

BEN JONSON AT THE DEVIL TAVERN.

POPULAR

HISTORY OF LONDON

BY

WILLIAM H. RIDEING

FULLY ILLUSTRATED



34920-21

BOSTON

ESTES AND LAURIAT

PUBLISHERS

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University Press:

JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

PREFACE.

THERE are many books about London, and I have used them so freely, that the preparation of this addition to their number has been to some extent a work of abridgment and selection rather than one of research or original expression. In writing about the London of Shakespeare, I have made excerpts from the gossipy little volume by Edwin Goadby ; in referring to Sir Richard Whittington, I have depended on the recent concise and excellent life of that worthy by Mr. Walter Besant, — a biography which has transformed the great Lord Mayor from a shadow of tradition into a definite personage ; in endeavoring to picture the old 'Prentice boys, I have quoted from the "Fortunes of Nigel," believing that as far as the background is concerned, Scott's story is more graphic than any other account of these demonstrative young citizens, and at the same time historically accurate ; in speaking of London as it was during the reigns of Charles the First and Charles the Second, I have dipped into Macaulay's splendid History ; and in relation to the Plague, I have done little more than condense the picturesque Journal of Daniel Defoe.

Portions of Mrs. Newton Crosland's "Stories of the City of London" have been used in several chapters, and I have

supplemented a condensation of her account of the "No-Popery" Riots of Lord George Gordon with extracts from the brilliant narrative of those disturbances given by Dickens in "Barnaby Rudge." Among the works of reference which have been invaluable to me throughout my task, I must mention the six volumes of "Old and New London," by Walter Thornbury and Edward Walford; "Curiosities of London," by John Timbs; "Walks about London," by Augustus Hare; the Dictionaries of London and of the Thames edited by the younger Dickens; Pascoe's "London Directory for American Travellers," and the comprehensive description of London edited by Charles Knight. Knight's "London," and the similar work by Messrs. Thornbury and Walford, have been of greater service to me than any others.

I have also made use of "London, Past and Present," a little book issued by Blackwood; the "Story of the London Parks," by Jacob Larwood; Pauli's "Pictures of Old England;" the "Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham," by John William Burgon; "Londoniana," by Edward Walford; "The City," by William Gilbert; "Lombard Street," by Walter Bagehot: "Every-day Life in Our Public Schools," by C. E. Pascoe; the "Short History of England" and the "Making of England," by J. R. Green; "Banks and Bankers," by Frederick Martin; Macaulay's "Miscellaneous Essays;" Herbert's "History of the City Companies;" Riley's "Memorials of London;" the "History of London," by Thomas Allen, and the "History and Survey of London," by William Maitland.

Having made these acknowledgments, I offer the little book to the reader for his kindly judgment, believing that

if he is a student sitting by his own fireside it will give him a clear and succinct view of the history of a City which has been called "the heart, the centre of the living world;" and that should it be his good fortune to visit the great metropolis, the volume will prove an interesting companion to him in his walks along the famous streets and historic by-ways.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

BOSTON, Mass.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. FROM THE EARLIEST TIME TO THE REIGN OF HENRY THE THIRD	11
II. IN THE REIGNS OF EDWARD THE THIRD AND RICH- ARD THE SECOND	29
III. FROM 1450 TO 1559	47
IV. IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME	57
V. THE 'PRENTICE BOYS OF LONDON	73
VI. LONDON UNDER THE STUARTS.	81
VII. THE PLAGUE	109
VIII. THE GREAT FIRE	121
IX. IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE	131
X. THE GORDON RIOTS	141
XI. IMPROVED LONDON	161
XII. LONDON BRIDGE	189
XIII. A TRIP ON THE RIVER	199
XIV. THE TOWER	217
XV. THE LORD MAYORS OF LONDON	243
XVI. RICHARD WHITTINGTON	265
XVII. THE TRADE-GUILDS OF LONDON	277
XVIII. THE BANK OF ENGLAND	317
XIX. THE ROYAL EXCHANGE	337
XX. TEMPLE BAR AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD	355
XXI. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.	391
XXII. THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT	425
XXIII. THE LONDON PARKS	443
XXIV. THE BRITISH MUSEUM	467

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Ben Jonson at the Devil Tavern	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The London Stone	12
Norman Barrow	14
Houses on Old London Bridge	17
Norman Travelling Dress	19
Feet and Head Dresses	20
Murder of Thomas à Becket	23
Women in Norman Dress	26
Knight	30
The Tabard Inn	31
Early Plantagenets	34
Later Plantagenets	36
Fall of Wat Tyler	41
Head Dresses of the Period	47
York and Lancaster Ladies	48
A Marriage Procession	49
Burning the Martyrs	53
Elizabeth	59
Shakespeare	61
The Old Globe Theatre	63
A Play in an Inn-yard	67
The Globe Theatre	71
Beginning of the Riots	75
Guy Fawkes Discovered	83
Guy Fawkes and Conspirators	87
Charles the First	89
Execution of Charles the First	91
Burial of Charles the First	93
Roasting the Rump	95
Falconer to James the First	98

	PAGE
A Lord Mayor	99
A Lady Mayoress	103
Solomon Eagle	111
The Great Fire in London	123
Queen Anne	133
Lady Mary Montague at the Kit-Kat Club	137
Hoop	141
The Gordon Riots	143
Sandals	146
Beards	148
Costumes, Time of George III.	151
George III.	155
Petticoat Lane	163
India Office, from St. James's Park	167
A Rainy Day in Old London	173
The Opening of the Underground Railway	179
Attack on Queen Eleanor	191
Osborne's Leap	195
Pensioners at Greenwich	201
Lambeth Palace. — Lollards' Prison	205
Palm-House at Kew	209
Hampton Court	213
Tower of London	219
Norman Chapel in the Tower	221
Portrait of Raleigh	223
Old London Bridge	227
Menagerie in the Tower	231
The Armory	233
The Crown Jewels	237
Lord Mayor's River Procession	245
The Old Lord Mayor's Barge	249
The Lord Mayor's Coach	251
Gog and Magog	257
Richard Whittington	267
Old Charing Cross	270
Ancient Windsor Castle	278
Court of Aldermen, Guildhall	281
Interior of Merchant Taylors' Hall	285
Goldsmith Hall	291
Crypt in Guildhall	293

List of Illustrations.

ix

	PAGE
Procession of Billmen and Archers	299
Guard Chamber, Lambeth Palace	306
Salisbury and Worcester House	310
Courtyard, Bank of England	319
Parlor, Bank of England	323
Thomas Sutton	331
First Royal Exchange	339
Thomas Gresham	343
The Royal Exchange	349
Temple Bar	357
Knight-Templar	363
St. John's Gate	367
Dr. Johnson's Pew	373
Gateway, Lincoln's Inn	377
A Proclamation at Temple Bar	381
Group at Hardman's	387
Old St. Paul's	393
St. Paul's, from the River	401
Chapel of Henry VII., Westminster Abbey	405
Westminster Palace	411
The Coronation Chair	417
St. Paul's Cathedral	423
The Houses of Parliament. W. E. Gladstone	427
Old Westminster Hall	431
Queen Caroline's Drawing-Room	437
The Star Chamber	440
London Dandy, Middle of Seventeenth Century	447
Kensington Palace	455
St. James's Park	459
Playing Pall-Mall	463
Reading-Room, British Museum	471

“LONDON, the buskined stage
Of history, the archive of the past, —
The heart, the centre of the living world!”

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF LONDON.



CHAPTER I.

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE REIGN OF HENRY III.

DESIRING to glorify their city, some of the Roman writers ascribed its origin to the gods ; and Geoffrey of Monmouth, a monkish historian, whose imagination appears to have been greater than his truthfulness, attributes the foundation of London to Brutus, a descendant of Æneas of Troy : —

“ Brutus, considering the state of the Kingdom, form'd a Design of building a City, and in order thereunto, carefully survey'd the Country to discover a Place proper for its Situation. At last pitching upon a Spot of Ground on the Bank of the River Thames, very fit for his Purpose, he erected a City thereon, and dignified the same with the Appellation of New Troy, by which Name it was known for many Ages. But the same being at length corrupted, it was called Trinovant ; and in Process of Time, when Lud, the Brother of Cassibellaun, obtain'd the Government, he incircled the same with a strong and stately Wall, adorn'd with an infinite Number of Towers of curious Workmanship, and changed the name thereof to *Caer-lud* or *Lud's-town* ; and commanding the Citizens to build Houses and Publick Structures of all Sorts, it soon equalled, if not excell'd, all Cities at Home and Abroad, to a

very great Degree. But some time after, the new Appellation being corrupted, it was changed into *Caer-London*; and when the Kingdom was afterwards conquered and brought into Subjection by Foreigners, they chang'd the Name thereof to *Londres*."

Geoffrey has been severely scolded by other chroniclers for publishing this fanciful story, and one of them angrily and comprehensively describes it as "a great, coarse, thick, heavy, long, and most impudent Lye."

If London existed before the invasion of the Romans it probably was like most British towns, a rude stockaded settlement, unacquainted with any more imposing architecture than windowless, chimneyless, and doorless huts, shaped of reeds and branches after the manner of hurdles. The inhabitants went naked or dressed in the hides of animals, and they tattooed and painted their arms and faces with various figures.



THE LONDON
STONE.

The situation of the town was a vast morass, or lagoon, in which were many islands that are now united in the wonderful chain of London suburbs. Out of the waters also rose dark masses of tangled forest, through which the boar, the deer, the wolf, and the wild ox wandered unmolested.

But with the coming of the Romans the solitude passed away, and a few years afterwards London had become a flourishing port. Though York was the official capital, London was the actual centre, for it was the point from which the roads of the conquerors radiated over the island. It rapidly surpassed all other British towns in population and wealth, though the scarcity of stone and the abundance of clay in its neighborhood did not encourage the erection of fine buildings, and it was little more than a mass of brick

houses and red-tiled roofs, pierced by a network of narrow alleys, and cleft by two wider roads from the bridge which at this early period spanned the marshy Thames.

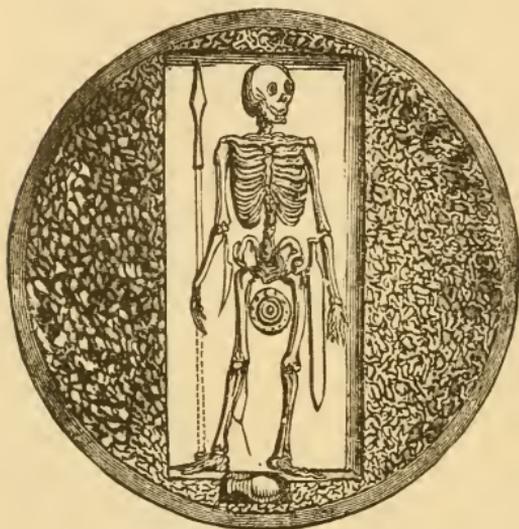
Roman London was the real beginning of the great city, and a part of it lies buried eighteen feet below the level of Cheapside. The Romans left deep footprints wherever they trod, and many of the existing streets follow the lines which they beat out. The river bank was the site of their palaces, and a stone imbedded in the walls of one of the churches marks the starting-point of the roads which they designed. In a lane out of the Strand may still be seen a deep, cool bath in which they bathed after the chariot races at Finsbury. Fragments of the pavements trodden by Hadrian and Constantine are occasionally unearthed, and the ramparts which the legionaries guarded have not yet wholly crumbled to dust.

The city was thrice burned down between the years 764 and 801. It was plundered by the Danes, taken and repaired by King Alfred, and afterwards it became the residence of King Canute, who will be remembered for his dramatic rebuke of the flattery of his courtiers. Its progress was rapid, and in Canute's time it had already become famous for its magnificence, being then possessed of the seventh part of the wealth of the whole kingdom. Many privileges were conferred upon it: it became the seat of parliament, and the centre of all political, literary, and fashionable society.

In the time of the Saxons it was not unlike a small German town, such as may be seen to-day, clasped by a sturdy wall, with corner turrets for archers, and loops whence the bowmen could drive their arrows. The buildings were fortresses, convents, and huts. If restored, the streets would resemble those of Moscow, says Mr. Walter Thornbury, where, behind citadel, palace, and church, you come upon rows of wooden sheds. On the river would be a few fishermen's boats, and

lower down, perhaps, would be a hundred larger vessels bringing furs, wines, and other luxuries in exchange for the wool and other products of the island.

The persons one would meet in the streets would be the chieftain, with a bearded retinue of spearmen ; the priest, with a train of acolytes ; and a boorish crowd of half-savage churls,



NORMAN BARROW.

plodding along with rough carts, laden with timber from the Essex forests, or driving herds of swine from the glades of Epping. Should we climb upon the walls, and look beyond them in the direction from which these country folk have come, we should see wild woodland and pasture, a landscape similar to that which the emigrant of these

times finds in the unsettled parts of our Western States and Territories ; and if we should accost one of them we should probably find him a strong, hearty fellow, with a red face and yellow locks, fond of strong ale and quite ready for a brawl. His dress would be a simple tunic or frock such as is still worn in a few of the rural parts of England.

The chieftains, however, had a great taste for finery. They wore gold collars and precious stones round the neck, and costly bracelets and rings. The fabrics used were silk, linen, and woollens, which were often bedecked with jewels.

The shops of the primitive city were small and dark, and all the wares were exhibited on a shelf projecting from the

front of the merchant's dwelling. The interior furniture was of the simplest kind, often consisting of nothing more than a few rude benches and tables and cooking utensils.

Besides the chieftains, priests, and churls, we might also have met in the streets the seafaring men of the old Saxon brotherland, "the pioneers of the mighty Hansa of the North, which was in days to come to knit together London and Novgorod in one bond of commerce, and to dictate laws and distribute crowns among the nations."

After the battle of Hastings London surrendered to the conqueror somewhat ingloriously, but it was rewarded for its submission by one of the many charters granted to it and jealously guarded by it, which preserved its liberties and privileges. The charter was written in the language of the citizens, "a mighty Favour at that Time," says Maitland, "when the *French* Tongue began to prevail over all." It covered a slip of parchment six inches long and one inch wide, and it read in English thus: —

"William the King friendly salutes William the Bishop, and Godfrey the Portreve, and all the Burgesses within London, both French and English. And I declare, that I grant you to be all Lawworthy, as you were in the Days of King Edward; and I grant that every Child shall be his Father's Heir, after his Father's Days; and I will not suffer any person to do you wrong. God keep you."

This charter, simple as it was, confirmed the citizens in their liberties, and relieved them from the tyrannical vassalage which was common elsewhere in the kingdom.

Eighteen years after the Conquest William began the erection of the Tower of London, and, though the uses to which it was put soon made it a menace to the champions of popular liberty, it was designed to fortify the river approaches to the city. It was built on a site which had been a Roman stronghold more than a thousand years before the Nor-

man king, and the mistake has been made by some writers, even Shakespeare, of attributing it to Julius Cæsar.

King William summoned Gundulf, the weeping monk of Bec, in Normandy, who, though familiar as an architect, was chiefly known in his convent as a weeper. No monk at Bec could cry so often and so much as Gundulf. He could weep with those who wept, and he could weep with those who sported. His tears rolled forth from what seemed to be an unfailing source.

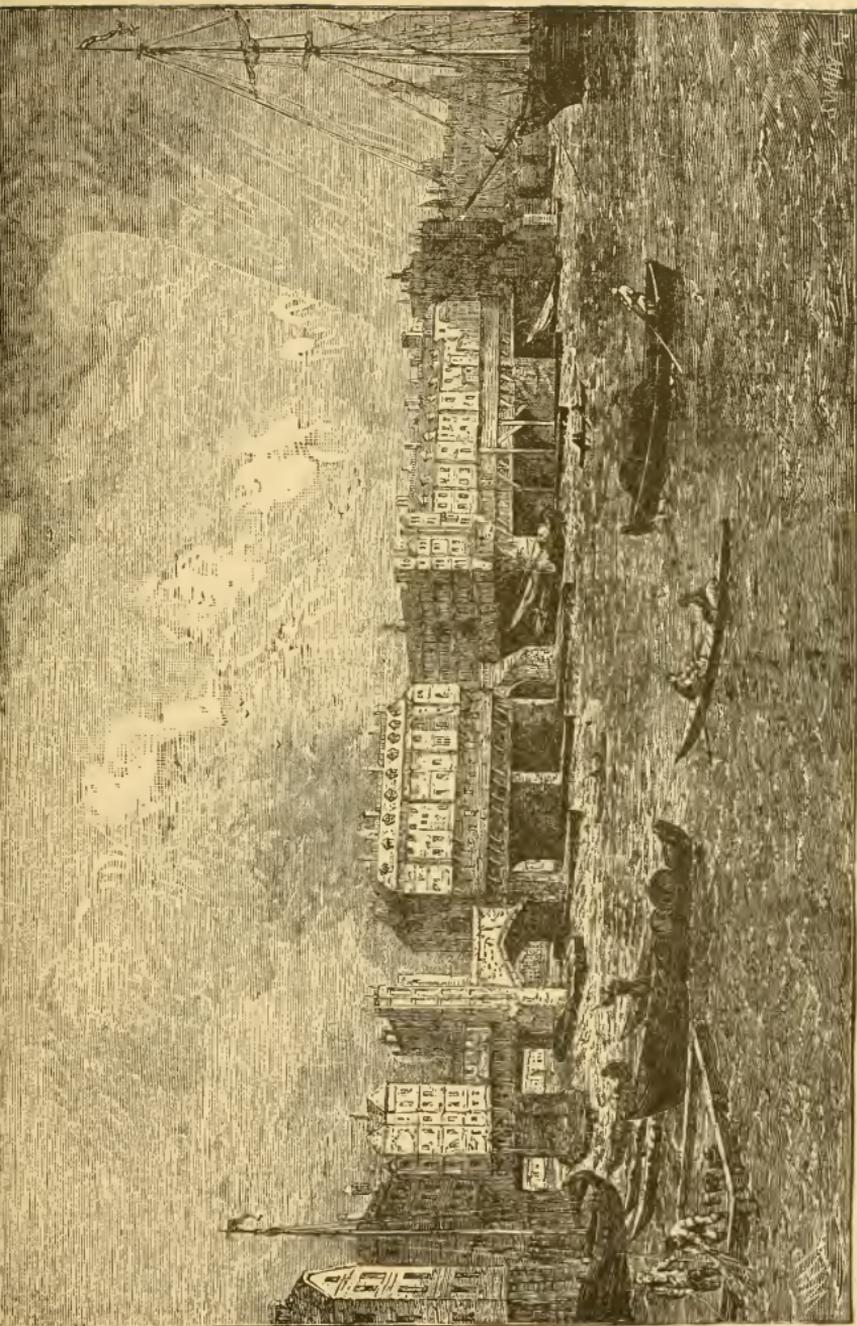
William made him Bishop of Rochester, and put him to work on the famous Tower. So Gundulf wept and built, and Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, found the money, little imagining that he was robbing the people to erect a prison for himself.

Probably the earliest description of the Tower of London is that by Fitzstephen, who lived in the twelfth century: "The city of London hath in the east a very great and most strong palatine tower, whose turrets and walls do rise from a deep foundation, the mortar thereof being tempered with the blood of beasts." Perhaps Gundulf pounded up the old red tiles and bricks of the Romans to mix his mortar, and the people, only too ready to surround with new glamour the great threatening tower that was springing up in their midst, accounted for the color of the mortar in this way.

Gundulf lived to the age of eighty, and saw the completion of his work.

William Rufus then made additions to the building, and, as an old chronicle states, "he pilled and shaved the people with tribute, to spend about the Tower of London and the Great Hall at Westminster."

Upon the death of Rufus the citizens seized Ralph Flambard, the aforesaid Bishop of Durham; and this man, who had taxed them for the building of the fortress, was imprisoned in one of his own dungeons. One fine day he sent for a



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

number of kegs of wine, and gave a great feast to his jailers, who got helplessly drunk. In one of the kegs was concealed a rope, by which the burly bishop let himself down out of a window, and although the rope was too short, and he had an awkward drop to brave, Flambard, fat as he was, took no hurt, and made good his escape to France.

Westminster Hall, still one of the most notable buildings in London, was built also by the second of the Norman kings; and when his brother, Henry I., succeeded him on the throne, the latter granted a charter, which seems to have been the first step toward making that city an independent corporation.

When Henry I. died, the citizens were instrumental in putting the usurper Stephen on the throne. Henry's daughter was the heiress, but no sooner had that king breathed his last than



NORMAN TRAVELLING DRESS.

his nephew Stephen, insensible to all ties of gratitude, hastened over to England from France, and stopped not till he arrived at London. No noble had as yet ventured to join him, nor had any town espoused his cause; but London poured out to meet him with an uproarious welcome. The voice of her citizens had long been accepted, says Mr. J. R. Green, as representative of the popular assent in the choice of a king, and they now claimed the right of election. Undismayed by the absence of the hereditary advisers of the crown, the "aldermen and wise folk gathered

together the folk-mote ; and these, providing at their own will for the good of the realm, unanimously resolved to choose a king." The deliberations ended in the selection of Stephen ; the citizens swore to defend the king with money and blood, and Stephen swore to devote himself wholly to the promotion of the country's welfare.



The citizens kept their word, but the king broke his. The years of his reign were years of unexampled misrule, and when it ended the active agent of the reform was Theobald, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom Henry II., Stephen's successor, owed his crown and England her deliverance.



FEET AND HEAD DRESSES.

Theobald was greatly aided by Thomas à Becket, the son of the Portreeve of London. Thomas grew up amid the Norman barons and clerks who frequented his father's house, and his character was at once genial and refined. He was tall, handsome, bright-

eyed, ready of wit and speech, and his firmness of temper showed itself in his very sports : he once plunged into a mill-race to rescue his hawk, which had fallen into the water, and

was nearly crushed to death by the wheel. Losing his fortune, he joined the clergy, and became Archbishop Theobald's confidant in his plans for the rescue of England.

The fate of Thomas à Becket is one of the saddest stories of English history. This young Londoner became the most intimate friend of Henry II. ; he and the king were nearly of an age, and it was said of them that they had but one heart and one mind ; they even romped in the streets, and were as two brothers. The king loaded his favorite with riches and honors, and made him chancellor of the realm. The king's ambition was vaulting, however, and he was not above using his intimate friend as a tool. The latter perceived his aims, and frankly said to him, —

“ You will soon hate me as much as you love me now, for you assume an authority in the affairs of the church to which I will never assent.”

For some time the king succeeded in his purposes, which were intended to put the affairs of the church under his own control, and his former friend became bitterly opposed to him. Above all things Thomas à Becket was brave ; and when in one of the councils cries of “ Traitor ! traitor ! ” were raised against him, he turned fiercely upon his accusers, and said, “ Were I a knight, my sword should answer that foul taunt.”

At last he was obliged to leave England, and for six years the conflict went on between him and the king, one representing a claim for spiritual supremacy, and the other a claim for temporal supremacy, though both were actuated to a great extent by personal jealousy. A truce was then declared, and Thomas returned to England. But he had been there only a short time when he was murdered in his own cathedral by four fanatic supporters of the king.

It is one of the most dramatic pictures of history. The prelate is standing at the altar in the dimly lighted and silent

sanctuary, with his heavily robed monks and clergy around him, their shadows falling across the stone floor and lofty pillars of the cathedral. Suddenly the four loud-voiced, spurred, and armored knights burst through one of the doors, and cry out, "Where is the traitor?" The words are spoken again in echoes from the roof and every corner of the spacious building, "Where is the traitor?"

Thomas turns on the steps of the altar, upon which a few lights are burning, showing the religious splendors behind them. "Here am I," he answers, in a voice in which there is no tremor, — "here am I, no traitor, but a priest of God." One of the knights rushes up to him and seizes him, muttering, "You are our prisoner!"

"Off!" cries the bishop, recognizing him, "*You* are my servant," throwing him down.

The three others come to the aid of their companion, while the monks in terror conceal themselves behind the pillars; and in a minute Thomas à Becket is lying dead, while the assassins steal off, one of them exclaiming, "Let us be off, he will never rise again!"

Thus died one of the most famous sons of the city whose history we are writing, — the first Englishman under the Norman rule who rose to a great position.

The end of the king was scarcely less sad. His sons revolted against him, and before his death he humiliated himself before the tomb of the murdered companion of his youth. As he passed away, he slowly murmured, "Shame, shame on a conquered king."

His son Richard succeeded him, and on the death of the latter, Henry's younger son, John, ascended the throne. During the reign of John, London had again an opportunity to exercise its growing power, the city being influential in procuring the Magna Charta at Runnymede, the island near Windsor, where the king and the barons met; and in the



THE MURDER OF THOMAS À BECKET.

war of the barons for constitutional liberties against King Henry III., it once more led the way in the championship of the popular cause, and provided Simon de Montfort, the Earl of Leicester, with fifteen thousand men to resist the army of that monarch.

Until the reign of Edward I. the other towns of the kingdom had no liberties. They did not have any voice in the government, and had not even the privilege of electing their own local officers. Justice was administered among the inhabitants by the steward of the lord owning the ground upon which the town was built.

London had now become in some respects similar to New York and Boston of the present time. Foreigners were constantly flocking into it, and for the most part they were substantial and industrious men, artisans from France, Holland, and Germany. Members of the great mercantile houses of Italy, and especially of Lombardy, also came to invest their fortunes in it, and they combined the business of bankers with that of advancing money at a high rate of interest. It is the coat-of-arms used by them which the pawnbrokers now display,—the three gold balls, which symbolize the poverty and improvidence of our large cities.

Great precautions were taken to protect the treasure which was stored in the city. The city gates were carefully closed when the first chime of the curfew rang out, and at the last stroke of the bell the wickets were shut. Each ward provided a number of watchmen, and some twenty armed men mounted guard at each of the gates. During the day sergeants "fluent of speech" were stationed there to examine all doubtful characters; and all boats in the river were made fast to the Middlesex shore. While two boats filled with river police were patrolling the Thames, watchmen were pacing the streets. All taverns were closed at the curfew, and after that hour any belated citizen was picked up without

ceremony and summarily locked up till morning in the bride-well. On holidays, and when there was any prospect of unusual lawlessness, many of the citizens acted as special constables, wearing party-colored coats over their armor and carrying lances painted with different colors; but as they were supplied at night with flaming cressets fixed in long poles, the disturbers of the peace had not much difficulty in evading them.

The community was generally very comfortable. There were no paupers, and there was little poverty. The mar-



WOMEN IN NORMAN DRESS.

kets were much what they are now; the fishmongers had already chosen Billingsgate for their location, and the game and poultry sellers, Leadenhall; but owing to the absence of conveyances the people had to live for half the year on salted meat and stock fish.

There were no wagons, coaches, or canals; the traffic was all on the backs of horses. The drivers came to town, and returned, in strong companies, for there were robbers lurking

near every wood. They carried or bought their own provisions on the way, for at the inns they found nothing but sleeping accommodation. They carried their valuables to bed with them, and sometimes sat up, watching over them, all night. On the march they looked suspiciously, weapon in hand, at every coppice of trees or clump of tangled brushwood.

The Norman influence had led to the cultivation of the arts and refinements of life ; and according to one historian, who may be questioned, the title of baron was given to all the burgesses of London.

But though many privileges were conferred on the metropolis, it was not allowed to enjoy them without a struggle. The most dangerous and the most imperative duty of the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen was to guard these privileges from the Crown and Court, and to watch for opportunities to strengthen and extend them. When the sovereign was in trouble and needed the alliance of a city which could furnish an army as great as half the barons of England could gather together, it was easy to obtain new charters and other favors from him ; but when he was secure on the throne, the citizens had to look to their coffers, and endure many affronts. What privileges they possessed they had to pay for handsomely ; and every possible occasion was seized on by the king to increase their taxes, which during the reign of Henry III. amounted to more than six and a half per cent.

“HE who has once felt that love of London can never again be happy beyond the sound of Bow Bells, which can now be heard for twenty miles round and more. The greatness of the city, its history, its churchyards crowded with dead citizens, its associations, its ambitions, its pride, its hurrying crowds, — all these things affect the imagination and fill the heart. There is no place in all the world, and never has been, which so stirs the heart of her children with love and pride as the city of London; not Paris even, nor Rome, nor Florence, nor Venice; there is no city in which the people have been more steadfastly purposed to maintain their rights and fight for their freedom.” — RICE AND BESANT.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE REIGNS OF EDWARD III. AND RICHARD II.

By the time of Edward III. the fusion of the Normans and the Saxons had become complete, and English had become a common tongue to high and low. The city, also, had changed its appearance to some extent, and we will now look at it as it was in the reigns of Edward and his successor, Richard II.

We get an idea of the sort of people we should have met, had we lived then, from Chaucer's description of the thirty pilgrims who started one May morning from the Tabard Inn, to visit the shrine of Thomas à Becket, where miracles were said to be wrought, and who represented every class of English society, from the noble to the ploughman.

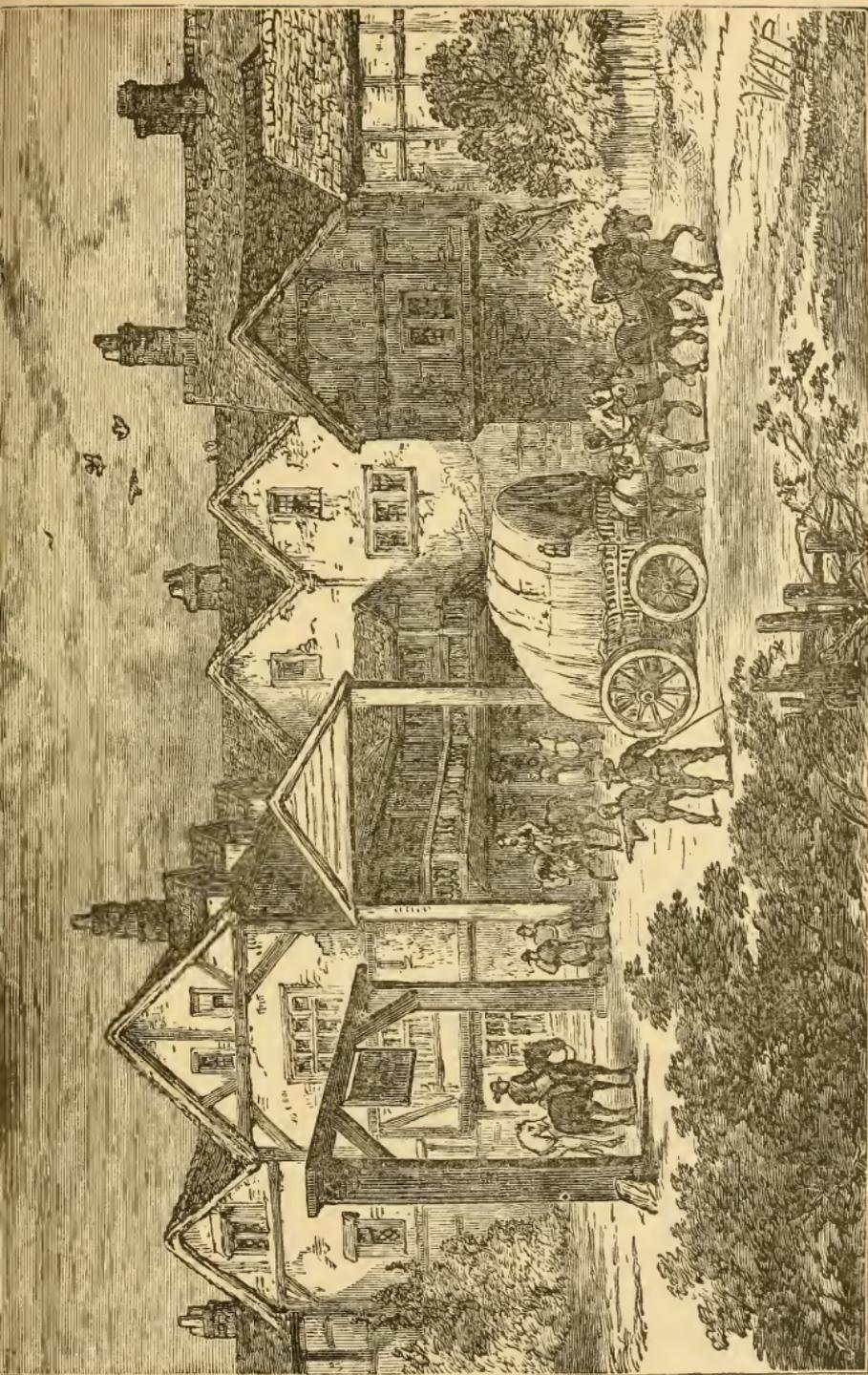
A knight heads the list, most of whose life has been spent in the field, and whose dress shows that he seldom takes off his armor. He is accompanied by his son, a curly-headed young squire, who is elegantly and even foppishly dressed. This youth has already made a campaign against the French, and on that occasion, as well as in the tourney, has borne himself well in the hopes of gaining his lady's favor. Love deprives him of sleep, and, like the nightingale, he is overflowing with songs to his beloved. In attendance on him and his father is a yeoman, who, clad in green, with sword and buckler, his bow in his hand, and his arrows and dagger in his belt, represents the stalwart class who won Crécy and Poitiers for the Plantagenets.

In contrast with them appears a lively prioress, who speaks with a French lisp after the manner of "Stratford atte Bow;" and after her comes a portly monk of the Benedictine order, whose crown and cheeks are as smooth as glass, and whose eyes shine like burning coals. His bridle jingles as loud as chapel bells, for he is a lover of the hunt and knows well how to sit on his horse. Then there is a begging friar, and a merchant with forked beard, Flemish beaver, and well-clasped boots, who is familiar with all the ways of the Wall Street of his time. Learning is represented by an Oxford student, hollow-cheeked and threadbare, and by a successful lawyer, rich through heavy fees and fat perquisites.



KNIGHT.

Among the others is a franklin, the owner of a freehold estate, who is a man of note in his county, having already served as knight of the shire and as sheriff; in whose house, as the poet says, "it snows meat and drink;" and of the humbler persons are several types of English industry, — a haberdasher, a carpenter, a weaver, a dyer, and a tapestry maker, each in the new livery of his craft which was adopted in King Edward's time. Here, also, is the sailor, or the shipman, as he is called, sunburnt, and clad in the dress of his class, who has visited every shore from Gothland to Cape Finisterre; and next to him is a doctor of physic, who is familiar with astrology, dresses smartly, and, like the lawyer, has profited abundantly by the misfortunes of his fellows. A prominent figure is the wife of Bath, wearing clothing of the



THE OLD TABARD INN.

finest stuffs, a broad hat, red stockings, and spurs ; and in contrast to her, again, is a poor parson, who, notwithstanding his scanty income, is ever contented, and never fails to go forth, staff in hand, when the afflicted need him. "Christ's lore and his apostles' twelve he taught, and first he followed it himself." Then there is a miller, and also the steward of a religious house, who knows how to make his own profits while he is buying for his masters. The bailiff of a Norfolk lord is there, a man as lean as a rake, shaven and choleric. In his youth he was a carpenter, but no one knows better than he how to judge of the yielding of the seed, or the promise of cattle. The summoner of an archdeacon is one of the least reputable of the company. Lustful and gluttonous, he cares most for his wine, and when intoxicated he speaks nothing but bad Latin, having picked up some scraps of that tongue in attendance on the courts. His rival in viciousness is a pardoner, who, licensed to sell papal indulgences, carries in his wallet a number of pardons, "come from Rome all hot."

These are the people who left the Tabard Inn, with its peaked gables, behind them on that May morning, and they are of the kind we should have met plentifully in the streets of London in the fourteenth century.

The city at the close of that century (Messrs. Rice and Besant have written in their history of Sir Richard Whittington) was much richer in great and noble houses than it is at present ; but it had a straggling, semi-rural appearance. The brooks which channelled its surface were not embanked, much less vaulted over. Here and there a wharf or bridge was to be seen on the banks of the Thames, where the Hanseatic ships or Genoese galleys lay, but for the most part they were much as the washings of the river had shaped them, deformed rather than ornamented by human cutting and carving. The streets were crooked ; few of them were paved,

and refuse lay ankle-deep in them. Straggling groups of houses rose here and there, with gardens around and between them. Those of the nobility, the royal castles and towers, the precincts of the cathedral and the abbeys and monasteries, were walled and embattled. The city wall belted in the whole, but looking from it into the London of that time, the latter seemed more like several villages than one town.



EARLY PLANTAGENETS.

The city, however, already possessed St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower, and London Bridge. The Tower was an object of fear and jealousy rather than pride to the citizens, because it represented the royal pretensions against which they were continually struggling. It was a standing menace, and it was associated with the death of those who had fallen in the battle of freedom. It was in that fortress that the early

reformers were hanged, beheaded, and quartered, as seditious and pestilent fellows.

The following story shows the popular feeling against it:—

Henry III. added to the main building a noble tower. Hardly were the works completed than, on the night of St. George, the foundations gave way, and the whole fell to the ground. The work was again taken in hand, and the tower rebuilt. Again it fell to the ground. Now there was a certain priest in London, to whom, in a dream, there appeared the venerable figure of an archbishop bearing a cross in his hand. He advanced to the newly built walls, regarded them with a stern and threatening aspect, and struck them with his

cross, whereupon they all fell to the ground. The sleeping priest, in his dream, asked an attendant on the archbishop what might be the meaning of this, and was answered that he saw before him the sainted Thomas à Becket, son of Gilbert, Portreeve of London, who overturned these walls because he knew them to be designed for the injury and prejudice of the Londoners, whom he loved, and not for defence of the kingdom.

London in the fourteenth century was almost as catholic in its commercial pursuits as it is now, and it had some trades which are now obsolete or merged into others, such as that of the paternoster, or maker of prayer-beads; the *saucer*, or dealer in salt; the *imageur*, or maker of images for church purposes; and the *disshere*, or maker of dishes.

The tradesmen banded themselves in societies for their protection and advancement in early times; but the formation of the city guilds or companies, as they now exist, was greatly helped in the reign of Edward III. It was a long time before they obtained what they have ever since held, a monopoly of the municipal offices and dignities; but they alone were privileged to carry on business within the city walls, and persons who had not served a full term of apprenticeship, and were not members of a guild, could not open shops.

Edward III. seems to have been the first king who realized the enormous importance of encouraging and fostering the trade of the city through its companies, and the necessity of furthering their development. Successful trade brought wealth to the country; wealth brought love of order and royal taxes; and love of order brought loyalty. Edward set the example — followed often since his day — of becoming a member of one of the companies, the Merchant Taylors, formerly called the Linen Armourers. Richard II., after his grandfather's example, became a member of the Mercers' Company. Princes

and nobles followed the royal lead, and accepted membership of the great companies much as they do now.

The general management of all the companies was very much the same. The differences, indeed, were those of different patron saints, different liveries, and different incomes. The first rule was that no base-born person or churl should be admitted to apprenticeship, and that no person should disclose the lawful secrets of the craft.



LATER PLANTAGENETS.

The wardens had great powers, which they appear to have exercised zealously. They could visit everything and inspect everything. They were authorized to inquire into the quality of all things sold; and because their duties, if carried out honestly, were apt to engender bad feelings among those of the craft who would cheat if they could, it was en-

joined that every member of the company, if elected to the office of warden, should be bound to serve; and, further, that any member of the company not obeying the warden was liable to imprisonment.

Thus when, in the year 1431, the Company of Brewers resolved that every man among them should send a barrel of ale for the solace of the king's army in France, and one Will Payne absolutely refused to contribute, it was decided that he should be fined the sum of three shillings and fourpence, which should be expended in the purchase of a swan for the

Master's breakfast. Payne objected to this simple and good-humored fine, and was forthwith taken to prison.

Strange to relate, he remained obdurate, renounced the livery of his company, and defied the authorities. He was therefore brought before the mayor, and after some time he was made to see that, unless he obeyed, imprisonment in a close and disagreeable jail, from which fever was seldom absent, would inevitably follow; and further, that if, by some lucky chance and the special blessing of Heaven, he should survive Newgate, he would receive sentence of expulsion from the city, and consequent starvation would be his lot. He then submitted.

Another duty of the wardens was to assist the poorer brethren, the decayed and infirm, and the widows and orphans of the livery. If a woman was married to a freeman of the company, she became henceforth their daughter, and they could not suffer her or her children to want.

The wardens also had to see that, by covetousness and overreaching, no member of their craft was injured by a brother of the same fraternity.

The great day of the year was the company's saint's day, when all the members of the livery, great and small, — from master and wardens to serving-men, every one in a new livery, — kept high holiday. First they marched from their hall to church in procession, headed by clerks, priests, and boys, all in surplices, singing as they went; then came the sheriff's servants, the clerks, the assistants, the chaplain, the mayor's sergeants, often the mayor himself, and, lastly, the court, with prince or master, wardens, and officers.

After mass they returned in like order to their hall, where dinner was laid for them; the music was playing in the gallery; the banners were displayed on the walls; and the air was heavy with the scent of sandalwood. Every sense was gratified at once. On the Hautpas, at the end of the

hall, was the high table, where the Prime Warden, Master, or "Pilgrim" entertained the court and the noble guests of the day; below sat the freemen, each accompanied by his wife, so that all alike might rejoice.

Dinner being over, the music in the gallery ceased for a while, and serious business was transacted, — nothing less than the election of officers for the ensuing year. The loving-cup then went round to refresh and cheer. History says nothing about how often the cup was filled, and how many times it passed round the hall; there are, however, two texts in the kitchen of the Fishmongers' Hall which have regulated every city banquet from time immemorial. They are golden texts. One enjoins the cooks to "waste not;" the other adds, — lest these words should lead to parsimony, — "spare not."

With hearts uplifted, cheerful faces, and eyes aglow with pride in their own splendor, the honest craftsmen sat, every man with his wife or maiden beside him, while the minstrels led in the players, and interludes, allegories, and mummeries finished the great day of the year.

The following bill of fare of a fourteenth century banquet will be read with interest. The mixture of sweets and meat in each course is contrary to modern ideas, and it will be seen that there is only one vegetable spoken of: —

First Course. — Brawn, with mustard; cabbages in pottage; swan standard; cony, roasted; great custards.

Second Course. — Venison, in broth, with white mottrews; cony standard; partridges, with cocks, roasted; leche lombard; doucettes, with little parneux.

Third Course. — Pears in syrop; great birds with little ones together; fritters; payn puff, with a cold bake-meat.

The *leche lombard* is said by one authority to have been a jelly of cream, isinglass, sugar, almonds, and other ingredients.

Another authority states that it was made of pork pounded in a mortar with eggs, raisins, dates, sugar, salt, pepper, spices, milk of almonds, and red wine, all stuffed into a bladder and boiled.

Mottrews was a stew of pork and poultry pounded in a mortar and strained; afterwards it was "treated" with blanched almonds, milk, and the white flour of rice.

Doucettes were little sweetmeats and confections. *Parneux* were rich preparations of bread, &c. *Payn puffs* were made of bread, stuffed with all kinds of *farces*, — for example, marrow, yolk of eggs, dates, raisins, &c.

The citizens ate food long since discarded as coarse, such as lampreys and porpoise; they were fond of swans and peacocks; they used melted fat, or lard, for butter; for sugar they had honey; and they were especially addicted to eating frumenty, or wheat boiled in milk.

For the above interesting facts we are indebted to Messrs. Rice and Besant.

During the reign of the boy-king, Richard II., the insurrection of Wat Tyler occurred. A new tax had been imposed upon the people of the country, and in attempting to collect it at a village in Kent, one of the gatherers grossly insulted the young daughter of a poor laboring man. The outraged father at once struck the fellow across the head with his staff, killing him instantly, and then mustering his neighbors around him, who were in a temper to revolt against the increased taxation, he marched from village to village toward London, gathering recruits until he reached Blackheath, where he had one hundred thousand men under him.

He fancifully called himself Wat Tyler, after his occupation, which was that of a roofer, and his lieutenants also assumed names which indicated their trades, such as Jack Straw, Hob Carter, and Tom Miller.

At Blackheath they were addressed by John Ball, an itinerant preacher, who took for his text the lines, —

“ When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman? ”

and thence they advanced on the city, which was only a few miles distant.

In their object, to resist an extortion, we can sympathize with them, but their leaders were foolish and unintelligent men, who made war not in the cause of justice alone, but against all culture and refinement. They declared themselves in arms against all men of law, — barristers, justices, and jurors ; and, as an old chronicler tells us, they spared none whom they thought to be learned. If a man was found to have pen and ink in his possession, he was at once beheaded.

The most mischievous of the leaders seems to have been Ball, who himself possessed the education which he pretended to despise in others. He counselled the poor dupes to burn all historic records and monuments, so that “ the memories of antiquities being taken away, their lordes should not be able to challenge any right on them from that time forth ; ” and he also urged them to destroy all the nobility and clergy, “ so that there should bee no bishop in England, but one archbishoppe, which should bee himselfe. ”

The cause of the people crying out against the extravagance of the government was a just one, but they allowed themselves to mistake the scheming demagogue's false cause for their own, and all he sought was his personal advancement.

Forcing an entrance into the city, they burned many of the finest houses, sacked the public and religious buildings, broke open the jails, and enlisted the released prisoners in their unreasonable work of destruction.



THE DEATH OF WAT TYLER.



They then surrounded the Tower, in which the king, a boy of sixteen, had taken refuge, and they demanded him to come among them unarmed and without guards. The retinue of the youthful monarch were paralyzed with fear, and though the Tower was full of men expert in the use of arms, including six hundred archers, they "did quaile in stomacke," and allowed the rustics to enter their fortress without resistance, to roll about in the king's chamber, and even to insult his mother.

The rebels were under the influence of the wine and beer which they had drunk in their mad expedition; one moment they were blindly ferocious, and the next in a state of maudlin joviality. In the former mood they seized the archbishop in his chapel, and led him forth to a place of execution.

"What is it you intend to do, dear brethren?" the prelate calmly said, when a score of swords were threatening him. "What is the offence for which you will kill me?"

The savage cries of the mob were the only answer, and kneeling down, after forgiving the one chosen to be his executioner, the prelate bared his neck. After the first blow he murmured, —

"It is the hand of God!" and eight strokes were delivered before his head fell from his body.

The mob also vented their fury upon all foreigners, and unless the latter could say "bread and cheese" without any strange accent they were beheaded.

The king was overcome with fear when he met the rioters in Whitechapel, and he agreed to all their demands, one of which was that all felons should be pardoned. But gaining courage a day or two later he summoned them to meet him again. Among his attendants was Sir John Newton, and, as they approached, Wat Tyler demanded that the knight should dismount. The latter refused to do this, and Wat threatened

to strike him with his sword. The king then ordered Sir John to deliver his dagger to the rebel, and in reluctantly doing so the knight bitterly exclaimed, —

“You are not worthy to have it; nor would you dare to ask it of me, if you and I were here alone.”

Wat was infuriated and attempted to cut him down, but before he could succeed, the mayor, William Walworth, appeared on the scene with several of the king's supporters, and struck the presumptuous rebel with his sword, bringing him to the ground, where Sir John Cavendish despatched him. The mob at once made an advance to avenge their leader's death, but with great presence of mind the boy-king stepped forward and cried, —

“What work is this, my men? Will you shoot at your king? Be not sorry for the death of a traitor. I will be your king, your captain, and your leader.”

He succeeded in leading them out of the city into the fields, and forbidding an army of loyal men, who had secretly assembled, to attack them, he dismissed them with the charters that they had extorted from him.

Later the charters were revoked, and the people were reduced to the slavish condition against which they had revolted.

William Walworth became one of the most illustrious of lord mayors. Though but a fishmonger, — an excellent business in a nation of Catholics, — he was noted for his ability. He was knighted, and one of the most important of London's suburbs bears his name.

The present Fishmonger's Hall, at the northwest foot of London Bridge, contains many memorials of him. At the head of the stairs leading from the entrance-hall there is a statue of him, and formerly the right hand clasped a dagger, which was said to be the identical weapon with which he

despatched Wat Tyler. This has been proved to be erroneous ; but what is now reputed to be the genuine dagger is preserved by the Fishmonger's Company.

Another relic of him is "Walworth's pall," also preserved by the Company, which is one of the most superb works of its kind in the world.

“ON London stones I sometimes sigh
For wider green and bluer sky ;
Too oft the trembling note is drowned
In this huge city's varied sound.
' Pure song is country born,' I cry.

“Then comes the spring, — the months go by,
The last stray swallows seaward fly ;
And I — I too ! — no more am found
On London stones !

“In vain ! — the woods, the fields, deny
That clearer strain I fain would try ;
Mine is an urban Muse, and bound
By some strange law to paven ground.
Abroad she pouts ; she is not shy
On London stones !”

AUSTIN DOBSON.

CHAPTER III.

FROM 1450 TO 1559.



HEAD-DRESSES OF THE PERIOD.

IN 1450 occurred the rebellion headed by Jack Cade, an Irish soldier, who with twenty thousand men behind him assembled at Blackheath, as Wat Tyler had done before, to protest against certain laws which oppressed the agricultural and laboring classes.

Cade passed over London Bridge, and slashed in two the ropes that suspended the draw, crying out, as Shakespeare has it, "Kill and knock down, and throw the enemy into the Thames!" Three days afterwards the citizens, irritated at his robberies,

barred the bridge at night, and penned him in at Southwark. The rebels then flew to arms and tried to force a passage, eventually winning the draw, and burning many of the houses which stood in close rows near it. Many persons were caught between the flames, and leaped into the river or threw themselves on the enemy's weapons; while those doubting how to save themselves between fire, water, and sword were

suffocated in the houses. The guns of the Tower were turned upon the rebels, who were at last routed, and Cade's head was spiked on the bridge.

Cade's insurrection was one of the many disturbances which preceded the struggle between the houses of Lancaster and York, throughout which London was steadily in favor of the latter; and when the young son of the Duke of York cut his way through the opposing army of Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross and marched on the metropolis, the citizens rallied at his call, and cried, "Long live King Edward!" as he rode through the streets.



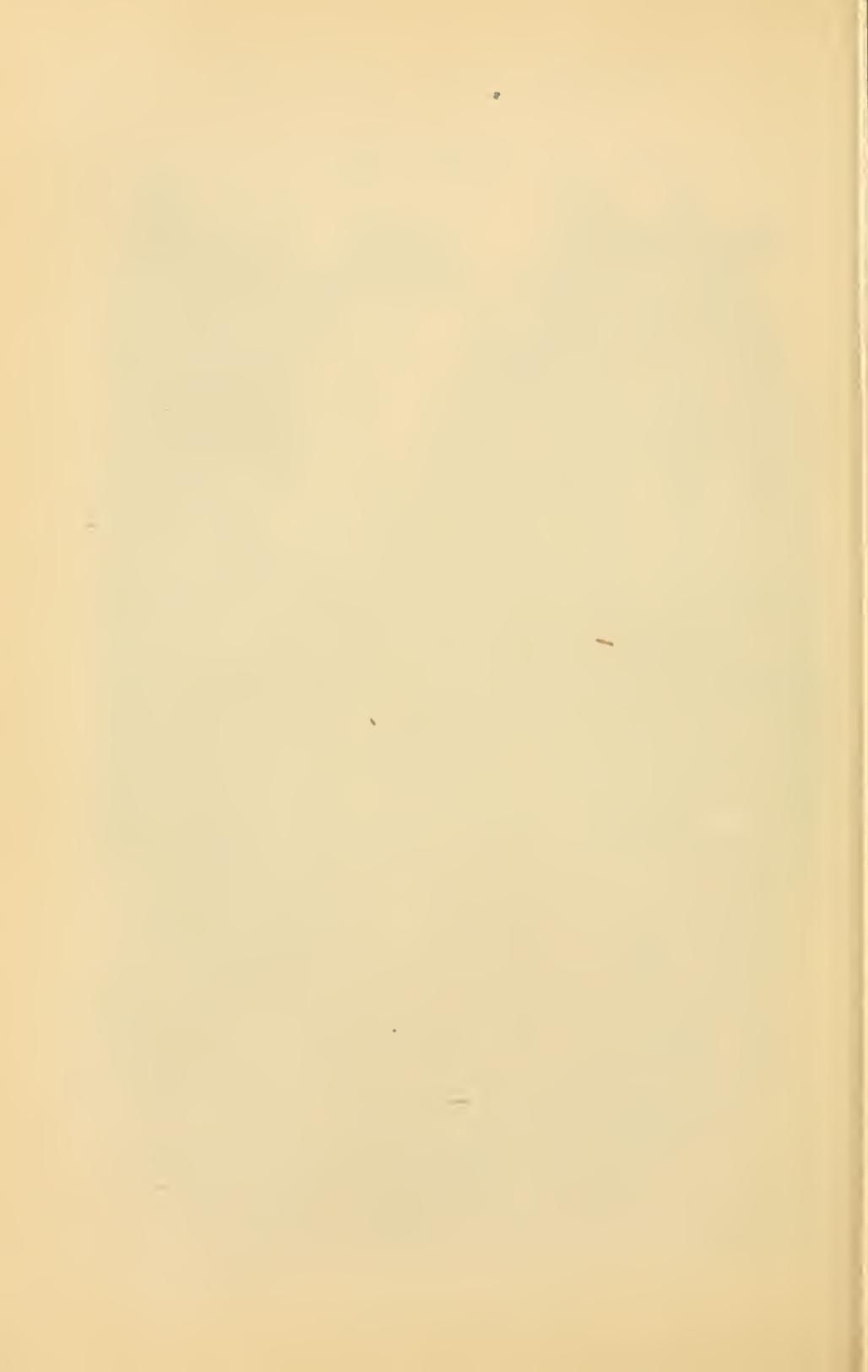
YORK AND LANCASTER LADIES.

During these troublous times there came to London a man who, though he bore no sword, played a greater part in the history of his country than the most valorous partisans of Lancaster or York. He was a Kentish boy by birth, and had been apprenticed in his youth to a London mercer. Leaving the city with some merchant ad-

venturers, he had spent thirty years in Flanders, and when he returned he brought with him the first printing press ever used in England. He set himself up in business at Westminster, under the sign of the red pole, and there he was visited by the rich and learned persons of the city. "If it please any man, spiritual or temporal," he advertised, "to buy my books, all emprynted after the form of the present letter, which be well and truly correct, let him come to the Red Pole at Westminster, and he shall have them good chepe."



A MARRIAGE PROCESSION.



Twenty-one years later, when Henry VII. was on the throne, Blackheath was again the scene of an insurrection, and again the people were in arms to resist the exactions of a selfish king. It was not the folk of Kent or Essex now, however, but the brawny Cornishmen, who had marched all the way from their sea-girt county to assert their unwillingness to submit to the imposition. Numbering six thousand and headed by Lord Audley, they were met on Blackheath by the forces under the king, and were defeated, with heavy losses. Two thousand of them were slain, and the rest surrendered. Lord Audley was beheaded at Tower Hill. Several of his lieutenants were hanged at Tyburn, and others were imprisoned.

London was famous for the pageants with which it celebrated victories, coronations, and nearly all holidays; and when the queen of this king went from the Tower to Westminster to be crowned, the citizens of Cheapside hung velvets and cloth of gold from their windows, and stationed children, dressed as angels, to sing praises as her Majesty passed by. When at a later period her corpse was conveyed from the Tower, where she died, thirty-seven maidens were stationed in Cheapside (the number corresponding with her age), all dressed in white and bearing lighted tapers.

Cheapside was always the very centre of the pageant. "There," says Mr. Thornbury, "velvets and silks trailed; there jewels shone; there spear-heads and axe-heads glittered; there breast-plates and steel caps gleamed; there proud horses fretted; there bells clashed; there the mob clamored; there proud, warlike, and beautiful faces showed uncapped and unveiled to the seething, jostling people; and there mayor and aldermen grew hottest, bowed most, and puffed out with fullest dignity."

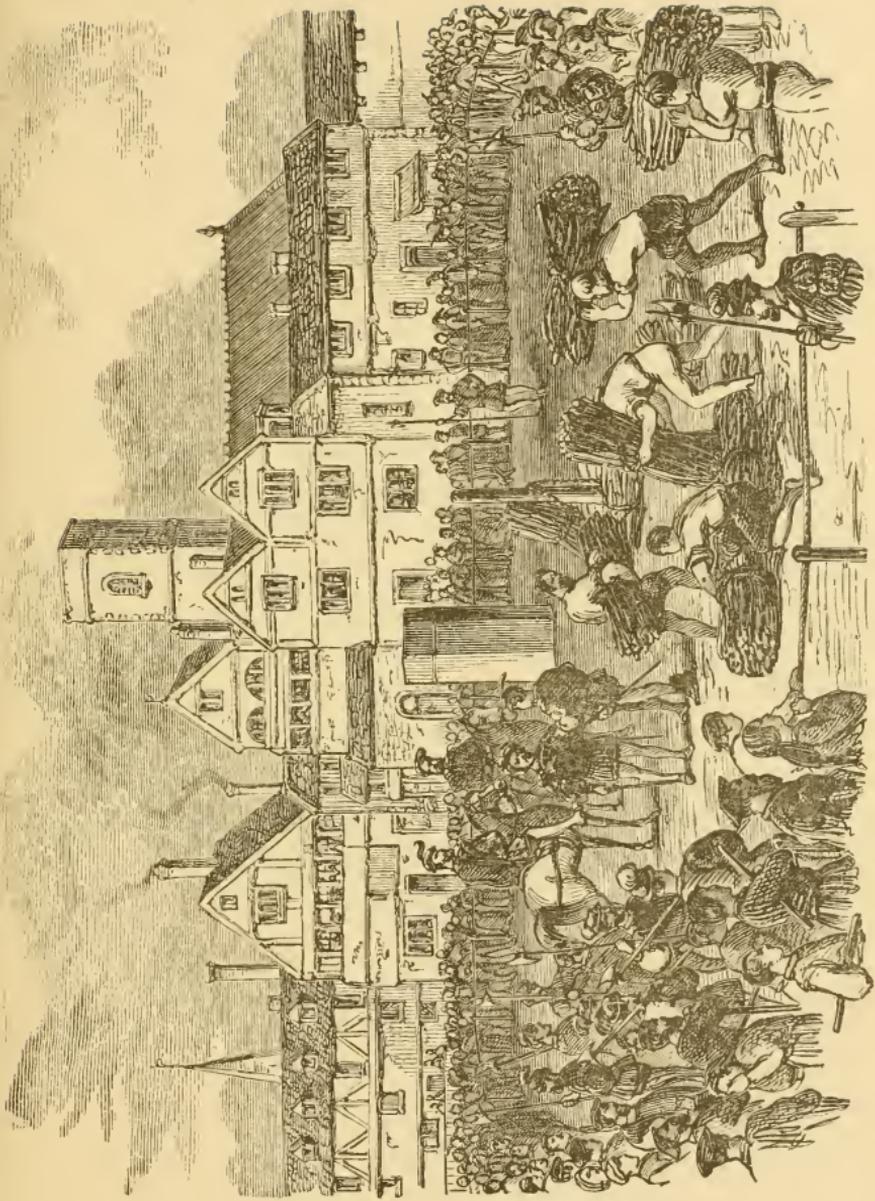
As Anne Boleyn proceeded from the Tower to Westminster on the eve of her coronation, the conduit of Cheapside,

used for bringing water from springs in the country, ran full of wine. At Cheapside Cross stood all the aldermen, from amongst whom advanced Master Walter, the city recorder, who presented the queen with a purse containing a thousand gold pieces, which she thankfully accepted. At another place in the Chepe, as the street was then called, were figures representing Pallas, Venus, and Jupiter, who gave the queen an apple of gold, divided into three compartments, signifying wisdom, riches, and felicity.

Only three years afterwards this unfortunate lady in whose honor all this pageantry was, died under the executioner's axe in the Tower. "The executioner," she sadly said, "is, I hear, very expert, and my neck is very slender;" upon which she clasped it with her hands and smiled.

About twenty years later, when Queen Mary was on the throne, London was the scene of the martyrdom of those Protestants who refused to renounce their faith. England had been separated from the Church of Rome by Henry VIII., but Queen Mary was an ardent Catholic, and persecuted to death those who could not believe as she did. Some two hundred and seventy-seven persons were burnt at the stake in London and elsewhere. But they perished so courageously that, instead of terrifying, their example inspired others to be true in the face of every danger. When Bishop Ridley, of London, and Bishop Latimer, of Worcester, were burning together at Oxford, the latter exclaimed to his companion: "Be of good cheer; we shall this day kindle such a torch in England as shall never be extinguished!" Each person burnt made a thousand converts to Protestantism, and instead of destroying, the cruel flames only glorified.

Most of the burnings took place at Smithfield, where Sir William Walworth killed Wat Tyler; and some of them are beautifully described in the "Book of Martyrs," by John Foxe, a writer of the time. Many of the martyrs showed no



BURNING THE MARTYRS.



sign of suffering at all, but passed away as if in a pleasant dream. Some of them embraced the stake to which they were bound, and kissed the fagots that were to burn them.

“Think you that you can bear the fire?” said Bonner, the bishop who had charge of the executions, to a boy who had been condemned. The boy made no answer, but at once held his hand, without flinching, in the flame of a candle which stood by.

While the flames licked their bodies the martyrs smiled, and thus was the sting of death removed by faith in God.

Foxe speaks thus of John Rogers: “In the presence of Master Rochester, Comptroller of the queen’s household, Sir Richard Southwell, both sheriffs, and a wonderful number of people, the fire was put unto him; and when it had taken hold both upon his legs and shoulders, he, as one feeling no smart, washed his hands in the flame as though it had been in cold water. And, after lifting up his hands unto heaven, not removing the same until such time as the devouring fire had consumed them, most mildly this happy martyr yielded up his spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father. A little before his burning at the stake his pardon was brought if he would have recanted, but he utterly refused. He was the first martyr of all the blessed company that suffered in Queen Mary’s time.”

The death of that cruel queen averted a general revolt of the people, and with the accession of Elizabeth came a happier period. As she entered London she kissed the English Bible which the citizens presented to her, and promised to read diligently therein. The first work of her Parliament was to undo the work of Mary. The statutes of heresies were repealed, the monasteries were disestablished, and the royal supremacy was restored.

“THE London of the period was not so gay as Paris, nor so bustling and prosperous as Antwerp, nor so full of splendor and intellectual life as Venice. Yet to the Englishman of the day it was an everlasting wonder. Its towers and palaces, its episcopal residences and gentlemen’s inns, the beauty of the Thames, the bustle of its commerce, and number of its foreigners, the wealth of its Companies, and the bravery of its pageants, invested it with more poetry than can be claimed for it at the present time, unless Wealth be our deity, Hurry our companion, and Progress our muse. The rich were leaving their pleasant country mansions to plunge into its delights. At the law terms there was a regular influx of visitors, who seemed to think more of taking tobacco than of winning a lawsuit. Ambitious courtiers, hopeful ecclesiastics, pushing merchants, and poetic dreamers were all caught by the fascinations of London.” — EDWIN GOADBY.

CHAPTER IV.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

OUR next glance shall be at the city as it was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The vacant spaces which we have spoken of as giving the city the appearance of a cluster of neighboring villages rather than the unity of a town, were filled up with buildings. Westminster, instead of being an outlying suburb, was knitted to the city by the mansions of the nobility, which then sloped downward from what is now called the Strand to the river. The area within the walls had become too small for the populace, and outside of them there were busy streets and continuous lines of houses and shops.

London had already begun to be foggy. On entering the streets (according to the "Comprehensive History of England"), the visitor from the country found himself all at once in a murky atmosphere, which was caused not only by the cloudiness overhead, but by the architecture of the houses, the successive stories of which projected one above another until the top ones almost met and roofed in the street below. In the old town of Chester such houses may still be seen as were common in London during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

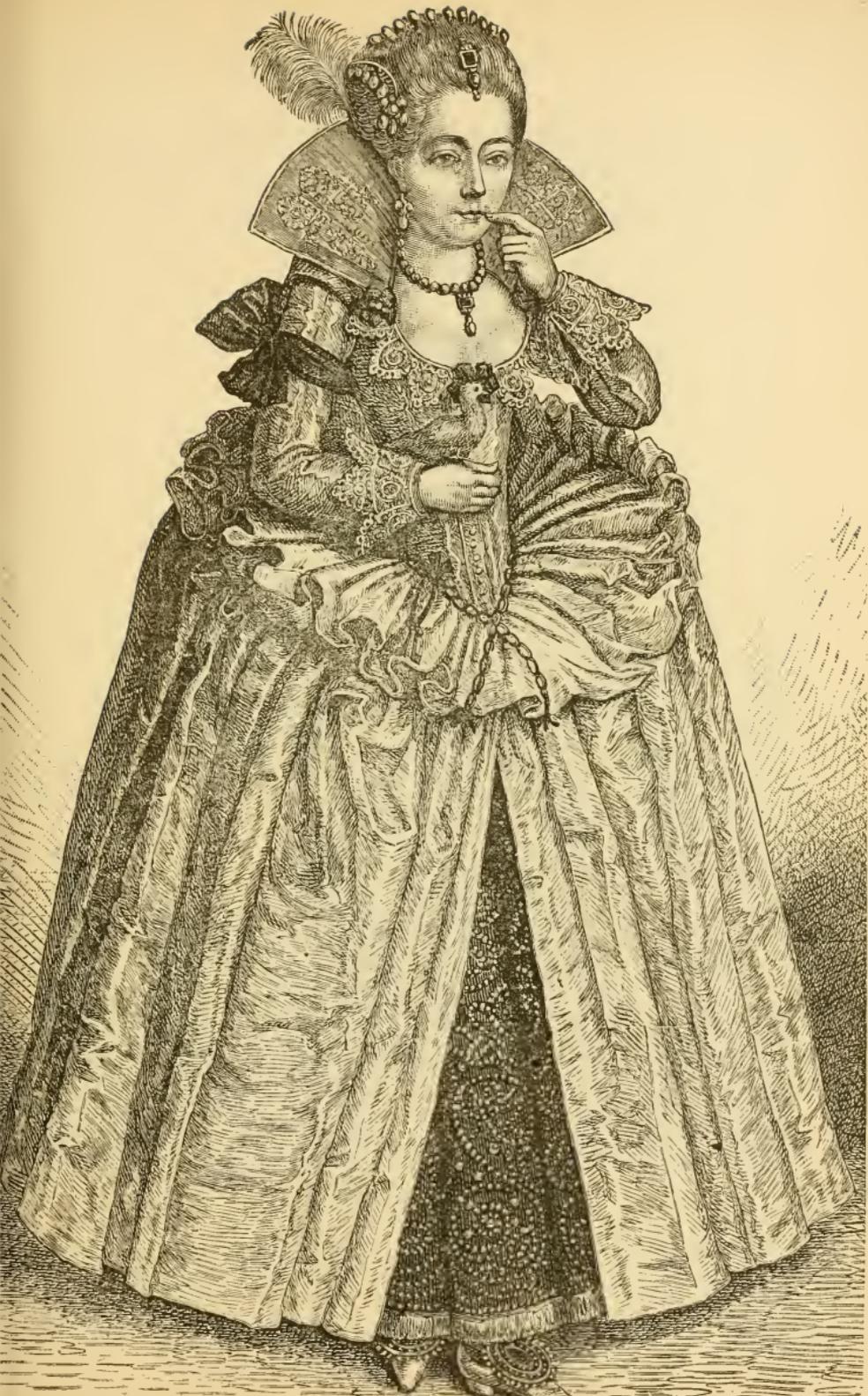
They were miserably built of timber and plaster, and were contemptuously called by foreigners walls of sticks and dirt; but in contrast with their external appearance was the luxury that was to be found within, especially in those which be-

longed to the merchants. The latter were now almost as rich as the nobles, and made as much display as these lords of the land. They wore the richest dresses; their houses were full of costly furniture; plate was piled upon their sideboards; arras and silk hung from the walls, and fabrics from the Orient covered their chairs and tables. While the merchant himself was at his office, his wife and daughters idled at home, sitting at their windows or in their doorways, dressed in a style which vied with that of the court ladies; and when the head of the household took them out in the evenings, he had with him a retinue of his apprentices, each provided with a lantern or candle to light the way, and a club for protection from insolent gallants and brawling knaves.

The reign of Elizabeth was notable in London as it was in the rest of the kingdom. The commerce of the city and the dignity of the merchants increased. Choicer foods were used by the people than formerly, and many refinements were introduced. The chimney corner came into existence, chimneys having been a rare feature in ordinary houses previously, and pillows were adopted for beds and couches. But what distinguished the reign most was its literature: the London of Elizabeth was the London of Spenser, Ben Jonson, and Shakespeare.

The two latter often met and crossed the rapiers of their wit. "Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson," says an old writer, "which two I behold like a *great Spanish galleon* and an *English man-of-war*: Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; *solid* but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the *English man-of-war*, lesser in *bulk*, but lighter in *sailing*, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

We have many pictures of Ben Jonson. In his youth he



ELIZABETH.



had been a bricklayer, and while he helped in the building of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket. Despite the vicissitudes of his life, he was



SHAKESPEARE.

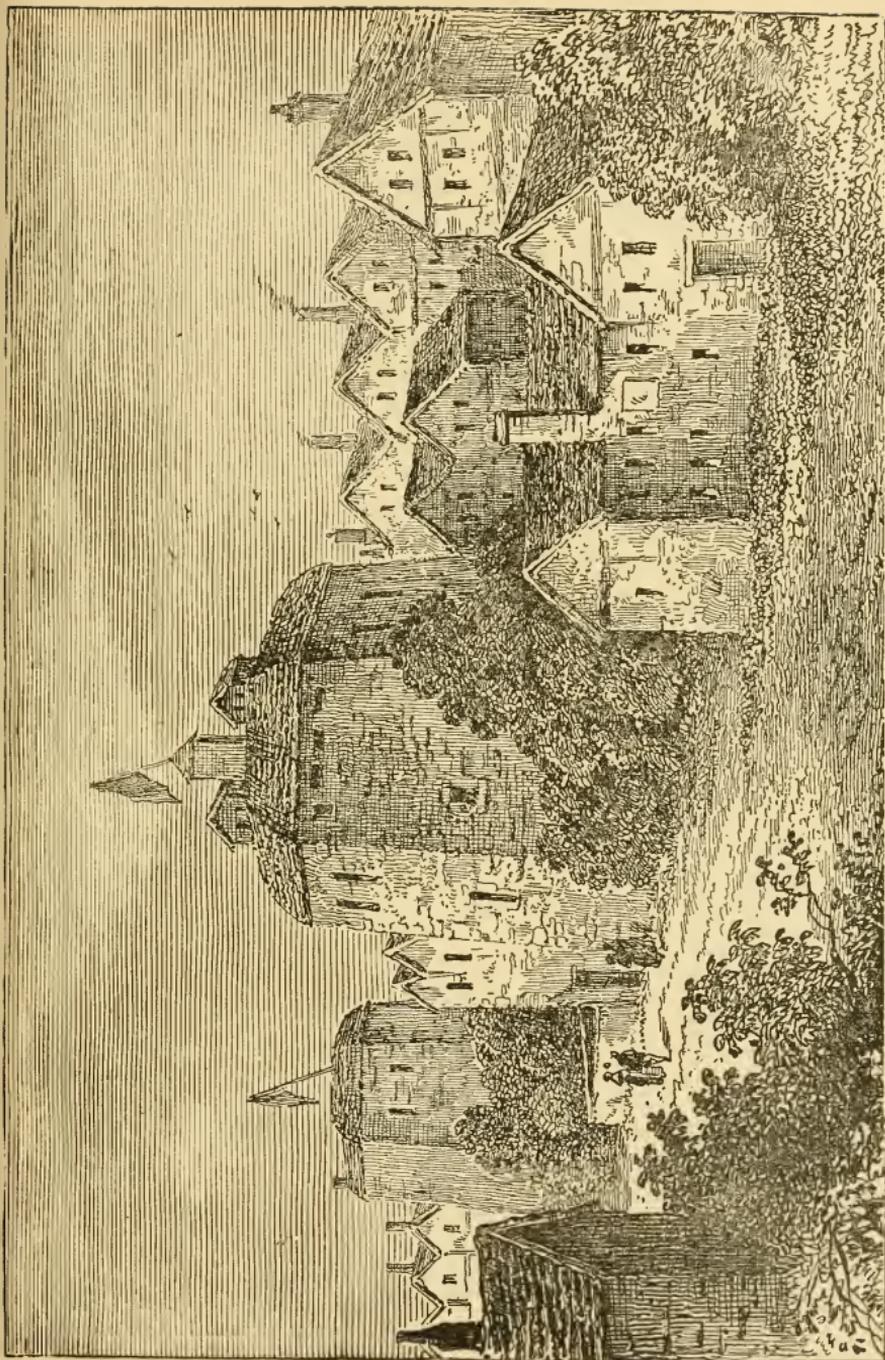
for a quarter of a century the favorite poet of the Court, — one that wrote masques not only for two kings to witness, but for one to perform in; the founder and chief orna-

ment of clubs, where the greatest wits, scholars, and nobles gathered round him. Above all, he was a rigid moralist, fearless in his denunciation of public and private profligacy, who crouched not to power or riches, but who stood up, throughout his life, a lover of justice and a defender of honor.

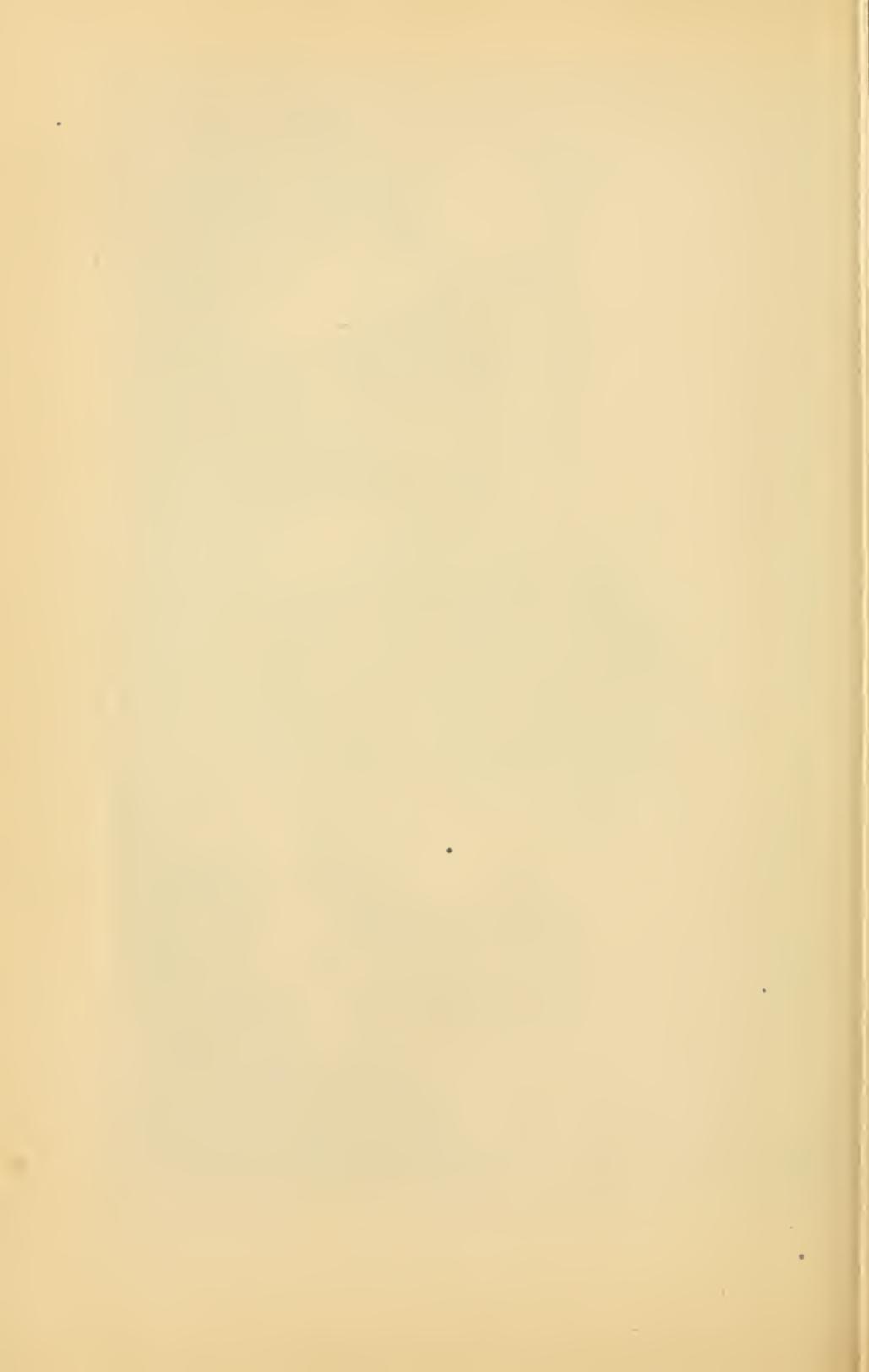
Following the steps of Mr. Edwin Goadby, let us saunter through the city as it was while Shakespeare lived. At the beginning of our walk we meet a gentleman of the period. His doublet is of brilliant color and fine material, peaked, puffed, and slashed; he wears a velvet cloak trimmed with lace, and fastened with golden clasps; a rapier hangs by his side, the hilt gilded and jewelled; and his shoes are decorated with rosettes and silver buckles. He is a dandified figure, with his flowers, scents, and trinkets, and his manner is absurdly affected. But his dress denotes his class as prescribed by law, and persons of other ranks are also required to dress in a certain fashion by the same statute.

The materials of the 'prentices' are coarse, and their only weapon is the knife; the older citizens are permitted to wear gayer doublets, a short sword, and cloaks of dark colored cloths; the yeoman appears in homespun russet in the summer and in frieze in winter; while the country gentleman's attire is a brown or blue cloak, a plain doublet, and a featherless hat. The wearing of black is limited to doctors and students of law and divinity, but the physicians are allowed to dress as well as their purses will afford.

The ladies dress more extravagantly than the most dandified of the men. Their gowns are cut extremely low in the bodice and puffed out in the sleeves; their ornaments are profuse. Around their necks are enormous ruffs, tinted in various colors; on their feet are high-heeled boots which add to their stature, and hoods, caul's of golden thread, and peaked caps are worn on their heads.



THE OLD GLOBE THEATRE.



We wander through the narrow streets, picking our way among the saucy 'prentices, the soberly clad burgesses, the russet-hued countrymen, the clerks in black, and gallants dressed like the one we have already met. Here, first of all, is an inn with peaked gables and a swinging sign, and a play is going on in the inn yard. The poorest of poor strollers in our times would have a better theatre than this, which is one of the last of its kind. There is no scenery, curtain, or orchestra. A raised platform a few feet square serves for the stage, and thereon the players strut. In front of this a few common wooden benches are stretched across the paving stones, and these are occupied by the spectators, who also fill the galleries or balconies around the yard, which lead into the chambers of the inn. Apprentices abound, — some engaged in busy gossip, some playing cards, while eating, smoking, chaffing, and bustling are going on all around. But the galleries are reserved for the better classes, — better in wealth, though little better behaved than the apprentices.

Across the river, in Southwark, is one of the first of the regular playhouses, Shakespeare himself being a member of the company and acting in secondary parts, such as the ghost in "Hamlet," and Adam in "As You Like It." Even here the performance is given in a very primitive fashion. There is no more scenery than in the inn yard. A few screens of cloth give the actors an opportunity to make their exits and entrances; and in order to let the audience know the place which is being represented, a placard is exhibited bearing the name of London, Athens, Rome, or Florence, as the case may be. When the scene is a bedroom, a bedstead is shown on the stage; when it is a tavern, some bottles and glasses are displayed; when it is a palace, a gilded chair surmounted by a canopy is put forward; and so a few articles are made to symbolize a complete set of furniture. The actors wear the dress of their own period, regardless of the

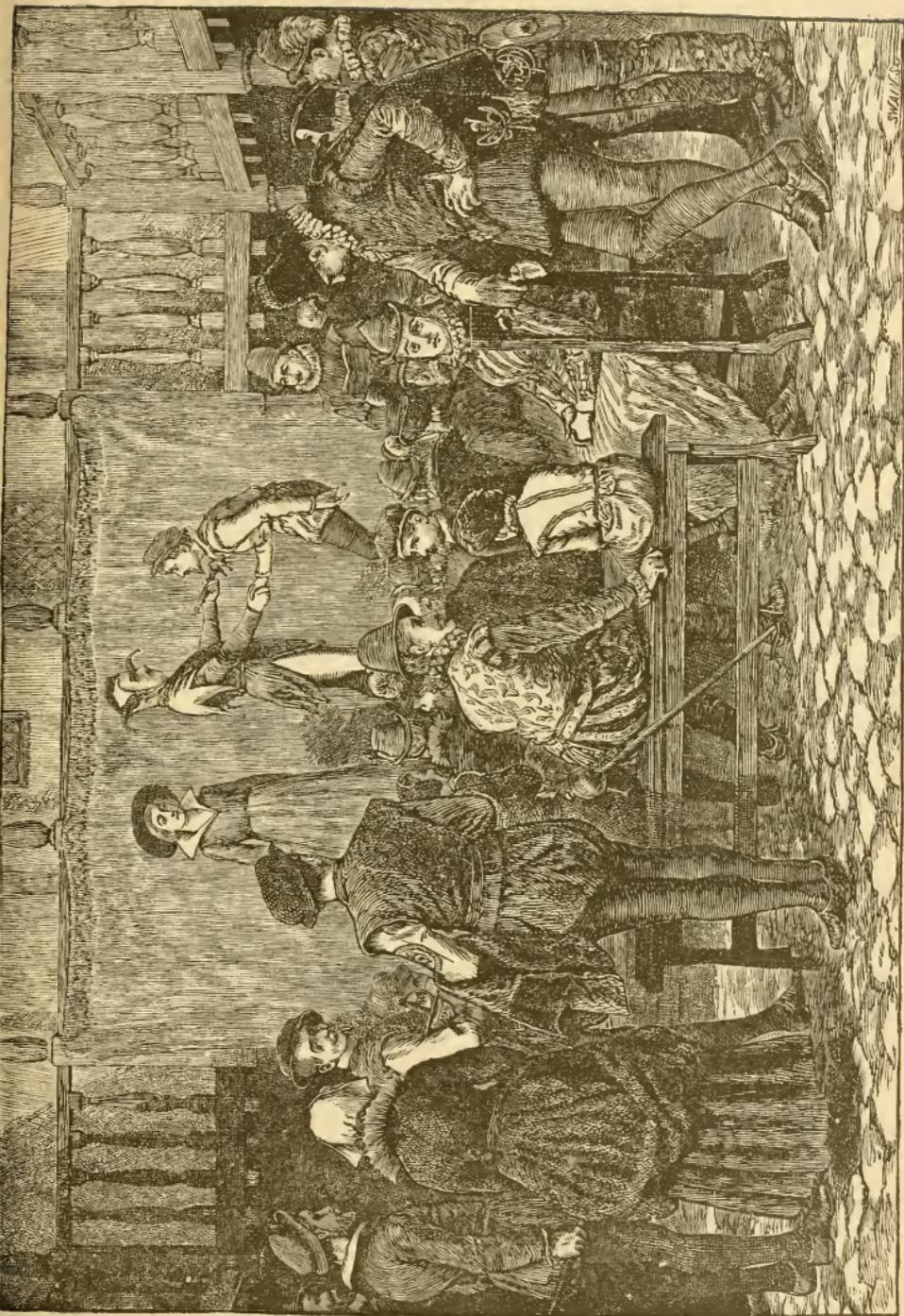
time represented in the play ; the assassins of Cæsar are armed with Spanish rapiers, and Carthaginian senators are provided with watches. The dresses and other articles used belong to persons who derive their livelihood from hiring these articles at a fixed price per night to the performers.

Proceeding in our walk along some of the principal thoroughfares, we see the Thames, — its water pure and bright, not the heavy, black flood of the nineteenth century. Tall masts cluster by the banks ; silken-covered boats with ladies and gentlemen sweep by ; and along the water-side are the palaces of the nobility, with steps leading down from their gardens to the river. Here is a noisy tavern, — one of many, for the Londoners are deep drinkers, — and here is a cook-shop, with white-aproned cooks crying out, “ Pies well baked,” and “ Hot ribs of beef.”

The Exchange is divided into two parts, — an upper one full of bazars and stalls of costly goods, where fashionable people lounge in the evening ; and a lower one, where the din of Russian, Dutch, French, and Italian is distracting.

Now we come to a street full of poulterers, who exhibit swans prepared for an approaching civic feast ; fat capons over which a burly old soldier, whom we recognize to be Sir John Falstaff, is gloating ; and wild ducks from Lincolnshire and the marshes of the Thames.

Cheapside is beautiful to see. Robert Herrick, the poet, who was born here, calls it “ golden Cheapside,” and the epithet is exact and true. Goldsmiths' shops, exhibiting Venetian gold cups, jugs, earrings, ornaments, and plaques, are clustering together. Persian silks, Turkey carpets, Cashmere shawls, and piles of glossy Paris thread are visible in some of the windows, — the spoils of some Spanish carack that never reached the end of her voyage. Curious eyes are upon them ; a Papist in hiding glares savagely at these Catholic spoils ; a jaunty Protestant thanks God, and lifts his ruffed neck a little



A PLAY IN AN INN YARD.

higher in the air. The shops project on the pavement, — a custom which has not yet been discontinued in some parts of London, — and the tradesmen at their doors, or in front of their shops, if unglazed, press us to spend our angels and half-angels, with modulated entreaty and commendation.

In Bread Street every good house is an inn, each with its sign either swinging overhead, or blazoned on its second story, or stuck daintily over its main door. One called the Mermaid is the meeting place of a club, and that gentleman in the trunk hose, with meditative air, dreamy eyes, and pointed chin, is Sir Walter Raleigh, entering to make inquiries after Shakespeare and Fletcher. To-night, or, possibly, to-morrow night, there will be a goodly company around the square inn table, sitting on plain wooden chairs, and talking wisely and wittily.

St. Paul's is not far away, and a wonderful sight the interior presents. Hundreds of people are parading up and down in their grand costumes, rattling their velvet-cased and gold-tipped rapiers, tossing their feathered hats, throwing back their laced cloaks to show their huge gold chains, shaking their beards, toying with their love-locks, whispering, swearing, hiring servants ("I bought him in St. Paul's," says Falstaff of Bardolph), talking of the new play and the last pamphlet, the exploits of Drake, the whims of Philip of Spain. They are Paul's men, or Paul's walkers, the fashionable loungers of the day and their imitators, the wits and gulls, the roisterers and the thieves; needy men seeking a patron, the lover reading his sonnet to a friend, the incomparable dandy fluttering the town with his last foreign doublet or his copatain hat.

Truly, as Dekker has it, "whilst devotion kneels at her prayers, doth profanation walk under her nose in contempt of religion." Characters disperse and rearrange themselves like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. Puritans, with texts

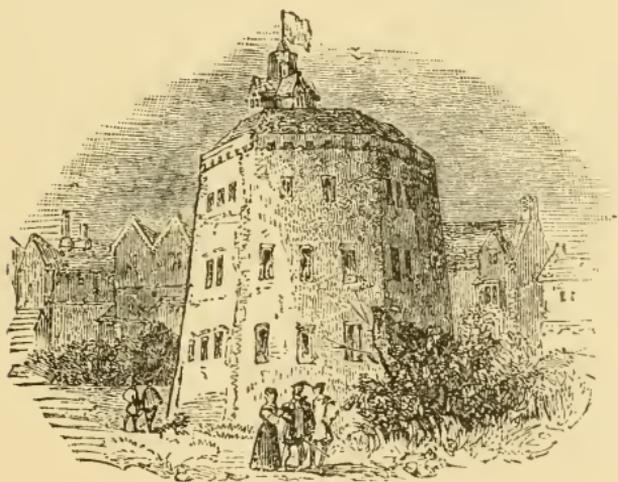
of Scripture embroidered on their shirts ; the nobleman, acquiring an appetite for his ordinary at the tavern hard by ; the country squire, wondering and strange ; the thief and the scholar ; the learned doctor and the rustic ; the priest and the player, in black serge and red silk ; the sea-captain in blue ; the Italian count in cherry velvet ; the dusky slave in his cotton turban ; and the Spanish grandee ablaze with jewels and gold, all mingle together for the student of life and character, who may find here his Hamlet and his Mercutio, his Tybalt and his Romeo. What a rich world it is to study, — a world of comedy, romance, even tragedy, and a similar scene may be witnessed in Temple Church, and even in Westminster Abbey.

