Hill, which takes us out into the main street. I fancy it is at this point there is to be seen the finest old brick house in London, taking it all in all. This is a rather sweeping statement, but it can be justified. Down this quaintly-named Laurence Pountney Hill, stand two grimed, solid old houses—handsome, truly, in their design and decoration. We look first at the elaborate, richly-carved, and wrought doorways, so original and florid in design; and indeed lift our eyes in admiration to the lofty and stately façade of this fine and ripe piece of antique brick, well-toned, full of dark shadows, and marvellously effective. The cornice is like nothing that is to be seen in London, the supports being grouped three together, thus giving a fine effect. There has been some alteration in the house, and of odd taste, and an addition has been built out right in front. But the two doorways, with their shell-shaped crests and lace-like carvings, are truly wonderful. The general effect of this charming, tranquil little retreat, devoted to business, with its trees and old graveyard and carvings, its secular air of solitude as you turn in from the noisy street, is singular and pleasing. One or two of the old windows display the old heavy flat sashes, in contrast to the new plate-glass. Going a little to the left we find ourselves in a small square, surrounded by warehouses, old and new, some gloomy and grimed, while we pass on between two miniature churchyards, each displaying a few altar-tombs, and some twig-like trees. A forlorn enough prospect for the clerks busy at the windows. These curious patches of churchyards are raised, like terraces, while a path descends between them. Such strange combinations, common enough in the City, always suggest pictures in Dickens’s stories, and add so great an attraction to his incidents. They make City figures live again in the old courts and lanes; such as those houses of business where we find the Cheeryble Brothers.

There still linger on about the City several shops of the old pattern, which also recall the flavour of Dickens’s scenes and characters. There is a sort of pride in preserving these places intact and in their old fashion. Close to the Exchange may be seen a small, obscure-looking confectioner’s, with a sort of bow window filled in with small panes. It seems such a shop as would be found in a sleepy country town—say Dorking. This is the well-known “Birch’s”—a poorish-looking place for entertainment, it might be

thought. Yet there is nothing in this assumption. Nowhere in London can you fare more sumptuously or at such varied prices. The little shop has flourished for much more than a hundred years, and its original proprietor became an alderman. The Birch family has disappeared; but "Ring and Brymer" hold sway, artists who contract for all the great City dinners at the Mansion House and elsewhere.

In Fenchurch Street there is a curious old grocer's warehouse—Davidson's—with the low, small-paned windows, bowed out, and running



OLD DOORWAYS—LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL.

all along in front, while an old-fashioned crane is seen projecting. Overhead the shop displays its sign—three gilded hundredweights: within, the place is low and more old-fashioned. Nearly opposite is another well-gilded tavern sign—a spirited Spread Eagle, as well carved in its way as the well-known "Cock" in Fleet Street, which has the reputation of being Grinling Gibbons' work. All through the City the wary explorer will still meet with these signs—the most curious of which is the half-moon which projects from a shop in Holywell Street.

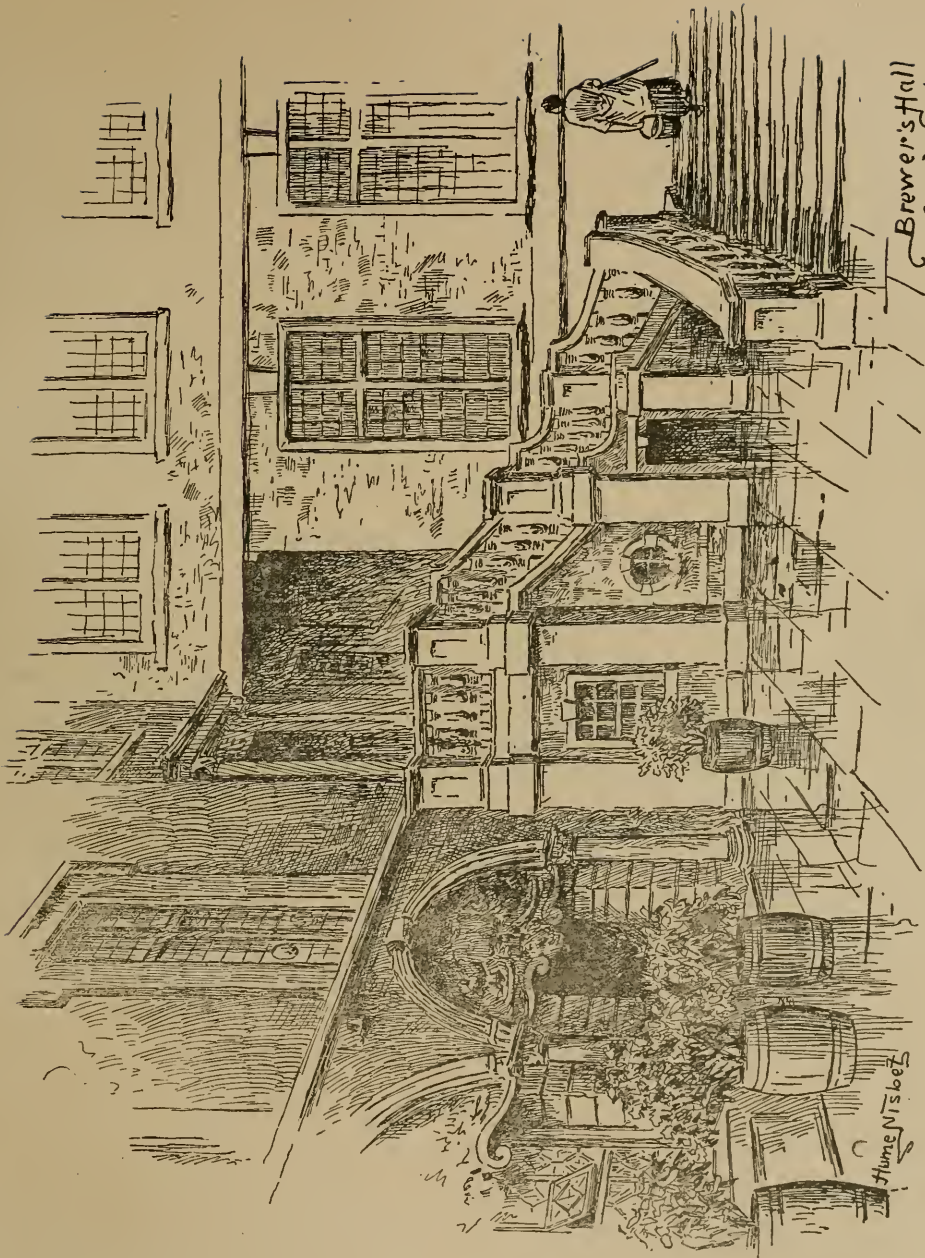
CHAPTER XX.

THE OLD CITY HALLS

ONE of the pleasantest surprises in our City wanderings is when we stray into some unfrequented street with a *bizarre* name, and pass by an antique but sound old doorway, *porte-cochère*-like, but with an air of solemn desertion which suggests a back street in some old-fashioned French town. It seems a nobleman's "Hôtel," relic of former magnificence. Thus we pause in Addle Street (odd name!) arrested by the Brewers' Hall, a really interesting place. Here is a fine, solid, old-fashioned structure, with bold roof and oval windows, a flamboyant gateway, floridly carved, and ancient massive wooden gates which open with a "hatch," really remarkable in its effect. Lifting the latch we enter the silent inclosure, which might be one of the old retired colleges at Cambridge, and not an antique survival in the heart of London. The courtyard is original: the façade fronts us with its rows of louvre windows, pierced in the ripe and red old brick; the long windows below them, with their small leaded panes, furnish light to the great Hall, and are framed in a rich mass of carving, flowers and fruits. To the right a fine bo'd staircase leads to the Hall. Not a soul is to be seen; and our footfalls echo in the deserted court.

In every direction we see old, flamboyant black oak. How imposing is the entrance to the Banqueting Hall, and really monumental—a massive ponderous gateway of black oak, with pillars and pediments and capitals, and figures soaring and gesticulating aloft, and flanked by solid panelling! Within there is the great oaken gallery, the tall windows, with the leaded panes. There is nothing finer in London than the great fireplace and mantel, which rises to the ceiling and offers an extraordinary display of the carver's art. Below, it takes the shape of a sort of gateway, supported by solid pillars; while above there is a stately shield and inscription set in flourishes, and garlands of fruits and flowers, wrought in the most lavish and effective fashion.

A courteous superior official in charge shows us these things, and all that there is to be shown, with a hearty interest, as though rarely disturbed. The



Brewer's Hall
Gourz-Yard

Hume Nilsbois

“Brewers” have now little *raison d'être*. The old kitchen below has its interest—a vault-like place used once a month when the “Brewers” feasted. It is interesting as retaining all the old culinary apparatus, a venerable old table, and a curiously-florid leaden cistern, with a seventeenth-century date and decorations, suspended in a corner. It is in sooth an interesting old-world place, dating from 1673.

In a small and compact court in Monkwell Street we come upon the Hall of “The Barber Surgeons.” On the right, as we enter, is an old portal, with a capacious, elaborate, well-carved shell over the door, filled in with the arms of the guild, very boldly wrought, and with abundance of flowers. These pronounced and florid doorways are always pleasant to see. But this is one of the places where the restorer has been at work, pulling down or shifting. The old Hall has gone long since; but there is a charming, exquisitely-proportioned chamber of small size, enriched in all its details, as indeed is all the ceiling, with fine carvings or stucco work. The lantern is peculiarly Inigo's, and is to be seen at Ashburnham House and in other mansions of his work. On the walls are of course the famous Holbein—the Barbers receiving their charter from Henry VIII.—and some choice characteristic portraits by Lely and others. One admires, too, the old oaken stairs, broad, and of short flights. The Barbers, it seems, give pensions to certain working folk, beginning from about £6 a year: they have some thirty-six on their list; and I noted a number of them waiting patiently in the offices to put forward their claims.

The little descending streets and lanes that lead down out of Cannon Street, with turns and intersecting lanes, make up quite an antique quarter, so well stored are they with strange, gloomy old buildings and corners of an old-world character. On Dowgate Hill, almost the first house we meet is the old Hall of the Skinners' Company, with its gate and archway, and small courtyard. Within we are confronted with one of those elaborately magnificent old doorways, porch rather, all embroidered with massive and yet florid carvings, which make us all wonder at the imagination and free hand of the worker. There is the usual spacious and good hall, and broad oaken stair, solid oak balusters and fine door-cases, with garlands and old moldings; but upstairs we are shown what is the pride of the place, the great “CEDAR ROOM,” a fine long chamber, entirely panelled in this precious wood, believed, though nothing is known, to have been a present from some Indian connection of the Company. Much reasonable pride is taken in this unusual adornment; the air, too, is scented with its fragrance. But here again the improvers have been at their work. There is a fine architectural cornice running round, intended to give support to a flat ceiling, but it was thought that the effect would be heightened by raising the ceiling, and accordingly a “coved” one has taken the place of the old

one, which is out of keeping and character. The whole, too, has been gaudily decorated; the cedar everywhere copiously overlaid with gilding, panels let into the coving and adorned with 'scutcheons, etc. Far better and more appropriate had the old venerable panelling been left unadorned.

In one of the little steep darkened lanes that descend towards Thames Street from Queen Victoria Street, Little Trinity Lane, we are attracted by a very remarkable doorway, richly carved and elaborate, yet strangely out of keeping with the poor mean house to which it is attached. This is The Painter-Stainers' Hall, one of the most retired and least pretentious of the Halls, and yet, like many an unassuming person, recommended by extraordinary gifts. Entering a shabby room to the left, we find, as usual, a widow-like woman waiting her turn, while some one else is pressing her claims at the desk. The whole seems to have the air of a discounting office in a rather small way of business. The Painter "Stayners" have a legacy of £80,000 to administer, the interest of which supports some two hundred pensioners. Going up a rather rickety stair, we are introduced to the old Hall itself, a genuine thing enough, of suitable dinginess and subdued old fashion. It has unhappily been spoilt by thrusting an adjoining room into it, the wall being supported by pillars and arches. A quaint feature, too, is the door through which we have entered, a little low arch supported by pillars, over which projects a small balcony, where, as I was informed, the ladies sit during festivals. The panelled walls are covered with pictures, which are made to suit the panels, and thus seem to belong to the walls. There is a dark monastic air over the whole, and a curious, old-world, sequestered look. Here are held the little dinners of the society, "the Worshipful Company of Painters, otherwise Painter Stainers," as they are careful to describe themselves, though, if not careful, one is apt to use the phrase "Paper Stainers." The modest Hall was formerly more attractive than it is now, and the glories of its ceiling have long ago disappeared. The little corporation is highly interesting, as, previous to the founding of the Royal Academy, it was the body that represented the interests of English painters. Decorative painting, such as was largely employed in ornamenting carriages, ceilings, and barges, seems to have come under their supervision, and the society was occasionally invited to give a certificate as to whether such work was fitly executed.*

* They gave an entertainment on St. Luke's Day, and we find that on May 17th, 1635, Mr. Inigo Jones, the King's surveyor, was invited to dinner, and very willingly came and dined with the company. Some of the invitations have the signature of Verrio and Sir Godfrey Kneller. The ancient pictures on the wall are mostly gifts from the painters, who were living men of the company. One of the minutes in the books has justly furnished considerable entertainment from its quaint simplicity: "On the 10th March, 1673," is pronounced this censure: "That the painter of Joseph and Pottifer's Wife and the Fowre Elements be fined £3 6s. 8d. for such bad work."

Few could imagine what is the number of these City Companies ; there are close upon eighty, each with its funds, officers, charities, and dinners. Only about one half are provided with Halls ; the rest dine at restaurants or at one of the noted City taverns, where the invariable " Ring and Brymer " cater. Turtle is of course the City luxury, and one of the sights of the city is the aquarium at " The Ship and Turtle," where may be seen through the glass from fifty to a hundred turtles at a time, paddling lazily about and waiting unconsciously the hour of sacrifice.

On Dowgate Hill also, we find another of these quaint Halls. A rather elegant, modern, pierced gate of ironwork closes up an archway, and, looking through, we see an inviting Court within. Entering through the arch, which passes under a deep mass of houses, we find ourselves in a charming little courtyard with quite an Italian air, set round with an arcade supporting a rubicund brick building with elegant windows and airy carvings ; some modern additions and renovations have been combined, with excellent taste. There is mural painting too. Such is Dyers' Hall—a pleasing, piquant little place.

While lamenting the loss of the old patterns of Hall, pulled down, or destroyed by fire, we must admire the sumptuous, and even magnificent, buildings which have taken their place ; such as the massive, floridly decorated façade of the Drapers' Hall in Throgmorton Street. This street, as it bends or winds, has a majestic, almost Genoese, air ; its great gloomy buildings rise solemnly on each side of the narrow street, foreign in tone ; towards the close of the business day, the street becomes filled with crowds of animated noisy figures pouring out of the Stock Exchange, and debating their bargains in the open air. This scene—the narrow street, the stately shadowy buildings frowning down on the figures—suggests one of the retired picturesque streets in Ghent, or even in some Italian city. The busy, substantial negotiators have a burgher-like air, and the whole is utterly different from anything to be seen in the trivial West End. The Drapers' Hall is a vast and ponderous mass, already blackened with age, though young in years, but very striking in character, with its enormous and richly florid cornice, bold windows, and heavily arched portals. As we look through the iron rails, we can see a retired court, curious contrast to the noisy scene without. The old " Drapers' Gardens " used to stretch down the whole street that turns out of Throgmorton Street, and were admired for their tranquil air of old fashion. Gradually they have been encroached upon ; warehouses have been reared, and a fragment only now remains. Even this remnant, however, is welcome, and the promenade down the alley leaves an impression as of something old-fashioned and rural. Such are a few of these very striking " survivals."

CHAPTER XXI.

ALLHALLOWS, ST. OLAVE'S, ELY CHAPEL, ETC.

THE old City Churches offer an inexhaustible field for a London explorer. There is nothing more touching than the air of utter abandonment of some of these forlorn structures, appropriately situated in some fast-decaying quarter. They seem closed for ever ; and with many are associated strange histories.

The gloomy, ancient church of Allhallows Barking impresses the visitor in an extraordinary way. It is difficult to give an idea of the blighted, solemn desolation of this woe-begone fane. The name of the place in which it stands, "Seething Lane," seems fitting enough. The neighbouring houses have fallen away from it and have been excavated out of existence by Metropolitan Railways, etc., and, as a last degradation, a house has been built over its porch. One face of it projects along Tower Street on a sort of abject terrace—a squalid, abandoned churchyard, with a few starved trees flourishing their bare branches. The old mould, quite grassless, lies thick. There the gaunt tower, with its meagre, decayed lantern, and its worn, stripped sides, rises blighted by neglect. The two low aisles that range beside the nave have the same piteous air.

Not far away is another of these blighted fanes, St. Olave's, Hart Street, whose dismal entrance gateway is set off with a gruesome representation of skulls and cross-bones elaborately carved, offering with its decayed and rusted iron gate a truly depressing prospect. This seems a souvenir of the Plague time. It is a strange, gruesome feeling, looking through the close railings of the barred gates, into this rueful inclosure. Entering from "Seething Lane," under a quaint gateway, we pass across the forlorn graveyard. The interior is interesting and original in the shape of its arches and aisles, and well lined with mural tablets. Two are in memory of Samuel Pepys and his wife, with their alabaster busts and inscriptions. It is pleasant to find oneself in company with the piquant and agreeable chronicler.

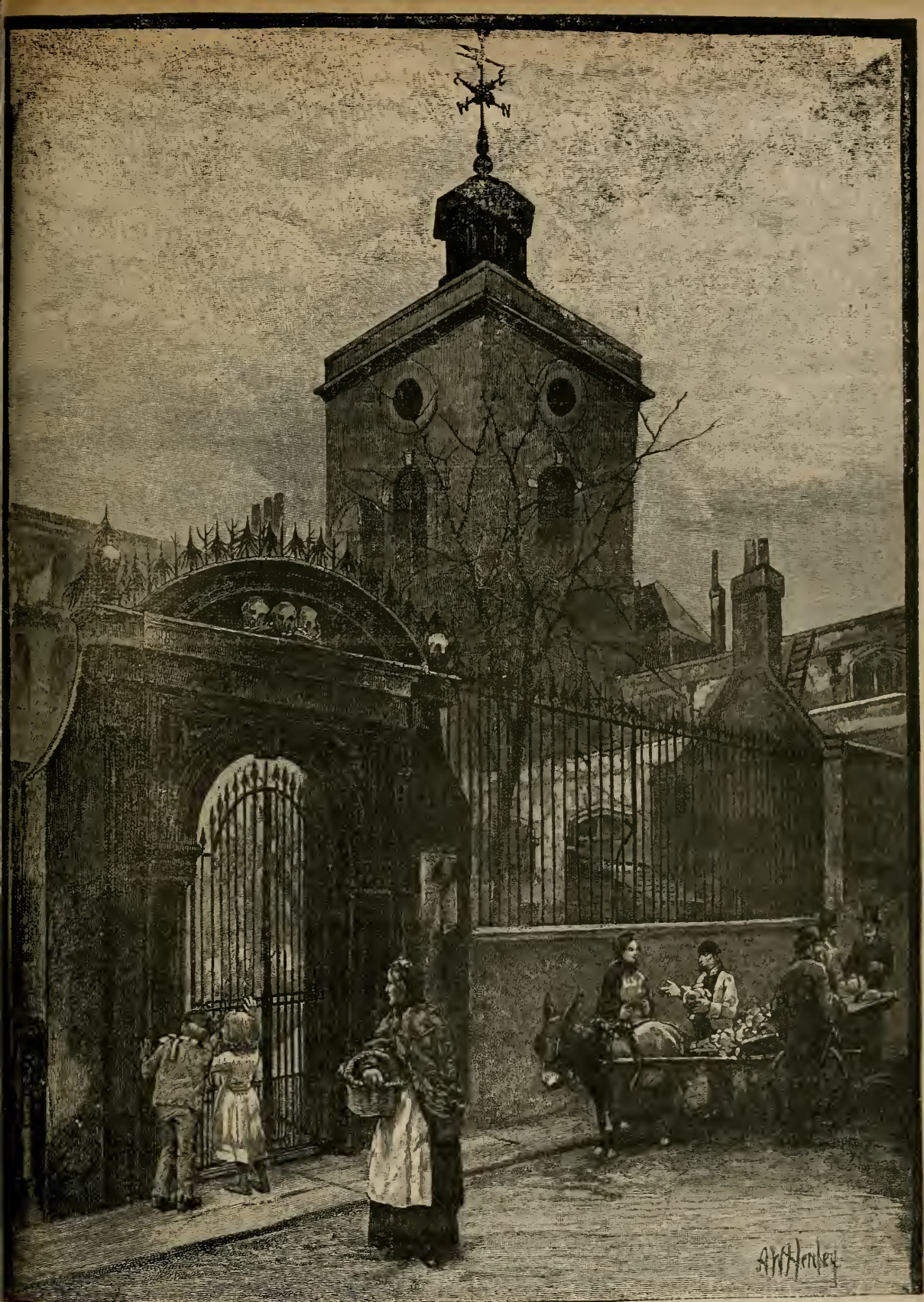
Wandering on, we come to a very effective and picturesque structure—

the old Cripplegate Church, which affects one with the strangest feelings of a forlorn kind. Its grim old square tower rises in an abandoned fashion, as though it felt that no one cared for it, that it is but an obsolete survivor amid the lines of new and magnificent warehouses that have been built about it. On its top platform is perched a sort of kiosk-shaped lantern; from within, as I stand below, booms out the solemn melodious bell. Its clock-face is fixed, not at the centre, but at one side, with *bizarre* effect. The church is hedged round by ancient buildings



ALLHALLOWS BARKING.

with projecting framed bow-windows, and the florid gate of its churchyard is set off with a well-carved hour-glass, lying on its side, flanked by a skull and crossbones—grim supporters. This is gruesome enough. On the top of each are two more upright hour-glasses. The church within has been trimmed up, painted and decorated, in an unpleasing modern way. Milton's tomb, which faces the door, has been "done up handsomely," with a Gothic canopy, and altogether made smart and pretentious: all round the walls are curious black tablets with florid carvings as black.



ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET.

The district about is truly interesting; we could wander for hours through the irregular streets, which meander in the most agreeable way, and suggest Antwerp and other Flemish towns. Every now and again we come on a church. Rome is held to be over-supplied with churches, one, it is said, for every day in the year; but there must be nearly as many in London, set down in corners and paved lanes, whence rises some majestic tower in picturesque fashion.

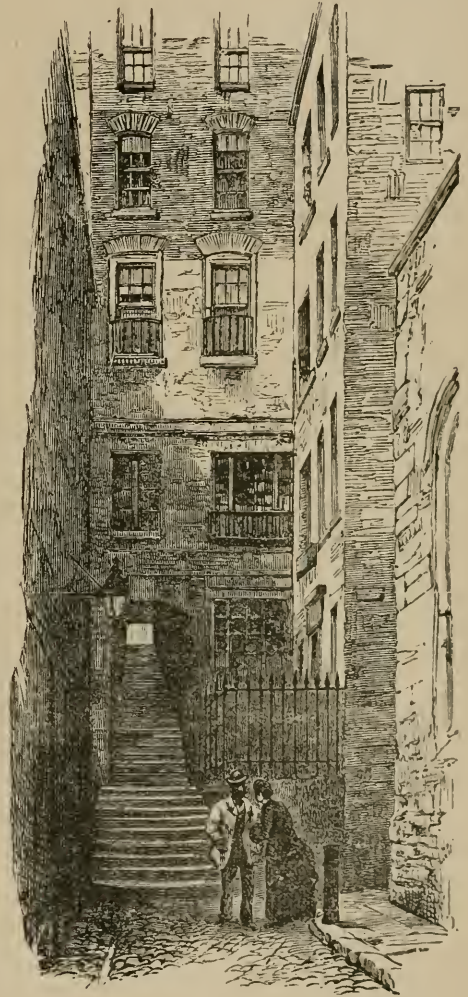


THE SAVOY CHAPEL.

Even the modern places of business contribute to the effect. One effect, common enough, is that of finding a pretty garden, encompassed by lofty business buildings, traversed by a walk for pedestrians only, which had erst been a churchyard, converted to profane use. One specimen of this treatment, and suggestive enough too, is to be seen close to Mincing Lane, where the "Clothworkers" have their garden. Here used to be the churchyard of *Allhallows Staining* — quaint name. The church was levelled, but the old tower was left, and stood solitary and picturesquely for a time. Then it also was cleared away. The churchyard was levelled, the tombstones carried off, and the whole built over and turned into a yard!

I have often thought that one of the great charms in exploring London is the abrupt change which often occurs when we pass from the roar and clamour of some modern crowded thoroughfare into some sequestered, silent inclosure, which seems almost monastic in its privacy. This peculiar sensation can be secured in many districts. It is thus strange to turn out of the Strand near to Wellington Street, and descend the steep incline into the old Savoy. There we come upon the rather forlorn graveyard, with the chapel and its grim, rude tower, which is somewhat after the fashion of an Italian Campanile, and which, in spite of conflagrations and restorations, still retains its sad, gloomy aspect. The inclosure has been built round, the old place has been sadly straitened and profaned. A theatre behind it, roystering clubs, baths, etc., facing it; but the ancient trees remain, and the graveyard has a garden-like aspect. What is called a fashionable wedding—performed by the excellent and popular chaplain—lights up as it were the old place; the denizens of the neighbouring courts and streets gather; showy carriages cluster on the steep incline, and the bridal procession offers a not unpicturesque effect as it has to wind its way across the graveyard, and becomes the admiration of all. For the view within little can be said, as the whole is bare enough, having been restored and coloured in the “heartless” days.

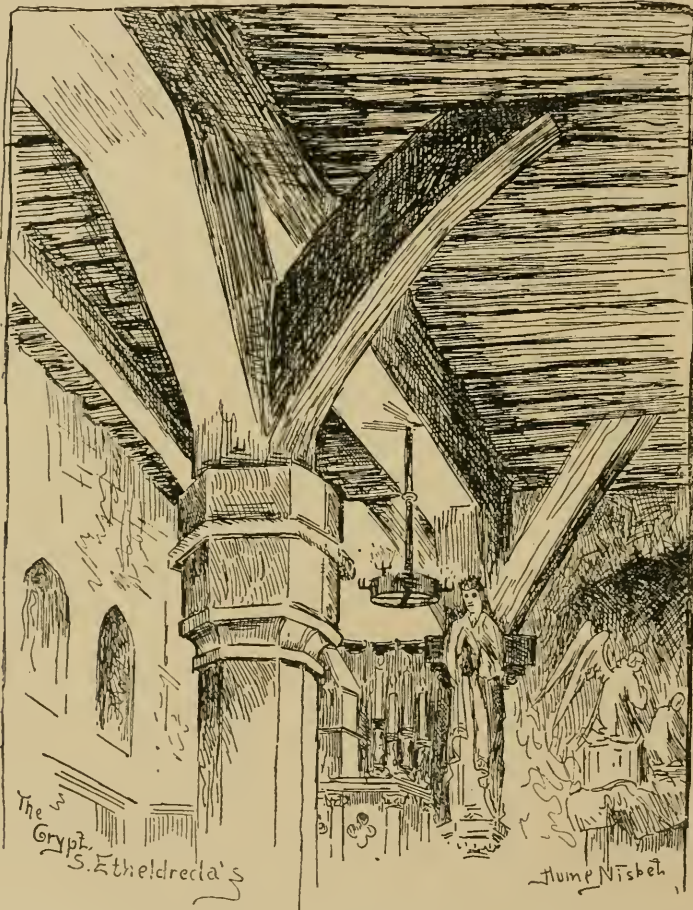
But we now come to a gem of its kind—one of the antiquarian treasures of London—yet little known and little visited. In one of the streets leading out of Holborn Circus—at the threshold of the City, of banks and mercantile business—we find a retired street, or *cul de sac*, of modest old-fashioned houses, which are approached through a carefully guarded gate. This is Ely Place, and here, a little way down on the left, is to be found this rare cynosure. It is interesting in every view—from its historical associations, the strange vicissitudes through which it has passed, its narrow



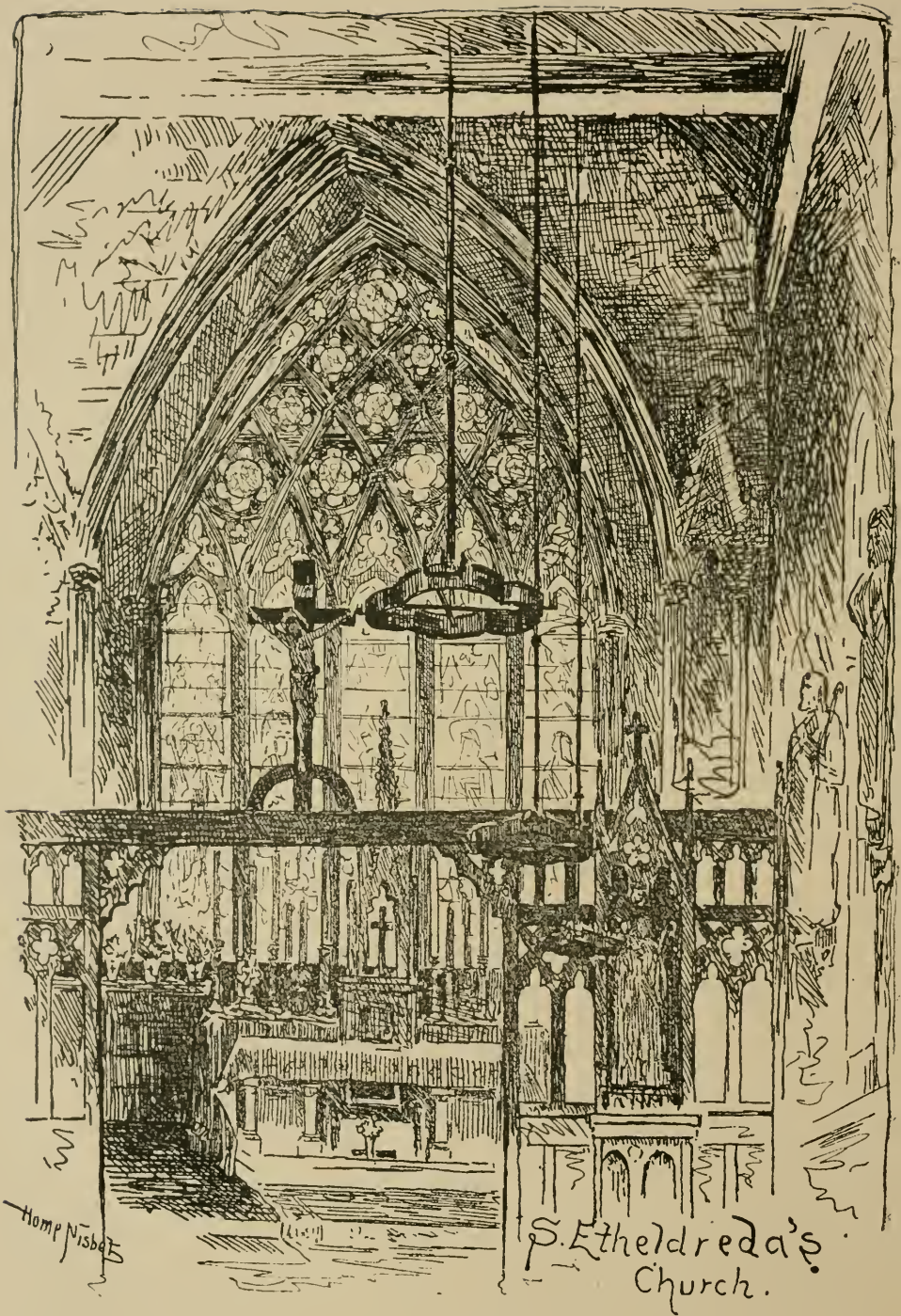
THE SAVOY.

escapes from destruction or conversion to profane uses, and its precious and native grace. The old houses of the street have a sleepy air, which is in keeping, and no clatter of carts or carriages disturbs the solitude. The place is given over to commission agents, native and foreign, while the celebrated firm of solicitors, "Lewis and Lewis," together with the graceful chapel, divide the attractions of the street.

The chapel stands back from the roadway, from which is a descent of steps which leads to the level of the lower chapel or crypt. For here is the



singular interest of the building; there are two chapels, one under the other, and apparently of equal pretension. Entering, we find ourselves in gloom Cimmerian almost, in a long, low crypt, with lights glimmering at the far end. The ceiling still shows the original, roughly-hewn beams, like the timber framing in the hold of a vessel, while down the middle a row of eight short, blunted columns supports it, from each of which the supporting timbers radiate, fan-like. The lancet windows at the side are remarkable as revealing the enormous thickness—it seems about twelve feet in depth—

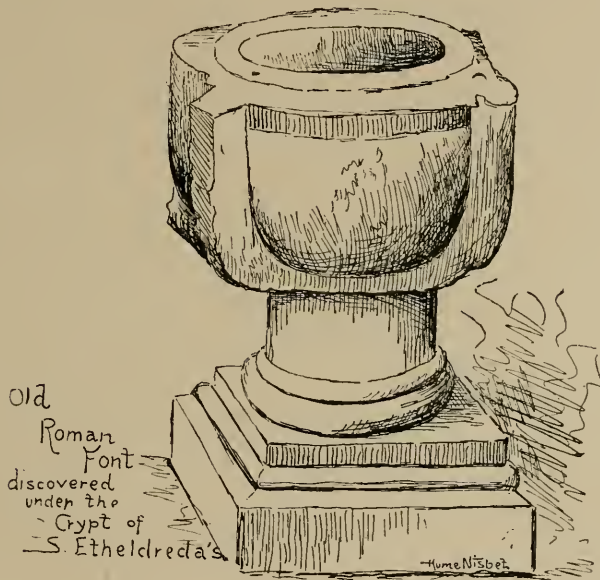


Homp Nisbet

St. Etheldreda's
Church.

of the almost Roman wall, though on the right-hand side either necessity or convenience has prompted the filling of these recesses with confessionals. On the left, near the altar, a flight of steps leads up through a Gothic door to a cloister, whence other stairs wind on to the elegant chapel above. Here opens a perfect surprise, from its two vast windows, which through all vicissitudes and disfigurements have been treated tenderly, and have excited the admiration of architects and amateurs. The grace or proportion displayed in window and wall, the unobtrusive decorations, the fine old ribbed roof—these and other attractions make this chapel one of the genuine treasures of London.

Scarcely any locality in the City so plainly tells its story as does the little quarter round the chapel. It is dedicated to St. Etheldreda,



and up to about a hundred years ago had always been intimately connected with the see of Ely and the Cathedral city itself. As an instance of the religious associations still lingering in the district, there will be noted close by, in Holborn, one of those remarkable old inns, of which only a few are left, in Southwark chiefly, which retain the old inn-yard with two tiers of galleries. This specimen is a very antique one; of ripe old brick, but sound and in good condition. Its sign is THE OLD BELL, and many will have noticed it. Now we find that about the year 1290 Bishop Kirkely bequeathed to the convent at Ely his mansion house called the Bell, or "le Bell," together with some cottages in Holborn.

There must be octogenarians in the district whose parents could have described to them the vast group of buildings and gardens which stood here so lately as a century ago—the old Palace of the Bishops of Ely,

with banqueting hall, cloisters, and dwelling house; the "fayre plaisaunces and gardens were to be seen then, though in sad disorder; and the whole must have offered a very striking specimen of the many old spacious inclosures of which there are now but few left. By-and-by there will be none.

To Grose we owe a carefully-drawn plan, which gives the position of every building and outhouse, and shows what a large establishment it must have been. The whole inclosure with its gardens, cloisters, etc., covered the space of ground between Hatton Garden and Saffron Hill. It is easy to follow the disposition of the buildings by this plan. The large arched gateway stood a little beyond the Prince Consort's equestrian statue. The old banqueting-hall was near where the porter's lodge at the entrance of Ely Place stands, and the cloisters covered the ground between it and that on which the right-hand row of houses is built.

It had often been proposed by the Bishops to sell their property; and in 1768 the Government thought seriously of buying it for a prison. At last Dr. Keene, Bishop in 1772, obtained an Act of Parliament authorizing him to dispose of the whole to the Crown, it being proposed to erect Government offices on the site. The sum was £6,500, and a clear annuity of £200 to the Bishop. This Dr. Keene had been consecrated in the little chapel in the year 1752, and indeed much Protestant parochial work seems to have been carried on there through all its vicissitudes. Six Bishops, it is recorded, died within the precincts. With the sum paid by the Government, and £3,600 "dilapidations" to be recovered from the Bishop, it was proposed to build a new mansion. This was accordingly done, and the present plain, stone-fronted house to be seen in Dover Street, marked with a mitre, furnished succeeding Bishops with a less responsible, if less picturesque residence. Then the work of levelling and devastation set in. The entire pile, cloisters, banqueting-hall, etc., were razed to the ground. The chapel only was left.

The fate of the pretty chapel, thus spared, was to be precarious. It was to pass through all sorts of changes, some of a degrading kind. It was humiliating to find this monument associated with all the vulgar elements of the "proprietary chapel," a chaplain being secured to "draw" a congregation, the crypt being, as in the case of the chapel of "Rev. Charles Honeyman," let off for stores or wine-vaults, to increase the receipts.

But it would not do. It may have been that there was something in the place uncongenial to true Protestant feeling; but it is unquestionable that the long tide of ill-luck and ill-omen which had steadily pursued it since it was diverted from the old faith, was destined to continue. Worshippers would not come. The chapel was once more closed. The incumbent went away, and was made Bishop of Barbados. In vain the Bishop of London

appeared in a powerful address, saying what a matter of regret it was that so "valuable a building, in every respect calculated for purposes of public worship, should remain unoccupied." The Archbishop of Canterbury joined his efforts, and by the united exertions of the two prelates, it was contrived to reopen the chapel after a closure of nearly three years. In 1836, the Rev. Mr. D'Arblay, no doubt the son of the lively Fanny Burney, tried what he could do. But "a few Sundays only had elapsed when Mr. D'Arblay was attacked by an illness which, after a short and severe struggle, terminated in his death." It was no wonder the Bishops found it difficult to keep the place open. We next find it handed over to a Welsh congregation, which seems to have held possession without disturbance or interference until the expiration of the lease in 1876. They removed to the antique, Dutch-like Church, on St. Bennet's Hill, Paul's Wharf.

On Wednesday, January 28, 1874, the chapel was put up to auction, by order of the Court of Chancery, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard. There was much interest excited, and Sir Gilbert Scott, the eminent cathedral architect, who always took a warm interest in the little chapel, was present. After some bidding it was sold to a "Mr. M'Guinness of the Royal Exchange." Who was this gentleman? What would he do with his purchase? It became known that the chapel had passed into the hands of the Order of Charity, directed by Father Lockhart. In a very short time money was subscribed and the work of restoration taken in hand. The pretty fabric at this time indeed presented a sad and piteous spectacle. The churchwardens had done their worst with it. Galleries, panelling, and a neat, flat, plastered ceiling had overlaid all the old Gothic work; the windows were rudely mauled, doors broken in the wall, etc. It was not, therefore, without some trepidation that the architects began their work. But some agreeable surprises greeted them. In breaking through the plaster ceiling they found the old fourteenth-century timbers of the Gothic roof fresh and sound, and wanting but little restoration. The old west window, which was totally obscured by walls and rubbish, it was found could be cleared. From the crypt a vast amount of rubbish, or *débris* was removed, disclosing a chapel, that very little would restore to its old ecclesiastical purposes. Sir Gilbert Scott took interest in the work, and the Duke of Norfolk, after subscribing liberally, presented the large and beautiful stained-glass window which fills the east end, and is said to have cost close on £3,000—a very richly-bright performance of the jewelled glass pattern, abounding in florid and elaborate designs, for which the graceful and numerous divisions furnish an opening. It is indeed a feast of rich and mellow colouring.

Unfortunately it is so built round that it is impossible to restore the two effective side-towers with their peaked cones. These were bold, of hexagonal shape, and of three stories. They gave a support and finish,

which, in its present shape, the façade lacks. Another marked feature was the niches at the side of the great window, which were deeply sunk, as if to hold statues, and not, as now, almost flush with the surface of the wall. This is an important architectural aid, as breaking the monotony of the wall. It was "Charles Cole, Esq., architect and builder" as he was, who removed the four "towerlets" and squeezed the chapel in between two "neat" dwelling houses. Let us hope that by-and-by, these adjuncts will be restored.

But there is yet a more effective view still of this charming monument which would escape the careless visitor unless he were directed. Going to the bottom of the street, he will turn to the left, passing through an archway into a curious sort of inclosure, half "industrial tenements," half stabling. There he will see displayed to him the whole flank of the old Ely Chapel, worn, grey, well rusted. The exceeding beauty and fair proportions of the building are here shown at their best, and one will find much delight in contemplating the four beautiful windows, displaying their extraordinary grace, and contrasted with the steep, tiled roof. These windows would well repay the architect's study, from their symmetry and the charming way in which they are proportioned to the wall space, while the restorer has done nothing to interfere with the grave and solemn tones of the old wall. At the end can be seen one of the old corner towers, much disfigured and overlaid, but worthy of restoration, and projecting from this corner, at a right angle, are some ruined fragments of what seems the old cloister.

CHAPTER XXII.

OLD ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, ST. HELEN'S, AND OTHER CHURCHES.

AFTER walking beside the handsome and imposing Smithfield markets for a short distance, we reach the open square where, close to Bartholomew's Hospital, stands one of the most extraordinary old churches



DOORWAY, ST. HELEN'S.

in London, second only in interest to the other antique memorial whereof the worthy Dr. Cox was lately incumbent, viz., St. Helen's. All that is connected with this venerable fane is characteristic; the approaches and surround-

ings are piquant, and will surprise the antiquarian visitor. It suggests one of the lorn, abandoned-looking churches we occasionally meet with in one of the "dead cities" of Belgium. We enter under a Gothic arch, cut through an old brick house, one of whose two stories overhangs. This arch is full of grace and very perfect, but a portion of it has been ruthlessly built into the adjoining house, while, with painful incongruity, a "dealer in pickled ox-tongues" proclaims his occupation in large letters over the gate. Passing in we find yet stranger contrasts, for here is seen a sort of "Tom Aii-alone's," a strangely solitary and gloomy churchyard, desolate to a degree, surrounded by backs of gabled houses a couple of centuries old, all rickety and tottering, but inhabited; while the small contracted churchyard shows its old tombstones, scarcely able to keep themselves erect. On the wall to the right are some loose tablets, while facing us rises the old brick tower. There is something so solemn, so grimed and neglected, about the air of this building as to be almost pathetic. This old tower, in its stern and stout decay, has ever a strange effect. It shows all that mournful neglect which so affected Mr. Ruskin in the case of the old Tower at Calais. It suggests its brother of Chelsea, and is capped by one of those quaint, old-fashioned belfries so common in the City. There is always something melancholy and grim in these solemn remnants, standing up stark and stiff, and still unshaken, though their "day" has long since gone by. Here too is the old rusted clock with its faded gold characters. Even the little, disused doorway and balcony half-way up have an odd, *bizarre* look.

No church has ever met with such rude, pitiless treatment as this. One would think that it was regarded with the dislike some unnatural mother has to her child, for every kind of affront and neglect seems to have been heaped upon it. Everyone was welcome to treat it as he listed. A long and handsome nave once covered the ground now devoted to the churchyard, and was ruthlessly levelled some centuries ago. Aisles and chapels were cut away bodily, and converted into dwellings. A blacksmith's forge was formed out of one of the transepts, while a fringe factory was actually carried on over the Lady chapel, or all that remained of it. A walk round the grand and maltreated old building—one of the most curious and original sights in London for the antiquary—reveals how encrusted it is on all sides with lawlessly encroaching tenements which have preyed on it during centuries. It is one of the most curious feelings to go round outside, groping as it were in search of these adjuncts, and to actually find them.

Round the old church are to be found Rouen-like streets, highly antique and picturesque, such as "Cloth Fair," with old, overhanging houses, and space for but a single carriage to pass; the backs of most of which tenements are caked and crusted to the old fane. Overpowered as it is, we can see it struggling uneasily with these oppressive neighbours. By diving down

strange lanes and passages and *culs de sac* we obtain stray peeps at its venerable figure. Here is an old dilapidated Gothic window sunk down in a pit, with a fragment of a chapel covered with fine mouldings. Indeed, this little quarter could scarcely be matched as a characteristic specimen of a certain phase of London life in the City, where the herd of workers cluster together



ST. HELEN'S.

thickly and economize every inch of space. At front, sides, and rear of the old fane, old and new wooden and brick houses are heaped together in disorder, according as the convenience of the site offered favourable opportunity. Close by is a little flagged square with a dozen alleys starting from it, with two or three old mansions of last century. No alley runs

straight for a dozen yards together, but winds and twists, and perhaps brings you back, to your surprise, to the point from which you started.

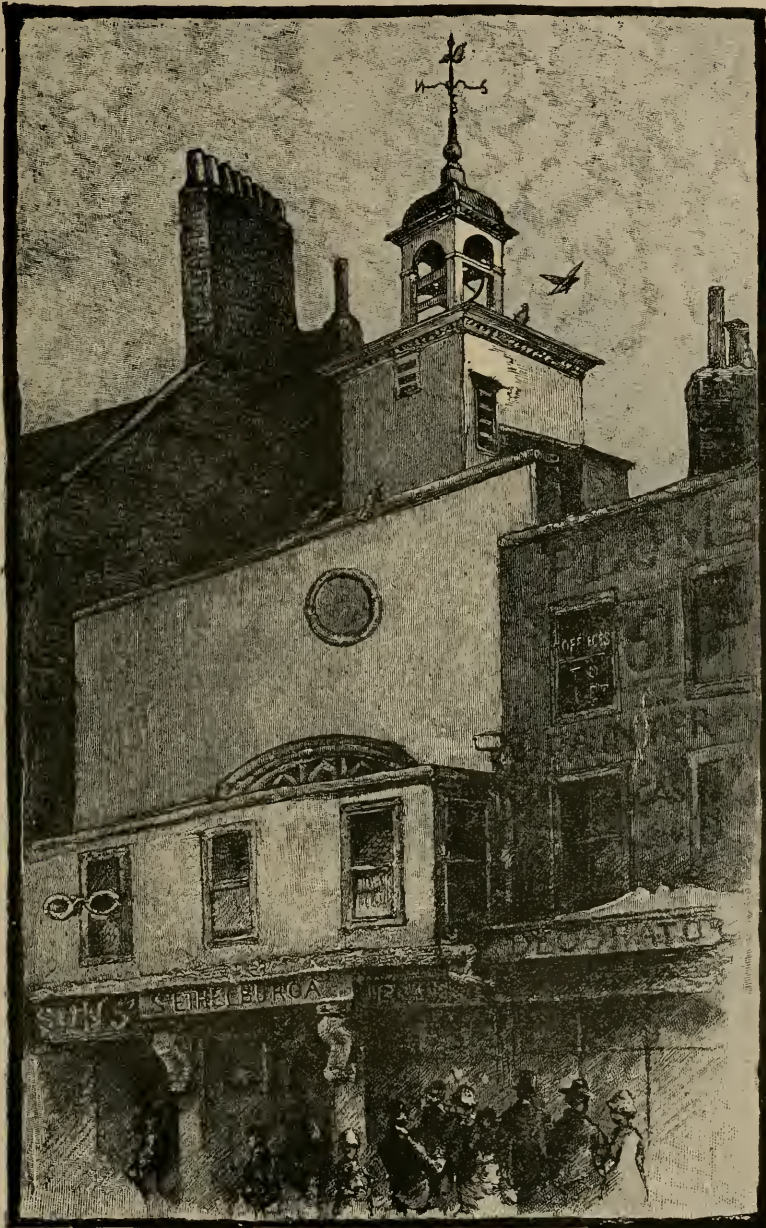
A plan of restoration has been happily carried out, and within a very short time. So reverently and temperately has it been done, that this rare, desirable impression of age has not been disturbed. Before its restoration, the spectacle that this old fane presented was truly unique and astonishing. It was left to a grim and desolate abandonment, the old iron gates half hung from their hinges; all was ruin. The sense of desolation for the visitor was oppressive. One stared with a sort of awe as one wandered among the grimed and blackened columns—stumbling over the uneven floor. The shadows settled everywhere—we expected to see the ravens and night birds flitting about. The grimness and dilapidation were extraordinary, but still the effect was unique—the air of size was increased by the sense of “vast neglect” and desolation. No one seemed to care for it and its unutterable griminess, or indeed what became of it; you went away overcome by its gloom and the desolation of the whole.

But now what a change! The vicar has prompted and carried out the work with admirable discretion. The intruding fringe factory has been bought, the blacksmith's forge will soon be disposed of, and the clang of hammer and anvil will no longer be heard within the church itself. The architect, Mr. Ashton Webb, has done his work in a judicious and effective way. There is none of that glaring effect of a dazzling new white stone, so painful in restored cathedrals; all is of a subdued and mellow buff, and old stones have been either left in their places, or others of sound condition have been worked in. The effect is really charming. At the altar end the apse has been restored, continuing the Norman arcade all round. The quaint old oak roof has been retained and repaired. The old altar-tombs of rich, well-coloured marbles, are in their place, and we gaze with astonishment at that noble and elaborate one of the Mildmay family (*circa* 1589), and at the eccentric little tablet of black marble that is perched high up on the side wall.

The architects speak with delight of the beautiful Norman arches and the sturdy cylindrical columns supporting the “triforium” or gallery, which was so long built out by a wall. The finest, almost overpowering, effect is produced by the grand central lantern, which leaves a sense of dignity and size.

Piquant, also, is the little projecting *loggia* with its mullions, whence old Abbot Bolton—his cipher, “a bolt,” is to be seen—used to look down on the devotions below. In short, there is nothing wanting in this interesting building that can attract. If objection may be taken, it is to the oak-work of the gallery and stalls, which is not bold enough to harmonize with the rest, and the same may be said of what Lamb would have called the rather

“pimping” character of the leaded panes over the apse. These should have been bolder and even ruder. Such is this venerable old fane, to which the



ST. ETHELBURGA.

wholesale restorers and “trouble tombs” should repair to learn how to carry out their duty.

It is a strange effect, the looking down near London Bridge Station into the low-lying graveyard below, out of which rises the venerable old church of

St. Saviour's, Southwark. It is cathedral-like in its proportions, and grim and stark in its flint-built walls. Though well preserved, it has the usual air of solitariness and desolation common to most City churches.* It is really a grand, cathedral-like, old place. Inside it is "boxed up" and partitioned off in a curious way enough; but its tombs are full of touching interest. There is a simple stone in the floor inscribed with a name familiar to all, "Philip Massinger, a stranger." "John Fletcher, died August, 1625," is on a second stone; and "Edmond Shakespeare, died December, 1607," says the stone under which the poet's brother rests. And then we step across the piece of old Roman mosaic in the floor to that part of the church where John Gower's memory is kept fresh by an imposing monument. A thorough restoration of this old fane is now in progress.

The old churches in the desolate portions of London, by Shoreditch and Whitechapel, Wapping and Southwark, though many were built by Wren, seem blighted by the squalid districts in which they stand. We may commiserate the fate of the vicars in charge, who pursue their calling under cheerless conditions. The old forlorn and disused Rolls Chapel, which always suggests some maltreated Dutch church, contains an artistic gem which is worthy of a special visit. "It is little known," says the judicious Mr. Hare, "that within its walls is one of the nobles' pieces of sculpture that England possesses—a tomb which may be compared for beauty with the famous monuments of Alberghati at Bologna, and of Guigni at the Badia at Florence." This praise is not a whit too extravagant; for elegance and beauty of design nothing can approach it. It is in memory of Dr. John Young, Master of the Rolls in the time of Henry VIII. A plain arch incloses a casket-shaped sarcophagus on which the figure reposes. On the surface within the arch is a representation of Our Saviour, flanked by cherubs wrought in delicate relief, after the fashion of Donatello, with exquisite pictorial effect. The graceful original design of the sarcophagus suggests one of those Florentine chests intended to hold *trousseaux*, and along the bottom runs an airy scroll as if carelessly cast down, and without the usual formality of such things. Much of the effect is due to the beautiful sense or instinct of proportion, and to the simple lines of the inclosing arch, which is not elaborated in any way: it is supported by short pillars and their capitals according to the usual form. This severity and reserve produce the happiest result in giving effect; while the beauty and mellowed richness of the tones of colouring and the air of

* It may be added that the difficulties in getting admission to see old monuments in London seem insuperable. As a general rule they are rarely open—or open at awkward hours. No one about appears to know where the person in charge is to be found, and he is usually "out," being busy with other functions. The old City Halls are jealously guarded, and we recall how shocked the old lady housekeeper was at one of these places when admission was proposed. Application must be made to high officials, who, however, are gracious enough in according permission. The result, however, is long delay and loss of opportunity.

gentle repose are extraordinary. The whole is the work of Torrigiano, Henry VII.th's Italian artist, whose *chef-d'œuvre* is in Westminster Abbey.

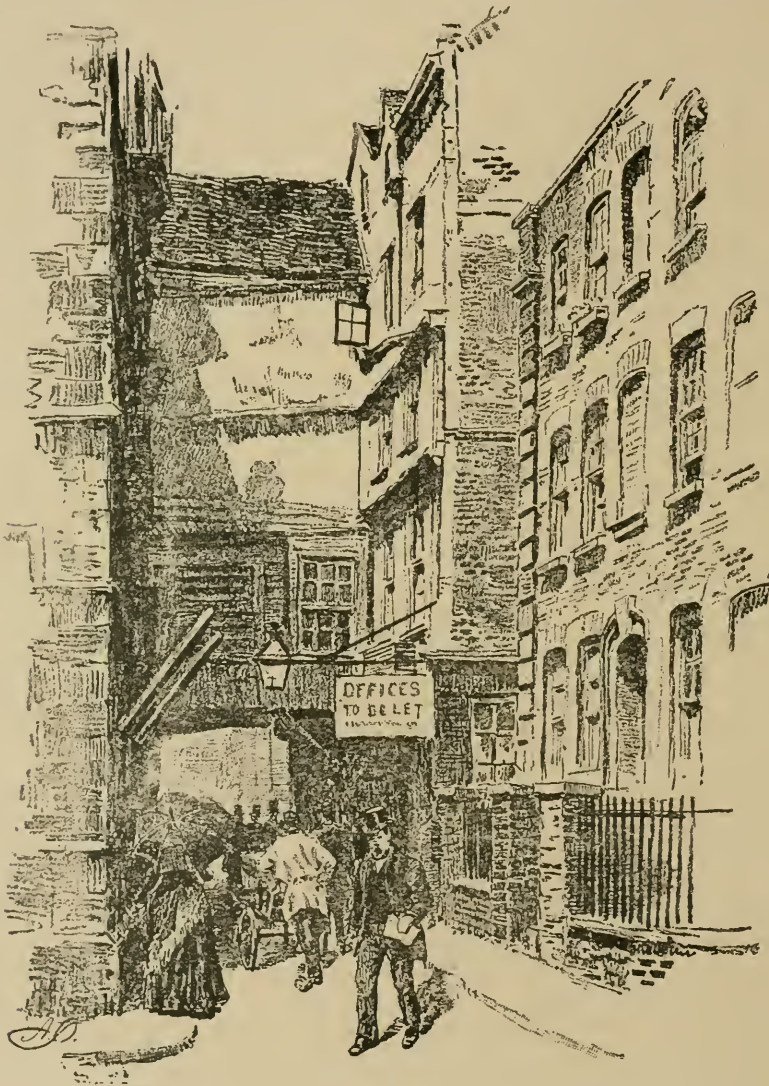
One of the most picturesque and interesting streets in London is Bishopgate Street, which even now presents a very fair idea of how an old London street looked a couple of centuries ago. Many of its old wooden houses remain. Here are strange old churches that have never been altered or restored; curious, retired little courts and squares, old inns, an old hall or palace, like Crosby Hall, with a fine carved house, Sir Paul Pindar's; while the traffic of the street and the general air seem to take insensibly the tone and complexion of an old-fashioned, obsolete kind. The course of the thoroughfare winds and bends in an original way, and it seems now to be, what it used to be, a busy highway, one of the great roads that led away out of London to the country. Still do the waggons and carriers depart in numbers, and the old inn yards whence the coaches used to set off, are used for kindred purposes.