The streets are narrow and ill-paved. The narrower they are, the greater is the silence below, and the louder the hum of gossip in the upper stories after nightfall. Lights are hung out of the upper windows. But many a crime is committed in the shadows.

We may say with Mr. Goadby at the end of our walk : “ The pages of the great book wherein Shakespeare read have been turned over for us, with their pageantry and pathos, their vice and their ambition, their many-sided illustrations of life and character. Scraps of conversation, familiar words, references to current topics, specimens of foreign beaux and ladies, have made it easier for us to understand how the quick wit which studied in London should seem to have visited so many countries and filled so many professions. Here he passed the brightest years of his life, picturing what he saw, as well as bodying forth ‘ the forms of things unknown.’ ”

“ When we come to dwell upon it, the references to London in the historical plays are of a most striking character. They show that the poet was familiar with its noble mansions as well as its taverns and streets. He places scenes in the Tower, at Whitehall, at Westminster Sanctuary, at York

Place, in the Temple Gardens, at Baynard's Castle, at Ely House, at Crosby Place, at Gloucester House, and several other inns of note. The player associated with noblemen as well as with the roisterers of taverns and the wits of his own circle. He lived a rich, full, and varied existence. As for the dramatist, he was always busy, studying mankind, reading books, penning sonnets, composing plays, and probing his way into men's hearts and the mysteries of invisible things."



THE GLOBE THEATRE.

“ ‘OF London city I am free,
And there I first my wife did see,
And for that very cause,’ said he,
‘ I love it.

“ ‘For though I am a man of trade,
And free of London city made,
Yet can I use gun, bill, and blade,
In battle.’ ”

DRYDEN'S MISCELLANY.

CHAPTER V.

THE 'PRENTICE BOYS OF LONDON.

IN the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the famous 'prentice boys of London became prominent. In those days, as Sir Walter Scott tells us in the "Fortunes of Nigel," the shops of the London tradesmen were very different from those of the present time.

The goods were exposed for sale in cases, and were only defended from the weather by a covering of canvas, the establishment resembling the stalls and booths of a country fair. The shopkeepers of note had the sales-room connected with an apartment which opened backward from it, and which bore the same resemblance to the front shop that Robinson Crusoe's cavern did to the tent which he erected before it. To this the master often retreated, leaving the outer shop to be looked after by his stout-bodied and strong-voiced apprentices, who kept up the cry, "What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?"

They proclaimed the excellence of their wares, and they had this advantage over those who in the present day use the newspapers for advertising, — they could in many cases adapt their address to the peculiar appearance and apparent taste of the passers.

The direct and personal mode of invitation to customers became, however, a dangerous temptation to the young wags who were employed in the task of solicitation during the absence of the principal person interested in the traffic ; and,

confiding in their numbers and civic union, the 'prentices of London were often seduced into taking liberties with the passengers, and exercising their wit at the expense of those whom they had no hopes of converting into customers by their eloquence. If this were resented by any act of violence, the inmates of each shop were ready to pour forth in succor; and in the words of an old song which Dr. Johnson used to hum, —

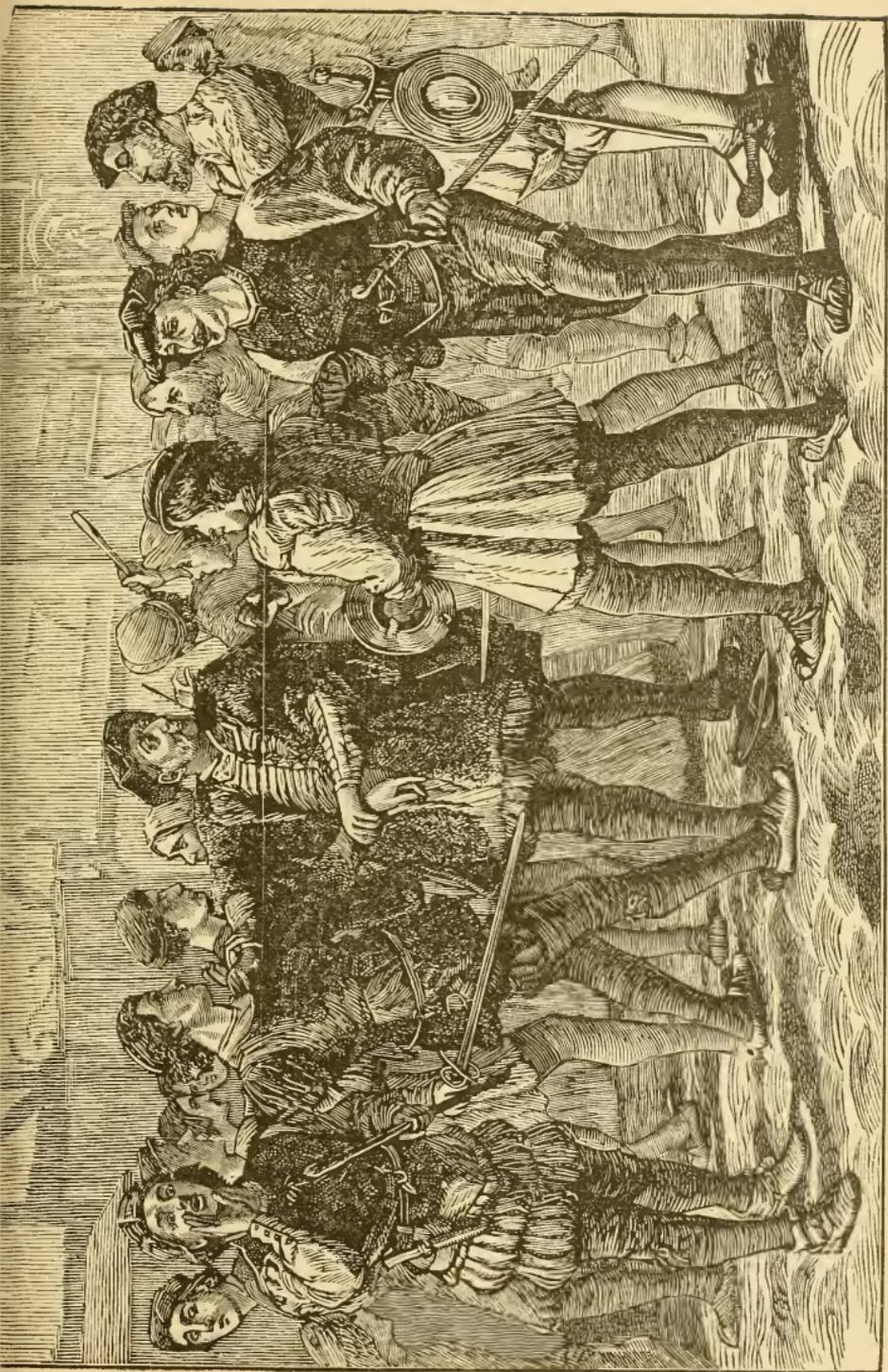
“Up then rose the 'prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall.”

Desperate riots often arose, especially when the Templars, or other youths connected with the aristocracy, were insulted, or fancied they were. Upon such occasions, bare steel was frequently opposed to the clubs of the citizens, and death sometimes ensued on both sides. The alderman of the ward had to call out the householders, and put a stop to the strife by overpowering numbers, as the Capulets and Montagues are separated upon the stage.

Scott gives a sketch of two characteristic 'prentice boys, Jenkin Vincent (nicknamed Jin Vin) and Frank Tunstall, as they stand before the door of their master, David Ramsay, “memory's monitor, watchmaker, and constructor of horologes to his Most Sacred Majesty, James I.”

According to custom, they have waited on his table at the one o'clock dinner, and have themselves dined with two female domestics. They now stand, crying their wares: —

“In this species of service Jenkin Vincent left his more reserved and bashful comrade far in the background. The latter could only articulate with difficulty, and as an act of duty which he was rather ashamed of discharging, the established form of words, — ‘What d' ye lack? What d' ye lack? Clocks — watches — barnacles? What d' ye lack? Watches



BEGINNING OF THE RIOTS.

— clocks — barnacles? What d' ye lack, sir? What d' ye lack, madam? Barnacles — watches — clocks?'

“But this dull and dry iteration, however varied by diversity of verbal arrangement, sounded flat when mingled with the rich and commendatory oratory of the bold-faced, deep-mouthed, and ready-witted Jenkin Vincent. ‘What d' ye lack, noble sir? What d' ye lack, beauteous madam?’ he said, in a tone at once bold and soothing, which often was so applied as both to gratify the persons addressed, and to excite a smile from other hearers. ‘God bless your reverence!’ to a beneficed clergyman, ‘the Greek and Hebrew have harmed your reverence's eyes. Buy a pair of David Ramsay's barnacles. The King — God bless his Sacred Majesty! — never reads Hebrew or Greek without them.’

“‘Are you well advised of that?’ said a fat parson from the Vale of Evesham. ‘Nay, if the Head of the Church wears them — God bless his Sacred Majesty! — I will try what they can do for me; for I have not been able to distinguish one Hebrew letter from another since — I cannot remember the time — when I had a bad fever. Choose me a pair of his Most Sacred Majesty's own wearing, my good youth.’

“‘This is a pair, and please your reverence,’ said Jenkin, producing a pair of spectacles which he touched with an air of great deference and respect, ‘which his most blessed Majesty placed this day three weeks on his own blessed nose; and would have kept them for his own sacred use, but that the setting, being, as your reverence sees, of the purest jet, was, as his Sacred Majesty was pleased to say, fitter for a bishop than for a secular prince.’

“‘His Sacred Majesty the King,’ said the worthy divine, ‘was ever a very Daniel in his judgment. Give me the barnacles, my good youth, and who can say what nose they may bestride in two years hence? Our reverend brother of Gloucester waxes in years.’ He then pulled out his purse,

paid for the spectacles, and left the shop with even a more important step than that with which he had paused to enter it.

“‘For shame!’ said Tunstall to his companion; ‘these glasses will never suit one of his years.’

“‘You are a fool, Frank,’ said Vincent, in reply; ‘had the good doctor wished glasses to read with, he would have tried them before buying. He does not want to look through them himself, and these will serve the purpose of being looked at by other folks, as well as the best magnifiers in the shop. What d’ye lack?’ he cried, resuming his solicitations. ‘Mirrors for your toilette, my pretty madam; your head-gear is something awry — pity, since it is so well fancied.’ The woman stopped and bought a mirror. ‘What d’ye lack? — a watch, Master Sergeant — a watch that will go as long as a lawsuit, as steady and true as your own eloquence?’

“‘Hold your peace, sir,’ answered the Knight of the Coif, who was disturbed by Vin’s address whilst in deep consultation with an eminent attorney; ‘hold your peace! You are the loudest-tongued varlet betwixt the Devil’s Tavern and Guildhall.’

“‘A watch,’ reiterated the undaunted Jenkin, ‘that shall not lose thirteen minutes in a thirteen years’ lawsuit. He’s out of hearing. A watch with four wheels and a bar-movement, — a watch that shall tell you, Master Poet, how long the patience of the audience will endure your next piece at the Black Bull.’ The bard laughed, and fumbled in the pocket of his slops till he chanced into a corner, and fairly caught, a small piece of coin.

“‘Here is a tester to cherish thy wit, good boy,’ he said.

“‘Gramercy,’ said Vin; ‘at the next play of yours I will bring down a set of roaring boys that shall make all the critics in the pit, and the gallants on the stage, civil, or else the curtain shall smoke for it.’

“ ‘ Now, that I call mean,’ said Tunstall, ‘ to take the poor rhymer’s money, who has so little left behind.’

“ ‘ You are an owl, once again,’ said Vincent ; ‘ if he has nothing left to buy cheese and radishes, he will only dine a day the sooner with some patron or some player, for that is his fate five days out of the seven.’

“ The well-known cry of ‘ Prentices — ’prentices — Clubs — clubs ! ’ now rang along Fleet Street ; and Jenkin, snatching up his weapon, which lay beneath the counter ready at the slightest notice, and calling to Tunstall to take his bat and follow, leaped over the hatch-door which protected the outer shop, and ran as fast as he could towards the affray, echoing the cry as he ran, and elbowing, or shoving aside, whoever stood in his way. His comrade, first calling to his master to give an eye to the shop, followed Jenkin’s example, and ran after him as fast as he could, but with more attention to the safety and convenience of others ; while old David Ramsay, with hands and eyes uplifted, a green apron before him, and a glass which he had been polishing thrust into his bosom, came forth to look after the safety of his goods and chattels, knowing, by old experience, that, when the cry of ‘ Clubs ’ once arose, he would have little aid on the part of his apprentices.”

“HE who is tired of London is tired of existence.”

DR. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER VI.

LONDON UNDER THE STUARTS.

STILL in the company of Scott let us now walk from Temple Bar in the direction of Westminster. Temple Bar was not, in the time of James I., the arched screen or gateway of the present century ; but an open railing, or palisade, which, at night, and in times of alarm, was closed with a barricade of posts and chains. The Strand, also, was not, as now, a continued street, although it was beginning already to assume that character. It still might be considered as an open road, along the south side of which stood various houses and hotels belonging to the nobility, having gardens behind them down to the water side, with stairs to the river, for the convenience of taking boat, which mansions have bequeathed the names of their lordly owners to many of the streets leading from the Strand to the Thames. The north side of the Strand was also a long line of houses, behind which, as in Saint Martin's Lane, and other points, buildings were rapidly arising ; but Covent-Garden was still a garden, in the literal sense of the word, or at least but beginning to be studded with irregular buildings. All that was passing around, however, marked the rapid increase of a capital which had long enjoyed peace, wealth, and a regular government. Houses were rising in every direction, and the shrewd eye of the citizen already saw the period not distant which should convert the nearly open highway on which he travelled into a connected and regular street, uniting the court and the town with the city of London.

Charing-Cross was no longer the pleasant solitary village at which the judges were wont to breakfast on their way to Westminster Hall, but began to resemble the artery through which, to use Johnson's expression, "pours the full tide of London population." The buildings were rapidly increasing, yet scarcely gave even a faint idea of its present appearance.

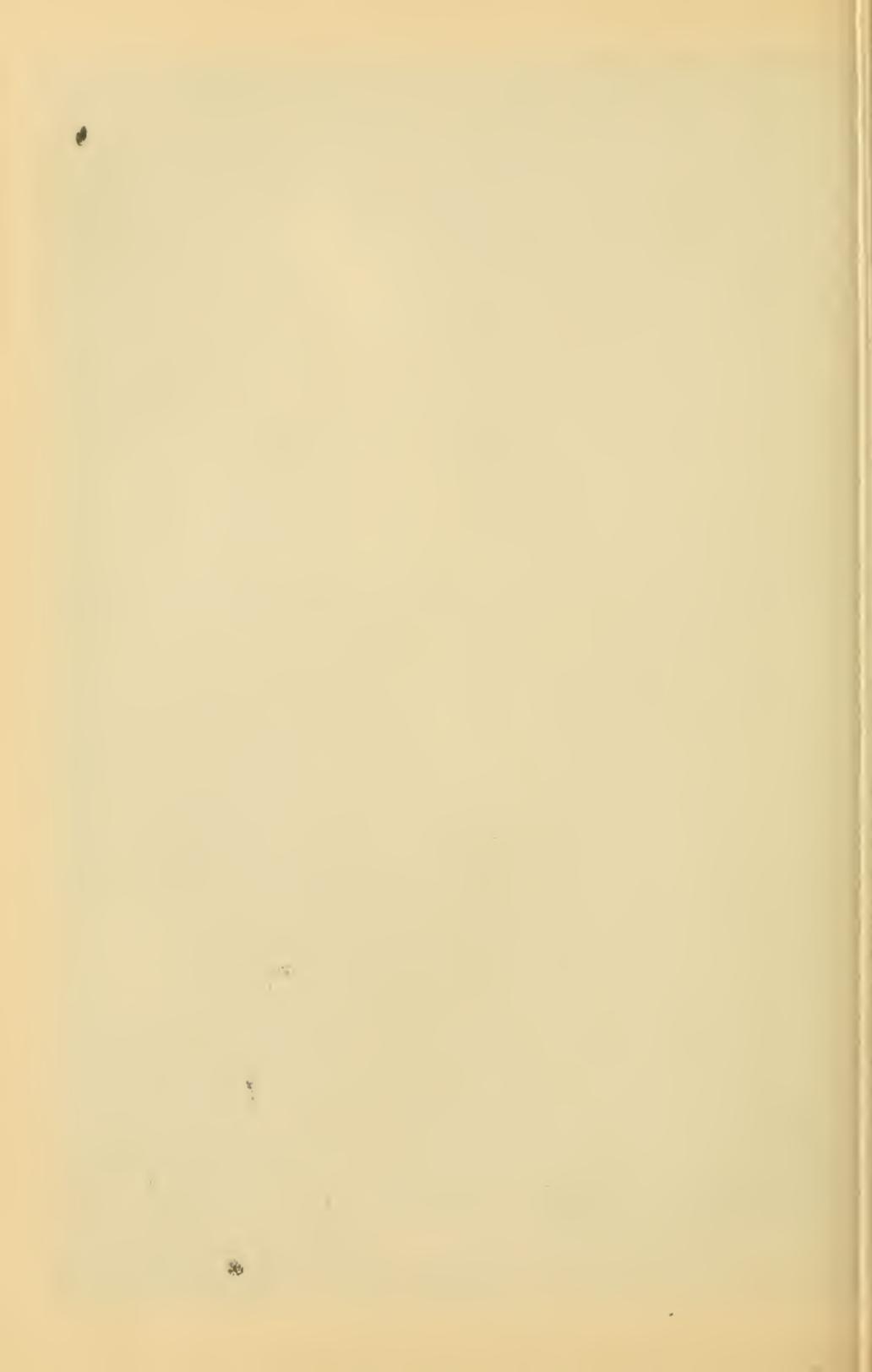
Whitehall beyond was now full of all the confusion attending improvement. It was just at the time when James, little suspecting that he was employed in constructing a palace from the window of which his only son was to pass in order that he might die upon a scaffold before it, was busied in removing the ancient and ruinous buildings of De Burgh, Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth, to make way for the superb architecture on which Inigo Jones exerted all his genius.

In the reign of James occurred the celebrated gunpowder plot. Places had been changed between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants since the time of Queen Mary. It was the former who now were persecuted, and though James had promised to countenance their religion, he enforced the many harsh laws enacted against them by Queen Elizabeth. It was in a spirit of vengeance that some fanatics belonging to the sect plotted to blow up the Parliament House when the king, the royal family, and the members of the Commons and of the Lords were all assembled at the opening of the session.

The author of the plot was a gentleman named Catesby, who found a willing lieutenant in another gentleman named Percy, a descendant of the illustrious house of Northumberland. Four others joined them, — one named Thomas Winter, another Robert Keyes, another Thomas Bates, and another Guy Fawkes, a Spanish soldier of fortune. More were afterwards added to their number, and all were sworn to secrecy,



GUY FAWKES DISCOVERED.



the sacrament being given to them as a pledge of the sacredness of their oaths.

Percy was well acquainted at Court, and, as he was less likely to be an object of suspicion than the others, he was selected to hire lodgings at Westminster, from which a subterranean passage could be dug to the Parliament House. There happened to be a cellar to let directly under the house, however, and this was rented for the storage, it was said, of winter fuel, which was put in charge of Guy Fawkes, who passed as Percy's servant, and took the name of John Johnston. Fuel there was in the cellar, piles of fagots and logs, as any one could see, for the door was never fastened; but under these, hidden from view, and awaiting the conspirators' opportunity, were thirty-six barrels of gunpowder.

Though communicated to more than twenty persons, the secret was kept for more than a year, but ten days before the meeting of Parliament one of the conspirators, fearing for the safety of Lord Monteaule, a relative, who would be present in Parliament, sent him the following anonymous letter: —

“ My Lord, out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation, therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to shift off your attendance at this parliament, for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightingly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety; for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, they will receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them.”

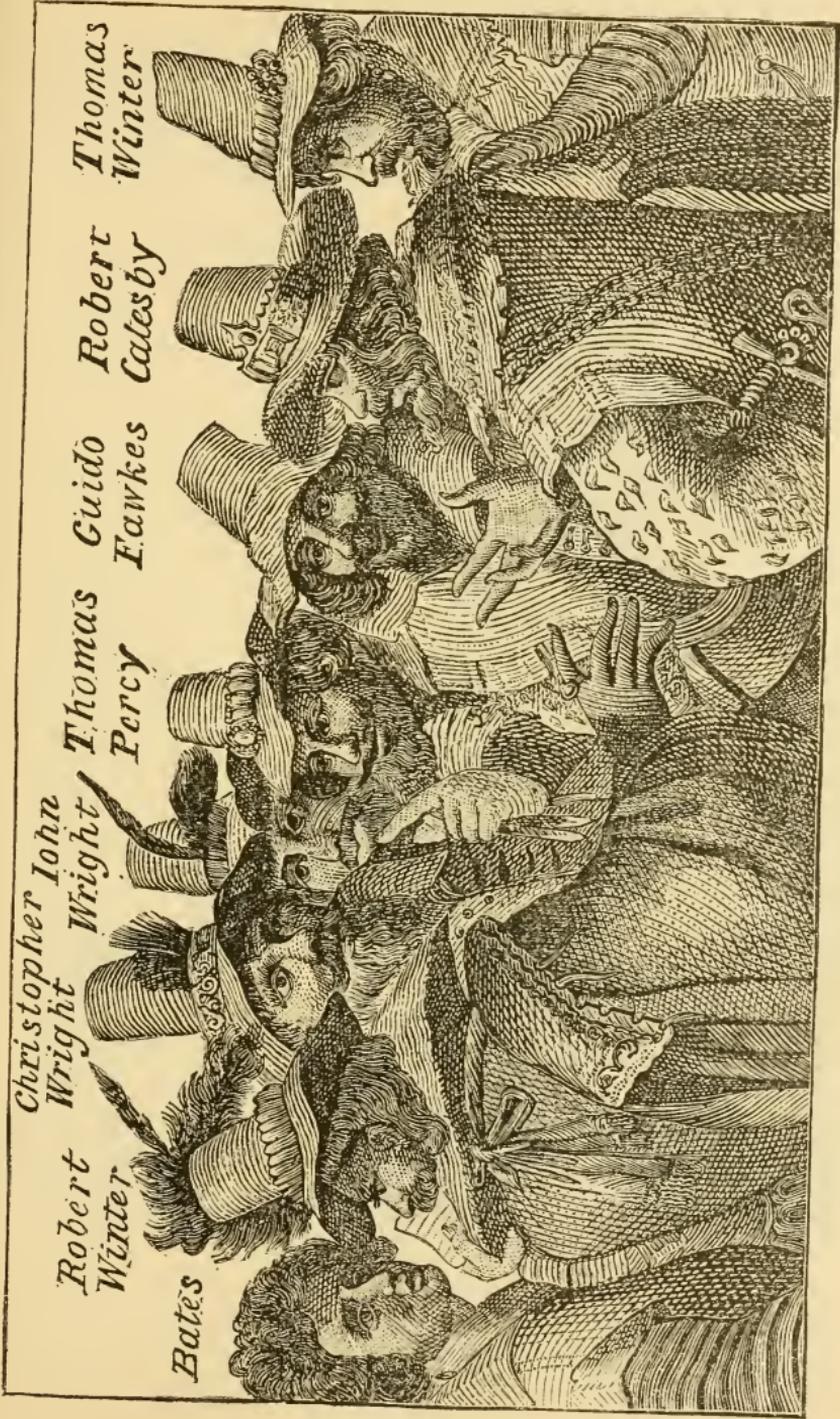
Lord Monteaule showed the letter to several persons, including the king, and a suspicion of its true meaning led to a search of all the places and apartments near the Parliament House. The cellar was not overlooked, and there Guy

Fawkes was discovered in readiness to fire a train of gunpowder which led to the concealed barrels.

Learning of the arrest of Guy Fawkes, the other conspirators fled from London, and were pursued. Catesby, Percy, and two others were killed, while defending themselves, in a house in which they had taken shelter, and the rest were captured and hanged in the Palace Yard.

The anniversary of the 5th of November, 1605, on which day the plot was to have been consummated, is still celebrated in England by bonfires, fireworks, and the burning in effigy of Guy Fawkes. It is to English boys what the Fourth of July is to American boys, and in connection with it a curious custom is preserved: about two hours before the Queen arrives to open Parliament the vaults under the buildings are carefully searched by the Lord Chamberlain, who, on his return, gravely reports that no gunpowder has been discovered.

In the reign of the unfortunate and misguided Charles London attained a position to assert that independence for which it had paid so much and struggled so long. The city was then closely inhabited by three hundred thousand persons, to whom it was not merely a place of business but a place of constant residence. It had as complete a civil and military organization as if it had been an independent republic. Each citizen had his company, the members of which were almost as closely bound together as the members of a highland clan. The municipal offices were filled by the most opulent and respectable merchants of the kingdom. The pomp of the magistracy of the capital was inferior only to that which surrounded the person of the sovereign. The Londoners loved their city, says Macaulay, with that patriarchal love which is found only in small communities, like those of ancient Greece, or like those which arose in Italy during the Middle Ages. The numbers, the intelligence, the wealth of the citizens, the democratic form of their local govern-



*Christopher
Wright*

*Robert
Winter*

*John
Wright*

*Thomas
Percy*

*Guido
Fawkes*

*Robert
Catesby*

*Thomas
Winter*

Bates

GUY FAWKES AND CONSPIRATORS.

ment, and their vicinity to the Court and to Parliament, made them one of the most formidable bodies in the kingdom. Even as soldiers they were not to be despised. A city which could furnish many thousands of armed men,

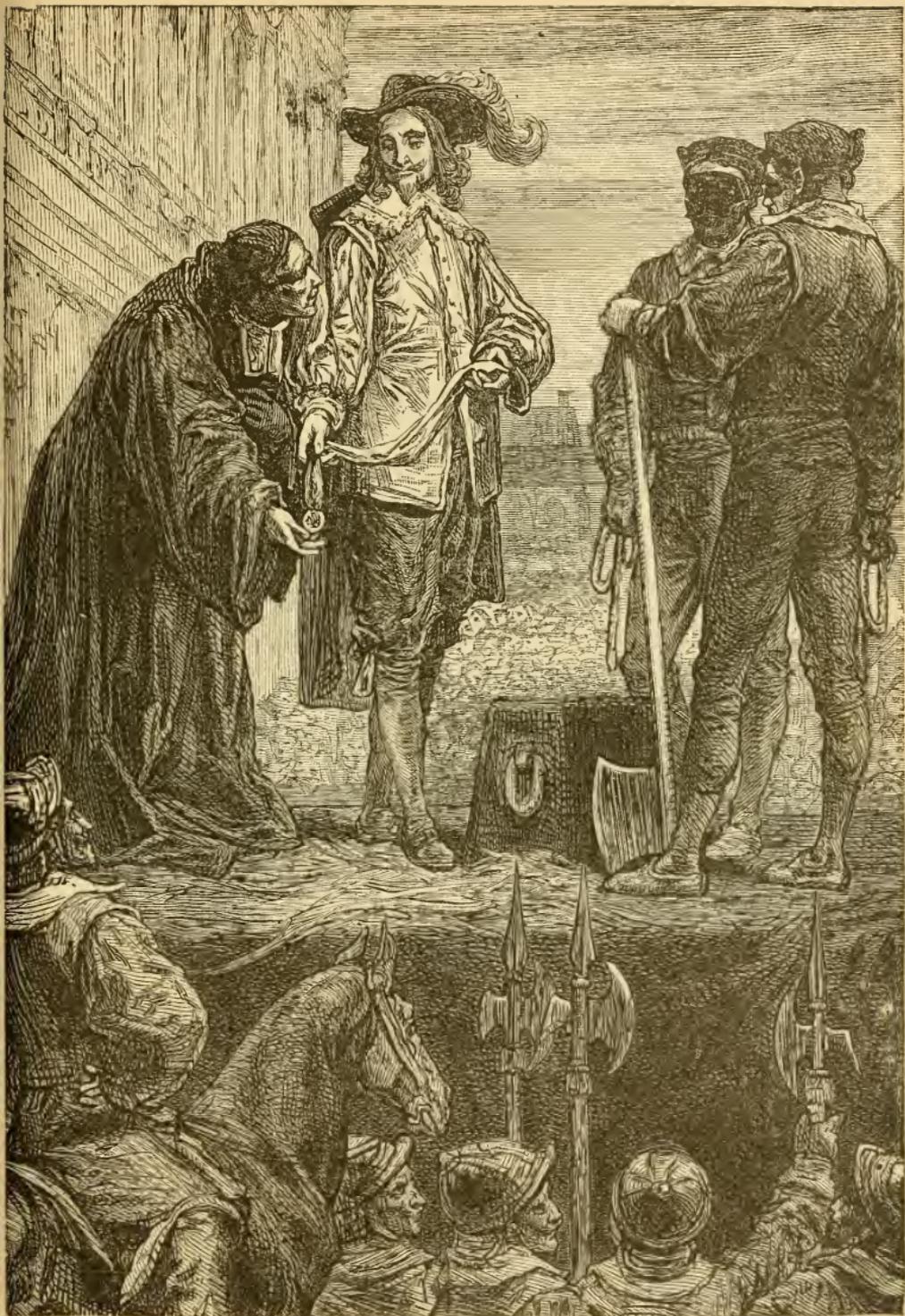


CHARLES I.

abounding in natural courage, and not absolutely undisciplined, was a power in times of dissension ; and on several occasions during the civil war the London troops distinguished themselves highly.

When Charles I. sought to impeach Hampden, Pym, and others, the citizens instantly took up arms to defend the patriots. The shops were closed ; the streets were filled with immense crowds ; the multitude pressed round the king's coach and insulted him. He had marched into the House of Commons at the head of a band of armed men, and had intended to arrest the members who had offended him, but they had been warned of his approach and had hidden. In a few days the Commons openly defied the king, and ordered the fugitives to attend in their places at Westminster, and to resume their parliamentary duties. The citizens of London resolved to escort these patriots back to Parliament, and to carry them past the windows of Whitehall Palace, where Charles lived, and which had been so recently reconstructed by his father. The people hooted and shouted all day before the gates of the royal residence. The tyrant king could not bear to see the triumph of those he had destined to the gallows. On the day preceding that which was fixed for the return of Hampden and the rest to the House of Commons, he fled from that palace at Whitehall which he was never to see again until he was led through it to the scaffold.

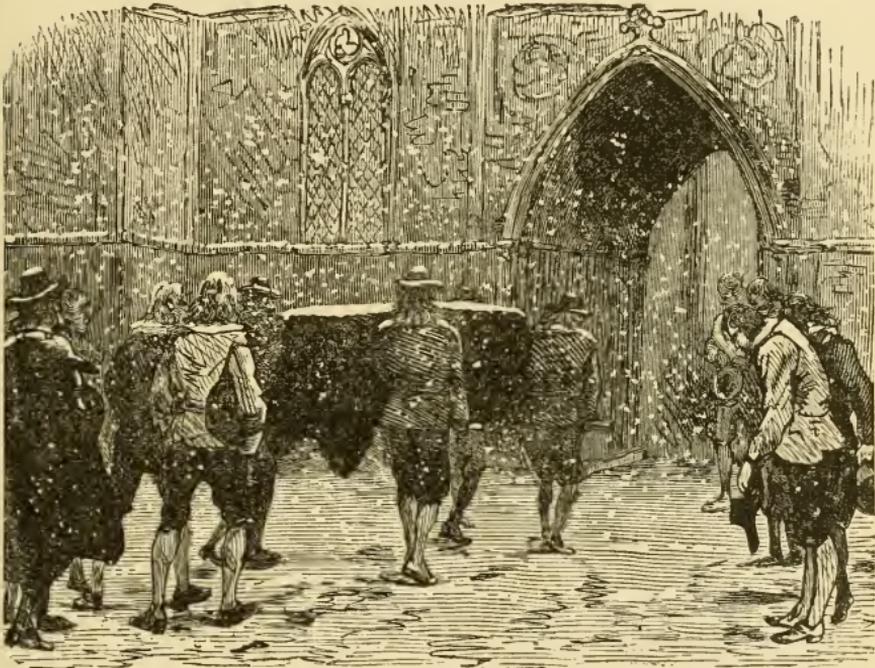
On the 11th of January the Thames was covered with boats, and its shores with a gazing multitude. Armed vessels, decorated with streamers, were ranged in two lines from London Bridge to Westminster Hall. The members returned upon the river in a ship manned by sailors who had volunteered their services. The trainbands, or militia, of the city, under the command of the sheriffs, marched along the Strand, attended by a vast crowd of spectators, to guard the avenues of the House of Commons ; and thus, with shouts and large discharges of ordnance, the accused patriots were brought back by the people whom they had served and for whom they had suffered. The restored members, as soon as they had entered the House, expressed, in the warmest terms,



EXECUTION OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

their gratitude to the citizens of London. The sheriffs were thanked by the speaker in the name of the Commons ; and orders were given that a guard selected from the trainbands of the city should attend daily to watch over the safety of the Parliament.

London had thus become a great power in the nation. "But for the hostility of the city, Charles I. would never



BURIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

have been vanquished," says Macaulay ; "and without the help of the city, Charles II. could scarcely have been restored."

Nevertheless the citizens usually had a smiling face for royalty ; and if they sometimes made a show of defiance, they very often became alarmed at the extent of their own courage, and hastened to retreat from that attitude. James I. published a "Book of Sports," authorizing pastimes on Sun-

day, and, notwithstanding the license given, the Lord Mayor opposed this desecration of the Sabbath, even ordering the king's carriage to be stopped when it drove through the city during divine service. This threw James into a great rage.

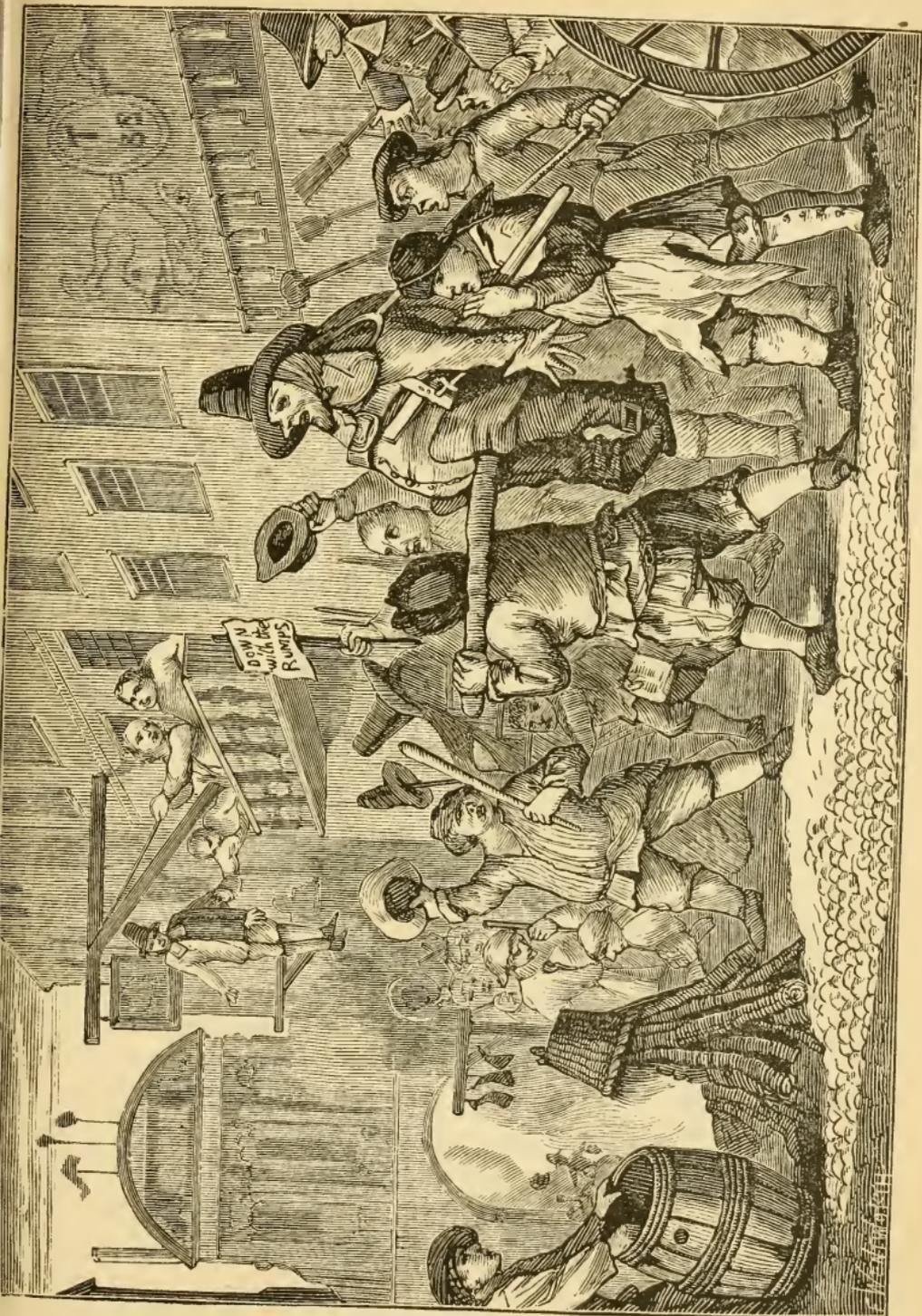
"I thought that I was king," he exclaimed.

"Ah, then," said the mayor, "if the king relieves me of my superiority in the city, it is evidently proper for me to obey his Majesty;" and he allowed the carriage to pass.

In the reign of Charles II. London had a population of about half a million, and compared with other cities of the kingdom it was proportionately larger at that time than it is now. At present it has only about six times the population of Liverpool, but it then had seventeen times as many inhabitants as the largest of the other cities.

This reign was an eventful one for the great city. A pestilence swept away more than a hundred thousand human beings in six months; and the dead-cart had scarcely ceased to go its rounds, when a fire laid the whole city in ruins. Both of these calamities are described in separate chapters. The gayeties of the city were eclipsed by the severity of the Puritans, and its civic festivals were shorn of some of their famous splendor. But it rose from its ashes like a modern Chicago, and the celerity with which it was rebuilt excited the admiration of other countries.

Though Charles II. revoked the old charter of the city, the external splendor of the municipal government was not diminished. Under the administration of the Puritans the ancient fame of the city had declined, but with the Restoration the mayor and aldermen displayed the greatest luxuriance and hospitality. On great occasions the mayor appeared on horseback, attended by a long cavalcade inferior in magnificence only to that which before a coronation escorted the sovereign from the Tower to Westminster. He was never seen



ROASTING THE RUMP

in public without his rich robe, his hood of black velvet, his gold chain, his jewel, and a retinue of servants. Nor did the world find anything ludicrous in the pomp which surrounded him, for it was not more than became the acknowledged dignity of London. That city, says Macaulay, exercised almost as great an influence on the politics of England as Paris exercises on the politics of France. London was superior in intelligence to the rest of the kingdom, and a government which had the support of the city could obtain as much money from it in a day as would have taken months to collect elsewhere in the country. The military resources of the capital were also great. The power which the lord lieutenants exercised in other parts of the kingdom was in London intrusted to a commission of eminent citizens. Under the orders of this commission were twelve regiments of foot and two regiments of horse, a little army of drapers' apprentices and journeymen tailors, with common-council men for captains, and aldermen for colonels.

But though London had its palaces, in thinking of it as it was in the time of Charles II., we must not imagine that it at all resembled a well-managed modern city. Sanitary science was then unknown, and even the principal streets were filthy beyond description. The gutters were filled with liquid refuse, which was spurted right and left as the carriages passed through it, and people were obliged to hug the walls to prevent themselves from being splashed. When two persons pressing against the wall met, one, of course, had to give way, and disputes as to which it should be were common. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the puddle. If he was a mere bully he sneaked off; but if he was pugnacious the encounter ended in a duel.

A graphic picture of this period is given by Macaulay. The

houses were not numbered, but this did not matter, for few persons could read, and it was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were distinguished by painted signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets.

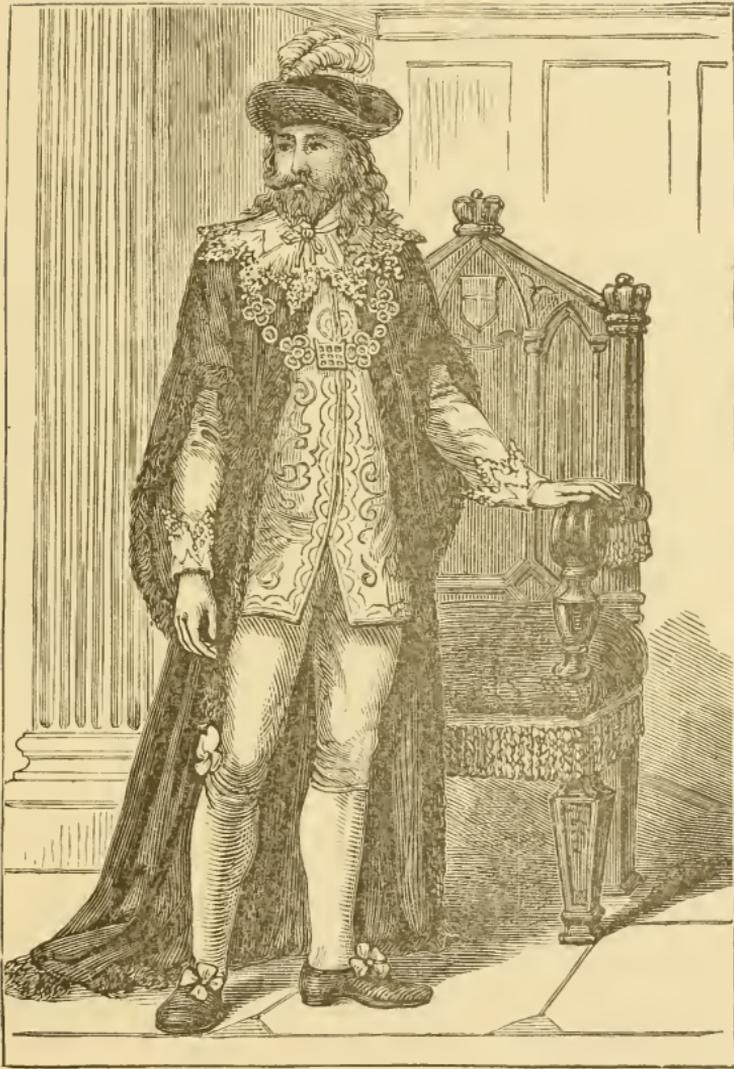
When evening closed in the difficulty and danger of walking about became serious indeed. Pails were emptied from the garret windows with little regard for those who were passing below. The streets were unlighted, and the pavements were so full of holes that falls were of constant occurrence. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity, and young blackguards of good birth and social position swaggered about by night, breaking windows, and insulting both men and women.



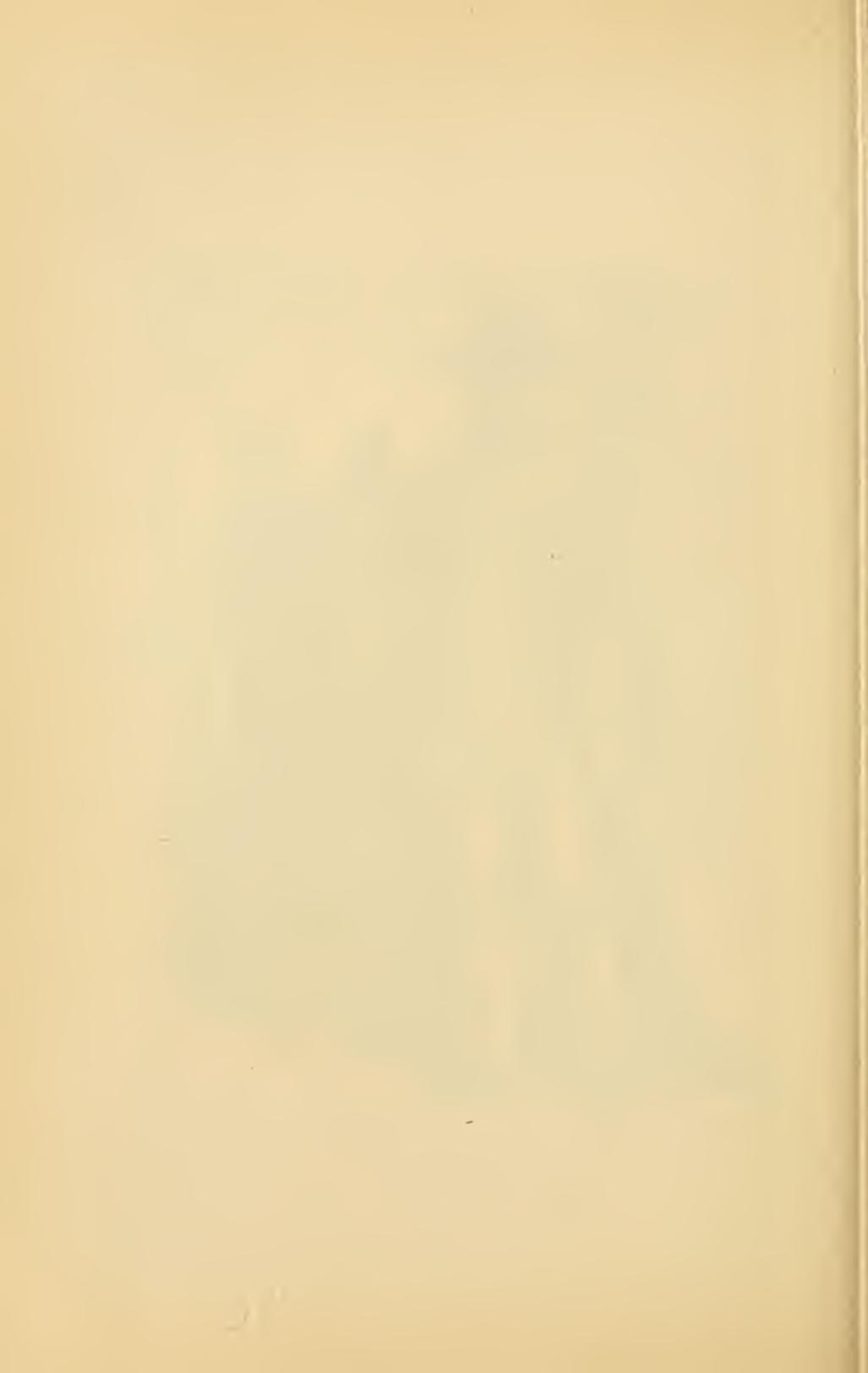
FALCONER TO JAMES I.

But in the last part of Charles's reign the police force was strengthened, and the streets were lighted. Edward Heming obtained the exclusive privilege of illuminating London.

He undertook, for a moderate consideration, to place a light before every tenth door, on moonless nights, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and from six to twelve of the clock. Those who now see the city illuminated night after night with thousands of lamps may smile to think of Heming's lanterns, which glimmered feebly before one house in ten during a small part of one night in three. But though a



A LORD MAYOR.



few of his contemporaries opposed the improvement, most of them praised the new light enthusiastically, and asked what were the boasted achievements of Archimedes compared with the achievements of a man who had turned the nocturnal shades into noonday.

Light and police were much needed. A few yards away from Fleet Street was a region inhabited by thieves and outlaws, — Alsatia or Whitefriars, which retained the privilege belonging to the monks, who gave the place the latter name, of protecting debtors from arrest. No honest person was safe, and the police were unable to protect within these precincts. The privilege of sanctuary intended for debtors only was extended to criminals of all kinds, and at the cry of "Rescue!" a fierce rabble rushed out to attack any intruder. Yet within a short walk of this cesspool were the chambers in which Somers was studying history and law, the chapel in which Tillotson was preaching, the coffee-house in which Dryden was criticising poems and plays, and the hall in which the Royal Society was examining the discoveries of Isaac Newton.

Any one who wishes to learn more about Alsatia should read Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel."

The coffee-houses became recognized institutions about this time, and the large number of them especially distinguished London from other cities. There were no papers then, and in these houses of entertainment the citizens assembled to learn and discuss the news while they smoked and sipped coffee or more intoxicating beverages. Every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own coffee-house. There were houses near St. James Park in which the fops congregated, dressed in Parisian attire. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop, and even the snuff (the only form of tobacco used) was scented. There were other houses in which the tobacco

smoke was like a fog, and at some of these the literary men gathered, including John Dryden. The great aim of the customers here was to get near the poet's chair, which was always in the warmest nook near the fire, and to hear his opinions on the last tragedy was thought a privilege. There were other houses, again, in which the leading doctors and medical students met; others which depended on Puritans for customers; others restricted to Jews; and others where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned another great fire and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.

The Londoner of the period was a being different from the other inhabitants of England: the influence of the great city had sharpened him, and his country cousins were amazed at his wit. The country cousins were overcome with the size and bustle of London then, as they are when they come from the rural counties now, and the historian gives us an amusing account of the misadventures of a squire in visiting the metropolis. "He was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, and stood under the waterspouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers. Bullies jostled him into the mud, and the hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendors of the Lord Mayor's show. Rogues sore from recent whippings at the cart's-tail introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most honest, friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. If he asked his way to St. James's, his informant sent him to Mile End, the opposite direction. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discovered to be a fit purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy, — of second-hand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any



A LADY MAYORESS.

fashionable coffee-house, he became a mark for the derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion, and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations which he had undergone."

The reign of the second Charles was a period of social folly and political corruption, which an Englishman cannot look back upon without a feeling of shame. But out of the waste sprang up one flower of science. Science became a fashion, and the frivolous king encouraged the pursuit of it, perhaps from the love of it, and perhaps, as some historians say, to divert the minds of his subjects from his own misgovernment. He himself was a chemist, and took an interest in the problems of navigation. One of his few good works was the founding of the Royal Society, which marks the opening of a great age of scientific discovery. Poets and courtiers, wits and fops, joined it. The Duke of Buckingham varied his rhyming, drinking, and fiddling, by fits of devotion to the laboratory. Prince Rupert gave serious hours of study to the curious glass toys which bear his name. But with the true science were mixed all sorts of chimeras, as we may see in the following extracts from the catalogue of objects in a museum connected with the Society:—

The quills of a porcupine, which on certain occasions the creature can shoot at the pursuing enemy and erect at pleasure.

The flying squirrel, which for a good nut-tree will pass a river on the bark of a tree, erecting his tail for a sail.

The leg bone of an elephant, brought out of Syria for the thigh bone of a giant. In winter, when it begins to rain, elephants are mad, and so continue from April to September, chained to some tree, and then become tame again.

Tortoises, when turned on their backs, will sometimes fetch deep sighs and shed abundance of tears.

A humming bird and nest, said to weigh but twelve grains ; his feathers are set in gold, and sell at a great rate.

A bone, said to be taken out of a mermaid's head.

The largest whale, liker an island than an animal.

The white shark, which sometimes swallows men whole.

A siphalter, said with its suckers to fasten on a ship, and stop it under sail.

A stag beetle, whose horns, worn in a ring, are good against the cramp.

A mountain cabbage. One reported three hundred feet high.

Thus, though science was dawning, the heads of its devotees were still full of dreams.

Many of their contemporaries perceived the chimeras which the members were pursuing, and the author of "Hudibras" also laughed at the philosophers. Swift has satirized them, and has given us the following caricature of one of them : "The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same color. He had been eight years on a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate ; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity."

We have forgotten to mention a curious feature of the celebrations which signalled the restoration of Charles II.

Cromwell placed two regiments in the House of Commons with the intention of forcing the members to condemn Charles I. Forty-one of the legislators were imprisoned, and one hundred and six were ordered, like schoolboys, to go

home, all of these being loyal to the king. The remaining sixty were favorable to the Protector, and at a later period they were derisively named the Rump, *i. e.*, the rump or fag-end of the whole House.

When Charles II. came into power there were great rejoicings. Bonfires were lighted in the Strand and Fleet Street, and effigies of the Rump were hanged, burned, and pelted with stones.

“Praise God Barebones” lived in Fleet Street, and while the effigies were burning the mob attacked his house. The Puritans had had their day, and their future lay far beyond London.

“LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide :
Careless tenants they !

“ All within is dark as night ;
In the windows is no light ;
• And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

“ Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark, deserted house.

“ Come away ; no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

“ Come away : for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell ;
But in a city glorious —
A great and distant city — have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us.”

TENNYSON.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PLAGUE.

THE plague was anticipated before it appeared as an epidemic, and a close watch was kept on ships coming from ports where the awful disease prevailed. But it is supposed that some infected person evaded the quarantine authorities, and introduced the pestilence into London. Occasional cases were discovered for some months before it became general, and when the hot weather of the summer of 1665 set in, it broke out with a virulence that swept away about one hundred thousand persons in six months.

All who could afford to do so fled as soon as the danger of remaining became apparent. Shops were shut up, factories closed, and ships did not dare to come near the afflicted city. Persons who were well at noon were dead before night. Entire families were carried off, and their houses left open and uncared for. Streets which had been thronged were deserted, and instead of the shrill cries of trade the shrieks of the bereaved pierced the air as the dead-cart came along to carry young and old, without funeral rite, to the vast common pits which superseded the ordinary graves. The stricken houses were marked with a large red cross, and the words "Lord have mercy upon us" were painted on the doors. From the moment this sign appeared the house was closed, and no one was allowed to leave it. The well were shut up with those persons in the same family who were afflicted, and the disease was communicated from one person to another until all were dead.

Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was only four years old at this time, but he has left a narrative of the plague which, though it is in part a work of imagination, embodies many true incidents, and gives a more vivid account of the calamity than any other work.

Let us turn to his pages, then, for some pictures of the incidents which might have been observed by any one confined in the city at this unfortunate period.

The face of London became strangely altered, and was all in tears. Nobody put on black, or even made a formal dress of mourning for their nearest friends; but the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors of their houses were so frequent that it was enough to pierce the stoutest heart in the world. Tears were seen in nearly every house, but towards the end men's hearts became hardened, and death was so constantly before them, that they did not care much for the loss of their friends, expecting that they themselves would be summoned the next hour.

Quacks of all sorts took advantage of the terror of the people to impose charms and nostrums upon them; absurd predictions were made in almanacs, and fanatics rushed through the streets prophesying the destruction of the city. One of the latter in particular cried, like Jonah to Nineveh, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed." Another ran about naked, except a pair of drawers about his waist, crying day and night, "Oh! the great and the dreadful God!" repeating these words continually, with a voice and countenance full of horror. Nobody ever saw him stop or rest, or take any sustenance.

These things terrified the people to the last degree; and next to them were the dreams of old women, or the interpretation by old women of other people's dreams, which put many out of their wits. Some heard voices warning them to be gone, and saying there would be such a plague



SOLOMON EAGLE.

in London that the living would not be able to bury the dead; others saw apparitions in the air. The imagination of the people was really turned wayward and possessed; and they saw shapes and figures, representations and appearances, which had nothing in them but air and vapor. Here, they said, they saw a flaming sword held in a hand, coming out of a cloud, with a point hanging directly over the city; there they saw hearses and coffins in the air, and there again heaps of dead bodies lying unburied.

These terrors made them an easy prey to the quacks, and the posts of houses and the corners of streets were plastered all over with advertisements of "infallible preventative pills against the plague," "never-failing preservatives against the infection," "sovereign cordials against the corruption of the air," and "royal antidotes against all kinds of infections."

The methods of the impostors were much the same as they are now, as may be seen from the following specimens of their announcements: —

An eminent High-Dutch physician, newly come over from Holland, where he resided during all the time of the great plague last year in Amsterdam, and cured multitudes of people that actually had the plague upon them.

An Italian gentlewoman, just arrived from Naples, having a choice secret to prevent infection, which she found out by her great experience, and did wonderful cures with it in the late plague there, wherein there died twenty thousand in one day.

An ancient gentlewoman, having practised with great success in the late plague in this city, anno 1636, gives her advice only to the female sex. To be spoken with, &c.

An experienced physician who has long studied the doctrine of antidotes against all sorts of poison and infection, has, after forty years' practice, arrived at such skill as may, with God's blessing, direct persons how to prevent being touched by any contagious distemper. He directs the poor gratis.

One swindler sought to entrap the poor by offering them advice for nothing, as in the advertisement above given, and large numbers of persons went to him, hoping to be benefited. The gist of his advice was to buy a medicine which he had for sale. "But, sir," said one woman, "I am a poor alms-woman, and am kept by the parish, and your advertisements say you give the poor your help for nothing." "Ay, good woman," replied the quack, "so I do; I give my advice but not my physic!" "Alas, sir," said she, "that is a snare laid for the poor, then: you advise them gratis to buy your physic for their money; so does every shopkeeper with his wares." Here the woman began to give him ill words, and stood at his door all that day telling her tale to the people that came, till the doctor, finding she turned away his customers, was obliged to call her upstairs again and give her his box of physic for nothing, which, perhaps, too, as Defoe says, was good for nothing when she had it.

The plague defied all medicines. The very physicians were seized with it, with their preservatives in their mouths; and men went about prescribing to others and telling them what to do, till the tokens were upon them, and they dropped down dead, destroyed by that very enemy they directed others to oppose. This was the case of several physicians, even some of the most eminent, and of several of the most skilful surgeons. Many quacks also died, who had the folly to trust in their own medicines, and who ought rather, like other thieves, to have run away, sensible of their guilt, from the justice that they could not but expect should punish them.

Many consciences were awakened, many hard hearts melted into tears, and many a penitent confession was made of crimes long concealed. Many a robbery, many a murder, was then confessed aloud. People might be heard even in the streets calling upon God for mercy through Jesus Christ, and saying, "I have been a thief; I have been an adulterer; I have been a murderer," and the like.

One story we reproduce almost entirely in Defoe's own language : —

“As I went along Houndsditch one morning about eight o'clock there was a great noise. A watchman had been employed to keep his post at the door of a house which was infected, and shut up. He had been there all night for two nights together, as he told his story, and the day-watchman had now come to relieve him. All this while no noise had been heard in the house, and no light had been seen. The inmates had called for nothing, and had sent him on no errands, which used to be the chief business of the watchmen ; neither had they given him any trouble from Monday afternoon, when he heard a great crying and screaming in the house, occasioned, as he supposed, by some of the family dying just at that time. It seems the night before the watchman came on duty the dead-cart, as it was called, had been stopped there, and a servant-maid had been brought down to the door dead, and the buriers, or bearers, as they were called, had put her into the cart, wrapped only in a green rug, and carried her away.

“The watchman had knocked at the door, and nobody had answered, until at last one looked out and said, with an angry, quick tone, and yet a kind of crying voice, or a voice of one that was crying, ‘What d'ye want, that you make such a knocking?’ He answered, ‘I am the watchman. How do you do? What is the matter?’ The person answered, ‘What is that to you? Stop the dead-cart.’ This, it seems, was about one o'clock ; soon after, as the fellow said, he stopped the dead-cart and then knocked again, but nobody answered. He continued knocking, and the bell-man cried several times, ‘Bring out your dead ;’ but still nobody answered, and the driver, being called to other houses, drove away.

“The watchman knew not what to make of all this, so he let them alone till the morning-man, or day-watchman, as they called him, came to relieve him. Giving him an account of the particulars, they knocked at the door a great while, but nobody answered, and they observed that the window or casement, at which the person looked out who had answered before, continued open, being up two pair of stairs.

“Upon this the two men, to satisfy their curiosity, got a long ladder, and one of them went up to the window, and looked into the room, where he saw a woman lying dead upon the floor, in a dismal manner, having no clothes on her but her shift; but though he called aloud, and, putting in his long staff, knocked hard on the floor, yet nobody stirred or answered, neither could he hear any noise in the house.

“He came down again upon this, and acquainted his fellow, who went up also, and finding it just so they resolved to acquaint either the Lord Mayor or some other magistrate of it, but did not offer to go in at the window. The magistrate, it seems, upon the information of the two men, ordered the house to be opened, a constable and other persons being appointed to be present, that nothing might be plundered; and this was so done. Nobody was found in the house but that young woman, who having been infected and past recovery, had been left to die by herself. Every one else was gone, having found some way to elude the watchman, and to get open the door, or get out at some back door or over the tops of the houses, so that he knew nothing of it; and as to those cries and shrieks which he heard, it was supposed they were the passionate cries of the family at this bitter parting, the body being that of the sister to the mistress of the family. The man of the house, his wife, several children and servants, had all gone and fled, whether sick or sound, I could never learn, nor, indeed, did I make much inquiry after it.

“At another house, as I was informed, in the street next within Aldgate, a whole family was shut up and locked in, because the maid-servant was taken sick. The master of the house had complained by his friends to the next alderman, and to the Lord Mayor, and had consented to have the maid carried to the pesthouse, but was refused; so the door was marked with a red cross, a padlock being fastened on the outside, and a watchman set to keep the door, according to public order.

“After the master of the house found that there was no remedy, and that he, his wife, and his children were locked up with this poor distempered servant, he called to the watchman, and told him he must go and fetch a nurse to attend the poor girl, as it would be certain death to them all if they were obliged to nurse her; he also told him plainly that, if he would not do this, the maid would perish either of the distemper, or be starved for want of food, for he was resolved none of his family should go near her, and she lay in the garret, four story high, where she could not cry out or call to anybody for help.

“The watchman consented and went and fetched a nurse, as he was appointed, and brought her to them the same evening. During this interval the master of the house took his opportunity to break a large hole through his shop into a bulk or stall, where formerly a cobbler had sat before or under his shop window; but the tenant, as may be supposed, at such a dismal time as that, was dead or removed, and so the trespasser had the key in his own keeping. Having made his way into this stall, which he could not have done if the watchman had been at the door, the noise he was obliged to make being such as would have alarmed the latter,—I say, having made his way into this stall, he sat still till the watchman returned with the nurse, and all the next day also; but the night following, having contrived to send the watchman on

another trifling errand, which, as I take it, was to an apothecary's for a plaster for the maid, which he was to stay for the making up, or some other such errand that might secure his staying some time ; in that time he conveyed himself and all his family out of the house, and left the nurse and the watchman to bury the poor wench, that is, throw her into the cart, and take care of the house.

“ Not far from the same place they blew up a watchman with gunpowder, and burnt the poor fellow dreadfully ; and while he made hideous cries, and nobody would venture to come near to help him, the whole family that were able to stir got out at the windows, one story high ; two that were left sick calling out for help, care was taken to give them nurses to look after them ; but the persons fled were never found, till after the plague was abated they returned ; but as nothing could be proved, so nothing could be done to them.

“ In other cases, some had gardens and walls, or pales between them and their neighbors ; or yards and back-houses ; and these, by friendship and entreaties, would get leave to get over those walls or pales, and so go out at their neighbors' doors ; or by giving money to their servants, get them to let them through in the night, so that, in short, the shutting up of houses was in nowise to be depended upon ; neither did it answer the end at all, serving more to make the people desperate, and drive them to such extremities as that they would break out at all adventures.”

The terror of the people increased. Some went crying and wringing their hands along the streets, calling upon God for mercy. One fanatic named Solomon Eagle went about quite naked, with a pan of burning charcoal on his head, repeating the words, “ Spare us, good Lord, spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood ! ”

Hundreds of bodies were buried in one pit, being tossed

into it like stones from the carts, without any ceremony. In the delirium of their pain many threw themselves out of windows, or shot themselves, and mothers murdered their own children in their frenzy.

London, indeed, presented a terrible picture of desolation. The grass grew in the principal thoroughfares ; and the few persons who ventured to walk in the streets crossed from side to side to avoid one another.

In September there were a few days when the deaths decreased, but these were followed by a fresh outburst of the disease, which carried off ten thousand persons in one week. The autumn equinox was at hand, however, and its winds purified the air. The disease gradually disappeared ; thousands of people gladly returned to their homes, and in the following February the king was again established at Whitehall.

“ HEAVENS, what a pile ! whole ages perished there ;
And one bright blaze turned learning into air ! ”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GREAT FIRE.

SCARCELY had the plague disappeared when, as we have said, London was visited by another great calamity. The city at this time was full of wooden houses, covered with pitch, and, as we have seen, most of the streets were extremely narrow. The great sign-boards that hung out from every shop almost touched each other from opposite sides, and made links of communication, in case of fire, hardly less effective than trains of gunpowder. In fact, if one house caught fire it was next to impossible to save those adjoining it, as only the lightest wind was necessary to carry the sparks from it to them.

The authorities seem to have been aware of the danger to which the city was exposed from this source. In the reign of Richard I. it was ordered that all persons living in large houses should have a ladder ready to succor their neighbors in case of fire ; that they should have a barrel full of water before their doors ; that the city should provide an iron crook, such, no doubt, as is used by modern hook and ladder companies, and that the beadle should have " a good horn, loudly sounding."

Perhaps these ordinances were disregarded in the reign of Charles II., and at all events they could not have been of much use in so inflammable a city as London then was. If there had been the electric telegraph, instead of a good horn, to summon aid, and steam fire-engines, instead of tubs of

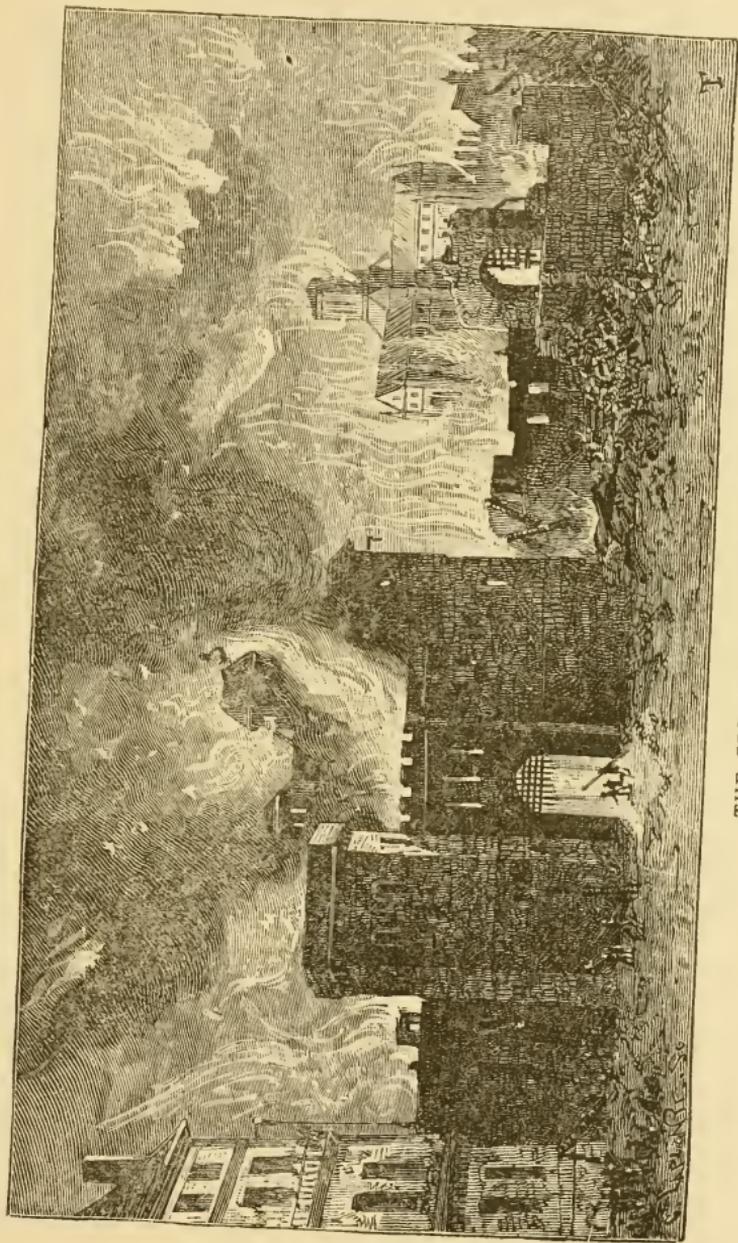
water, to extinguish the flames, they would scarcely have saved London from the conflagration which broke out on Sunday morning, Sept. 2, 1666.

The fire originated at a baker's shop in Pudding Lane near New Fishstreet Hill, and being driven by a strong northeast wind, it rapidly spread to the contiguous buildings, most of which were of lath and plaster and wood.

There lived in London at this time a garrulous gentleman named Samuel Pepys, the secretary of the navy, who kept a record of whatever came under his notice; and his Diary, which is a most useful work of historic reference, gives among other things a good account of the fire. He tells how his maid-servants had been sitting up till after midnight on Saturday preparing Sunday's dinner, and how they called him at about three o'clock in the morning to tell him of a great blaze which they could see in the city. Three hundred houses had been burned down by daybreak, and the flames were then increasing, having seized on London Bridge. The people were in a panic, and, instead of uniting to put the fire out, rushed hither and thither, each looking after his own property.

Pepys hurried off to see the king at Whitehall, and the latter gave orders that all houses in the way of the fire should be pulled down. He then returned to the city. "I walked along Watling Street as well as I could," he writes, "every creature coming away loaded with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent; with a handkercher about his neck."

When Pepys gave him the king's orders the mayor seemed quite overpowered and exclaimed, "What can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it."



THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.

By this time people were filling the churches with their property, little suspecting how many of these massive structures would be consumed ; but the fire still spread both east and west, and those who a few hours before had thought their dwellings secure from the flames began now to tremble, and in hot haste to remove their goods to any shelter they could find. In many cases furniture was removed twice if not three times, the place at first deemed safe being in a few hours in danger.

The peremptory order still was to pull down houses as the only means of stopping the flames, — the principle being just the same as that which dictates the cutting away of a tract of grass before a prairie fire.

It is not possible to exaggerate the horror and confusion which prevailed. Many people were so overcome with misery and despair that they made hardly any efforts to lessen the calamity, though most of them struggled hard to save their property. Mr. Pepys, whose house was in the very heart of the city, did not fear at first for his own premises, but the second day of the fire he grew so alarmed that he began removing his valuables. By Monday, the 4th, it was computed that there were above ten thousand houses in flames, and the heat was so terrible that no one could approach the conflagration.

The fire now reached the Temple on the west and Tower Street on the east, including, besides Fenchurch Street and Gracechurch Street (which had been the earlier prey), Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, the Old Bailey, Newgate, Watling Street, Warwick Lane, Thames Street, and Billingsgate. A number of churches, as well as St. Paul's and the Royal Exchange, were consumed. Some of the burning buildings looked like palaces of fiery gold or burnished brass, and the stones of the cathedral are described as flying about like shot. Two hundred thousand people were made homeless.

"All the skie," says Evelyn, a writer of the period, who, like Pepys, has left us a valuable diary, "was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and crackling and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clowds also of smoke were dismall and reached upon computation neere fifty-six miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or of the last day."

By Tuesday, the 5th, the fire reached Holborn and the entrance of Smithfield, but the wind now fell, and there was more hope of staying the progress of the flames. Instead of being pulled down, the houses were blown up with gunpowder, a measure which some seamen proposed, and which might have saved the whole city had not some avaricious men refused to adopt it. But it was some days yet before the conflagration was completely extinguished, and on the 7th Evelyn records the "extraordinary difficulty" of walking among the ruins and "clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish . . . the ground under my feet being so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes."

Very few lives were lost in the fire, but the misery of the homeless multitude was great. The king went among the people, distributing money to them, and issued a proclamation for their relief; but they were too numerous to be properly housed, and they were glad of the shelter of tents and huts in the open country all round London. Eighty-eight

churches and thirteen thousand two hundred houses had been consumed, and the loss of property was estimated at \$36,925,000.

Nevertheless the people bore up with extraordinary fortitude. "They beheld," says an old writer, "the ashes of their houses, gates, and temples without the least expression of pusillanimity. If philosophers had done this, it had well become their profession of wisdom; if gentlemen, the nobleness of their breeding and blood would have required it; but that such greatness of heart should be found amongst the poor artisans and the obscure multitude is no doubt one of the most honorable events that ever happened."

Within three days of the close of the fire Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect, submitted plans to the king for the rebuilding of the city. He proposed to have the Exchange in the centre, with ten streets, each sixty feet wide, converging to it. The smallest streets were to be thirty feet wide, excluding all narrow, dark courts and alleys without thoroughfares.

The churches were to occupy commanding positions along the principal thoroughfares, and to be designed according to the best forms for capacity and hearing, and adorned with useful porticos and lofty ornamental towers and steeples in the greater parishes.

Wren intended that the churchyards should be carefully planted and adorned, and be a sort of girdle round the town, wishing them to be an ornament to the city, and also a check upon its growth. To burials within the walls of the town he strongly objected, and the experience derived from the year of the plague proved the soundness of his judgment.

The London bank of the Thames was to be lined with a broad quay, along which the halls of the City Companies were to be built, with suitable warehouses in between for the

merchants, to vary the effect of the edifices. The little stream whose name survives in Fleet Street was to be cleansed, and made serviceable as a canal, one hundred and twenty feet wide, running much in the line of the present Holborn Viaduct.

These were the main features of Christopher Wren's plan, and had it been followed London might have been without its dark, crooked lanes, and without its smoke. The river would have been honored not only with the handsome quay it has at length obtained, but with a line of beautiful buildings and fair spires; and, above all, St. Paul's would have had an ample space around it, giving free play to its grand proportions.

The narrow-mindedness of the land-owners, disputes about the value of property, and a reluctance to alter the use of sites which had been long identified with certain businesses, led to the defeat of Wren's proposal, and the opportunity was lost of making London one of the handsomest cities of the world. Some changes for the better were made, however. Brick and stone instead of wood were used in rebuilding the houses; the drainage was improved, and the streets were widened.

Several blessings, indeed, resulted from the disaster. London had often been stricken by the plague, which had proved so fatal in 1665, but that disease never reappeared after the fire, which, no doubt, destroyed the germs that hung about the old tenements and dark alleys. Wren, moreover, had some opportunity to adorn the city. He was the architect of the present St. Paul's Cathedral, and also built fifty-one other churches, several of which remain among the most beautiful buildings which London has.

How the fire originated is a mystery; but a lofty monument marks the spot where it began. When it was first erected the monument bore an inscription to the effect

that the conflagration had been caused by Roman Catholics. When James II. came to the throne these words were erased, but they were restored and cut in deep characters during the time of William III. In the earlier part of the present century, however, the inscription was finally removed. It had always fostered ill-feelings ; and to it Pope alluded in his famous couplet : —

“ Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.”

“LONDON is not a poetical place to look at, but surely it is poetical in the very amount and comprehensiveness of its enormous experience of pleasure and pain. . . . It is one of the great giant representatives of mankind, with a huge beating heart, and much of its vice and misery.”—LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

IN the reign of Queen Anne one tenth of the whole population of England and Wales was in London, and the second town in size was Bristol, which had only one seventeenth as many people in it as the former city. Attempts were made to limit the growth of this ever-increasing metropolis; but people insisted on flocking to it, and its bounds were widened every year.

London still consisted of two parts, the city and Westminster, which are now united by a continuous line of buildings. The city represented the secular interests, and Westminster, with its Abbey and Houses of Parliament, the political and ecclesiastical interests. The Exchange was the commercial centre, and, more than that, had become what it has since remained, the centre of the commerce of the world.

“There is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange,” wrote Addison. “It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth.”

Englishmen had further cause for satisfaction than in their commercial supremacy. The great Duke of Marlborough was adding Blenheim and Ramillies to the long roll of British victories, while at home literature was being enriched by

Addison, Steele, Fielding, Swift, Pope, Congreve, Prior, Gay, and a galaxy of other famous writers, whose genius has given to this the name of the Augustan Age.

Some of these were members of the Kit-Kat Club, an association of authors and noblemen, which met in a lane nearly opposite Child's Bank in the Strand.

It was the custom of this aristocratic club to elect some reigning beauty as a toast every year, and to write epigrammatic verses in her honor, which were etched with a diamond on the club glasses. One evening the Duke of Kingston nominated his little daughter, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was then only eight years old.

"She is prettier than any beauty on the list," he declared, "and you shall see her."

A chaise was instantly sent for her, and presently she was ushered in, blushing, and dressed in her best. She was elected queen by acclamation. The gentlemen drank her health, feasted her with sweetmeats, kissed her, and inscribed her name on the glasses. Later in life, when describing this experience, Lady Mary wrote: "Pleasure was too poor a word to express my sensations. They amounted to ecstasy. Never again throughout my whole life did I pass so happy an evening."

One of the members of the club was Dr. Garth, who was reproved by Steele one night for remaining when his patients were pining for him.

"I have only fifteen calls to make," he said, "and a delay will not matter. Nine of the patients have such bad constitutions that all the physic in the world could not save them; and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world could not kill them."

Addison and the other wits of the time were frequenters of Will's coffee-house on the north side of Russell Street at the corner of Bow, where Dryden had formerly sat in arbitration



QUEEN ANNE.

on the merits of new poems and plays. Chance visitors were not much encouraged at such coffee-houses as Will's, and a man had to be of some note to be welcome. The coffee-house was used like a club of our own day, as a place where two friends could meet quietly and discuss a subject, — religious, political, or literary.

After the death of Dryden Will's lost its attractiveness, and Addison transferred his custom to a neighboring house, which one of his servants named Button had opened, where he could be seen nearly every day, usually accompanied by Richard Steele, and where many numbers of the "Spectator" and the "Tatler" were written. Pope, Swift, Davenant, and Dr. Arbuthnot were also frequenters of this coffee-house. While Swift was yet a stranger to the other patrons of the place, they called him the Mad Parson. He knew no one and no one knew him. He would lay his hat on a table, and walk up and down at a brisk pace for half an hour without speaking to any one. Then he would snatch up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk off without having opened his lips.

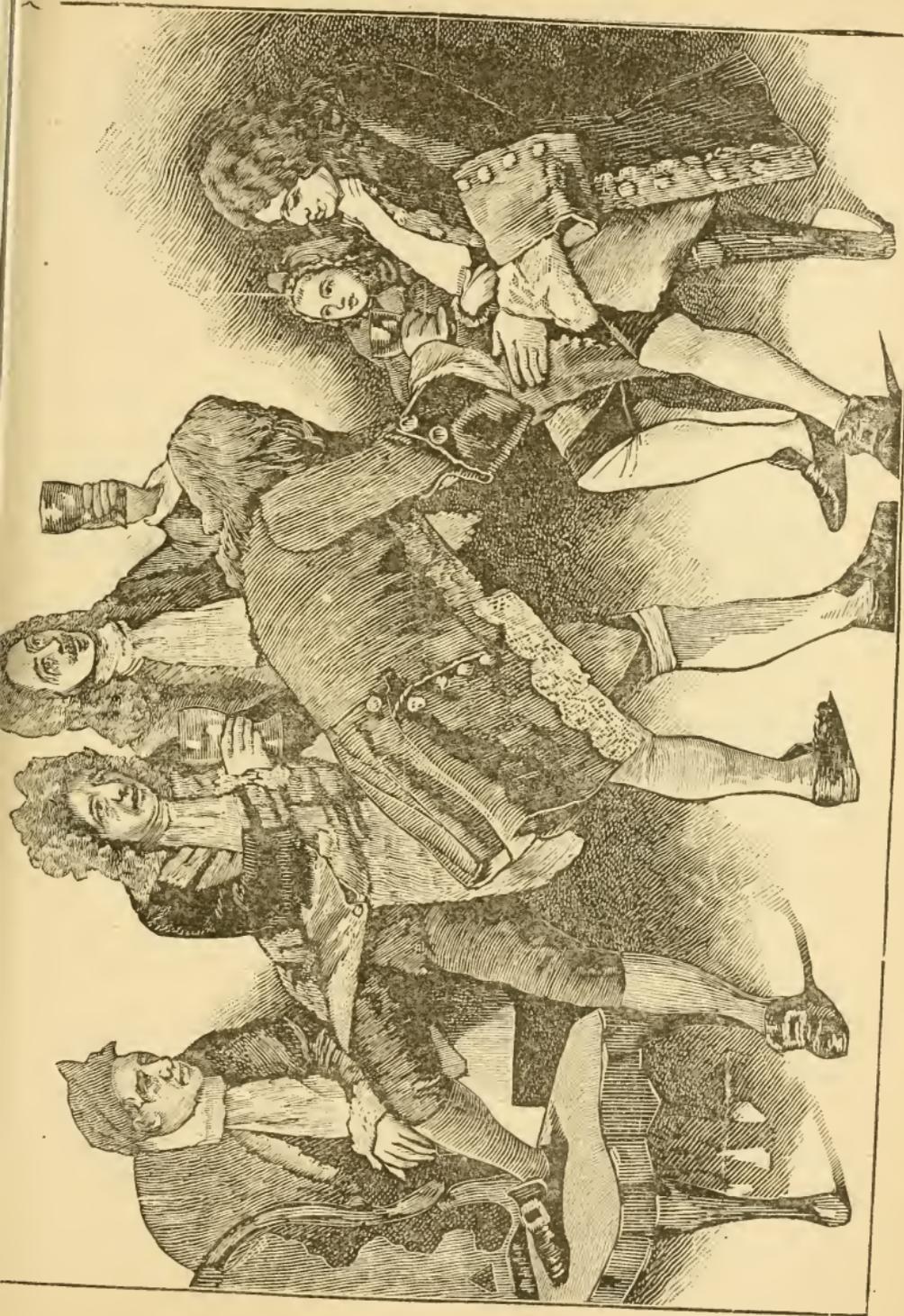
Though in wealth and population London was already the first city of the world, it had few of the public conveniences of modern life. The drainage was poor, the lighting was insufficient, and the pavements were never in order. Even until the time of George III. peaceable citizens had no adequate protection from thieves and rowdies. The streets were infested by a number of young men who called themselves Mohocks, and who amused themselves by assaulting watchmen and rolling women in tubs. Those persons who could afford it were usually attended by a body-guard of servants; and at night it was never safe to go forth unarmed. The attempts made in 1763 to organize something like a police force are recorded by the chroniclers of the day with an air of importance which shows how much protection was needed.

The streets, indeed, were used by individuals without any regard to the general convenience. Football was played in the most populous of them, and there was a Maypole in the Strand until 1713. The middle of them was usually occupied by open drains, and posts constituted the only distinction between the foot-way and the carriage-way. The space within the posts was sometimes so narrow that only one person could pass at a time, and hence those contests for the wall to which we have already alluded. Dr. Johnson describes how these quarrels were common when he first came to London, and how, at length, things were better ordered.

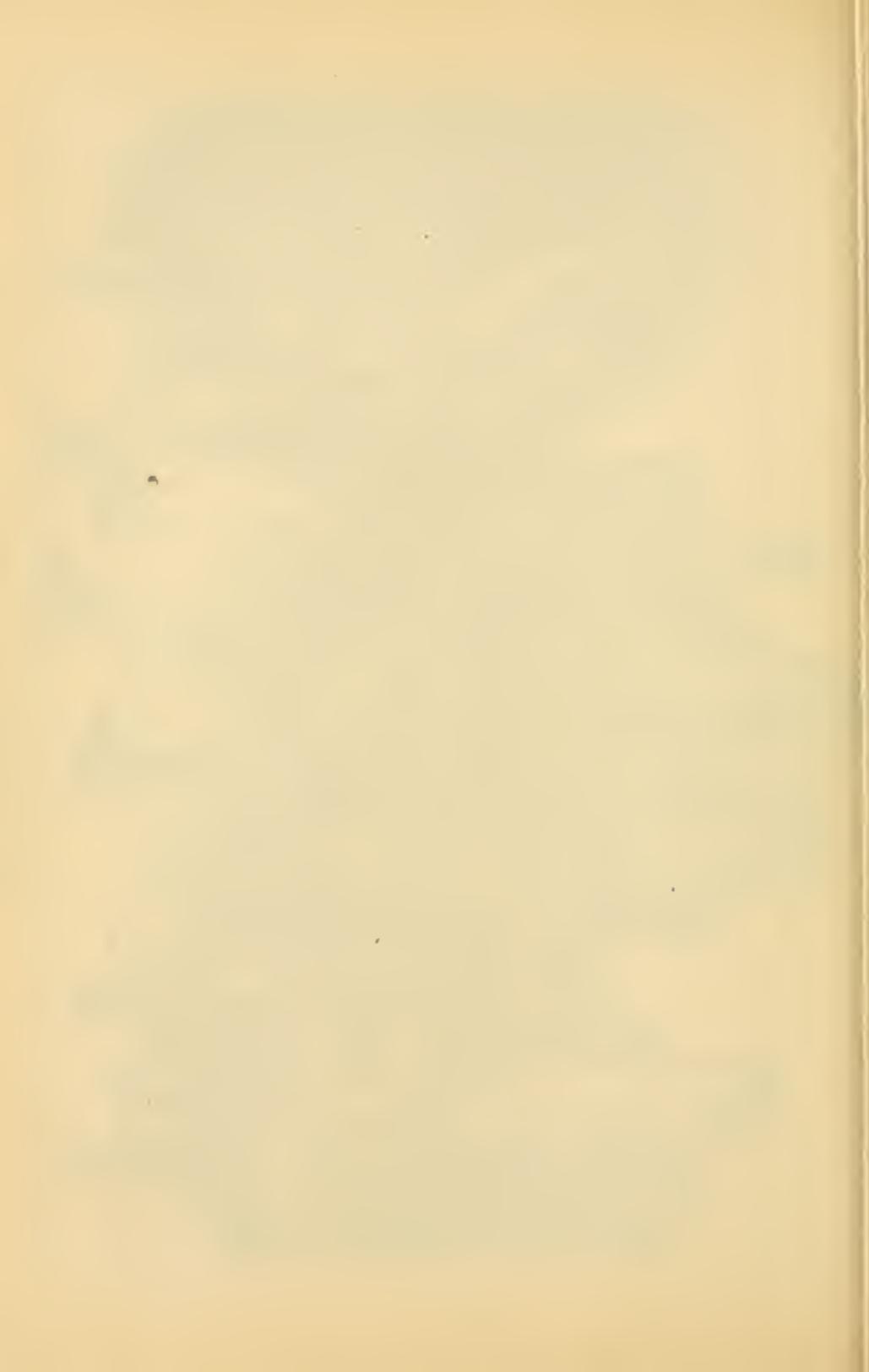
In wet and gusty weather the unhappy walker heard the crazy signs swinging over his head. The spouts of every house were streaming at his feet, or drenching his laced hat and powdered wig with un pitying torrents. At every step some projection was in his way; chimney-sweeps and coal-heavers jostled against him, and the bearers of the sedan chairs, in which ladies and gentlemen were carried to and fro, crowded him into the gutter. These were not days for pedestrians. Great holes gaped in the pavement, and open vaults were unprotected by any fence.

Writing upon the city, and referring to the narrowness of the streets, Davenant inquired: "Is your climate so hot that as you walk you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun? or are your shambles so empty that you are afraid to take in fresh air lest it sharpen your stomachs? . . . The garrets are so made that opposite neighbors may shake hands without stirring from home."

Looking at the London of to-day, with its well-swept streets and smooth pavements, its millions of lights, its civil policemen, its thousands of cabs and omnibuses, and the wonderful apparatus by which it is fed and relieved of its refuse, it is hard to imagine how dirty and unimproved it



LADY MARY MONTAGU AT THE VISITATION



was scarcely more than a century ago. The reader will be interested in learning how it was transformed from its former slovenliness to its present condition; but before describing this we will give a brief account of the "No Popery" riots which occurred in the reign of George III.

“ 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, and the great emporium for ladies of easy virtue; 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.” — BOSWELL.

CHAPTER X.

THE GORDON RIOTS.

AN intense hatred of the Roman Catholics existed in London, and the most severe laws were enacted against them, forbidding them to educate their children except in Protestant schools, and preventing them from inheriting property and purchasing land. A few persons of intelligence, including Sir George Saville, recognized the injustice of these laws, however, and in 1778, through their efforts, some of the harshest clauses were repealed.



HOOP.

Now, a hundred years ago most of the people read very little; but they talked among themselves a great deal. Stories of the persecution of Protestants when the Roman Catholics were in power had been handed down from father to son for many generations, and even dull minds were excited by apprehensions of the evils which would come, should the Roman Catholics be emancipated. The lower classes, especially, were enraged at the passing of Sir George Saville's bill, and denounced it in the bitterest terms.

Meetings were held, at which, no doubt, the speakers fanned each other's fury, and angry pamphlets were circulated all over the country. Meanwhile there was a member of Parlia-

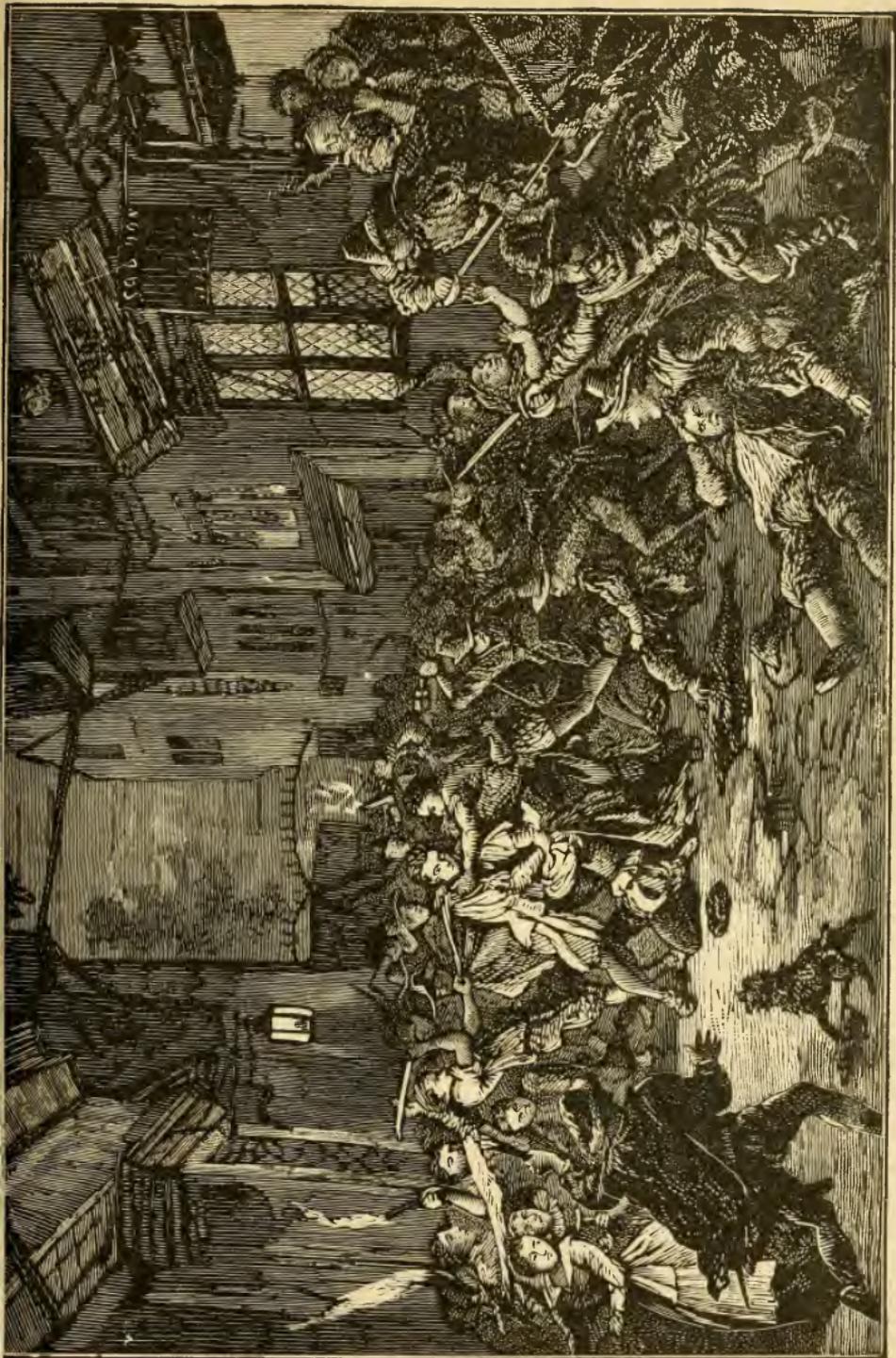
ment, Lord George Gordon, who was a mixture of the fanatic, the demagogue, and the fool. He was a brother of the Duke of Gordon, and doubtless had all the advantages of education becoming his station.

Lord George had long been noted for his eccentric dress and strange behavior, though up to this period he had been considered only a harmless oddity. At an early age he entered the navy, but had left it in consequence of discontent, and an altercation about his promotion. After obtaining a seat in Parliament he distinguished himself by attacking all classes of politicians, sometimes, it must be owned, with a sort of cleverness; and after a time the saying got about that there were three parties in the House, namely, the Ministers, the Opposition, and Lord George.

This was the man who denounced Sir George Saville's bill of relief in the most violent and unreasonable manner. He soon became the idol of the uneducated people, and a society was formed called the Protestant Association, with him as president, to which so many persons subscribed that there was no lack of money to print pamphlets, and get up petitions asking for the repeal of the bill.

Probably because George III. would give him no hope of assistance, he insinuated that the king was at heart a papist, and declared in Parliament that the mass of the Scotch nation were of that opinion. He talked of coming down to the House with a hundred and fifty thousand men at his back; and in the spring of 1780 he conceived the idea of a petition, the signatures to which should make it long enough to reach from the Speaker's chair to Whitehall.

At a meeting of the Protestant Association he announced his intention of presenting this petition on the 2d of June, with the members of the Association and their friends in procession. Every one was to wear a blue cockade in his hat to distinguish him, and all were to meet in St. George's Fields.



THE GORDON RIOTS.

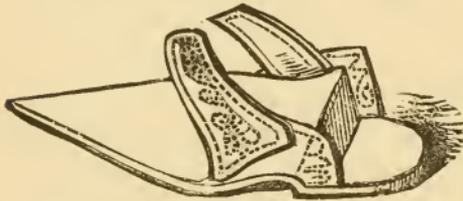
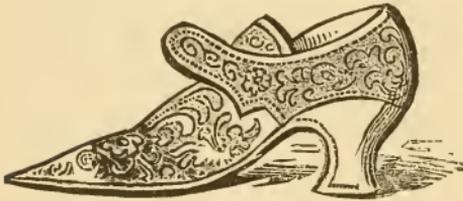
When the day arrived, not less than sixty thousand men assembled at the spot appointed. They began to gather by ten o'clock in the morning, and marshalled themselves in ranks, waiting for their leader. "About eleven o'clock," says the "Annual Register," "Lord George arrived, and gave directions in what manner he would have them proceed; and about twelve one party was ordered to go round over London Bridge, another over Blackfriars, and a third to follow him over Westminster." The petition was borne before them, on the head of a tall man. They proceeded with perfect decorum, six abreast, and the multitude reunited before the Houses of Parliament about half-past two o'clock, raising a great shout.

They had been joined, however, by many vagabonds and pickpockets, and a number of heedless youths who were only alive to the prospect of noisy excitement. It very soon became apparent that this unruly section was getting the upper hand. Not content with flaunting their own blue cockades and shouting "No Popery," they waylaid members of Parliament, and insisted on their also wearing the cockades, and joining in the party cry.

The mob took possession of the avenues leading to the Houses of Parliament, and twice attempted to force the doors. As the members approached they were attacked, and some of them narrowly escaped with their lives. We can fancy what a scene must have presented itself inside the Houses when the members, with disordered hair and torn clothes, and in many instances wounds, at last obtained an entrance. All were angry and excited, and all clamored for action, though no one seemed to know clearly what action to take. Several attempted to speak at the same time, and little could be distinctly understood, as the hooting and shouting outside were deafening.

Meanwhile Lord George Gordon added fuel to the fire

by coming several times to the top of the gallery stairs and addressing the people, telling them of the treatment their petition was likely to meet with. He mentioned several members who were opposed to it, and said that there was some talk of postponing the petition until the following Tuesday, but that, for his own part, he did not like delays, as Parliament might be prorogued by that time. Afterwards, he made



SANDALS.

a still more inflammatory speech, encouraging the idea that the king, dismayed by the numbers who were assembled, would himself interfere on their behalf.

General Conway and several other members warned him in strong language of the mischief he was doing by such harangues, and Colonel Gordon, a near relation, went

up to him and said, "My Lord George, do you intend to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do, the first man of them that enters, I will plunge my sword, not into his, but into your, body."

While Lord George was making his second speech another of his relations, General Grant, came behind him and endeavored to draw him away, entreating him not to lead this mass of people into danger. But his words did more harm than good; for Lord George, instead of answering him, proceeded to say, in addressing the mob, "You see in this effort to dissuade me from my duty before your eyes an instance of the difficulties I have to encounter from such wise men of this world as my honorable friend behind my back."

Alderman Sawbridge and some others now tried to induce the people to clear the lobby, — to which they had forced an entrance, — but without success ; and matters were so serious that soon afterwards some soldiers arrived to enforce order. Justice Addington, who appeared at the head of the troops, was received with hisses ; but on his assuring the people that he would order the soldiers away if they would only promise to disperse, he gained their good opinion. The cavalry galloped off, and about six hundred of the petitioners departed, though not till they had given three cheers for the magistrate.

When order was restored, Lord George introduced his petition, declaring it had nearly a hundred and twenty thousand signatures, and he moved that it should be taken into immediate consideration ; the House divided, and there appeared six for the petition and a hundred and ninety-two against it. Soon afterwards the House adjourned, and, as it was supposed that the mob had dispersed, the soldiers were ordered home.

But though order was restored in Westminster, the rioters were busy elsewhere, and had burned two Catholic chapels. The next day, Saturday, was quiet ; but on the afternoon of Sunday they again assembled in great force, and stripped several chapels of all ornaments, tearing up altars, pews, and pulpits to make bonfires of them. They also sacked several houses.

The 4th of June was the king's birthday, and falling on a Sunday it was observed in the usual manner on the following day. George III. was, at that time especially, a much-beloved king, and his birthday was always kept as a festival. As was usual, he held a drawing-room, and an ode written by the Poet Laureate was chanted in his honor. But while the carriages and sedan chairs of the nobility were taking them to Court, the "blue cockades" were busy doing infinite mischief in other parts of the town. They wreaked their ven-

geance on several tradesmen who had given evidence against some of them, by plundering the shops ; and a detachment of the mob made its way to Leicester Fields to attack the house of Sir George Saville, which they stripped before setting fire to the building.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 6th, both Houses of Parliament met. A detachment of foot-guards was placed in



BEARDS.

Westminster Hall ; but the mob waylaid the Peers and Commoners, and insulted and maltreated them just as they had done on the Friday. Mr. Hyde, the justice, rode among them with the cavalry, hoping to disperse them ; but the soldiers were so afraid of exceeding the law that they would not even strike with the flat of their swords.

Mr. Hyde paid dearly for his generous and patriotic conduct, for the mob raised the cry of "To Hyde's house, ahoy !" and proceeding to St. Martin's Lane, where he lived, they speedily wrecked his dwelling.

There was great indignation in the House of Commons when Lord George appeared wearing the hated blue cockade. One member, Colonel Herbert, declared his resolve not to sit and vote in the House while the noble lord wore the ensign of riot in his hat, and vowed that if his lordship did not remove it he would do it for him. Lord George seemed cowed by this threat, for he took the cockade from his hat and put it in his pocket.

The mob was now more dangerous and ungovernable than

ever. The more respectable members of the Protestant Association, alarmed at the destruction which had taken place, had withdrawn from the scene, and the rioters consisted mainly of pickpockets, burglars, and the vilest dregs of the populace. While the House of Commons was sitting they attacked the house of the Prime Minister, Lord North, but some soldiers prevented them from destroying it. Foiled in this, they marched on to Newgate, vowing they would break open the prison and release their fellows who had been imprisoned there since Friday. They were armed with crow-bars and pickaxes and heavy sledge-hammers; and when the governor refused to give up their comrades they attacked his door and flung the furniture out of the window, and set fire to his dwelling by throwing fire-brands and combustibles into it. While it was burning they attacked the strong door of the prison with their tools; and finding it did not yield they brought heaps of the governor's furniture, which they piled against the door and ignited.

From the governor's house the flames spread to the prison chapel, and thence to some passages leading to the wards. On perceiving this the mob raised shouts and yells of triumph, which mingled with the cries of the prisoners, some of whom were rejoicing in the expectation of release, while others were afraid of the fire. The rioters had broken into the governor's cellar, and maddened themselves with wine and spirits till their ferocity knew no bounds.

Many of them had themselves at one time or another been prisoners in Newgate, and were well acquainted with its interior; and led on by these the crowd made a rush through the gaps caused by the fire, and soon found themselves masters of the place. Three hundred criminals, four under sentence of death, were thus released, not one being left behind, and not one perishing in the flames. They joined the roaring multitude, and shouted gleefully at seeing the

new, strong prison consumed by fire. Newgate prison had been lately rebuilt at a vast expense, but by the next morning nothing remained of it except the blackened walls.

After burning Newgate the next proceeding of the mob was to break open Clerkenwell prison and release the prisoners there. Aided by this reinforcement they attacked the houses of two very active magistrates, Mr. Cox and Sir John Fielding, and then with increasing fury proceeded to Bloomsbury Square, where Lord Mansfield resided. Already they felt themselves so completely masters of London, that they compelled the terrified citizens to illuminate their houses and hang out flags and banners with the inscription, "No Popery," upon them. Even the Jews wrote on their doors, "This house is Protestant." Business was almost entirely suspended, shops with few exceptions being closed from Tyburn to Whitechapel; and the more courageous people armed themselves with whatever weapons they could command. Many houses looked like places prepared for a siege.

A friend of Mrs. Newton Crosland, from whose account of the riots we have condensed this narrative, tells how two of his grandparents were married in London during the week of the outbreak. It would have been impossible after leaving the church to pass with safety through the streets in the ordinary way; so the wedding party assumed the blue cockades instead of white favors, and covered the post chaise containing the bridal pair with placards of "No Popery." Thus, in the guise of violent partisans, they escaped into the country.

Lord Mansfield, the Lord Chief Justice of England, was one of the ablest and most conscientious men ever raised to his exalted position; and because he had administered the law impartially to churchmen and dissenters, to Quakers and to Roman Catholics, and especially because he had refused

to convict a priest for exercising the offices of his religion, the rioters were bitter against him.

It was about midnight when, infuriated with spirits and beer, they arrived at his house in Bloomsbury Square, which was then a fashionable part of London. Of course, a private residence could offer but little resistance to the attacks of such a multitude ; and the justice, who was seventy-five years of age, had barely time to escape with his wife by a back door before the mob effected an entrance. The furniture, pictures, and books were speedily made into bonfires, and one of the finest libraries in England was thus destroyed. When furniture, pictures, wearing-apparel, books, and papers were consumed, the mob set fire to the house, having first broken into the wine cellar and added to their intoxication by drinking the fine wines they found there.



COSTUMES, TIME OF GEORGE III.

It is a most surprising fact that though a party of foot-guards appeared on the scene, they remained inactive ; and when a friend of Lord Mansfield's remonstrated with them, they declared that without the orders of a magistrate they dared not act, and that the magistrates had all fled from the scene in terror ! When at last a magistrate was found, and the soldiers were ordered to fire, the work of destruction was done, and probably the men who were killed and wounded were so stupefied with drink that they were hardly

conscious of the retribution. An ignorant and vicious rabble, powerful only from their brute strength, were in reality masters of London for several days, while the class who should have controlled them seemed paralyzed by fear.

On Wednesday, the 7th, the consternation of well-disposed people seemed at its height. They barricaded their houses, chalked "No Popery" on their doors, and hung out blue streamers, blue being the color of the Protestant Association. But Protestant zeal had now nothing to do with the mob, which was only bent on plunder and destruction. Some of the rioters were armed with iron bars which had been the railings in front of Lord Mansfield's house, and they went about despoiling the houses tenanted by respectable people, or demanding contributions of money from them. One man who rode on horseback claimed gold and would take nothing less.

Not satisfied with having destroyed Lord Mansfield's town house, a party of rioters proceeded to his residence near Highgate, intending to burn that also, but happily they were met by a detachment of cavalry who turned them back. They had also intended to sack the Bank of England, but found it guarded by infantry, who fired on them, killing and wounding a great number. They were, however, apparently but little daunted, for they broke open several prisons, including the King's Bench, the Fleet, and the Marshalsea, setting the prisoners free. They plundered the toll-houses at Blackfriars Bridge, and then burnt them down; and had so systematized their proceedings that they had a list of the public buildings which they intended to destroy, the Mansion House, the Royal Exchange, and the British Museum being among the number. Happily their plans were frustrated with regard to these buildings. They even threatened to break open the mad-houses and release the miserable and dangerous inmates.

Another dreadful scene had yet to be enacted. Mr. Langdale, who had a large distillery on Holborn Bridge, was a Roman Catholic. The rioters broke open his premises, staved in his hogsheads, filled pails and even their hats with the liquor, drank deeply of it, and passed it on to the mob outside, till the gutters ran with gin, brandy, and pure alcohol. Even women and children, as well as men, were seen on their knees sucking up the intoxicating fluid. Some of these miserable beings, helpless from drunkenness, perished; for, as usual, the plundered premises were set on fire, and, fed as the flames were by the spirit that was spilt, they at once sprang up high and spread in many directions. Had the wind been stronger the historian would probably have had to record another great fire of London.

It is greatly to the credit of George III. that he showed on this occasion much more courage and determination than his ministers, who were overcome by timidity. It was the prevailing opinion that it was not lawful to attack the mob, whatever they might do, until an hour after reading the Riot Act. Wedderburn, the Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Loughborough, declared, however, that after the reading of the Act not a single hour was required for the dispersion of the mob, and that in extreme cases not even the reading of the Act was necessary if a military force was required to prevent the firing of a dwelling-house.

Encouraged by this high legal decision, the king issued a proclamation requiring all householders and their families to keep within doors, while the officers suppressed the riot by military force.

This proclamation was speedily followed by the despatch of soldiers to various quarters of the town. Now began scenes only less horrible than the preceding ones. The first body of troops called into operation was the Northumberland militia, which had entered London by a forced march

that day. They were led against the rioters at Langdale's distillery, where there already had been great loss of life. Another party proceeded to Blackfriars Bridge, where numbers of the retreating crowd perished by falling from the parapet into the river. Other troops marched off elsewhere to restore order, and whenever the mob failed to disperse, the word of command was given and they were fired upon. Remembering how narrow most of the London streets then were, it is easy for us to understand that many of the crowd might have been eager to escape and yet unable to do so. But, on the other hand, time had been allowed for well-disposed persons to get home, and those who failed to obey suffered the consequences. It must indeed have been horrible for quiet citizens who had obeyed the proclamation to remain in their closed houses, with shutters barred, listening to the tramp of soldiers, the hooting of the crowd, and the firing of muskets with military precision, followed by the shrieks of the wounded. But the five days of terror through which they had passed must have made them deeply thankful that the Government was defending them at last, and in many instances bodies of civilians armed themselves and went forth to assist the troops.

Not less than twenty-five thousand soldiers were assembled in London and the suburbs, all ready to act as occasion might require ; and this display of force, together with the exertions of the civic authorities, now thoroughly aroused, so quelled the turbulent throng that by night the town was perfectly quiet. The streets indeed seemed even more still than usual, for, wearied with the recent excitement, people were thankful to rest. In many places blood ran in the gutters, and it was computed that two hundred men were shot in the streets, while two hundred and fifty were carried to the hospitals seriously wounded, of whom subsequently nearly a hundred died. Many more who were only slightly injured managed to escape.



E. ROWAT

GEORGE III.

On the next morning, Thursday, the 8th of June, it has been said "the city looked in places as if it had been sacked by an invading army." Firemen were busy among the smoking ruins of prisons and other buildings trying to extinguish the still smouldering remains ; while men and women — the latter often with children in their arms — were lying about on doorsteps sleeping off the fumes of the previous day's drunkenness. Troops were stationed in the parks, at the Royal Exchange, and some other important places, but most of the shops still continued closed, and no public business was transacted except at the Bank of England.

On the morning of Friday, the 9th, the law courts resumed their sittings, and shops once more were generally opened. On this day Lord George Gordon, the author of all the disasters, was committed to the Tower on a secretary of state's warrant. His trial took place Feb. 5, 1781. He was arraigned for high treason, and was defended with great eloquence by Mr., afterwards Lord, Erskine. The presiding judge was William, Earl of Mansfield, who had been so wronged by the rioters.

But it was in keeping with Lord Mansfield's greatness of character that he allowed no personal enmity to appear on this memorable occasion. On the contrary, in his charge to the jury he dwelt so forcibly on all the points of law that were in the prisoner's favor, and summed up the evidence so clearly, that the jury after half an hour's deliberation pronounced the prisoner "not guilty."

This verdict disappointed many of those people who were still smarting under the remembrance of all they had suffered during the riots. But though Lord George was morally responsible, he was not so legally.

As years passed on the eccentricities of Lord George Gordon increased. In 1788 he was tried and found guilty of libelling the Queen of France, the French ambassador,

and the English law and crown officers. On this occasion he withdrew to Holland, but the magistrates of Amsterdam sent him back to England. He was committed to Newgate in accordance with the sentence pronounced on him for libel, and there spent the rest of his life. He died of fever, Nov. 1, 1793.

Nearly one half of the rioters arrested were found guilty, and of those thus convicted twenty-one were executed, the remainder being transported for life.

In "Barnaby Rudge" Dickens carries several of his characters through the insurrection; and, though they are fictitious, the scenes are historically accurate. From Chapter LXIII. to Chapter LXVIII. the superb dramatic powers of the great novelist are exercised in a sustained description which is unsurpassed; witness, for instance, his account of the last night of the riots:—

"All night no one had essayed to quench the flames or stop their progress; but now a body of soldiers were actively engaged in pulling down two old wooden houses, which were every moment in danger of taking fire, and which could scarcely fail, if they were left to burn, to extend the conflagration immensely. The tumbling down of nodding walls and heavy blocks of wood, the hooting and the execrations of the crowd, the distant firing of other military detachments, the distracted looks and cries of those whose habitations were in danger, the hurrying to and fro of frightened people with their goods; the reflections, in every quarter of the sky, of deep red, soaring flames, as though the last day had come, and the whole universe were burning; the dust, and smoke, and drift of fiery particles, scorching and kindling all it fell upon; the hot unwholesome vapor, the blight on everything; the stars and moon and very sky obliterated, — made up such a sum of dreariness and ruin, that it seemed as if the face of

Heaven were blotted out, and night, in its rest and quiet, and softened light, never could look upon the earth again.

“The gutters of the street, and every crack and fissure in the stones, ran with scorching spirit, which, being dammed up by busy hands, overflowed the road and pavement, and formed a great pool in which the people dropped down dead by dozens. They lay in heaps all round this fearful pond, husbands and wives, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, women with children in their arms and babies at their breasts, and drank until they died. While some stooped with their lips to the brink, and never raised their heads again, others sprang up from their fiery draught, and danced, half in a mad triumph, and half in the agony of suffocation, until they fell, and steeped their corpses in the liquor that had killed them. Nor was even this the worst or most appalling kind of death that happened on this fatal night.

“From the burning cellars, where they drank out of hats, pails, buckets, tubs, and shoes, some men were drawn, alive, but all alight from head to foot; who, in their unendurable anguish and suffering, making for anything that had the look of water, rolled, hissing, in this hideous lake, and splashed up liquid fire which lapped in all it met with as it ran along the surface, and neither spared the living nor the dead.

“On this last night of the great riots — for the last night it was — the wretched victims of a senseless outcry became themselves the dust and ashes of the flames they had kindled, and strewed the public streets of London.”

IN London I never know what to be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that
I am wild with the sweets of Variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

In the town if it rains, why it bars not our hope ;
The eye has its range, and the fancy its scope ;
Still the same, though it pour all night and all day,
It spoils not our prospects, it stops not one way.

In London if folks ill together are put,
A beau may be dropped or a quiz may be cut ;
We change without end, and if happy or ill,
Our wants are at hand, our wishes at will.

Then in town let me live, and in town let me die,
For I own I can't relish the country, not I ;
If I must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.

CAPTAIN MORRIS

CHAPTER XI.

IMPROVED LONDON.

WE have pictured London as it was in the last century, when thieves and blackguards had peaceable citizens at their mercy, and when the provisions for keeping the city clean were little better than in the Middle Ages. The slums of Whitechapel are in better order now, and safer to the pedestrian, than Fleet Street and the Strand were then. But London, unlike Paris, had no Haussmann suddenly to transform it from an ancient city to a modern one. The changes made in it were gradual.

One of the first steps towards an improvement was the establishment of a more efficient police force. Formerly the guardians of the peace were old and sleepy men, who had not strength enough, even when they had courage, to quell disorder, and who were glad when the ill-doers left them to doze in the sentry boxes which were provided for their shelter. Indeed, their age and feebleness were looked upon as a qualification for their posts. The young "bucks" of the Regency were especially the tormentors of these poor old men, who were called Charlies, because the law under which they were appointed dated to the time of Charles I. To "box a Charlie" was considered fine sport. If he was found dozing between the hours when he went his rounds, his box was upset, with him inside of it, and he was left to kick and struggle, like a turtle on its back, until help arrived. Another trick was to offer him a dram which had been drugged, and,

when the liquor had stupefied him, to cart him with his box into a quarter of the town far distant from his post. Practically, the watchmen were of no use, except to cry the hour of the night and the state of the weather to wakeful citizens.

In 1829 Sir Robert Peel abolished the "Charlies" and established the present force of uniformed policemen, who number over eleven thousand, and have jurisdiction over the whole of the county of Middlesex, and parts of the adjacent counties of Hertford, Essex, and Kent. A nickname is given to them, as to the watchmen who preceded them, and they are known as Bobbies or Peelers, both names being derived from those of the great statesman who established the force.

Another great improvement was the abolition of cesspools in 1847, and the drainage of the houses through sewers. The sewage is now conducted to Crossness, fourteen miles below London Bridge, and is ultimately discharged into the German Ocean.

In its water supply, London had been more fortunate, previous to the time of which we are speaking, than in its police and drainage. In olden times the citizens were provided by the streams which flowed through their streets, one of the largest being that which gave Fleet Street its name. As the city grew, it was impossible to keep these streams clean, and water was then conveyed from the surrounding country by conduits. On great occasions wine instead of water was turned into the conduits for the free use of the citizens, and this was the case when unfortunate Anne Boleyn was crowned after her marriage with Henry VIII.

The conduits were an improvement on the open streams, but they were an obstruction to traffic in the streets, and all the water from them had to be carried into the houses. There were no pipes in the houses, such as we consider indispensable. But in 1582 a Dutchman, named Peter Morris, introduced a plan for supplying the houses with water



PETTICOAT LANE.

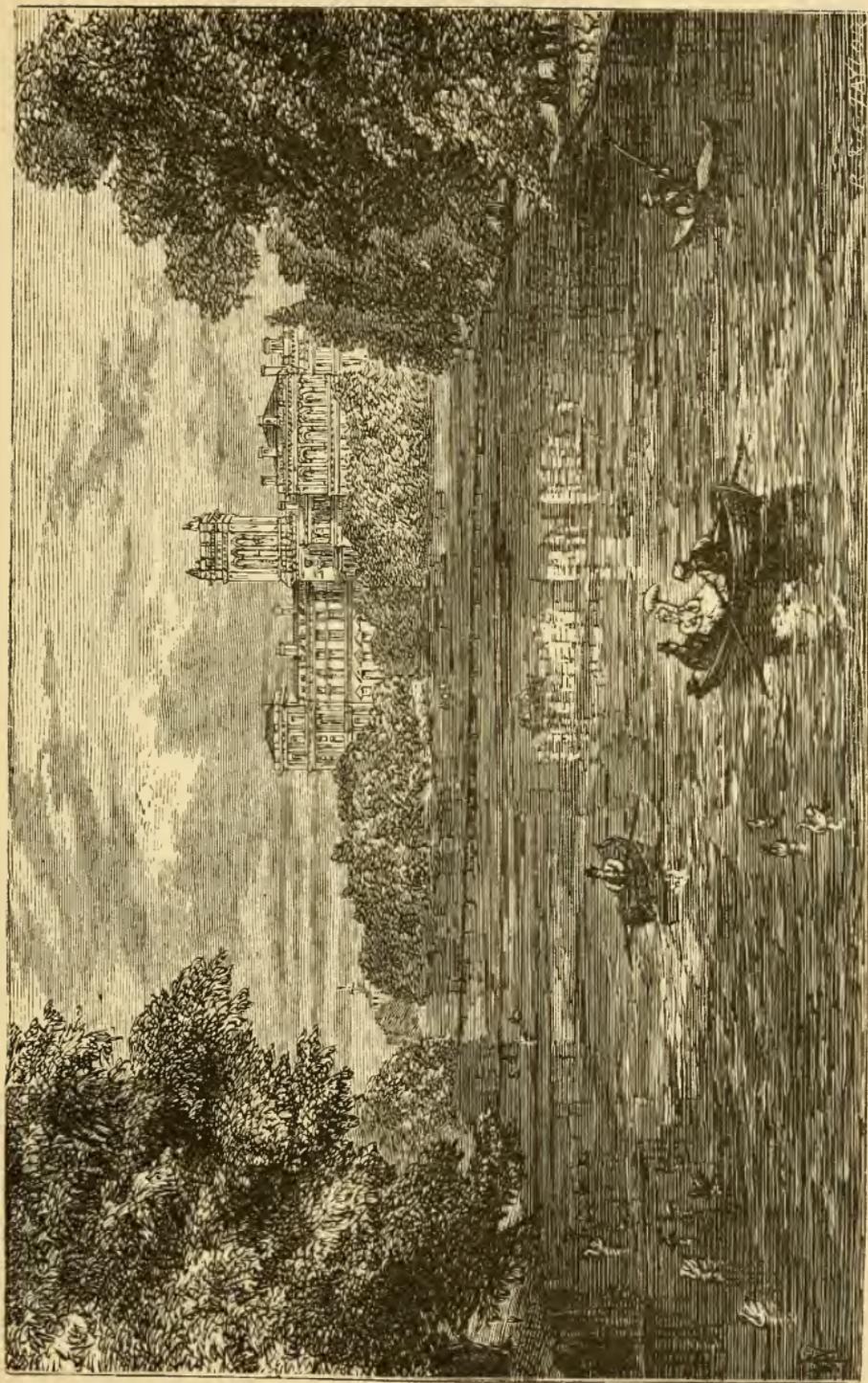
by mechanical power. He obtained a lease for the use of the Thames water and two arches of London Bridge, where he built a *forcier*, by which a supply could be sent a short distance. His apparatus was inadequate, however, and relief came in 1594, when a goldsmith named Hugh Middleton appeared upon the scene. Even if Morris's invention had been capable of distributing all the water that was wanted, it could not have been a success, for the supply could not have been pure as long as it depended on the Thames. Middleton took up a plan which others refused to adopt because it was costly. Spending the whole of a large private fortune in the undertaking, he went to the green hills and dales far beyond London, and, tapping the sweetest springs, brought their waters to the city through an artificial river, twenty-one miles long. Engineers had not the machinery then which is at their command now, and the tunnelling of the St. Gothard Pass was not, relatively speaking, a more imposing work than the cutting of this channel from Hertfordshire to London. Middleton's fortune was all spent before his great work was complete, and he applied in vain to his fellow-citizens for help. The means were furnished by James I., who, in return for his advances, received half the shares, of which there were seventy-two, each being now valued at \$85,000. Though the undertaking had few friends in the beginning, it thus has proved not only an incalculable boon to the inhabitants, but also an immensely profitable investment.

For many years the New River was ample, and it is still utilized for the north eastern region and that limited part of London which claims the exclusive designation of the "city;" but, in addition to it, seven other sources are now required to supply the modern metropolis. There are about seven hundred miles of water-mains, and the average daily consumption is about one hundred and twenty million gallons, or nearly thirty gallons for each person. What other city in the world,

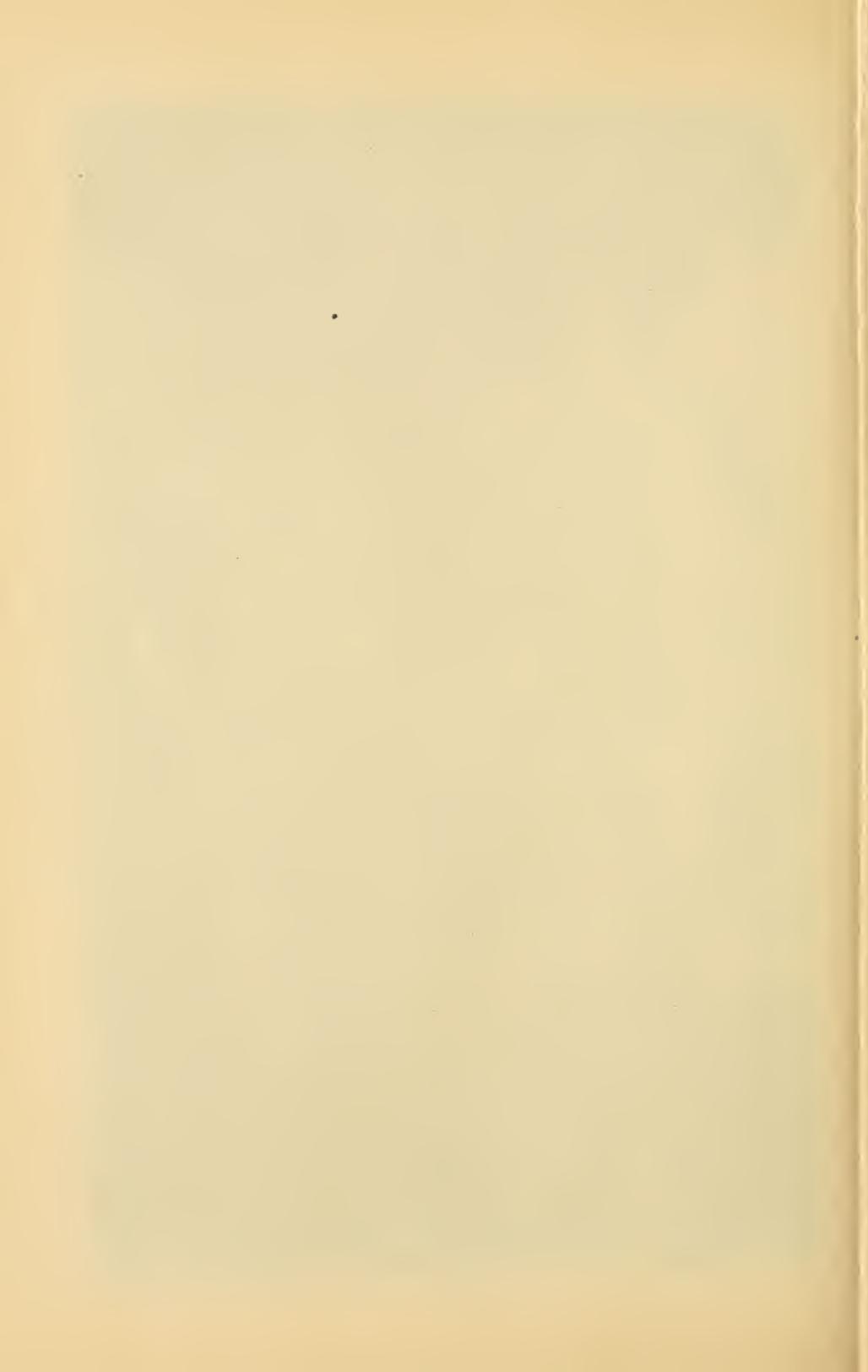
it has been asked, has provided for the comfort of its inhabitants so abundantly?

We have already mentioned how Edward Heming lighted some of the streets with lanterns in the time of Charles II., and how a few foolish persons laughed at his project. The proposition to use gas for the same purpose was also derided. Sir Humphry Davy said that it would be as easy to bring down a piece of the moon for the illumination of London as to light the streets with gas. The philosopher was mistaken, and yet he was supported by even as clever men as James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine. He suggested that the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral could be used as a gasometer. Nevertheless, in 1803-4 a German named Winsor proved that gas was feasible for an illuminant, and first used it in the Lyceum Theatre, after which it was gradually adopted throughout the metropolis. But, like so many pioneers in great works, Winsor was ruined by the opposition which he met. As Macaulay says of Heming's lanterns, "The cause of darkness was not undefended. There were fools in that age who opposed the introduction of what was called the 'new light' as strenuously as fools in our own age have opposed the introduction of vaccination and railroads, and as strenuously as the fools of an age anterior to the dawn of history doubtless opposed the introduction of the plough and of alphabetical writing."

Dr. Johnson, who had violent prejudices against many other things, is said to have predicted the lighting of London by gas. One evening, from the window of his house in Bolt Court, he observed the parish lamp-lighter ascend a ladder to light one of the public lanterns. The man had scarcely half way descended when the flame expired. Quickly returning, he lifted the cover partially, and thrust the end of his torch beneath it: the flame was instantly communicated to the wick by the vapor, which suddenly ignited. "Ah," exclaimed the



INDIA OFFICE FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK.



doctor, "one of these days the streets of London will be lighted with smoke!"

We have now seen how Sir Hugh Middleton saved the housewife the trouble of going with her bucket to the nearest stream when she wanted water, and provided her with an inexhaustible flow in her own kitchen; how the refuse of the thousands of houses is swiftly carried off, instead of being allowed to breed disease by accumulation; how lurking thieves and hidden pitfalls were defeated by the glimmer of lamps, which have increased in number, until now, when London is seen from an eminence on a clear night, it seems like a garden sown with yellow flowers: and how the feeble old Dogberrys of the past have been supplanted by wide-awake and brawny policemen, who keep the rogues well under hand. We have yet to speak of the introduction of the means provided for "getting about."

In olden times there were no public conveyances. The better class of citizens rode to church, or to make calls, on horses, and at a later period they had their own carriages. On great occasions there were often as many people in the saddle as on foot, and the equestrian display was a fine one, no less than six thousand horsemen, for instance, having attended the coronation of Henry IV. The chroniclers have painted such celebrations for us in vivid colors. They show us the entry into London of the conqueror of Agincourt, and the attendant splendors, — the flowing conduits, the artificial trees and flowers, the maidens playing music, the wooden houses draped with gay tapestries, and the inmates sitting in their costly dresses on the balconies. These magnificent equestrian spectacles were familiar to the citizens from the earliest times.

It is not easy to think of London, whose murmur can now be heard miles away, without the sound of other wheels than those of the cart dragging through the ruts with its load of

firewood or beer or wool. But the city had no coaches until late in the reign of Elizabeth ; and they can scarcely be said to have come into general use until the reign of James.

Their use is noticed by Stow as follows : " In the year 1564 Guiliam Boonen, a Dutchman, became the queen's coachman, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England. After a while, divers great ladies, with as great jealousy of the queen's displeasure, made them coaches, and rid up and down the countries in them, to the great admiration of all the beholders ; but then by little and little they grew usual among the nobility and others of sort, and in twenty years became a great trade of coach-making."

The new vehicles increased in number despite the condition of the roads. One writer says : " It is a most uneasy kind of passage, in coaches on the paved streets of London, wherein men and women are so tost, tumbled, jumbled, and rumbled." The drivers of carts took a malicious pleasure in obstructing the coaches, moreover, and it was said that six nobles often had to give precedence to six barrels of beer.

In 1634 a stand of hackney coaches was provided for the use of any persons who wished to hire them, and the fact was thus recorded : " I cannot omit to mention any new thing that comes up among us, though never so trivial. Here is one Captain Baily ; he hath been a sea captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney coaches, put his men in livery, and appointed them to stand at the Maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rate to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate. So that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had everywhere, as watermen are to be had

by the waterside. Everybody is much pleased with it; for, whereas before coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper."

There was some opposition between the coaches and the sedan chairs, and for a long time the superiority of one over the other was a matter of dispute.

The river, winding through the city, was as great a highway as any street; and, especially between London and Westminster, innumerable row-boats passed to and fro, conveying passengers either on pleasure or business.

The row-boats are superseded now by a fleet of steamers, which call at many landings on both sides of the river, and convey passengers for less than one cent a mile; while the hackney coaches and sedan chairs are substituted by over three thousand cabs, twelve hundred omnibuses, a large number of street-cars, and the trains of the Underground Railway.

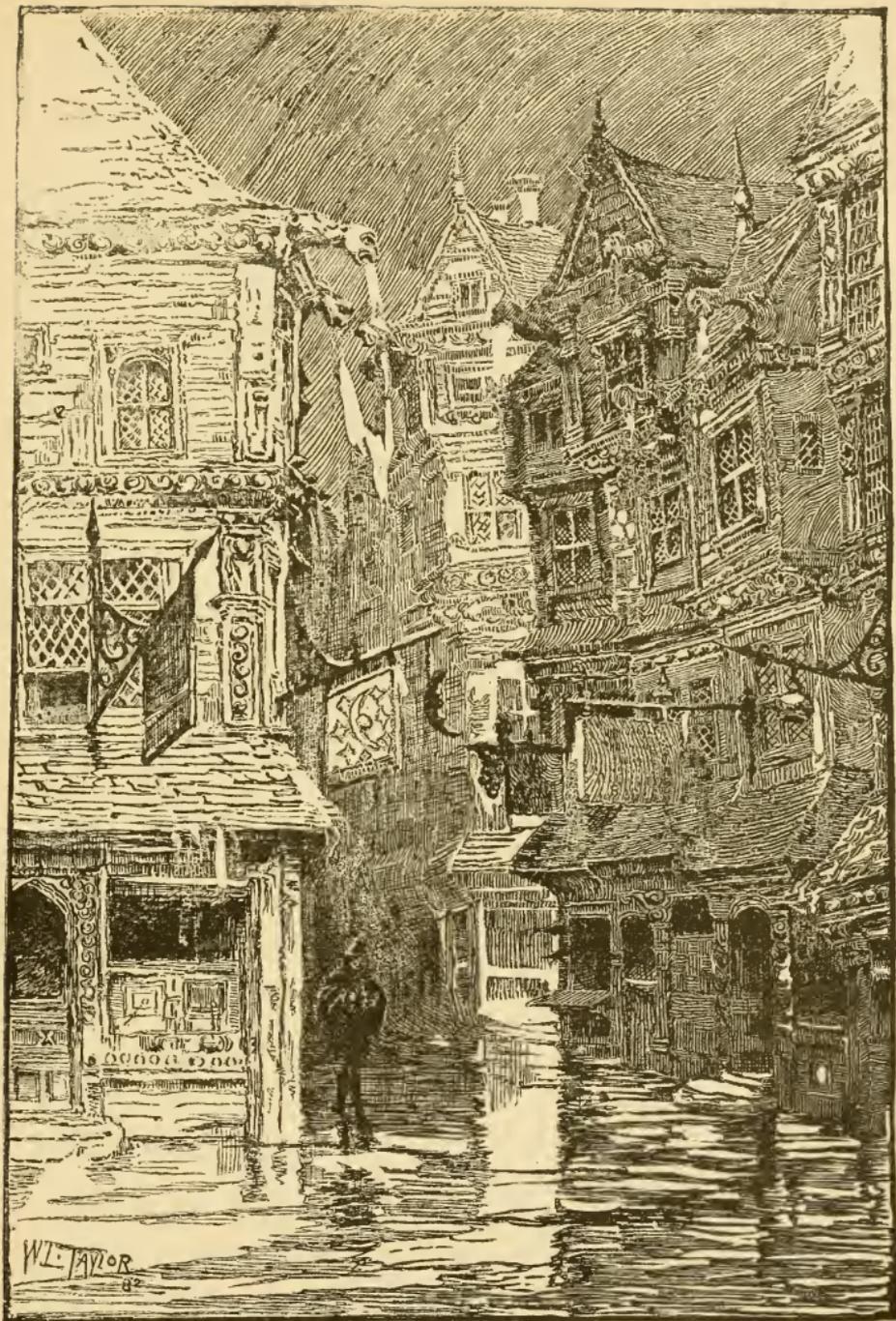
The charge of the cabs is twenty-five cents for two miles or less, and half as much again for each additional mile. The great number of them, and the frequency with which all classes use them day and night, is one of the features of the London streets. But more convenient to people travelling east and west than all other conveyances are the trains of the Underground Railway.

To a thoughtful person, the crowded surface of London is always impressive. Everything seems to be in motion, the whole population to be in the streets, and each individual in a hurry. One is thrilled by the activity, — the surges of human life that roll noisily through the streets, "from eternity onward to eternity." Yet here and there we come upon a grating within some railings, and an upward rush of steam and a rumble from below shows us that, crowded as the surface is with its thousands of cabs and omnibuses, there is a lower level, upon which another part of the im-

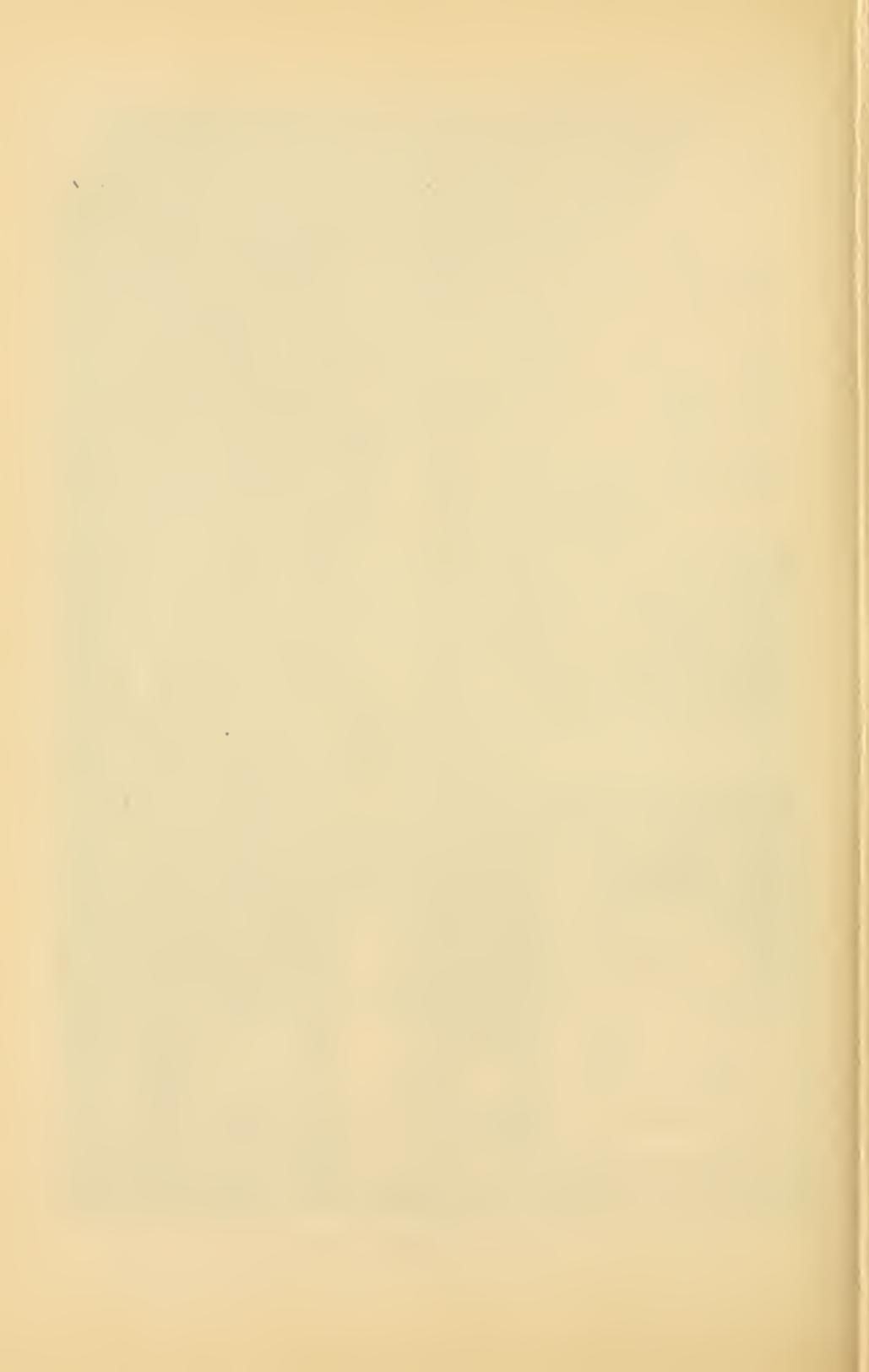
mense population is travelling by a conveyance more rapid than either cabs or omnibuses, — under houses, and under a vast gridiron of sewers, water pipes, gas pipes, pneumatic tubes, and subterranean telegraph wires. Here and there we see one of the stations, and, descending far below the level of the street, we reach an atmosphere of smoke and steam in a great underground vault, with trains rapidly passing through it in both directions. At both ends of the vault is a tunnel with a few lights glimmering in it. A bell tinkles, and a lamp appears in the distance ; then, out of the tunnel comes a train ; passengers alight quickly, and as quickly embark, and the train vanishes into the continuation of the tunnel.

The vault is an underground station, and similar ones may be found about three quarters of a mile apart, all along the line.

Let us enter that at the Mansion House, which is near the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England, — at the very core of mercantile London. After buying our tickets, we board a train going west. All the cars are lighted with gas, and it is necessary that they should be, as the tunnel itself is dark. The motion of the train is easy, but the atmosphere is damp and smoky ; a gentle oscillation is all that tells us we are moving. Almost before we have settled ourselves in our seats we re-enter the twilight in the station at Blackfriars, nearly a mile from where we started ; and the historic name draws a varied procession out of our memories. At Blackfriars was the monastery which gave the place its name ; and there, too, was the theatre of which Shakespeare was an owner, and at which some of his plays were first produced. St. Paul's Cathedral, Newgate Prison, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the Charterhouse, and Ludgate Hill are all within easy distance, and not a stone's-throw from the station is the office of the London "Times," the source of a power only inferior to that of the legislative palace at Westminster.



A RAINY DAY IN OLD LONDON.



But in much less time than we can write the names of these places, the train is off again, and the station lights are vanished. Perhaps three minutes are spent, and then there is a stop at which the conductor, or guard, as he is designated in England, calls "Temple ! Temple !" — another name which conjures up visions of many periods of English history, for here, indeed, is the sanctuary from which the Knights Templar went to the Crusades. Since then it has been the ancestral home of lawyers and authors, and associated with it is a long roll of illustrious names : Beaumont, Cowper, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Clarendon, Wycherley, Congreve, Edmund Burke, Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Thackeray. Temple Bar stood close by until 1875, separating the Strand from Fleet Street ; and just over the heads of the passengers in the train are the lovely Temple Gardens, rich with flowers which thrive despite the London smoke.

We are struck by the expedition shown in starting the train. The passengers, as well as the officials, seem anxious that there shall be as little delay as possible, and those about to alight are ready to step out the moment the train comes to a standstill, while those who are about to embark quickly take their places. The Temple is left behind while we are in the middle of our reflections, and in a few seconds more we reach Charing Cross.

"I talked," says Boswell, "of the cheerfulness of Fleet Street, owing to the quick succession of people which we see passing through it." "Why, sir," replied Dr. Johnson, "Fleet Street has a very animated appearance, but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross."

So it is. Though the Bank is at the core of the mercantile half of the city, Charing Cross is the centre of the rest of London. Here the Strand ends, and Pall Mall with its magnificent club-houses is across the way. Here also is Trafalgar Square, with Landseer's lions, the Nelson monument, and

the National Gallery, wherein is stored the finest collection of pictures in the United Kingdom.

Again our reveries are interrupted by the starting of the train, and in a few seconds more we are at Westminster, the site of the famous Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and the Hall which was the palace of the early kings. We have touched at so many interesting places, and have looked so far back into history, that we seem to have made a long journey, but we have only been in the train fifteen minutes.

The Underground Railway is undoubtedly one of the greatest conveniences of London. It encircles the metropolis and connects with all the main railway stations, except Waterloo. Hosts of objections were raised to it when it was first proposed, and it was prophesied that all manner of evils would arise from it. It was said, even by engineers, that the tunnel would fall in from the mere weight of the traffic in the streets above, and that the adjacent houses would be not only shaken to their foundations by the engines, but that the families in them would be poisoned by the sulphurous exhalations of the fuel. After years of opposition, the work was begun in 1860, and the first section, between Paddington and Farringdon Street, was opened on Jan. 10, 1863. So great was its success from the very day of its opening, that, in the next session of Parliament, there was such an influx of bills for the proposed formation of railway lines in connection with it, that nearly one half of the city would have been demolished had all the plans been carried out, and almost every open space occupied by some terminus with its screaming and hissing locomotives. Many of these plans were defeated, but every year some extension is made to the underground lines, which now reach out as far as Richmond and Harrow.

Suppose that, after alighting from the underground line at Westminster, we walk a few steps to the pier of the river

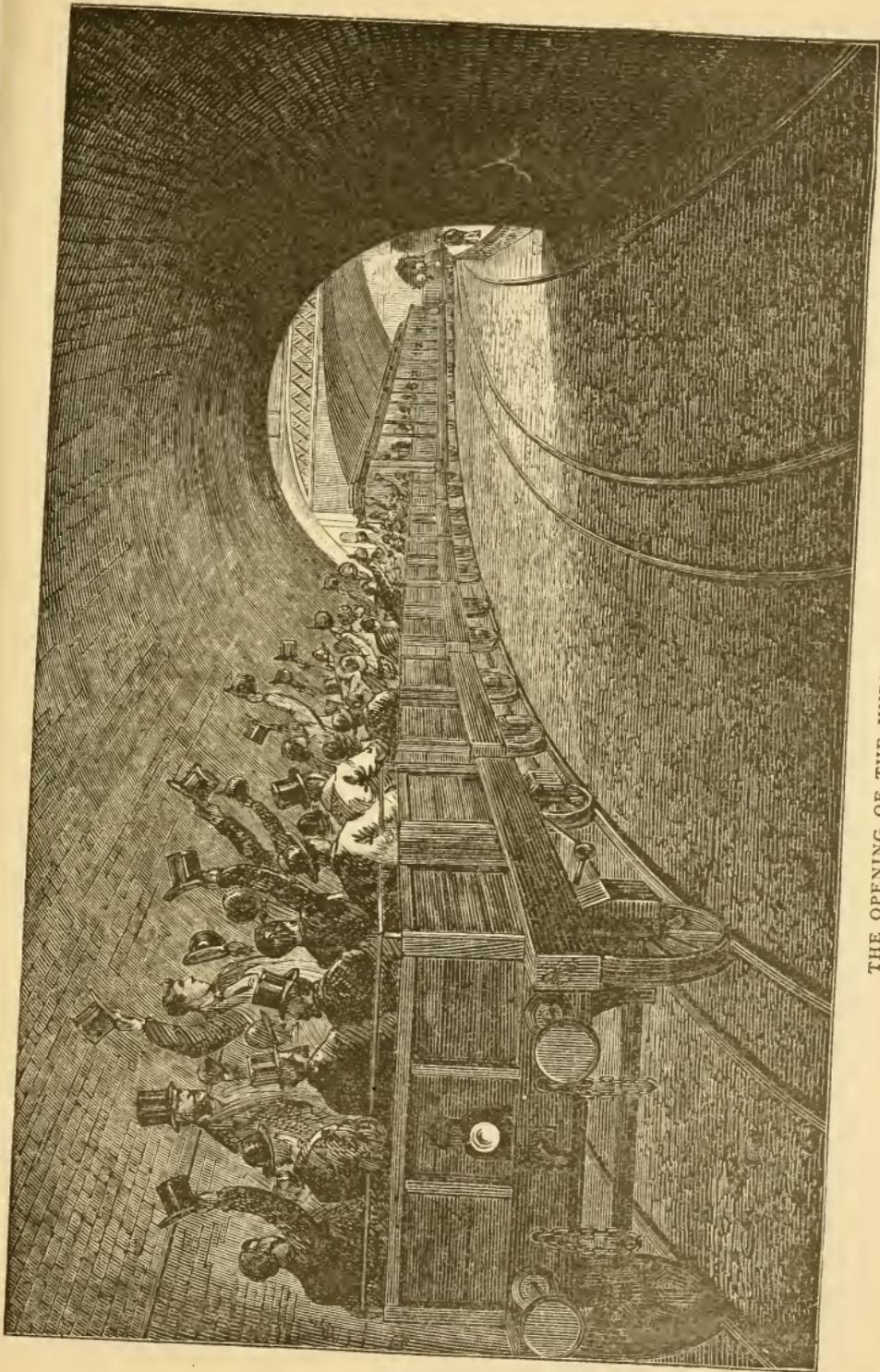
steamers, and take one of them down as far as St. Paul's Wharf. On our way we see Whitehall, Hungerford Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, Somerset House, Blackfriars Bridge, the Temple, and Wren's great cathedral. Our fare for this ride is one penny, or two cents, and we could go nearly a mile further, to London Bridge, without additional expense. Our trip on the Underground Railway cost us about six cents; and thus, for a total of eight cents, we have been able to travel about six miles. Few cities, indeed, possess such facilities for rapid travel as crowded, pushing, struggling London.

We have said that London has had no Haussmann to untie the knots in its ancient thoroughfares and give it an entirely new dress, as in the boulevards of Paris. But it has undergone many great changes during recent years, and it is still in an epoch of transition. Smoked and smoky as it is, with its tangled streets and its sombre buildings, which wear perpetual mourning, the person visiting it for the first time is probably more impressed by the extent to which it has been modernized than by its monuments of antiquity. Old London has not such a new dress as Paris; but, though not quite *à la mode*, the dame has many new ribbons fastened to her old-fashioned gown. Cheapside is American in its freshness of architecture. Scarcely one of the old buildings remains upon it, and in their place are brilliant shops with acres of plate-glass in their windows; insurance offices of carved stone and polished granite; modern restaurants, with æsthetic furniture, mottoes in tiles, and ecclesiastical windows. It is like a section of Broadway; and, but for the omnibuses and the hansom cabs, one might suppose himself to be in that renowned thoroughfare of the New World, instead of in an historic street of London, which was the central stage of the pageantry of old, and the point where the commerce of Plantagenet times was concentrated. Even in the Strand and Fleet Street, where a few of the houses date back to the time

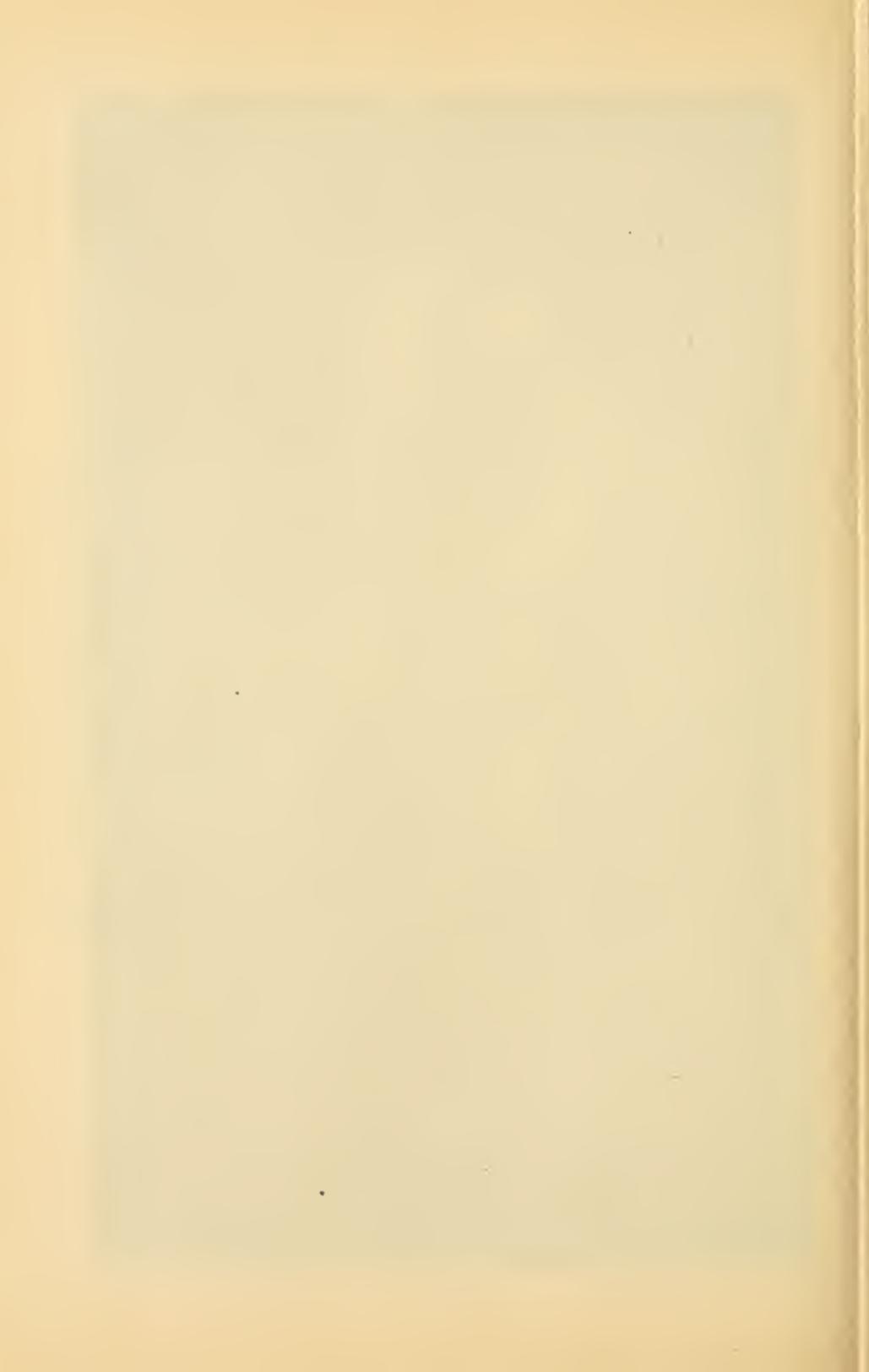
of the Stuarts, and many of them are little altered from what they were in the days of Queen Anne, great showy buildings, which look incongruous beside their small-windowed, smoky-faced neighbors, have begun to appear. Ludgate Hill is new from top to bottom, and where Temple Bar stood, with the heads of traitors spiked upon it, dividing Fleet Street from the Strand, a vast pile of buildings in the Anglo-Norman style of architecture, almost as large and as stately as the Capitol at Washington, has been erected for the use of the law-courts.

A complete change has been made along the river-front from Blackfriars to Westminster, where a broad belt of mud and shallow water has been reclaimed and transformed into the Victoria Embankment, a superb drive and promenade, with a massive granite balustrade, flourishing trees, well-stocked and well-tended gardens, statues, and landings for the small steamers plying above London Bridge, below which the larger shipping is confined. Cleopatra's Needle, a companion to that in Central Park, stands at the foot of Salisbury Street; and among the finer buildings which front on the Embankment are several fashionable hotels, the Temple, Adelphi Terrace (a neighborhood of literary clubs and literary lodgings), and St. Stephens Club, where the leading Conservatives meet to pour forth, even over their dinner or supper, the ire which the Liberals have excited in them. Close by the latter building, the Embankment ends at the Houses of Parliament, behind which the towers of Westminster Abbey are first visible.

It is interesting, in passing along this fine promenade, to think of the river-front as it was before the Embankment was built. At one time, as we have stated in a previous chapter, the palaces of the nobility whose names and titles are given to the neighboring streets — Essex, Buckingham, Somerset, Surrey, Norfolk, York, and Arundel — stood along the Strand, with gardens sloping down to the water, where the inmates



THE OPENING OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.



could take boats. There is record of a golden day when the water of the Thames was so pure that trout lived in it, and anglers could be seen fishing on the banks. Nothing of the palaces remain, save the beautiful water-gate through which the gay company of York House stepped on board the tapestried barges which bore them to Westminster or the city. Somerset House is only a name given to the present structure because the latter occupies the site of the old one.

After these stately homes disappeared, the river-front seems to have fallen into decay, and rookeries shivered in the wind along the oozy borders. It was a dark place, where crime sought a hiding-place and poverty a shelter. Many a piteous sob might have been heard under the dark arches of Waterloo Bridge. Many a hideous crime remained undetected, while its perpetrators concealed themselves in the riverside shanties.

The work of reclamation was begun in February, 1864, and the Embankment was opened in July, 1870. The approaches to it are insufficient at present ; but when these are increased, it will become one of the most crowded, as it is now the most commodious, of London streets.

On the Surrey side of the river is another embankment, named after the queen's late husband, Prince Albert, and among the buildings abutting on it is one of the largest of the many London charities, — St. Thomas's Hospital, which consists of no less than eight distinct buildings, or pavilions, seventeen hundred feet in length, and two hundred and fifty feet in depth. It is built of brick, with stone facings, and cost nearly \$2,500,000. Just opposite to it, on the Middlesex side of the river, are the Parliament buildings, and few views in London are more impressive than that from Westminster Bridge, which brings in both the hospital and the legislative palace, with the Victoria Embankment reaching from it.

Whitehall is one of the neighborhoods where the change from old to new is conspicuous. It has been said that the triangular space which lies between the new palaces of Whitehall and St. James and the old palace at Westminster has been the scene of more important events in English history than all the rest of London. The original palace at Whitehall was built by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, the minister of Henry III., and it was rebuilt by Cardinal Wolsey. Here the prelate lived in more than royal magnificence, with a household of eight hundred persons, and entertained the king, who took "great comfort" from the hospitality with which he was received. Afterwards, when Wolsey was in disgrace, the king himself took possession of Whitehall. He married Anne Boleyn there, and there "bluff King Hal" ended his life of crime on Jan. 28, 1546.

It was also from Whitehall that Queen Mary went forth to be crowned, and thence Elizabeth was sent to the Tower on a wrongful accusation of complicity in Sir Thomas Wyatt's conspiracy. In her turn, Elizabeth set out from Whitehall to receive the crown, and in her reign the palace was the scene of many brilliant masques and tournaments. In the grounds Lord Monteagle first told the Earl of Salisbury of the gunpowder plot, and hither Guy Fawkes was dragged from the cellar of the House of Lords into the presence of King James I.

"What," said one of the Scottish courtiers, "did you intend to do with so many barrels of gunpowder?"

"I intended, for one thing," brusquely said the conspirator, "to blow all Scotchmen back into Scotland."

Whitehall attained its greatest splendor in the reign of Charles I., when eighty-six tables were set at each meal, the king little dreaming that the walls which saw these festivities would, at a later period, witness his execution. Oliver Cromwell was the next tenant, and John Milton occupied a room

as his Latin secretary. The great Protector died in the palace, and was succeeded in the occupation of it by Richard Cromwell. Then came Charles II., with his dissolute companions; and, at his death, James II. made Whitehall his principal residence. In the reign of William III. the palace was almost totally destroyed by fire, and all that now remains of it is the banqueting hall from which Charles I. passed to his execution.

In place of the Whitehall of old, with its extensive buildings and gardens, the features of the neighborhood are the government offices. Here is the Treasury building, which was designed by Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament, and the Admiralty Office, from which the navy is controlled. Near these is a byway called Downing Street; and, though Downing Street is narrow and not one sixteenth of a mile long, the business that takes place in it engages the attention of the whole world. On the south side, abutting on St. James's Park, is a fine pile of modern Italian buildings, in which are the Home Office, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, and the East India Office, — each the head-quarters of a cabinet minister. Downing Street is, indeed, the engine-room from which is controlled the stupendous machinery of the British Empire.

London possesses many new things, — new parks, new streets, new buildings; and the antiquary from abroad who has read its annals may in his first survey of the city be disappointed at the extent to which the old landmarks have been obliterated. He alights, perhaps, in one of the magnificent depots, and is driven through wide streets lighted by the electric light. He is lodged in a hotel which is as modern as anything of the kind in Chicago or San Francisco. He inquires for one relic after another, and is told that it is gone. The site of many an historic house is occupied by some pile of modern architecture, and the dingy place of memories altered beyond recognition by some improvement.

A neighborhood nearly as large as many American towns was pulled down and rebuilt to admit of the Holborn Viaduct. The approach to the city from the west by Oxford Street and Holborn was formerly inconvenient and unsightly, and on both sides of it was a region of slums, including Field Lane, wherein was the lair of Bill Sykes, Charlie Bates, and the very "Artful Dodger." The slums were pulled down, and the ground was cleared, as much as \$150,000 being paid to one property-owner for his land. Then a viaduct, of an ornamental character, was thrown across the waste, avoiding the hill, which formerly stood in the way of the traffic, and replacing the old narrow street with a new thoroughfare, fourteen hundred feet long and eighty feet wide. On both sides are handsome buildings, and in some respects the Viaduct is the finest street in London.

"The impression left upon the mind after a walk along the Viaduct," says an English writer, "is that of a wide and level thoroughfare raised above the old pavement, and of a spacious bridge crossing the busy line of Farringdon Street below. The improvement is so grand and yet so simple, and the direction taken by the new road is so obviously the easiest and the best, that difficulties of construction and engineering details are in a manner lost sight of; and it is not until the work concealed from the eye is dived into that the true nature of the undertaking is understood. To know what has been accomplished, and to appreciate it rightly, the observer must leave the upper level, and penetrate the interior; to comprehend his subject, he must do as all patient beginners do, — commence at the foundation. First is appropriated a space for areas and vaulted cellars of the houses, and then against these is a subway, in which are the gas, water, and telegraph pipes; then a passage, and below these a vaulted chamber constructed with damp-proof courses through its walls, at the bottom of which, resting on a concrete bed, is the sewer. . . . The

height of these subways is eleven feet six inches, and their width is seven feet. They contain ventilating shafts, which are connected with trapped gullies in the roadway above; also, with the pedestals of the lamp-posts, perforated for the purpose, and with flues expressly directed to be left in party walls of buildings; all these contrivances being made for carrying off the gases that may escape, especially from leakage of the gas-mains. Provision is made for the easy ingress of workmen and materials, and the subways are lighted by means of gratings, filled with globules of thick glass."

In the suburbs, again, we notice how rapidly the town is encroaching upon the country. London is not extending its area in any one direction, but in all directions. It is not growing in the north more than in the south, nor in the east more than in the west. Year by year, it adds to its vast circumference some belt of fields; and the annexation is not gradual, with straggling buildings and disconnected streets, slowly filling up, but almost instantaneous. The streets are rapidly paved, graded, drained, and lighted, and what is pasturage one April becomes an integral part of the city before the following December. Many of the quaint old villages, with thatched cottages and ancient inns, which stood several miles away from the borders of the city a few years ago, are now part and parcel of the huge metropolis; and where their hedges were blossomed with hawthorn in June are rows of little yellow-brick suburban villas.

Perhaps the most interesting of the newer parts of London is South Kensington, with its modern Queen Anne houses, its wide, respectable streets, and the palatial buildings of the South Kensington Museum. The latter contains more than twenty thousand examples of mediæval and modern art, paintings and statuary, fine workmanship in metals, textile fabrics and pottery, engineering and architecture. Connected with it, also, are various schools; and it is not too much to

say that any one who properly uses the opportunities afforded by the South Kensington Museum may acquire a liberal education.

Even in the eastern end of the metropolis, where crime and poverty have long abided, there are gaps in the narrow alleys and pestilent courts, — gaps filled up with model tenements, common schools, and various educational institutions. Petticoat Lane is still there, in which queer street one may get a vivid picture of low life in London : of the peculiar physiognomy of the low Cockney and of some of his habits ; of the crowded condition of the London rookeries, and especially of the fierce struggle which goes on for very small things. But there are signs of reformation in the East as well as of increasing opulence in the West.

New London covers a very large tract, and to one who has read the history of the metropolis and knows its varied traditions, the extent of the changes made in the ancient city may, as we have said, disappoint him. But, though there are many new things in London, there is no lack of old ones of deep historical interest and local peculiarity, — old taverns, old churches, old palaces, old inns of court, and old houses. London is still the living stage of English history ; and though the youngest reader of this book should not visit it until he is an old man, there is no doubt that he will still find in it more to gratify his love of antiquities than in any other city. But who can imagine the size it will be, say, twenty years hence ? At the census of 1881 it had a population of 4,764,312, and thus it contained more than double the number of people in Denmark, including Greenland ; nearly three times as many as Greece ; more than eighteen times the population of Montenegro ; some thousands more than Portugal, including the Azores and Madeira ; nearly treble the population of Servia ; more than double that of Bulgaria ; three quarters of a mil-

lion more than in Holland ; and more than Sweden or Norway or Switzerland.

It has increased about one million and a half in the past ten years, and, with Cowper, we may indeed speak of it as .

“Opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London !”

“A MIGHTY mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy ;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool’s head, — and there is London Town !”

LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER XII.

LONDON BRIDGE.

WE now intend to look in more detail at those features which we have not yet spoken of, or to which only a passing reference has been made ; and first among these is the famous bridge, which is so closely connected with the history of the city.

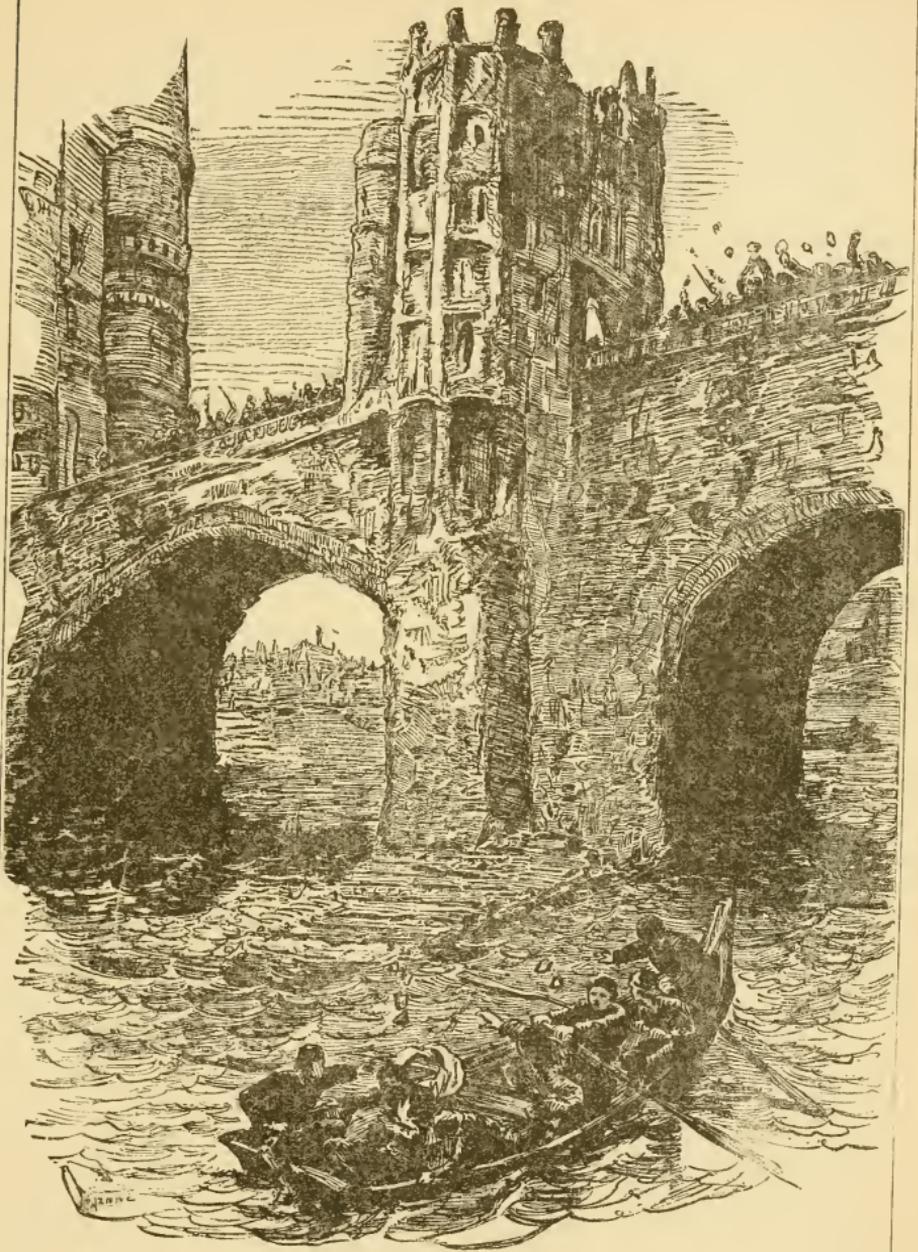
The Thames winds through London, as our readers know, and the metropolis is built on both sides of it, one bank being in the county of Middlesex, and the other in the county of Surrey. A ferry served in early times to carry passengers to and fro, but among the improvements which followed the Roman invasion was a bridge. The latter was not built over the track of the old ferry, which was at Westminster, but at a place about two miles lower down, where the river was narrower. A ferry may have existed here also. There is a church called St. Mary Overy at the Surrey end of the present bridge, and it is said that Overy is simply a contraction of the words "over the ferry." According to an old story, not only was there a ferry, but also a prosperous ferryman, with an only daughter who was very beautiful. Though prosperous, he was covetous and parsimonious ; and one day, to save a day's food, he resolved to feign death, believing that his servants, in common decency, would fast till his funeral. He therefore laid himself out in a sheet, and placed one taper burning at his head, and another at his feet. Instead of lamenting at his assumed decease, the servants were over-

joyed. They danced around his body, broke open his larder, and feasted on the contents. The ferryman remained quiet as long as he could, and then he sprang up from his bier to scold and chase the faithless menials from the house. One of them, a valorous fellow, took him for the devil, however, and brained him on the spot with the butt end of an oar.

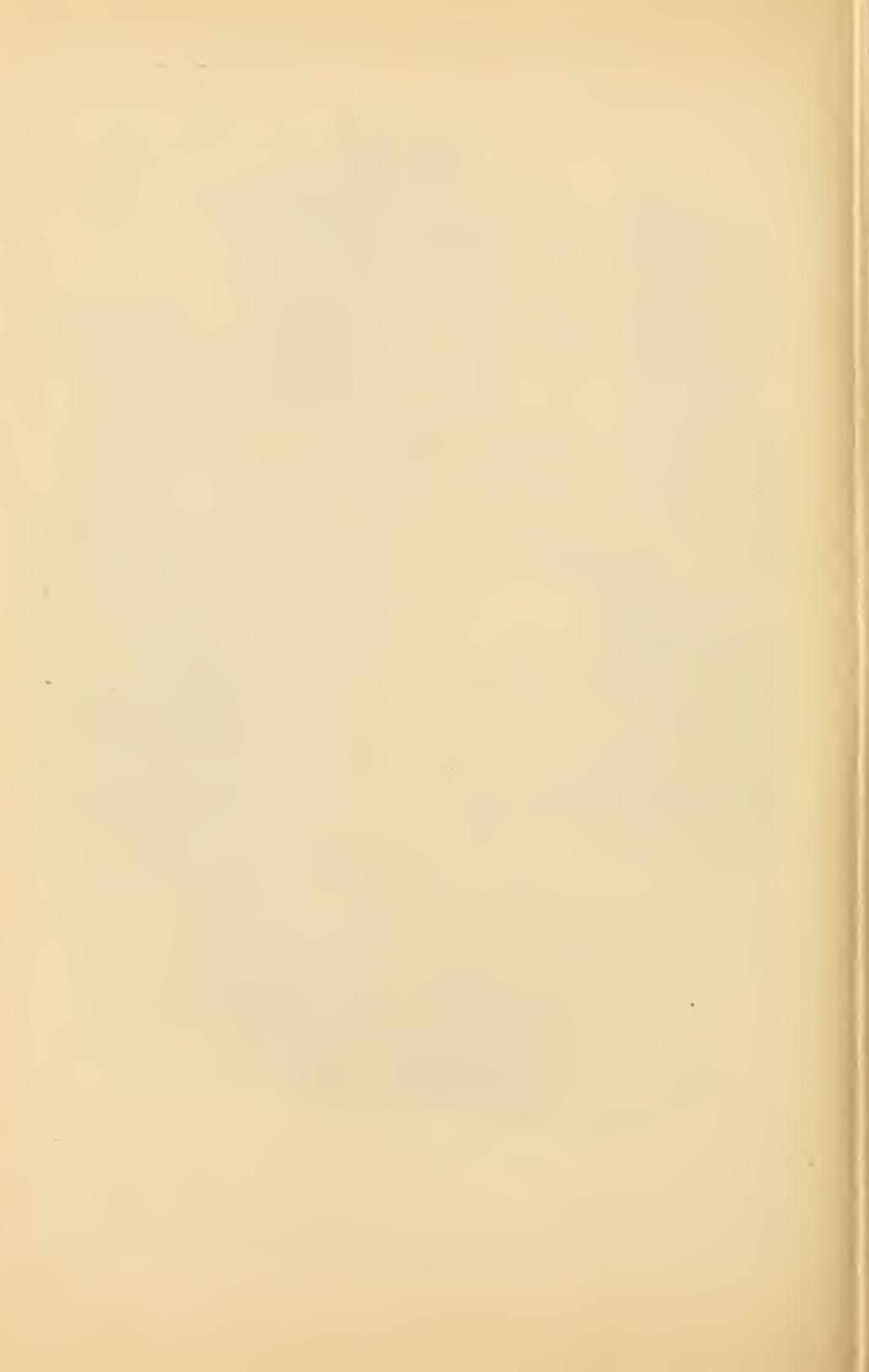
Hearing of the ferryman's death, a young lover of the daughter started out from his home in the country to claim her for his bride, her father having hitherto forbidden the marriage; but on his way his horse stumbled, and he broke his neck. Overcome by her double loss, she retired to a cloister for the rest of her life, and gave her property to a religious house, the priests in which built the first wooden bridge across the Thames.

The value of this legend is small; but there was a bridge in 1008, and it was destroyed by the Norsemen under King Olave, who lashed his ships to the piers, and pulled the latter down with the aid of strong cables and an ebbing tide. It fell with a great crash, plunging its defenders into the water, where many of them were drowned.

In a few years it was replaced by another bridge, which was swept away by a high tide; and a third bridge, built of wood, was burned down in 1136. At last, in 1176, a stone bridge was begun; and for over six hundred years it gave passage across the Thames. The cost of it was so great that a tax was laid on wool to help in paying for it; and hence it was said that London Bridge was built on woolsacks. The architect of it was a priest named Peter Colechurch; and though he superintended the work for nearly thirty years, he died three years before it was finished. It had scarcely been opened when it was partly destroyed by fire, and some three thousand persons who had crowded upon it to see the conflagration were caught between two fires by a sudden change of the wind, and perished, either by the flames or by drown-



ATTACK ON QUEEN ELEANOR.



ing in the river. It was soon repaired, and until the middle of the eighteenth century it was the only bridge over the Thames. It was so constantly thronged with passengers, and it afforded so good an opportunity for displaying wares, that tall houses and shops were built upon it. In the centre of the bridge a chapel, dedicated to Thomas à Becket, was erected; and between the centre and the Surrey end there was a drawbridge, flanked by a tower on which the heads of persons executed for treason were spiked. Towards the close of the sixteenth century the tower was replaced by a singular edifice which, from its peculiarity, was called Nonsuch House, — a huge wooden building, four stories high, with cupolas and turrets at each corner. There were carved wooden galleries outside the long lines of transom-casements, and the panels between were richly carved and gilded. For a long time the building was the wonder of all London, as it was fastened together by wooden pegs instead of nails, and had been brought from Holland.

To have a true notion of old London Bridge, says Mrs. Newton Crosland, we must think of the lofty houses, with their swinging signs rattling in the wind; of the overhanging stories, approaching the opposite ones so nearly that the neighbors could chat with each other from their lattices; of the droves of oxen and flocks of sheep coming from the country; of the wagons and pack horses passing to and fro; of the massive carriages of the great folk; of the horsemen dashing along; of the tradesmen crying their wares; and of the pedestrians, for whom there was no footpath, anxiously picking their way between the vehicles. The ghastly heads, left to rot in the rain and wind and sunshine, looked down on the procession, and, no doubt, horrified many a child, as it was borne along in its nurse's arms.

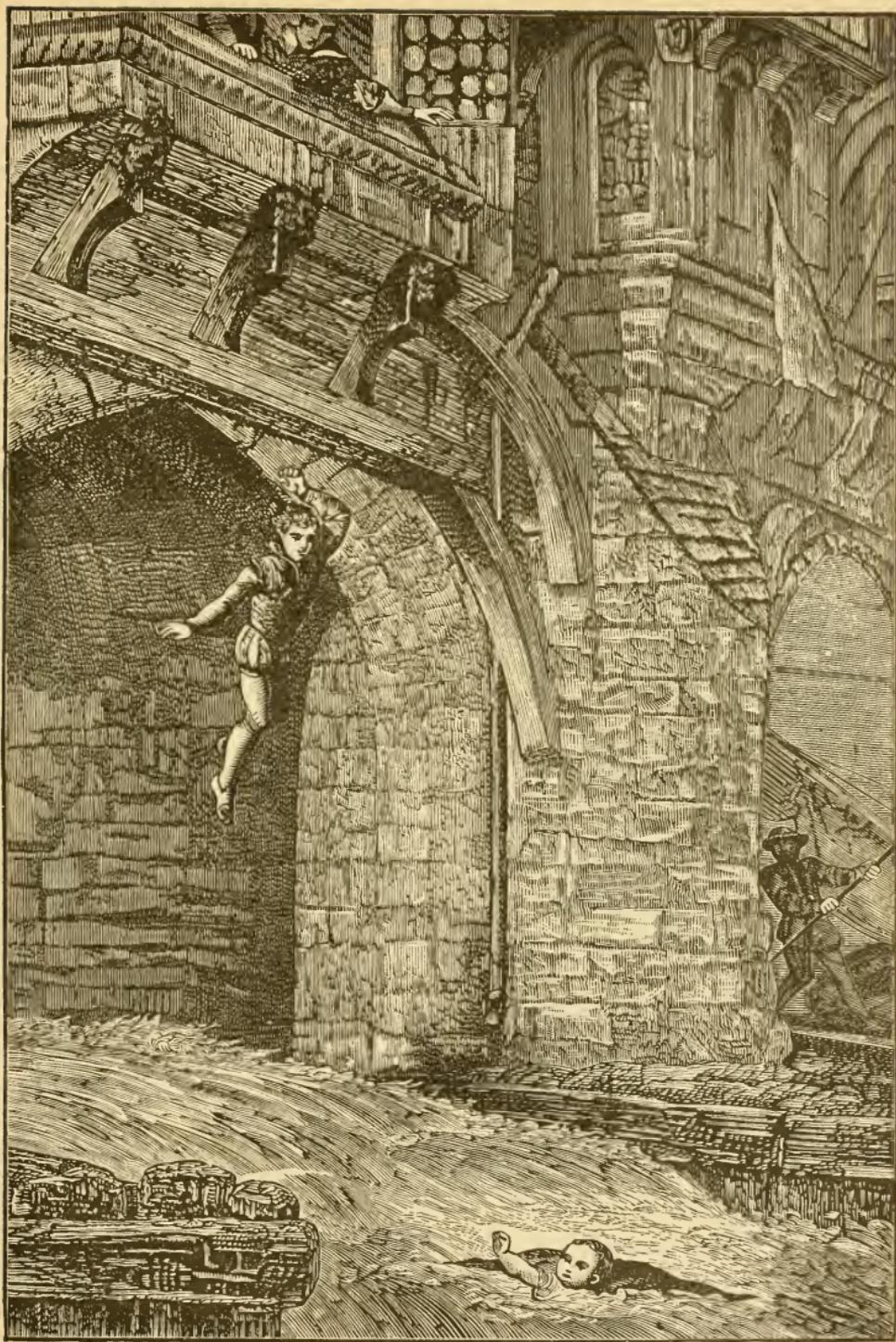
The head of the Scottish hero, William Wallace, and that of the Earl of Northumberland, the father of Hotspur,

were exhibited on poles over the bridge ; and later on, in the reign of Henry VIII., those of John Fisher, the Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More were spiked in the same place. The face of the former remained so ruddy and life-like, and such crowds collected to see the so-called miracle, that the king at last ordered the head to be thrown into the river. Months after his death, Sir Thomas More's head was little changed from what it had been in life, and his faithful daughter bribed a man to remove it, and drop it into a boat in which she was sitting. Heads were spiked on the battlements until the reign of Charles II., and the shocking exhibition was then removed to Temple Bar, upon which it was continued until the beginning of the present century.