How interesting are the old objects here clustered together! The Crosby Hall Palace, now a restaurant; the retired Crosby Square, into which you pass by an archway from the street; the quaint old church of St. Ethelburga, the truly interesting church of St. Helen's, in Great St. Helen's, also entered by an archway. From this a few winding turns lead us to the Ghetto, or Jew quarter, Bevis Marks, St. Mary Axe and Houndsditch, names that have, from association, a curious scent or flavour.

Anyone possessed of taste and curiosity, whether he be architect or amateur, should be glad to see Crosby Hall, one of the most graceful and pleasing buildings in London. It is curious to think that this busy, bustling eating-house was once the Palace of "Crook'd-back Richard." The framed and gabled front hangs over the street, displaying the well-restored 'scutcheons. There is an abundance of painted windows: when we pass into the squares, one of which are on each side, and see the great towers and mullioned windows that stretch behind, sheltered from the street, then the extending beauty of the relic strikes one. Loud and noisy as is the hum and clatter of Bishopgate, all becomes mysteriously still in the old-fashioned tranquil square, and if it be growing dark the light within will illuminate the "richly dight" panes, and the tall window is shown in all its beauty as it reaches from the ground almost to the top of the elegant tower. "We doubt," says a good critic of these Lancastrian windows, "if there be any specimen, in any style, more graceful or more void of superfluities and affectations." If we enter the other square on the left, the picturesque Great St. Helen's, through the archway, we shall see the other end of the old hall, with an elegant window projecting, looking like a fragment of an old abbey.

Within the Hall we find, thriving and busy, a spacious restaurant,

crowded to excess at lunching hour. The grand old hall, where King Richard is supposed to have feasted, is now crowded with an enormous multitude of hungry City men. The proportions of this grand chamber, its Lancastrian arched windows, placed high up, and the beautiful oriel recess or window, have always excited admiration. Many years ago it was used as the



GATEWAY TO GREAT ST. HELEN'S, AND ALMSHOUSES.

home of a literary society, but is now put to more practical uses. In spite of the vulgarizing associations of the public restaurant, there is imparted a sort of vitality and dramatic animation which seems in keeping, and at least makes the old building glow with health and vigour.

In the last century this place was actually degraded into a packer's

warehouse ; the hall was ruthlessly cut into two stories, while a covered flight of steps led up to the first ; and in a print of the time the packer with a chest on his back is actually shown ascending. This flight was built against

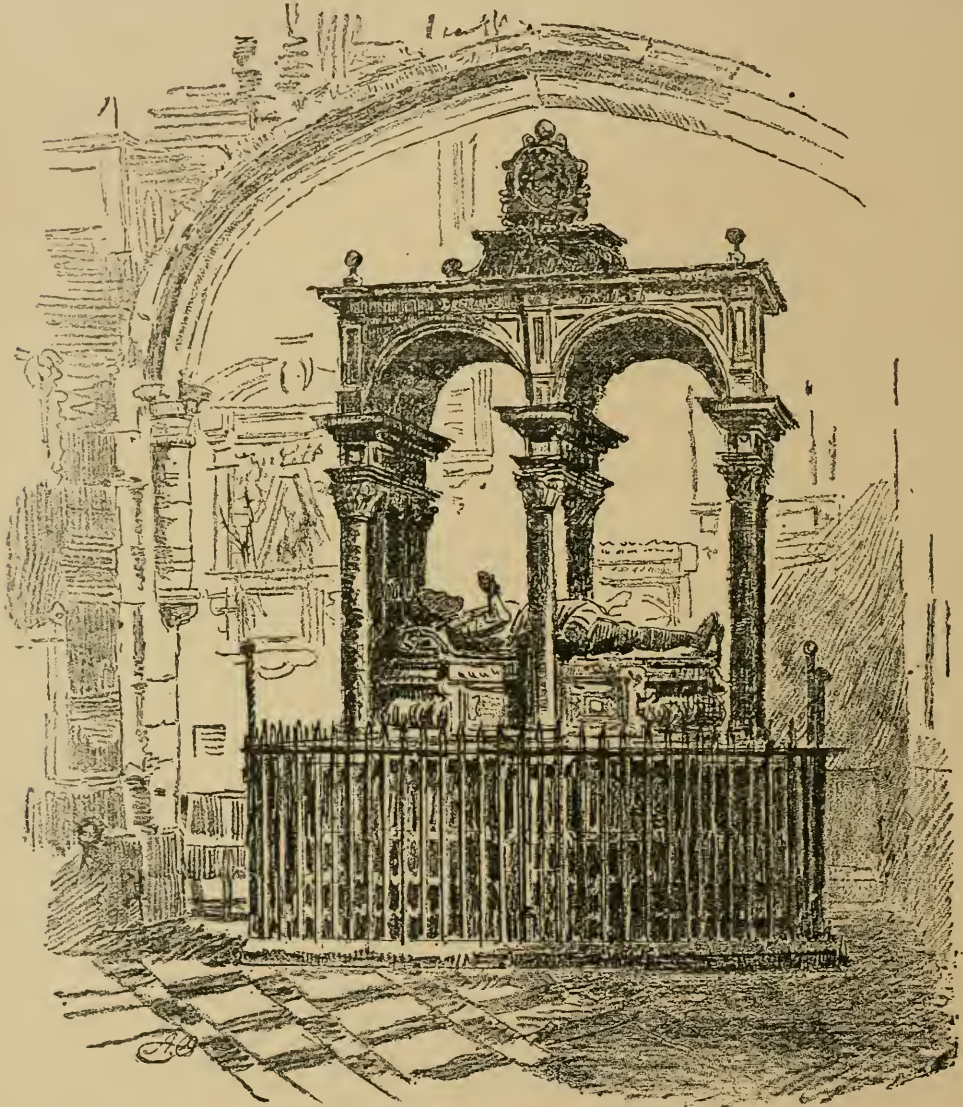


BELFRY, ST. HELEN'S CHURCH.

the beautiful oriel. One is tempted to expatiate long on this charming little corner and dainty bit of art, whose grace the true connoisseur will recognize and appreciate. Who could think of such a gem being found in an eating-house or restaurant ? The grand hall thus has quite a baronial and banquet

ing appearance, and for exquisite detail and beauty "is one of the most perfect things domestic architecture ever produced." It is said, indeed, that this building is the only existing remnant of the domestic architecture of old London, and dates from the year 1466.

The two squares or "*Places*" adjoining, as they may be more properly



MONUMENT OF SIR WILLIAM PICKERING.

called, are in their way full of a picturesque interest. Great St. Helen's is a sort of surprise as we pass from the din and hurly-burly of the crowded street into its tranquil, secluded retirement, where all sounds seem distant or muffled. Round us are old houses of sound red brick, devoted to business, but with a snug "*Cheeryble*" air. On the left is an almshouse, not

of much accommodation, with an inscription that it was founded by a Lord Mayor Judd, a name still of importance in the City. Opposite is a fine, handsomely-carved doorway, worthy of study, while at the farthest corner rises a much-grimed old mansion, a fine specimen of old brickwork, set off with pilasters and enriched capitals and tablets, after the pattern of Inigo Jones; within one of these is a fine old staircase of much effect.

But in the centre is the old, well-known church itself—an aged, crumbling, sad-coloured, quaint-looking place, turning towards us the ends of its two forlorn aisles, rather bent or stooped with its years. Between these rises a poor, attenuated lantern, on which again is perched another, with quite an antique old-world air, and a certain tone of squalor in its two lanky windows. In front is a poorish strip of churchyard through which a walk has been cut, leading to a door. But on the right there is a fine, pretentious doorway, with its Jacobean, bold “flourishings”—a cherub with puffed cheeks, and fine mouldings, while the old timbers and bolts are still to be seen.

A worthy old sextoness, who has her show business well by heart, is fetched from a queer little old house to do the honours of St. Helen's. The interior of this venerable church, with its straggling shape, its one transept, its magnificent and dignified old tombs, is truly surprising. Not less curious is the way it speaks of the old arrangements that have passed away. The absent transept signifies the place where the St. Helen's nuns used to hear mass. The ruins of the convent were to be seen in the last century. But the grand, stately tombs, with their canopies and the reposing knights in armour—one of which, our sextoness boasts, “is superior to anything in the Abbey”—are really a surprise.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WREN'S CHURCHES.

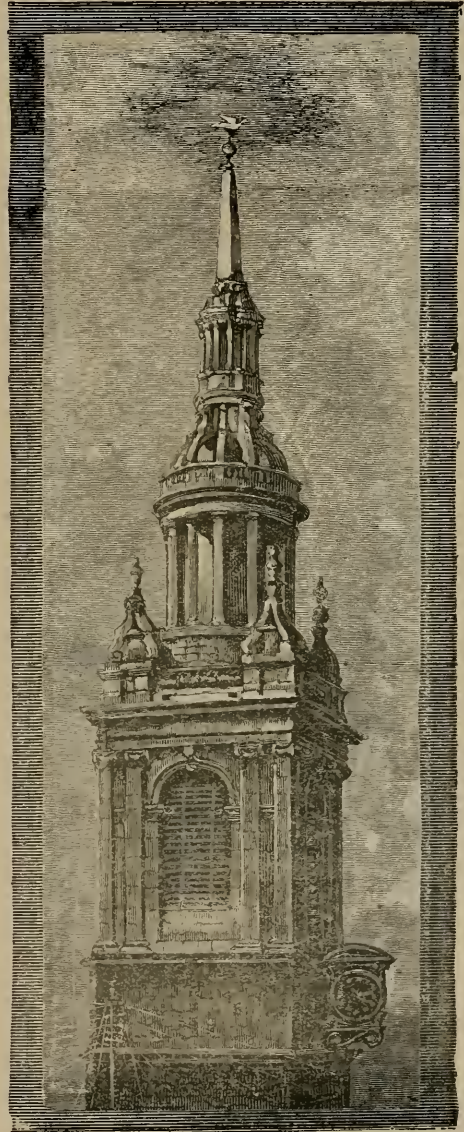
FEW who pass through the City or travel by the river pause to think over and compare the innumerable spires and towers that rise in all directions, and lend a Flemish grace to the prose of City life. The most conspicuous are the work of Sir Christopher Wren. No little charm, it may be said, is found in the effective grey of the Portland stone, with its black staining in the shadows—due to deposits of London smoke. But while all praise is due to Wren for his excellence and versatility, it must be remembered that no architect has ever received such a commission as the building of some forty great churches—everyone having an important tower or spire, and situated in every conceivable and favouring locality. To crown all, this lucky artist was intrusted with the rearing of one of the most famous cathedrals in Europe. The variety is shown in the different materials he uses, there being nine steeples of stone, nineteen spires of timber and lead, with twelve solid towers of stone. The great secret of their excellence is the admirable workmanship and system of construction. It is declared, on architectural authority, that they are now as sound as in the year they were erected; and, certainly, no one ever sees them under repair. The mixture of square tower and tapering spire is most original, and the junction between the two is varied in the most pleasing manner. The most famous are Bow Church, or St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, and St. Bride's, in Fleet Street. These are, however, meant to be rich and elaborate, as being in busy and important thoroughfares. Those in more retired places, lanes and alleys, are not a whit less effective, though not so pretentious. A favourite pattern with Wren is the contrasting of a very plain, square tower with a short stone campanile of two or three little stories, with most graceful results. Other good specimens are St. Michael, College Hill; St. James's, Garlick Hill; and St. Stephen, Walbrook. Some steeples soar aloft from the towers—full-fledged spires—while there are some fantastic, which seem unworthy, and, indeed, difficult to conceive in a man of such genius. The spire of the well-known Piccadilly church, St. James's, is attenuated; St. Edmund's, in Lombard Street, St.

Swithin's, St. Martin's Ludgate, St. Mary Abchurch, and a few more are of this rather poor pattern. The fashions of his towers are very familiar—having, generally, four rich pinnacles, or rather towerlets, rising from the ground at each corner. Mr. Taylor, the architect, has written a very pleasing book on Wren's towers and spires, with airy sketches of each, so that the reader can compare for himself.

How admirably situated is St. Bride's, in Fleet Street, at the end of the recessed opening or narrow court, and where it rises with original effect! There is an additional piquancy in this perpetual recurrence of steeple and spire, as if suggesting the *picity* of the City, and the excessive devotion of London; the truth being that these are but religious cenotaphs—survivals—having no congregations.*

There is a curious story associated with St. Bride's steeple, which can be seen from Fleet Street through the picturesque opening beside the *Punch* office, made within living memory. "The steeple," Mr. Godwin tells us, "was actually curtailed of eight feet of its height, the alteration being made out of his own whim by a stone mason." If we look at it closely, we shall see how rudely and abruptly the extremity is finished off.

One of the most impressive views—and least known—is that to be gained from the top story of the new, or newest, Post Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand. As we look from this aerie the effect is one of entrancing



WREN'S STEEPLES—ST. MARY-LE-BOW.

* It was thus that passing by St. Magnus's on one Sunday afternoon, the door open, the organ pealing out, we expected the usual "Sunday service" in the City, with its dozen or so of congregation—the few old women, the sleeping old men, who had turned in for the purpose. Who could have thought of realizing so perfectly the traditional Swift story of "Dearly Beloved

surprise and mystery. Out of the mist of the City rises quite close to us the vast dome of St. Paul's; below lie all the roofs, while round, far and near, are seen dotted about the innumerable towers and spires, on which we look *down*, instead of looking up to, as is usual. There is nothing so grand, so vast, so full of awe as this in London—everything seems so vast and crowded.

Apropos of London towers, one of the most truly graceful and effective is that of St. Clement Dane's Church in the Strand, though it is encumbered with a clumsy church behind. Often of a winter's evening, as you come down Holywell Street, or Booksellers' Row, you hear its merry chimes jangling out, growing more and more noisy and riotous as you approach. It may be some moonlight night, when its graceful outlines are projected against the bluish sky behind, while the tower windows, lit up from within, show where the ringers are at work. Such a revel of pleasant jangling, all in wildest confusion, and having quite a Christmas tone! One is inclined to linger on, and think it some street corner in Ghent: or else recall old Samuel Johnson, who used to repair here many a time and oft. There is here a regular "College" of ringers, who practise their "triple bob majors" with regularity and skill. A tablet recently set up in the porch records how on Jubilee Day a peal was rung of some 50,000 changes, which perforce took some hours.

It were vain, of course, to praise the matchless Bow Steeple, the best view of which is gained from the Royal Exchange. Its originality, solidity, and airiness are extraordinary. If a fault might be hinted at, "the centre core behind the columns, one could have wished," says Mr. Taylor, "had been slightly thicker." The tone and colour—everything is charming. Within, however, it hardly seems to correspond. Indeed, many of Wren's interiors are disappointing—giving the air of some large, gloomy hall or chamber, rather than that of a church, set off with ponderous carvings. He had another favourite system, exhibited in St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and St. James's, Piccadilly, and also imitated by his pupils, of rows of slight pillars, dividing the interior into aisles, and which support vaulted roofs. These are also made to do duty in supporting the galleries.

Architects have fallen into raptures over one of Wren's City churches, this St. Stephen's, Walbrook, which, externally, seems mean and neglected. Says one: "If the exterior and belfry of this church have uncommon grace and decorum for that age, it is the interior that constitutes its fame. Though a simple cell inclosed by four walls, the tameness of that form

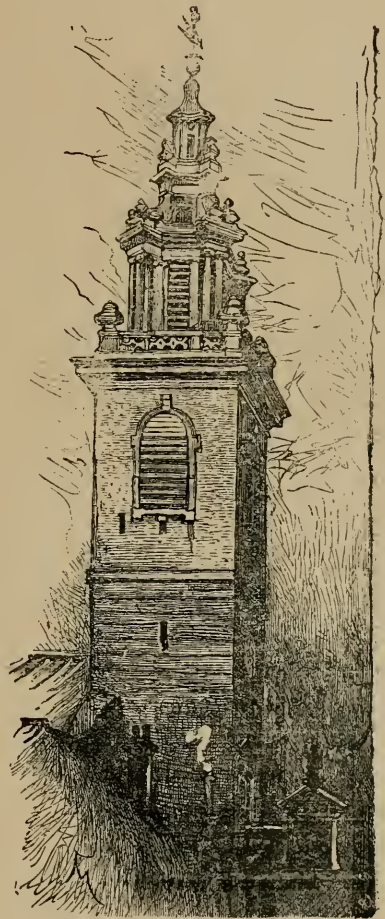
Roger"? For there was literally the minister and his clerk, reading and responding, the pew-opener sitting by the door, and not a soul besides! The pew-opener rose, making a piteously imploring, despairing appeal to remain; the incumbent glanced over, half-ashamed—but the intruder fled!

wholly disappears behind the unique and varied arrangement of its sixteen columns. They reproduce and unite almost every beauty of plan to be found in all the cathedrals of Europe. Now they form the Latin cross, with its nave, transept, and chancel; anon they divide the whole space into five aisles, regularly diminishing from the centre to the sides; again we perceive, in the midst, a square apartment with recesses on all its sides—a square, nay, an octagon—no, a circle. It changes at every glance, as we view the entablature, or the arches above it, or the all-uniting dome. With the same harmonious variety we have every form of ceiling brought together at once—flat, cambered, groined, pendentive, domical—yet no confusion. The fitness to its destination is perfect; every eye can see the minister, and every ear is within hearing distance of him in every part of the service. It is the most beautiful of preaching-rooms; and though only a sketch, and executed only in counterfeit building, would, if carried out in Wren's spirit instead of his employers', form the most perfect of Protestant temples."

Of this church, Ralph, an art critic of one hundred and fifty years ago, declared that "it was famous all over Europe, and was justly considered Wren's masterpiece. Perhaps Italy itself can produce no modern building that can vie with this in taste or proportion: there is not a beauty which this place would admit of, that is not found here in its greatest perfection." Architects relish the ingenuity of the arrangement; for the whole roof and dome is supported by the columns, and are quite independent of the main walls. It should be remembered that

it was built before the erection of the present Mansion House; which has intercepted much of the flood of light that Wren reckoned on to set off his airy columns and arches. The barbarous churchwardens at one time even wished to block up the windows on one side, but were checked.

It is easy to interpret the impression of beauty left by the interior, which is owing to the elegance of the cupola in the centre, which seems to be supported airily on these grouped columns. But succeeding visits to the church more and more betray the blemishes caused by modern treatment



WREN'S STEEPLES—ST. JAMES'S.

and so-called improvements. The revealing of the long bases of the columns, by clearing away the pews, leaves an impression that the visitor is below the level of the floor. The columns now seem "lanky," as if the ground had been cleared away and their bases exposed. The introducing of gaudy colouring into this and the adjoining church of St. Mary Woolnoth has much impaired the architectural effect, multiplying details and destroying the simplicity of the whole. It is clear that a uniform tone, a suggestion of stone colour, is what is required. This charming fabric has further attraction in



ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

the monumental and florid organ, with its gallery and doorway below forming one structure, all of the darkest and most solid oak, suggesting what is to be seen in some Flemish church.

As we stand by the Mansion House we see beside us an elegant-looking church of Italian pattern, and situated picturesquely at the corner of two streets. We enter, and find ourselves in a beautifully proportioned square chamber, richly decorated with cornices, pilasters, and oak carvings. The rector and churchwardens claim, indeed, that it is "the most striking and

original in the metropolis, and without a prototype in England." So beautiful did it appear to the French architect, Servandoni, that when planning his famous church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, he reproduced in fac-



ST. MARY WOOLNOTH.

simile this façade. It will be noted that it is of a curious kind—a sort of double tower—and has impressed many with the admiration which its enthusiastic rector and churchwardens feel for it.*

* Some time ago there was a controversy in the papers as to the propriety of opening the churches, City and others, "for private prayer." Mr. Brook, the rector of this pretty church of St. Mary Woolnoth, gave his experiences of an experiment he made in this way. "The abuse," he said, "of the privilege had been very great, though certainly, by reason of constant watch-

This really original church has been described as "an exquisite example of the Italian style. The interior is no more than a gracefully designed chamber, after the pattern of the Roman *atrium*, with twelve coupled and richly-decorated columns running round." "It is impossible," says an enthusiast, "to leave the description of this *delightful interior* without noticing the galleries; they are so designed that, though prominent, they do not interfere with the general effect, nor destroy the simplicity and elegance of the design." As we have said, the variety exhibited in Wren's churches is always extraordinary. Nothing can be more original and graceful than the interior of St. Swithin's, opposite the station in Cannon Street, with its elegant cupola painted by Sir J. Thornhill. The most charming exterior in its unpretending way, from its just proportions, is that of the church on Ludgate Hill. It will be noted how delicate and yet efficient are the mouldings and ornaments, and the perfect grace of the spire—so airy, and yet so exactly suited to the plain building below.

It may be added here that there are some curious and interesting things to be seen in a pilgrimage round the London churches. As in the grim All-hallows Barking, there is the font, elaborately carved with grotesque figures by Grinling Gibbons, and in St. Alban's church, Wood Street, on a pillar over the pulpit, an hour-glass in a brass frame—no bad hint for preachers *de longue haleine*. Under Bow Church, in busy Cheapside, we may see the genuine old Norman arches and vaultings; few know that a court used to have its sittings here, and hence took the name of the Court of Arches.

Perhaps the most singular and eccentric specimen of a steeple to be found in London is that of St. Luke's, near Clerkenwell. This is an enormous, ponderous obelisk, some thirty or forty feet high, with its plinth and steps, perched on the top of a heavy tower. There are also other freaks in this direction which excite our astonishment.

There is a stately old church—the work of Hawkesmoor—in Hart Street, close to the British Museum. It is well grimed and blackened over, but there is something imposing in its Pantheon-like portico, and above all its extraordinary, and possibly unique, steeple. This is of a very daring and original pattern, and consists of a pillared lantern, on which rises a sort of heavy, massive stone pyramid that ascends in

fulness, not as bad as it used to be. Your readers will scarcely believe it when I mention that dozens and dozens of times men and women have actually made a public convenience of the sacred building; others have come in and stripped themselves nearly naked in the darker corners, for what reason no one can say; others come for the sole purpose of altercation with the attendant, and one lately even struck and seriously hurt her; indeed, if it were not for the friendly policeman on the neighbouring point, such incidents would be of daily occurrence. It was only a few weeks since a child was born on the mat in the entrance of the church, though this is not so common as it used to be in days gone by; and when I first became rector of the parish the church, between one and two o'clock, was regularly used as a luncheon room."

graduated steps. Carried to a great height, it terminates in a circular pedestal, with a garland running round it, and on the pedestal is—what? The reader is little likely to guess. A gigantic statue in Roman guise of His Majesty George I. ! There is something quaint and exceptional in this form of steeple. And yet, so judicious and effective is the architecture of the whole, so impressive, that there is really nothing grotesque in the result. During a short interval lately the adjoining houses were levelled and the whole of the church exposed to view, with excellent effect. Many who have never noticed it before have been struck by its originality and dignified air. But now the builders are erecting hoardings, so this glimpse will have been but a temporary one, and by-and-by the church will be shut out once more.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MODERN CHURCHES.

AFTER passing in review these stately fanes, centuries o.d, we turn to survey what the genius of modern architecture has contributed in this way to the adornment of London. The contrast is extraordinary. In the churches built within a century or so, we find little expression or meaning; nothing that tempts us to linger—their builders seem uninspired. There are indeed but two or three that have any pretension. One, ambitious and vast, is Sir Gilbert Scott's gigantic Gothic temple at Kensington, which replaced a quaint old-fashioned church. In spite of its cost and size, it is singularly bald and unsatisfactory. The tower and spire are of unusual proportions; but the whole is inexpressive and cold. So awkwardly placed is it, that the door cannot be reached without an exposed walk through the inclosure, and on weddings and such festive occasions a long covered way has to be erected to enable the parties to reach their carriages under shelter. We may also turn to the remarkable church of All Saints, in Margaret Street, the work of an architect of much feeling and ability, Mr. Butterfield. We should note how on a small patch of ground he has grouped his church and presbytery, so as to convey the idea of space and of something imposing. The mixture of black and dull red bricks is very happy and successful, and the beauty of the lines of the spire, seen from many quarters, is remarkable. We always look upon this pile with interest, as carrying out with perfect success the aims intended. The little inclosure in front is cleverly disposed, and, though next the street, has quite a monastic air. Within, the effect of gorgeous and rich details is quite overpowering, the walls being one mass of costly marble, fresco paintings, pictures wrought in encaustic tiles of delicate hues, and painted windows. The defect, however, is the excessive darkness—"inspissated gloom," Dr. Johnson would call it. Nothing in mediæval work can exceed the magnificence of the reredos and the wall that rises above it, disposed in arches and tiers, and set off with painted figures and mosaics. The workmanship everywhere cannot be surpassed—iron work, gilding, carvings, all are of the best. The beautiful lines of the lancet-

shaped arches should be noted, with the sharp and delicate carvings of the capitals. Nothing, indeed, has been spared on this great and costly work. Many of the houses opposite are given up to pious works, and occupied by large communities of Sisters, who are seen at every hour flitting through the neighbouring streets.

The churches erected by Roman Catholics display far more variety and architectural graces. The Catholic chapels of fifty years ago were chiefly foreign, sheltered by the various Embassies. Such was the little French chapel close to Baker Street; those in Spanish Place, near Manchester Square; the Bavarian in Warwick Street, and the Sardinian Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This latter building was sacked and burnt by the mob in the fury of the Gordon Riots. The same fate befel the still more modest chapel in Warwick Street, Golden Square. These Embassy chapels have still a foreign air in their interior arrangement, displaying a faded gaudiness and old-fashioned elaboration. Passing Warwick Street Chapel we may note its shabby exterior, suggesting some struggling conventicle; but this unobtrusiveness was designed purposely, in the hope of its not again attracting the notice of the "religious" mobs. Fifty years ago the place was in the highest vogue, for here the most eminent singers used to lend their voices to the services, and the late Mr. Braham flourished off, and made the old rafters ring again with his stentorian notes. Not far away, just out of Soho Square, is to be seen another grimed and neglected-looking edifice, a stretch of gloomy brickwork, with rows of windows, having the general air of a disused Assembly room. This, curious to say, was actually its original function. For, over a hundred and twenty years ago, it was the well-known "Mrs. Cornelys'," where her masquerades and ridottos, the most brilliant in London, were held. Mrs. Cornelys, after being patronized by all "the nobility and gentry," came at last to "selling asses' milk" in the suburbs, and died in a wretched way. Her "rooms" after some vicissitudes were "converted" into a chapel.*

The chapel in Soho Square is not the only instance, by-the-way, in London of a building converted from profane to pious uses. There are several in London which, after serving to entertain frivolous audiences, changed hands, and gathered congregations of a more serious kind. Even the late Court Theatre had done duty as a Methodist conventicle, and the balcony which used to hold the worshippers merely changed its name to the "Dress Circle." Many will recall a floating legend of their childhood, how, after one church or chapel had been thus "converted," and a masquerade was given in the sacred precincts, a mysterious figure of Satan, whom no one could identify as a mortal, had been seen flitting about.

* This relic is now on the eve of being demolished.

Within twenty years or so an extraordinary change, and even revolution, has taken place. Though these old fanes still linger on, a number of handsome and imposing churches have risen, some spacious, others magnificent in their decorations, most of them excellent in design; not a few, in attraction and interest, are superior to modern Protestant structures. The most distinguished of these contributors to the glories of London are the Pugins, father and son, Hansom, Scholes, Clutton, Bentley, and Herbert Gribble; the last, designer of the Oratory. The name of Hansom is recalled to the Londoner at almost every hour, as the one who has most increased the "public stock of harmless pleasure" and convenience, being the inventor of the famous vehicle so poetically named by Mr. Disraeli, "the gondola of London."

In the grandiose and ambitious style there are the three great cathedrals of St. George's, Southwark, the Pro-cathedral, Kensington, and the Oratory. Next in order may be placed the Jesuits' Church in Farm Street, and that of the Carmelites at Kensington. Then there is the great church at Moorfields, with the handsome and spacious Italian Cathedral in Hatton Garden.