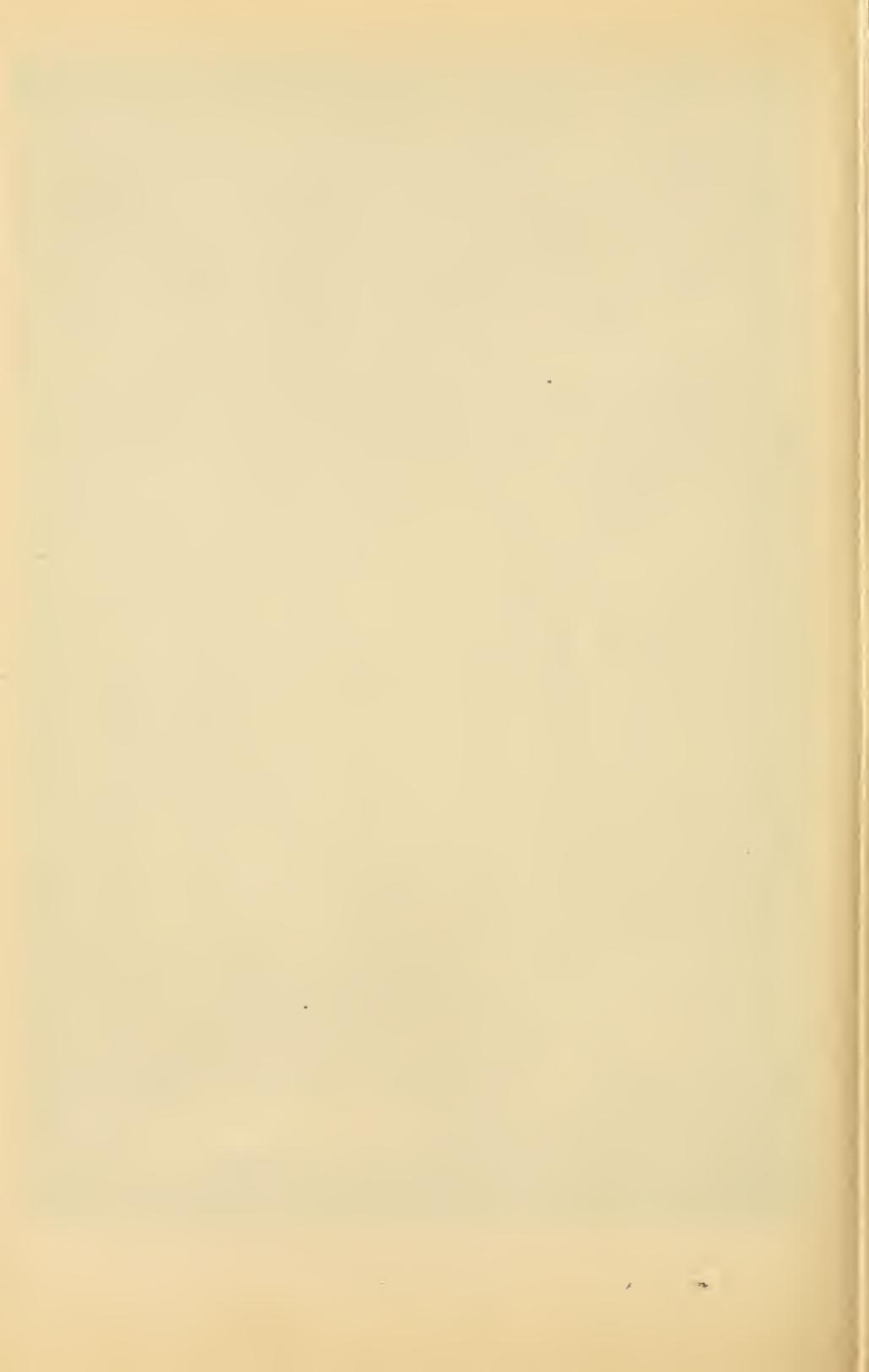
The bridge was the scene of many exciting historic scenes. Once the citizens assembled upon it to prevent Queen Eleanor of Provence, the wife of Henry III., from passing along the river to Windsor, where she wished to take shelter. She was hated by the people because she was opposed to the Barons who were striving to obtain Magna Charta ; and as she and her ladies attempted to pass under the bridge in a state barge, they were assailed with mud and stones, and driven back to the Tower.

When Wat Tyler and his army were at Blackheath, Sir William Walworth, the mayor, had the drawbridge raised and fastened by a great chain of iron ; but when the insurgents approached, the wardens lowered the bridge and allowed them to cross, being terrified by the vengeance which the rebels threatened to take if they were opposed.

Being the direct entrance to the metropolis from the southern or southeastern coast, foreign princesses who came to be English queens, notable visitors from distant lands, and sometimes famous captives, all traversed the bridge in more or less state. On London Bridge Henry V. was received in triumph after his victory at Agincourt, and seven years later



OSBORNE'S LEAP.



his dead body was borne along this same highway with funereal splendor.

In 1559 the Lord Mayor of London was Sir William Hewet. Hewet lived in a house on the bridge, and had an infant daughter named Anne. The current of the Thames was then very strong, as there was a fall of several feet underneath the arches. One day a nurse was playing with baby Anne at a window overlooking the river, and in a careless moment she let her little charge fall. A young apprentice named Osborne plunged into the boiling stream after her, and with great difficulty saved her, thus earning the life-long gratitude of his master, the Lord Mayor. Anne grew to be a beautiful woman, and, as her father was very wealthy, many noblemen, including earls and baronets, sought her hand. But she loved Osborne the best, and to all other suitors her father said, "No ; Osborne won her, and Osborne shall have her."

Osborne's great grandson became the first Duke of Leeds.

Hogarth and other celebrated painters once lived on London Bridge. Alexander Pope, the poet, and Jonathan Swift, who wrote "Gulliver's Travels," were often to be found at the store of a witty bookseller in the Northern Gate.

The houses were removed between 1757 and 1766, and early in the present century it was found that the bridge itself could no longer be repaired. The citizens were sorry to lose it, but safety as well as convenience required its demolition. The new bridge, which stands one hundred and eighty feet higher up the river than the old one, was begun by the distinguished engineer, John Rennie, and completed by his son. The foundation stone of it was laid on June 15, 1825, and it was opened by William IV. and Queen Adelaide on Aug. 1, 1831.

“ My eye, descending from this hill, surveys
Where the Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hastening to pay his tribute to the sea
Like mortal life to meet eternity.”

DENHAM.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRIP ON THE RIVER.

THE poorer classes of London children are not travellers, as a rule, and their excursions do not often extend farther than a few miles. A trip made on one of the steamers that carry passengers a short distance for a penny is considered an important and delightful outing, while a whole day's sail is something never to be forgotten. A favorite holiday journey is to Kew, where the finest botanic gardens in England are situated; and we advise the reader to make this trip from London Bridge, as it is a pleasure in itself, and will also enable him to see how the children there enjoy themselves.

The starting-point is at the bridge itself. The Thames here is shallow, black, sluggish, and narrow. You can almost throw a stone across it, and it is not easy to think of it as the great stream about which we have read so much. The largest vessels cannot ascend so far, as the water is not deep enough, but you can see a forest of masts in the extensive docks lower down. The river steamboats are moored at a little pier under one side of the bridge. They are small side-wheelers, not much larger than the tug-boats of America, and not much handsomer. The only accommodations for passengers are a few uncovered wooden benches on deck, and a gloomy little cabin below. They are built of iron, and painted black. In shape — or in model, as a sailor would say — they are pretty enough, and they look as though they might be swift; but they have no other element of beauty.

Comparisons between friends are odious ; but we wonder what a young Londoner would think, were he to see one of our small river-boats on the Thames, — say the “Sylvan Glen,” of the Harlem Line, the “Pomona,” of the Staten Island Line, or the “Nantasket” of the Boston Harbor Line. Perhaps he might imagine it to be a part of the Lord Mayor’s show, a pageant which we have already described. He certainly would not suppose that a craft of such elegance could be intended for the common traffic of a ferry.

You buy your tickets at an office on the pier, as a warning bell hastens you on board. The captain stands on a bridge between the paddle-boxes. Underneath there is a small boy, with a very old-fashioned face, who seems to be paying diligent attention to nothing in particular. But at a motion of the captain’s hand, without lifting his eyes, he draws out to a man on the lower deck, “Ahead, half-speed !” and the paddle-wheels revolve. You expect to see some one boxing his ears the next moment for misleading the engineer ; but he still sits on the grating of the boiler-house, solemnly contemplating the knots in the planks. Again the captain raises his hand. “Full spe-e-e-d !” the small boy screams, and the engine goes faster at his command. By and by you begin to understand that he belongs to the boat, and is a substitute for a bell, and, in view of the importance of his duties, you cannot help admiring the modesty with which he comports himself.

As the boat shoots under the arches and up the river, the bridge comes into view, — the busiest place in all busy London. About eight thousand people on foot, and nine hundred vehicles, pass over it every hour in the day. The rumble of the traffic, as it comes to us on the boat, is like the roll of distant thunder. In the background you can see the Tower, and Billingsgate, the largest fish-market in the world. The dealers and their customers used to be notorious for the use of bad language, and the word “Billingsgate” is commonly



PENSIONERS AT GREENWICH.

accepted in writing and conversation as meaning abuse or profanity.

The little steamer moves slowly up the river, and soon passes under another bridge. As you approach, you wonder how she will do it, as her smoke-stack — or funnel, as the English people call it — is too high to allow her passage. The next moment you see it thrown back on a line with the deck, and a cloud of sulphurous smoke drifts from its mouth among the ladies and children on the seats at the stern. As soon as she is clear of the bridge, it is raised again by a pulley and weights. It is like the blade of a penknife opening and shutting. You are a little startled when you first see it coming down upon you, but you are quickly reassured by the unconcern of the others, to whom it is no mystery. The masts of the barges on the river are worked in the same way. When a bridge is near, one of the boatmen turns a crank, and the mast is seen to fall gradually back until it is parallel with the deck. When the bridge is passed, the crank lifts it into position again.

Most of these barges are in striking contrast with the surroundings of the river. They are lavishly painted in the gaudiest colors, — red, yellow, and green being a favorite combination; and the cabin windows are usually draped with a trim bit of muslin, which indicates the presence of a woman. The other vessels, the row-boats and the ferry-boats included, are black and heavy; and on the southern side of the river a line of smoky warehouses and a strip of black mud add to the cheerlessness of the scene.

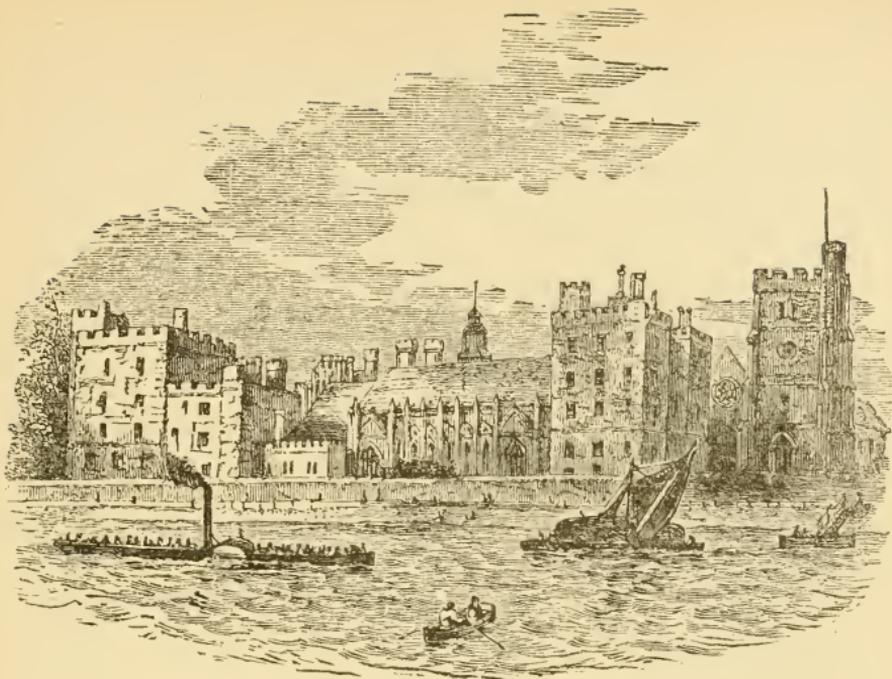
The steamer glides yet farther on, occasionally stopping at a pier, where a few passengers are landed and a few others received. The small boy is closely attentive to the movements of the captain's hand the while, sharply calling, "Slow 'er!" or "Stop 'er!" as it is raised or lowered, and never moving from his perch on the gratings of the engine-room.

On one side is the Victoria Embankment, which we have already described in the chapter on Improved London, and on the other are the storehouses, manufactories, breweries, and shabby wharves of Southwark. The dome of St. Paul's Cathedral looms up in the air like a balloon, and we can also see some of the towers of the new Law Courts in the Strand. We pass under many bridges of the most varied design, some of them built of painted and gilded iron, and others built of stone, on solid arches black with age and dirt. On both sides there are thick clusters of houses and warehouses, towering above which a palace or a public building is occasionally seen. A pall of smoke floats above all, and the sunlight is subdued and yellow.

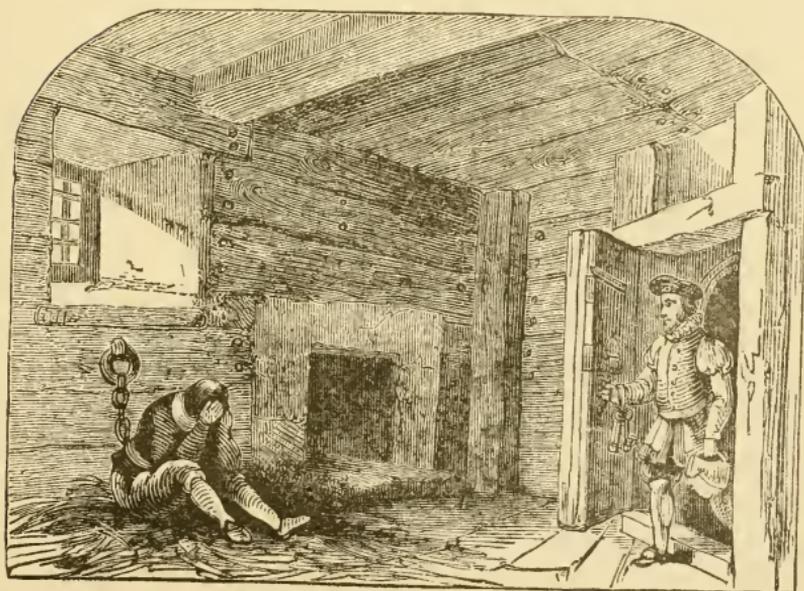
The Houses of Parliament stand close by the Thames at Westminster, with the Abbey in the rear; and the view of them from the river is superb. While they are large and imposing, they have a sort of airy grace, which is produced by numerous towers, spires, and abundant scroll-work. They seem so finely wrought that they might be woven of lace instead of stone, and they realize all one's ideas of a palace, even of a fairy palace.

The landings of the steamer are made with scarcely a minute's delay. A plank is thrown between the deck and the pier. Passengers step on board or ashore without hurry or confusion. "Go ahead!" the small boy shouts, and we start into the stream again at full speed. This is one of the things they manage better in London than in America. People do not try to jump on board after the steamer has started, nor to jump ashore before she has arrived, and so there are few accidents.

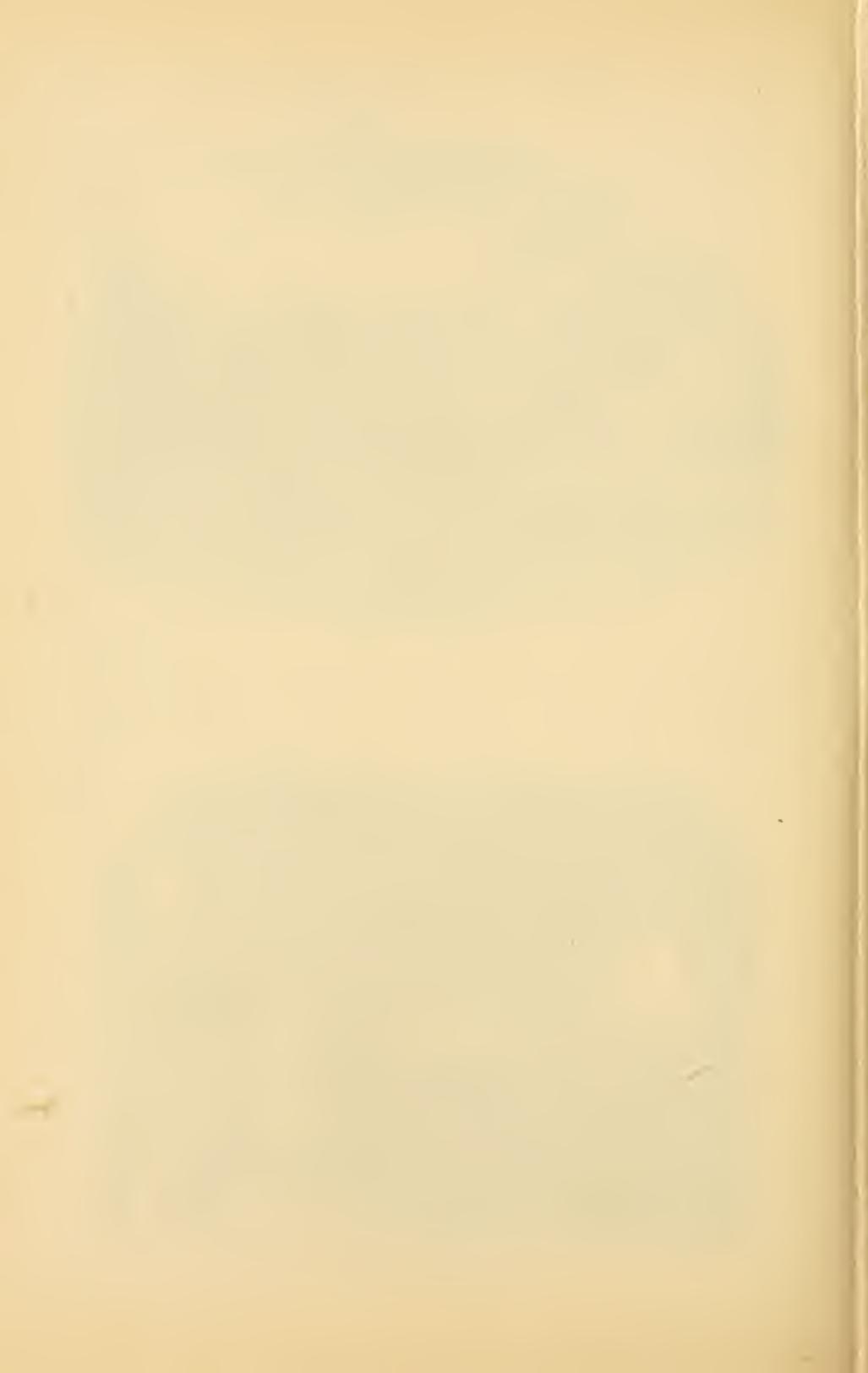
Near Lambeth Bridge, on the southern bank of the river, there is a stone building which looks half like a castle and half like a fort. It is Lambeth Palace, formerly a place of confinement for heretics, and for more than seven centuries



LAMBETH PALACE.



LOLLARDS' PRISON.



used as the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Its appearance is disappointing ; for "palace" is a grand and promising word, exciting to the imagination. But this, like some of the other palaces of London, is a very ordinary-looking building, and is no better architecturally than Millbank Prison, on the opposite side.

To many, the most interesting part of the building is the Lollards' Tower, in which the followers of Wickliffe were imprisoned and executed. In a room at the top is a trap-door through which, as the tide rose, prisoners secretly condemned could be let down unseen into the river. Hard by is the Lollards' Prison. The rough-hewn boards bear many fragments of inscriptions which show that others besides Lollards were imprisoned here. Other boards bear the notches cut by the prisoners to mark the lapse of time. The eight rings remain, to which the prisoners were secured ; and a spectator feels how much the captive chained nearest to the window must have been envied by his companions.

After Lambeth, the next stopping-place is Chelsea, where we change boats for Kew, and where there is a famous hospital for old and disabled seamen. The building was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, the foundation stone having been laid by Charles II., in 1681 ; and in it are many paintings, statues, and military trophies. In the wards of the hospital each pensioner has his own little oak chamber, where he may have his own pictures, books, and furniture, with a door and window opening upon the great common passage. There are nurses to every ward.

The pensioners have their meals in their own little rooms, and are permitted to come and go as they choose. They may be absent for two months with leave, receiving an allowance of twenty cents a day if absent for more than three days.

The hall (now used by the pensioners as a club-room, with tables for chess, cards, books, and newspapers) is hung

with tattered colors taken by the British army. On the end wall is a vast picture by Verrio and Henry Cooke, given by the Earl of Ranelagh, with an equestrian figure of Charles II. in the centre. It was the figure of the orange-girl in the corner of the picture which gave rise to the now exploded tradition that the foundation of the hospital was instigated by Nell Gwynne.

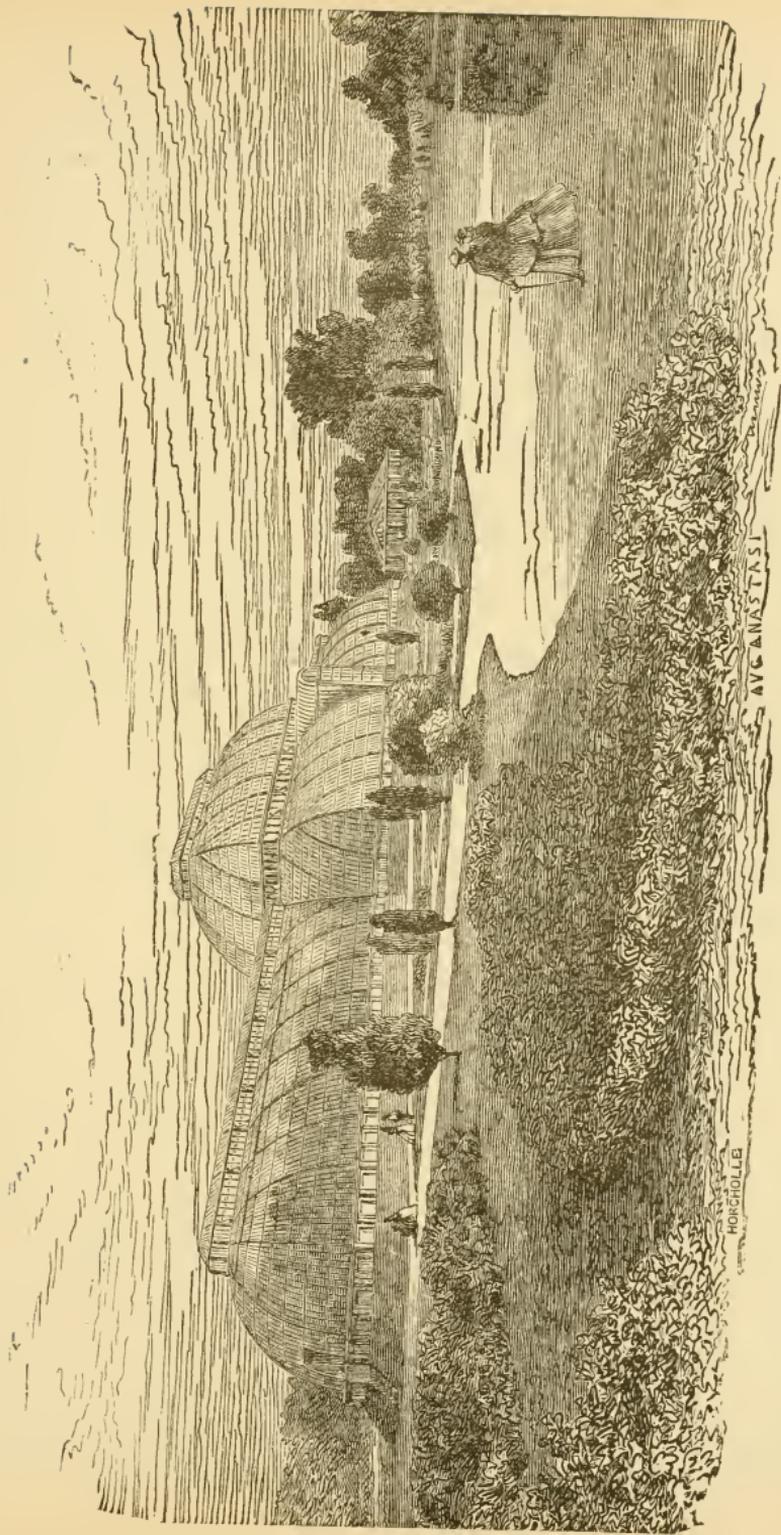
On the panels round the room the victories of Great Britain are recorded, and it was in this hall that the great Duke of Wellington lay in state, Nov. 10-17, 1852.

The chapel is decorated with a mass of banners in every stage of decay, — often only a few threads remaining, which wave from the roof, and fill the space at once with gloom and color. When the sanctuary is filled by the veteran soldiers, with their medals on their breasts, it is a touching sight. There are about five hundred and fifty pensioners in the hospital, who wear red coats in summer and blue coats in winter, and retain the cocked hats of the last century.

In a quiet street called Cheyne Row, running from the river side, is the house in which Thomas Carlyle lived for many years, and shut his door in the face of many an intrusive visitor.

Chelsea is also famous for its buns, which are sold at all the confectioneries in England. They are not like other buns, and contain no currants. They are richer, sweeter, softer, and altogether more palatable. Their color is bright yellow within, and a delicate brown without. In the centre of each there is a dainty bit of citron, and the crust is generously sprinkled with sparkling grains of crystallized sugar.

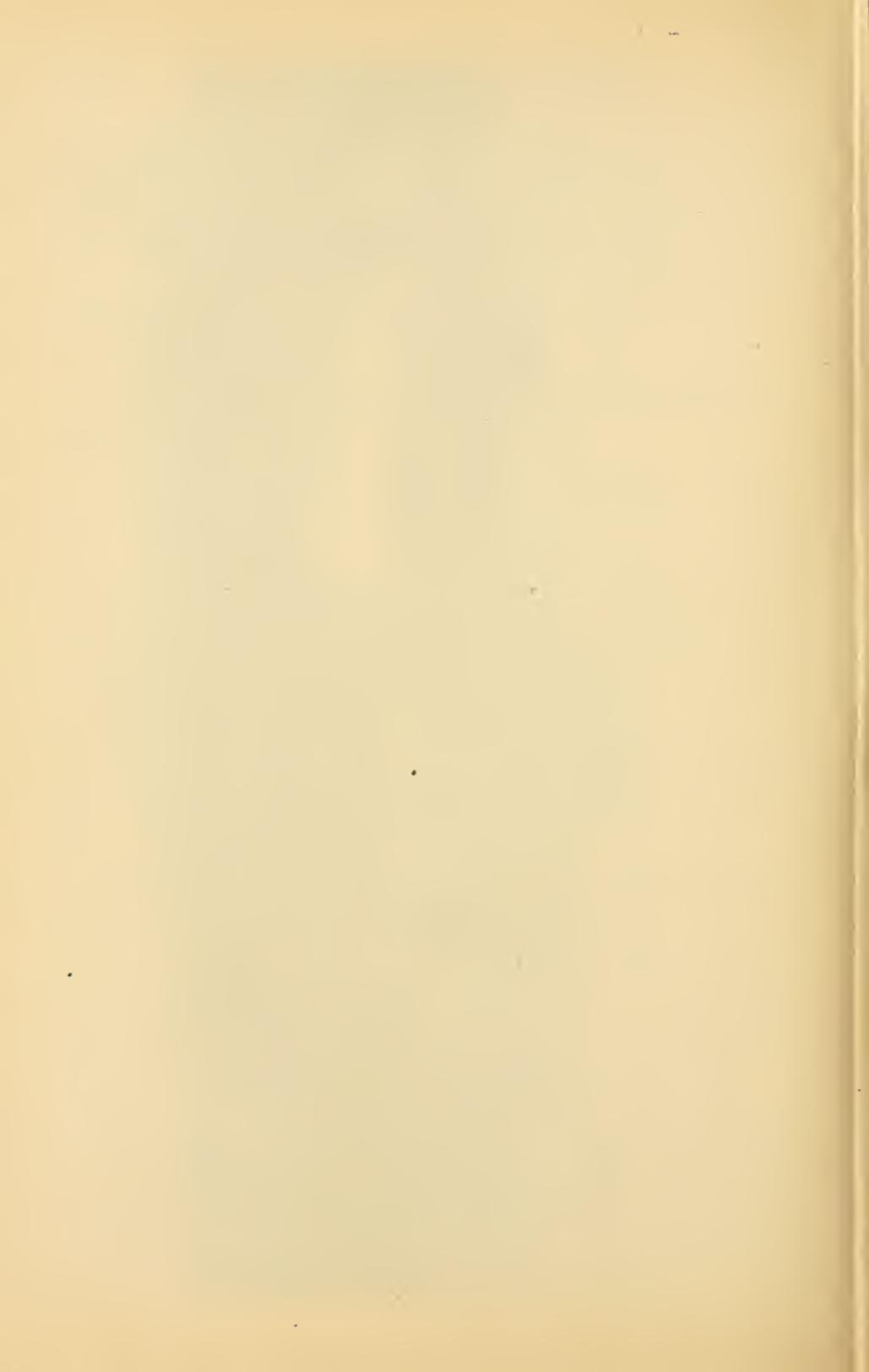
We resume our voyage in another steamer, different from the London Bridge boat in name only. Another small boy sits under the bridge to convey the captain's orders to the engineer, and he, like our old friend, is of a silent and retiring disposition. The wonder is that, though he is reading a



HONGKONG

AVGANASTASI

PALM HOUSE AT KEW.



story-paper all the while, he never misses a movement of the captain's hand, and never fails to chirp, "Stop 'er!" "Slow 'er!" as alertly as though his whole mind was in his business. His bright eyes seem centred on the paper, but he has a corner reserved especially for the man on the bridge.

Our fellow-passengers are changed. Only two or three of those who came with us on the first boat remain. The others, including several little Londoners in holiday dress, arrived at Chelsea earlier, and were waiting. Some musicians, with a violin, a harp, and a flute, have also joined the company, and strike up a lively tune as we approach a more beautiful part of the Thames. For a short distance the boat steams between two muddy shores; then we see a green field, and, farther on, some trees. Soon afterward we are in a lovely country, beyond the smoke and toil of the city. On the banks of the river, set back among the woods, are the villas of prosperous people, with picturesque boat-houses, and velvet-like lawns reaching to the water's edge. Occasionally we hear the tap-tap of a hammer, and pass a boat-builder's yard, where some workmen are repairing a sharp-looking scull.

We now pass Putney, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Barnes, and Mortlake. Putney is the starting-point of the annual boat-race between the crews of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and Mortlake is the end of the course. At Chiswick Rousseau lived for some time in a little grocer's shop; and the great artist, Hogarth, died there. Mortlake also deserves a word for its picturesque little church. Between it and Putney the river is given almost entirely to aquatic sports. There are many pretty boat-houses on the banks, with fleets of cedar sculls before each. It was here that the Americans from Harvard College were defeated in a contest with the Oxford men; and here, too, exciting swimming and rowing matches take place nearly every day in summer. The

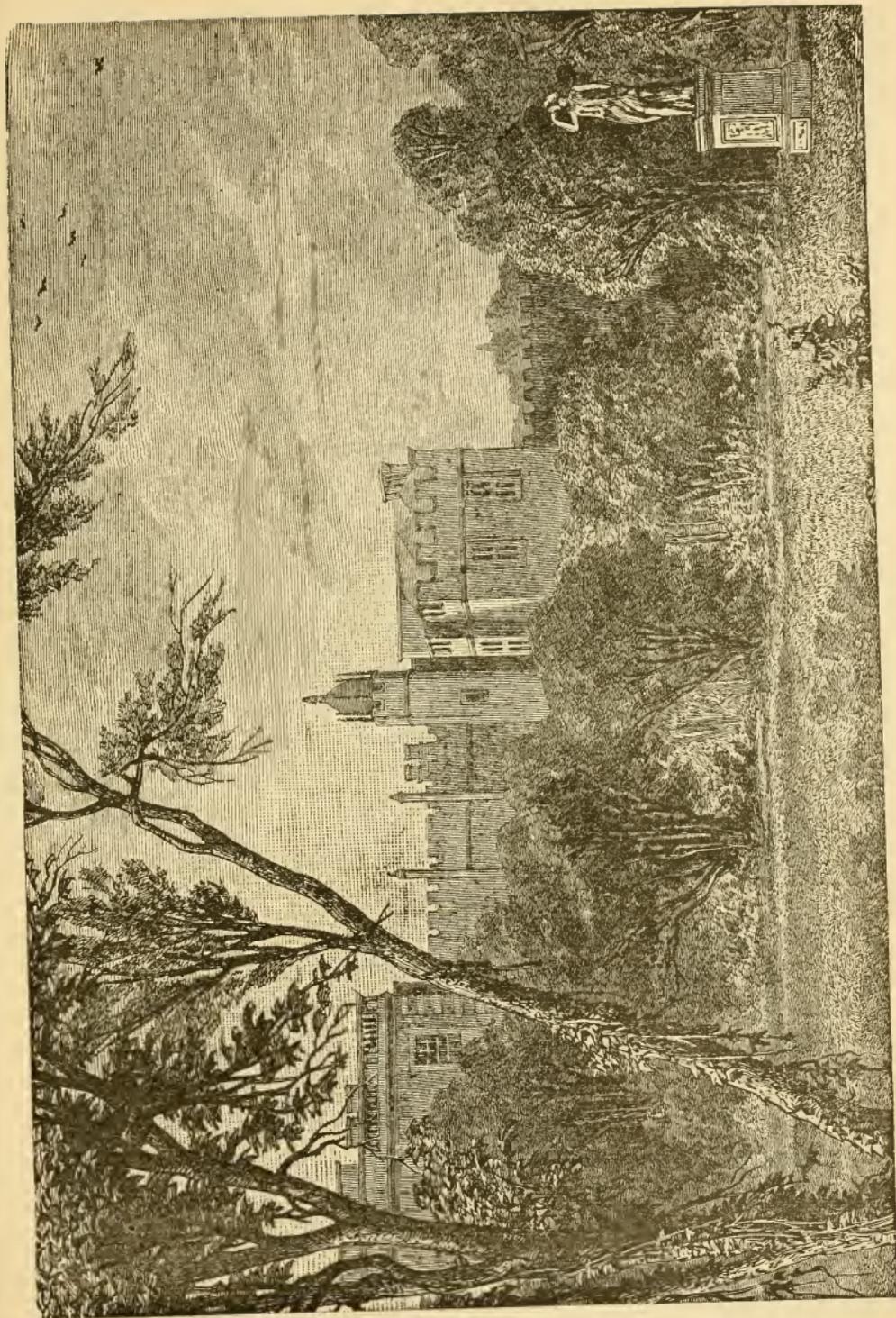
villages on the route contain queer old houses, built among sweetbrier and honeysuckle. The roofs are covered with warm red tiles, and the walls are white, with lattice-work porches by the doors.

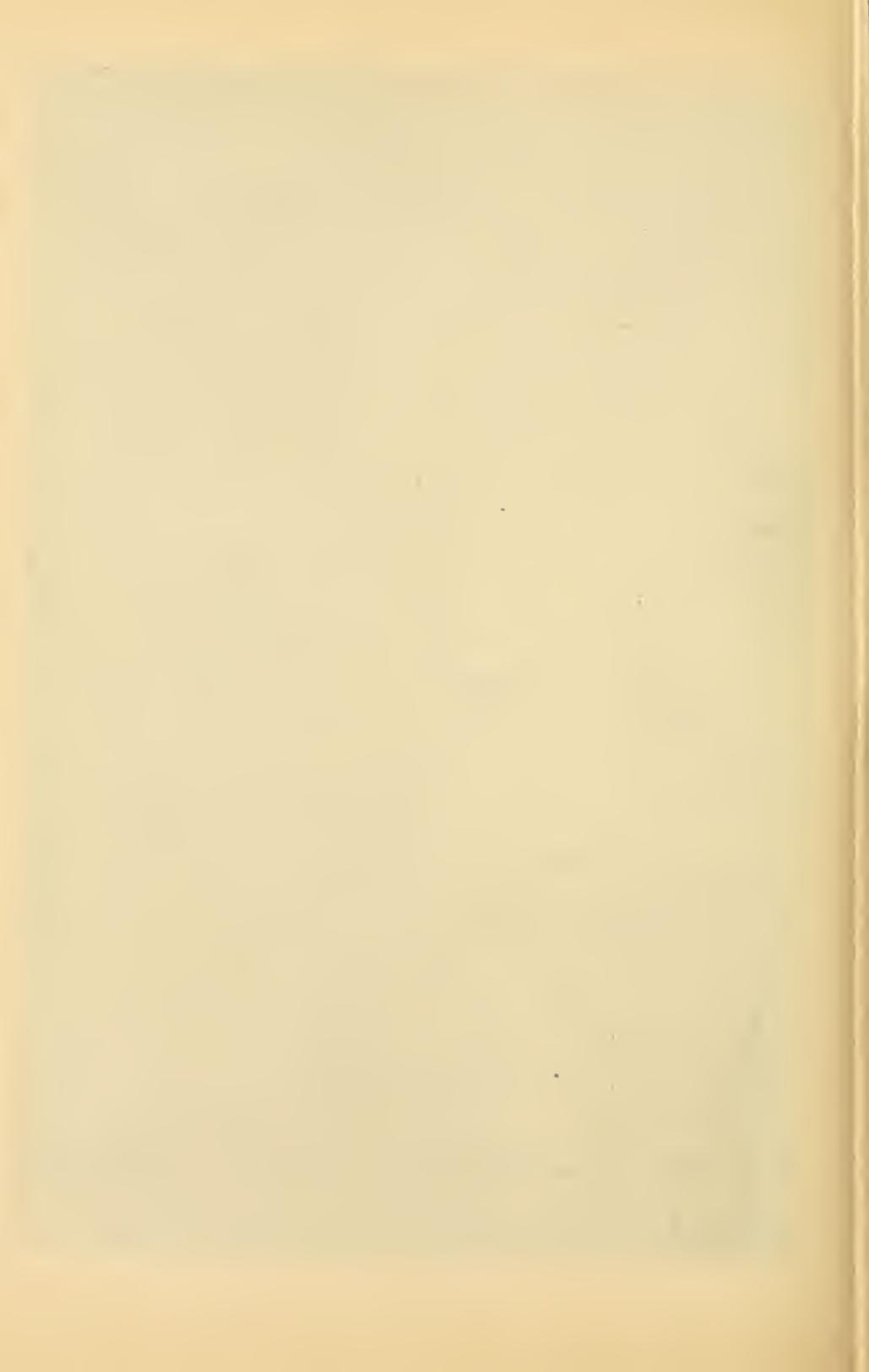
About three quarters of an hour after our departure from Chelsea we are landed at Kew. Close to the pier there are tea-gardens without number, each displaying a sign: "Tea for ninepence," and "Hot water." It is in these tea-gardens that the London children will end their holiday. Their parents have brought heavy baskets filled with eatables, and, when they have inspected the botanic gardens, they will come here to feast. The landlord supplies hot water, chairs and tables, charging twopence (or four cents) for each person; and the visitors supply their own food. Of course all visitors do not follow this plan. There are fashionable hotels in Kew, at which from three to eight shillings (or two dollars) are charged for dinner. But such people as we saw on the boat — the mechanics, with their wives and children — will surely avail themselves of the "hot water" plan; and you may be certain that they will enjoy themselves. In the evening they will return to the city by the boat or the third-class train, and will not have another holiday, perhaps, for a year.

The great attraction of Kew is its magnificent botanic garden, perhaps the finest in the world, in which, flourishing in an atmosphere of their own, may be seen the most beautiful tropical palms, plants, ferns, fern-trees, and cacti, besides every sort of indigenous flower, shrub, and tree.

The Church of St. Anne at Kew was built in 1714, and its graveyard contains the tombs of many celebrated men, including that of Gainsborough, the artist.

From Oxford down to Putney, the Thames flows through some of the loveliest pastoral scenery in England; but it is not within our scope to go beyond Hampton Court, which is the limit of the steamboat excursions. On the way thereto





we pass Richmond, where the winding river flows through a deeply wooded landscape which is scarcely equalled in Great Britain, — “a huge sea of verdure,” Sir Walter Scott calls it, “with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves. . . . The Thames, here turreted with villas, and there garlanded with forests, moves forward slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene.”

Hampton Court, which is twenty-three and a quarter miles from London Bridge by the river, and fifteen miles by railway, was the palace of Wolsey, Henry VIII., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., Charles II., James II., William III., Queen Anne, and the first of the Hanoverian kings. A great mass of picturesque old buildings, containing many relics of departed royalty, is set in the midst of grounds of which the gardener's art has made a paradise of flowers; and when the excursionist has worn himself out in wandering through the reminiscent halls, wherein are the dusty bedsteads, the chairs, the tapestries, and the portraits of many princes, he may pass out through the ancient court-yard into this scene of enchanting beauty, where the air is soft and fragrant, and where there are trees which were full-grown, ages before the great cardinal who built the palace had won any fame.

The collection of pictures will repay a visit to Hampton Court in winter or summer; but to know how lovely the surroundings of this quaint old palace are, one must visit it on a fair June day, when the chestnuts in Bushey Park are in bloom, and their long avenues uphold, on pillars each more than a hundred feet high, colossal bouquets of creamy flowers. A summer spent in England has nothing to offer more beautiful than this; and this to the London excursionist is the culminating pleasure of a trip up the Thames.

Prince Edward. Uncle, what gentleman is that ?

Gloster. It is, sweet Prince, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Prince Edward. Sir, we are come to be your guests to-night.

I pray you, tell me, did you ever know

Our father, Edward, lodge within this place ?

Brackenbury. Never to lodge, my liege, but oftentimes
On other occasions I have seen him here.

Prince Richard. Brother, last night when you did send for me,
My mother told me, hearing we should lodge
Within the Tower, that it was a prison,
And therefore marvell'd that my uncle Gloster,
Of all the houses for a king's receipt
Within this city, had appointed none
Where you might keep your court but only here.

Gloster. Vile brats ! how they do descant on the Tower. —
My gentle nephew, they were ill-advised
To torture you with such unfitting terms
(Whoe'er they were) against this royal mansion.
What if some part of it hath been reserved
To be a prison for nobility,
Follows it therefore that it cannot serve
To any other use ? Cæsar himself,
That built the same, within it kept his court,
And many kings since him ; the rooms are large,
The building stately, and for strength beside
It is the safest and the surest hold you have.

Prince Edward. Uncle of Gloster, if you think it so,
'T is not for me to contradict your will ;
We must allow it, and are well content."

HEYWOOD.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TOWER.

THE Tower is situated on the Middlesex side of the Thames, a little below London Bridge, from which it is plainly visible, and the buildings which compose it present the appearance of a small fortified town of Germany or Flanders. It has a wide, deep moat, and the inner wall, which is immensely thick, varies from thirty to forty feet in height. The only vestige of the royal palace—finally demolished by Cromwell—is the buttress of an old archway adjoining the Salt Tower, but most of the buildings have stubbornly resisted the attacks of time.

The building was begun, as the reader was informed in a previous chapter, by Gundulf, under the direction of William the Conqueror ; and it was completed by Henry III., who took a remarkable interest in the work. For centuries it served as a palace and a prison, and its gloomy walls are piteously eloquent of the tragedies of English history. Here the two sons of Edward IV. were murdered, and Queen Elizabeth was imprisoned by her sister. Among the tenants, also, were Lady Jane Grey and Sir Walter Raleigh. The catalogue of names is a long one, however, and instead of repeating it, we will gather what we can of the “romance” belonging to this famous building.

There is a pretty tradition connected with the Tower in the time of the Wars of the Roses. Sir Henry Wyatt was imprisoned as a rebel, and thrown into a dungeon without suf-

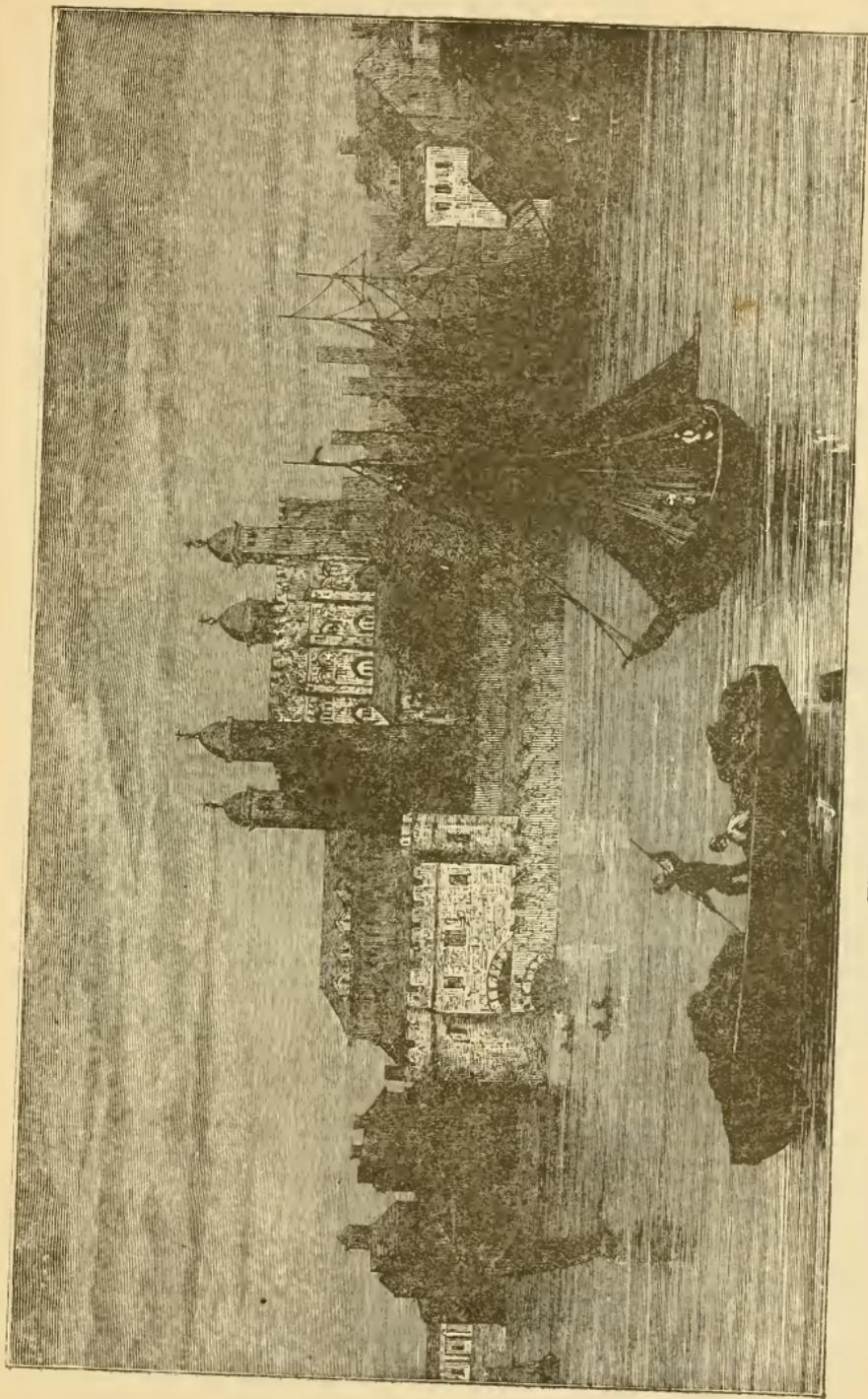
ficient covering or food. One day a cat stole into his cell, and by making much of her he won her affection. She visited him again and again, and several times brought pigeons to him, with which he appeased his hunger. What became of this particular cat is not known ; but ever afterwards Sir Henry, like Whittington, invariably had one of her kind included in the portraits of himself.

The murder of the Yorkist princes occurred about the time of this gentleman's incarceration. Prince Edward was entitled to the crown ; but his uncle, the Duke of Gloster, who had been appointed Protector, cast the boy king and his brother, Prince Richard, into the Tower. Edward was only twelve, and Richard was eight. The usurper was not satisfied with their imprisonment ; they stood between him and the crown which he coveted, and word soon went forth for their death. The Governor of the Tower refused to have anything to do with the business, and under Gloster's instructions two assassins were hired by Sir James Tyrrell. It is supposed that one boy had his throat cut, while the other was smothered by a pillow. The two murderers, helped by an obsequious priest, then buried the bodies near the gateway wall ; but Gloster afterwards had them reinterred behind a staircase in the keep, where they were found in the time of Charles II.

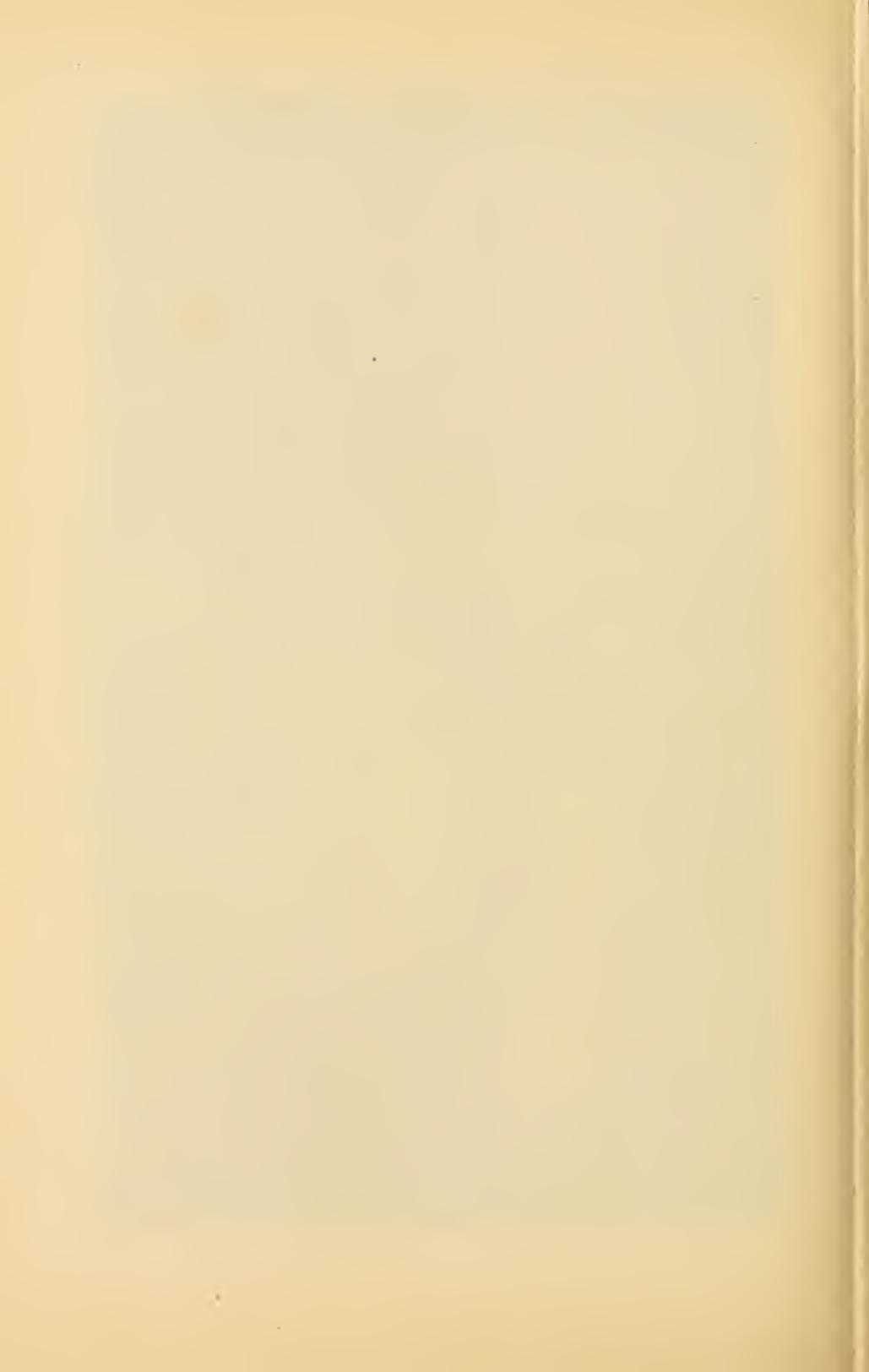
It is believed by some historians that Gloster also murdered Henry VI. in the Tower.

Henry VIII. sent many victims to the Tower, including the poetical Earl of Surrey and John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, both of whom were beheaded. The latter, whose sin was his disapproval of the King's latest marriage, might have been spared, had the Pope not sent him a cardinal's hat. This enraged Henry, who cried out, " If he wear it, he shall wear it on his shoulders ! "

The death-warrant was at once signed, and the prelate crossed to the scaffold with the New Testament in his hands,



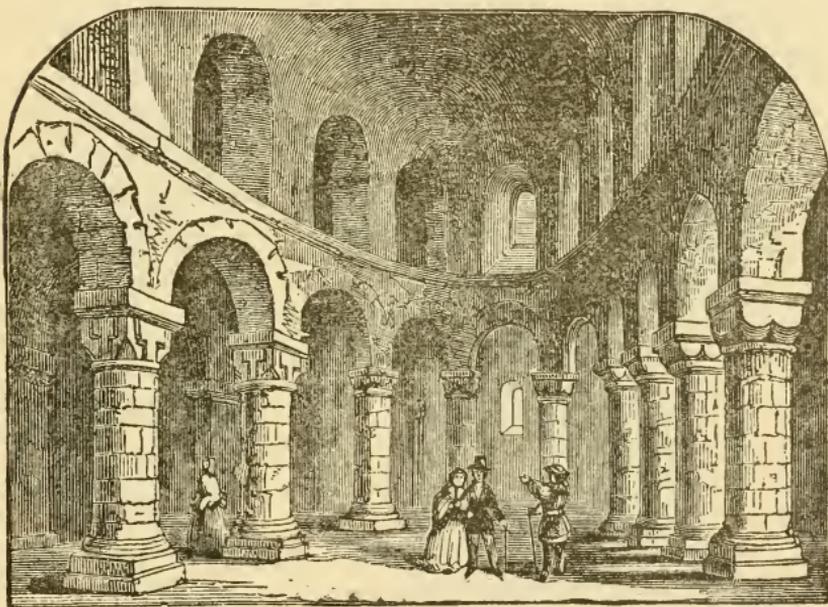
THE TOWER OF LONDON.



reading the passage : " This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."

The next illustrious prisoners were Lady Jane Grey, her young husband, and the nobles who forced upon her the fatal crown, which she wore for nine days.

Her sad history is well known. She was young, accomplished, and of royal descent. In 1553, when ruling in the name of the youthful Edward VI., the Duke of Suffolk and the Duke of Northumberland, foreseeing the early death of



NORMAN CHAPEL IN THE TOWER.

the King, resolved to secure the crown for their own families. Lady Jane, the daughter of the former, then only sixteen years old, was accordingly married to Lord Guilford Dudley, the fourth son of the latter, and the King was persuaded to make a deed of settlement, giving the crown to her, though the right of succession belonged to his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, and the Queen of Scots.

She was proclaimed Queen on Edward's death, but the

people rebelled against so lawless a usurpation. The Eastern Counties took up arms for Mary ; and when Northumberland marched from London with ten thousand men at his back to crush the rising, the Londoners, Protestant though they were, refused to cheer him. "The people crowd to look at us," said the Duke moodily, "but not one calls, God speed ye."

His courage failed suddenly, and Lady Jane was left without supporters. Northumberland himself shouted with his men for Queen Mary ; but his submission did not avert his doom, and when he was sent to the Tower he drew with him the innocent girl who had been the tool of his ambition.

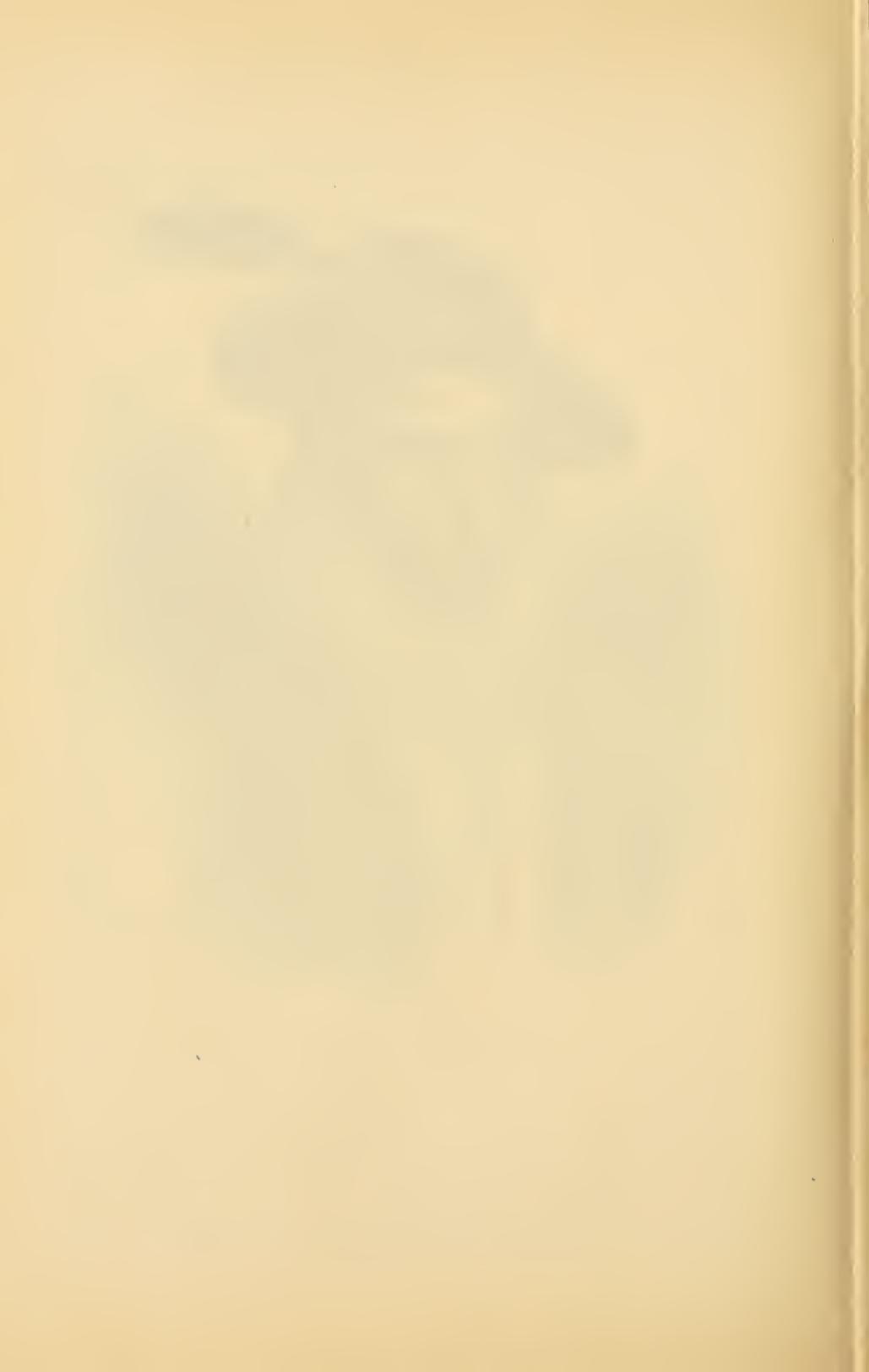
On the scaffold Lady Jane admitted that her acts against the Queen had been unlawful. "But," she added, "they were not my fault, and I wash my hands thereof in innocence before God and in the face of you, good Christian people, this day."

She refused help, drew a white kerchief over her own eyes, and said to the executioner, "I pray you despatch me quickly." Kneeling before the block, she felt for it, and as she placed her head upon it, she exclaimed just before the axe fell, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

An illustrious prisoner of the Tower was Sir Walter Raleigh, who was confined in it for fourteen years. Once the favorite of the Court, a distinguished explorer, an accomplished writer, a man of science and a patriot, this unfortunate gentleman was thrown into prison on false charges, his property was confiscated, and eventually he was executed, though innocent of any crime. His wife was allowed to share his confinement, and he occupied his time with authorship and scientific research. He wrote the first volume of his "History of the World" while in the Tower, and discovered several medicines which were held in high esteem for many years. "No one



PORTRAIT OF RALEIGH,



but my father," said Prince Henry, the son of James I., "would keep such a bird in a cage."

At last he obtained his release, to command an expedition to Guiana, which he intended to colonize in the interest of England. He set sail with thirteen ships ; but his constitution had been shattered by the hardships of his long imprisonment, and on reaching Guiana he became so ill that he could proceed no farther. Following his instructions, however, the expedition sailed up the Orinoco in search of gold. This involved them in a conflict with the Spaniards, and though they were victorious, and took the town of St. Thomas, the Government at home condemned their action.

Just then a treaty was on foot for a marriage of Prince Charles with the Spanish Infanta, and the English Government was intent before all things on conciliating Spain. Philip's ambassador was instructed to urge the punishment of Raleigh, ostensibly for the attack on St. Thomas, but really because he had always been recognized as the implacable enemy of Spain. When he arrived at Plymouth, Raleigh was arrested, brought to London, and once more committed to the Tower.

Here he was very narrowly watched, in the hope that something in his correspondence might be detected which could be brought forward against him ; but as the Government failed in this, it was determined that a sentence of death passed on him fifteen years before should now be carried out.

"New offences," said the Chief Justice, "had revived what the law had formerly condoned."

Raleigh was condemned to die on October 29th, 1618, and though he pleaded hard for a brief respite, the favor was denied him. The place of execution chosen was the Palace Yard at Westminster, and when the prisoner appeared he made a speech, forgiving his enemies, but asserting his innocence of the charges which had brought him to the block.

The morning being sharp, and some delays arising, the

sheriff asked if he would like to warm himself at a fire. "No, good Mr. Sheriff," said he. "Let us despatch; for within this quarter of an hour mine ague will come upon me, and if I be not dead before then, mine enemies will say I quake for fear."

Then he poised the axe, and felt its edge, saying with a smile, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." Seeing that the headsman hesitated, he exclaimed, "What dost thou fear? Strike, man."

Among others imprisoned in the Tower were Archbishop Cranmer, and Bishops Latimer and Ridley; Anne Boleyn; Queen Elizabeth; the Gunpowder Plot conspirators; Colonel Blood, who attempted to steal the crown jewels; Lady Arabella Stuart; the Duke of Buckingham; Lord William Russell; Earl Strafford; Algernon Sidney; the Duke of Monmouth; and — more deservedly than any — the infamous Judge Jeffreys.

Few, except the queens, were executed within the walls; the death penalty was usually carried out on Tower Hill, in an open space adjoining the Tower, where the last person beheaded in England was executed, April 9, 1747, — Lord Lovat, who died expressing his astonishment that such vast multitudes should assemble "to see an old gray head taken off."

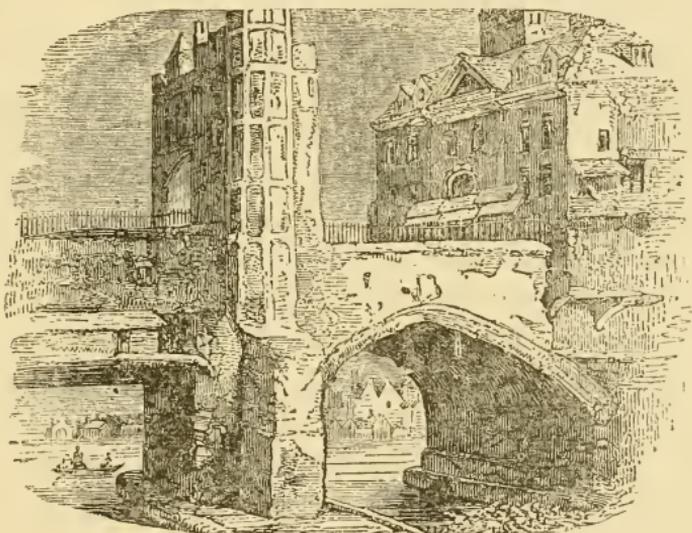
Down by the river is "the Traitor's Gate," through which many of the prisoners were admitted. On one of the stones, when committed by her sister, Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth stood, refusing to land, until the lords who escorted her threatened to use force. "Here landeth," she exclaimed, "as true a subject as ever landed at these stairs — and before thee, O God! I speak it, having none other friend than thee."

In January, 1640, Strafford was returned to the Tower through the same gateway; and this way also came Bishop

Fisher, Anne Boleyn, the Earl of Surrey, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lady Jane Grey.

The Tower is now garrisoned by soldiers, whose red coats blaze against the cold gray walls of the buildings, and many of the rooms are filled with modern arms, arranged in decorative forms. Every night at eleven o'clock the sentry of the guard challenges the chief warden as that official goes forth to lock up the fortress.

Locking up the Tower is an ancient and picturesque ceremony. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

eleven, — on Tuesdays and Fridays, twelve — the head warden, clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys, and attended by another warden carrying a lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house and loudly calls out, “Escort keys!” The Sergeant of the Guard, with five or six men, then turns out and follows him to the “spur,” or outer gate, each sentry challenging, as they pass his post, —

“Who goes there?”

“Keys,” is the response.

When the gates are locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation and receiving the same answer as before, until the front of the main guard-house is again reached. The sentry there stamps his foot and cries, "Who goes there?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."

The warden now exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria!" to which the guard responds, "Amen!"

Immediately after this the officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms!" The firelocks rattle, the officer kisses the hilt of his sword, the men of the escort fall in among their companions, and the warden marches across the parade alone, to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodging. No one can then enter or leave the Tower until morning, nor can any one stir within the walls without having the countersign.

One can pity the sentry as he marches up and down on a dark night, when no other sound can be heard than his own footsteps on the stones and the moan of the wind as it blows up the river. Particularly does he deserve sympathy if he is a superstitious man, and knows something about the history of the great prison. As he looks up at the high bleak walls, the long battlements, the gaunt turrets, and the narrow casements, and his mind dwells on the former tenants, and he recalls the tragedies which have been enacted, some of them, perhaps, on the very spot upon which he is standing, it is not strange that his imagination plays tricks with him now and then, and that he fancies he hears sepulchral voices and sees shadowy forms stalking about the ancient building. The record of the Tower is a history of murder. Many innocent persons have been incarcerated in its dungeons, and tortured or put to death. The buildings are penetrated by winding

passages, through which spies could pass to listen to the prisoners' conversation, and by which some of the prisoners were led to secret execution. There are cells which are so situated, that at high tide the water-rats were driven into them, to gnaw the unfortunate inmates; and others with trap-doors opening into ghastly holes, the purpose of which is plain enough. Little wonder, indeed, that the sentry has a belief in ghosts, and is glad when he sees the morning breaking in gray streaks down the river.

Several ghosts are said to haunt the Tower, and a startling apparition was seen by Edward Swift, keeper of the crown jewels, one Saturday night in October, 1817.

He was at supper with his wife, her sister, and his little boy, in the sitting-room of the jewel-house. The room had three doors and two windows; between the windows a chimney-piece projected far into the interior.

On that evening the doors were closed, the windows curtained, and the only light was given by the candles on the table. Mr. Swift sat at the foot of the table, with his boy on his right, his wife facing the chimney, and her sister opposite.

Suddenly the lady exclaimed, "Great heavens! what is that?" Mr. Swift then saw a cylindrical figure, like a glass tube, seemingly about the thickness of his arm, hovering between the ceiling and the table. Its contents appeared to be a dense fluid, white and pale azure, incessantly rolling within the cylinder. This lasted two minutes, after which the appearance began to move round the table. Mr. Swift saw it pass behind his wife, who shrieked in an agony of terror, "O God! it has seized me!" It then disappeared, neither the sister nor the boy having seen it. But soon afterwards the sentry at the jewel-house was terrified by "a figure like a bear;" he fell down in a fit, and died two or three days later.

The Tower still contains many of the old instruments of torture, including the rack, which was called the "Duke of

Exeter's daughter," it having been introduced by that nobleman in the reign of Henry VI.

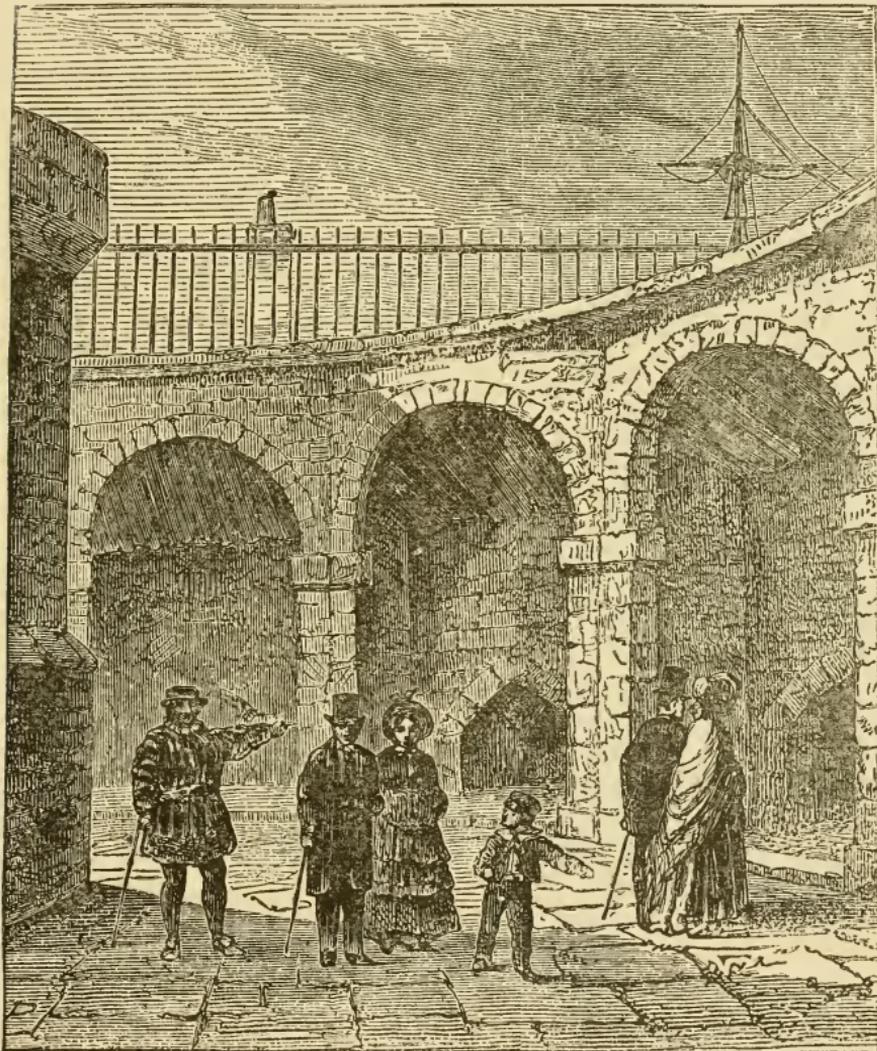
It is a large open frame of oak, raised three feet from the ground. The prisoner was laid under it, on his back, on the floor; his wrists and ankles were attached by cords to two rollers at the ends of the frame, and the rollers were moved by levers in opposite directions, till the body rose to a level with the frame. Questions were then put; and if the answers did not prove satisfactory, the sufferer was stretched more and more, till the bones started from their sockets.

In 1546 occurred the only case in which a woman is recorded to have been tortured, the case of Anne Askew; and we learn that the Lord Chancellor, "finding the rack-keeper falter in his operations, threw off his gown, and drew the rack himself so severely that he almost tore her body asunder."

Alexander Briant, a Jesuit, was, in May, 1581, tortured in the Tower; and Anthony Wood says that, besides the ordinary torture, he was "specially punished for two whole days and nights by famine, being reduced to such extremities that he ate the clay out of the walls of his prison, and drank the droppings of the roof." Campion, the priest, who was arrested in July, 1581, was severely racked in the Tower; and though Lord Burleigh wrote that "the warders, whose office it was to handle the rack, were ever, by those that attended the examinations, specially charged to use it in as *charitable* a manner as might be" — Campion was so wrung by the torture, that when he was arraigned, he could not lift his hand, which was held up for him by a fellow-prisoner.

One warrant of Elizabeth's to the Lieutenant of the Tower directs him to examine two prisoners charged with robbery, and says that if they deny their guilt, they are "to be brought to the rack, and to feel the smart thereof, as the examiners by their discretion shall think good, *for the better boulding out the truth of the matter.*"

In February, 1596-7, a warrant was issued for the racking of William Thompson, "charged with a purpose to burn her Majesty's ships, or to do some notable villany," and it has



MENAGERIE IN THE TOWER.

been said that "if we may draw our conclusions from the entries in the Council-books, there is no period of our history in which this torture was used more frequently and mercilessly than during the latter years of Elizabeth's reign."

“The rack seldom stood idle in the Tower for all the latter part of Elizabeth’s reign,” remarks Hallam.

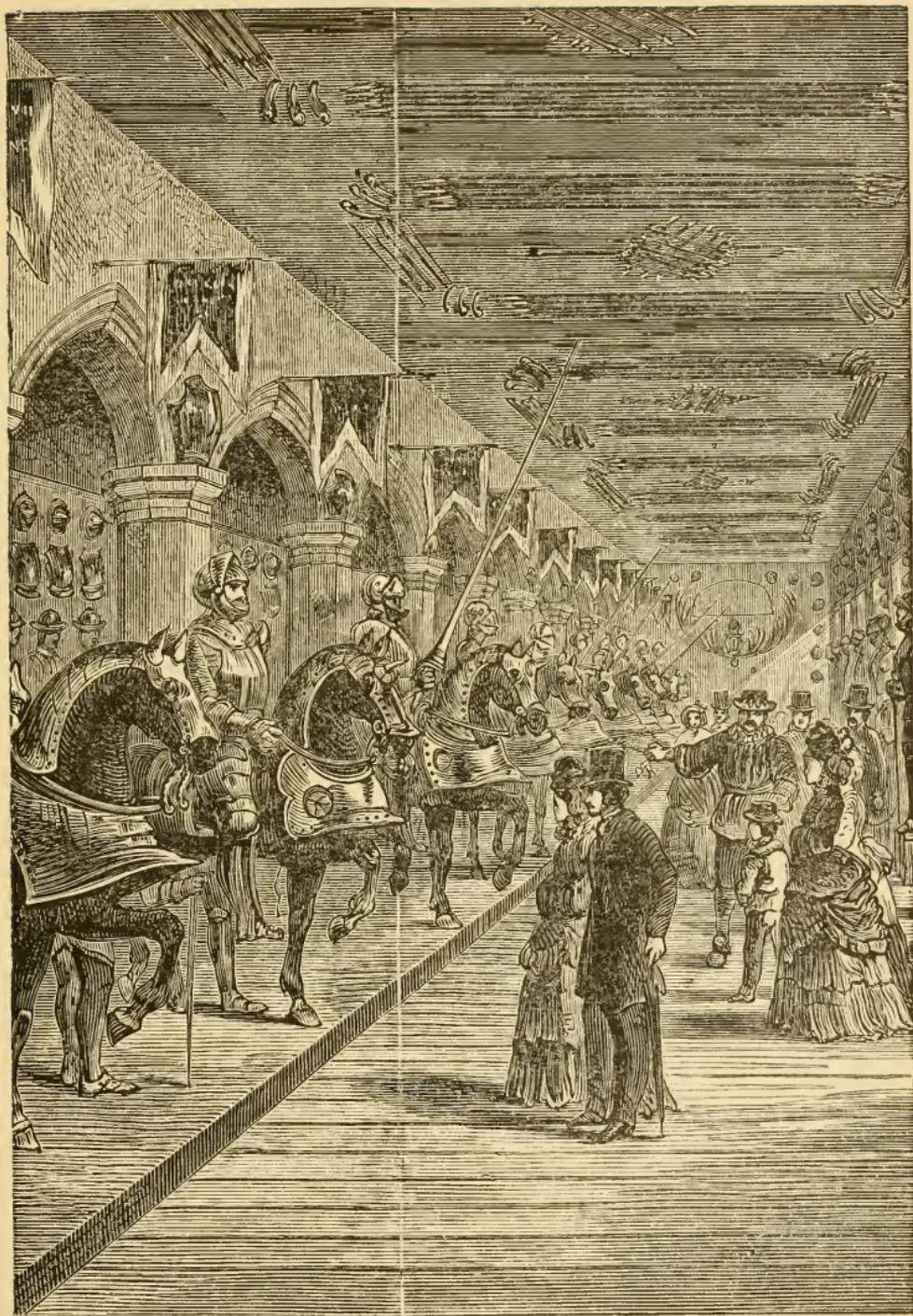
The conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot were severely racked, Guy Fawkes being tortured under a warrant in James’s own handwriting ; and Nicholas Owen, Garnet’s servant, was questioned while he was suspended by his thumbs from a beam. He was threatened with the rack as a further means of getting admissions from him, and the dread of that torture drove him to commit suicide with his dinner-knife when the jailer had for a moment left him alone.

Besides the rack, there were other instruments of torture used in the Tower.

“The Scavenger’s Daughter,”—a name corrupted from that of its inventor, Skevington, a lieutenant of the Tower in the reign of Henry VIII.,—was a broad hoop of iron, consisting of two parts, fastened together by a hinge. The prisoner was compelled to kneel on the pavement, and to contract himself into as small a compass as he could. The executioner then knelt on his victim’s shoulders, and having passed the one part under his legs, he fastened the extremities of the hoop over the small of the back. The time allowed for this torture was an hour and a half, during which time blood often started from the nostrils, and even from the hands and feet.

“The Scavenger’s Daughter” was used in a dungeon called “Little Ease,” which was so constructed that the prisoner could neither stand, walk, sit, nor lie down.

Thumb-screws, favorite instruments in Spain, were not much used in England, perhaps because the torture of the “iron gauntlets” was considered more fully to carry out the principle on which they were constructed. These gauntlets could be contracted by the aid of a screw, and served to compress the wrists, and to suspend the prisoner from two distant points of a beam. The prisoner was placed on three pieces of wood,



THE ARMORY.

piled one on the other, which, when his hands had been made fast, were successively withdrawn from under his feet.

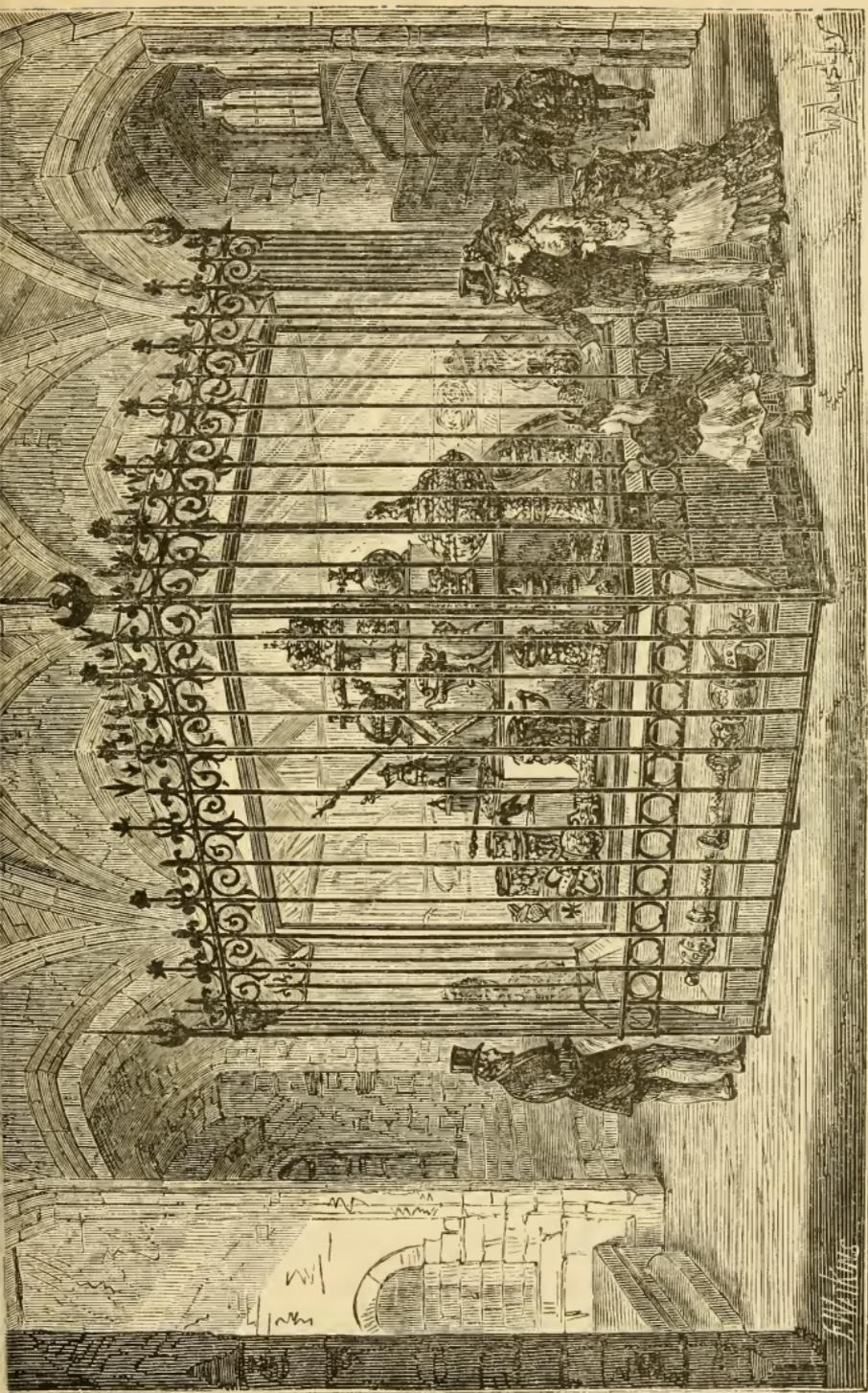
F. Gerard, who was thus tortured, says: "I felt the chief pain in my breast, belly, arms, and hands. I thought that all the blood in my body had run into my arms, and began to burst out at my finger ends. This was a mistake; but the arms swelled, till the gauntlets were buried within the flesh. After being thus suspended an hour, I fainted; and when I came to myself, I found the executioners supporting me in their arms; they replaced the pieces of wood under my feet; but as soon as I was recovered, removed them again. Thus I continued hanging for the space of five hours, during which I fainted eight or nine times."

Torture seems to have been nearly always against the spirit of the law in England, however, and it was last inflicted in 1640.

Visitors to the Tower are escorted through the buildings by elderly officials, who, though speaking with a pronounced Cockney accent, wear the uniform of Henry VIII.'s yeomen of the guard, and are historically known as "beef-eaters,"—a designation of doubtful origin. These worthies marshal the visitors together, and lead them from place to place, giving them bits of absolutely untrustworthy information on the way. To a "beef-eater's" mind the chief points of attraction are the armories and the crown jewels. Both of these are certainly interesting. The jewels are said to be worth \$15,000,000, and are enclosed in a glass case, carefully guarded, and surmounted by the crown of Queen Victoria. The latter is a diadem of gold, with four arches rising almost perpendicularly from the circlet. A cap of purple and ermine fits the band where it rests on the head; and the gold work is ornamented with flowers and enriched with jewels of enormous value. There are two rows of two hundred and forty-one pearls, between which in front of the crown

is a large sapphire. At the back is a cluster formed of seven sapphires and eight emeralds. Above and below the sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds one hundred and twenty-eight diamonds. Between the emeralds and the sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments, containing one hundred and sixty diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires, surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons, consisting of one hundred and forty-eight diamonds. There is a tradition that the large sapphire came out of the famous ring of Edward the Confessor, long treasured at his shrine. In the centre of a Maltese cross in the crown is a ruby said to have been given to the Black Prince, which was worn by Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. One *fleur-de-lis* between the crosses of the crown contains rose diamonds, each flower having a ruby in the centre ; and the four arches are composed of oak-leaves and acorns, containing nearly eight hundred diamonds. The value of the gems alone is said to be fully \$600,000.

The other regalia in the case are the Prince of Wales's crown of gold, without jewels ; the crown used by the Queen's consort, of gold, set with diamonds and precious stones ; the queen's circlet, made for Mary of Modena, wife of James II. ; the orb, a ball of gold set with jewels and surmounted by a cross,— a universal badge of authority, held by sovereigns in the right hand at coronations ; St. Edward's staff, a golden sceptre carried before the sovereign on the occasion just mentioned ; the " king's sceptre with the cross " and " the king's sceptre with the dove ; " " the queen's sceptre with the cross ; " the queen's ivory rod,— a sceptre with a golden cross and dove ; the bracelets worn at coronations ; the royal spurs ; the *ampulla* which holds the consecrated oil at coronations ; the *curtana*, a sword of mercy carried between the swords of temporal and spiritual justice ; the salt-cellar of state, a model of the White Tower ; the silver fountain presented to Charles II.



THE CROWN JEWELS

by the town of Plymouth ; and the silver font used at the baptisms of royal children.

A bold attempt to steal the jewels was made by an Irishman named Blood in the reign of Charles II. He had been a lieutenant in Cromwell's army, and had then become a Government spy. His desperate character was notorious. On one occasion he waylaid the Duke of Ormond and attempted to hang him at Tyburn, — a plan which all but succeeded.

In the attempt to steal the regalia he had four accomplices. Disguised as a country parson in band and gown, Blood first visited the Tower accompanied by a woman who passed for his wife. While they were looking at the jewels, the woman feigned a sudden illness, and was shown into the private apartments of Talbot Edwards, the deputy-keeper, a man eighty years old. Blood then observed the situation and the few means of defence at hand. Four days later, he called with a present of gloves for Mrs. Edwards, and he repeated his visits, becoming more friendly each time, until at last he proposed that his nephew should marry the deputy-keeper's daughter. He finally fixed a day when the bridegroom should present himself for approval, and at the appointed time he arrived at the outside of the iron gate with four companions, all being on horseback. The plan of action was now fully matured. Hunt, Blood's son-in-law, was to hold the horses ; a man named Parrot was to steal the globe, while Blood carried off the crown ; a third accomplice was to file the sceptre into pieces and slip them into a bag, and a fourth was to impersonate the lover. All were armed.

While pretending to await the arrival of his wife, Blood asked Edwards to show his friends the jewels, and accordingly they were conducted into the treasure-house. It is the custom that when any strangers are inspecting the jewels, the doors shall be locked on the inside. Edwards turned the key, and

was about to comply with the request that had been made, when the thieves revealed their true character. They set upon him, gagged him, and beat him until he was nearly dead. Just at that moment the old man's son arrived home from Flanders, and he was the means of frustrating the bold attempt. Blood and Parrot made off at once with the globe and crown; but though they fired at one sentinel and wounded another, they were captured with their comrades. They were not punished, however. Their leader possessed a strange influence over the King, and he was not only pardoned, but received at Court and pensioned in the sum of five hundred pounds a year.

The Tower also contains a remarkably extensive and interesting collection of armor and weapons; ancient British axes, swords, and spears, halberds, shields, and helmets, and all the paraphernalia of historic warfare.

The armories in the Tower were established by the earliest kings, and many of the curiosities which they contain were on view even in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In them one can trace the development of armor from the time when the Crusaders of Henry III.'s reign brought chain-mail from the East, to the period of the elaborately engraved and otherwise ornamented armor worn by Henry VIII. Armor fell into disuse towards the close of the seventeenth century.

“Beyond all question,” says an English writer, “the most interesting building in Great Britain is the Tower of London. There are other places remarkable for this and that historical association; for deeds of high-handed oppression; for memories of life-long persecution: but none of these possesses a record equal in interest to that of any one of the score of dungeons in that gray isolated pile in which our kings have lived and our nobles have perished for so many hundred years. Each one of its many towers is a long chapter of our history, full of violence and blood, and yet not without some noble

incidents also ; each stone-walled chamber is a page out of human life more romantic than novelist would dare to paint. What scenes have those old walls witnessed ! What groans have they heard ! A royal palace, — a state prison, — a slaughter-house, where the noble and base have perished by the indiscriminate axe, — a burial-place of murdered queens !”

“ My house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands ;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkish cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping.”

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER XV.

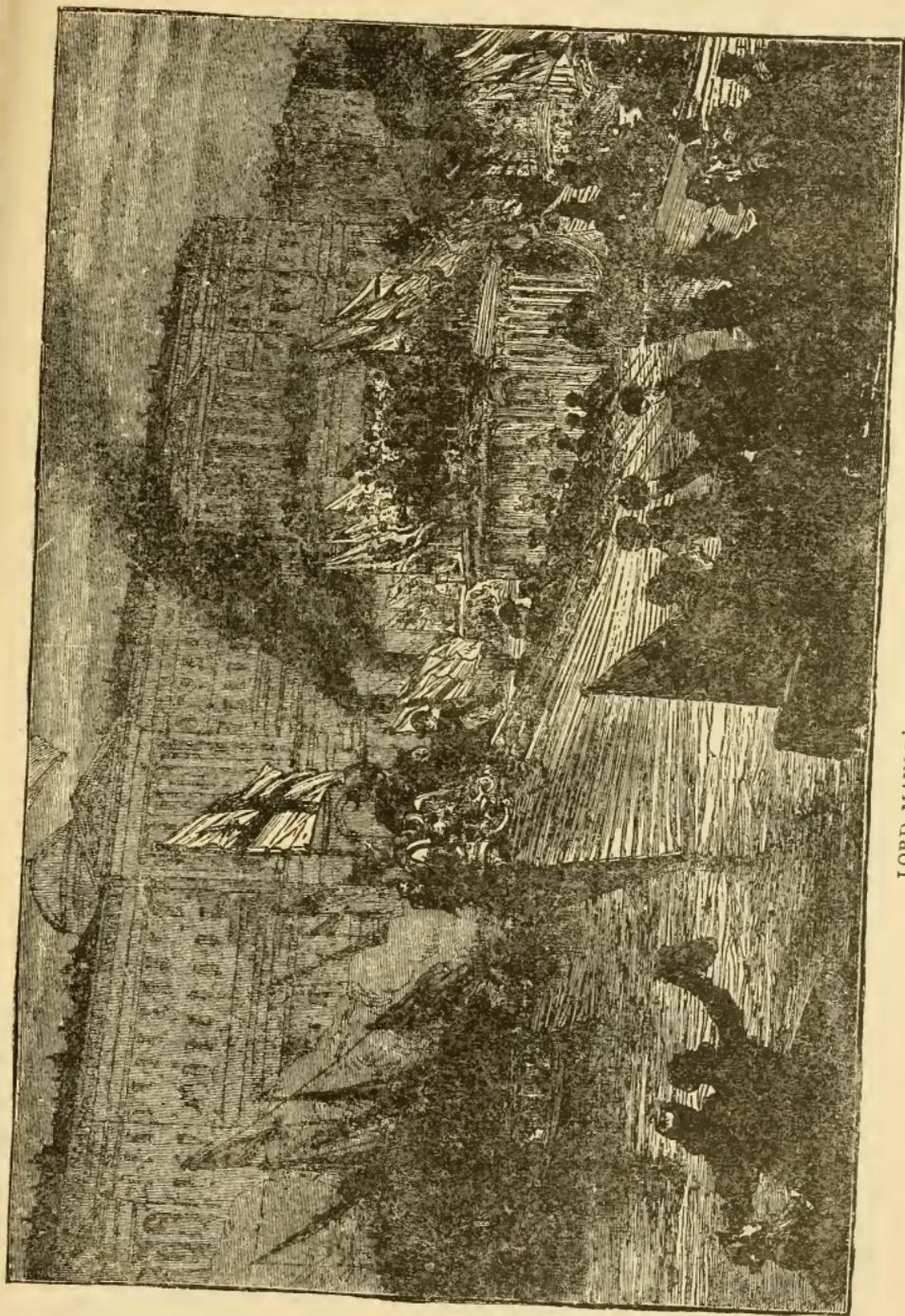
THE LORD MAYORS OF LONDON.

THE opulence of London was a constant temptation to the needy kings, who jealously saw the increasing power of its citizens. Before the Conquest, the city possessed greater liberties than the rest of the country; and, as we have already seen, William the First confirmed them, declaring that every burgher in the city was law-worthy, and that every child should be his father's heir. In other words, the charter which the Conqueror granted—written on a slip of parchment six inches long and one inch wide—acknowledged that Londoners were not “villains” living on the land of their masters, that they did not hold their land by the favor of any feudal lord, and that they could inherit property from their fathers and bequeath it to their heirs. The citizens of other towns, like Leicester, had to reap the corn of their earl, to grind at his mills, and to redeem their stray cattle at his pound, while the “villains” could neither inherit property nor bequeath it.

Another charter was granted by Henry the First which recognized the legality of the ancient privileges. The citizens could not be called upon to plead or answer any lawsuit brought against them outside their own city, they were exempt from the duties and taxes imposed on other parts of the country, and soldiers could not be quartered upon them. To a remarkable extent they possessed the rights of self-government. But it must not be supposed that such exten-

sive concessions were made by the Crown out of love of the city. On the contrary, as we have said, the monarch always looked jealously on the power which the corporation possessed, and coveted the wealth of the citizens.

Henry the Third's opinion was expressed when the Council at Westminster refused to grant him money, and advised him to sell his plate to the city. "If the treasure of Augustus," he angrily cried, "were to be sold, these Londoners would buy it!" Accordingly, the city was compelled to pay dearly for its privileges, and every line in the successive charters may be said to have been purchased with gold. Sometimes, indeed, the same privilege was paid for two or three times over, and it was the custom of nearly all the kings, when they were impecunious, to revoke the charter, and to restore it only after the payment of a large sum of money. The monarch was a brigand who made a hostage of Liberty, and demanded an enormous price for her ransom. On all sorts of absurd pretexts, penalties were imposed on the city, and nothing but the inexhaustible riches of the citizens could have enabled London to perpetuate her ancient and exceptional privileges. She was robbed by nearly all the kings, but her opulence enabled her not only to recover the rights arbitrarily taken away from her, but also to augment them and put them upon a securer basis year after year. The citizens endured the rapacity of the Crown with much patience. They bowed low to the king, who was like a highwayman, and they treated him with magnificent hospitality while the coin which he had extorted from them was still jingling in his royal pockets. They were diplomatic: they meant to succeed, and they were generally on the winning side. They favored Prince Edward in the Barons' War; they were Yorkists in the Wars of the Roses; they were Roundheads in the strife between Charles the First and Cromwell; and they were Whigs in the Revolution of



LORD MAYOR'S RIVER PROCESSION.

1688. Year by year they strengthened their position, and little by little they shook off the yoke of king and bishop.

The charter granted by Henry the First seems to have been the first step towards making the city a corporation; and King John conferred upon the city the right of electing, annually, a mayor and common councilmen. Previous to this the mayor had been appointed by the king for life, and though the title was first given by Richard the First to Henry Fitz Alwyn, who bore it for twenty-four years, the first Lord Mayor elected by the city was Richard Renger (A. D. 1223). It was a condition of the election, however, that the person chosen should be submitted to the king for approval, and as his Majesty was often abroad in his own dominion or across the Channel, this condition led to vexatious and embarrassing delays.

The honor of election was a great one in the eyes of all the merchants and their apprentices, and on occasions of state the mayor rode through the streets on horseback, attended by a long cavalcade nearly as imposing as that which escorted the sovereign from the Tower to Westminster on coronation days.

The courtesy title of lord was first conferred upon him by Edward the Third, and he became a "right honorable" under the same King, who did much to encourage the merchants of London. One Lord Mayor, Sir Geoffrey Bullen, or Boleyn, was grandfather of Queen Elizabeth, and among the ennobled families who have descended from either mayors, sheriffs, or aldermen of London, are the names of Cornwallis, Capel, Coventry, Legge, Cowper, Thynne, Ward, Craven, Marsham, Pulteney, Hill, Hollis, Osborne, Cavendish, and Bennet.

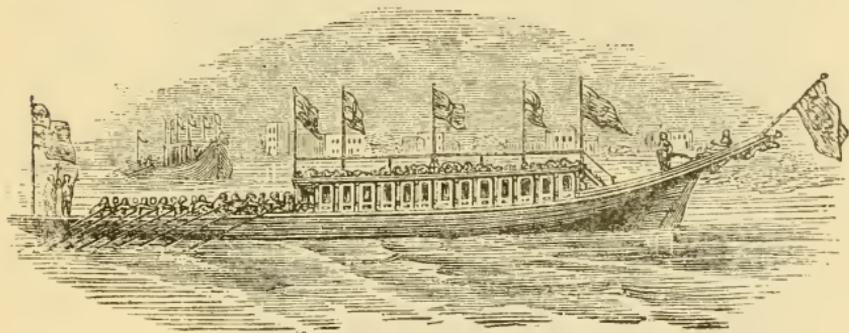
The opening of the reign of the new mayor is annually celebrated on the 9th of November with a pageant which attracts a vast London crowd. His lordship rides forth in

his carriage of state (an enormous chariot of gold), attended by his suite and delegations of all the city companies, with bands of music and glittering banners. Each guild is attired in a characteristic costume, and there are also battalions of the fire brigade, the militia, and the inmates of various city institutions, including the young blue-jackets of the training-ships. There are men in armor and quaintly dressed representatives of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers. A feature of recent processions has been the American flag, borne by a guard of honor, to symbolize the good-will of England towards her offspring across the sea. The mediævalism of the procession is oddly mixed up with latter-day innovations. Here are the Foresters, dressed in the traditional garb of Robin Hood, and various artisans, whose dress is that in which their predecessors have for centuries taken part in the celebration. This part of the cavalcade might have stepped out of a picture of Cheapside as that thoroughfare was when poor Anne Boleyn came from Greenwich to Westminster on her coronation day; and its antique picturesqueness has an incongruous effect when it joins the carriages of the aldermen, with their modern "stove pipe" hats and broadcloth, the prosaic constables, and the glittering engines of the firemen.

Much of the ancient glory of Lord Mayor's day has departed, and civic dignity no longer inspires with respectful awe the assembled spectators. The men in armor are laughed at, and the celebration is treated as a joke which is becoming a little stale. But to the children who are brought into town to see it from the windows of the shops and houses along the route, the procession is still a superb and wonderful affair.

Time was when it surpassed all other pageants, and filled the river as well as the streets. The mayor embarked in a barge of state, decorated with rich fabrics, banners and

streamers and heraldic shields. Fifty barges, filled by the various city companies, followed him, and preceding him was a float, upon which was a large dragon, emblematic of the Tudor arms, which vomited fire, while round about it were other monsters belching forth smoke and flame. The cloths and banners were of silk and gold and silver. On another barge was the image of a white falcon, crowned, on a golden rock, and environed with white and red roses, — Anne Boleyn's device, — and around this sat many virgins singing and playing sweetly. All the barges were decorated with banners and hung with arras and rich carpets, and “shalms,



THE OLD LORD MAYOR'S BARGE.

shagbushes, and divers other instruments continually made good music.”

One of the most gorgeous Lord Mayor's shows was that of 1616, when John Leman was inaugurated. First in the procession came a Dutch fishing boat on wheels, wherein fishermen were busy drawing up nets full of live fish, which were thrown among the people. This was followed by a gigantic crowned dolphin ridden by Arion, and third in the pageant was the King of the Moors astride of a golden leopard, from which he threw coin among the spectators, while following him again were six tributary kings in gilt armor, each carrying gold and silver ingots, — these representing the Gold-

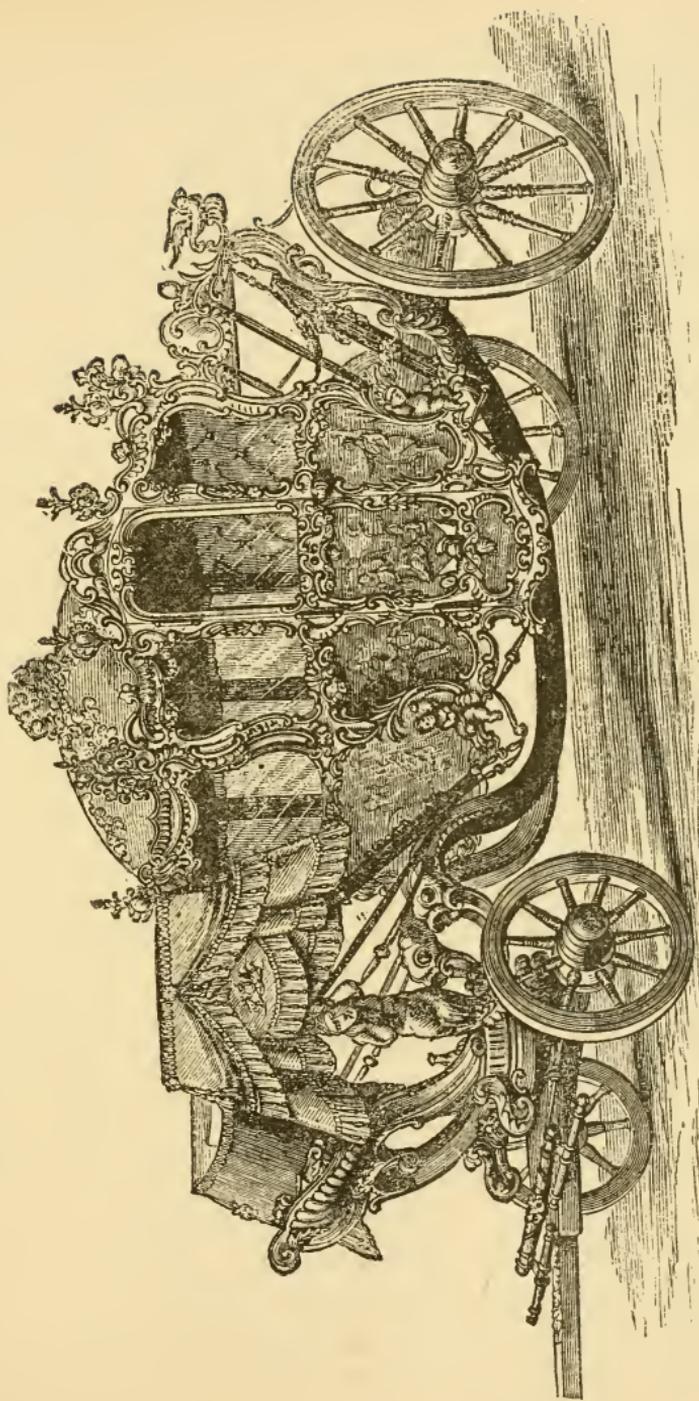
smiths' Company. Next came a charade-like embodiment of the Lord Mayor's name — Leman. A car bore a large lemon-tree full of fruit, with a pelican feeding her young; and at the top of the tree sat five children, representing the five senses. Seeing was typified by an eagle, hearing by a hart, touch by a spider, tasting by an ape, and smelling by a dog.

The next feature of the procession was an effigy in armor of Sir William Walworth, the mayor who slew the rebel chief Wat Tyler, and who was himself a Fishmonger. He was surrounded by the shields of all other Lord Mayors who had belonged to this guild, and attended by five mounted knights and a man-at-arms who bore the rebel's head upon a dagger. Six trumpeters and twenty-four heraldiers surrounded him, arrayed in light blue silk, with his arms emblazoned on the backs, and the Fishmongers' arms on the breast. At a given signal, an angel with a crown and golden wings approached the effigy of the recumbent knight, and when she touched it with her wand, Sir William arose from his sleep and took part in the procession.

Finally, there was a triumphant car drawn by two mermen and two mermaids, in which sat a guardian angel defending the crown of Richard the Second. At the feet of the king were virgins personifying Truth, Virtue, Honor, Temperance, Fortitude, Zeal, Equity, and Conscience, while two coarse figures, representing Treason and Mutiny, crouched before them.

Mr. Pepys, we may be sure, had something to say about the Lord Mayor's shows, but he had more thought of "my new velvet cloak, the first that ever I had in my life," than of the display.

The finest feature of the modern Lord Mayor's shows is the carved and gilt coach of his lordship, and the paintings with which it is decorated perpetuate some of the ancient



LORD MAYOR'S COACH.

pageants. On the panel of the right door Fame is seen presenting the mayor to the genius of the city; on the left door the same genius is represented attended by Britannia, who points her spear to a shield bearing the name of Henry Fitz-Alwyn, the first mayor. There are also pictures of Truth with her mirror, Temperance holding a bridle, Justice, and Fortitude. The front panel exhibits Faith and Hope pointing to St. Paul's; the back panel reveals Charity, with two virgin embodiments of Plenty and Riches casting money and fruits into her lap, while a wrecked sailor and a sinking ship fill up the background.

The carved work of the coach is elaborate and beautiful after its fashion, consisting of cupids supporting the city arms, and other symbols. The vehicle is a mass of gilt, and originally cost over \$5,000.

The mayoralty is a costly honor to the incumbent. The salary and allowances paid to him during his year of office amount, says Timbs, to \$30,500. The sumptuously furnished Mansion House is given to him for a residence, and he is provided with plate worth about \$159,000. His household consists of twenty gentlemen and a splendid retinue of servants. He also has the use of the wine cellars of the Mansion House and their contents. But so much hospitality and such an amount of display are expected of him, that his salary and allowances are insufficient, and to them he must be prepared to add large sums out of his private fortune. The smallest amount upon which he can escape is about \$20,000, and if he is of a lavish disposition he can spend three or four times that sum without any difficulty.

The Mansion House banquets are unequalled for their richness; and on the occasion when the city entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales, a diamond necklace which cost \$50,000 was given to the latter, the total expense of the entertainment having been about \$300,000.

Fairholt, the antiquarian, gives us a full account of the manner of the mayor's election and of his functions. He is chosen by the freemen or "livery" of the ninety-one guilds or city companies. He must be an alderman, and must previously have served in the office of sheriff. On the 29th of September, every year, the names of all the aldermen who have not been Lord Mayors are submitted to the Recorder of the city, and a show of hands is taken upon each. The two names receiving the largest show of hands are returned to the Court of Aldermen, and the court elects the bearer of one of the two to be Lord Mayor during the ensuing year. No man can possibly be elected who has failed in business, unless he has paid all his debts in full; and nominally the person chosen must receive the approbation of the Crown.

On the 8th of November the Lord Mayor elect is publicly sworn into office at Guildhall, and the next day is the occasion dear to Londoners as Lord Mayor's Day, when, with all the pageantry that we have mentioned, his lordship goes through the city in state to Westminster, there to be again sworn to support and uphold the Crown and make a due return of all fines and fees passing through his hands during his year of office. Formerly it was customary for him to go to Westminster by water in a state barge, but the procession on the river has been abandoned.

Passing through Cheapside, Fleet Street, the Strand, and Charing Cross in going to Westminster, the procession returns to Guildhall by the way of the new Embankment, and in the evening a magnificent banquet is given, at which the Prime Minister usually makes an important speech outlining his policy and future intentions. This banquet is given by the city, and it generally costs about \$50,000. On other occasions the expenses of the banqueting are borne by the Lord Mayor and the sheriffs, the former paying half, and the latter one fourth each.

The most arduous duties of the mayor are those of hospitality. If any public fast is ordered by the Crown, he and the Corporation attend St. Paul's Cathedral in black robes ; but on occasions of thanksgiving they appear in scarlet. If an address is to be presented to the Throne, the corporation goes in state, and the Lord Mayor wears a gown of gold cloth. On Easter Monday and Easter Tuesday he attends Christ Church, the sanctuary connected with the famous school, Christ's Hospital, and all the scholars in their blue gowns and yellow stockings, with masters, beadles, and clerks, walk in procession before him. On Easter Monday, also, he gives the grandest dinner of the year in the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion House, which is attended by royalty and followed by a ball. On Easter Tuesday, before going to church, he presents a purse, containing fifty guineas, in sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns, to the boys of Christ's Hospital, who pass before him through the Mansion House, each receiving a piece of silver (fresh from the mint), two plum-buns, and a glass of wine. It is said that in these degenerate days the boys do not appreciate the honor so much as they ought to do.

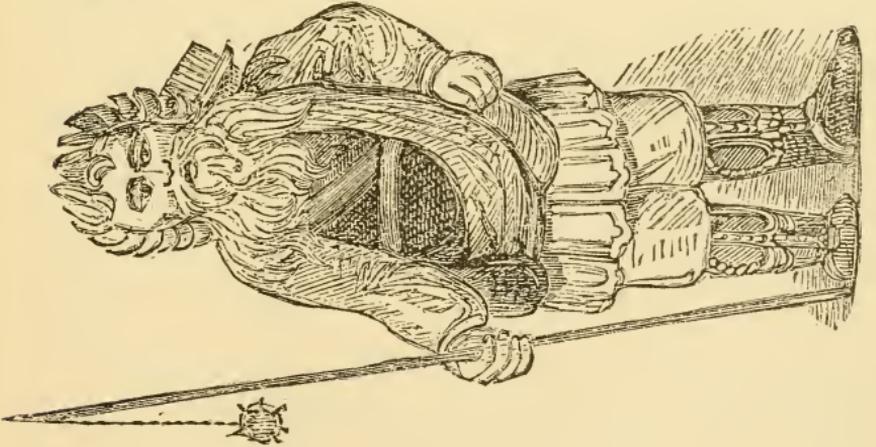
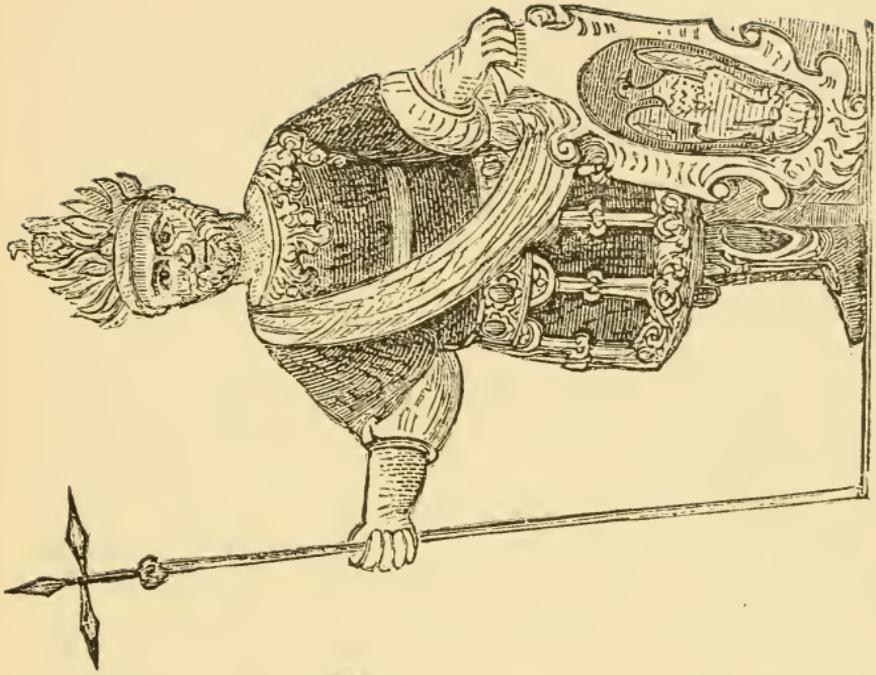
"One benefactor of the school," Mr. Pascoe tells us in his book, "Everyday Life in our Public Schools," "left a legacy on condition that a certain number of boys should receive a pair of gloves, to be worn in the various processions at Easter-tide. On these gloves were to be printed the words, 'He is risen.' The gloves, it may be mentioned, are still given, but in place of being absurdly printed on them, the words are displayed on a paper badge worn on the left breast. . . . Sixpences are excellent in their way ; but it is a trifle absurd to find well-grown lads, headed by beadles, walking in a procession through the streets of London with scraps of paper pinned to their breasts bearing the legend, 'He is risen.' And as for the gift of pence and plums, for many years it has

been considered by the boys themselves an indignity to be selected to receive them."

Then his lordship entertains the judges at dinner ; then the sons of the clergy, and then the bishops. On the 28th of September he swears in the sheriffs, and two days later proceeds with them in state to Westminster, where they are once more sworn in.

The rights and privileges of the mayor are like the sovereign power over the state. He has the badges of royalty attached to his office — the sceptre, the swords of justice and mercy, and the mace. The gold chain, one of the most ancient distinctions, is worn by him for life. He controls the city purse, and has the right of precedence in the city before all the royal family. Royalty itself cannot enter the city until his formal consent has been granted, and soldiers cannot march through the city until his permission has been obtained by the commander-in-chief. He enjoys the right of private audience with the Crown, he is summoned as a privy councillor on the death of the monarch, and the Tower password is regularly sent to him. He has a veto upon the Courts both of Aldermen and Common Council, as well as upon the Court of Livery in Common Hall, none of these courts being able to meet unless convened by him, and he can at any time dissolve any or all of the courts mentioned by removing the sword and mace from the table and declaring the business at an end ; though when exercised this is considered an ungracious display of power.

There are many quaint observances about the office, and many of the vassals bear titles peculiar to themselves. Thus there are three "sergeants of the chamber," one "yeoman of the chamber," a "master of ceremonies," a "sergeant of the channel," a "yeoman of the channel," two "yeomen of the waterside," a "deputy water-bailiff," a "water-bailiff's first young man," a "water-bailiff's second young man," a "com-



GOG AND MAGOG.

mon hunt's young man," and a "sword-bearer's young man." This reminds us of the song in *Patience*; but the persons who bear these appellations of youth are usually old and choleric, and aldermanic in proportions.

Guildhall is in the American sense the "city hall" of London, while the Mansion House is the official residence of the mayor. The former was built in 1411, and survived the Great Fire, though the roof and outbuildings were burned. In it are the two famous figures of Gog and Magog.

The Emperor Diocletian, says the old legend, had thirty-three infamous daughters, who murdered their husbands, and being set adrift in a ship, reached Albion, where they fell in with a number of demons. The offspring of this unnatural alliance was a race of giants afterwards extirpated by Brute and his companions, refugees from Troy. Gog and Magog, the last two of the giant race, were brought in fetters to London, then called Troy-novant or Trinovant, and being chained to the palace of Brute, which stood on the site of Guildhall, did duty as porters.

Here we have an echo of the old fable of the foundation of London by the descendants of Æneas mentioned in our first chapter. But the true origin of Gog and Magog is unsettled. Formerly one was called Corinæus and the other Gogmagog. The latter name is now divided between them. The existing figures were carved in fir-wood in 1707 by Richard Saunders, and are accepted as symbols of the dignity of the city.

The hospitalities of the mayor are divided between the Guildhall and the Mansion House, the grand dinner on the 9th of November being given in the former, where the feasting is not less extensive than at the latter.

The most distinguished Lord Mayor previous to Whittington was Sir William Walworth, to whom we have already referred. But Whittington himself towers above all who, before

his time or since, have held the office, and to him we shall devote a separate chapter.

Another worthy Lord Mayor was John Philpot (1378), who distinguished himself by his patriotism and gallantry. During his administration the Channel and the North Sea became unsafe to merchant vessels, owing to the depredations of a piratical fleet under a Scotchman named Mercer. Finding that the Government would not, or could not, put this marauder down, John Philpot fitted out a fleet at his own expense, and sailed forth with a thousand men to chastise the pirate. He found him off Scarborough, and engaged him in battle, defeating him and capturing his ships, with which he sailed in triumph to the Nore. Mercer was slain, and all who had ships at sea were grateful for being relieved of this scourge; but the king, ever wanting a pretext for taking his subjects' money, demanded to know why Philpot had ventured on the expedition without royal permission, and, pretending to be dissatisfied with his answer, fined him for contempt.

In less than a year the king was again in want of money, and Philpot generously advanced it to him, and provided him with a fleet for his expedition into France.

Whittington was mayor in 1396, 1397, 1406, and 1419 — twice in the reign of Richard the Second, once in that of Henry the Fourth, and once in that of Henry the Fifth. Twenty-seven years after his final administration, the Lord Mayor was Sir Simon Eyre, who is principally remembered for a joke which he played on the Worshipful Court of Aldermen.

The latter wanted him to stand for sheriff, but he excused himself, on the ground that his income was not sufficient to allow him to grace the office. "How is this?" they said. "Have you not boasted that you break your fast every day upon a table for which you would not take a thousand pounds?"

Sir Simon invited them home to dinner, and when they reached his house he asked his wife to "prepare the little table" and set some refreshments before the guests. She would have refused, but as he would not take her excuse, she seated herself upon a low stool, and spread a damask napkin over her knees, with a venison pasty thereon.

"Behold," exclaimed Sir Simon, "the table for which I would not take a thousand pounds." The legend adds that the spectators were astonished, and it is likely that they thought the joke, as we do, pretty far fetched.

After Philpot, Walworth, and Whittington, the most illustrious Lord Mayor, perhaps, was Sir Richard Gresham, A. D. 1537. He was the father of the founder of the Royal Exchange, and one of his daughters married an ancestor of the Marquis of Bath, while one of his brothers became related to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Braybrooke. Sir Richard became a Gentleman Usher Extraordinary to Henry the Eighth, and when the monasteries were abolished by that monarch, a part of their lands were given to him. He advocated the establishment of an Exchange (an idea which his son carried out), encouraged freedom of trade, and is said to have invented bills of exchange. When Cardinal Wolsey lost the favor of the King, Gresham stood by the unhappy prelate, and one of the few things we know to the credit of Henry the Eighth is that he did not abandon the Lord Mayor because the latter remained loyal to one who had fallen from grace.

Many of the Lord Mayors began life humbly. Sir Samuel Fludyer is said to have been a stable-boy, and yet he became connected with several noble families. His second wife was granddaughter of a nobleman and a niece of the Earl of Cardigan. His sons married into the Montague and Westmoreland families, and among his descendants are connections of the Earls Onslow and Brownlow.

In 1762 and 1769 the Lord Mayor was William Beckford, who, though he inherited riches, was descended from a tailor. He was a friend of Lord Mansfield and the Earl of Chatham. His son wrote that extraordinary work of poetic imagery and caustic wit, "Vathek," which the author is said to have produced at one sitting. "It took me," he has stated, "three days and two nights of hard labor. I never took off my clothes the whole time." A granddaughter of the Lord Mayor and daughter of the novelist became the Duchess of Hamilton. Lord Mayor Kennet (1780) had been a waiter, and his character never rose above that level. Even when he was chief magistrate it was a byword that if a bell was rung Kennet would answer it from force of habit.

Vainglory has not been missing among these magnates who have overcome the obstacles of their youth, but it has not often been so bluntly expressed as by Sir Peter Laurie (1832-3). He was entertaining the judges and leaders of the bar, and at his side sat Lord Tenterden. Waving his hand towards the latter during an after-dinner speech, Sir Peter said: "See before you the examples of myself, the chief magistrate of this great empire, and the Chief Justice of England sitting at my right hand, both now occupying the highest offices of the State, and both *sprung from the very dregs* of the people!" Lord Tenterden was, indeed, the son of a barber and wig-maker, but he must have winced at hearing his parents described as the "very dregs of the people." Lord Mayor Kelly was a bookseller's boy who used to sleep under his master's counter, and Lord Mayor Pirie, a great shipowner, also began life friendless and penniless.

An amusing account is given by Mr. Edward Walford in his *Londoniana* of Sir William Staines, Lord Mayor in 1800. He began life, like Ben Jonson, as a bricklayer, and so far from being ashamed of it, he often told his friends of his early experiences. When quite a young man he happened to be

employed upon some repairs at the parsonage house at Uxbridge. As he was going up the ladder one day with his hod and mortar, he was accosted by the parson's wife, who told him that in the previous night she had been visited by an extraordinary dream; for that as she lay asleep she dreamt that he would one day, like Dick Whittington, wear a gold chain as Lord Mayor of London. Taken aback at the story, and astonished at hearing such a prophecy, young Staines could only thank the lady for telling him of such a promotion awaiting him in the future. But he had neither money nor friends, nor had he received more than the very poorest education; so he put away the thought of rising in the great city world, and gradually forgot the prophecy.

The clergyman's wife, however, was not easily to be turned from her dream, which had made a great impression upon her. Her mind was fixed on the young bricklayer, and she resolved that what she had dreamed should come true. Moreover she dreamed the same dream again, and again repeated it to Staines, who left Uxbridge carrying it in his mind. Bit by bit he rose to be a master-bricklayer, and then a builder, and by the time he reached middle-age he had a fortune. At last the dream was fulfilled, and when Sir William became Lord Mayor he made the lady's husband his chaplain.

Perhaps it is not to his discredit that he married his cook-maid; and we have a pleasant picture of him sitting among his friends in the days of his honor and affluence, and discoursing between the puffs of his pipe on the jobs he had done as a bricklayer. The stone-work of a bath in the City Road was done by him, and he often boasted of this as one of his best works.

HERE lies Sir Richard Whittington, thrice Mayor,
And his dear wife, a virtuous loving pair ;
Him fortune raised to be beloved and great,
By the adventure only of a cat.
Let none that read it of God's love despair,
Who trusts in Him, He will of him take care.
But growing rich, chuse humbleness, not pride ;
Let these dead virtuous persons be your guide.

Epitaph on Whittington's Tomb.

CHAPTER XVI.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

ACCORDING to the old story, Dick Whittington was an out-cast boy, born in Somerset, who travelled about the country living upon the charity of well-disposed persons, till he grew up to be a fine sturdy youth, when he resolved to go to London, having heard that its streets were paved with gold.

Not knowing the way, he followed the carriers, and at night, for the little service he did them in rubbing their horses, they gave him a supper.

Arrived in London, he wandered about, weary and faint, and at last went to a merchant's house, begging for food. The ill-natured cook threatened to kick him from the door, saying, "If you tarry here, I will kick you into the kennel." At first Mr. Fitzwarren, whose house it was, also ordered the poor boy away; but seeing his pitiable condition, the merchant relented, and told the cook to give him employment as a scullion.

Though he was thus saved from starvation, Dick's lot continued to be a hard one. Mistress Alice, Fitzwarren's daughter, took an interest in him, but the more she favored him, the crueller the cook used him. Even at night he was not left in peace, for the attic in which he was put to sleep was infested with rats, which ran over his face; and so his condition was a sorry one indeed. One day, however, he purchased a cat, and relieved himself of one of his miseries.

Now it was the custom of Mr. Fitzwarren to call his servants together when he sent out a ship, and to cause every

one to venture something in it. When Whittington was asked what he would contribute to the voyage, he fell upon his knees, desiring the others not to jeer at him, since all he could offer was his cat.

Mistress Alice offered to lay something down for him, but her father told her that it was his custom to accept nothing except articles which belonged to the persons contributing them. Dick, therefore, surrendered his cat to the master of the ship, which was called the "Unicorn," and he sorrowfully saw his pet carried away to sea.

We need not relate how the ship was driven by contrary winds on to the coast of Barbary, where there was a kingdom overrun with rats, which were not only offensive at the King's table, but also in his chamber, where he had to be guarded from them. The supercargo then bethought himself of Whittington's cat, and told the King that he had an English beast in the ship that would rid all the Court of the vermin quickly. The King desired to see this surprising creature, saying, "For such a thing I will load your ship with gold, diamonds, and pearls."

This large offer made the master endeavor the more to enhance the cat's merits. He said: "She is the most admirable creature in the world, and I cannot spare her, for she keeps my ship clear of rats, which otherwise would destroy all my goods." But his Majesty would take no denial, saying, "No price shall part us."

The cat being sent for, and the tables spread, the rats came as before. Then she fell to immediately, and killed them all in a trice; afterwards purring and curling up her tail before the King and Queen, as if asking a reward for her service.

A bargain was concluded, the King giving ten times more for the cat than for all the rest of her cargo, and the "Unicorn" returned to England with more riches than ever any ship had brought before.



RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

When Whittington was made to understand his great good fortune, he fell upon his knees and praised Almighty God, who had vouchsafed to behold so poor a creature in the midst of his misery. Then, turning to his master, he laid his riches at his feet ; but Fitzwarren said : “ No, Mr. Whittington ; God forbid I should take so much as a ducat from you. May it be a comfort to you.” Then Whittington turned to Mistress Alice, but she also refused the treasure ; upon which, bowing low, he said unto her, “ Madam, whenever you please to make choice of a husband, I will make you the greatest fortune in the world.”

He now began to distribute his bounty to his fellow-servants, giving even his mortal enemy, the cook, one hundred pounds for her portion ; and he also distributed his bounty very plentifully to all the ship’s crew.

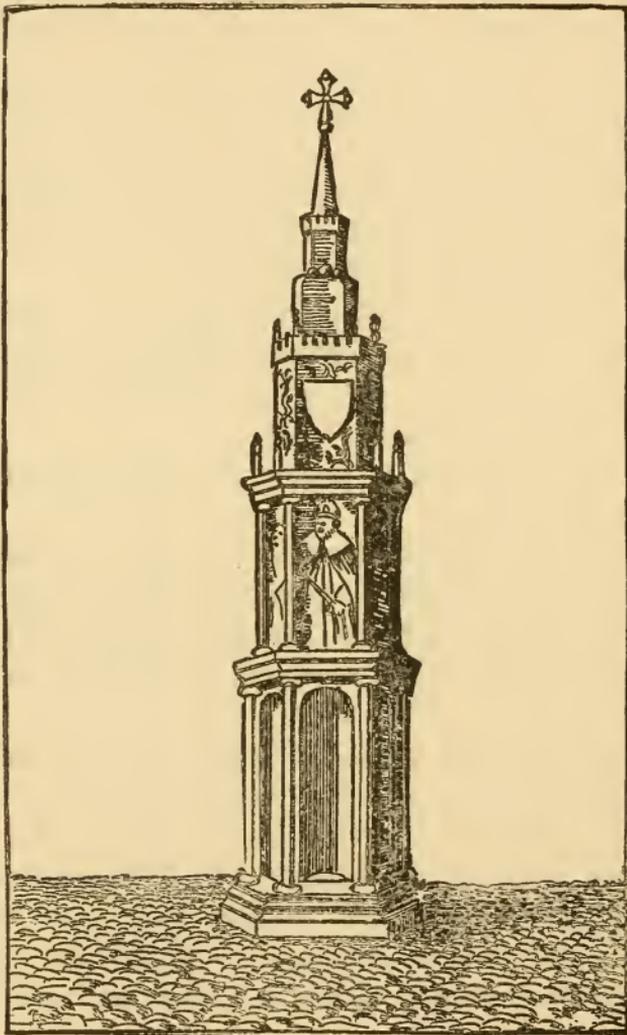
Prosperity continued to attend him, and Mistress Alice soon became his wife.

Such is the old legend, condensed from an old pamphlet ; but Messrs. Rice and Besant have superseded this story with a rational biography of this illustrious man, which, if it is less romantic, is as full of encouragement to an ambitious lad as the fable.

Whittington was *not* an outcast boy who knew neither father nor mother, and who supported his pitiable life by rubbing down the horses of the carriers ; he did *not* wander, starving, to London, and was *not* driven from Fitzwarren’s door by the termagant cook ; nor did Mistress Alice, the merchant’s pretty daughter, find it necessary to protect the poor lad from that odious virago ; he was *not* hired as a scullion, nor beaten on the head with his own pots and pans ; and if he heard Bow Bells singing “ Thrice Lord Mayor of London ” to him, they were as untrustworthy as the clock which struck thirteen, for he was Lord Mayor four times. But to pass from the legend to history, he became rich, though he started

poor, he did marry Mistress Alice, and it is not at all unlikely that his change of fortune was brought about by a cat.

The evidence concerning his origin was not easily procured.



OLD CHARING CROSS.

His name was not an uncommon one, and yet in his time there were no parish-registers. But he bore a coat-of-arms, and from it the primary clue to his identity was obtained.

The crest was a bee or a May-fly. Now the same coat-of-arms — with the difference that instead of a bee the crest was a lion's head — was borne by a family, also named Whittington, whose history can be clearly traced. There is no doubt that this family was his family, and it is probable that he changed the crest to symbolize the patient toil by which success is obtained, if it is a bee, or to symbolize the uncertainty and ephemeral nature of human happiness, if it is a gold-tipped May-fly. This, however, is not the only evidence of his connection with the family alluded to. The Whittingtons had an estate in Pauntley, Gloucestershire, a small village consisting of the church, a manor-house, and a few scattered cottages. In the north windows of the chancel of the church still exist the remains of ancient stained glass, on which are emblazoned the arms of the Whittingtons with those of the families into which they intermarried; while in the west window under the tower are found the arms of the Whittingtons impaling those of the Fitzwarrens. It is certain that the great Sir Richard married Alice Fitzwarren; and his connection with the Whittingtons of Pauntley is thus clearly established by the emblazoned arms in the old church window.

The head of the family in 1350 was Sir William Whittington, and he married in 1352 or 1353 the widow of Sir Thomas de Berkeley, who became the mother of three sons, named respectively William, Robert, and Richard, the latter being the youngest. The ordinary ideas about Whittington's origin are thus shown to be groundless. His father was a knight and his mother a lady, and he had all the advantages good birth could bestow. His father died in 1360, and the estate became the property of his eldest brother, William.

What followed is thus explained by Mr. Walter Besant: "I find a country lad, the youngest of three; his eldest brother succeeds to the property; the second stays on the estate;

the third shall be sent to London and apprenticed, not to a handicraft, but to an honorable trade ; not to a meanly-born tradesman, but to a man of good old west-country stock, such as Fitzwarren was. To him the boy shall be sent ; he has promised to receive him into his service. He will take care that the slender portion of the youngest son shall not be wasted ; he will teach the boy the mystery of buying and selling ; he will launch him into the great world. . . . At the age of thirteen, then, and somewhere about the year 1371, the lad was sent up to London to seek his fortune in the usual way, by apprenticeship and honorable trade. . . . Would the widow of Sir William let her boy set off for London unbefriended and helpless? Nothing more certainly disputes the old theory about young Dick Whittington than this fact, that he was apprenticed to a Fitzwarren."

Fitzwarren himself was a younger son of the great house of that name which came to England with the Conqueror, and in being apprenticed to him Whittington was in no sense degraded. The children of the best families often came to London to seek their fortune in trade under similar auspices.

Then in regard to the cat various learned interpretations of the legend have been made. Most antiquarians have laughed at it, and Dr. Lysons was the first to declare that it was not only possible, but also probable.

His book shows that in some countries cats had a very great value, and he quotes an early traveller in South Guinea, who tells that his expedition was seriously harassed by rats, which devoured parrots alive, and bit the men, and stole their clothing. Under such circumstances it can be imagined that a cat would be greatly prized.

In the middle ages tame cats were scarce in Europe, and high prices were paid for them. One Alphonso, a Portuguese, was wrecked on the coast of Guinea, and the mice were so troublesome to the people there, that he received his

weight in gold for a cat. He improved his good fortune there so rapidly, that within five years he was worth a great sum of money, and when he returned to Portugal he was the third richest man in the kingdom.

Again, the first Spanish cat ever taken to South America was purchased by a companion of Pizarro for six hundred pieces of gold; and the folklore of nearly all countries has a person similar to Whittington in it. Another explanation of the "cat" is that it is a corruption of the French word *achat*, a purchase. According to this, Whittington made a purchase which he afterwards resold to great advantage, and so people attributed his fortune to "a cat," which is as nearly as possible like what the pronunciation of *achat* would be.

Still another suggestion is that the ships employed in the carriage of sea-coal to London were called "cats," so that a "cat" full of coal may have been the foundation of Whittington's fortune. But the vessel that bore this name was copied from Norwegian models, from five to six hundred tons burden, and there is little probability that ships as large as this were built in Whittington's time.

A genuine cat was beyond a doubt associated with Whittington's fortunes, and the legend has corroborative evidence in the portraits of him, and also in the buildings which he gave to the city. There used to exist in Mercers' Hall a portrait of him, dated 1536, in which he was represented as a man about sixty years of age, having at the left hand a black and white cat. There are earlier monuments still, which connect the great merchant with the cat. His executors pulled down and rebuilt the jail of Newgate, in conformity with his will, and until the Great Fire his statue, with a cat, remained in a niche on one of the gates.

There is yet more evidence. The Whittingtons had a house in Gloucester which they occupied until 1460, and when, twenty years ago, some changes were being made in the

ancient building, a basso-relievo was found representing the figure of a boy carrying in his arms a cat. The workmanship appears to be of the fifteenth century, and if it is of that time, it is proof that the family of Whittington, in his own time, believed in the cat story.

But Mr. Besant will not accept the sentiment with which Dr. Lysons idealizes the tradition. He does not believe that there was any extraordinary attachment between Dick and his pet, nor that the boy shed tears when he parted with her. "As boys are now, so they were then. Let us regard Whittington as a healthy, honest lad, who would be no more inclined to cry over a cat than a boy of his age would cry over one now. And there is one thing very suspicious. If cats were precious, how did he, being as poor as Dr. Lysons would make him, get possession of one? And seeing how great was the value of a cat in those lands whither the ship was bound, is it unreasonable to suppose that he invested what money he could spare in sending one out for sale? Whittington's first small success was made by a little venture. The sailors told him about the rats and mice; he bought a cat and sent it out. It was the shrewd venture of a clever boy, and the cat sold well. Then he made other ventures, always with profit, and gratefully ascribed his first success to his lucky cat."

His gifts to the city were as wise as they were generous, and his hospitality was magnificent. In his last term of office he entertained Henry V. and the Queen, and the banquet was one such as few monarchs could have invited a guest to sit down to. Even the fires were fed with cedar and perfumed wood. When Katharine spoke of the costliness of the fuel, Lord Mayor Whittington said that he proposed to feed the flames with something still more valuable, and thereupon he threw into the fire the King's own bonds, to the amount of sixty thousand pounds,— a sum at that time equal

to \$7,250,000 of our present money ! The King, astonished at being thus relieved of his debts, exclaimed : " Surely never had king such a subject ! " To which Whittington gallantly replied, " Surely never had subject such a king ! "

Whittington, as we have said, was Lord Mayor in 1396, 1397, 1406, and 1419. He gave great sums of money to charity, and died, an example of the model Christian merchant, in 1423, when he was sixty-five years of age.

Sir Mannerly. Well, did any one ever see the like! What a brave place is this London! It is, as the song says, the finest city that ever I saw in my life.

Booby. Oh, 't is a brave place! 'T is not a city; 't is a great country, all o' houses.

Old Play.

CHAPTER XVII.

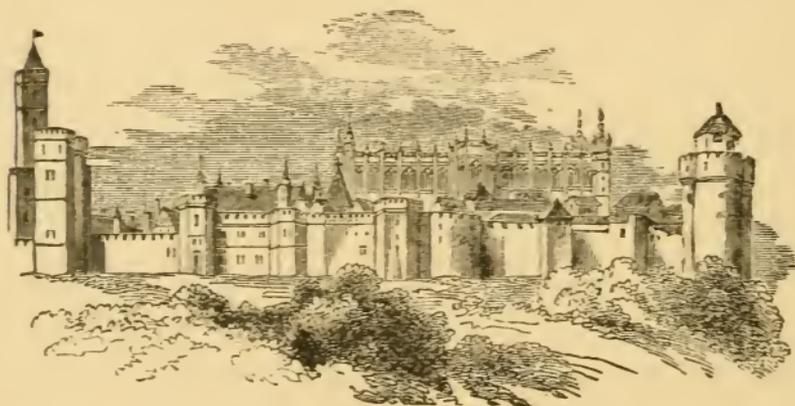
THE TRADE-GUILDS OF LONDON.

THE principal aim of the trade-guilds of London when they were established was to exclude all but their members from carrying on the business or trade which they represented, and they exercised their authority with a good deal of severity. They protected the industries from foreigners, but they did not protect the artisan from his employer. In no sense were they what the "trades-union" of workmen is now. Attempts were made by the journeymen to form themselves into companies for the good of wages, but in the end all these combinations were put down.

"A seven years' apprenticeship," says Mr. J. R. Green in his "Short History," "formed the necessary prelude to full membership of any trade-guild. The regulations were of the minutest character: the quality and value of work were rigidly prescribed, the hours of toil fixed from 'daybreak to curfew,' and strict provision was made against competition in labor. At each meeting of the guilds their members gathered around the craft-box which contained the rules of their society, and stood with bared heads as it was opened. The warden and a quorum of guild brothers formed a court which enforced the ordinances of the guild, inspected all work done by its members, and confiscated unlawful tools and unworthy goods; disobedience to their orders was punished by fines, or in the last resort by expulsion, which involved the loss of right to trade. A common fund was raised by contributions among the members, which not only provided for the trade

objects of the guild, but sufficed to found chantries and masses, and erect painted windows in the church of their patron saint. Even at the present day the arms of the craft-guild may often be seen blazoned in cathedrals side by side with those of prelates and of kings."

None of the trades was without its patron saint. The Fishmongers adopted St. Peter and met at St. Peter's Church; the Drapers chose the Virgin Mary, mother of the Holy Lamb or Fleece, as the emblem of their trade; the Goldsmiths' patron was St. Dunstan, who was said to have been



ANCIENT WINDSOR CASTLE.

one of their craft, and the Merchant Taylors adopted St. John the Baptist, who was the harbinger of the Holy Lamb. In other cases the Companies named themselves after the saint in whose chapel they worshipped. The Grocers called themselves the fraternity of St. Anthony, because they had an altar in St. Anthony's Church; and from a similar connection with St. Martin's Church the Vintners called themselves the fraternity of St. Martin's. In their processions to church the Companies were joined by the religious orders, singing and bearing wax-tapers, and they were frequently attended by the Lord Mayor and the great civic authorities in state.

Respecting the provisions made against the competition of one trade with another, Mr. Besant says that when the Cobblers and the Cordwainers quarrelled, it was ruled that no person who worked on old shoes should meddle with new shoes, and that no person who worked on new should meddle with old ones.

The wardens had great powers, of which an account has been given in Chapter II.

There are now over eighty separate guilds, and sixteen of these have halls of their own. The twelve great Companies are the Grocers, the Mercers, the Drapers, the Fishmongers, the Goldsmiths, the Skinners, the Merchant Taylors, the Haberdashers, the Salters, the Ironmongers, the Vintners, and the Cloth-workers. Among the extinct companies are the Silkmen, the Pin-makers, the Soap-makers, the Hatband-makers, the Long-bow-string makers, the Wood-makers, the Starch-makers, and the Fishermen.

Few of the Companies which still exist have much to do with the trades which they are supposed to represent, and the principal duties of their officers consist in the management of worthy charities and the exercise of a profuse hospitality during civic celebrations.

The Goldsmiths and Apothecaries, however, still control their trade, and have the right of search and of marking wares; the Stationers have the privilege of exacting a fee for registering copyrights; the Gunmakers are empowered to look after the quality of all the guns made in the city, and the Saddle-makers to look after the saddles; the Painters issue a price-list which has authority, and the Pewterers and Plumbers are privileged to make assays. Some of the Companies retain the right of excluding others than their members from the trades which they represent, and among these are the Apothecaries, the Brewers, the Pewterers, the Builders, the Barbers, the Saddlers, the Paint-stainers, the Plumbers,

the Innholders, the Founders, the Poulterers, the Cooks, the Weavers, the Scriveners, the Farriers, the Spectacle-makers, the Clock-makers, the Silk-throwers, the Distillers, the Tobacco-pipe-makers, and the Carmen.

But there are threats of depriving all the ancient guilds of their privileges, and of making them render up an account of their treasure. They have fallen into ill-odor. Their halls have been called "shrines of gluttony," and it is said their immense income — about five million dollars annually — finds its way into other pockets than those for which it was originally intended. They once served the public interests. They secured skilled workmanship and protected buyers from the adulterations of dealers who were inclined to be dishonest. It was the careful training of apprentices insisted upon by the guilds which gave English workmen the supremacy they long held ; and it was one of the conditions upon which the charters of these associations were granted that they should look after the public interests. But now, it is complained, they collect their revenues and make no return for their privileges. The inspection of goods has to be done at the expense of the ratepayers ; no standard is enforced either for the character of workmanship or for the purity of materials, and the members no longer belong to the trades which these Companies severally represent.

The Companies are composed of two classes, freemen and liverymen. Freedom may be acquired by servitude, patrimony, or redemption. Servitude formerly meant apprenticeship to a working craftsman and the acquirement of a practical knowledge of his calling ; but now it can be obtained by apprenticeship to a member, whether the latter belongs to a craft or not. Freedom by patrimony means freedom by inheritance, and freedom by redemption may be acquired by the payment of a sum of money. The only privilege the freemen have is participation in the bounty of their companies.



COURT OF ALDERMEN- GUILDHALL.

The liverymen are elected from among the freemen, and are of a higher grade than the latter. They are entitled to wear the livery of the Companies, to partake of the feasts, and to vote at the parliamentary elections for the City of London. They also have vested in them the election of the sheriffs and some other corporation officials, and the nomination of the Lord Mayor. When a vacancy occurs, a liveryman is elected to fill it, but he is chosen not by his associate liverymen, but by the governing body, which is self-electing. The latter is called the Court of Assistants, and the members are responsible only to themselves, and are sworn to secrecy.

Good things, it has been said, culminate when a man is elected to the Court of Assistants. He is paid a handsome salary, and if he serves on a committee he is paid extra. He attends a sumptuous dinner at least once a week, and is paid for that too. His relatives may be educated gratuitously in the splendid schools maintained by the Companies, and provided with scholarships at the Universities. When they grow up, the inexhaustible funds of the Companies are again used for them. The patronage of the member of the court is not restricted to them, however. He can also feed and clothe in almshouses of the Company a large number of poorer and more distantly related pensioners.

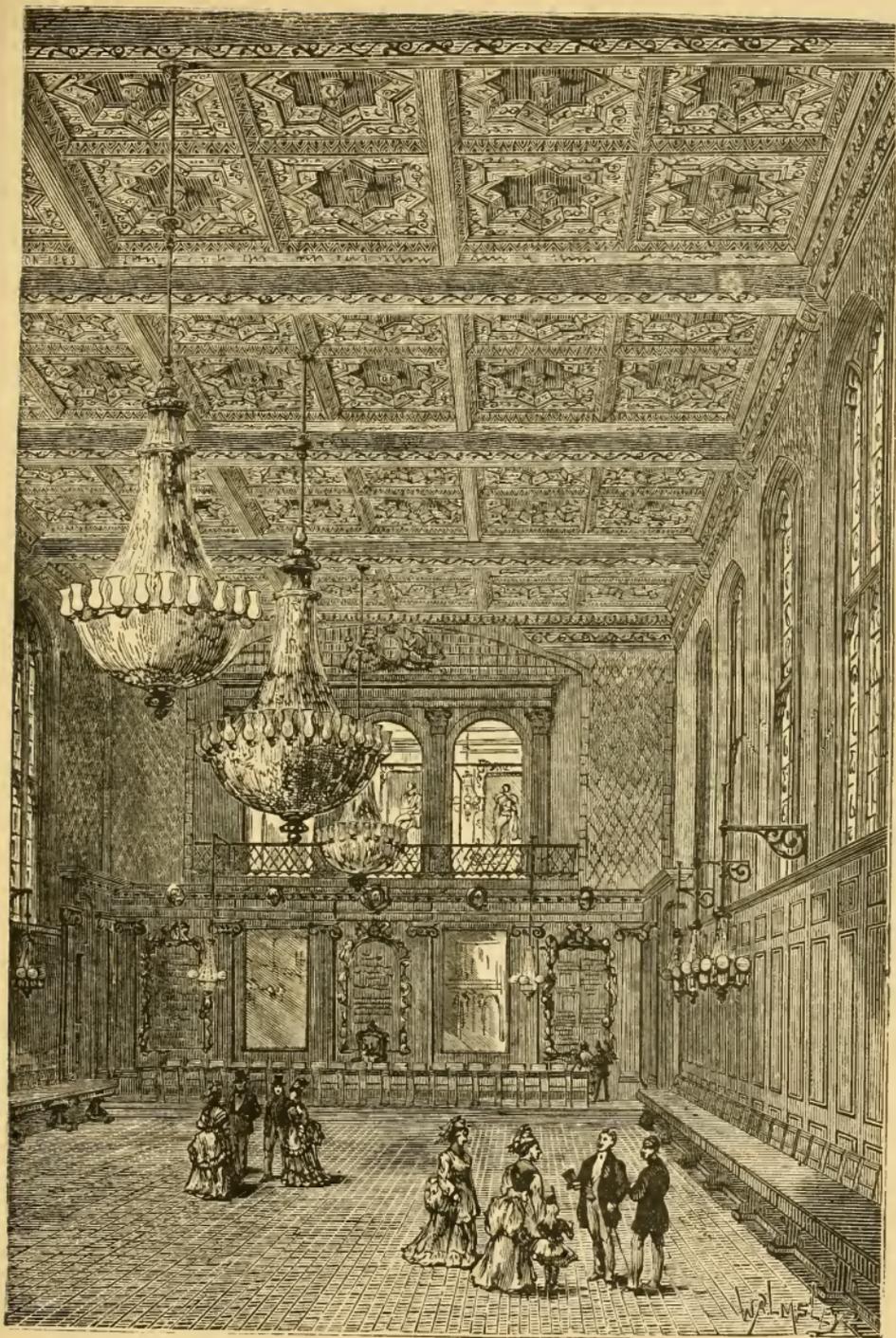
It is not to be wondered at, then, that a seat in the Court of Assistants is a coveted prize, nor that, as the court is a self-electing body, the members of it usually choose relatives to fill the vacancies in it that occur. Some time ago it was admitted before a parliamentary committee that of thirty-four members of the Fishmongers' court, twenty-two were connected with each other by blood, marriage, or business partnerships.

Now considering the vast wealth belonging to the Companies which has accumulated from property bequeathed to

them in trust, and from taxes imposed for services which they no longer perform ; considering, also, the perversion of the original purpose of the charters, which was to protect the public from adulterations and inferior work, and to encourage honest craftsmen ; considering that the funds of the Companies have fallen into the hands of persons who do not belong to the trades which they claim to represent, and who administer the money with notorious extravagance,— considering these facts, it is not unlikely that the guilds will be “ pilled and shaved,” as the old chronicler hath it, for a better purpose than satisfying the needs of an improvident king, as they were when the weeping monk of Bec was building the Tower of London.

Sir John Bennett, the watchmaker, once said, in homely language, that some of the Companies were like “ flies in a treacle-pot — they could not move for wealth ; ” and when an alderman was asked what they did with their enormous income, he apologetically explained that they only spent about thirty per cent of it for eating. Only thirty per cent of it ! That is about one million five hundred thousand dollars a year. Some of it goes for charity, however, and the beneficiaries of this part are worth some mention. They include extensive almshouses and schools, and funds for the support of decayed members, for the relief of the poor, for exhibitions to the Universities, for the amelioration of the condition of persons in city jails, and for lectures and sermons. Small sums are also provided to start young beginners in business. The charities are not all located in London or its neighborhood. Some of them are as far away as Ireland, where some of the Companies have large estates.

The form of the benefactions is sometimes very curious. The Drapers' Company supports five almshouses, three schools, and several funds for pensions. It also has a fund for providing marriage portions to certain women. The



INTERIOR OF MERCHANT TAYLORS' HALL.

Goldsmiths' Company has eighteen different charities under its direction, and the Haberdashers' Company has thirty, including funds out of which loans are made to the poor, aid is given to the prisoners in Newgate, preacherships are endowed, and gifts are made to poor debtors. The Mercers' Company has twenty-nine charities connected with it, including one for paying the fees of apprenticeships, another for poor debtors, another to help young men starting in business, and another for loans. The Stationers' Company has one fund to provide liverymen and freemen with an overcoat, and others for the benefit of compositors and pressmen. The officers of the Fishmongers' Company stated to a parliamentary commission that they disbursed about ten thousand pounds, or \$50,000, annually in charities, and as this was more than twenty years ago, the amount is probably much larger now.

No little good is also done in the way of education by these wealthy guilds, and the Merchant Taylors' School stands as high as any in England. It was founded in 1561, when a leading member offered a sum equivalent to about \$15,000 of our money towards the purchase of a part of the manor of the Rose, in the parish of St. Lawrence Poulteney. The Rose was a spacious mansion originally built by Sir John Poulteney, five times Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Edward III. After passing through the hands of the Hollands, the De la Poles, the Staffords and Courtenays, it was granted to the Ratcliffe or Sussex family. The name of the street, Suffolk Lane, from which it is entered, and of the parish, still recalls its former occupants. Ducksfoot Lane, in the vicinity, was the Duke of Suffolk's foot-lane or private pathway from his lordship's garden. Shakespeare speaks of

“The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney.”

The ancient premises were destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and they were rebuilt by Wren in 1675.

By the original statutes of 1651 it was ordained that the high-master should be "a man in body whole, sober, discreet, honest, vertuous, and learned in good cleane Latin literature, and also in Greeke yf such may be gotten." In 1566 the school was greatly helped by Sir Thomas White, a member of the Company, who founded St. John's College at Oxford, and appropriated no less than forty-three of the fellowships for scholars of the Merchant Taylors', putting it on a plane with Eton, Harrow, and Westminster. Two hundred and fifty boys were to be educated, and of these one hundred were to be free.

The first headmaster was Richard Mulcaster, who wrote Latin plays which the boys acted before Queen Elizabeth, and of his severe manners Fuller has left us an amusing account: "In a morning he would exactly and plainly construe and parse the lesson to his scholars, which done he slept his hour (custom made him critical to proportion it) on his desk in the school; but woe be to the scholar that slept the while. Awakening, he heard them accurately, and Atropos might be persuaded to pity as soon as he to pardon where he found just fault. The prayers of cockering mothers prevailed with him as much as the requests of indulgent fathers, rather increasing than mitigating his severity on their offending children."

Mulcaster quarrelled with the Merchant Taylors', and afterwards wielded the "wonderful fruit-bearing rod" at St. Paul's School.

Mr. Pascoe tells us that the Merchant Taylors' is richer in its scholarships than any other school in the United Kingdom, with one exception; but the only part of its history which is interesting is the record of its illustrious graduates. Foremost among the latter was William Juxon, Bishop of London,

and after the Restoration, Archbishop of Canterbury, who faithfully attended Charles the First on the scaffold. Ten other bishops were likewise educated at the Merchant Taylors,' including Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester during the reign of James the First.

Andrewes and the Bishop of Durham were one day in presence of the monarch, when he demanded, "My lords, cannot I take the money of my subjects when I want it, without all this formality in Parliament?"

The Bishop of Durham readily answered, with courtier-like acquiescence in the royal will, "God forbid that you should not; your Majesty is the breath of our nostrils."

The King then turned to Andrewes: "What say you, my lord?"

"I am no judge of parliamentary cases," the Bishop replied.

"No put-offs!" petulantly rejoined his Majesty; "answer me at once."

"Then, sir," added Andrewes, "I think it quite lawful for you to take my brother of Durham's money, as he offers it."

The Merchant Taylors' School has given up its old quarters in Suffolk Lane, and now occupies the monastic buildings of the Charterhouse in Smithfield, the Grayfriars of Thackeray, whose scholars are provided for out of the bounty of Thomas Sutton, in handsome new buildings at Godalming, Surrey.

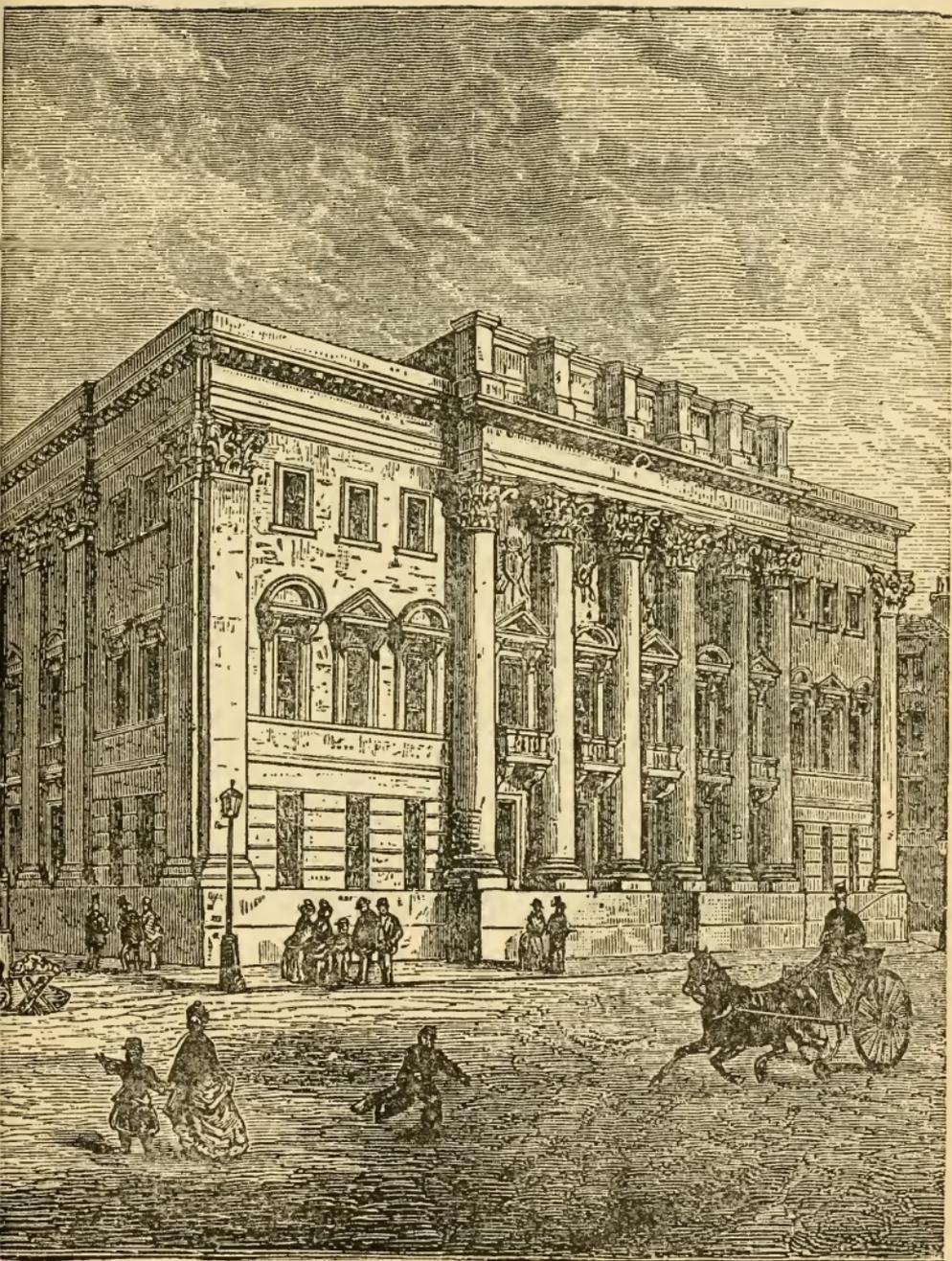
As a sop to the public, which is becoming suspicious of the City Companies, several of the latter have recently combined to establish an institution for the advancement of technical education, and about \$50,000 a year will be spent in this way. But the wardens and courts of assistants who have so many fat perquisites may tremble, for their tenure of office is insecure. The wealth they control is held to be a public trust which they are misusing, and very soon, no doubt, it will be taken out of their hands.

The guilds are not what they were, nor what they were intended to be. The benevolent feeling in its true sense does not inspire them. Formerly, when plates and dishes were considered luxuries, and forks were unknown, baskets of wicker-work were placed beside each guest's seat, and fragments of the feast were thrown into them for the poor. The poor were ever present at the rejoicings. The receptacles were called "void baskets," and frequent allusions to them occur in the old dramatists. At the present time, in another form, the custom still exists. It now takes the shape of costly *bonbons*, which are carried home by the guests for their wives and children. The hospitality of the Companies is truly magnificent. Even the railway fares of guests coming from a distance are paid by these lavish entertainers; but the beauty of the hospitality is lost when we remember that the persons who dispense it are using money which does not belong to them.

We have not yet said anything about the halls of the Companies, which are among the most interesting of the city's antiquities. Originally each Company had only a large room to meet in, but afterwards, as the duties and uses of the guild became onerous and extensive, other apartments were added to the building.

One of the earliest was the Goldsmiths', built in 1502, which rivalled in extent and beauty Westminster Hall, the palace of the king.

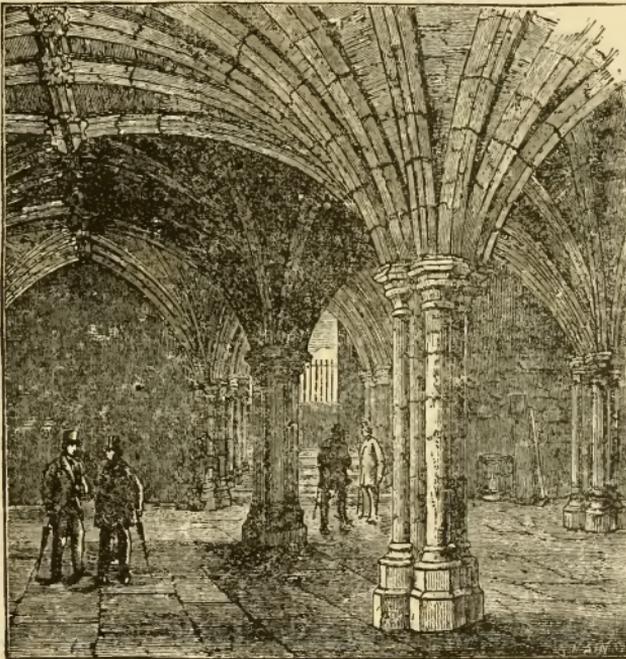
Most of the halls which existed before or near the Reformation seem to have been formed out of the deserted mansions of the great. Drapers' Hall was the mansion of Lord Cromwell, and it still retains its fine gardens. Salters' Hall was the town seat of the Earls of Oxford, and the Grocers built on the site of Lord Fitzwalter's town mansion. The minor Companies in several instances bought the halls of the dissolved religious houses, the Leather-sellers taking the house



GOLDSMITH HALL.

of the nuns of St. Helen's, the Pinner's the house of the Austin Friars, and the Barber-Surgeons the Hermitage of St. James.

As the guilds advanced in wealth and influence, every hall was required to have connected with it a granary and an armory; apartments were provided for decayed members, and there was always a room for the almsmen to assemble in



CRYPT IN GUILDHALL.

when called upon to join in processions and pageants. Then, again, there were offices in which the almsmen, pensioners, and poor of the commonalty were relieved, and large spaces were required for the storage of the allegorical devices used in the annual pageants.

The most valuable contents of the building were the articles of silver plate which belonged to the guild, for it was a custom of the members to bequeath drinking-cups, salvers,

and goblets of "sylver, sylver gylte, parcel gylte, or sylver white." In the records of the Goldsmiths' Company, for instance, we find many such entries as these :

" 1466 — A standing cuppe of sylver with a cover weighing XXIV ounces troy, given by Thomas Swetanham, grocer. Jh'u be merciful unto his soul ! "

" 1467 — Of the gyfte of John Godyn, grocer (Jh'u have mercy on his soul !), a standinge cuppe, the cover of sylver, and alle gylte with roses and sonnes, weighing XXXI ounces.

" 1467 — Of the gyfte of Sir John Howard, Knyghte, a standing cuppe, and cover of sylver, and alle gylte, weying xvj ounces and half troy weighte. God send him long life and welfare."

The modern halls are more sumptuous than those of the olden time, but very little of their furniture is paid for out of the pockets of members of the guild, and instead of having varied uses, as in the past, they are reserved almost exclusively for feasting. There are thirty-five halls in the city, and in 1873 the estimated value of the buildings was £287,800.

Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, in the rear of the General Post-Office, is the finest of all, and is the third hall which has stood upon the site. It was built between 1832 and 1835, and is in the Italian style of the seventeenth century. The west front, which is one hundred and eighty feet wide, has six Corinthian columns, some of the blocks in which weigh from ten to twelve tons each, and the columns support a rich entablature and cornice. An entrance door of ornamental metal leads into the hall and staircase, which are lined with costly marbles of different colors. The windows are of stained glass, the walls are decorated with paintings, and the corners are filled with statuary. The great banqueting-hall is a magnificent apartment, with a range of Corinthian pillars on both sides. The five lofty arched windows are filled with the

armorial bearings of eminent goldsmiths of past times, and at the north end is an alcove for the display of plate.

The Company's plate is of course remarkably valuable. It includes a chandelier of chased gold, weighing one thousand ounces; two old gold plates having on them the arms of France quartered with those of England; and a gold cup out of which Queen Elizabeth is said to have drunk at her coronation.

This Company is authorized, and it still exercises its power, to see that every article manufactured of gold and silver is up to its proper standard; and to it, also, belongs the "trial of the pix," a curious proceeding of great solemnity, which takes place every year. The "trial of the pix" is a test of the purity and weight of the money coined at the mints. The wardens of the Company are summoned to form a jury, and having received a charge from the Lord Chancellor, they retire into the court room of the Duchy of Lancaster, where the "pix" is delivered to them. The pix is a small box, and it contains the coins which are to be examined. A number of coins are taken at random from a large quantity, and these are assayed by the jury, who certify to their perfection or imperfection, delivering their verdict in writing to the Chancellor.

Where the handsome Anglo-Greek building of the Fishmongers' Company, at the west side of the foot of London Bridge, stands to-day, that guild has had a stronghold ever since the reign of Edward the Third. This is the third building, and was erected between 1830 and 1833. Hare says of it: "It is one of those huge palaces of dignified repose which are such a feature of the city." It is imposing, but solid comfort rather than luxury characterizes the interior. The rooms are lofty and spacious, and the great hall is rich in wood-carving and armorial bearings.

In one of the rooms is a capacious chair, made out of the

first pile that was driven in the construction of Old London Bridge. The seat of the chair is made from a part of the stone upon which the pile rested, and according to all accounts the pile and stone together were under water for upwards of six hundred and fifty years.

A plate on the back bears this inscription: "This chair was made by J. Ovenston, 72 Great Titchfield Street, London, from a design furnished by the Rev. William Joliffe, Curate of Colmer, in Hampshire; and it was made entirely from wood and stone taken up from the foundation of Old London Bridge, in July, 1832, having remained there 656 years, being put down, in June, 1176, by the builder, Peter, a priest, who was Vicar of Colechurch; and 'tis rather curious that a priest should begin the bridge, and, after so long a period, that a parson should clear it entirely away."

Upon the seat the following words are cut: "I am part of the first stone that was put down for the foundation of Old London Bridge, in June, 1176, by a priest named Peter, who was Vicar of Colechurch in London; and I remained there undisturbed, safe on the same oak piles this chair is made from, till the Rev. William John Joliffe, Curate of Colmer, Hampshire, took me up in July, 1832, when clearing away the old bridge after New London Bridge was completed."

The hall also contains a large number of portraits of kings and queens and benevolent liverymen; and of curiosities, there is the identical dagger with which that most eminent Fishmonger, Sir William Walworth, slew Wat Tyler at Smithfield.

In Fishmongers' Hall Canning made a famous speech: "Gentlemen, we are invited here to meet the Fishmongers. Now the Fishmongers have dealings with a very large community, from whose habits I think they might learn something. I mean the community of fishes. The fish is one of the most uncommunicative animals in creation; it says nothing, and it

drinks a great deal. Let us, then, on the present occasion, as we are to some extent brought into their company, imitate their habits. Let us not waste our time in talking, but let us drink a good deal."

Mercers' Hall is in Ironmongers Lane, Cheapside, and on the site of the present entrance from Cheapside stood the house of Gilbert à Becket, father of Thomas. After the murder of the great Archbishop, his sister Agnes and her husband erected a chapel and hospital on the same spot. These were destroyed by the Great Fire, and in their place a hall for the Mercers was built, the front of which is ascribed to Wren. Here may be seen the original documents relating to some of Whittington's charities, and portraits of that worthy and of many other distinguished Londoners.

A note may be made here of the origin of this Company. The word "mercier" in ancient times was the name of a dealer in small wares, and not, as afterwards, a vender of silks. Merceries then comprehended all things sold at retail by the "little balance," in contradistinction to things sold by the beam or by the gross, and they included not only toys, haberdashery, and various articles connected with dress, but also spices and drugs and all that at present constitutes the stock of a general shopkeeper.

The Mercers frequented the fairs and markets. Afterwards the silk trade formed the main feature of their business, though it was divided with "the silk women and throwsters of London," who in petitioning for their charter in the reign of Henry the Sixth prayed "that the Lombards and other strangers might be hindered from importing raw silk into the realm, contrary to custom, and to the ruin of the mystery and occupation of silk-making and other virtuous female occupations." In 1561 the Mercers were generally known as dealers in silk.

Merchant Taylors' Hall is appropriately in Threadneedle

Street, and is a spacious but irregular edifice of brick. The banqueting-room is larger than any other, and has a stately screen and music gallery. The windows are of stained glass, and the walls are emblazoned with the arms of the members.

The present hall was built after the Fire on the site of a much older one which was the scene of a splendid festival given by the Merchant Taylors to James the First and Prince Henry. On this occasion a child "delivered a short speech containing xviii verses, devised by Mr. Ben Jonson," and a ship was hung aloft in the hall containing "three rare men and very skilful, who sang to his Majesty." One of the songs of the "three rare men in the shippe" so pleased the King, that he made them repeat it three times. Another account says: "The three menne were dressed like saylers, being eminent for voyce and skill, who in their severall songes were assisted and seconded by cunning lutanists. There was also in the hall the musique of the cittie, and in the upper chamber the children of his Majestie's Chappel sang grace at the King's table, and also whilst the King sate at dinner, John Bull, Doctor of Musique, one of the organists of His Majestie's Chappel Royal, being in a citizen's cappe and hood, played most excellent melodie uppon a small payre of organs, placed there for that purpose onely."

From Merchant Taylors' Hall began the famous calvacade of archers belonging to the Company, which mustered three thousand men, more than nine hundred of whom wore chains of gold around their necks. They were escorted to the butts by over four thousand whiffers and billmen, and the procession was one of the most imposing ever seen in the city.

The origin of the name "Merchant Taylors or Tailors" is said to have been in the vanity of the craft. As the wealth of the members grew, they became ashamed of their calling, and attached to themselves the prefix of "Merchant," to which, in a strict sense, they were not entitled. Their busi-



PROCESSION OF BILLMEN AND ARCHERS

ness was a handicraft, and not like that of the Mercers, of whom they were jealous, mercantile. Their vainglory is frequently noticed by writers of the seventeenth century. Pepys speaks of having purchased a "History of the Merchant Taylors' Company," which he found so absurd and ridiculous that he threw it aside in disgust. The title of the book was: "The Honor of the Merchant Taylors: wherein are set forth the valiant deeds and heroic performances of merchant tailors in former days, their honorable loves and knightly adventures, their combating of foreign enemies and glorious successes in honor of the British nation; together with their pious acts and large benevolences, their building of public structures, especially that of Blackwell Hall, to be a market place for selling woollen cloths."

But, in fact, many celebrated men have been connected with the Company. Among these may be mentioned Sir John Hawkwood, who was the son of a tailor in Manningtree, where he was born in the time of Edward the Third. He was afterwards sent up to London and apprenticed to a tailor, but when grown up he was pressed into the army and sent abroad, where "his genius, which had been cramped and confined to the shop-board, soon expanded and surmounted the narrow prejudices which adhered to his birth and education. He signalized himself as a soldier in France and Italy, and particularly at Pisa." But his history is mixed up with fable, and his power is reputed to have been more like that of a fairy hero than of an ordinary mortal.

It matters little now, however, whether the Taylors are recognized as members of a handicraft or as dealers, buying and selling,—the distinction of which they were jealous in olden times,—for the Company has few tailors in it. It indeed repudiates with disgust the idea that members of that highly useful but unaristocratic craft should be allowed a place in it, says Mr. William Gilbert in his book, "The City

as it is." "Possibly," that writer adds, "the best example which could be given of the objectionable features to be found in many of our city guilds may be remarked in the Merchant Taylors. In their records may be found specimens of the most abject debasement before the powerful when the guild itself was weak, and the utmost arrogance when the members were rich and imagined themselves strong." This is not characteristic of the Merchant Taylors alone, however, but represents the attitude of the city itself in its dealings with the Crown during the centuries when the kings regarded it as a mint which could be levied upon as often as the royal exchequer needed replenishing.

The Drapers' Hall is in Throgmorton Street, adjoining the Bank of England, and is a modern building on the site of a much older one. Everything is new, solid, comfortable, and costly. Most interesting of the contents are the portraits, among which is one of the Queen of Scots. Her little son, who became James the First of England, is painted with her. This picture is said to have been thrown over the wall into the Drapers' garden during the Great Fire, and never claimed afterwards.

Grocers' Hall is in Grocers' Hall Court, Poultry, an insignificant street near the Bank, which was formerly called Conningshop Lane, *i. e.* Cony Shop Lane, a name derived from the sign of three conies hanging over a poulterer's shop. The hall is the third edifice which the Company has had upon "solde grounde sume tyme the Lord Fitzwalter's Halle," and when the present building was erected, between 1798 and 1802, the old garden was divided into two, one half being appropriated by the Bank of England, which paid the Company \$100,000 for it. Centuries before, the Company had bought this land for \$150.

The Grocers were originally called Pepperers, and there is no authentic account of how they acquired the former name.

One writer says, "It is derived from their having dealt in *grossi*, or figs." Ravenhill says that it was first adopted to distinguish the members who sold in gross quantities from inferior traders who sold by retail. The same writer attributes the early prosperity of England's foreign trade to the Grocers, who were "the most universal merchants who traded abroad."

The Company was responsible for the quality of drugs and all articles sold in their trade; and the city records contain many instances of the energy with which the wardens performed the duties assigned to them. For example, in 1571, Rauf King, a brother of the Company, "and certain other makers of comfytes, were charged before the wardeyns for their misdemeanors in minglinge starche with sugar, and such other things as not to be tolerated nor suffered. And the said Rauf King having now in his place a goode quantity of comfytes made with coarse stuffe and mingled, as afore-said, with starche and such like," it was ordered that the comfits should be put into a tub of water, and so consumed and poured out, and that "evrie of said comfyte makers shall be made to enter into bonds in £20 that they shall not hereafter make any biscuits but with the clere sugar onlie, nor make any comfytes that shall be wrought upon seeds or any other thing but clere sugar onlie."

The city also required that two grocers and two ironmongers "should stand at Bishopsgate all day to see that no one passed through wearing any dress that his position did not entitle him to wear."

Skinners' Hall, No. 8 Dowgate Hill, was rebuilt after the fire. In the pediment of the front are the Company's arms, and the frieze is ornamented with festoons and leopards' heads. The drawing-room is lined with odoriferous cedar, carved and enriched. The dining-room, recently rebuilt, is in the Italian style, and has an Ionic gallery for musicians. The election of officers of this Company is conducted in a

curious fashion, which is thus described by Mr. Herbert in his "History of the City Companies:" "The principals being assembled on the day of election, ten blue-coat boys with the almsmen and trumpeters enter the hall. Three large silver cocks or fowls, so named, are then brought in and delivered to the Master and Wardens. On unscrewing these pieces of plate they are found to form drinking cups, filled with wine, from which the Master and Wardens drink. Three caps of maintenance are then brought. The old Master tries on the first, and finding it will not fit, gives it for trial to those next to him; failing to fit any of them, it is then given to the intended new Master, and on its duly fitting he is announced with acclamations Master elect. Like ceremonies are repeated with the other caps on the Wardens."

Vintners' Hall, in Upper Thames Street, was rebuilt after the Fire, and is one of the most interesting buildings in the locality. There is in one of the antechambers a fine piece of tapestry representing St. Martin of Tours, the patron saint of the Company, and in the court-room above the fireplace there is a painting of St. Martin Dividing his Coat with a Beggar, which has been attributed to Rubens. The Company possesses a magnificent salt-cellar in silver gilt by Cellini, and the oak carving of the hall is unusually good.

There are a number of other halls, which we can only refer to in the briefest way.

The Apothecaries' Company has a hall in Water Lane, Blackfriars, and is one of the few city guilds which fulfil the purpose for which it was founded, of overlooking the business which it represents. The hall was built in 1670, and adjoining it are warehouses, laboratories, and drug-mills. The Company is authorized to license students, and a long black dark alley is called by the latter the "funking room," because in it they are kept waiting before they are ushered into the presence of their examiners.

In Coleman Street is the hall of the Armorers' Company, founded by Henry the Sixth as the "brothers and sisters of the guild of St. George." The building is modern, but it possesses, says Augustus Hare, "one of the most glorious collections of old plate in England," including a cup given in 1557, an "owl pot" given in 1537, a tankard given in 1574, and various other articles. Armor having gone out of use, the Company fell into decay, but it was revived in the reign of Queen Anne by a union with the Braziers' Company, since which "We are one" has been its motto.

The Barber-Surgeons' Hall in Monkwell Street, Aldersgate, contains a number of historical curiosities, but its most valuable possession is Holbein's picture of Henry the Eighth giving a Charter to the Company. Pepys was anxious to obtain this for "a little money," and speaking of an examination of it, says: "I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and it is not a pleasant, though a good, picture." A curious leather screen in the court-room is said to commemorate the gratitude of a man who, after being hung at Tyburn, was discovered to be still living, and was restored by the efforts of the Barber-Surgeons when his body was brought to them for dissection. Hare states that such a recovery did occur in the case of a youth, aged seventeen, who after having been hung for twenty-two minutes, recovered just as the surgeons were about to cut him up.

In a safe nook by itself, abutting on that nest of booksellers, Paternoster Row, and under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, is Stationers' Hall, which hides itself, as Mr. Walter Thornbury has said, with the characteristic modesty of an author. For some time this Company had a monopoly of learning. A man could not follow the trade of a printer unless he had served his time to a member of the Company, and nearly every publication had to be "entered at the Hall,"

in order to secure the copyright,— a law which is still in force. The Company had the exclusive right of publishing almanacs, and though it no longer retains this privilege, it sends forth annually thousands of copies of “Old Moore’s Almanac,” with its nonsensical astrological tables describing the moon’s influence on various parts of the human body !



GUARD CHAMBER, LAMBETH PALACE.

The pictures in the hall are full of interest to a student of literature. There are portraits of Prior and Steele which formerly belonged to Harley, the Earl of Oxford ; of Samuel Richardson and his wife ; of Archbishop Tillotson by Kneller, and of Bishop Hoadley, the prelate who wore the Order of the Garter.

The smoky little garden at the back of the Hall was used

in the time of the Star Chamber for the burning of seditious publications, and the Archbishop of Canterbury sent constant messages to the Master and Wardens, requiring them, on pain of the penalties of the Church and forfeiture of all temporal rights, to search every house in which they suspected a press to exist for the printing of unlawful matter.