Crossing the river we pass into the Southwark district and come to a tongue of land close to the Kennington Road. Here, nearly fifty years ago, the elder Pugin obtained, as he fancied, the one great chance of his life, that of rearing a grand Metropolitan Cathedral after his own unfettered designs and aspirations. But never was there to be so piteous a tale of hope deferred and frustrated. The structure was conceived on the most costly and ambitious scale, and would have taken a quarter of a century and perhaps a quarter of a million to complete. It was wonderful, however, that in those early and straitened days so much could have been accomplished. The builder of our day, who surveys this pile, will be astonished to learn that it cost but the bagatelle of £30,000. It could hardly be erected now for double that sum. Its length is some 240 feet, its width about 70.

The committee of prelates and influential laymen who undertook the work had conceived the idea of a fine agglomeration, consisting of a great Cathedral, with a presbytery, convent and schools attached. Pugin was called on to supply a complete plan, which he prepared, as may be conceived, with enthusiasm. On an appointed day it is related that he attended, and submitted a series of his always beautiful drawings, a cathedral, chapter house, cloisters, convent, etc., forming a vast and picturesque pile of buildings. These were received with admiration, when a practical member of the company put some questions as to the cost. Another followed with a question as to the time necessary for carrying out the ambitious design. The architect, without directly replying, quietly contrived to get back all his drawings into his hands, rolled them up, took his hat, and walked away from the astonished committee without a word!



INTERIOR OF THE ORATORY.

Being later asked for an explanation, he replied, in his rough style: "I thought I was dealing with people who knew what they wanted; but your absurd questions showed me my mistake. No cathedral was ever, or could

be, built within the lifetime of a single man. As to its cost, how can I tell? Building materials may increase to double their present price in a few years." * He was induced to supply a more modest, though still an ambitious, design, and this had eventually to be re-shaped, as the funds fell short.

The original plan, still preserved, was a truly magnificent one, with its great central tower, and lofty soaring proportions, with which contrast the rather mean dimensions of the present edifice, which is low, but of great length. "It was spoilt," he said, "by the instructions of the committee that it was to hold 3,000 people on the floor at a limited price; in consequence, height, proportion, everything was sacrificed to meet these conditions."



CONFESSIONAL IN THE ORATORY.

But let us hear Mr. Ruskin on this excuse: "St. George's was not high enough for want of money? But was it want of money that made you put the blunt, overloaded, laborious ogee door into the side of it? Was it for lack of funds that you sunk the tracery of the parapet in its clumsy zigzags? Was it in parsimony that you buried its paltry pinnacles in that eruption of diseased crockets, or in pecuniary embarrassment that you set up the belfry foolscaps with the mimicry of dormer windows, which nobody can ever reach, nor look out of? Not so, but in mere incapability of better things. . . . Employ him by all means, but on small work. Expect no cathedrals of him; but no one at present can design a

better finial. There is an exceedingly beautiful one over the western door of St. George's; and there is some spirited impishness and switching of tails in the supporting figures."

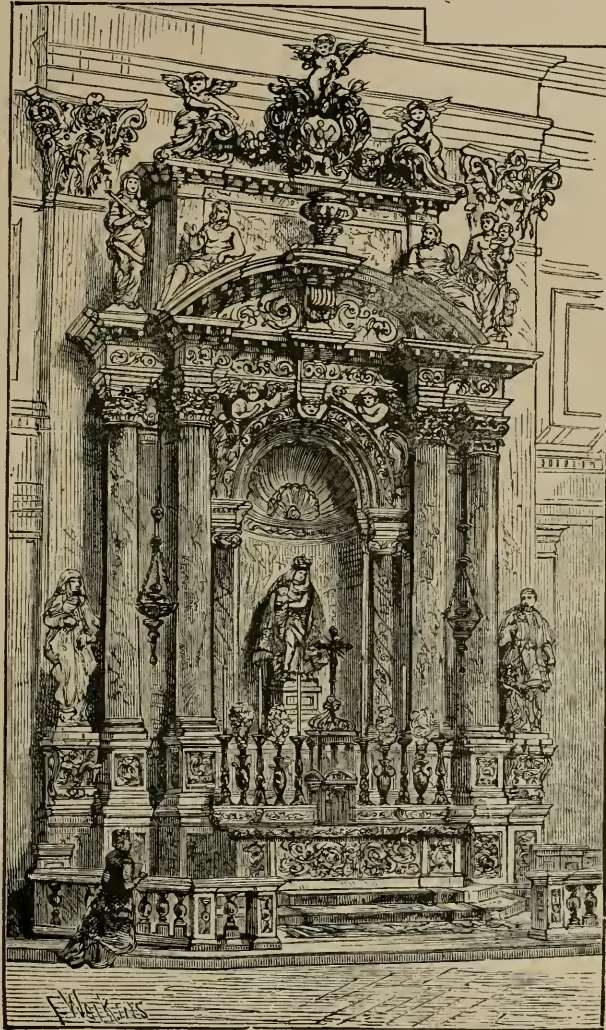
There is some truth in these bitter lines—but there is more injustice. Probably the writer has long since repented of his warmth.

Pugin's tempestuous nature was, it may be conceived, fretted and goaded by the unavoidable checks and restraints necessarily laid upon him. But as it stands he has succeeded in leaving a fine work behind, which one day a

* All his visions therefore faded away: the "cloud-capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces" dwindled gradually and shrank: prose, and questions of convenience, took the place of this baseless fabric of a vision.

wealthy congregation will take in hand and, perhaps, adapt to the original design.*

We pass to the last built of the important Catholic edifices, and which, perhaps, after St. Paul's, is the most imposing and ambitious ecclesiastical building in London, namely the Oratory. For spaciousness, splendour of



OUR LADY'S ALTAR IN THE ORATORY.

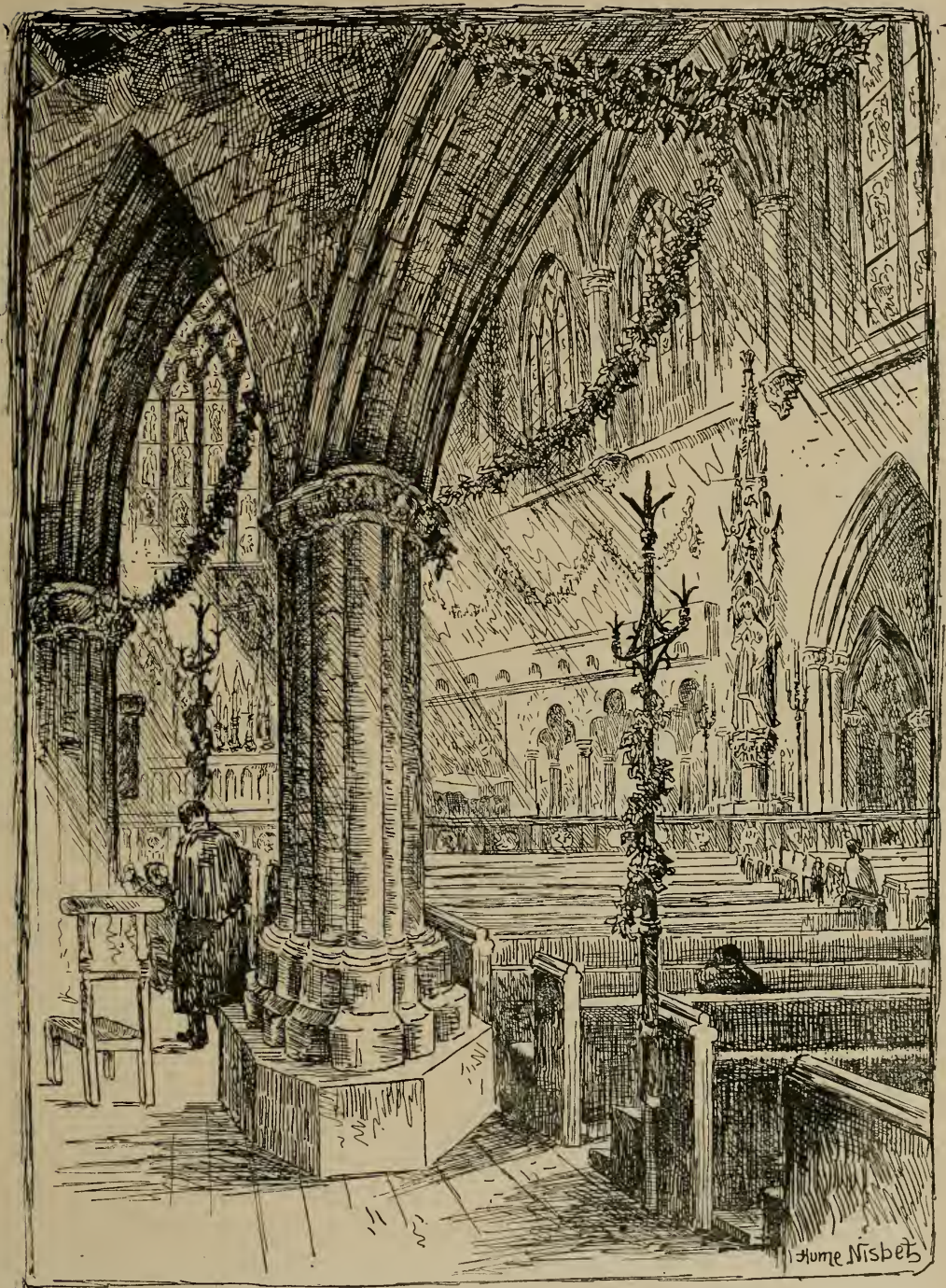
adornment, fine music, and the style of the services this is an extraordinary institution, considered as the work of an unestablished and unendowed

* A prelate once applied to Pugin for a design for a new church. It was to be very large, he said, the neighbourhood being very populous; it must be very handsome, as a fine Protestant church was close by; and it must be *very cheap*—they were very poor, in fact had only £—. *When could they expect the design?* The architect wrote back promptly: "My dear Lord, say thirty shillings more, and have a tower and spire at once. A. W. P."

communion. Some forty years ago the Oratorians were to be found at a public room in King William Street, Strand. During the second Great Exhibition, of 1862, they moved to South Kensington, where they erected a new church next door to the Museum. Here was also built a large monastery, a hall for Societies, etc., the final development of which was the present imposing fane. Some years ago a competition was declared, and the design of Mr. H. Gribble selected. Whatever objections may be taken to particular details and treatment, there can be no question as to the successful result, and the crowds who visit it, much as sightseers do foreign cathedrals, are impressed and astonished at its proportions and magnificence. At almost every hour of week days some of the curious are found there; while on Sundays, after the services, a long stream of visitors promenade round and round, surveying the chapels and altars.

The cost of this building is said to have been close upon £80,000, and though completed inside, its façade and outer dome has still to be supplied. This will entail a further cost of over £20,000. Its construction was followed with much interest by architects, owing to the fact that concrete, cast *in situ*, was used for the dome and arches of the nave and transept, a practice adopted by some of the old Italian architects.

The altar of Our Lady, in the right-hand transept, is really a most extraordinary prodigy in marble work, either for its vast dimensions or its elegance of florid treatment. The mixture of colours, the flowing grace of treatment, the blending of statuary with rare marbles, the exquisite easy manipulation, in times, too, before marble-machinery was known, all join to make it a most astonishing work. Not but that there is something meretricious in the composition, and severe critics would hold that it was of a "debased school." It is believed that such a work could not be attempted now at a less cost than eighty or a hundred thousand pounds. The design, too, is original, that of a sort of pillared temple formed of exquisitely-tinted marbles. The columns are all fluted, and the flutings filled with inlaid marbles. Spirited statues to the number of eleven are grouped with the main fabric, and reposing figures and fluttering cherubs are disposed with all the ease and freedom of terra-cotta. We feel a sort of artistic pang as we think of the fate of this striking work, which was long the ornament of an Italian church at Brescia, erected by the family of a local architect, as an inscription records. Under the suppression of religious orders in Italy the church was levelled, and its altar sold for the bagatelle of £2,000. No doubt it looks a little out of keeping with the waste of bare unfurnished wall about it, and seems to be a stranger under our cold skies, exciting much the same feelings experienced when we look on the magnificent Rood-screen to be seen in the museum next door. This piece of ambitious *rococo* work did duty in the splendid cathedral of Bois-le-Duc, where only a few weeks ago we were looking at the



THE SANCTUARY, FARM STREET.

spot it filled, and where something seemed to be lacking. The scrapers and polishers and restorers had been at their fatal work, so execrated by Lord

Grimthorpe ; Renaissance work was pronounced unfit for a Gothic cathedral ; and it was ruthlessly pulled down and sold for a song to our Government. It may be said that such opposing styles are not to be always condemned ; they represent the form and pressure of their era ; and there is often something piquant in the combination where the works are of merit. Our own cathedrals often present such contrasts. The apse of the Oratory is now being decorated with painting, gilding, and marbles, and when completed will no doubt present a rich appearance.

Some forty years ago the Jesuits obtained permission to build a church in the most fashionable quarter of London, a privilege that was obtained not without difficulties, and was subject to the condition that they should also take charge of a poor and impoverished chapel in the slums of Westminster. It was almost impossible to secure a suitable site in Mayfair or near Grosvenor Square, so the church was built in what is no more than a stable-lane, then known as Berkeley Mews, at the back of Mount Street, but which has assumed the name and dignity of Farm Street. The church is a beautiful, well-designed Gothic building, built by Scholes, added to, and altered by Mr. Clutton. The *coup d'œil*, to one standing at the door, is striking and attractive, from the display of painted glass, which fills not only the great altar window, but all the clerestory, as well as from the rich garniture of the sanctuary. The sanctuary and chapel, close by, present a spectacle of costly enrichment, the walls being a mass of coloured marbles, deep green and mellow strawberry tint, encompassing elaborate mosaic pictures, and gilded carvings. There is a small arcade to the right which opens into the adjoining chapel : an organ picturesquely projects on the left ; beneath are gilt grilles and gates, while the richly-carved altar, all pinnacles and niches and figures, fills the centre. The altar is the work of the elder Pugin, and is a fine specimen of his manner, suggesting much, but too crowded with details. The communion rails are his design also, the pulpit, we believe, is from the same "eminent hand." The new organ is one of the richest and most powerful in London.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CHARTERHOUSE.—THE NEW RIVER.

WITHIN a few hundred yards of Smithfield will be found the Charterhouse, a visit to which "soothes" the mind with all manner of antiquarian associations. The old square in which it stands—Charterhouse Square—has quite an antique flavour; and here is to be seen many a quaint old house devoted to "boarding," or to unpretending hotel life, and which looks snug and comfortable. We can fancy simple folk from the rural districts coming to town and putting up there. These places seem to belong to a mode of society now antiquated or gone by, or to the manners and customs such as are described in "Pickwick" and "Nickleby." It must be pleasant for the stranger to look across at the old, quaint lantern of the Charterhouse and hear the recurring chimes. Unhappily, the old square, which is so suitable an introduction, has been already nibbled at by the builders and "jobbers." A visitor, writing to the *World*, touches "the key" of the place: "Anyone going any day to Grey Friars will always find the monastery gates swing wide, a courteous guide at his post in the lodge, and a delightful treat in store in the shape of sundry shadowy grey quadrangles, some beautiful panelled tapestried rooms where Princess Elizabeth, journeying from Hatfield *en route* for her coronation, tarried five days, and a preserved Jacobean chapel full of interesting monuments. The bell rings at six, just as it did when Lovelace jotted rhyme on the covers of his exercise books; and as the tolling ceases the stray visitor sees creeping in old gentlemen (with *chapeaux bras* of speckled straw, slouched cavalier, or decorous chimney-pot), so like Codd Ajax, Codd Soldier, and true Codd Gentlemen—so like that surely they must be the same! In Wash-house Court, the last remnant of the monastery, the porter shows the windows of the rooms supposed to be occupied by Colonel Newcome, and he declares that dozens of questions are asked referring to Thackeray's creations."

There has been a prodigious deal of building and restoration in the Charterhouse, with much of what is styled Churchwardens' Gothic. The old church has been so well paneled and painted in this sense, that it offers little

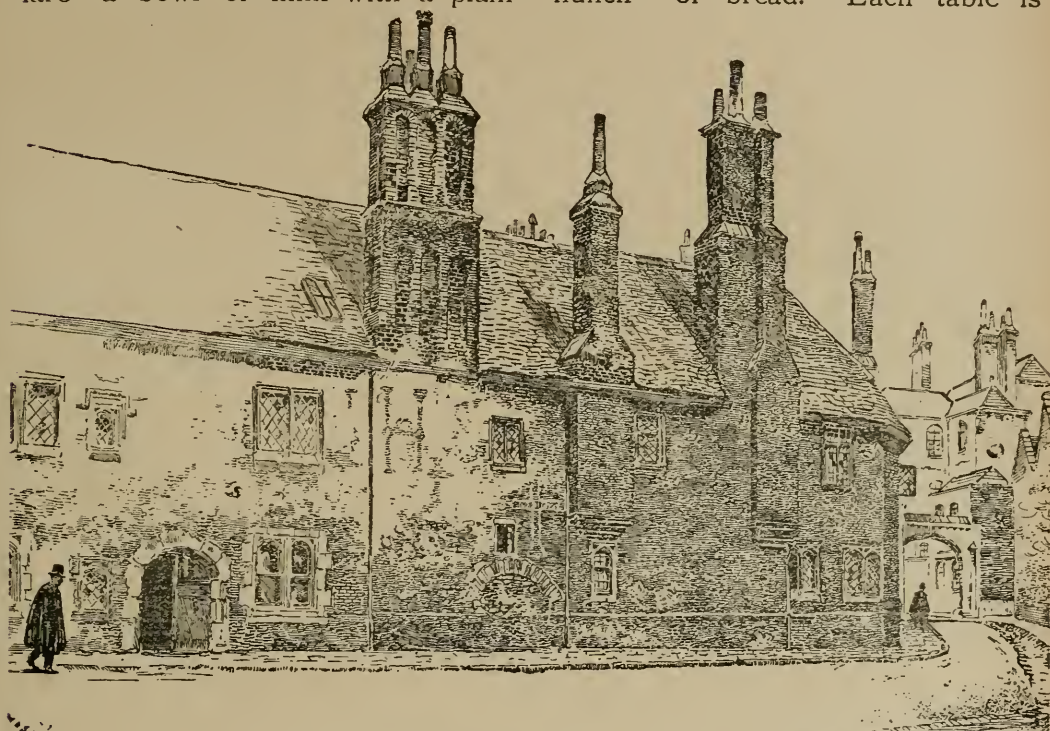
that is ancient—though the porter throws open a cupboard to show the stones of the venerable old wall. The old dining-hall, with its gallery and scutcheons, is more potent. After all, the most effective portion is the old, quiet, deserted courtyard, all rusted, with its two mullioned windows and moss-grown pavements. It seems like one of the old colleges at Cambridge. This institution is in the balance, as it were. There are schemes in the air for removal to the country, for reforms, and pensioning off.

One of the most satisfactory monuments in London is the sad-looking old gateway in Lincoln's Inn. The restorers were slowly working their way down, clearing away and rebuilding in view of increased rents, and the old gate would probably have been swept off, but that some one has raised the cry of alarm. We can ill spare this fine old piece, which dates from 1518. The effect of entering under the archway—the decayed old timbers of the massive door, the highly-picturesque little towers, the corners and crannies on the left, the glimpse of the winding stair, and the old Inigo Jones chapel on the right, make this a pleasant bit of antiquity.

There are many turns and corners in the City which forcibly suggest "bits" of foreign towns. One of the most effective is a narrow alley which leads out of Newgate Street to the entrance of Christ's Hospital, where the white tower of the church rises with picturesque effect close to the old copper-red archway that leads into the hospital. Here is an old churchyard, on which looks the effective brick building, with its high roof and eaves of the time of Wren, while the quaint statue of King Edward, arrayed in old-fashioned garb, is perched in a niche. This little corner and alley wears quite a calm and peaceful air of retirement. Contrast between different styles is always welcome and original.

As the busy pedestrian hurries through Newgate Street, he has perhaps often paused to note the quaintly-attired, half-monastic, Christchurch lads enjoying their football, their fine hall and arcades rising behind. There are said to be over eight hundred of these lads on the foundation, which dates from the time of King Edward the Sixth. It is curious to note how the old monastic tone and ritual of the foundation has lingered on to this hour. On each Thursday in Lent this is strikingly shown by an antique and interesting ceremonial, when hundreds of City folks, burghers, and others, flock to see "the public supping" of the lads, conducted with much obsolete observance and character. The hour named is half-past six, but long before the time the company crowds the picturesque corridors and cloister. Entering by the tall Wren steeple through the rubicund brick gateway, crossing the court, the great Hall is seen with its huge emblazoned windows illuminated from within. This vast chamber, of extraordinary length and loftiness, is a modern work, but a signal success. The dimensions and spaciousness are really extraordinary, and it will readily hold several thousand

persons. It has its music gallery at one end, with an organ large enough for a cathedral, and at the other end rows of raised seats for eager spectators. Down the room are set out the rows of long oaken tables to accommodate the eight hundred lads, or it may be a thousand. Very soon the spectators are settled in their places, and the boys begin to defile in regular divisions, seating themselves with their backs to the tables, until the wished-for moment arrives. There is a conventual simplicity in the fare—a bowl of milk with a plain “hunch” of bread. Each table is



OLD CHARTERHOUSE.

provided with two long candles, profusely garnished with flowers, so as completely to hide them. This is a traditional custom, and a pretty effect is produced when, on a signal being given, all are lit at the same moment.

The last Thursday night in Lent had a special attraction, as a Royal Duke, who is working President of the School, was to visit the place. He made his solemn entry, attended by various of the civic fathers in robes, with wand-holding governors following. A particularly gorgeous beadle, in a yellow robe, led the way, while the organ struck up the National hymn. Down the side of the room was hung what is probably one of the largest

pictures in the world, being about seventy feet long by some fifteen high. This portrays the foundation of the establishment, and exhibits the King, surrounded by innumerable figures, possibly representing the professors and their scholars, of his time. On these he is conferring the honour of the foundation. A young collegian ascended the pulpit, and began a series of prayers of antique fashion, in which every class according to their degree, was duly prayed for. He was careful to include members of the "Most Honourable Privy Council," the Sheriffs, Town Councillors, Aldermen; while profoundest gratitude was expressed to the founders, and to all those kind friends, governors, masters, and others who devoted their time to the school. So many had to be "remembered" in these prayers that considerable time elapsed, during which the eight hundred were anxiously and voraciously contemplating the *cates* which they dare not profane. But there was the "Old Hundredth" to be gone through, and very melodious were the tones of the lads; and yet another hymn, and finally a prayer, when with picturesque effect all those little monks went on their knees, each in his place.

There was a simplicity in all this which was very pleasing. After about twenty minutes of devout suspense, during which time Justice Greedy's "clapper" must have been noisily heard at work in the clamorous stomachs of the lads, the welcome signal was given, and they were permitted to fall on the victuals. Later the signal was given to break off, by sharp blows on the table, when there followed a fresh series of old observances which showed the monastic origin of the place.

The lads who had waited on each other now brought huge baskets to carry away the fragments of bread, etc., the tables were cleared, and the long white cloths carefully folded, which led on to the last and most interesting part of the exhibition, when each division of the eight hundred passed in its turn before the President. Every two advanced together and made him a low bow, or "bob," which was carefully returned; each division closed up with the servitors, one carrying the basket on his shoulder, another the knife-box, a third the cloth, while a small monk not unpicturesquely wound up the procession, bearing the two garlanded lights.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CANONBURY TOWER.

THE outlying districts of London have each a curiously marked colour and flavour of their own. Thus "the Borough," the district about Bishopgate Street, the City itself—and Islington, all have a distinct and recognizable air. It would take long to define the elements of each, but the skilled denizen has no difficulty in distinguishing. Islington has a bustling, almost foreign air, and in some sense deserves its epithet "merry." A little beyond Islington there begins a district of so special and curious a kind as really to have effect on the mind and spirits of the traveller. For here he finds a succession of tame, spiritless villas and terraces, gardens and small squares, not dilapidated, yet all running to seed as it were. There is a general look of monotonous hopelessness that cannot be described. No one seems to be about or doing. There is one compensation—the good, clear, inspiring air. This is felt as we mount those gently-rising hills which lead out of the main road, and land us among the still more saddening squares and abjectly-correct terraces. One of these is Canonbury Road, at the top of which the atmosphere is positively "bracing," and here—that is, a little way on—we come to a most interesting old memorial, well worthy the long jaunt from the West End.

In strange contrast with its associates rises a grim and gaunt old brick tower, solid, massive, and lofty, against whose veteran sides lean some old gabled houses, part of the structure. A thick and friendly coat of ivy covers a goodly proportion of the old body. An antique rail surmounts the top, while a meagre weathercock gives point and finish to the whole. There is a certain majesty and breadth about this venerable relic, which rises here to a great height, wrapped in the dignity of its own desolation. There is always, indeed, a sense of sadness in the spectacle of one of these old brick towers, all scarred and weather-beaten with the storms and batterings of fortune.

Standing before the low-arched doorway, a genuine portal, the door itself a bit of oak, framed and duly knobbed, I remind myself that this picturesque tenement is associated, oddly enough, with some of the

pleasantest literary memories. Like its mediæval neighbour, old "St. John's Gate," it was the refuge and shelter of the destitute "hack" more than a hundred and twenty years ago. A regular line of *littérateurs* have had the odd fancy of deserting their busy Grub Street, and of lying *perdu* here, either from choice or necessity; and it is easy to call up the rather ungainly figure of Doctor Goldsmith toiling up Canonbury Hill, and hiding here from his creditors.

A worthy woman—albeit garrulous—guides us over the old tower. After saying that "she knew Oliver's life well," she added, "Them poets seem to be always poor and in want." It was astonishing to see the number and spaciousness of the chambers in the old place, and their picturesque rambling disposition. One was struck with admiration at the two spacious rooms on the second and third floors, finely proportioned and baronial, each adorned with ebony-toned oak panelling reaching to the ceiling, and each with an elaborately carved mantelpiece, such as would have rejoiced Charles Lamb at Blakesware. The delicacy and finish of the work cannot be surpassed. There are old solid doors, black as ink, hanging on hinges a yard long; fragments of old oak banisters; while in the upper stories windows with diamond panes are still seen. The stair mounts in an irregular way: off which are curious chambers and many odd "crannies."

About 1766, the bookseller Newbery, as we learn from the pleasant account of him just published, contracted with a Mr. Fleming, the then tenant, to board and lodge the poet for £50 a year. According to this authority, Goldsmith's room was that on the second floor, and here he is described as reading to one of the younger Newberys passages from his MS. George Daniel, the bibliophile, who made a pilgrimage to the tower—if he did not reside there—and gathered up the traditions, found that the first-floor room was believed to have been the Doctor's, and "an old press bedstead in the corner" was shown in proof. Two families, the Tappses and the Evanses, had been in care of the place for over 140 years: and Mrs. Tapps used to retail many stories about the poet to her niece, who was in possession at the time of Mr. Daniel's visit. Washington Irving was so much interested by the place that he took up his abode there for a time. Other tenants have been the eccentric Dr. Hill, of Garrick's happy epigram—

For physic and farces
His equal there scarce is:
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is;

with Smart, the mad poet, who wrote an epic in Bedlam; Humphreys, another poet; "Junius" Woodfall; Chambers, who wrote an encyclopædia;

and Speaker Onslow. A later resident was Seymour, the artist, associated with the earlier numbers of "Pickwick," who shut himself up here with a fellow student to study "High Art," a line he fortunately abandoned for what was his real gift. What rooms in London offer so curious a succession of tenants? Some time ago a "Young Men's Association" fixed itself here, but the young men are fled, and once more "desolate is the dwelling of Morna." The view from the platform on the roof was almost confounding: the vast champaign spreading away below to the wooded hills of Hampstead and Highgate; while the keen inspiriting air blew from these heights. It was a surprise even for a fair and *spirituelle* antiquary of our acquaintance, who was tempted up to the dizzy elevation, and could scarcely credit that London offered such a spectacle. St. Paul's seemed to lie at your feet.