From earliest times the Stationers' Company has been celebrated for its shows, and "the comeliest personages" of the guild attended the Lord Mayor on horseback, in velvet coats, chains of gold, and with staff-torches, to escort Queen Elizabeth from Chelsea to Whitehall. The Company had until recently a gilt barge, in which, on the morning of Lord Mayor's Day, the members visited Lambeth Palace, when the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury provided hot spiced ale, buns and cakes, and wine, the last being served in "sack-cups," or bowls with two handles. The almanacs published by the Company were submitted to the Archbishop for his approval, and the friendship between the Guild and the See is said to have originated in the time of Archbishop Tenison, one of whose relatives was Master of the Company.

The hall of the Watermen's Company is at Billingsgate. This guild dates from the fourteenth century, and for many generations its members had a monopoly of the navigation of the Thames. Then, more than at the present time, the river was a highway for passengers travelling east or west through the city; what the cab, the omnibus, and the Underground Railway do now in transporting the crowd from London Bridge to Westminster, the waterman did with his barge and wherry, and though a goodly number of passengers still choose the "silent highway," and find conveyance in the uncomfortable little steamers which ply between Chelsea and Gravesend, they are less numerous in proportion to the population than when the land vehicles were less convenient than they are now.

In the time of Henry the Eighth there were forty thousand watermen on the Thames between Windsor and Gravesend, and we learn that their boats were "dangerously shallow and tickle." They were conscious of the power of their guild, these old watermen, and were rank monopolists, opposing every change or improvement which threatened to reduce their profits, though a public benefit was to be accomplished thereby. They were greatly dissatisfied with the introduction of coaches, and condemned the building of bridges across the river, not because they did not recognize that coaches and bridges were useful things, but simply because such additions to the conveniences of the city would curtail their earnings.

They had a vigorous champion in old Taylor, the water poet. He tells us that

"When Queen Elizabeth came to the crown,
A coach in England then was scarcely known,"

and in a prose tract he complains bitterly of the innovation which would take the traffic from the river to the streets. "I do not inveigh against any coaches that belong to persons of worth or quality," he quaintly writes, "but only against the caterpillar swarm of hirelings. They have undone my poor trade whereof I am a member; and though I look for no reformation, yet I expect the benefit of an old proverb, 'Give the losers leave to speak.'" He adds that the swarm of "trade-spillers," the contemptuous name he applies to coaches, have "so overrun the land, that we can get no living on the water, for I dare truly affirm, that every day in every term, especially if the Court be at Whitehall, they do rob us of our livings, and carry five hundred sixty fares daily from us." He contrasts the quietness of the stream with the noise of the street. "I pray you look into the streets, and the chambers or lodgings in Fleet Street or the Strand, how they are pestered with coaches, especially after a mask or

a play at the Court, where even the very earth quakes and trembles, the casements clatter, tatter, and shatter, and such a confused noise is made, so that a man can neither sleep, speak, hear, write, nor eat his dinner or supper quiet for them." What would John Taylor think of the noise of the Strand, could he visit it to-day, when its thousands of cabs and omnibuses fill the ear with the sounds of unceasing volleys of musketry — how degenerate he would consider the age!

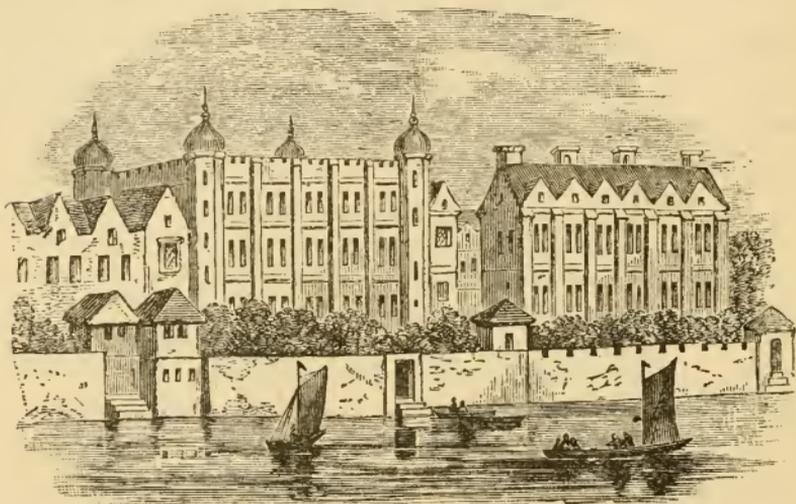
Taylor was himself a waterman working for his daily bread; but his works, which are published in a folio of six or seven hundred pages, have a great deal of vigor. He varied his toil with long journeys to distant parts of the country in a small boat, as a modern canoeist might do, and he took no little pride in his occupation.

"I have a trade, much like an alchemist,
That ofttimes by extraction, if I list,
With sweating labors at a wooden oar
I'll get the coin'd, refined, silver ore;
Which I count better than the sharpening tricks
Of cozening tradesmen or rich politicks,
Or any proud fool, ne'er so proud or wise,
That does my needful, honest trade despise."

The river was very different from what it is now when the watermen flourished. It was more of a common highway than the streets were, and no pageant was celebrated that did not appear on it. It was, says Knight, especially the royal road. When Henry the Seventh willed the coronation of his Queen Elizabeth, she came from Greenwich attended by barges "freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk," and when Henry the Eighth was married to Anne Boleyn she was brought by all the crafts of London from Greenwich to the Tower, "trumpets, shawms, and other divers instruments all the way playing and making great melody." A volume of the "Purse Expenses of Henry VIII." contains item upon item of sums paid to watermen for waiting with barge and boat. The

barge was evidently always in attendance upon the King ; and the great boat was ever busy moving household stuff and servants from Westminster to Greenwich or Richmond. There is also a record of payment to " John, the King's Bargeman, for coming twice from Greenwich to York Place with a great boat with books for the King."

" In the time of Elizabeth and the first James and onward to very recent days, the north bank of the Thames was studded with the palaces of the nobles, and each palace had



SALISBURY AND WORCESTER HOUSE.

its landing-place, and its private retinue of barges and wherries ; and many a freight of the brave and the beautiful has been borne, amid song and merriment, from house to house to join the masque and the dance ; and many a wily statesman, muffled in his cloak, has glided along unseen in his boat, to some dark conference with his ambitious neighbor. Nothing could then have been more picturesque than the Strand with its broad gardens and lofty trees and embattled turrets and pinnacles. Upon the river itself, busy as it was, fleets of swans were sailing, and they ventured unmolested into that

channel which is now narrowed by vessels from every region."

The river was full of fish, moreover, even salmon, and when the waterman was tired of waiting for his fare he could push into the stream and find good sport with drag-net or rod and line. It was a glorious craft this to which he belonged, lucrative, pleasant to exercise, and not without honors,—for a certain number of them were enrolled in the Royal Navy. They formed a caste by themselves, and recognized their kinship with one another by being buried together when they died.

Their manners were extremely saucy, and they had a phraseology of their own, which has been called "the water dialect or mob language." It will be remembered that Sir Roger de Coverley was shocked by the language with which they greeted him, and when Dr. Johnson was assailed by their abuse he replied to them with an equal vigor.

One of the most interesting events at the present time in connection with the watermen is the race on the first of August, every year, to compete for a coat and badge bequeathed by Thomas Doggett, the comedian, to commemorate the accession of the House of Brunswick. "This scene," a genial writer has said, "is sure to be picturesque and cheerful should it be lit up by the glorious sun that 'gems the sea and every land that blooms.' In 1715, the year after George the First came to the throne, Doggett, to quicken the industry and raise a laudable emulation in our young men of the Thames, whereby they may not only acquire a knowledge of the river but a skill in managing the oar with dexterity, gave an orange-colored coat and a silver badge, on which was sculptured the Hanoverian house, to the successful candidate of six young watermen just out of their apprenticeship, to be rowed for on the first of August, when the current was strongest against them, starting from the 'Old Swan,' London Bridge, to the 'Swan' at Chelsea."

This competition is annual, and other prizes are added to the coat and badge. But the glory of the craft is departed, and the watermen of to-day are deck-hands and pilots of the sooty little steamers which ply up and down for the accommodation of penny passengers.

Close to Watermen's Hall is the Fellowship Porters' Hall, belonging to the guild of that name which was incorporated as early as 1155. The business of the fellowship porters is to carry and warehouse corn, salt, coals, fish, and fruit, and they number about fifteen hundred. In accordance with an old custom, every Sunday before midsummer's day a sermon is preached to them in the church of St. Mary-at-Hill. They proceed from the hall, two by two, carrying nosegays and walking up the middle aisle to the communion table, where each of them places an offering for the relief of the poor. After prayers, the merchants of the neighborhood, who have been provided with nosegays by the porters on the previous night, repeat the observance by also walking up to the altar with their wives, servants, and children, and placing a gift on the plate.

Carpenters' Hall, which survived the Great Fire, is in London Wall, but it is not especially interesting. This Company, however, continues the curious custom of crowning the new masters and wardens when they are elected, and the garlands used for the purpose are more than three centuries old.

We have already mentioned Drapers' Hall and its contents, but a word may be said about the dress or livery of this Company, which seems to have been more varied than that of any other. The celebrations also were many and curious. Annually at Lady Day all the members, dressed in new livery, went to Bow Church and there heard the Lady Mass, each contributing a silver penny to the altar-plate. This is not the church whose bells are said to have inspired Dick Whittington, but St. Michael's, Cornhill. The former is St. Mary-le-

Bow, Cheapside. At evensong the members again attended the church and heard dirges chanted for deceased members. On the following day, with continued devotion, they came and heard the mass of the Requiem, and offered another silver penny. On the day of the feast they walked two and two in livery to the dining place, where there was a banquet of fowls, swan, geese, pike, venison, conies, pigeons, tarts, pears, and filberts. At the side-tables ale and claret were served in pots and wooden cups, and better wine in gilt cups. After dinner the retiring master rose and went into the parlor, with a garland on his head and his cap-bearer before him. He then chose the master for the following year, the choice having been pre-arranged; and in a similar manner the old wardens chose the new ones, offering a garland to several persons, one among whom accepted it according to a preconcerted plan. The business being over, dessert was served in the lavish manner which characterizes all the civic feasts.

From the list of articles consumed we gather that the appetites were wonderfully good when the livery companies saw their palmyest days. The feasting seems to have been introduced on all possible occasions, and even the funerals, according to old English custom, ended with a dinner. Spiced bread, fruit, and ale were served either at the church or at a neighboring tavern, and on one occasion a silver spoon was given to each of the pall-bearers.

The Drapers' ordinances, says Mr. Thornbury, to whom we are in the main indebted for this account, were of great interest. The apprentices, on being enrolled, paid fees, which went to a fund called "spoon silver," and when they misbehaved themselves they were severely punished. Thus one of them, named Needswell, was taken into the hall parlor on a certain day and flogged by two tall men, disguised in canvas frocks, hoods, and visors, two pennyworth of birchen rods being expended in his improvement.

The Clothworkers' Company is an offshoot of the Merchant Taylors', and was incorporated by Edward the Fourth as the "Fraternity of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Shearsmen of London." The title of shearsmen had no reference to the cutting of wool from the sheep, but applied to the manner of clipping the nap of the cloth. The Clothworkers had several subdivisions, and among the others were the Fullers, the Burrelers, and the Testers. Pepys himself was a member of this Company, which was incorporated in the time of Elizabeth, and left it a valuable loving-cup, which still shines on the table when great dinners are given. The guild was indeed a most distinguished one, and two centuries ago it was referred to as follows: —

"The grandeur of England is to be attributed to its golden fleece, the wealth of the loom making England a second Peru, and the back of the sheep, and not the entrails of the earth, being its chief mine of riches. The silkworm is no spinster of ours, and our wheel and web are wholly the clothworkers. Thus as trade is the soul of the kingdom, so the greatest branch of it lies in the clothworkers' hands; and though our naval commerce brings us in both the *or* and the *argent*, and indeed the whole wealth of the world, yet, when thoroughly examined, it will be found 't is your cloth sends out to fetch them. And thus, whilst the Imperial Britannia is so formidable to her foes and so potent to her friends, to the Clothworkers' honor it may justly be said, 'T is your shuttle nerves her arm, and your woof that enrobes her glory.'"

"Wilt thou make me free of the Clothworkers?" said James the First to Sir William Stone, the master of the Company. "Yea," quoth the latter, "and think myself a happy man that I live to see this day." Then the King said: "Stone, give me thy hand, and now I am a Clothworker."

The original hall was burned in the Great Fire, and was a mass of flame for three days and nights. The present hall is

very fine, and among the decorations is a picture of young Edward Osborne, the ancestor of the Duke of Leeds, who, when an apprentice, jumped from London Bridge to save his master's daughter.

Here we must close, leaving undescribed a number of other halls which will repay the visit of any one interested in the city's antiquities. Sooner or later the guilds will all be abolished. But at present they are making a stubborn resistance to the radical spirit which would dissolve them. They have many friends among the rich and great, and it has been the custom from the beginning for kings, princes, and statesmen of the realm to be honorary members of them.

The Prince of Wales is an honorary Fishmonger and an honorary Haberdasher ; the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge are also honorary members of Fishmongers' Hall. Sir Stafford Northcote is an honorary Goldsmith, and Lord Beaconsfield was an honorary Merchant Taylor. The guilds choose influential men to receive their honors, and their hospitality, also, is showered upon those who can appreciate it.

“LONDON is the place for me. Its smoky atmosphere and muddy river charm me more than the pure air of Hertfordshire and the crystal currents of the Rib. Nothing is equal to the splendid varieties of London life, the fine flow of London talk, and the dazzling brilliance of London spectacles.”

MACAULAY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

IF the visitor minds not delays and has no urgent business to make him fret against the encumbered streets, it is a pleasant walk from the Tower up through Eastcheap to the Bank of England. The Boar's Head has vanished from Eastcheap, but the imperishable memory of that famous tavern, where Prince Hal, Jack Falstaff, and their companions met, will draw reverential pilgrims to it as long as Shakespeare is read.

“That ancient region of wit and wassail,” Irving calls it, “for it was always famous for its convivial doings. ‘The cookes cried hot ribbes of beef roasted, pies well baked, and other victuals ; there was clattering of pewter pots, harpe, pipe, and sawtrie.’ Alas !” adds Irving, “how sadly is the scene changed since the roaring days of Falstaff and old Stow ! The madcap roisterer has given place to the plodding tradesman ; the clattering of pots and the sound of ‘harpe and sawtrie’ to the din of carts and the accursed dinging of the dustman’s bell ; and no song is heard save, haply, the strain of some siren of Billingsgate chanting the eulogy of deceased mackerel.”

Even the sign which was built into the parting line of two houses which stood on the site of the renowned old tavern is gone ; but, for all that, no one whose nature is tender enough to feel the charm of historic association will turn away from Eastcheap, or think of it without recalling Jack Falstaff.

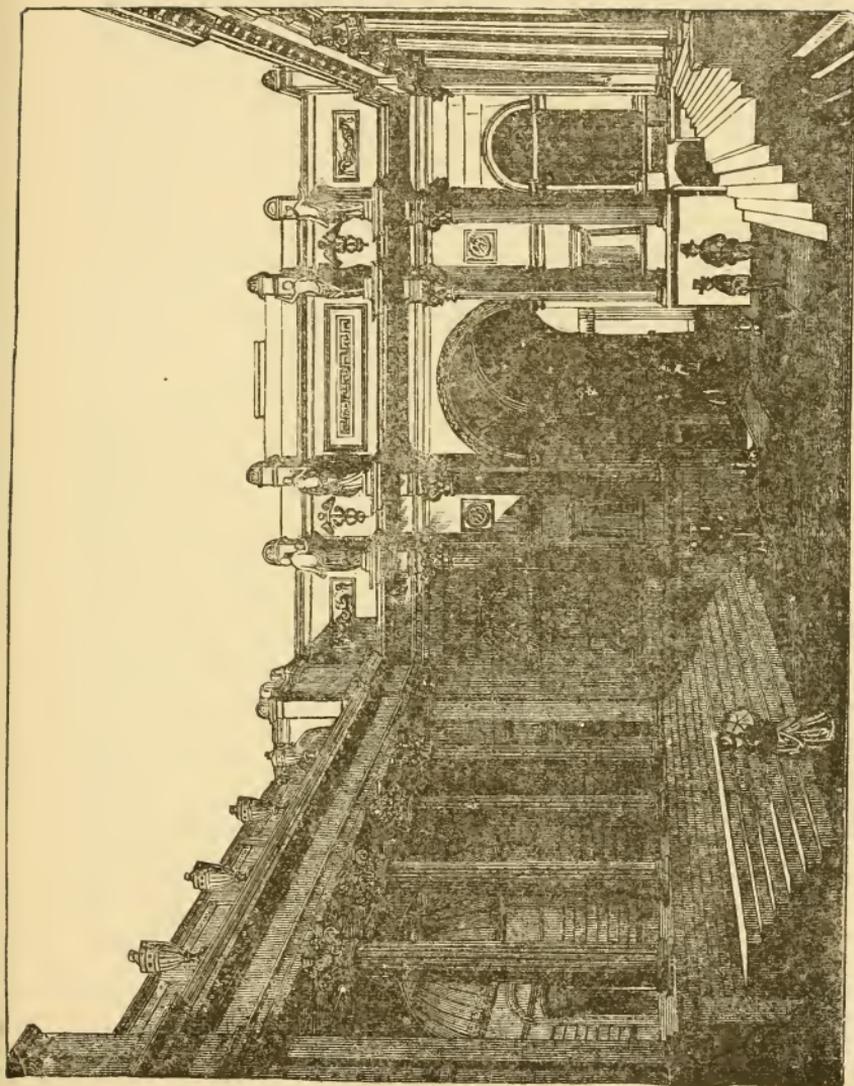
Eastcheap empties into King William Street, and thence it is a straight line up to a nearly triangular space, on the three

sides of which the civic power of London and the deities of riches and commerce are enthroned. On the south side is the Corinthian portico, with its six fluted columns, of the Mansion House ; opposite to this is the portico of the Royal Exchange, — a more beautiful building, with columns forty feet high and a sculptured frieze and architrave ; and on the third side is the Corinthian temple — “incombustible, insulated, one-storied, and without external windows” — of the Bank of England, or, as the greatest monetary institution of the world is sometimes called, “The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street,” — a name given to it by one of the legions of pamphleteers who flourished when there were no daily papers for the airing of every grievance.

The “old lady” is a most reticent person, of old-maidish habits, who cares little for any visitors, and who insists that those she receives shall be vouched for on unquestionable authority and introduced with every formality.

A shilling will take one all the way up to the cross on the dome of St. Paul’s, and into the strong room of the Tower, wherein the regalia are stored, crown upon crown and sceptre against sceptre ; with so small a coin one can unlock the doors of all the chapels in Westminster Abbey or descend into the crypt of the before-mentioned Cathedral ; but the privilege of visiting the “old lady” is unpurchasable, and her servants cannot be bribed to show any of her possessions without her authority.

The usual course is to procure an introduction from one of the directors, and, fortified with this, the visitor is treated with a great deal of civility, though he is expected to listen, not to inquire ; to look at what is shown to him, not to explore what lies beyond ; and, like a discreet guest, not to ask for more than is offered to him. He will be shown through the lofty offices, where very gentlemanly clerks are shovelling out and weighing the tinkling, yellow sovereigns ; poring over



COURTYARD, BANK OF ENGLAND.

ledgers and day-books and running their fingers over the crisp notes ; he will see portraits of former governors and cashiers of the bank, sagacious-looking gentlemen, with nothing in their complexion or figure to indicate that they neglected the opportunities for enjoyment which their wealth afforded ; and he will be admitted into the printing-office, where bank-notes are being printed as if they were farthing ballads.

Watching the easy motion of the delicate machinery as it transforms the blank paper into the precious legal tender, and heaps up thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands of pounds, he may think, if he is ignorant of the laws of finance, that the production of money is a very simple affair, and that it can be carried on indefinitely. The capacity of the press to produce notes is only limited by its own speed ; but it is a great mistake to suppose that £10, £20, or £100 is produced every time a £10, £20, or £100 note is printed. The notes are no more money than are so many slips of curl-paper, unless there is gold or other security to the full value which they bear on their face in the vaults of the bank ; and it is because the Bank of England always practically has in its cellars enough gold to redeem all its notes on demand that it is so stable. It loses the profits which this gold would probably yield if it were invested in commercial channels, but it absolutely secures the value of the notes.

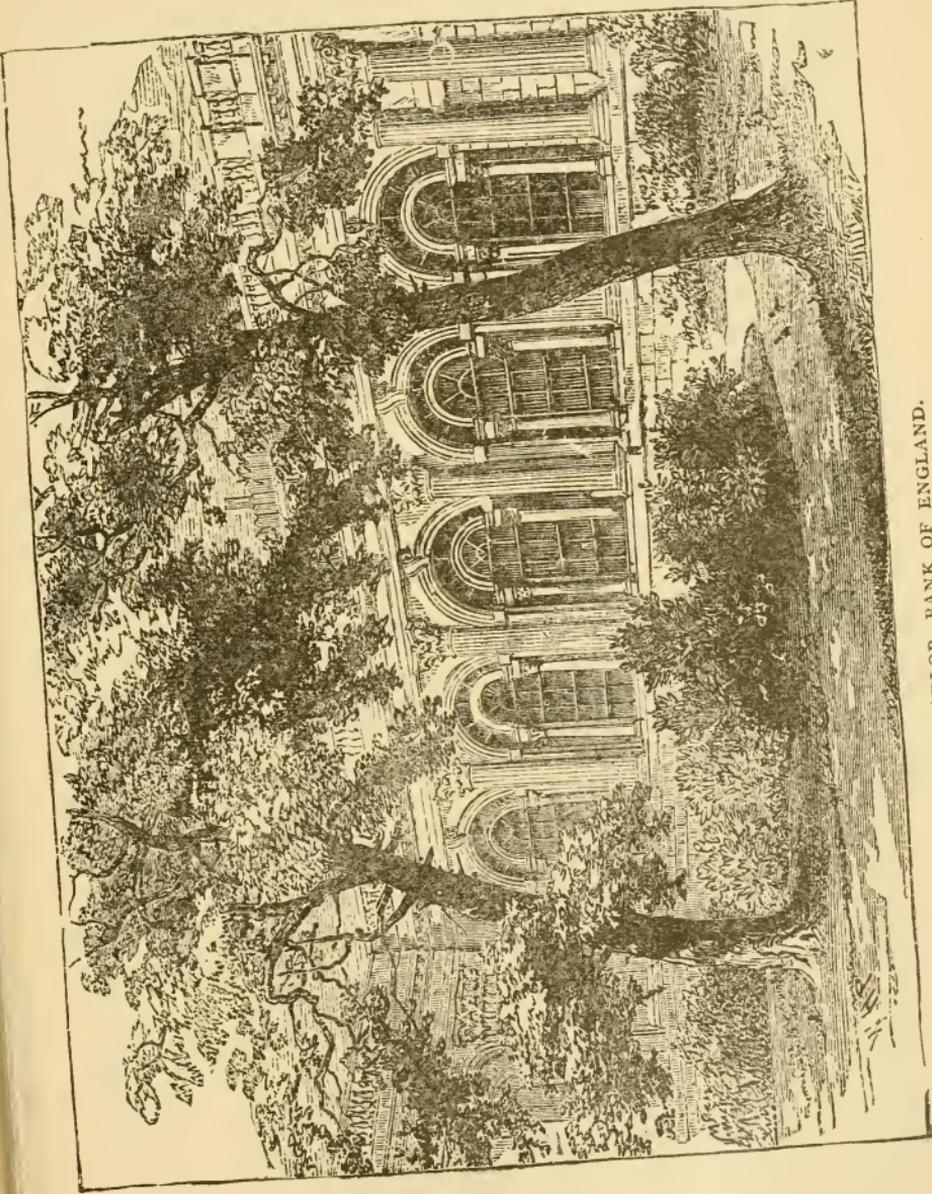
The visitor is taken into the cellars where the gold is piled up in ingots, guarded by prison-like gratings and doors, and he is ushered into that treasure-house where the notes themselves, in commonplace-looking packages, are held for issue. A package of them is even put into his hands by the pleasant gentleman who has charge of this department, — a light, trifling, inconsiderable package, which contains enough £20 notes to make £1,000,000, or \$5,000,000 ; and a great vista of

possibilities opens with a flash upon his mind when the custodian, with studied unconcern, reveals the value of what for a dreamy moment he holds in his hands.

From the cellar he is conducted into the rooms where the cancelled notes are stored away and the coins are weighed. No note which comes back to the bank is ever reissued; it may have been out five minutes, and it may have been out a century, but in either case it is immediately cancelled; a corner of it is torn off; its date and number are recorded, and it is filed away in a safe for ten years; it can be referred to in an instant should there be occasion to do so for any purpose during this time, but at the end of ten years it is destroyed.

All coins brought to the bank, whether new or old, are weighed before they are again put into currency, and those deficient are defaced. The weighing machine is self-acting, and it automatically separates the light coin from the others after weighing them.

“Imagine,” says an English writer, describing the apparatus, “imagine a long trough or spout — half a tube that has been split into two sections — of such a semi-circumference as holds sovereigns edgeways, and of sufficient length to allow two hundred of them to rest in that position, one against another. The trough, thus charged, is fixed slopingly upon the machine over a little table as big as the plate of an ordinary sovereign balance. The coin nearest to the Liliputian platform drops upon it, being pushed forward by the weight of those behind. Its own weight presses the table down; but how far down? Upon that hangs the whole merit and discriminating power of the machine. At the back and at each side of this small table two little hammers move by steam backward and forward at different elevations. If the sovereign be full weight, down sinks the table too low for the higher hammer to hit; but the lower one strikes the edge, and



PARLOR, BANK OF ENGLAND.

off the sovereign tumbles into a receiver to the left. The table pops up again, receiving, perhaps, a light sovereign, and the higher hammer, having always first strike, knocks it into a receiver to the right, time enough to escape its colleague, which, when it comes forward, has nothing to hit, and returns to allow the table to be elevated again. In this way the reputation of thirty-three sovereigns is established or destroyed every minute. The light weights are taken to a clipping machine, slit at the rate of two hundred a minute, weighed in a lump (the deficiency being charged to the banker from whom they were received), and sent to the mint to be re-coined."

If a light sovereign is presented at the bank, it is slit, whether the person to whom it belongs consents or not; and though he may demand its return, it is not given to him until an ugly gash has been made in it to indicate its deficiency.

The buildings of the bank are just what one would imagine them to be without having seen them. They are solid, clean, and simple. The frescos and variegated marbles of modern business palaces, the bronze balustrades, the acres of plate-glass, the whirring bells with electric communication high and low, and the sumptuous upholstery of modern offices, — who would expect to find them in the Bank of England? No; the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" is not *à la mode*; the frippery of the day would not become her, and the furniture of her house, like the house itself, is substantial and useful. The decorum of the servants, too, is beyond reproach; the gentlemen to whom the visitor is introduced, whether they are mere record clerks filing away the cancelled notes, or printers at the wonderful press upon which the new notes are produced, or secretaries, or governors, are courtly in their civilities, and even the porters, who stand at the entrances with silk hats and silver-buttoned coats of brilliant

colors, have the air of belonging to a very superior establishment.

Though there is little external display, the business is conducted on a splendid scale ; over one thousand persons are employed, and the pay-roll amounts to more than \$2,000,000 annually. A quarter of a million sovereigns are often handled in the course of a single day, and the entire business in that time occasionally amounts to more than £2,500,000, or \$15,500,000.

The bank is not, like the halls of the city companies, a "shrine of gluttony ;" but in the basement, where the ingots held as security for the notes are hoarded, there is a kitchen and a small cellar of wines for the officer in command of the company of soldiers which garrisons the treasure during the night.

Let us now look at the circumstances which led to the origin of the bank, and briefly review its history.

Banking, as the science which it is in modern times, was not known during the Middle Ages. The Jews and Lombards loaned money in London and carried on certain branches of the banking business, but the merchants who had surplus cash did not know what to do with it for safety. They could keep it in their strong-boxes, or deposit it in the mint, but they could not put it where it would at once be safe and profitable.

The mint itself proved to be risky. Charles I. thievishly took possession of £200,000 which the citizens had deposited there, and called it a loan. After that no more money found its way into the mint for the sake of security.

Not knowing where to hide their cash, the merchants then intrusted it, distributed in small portions, to their clerks and apprentices, and the latter frequently ran away with it. A new and safer mode of giving money in trust became indispensable, and the goldsmiths now received the confidence of

the merchants. They accepted money on deposit, allowing interest upon it, and they also received the rents of gentlemen's estates which were remitted to town. So profitable was the business, that some of the goldsmiths gave up their original trade and became solely bankers, — among the first to do this being Francis Child, whose famous bank still exists near where Temple Bar until lately stood.

The goldsmiths proved themselves worthy of the confidence placed in them; but in 1694 William Paterson, a Scotchman, came forward with a project to establish a national bank, and he became father of the “Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.”

Though possessing great financial ability, he did not enrich himself, and his life, unlike that of most men of a similar bent, was a wandering and adventurous one. Many curious stories are told of him. One is that he went to the West Indies as a missionary, and abandoned that peaceful vocation for the career of a buccaneer. Another relates that, having lost his paternal fortune, he wandered from place to place with a pedler's wallet. At all events, it is known that he travelled while young, and visited nearly all the countries in Europe, as well as the West Indies and parts of this continent. When he returned to England he had a plan for a national bank similar to the Bank of Venice, and something of the kind was so necessary that his proposition was received with general approbation. The Government wanted money, and, in consideration of a loan of £1,200,000, it granted a charter to the new bank, and guaranteed eight per cent interest on the sum advanced and £4,000 a year for the expenses of management. The whole of the necessary capital was subscribed within ten days, and the success of the bank was immediate.

It has once or twice been in danger; it has often excited the animosity of other banks, to which it has refused help

when its assistance would have averted disaster ; but, on the whole, its existence has been a national benefit. It has restored a vitiated coinage to a standard value, and substituted its own notes for those of numberless small and more or less irresponsible concerns ; its policy has always been cautious, and it has maintained the intimate relations with the Government which it established when it was founded. It is the banker of the Imperial Government, and as such receives taxes, and pays the interest on the national debt, etc., for which services it is paid £340 for each £1,000,000 of business transacted.

Paterson did not participate in the success of the institution which he founded. Almost within a year he withdrew from it, or, as it is said, "the friendless Scot was intrigued out of his post and out of his honors." But he was still full of schemes for the development of commerce and the colonization of foreign countries. He seems, indeed, to have been impelled by that spirit of restlessness which is usually fatal to enduring success, and though it is said that he was unfairly used by his associates, it seems likely that, even if he was imposed upon, his imaginative temperament and roving inclinations contributed to the failure of his life.

After retiring from the bank, he entered upon a still larger enterprise, the purpose of which was to form "a free commonwealth in Darien." He succeeded so far as to form a company of merchant adventurers, under the title of "The Company of Scotland Trading to Africa and the Indies," and his intention was to establish a British colony stretching over the whole Isthmus of Panama, which colony, he believed, would become a chief station in the great highway of the world, forming an emporium where the commerce of the East would meet that of the West.

"The plan," says Mr. Frederick Martin, "great and noble in its conception, was by no means impracticable, and had

it been fully carried out according to the intentions of the projector, might have had incalculable consequences for commerce and civilization."

On July 26, 1690, "twelve hundred men sailed in five stout ships" from the harbor of Leith. But the expedition failed to accomplish its purpose; the Government was opposed to it; dissensions broke out among the leaders; sickness reduced the men; and only a few survived the fevers of the isthmus. Among those who returned was Paterson himself, and though he was ruined and his dearest hopes had been frustrated, he was not daunted, and continued to struggle in the development of new plans for extending British trade. The Scottish Parliament recommended that a pension should be given to him, but he never got it. He spent the closing years of his life in London, and he died in January, 1719.

The bank, with its governmental patronage and enormous resources, had little to fear from rivals. It was secure when its competitors were in peril, and it avoided calamity through the caution of its managers, rather than escaped it through any unusual stroke of good luck. The advisers of "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" were far-seeing and prudent, and shunned the glittering bait which led others into ruinous speculations. But on several occasions all their precautions were unavailing, and disaster stared them in the face; it confronted them and shook their nerves; but, after a momentary shock, they recovered their presence of mind and drove the spectre off.

On one occasion they defeated a "run" on the bank by employing agents to present notes for payment and to demand the whole amount in sixpences. The cashiers were so long in counting these small coins that the persons who wished to withdraw large sums were prevented from presenting their accounts, and, by delaying them, the bank was enabled to prepare for them.

On another occasion the Government came to the rescue, and, to relieve the bank of a pressure which it could not stand, passed a summary law prohibiting it from paying cash except for sums under twenty shillings. People might present their demands for larger sums, but the cashiers could only shake their heads and say that they would be most willing, but for the order of the Privy Council.

On another occasion it was obliged to suspend, and at another time, though it was solvent, its notes were at a large discount. It had a powerful friend in the Government whenever it was in distress; but it received little help from other banks, to which it vouchsafed small comfort when they were embarrassed.

It is said that, in the early part of the last century, the Bank of England deliberately sought to injure Childs' Bank, of which it was jealous, — a story which does not seem very probable. It was the custom of bankers to deliver, in exchange for money deposited, a receipt which might be circulated like a modern check. The Bank of England secretly collected a very large number of receipts belonging to Childs' Bank, with the hope that, if they were all suddenly presented, the latter would be unable to cash them; but in this the conspirators were outwitted. The proprietors of Childs' Bank learned of the plot in time, and went for help to the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, who gave them a single check for £700,000 on their opponents. When the messenger of the Bank of England arrived with the receipts, the people representing Childs' received them without expressing any surprise, and, after counting them, redeemed them in Bank of England notes, and, as these were at a discount, a large profit was made by the transaction. The amount involved was between £500,000 and £600,000.

Childs' Bank and Hoares' Bank survive with honor



THOMAS SUTTON.

unstained on the same sites where they prospered two centuries ago.

The sign of Hoares' was a golden bottle, which hung over the door until a few years ago, when a new building supplanted the old one; and it is said that the golden bottle contained a leather bottle, which Hoare brought with him to London when he came seeking his fortune with half-a-crown in his pocket. 'The sign of Childs' was a marigold, and it is preserved in the existing building, and blossoms luxuriously in a design of the bank-checks.

Francis Child was an industrious apprentice, who married the daughter of his master, and in due time succeeded to his estate and business. Year by year the wealth of Childs' Bank increased, and in the reign of Charles II., the King himself, Prince Rupert, Nell Gwynne, and Pepys were among the depositors. Francis became sheriff of London, then lord mayor, then a member of Parliament, and, finally, knighthood was conferred upon him. He was called the father of banking, and died in 1702.

A romantic incident, which forms part of the history of the bank, is related by Mr. Edward Walford in his "Londoniana." The grandson of Francis Child lived with one daughter in a great house in Berkeley Square. This young lady was very pretty, and when she was eighteen years of age it was her father's ambition that she should marry a person of no less rank than a duke. One afternoon the young Earl of Westmoreland, a customer of the bank, dined quietly with Mr. Child in the back parlor, under the sign of the "Marigold," and when the dinner was over he turned to the old banker and said: "Mr. Child, I wish for your candid opinion on the following case: Suppose you were in love with a young lady and her father refused his consent to her marriage with you, what would you do?"

“Why, I should run away with her, of course,” indiscreetly replied Mr. Child, warmed, no doubt, by his wine, and little suspecting that his own daughter was concerned.

Now that young lady, Mistress Sarah Child, had met Lord Westmoreland once or twice in society, and an immediate attachment had sprung up between them. It is evident from the rest of the story that there must also have been an explicit understanding between them when the Earl dined with her father. A few nights afterward, while the banker was dozing in his arm-chair after dinner, a post-chaise and four drew up under the shadow of the trees which had then been newly planted in Berkeley Square. At a given signal a young lady stepped out of the house and into the carriage which had been brought for her by her lover. The post-boys drove off as fast as the four horses could carry them, along the northern road which led toward Scotland, and they had a long start before Mr. Child discovered that his daughter had flown. Nevertheless, he at once ordered a coach, and in the good old-fashioned way set off in pursuit of the runaways. So great was his speed, that, just as they were on the Dumfriesshire border, and only a short distance from Gretna Green, he overtook them, or rather he would have done so if Lord Westmoreland had not shot the leader of the banker's vehicle. This bold measure gave the pursued couple time to cross the border, where the accommodating blacksmith was in readiness, with the prayer-book open, and they were married at once.

A marriage thus performed in Scotland by a layman, even a blacksmith, was as valid as if performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Child would not forgive his undutiful daughter, and never recovered from the shock her rebellion gave him; but he lived long enough to witness the birth of a grand-

daughter, to whom he left his great wealth. On reaching womanhood she married the Earl of Jersey, to whom she brought as a dowry her partnership in Childs' Bank ; and the descendants of that nobleman have ever since carried on the business and borne the name of the old banker in addition to that of their own family, the Villiers.

“ My home is the city; to and fro
I wander o'er it from day to day,
Hearing its myriad pulses play,
Watching its life-waves ebb and flow ;
Little I see and little I know
Of rustling woods or flowery fields ;
On the sights and sounds that the city yields,
My heart and my fancy feed and grow.

“ Out from my casement, narrow and high,
When the summer morn in the east is low,
Over the long streets, row on row,
I love to look with a dreaming eye ;
While half of them still in black shadow lie,
And half of them shine like burnished gold,
And only the wreathing smoke outrolled
From the giant chimneys streaks the sky.

“ Often again I look out on the street
When the glittering lamps are all alight,
Gemming the skirts of the dark-robed night,
When the only sounds that my hearing greet
Are mysterious murmurs the sense that cheat,
Or the wakeful watchman's heavy footfall
Echoing up from the hollow wall,
As he wearily paces his lonely beat.

“ Oh, poets may sing of streams that flow,
Braiding their ripples in the sun,
Of shadowy wood and moorland dun,
Of scented brakes where wild-flowers blow ;
Little of these I see or know ;
My home is the city, and, day or night,
On its sights and sounds, with a strange delight,
My heart and my fancy feed and grow.”

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

IN the shape of a wedge fitting into the triangular space formed by the Mansion House and the Bank is the Royal Exchange: the triangular space itself is the focal point of nearly all the wheeled traffic of London, of nearly all the cabs and omnibuses which connect the ancient city with its numerous suburbs. Here are green omnibuses from Streatham, red omnibuses from Kew and Richmond, white omnibuses from Putney, chocolate omnibuses from Westminster, yellow omnibuses from Camberwell, and sage-colored omnibuses from Kilburn, — various lines of varied colors, which take the toilers to and from this noisy place of money-getting and make it their terminus.

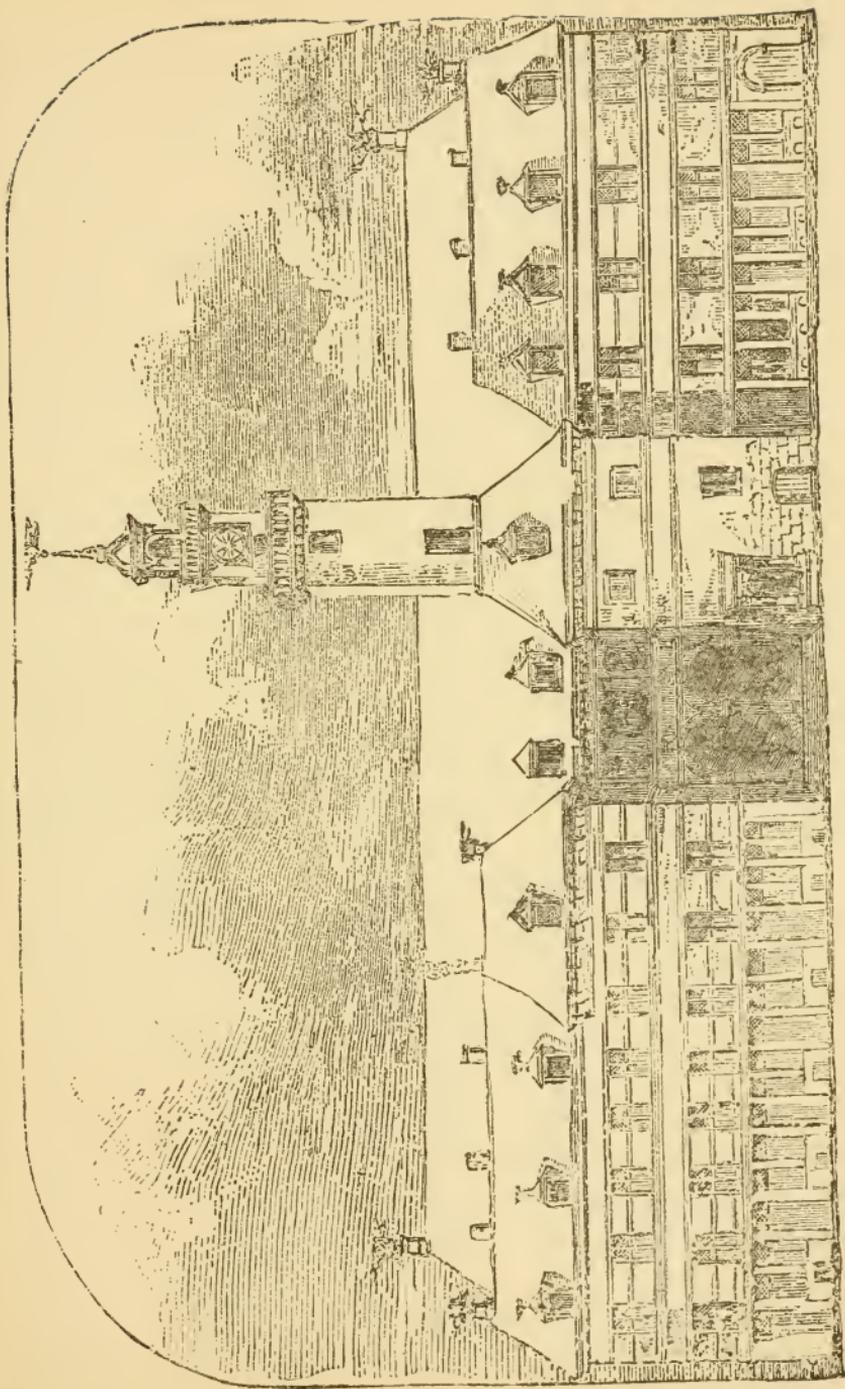
They can only move slowly, for the street is occupied from curb to curb, and the omnibuses are seemingly inextricably entangled with four-wheel cabs, two-wheel cabs, "shandries" from the shops in Cheapside, and heavy drays from the neighborhood of Great Tower Street and St. Katharine's Docks. A pedestrian has no chance of crossing unless he is alert and courageous, darting here and there as in some athletic game. The timid ones are forced to stand irresolute and dismayed until a helmeted policeman comes to their aid. Few, however, thus dally or look bewildered, and most of the persons in this hurrying crowd are so quick in movement and so skilful in dodging in and out among the moving obstructions, that any one watching them feels inclined to applaud them.

Their brisk pace shows that they have a purpose, and even the office-boys, with shining sleeves, have a look of sagacity and shrewdness. When the frock-coated, silk-hatted men salute one another it is with a thriftiness of speech and a sharp decisiveness, it is evident that they have no moment to lose, and that they are all under high pressure.

We are indeed at the very centre, not of London, but of the entire commercial world, and the movements of this throng will be recorded by telegraph in every corner of the earth. Yonder is the store-house of the world's gold, and here, behind this handsome portico with its noble pillars and sculptured architrave, is the market-place where the produce of the world is bought and sold in quantities whose vastness is scarcely comprehensible.

For many centuries this has been the point where the merchants of London have congregated in the greatest numbers. In Shakespeare's time you might have seen here, instead of the urgent gentlemen in frock-coats and silk hats, a picturesque crowd in many kinds of costume. English was not so common a tongue then as now, and people wore the distinctive dress of their native land even when they were abroad. Here would be merchants from Mantua and Padua in homely stuffs, piped with red, and among them would be seen the Jewish gaberdine. The street-boy would be present with doublet, belt, and ragged woollen cap, the latter being used as a weapon to beat any hostile youth. Perhaps, also, there would be one or two of the absurd Elizabethan fops, scented with rosemary and lavender, crowned with feathered hats, armed with velvet-cased and gold-tipped rapiers, wrapped in cloaks of brilliant hue, and decorated with huge gold chains. Here would be turbaned slaves abjectly following their masters, and sober-hued apprentices armed with cudgels.

The dress would indicate the class of the wearer. Besides the apprentices in their fustian doublets, white stockings,



FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE.

shoes of unpinked hide, girdles of leather, and plain ruffs, we should see citizens in cloaks of brown or chocolate cloth, and doublets of more fancy colors than the apprentices, though less gorgeous than those of the dandies. We should recognize as aldermen those with satin sleeves and doublets, and furred and scarlet gowns. At this period the Londoners were superbly attired. Even the Venetians, who set the fashion in many things, were amazed, says Edwin Goadby, at the gorgeous apparel of the English, — at the white and red-crossed uniform of the London trainbands or militia, at the gaudy liveries of men-servants and pages, at the laces and jewelry of the gallants, and at the painted cheeks and silks and velvets of the ladies. “Women carry manors and thousands of oak-trees on their backs,” it was said, and Ben Jonson described the men as “mincing marmosets,” made all of clothes and face, who did not dare to smile for fear of “unstarching their looks.”

Such would be the crowd we should see, and in a babel of tongues we should hear ejaculations about Tripoli raisins, French coats, and the price of pepper; scraps of Russian, Dutch, French, and Italian.

For many years the merchants who made this a place where they could meet on common ground for the transaction of business had no shelter. “The merchants and tradesmen, as well English and strangers, for their general making of bargains, contracts, and commerce,” says Stow, the antiquary, “did usually meet twice every day, at noon and in the evening. But these meetings were unpleasant and troublesome, by reason of walking and talking in an open narrow street, being there constrained either to endure all extremes of weather, viz. heat and cold, snow and rain, or else to shelter themselves in shops.”

Now about 1566 a public-spirited citizen offered to remedy this state of things by erecting a bourse or exchange, in

which the merchants could do their business in comfort, and all he required was that a site should be provided for it. A subscription was immediately set afoot for the purchase of the chosen spot in Cornhill, and in due time the land was conveyed to him.

The name of this citizen was Sir Thomas Gresham, and next to Whittington he is more prominent than any other character in the history of the city of London.

It is on record, that being at the house of Mr. John Rivers, alderman, in company with Sir William Garrard, Sir William Chester, Thomas Rowe, Lionel Ducket, German Cioll, and Thomas Bannister, Sir Thomas "most frankly and lovingly promised" that within a month after the completion of the bourse he would present it in equal moieties to the city and the Mercers Company. In token of his sincerity he thereupon shook hands with Sir William Garrard, and in the presence of his assembled friends drank "a carouse" to his kinsman, Thomas Rowe. On the 17th of June, 1566, he laid the foundation stone, accompanied by several aldermen, each of whom laid a piece of gold upon it for the workmen, and in November, 1567, the Exchange was complete.

Sir Thomas was a man of prompt and energetic measures, and one of the anecdotes told of him seems more characteristic of Chicago or St. Louis than of a London merchant in the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth was visiting him at his splendid house in Bishopsgate Street, having previously accepted his hospitalities at his country house, and with her usual frankness she complained one afternoon, when looking into the court-yard, that the latter was too large, and ought to be divided into two. Sir Thomas instantly despatched messengers to procure workmen, and in the night-time a wall was run up in the middle; so that in the morning the Queen, to her surprise, found the work which she had suggested actually achieved.



THOMAS GRESHAM.

The work on the Exchange was done with similar rapidity.

There is a curious tradition, not unsupported by facts (says Knight), with respect to the formation of the framework of the building. Gresham refers in one of his letters to "my house at Rinxhall, where I made all my provision for my timber for the Bourse." Rinxhall, or Ringshall, is near Battisford, Suffolk, from which it is divided by a great common called Battisford Tye. The latter was formerly rich in wood, and in a certain part of it the remains of several saw-pits are, or were when Knight's "London" was issued, still discernible. There is little doubt, then, that the wood was procured here, and tradition further affirms that the entire framework was constructed at Battisford Tye.

Gresham insisted on having the work done in his own way, and he controlled and supervised it from the beginning. The freestone used was also brought from one of his estates, while the slates, iron, and glass and wainscoting were brought from Antwerp. Even the labor of erection was done to some extent by foreigners. The architect was a Fleming named Henrich, and many of the artisans came from the Low Countries. Gresham had none of the insular prejudice which made craftsmen from abroad hated in London.

A few words now about his origin and circumstances may not be out of place, though his biography is probably familiar to most of our readers. Three portraits of him were painted by his friend, Sir Antonio More. The first, painted in 1550, is a half-length, and represents him with his doublet unbuttoned and both his hands resting on a table — perhaps a counter. He wears on his head, as usual, a black cap, and in his right hand holds his gloves, an article of dress which (says his biographer, John William Burgon) was intended to indicate the significance of persons represented in ancient pictures. In proof of the high estimation in which embroidered gloves were held, Stow relates that when Edward De

Vere, Earl of Oxford, brought Queen Elizabeth a pair from Italy, she was painted with them in her hands.

The second portrait, by Sir Antonio More, represents a man of mature age sitting in a chair, clad, as usual, in a solemn colored suit, with a small cap on his head and a pair of gloves in his right hand. But the best-known portrait is that which has often been engraved in illustrated works on London. The same sober costume is seen in this as in all other portraits of Gresham. In his girdle he wears a dagger, and from it depends an ancient purse or pouch, on which his right hand rests. In his left hand he holds a small round object — a pomander, the latter being a dried Seville orange filled with cloves and other spices, which was esteemed as a preservative against infection, though it became, like gloves and finger-rings, a badge of fashion. One writer has described it as an orange, and infers that it was introduced into the picture because Sir Thomas first brought that fruit into England. But oranges were well known in England before he was born. They are mentioned in the privy-purse expenses of Elizabeth of York under the year 1502, and in an account of the privy expenses of Henry the Eighth frequent allusion is made to a gardener who brought "oranges, dates, and other pleasures to the King's grace." It can scarcely be questioned that the object in the picture is a pomander, and, like the gloves, it marks the social dignity of the person wearing it.

Gresham was not one of those romantic apprentice boys who come to London in a condition little better than that of beggars, and by industry and virtue push themselves ahead until they succeed to their master's business. The Greshams were a Norfolk family of distinction which included several eminent merchants, and the father of Thomas was Lord Mayor of London and a knight. Thomas was intended for a mercantile career from his boyhood; but nevertheless his father bestowed a university education upon him, and so far

from delaying his advancement in his chosen occupation, his scholarship proved to be a constant advantage to him. Like his father and his uncles, he became a member of the Mercers' Company,—that famous association which has provided London with more than a hundred of her Lord Mayors,—and at the age of twenty-four he was already a merchant of repute. At the age of thirty-two he became a “king's merchant,” or factor, and this appointment marks the real beginning of his prosperity.

The Tudor sovereigns often were much in want of money. Hard and unjust laws prevented the natural wealth of the country from being developed, while frequent wars and lavish gifts to favorites helped to exhaust the treasury. In the time of Henry the Eighth and his immediate successors, Antwerp was the great emporium of commerce, and being the richest city in the world, its merchants became the greatest money-lenders. It was to Antwerp, then, that the impoverished monarchs looked when they were needy. The money lenders of that city knew that repayment was uncertain, however, and they demanded as much as fourteen per cent interest on their loans. The negotiation of the loans was intrusted, on the King's part, to a factor, such as Gresham became, and the position was one which required great ability, influence, and integrity. It was also expected of this servant of the Crown that he should keep the Privy Council informed of what was going on abroad, and he was not infrequently called upon to confer with foreign princes in the additional capacity of an ambassador.

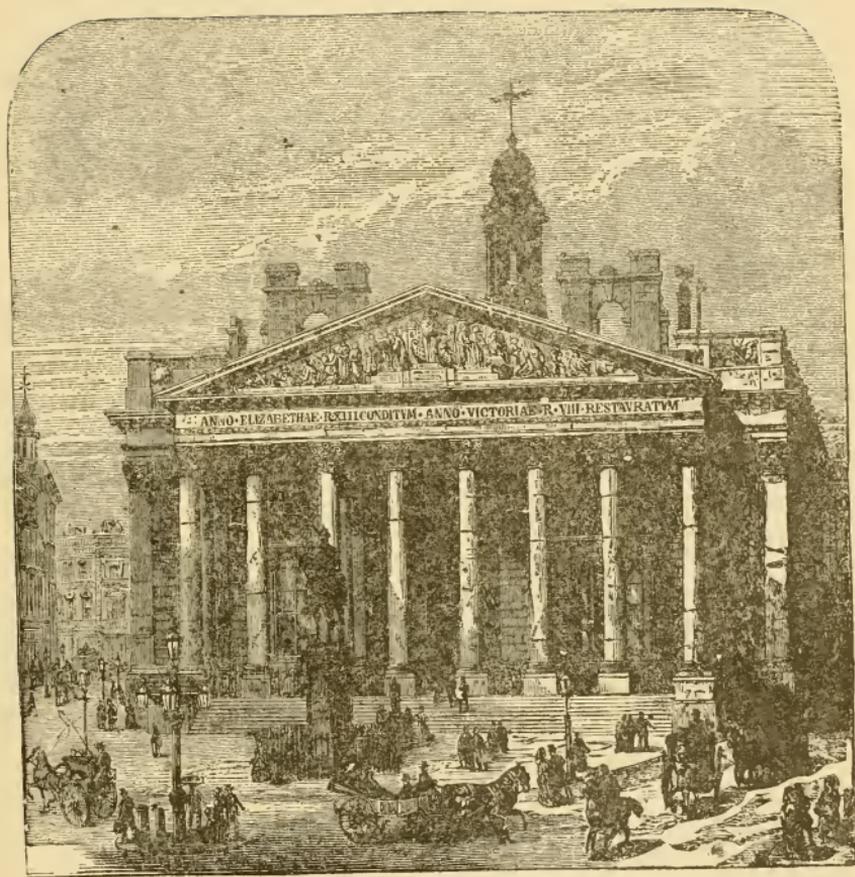
The position to which Gresham was appointed was therefore the highest honor which a merchant could receive at the hands of his sovereign, and he at once proved the wisdom shown in the selection of himself for the office. He raised the rate of exchange from sixteen shillings Flemish for the pound sterling to twenty-two shillings, and it is probable

that he saved England a very large sum from the beginning of his negotiations. In all his transactions he showed a statesman-like prudence, the sagacious calculativeness of a master of finance, and a practical knowledge of the details of commerce. He had the manners and mental scope of a diplomat, and could associate with kings, while at the same time he could run his fingers over a cloth or test a handful of silk with the judgment of a practical workman. For all his services he received a paltry pound a day; but at Antwerp, which exported nearly every article of luxury required by the English people, he acquired that experience which subsequently enabled him to enrich himself.

He lived during the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Mary, and Elizabeth. When Queen Mary came to the throne he was hastily dismissed, for he was known to be a staunch Protestant, and only Papists were now in favor; but when his usefulness was revealed to the Queen, he was reinstated, and though he did not renounce his faith, he conducted himself with such ability and discretion, that Mary bestowed many gifts upon him.

A friend of the Papist Queen, he became a favorite of her successor, Protestant Elizabeth, who, offering her hand for him to kiss, told him that she would always keep one ear ready to hear him, — “which,” says Gresham, “made me a young man again, and caused me to enter on my present charge with heart and courage.” The character of Gresham was as high as his services were valuable. He improved English credit abroad by making the sovereigns respect their promises, and all along he advocated the borrowing of money from London merchants instead of foreigners, so that the interest required should not go out of England.

The years following the accession of Elizabeth were probably the happiest in his life, and he was then full of wealth and



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

honors ; but when the world had done all it could for him, there came upon him one of those blows which neither honors nor riches can avert. He lost his only and dearly-beloved son, and the spirit of his ambition was quenched, now that that which had stimulated it in the father's breast was no more. It was this bereavement which, in the opinion of Mr. Burgon, led him to dedicate his fortune to his fellow-citizens, and one of the earliest of his benefactions was the presentation of the Exchange.

The new building was distinctly Flemish, and was a close imitation of the great Bourse of Antwerp. The principal features of the exterior were a lofty tower with two balconied galleries, and a grasshopper surmounting the ball at its top. All four corners of the building were also ornamented with the grasshopper, which was Gresham's crest. There has been some controversy about this crest. A tradition existed that Gresham when a child had been deserted on the highway, and that the chirping of a grasshopper called attention to the spot where he lay perishing of neglect. Whatever the origin of the crest was,—and it certainly was not this,—the grasshopper was frequently introduced among the decorations of the Exchange, and it appeared over the peak of every dormer window.

The building consisted of an upper and a lower portion, the first being laid out in shops, one hundred in number, and the other into walks and rooms for the merchants, with shops on the exterior. Gresham, no doubt, calculated on a handsome profit from the rent of the shops, but he was unable to let them until he obtained the royal prestige by a visit from Queen Elizabeth. She came attended by the Court to the merchant's house in Bishopsgate Street (which was also adorned with the grasshopper), and having dined, she inspected the Exchange, which was illuminated on the occasion, and commanded that henceforth it should be called the

Royal Exchange. From the day of the Queen's visit the shops rapidly rose in value, and in a few years they were filled with the richest wares the world of commerce could produce. "The merchants are generally men of good habit," said a clever writer of the time; "their words are generally better than their consciences; their discourse ordinarily begins in water, but ends in wine. The frequenting the walks twice a day, and a careless laughter, argues they are sound; if they visit not once a day, 't is expected they are cracking or broken. Their countenance is ordinarily shaped by their success at sea, either merry, sad, or desperate. They are like ships at sea, top and top-gallant this day, to-morrow sinking. The sea is a tennis-court, their stakes are balls, the wind is the racket, and doth strike many for lost under line, and many in the hazard. . . . Rough seas, rocks and pirates, treacherous factors and leaking ships, affright them. They are strange politicians; for they bring Turkey and Spain into London, and carry London thither." The merchants were not the sole occupants; the new Exchange became a resort for idlers, and the upper part, brilliantly lighted in the evening, became a fashionable lounge for ladies and gentlemen.

The institution flourished; but, among so many monuments of the ancient glory of the city, it was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666. There were many statues of kings and queens, and one of Sir Thomas, which alone remained standing after the conflagration.

Gresham died suddenly in 1579, and left a large sum of money for the foundation of various charitable and educational institutions. He was buried in St. Helen's Church, Bishopsgate Street, where his tomb may still be seen.

The second Exchange, built after the Great Fire in the reign of Charles the Second, was burned down in 1838, and a circumstance is related in connection with this fire which

must have had a strong effect on the popular imagination at the time. The clock of the Exchange played certain tunes on certain days. The tune for Wednesday, the day on which the disaster occurred, was "There is nae luck about the house ;" and while the fire was raging, the bells rang out this sadly appropriate air, and then fell one after another into the ruin beneath. The original statue of Sir Thomas Gresham was destroyed with the building, and the flames were seen at Windsor, twenty-four miles from London.

Another curious fact may be mentioned in reference to the second Exchange. A deserted child was found on the stone steps, and a kind-hearted citizen took charge of it and brought it up. The foundling was christened Michael Gresham, and he grew up a rich and prosperous man, and further perpetuated the noble name which he bore by giving it to a celebrated hotel in Dublin of which he was proprietor.

The present Exchange was opened by Queen Victoria on Oct. 28, 1844, and it is one of the finest buildings in the city. It contains a memorial bust and the armorial bearings of Sir Thomas Gresham, and due credit is given to him in the records buried in the hollow of the foundation-stone.

“SIR JOHN HERSCHEL somewhat unctuously called London the centre of the terrene globe. Emerson says that all things precious, or useful, or amusing, or intoxicating are sucked into English commerce, and floated to London. A recent writer, speaking of the metropolis, says that London is an epitome of the world, a museum of all human anatomies, a mirror for all the passions, a showroom for all the antiquities and splendors, a universal gala ground, and a perpetual mourning house. London is also the metropolis of the world's literature. Its literary memories are imposing, and are thickly strewed through all the years of four centuries. Everywhere, in its aristocratic squares and its business marts and its squalid purlieus, is London dotted with spots consecrated as the haunts of literary greatness.”

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

CHAPTER XX.

TEMPLE BAR AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

TEMPLE BAR itself exists no longer. For centuries it stood between the western end of Fleet Street and the eastern end of the Strand, separating the City of London from the Liberty of Westminster; but in 1874 it was removed, to relieve the enormous traffic of those streets. Though the picturesque old archway has disappeared, however, and its site is occupied by an absurd monument which is almost as much of an obstruction as the Bar ever was, the name still attaches to the locality; and when every vestige of Dr. Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith has been obliterated from Fleet Street; when the rapidly advancing improvements have supplanted all the smoky old taverns and dark alleyways; when perhaps even the Temple Church itself has been demolished, and the old inns of court are only preserved in prints and histories,—the conjunction of Fleet Street and the Strand will still be known, probably, as Temple Bar.

Temple Bar was never a city gate, but it marked the city bounds; and as a sign that royalty itself could not enter without the gracious consent of the municipal rulers, it was invariably closed when a sovereign approached the city, in order that this consent might be given, and, no doubt, that the King might be reminded of the independence which his citizens had procured for themselves in their jealously protected charters. When the monarch arrived, one herald sounded a trumpet and another herald knocked at the gate, which after a parley was loyally flung open, the Lord Mayor presenting

the sword of the city to the sovereign, who accepted it as a matter of form and returned it with due courtesy. This ceremony was observed by Elizabeth when she went to return thanks at St. Paul's Cathedral for the destruction of the Spanish Armada ; again by Cromwell when he went to dine in state with the Mayor ; again by Queen Anne after the battle of Blenheim ; and, last of all, by Queen Victoria on several occasions. On the 5th of November, 1422, the hero of Agincourt, Henry the Fifth, was borne under the Bar to his tomb in Westminster Abbey, and in 1502 the hearse of Elizabeth of York halted here while the abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey blessed the corpse. Anne Boleyn passed through the Bar the day before her coronation, and the ancient gateway was newly painted for the occasion, while the conduits, which usually carried water to the houses, were filled with claret. It was sumptuously decorated again in honor of the coronation of Edward the Sixth, and also when his half-sister, Mary Tudor, came through the city to take her place on the throne.

At Temple Bar the accession of Charles the Second was proclaimed. According to custom, the old oaken gates were shut, and the herald, with tabard on and trumpet in hand, knocked and gravely demanded entrance. The Lord Mayor appointed some one to ask who knocked. The herald replied that if they would open the wicket and let the Lord Mayor come thither, he would explain. The Mayor then appeared dressed in a crimson gown, and to him the herald spoke : "We are the herald-at-arms appointed and commanded by the Lords and Commons in Parliament, and demand an entrance into the famous City of London, to proclaim Charles the Second King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland ; and we expect your speedy answer to our demand." An alderman now replied, "The message is accepted," and the gates were thrown open.



TEMPLE BAR.

The shadow of every monarch and popular hero since Charles the Second's time, says Mr. Thornbury, has rested for at least a passing moment on the old gateway. George the Third, young and happy, passed through Temple Bar the year after his coronation ; and years later he passed under it when, nearly broken-hearted, he went to return thanks for his partial recovery from insanity. George the Fourth also came through it to attend the thanksgiving services at St. Paul's with which the downfall of Napoleon was celebrated ; and twice on her visits to the city has the civic sword been delivered to Queen Victoria at these portals.

When Lord Nelson was about to be buried, the corpse, followed by sorrowing old sailors, was met at the Bar by the Lord Mayor ; and at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington the ancient edifice was entirely covered with black cloth and velvet, against which were hung the armorial bearings and orders of the Duke in their proper colors, while upon the top were silvered cornices, urns, and a circle of torches.

The Bar was for a long time used for the exhibition of the heads of persons who were executed for treason. These ghastly objects were fixed on spikes and allowed to moulder in the sun and rain until the wind brought the shrivelled remains to the ground, and a trade was made of hiring out spy-glasses by persons in the street below. The last heads exhibited were those of Francis Townley and George Fletcher, who with seven other Jacobites had been hanged, disembowelled, beheaded, and quartered on Kennington Common. About one hundred and twenty years ago these were blown down, and the iron spikes were removed early in the present century.

The original division between the city and Westminster was simply made by posts and chains, — a *bar*, to which the name of the adjoining *Temple* was given. This gave place to a wooden house raised across the street, with a narrow gateway underneath, which was taken down after the Great Fire,

and substituted by a building of Portland stone designed by Sir Christopher Wren. It had a large arch in the centre for a carriage-way, and a smaller semicircular arch on each side for foot-passengers. Each façade had four Corinthian pilasters, an entablature, and an arched pediment. In four niches were statues of James the First and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, Charles the First and Charles the Second. The gates were of oak, panelled, and surmounted by a festoon of fruit and flowers; and over the archway was an apartment which was rented by Childs' Bank until the final demolition of the Bar in 1874.

On all sides of the site of the old Bar is a neighborhood rich in historic associations. On the north is Chancery Lane, with the New Law Courts, and Lincoln's Inn; on the south is the Temple itself, with its Gardens, Church, and barristers' chambers; on the west lie the Strand and Covent Garden, and on the east is Fleet Street, with its printing-houses and news-shops, its literary byways and old taverns. Fleet Street, still distinguished by the possession of several great newspaper offices, has always been a haunt of authors and literary adventurers.

"It is my practice when I am in want of amusement," said Dr. Johnson, "to place myself for an hour at Temple Bar, and examine one by one the looks of the passengers; and I have commonly found that between the hours of eleven and four every sixth man is an author. They are seldom to be seen very early in the morning or late in the evening; but about dinner-time they are all in motion, and have one uniform eagerness in their faces, which gives little opportunity of discovering their hopes or fears, their pleasures or their pains. But in the afternoon, when they have all dined, or composed themselves to pass the day without a dinner, their passions have full play, and I can perceive one man wondering at the stupidity of the public, by which his new book has been

totally neglected ; another cursing the French, who fright away literary curiosity by their threat of an invasion ; another swearing at his bookseller, who will advance no money without copy ; another perusing as he walks his publisher's bill ; another murmuring at an unanswerable criticism ; another determining to write no more to a generation of barbarians ; and another wishing to try once again whether he cannot awaken a drowsy world to a sense of his merit."

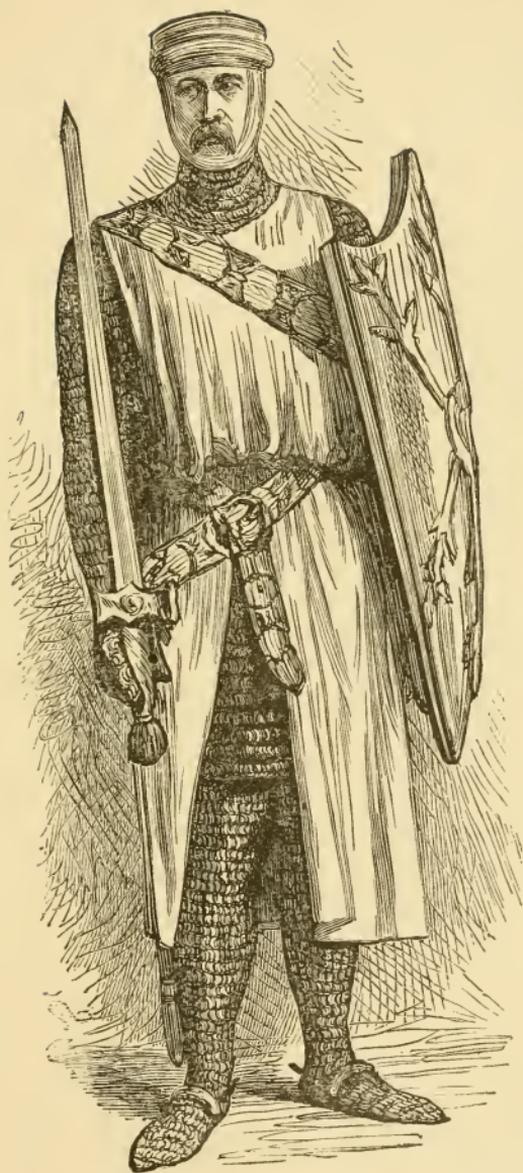
Happily the conditions of authorship have changed since Dr. Johnson's time ; and though they are not such as foster luxury, the writer who applies his abilities in the proper direction may at least be sure of his dinner.

The grounds of the Temple reach down from Fleet Street to the Thames Embankment. Some of the buildings are of smoke-stained brick, with small-paned windows, and no touch of ornament in their gloomy fronts. They are gathered in little courts and squares, with well-worn flagstones before them, and in them generations of lawyers have lived and done business,—the same profession monopolizing them still. The old church is also here, with its relics of the Crusades, its sun-dial, and cross and lamb. The atmosphere is of a long-removed past, though the hum and rattle of the busiest of London streets sounds over the roofs, upon which clusters of quaint old chimney-tops are uncoiling their smoke. The foliage of the trees and the chirruping of birds, the flash and patter of the fountain, and the hues of the flowers, gain an emphasis in contrast with the dark-red buildings ; it seems, indeed, as if the birds, fountain, and flowers were unrivalled, and each awakens a feeling of gratitude for the solace that it bears to those who have left the noisy street and the commercial strife behind. But the ancient enclosure has some new and showy buildings in it, and toward the Embankment, where they overlook the river, the gardens, with gilded railings, have a decidedly modern look.

The Order of Knights-Templars was established by the King of Jerusalem in 1118, and ten years later it found a home in England, where the members of it came to seek aid in protecting the Holy City, and the Christian pilgrims who went to it, from the infidels. They called themselves "The Poor Fellow-Soldiers of Christ and of the Temple of Solomon," and though members of some of the noblest families of England and France, they subjected themselves to the most austere discipline, giving up all luxury and their personal independence. Their dress was a white mantle, with a red cross upon it. In battle they displayed a black and white banner, inscribed: *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*, — "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give the praise;" and to symbolize their original poverty, they adopted for the seal of their Order the device of two men riding on one horse.

At first they established themselves in a house on the present site of Southampton Buildings, Holborn; but in fifty years they had so increased in wealth, that they were able to purchase the land which still commemorates the Order, and on it they erected a habitation for themselves, attached to which was a church of great beauty, in imitation of a temple near the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Their life was a most frugal one, and the poorest people now have comforts with which the Knights-Templars were unfamiliar. The conditions under which they lived are thus set forth by Mrs. Newton Crosland: "Not a printed book existed, and there were very few writings in the world, except copies of the Scriptures in Latin and Greek. These manuscripts were often rightly judged more precious than their weight in gold. Reading was thought a great accomplishment, and to be able to write, something extraordinary. We may be pretty sure that, except the chaplains, and probably the Masters, few of the Knights-Templars could either read or write with any-



KNIGHT-TEMPLAR.

thing like facility. Then in the matter of their diet, — how limited it was ! Tea and coffee and potatoes and the greater number of our fruits and vegetables were wholly unknown to them. Wine was sold in small quantities as a cordial, and was probably looked on as a medicine ; though it is likely enough that those Templars who had travelled in the East had tasted the Greek wines, and perhaps some others. However, they had the best of all beverages close at hand, their fountain of pure water in the Temple Gardens, and the bright river called for many generations after their day the ‘silver Thames.’ The river swarmed with fish, so that no doubt they had fresh, delicious fare for their so-called fast-days ; and we may be sure that country friends supplied them with venison and other game very often, and we know they had plenty of money to purchase anything in the market. But it was a strange life, without reading and without postal communication ; and we can fancy how the Templars told travellers’ tales over and over again for want of novelties to think about. Sun-dials and hour-glasses must have been used by them instead of clocks.

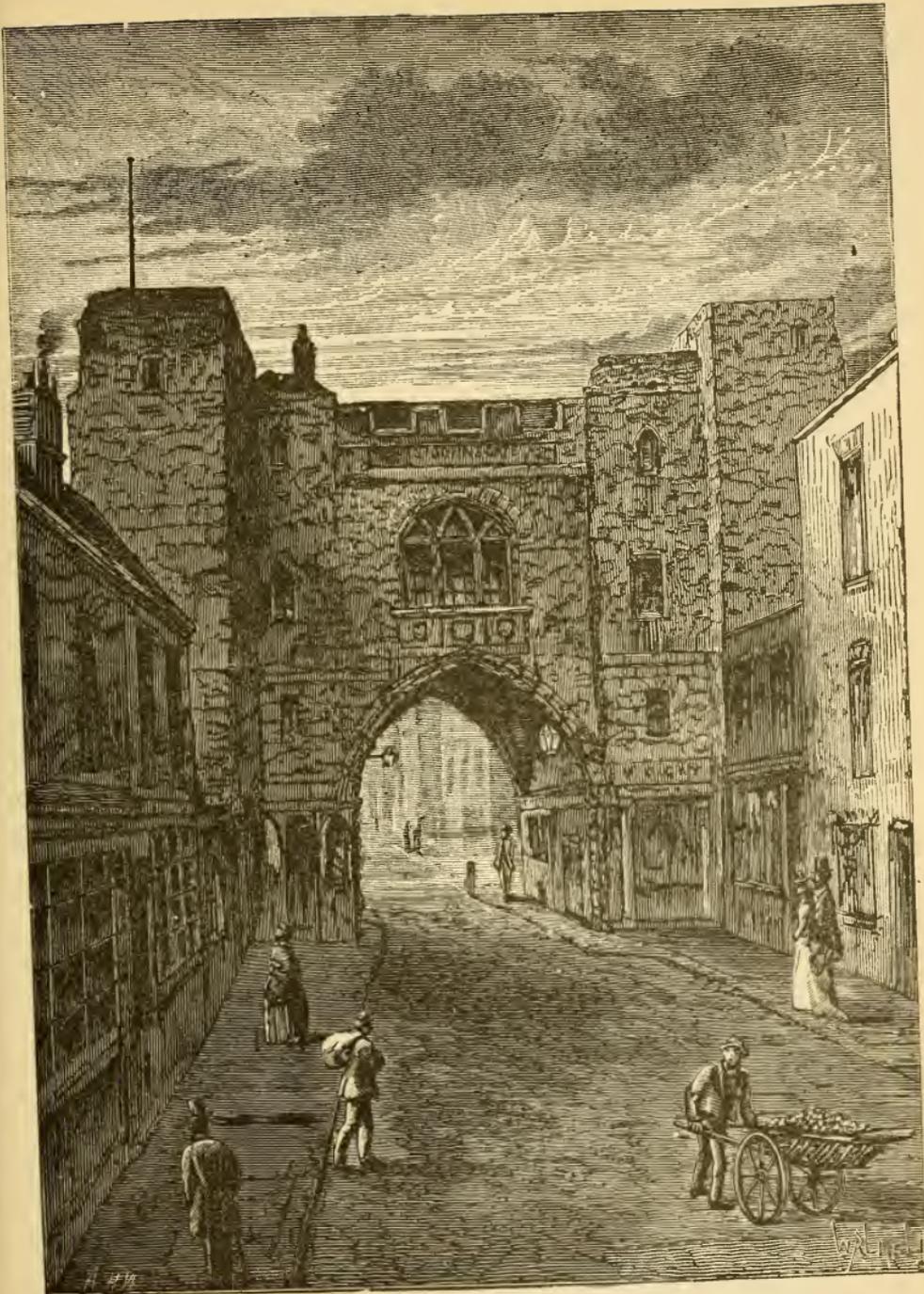
“ But though the Knights-Templars knew how to honor their Order, they also knew very well how to punish refractory members of it. There is still to be seen at the side of the church the penitential cell in which culprits were confined, often for long periods. It is reached by a narrow staircase, and measures less than five feet in length by two and a half in breadth, so that a well-grown man could not lie down at full length in it. There were apertures, however, looking into the church, through which he could hear the service. This shows that the Order had care for the souls of their erring brothers, however cruelly their bodies were treated. In this wretched cell the Grand Preceptor of Ireland was fettered by command of the Master, and died in his misery. At daybreak his body was ignominiously buried

between the church and the hall. Sometimes, for what we should call trivial offences, the Knights were publicly scourged. One of them quitted the Order; but, either impelled by superstitious terrors or really repentant of his faults, he voluntarily returned, and submitted himself to whatever penance the Master chose to inflict. He was condemned to fast on bread and water four days in the week, and to eat with the dogs on the ground for a year, and to be scourged in the church every Sunday."

While the members held themselves in subjugation, however, the Order was despotic, the patriarch treating even the King with contumely; and at last it was accused of being both heretical and corrupt. But though there was some truth in the charges brought against it, they were exaggerated, and it was covetousness rather than righteousness which prompted its enemies. The Templars were persecuted, — in France, some of them were burned at the stake, — and many of them were tortured, with the object of extorting confessions from them; and when their property had been pillaged by Church and State, what remained of it was given to a rival Order, — that of St. John, the Knights-Hospitallers of Jerusalem, which is commemorated in St. John's Wood and in St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, — an ancient edifice, now used as a tavern, which formed the entrance to the hospital of the Order.

In the old rooms over St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, the *Gentleman's Magazine* was started by Cave, the printer, in 1731, and Dr. Johnson, writing at so much per sheet, brought his articles thither, and hid himself from strangers behind a screen, because he was too shabby to appear in company. The Doctor told wonderful stories of the powers of a friend of his, an actor; and this genius was invited to rehearse before Cave, — which he did with great success, his name being David Garrick.

When the Knights of St. John acquired the property of the



ST JOHN'S GATE.

fallen Templars, they leased it to certain students of the common law, who were pleased with it because it was "out of the city and the noise thereof, and in the suburbs;" and though Henry the Eighth confiscated it, and since his time it has belonged to the Crown, it is still tenanted by lawyers.

While in possession of the Templars the buildings formed a vast monastery, with a council-chamber, a refectory, a barrack, a church, a range of cloisters, and a terrace on the river for religious meditation and military exercises. Of these only the church, which escaped the Great Fire, remains,—a legacy of the days of the Crusades to modern times.

The church has been frequently altered, and in 1839 it was restored at a cost of \$350,000. There are really two churches: one, the round church, built in 1185 by the Templars themselves, and the other, a Gothic chapel, built by the Knights of St. John after the expulsion of the Templars, so that under one roof we can see the transition from Norman to Early English architecture. The interior is beautiful. The pillars are of polished marble; the banners that flew in the Crusades are still unfurled in the decorations of the ceiling; and up there, too, the war-cry of the "poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ" is repeated in graven letters.

On the pavement lie two groups of effigies carved in free-stone,—the memorials of eight knights who were associates of the Temple. One of these was Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, who fought against King Stephen, sacked Cambridge, and plundered Ramsey Abbey. He was excommunicated; and while besieging Burwell Castle was struck by an arrow from a crossbow just as he had taken off his helmet to get air. The Templars, not daring to bury him, soldered him up in lead, and hung him on a crooked tree in their riverside orchard. Absolution at last being given, the body was buried in the church. Another effigy is of Earl Marshall,

near which are effigies of his two sons, the youngest of whom was the last of his race. The extinction of the family was believed to be due to the curse of the Abbot of Fernes, whose lands had been taken by the Earl. After the latter died, the Abbot went to his tomb and promised him absolution if he would restore the lands ; but the dead gave no sign, and the curse remained upon his house until all who bore his name became extinct. Some of the effigies are straight-legged, and those whose legs are crossed are in this way shown to have taken the vow of a crusader. There are many other monuments in the church, but none is more interesting than that of Oliver Goldsmith.

The possession of the Temple is vested in the Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple, which are composed of students and practitioners of English law. Besides these societies there are two similar ones in London,— the Society of Lincoln's Inn and the Society of Gray's Inn. All are called "inns," — the word, like the French *hôtel*, meaning a mansion ; and each has a hall, a chapel, a library and a suite of rooms for the use of the benchers, or governors, while there is a number of buildings divided into sets of chambers, which are occupied for the most part by barristers and solicitors. Each inn has the privilege of calling students to the Bar, and also the supervision of the education of candidates for the higher branch of the legal profession. The inns are, indeed, what medical colleges are to medical students, and they alone can create barristers.

Before any student can be admitted to one of the four Societies of the Inns of Court, he must obtain the certificate of two barristers, and in the case of the Middle Temple that of a bencher, to show he is "aptus, habilis, et idoneus moribus et scientia." On his admission, he has the use of the library, may claim a seat in the church or chapel of the Inn, and have his name set down for chambers. He must then

keep "commons" by dining in hall for twelve terms, of which there are four in each year. Before keeping terms he must also deposit £100 with the treasurer, to be returned, without interest, when he is called to the Bar.

No student can be "called" till he is of three years' standing and twenty-one years of age: after he is called he becomes a "barrister." The call is made by the "benchers," the governing body of seniors, chosen for their "honest behavior and good disposition," and "such as from their experience are of best note and ability to serve the kingdom."

Lectures are given at each of the inns, which are open to all its students; examinations take place and scholarships are awarded. But a man may be called to the Bar who has not attended lectures or passed examinations, though "keeping commons" by dining in hall is an indispensable qualification.

The principal buildings of the modern Temple are the two halls. That of the Middle Temple was begun in 1562, and is considered one of the grandest Elizabethan structures in London. The roof is of dark oak, which is also the material of the screen and the music gallery, and the walls are emblazoned with heraldry. The windows are filled with exquisitely colored glass. As the Templars dined in their hall seven hundred years ago, so in this hall dine the members of the Society, the benchers taking the places of the knights, the barristers those of the priors, or brethren, and the students those of the novices. Here Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was performed soon after its first production, and the hall is probably the only remaining building in which one of the great dramatist's plays was seen by his contemporaries. Attached to the Middle Temple is the new library, — a handsome building, erected twenty years ago at the southwest corner of the garden, in which, if we may believe Shakespeare, the partisans

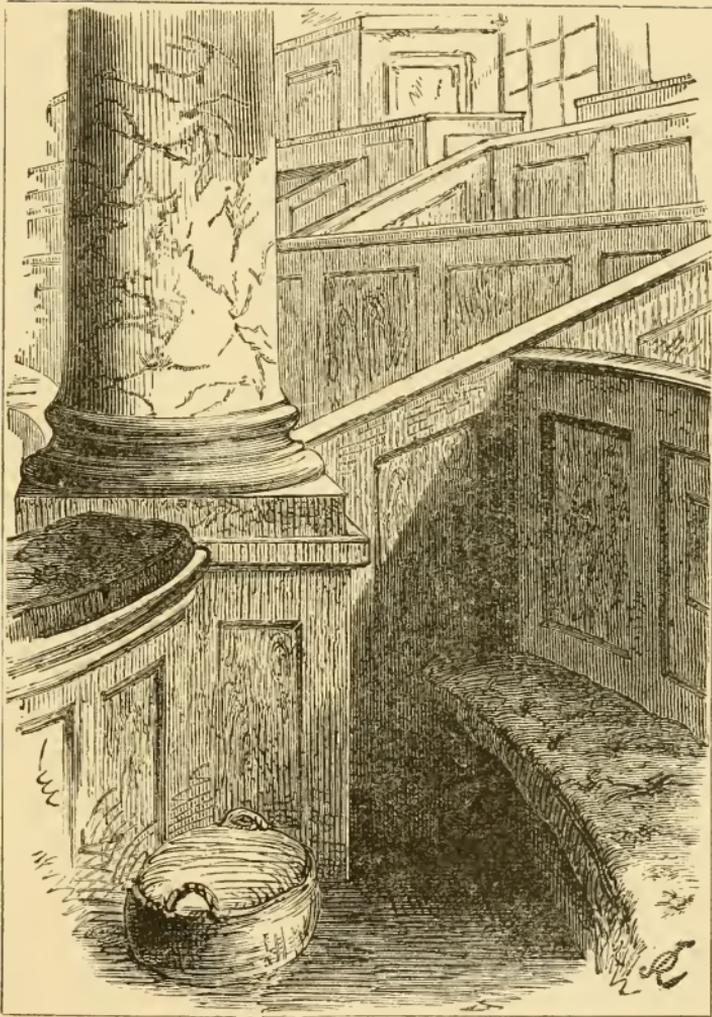
of the House of York and that of Lancaster first chose a red and a white rose as their respective badges. Says Warwick :

“ This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Gardens,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.”

The Inner Temple Hall is only a few years old ; and if it has not the ancient splendor of the Middle Temple Hall, the members have cause for some satisfaction in the modern conveniences which their new building possesses.

Abutting on the church, the library, the garden, and the halls are the chambers of the barristers ; and looking up to their blinking old windows, we seem to see many a familiar face. In Crown Office Row (now rebuilt) Charles Lamb was born, and Thackeray had quarters with Tom Taylor, the playwright. In King's Bench Walk the great lawyer, William Murray, afterward Earl of Mansfield, had his abode ; and here he was visited by Sarah, the great Duchess of Marlborough, who came late in the evening to consult him, and was much annoyed to find that he had gone to a supper-party. “ I could not tell who she was,” said the servant, reporting her visit, “ for she would not tell me her name ; but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality.”

At No. 2 Brick Court lived the great commentator, Blackstone, who was much disturbed by the revelry of the tenant who occupied the rooms above him—one Oliver Goldsmith, who gave supper-parties and sang comic songs, having recently come into a large sum of money through the success of a comedy called “ The Good-natured Man.” Goldsmith's gayety was like April sunshine, clouds were always passing over it ; and the most innocent of his indulgences were followed by regrets. One day he hired a fancy dress, in which he proposed to attend a masquerade ; and repenting of the



DR. JOHNSON'S PEW.

extravagance, he flung the parcel on the floor and played football with it,—an occupation in which Sir Joshua Reynolds found him in those same chambers at No. 2 Brick Court, where the gentle poet afterward died.

In Fountain Court is the little fountain described by Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and at No. 1 Inner Temple Lane Dr. Johnson had chambers. "It must be confessed," says Boswell, "that his apartments, furniture, and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty. He had on a little old, shrivelled, unpowdered wig which was too small for his head; his shirt neck and the knees of his breeches were loose, his black worsted stockings ill-drawn up, and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by the way of slippers." Boswell himself had chambers at the bottom of Inner Temple Lane.

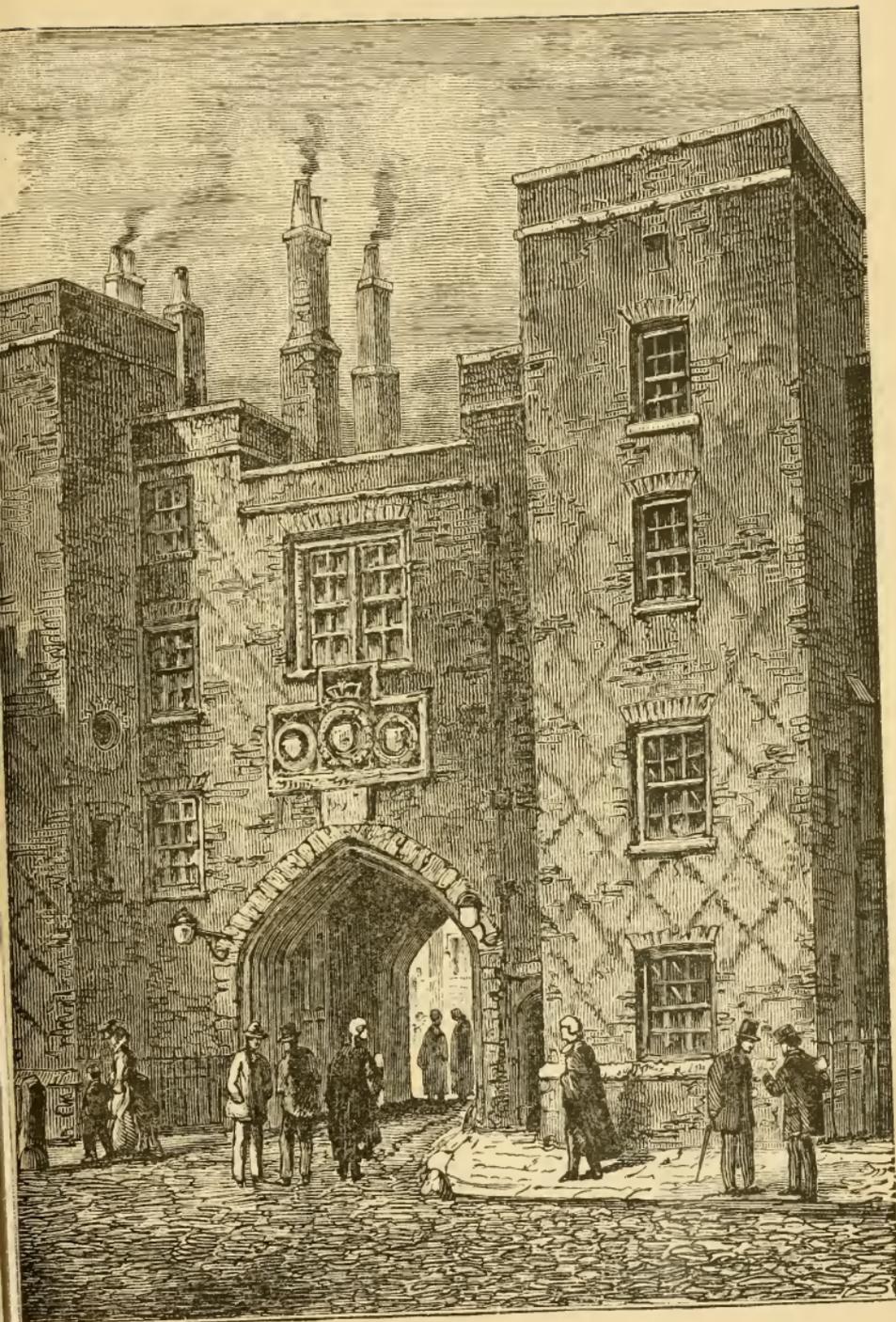
It is not indispensable that a man should be a barrister in order to occupy chambers. Literary men have always shown a liking for the dusky old courts and shabby old apartments, and it is said that Chaucer himself was a tenant; though some doubt has been thrown upon this statement. In some instances the tenants of the chambers have been authors simply, as was the case with Charles Lamb; and in many cases they have been members of the inns, combining the study or practice of the law with the more congenial pursuit of literature. Among the famous authors, in addition to those already mentioned, have been Sir Walter Raleigh, Beaumont, Wycherley, Congreve, Sheridan, Edmund Burke, Cowper, and Moore. Among the lawyers of the Inner Temple have been Audley, Lord Chancellor to Henry the Eighth; Nicholas Hare, Master of the Rolls to Queen Mary; Sir Christopher Hatton; Selden; and Judge Jeffreys: of the Middle Temple, Lord Chancellor Clarendon, Lord Ashburton, Lord Chancellor Eldon, and Lord Stowell.

Just outside of the precincts of the Temple is the neigh-

borhood of Whitefriars, formerly the site of the house and gardens of the monks who bore that name, which after the Reformation became a notorious resort of rascals of all kinds, as it retained the privilege of sanctuary, by which any malefactor while within its bounds was safe from arrest for his crime. Its area comprised the streets, lanes, and alleys between Water Lane (now Whitefriars Street), the Temple, Fleet Street, and the Thames, and to it the slang name of Alsatia was given. A bitter feud existed between the Alsatians and the Templars. In July, 1691, the latter, weary of their disreputable neighbors, attempted to brick up a gateway which gave entrance into the Temple from Whitefriars; but as fast as the workmen built up, the Alsatians pulled down. At last the Templars flew out to rout the intruders, and in the battle which ensued two persons were killed and several wounded. The opposition of the Templars led in the end to the abolition of the so-called right of sanctuary, which made harbors in London for mobs of thieves, gamblers, and courtesans. A graphic description of Alsatia may be found in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel;" and no better picture of London in the time of James the First exists than this delightful romance, to which we have before referred.

On the side of the street opposite to the Temple are the new Royal Courts of Justice, — a splendid group of buildings covering nearly eight acres of ground; and at their western end, in an almost oval space, which the Strand here forms, is the church of St. Clement Danes (one of Sir Christopher Wren's), in which Dr. Johnson worshipped, "repeating," says Boswell, "the responses in the Litany with tremulous energy." His pew was in the north gallery, and it is now marked by a brass plate.

Behind the New Law Courts are the buildings and gardens of Lincoln's Inn, which reach nearly all the way up to Holborn; and as we enter this richly historic field it seems futile to



GATEWAY, LINCOLN'S INN.

attempt to compress into a few lines the many associations of the locality. There are several blind alleys leading into Lincoln's Inn, but the main entrance is a brick gateway bearing the date of 1518. Thus at the very portal we meet with one of those relics of the past which transport us on the wings of reminiscence into a period centuries earlier than our own. On this gateway Ben Jonson is said to have worked with his Horace in one hand and a trowel in the other, until "some gentlemen, pitying that his parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did of their bounty manumize him freely to follow his own ingenious inclinations."

The name of the Inn came from Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, whose town house was on the site; and the buildings, including the most spacious of London squares, comprise those in Chancery Lane, which have a frontage of five hundred feet, and were erected between the reigns of Henry the Seventh and James the First; the old hall, wherein were held the revels of the Society; New Square, which was completed in 1697; the chapel; the stone buildings, completed in 1845; and the new hall and library. The stone buildings and the new hall and library are modern; but nearly all the rest, as the dates indicate, are very old, and they have an appearance of greater antiquity than the courtyards of the Temple.

On the left of the ground-floor, at No. 24 in the "Old Buildings," were the rooms of Oliver Cromwell's secretary, John Thurloe, from 1645 to 1659, where his correspondence was discovered behind a false ceiling. There is a tradition that the Protector came thither one day to discuss with Thurloe the plot of Sir Richard Willis for seizing the persons of the three princes, sons of Charles the First. Having disclosed his plans, he discovered Thurloe's clerk apparently asleep upon his desk. Fearing treason, he would have killed him on the spot, but Thurloe interfered; and after passing

a dagger repeatedly over the clerk's unflinching countenance, Cromwell was satisfied that he was really asleep. He was not asleep, however, but had heard everything, and he afterward found means to warn the princes.

Retaining the name by which the space was known when it was ampler, and not circumscribed as it now is by buildings, the square of verdure enclosed by the inn is still called Lincoln's Inn Fields. In former times it was a place of execution, and on it Lord William Russell suffered death under a charge of high treason. On the north side is the Soane Museum, which was formed in his own house and bequeathed to the nation by the architect of the Bank of England, Sir John Soane, who especially intended it to illustrate the artistic and instructive purposes to which a private dwelling may be put. The collection includes several pictures of great value, including works by Turner, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Charles Eastlake. On the west side of the Fields is Lindsey House, built by Robert Lindsey, who fell in the service of Charles the First at Edgehill; and near this is the Sardinian Chapel, built a year before that King was beheaded. In a house opposite the chapel Benjamin Franklin lived when a journeyman printer. He lodged with a Roman Catholic widow and her daughter, to whom he paid a rent of 3*s.* 6*d.* a week. When kept at home by the gout he was frequently asked to spend the evenings with his landlady. "Our supper," he says in his Autobiography, "was only half an anchovy each, on a very little slice of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between us; but the entertainment was in her conversation." From his temperance habits, Franklin was known as the "water-American."

On the south side of the square is the Royal College of Surgeons, attached to which is the museum of one of the greatest of surgeons, Dr. John Hunter,— a priceless collection of anatomical specimens, including the skeletons of the thief-



A PROCLAMATION AT TEMPLE BAR.

taker, Jonathan Wild, and O'Brien, the Irish giant, who measured eight feet four inches. On the northern side of the square John Milton lived when he removed from Barbican, and at the northwestern corner is Newcastle House, built in 1686, which in the reign of George the Second was occupied by the Duke of Newcastle, of whom Lord Wilmington said, "He loses half an hour every morning, and runs after it all the rest of the day, without being able to overtake it."

These are but a few of the associations of Lincoln's Inn, which has had among its members Sir Thomas More, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Mansfield, William Pitt, Lord Ellenborough, and Spencer Perceval, the prime minister, who was assassinated at Westminster by a merchant named Bellingham, because he had not attended to a trivial complaint made against the Russian ambassador by his murderer.

Let us now return to Temple Bar. Reaching westward to Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square is the Strand, which was once the shore of the Thames, though it is now at least one-eighth of a mile from that river. The splendid mansions that once bordered it are all demolished, and on both sides of it are shops, theatres, and hotels. At night it is a blaze of light when other streets are dark, and the traffic continues to pour through it when all the rest of the vast city seems to be sleeping. Here again we seem to see a familiar face at nearly every window as we recall the history of the thoroughfare. Covent Garden, to the north of it, and the neighborhood to the south of it have also been peopled by a long line of celebrities; but for a knowledge of these we must refer the reader to more comprehensive works than ours, in order that we may have space to glean something of the history of Fleet Street, which extends eastward from the Bar, and is incomparably more fertile in literary associations than any other street in London. Fleet Street is rapidly being modernized; but it is not yet bereaved of all its smoky, sooty-faced houses, and

many of its byways have been left undisturbed in the alterations of its architecture.

Just within the site of Temple Bar is Childs' Bank, of which we have already given an account, and at No. 37 is Hoares' Bank. But the interests of the street are literary, not commercial, and they have been so for many a year. Being a street of publishers and authors, it is not strange that many of the buildings are old taverns, in which the poets and essayists, the play-writers and the story-writers have gathered for relaxation ever since coffee-houses came into fashion in the time of the Stuarts. The name and the site are in most instances all that remain of the original establishments ; but though the Mitre is now an unnoticeable public-house, and the Rainbow has a palatial hall instead of a low wainscoted room for its customers, the ground on which they stand is consecrated. Next door to Childs' Bank was the Devil Tavern, a resort of Dr. Garth, Addison, Swift, and the great lexicographer, which in much earlier times had been the meeting-place of the Apollo Club, presided over by Ben Jonson. At No. 201 the Cock Tavern, celebrated by Tennyson, stood until recently, and in it Pepys often supped and made merry. At the foot of Chancery Lane Izaak Walton traded as a hosier and shirt-maker, while a few doors away, in the bow-windowed house which is still standing (No. 184, 185), lived the poet Drayton. In a house close by, now demolished, Abraham Cowley was born in 1618, the son of a grocer, and studied, as a child, the large copy of Spenser's "Faery Queene" which lay on his mother's window-sill, till he became, as he himself narrates — "irrecoverably a poet."

In St. Dunstan's Church, on the north side of the street, Richard Baxter was preaching, when there arose an outcry that the building was falling. He was silent for a moment, and then said solemnly : "We are in God's service, to prepare ourselves that we may be fearless at the great noise of

the dissolving world, when the heavens shall pass away, and the elements melt with fervent heat." Over the side entrance of the church is a statue of Queen Elizabeth holding the orb and sceptre, which is of much interest as having survived the Great Fire of London, when the building in which it stood was consumed, and as one of the few existing relics of the old city gates, for it formerly adorned the west front of Ludgate, one of the four ancient entrances to the city.

In Fetter Lane Dryden and Otway lived, and in Crane Court was the home of the Royal Society. "Fleet Street," says Hare, "is peculiarly associated with Dr. Johnson, who admired it beyond measure. Walking one day with Boswell on the beautiful heights of Greenwich Park, he asked, 'Is not this very fine?' — 'Yes, sir, but not so fine as Fleet Street.' 'You are quite right, sir,' replied the great critic."

"Here we may fancy him as Miss Burney describes him — 'tall, stout, grand, and authoritative, but stooping horribly, his back quite round, his mouth continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; with a singular method of twirling and twisting his hands; his vast body in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards; his feet never a moment quiet, and his whole great person looking often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from its chair to the floor.' There is no figure out of the past with which we are able to be as familiar as we are with that of Samuel Johnson; his very dress is portrayed for us by Peter Pindar: —

" 'Methinks I vjew his full, plain suit of brown,
The large gray bushy wig that graced his crown;
Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
And shirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles.

" 'I mark the brown greatcoat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore;
Which Patagonians (wondrous to unfold!)
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.'"

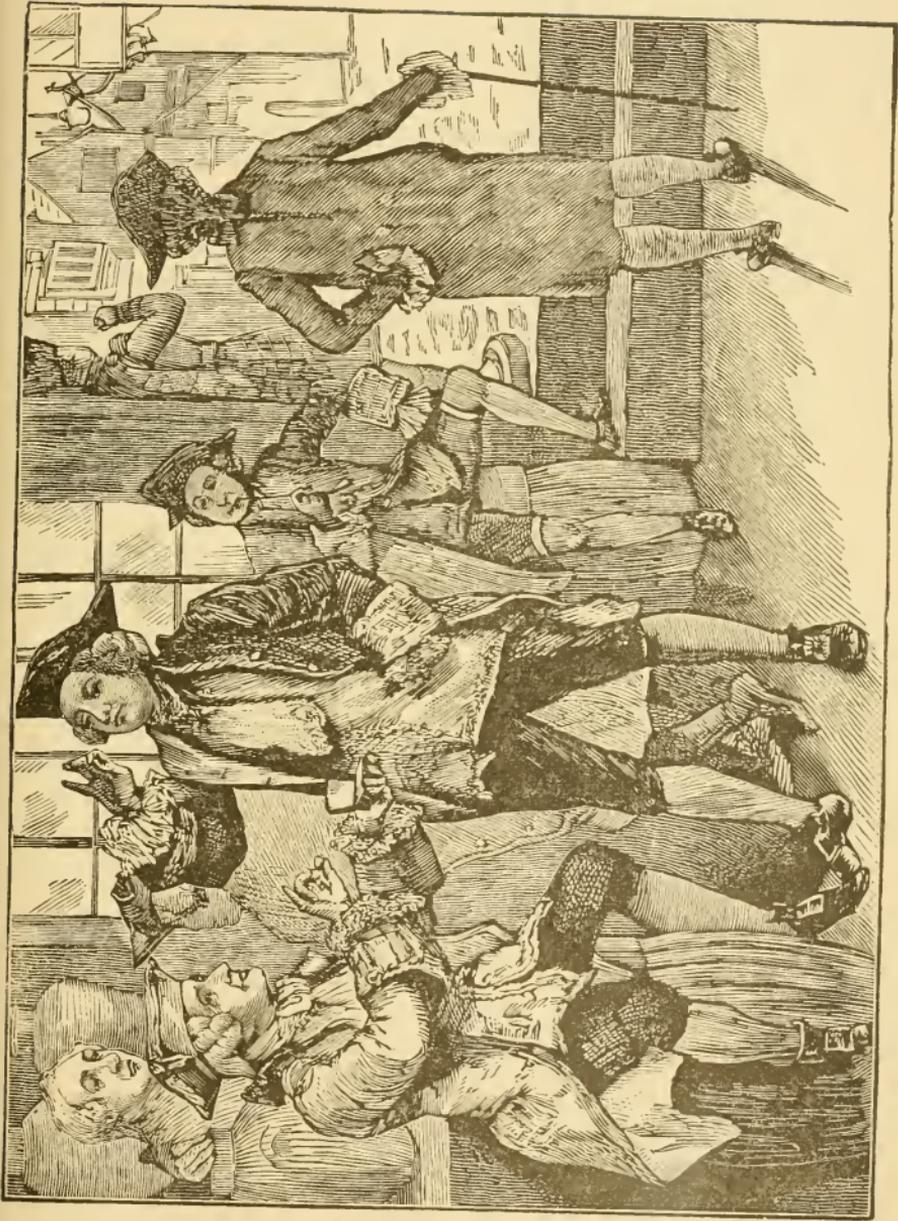
At No. 17 Gough Square (a house still existing) his wife died, and he wrote the greater part of his Dictionary and began the "Rambler" and the "Idler." At No. 7 Johnson's Court (not named after him) he lived from 1765 to 1776; and after that he took up his abode at No. 8 Bolt Court (a house burned down in 1819), where he died.

Oliver Goldsmith lived at No. 6 Wine Office Court from 1760 to 1762, earning a precarious livelihood by writing for the booksellers; and a corner of the Cheshire Cheese Tavern is pointed out in which he and Dr. Johnson used to sit.

At No. 106 Fleet Street, John Hardman sold an unusually excellent snuff, and the great actors of the day gathered in his shop and sat on his tobacco chests talking about the latest plays. In Gunpowder Alley the Cavalier poet, Richard Lovelace, died of starvation.

On the south side of the street, in the Alsatia which we have already described, was Bridewell. It was founded, like Christ's Hospital, by King Edward the Sixth, under the emotion caused by a sermon on Christian charity which Bishop Ridley had preached, and it was used as a refuge for deserted children, long known as "Bridewell Boys." Gradually, from a reformatory it became a prison, and the horrors of the New Bridewell Prison are described by Ward in "The London Spy." The prisoners, both men and women, were flogged on the naked back, and the stripes only ceased when the president, who sat with a hammer in his hand, let it fall upon the block before him. "Oh, good Sir Robert, knock! Pray, Sir Robert, knock!" became afterward often a cry of reproach against those who had been imprisoned in Bridewell.

The name of Bridewell comes from St. Bride's or St. Bridget's,—a holy spring with supposed miraculous powers. The well is now a pump. St. Bride's Church was rebuilt by Wren after the Fire, and stands at the end of a little entry at the



GROUP AT HARDMAN'S.

foot of Fleet Street. Its bells, put up in 1710, are dear to the Londoner's soul. Wynkyn de Worde, the famous printer, who rose under the patronage of the mother of Henry the Seventh, and published no less than four hundred works, was buried in the old church, which also contained the graves of the poets Sackville (1608) and Lovelace (1658).

John Milton lived in a house adjoining the churchyard, and at the entrance of the passage, down which the tower of St. Bride's may be seen from Fleet Street, is the office of the celebrated humorous journal, "Punch." From the eastern end of Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill extends to St. Paul's Cathedral; and the splendid front and dome of that edifice seem to reach the very sky.

“METHOUGHT I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that Chair where kings and queens are crowned.”
Henry the Sixth.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL stands upon a hill, and if the London skies were clearer, its dome — one of the highest in the world — would be visible many miles away. As it is, the immense hemisphere can be seen, like a cloud, from the hills of Hampstead and Highgate, and in the view from the river it towers high above all the buildings that surround it. It is hemmed in on all sides by shops and warehouses; and if we stand at the farthest side of the narrow little street that borders it on the north, we have to throw our heads far back on our shoulders in order to see its full height.

At one time, the site was said to have been occupied by a temple dedicated to Diana; but that statement is now discredited, though the ground, in all probability, has been the site of the chief religious edifice of London since the Saxon period. The earliest church was built on this site by Ethelbert, the King of East Kent, and the first bishop who preached within its walls was Mellitus, the companion of Saint Augustine.

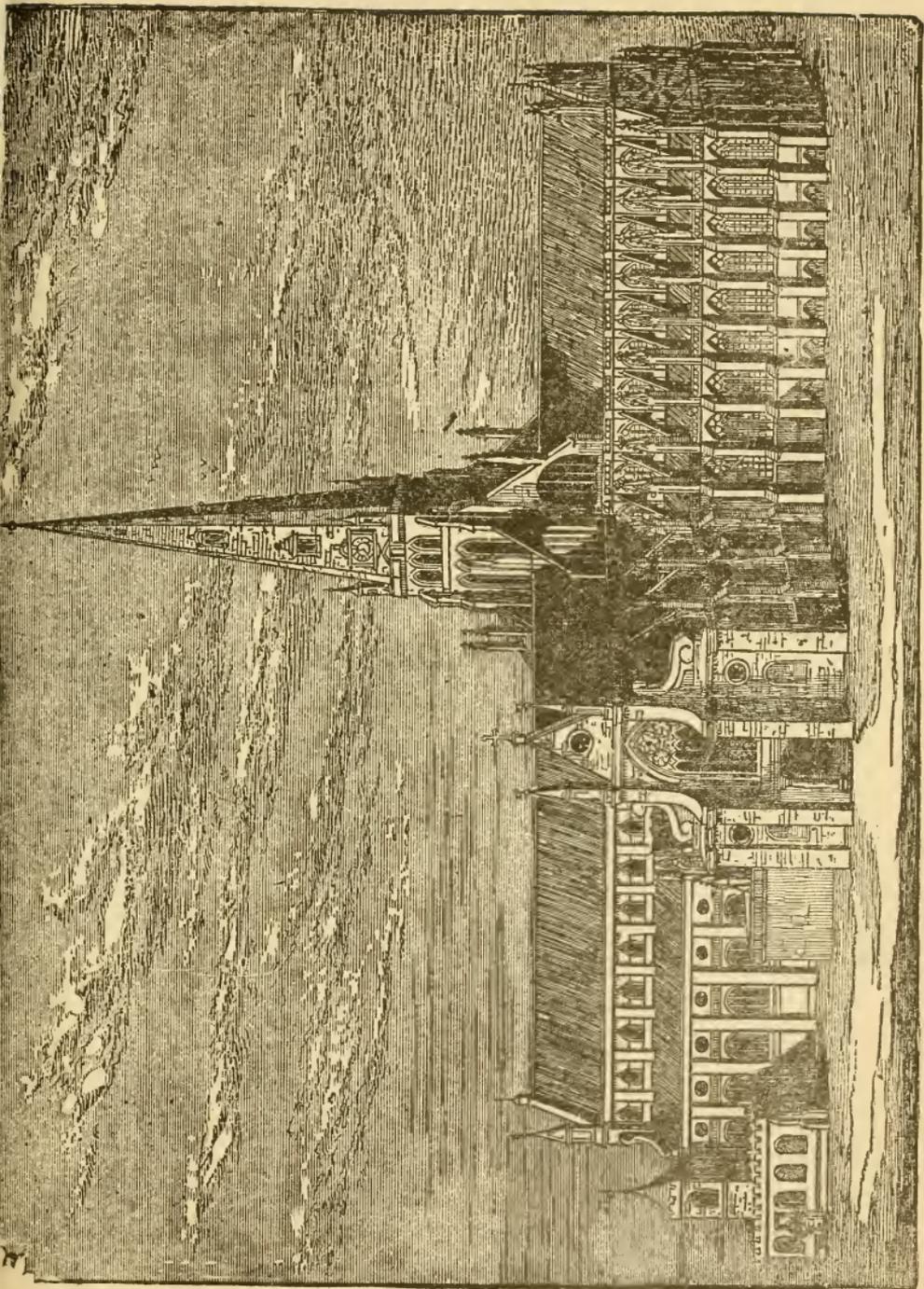
Some time after Mellitus, Saint Erkenwald had charge of the church, and was buried in it. He often preached to the woodmen in the forests that belted London, and on going forth one day, a wheel of his vehicle came off in a slough, stopping his farther progress. Those who were looking for him would have waited in vain had he been an ordinary man; but before and after his death he worked many miracles; and now

the one wheel left became invested with special powers of balancing, and it went on, with the smiling saint, as steadily as a bicycle. After his death there was a contest for his body between the monks of Chertsey and the clergy of St. Paul's. The latter took it from the convent at Barking ; but they were followed by the nuns and the monks, who prayed that the River Lea would prevent them from crossing with their sacred burden. The river rose in a flood, in response to these supplications ; and it seemed that St. Paul's would never enshrine its sainted bishop, for there was no boat and no bridge. A pious man exhorted the monks to peace, however, and begged them to leave the matter to Heaven. The clergy of the Cathedral then sang a litany, and the Lea at once subsided, allowing them to ford it, and to carry the remains to their sanctuary. From that time, it is said that the shrine of Erkenwald became a source of wealth and power to the Cathedral.

The Saxon kings were generous to St. Paul's, and William the Conqueror freed the church from all payments and services to the Crown. "I wish that this church may be free in all things," he said, "as I wish my soul to be on the Day of Judgment."

The original church was destroyed by fire in 1087, and was replaced by a more splendid building, with a vast crypt, in which the remains of Saint Erkenwald were enshrined. This was nearly entirely burned down in the reign of King Stephen, but it was gradually restored. Instead of a dome, it now had a spire five hundred and twenty feet high, which was partly destroyed by lightning in 1444. The Cathedral itself was again partly burned, but was once more rebuilt, in 1566.

For centuries, the Cathedral had prominence in nearly all the affairs of Church and State. In it King John admitted the supremacy of the Pope ; and it was the scene of one of



OLD ST. PAUL'S.

those great meetings of Prelates and Barons that led to King John's concession of Magna Charta. In it, also, John Wickliffe appeared, attended by John of Gaunt, to answer a charge of heresy ; and William Sawtre, the first English martyr, was stripped of his vestments before being sent to the stake at Smithfield. Folkmotes were held in the Churchyard, and more than one popular uprising had its centre there. On Shrove Tuesday, 1527, the Protestant Bible was publicly burned in St. Paul's by Cardinal Wolsey.

The mediæval church was of great magnificence, and in the interior was a vista of Gothic arches seven hundred feet long. The walls were adorned by pictures, shrines, and curiously wrought tabernacles. Gold and silver, rubies, emeralds, and pearls glittered in splendid profusion, and the high altar was loaded with gold and silver plate and illuminated missals.

The church was crowded with monuments and relics, among the last-named being the two arms of Milletus, — which, strangely enough, were of different sizes. But the chief ornament was the shrine of Erkenwald, upon which three goldsmiths had worked for a year ; and the very dust around it was said to work instantaneous cures. Attached to it was an oblation-box ; and so many pence were deposited in this receptacle that it produced an annual sum of about \$45,000 for the benefit of the Dean and Chapter. There were other things which drew forth the tribute of believers, — a knife said to have belonged to the Saviour ; milk from the Virgin ; the blood of Saint Paul ; the hand of Saint John ; the hair of Mary Magdalene ; and the skull of Thomas à Becket. The people were simple then, and their credulity exposed them to very transparent deceptions.

Early in the sixteenth century the Cathedral was used for secular purposes, and was, says Hare, an exchange rather than a church. Allusions to it occur in Shakespeare, and

some account of its condition has already been given by us in Chapter IV. The chantry and other chapels were used for stores and lumber — one as a school, and another as a glazier's workshop; some of the vaults were let out to a carpenter, others were used as wine-cellars; and the cloisters were rented to trunkmakers, whose "knocking and noyse" greatly disturbed the church service. Houses were built against the outer walls, in which closets and window-ways were made; one house was used as a theatre, and in another the owner baked his bread and pies in an oven excavated within a buttress. For a trifling fee, the bell-ringers allowed mischievous persons to ascend the tower and throw stones at the passengers beneath. The Cathedral was, indeed, what Barnum would call a "great consolidated show," and the scene was like that at a fair. Feats of tight-rope dancing were performed on the battlements of the Cathedral in the presence of Edward the Sixth; and Queen Mary, on the day of her coronation, was a spectator at the performance of a Dutchman who stood on the weather-cock of the steeple waving a streamer five yards long. "Cheats, gulls, assassins, and thieves thronged the middle aisle of St. Paul's," says Thornbury in "Old and New London;" "advertisements of all kinds covered the walls; the worst class of servants came there to be hired; worthless rascals and disreputable flaunting women met there by appointment. Parasites hunting for a dinner hung about a monument of the Beauchamps, foolishly believed to be the tomb of the good Duke Humphrey. Shakespeare makes Falstaff hire red-nosed Bardolph in St. Paul's, and Ben Jonson lays the third act of his 'Every Man in his Humor' in the middle aisle. Bishop Earle, in his 'Microcosmography,' describes the noise of the crowd of idlers in St. Paul's 'as that of bees, — a strange kind of hum, mixed by walking tongues and feet, — a kind of still roar or loud whisper.' He describes the crowd of young curates,

copper captains, thieves, and dinnerless adventurers and gossip-mongers."

The reputed tomb of Duke Humphrey was the haunt of needy men about town; and hence it became customary to say, when a man had gone without his dinner, that he had taken it with Duke Humphrey. "It was the fashion of the times," says an old writer, "for the principal gentry, lords, commons, and all professions, not merely mechanick, to meet in St. Paul's Church by eleven, and walk in the middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six, during which time some discoursed of business, others of newes."

Though the sacrilege was suppressed, the building remained in a ruinous state, and in 1620 an attempt was made to restore it under the direction of James the First; but little was done, and some stone which had been collected for the repairs was "borrowed" by the King's favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, who used it for his Strand palace, — a part of it being devoted to the water-gate, which may still be seen in the gardens of the Thames Embankment.

Under Charles the First more determined efforts were made to restore the building, especially by Archbishop Laud, and the King took an interest in the work, which was put into the hands of Inigo Jones. While it was progressing, however, a storm was brewing that soon "whistled off the King's unlucky head." A paper was found before the Archbishop's house: "Laud, look to thyself! Be assured that thy life is sought, as thou art the fountain of all wickedness." So the message read, and soon afterward the Puritans declared themselves. The money subscribed for the restoration of the Cathedral was seized; the scaffolding around the new tower was pulled to pieces in order to raise cash for the payment of a regiment; the copes of the clergy were burned to extract the gold, and the proceeds sent to the persecuted Protestant poor in Ireland; the silver vessels were sold to buy artillery

for Cromwell; the east end of the church was walled in for a Puritan lecturer; the graves were desecrated; the choir became a cavalry barracks; the portico was rented to hucksters, who lodged in the rooms above; and the pulpit was destroyed.

Not until Charles the Second mounted his father's throne did the great Cathedral receive any reverential care, and then steps were taken for a complete renovation of the building; but while the plans were as yet undecided, the Great Fire broke out and reduced St. Paul's to ashes. "It was astonishing," says Evelyn, "to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that the ornaments flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally melted."

Nearly eight years elapsed after the Fire before the ruins of the old Cathedral were cleared from the site. Parts of the walls were blown down with gunpowder, and some were levelled by a battering-ram; the stone being used to build parish churches and to pave neighboring streets. The work of reconstruction was given to the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and on June 21, 1675, the first stone of the new St. Paul's was laid.

The building was completed in thirty-five years, and it is this which we see to-day,—the third Cathedral which has occupied the site; the first having been that erected by Ethelbert, and the second that which was erected after the fire of 1087. The opening services (1697) were of thanksgiving for the Peace of Ryswick, which seated William firmly on the English throne; and the text of the sermon was, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Ever since then, daily services have been held in the church.

The cost of the building was nearly four million dollars, and it was paid by a tax on every chaldron of coal brought into

London, so that it has been said that the smoky appearance of the exterior is fully justified. The lower part of the exterior is of the Corinthian style of architecture, while the upper is composite. "The interior," says Hare, in his valuable handbook, "is not without a grandeur of its own; but in detail it is bare, cold, and uninteresting, though Wren intended to have lined the dome with mosaics, and to have placed a grand baldacchino in the choir. Though a comparison with St. Peter's inevitably forces itself upon those who are familiar with the great Roman basilica, there can scarcely be a greater contrast than between the two buildings. There, all is blazing with precious marbles; here, there is no color except from the poor glass of the eastern windows, or where a tattered banner waves above a hero's monument. In the blue depths of the misty dome the London fog loves to linger, and hides the remains of some feeble frescos by Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law."

It must be admitted, indeed, that while the proportions of the Cathedral are magnificent, it does not gratify the eye by the formal classicism of its architecture, as would the fretted and enriched Gothic style. Had Wren's plans been adhered to, the interior decorations would have been of rich mosaic; but he was interfered with, and inside the Cathedral, as outside, the effect is chilly, and uninspiring to the imagination.

When eighty-six years old, Wren was dismissed without apology from his post of Surveyor of Public Works, and the German Court, hostile to all who had served under the Stuarts, gave his place to a charlatan named Benson. Once a year, however, the great architect was carried from his house at Hampton Court to St. Paul's, that he might contemplate the chief work of his genius. His was the first grave dug in the new St. Paul's, and it lies in the place of honor in the extreme east of the crypt, bearing on it the

words : "Reader, if thou wouldst search for his monument, look around."

The clergy of St. Paul's were for a long time unwilling to allow the erection of monuments in the Cathedral ; but their opposition was at last overcome. The earliest statue admitted was that of Howard, the prison philanthropist, and the second that of Dr. Johnson, who was buried at Westminster. The next monument erected was that by Flaxman of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the fourth was of Sir William Jones, who opened "the poetry and wisdom of our Indian empire to wondering Europe." Henceforward the Cathedral was set apart for memorials of naval and military heroes (with a few exceptions, including J. M. W. Turner, the celebrated landscape-painter) ; and in it we find monuments to Admiral Rodney, Admiral Lord Lyons, Lord Nelson, Lord Collingwood, Admiral Earl Howe, Admiral Charles Napier, Captain Robert Morse, Captain Edmond Riou, General Charles Napier, the Earl of St. Vincent, and the Duke of Wellington.

The remains of Nelson are deposited under an altar-tomb in the middle of the crypt. The sarcophagus was made by order of Cardinal Wolsey, and from the time of that prelate until the death of the famous Admiral it had been left unused in the tomb-house adjoining St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The coffin was made from part of the mainmast of the ship "L'Orient," which was blown up at the Battle of the Nile. Nelson's flag was to have been placed with it ; but just as the coffin was about to be lowered, the sailors rent the flag into pieces, and each kept a fragment.

In a huge sarcophagus resting on lions are the remains of the Duke of Wellington, who was buried in presence of fifteen thousand spectators ; and near by is the funeral car, which was built, at a cost of \$65,000, from guns taken in his different campaigns.



ST. PAUL'S, FROM THE RIVER.

A few words may be added about the dimensions of the Cathedral. It is 2,292 feet in circumference, and the height from the pavement of the nave to the top of the cross on the dome is 365 feet. The length from east to west is 500 feet, and from north to south 250 feet. The diameter of the dome is 100 feet, and its length from the ground line is 215 feet. Around the interior of the dome, at its base, is a whispering gallery, in which words spoken in the lowest tone of voice may be heard from one side to the other with the greatest distinctness ; and on the same level is the clock, with a pendulum sixteen feet long. Above the whispering gallery is the stone gallery, and higher still the golden gallery, to both of which visitors are admitted. The highest accessible point is the hollow ball, which is surmounted by the cross. This is reached by 616 steps ; and when the air is clear the view of the city from it is very impressive.

Westminster Abbey is not as harmonious a whole as St. Paul's ; the latter, as we have seen, was built from the plans of one man, and represents one period : it is, comparatively speaking, a modern edifice, all vestiges of the original building, except a few monuments, having been destroyed in repeated fires. But the Abbey has been increased and renovated at different times under the influence of different ideas. One side of its exterior is nearly hidden ; and though the other side has a more advantageous point of view than any part of St. Paul's, yet it is in the interior that the full beauty of the Abbey is revealed. No other sensation in the round of travel can be compared, we think, to the thrill which a person of English birth or of English descent must feel when he reverentially stands in the soft twilight under the Gothic arches.

Here nine centuries of English history are enshrined, and the roof covers more immortal dust than any other in the

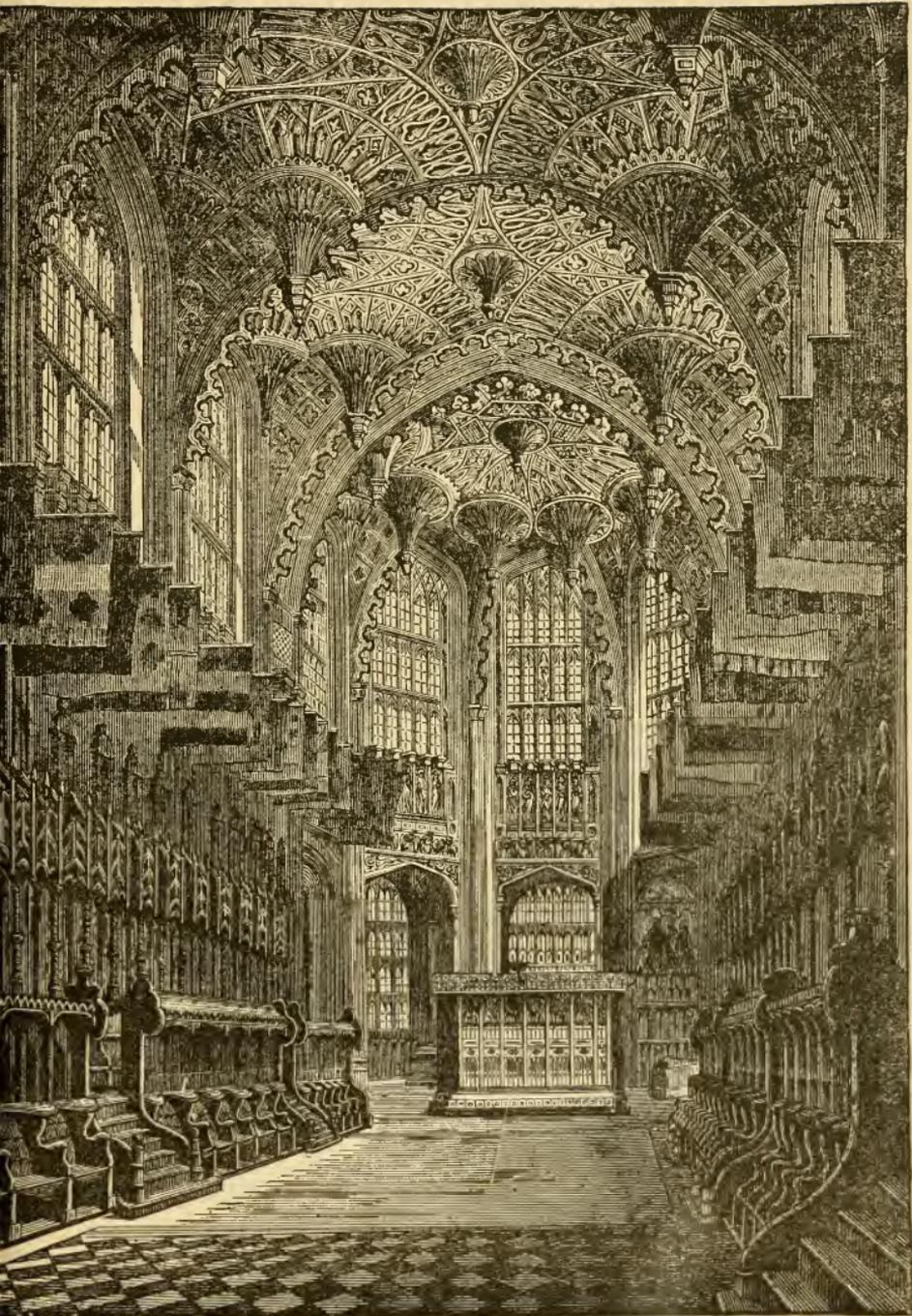
whole world. Here, as Archdeacon (late Canon) Farrar says, "the Puritan divines thundered against the errors of Rome ; here the Romish preachers anathematized the apostasies of Luther. These walls have heard the voice of Cranmer as he preached before the Boy-King on whom he rested the hopes of the Reformation, and the voice of Feckenham as he preached before Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor. They have heard South shooting the envenomed arrows of his wit against the Independents, and Baxter pleading the cause of toleration. They have heard Bishop Bonner chanting the Mass in his mitre, and Stephen Marshall preaching at the funeral of Pym. Here Romish bishop and Protestant dean, who cursed each other when living, lie side by side in death ; and Queen Elizabeth, who burned Papists, and Queen Mary, who burned Protestants, share one quiet grave, as they once bore the same uneasy crown."

Hung from the walls and pillars there are cards bearing quotations from what celebrated people have said of the Abbey ; and the greater the speaker or writer, the greater is the appreciation shown of the deep and varied suggestiveness of the great sanctuary.

Wordsworth has written :

"They dreamed not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here,
And through the aisles of Westminster to roam,
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold."

"On entering," says Irving, "the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We



CHAPEL OF HENRY VII'S, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and earth with their renown."

Addison says, in a beautiful essay: "When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every notion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by the side of those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, — I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that Great Day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

"The moment I entered Westminster Abbey," Edmund Burke declared, "I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred."

Tickell the poet wrote:

" Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone.
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empires held;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;

Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven."

Referring to the fact that the coronation of the monarchs of England takes place in the Abbey, Jeremy Taylor said: "A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. . . . Where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colors of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that, when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains or our crowns shall be less."

But more quotable than the rest is Washington Irving, from whose essay we will make one more extract: "I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with rare illustrious names, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates with croziers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so

strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city where every being has been suddenly transmuted into stone."

Opinion may be divided as to the taste of some of the monuments or the worthiness of the persons commemorated; but the whole effect of the innumerable tombs, which are nearly all associated with some form of distinction, and enshrine, as we have said, nine centuries of English history, must stir even the dullest mind, and produce a vibration even in the least impressionable of temperaments.

When the first church was built, the site was almost insulated by the Thames and a little stream, the Eye (now a sewer), which gave its name to Tyburn: it was called Thorney Island, or the Isle of Thorns. The builder was Sebert, King of the East Saxons, who died in 616, after having been baptized by Milletus, the Bishop of St. Paul's. According to a legend, Edric, a fisherman, was watching his nets on the shore of the island on the Sunday night preceding the day on which Milletus was to consecrate the church. While thus engaged he saw a light on the opposite shore, and on approaching it, found an old man who desired to be ferried across the stream. Arriving at the island, the mysterious stranger landed, and proceeded to the church, calling up on his way, by two blows of his staff, two springs of water, which still exist. Then a host of angels miraculously appeared, and held candles, which lighted him as he went through all the usual forms of a church consecration, while throughout the service other angels were seen ascending and descending over the church, as in Jacob's vision. When the old man returned to the boat, he bade Edric tell Mellitus that the church was already consecrated by Saint Peter, who held the keys of heaven, and promised that a plentiful supply of fish would never fail him as a fisherman if he ceased to work on a Sun-

day, and did not forget to bear to the church a tithe of that which he caught.

On the following day, when Mellitus came to consecrate the church, Edric presented himself and told his story, showing, in proof of it, the marks of consecration in the traces of the chrism, the crosses on the doors, and the droppings of the angelic candles. The Bishop acknowledged that his work had been already done by saintly hands, and changed the name of the place from Thorney to Westminster (minster west of St. Paul's, which was once known as East minster) ; and in remembrance of the story of Edric a tithe of fish was paid by the Thames fishermen to the Abbey, till 1382, the bearer having a right to sit that day at the prior's table, and to ask for bread and ale from the cellarman.

Sebert's church, though not completed for three hundred and sixty-one years, was in a decayed condition when Edward the Confessor erected in its place a church and abbey much finer than any that had yet been in England, and gave to it a golden crown and sceptre to be used on the day of the sovereign's coronation, — a ceremony which, from the time of Edward the First to that of Queen Victoria has always taken place here. The church was dedicated on Dec. 28, 1065, and the Confessor, who died eight days afterward, was buried in front of the high altar at his own request. Nothing of this building now remains except the Chapel of the Pyx, the lower part of the Refectory underlying the Westminster schoolroom, part of the Dormitory, and the whole of the lower walls of the South cloister ; but the Bayeux tapestry still shows us in outline the church of the Confessor as it was when in its glory.

The church was rebuilt by Henry the Third, and by him the tomb of the Confessor was removed to its present shrine in 1269. The parts of the present building built by him are the Confessor's chapel, the side aisles and their chapels, and



WESTMINSTER PALACE.

the choir and transepts. The work of Henry was continued by his son, Edward the First, who built the eastern portion of the nave ; and it was carried on by different abbots till the great west window was erected by Abbot Estney in 1498. Meantime Abbot Littlington, in 1380, had added the College Hall, the Abbot's House, Jerusalem Chamber, and part of the cloisters. In 1502 Henry the Seventh pulled down the Lady Chapel, and built his beautiful perpendicular chapel instead. The western towers were completed, in 1714, by Sir Christopher Wren, under whose direction the exterior was altered in some of its details. But the outward aspect of the Abbey is much as it was in the time of Henry the Seventh.

The general plan of the church is cruciform, and it contains twelve chapels. For centuries it has been a custom to erect some memorial to great Englishmen here, even when their remains have been buried elsewhere ; and the roof covers hundreds of monuments, some merely life-sized busts, and others elaborate sculptured allegories. Archdeacon Farrar says that all these allegorical designs seem to him to be smitten with the fatal blight of unreality. " It is obvious that the sculptors and designers were chiefly occupied with a sense of their own ingenuity, instead of being inspired by the grandeur of their subjects. Yet we should always bear in mind that even the worst monument in the Abbey has its historical significance. Its allegories, its ugliness, its obtrusiveness, are like tide-marks which indicate the height or the depth to which the taste of the age had risen or sunk.

" How deep, for instance, is the significance of the fact that as age after age advances, the tombs seem to grow more and more worldly, less and less religious. They seem more and more to thrust on our notice the pomposities of life, and less and less the awful stillness and humiliation of death. The tombs of the Plantagenet kings and crusaders represent them lying in death with the hands clasped in prayer across

the breast. But as time advances, the effigies gradually rise to their knees, then to their feet. Then they deal in stately or impassioned gesticulation, like Pitt and Chatham. At last they seem to have lost the last touch of awful reverence, and, like Wilberforce, with a broad smile upon their lips, they loll in marble upon their easy chairs."

The number of monuments in the Abbey is bewildering; and they are so crowded together that they prevent a comprehensive view of the building, and divert the eye from its splendid proportions to their own details. The nave, choir, and transepts are open, and not greatly encumbered; but the entire eastern end of the Abbey is walled and subdivided into small chapels, rich in architecture, and incomparable in historic interest.

Nothing is more impossible than an attempt to see this great sanctuary in one visit, which can only lead to perplexity and misunderstandings. One day at least should be given to a general survey of the building, and several days may be profitably devoted to the various monuments; but a full appreciation of the Abbey requires many unhurried visits. It is in sitting down alone, or in quietly passing from tomb to tomb and monument to monument, with a mind refreshed by historic readings, that one grows attached to the place, perceives its beauties, and feels its meaning. "Three visits may enable one to *see* Westminster Abbey," says Hare; "but it requires many more than three visits to *know* it."

The ground of the chapels is mixed with little else than royal dust. Between the chapel of St. Benedict and that of St. Edmund is the tomb of four of the children of Henry the Third. In St. Edmund's chapel itself is the tomb or memorial of Eleanor de Bohun, Duchess of Gloucester, wife of Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward the Third; of William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, half brother of Henry the Third; of Lord Lytton, the novelist; of Lady

Jane Seymour ; of William of Windsor, and of Blanche of the Tower, the infant children of Edward the Third ; of John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall, second son of Edward the Third ; and of Frances Grey, Duchess of Suffolk, niece of Henry the Eighth, at whose funeral the Protestant service was first used, after the accession of Queen Elizabeth. The chapel of St. Nicholas is filled with Elizabethan tombs, and is the especial burial-place of the Percys. In the centre is the tomb of Sir George Villiers and his wife, parents of the first Duke of Buckingham ; and close beside this lies the body of Queen Katharine of Valois, the spouse of Henry the Fifth, who is said to have been received in England "as an angel of God," though her life afterward was obscure and unhappy. The ambulatory opposite this chapel is bordered by the tomb of Edward the Third and the chantry of Henry the Fifth. St. Paul's chapel contains the tomb of Sir Thomas Bromley, Queen Elizabeth's chancellor, and of Lord Bouchier, standard-bearer to Henry the Fifth at Agincourt ; in contrast to the mediæval beauty of which is a modern statue of James Watt. The chapel of St. John the Baptist, which has a groined roof, a colored end-wall, and a sculptured arcade, contains the altar-tomb of William of Colchester, and the effigy is adorned with gold bracelets, precious stones, and a mitre covered with large pearls.

From this point we can see the north transept and the north aisles of the choir and nave, and the twilight is pierced by the splendors of many lancet-windows. In the chapel of Abbot Islip is an effigy of that dignitary in his winding-sheet, and in the same neighborhood are several elaborate tombs. In a gallery over the chapel there is a curious collection of waxwork.

For many centuries it was the custom at state funerals to expose to view in the procession a wax effigy of the deceased clad in the garments worn by him during life. When the

coffin had been deposited in the vault, the effigy was placed either over the tomb as a temporary substitute for the stone monument, or in some other convenient spot.

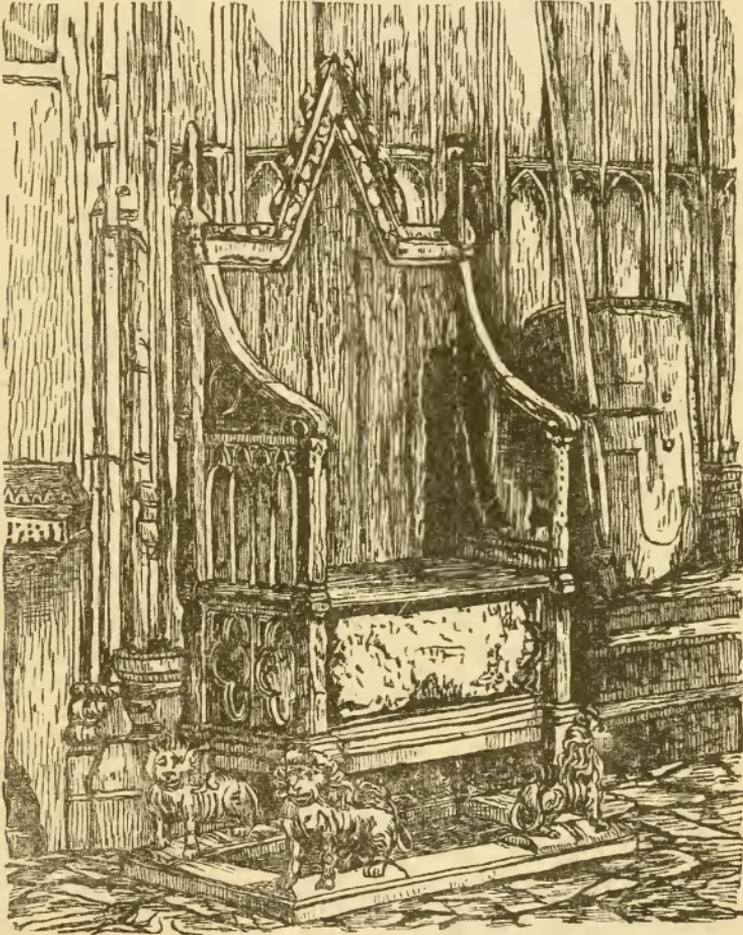
Several of these effigies are preserved in the chamber over Abbot Islip's chapel. One is of Queen Elizabeth, with pale, hawk-like features. She is attired in an extravagantly long-waisted dress, and springing from the bodice is a pair of immense paniers supporting a velvet robe covered with gold embroidery and trimmed with minever; around the neck is a spreading ruff stiffened with wire, and from this the long straight, stiff bodice descends, made stiffer and heavier by a mass of rich silver embroidery. A wax effigy of Charles the Second greatly resembles the portrait of that monarch by Lely. It is clad in red and blue velvet, much faded, and on the head is a feathered hat.

The chamber also contains effigies of William and Mary, Queen Anne, a Duchess of Richmond, a Duke of Buckingham, Lord Chatham, and Lord Nelson. The custom, which was vulgarly called "The Play of the Dead Volks," was not discontinued until 1839.

Near the chapel of Islip is the beautiful chantry of Henry the Fifth and the tomb of Philippa of Hainault, Queen of Edward the Third; Edward himself is also buried here under a sculptured mass of stone and metal, with "the monumental sword that conquered France" by his side.

We have yet to speak of the two principal chapels. Henry the Seventh's chapel has been the burial-place of nearly all the sovereigns, from him whose name it bears, to George the Second. It is declared to be the first example of the perpendicular style of architecture in England, and an enthusiast has called it the "miracle of the world." "The very walls," says Irving, "are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches crowded with statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems by the cunning labor of the

chisel to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb." The brass gates are adorned with all the badges of the



THE CORONATION-CHAIR.

founder : the fleur-de-lis, the portcullis and crown, the united roses of York and Lancaster, and the three lions of England. This chapel contains no less than seventy-three statues, and in every direction the ornamentation is profuse.

The tomb of the King and his Queen, Elizabeth of York, by whose marriage the long-continued feud between the Houses of York and Lancaster was ended, is chiefly of black marble surrounded by pilasters, statuettes, and alto-relievos of gilt copper. In the same vault rests the body of James the First; and close by it is the tomb of the learned boy-king, Edward the Sixth, who died when only fifteen years old. The stalls of the Knights of the Bath are around the chapel, and in the centre is the vault wherein George the Second and Queen Caroline are buried, side by side with the Princess of Wales, two Dukes of Cumberland, the Duke of York, Prince Frederick William, and the Princesses Amelia, Caroline, Elizabeth, Louisa, and Anne. Here also is the tomb of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, of Edward the Fifth and his brother (the two princes murdered in the Tower by order of Richard the Third), of Charles the Second, of Mary Queen of Scots, of William and Mary, of Queen Anne, and of many other royal persons of less note. Inappropriately placed among these is the tomb of Joseph Addison, the poet and essayist.

No words can give an idea of the luxuriance of the sculpture. The walls and the roof are embossed with carvings in stone, — knots of flowers, pendants, and armorial bearings; and over all these the jewelled windows throw their rainbow hues.

Oliver Cromwell and his lieutenants were once buried among the kings whose successor they had usurped; but at the Restoration their bodies were exhumed and their places taken by some of the illegitimate children of the dissolute Charles the Second.

When Edward the Confessor was buried he had his crown upon his head, his pilgrim's ring upon his finger, and a gold chain and crucifix around his neck. The body was seen with these accoutrements by Henry the First and Henry the Second; and they were not removed until the coronation of

James the Second, when they were presented to that King. One end of the shrine was for some time left open, so that sick persons might creep through to benefit by touching the coffin ; but the body is now shut within a shrine of marble and mosaic. By the side of Edward lies his wife Edith, the sister of Harold, and near the steps by which his shrine is reached is the tomb of Henry the Third ; while close by is the tomb of Edward the First and of Eleanor his wife, mother of Edward the Second.

The next tombs are those of Edward the Third and Richard the Second ; and at the eastern end of the Confessor's Chapel is the splendid tomb of Henry the Fifth, shaped to resemble the first letter of his name, and adorned to represent the glories of Westminster in the persons of its two founders, and the glories of the two kingdoms which the victor of Agincourt had united, — England and France. Among the heraldic emblems on the tomb is the flaming beacon which he took for a badge, “showing,” says an old writer, “that he had shaken off his evil counsellors, and being now on his high imperial throne, that his virtues should shine as the light of a cresset, which is no ordinary light.”

Over the tomb were hung his shield, his helmet, and his saddle. “The shield has lost its splendor, but is still there,” says Dean Stanley. “The saddle is that on which he

‘Vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To witch the world with noble horsemanship.’

The helmet, — which from its elevated position has almost become a part of the architectural outline of the Abbey, and on which many a Westminster boy has wonderingly gazed from his place in the choir — is in all probability ‘that very casque that did affright the air at Agincourt,’ which twice saved his life on that eventful day — still showing in its dints the marks of the ponderous sword of the Duke of Alençon —

'the bruised helmet,' which he refused to have borne in state before him on his triumphal entry into London, 'for that he would have the praise chiefly given to God.'"

In front of the screen, facing the foot of St. Edward's shrine, stand the coronation chairs, which at coronations are moved to the middle of the chancel. One of them, scratched and battered by irreverent visitors, is the chair decorated for Edward the First. In it was enclosed by Edward the Third (1328) the famous prophetic or fatal stone of Scone, on which the Scottish kings were crowned, and with which the destinies of the Scottish rule were believed to be inwoven. The legend of the stone relates that it was the pillow on which the Patriarch Jacob slept at Bethel when he saw the vision of the ladder reaching to heaven.

The stone was brought to England by Edward the First, and is inserted beneath the seat of the chair, with an iron handle on either side, so that it may be lifted up. The chair is of oak, and was once entirely covered with gilding and painting, now worn away with time and injured by the nails which have been driven in when it has been covered with cloth of gold at the coronations. In this chair all the kings of England since the time of Edward the First have been crowned, and even Cromwell was installed in it as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall, on the one occasion on which it was carried out of the church.

The second chair was made for the coronation of Mary the Second, and has been used ever since for the royal consort.

In describing the chapels, we have only mentioned the most prominent monuments, and the limits of our space compel us to pass by without even a word all except the most notable memorials in the other parts of the Abbey, though at every step we are reminded of the heroes of great wars, of the explorers of untrodden lands, of the discoverers of natural laws, of poets, philanthropists, and divines, of the men who

have carved their names on the tablets of English history, and worn the laurel of fame on their brows. In the south transept is Poet's Corner, which is as rich in its tombs and monuments of authors as Henry the Seventh's chapel is of kings. Here is the tomb of Chaucer, of Cowley, and of Spenser among the earlier ones, while conspicuous among the tombs of our own times is the brass-lettered stone which lies over the resting-place of Charles Dickens. In Poet's Corner also are monuments to Dryden, Drayton, Milton, Butler, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Gray, Shadwell, Thomson, Goldsmith, and Thackeray. It has been truly said that the "visitors linger about these memorials as about the tombs of friends. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and heroic." Henry the Fifth and Henry the Seventh, magnificent as their shrines are, do not reach the heart; but the author of "Paradise Lost" and the author of the "Elegy" might have been friends who died yesterday, they seem so intimate.

In the south transept is the grave of Richard Cumberland, of Sheridan, of Dr. Johnson, and of David Garrick; while elsewhere in the building are the tombs or monuments (among others of equal or greater interest) of William Congreve, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, Mrs. Siddons, Lord Macaulay, Warren Hastings, William Pitt, Charles James Fox, George Canning, William Wilberforce, George Frederick Handel, General Wolfe, Sir Humphry Davy, Sir John Franklin, Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, and Richard Cobden.

At the left of the gates entering into the chapels is the tomb of King Sebert, who built the earliest church on the site of the Abbey.

The actual traces which have been left by the American Revolutionary War on the walls of the Abbey are few. Says

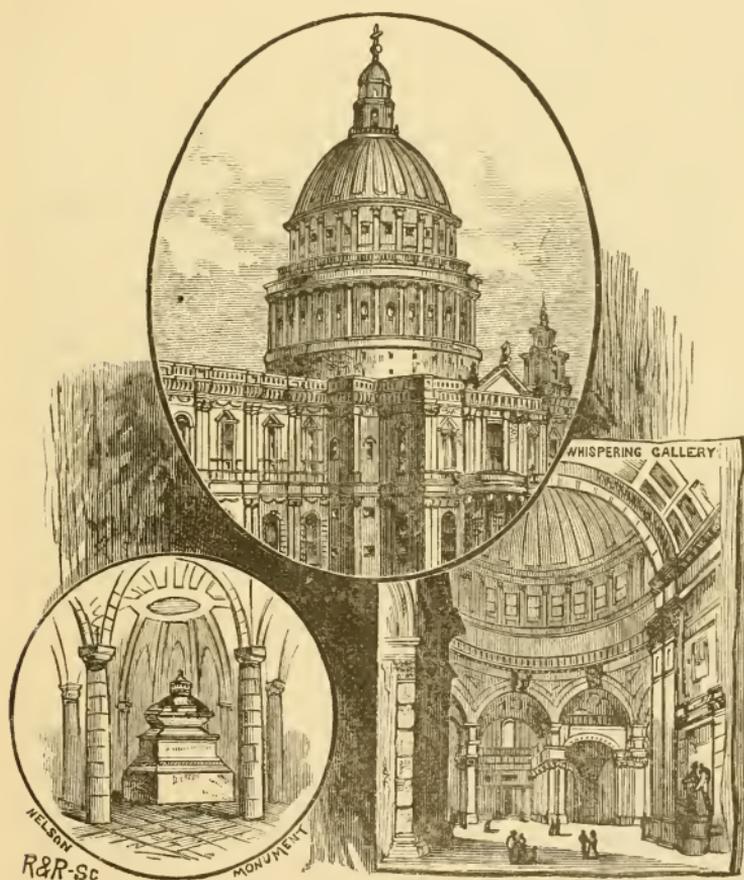
Archdeacon Farrar : " Burgoyne, whose surrender at Saratoga lost America to England, lies buried, not in the Abbey, but in the north cloister, without a monument. A small tablet in the southern aisle records the shipwreck and death of William Wragg, who, as his epitaph tells us, alone remained faithful to his country and loyal to his King, and was consequently obliged to escape from Carolina.

"The most marked trace of the war is to be seen in the monument of Major André ; and the fact that in 1812 André's body was sent back to England by the Americans, with every mark of courtesy and respect, shows how rapidly all traces of exasperation were obliterated between brother nations. There are several other objects which will remind Americans of their country. One is the beautiful window in honor of Herbert and Cowper at the western end of the nave, in the old baptistery, which was the munificent gift of an American citizen. The other is some faint adumbration of Boston Harbor, which may be seen at the opposite end of the Abbey, the east end of Henry the Seventh's chapel, at the corner of the memorial window raised by the late Dean to the memory of his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley. A third is the tomb in the nave which was raised to Viscount Howe by the Province of Massachusetts. The genius of Massachusetts is represented weeping over the monument. Ticonderoga appears on the monument of Colonel Townsend.

"The touching bas-relief to André represents on one side a British officer who is carrying a flag of truce and a letter to the tent of General Washington, with the entreaty of André that, as a soldier, he might be shot and not hung. One of the American officers is weeping. The request was refused ; but as it would have been too painful to represent André's death on the gibbet, the sculptor has represented his youthful and handsome figure standing at the right of the bas-relief before a platoon of soldiers, as though his petition had in

reality been granted. The sculptor Van Gelder has been very successful; but the heads of Washington and André have several times been knocked off and stolen by base and sacrilegious hands."

Here we must close. Macaulay has called the Abbey "the temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried;" and we can think of no more fitting words than his.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

WESTMINSTER.

“ BUT that which makes her name through earth to ring
She is the chamber of our gracious King,
The place in which the Parliament doeth sit
For to determine things most requisite.”

Old Ballad.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

ANY one who knows the history of the British constitution, and how jealously it is guarded ; how flexible and yet consistent it is ; how effectually it secures the liberty and dignity of the subject ; how precious it is to all classes ; and the long years of political strife of which it is the fruition,—must feel a thrill as, coming down through Whitehall from that busy centre of London, Charing Cross, he stands for the first time before the Houses of Parliament.

The buildings themselves are of great beauty and size, covering nearly eight acres. They are in the Tudor-Gothic style, and their outlines are so broken and relieved by towers, spires, buttresses, and fretted masonry, that they have no appearance of cumbrousness. Abutting on them is the famous Abbey ; before them is Westminster Hall ; and at the northern end is the great Clock Tower, in which the hours are struck on a bell that can be heard eight miles away. But it is not the buildings that appeal to our veneration. It is the principles and the history with which they are associated. They bring to mind and seem to embody the long chain of events by which the character of the government has been formed, and by which the supremacy of the Crown has been adjusted to permit the sovereignty of the people.

They cover the site of the palace which the ancient sovereigns of England occupied from early Anglo-Saxon times till Henry the Eighth took up his abode at Whitehall. The original palace, in which King Canute lived, is said to have been

burned to the ground some thirty years before the Conquest ; but it was rebuilt by Edward the Confessor, and in it he entertained his destined successor, the Duke of Normandy, who was to become known in England as William the Conqueror. Edward died in it, and William added to it ; for it is not to be doubted, says Stow, " that he found it farre inferiour to the building of princely palaces in France." King William Rufus also enlarged it by adding a great hall to it, and declared that this would be only a bed-chamber compared with a hall which he would build later. But notwithstanding his boast, the palace was soon afterward allowed to fall into decay, and early in the reign of Henry the Second it was almost a ruin.

It was then restored by Thomas à Becket. King Stephen had some years before built a magnificent chapel in connection with the palace, and dedicated it to the martyr whose name he bore. The chapel was rebuilt by Edward the First, and again, after it had been burned, by Edward the Second and Edward the Third. Henry the Eighth added to the palace and chapel the Star Chamber,—so called from the use of gilt stars in the decoration of the ceiling ; but in his reign the palace itself was partly destroyed by fire, and it was abandoned as a royal residence. In the reign of Edward the Sixth the chapel was fitted up for the use of the House of Commons ; and that branch of the legislature sat here from 1547 to 1834, while the House of Lords occupied an adjoining building, which was destroyed in the fire of 1834 with all that remained of the ancient palace, the Star Chamber, and the chapel, except the crypt of the latter and the great Hall built by William Rufus and restored by Richard the Second.

The great Hall now forms one of the entrances to the new Houses of Parliament, and it is much as it was when Richard restored it, and the poet Chaucer was clerk of the palace works.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

W. E. GLADSTONE.



Much of the ecclesiastical history of England may be gathered from the annals of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey; much of the social history from study of the parks and streets; and all researches into the political history of the kingdom must lead the seeker after knowledge into Westminster Hall. In the yard in front of the Hall Perkin Warbeck was imprisoned in the stocks for a day, and Thomas Lovelace had his ears cut off by order of the Star Chamber,—that terrible court, in which justice was violated and mercy was unknown. Here offenders were exposed in the pillory to the gibes of the crowd, and the branding-irons were pressed against their twitching faces. The Hall itself has been the scene of more tragedies than any other building in England except the Tower of London. Under its roof Sir William Wallace was condemned to death in 1305, and Sir John Oldcastle in 1417; Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, in 1522; Sir Thomas More in 1535, and in the same year Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; Protector Somerset in 1551; Sir Thomas Wyatt in 1554; the Duke of Norfolk in 1571; the Earl of Arundel in 1589; the Earl of Essex in 1600; the Gunpowder Plot conspirators in 1606; the Duke and Duchess of Somerset for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in 1616; and the Earl of Strafford in 1640.

In Westminster Hall, also, Charles the First was arraigned: "During the reading of the charge the King," says an old history of the trial, "sat entirely unmoved in his chair, looking sometimes to the Court and sometimes to the galleries. Occasionally he rose up and turned about, to behold the guards and spectators, and then sat down again; but with a majestic composed countenance, unruffled by the slightest emotion, till the clerk came to the words: *Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer.* At which the King laughed, as he sat, in the face of the Court. The silver head of his staff happened to fall off, at which he appeared surprised. Herbert,

who stood near him, offered to pick it up ; but Charles, seeing he could not reach it, stooped for it himself. When the words were read stating the charge to be exhibited 'on behalf of the people of England,' a voice in a loud tone called out, 'No, nor the half of the people ; it is false ! Where are they or their consents ? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor !' This occasioned a confusion in the Court ; Colonel Axtell even commanded the soldiers to fire into the box from which the voice proceeded. But it was soon discovered that these words, as well as a former exclamation on the calling of Fairfax's name, were uttered by Lady Fairfax, the general's wife, who was immediately compelled by the guard to withdraw."

Cromwell was inaugurated at Westminster Hall in 1657 ; but afterward, when Charles the Second was restored to the throne, that king set the heads of the Lord Protector, Bradshaw, and Ireton on the roof of this building, in which, through their instrumentality, his father had been condemned to death.

A writer in the London "Times" of Dec. 31, 1874, stated that the head of Cromwell was then in existence and in the possession of a gentleman at Sevenoaks, Kent. According to his account it was not blown down for twenty-five years, when one stormy night it fell to the ground and was picked up by the sentry, who took it home and secreted it in the chimney-corner. On his deathbed the sentry revealed his ghastly possession to the members of his family, and they sold it. It afterward passed through the hands of several curiosity-hunters, who bought it for public exhibition ; and eventually it became the property of the present owner.

The last great trial in the Hall was that of Warren Hastings, which lasted seven years. Westminster Hall has other associations than its trials, however. In it Henry the Third saw the Archbishop and Bishops hurl their lighted torches upon the ground, and call down anathemas upon those who should

break the charter he had sworn to observe. Here Edward the Third received the Black Prince when the latter returned to England with King John of France as a prisoner after the Battle of Poitiers. Hither came the English Barons with the Duke of Gloucester to denounce Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland, to Richard the Second; and here, when



OLD WESTMINSTER HALL.

Richard abdicated, Henry Bolingbroke claimed the realm of England as descended by right line of blood from Henry the Third.

Westminster Hall was the scene of all the Coronation banquets from the time of William Rufus to that of George the Fourth. On these occasions the gates were suddenly flung open, and, amid a blare of trumpets, the Royal Champion rode into the Hall in full armor. Hurling his mailed gaunt-

let upon the ground, he defied to single combat any person who should gainsay the rights of the sovereign. This challenge having been thrice repeated as the Champion advanced up the Hall, the Sovereign pledged him in a silver cup, which was afterward presented to him.

Adjoining the Hall until recently were the principal Law Courts; but all these are now established in the new Palace of Justice, near the site of Temple Bar. South of the Hall is Old Palace Yard, in which Sir Walter Raleigh and Guy Fawkes, with his fellow conspirators, were executed. In houses fronting the Yard, Chaucer lived and Ben Jonson died.

Let us now look at the Houses of Parliament, which are in the new palace,—the splendid Gothic building which was begun in 1840 and completed in 1859. The main public entrance, as we have said, is through Westminster Hall.

Though in spirit and intention the House of Commons is modern, it holds to many ancient and inconvenient customs in transacting its business, and to an American some of the formalities are likely to be amusing when the awe of his first impression has worn off. The incongruity of these hereditary observances becomes all the more striking as it is mixed with an occasional levity of behavior and a boyishness of antics among the members which probably would not be tolerated by any other legislative body in the world. But the Commons have many privileges. The public cannot demand a place in their assemblies; and though a spectator may be admitted by courtesy, he can be expelled at any moment by the vote of the House.

The House is chary of its favors, and the space for visitors is small, admission to it being obtained either through a Member of Parliament, or the ambassadors of foreign courts. Having secured the much-coveted pass, we cross the Palace Yard and enter Westminster Hall, at the end of which we enter a corridor decorated with large frescos, and at

a glass door a policeman accosts us, to inquire whether we have a pass to the gallery. This is the end of the tether as far as the unfavored public is concerned ; but our pass admits us through the door into a lofty rotunda, where, if any gratification is to be had from the experience, we may mingle with the chosen representatives of the English people.

Our pass is again scrutinized by an officious door-keeper sitting in a wicker chair, who has held his position so long, and has been so humored by the members, that he carries himself with greater self-exaltation than any of them. By him the pass is sent to the Sergeant-at-Arms, who countersigns it ; and when we have presented it to another door-keeper, we are shown into a narrow, winding, prison-like stairway, with stone steps and walls, at the head of which we come into the Gallery of the House itself.

The building is not as well lighted, nor as well ventilated, nor as large, nor as well adapted to its purpose, as are the Chambers of Congress at Washington ; but the effect upon the visitor is more impressive. The light becomes mellow in pouring through the Gothic windows and their colored borders, in which the motto is repeated, *Dieu et mon Droit*. The upholstery is of a dark material, and the ceiling, all the woodwork, and the walls, are dark also, as in a very old church. The building, in form and atmosphere, indeed, is strongly ecclesiastical. It is nearly square. All the floor is reserved for the officers of the House and the members, who sit on long cushioned benches, that extend parallel along the hall, and are divided by a wide aisle which is known as the gangway. At the head of the gangway is the Speaker's chair ; and the benches on the right-hand side are occupied by the Governing party, while those on the left are filled by the members of the Opposition. The benches below the gangway are in possession of the independent members, who give allegiance neither to the Conservatives nor the Liberals.

At some height from the floor is a narrow gallery which extends all round the building. That part over the Speaker's chair is given to the reporters of the newspapers, and the accommodation here is so limited that a score or more wealthy and influential journals are represented by one man. A similar space at the other end is devoted to strangers admitted by the members' orders, and the side galleries are intended for the members of the various legations or for members of the other House.

To any one in the Strangers' Gallery a dark vault is visible over the reporters' desks, screened by an iron scroll; and as we gaze at this some shadowy faces become discernible, which seem to belong to a smoky picture, until they move, and then we see that they are alive. The enclosure up there is the Ladies' Gallery; and though it has neither light nor air, and little can be heard in it, places are sought for by more than can be admitted.

It is not easy to understand why, but instead of transacting its business in business hours, the House of Commons does not assemble until four o'clock in the afternoon; and it sometimes continues in session until three or four o'clock in the morning. The proceedings are opened by the entrance of two gentlemen in court-suits of black, — black small-clothes, black silk stockings, shoes with steel buttons, exquisitely frilled shirts, and dainty swords in black sheaths, — one of whom bears the heavy gold mace which emblemizes the power of the Speaker, and which Cromwell contemptuously called "that bauble." Following these is the Speaker himself in wig and gown, with his train-bearer, his chaplain, and his secretary. An usher then informs the persons in the lobby that "Mr. Speaker is at prayers;" and there is a lull in the conversation, until the same voice announces, "Mr. Speaker is in the chair," when the members take their seats, doffing their hats if it is necessary to pass the Speaker, and putting them on

again immediately afterward, and wearing them through the proceedings, except when addressing that official. They sit with crossed legs and folded arms, and in any attitude which is most comfortable to them.

The members of the Cabinet and the Ministry have the benches nearest to the Speaker's right hand ; and half-an-hour having been given for the presentation of petitions, "question-time" comes, when the various Ministers are expected to be in their places to answer any questions as to the departments under their control. No matter what hostile criticism a speech may contain, one member invariably refers to another as "the honorable member" if a commoner ; as "the right honorable member" if a member of the Privy Council ; as "the noble lord" if a person of title ; and as "the honorable and gallant member" if an officer of the army or navy ; the personal names never being used ; though this punctilious courtesy of address often savors of irony.

One honorable member inquires if it is true that a lady of the Sultan's harem who sought refuge in the British Embassy and was given up, has been strangled, as an accomplice in a palace conspiracy. The Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs assures him that such is not the case ; that the lady is well and happy, and about to be married. Another honorable member is informed by the same official, in answer to a question as to whether a British subject in Chili has been treated with indignity, that a gunboat has been despatched to the scene.

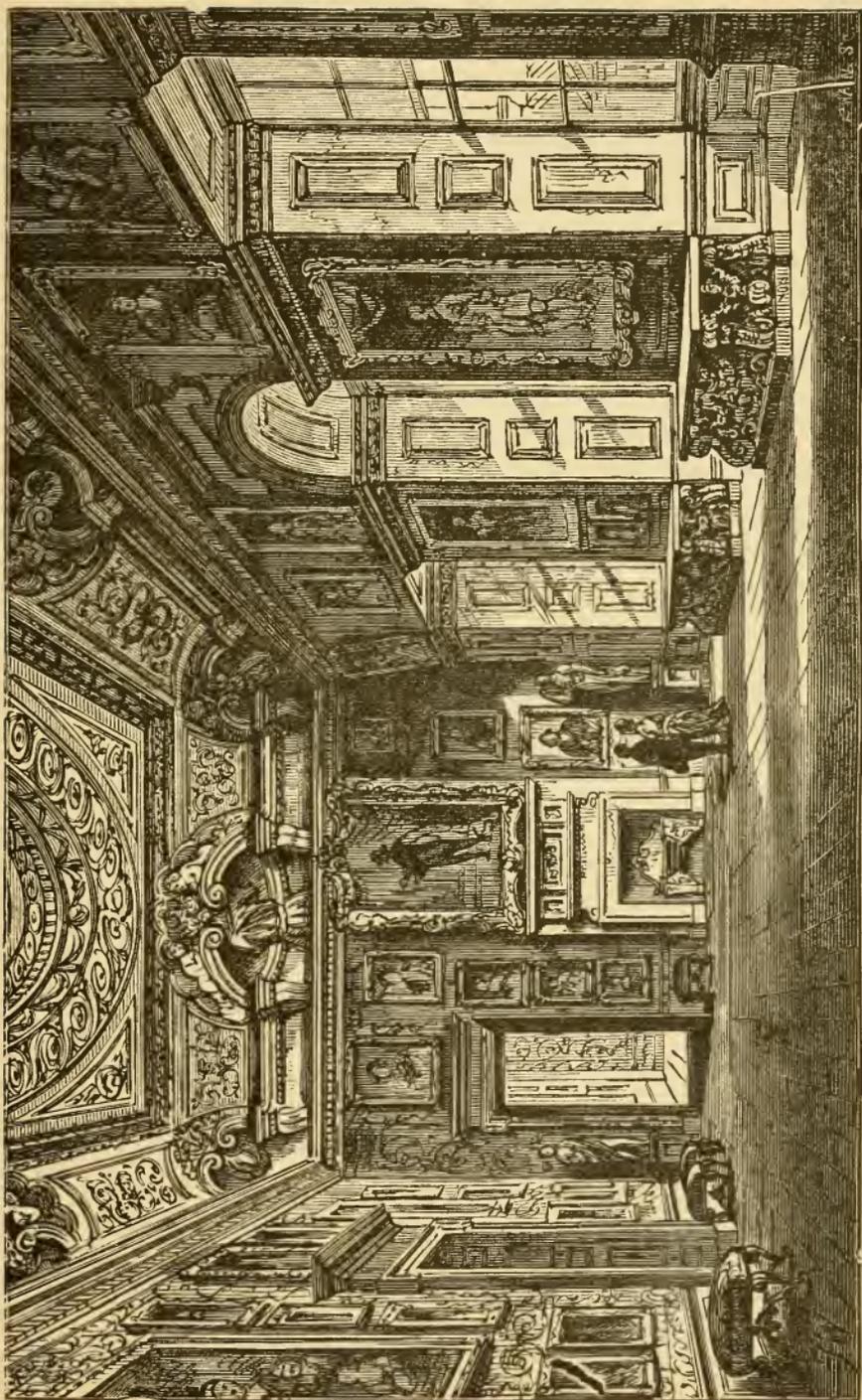
The interest of the debates depends on the matter under consideration ; for the average orator of the House of Commons is not usually capable of vitalizing any subject he may have in hand ; and before adjournment a great many prolix, ill-balanced speeches are made in the singsong, hesitating manner that is so common among Englishmen. Those who are not speaking are usually aware of the defects of their

associate who is, and are not backward in expressing their impatience and disapprobation by groans and derisive laughter. At three in the morning it is often a wonder how many words have been spoken and how little has been done ; and yet the members who endure the misery of sitting up all night receive, unlike the American Congressman, no salary, and have no opportunities for political patronage.

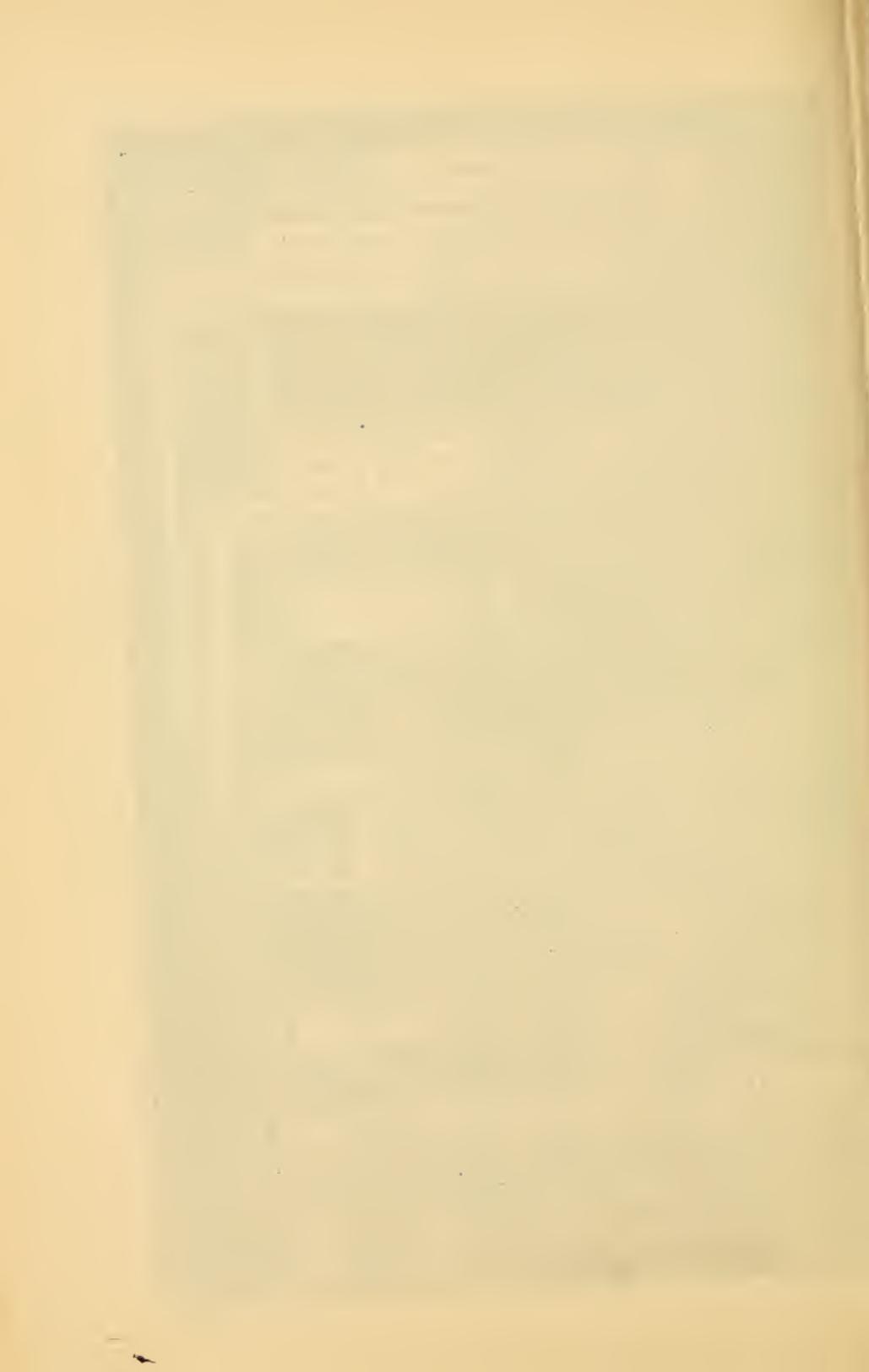
In 1880, when a Bill which had been passed by a majority in the House of Commons was rejected by the House of Lords, there was a strong feeling against the latter body among the English Radicals and the Irish "Home Rulers." A stranger to England, reading the severe language of the protests, might easily have been misled into supposing that the legislative power of the peers would soon be curtailed, or taken away altogether.

It will probably be many years, however, before the House of Lords is done away with. In the hearts of most Englishmen there is a veneration for antiquity and a mistrust of change ; while the innumerable small capitalists and tradesmen look to their possessions, and are anxious to have things left alone. A greater independence of character has developed in recent years, and the wearer of a coronet is no longer the sanctified person he used to be in the eye of the multitude ; but, especially at the present time, when sedition is felt to be rife in many of the Irish members of the House of Commons, the House of Lords is respected, and looked upon as a safeguard against extreme measures.

The members of the House of Lords are two archbishops and twenty-four bishops of the Church of England, who are called spiritual peers ; and the temporal peers include five persons of the blood royal, twenty-one dukes, nineteen marquises, one hundred and fifteen earls, twenty-five viscounts, two hundred and forty-eight barons, twenty-eight noblemen of Ireland, and sixteen noblemen of Scotland.



QUEEN CAROLINE'S DRAWING-ROOM.



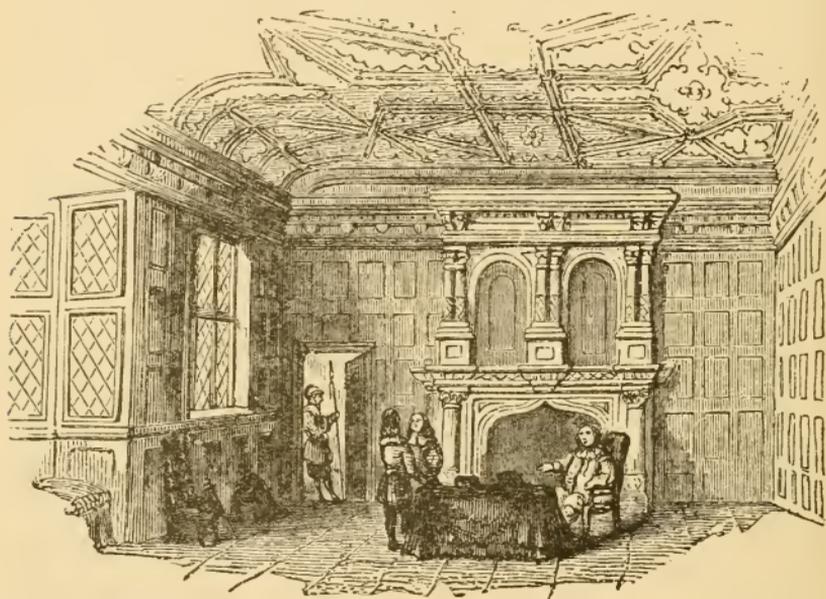
The title of duke is derived from the Latin word *dux*, a leader. The title of marquis was conferred upon those who held the command of the *marches*, as the boundaries between England and Wales, and between England and Scotland, were called when those countries were hostile to each other. The title of earl comes from the Saxon word *eorl*, a noble. The earls were called counts after the Norman Conquest, and the shires of which they had been governors became known as counties. The viscount was the deputy of an earl, and the baron was a holder of Crown estates.

The entrance to the House of Lords is immediately opposite to that of the House of Commons; but the stairway leading to the gallery is wider, the appurtenances are richer, and the ushers seem to be more polite than those of the latter House.

The Lords assemble at five o'clock in the afternoon; and a few minutes before that hour we stand in the corridor waiting for the Lord Chancellor to take his seat on the woolsack; after which we are admitted into a hall more luxurious and beautiful than that of the Commons, — so beautiful, indeed, that it would not be easy to imagine anything surpassing it. Its plan is much the same as that of the other House. The benches for the members are ranged from end to end, five deep, and upholstered with crimson stuff. At the head is the throne, which is a mass of rich and delicate carving, barred off from the rest of the House, with a magnificent candelabrum at each side. Above it are three large frescos and several statues in niches, which are continued along the walls. Just in front of the throne is the woolsack, also upholstered with crimson, which is the seat of the Lord Chancellor and the object of every young lawyer's ambition, as the highest dignity he can possibly attain in the kingdom, — the Lord Chancellor being the Speaker of the House and the chief legal adviser of the Crown.

The woolsack was once exactly what its name means, — a sack of wool ; and if the contents have been substituted by any other material in modern times, its outward appearance is not altered.

The Strangers' Gallery faces the throne, and a narrow gallery for ladies extends over the benches on each side of



THE STAR CHAMBER.

the House. The light comes through about sixteen large windows filled with colored glass ; and wherever the eye falls it is on some beauty, — now on the fretted pinnacles and niches above the throne, or on the graven knights stationed between the windows, or on the designs in the ceiling ; and then on the richly carved oaken wainscoting, or the frescos, or the many-hued rays to which the windows lend their colors. There is no flat or barren space visible.

When the Queen opens Parliament in person, and sits on the throne surrounded by her children and the ladies and

gentlemen of her household, and the peers wear their robes and coronets, and the galleries are filled with brilliantly dressed ladies and diplomats resplendent with their decorations, the *scené* is one to be remembered for life; even under ordinary circumstances it is of peculiar interest.

When we are admitted into the Gallery the Lord Chancellor is already sitting on the woolsack in his long robes and curled wig, which reaches down to his shoulders; and many of the members, also, are on the benches. As in the House of Commons, the party in power occupies the benches to the right of the Speaker, and the Opposition those to the left. Another thing worth mentioning is that when the chief secretary of any department belonging to the Cabinet is in one House, the under-secretary for the same department is in the other.

The Lords may originate a Measure or Bill, and, having passed it, send it to the Commons; but they cannot legislate in any matter affecting the revenue or taxation of the country, this being reserved for the Commons alone, — and than this there is no more striking instance of the progress made in parliamentary government.

There is more gravity and dignity, and a greater urbanity of manner, in the Upper House than in the Lower; and in personal appearance the Lords are generally a fine set of men. They are simply but well dressed in afternoon or evening suits, with the exception of the bishops, who wear their surplices. They address and refer to one another as “the noble lord,” or “the noble and learned lord;” and instead of appealing to the Chancellor, who is practically the chairman, they address their speeches to the whole House.