This old brick tower dates from the fourteenth century, and belonged to the canons of the gloomy Church of St. Bartholomew, another fine but fast-decaying monument. It belongs to "the Marquis"—that is, to the Marquis of Northampton—of whose provident care and attention this fine old relic is well worthy. If such relief be much longer delayed it will come too late. A few hundred pounds would do much in the way of restoration. It would make a museum, or even, as a show-place, would benefit the district, drawing visitors. There is an ominous rumour that it is intended to pull it down, as cumbering the earth, and to sell the ground for building.

The West-end Londoner who has never explored the quarter that leads to the northern heights will be agreeably surprised by the antique, original flavour of "Merrie Islington." At night or evening the bustle, glare of lights, jingling of bells, and converging of tramcars, the enormous crowds waiting or passing, the fine clear air, the steep hilly streets, the glimpse of the open country, and the general animation make up quite a foreign scene. There is even a half-rural air, with the stunted or "pollarded" trees, the terraces and mouldering gardens in front, and the little superannuated houses; carriers' carts are waiting loaded and ready to set off for villages and towns a few miles away. Here converge half a dozen streets, two or three steep hills, and innumerable lines of tramways and omnibuses. Every instant the cars and 'busses are arriving and departing, enormous crowds are waiting to get in and go their way, and the jingling of the bells, the metallic sound of the wheels, the chatter of voices, supply a sort of music of an original kind. The most picturesque effect arises from the trains of cars perpetually coming up the hills from the town below, and arriving as it were, unexpectedly—arriving from round the corners, and crossing each other in bewildering confusion. When all is lighted up the spectacle for bustle and animation and crowd quite suggests a busy foreign city, from the glare of innumerable lights, to which Islington

seems highly partial. The Islingtonians, it may be noted, are healthy-looking folk, for the place is high and the air inspiring, as any jaded Londoner journeying from the west will find. Close beside us are two well-known places of amusement, the "Grand Theatre," some fifteen years an obscure music hall, suddenly becoming celebrated, owing to *Geneviève de Brabant* and Miss Emily Soldene; to say nothing of the two "*John-Darms*," as the French comic soldiers were invariably known at Islington, one of them performed in broken English by a droll Frenchman. Before us is the Agricultural Hall, where the Mohawk Minstrels, highly appreciated, perform.

Old Sadler's Wells Theatre introduces us at once to the New River, officially constituted and recognized by a large reservoir and offices, where it "pulls itself together," as it were, after its long forty miles' journey from Amwell in Hertfordshire, before beginning its work in London. The old theatre, brimful of curious associations, still struggles on, and presents itself as a very quaint, old-fashioned pile. In prints of old Sadler's Wells—and very pretty they are—we are shown this rural playhouse on the bank of the New River itself, with a row of trees between, and a man in a cocked hat fishing. As is well known, this position by the river used to be turned to dramatic uses, the waters being let in for aquatic spectacles. The shade of Grimaldi must haunt the place. The track of the New River can still be made out, running beside the theatre, but it is now covered in.

The old mansion in Clerkenwell which serves as the head office of the New River Company is worthy of the energetic, gallant, and beruffled Sir Hugh Myddelton, the Lesseps of his time. His statue is to be seen in Islington; and in all the annals of English pluck and perseverance there is nothing better or more encouraging than the indomitable pluck of this intrepid water purveyor—himself "a company." The board-room of the building is a fine, picturesque apartment in a good old style; its ceiling, a good piece of florid decoration, laid out in carpet pattern, or like a flower-bed, with rich stucco borders—a circle within a square, and a border round that again. Panelling runs all round, and there is an elaborately-wrought mantel, with carvings and other decorations. Corinthian pillars flank it, one on each side, and the whole chamber has a lightsome, spacious look and general air of state.

Among Lamb's quaint and interesting recollections of his time at Christ's Hospital, one, of a little boy's scheme which was never carried out, seemed always highly original. He once, he tells us, planned an expedition to discover the source of the New River; that is, to follow its course to the original spring in Hertfordshire. But, as may be conceived, this was far too arduous an undertaking for a schoolboy. The New River seems to have been always associated with Lamb's course in a mysterious way. In his

school-days the summit of holiday enjoyment was to be taken to it to bathe: an extraordinary proceeding, which nowadays would be a high crime against manners. At one time he fixed his residence on its very bank, at Colebrooke Row, and his letters have constant allusions to his "old New River." He was proud of his little house. "You enter without passage into a cheerful dining-room, etc." It was from this mansion, as readers of "Elia" know, that George Dyer, the blear-eyed pundit, walked straight into the river, and was fished out, having had a narrow escape indeed. He lived to marry his charwoman in his old age, to his great comfort.

It is impossible to pass this house without being affected with dismal associations. It stands in a most desolate stretch of houses, and the buried river in front seems to add to the forlornness. Since Lamb's day the river has been covered in, and is, as it were, lost to view. But as we come to Canonbury it suddenly shows itself in a rather cheerful fashion between green banks and trees. Following it diligently, we see it rippling away between its banks—very pellucid on the whole, and not too broad for an active jumper to clear at a bound. It does not seem more than two or three feet deep. Here there are abundance of shady trees; and the houses have their little gardens coming down to the edge, with cosy seats, a stray Japanese umbrella spread—all exactly as if it were some real river and not an unpretending make-believe runnel. But has it not come all the way from "pleasant Hertfordshire," and recreated many a cit's heart, who of a summer's evening has his afternoon tea at the river's edge? Presently our old New River dives underground once more, and seems hopelessly lost. Here I was completely puzzled to find it again. With much difficulty and many inquiries, and many false scents too, I caught it up; when I saw it strike out across the country, meandering over a rich green pasture in diligent fashion, with a pretty open walk beside it. Thence it passed under the road, by some old-fashioned houses with gardens and overgrown with creepers. Here is the prettily-named region of the Green Lanes, and an old-fashioned line of houses called Paradise Row, which looks out on spreading "park-like meadows," to use the auctioneers' term; and here our river seems to have regularly got free and started off across the grass, never stopping till it reaches Stoke Newington. Here, however, it meets with rough usage; for the company have erected large buildings, pumping-engines, and reservoirs, and, as it arrives from Hertfordshire, it is detained prisoner until it accumulates in volume. In short, the amount of agreeable twirling and general aquatic vagaries pursued by the pleasant little stream during its course must be extraordinary. It brings pleasure and rurality wherever it goes. I was sorry to part company with it, and would gladly have pursued it further on its rural course.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE QUEEN ANNE STYLE—OLD DOORWAYS.

THE so-called "Queen Anne style" has within the past few years displayed itself in every shape of extravagance, running riot, as it were, in fantastic freaks of brick. Entirely new quarters, as in the regions close to Sloane Street, have sprung up, entirely covered with these singular edifices. They seem to be dark, uncomfortable tenements, with peaks and gables of the most elaborate kind, and are certain to require constant repairs.

Considering that England has been the country of bricks, it is astonishing that so little is known of the principles of brick-building, which the modern development seems to defy. In foreign countries nothing can be more satisfactory than the treatment of this material, always used in a way that will best set it off. The effect of brick is produced by the display of broad surface, and by the exhibition of masses of brick, as in towers. Being of one geometrical size and pattern bricks have little cohesion; whereas stones, of irregular sizes and patterns, can be blended into masses difficult to separate or dissolve. All these florid gables are certain to disintegrate; and, further, owing to the system of laying bricks in masses of mortar, the process of disintegration is made more certain. The lumps of mortar soon dry up and powder away, and the bricks do little more than rest upon another. Bricks or tiles are very friable and brittle, and any bold cutting or carving, though it may look stout and effective at first, will certainly decay and drop off in fragments, owing to the lodgment of wet in the cracks, etc. Any one that studies the old brickwork will discover that the mouldings, pilasters, etc., are of the most delicate character and in low relief, so as to attract rain or decaying dirt as little as possible.

The rather piquant Har's Place used to be one of the most retired and picturesque inclosures in London. In shape it is an octagon, the houses thin, narrow, and compact, well suited to the person known to auctioneers as "the bachelor of position," or the old maid of snug resources. The little "Square," with its low railing, ancient trees and flowers, had a monastic air. The place was completely shut out and shut in also. At this moment it is

being regularly and gradually rebuilt, and the uniform narrowness of the space filled by each house gives opportunity for a Bruges-like picturesqueness of design and variety. Rents have gone up amazingly, as the houses have gone up; and the "bachelors of position" have given place to families of a more opulent class. A very striking entrance to the little square has been made from Lennox Gardens, between two stately mansions with towers which correspond in design. In a few years the whole will have been reconstructed, and for variety of pattern and contrast there will be few things more effective in London.

The use of terra-cotta has certainly been carried to an excess. It is now used as a building material, like stone or brick, instead of as mere "dressing" or ornament. Owing to its warping in the "baking" the jointing is bad and irregular, and cracks speedily show themselves. Even the decorative portions, garlands, boys, etc., seem never in the airy spirit of the material, and are too elaborate and "undercut." Some years ago there was a fashion of profusely carving the brick, *in situ*, in rich and florid relief, for which the material is too frail and perishable.

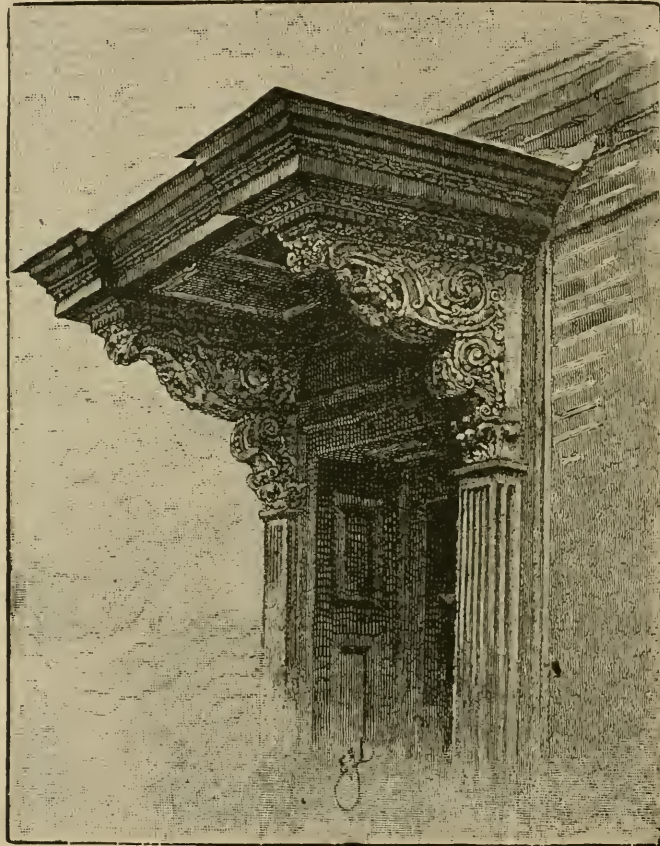
It is pleasant, however, to find that a "brick style" is now being gradually evolved, much more suitably adapted to the material and its purposes. In the long terraces now rising on the numerous ruthless clearances are to be seen specimens treated after genuine delicate principles, that is, masses of surface, with bold, simple, and light projections, instead of the toy, or cardboard, surfaces hitherto in fashion. This new evolution is probably not intentional, and has worked itself out on fixed principles.

Indeed, a diligent pilgrim through London will discover many modern, pleasing houses of brick and terra-cotta, which, if somewhat *bizarre*, have striking merit of design. A remarkable group of this kind of edifice will be found at Courtfield Gardens, near Earl's Court. These mansions are of original and even fantastic design, being built of a yellow terra-cotta, and running wild in richness of decoration and general treatment. The porches, doorways, windows are all irregular: the work is costly and beautiful; even the steps in front are inlaid with marbles and mosaics. The visitor is taken by surprise. It is pleasant to find that the beautiful type of Bruges houses, models of endurance and grace, has been "discovered" by our architects. So simple and yet so varied is this pattern that a large volume has been published, depicting all the most notable examples.

Charles Lamb complained of the gradual destruction of the antique fountains that were being abolished in his time; and in our day the lover of old London picturesqueness has to bewail the steady and certain destruction that is going on around him year by year. Old gateways, old churches, old houses, with, of course, their old doorways, are fast disappearing. The old

doorways, of which there are very many in London, with their attendant lamps and railings, would not have held their place so long but for their fine, solid workmanship needing no repair. They add distinction and perhaps additional money value to the houses themselves.

In Grosvenor Street, where there are many fine old mansions, there are some effective doorways which exhibit the depths, lights and shadows, and the effective air of having a door's duty to do ; while the richness of the carving in the two little "girders" that support the mouldings are wonder-



DOORWAY, 70, GROSVENOR STREET.

fully pleasing. Here we find an unpretending but most effective doorway, at No. 50, quiet and pleasing, with a fanciful carving of a Lion's head ; No. 48 is also worthy of notice.

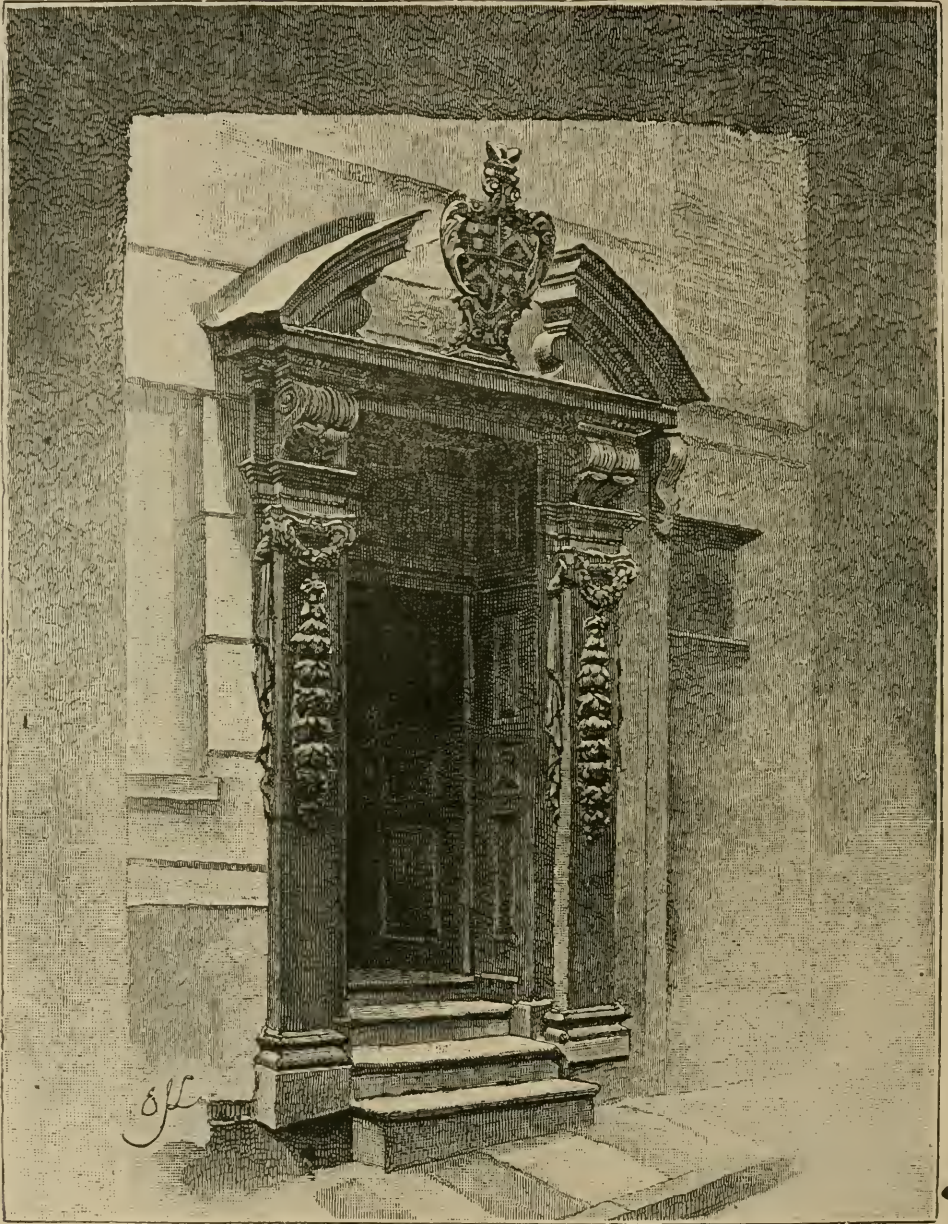
In the same street there is one charming house, No. 70, of rich, warm, tinted brick ; and, though grimed enough, yet still with a dignity of its own. It boasts a graceful doorway, though it suffers from the window next to it being turned into a second door. Another porch in the same street, and worthy of a glance, from its unpretending yet effective grace, is that of No. 73, which is

compact, small, yet deep, with a little carving, which is sufficient ; even the lamps lend effect. In Old Burlington Street, at No. 30, is to be found a plain and simple doorway, very singularly effective and well proportioned. The great noblemen's mansions in Grosvenor Square have all received ponderous portico decorations ; but the little doors they shelter betray the original form of entrance. One of the most odious, and at the same time favourite, of these shapes is the conversion of the whole portico into a chamber or box, by which shift a sort of mean hall is gained, but there is no shelter.

In Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, are to be found some doorways of distinct patterns, examples, also, of architectural merit. They are of stone, and treated as stone should be, with boldness and simplicity. There is a grace in the device—two sprays crossed, a bold head, the arrangement of the lines being in the Renaissance fashion. These meritorious bits of art are Nos. 11 and 12, the latter disfigured by being painted raspberry colour.

Crossing now the line which separates trade from fashion, viz., Oxford Circus, we shall see what doorways are to be found in a promenade Citywards. Off Portland Street, in little-known Mortimer Street, are two notable houses, Nos. 70 and 72. These are treated from top to bottom in a rich style of "embroidery" that recalls some old Bruges house. Sir Paul Pindar's House is justly admired : but these have almost an equal claim to admiration. There are borders, and "devices," and 'scutcheons, and a general air of grace and elegance. Like all such tasteful structures, they appear to be in sound condition. What is the history of these two houses ? We search in vain the folios of the untiring Smith and his fellows. The doorway of one has a richly-carved, semi-circular border runner, but broken and raised over the centre to admit of a panel decorated with sprays. These attract little attention, and will probably be soon swept away, but they are certainly remarkable enough. Passing into Holborn, and halting not far from the well-known restaurant of that name, we find a curiously retired little street, almost a *cul de sac*, and known as Featherstone Buildings. Here will be seen no less than seventeen richly-carved doorways, each with its canopy and pilasters and deeply-embayed mouldings and recesses, all, too, in excellent preservation. A curious contrast this to the homely character of the owners or lodgers. Next we pass to a better-known street, Great Ormond Street, which had almost a sort of reputation for its ornaments ; but, unhappily, the demolisher has been at work of late, and but little is left. There is one elaborate doorway of an imposing sort, that of the office of the Royal Standard Benefit Society, lofty, arched, and supported on columns, a very elaborate and handsome piece of work. Opposite these is one really graceful and beautiful, No. 17, all embroidered, with a sort of lace-work carving down, and well-wrought "ears" supporting the canopy. No. 8 is

also worth attention. Only a few years ago there were several remarkable houses here, notable for their railings, lamps, etc., but they have been levelled.



DOORWAY, PAINTER STAINERS' HALL

Passing down to the rear of the new Law Courts, to Carey Street, there was standing a few years ago a very remarkable house that might have been transported from Normandy. There was, indeed, nothing

resembling it in London. It was a corner one, with a high wavy roof, bold massive eaves and gables, its upper storey hanging over the street and supported on a pillar. Its doorway was surprisingly elegant, and nothing could exceed the grace and freedom of the carving of the two boys who



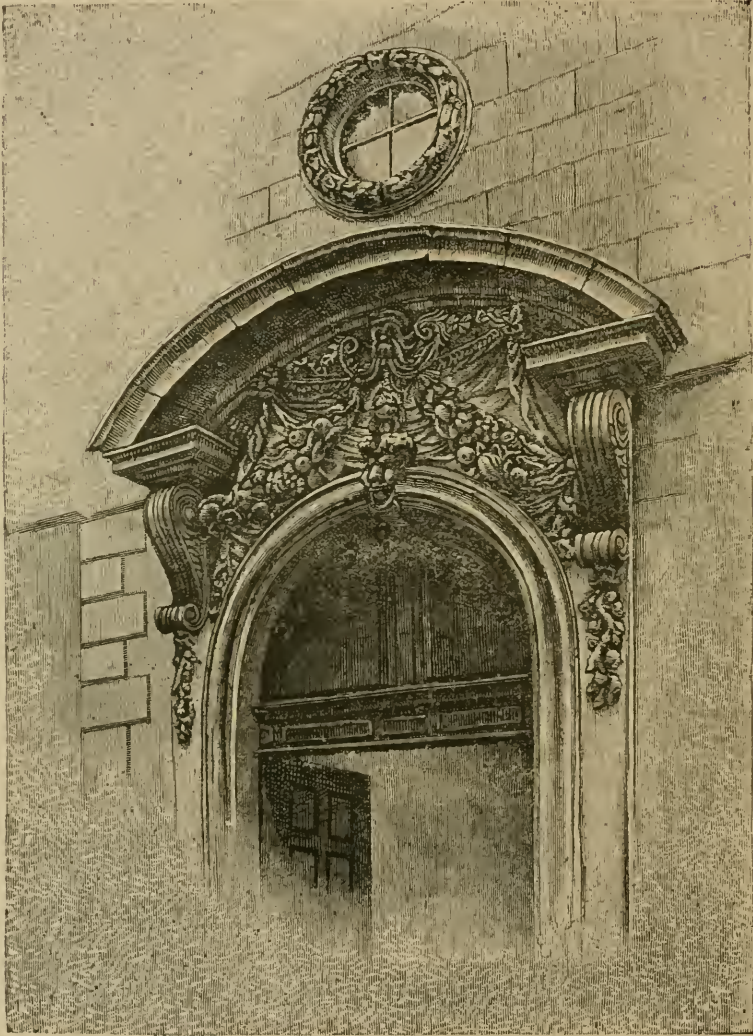
EXTINGUISHERS, BERKELEY SQUARE.

supported it. But it was carted away, no doubt disposed of as a work of art, and the house was soon after levelled.

Pursuing our rambles as far as Cannon Street, we turn into Laurence Pountney Hill, and there are surprised at the sight of an imposing coupled doorway, treated in a masterly style; the date, 1703, showing us that this style of work was in vogue at the beginning of last century. It will be noted

in favour of this sort of work, what a rich variety of treatment has been offered the specimens we have been considering.

Passing yet lower down into Queen Victoria Street, we find among a number of levelled houses that old building known as the Painter-Stainers' Hall, with a pleasing and effective doorway, set off by carving



OLD DOORWAY, WHITTINGTON'S HOUSE.

of garlands and flowers, with the shield and arms of the company in the centre. Finally, making our way to College Hill, we find ourselves in front of what is called "Whittington's House," which is remarkable for its arched doorway, treated in a florid and original fashion. The circular window over it adds a point and character to the design.

In Hatton Garden there are many doorways of different types. Grecian

triangular pediments supported on bold Ionic columns, and forming bold porches. The rusticated style, too, is found here in abundance. Nos. 81 and 102 are worth looking at.

Wandering down the wharves at Lambeth, and hard by the hideous iron bridge, where we expect to find marble yards and trusses of hay and mounds of coal, we come on a magnificent doorway, richly carved and of the shell pattern; carved, also, are its pilasters. This work seems as sound as it was on the day it was set up. In Essex Street, Strand, on the right hand as we go down, we shall find some half a dozen doorways of merit, each of a different pattern and offering curious variety of treatment. In the City, close to Tower Hill, and in Seething Lane, and in quiet St. Catherine's Court, we shall find some really imposing doorways, some grouped and thus made more effective. So also in Broad Street, off New Oxford Street. In Soho, once a fashionable quarter, in Gerrard Street and in Dean Street, there are some fine examples. There are some hundreds, in short, to be discovered in London; and they are well worth searching for.

At No. 8, Grosvenor Square, will be noted some airy and elegant treatment of old-fashioned iron railings, and which have been but little restored. It is not, moreover, limited to the doorway, but extends along the area. There are many doorways in London where a bit of "flourish" connects the brick wall next the door with the iron railing of the area with not unpleasing effect. In Greek Street, Soho, there are many of a solid kind, and we have mentioned how rich the adjoining Dean Street is in such entrances. These all speak of stately mansions to correspond, fine stairs, and spacious halls.*

* As a specimen of the unconsidered artistic trifles to be found in London by those who search for them, the simple railing that runs outside in front of the *grille* of the British Museum is worth a moment's attention. The low posts, or standards, are capped with a little sitting lion, exceedingly quaint and spirited in design. This has often been sketched or hastily modelled by the sculptor, for it is the work of the unfortunate Alfred Stevens, who is only now being appreciated as he deserves to be.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CHELSEA AND FULHAM.

EVERY Londoner of taste should make himself familiar with his river, ever placidly winding on and offering a spectacle of grace that never palls. It supplies a constant suggestion of rural beauty, even if we go no further in search of it than to Battersea, where there is a quaint Dutch tone. At Chelsea its many fitful changings begin. But even here, within a few years, what violent alterations, and how much has been lost! Here, for instance, is a sketch which I made not very many years ago, which is scarcely recognizable now.

“Beyond Battersea Bridge the tiled houses begin at once; the footways along the banks are sternly blocked, and we begin to see those charming slopes and swards, and snatches of old houses playing hide and seek with us between the trees. Here, we might, as it were, suddenly awaken one who has travelled much, and ask him, as he rubs his eyes, to name the river abroad on which he is sailing; to say whether it was the Dutch or German portion of the Rhine, the Meuse, or any other important river. To the eye not too much familiarized, it has a curiously foreign air. But as we glide on and draw in to shore we observe a shaded walk, sheltered by two rows of tall trees. On a long, irregular pier, not of the correct hewn stone, modern pattern, but of earth and wood, or piles, and through the trees, and that delightful shade which dapples all the walk in patterns, though outside it the sun is blazing fiercely, we see figures promenading, and beyond them as background—a cosy row of red brick houses—an old-fashioned terrace, of the brick of Queen Anne’s special hue, with twisted iron railings and gates in front. At the edge of the road in front of the trees is an irregular wooden railing, against which loungers rest. Below them are boats drawn up. As we glide on we come to the centre, where the trees open, and a little suspension pier juts out to let the steamers land passengers; and behind the pier the terrace breaks into a crescent. Here we land, and find ourselves on ‘*Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.*’ The whole has the air of one of those Dutch views we see in picture shops. There is a deal of grass-green paint; Dutch-built barges of a varnished yellow lying low in the water; and as we walk along in the shade the strong Dutch smell ‘grows,’ as from the canals,

and makes the delusion stronger. One would like to live in this Cheyne Walk, as many great people did a long time ago, and as Maclise did only yesterday. There is his house, with a little garden in front, as they all have,



CHEYNE WALK.

and a gate of elegant iron tracery, with initials and flowers worked in. Inside they are all panels and stucco, with noble chimney-pieces, and gardens behind, stretching far back with shady trees, and some a fountain.

“Everything is in keeping, even to the old rickety timber bridge, which

crosses the Thames, ascending steeply, and resting on what seems a series of birdcages, but which is now disappearing piecemeal. Beyond the bridge there is a charming bit of the river; and on some summer's evening after a sultry day, when the water has a glassy, lazy, brimming look, and a faint haze is over the low-lying banks on the other side, and the houses and the church slope up in pyramid shape, it has all the air of a continental scene. Here the Chelsea watermen cluster and lounge, leaning over the wooden paling, and as they talk looking down into the glassy water, which is as languid as they are. Some old Manor House behind us, revealed by its French Mansard windows in the roof, by its projecting eaves, and its two great wings, has now been plainly cut up into four houses; and the centre one, overgrown with ivy and creepers, has all the windows open, its balconies filled with the family reading or chatting, the maids sitting working on the top balcony; while through its door we see the cool, shady hall and the green trees of the garden beyond.

“The ‘watermen’ flourish here, gradually driven from the other ‘stairs.’ So do their boats, which are in vast numbers; and indeed here is rowed the annual watermen’s race for the coat and badge left by the Irish actor, Dogget, with money added by some of the London Companies. In the windows was the bill of the Royal Chelsea Theatre, where, on this special night, Mr. Welkinghorn takes his benefit in the Moor of Venice; with, for a second piece, the appropriate Tom Tug; and on which occasion ‘the Chelsea watermen have kindly consented to attend in their coats and badges.’ All this was primitive enough and welcome, and scarcely to be expected in a London suburb. Here was once Saltero’s coffee-house, familiar to readers of Coleridge and Lamb, a river inn very popular once—indeed popular up to a late date. Salter was body servant to the great Sir Hans, and came with him from Ireland, and then formed one of those queer, good-for-nothing ‘museums,’ which captains of vessels often get together and bequeath to some country town, where they are shown with pride.”

This little picture is—if I may say it—a very faithful one of Chelsea as it used to be.

The headlong rapidity with which everything that is pretty or interesting in London is being swept off is truly extraordinary. It seems but yesterday—it is little over ten years ago—when London had its two charming *al fresco* gardens, the Surrey and Cremorne. The latter was a most original place, lying as it did by the tranquil river. So pretty a garden did not exist near London, and there was a quaint air of old fashion somehow preserved, suggesting Ranelagh and Vauxhall. Of a summer's evening it was pleasant to glide down by steamer, touch at the crazy pier, now passed away, walk by the river's edge to where the old trees rose high, thick, and stately—you expected to hear and see the rooks—through which came the muffled

sounds of music and glittering, flitting lights. Even the gate was old and stately, and its ironwork good. Within, there was the blaze of light at the dancing platform; the old-fashioned hotel—nobody surely ever boarded or lodged there, or could—with bowed wings all ablaze with lamps; the “boxes” running round for suppers; the not unpicturesque bars; the capital theatres, for there were several dispersed about here and there and everywhere; and the sort of procession headed by an illuminated placard announcing the name of the next show. Then would the band strike up a stirring march, the drums clattering, the brass braying, and in military array lead the way, attended by all the rout and crowd, who fell in behind and tramped on cheerfully to renewed enjoyments. The dancing was always an amusing spectacle, from the rude honesty with which it was carried out; not the least amusing portion the dignity of the M.C.’s. The people sitting under the good old trees—the glaring booths—even the fortune-teller in his dark retirement, as in a deep grove, all this made up a curious entertainment never likely to be revived. We cannot go back to these things. The Surrey Gardens went before, as these have gone, long since. Now these elements are gathered up into aquariums, great halls, perhaps “hugely to the detriment” of the public. So peace be with the manes of Cremorne!

Turning out of Cheyne Walk, we find ourselves in Cheyne Row, which seems still and old-fashioned as some by-street in a cathedral close. Here are small, sound, old red-brick houses of the Queen Anne period, or so-called Queen Anne period. And here, at No. 24, lived Thomas Carlyle, in whom neighbours and neighbourhood might well take pride. A compact dwelling, next to the one with a verandah and substantial porch. Its neighbour on the other side boasts the good old eaves which it has lost—but *en revanche* it has its “jalousies.” Within, there is a strange air of old fashion, and the furniture as antique. The inhabitants, or vestry perhaps, have honoured him. For close by is a rather imposing square—yclept Carlyle Square—a nice and unusual shape of compliment. They point out his house, and at the photographers’ and print shops, during his life, you could buy photographs of house and owner.

Once, and not long before his death, the writer found himself sitting with the philosopher, who in his kindly fashion had allowed himself to be modelled by very inexperienced hands. This “bust”—if it is entitled to the dignity—is beside me now, in the old, broad, felt hat, the grizzled beard below, and the heavy coat up about his ears, for he seemed to feel the cold. That was a pleasant hour, for he talked in his pleasantest vein. There have been occasions when I have smoked a “churchwarden” with him, but these were on rare festivals. Now the old house seems fast going to decay, and is unlet, strange to say, though a tenant is sought. There is over it that curious sense of blight which seemed to settle on the sage himself in his later days, when even the visitor was struck by the chill, forlorn look of the rooms and furniture.

The lower end of the "walk" is closed by the Church. There is nothing more picturesque in London than old Chelsea Church, with its grimed old red-brick or brown-brick tower, and its tablets and tombstones fixed outside, high on the walls of the church, up and down, like framed pictures—an unusual adornment; the effect, as may be conceived, is the quaintest. So, too, with the little appendix, or round house, attached to it, with the odd figures, and the Hans Sloane altar-tomb under a sort of shed or canopy. The tower, however, is the attraction, suggesting something Dutch, and rising sad, solemn, and grizzled. Indeed, the view here is quaint and pretty, and recalls a bit of the Scheldt; especially in the time of the old wooden bridge, kept together with clamps and bits of framing, with the high hunchback look we see on the bridges over the Rhine.

We now pass from the genuine antique to its imitations, and reach the curious cluster of modern-old houses to which the new Embankment has furnished ground. Some are bold and effective, and the whole group, which has gradually extended down the Embankment for a long distance, is worth a special visit. They bear quaint names, such as the Old Swan House, the White House, Carlyle House, Shelley House, River View, and the like. Farnely House and its neighbours are good imposing monuments of brick. Shelley House, with its attached theatre, is in an adjoining street. This place of "amusement" brought its owner endless annoyance and expense—a lawsuit finished it, and now it stands unused. The house with the curious white bow windows, set in something that looks like the stern of an old man-of-war, will attract attention; we should note the "Clock House" with its handsome dial projecting; likewise the house at the corner, with its elaborate *grilles* over most of the windows. But turning down Tite Street—Mr. Tite was an eminent architect of a few years back, now of course almost forgotten—we come to the White House, a curious, quaint structure, stiff as an American's dress-coat about the shoulders, which is, or was, the dwelling of a well-known American artist, celebrated for his "nocturnes in green" and "symphonies in blue," which caused jesters such merriment, to say nothing of his Peacock Chamber, one of those two, or nine days' wonders which furnish society with something to talk of.

In the little square or tongue of ground near Cheyne Row will be noticed an elaborate lamp, supported by contorted boys. This was one of the rejected patterns for the series that was to decorate the Embankment. The one chosen consists of contorted dolphins, and is not very effective.

At Vauxhall Bridge we come to a curious conceit, that would have "arrided"—Lamb's word—the heart of Dickens. Here is a large yard devoted to the sale of ship timber, for which old vessels of course are bought and broken up. But there remain always the old figure-heads—strange, curious, gigantic efforts, that make one wonder what manner of man the

designer was. Nor are they without merit or spirit. They rise towering with a strange stark air, and look over the wall with much of the dazed astonishment the animals showed in Charles Lamb's copy of Stackhouse's Bible. Here are Dukes of York with a fatuous expression, the Janet Simpson, or Lady Smith, and Iron Dukes—all, it must be said, wrought rather vigorously, and looking with eternal solemnity over the wall, each some six or eight feet high, to the surprise of the stranger. The natives are familiar with them.

Turning up from the Embankment, we pass a very antique row of houses, Paradise Walk, with its heavy-browed eaves, grimed, tiled roofs and little gardens in front, a general decay over all. This curious range of buildings, which is in Wren's style, is worth a few moments' inspection, especially the one with the effective bit of old iron gateway, as well as the strange institution which forms the last house, entitled "The School of Discipline," which, it seems, has been flourishing—for it would not have endured over sixty years otherwise—since 1825. It was founded by the worthy Elizabeth Fry for the training of servant girls. What the "discipline" is, what the school, are things not generally known. It was hard by here that a few years ago a ghastly bit of sensation engaged the attention of the penny papers and their special reporters, who invaded these sleepy precincts. Two young men arriving from the country, flush of money, took up their abode in some disreputable house, where they revelled for a week till their resources were exhausted, when both attempted suicide, one succeeding. It proved that they had embezzled the moneys of their employer, and then fled to London, burying themselves in this obscure region, where they escaped detection. Further on we reach the green in front of the Hospital. This must have had a fine effect when the Hospital could only be seen from the bottom of this great expanse; but now the high road has been ruthlessly cut across it, with no effect but that of convenience. The old overhanging public-house, the "Duke of York," is curious, and gives the *locale* a sort of rural air. But this, indeed, is shared by the King's Road, which has a sort of special country-town air, as distinct as what merry Islington offers. This is the scene of Wilkie's famous picture of the Chelsea veterans receiving the news of the Waterloo victory. There is an air of retired and retiring simplicity in the shops and little by-streets.

The quaint "physick" gardens belonging to the Apothecaries—a benefaction of Sir Hans Sloane—will next attract the eye, if only by the magnificent old yew which rises grim and sepulchral in the centre. Whether the apothecaries walk in this piece of ground and peep over the rails at the passing boats on the river is uncertain—they surely do not "cull simples," for they can buy them cheaper than grow them. But it is a pleasing inclosure—a surprise, considering its position—suited to calm tranquillity and meditation.

CHAPTER XXIX,

PUTNEY—FULHAM.

THE first glimpse of the river at Putney Bridge seems always new, with a never-failing charm. Indeed, all these clusterings on the river where a bridge crosses—Putney and Hammersmith—have for the Londoner walking out, say of a Sunday, an air of picturesque old fashion. The bridges at Kew and Richmond, with their graceful ascent and elegant arches, harmonize delightfully, and their tone and colour and delicate greys contrast with the green of the foliage and the patches of red brick. It is curious to note the two church towers at Fulham and Putney, which rise so picturesquely at each end of the bridge. The old Putney wooden bridge, with its piles and zigzag bulwarks, has been swept away.

The fine new stone bridge is a great and much-desired convenience, but the sentimentalist will lament its crazy wooden predecessor, rising so steeply and propped on angular wooden cages that were patched and repaired over and over again. This was dear to artists and etchers. The best portion was the gloomy old "Toll House," with its antique roof of a Nuremberg pattern, grimed and shadowy. This was so suggestive of mystery and romance that in the days of realistic dramas, like the "Streets of London," it was taken into a "sensation" piece. On the hoardings was a huge coloured picture, representing the structure by moonlight, with some such heading as — "THE MURDER—THE OLD TOLL HOUSE, PUTNEY!!" *

On the Fulham side there are a few antique houses with gardens and iron gates, and one which is clearly the work of Vanbrugh, from its heavy gate-porch. There is a little "Georgian" terrace of old-fashioned houses with gardens in front on the left, leading to the church, next to which stands the vicarage house and school. Here is a charming old churchyard with a public path through it. The church itself has been restored in "spick and span" fashion, but in the porch we are faced by a florid and truly gigantic mural tablet, which covers the whole wall, in memory of one Elizabeth

* On the old familiar green cover of "Pickwick," Mr. Pickwick is shown seated in a punt, fishing, and in the background is seen the old Putney Church, with the quaint bridge.



OLD PUTNEY BRIDGE.

Timpany. This curious work of art is worth looking at, as well as the strange monument to Lord Peterborough within—apparently a field-marshal, standing on a pedestal, with two smaller pillars beside him, on one of

which is laid carelessly his gauntlets, on the other, parts of his martial gear. In this verdant churchyard lie many Bishops of London—their palace is close by—with Lord Ranelagh, who has a massive granite monument erected by his regiment—and also Theodore Hook, of facetious memory.

Passing out of the churchyard to the river-side we come to the well-known "Bishop's Walk," a raised causeway that runs beside the moat which encloses the palace. This pleasing path, which commands the grounds, is the playground of boys, but is not without its dangers. There used to be a notice: "This path is dangerous." "Whether the danger arises from the episcopal cows which graze peacefully on the water-meadows adjacent, and, with their sleek coats and calm, sleepy eyes, seem as little mischievous as possible, or from more occult sources of peril, it is not easy to determine. But a passer-by is better informed: 'It's the kids,' he states succinctly. And it seems that the children of the neighbourhood 'snatch a fearful joy' in fishing for sticklebacks and newts from the grassy margin of the episcopal moat, and some have tumbled in and been drowned."

Nothing strikes us so much as the fine old trees and the numerous yews which rise sadly and solemnly beside the Bishop's Palace. The view from The Walk of the placid, solemn retirement of the grounds, with the cheerful old red of the house and its tiled roof peeping through the trees, is very pleasant. The late Samuel Read, who had a charming gift for catching the spirit of these old houses, and whom a practical publisher of Christmas numbers once praised as "*the best moated-granger he knew*," would have revelled here. Entering by the gate, left open, we stroll up to the rather grim-looking quadrangle of solemn black and red brick in a diapered pattern. Nothing can be more pleasing than the still retirement of the inclosure with its circular and waterless basin in the centre, and the imposing doorway facing the archway. The windows are long and diamond-paned, and flush with the wall—lank and gloomy-looking. There is the picturesque lantern over the hall or chapel. No one is to be seen. It is scarcely wonderful that Dr. Temple should be fond of this sequestered place, or should have abandoned and shut up his town mansion.

If we pursue the river bank we come to Hurlingham, a fine old mansion, the scene of many a fashionable joust—polo, and the rest. Many a traveller by the River Thames will have noted the Crab Tree Inn, a quaint and old—very old—house of entertainment. Indeed there are numerous old houses, some of historic interest, but rapidly tumbling into decay: such is old Munster House, at the corner of Munster Road, which is as awry and contorted with age as an ancient crone is with "the rheumatics," behind whose high walls is seen a large stretch of grounds, solemn nodding yews, and gloomy foliage. Passing on to Parson's Green we shall find plenty of fine old houses, architectural even in style—Duncannon House and others.

We may note also Arundel House, by the road-side, with its quaint grounds and projecting pavilion at the rear. So many old trees and old gardens are found here that the birds, as it may be imagined, flourish exceedingly.

For those who love the pure "old fashion," and the ways of old fashion, there is nothing more refreshing than a Sunday stroll by these antique towns and villages. Familiar and "Cockneyfied" as are such places, it is surprising what picturesque little "bits" will here repay a little quiet searching. These have often engaged the artist, but the antiquary and lover of the antique prettiness have not been so diligent. Numbers of little "corners" and old houses are revealed along these river banks as we walk. At Battersea, when we turn out of the "speculative builders'" region and enter "Vicarage Road," with its old house and gate, and railing of excellent ironwork, we come straight on a sound, solid old mansion of ripe brick, standing in charming grounds, with a velvet sward and fine old trees, the river flowing beside—a perfect surprise, for it has quite a manorial air. There are a number of these old riverside mansions—retired, snug, and very close to London town, with the air of being miles away. Some of these have been utilized for fashionable suburban clubs, just such a one as "BARN ELMS," of which you have a most pleasing view as you walk along the river's bank from Putney to Town.

At Hammersmith, Chiswick, Kew, and a few other places there are terraces built along the river-side, which bear the name of the MALLS. There is a quaint *rococo* tone in these titles; and it is pleasant to fancy oneself living in some old house on Chiswick or Hammersmith Mall. For instance, Hammersmith Mall has its row of old trees stooping over the river; its files of pleasure boats drawn up by the boat-houses; the Dutch barges, always furnishing colour. There are curious winding lanes behind houses, and yards which have been allowed to encroach on the banks and have thus driven back the path, with a small canal and a bridge across. Across the river will be noticed a row of mellow old red-brick mansions, snoozing, as it were, in the calm content of a tranquil old age, with a welcome Flemish air.

Beginning our promenade at Hammersmith, we pause before a fine old Williamite or Queen Anne mansion, on the right, of a cheerful red—"The Mall House," it is called—with a suitable old gate of twisted iron, and a little lawn in front. In looking at an imposing specimen of this kind one is ever struck by the admirable proportions, and the mode in which the windows and doorways are disposed to each other. There is a grace—and proportion, too—in the two or three steps which, as it were, unfold themselves with a slight rail on each side, which expand fan-like, without the unnecessary *spikes*. This old mansion had originally overhanging eaves, and no doubt a high roof; but some modern occupant has raised the whole a story, using common yellow brick instead, with shocking and barbarous effect, and the whole

stands an extraordinary monument of wanton disfigurement ; for it would have been as easy and as cheap to have made the alteration somewhat in harmony. I never pass this somewhat roughly used mansion without a feeling of sympathy, if not sorrow.

Further on we arrive at Linden House, a very solid structure of yellow brick, after a style that was in fashion during the last century, with wings, bows, and a little belfry—always a pleasing finish—and of an honest buff. This style is to be found on Clapham and other commons.

Pursuing our walk to Chiswick we find something to interest and please at every step—the Eyot, the barges again, the genial, tranquil air, and the old houses with the older gardens, such as Cedar House, with its spreading trees on the pretty lawn ; Walpole House, with its simple gate ; Lingard, or Bedford, House, an imposing solid structure. Here is the unpretending-looking yard and factories where small steam launches and such fry are being manufactured by Messrs. Thorneycroft. We turn up Chiswick Lane, and note, on the left, a row of genteel ancient houses—infirm, no doubt, and not a little “ ratty ”—with a row of trim and pedantic old trees standing sentry in the path in front.

CHAPTER XXX.

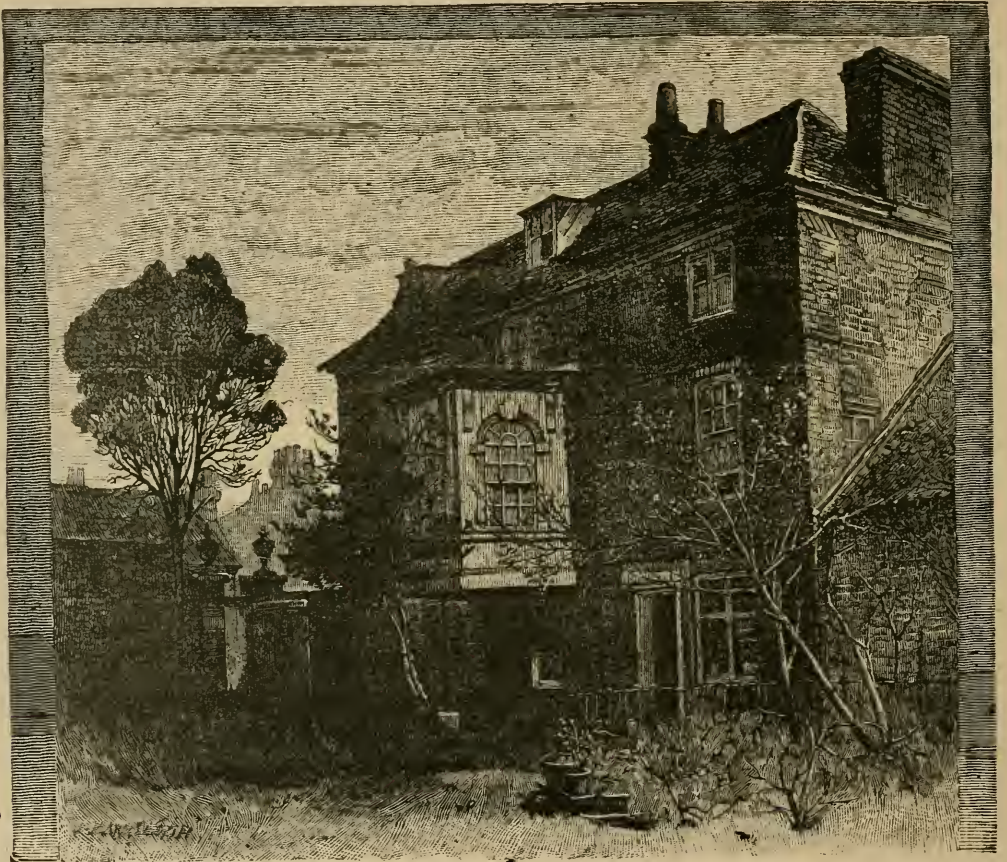
CHISWICK, KEW, RICHMOND, AND THEIR SUBURBS.

THIS little town, or village, of Chiswick is charming in every way, from its church and pretty churchyard and its situation between river and road. The walks hard by have the sylvan air of green lanes. There is the "Mall," and Chiswick Lane, up which as you glance from the river you can see the little red-rusted terrace of Queen Anne houses, with its antique railings and rural surroundings, a row of "pollarded" trees in front. Facing the church is an old roadside tavern, "The Burlington Arms," most quaintly picturesque; and on the other side a fine old detached house standing in its garden. We are glad to find here one of the old burly independent and well-built "Manor Houses," standing by the roadside and flourishing. These must be comfortable structures to live in, with their heavy eaves and solid walls, gardens behind and lawns in front. It is in the occupation of a Chiswick doctor. The churchyard, which has quite the air of a garden, has many tombs of pretension, and almost a theatrical tone, from the players and artists who sleep there. Somehow it seems more particularly associated with Drury Lane Theatre and Garrick, whose name, with many compliments, is seen here and there. Here are his verses on Hogarth's tomb, which was carefully restored some years ago by a modern Hogarth "of Aberdcen"; the visitor, reading over the much-admired lines, is invited to "drop a tear."

Here also is Garrick's scene painter, De Louthembourg, who is declared on his tablet to be the equal of the greatest masters who are named, which is certainly praise too extravagant. Not far off is Holland, another Drury Lane performer, whom Foote saw laid here in what he coarsely called "the family oven," his father being a baker.

Following the pretty high road, a little farther on we come to a fine old mansion, standing back from the road in a sort of open square, flanked by two rows of low houses of the pattern seen in a cathedral close, a sort of thick shrubbery filling up the centre. This is BOSTON HOUSE, which has behind and round it a vast and interesting garden that stretches away towards

the river. These beautiful old grounds cover seven acres, and have noble old trees, notably an immense and spreading yew which can be seen from the road, with one of the oldest acacias in England. This has long been a young ladies' school. The old house retires shyly from the road, and is flanked or sheltered by a few houses as old on each side. Thus there is a sort of quaint square in front. Lately a board was displayed, announcing that the place was for sale, and still later it was secured—the inevitable fate of such places—for a charitable institution.



HOGARTH'S HOUSE, CHISWICK.

As we trudge along the high road we approach an object that should have extraordinary interest for the artistic mind. A high wall runs along the path. Within it is to be seen a much-dilapidated old house, its shoulder turned to the road, and which, like many a dilapidated old person, has the air of having seen better days. Its squalor is so marked, windows shattered and patched like an Irish shanty, that we wonder at finding such a spectacle on a country road. There are children as squalid, and a general air of discomfort. This is Hogarth's old home. "Hogarth House" it is called, which he

purchased about 1750, when he had grown prosperous, and whence he used to drive into town in his carriage. The good old red brick seems sound enough, and I fancy it would not be difficult to restore and repair. It is surprising that some artist or *littérateur* does not purchase it, as it could be secured no doubt "for a song"; and there would be the additional gratification of earning public gratitude. One "fine morning" it will be found that it has been swept away, and a row of "Hogarth Villas" erected on its stead. Indeed, a week or so ago a warning voice—to which no one will attend—sounded a call that it was tumbling into ruin.

Beside the river runs a wall which encloses the grounds and gardens of Chiswick House, the Duke of Devonshire's villa, a classical structure, built by that nobleman of elegant taste—Lord Burlington, whose work is to be seen not only in London, but at York and other places. His buildings all exhibit this character, and are effective. This Italian villa, with the cupola to its octagon room rising over the pillared pediment, is in his best style. Not far away on the roadside is another villa, with an ambitious portico and pillars which may have been designed by the same amateur. It would be a surprise now-a-days to find a nobleman designing houses.

Kew, hackneyed and "cockneyfied" as it is, offers charms of its own that do not stale by custom as we approach it by the river bank; it seems to breathe a tone of soft and even melancholy tranquillity. The beautifully-designed grey bridge, with its gracefully-curved gentle ascent and descent, seems to suit the umbrageous shore on the Richmond side. It should be noted that few rivers have been so fortunate in their bridges as the silvery Thames. They are always graceful, and harmonize with the banks, particularly those of Richmond, Henley, Kew, and many more. There is a little Mall at Kew, as there is at Mortlake, formed of stunted, narrow, and old-fashioned houses. The Green at Kew, notwithstanding the tea-houses and tea-gardens and the "touting" notices at the gates, has a truly *rococo* and rural air which it is not likely to lose. The cheerful white posts, the church perched down in the middle, the old houses round, the grim, forlorn palace and the cheerful trams, all add to the effect. There is a fine and imposing old house on the right as you face the gardens, which was no doubt one of those occupied by the young Princes during the unhappy residence of George III. Opposite is the porch and ancient dependencies of the palace, so lately tenanted by the "old Duchess of Cambridge." The air seems thick with the memories of the terrible days when the king was seized with madness, and the London road was alive with the carriages of ministers and physicians constantly posting down.

Of Richmond it is hard to tire, and it happily still retains its air of old fashion. The town itself, in spite of many changes and new shops, has an old, drowsy, and quaint air. Only a few years ago there stood close by the

railway a terrace of Queen Anne houses, of the brightest, cheerfullest red, and whose white doorways were miracles of elaborate carving. They are gone now. As you walk up the street it is always pleasant to think of the little bye lanes and twisting alleys that can lead you on at any moment to the spacious Richmond Green, which, as it were, accompanies the town on its way. I like to see Billett's confection shop, where are the only true and genuine "maid of honour" cakes—excellent, special things, in their way. Billett's shop in the early times seemed an awe-inspiring place, and a palace of dainties. There is an old-fashioned "cut" about the shop itself; and there was a pleasant quaintness in this recent protest of the proprietor, and his honest sensitiveness about his cake:—

"SIR,—The writer of your admirable article on 'Richmond Park and Town' observes that 'The pastrycook's shop seems to have wandered a little away from its old locality, and it may be that its genealogy is doubtful.' I would simply say that the business has been in the hands of the present family for over fifty years, and that the 'maids of honour' have been sold at this same shop for nearly 200 years. The house itself is about 300 years old. In conclusion I may add that the pastry has, I hope, lost nothing of its traditional flavour since the days when it is on record that £1,000 was paid for the secret of how to prepare them. The same sum of money has since been paid for the recipe.

"Yours truly,

"J. T. BILLETT, JUN., the Proprietor.

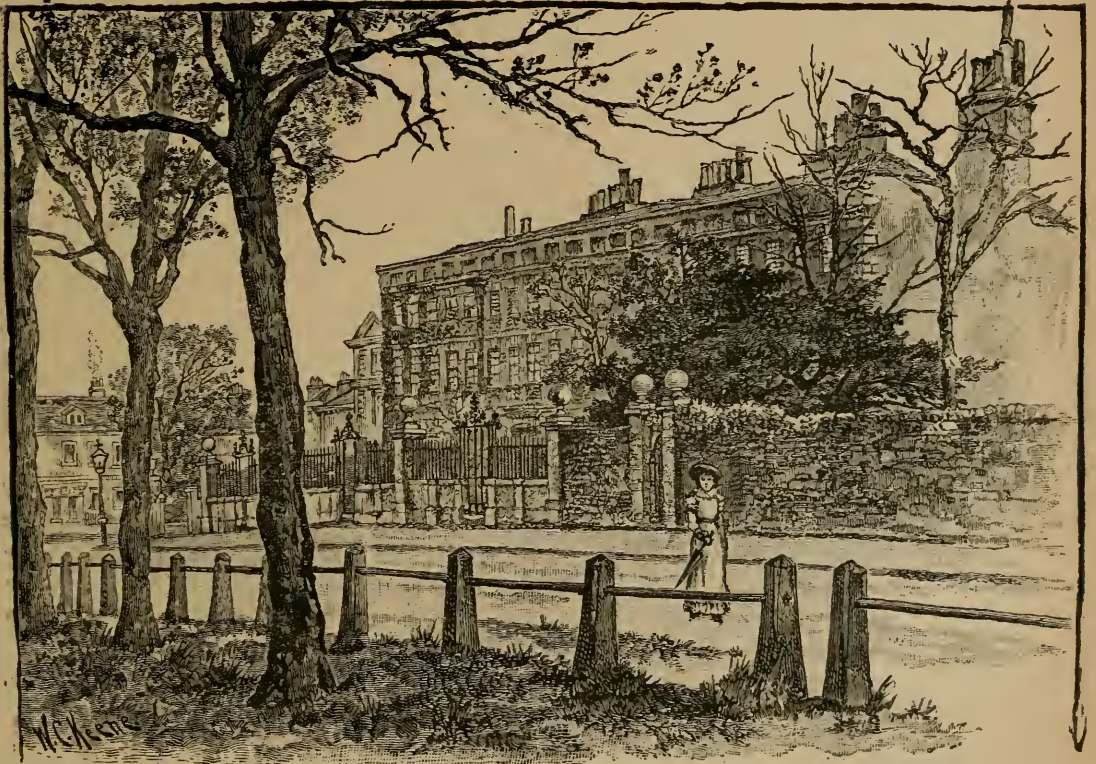
"Richmond, June 8th."

To celebrate the recent Jubilee, Billett gave away an extra "maid of honour" for every dozen purchased.

Years ago, in boyhood's happy hours, Richmond seemed a very imposing place to live in. There was a regular society of great and small personages. There were lady patronesses, and people used to come all the way from town for "our annual Richmond ball," always given at the Castle Hotel, that seemed then, with its fine river terrace and gardens and ball-room, a most stately and awe-striking hostelry. Now it seems a poorish place enough, and has lain unlet and abandoned for the last twenty years. What music and fiddling and dancing was there! What barges coming down in the season, laden with cheerful company! There is certainly a pleasing *rococo* tone, recalling the old-fashioned flavour, which has not yet departed. The rows of genial red Queen Anne houses ranged round the common have even now a tranquil air—their tints are mellowed by age—and they have architectural effect which contrasts as effectively with the rows of the modern buildings as an elegant, faded old lady does with some flaunting miss. The mixture of

hue on these old commons ever pleases; the green—even the white rails—the sleepy tranquillity, the old-fashioned people who doze away life. There was a colony that included Maria Edgeworth's brother, a genial old man, who gave parties; and I recall the great convulsion arising out of the dispute between rector and curate. Richmond was rent into factions, but the curate, weaker vessel, was driven out. He came round in a cab, and bid adieu to all the friends who had stood by him in his trial, which was thought very graceful of him.

The Green is one of the most piquant of Greens, from its delightful,



MAID OF HONOUR ROW, RICHMOND.

straggling air. To look at the terrace that juts forward prominently—pleasantly named MAID OF HONOUR ROW—is exhilarating from the gaiety and brilliancy of the houses. Never was brick so rubicund, or sashes and railings so brilliantly white. The Maids would have been in spirits here. The design is capital, and the carving and ironwork all match. Would there were more! But there are other old houses of merit dotted about, while a little alley will lead you, by surprise, into the main street. But the Green seems to have lost its genuine air of old fashion since the day—some years ago—the old Richmond Theatre, that filled in the far corner, was removed. It was reputed the oldest theatre in the kingdom, and there, in that very tier

of boxes, had the King, George III., often sat and enjoyed the play, having driven over from Kew. There was something particularly quaint and picturesque in this cluster of buildings. You ascended the stairs *outside* the theatre, under a raised shed.

The curious old playhouse seemed to be exactly what should be found on such a common. It recalled the old theatre at Tunbridge Wells which gave on the Pantiles. It almost revived one of Dickens's theatres, such as Crummles might have managed, for then it was really a picturesque thing, with stairs mounting outside, right and left to the boxes, while you descended into a sort of well to reach the pit. Attached to it, and growing out of it, was a sort of hexagonal dwelling-house, with a tree planted by Queen Elizabeth, so the legend runs. There was something of the old fashion of a weather-beaten three-decker in the look of the place: it was a genuine thing—had the genuine flavour. Since then someone plastered it over and modernized it, but the old balustrades and stairs outside were left. This venerable tabernacle had a fitful time, being on the whole more closed than open. It nodded and dozed through the rest of the year. What excitement when it was to be opened for two nights only, with *The Green Bushes*, a delightful entertaining piece, and so romantic—in the suburbs, and in "boyhood's hour"! Occasionally a company of London amateurs took it for one night, playing *London Assurance*, having friends on the Green; then all old ladies and old maids made an exertion, and the fly was sure to be ordered the night before.

At another corner of the Green is the old Sheen Palace, with its fine old archway, under which you pass, its indistinct blazonry and hexagonal towers. This genuine fragment has been judiciously restored, and fashioned into a snug dwelling-house, which secures its existence.

On the river's bank, just as we turn down to the bridge, where there is one of the most beautiful and exhilarating views of the river, we come to a remarkable old house, a fine specimen of Georgian brickwork. This imperishable-looking, rubicund structure is known as the Trumpeter House, from two curious figures placed in front. It is in a sequestered corner of its own, and might be built of iron, so firm and hard is it, defying time and damp. Behind is its old-fashioned sward, with curious old trees, a cedar of Lebanon, trimmed hedges, and sunk fences stretching down to the river walk, to which, too, it displays an imposing, snowy portico and pillars on a background of cheerful red. This must be one of the best specimens of brickwork in the land. Old Richmond is full of suggestions and old associations. There is a tablet to Kean's memory affixed to the old church. There is Mrs. Pritchard's house, Sir Joshua's, Thomson's the poet, and many more. In the middle of the town we come upon a friendly sign-post, directing us in all directions—

a hospitable custom adopted in all these places, such as Twickenham, Kingston, etc.

On a pleasant road, not far from the station, we pass a fine, portly, red-brick mansion, well known as Miss Braddon's (Mrs. Maxwell), which is notable for still preserving the quaintly-formed long garden, or alley, with a summer-house at the end, as if for bowls.

Isleworth, a charming suburb for the suburban Richmond, looks very pleasing and picturesque from the opposite side of the river: here you can see our long-lost Charing Cross Lion, who, as many think, was carted away into space, or "shot" somewhere into the river. But there he stands, defiant as ever, on Sion House—another of his ancestral homes—associated, too, with charming Sunday walks by the river, say from Kew to Richmond, where the ineffable *softness* of the stream on some balmy sunny day is best perceived. Hard by Isleworth is an enclosed house and grounds—an antique villa a couple of centuries old, well known as belonging to a sterling veteran actor long associated with the old Haymarket. In this charming inclosure he has dwelt for many years, and by assiduous but enjoyable toil created a garden with winding walks and labyrinths, having a picturesque old yew as something to begin with. On one enjoyable riverside Sunday I made my way down, having been often bidden, and here I was welcomed by one of the best specimens the profession can offer. Grateful is that bit of green-sward—like velvet—the table set out near the overshadowing yew, the old porch at home, the world and its hum shut out by the enclosing wall. This is the home of the veteran Howe—a link with the rare old Haymarket days.

Taking our way up Richmond Hill—noting the still rustic, pleasingly old fashioned air of the houses and villas as we ascend—we shall, of course, pause to enjoy the oft-celebrated, ever-admired view, if a proper day. It has a charm that cannot be surpassed, notably the silver glistening of the riband that winds away below. It is only when you live in the place that you learn the nature of the charm.

Before reaching Kingston we pass through Norbiton, where we welcome, close to the roadside, the unwonted music of the rooks, now too rarely heard. We can see their nests high in the tall trees, and then one or two quaint "demesne houses," quite in keeping with the rooks.

It is likely that there are many who have never explored old Kingston town, and assume that it is of the same pattern as Kew or Putney. It is a curiously attractive and original place enough, and its market-place might be that of some old country town a hundred miles away. Here are plenty of framed and gabled houses overhanging the street, and combined together with a really pleasing variety. The number of old inns here clustered is truly extraordinary.—The Wheatsheaf, The Sun, The Ram, The Griffin, a former great posting-house, with its archway and huge yard; and even the

Assembly Rooms, still in vogue. The Market House is modern, but harmonizes pleasantly; there is a monumental drinking-fountain, and a mysterious old stone, known as "the coronation stone," fenced carefully round. There is the old church and its churchyard just touching the street. One Sunday morning, when I was wandering here, there came across the old Market Place a small procession, the town clerk leading, his fellows behind, one bearing a mace, and behind the *Mayor!* in his gown, for the little town boasts this privilege. They were making for the church; and the whole had a quaint air.

The Thames here is charming, and beside it are well-framed fishing inns, such as "The Anglers," with names of the hosts that seem appropriate—by "J. Silver," and the stranger "Everproud." There is the silvery-looking bridge close by, with its graceful, hilly curve.

Another of these Thames-side towns, one that interests with an ancient quaintness, is the pleasant Teddington. How charming is that walk from Richmond, by Twickenham, by the old-fashioned though fast modernizing Strawberry Hill, Teddington, Kingston, until we reach Hampton Court! The old High Street, Teddington, is really but little altered from the days of Peg Woffington, who died there. There are many old and curious houses, and inns as old, one kept by "Cornhill"—odd name! But at the far end of the town, at the opening "turn," we come upon the row of three antique houses, well rusted, and with many well-leaded windows and having an air of sleeping tranquillity. They are well overgrown with creeping plants and are labelled "Mrs. Margaret Woffington's Cottages," and are in fact the almshouses founded by the wayward, eccentric being when she became "good." They were built out of the money left to her by "Old Sweny," the manager, to inherit which she had to conform to the established religion. New almshouses, however, have been built in another quarter of the town, and the old ones are let out to the inhabitants. Here is one of the most charming and picturesque old churches in the country, of a most rural and attractive kind, "standing in its own grounds" as it were, a garden-like churchyard, where, to use Sir Lucius's description, "there is snug lying," or the snuggest lying. The old church is very low, has its red-tiled, well-rusted roof bending in the most sinuous lines, with a quaint little lantern, and double aisles. Teddington Church, it need not be said, is figured in many a picture and has often done duty in a Christmas number, with the parishioners walking through the snow, or the ringers "ringing the old year out at midnight."

Nothing is more welcome than the contrast between the ever-varying glimpses of the turns and windings of the river, as revealed either at Putney, Hammersmith, Kew, Richmond, or Hampton Court. At Putney it assumes a sad, Dutch-like aspect: it is straight, and wide, and bare. At Kew, as we

look upwards, it has an umbrageous tone: the banks are well wooded. At Richmond there is a beautiful and sylvan grace, like a charmingly-painted scene in an opera; while at Hampton Court there is something not only graceful, but original, varied, and animated. Hackneyed as Hampton Court is—overdone and invaded by the crowds of holiday folk on a Sunday—its graces never seem to pall on the visitor. We pass from the station to the ugly iron bridge, and get our first glimpse of the tranquil “glistening” river that winds away right and left, truly “silver” in its surface, like a stream that wanders through some daintily-kept *plaisance* or ornamented grounds; while beyond is seen, amid the grove, the mellowed red of the old palace, surely one of the most interesting piles in England. Nor are the attractions of the approach by other routes at all lessened. If we arrive from Teddington, coming from Strawberry Hill, we find a beautiful sylvan and health-giving promenade. Then comes the wall enclosing Bushey Park, the famous avenue of chestnut trees, and the “round point,” with its circular sheet of water.

The little town itself is rural enough, with its comfortable-looking hotels, old-fashioned if not old, and the busy scene before them—waggonettes, carts, carriages drawn up, horses “baiting” within, and huge crowds clustered round the handsome, well-ornamented gateways.

Within are the beautiful old gardens and the winding avenue which lead on to the wonderful Palace and its grounds—that clustering of great brick courtyards and towers very little touched and “improved” by the restorers.

How imposing is the long and stately façade that looks across the gardens to Bushey! So solid and yet so rich in its decoration and stone dressings. This is one of Wren’s most successful works; so varied and original in its treatment. With all our fantastical modern freaks, no one seems to have caught or adapted this style, the florid circular windows particularly. How curious is it to look at the old tennis court, where the King’s nobles and gentlemen played the game—a solemn, mournful place of recreation now. The courtyard within and fine colonnade—how fine and dignified! The florid embroidery in stone-work seems exactly to suit the cheerful, sunshiny brick. A walk in these wide *loggias* on a wet day would be a welcome diversion. Within are the superb suites of rooms allotted to favoured *protégées* by the grace of the Crown: but few could form an idea of the great accommodation. On one “flat” alone, enjoyed by a single family, there are seventeen or eighteen rooms. The grand staircases at the side that lead up to these suites, and ascend to the roof almost, are pointed out as instances of Wren’s ingenuity. He wished to make the ascent as easy as possible. They were placed therefore in long low slopes, each containing a vast number of steps.

From this court we pass into the portion built by Wolsey, which is the

most charming and interesting of the whole. Here, too, we must admire the grace of the architecture, the beautiful proportions of the gate-towers, and the tone of the old brick, softened into a ripe creamy pink. Very little has been altered or renewed, everything is as Henry and Wolsey saw it—the extraordinary florid old clock, and the effective and vigorous terra-cotta heads of Roman Emperors fitted into the brickwork with forcible effect. They were a present from the Pope of the time.

The great banqueting hall is an imposing work, with its noble open roof and vast proportions. But these things are really not to be appreciated on a visit—when we stare and have to pass to some other part of the “show,” where we stare again. In visiting old towns and old cathedrals we should reside, and let the spirit of the place grow, or steal gradually upon us. When a feeling of companionship arises we get familiar, and find ourselves looking on it again and again. But with short and hurried glances little is really gathered—we have seen, but not known.

It will be noted that what we have been considering is not the hackneyed or popular view, which consists in following the lazy herd as it promenades wearily from room to room—the king and queen’s chambers—or the waste of innumerable pictures, including the Hampton Court beauties and the Field of the Cloth of Gold and other notable “curios.” There is of course entertainment in this, but the real attraction is in the place itself, where we might wander for days.

Now taking a flight in a totally opposite direction we light on the river-side at Greenwich; familiar enough, “the Ship,” or whitebait district at least. But as we leave the town behind and ascend the steep Croom’s Hill, we come upon many a pretty bit, and on plenty of sound old houses. Halfway up we note a curious garden pavilion of true Jacobean design, such as is found in old English gardens, like those of Stonyhurst. It is of elegant design, with open arches at the side and well-proportioned mouldings. Within, the ceiling is richly stuccoed round a circular panel, intended to hold a painting, but now the whole is decayed and gone to ruin. On a summer’s evening the owners of the garden could sit here and overlook the road as well as the gambols in Greenwich Park. There is the legible date on it, 1675. It must have been connected with some stately mansion in whose gardens it was situated, but now swept away.

A little higher up, and next the pretty Catholic chapel, is a genuine old mansion, of rather Renaissance design, all white-washed over and sadly mauled, older than the usual Queen Anne ones. It is a pity that such are not carefully restored by some wealthy citizen, for they would be effective. On the other side of the chapel is a fine specimen of old red brick, shining as a pippin, and even sounder than on the day it was built. Still higher up on the hill, and peeping over an inclosure, is a fine steep-roofed old house in its

garden, its face turned to the park, its back, which we confront, overgrown. This mixture of green and red with the more delicate tint of the shingle roof makes a cheerful combination. There are many old houses perched down in a delightfully irregular fashion here and there on the side of the hill, each with its trees and inclosure making a settlement for itself. Most have a history of some sort—notable persons having resided in them. At the top, facing the open country, the Blackheath valley lying below, we come to the Ranger's House, of rubicund brick and pleasing design, but disfigured by a covered passage to the gate. This was the late Duke of Albany's residence, and long before his time was the mansion of the stout, coarse, and much-outraged Princess Caroline of Wales, about the time of "the Book" and other disgraces. As I often stand before it, and knowing her history well, the image of the high jinks that used to reign here rises before me, the Opposition ministers, Percivals, Gilbert Elliots, etc., travelling down to dine, and have what were very like games of romps in the gardens behind. In the same line of road is a fine old crusted mansion of some pretension, with solemn antique grounds behind, and a compact, snug, and reverent air.

Farther away from town are found other attractive spots—in the way of surprises—with much that is curious and original. As specimens of this kind of voyage of discovery might be suggested Edmonton, Enfield, Eltham, or Croydon. We need not dwell on the unsophisticated and rural character of these hamlets and towns, the fine invigorating air that sweeps along the high roads, the sense of cheerful exhilaration. In themselves the old coaching roads are full of interest.

Eltham is a pleasant, inviting, and novel sort of place, with a fair open country about it, breezy pastures and fine old trees spreading away. In many of these distant suburbs, as they may almost be called, there is this park-like wooded look, as though we were in the heart of some rich country. Antique houses line the roadside—there are few new ones. Searching out the old Palace, we are struck with the "rurality" of the road, the row of fine old trees which line it, which was once an avenue. One could hardly find more remarkable houses outside a Christmas number. Those we see here are high-roofed and long-windowed—with the old panes—which must at least be as old as Elizabeth. Each has its gardens round it, and looks snug and comfortable. Here is an old "moated" house, the water running lazily below—for the road is a bridge—actually round the foundations. To this mansion much has been done by way of restoration. Coming to the Palace, it is delightful to meet with the elegant and original banqueting hall, ruined fragment as it is. It suggests the equally interesting Crosby Hall in the City, and there is a bay or oriel window of the same character. We know the pattern, the wall running up for a dozen feet or so where the

Perpendicular windows begin. There is a peculiar charm about this style, something graceful and satisfactory.

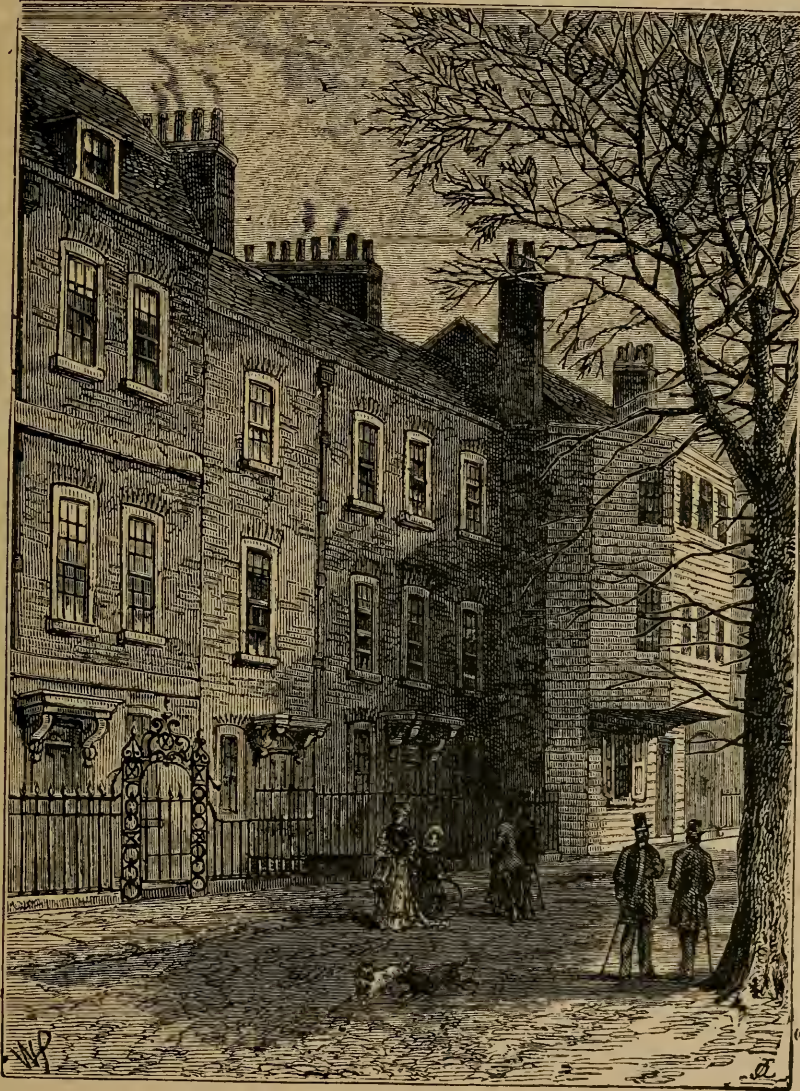
But would we recreate ourselves with some of the finest specimens of old brick, we must go yet further afield. Let us repair to Tottenham, that is, beyond the town, at the point where the road turns off to Enfield. There the country is charmingly old-fashioned, the air delicious, the route has the look of a coach road, with its great flourishing trees. Here are the fine Anne or Georgian houses, plum-coloured almost, untouched and sound as on the day they were built. The doorways are well carved. More remarkable is the sort of Manor House in its grounds, known, I think, as the "Lion House," from the spiritedly carved lions which adorn the gate-posts.

If we walk on to Enfield and Edmonton, we shall be yet more gratified. Enfield is really remarkable for the variety of its mansions. As we walk along the pretty high road, oddly called Baker Street, we come upon many mansions in large expanses of grounds, and enclosed within walls, but their fine iron gates allow a satisfactory view. "Lovers of Queen Anne architecture," says a good authority, "will do well to study here." Some of these houses are perfect pictures—such as artists revel in and portray for the Exhibitions. They are perfect surprises from their old-world air, everything being in harmony. One is known as Enfield Court, which contains "quaint specimens of brickwork and a fine terraced garden, with clipped yews." There is an old Hall for the admirers of Inigo Jones.

Indeed, the various places of this kind which are within easy reach of London offer extraordinary and unsuspected entertainment.

But of all these suburban places, perhaps the hackneyed Hampstead and Highgate offer an unfailling attraction. Nothing is more remarkable than the change from the dull heavy London atmosphere below to the keen, inspiring, vigorous air on these northern heights, which is palpable and felt at once as we ascend. In spite of the "demolitions" that meet us as we climb Hampstead High Street, the place still seems to retain its old-fashioned, quaintly-pleasing features; its alleys and lanes straggle and wind and turn with delightfully-picturesque effect; a row of venerable trees will line a raised path beside an old wall, while houses and short terraces of the true Hampstead pattern, odd, square, and cheerful, abound. Retired corners, shady lanes, small gardens enclosed within ancient walls, old lanterns, these are everywhere. No wonder artists covet these old tenements, and, it is said, give fancy prices for them. Winter and summer bring an equal, though varied, charm to the place. In winter there is a pleasant air of shelter and retreat; in summer umbrageous shade. Nothing can be more artfully arranged with a view to picturesque effect than the mixture of houses and general rusticity; it is country and town blended in the most pleasing fashion. The old gnarled trees rise on high paths overhanging the road, and over the walls behind peep

the cheerful red dormer windows of some quaint Georgian mansion—"The Grove," or Grove House. As we wander through the place the impression is always the same, a pleasing, old-fashioned tranquillity, the alleys winding irregularly, little shaded corners and open places. And then the memory of Clarissa—most pathetic of heroines, and her painful, sad story—



CHURCH ROW, HAMPSTEAD.

too painful almost to read. It used to be said that Frenchmen were found here asking to be shown "The Flask Inn," where the persecuted maid took refuge. There is, or used to be, a Flask Inn in Flask Walk, and there is another ancient "Flask," most picturesque, at Highgate. But the original, genuine Inn might escape the curious. It will be found on the breezy

summit of the Heath, at the corner of Heath Street, and facing the reservoir. It is now a private mansion standing in a spacious garden.

On the other side of Hampstead there is the attractive Church Row, a unique range of "Queen Anne" houses, through whose windows can be seen glimpses of waving trees and shrubs in the gardens behind. The bottom of the little street is closed by the church, with its quaint, copper spire—not older than the last century, but old enough to harmonize fairly. Round it spreads away its rural churchyard, with paths across it.

One of the most delightful walks, familiar enough to Londoners, is that from the breezy summit of the Heath round to Highgate. Here stands the old inn, Jack Straw's Castle, to which Dickens and his trusty friend Forster used to ride out on some "shoemakers' holiday," halting to regale themselves on a chop after their labour of the week. At this old hostelry we have stayed for a week or so, in snug quarters. There was a certain piquancy and originality in the situation; it was "so near and yet so far" from town. The ceaseless halting at the door of the innumerable travellers' vehicles was curious to note. No one seemed to have power to resist the attraction. The fine old, solid mansion beside it, with its garden, seemed enviable.

A quarter of a mile further on we come to that truly Pickwickian inn, "The Spaniards," where Mrs. Bardell was arrested: a charmingly old-fashioned, rural house, with its tea gardens. We never pass it without calling up the scene—the hackney coach waiting at the gate, Mrs. B. and her friends at one of the little tables, and Mr. Jackson entering with his assistant. In catching this local flavour the novelist was unrivalled. It is difficult to describe the particular charm of a walk through a country district, but this to Highgate is unrivalled.

How inviting too, and antique, is the town! The group of old red-brick houses at the top—some detached, with gardens as old—all are inviting. Here are some quaint inns—one curious one, with the remains of the "pike," where persons coming to London were "sworn," a pair of horns being brought out to add effect to the ceremony. It was here that an innkeeper stopped the horses of her present Majesty, and was allowed to display the Royal Arms as his sign, with a commemorative inscription. On the descent are some fine old country seats, mansions with grounds well wooded and park-like. Most of these are being gradually absorbed by charitable or religious institutions, which might seem at first sight a guarantee for their preservation. But, alas! as the institution begins to flourish, the old mansion is certain to be taken down and rebuilt. One fine old place is in the hands of a religious order which has just completed an imposing Byzantine temple, whose Eastern cupola is a landmark.

There are districts more familiar and of minor importance which are yet

well worth exploring. Such are the inviting green lanes round Barnes Common and Roehampton; and on the roadside of the latter place we pass by what is perhaps the finest specimen of the old brick mansion near London. This brilliant, genial, *riant* bit of brick is worthy the notice of our modern architects in that material—the novelty and stateliness of the design, the combination of stone dressings with the brick, being worthy of Wren himself. This is Roehampton House, Lord Leven's mansion.

The hackneyed Clapham even has attractions of its own in many a fine, old, well-preserved house and grounds, in that capital, serviceable style of architecture which was fashionable about a century ago—a well-designed central block of yellow brick with a high roof and two wings, to which it was united by a short colonnade. In front was a small circular lawn, protected by a sort of fence. Old trees filled in the back and flanks. This combination was highly effective. On one side of the common is a charming and original Queen Anne terrace, Church Row, which we have noted before—every house panelled, old gates of twisted iron, flights of steps and carved doorways.

There is surely no air so keen and bracing as that which sweeps with such vigour across the fine open common of Blackheath. The houses that fringe the common have a quaint air of old fashion, somewhat sad coloured and of that dull “gamboge” tint which Elia spoke of, but they have a good snug appearance. Such is “Montpelier Terrace,” and “The Paragon,” which must have been considered a great effort in their day. The Paragon is a semi-circular row of “desirable” mansions, built with some state and pretension—the pattern for a “Paragon” being usually two semi-detached houses joined by a low colonnade—while in front there is an oval inclosure. There are Paragons in most of the suburbs—as at Streatham—and one close to London, in the Kent Road, a dispiriting and decayed place.

Close by the Paragon, and on the gentle descent that leads down into the little town of Blackheath, is a clump of umbrageous planting, with a little iron gate opening into pretty and well-sheltered grounds. Entering, for it is open to all, a walk leads us up to what is something of a surprise. Here we are confronted by a fine solid building of the Wren pattern, high roofed, deep gabled, and red bricked. Its many windows are set off with deep green “jalousies,” and in the middle there is a pediment and pavilion with the two statues of the founder and foundress, standing side by side, in their old-fashioned dress; below are carved flourishings and graceful garlands of stone flowers, with a deep and spreading archway, through which we see the interior of a square. This is Morden College, a retreat founded for reduced or comparatively genteel persons. The archway is lined with oak panelling and long oaken benches, acceptable in the summer, where the collegians mostly sit and gossip, and perhaps smoke. Within the square a pretty colon-

nade runs all round, convenient for pleasant walking in wet weather. There is the old sundial looking down, and a quaint clock-tower with a bell, lantern, and weather-cock. Altogether a drowsy, picturesque old place, dating from 1675. Few would suspect even the existence of this sequestered and interesting place, which is absolutely hidden in its umbrageous shelter. There is a dreamy poetical air over it, and though fully tenanted it seems a perfect solitude—occasionally a “collegian” may flit across the court. A chapel is on one side of the archway: on a Sunday, opening the door gently, you will see all the collegians assembled. The building itself, which seems sound, has mellowed with time into an harmonious red.



CHAPTER XXXI.

WILLIS'S ROOMS—THE PALACES.

RETURNING now from these delightful suburban walks, we find ourselves once more at the West End. The London traveller, if he but learn the habit of diligently using his eyes as he walks, is certain to find at every turn something to entertain him, or something novel that he has not before observed. On the other hand, by cultivating incurious habits, the careless observer will come to look on the streets as merely tedious places of passage from one point to another—and the more speedily the monotonous transit is effected the happier he is.

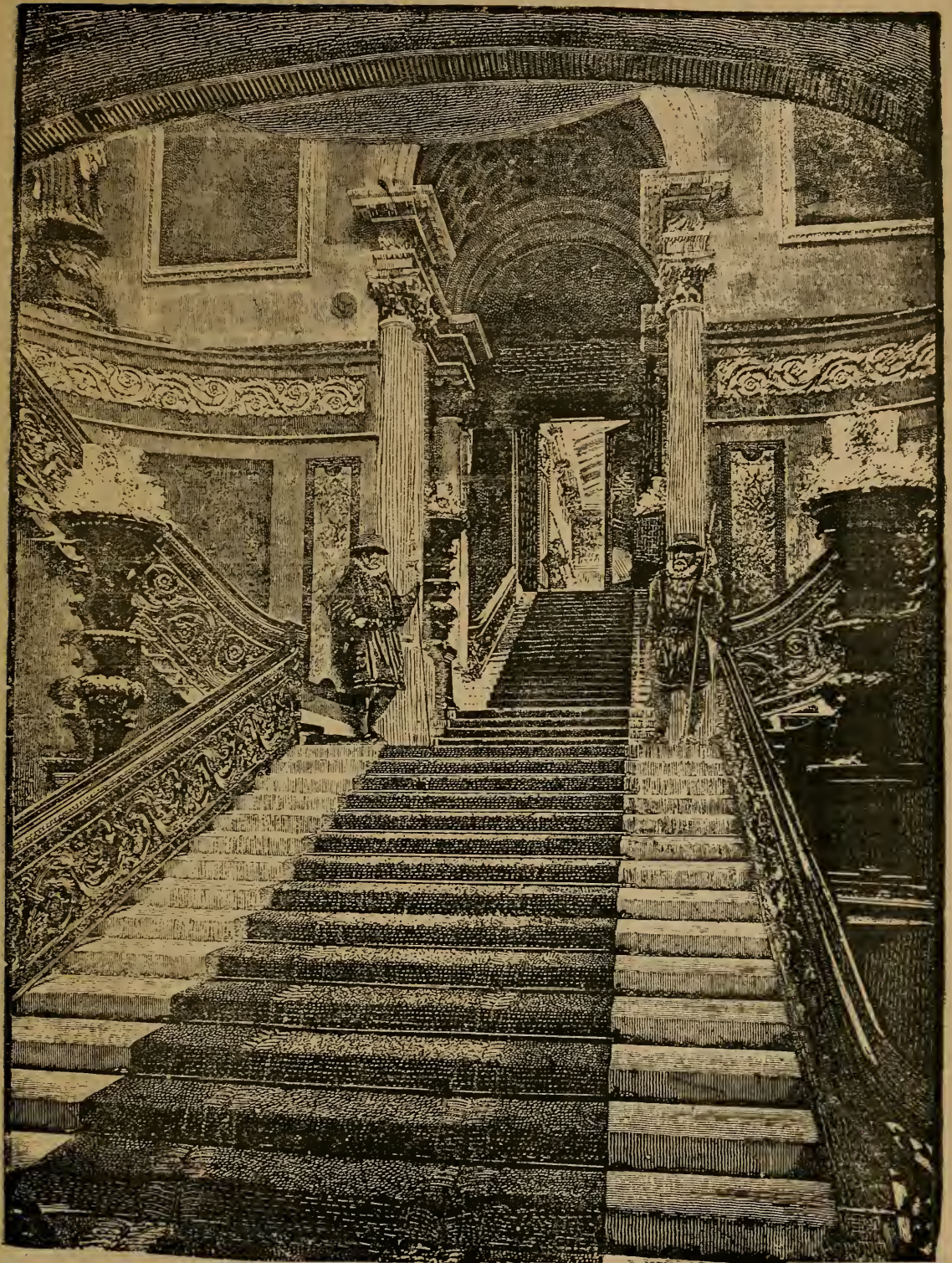
Lately, passing through King Street, St. James's, I paused before a familiar building, passed by thousands in their daily rounds without its exciting speculation or notice. Yet what curious memories it excites! "CHINNOCK, GALSORTHY, AND CHINNOCK. . . . To be sold fifty-five years' lease 8,000 square feet, etc." And had it actually come to this? Set out, too, upon an ominous black board hung on the old wall! And this the once-famous Almack's! It had been offered already for sale in April on a fixed day, but the bidders were not sufficient; and so we have come to Chinnock, Galsworthy, and Chinnock, as per board, who are willing to treat with private parties. Shade of Lady Jersey! Shade of Lady Tankerville! Ghost of Princess Lieven! and spirit of the Iron Duke, once refused admission because he had not on a white cravat or the suitable breeches!

It was in King Street, St. James's. Here was the long, well-grimed, dingy waste of bricks, prison-like, and recalling Mrs. Cornelys' old rooms, now a chapel, close to Soho Square. Yet that Newgate-looking structure, how it contrasted with the brilliant festivals inside! A hundred and fifteen years of gaieties and revels—such is the exact life of Willis's Rooms. We must feel sorry that they are now to "go," for they are the last surviving "Rooms," as they are called, of the good old pattern left in London. For a time we had the old Hanover Square Rooms for concerts and dances; good *rococo* things; but they have been nibbled away into a sort of club or

hotel. But behind that old dingy waste of wall what balls, festivals, charity dinners, bazaars!

It was in 1765 that a Scot who came up to London conceived the design of erecting fashionable rooms on the pattern of the casinos abroad. His name was McCall, the syllables of which he ingeniously reversed into the celebrated "Almack"; and he brought his countryman, the renowned Neil Gow, from Edinburgh, to lead the music. The building was erected hurriedly, from the designs of Robert Mylne, of course another Scot, who had built Blackfriars Bridge. On the opening night, in February, the rooms were half empty, for the fashionable world was suffering from colds and was afraid to go. The walls were imperfectly dried, and the rich ceilings were dripping; though Almack protested that hot bricks and boiling water had been used in the structure. The place, however, grew into fashion, and at the suppers, Almack himself, "with his broad Scotch face and in a bag-wig," was seen attending; while his wife, in a sack, "made tea and curtseys to our duchesses." This worthy man died in 1781. How Almack's passed to Willis is not clear. The Willises were a musical firm in their day. Gambling was carried on in the Rooms, and enormous sums were lost and won in a night. Its greatest days, however, were during the Regency, when the famous Almack's Balls" were given under the haughty control of "Ladies patronesses," the Jersey, the Lieven, and others, and when the most exclusive system was in vogue. Gronow and Raikes tell many stories of the arrogance of these dames, when to obtain a "voucher" became a matter of favour and delicacy. The Almack's Balls were continued in some shape, and under less exclusive conditions, until recently, when they were finally given up.

It is a curious feeling to enter and promenade through these forlorn and ghostly chambers. The doors stand open, and we can wander in and up the grand stone stair—the banisters oddly encased in crimson velvet. Everything is laid out on a noble, spacious scale. Gloomy and even dismal now seems the great ball-room on the first-floor—scene of so many "festival dinners" and dances—with its fine chimney-piece, floridly embroidered ceilings, "set-off," as it was fancied, with hideous modern colouring, now faded and inexpressibly shabby. The old scheme was white and gold. But here are still the fine old English mirrors, with their garlands and carvings; and the tall pillars behind which Neil Gow and his fiddlers played; and the chandeliers, of Venetian glass apparently, with their chains and lustres and bulbous drops, elegant enough. Here are all the old-fashioned "rout" seats and chairs and tables huddled together and piled up on top of one another. Many a "bad quarter of an hour" has been spent here whilst awaiting nervously the chairman's signal to "reply to the toast"; and here is the very spot where I once sat "peppering," as it is called, in an



GRAND STAIRCASE, BUCKINGHAM PALACE. (From a Photo by MR. E. KING.)

unpleasant mood of suspense; the long tables spreading away and crowded with unfeeling diners, hundreds "feeding like one," who would desire nothing better than a "break-down." It is a curious, agitating feeling when, on a sudden hush, one has to rise with a "Mr. Chairman!" For a second every face is turned to see and wonder, and ask whose the face is seen indistinctly afar off.

Below is the "concert-room," a fine, well-proportioned apartment. Around are many vast chambers: one where the gambling went on, and Charles Fox and Lord Carlisle lost huge sums. It is difficult to give an idea of the dismal impression left as we promenade these ghostly chambers. On the walls are a score and more of portraits—all of the one "Kit-kat" size, many by a forgotten artist—Knapton. These represent members of the still existing "Dilettante Society," who used to meet in one of the rooms. Three of these pictures, of a large size, and exhibiting full-length groups, were the work of Sir Joshua, and are to be seen in the National Gallery. A history of this elegant club, which has published splendid folios, has been written by my friend, the late Sir F. Pollock.

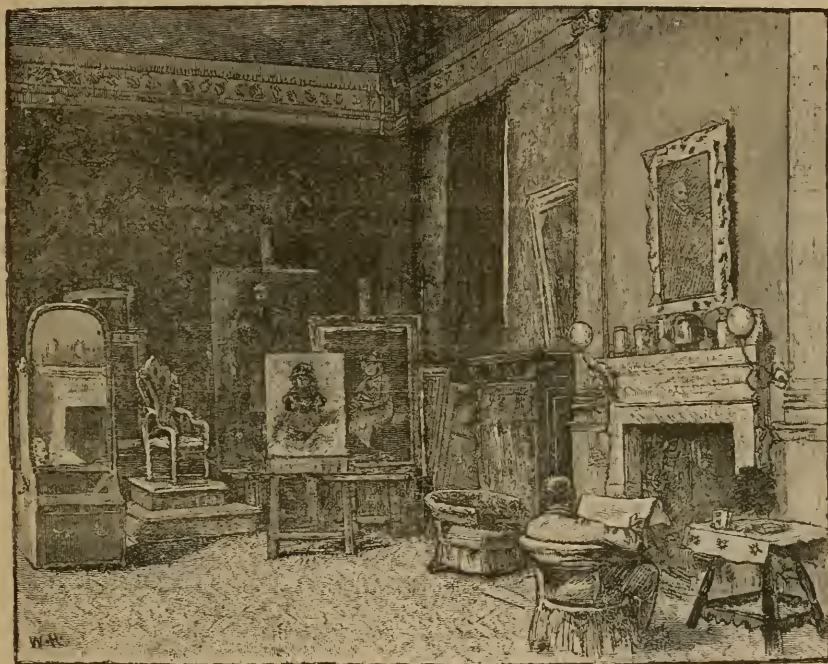
And so we come out into old King Street again, to read once more on the prosaic board that the whole will be sold as "a going concern," with its licence, goodwill, etc., and that this and a great deal more may be learned from the worthy auctioneers aforesaid.

There are plenty of these ghostly chambers in London, and the feeling on disturbing their antique solitude is a curious one. It is specially present when we invade the repose of the now disused PALACES, some of which are interesting places enough, but have a particularly forlorn and faded air.

No building has been so rudely, even coarsely, treated as the venerable old Palace, St. James's, whose gate tower is so interesting and piquant a monument. Portions have been burnt and re-built; but the "restorations" seem always to have been carried out on the meanest and shabbiest fashion. Witness the meagre, skimpy colonnade in the courtyard; the wretched brickwork; the poor, "starved" rooms; the tottering chimneys "stuck on" outside, and the patched air of the whole. The old chambers within, though spacious and imposing enough, are strangely dingy, and seem not to have been painted or "refreshed" for a century. The place looks as though it were abandoned altogether, which no doubt it is. Yet a small sum judiciously laid out in the way of trimming or restoration would do much; were even mullioned windows substituted for the present unsightly and incongruous "sashes."

Hard by is that great modern pile, Buckingham Palace, the work of George IV., which took the place of the pleasant old Buckingham House, which, as we can see from the prints, was something after the pattern of Marlborough House. This lumbering, uninteresting mass, though built

of stone, is made more unattractive still by being painted over, owing to the decay of the material. Within there are many vast chambers of state which, on rare occasions of high festival, are lit up and crowded with rank, beauty, and fashion. The ball-room is a fine and richly-decorated apartment, and the grand staircase is "monumental" enough. No one who has not visited them can have an idea of the size, or apparent size at least, of the gardens and pleasure grounds behind, which have been artfully protected from vulgar observation by large raised banks and thick planting. It is a pity that this sacred preserve is not, as in continental cities, opened to the crowd; it would be an addition to the few *agréments* of London. It is now almost



MILLAIS'S STUDIO.

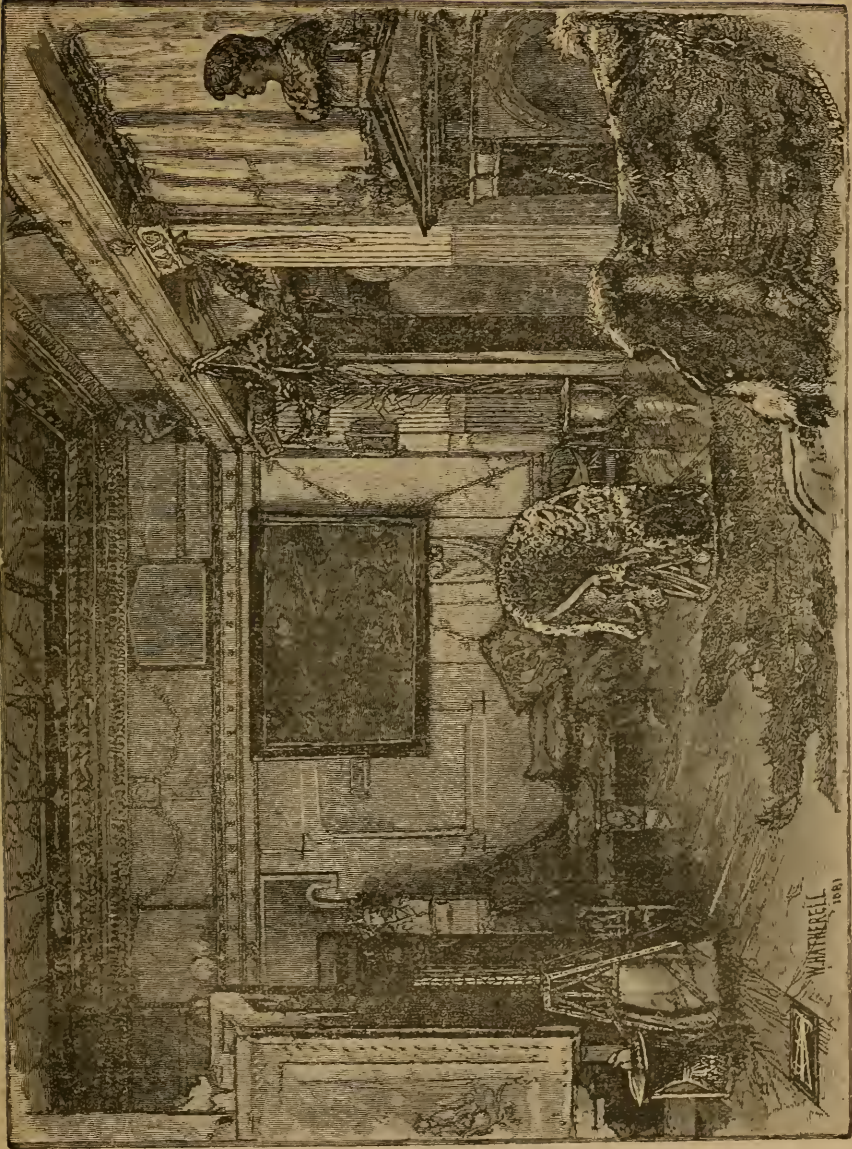
forgotten that in front of the palace, before the erection of the present façade, stood the Marble Arch, that curious freak of George IV., who, however, intended that it should be enriched with a spirited group on the top. The present situation, where it is useful as an omnibus station, seems unsuitable.

Another of these old derelict places is Kensington Palace. This, with its "dependences," still remains a very "lively" bit of architecture, rather original in its design; the irregular façade being judiciously broken up. The various offices, stables, guard-houses, etc., even the little entrance gate on the Kensington Road, have a welcome piquancy, and are most effective in their way. Here we have the true old-fashioned tone. A portion is

inhabited ; and, with the pretty gardens, has the air of a flourishing country house ; but the state chambers are all chilly, darkened, and given over to desolation. It is truly a pity that these fine old places could not be utilized as picture galleries or museums, like Hampton Court ; the very fact of free circulation, and the visits of the public, would preserve them and save them from rusting away.*

The wanderer or walker in London will find a district close by the Palace very welcome and pleasing—the well-known Campden Hill. For a spot so embedded in town it has a curious *rural* note of its own, an old-fashioned air, as though it declined altogether to go with the times. The air, too, is tempered and softened ; there are numbers of pretty places, with their spreading grounds, old trees, and older villas. Those persons who have been fortunate enough to secure ground here in good time are to be envied. The curious part is that it is bounded all round by the most uninviting prosaic districts—on one side by the frowsy Notting Hill Gate, on the other by the common high road to Hammersmith, all crowded with omnibuses and carts. But ascend the gentle hill, from whatever direction, and you find yourself puzzled by the antique simplicity and suburban air of the place. Of course there are eyesores and blemishes—the dreadful waterworks in the very centre, to say nothing of numerous modern “ Follies ” fantastic freaks in the way of enormously tall houses, and other monstrosities. Coming up the broad cross road which joins Notting Hill and Kensington, we ascend a sort of sheltered lane, with all sorts of ancient tenements, somewhat “shaky,” each with its garden and enclosing wall, such as one might encounter at Kew or Chiswick. Many of these have been judiciously adapted and added to by the thriving artist or *littérateur*. This portion may be called the *town* side of Campden Hill ; and here are also the modern builders’ terraces.

* “There is one apartment,” says a visitor, “looking out on an old-fashioned garden of circular laurel-beds and well-groomed hedges, which has interest as the nursery of Queen Victoria—now bare like the rest, save that it contains the toys that amused our Queen’s childhood. Here they repose, a little dusty to be sure, but not much the worse for their sixty and odd years of life. On the mantelpiece is a headless horsewoman who still keeps her seat ; in a box, carefully folded in tissue paper, is a doll clothed in a muslin dress of fine quality, with a delicately-worked lace cap tied under the chin, almost hiding her bright fluffy hair. Then against the wall stands a three-masted, fully-rigged ship, six feet long, its last voyage done. By the side of the vessel is a large red doll’s house of many furnished rooms, with a kitchen, containing a well-stocked dresser and a miniature wooden cook who had fallen on her face, on whom I took pity and seated before the kitchen range. I left the nursery, and soon came to the room where the Queen was born—an apartment of mirrors, with paper (one of the few rooms with wall decoration intact) of a pleasing tint, picked out with an heraldic device. Hard by is found the apartment where the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham kicked their heels till the timid attendant could make up her mind to rouse the sleeping Princess, and tell her she was Queen of England.”



ALMA TADEMA'S FORMER STUDIO.

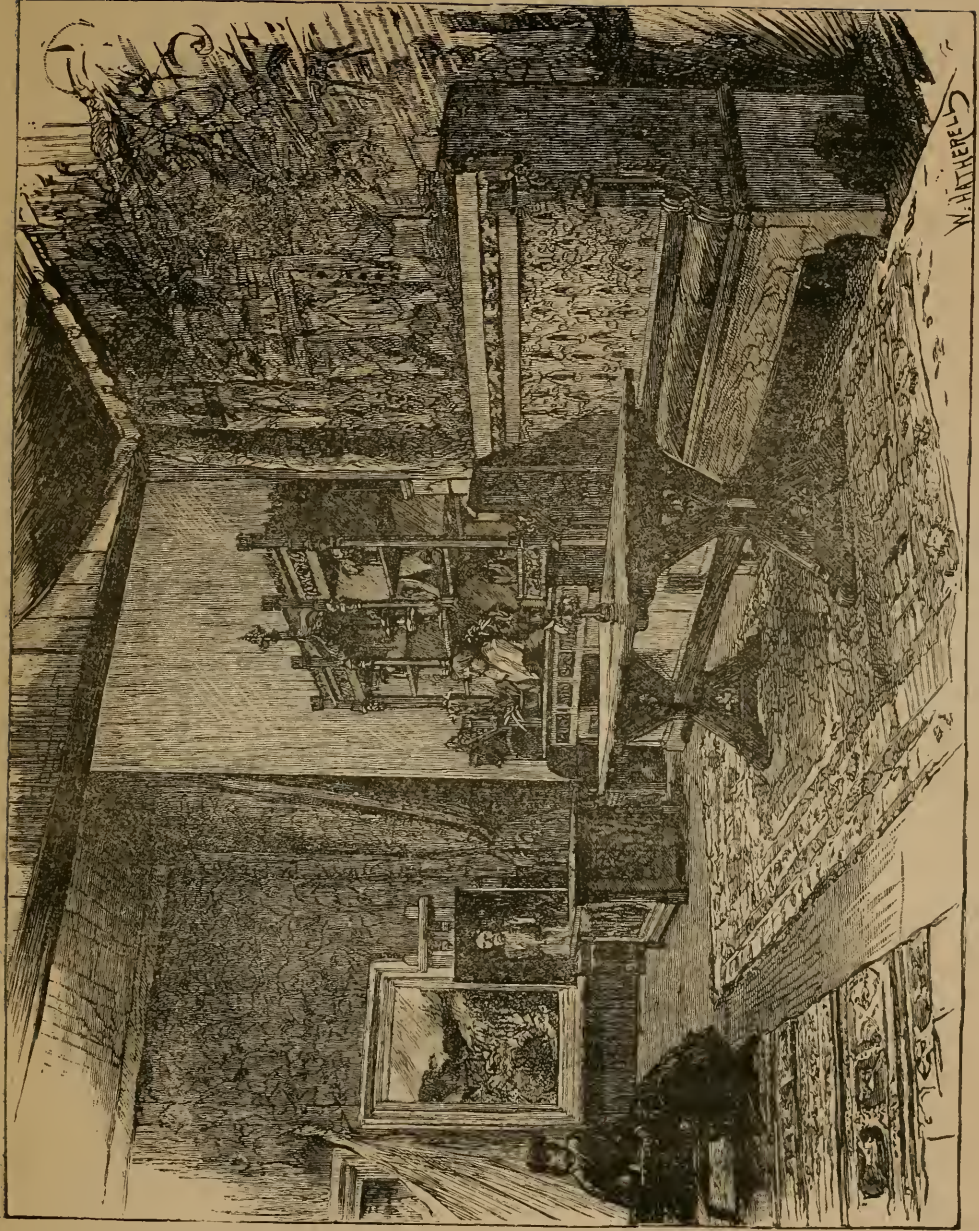
WATTS & GOSNOLD
1881

Here stands the modern Campden House; but a far more interesting structure is the old, "Little Campden House," with its heavy roof and eaves, and old-fashioned air, but with an abandoned look, presenting no tangible idea to the present generation, yet in its day it and its enterprising owner furnished much talk and speculation in artistic circles. Mr. Wooler was passionately fond of theatricals, and the private theatre in his house became celebrated, the owner himself gravitating towards the genuine stage.

A striking evidence of the luxury of our time is found in the magnificent, and even sumptuous, workshops in which our painters pursue their labours. This was prompted by the great artistic revival which occurred nearly twenty years ago, when there was the "sensation" auctions at "Christie's," and the works of modern artists were fetching enormous prices. All the great painters designed and built themselves these luxurious temples. Unluckily, many of lesser light, and lesser ability, followed the example, often with disastrous results. The craze abated; prices have fallen rapidly, and numbers of these handsome structures now stand tenantless. Holland Park, and the district adjoining Melbury Road, etc., is the locality favoured; and there is undoubtedly a kind of old-fashioned, semi-rural tone about the place that justifies the selection. There are also a few in St. John's Wood.

The House of the President of the Royal Academy is, as might be expected from one of such taste and training, the most striking and effective. Here we see the effect of a marked personality; and there is even something sympathetic in the structure. It has often been described, by Mrs. Haweis and others; but more as though it were some glittering museum, of whose treasures an inventory is given. As we stand before it, in Holland Park Road, we are struck by the fashion in which it harmonizes with the locality; the sequestered lane, the old-fashioned scraps of garden, where the good old trees live and thrive, and the lingering old houses. There is a kind of gentle tone over the scene, and a pleasant, retired air. The house, though not large, has an air of monumental solidity; severe in style, built of bricks, which are beautiful from their rich and almost roseate hue—though we are inclined to make a somewhat diffident protest against the overhanging room, supported on iron columns, which has lately been projected at one side. This somewhat enfeebles the solid and stately air of the whole. Behind there is a delightful garden, not walled round, or "trimmed" up, but separated by a hedge or paling from the road. There are old trees and grass, and a general rustic *laissez faire*.

The interior is a poetical dream, Oriental or Moorish in its magnificence. With exquisite art the studio is planned as the "note" or central feature of the whole; the stairs, the halls, and vestibule all prepare the visitor for the main attraction.



HERKOMER'S STUDIO.

"Turning aside," says Mrs. Haweis, "from the foot of the stairs, we pass through peacock-green arches, with deep gold incisions, into the third Hall, called of Narcissus, which strikes a full deep chord of colour, and deepens the impression of antique magnificence. A bronze statuette of the fair son of Cephisus, from that in the Naples Museum, stands in the midst of it. Here the walls are deepest sea-blue tiles, that shades make dark; the floor is pallid (the well-known mosaic of the Cæsars' palaces), and casts up shimmering reflected lights upon the greeny-silver ceiling, like water itself. The delicate tracery of the lattices brought bodily from the East, and which rise to right and left, having the complexity and colour of the skeleton of a leaf, and guarded by glass outside; the fine alhacen of carved wood which lines the central alcove facing us, with its four rare Persian enamels of women's figures, and its shelves of Persian plates; the brilliant little windows that break the sunshine into scarlet and gold and azure flame; the snow-white columns of marble that stand against red at every angle; the fountain that patters and sings in its pool of chrysolite water—most perfect colophon to all the colours and the outer heat. We wander round and enjoy the toss of its one white jet from a bed of water wherein descending ridges, step-wise, have the semblance of the emerald facets of a great green stone.

"The hall takes the form of a Greek cross, with slender columns as aforesaid at the angles, set against rose-red slabs. But the entrance is flanked with columns of a larger girth, made of red marble, with golden capitals. The walls are lined with Syrian azulejos of soft and varying blue and white arranged in panels, surmounted by a broad frieze, as yet unfinished, designed by Walter Crane, in a beautiful running pattern of fawns and vines, carried out in gold Venice mosaic. Above it rise courses of black and white marble, and above again the golden dome.

"Over the entrance we see the overhanging black of the Zenana we have not yet visited, that Eastern nest that juts like a closed-in balcony high up the wall. Between it and the doorway lies a great purple panel blazoned with a verse of the *Koran* in Arabic, and through the arch we see the distant staircase winding beyond the purple shadows of the intervening hall."

The studio itself is of a business-like, practical sort, though it is stored with choice treasures and inspiring bits of antique colour. In short, the artistic feeling of the accomplished man who prompted the whole is felt everywhere.

There is a good deal of the "peacock blue," and other colouring that combines with it. This somewhat "barbaric" scheme of colour is scarcely suited to our country; and the rich tint is likely enough to fade, or grow

darker and yet darker, with time. We select this studio as a typical one, though it exceeds its fellows in magnificence and eastern *luxé*.*

At Palace Gate, at the entrance to Kensington, Sir John Millais has his studio, in a substantial house, designed by Mr. Hardwicke. The studio, however, is a simple building, attached to the house. Mr. Alma Tadema's studio was an old house in Porchester Terrace, on the banks of the canal, which he had fitted up and adapted to his purposes. He has now, however, built himself a new one. Mr. Hubert Herkomer's is down at his well-known artistic colony at Bushey.

* Many years ago the town was excited by the description of a room which that clever, erratic artist, Mr. Whistler, had designed and painted for a gentleman of fortune, Mr. Neyland. It was known as "the Peacock Room," and is all painted in blues and gold, after the pattern of tints in the peacock's tail. The dado is blue on a gold ground, and above it the scheme is reversed, being gold on a blue ground. This rich and gorgeous arrangement is now, probably enough, somewhat faded.

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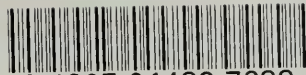
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