“ I HOPE I ’m fond of much that ’s good,
As well as much that ’s gay ;
I ’d love the country if I could ;
I like the Park in May ;
And when I ride in Rotten Row,
I wonder why they call it so.”

FREDERICK LOCKER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LONDON PARKS.

PUBLIC parks are a modern necessity of self-protection ; and no town with a future before it can omit them from its plans. Open spaces must be left where the air may be renewed, and the people whose lives are in the city streets may look at the green things which, in a wild state, are inaccessible through the ever-increasing environment of brick and mortar. But when Hyde Park was in the country, and forests intervened between Charing Cross and Tyburn ; when from where the Marble Arch now is one could look southeastward to London, a small city belted with a wall, to shut out would-be invaders ; when the houses were supplied with water running clear from the spring down the middle of the street ; when the Thames had trout in it, and all lights were put out at curfew ; when the fogs blew up the river, white or gray from the sea, without being converted into liquefied soot, as they are now, by the belchings of hundreds of thousands of chimneys, — then the park was less of a necessity, and its existence was chiefly for the pleasure of the monarch and his favored courtiers.

In the early times of which we speak, Hyde Park, to which Londoners always apply the exclusive designation of “the Park,” lay in the midst of virgin forests ; and the creatures who frequented it were not the butterflies of the fashionable world, but swineherds, charcoal-burners, and a few native hunters, who found in the thickets wild boars, wolves, deer, and smaller

game. The land belonged to the Abbey of Westminster, and its woods afforded to the monks both firewood and shelter for their game and water-fowl. In possession of the monks it remained until King Henry the Eighth recognized its value as a hunting-ground, and took it to himself, so that he might have for his royal sport all the country from his palace at Westminster to Hampstead Heath.

Long after Henry's reign it remained in use as a hunting-ground for the sovereign, and among others who came to it was Queen Elizabeth. On such occasions, says Norden in his "Survey of Middlesex and Hertfordshire," the sport would conclude by one of the huntsmen offering a hunting-knife to the Queen, and her taking "say" of the buck, or, in other words, plunging the knife into its throat with her own fair and royal hand. He imagines her riding on an ambling palfrey through the forest glades, accompanied by "the fiery Essex, the courtly Burleigh, the manly Raleigh, or that arch-plotter and scheming villain, Leicester." James the First was also fond of the park, and frequently, says Mr. Jacob Larwood, the dryads and hamadryads must have seen his "sacred Majesty" in that famous costume which he wore when on his journey from Scotland to England, — a doublet as green as the grass he stood on, with a feather in his cap and a horn by his side. "Then the clear echoes, nestling in the quiet nooks and corners, were awakened by the merry blasts of the horn, the hallooing of the huntsmen cheering the dogs, and the 'yearning' of the pack as they followed the hart to one of the pools, where it 'took soil,' and was bravely despatched by his Majesty. After that followed the noisy 'quarry,' in which, of course, Jowler and Jewel, the King's favorite hounds, obtained the lion's share. When the hunt was over, his Majesty would probably adjourn to the banqueting-house, which stood in the middle of the park, and refresh himself with a deep draught of sack or canary; and in the cool of the evening, as, return-

ing home to Whitehall, the King crossed over the way to Reading (now Piccadilly), he might see in the far blue distance the little village of St. Giles nestled among the trees, the square steeple of old St. Paul's, and the smoking chimneys of his good citizens of London, while the faint evening breeze wafted towards him the sweet silvery sound of Bow Bells ringing the curfew."

It was Charles the First who threw open the park to the public; and it then became, what it has since remained, a stage upon which the varying fashions of the town have exhibited themselves; so that an illustrated history of it would reveal all changes in the national costume, from the period of the Cavaliers to the time of the modern, sober-hued, inflexibly dressed dandy, with pointed shoes and corset-like coat. No innovation in the shape of hat or gown or gaiter, in the coiffure or the complexion, has shown itself elsewhere as soon as in the park. There, too, one might always look with the certainty of finding the notables of the age,—the reigning beauties, the ascendent statesmen, the most powerful ambassadors and the most radiant wits, as well as the social mountebanks, who, like gawky apostles of modern æstheticism, adopted eccentricities of dress to attract the attention which their natural abilities would not have secured for them. Had a duel to be fought, the park was the chosen ground; for in its woods the most embittered enemies could find an umbrage to match their own; while its open areas were wide enough to accommodate both civil and military mass meetings,—the trainbands of the city when Charles called them to his aid against Cromwell; the volunteers when an invasion of England was threatened, and the Armée d'Angleterre lay encamped near Boulogne; and, in more recent times, the laboring classes, when they have had a grievance to proclaim or an agitator to listen to.

It is a many-colored and diverting procession that we see

in turning over the history of the park. A footpad or a beggar may be found lurking here and there ; but it is the gallants and fine ladies, the chameleons whose hue quickly changes to suit every caprice of fashion, that are salient in the picture ; so that to some extent the history of the park is, as we have said, a history of dress, and its accompanying pictures are fashion-plates.

Looking back to the middle of the seventeenth century, we see that the effeminate absurdities of our time are nothing compared with the dress which the young men affected then. The fashionable young man spent the greater part of his time in the park ; he wore long locks of hair hanging down from the temple on each side of the face, with bows of ribbon tied at the ends, and his face was patched with stars and half-moons, cut out of dark sticking-plaster, to show off his white complexion. Though in walking dress, and having no intention to ride, he wore spurs on the boots ; and they were so made that they jingled as he strode along. There still remained some of the picturesque elegance of the Spanish costume which had been in vogue in the reign of Charles the First, says Mr. Larwood, and there was a novelty in the new riding-habit, which was called the amazone. Till then ladies had worn the usual walking-dress on horseback ; and Pepys was amazed when, for the first time, he saw them attired in "coats and doublets with deep skirts, . . . so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody would take them for women in any point whatever." Every one who had "sparkling eyes or a splendid equipage" repaired to the park, and Charles the Second himself, with his notorious associates, was one of the most constant attendants.

The visitors did not roam over the entire space, but confined themselves to the "Ring,"—a circular track enclosed by a railing. In the "Tatler" and in the "Spectator" there are

constant allusions to the brilliant crowds who frequented this space, which was filled with ponderous gilt chariots, drawn



LONDON DANDY, MIDDLE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

by six horses and preceded by running footmen, who wore silk jackets bedecked with gold lace, tassels, and spangles.

A new kind of dandy appeared in 1770. It was customary in the last century for young men of rank to finish their

education by making the "grand tour" of the Continent; and a number of them, at the close of their travels, formed a club in St. James Street which they called the *Savoir-Vivre Club*, which oddly enough is now applied to a public-house in a corrupted form — "The Savoy Weaver"! They had periodical dinners, at which they introduced the now familiar, but then unusual, dish, macaroni; and, first applied to members only, this strange name was afterward used to describe all such exquisites as they were.

They were the objects of as much ridicule as is the modern "dude." Wearing their hair drawn high above the scalp in the shape of a beehive, with long curls at the side and an enormous chignon, they crowned this superstructure with an exceedingly small cocked hat. Their coats, waistcoats, and breeches were scant, the latter being of striped silk, with bunches of ribbons at the knee. They carried long canes decorated with silk tassels, and wore two watches, with large bunches of seals hanging from them. Around their necks they had white ties, fastened under their chins in an immense bow. Their calves were displayed in white stockings, and their feet incased in small shoes with diamond buckles. The ladies vied with the men in the extravagance of their costume, and likewise wore their hair in great puffs, which seemed to overbalance their bodies.

In the reign of George the Third the fashion of imitating the dress of men became conspicuous among the ladies in a form similar to that which we have seen in vogue, — as in the use of Derby hats and ulsters during recent years. They appeared in slouch hats, overcoats with broad belts, and morocco boots. The fashions of the men, on the other hand, became effeminate; and the Prince of Wales (afterward George the Fourth) aired himself in a mantle, the fur lining of which is said to have cost four thousand dollars, while his delicate hands were nestled in a big muff. But the

elegance of the Prince was eclipsed by that of the famous Beau Brummel, who became the model of all men who wished to be considered well dressed. He employed two boot-makers, one to provide him with shoes for the right foot and the other for the left ; three glove-makers, one of whom was exclusively charged with cutting out the thumbs ; and three hairdressers, one for the front, one for the temple, and one for the crown. For nineteen years he led the fashion ; and surrounding him were many other dandies, one of whom spent a small fortune annually in the endeavor to cut as fine a figure.

In the last winter of the eighteenth century another violent change had taken place in women's dress. Hues of the gaudiest kind were adopted, and the materials were so sparingly cut that it seemed that to be well dressed was to be undressed. The gowns had no waists ; and this phenomenon was celebrated in the parody of a popular song, "The Banks of the Banna." The lines, —

"Shepherds, I have lost my love ;
Have you seen my Anna ?"

being changed into :

"Shepherds, I have lost my waist ;
Have you seen my body ?"

The last change had been from the antique ; and the next, in 1815, was from the French. It was then that those stupendous bonnets appeared, —

"So beautifully high up and poking,
Like things that are put to keep chimneys from smoking."

The ladies strove to surpass each other in the brevity of their furbelowed skirts ; and the waists which they neglected the men cultivated, girding up their loins without mercy, so that their bodies had the shape of hour-glasses. The showiest of the dandies was a Mr. Bailey, who wore nankeen

trousers, fancy vests, and sky-blue coats. The cloth was embroidered with silver or gold; his linen was the finest cambric, his stockings silk gauze, his shoes enamelled leather, with silver buckles, and his breeches cashmere. Though he dressed like a fop, Mr. Bailey was a person of robust manners, and gained some repute — or, we should say, ill-repute — by his assaults on the old watchmen, or “Charlies,” who preceded the policemen introduced by Sir Robert Peel.

Let us turn our eyes now from the dresses to the faces of the throng, among which we see those of many old acquaintances, — Oliver Cromwell, burly, upright, and beardless, reviewing his troops; Evelyn, the diarist; Charles the Second and his immoral beauties; old Pepys, delighting in his own finery, and closely observant of that of the others; the Duke of Monmouth; William the Third and “his dull stocking-knitting spouse;” the great Duke of Marlborough; Sir Richard Steele, prosperous in a coach and four; Dean Swift; Harry Fielding; Horace Walpole; Lord Chesterfield; George the Third; Fox; and the Duke of Wellington.

It would be impossible even to catalogue all the celebrities of the park in less space than a biographical dictionary. The park, indeed, has been the focus of London life at all times since it was thrown open by King Charles; but it has not been merely a scene of gayety. The tragedy of passion, resentment, and revenge, as well as the comedy of fashion, has been enacted again and again in its shade. Many a bloody and fatal duel has been fought within its precincts. It was a convenient distance from town, and was unfrequented in the early hours of the day. There were many quiet spots where the combatants had no fear of intrusion, and where they could settle their difficulties with a yard of steel.

Mr. Stanley, the brother of the Earl of Derby, was killed here by the Duke of Grafton in 1686, and in 1712 a sanguinary duel was fought by the Duke of Hamilton and Lord

Mohun,—a scene which Thackeray has painted in “*Esmond*,” though with less regard for historical accuracy than other parts of that brilliant book show. The origin of the dispute was in a political intrigue ; and while the Duke was a worthy gentleman, his opponent was a high-born ruffian, who had more than once before been implicated in murder. The Duke and his second, Colonel Hamilton, were first in the field. Soon after came Lord Mohun and his second, Major Macartney, whose appearance excited the ire of the Duke, the latter exclaiming : “ I am well assured, sir, that all this is by your contrivance, and therefore you shall have your share in the dance ; my friend here, Colonel Hamilton, will entertain you.”

“ I wish for no better pastime, and the Colonel may command me,” replied Macartney.

It was then the custom for the seconds to fight, as well as the principals, and the four men at once set to. Macartney was speedily disarmed by the Colonel, who flung both swords away, and went in the direction of the other combatants, who were thrusting at each other with uncommon ferocity. In a very short time the Duke was wounded in both legs ; but he succeeded in piercing Mohun through the arm, in the groin, and in other parts of the body. The grass around was reddened with their blood ; yet, bleeding as they were, they still fought with a supernatural strength. Each at the same time then made a desperate lunge at the other. The Duke’s weapon passed up to the very hilt through Mohun ; but as the latter fell, he managed to stab his adversary, who also sank to the ground. Colonel Hamilton now lifted up his friend ; and while he was doing so, Macartney seized one of the abandoned swords, and reaching over the Colonel’s shoulder, thrust it through the Duke’s heart. Lord Mohun himself died of his wounds on the spot ; and with him his title became extinct, while the earls of Harrington succeeded to his estates.

Another noteworthy duel was that between John Wilkes, the agitator, and Samuel Martin, a member of Parliament. Martin had called Wilkes a cowardly and malignant scoundrel, and the latter had at once called him out. They fired four times, when Wilkes fell, wounded in the abdomen. His antagonist, relenting, hastened up and insisted on helping him off the ground ; but Wilkes as strenuously urged Martin to hurry away, so as to escape arrest. Wilkes soon recovered, the buttons of his coat having deadened the effect of the ball with which he was struck ; and a few years later another duel was fought, not by him, but on his account, by one of his admirers and a Captain Douglass, who had aspersed his character in a coffee-house. The weapons used were swords, and Wilkes's champion, who was a clergyman, succeeded in running his adversary through the doublet without seriously injuring him.

At this time the admiration with which Wilkes was regarded had no limits. One gentleman preserved as precious relics the coat and waistcoat buttons which had deadened the ball in the duel with Martin, and kept them in an ornamental case with the following absurd inscription : "These two simple yet invaluable buttons, under Providence, preserved the life of my beloved and honest friend, John Wilkes, in a duel fought with Mr. Martin on the 16th of November, 1763, where true courage and humanity distinguished him in a manner scarcely known to former ages. His invincible bravery, as well in the field as in the glorious assertion of the liberty of his fellow subjects, will deliver him down, as an unparalleled example of public virtue, to all future generations." Wilkes at this time could be seen in the park almost daily, riding in a magnificent chariot, on which was painted his coat of arms and motto, *Arcui meo non confido*.

In October, 1765, a young army officer named Redmond McGragh fought four opponents and disarmed them all,

giving the silver hilts of their swords to a porter who was passing. He had previously declined a duel, saying that he reserved his courage for the service of his king and country ; but being taunted with cowardice, he challenged all four of his detractors, with the result mentioned. In 1772 the witty Sheridan crossed swords with Captain Matthews ; and as late as 1822 a duel was fought between the Duke of Buckingham and the Duke of Bedford.

Thus we see that the park has had its seamy side, and has not been merely a place

“ Where the fashionable fair
Could form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.”

Many great national movements have also been associated with it. Cromwell reviewed his troops here ; after the Restoration Charles the Second had his army in procession before him ; and in 1699 King William the Third inspected the Life Guards, having at his side the Duke of Ormond, the Duke of Marlborough (then earl), the Prince of Denmark, husband of the future Queen Anne, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Schomberg, Earl Rivers, and the Earl of Albemarle. After Lexington and Bunker Hill, drills and reviews became very frequent in the park ; and among the novelties was the custom the ladies adopted of wearing dresses to match the regimentals of their husbands.

It is still used for political and military demonstrations ; but, after all, the salient feature of the park is the crowd of equestrians and pedestrians which gather at different hours of the day during the London season.

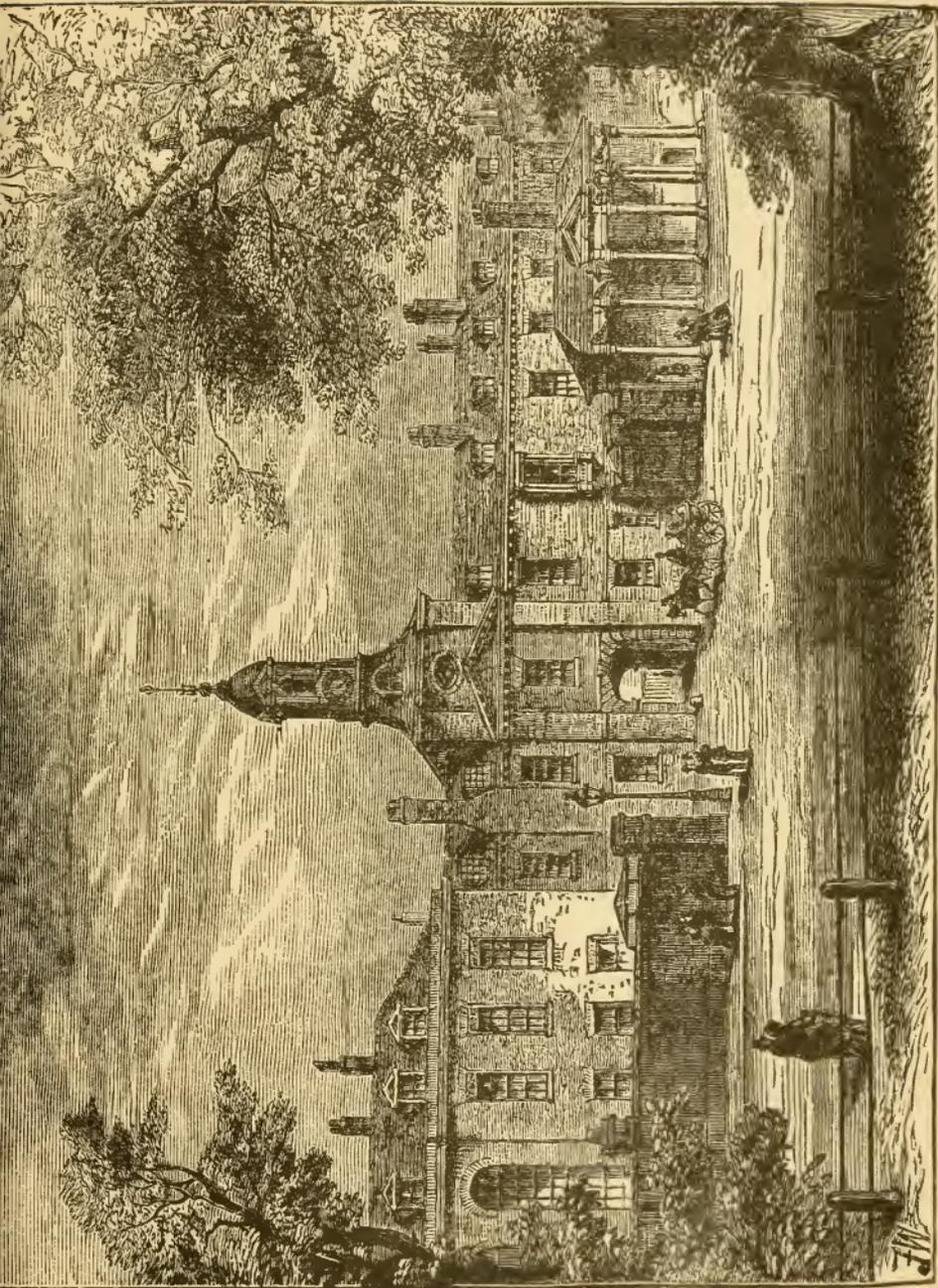
There is no finer sight in the world than that which may be seen in Rotten Row on a June afternoon. The stately mansions of Mayfair, Belgravia, and Tyburnia empty their inmates into this concourse, and all who are famous or fashionable join in the throng. As the Ring was the favorite meeting point in times gone by, Rotten Row (a wide avenue extending

along the southern boundary of the park) is now the chosen resort of all those who wish to be classed above the common people. The singular name of this thoroughfare, let us say in parenthesis, is sometimes said to be a corruption of *Route du Roi*, or King's road ; but Timbs states that it is derived from the word *rotteran*, meaning to muster, and that its origin is traceable to the reviews which used to be held in the park. The wonder which Mr. Locker expresses, —

“And when I ride in Rotten Row
I wonder why they called it so,” —

need not, therefore, be shared by our readers.

The name is libellous and displeasing, and might well be changed for another one that would do justice to the avenue which bears it, — some name that would reflect the soft, translucent foliage that borders it, or the flowers which are bedded in rich masses along its walks, or the distinction of its frequenters. It is the outdoor pivot of the fashionable world ; and nowhere else is the assemblage so aristocratic, so little diluted with the inferior streams of plebeian humanity. Poverty never ventures here : it feels its own unfitness too sharply to obtrude itself in this most undemocratic gathering ; for even the spectators are all well dressed, and have an appearance of refinement. Sitting in one of the chairs along the Row at the proper hour of the day, which is varied to suit the caprices of fashion, one sees a procession of the most notable people in London ; now it is a cabinet minister ; now a famous diplomat ; now his serene highness from Ispahan ; now a bronze prince of Hindoostan ; now the Prince of Wales and his lovely princess ; now a governor of the Bank of England ; now the Lord Chief Justice or a pre-eminent barrister ; and now a celebrated artist or a popular author. The toilets of the ladies are the richest, and the equipages are as faultless as the dresses of the persons who use them. For all one



KENSINGTON PALACE.



can see in Rotten Row, all the world is prosperous, dignified, well tailored, and well groomed.

But Hyde Park is wide, and the range of its fashionable *habitués* is narrow ; within a rod of the spectacle which the Row presents we can see a very different scene. Hyde is less ornamental in an artificial sense than Central Park in New York and the Public Garden of Boston. Its attractiveness is largely in its countrified aspect, — its unfenced meadows, from which no one is forbidden, its wild-looking shrubbery, and the voluminous foliage of its old trees. The restrictions which confront one in many pleasure-grounds are absent here, and the purpose of public recreation is not defeated by arbitrary warnings against trespassing this way or that. It is like a great rural common, — more like Boston Common than any other place I know of, indeed ; and, leaving Rotten Row behind, we wander over its grassy spaces with a sense of the boon it is to the thousands who learn from it the little they know of green fields and sheltering leaves. On a Saturday afternoon in summer, when the sun is diffusing itself in an atmosphere which seems to be filled with a golden powder, it is a scene of communicative happiness. There are boys at play and children romping ; there are quiet groups of girls and women sewing or reading ; and all the voices sound soft and sweet, with an echoing contentment, though their customary tones may be harsh enough. It is a magnificent possession, this park of nearly four hundred acres ; it is in the heart of the most aristocratic section of the metropolis ; on its southern borders are the mansions of Belgravia ; all along the northern borders are the squares, crescents, and gardens of Tyburnia, — another region of splendid houses ; in the east is Mayfair, with its quaint and sombre architecture ; and on the west is delightful Kensington, with the famous palace and gardens of that name.

Kensington Gardens are a continuation of the park, being

separated from it only by a sunken wall ; but they are more densely wooded and more ornamental. They are a triumph of the landscape gardener's art, and the foliage is so luxuriant that the figures seem to be woven into it as in a tapestry. The surface undulates, and the paths wind now along the shore of a lake, then under a Gothic archway of verdure, and then into an open space, bedded out with flowers of brilliant hues. Kensington Palace was originally the residence of the Earl of Nottingham, and was purchased from him by William the Third. In it Queen Mary, the consort of that king, died ; and Queen Anne subsequently occupied it, giving those splendid *fêtes*, which were attended by all the great world of London, attired in "brocaded robes, hoops, fly-caps, and fans." She, too, died within its walls ; and in it also died George the Second, who, with Queen Caroline, had spent most of his time in it. It became the home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, to whom, on the 24th of May, 1819, a child was born, — Alexandrina Victoria, the lady who now wears the crown of England ; and it was in the palace that news was brought to her of the death of William the Fourth, she receiving the messengers just as she had got out of bed, "in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

At no great distance from the Gardens is Holland House, which for two centuries and a half was the favorite resort of wits and beauties, painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. In 1649 Fairfax, the Parliamentary general, made it his headquarters ; in 1716 it became the possession of Joseph Addison, the essayist, who died here two years later ; and in it Charles James Fox spent his early years. "Holland House," says Macaulay, "can boast of a greater number of inmates distinguished in political



ST. JAMES'S PARK.



and literary history than any other private dwelling in England."

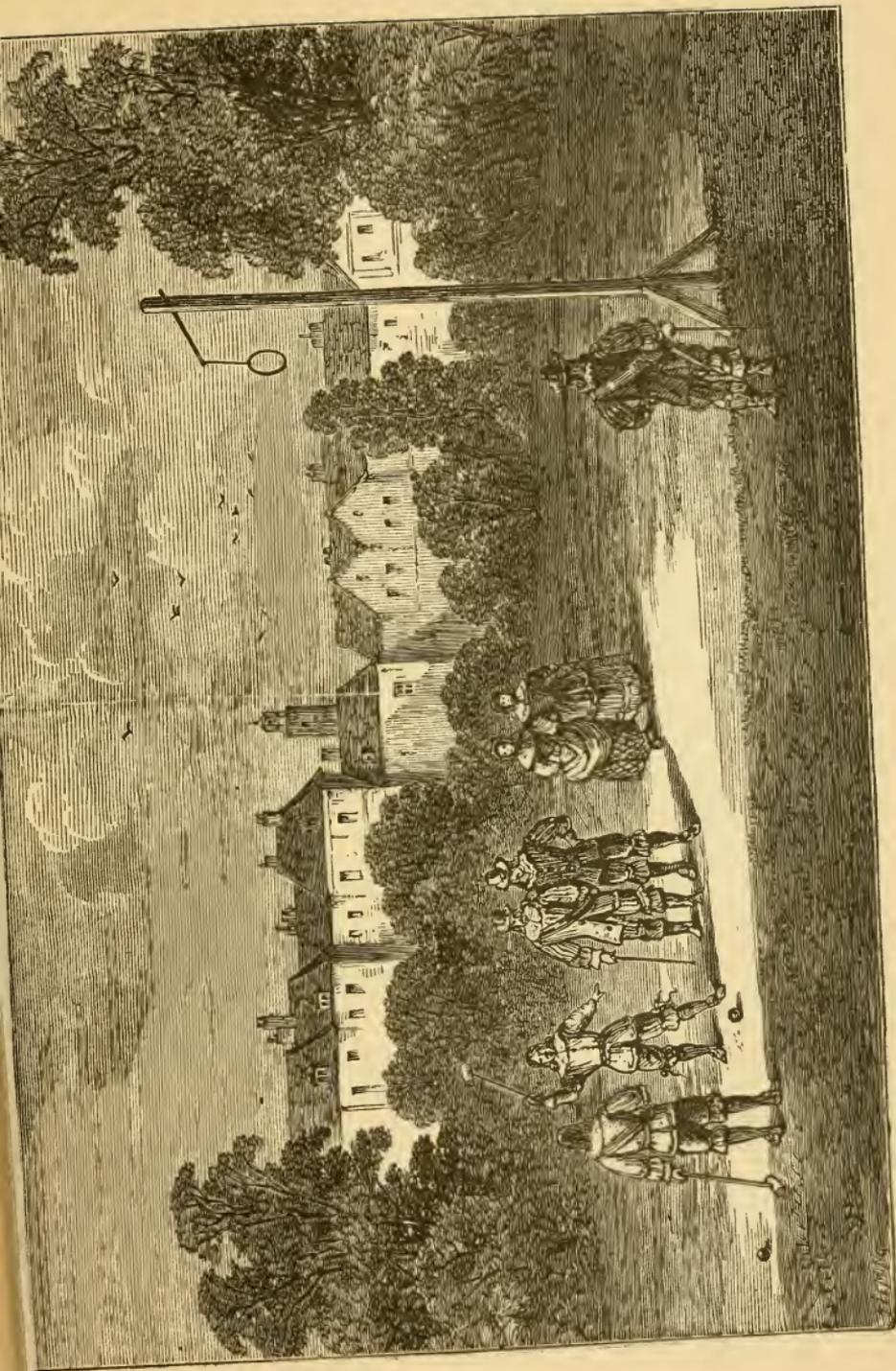
Two other parks are contiguous to Hyde. Just across the way, on the southeastern side of Piccadilly, is Green Park, — a triangular space of about fifty acres, from which Constitution Hill leads down by Buckingham Palace into St. James's Park, which has the palace of that name, and Marlborough House (the residence of the Prince of Wales) on one side, and Westminster and Whitehall on the other. On Constitution Hill three attempts have been made to assassinate the Queen ; and while riding over it Sir Robert Peel fell from his horse, receiving the injuries which caused his death.

St. James's Park is of greater interest than Green ; and while it is one of the most beautiful, it is also one of the most democratic, of the London parks. There is nothing here to fill a man with envy by reminding him of the unequal distribution of the world's honors and riches ; whatever his poverty may be, he can find rags to match his own ; and if he be splenetic, he may, as Goldsmith says, meet companions with whose groans he may mix his own. The pinched faces of the "lower orders," as the laboring classes are called in England, may be seen as often as others ; and the hands are not dainty which share the contents of wicker luncheon-baskets and paper parcels with the water-fowl on the lake, which are said to be the direct descendants of those introduced by Charles the Second. One part of the park is monopolized by these poor people. It is near the site of Carlton House ; there sweets and confectionery are sold in little stalls or booths, and customers are given the unusual treat of milk freshly drawn, under their own eyes, from the cows which are tethered to the doors.

Charles the Second did much to improve this park, which until his reign had been neglected. He laid it out with avenues of elms and limes ; and these are still so numerous,

that the visitor may sit or walk without seeing anything of the surrounding city, except bits of the gray walls and towers of Westminster Abbey. The dissolute King was especially fond of it, and would sit for hours on the benches, amusing himself with his dogs and the tame ducks, while around him stood a crowd of the people, with whom he talked and joked. On its ornamental water skates were first used in England; and on one of the greenswards that game was introduced which is handed down to history in the name of one of the most famous of London streets,—Pall Mall. The King took great interest in this pastime, which was not unlike our modern croquet, and often joined in it, to the edification of the bystanders.

The two palaces which stand on the borders of the park show how elastic their designation is. St. James's Palace is small and dingy, more like an almshouse than a home of kings. Its front has been dyed an apoplectic purple by the London smoke; it has a barrack-like appearance, with embattled towers and a sally-port; and the only relief to its gloom is the red-coated guard. But, as Hare says, the picturesque old brick gateway enshrines the memory of a greater succession of historical events than any other domestic building in England, not excepting Windsor Castle. The site was occupied, even before the Conquest, by a hospital dedicated to St. James "for fourteen maidens that were leprous;" and Henry the Eighth converted the building into a palace for himself and Anne Boleyn, their marriage being commemorated by nearly effaced love-knots on the side doors of the gateway, and the initials "H. A." on the chimney-piece of the presence-chamber. Afterward the palace was settled by James the First on Prince Henry, who lived in it in great state, having a salaried household of two hundred and ninety-seven servants. Charles the First then occupied it, and in it Charles the Second was born. Mary the Second



PLAYING FALL MALL.



and Queen Anne were also born here ; and both of them were married under its roof.

All of the Georges lived in the palace, as did William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide ; but since the accession of Queen Victoria it has only been used for courts, levées, and drawing-rooms. Its rooms are dark and cramped, and many of them are divided into suites for the pensioners of her Majesty ; but they contain a valuable collection of old paintings and historic relics.

Buckingham Palace has a much more grandiose appearance, and was built, between 1825 and 1837, on the site of Buckingham House. It is the only palace in London used by the Queen as a residence.

Regent's Park is the largest of all the London parks, comprising over four hundred acres ; but it has less historic interest than St. James's or Hyde. Within it are the Zoölogical Gardens and the Botanic Gardens ; around it are many handsome villas. The visitors are mostly of the working and mercantile classes, and the best time to see it is on a Saturday afternoon, when the boys are at cricket ; or when the band is playing on a Sunday afternoon, and the crowd is attired in holiday finery.

London is well supplied with parks. Besides those we have mentioned there is Battersea Park in the south, Finsbury in the northwest, and Victoria in the east. Hampstead Heath and Epping Forest are perpetually reserved for public recreation. Nearly every village and suburb has its heath or common ; and drive or walk which way we will, we find oases where trees and plants seem to thrive despite the baleful London fog.

“ I CAN think of no happier destiny for the ardent lover of books, for a historian, a man of science, a statistician, a novelist, or a mere student, absorptive but not fruitful, than to have cozy lodgings in the vicinity of Russell Square, a satisfactory English landlady, and a ticket — daily used — to the Reading-room. He may sit in one of the roomy fauteuils as luxuriously as the West End lord in his velvet-lined mahogany, and may look round with a sense of ownership (for their use and fruits are freely his) upon a far prouder possession of learning than the greatest West End lord can boast. He is in goodly company for here burrow, almost invariably, the scholars, romancers, philosophers of England. He sits coequal in his privileges with the British aristocracy of brain. He is served as faithfully and as quickly as is the minister of state by his favorite private secretaries. There is the whole day long to revel, uninterrupted if he will, in his beloved studies, in a tranquil and studious sphere, out of hearing of the bustle of the streets, though here is busiest London roaring all about him.”

MONCURE D. CONWAY

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE British Museum is not outwardly alluring to the world, and the working-man who, not having been in it before, gives up one of his rare holidays to making an acquaintance with it, is deserving of a great deal of praise. The London fogs have hung the front with decent academic black ; the heavy Ionic columns look as if they should be broken, to typify bereavement ; and the sculptured architrave, which represents the advance of man from the rude savage state, through patriarchal simplicity and paganism, to civilization, is so begrimed that it seems to carry its own allegory farther, and to betoken the relapse of the world into final darkness.

The portico is imposing in its dimensions, and the view of it is not hindered, for there is a wide, solemn courtyard, with high railings, before it. Since the days of Trajan no such stones have been used in building as those in this front. There are eight hundred of them, and each weighs from five to nine tons. But the lines of the Ionic architecture are cold and severe, and the building, blackened as it is, seems to be in mourning.

A little distance to the south of the Museum is the turmoil of Oxford Street ; behind it, reaching up to Euston Road, is " comfortable Bloomsbury," with its sooty old brick, unchanging houses, which give to the American, who has recently come away from the white marble and painted iron and wood of his own country, an idea that London is a vast coal-cellar.

Nothing about the Museum is cheery or beautiful ; it is in sombre contrast to the new brick and terra-cotta palaces which contain the collections at South Kensington ; and if it is pointed out to the simple-minded artisan or laborer as one of the chief fountains of knowledge, then it must seem to him that knowledge is too owlish and depressing to be desirable.

Even when the portals are passed the effect is not enlivening. The first view is of sober-hued walls, wide staircases, reverberant alcoves, groups of plaster casts, and fragmentary antiquities. But if the visitor has courage enough to penetrate farther, and has intelligence enough to understand what he sees, he will soon find the Museum growing in interest ; and in it he can take object-lessons on such a scale as no other institution in the world can afford.

The things which history describes are palpable and visible here. The implements and utensils, the houses and the handiwork, of classic times and classic lands are set up in the midst of London ; ancient Greece and Rome, Assyria and Egypt, old Roman London and mediæval England have been revived in Bloomsbury ! The Museum is not restricted to antiquities, however. It contains the great national library, paintings, drawings, and statuary, a vast zoölogical collection, a mineral collection, and a botanical collection ; no part of it is small or inferior ; and, as already stated, it is in some respects the greatest of all museums.

The founder was Sir Hans Sloane, a distinguished and philanthropic London physician, who, wishing to prevent the dispersal of his own collections after death, offered them to the Government for £20,000, — a sum less than half their value. The offer was gladly accepted ; and at the same time the Government decided to purchase some other collections, and to put them all together in a national museum, for the benefit of which a lottery was held. The lottery netted

the sum of £95,000, and the required £20,000 was paid to the legatees of Sir Hans Sloane.

The Museum promised to be what it has become, — a source of education and entertainment to the nation; but the wits of the time scoffed at the project, and one of them, intending to belittle the Sloane bequest, contemptuously catalogued the collection, which was said to contain

“ a sacred pin
That touch'd the ruff that touched
Queen Bess's chin ;”

while another satirist, enumerating the objects in an imaginary museum, offered to present, —

“ Three drops of the same shower
Which Jove in Danaë's lap did pour ;
From Carthage brought, the sword I 'll send
Which brought Queen Dido to her end ;
The stone whereby Goliath died,
Which cures the headache when applied ;
A whetstone, worn exceeding small,
Time used to whet his scythe withal ;
St. Dunstan's tongs, which story shows
Did pinch the Devil by the nose ;
The very shaft, as all may see,
Which Cupid shot at Antony ;
And what above the rest I prize,
A glance from Cleopatra's eyes.

.
In a thumb-vial you shall see,
Close-corked, some drops of honesty,
Which, after searching kingdoms round,
At last were in a cottage found.

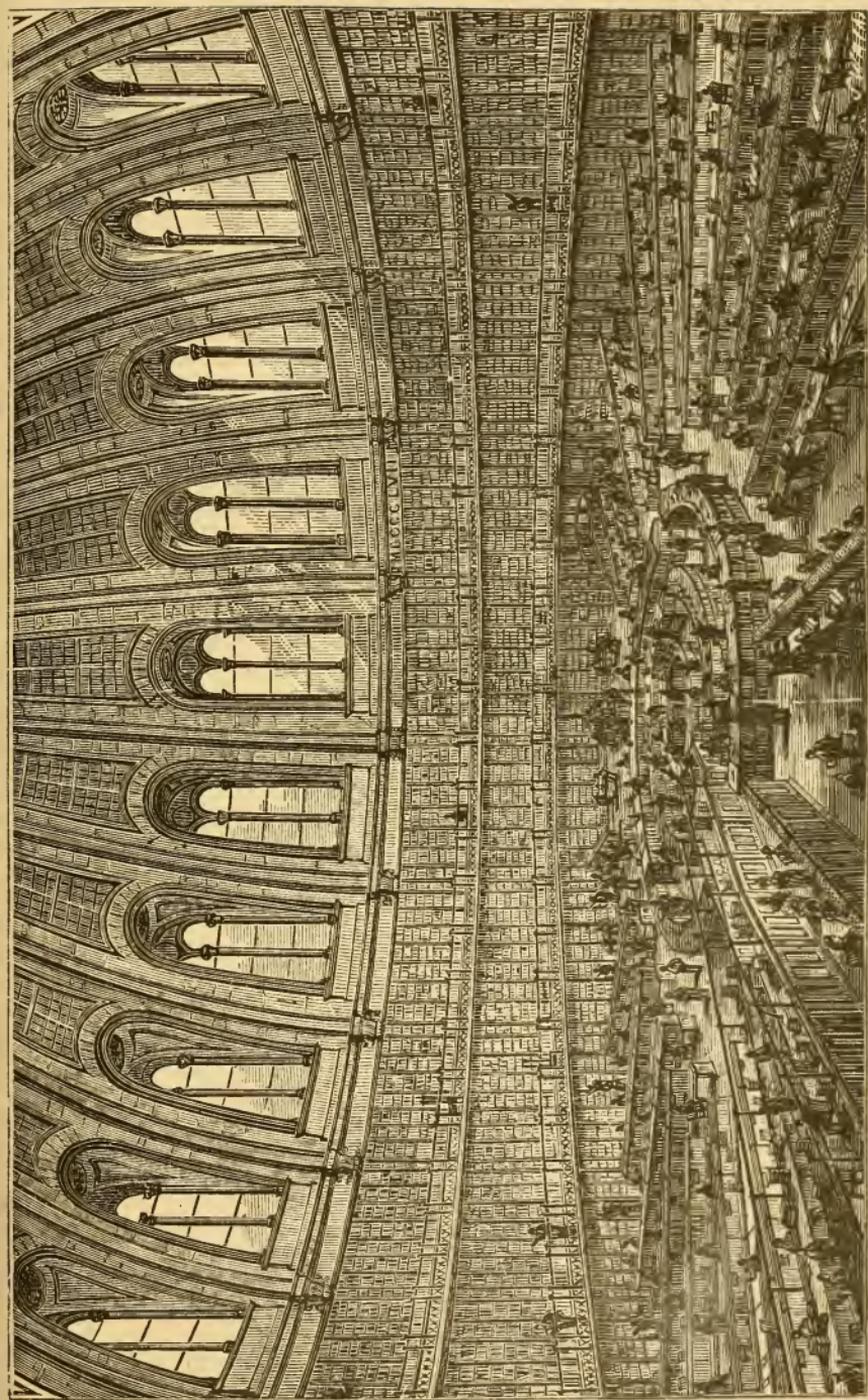
.
I ha' n't collected any care ;
Of that there 's plenty everywhere ;
But after wondrous labor spent,
I 've got one grain of real content ;
It is my wish, it is my glory,
To furnish your nicknackatory.”

The "nicknackatory" was first established in Montague House, the property of Lord Halifax; and it was opened to the public on Jan. 15, 1759, since which time it has been augmented and enriched again and again.

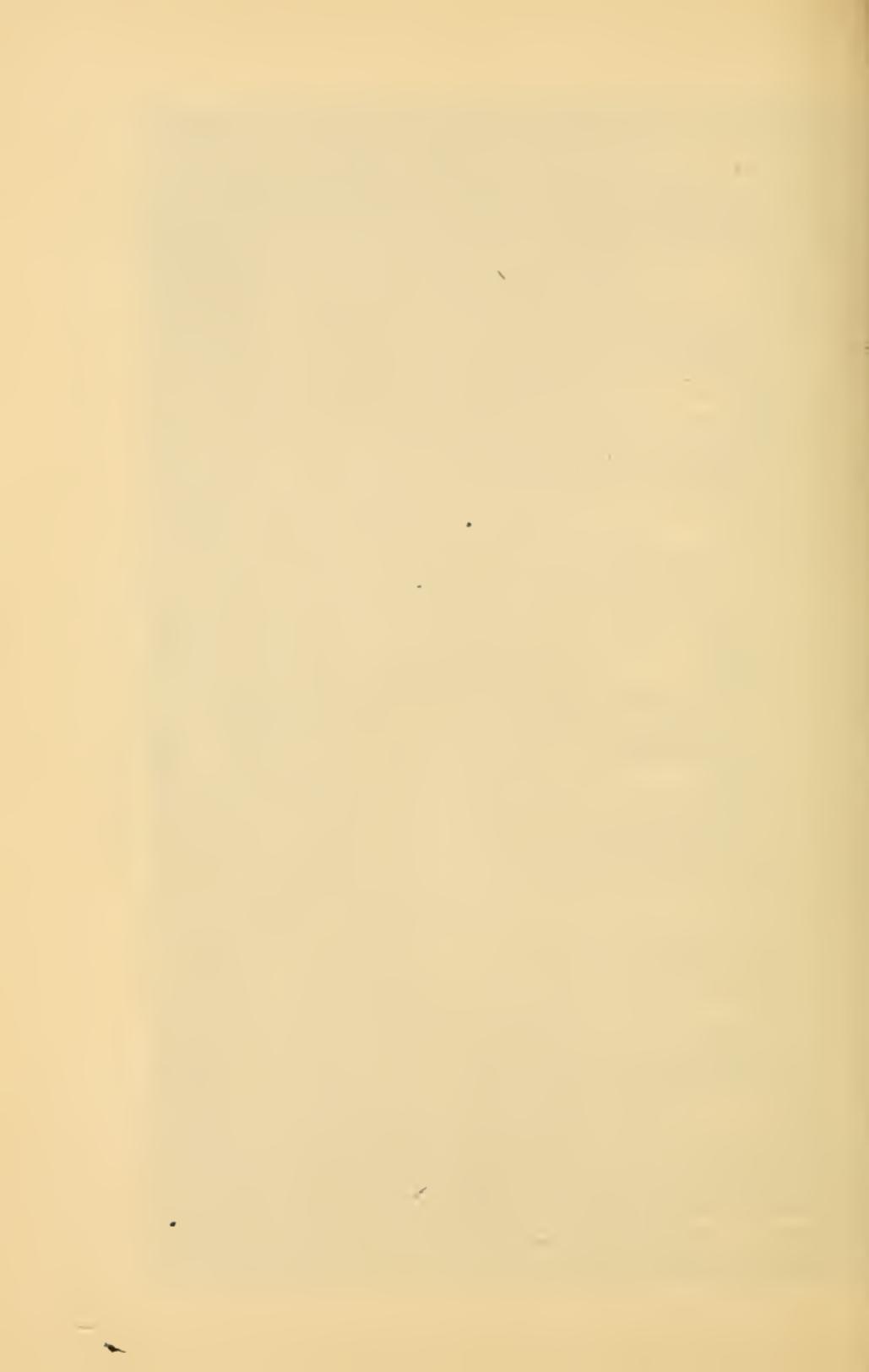
George the Second presented a library which had been collected by previous kings from the time of Henry the Seventh. George the Fourth added a library which his father had formed, and the trustees purchased the historic manuscripts known as the Harleian Collection, formed by the Earl of Oxford, to which were added the manuscripts collected by Sir John Cotton soon after the dissolution of monasteries in England.

Montague House soon became too small for the accumulated treasures, and the present building, which is a square formed by four wings, with a reading-room in the quadrangle, was completed in 1857, the old one having been taken down, section by section, as the new one advanced. Although it covers seven acres of ground, every inch of it is occupied, and there is an urgent necessity for more room.

In the Anglo-Roman Gallery, one of the twelve departments into which the Museum is divided, may be seen the Roman works which have been dug up from beneath modern London, — tombs like those which stand in the Appian Way and in Pompeii; mosaic pavements which it is said Roman art alone could devise; lamps, weapons, amulets, urns, coins, and beads, whose appearance and inscriptions indicate with certainty the presence of a settled Roman civilization on the banks of the Thames. In another gallery we pass from old London to Greece and Rome, whose life is illustrated by military and domestic utensils; bejewelled, chased, and enamelled ornaments; bass-reliefs; coins and statuary. Thence we may enter Asia Minor and the Lycian cities, some of whose most valuable ruins were removed to London by Sir Charles Fellows between 1842 and 1846.



READING ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.



A splendid possession of the Museum is the mausoleum of Halicarnassus, one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," which in 1856 was carried to England from the coast of Asia Minor, where it had been buried since the twelfth century. It was built by Artemisia, Princess of Caria, as a memorial of her husband, Mausolus, whose death she so mourned that after mixing his ashes with her drink daily for two years, she died of a broken heart. The monument surpassed all others of the ancient world; and from its beauty the name of mausoleum came to be applied to all similar monuments.

The departments of Natural History, Mineralogy, and Botany we will not mention, as our space will not allow it, and as the antiquities are more interesting. Here are the remains of Nineveh and the famous Elgin Marbles, which Lord Elgin, ambassador to the Sublime Porte, brought from Athens. He took the consent which he obtained from that Government in no narrow sense, and carried away with him the pediment of the Parthenon, and, indeed, a very considerable portion of that beautiful building.

The Egyptian Gallery contains the Sphinx, Isis, and Osiris many times repeated, sarcophagi and monuments, tombs of the Ptolemies and Rameseses, sculptured tablets and statues, funeral vases and pillars, — all crowded with hieroglyphics which still puzzle the archæologist. There are a large number of glass-cases in this department, containing mummies of various ages, some dried to black crusts, and others quite life-like; while along the walls are relics exhibiting the customs and usages of ancient Egypt, — ornaments, domestic utensils, official and priestly costumes, works of art, toilet articles, playthings, writing-materials, and trade implements.

Between the British and Mediæval Room and the Ethnological Department is a space filled with gold ornaments and gems, — cameos, intaglios, and other precious ornaments; and here is the famous Portland vase, which is considered to

be one of the greatest treasures of the Museum. It was found in a marble sarcophagus near Rome about the middle of the sixteenth century, and was afterward deposited in the Barberini Palace, where it remained until 1770, when it was purchased by Sir William Hamilton, who sold it to the Duchess of Portland for nine thousand dollars. The ground of the vase is of dark-blue glass, and the design is cut in a layer of opaque white glass, which stands out in bold relief. Until 1845 this triumph of the glass-maker's art was in perfect condition; but in that year a drunken mechanic deliberately threw a stone at it and smashed it into a thousand pieces. This tipsy vandal ought to have been publicly whipped; but, strange to say, he was let off on payment of a fine. The fragments of the vase were afterward cemented together by a gentleman who had for a long time been engaged at the Museum; and the work was done so skilfully, that the cracks can scarcely be detected.

The Etruscan rooms are crowded with beautiful vases, which are nearly all more than two thousand years old; and whichever way we turn, we find the vestiges of civilizations which have bequeathed to us the fruits of their ungrudging labors. In the Museum, it has been truthfully said, the artist is reminded that the same way to perfection lies open to him as to the Greek of old; and the mere observer learns, in the study of beauty which came by honest labor, to discourage and avoid that which is false and fleeting in art or workmanship of any kind.

The feature which excels all others at the British Museum is the Reading-room. In the first place, the collection of books is probably the largest in the world, and it includes nearly 1,500,000 volumes, many of which are old and historic manuscripts, without duplicates. In the second place, the building which contains the books is of enormous size, and so well arranged and equipped that all parts of it are

easily accessible. In the third place, the management is so liberal and intelligent, that the whole of the vast and priceless collection is available to the knowledge-seeking public without trouble or cost. In no other library in the world are the contents so rare ; and yet the readers, instead of being hindered, discouraged, questioned, and cross-examined until they feel as if they were the defendants in some judicial proceeding, as in some libraries, are helped in every way by patient and courteous officials, who carry catalogues in their heads and clews to all books at their tongues' ends.

Any adult may become a reader on the recommendation of a responsible householder in London, provided he intends to use the books for study, and not for amusement simply ; and when a ticket has once been issued to him, all the privileges of the room are his perpetually, unless he gives up his abode in London or misconducts himself. The library is not intended for the recreation of mere novel-readers or the turners-over of picture-books, as, if they were admitted, they would crowd out the more earnest readers ; but, however humble the latter may be, all the resources of the library are open to them, provided they have an object. Not only are the books placed at their disposal, but also pens, ink, paper, and blotters. The furniture is as comfortable as that in the writing-rooms of good clubs ; an upholstered armchair, a leather-covered desk, and a book-rest are provided for each reader. The room is always warm in winter and cool in summer, the ventilation being of the most ingenious and effective kind, and at all times the light is ample. The willingness of the attendants to oblige, and their ability to do so, must command the respect and gratitude of any one who constantly uses this splendid institution.

Once the writer was seeking information regarding the Bank of England, and had consulted the catalogue without finding what he wanted. In his difficulty he turned

to an official at the central desk, who at once referred him to articles on the subject covering many years of the files of newspapers and magazines, — fragmentary essays which the catalogue did not mention, but which this gentleman recalled from his phenomenal memory. It seemed to me that the Bank was surely his pet theme ; and when I went to him again, it was with the fear that I had exhausted his usefulness ; but though the subject about which I now inquired was utterly unconnected with the Bank, he showed the same glibness as before in referring me to fugitive treatises, which he remembered having seen years previously. As often as I went to him in search of information, he was ready, and his urbanity made conversation with him a pleasure.

No matter what the subject may be which an author has in hand, it may be safely said that in the Reading-room of the British Museum he can prepare himself for his work more fully than anywhere else ; and an instance of the comprehensiveness of the books came to my knowledge not long ago. The editor-in-chief of a Chicago newspaper was visiting the library, and some one suggested that he should turn to the catalogue and see if he could not find his own name there. “ But I have written nothing except a few pamphlets on free-trade,” he said. The catalogue was examined, however, and under the proper heading was a reference to these little-circulated books, which had been issued for private circulation, years before, in the distant Western city.

On entering the Reading-room the visitor finds himself in an immense circular apartment, crowned by a splendid dome, one hundred and forty feet in diameter and one hundred and six feet high, — the largest dome in the world, except that of the Pantheon at Rome. From the floor to the base of the dome the walls are hidden by bookshelves, which extend entirely around the building ; and these, added to others in the adjoining apartments, measure about thirty miles in

length. Thirty miles of bookshelves, containing nearly one million five hundred thousand volumes, exclusive of hundreds of thousands of tracts, pamphlets, manuscripts, and newspaper-files ! To this already enormous collection every publisher in the United Kingdom is required by law to add a copy of every book he issues ; and the annual increase has often been more than a hundred and fifty thousand volumes. The shelves are arranged in three tiers, the two upper ones being reached by circular balconies, while the lower one is accessible from the floor. The latter contains twenty thousand volumes of books of reference, magazines, reviews, and standard works ; and all of these can be taken down by the readers and used as they need them, no ticket for them being required. One feels a sense of awe as one looks at these winding shelves, and realizes what the Library is, — a storehouse of thought ; a granary filled with the most varied of human experiences ; the offerings of scholarship revealed in many tongues ; the harvest of intellectual endeavor. And the awe grows when one looks from the shelves to the desks where the toil is still being continued, and the students are poring in silence over the volumes before them, striving to add still further to the sum of knowledge.

The arrangement of the floor may be likened to a wheel. The hub is represented by a circular enclosure, reserved for the officers of the Library, where the books are delivered and received. The spokes are the desks which radiate from the centre, and of these there are about thirty-five, which altogether will accommodate about three hundred persons, allowing four feet in the width of the desk-space to each reader. The readers sit on both sides of the desk, but a longitudinal screen hides those on one side from the others, and thus privacy is secured. Under the desks there are foot-rests, which in cold weather are heated by warm water ; and

the screen of the desks, which is hollow, is provided with air-chambers, by which the atmosphere is purified. The catalogue is placed in circular shelves surrounding the officials' desk at the hub of the wheel, and it fills over three hundred large folio volumes. When the reader first receives the ticket that entitles him to use the room, an assistant is assigned to teach him how to consult the catalogue and to apply for books ; but the classification of the books is so admirable, that the novice soon finds that he has the immense collection at his fingers' ends, and needs no further help. What treasures that colossal catalogue opens ! The historian may here find the fountain-head of knowledge, and read the testimony of authors who lived in the times he wishes to describe, — times so remote, perhaps, that Caxton had not then set up his printing-press in Westminster Abbey, and the only record of them is in laboriously written missals.

Coming to the time of printed books, he finds the original editions of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde, and copies of books that have been owned by Lord Bacon, Michael Angelo, Charles the First, Katharine Parr, Ben Jonson, Martin Luther, John Milton, Isaac Newton, Dean Swift, and Sir Walter Scott. The titles to works referring to Shakespeare and to the several editions of his plays fill two of the large folio volumes of the catalogue ; and of other famous books, one hundred and four different editions of the " Pilgrim's Progress " may be examined, one hundred and twenty-four editions of " Paradise Lost," and one hundred and two editions of " Robinson Crusoe."

From the Royal libraries given by George the Second and George the Fourth we can learn what the tastes of the sovereigns were by the books they possessed. James the First was fond of political and philosophical works, — a taste shared by his son Charles. Charles the Second read for amusement, and George the Third was fond of history.

The Royal Library, which was formed by the sovereigns from the time of Henry the Seventh to George the Second, is rich in memorials of the Tudors and Stuarts. It contains a New Testament which belonged to Anne Boleyn; the Greek Grammar of Edward the Sixth; Queen Mary's copy of Banello's novels, which are said to have supplied Shakespeare with the plots of many of his plays; old almanacs on which Charles the First scribbled his name when Prince of Wales; and a fine copy of the second edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which belonged to Charles the Second.

The collection of Bibles includes the Mazarine Bible, so called because the copy which first attracted notice in modern times was discovered in the library of the Cardinal of that name; the Elector of Saxony's copy of Martin Luther's translation of the Bible; Myles Coverdale's Bible, dated 1530, the first printed in England; and Martin Luther's own copy of the German Bible.

Two documents that were important in their results to England are also among the treasures of the Library. One of them is the Papal Bull in which Innocent the Third accepts the Kingdom of England from King John, and the other is the famous Magna Charta. The latter is inclosed within a glass frame, and has a fragment of the seal hanging from it. Having once escaped destruction by fire in 1731, it was carefully extended upon coarse canvas; but the ink has become very pale, and the writing is nearly illegible.

Another historical document in the collection is the Bull of Leo the Tenth, conferring the title of "Defender of the Faith" on Henry the Eighth; and there is also a letter from Henry the Fifth to the Bishop of Durham, dated Feb. 10, 1418.

The great ornament of the manuscript collection is an ancient Greek copy of the Scriptures, which is supposed to have been made by a lady of Alexandria in the fourth or sixth cen-

turies, and which was presented to Charles the First by the Patriarch of Constantinople. It is one of the two most ancient copies of the Scriptures in existence.

In the same department are many volumes enriched by the finest illuminators of different countries, and the "Basili-con Doron" of James the First, — a treatise in his own handwriting on the art of government, addressed to his son, Prince Henry, "showing how much easier it is to speculate plausibly than to rule well."

Here, also, may be found the original manuscripts of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," Johnson's tragedy of "Irene," Scott's "Kenilworth," Pope's "Iliad," Macaulay's "History," and one of Ariosto's longer poems. Among the documents is the Diary of John Locke, a despatch written by Wellington on the field of Waterloo, a plan of the battle of the Nile drawn by Lord Nelson, the Will of Mary Queen of Scots, the Journal of the Duke of Monmouth, and letters of Raleigh, Wolsey, Knox, Leicester, Montrose, Bacon, Newton, Johnson, Voltaire, Marlborough, Galileo, Racine, Molière, Dryden, Addison, Swift, Goethe, and Schiller. There are autographs of every English sovereign from Richard the First to Victoria; and we ought not to fail to mention an old mortgage-deed signed by William Shakespeare, nor an agreement signed by John Milton, in which he disposes of "Paradise Lost" to Samuel Simmons, the terms of the sale being five pounds down, five pounds more after the sale of thirteen hundred copies, and five pounds additional on each thirteen hundred copies sold.

Says Mr. Edward Walford: "As to whether this Library [the British Museum] or that of the Louvre in Paris has the most books, is a disputed point; probably we are below the Louvre in manuscripts, and about equal to it in the number of printed books. . . . At present all is collected that issues

from the English press, down to the most insignificant work on crochet, a child's missionary magazine, the directory of a country town, a circulating-library novel; and everything that is collected finds its place on the shelves and in the catalogue, in the conviction that it may often be a point of importance to preserve one copy of even a worthless work in a repository where it may be instantly referred to in case of need." The privilege of claiming from the publishers a gratuitous copy of every work printed in the English dominions, which had been claimed by the Crown since the time of Charles the Second, accompanied the gift of the Royal Library by George the Second; and it is interesting to add that a similar privilege in connection with American books belongs to the Congressional Library at Washington.

The reading-room in old Montague House, which preceded the present one, was frequented by half-a-dozen readers. One of the first to avail himself of it was the poet Gray, who wrote in a letter: "I often pass four hours in the day in the stillness and solitude of the reading-room." Isaac Disraeli was another of the few persons who visited it; but it was scarcely used at all by the general public. When better accommodations were provided, the attendance increased to hundreds; and, spacious as the present room is, it is hardly large enough to accommodate all who wish to use it. Many distinguished men have utilized this splendid Library,—among others Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Washington Irving, William Godwin, Dean Milman, Leigh Hunt, Hallam, Macaulay, Campbell, Bulwer Lytton, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, Guizot, Thiers, George Eliot, Carlyle, Charles Reade, Robert Browning, Swinburne, Froude, and Wilkie Collins.

To-day, looking around the room, one would be sure to discover some famous author, traveller, or scientist. The

occupations of the readers cover nearly every branch of learning. Here, as rusty in dress and as sallow in complexion as the old denizens of Grub Street, is a painstaking, detail-seeking encyclopedist, his head shut in by a three-sided barricade of books. There a pedagogue is deeply engrossed in the comparison of a score or more books of the Latin Principia ; there, again, a parson is fortifying himself for next Sunday's sermon ; and here a shabby man in a mechanic's dress is consulting the files of an engineering magazine, to see that his own invention does not infringe the patents of others. This man with the rapid pencil is taking notes for a pamphlet, which will be struck off the press in a few hours to meet the sudden demand for information on some vexed political question on which the Government has staked its existence ; and that young fellow, who is better dressed than most of the rest, and carries himself with a saucy air, is a literary " free lance " from Fleet Street, who will not take more than half an hour in equipping himself for the destruction of a profound work by a great scientist on a subject of which until now the critic has been wholly in the dark.

These are types which any one can discern any day in the Reading-room. The preacher, the journalist, the inventor, the bookmaker, the schoolmaster, and the critic, — these are bees in this hive who produce some contribution to popular information in return for what they absorb.

But there is another class, the bibliomaniacs and book-worms, who plod along aimlessly, and to whom reading is not the means to an end, but a form of gluttony. They come in all weathers, not minding the slush and fogs of winter, nor the allurements of summer. As soon as the doors are opened they take their accustomed places, and, surrounded by piles of books, sit there the whole day through, uttering no word, and not pausing even for luncheon, a bit of bread crammed into the mouth, while

the eyes are still poring over their books, sufficing for that meal. There are women among them, — poor creatures with red eyelids and dowdy dresses, who are no less close in their application than the men. If their labor were productive, it would be less pathetic ; but nothing comes out of it ; they have a thirst, but the more they drink the more parched and voiceless they become. In contrast with them are some assiduous workers for publishers, the scribes of Paternoster Row, who read enormously and write enormously. Most of them are scholars and gentlemen of irreproachable lives and great ability ; but it so happens that their talents are not of the kind which earn large wages ; and, toiling as they do, poverty still stares them in the face, until the end comes, and the word passes in a whisper from desk to desk, that they have learned a greater secret than the most precious volume the Reading-room contains, — the secret of that bourne whence no traveller returns.



INDEX.

- ABBEY**, Westminster, character of, 403.
See Westminster Abbey.
- Addington**, Judge, pacifies the people, 147.
- Alfred**, King, takes and rebuilds London, 13.
- "Almanac, Old Moore's," issued by Stationers' Company, 306.
- Alms distributed by the guilds, 290.
- Alsatia**, old nickname for Whitefriars, 376.
- America**, traces of history of, seen in Westminster Abbey, 422.
- André**, Major, monument to, in Westminster Abbey, 422.
- Andrewes**, Bishop of Winchester, education of, 289.
- Anne**, Queen, size of London during reign of, 131.
- Antwerp** lends money to English at high rates, 347.
- Apothecaries' Company**, hall of, 304.
- Apparition** seen at Tower by the Swifts, 229.
- Apprenticeship**, seven years', necessary to enter a trade-guild, 277.
- Archbishops** and bishops members of House of Lords, 436.
- Armors**, Company of, fine plate kept in hall of, 305.
- Armories**, ancient and curious, in the Tower, 240; always attached to the halls of the different guilds, 293.
- Askew**, Anne, put to the rack, 230.
- Assistants**, Court of, great privileges of, 283.
- Association**, Protestant, formation of, 142.
- Audley**, Lord, with Cornish rebels, routed at Blackheath, 51.
- Authors**, quotations from, concerning Westminster Abbey, 404.
- BAILEY** makes great display as a dandy, 449.
- Baily**, Captain, sets up hackney-coaches, 170.
- Ball**, John, leader in Wat Tyler's insurrection, 40.
- Bank of England**, peculiarly massive building of, 318; notes of, how printed, 321; counting and sorting of coin in, 322; simplicity of offices in, 325; first designed by Paterson, 327; defeats a run by paying sixpences, 329; tries to break Childs' Bank, 330.
- Banking**, notice of its rise and progress, 326.
- Banquets**, provision and management of, by the different companies, 38; Lord Mayors', splendor and expense of, 253; Coronation, notice of, 431.
- Barebones**, Praise-God, attacked by mob, 107.
- "Barnaby Rudge," Dickens's description of the Gordon riots in, 158.
- Baxter**, Richard, anecdote of his preaching, 384.
- Becket**, Thomas à, begins his career, 20; quarrels with Henry II., 21; story of death of, 22; has chapel on Old London Bridge, 193.
- Beckford**, William, writes "Vathek" at one sitting, 262.
- Beefeaters**, name for guides about the Tower, 235.
- Bells** on Royal Exchange, pathetic story of, 353.
- Besant**, Walter, his shrewd analysis of the Cat story, 274.
- Bibles**, very old, preserved in British Museum, 479.
- Bill of fare** at an early banquet, 38.
- Billingsgate**, great fish-market at, 200.
- Blackheath**, Wat Tyler's insurrection at, 39; Cade's rebels muster at, 47; Cornish rebels defeated at, 51.
- Blood**, Colonel, his attempt to steal the crown jewels, 239; pardoned for his crime, 240.
- "Boar's Head," famous tavern in Eastcheap, 317.
- Boat-races** on the Thames, 211.

- Boleyn, Anne, anecdotes of her coronation, 52.
- Boleyn, Sir Geoffrey, Lord Mayor of London, 247.
- Books, lack of, in time of Knights-Templars, 362; copy of all published in Great Britain in British Museum, 481.
- Bookworms, always found in British Museum, 482.
- Boonen, Guillian, made coachman to Queen Elizabeth, 170.
- Boys used on steamboats instead of bells, 200.
- Briant, Alexander, severe torture of, 230.
- Bridewell, horrors of New Prison, 386.
- Bridge, New London, building and opening of, 197.
- Bridge, Old London, built very early, 34; destroyed by Norsemen, 190; historic scenes upon, 194.
- Bristol, at one time second town in England, 131.
- Brummel, Beau, prince of English fops, 449.
- Brunswick, House of, Doggett commemorates accession of, 311.
- Brute, or Brutus, reputed founder of London, 11; legend relating to, 259.
- Bull, Dr. John, organist to James I., 298.
- Buns, Chelsea, peculiar excellence of, 208.
- Button opens new coffee-house, 135.
- CADE, JACK, rebels, and gathers men at Blackheath, 47.
- Campion, priest, tortured almost to death, 230.
- Canning, George, notable speech of, at the banquet at Fishmongers' Hall, 296.
- Canute, King, makes London famous, 13.
- Carriages, early scarcity of, 169; introduction of, described by Stow, 170.
- Cat, supplies Wyatt with food in prison, 218; story of Whittington and his, 266; same story of, examined by Besant and others, 272; always found in Whittington's portraits, 273.
- Catalogue, great, of library in British Museum, 478.
- Catholics, inscription against on the Monument, 129; great hatred of, in London, 141.
- Cave, printer, starts "Gentleman's Magazine," 366.
- Cells, terrible style of, in the Tower, 229.
- Cesspools abolished, and new plan of sewerage formed, 162.
- Chair, curious, seen at Fishmongers' Hall, 296.
- Chairs, Coronation, at Westminster, described, 420.
- Chancellor, Lord, especial dignity of, 439; presides in House of Lords, 441.
- Chapel of Henry VII., great beauty of, 416.
- Chapels and monuments in Westminster Abbey, 413.
- Charing Cross, early notice of, 82.
- Charles I., fatal quarrel of, with the Parliament, 90; robs the Mint, 326; attempts to restore St. Paul's, 397; tried at Westminster Hall, 429; opens Hyde Park to the public, 445.
- Charles II., great magnitude of London in time of, 94; rejoicings at accession of, 107; proclaimed king at Temple Bar, 356; spends much time in Hyde Park, 446; improves St. James's Park, 461.
- Charter granted to London by William I., 15.
- Charters, early, granted to citizens of London, 243.
- Cheapside, famous for pageantries, 51; sketch of its appearance, 177.
- Chelsea, pensioners at, 207.
- Child, Francis, very early English banker, 327; early business history of, 333; daughter of, runs away with Lord Westmoreland, 334.
- Childs' Bank, saved from Bank of England, 330; passes to Earl of Jersey, 335; used to rent room over Temple Bar, 360.
- Citizens compelled to pay for every liberty, 244.
- Clerkenwell, prison of, broken up and burned, 150.
- Clothworkers, or Shearmen, Company of, 314.
- Club, Kit-Kat, celebrated assembly of great men, 132.
- Coaches, hackney, 170.
- Coal, tax laid upon, to pay for the rebuilding of St. Paul's, 398.

- Cockade, blue, worn by followers of Gordon, 142.
- Coffee-house, Will's, frequented by wits and authors, 132; Button's, patronized by Addison, 135.
- Coffee-houses, early importance of, 101.
- Colechurch, Peter, designs Old London Bridge, 190.
- Commons, House of, not open to public, 432; its impressive aspect to a stranger, 433; proceedings in, at opening of Parliament, 434; special courtesies of, 435.
- Companies (Guilds), the twelve great, in London, 279; composition of, 280; wealth of, 284; extensive charities of, 287.
- Copyright, requires entry at Stationers' Hall, 305.
- Coronation, ceremony always at Westminster, 410, chairs used at ceremony of, 420.
- Cox and Fielding mobbed by the Gordon rioters, 150.
- Cromwell, head of, spiked on Westminster Hall, 430.
- Crowd, motley, formerly seen about Royal Exchange, 338.
- Curiosities, odd list of, comment upon, 105; innumerable, in British Museum, 473.
- DANDIES, extravagant habits of, described, 447.
- Danes plunder London in early times, 13.
- Darien, Paterson tries to found colony in, 328.
- Davenant, his remarks on the bad streets of London, 136.
- Davy, Sir Humphry, condemns gas-lighting, 166.
- De Burgh builds Whitehall, 182.
- Defoe, Daniel, his account of the Great Plague, 110, 115.
- Desks and shelves, arrangement of, at British Museum, 477.
- Dickens, Charles, his vivid description of the Gordon riots, 158.
- Dogget, Thomas, bequest of, 311.
- Dome, of St. Paul's, statement of dimensions of, 403; at British Museum, prodigious size of, 476.
- Downing Street, 183.
- Drapers' Company, banquets of, 312.
- Dream, prophetic, told to William Staines, 263.
- Dress, in time of Elizabeth, described, 62.
- Dryden keeps up reputation of Will's house, 135.
- Duels often fought in Hyde Park, 450.
- Durham, Bishop of, early financier, 16.
- EAGLE, SOLOMON, fanatic, roams about London, 118.
- Eastcheap, historic memories of, 317.
- Edward I. brings Stone of Scone to London, 420.
- Edward III. first real helper of London, 35.
- Edward IV., early prowess, and reception of, 48.
- Elizabeth, Queen, delivers England from persecution, 55; improvements of her time, 58; torture much used in her time, 231; visits and names the Royal Exchange, 351; hunts in Hyde Park, 444.
- Embankment, Victoria, description of, 178; Albert, noticed, 181.
- Epping Forest, 465.
- Erkenwald, Saint, traditions about, 392.
- Evelyn, John, interesting story of Great Fire, 126.
- Exchange, Royal, burned in Great Fire, 125, 352; splendor of, in Addison's time, 131; founded by son of Sir Richard Gresham, 261; at first only an open square, 341; first built by Sir Thomas Gresham, 342; named "Royal" by Elizabeth, 351; second building of, burned, 353.
- Eyre, Sir Simon, Lord Mayor, his curious joke, 260.
- FAIRFAX, Lady, intrepidity of, 430.
- Farrar, Archdeacon, reflections on Westminster Abbey, 404.
- Fawkes, Guy, connected with Gunpowder Plot, 82; anniversary of his disgrace, 86; his answer to James I., 182.
- Fire, precautions against in early days, 121.
- Fire, Great, ravages the city, 94; origin and progress of, 122; described by Evelyn, 126.
- Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, execution of, 218.
- Fitzstephen, his account of Tower of London, 16.

- Fitzwarren, probably true character in Whittington story, 272.
- Flags, Battle, kept at Chelsea Hospital, 208.
- Forest, Epping, perpetual gift to the people, 465.
- GARDENS, Kew, botanic, great popular resort, 199, 212; Kensington, location and nature of, 457; Zoological, in Regent's Park, 465.
- Garrick, David, recites before Cave, the printer, 366.
- Garth, Dr., witty remark on his patients, 132.
- Gas first proposed for street lighting, 166.
- Gate, Traitor's, prisoners landed at, 226.
- George III. determines to suppress the Gordon riots, 153.
- George IV., ridiculous dandyism of, 448.
- Gog and Magog, wooden images in Guildhall, 259.
- Goldsmith, Oliver, residence of, at the Temple, 372.
- Gordon, Lord George, his turbulent measures, 142; marshals his men to attack the Parliament, 145; further inflames rioters, 146; petition of, rejected by the Commons, 147; arrested and imprisoned, then acquitted, 157; imprisoned for life for libel, 158.
- Grasshopper used as a crest by the Greshams, 351.
- Gresham, Sir Richard, his noble friendship for Wolsey, 261.
- Gresham, Sir Thomas, builds first Exchange, 342; personal notes of his character, 345; becomes financier for the Tudors, 347; does much to improve English credit, 348; tradition of his infancy, 351; charities and sudden death of, 352.
- Gresham, Michael, name given founding boy, 353.
- Gretna Green, lay marriages performed at, 334.
- Grey, Lady Jane, sad story of, 221; execution of, for treason, 222.
- Grocers, history of the Company of, 303.
- Guildhall not destroyed by Great Fire, 259.
- Guilds, first formed, 35; keep saints' days with festivity, 37; in danger of losing ancient powers, 280; nobles enrolled as members of, 315.
- Gundulf, monk, builds Tower of London, 16.
- Gunpowder proves useful in arresting the progress of the Great Fire, 126.
- Gunpowder Plot, some notice of, 82.
- HALICARNASSUS, Mausoleum of, in British Museum, 473.
- Hall, Westminster, built by William Rufus, 19; Goldsmiths', description of, 294; Fishmongers', described, 295; Mercers', notice of, 297; Merchant Taylors', splendid festival at, 298; Drapers', location and mention of, 302; Skinners', location and description of, 303; Vintners', fine tapestry and paintings at, 304; Stationers', obscure location of, 305; Fellowship Porters', annual sermon at, 312; Inner and Middle, at the Temple, 371; Westminster, forms part of the Palace, 429.
- Halls, splendid, occupied by the guilds, 290.
- Hamilton, Duke of, his duel with Lord Mohun, 451.
- Hampstead Heath, 465.
- Hampton Court, 215.
- Hastings, Warren, great trial of, at Westminster Hall, 430.
- Hawkwood, John, history of, 301.
- Heming, Edward, first undertakes to light London, 98; his plan for maintaining street lights, 166.
- Henry I. grants fresh charter to London, 19.
- Henry II., proves a deliverer of the people, 20; partisans of, murder Thomas à Becket, 21; humbled at Becket's shrine, 22.
- Henry III., London makes war with, 25.
- Henry VII., beautiful chapel of, in Westminster Abbey, 416.
- Henry VIII. takes Hyde Park for royal preserve, 444.
- Herbert, Colonel, overawes Lord George Gordon, 148.
- Hewet, Sir William, story of his daughter, 197.
- Hoare, Bank of, old, and still in operation, 330.
- Holbein, his picture of Henry VIII. giving a charter to the Barber-Surgeons' Company, 305.

- Holland House, residence of many notable people, 458.
- Horse-chestnuts, fine grove of, at Bushey Park, 215.
- Hospital, Chelsea, for disabled seamen, 207.
- Hunter, Dr. John, anatomical museum of, 380.
- Hyde, Justice, tries to disperse mob, 148.
- Hyde Park, first made public by Charles I., 445; becomes occupied by fashionables and dandies, 446; celebrated people to be seen in, 450; used for military reviews, 453; its great usefulness to common people, 457.
- INN, LINCOLN'S, location of, 376.
- Irving, Washington, reflections on Westminster Abbey, 404.
- JAMES I. and the Lord Mayor, story of, 94; promotes the construction of the New River, 165; coaches first common in time of, 170; well answered by Bishop of Winchester, 289; becomes a Clothworker, 314; as a huntsman, 444.
- Jersey, Earl of, proprietor of Childs' Bank, 335.
- Jewels, crown, description of, 236; Blood's attempt to steal, 229.
- Jews and Lombards only bankers in Middle Ages, 326.
- Johnson, Dr., predicts use of gas, 166; his curious meditations at Temple Bar, 360; writes for Cave, the printer, 366; has rooms in Inner Temple, 375; personal appearance of, described, 385.
- Jonson, Ben, contrasted with Shakspeare, 58; further notice of, 61; story of his early studies, 379.
- Juxon, William, Bishop of London, his education, 288.
- KENSINGTON GARDENS, 457.
- Kew Gardens, favorite point for excursions, 199.
- Kings of England obliged to ask entrance at Temple Bar, 355.
- LAMBETH Palace, 204.
- Lane, Petticoat, 186.
- Langdale distillery destroyed by the Gordon rioters, 153.
- Laurie, Sir Peter, his clumsy style of boasting, 262.
- Leman, John, grand inauguration of, 249.
- Librarians in British Museum, singular aptness of, 475.
- Libraries given by sovereigns to British Museum, 470.
- Library, Royal, deposited in British Museum, 479.
- Lincoln, Earl of, gives name to Lincoln's Inn, 379.
- Livermen, position of as members of guilds, 283.
- London, divine origin of, claimed by Romans, 11; primitive people of, sketched, 14; vigilant early police of, 25; early manners and customs in, 26; Chaucer's description of the people of, 29; appearance of, at end of fourteenth century, 33; first helped and encouraged by Edward III., 35; Archbishop of Canterbury, killed by Tyler's mob in, 43; early notice of fogs in, 57; street scenes in, depicted, 66; reflections after walk in, 70; vast influence of, under Charles I., 86; influence of, over royal fortunes, 93; streets first lighted in, 98; citizens of, contrasted with countrymen, 102; distressed by Great Plague, 109; new plans for, after Great Fire, 127; bad character of street life in, 135; benefited by new police, 161; statement as to population of, 186; citizens of, early favored by kings, 243; rapacity of some kings exercised upon, 244; great foppery in, during time of Shakspeare, 341.
- Lord Mayor, title conferred by Edward III., 247.
- Lords, House of, 436, 439.
- Lords and Commons, legislation shared between, 441.
- Lovat, Lord, last person beheaded in England, 226.
- Lovelace, poet, dies of starvation, 386.
- Lyceum Theatre first lighted with gas, 166.
- MACARONI, new dish introduced by fops, 448.
- Magazine, Gentleman's, first printed at St. John's Gate, 366.
- Magna Charta, granted by King John,

- 22; the original document in British Museum, 479.
- Magnville, Geoffrey de, story of death of, 369.
- Malefactors confess crimes from mere terror, 114.
- Manners during time of Elizabeth, sketch of, 65.
- Mansfield, Lord, the Gordon rioters attack house of, 150; magnanimity of, toward Lord George Gordon, 157.
- Manuscripts, curious original, in British Museum, 480.
- Marbles, Elgin, brought from Athens to British Museum, 473.
- Mary, Queen, her persecutions of Protestants, 52.
- Masts and funnels lowered when steamers pass under bridges, 203.
- Mayor of London, office of, established by King John, 247.
- Mayor, Lord, costliness of his office, 253; manner of election of, 254; numerous and curious duties of, 255; peculiar and remarkable rights of, 256.
- McGragh, his singular duel with four adversaries, 452.
- Mellitus, first bishop to preach at St. Paul's, 391.
- Merchants, English, witty description of, 352.
- Middleton, Hugh, brings new water-supply to London, 165.
- Milton, John, his lodgings, 389.
- "Mohocks," rowdy ruffians so called, 135.
- Monmouth, Geoffrey of, his story of London, 11.
- Montague House, first location of British Museum, 470.
- Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, made queen of the Kit-Cat Club, 132.
- Monteagle, Lord, warned of Gunpowder Plot, 85.
- Montfort, Earl of Leicester, 25.
- Monument erected where Great Fire began, 128.
- Monuments, of various worthies at St. Paul's Cathedral, 400; great number of at Westminster Abbey, 413.
- Morass, London really built upon a, 12.
- Morris, Peter, contrives water-supply for houses, 162.
- Mulcaster, Richard, schoolmaster, severity of, 288.
- Museum, British, building of described, 467; founded by Sir Hans Sloane, 468; ridiculed by wits and wags, 469; first set up in Montague House, 470; prodigious collection seen in, 473; great reading-room at, 474; conditions for reading at, 475; wonderful comprehensiveness of, 476; very rare manuscripts in, 479; great diversity of readers in, 483.
- Museum, South Kensington, notice of, 185.
- NAVY, Royal, watermen enrolled in, 311.
- Needswell, flogged at Drapers' Hall, 313.
- Newgate, prison, sacked and burned by the Gordon rioters, 149.
- Nobles, many belong to guilds, 315; titles of, explained, 439; great number of, seen in Rotten Row, 454.
- Nonsuch House, building on Old London Bridge, 193.
- "No Popery," riots, referred to, 139; party cry of the rioters, 145.
- Norsemen break down Old London Bridge, 190.
- OLAVE, King, destroys London Bridge, 190.
- "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," name for Bank of England, 318.
- Omnibuses, immense gathering of, about the Mansion House, 337.
- Oranges, early introduction of, into England, 346.
- Osborne, famous leap of, from London Bridge, 187.
- Ovenston, maker of curious chair, 296.
- Overy St. Mary, story of, 189.
- Owen, Nicholas, commits suicide in the Tower, 232.
- PAGEANTRY, remarkable, at Leman's inauguration, 250.
- Palace, Westminster, its many historic changes, 426; Kensington, historical notes of, 458; St. James's, built, or repaired, by Henry VIII., 462; Buckingham, special residence of Queen Victoria, 465.
- Park, Hyde, early condition and habits of, 444; Green, located near Hyde, 461; St. James's, 461; Regent's, great size of, 465.
- Parks, in London, early character of, 443.
- Parliament, Houses of, described, 425.

- Paterson, William, designs first Bank of England, 327; later operations and death of, 329.
- Payne, Will, story of his obstinacy, 36.
- Peel, Sir Robert, establishes new police, 162.
- Pepys, Samuel, his stories of Great Fire, 122; criticises the Merchant Taylors, 301.
- Perceval, Spencer, assassination of, 383.
- Philpot, John, Lord Mayor, destroys pirates, 260.
- "Pix, Trial of the," performed by the Goldsmiths' Company, 295.
- Plague, Great, in London, 94; distress during, 109; finally disappears in the colder weather, 119.
- Plate, splendid, in possession of the guilds, 294.
- Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey, 421.
- Police, new, 161.
- Pomander, curious preparation of oranges, 346.
- 'Prentice boys begin to be prominent, 73.
- Press, printing, first brought to England, 48.
- Procession, Lord Mayor's, magnificence of, 248; partly formed by trade companies, 278.
- Prophets and fanatics swarm through London during the Great Plague, 110.
- Pudding Lane, Great Fire begins in, 122.
- Puritans stop repairs on St. Paul's, 397.
- QUACKS and pretenders in London during plague, 113.
- RACK, engine of torture used in the Tower, 230.
- Railway, Underground, 171, 176.
- Raleigh, Sir Walter, long imprisonment of, 222; later exploits and execution of, 225.
- Readers, remarkable facilities for, at British Museum, 475; distinguished character of some of the, in same, 481.
- Reading-room, immense, in British Museum, 474.
- Records, destroyed by Wat Tyler's mob, 40.
- Relics, ridiculous collection of, in Old St. Paul's, 395.
- Rennie, John, builds New London Bridge, 197.
- Richard II., his presence of mind before rioters, 43.
- Rioters, the Gordon, terrible fury and destructiveness of, 152; suppressed by soldiery, 154.
- Riots often caused by the 'prentices, 73.
- River, New, great work of Middleton, 165.
- Rochester, Gundulf made Bishop of, 16; Bishop Flambard of, curious escape from prison, 19.
- Romans, antiquities of, still in London, 13.
- Rotten Row, great avenue of nobility and fashion, 453; probable derivation of name of, 454.
- "Rump," history of the, 107.
- Ryswick, Peace of, celebrated by first service at St. Paul's, 398.
- SAINTS, patron, always adopted by trade-guilds, 278.
- Sanctuary, right of, long claimed by Whitefriars, 376.
- Saville, Sir George, tolerant spirit of, 141; house of, stripped and burned, 148.
- Savoir-vivre, club formed by dandies, 448.
- School, Merchant Taylors', notice of, 287.
- Scone, Stone of, placed under Coronation Chair, 420.
- Seamen, disabled, at Chelsea, 207.
- Sebert, King, builds the first abbey at Westminster, 409.
- Seutries, gloomy duties of, about the Tower, 227.
- Servants of Lord Mayor, amusing titles of, 256.
- Shakspeare, his "Twelfth Night" performed at the Temple, 371.
- Sloane, Sir Hans, sells collections to form a national museum, 468.
- Smithfield, martyrdoms inflicted at, 55.
- Soane, Sir John, founds art museum, 380.
- Society, literary, in time of Elizabeth, 69.
- Society, Royal, founded by Charles II., 105.

- Soldiers, valuable, furnished by London, 89; succeed in checking rioters, 154.
- Southwark, early play-house in, 65.
- Staines, Sir William, history of, 263.
- Stationers' Company, the, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, 397.
- Steamboats on Thames described, 199.
- Stephen made king by influence of London, 19.
- Stone, of Scone, placed under Coronation Chair, 420.
- Stones, building, of immense size in British Museum, 467.
- St. John, Order of, property of Templars given to, 366.
- St. Paul's, early building of, 34; consumed by Great Fire, 125; rebuilt under direction of Wren, 128; origin and early history of, 391: devoted to business and full of idlers, 396; ineffectual effort to restore, 397; wholly burned in Great Fire, 398; effect of its style, 399; monuments and statues in, 400; dimensions of, stated, 403.
- Strand, the, begins to assume settled style, 81; as a great thoroughfare, described, 383.
- Streets, dirty, formerly universal in London, 97; dangerous at night, 98; former bad management of, 136.
- Suburbs, London rapidly overrunning its, 185.
- Swift, Dean, satirizes men of science, 106.
- Swift, Edward, sees apparition at the Tower, 229.
- TAVERNS, celebrated, in and about Temple Bar, 384.
- Taxes, oppressive, levied by early kings, 26.
- Taylor, John, the "Water-Poet," his tirade against coaches, 308.
- Taylor, Jeremy, reflections on Westminster Abbey, 408.
- Templars, origin and character of, 362.
- Templars, Knights, severe punishments used by, 365; persecuted, 366; finally break up Right of Sanctuary, 376.
- Temple, grounds of, described, 361; Church of, antiquity and beauty of, 369; Inner and Middle, devoted to law, 370; Halls of, beauty and celebrity of, 71; Inner, Hall of, surroundings of, 372; Dr. Johnson tenant of, 375.
- Temple Bar, removal of, 173, 355; passage through, by various sovereigns, 356; notable events happening at, 359; first building of, erected by Wren, 360.
- Thames, water of, supplied to city by Morris, 165; bridge early built over, 189; view of important features from, 204; scenes along the upper part of, 211; Lord Mayors' shows upon, 249; former great usefulness of, for travel, 309; scenery of, 310.
- Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, upholds Henry II., 20.
- Thurloe, John, secretary to Cromwell, 379.
- Tombs, great number of, at Westminster Abbey, 418.
- Torture, abominable means of, used at the Tower, 232; finally abandoned in 1640, 235.
- Tower of London, begun by William I., 15; addition by Henry III., and story thereon, 34; general description of, 217; curious ceremony of locking up, 227.
- Trade-guilds, early character and purpose of, 277.
- Treason, heads of those executed for, set on London Bridge, 193.
- Tyburn, place of common execution, 51.
- Tyburnia, elegant modern suburb, 457.
- Tyler, Wat, account of his revolt, 39.
- VASE, Portland, or Barberini, in British Museum, 474.
- Veto, power of, enjoyed by Lord Mayor, 256.
- Viaduct, Holborn, description of, 184.
- Victoria, Queen, opens present Royal Exchange, 353; notified, at Kensington, of her accession, 458.
- Vincent, Jenkin, character of a 'prentice boy, 77.
- WALWORTH, Sir William, strikes down Wat Tyler, 43.
- Wardens of the guilds, powers and duties of, 36.
- Watermen, great number of, formerly on Thames, 308; bad manners of, 311.
- Watermen's Company, hall of, 306; privileges of, 306.

- Water-supply, gradual improvement in regard to, 162.
- Watt, James, ridicules gas-lighting, 166.
- Westminster Abbey, historic interest of, 404; quotations on, 407; story of its first consecration, 409; coronation always held at, 410.
- Westminster Hall, coronation banquets at, 431.
- Westmoreland, Earl of, his trick for a wife, 333.
- Whitefriars, or Alsatia, bad character of, 101; unpleasantness of the district, 376.
- Whitehall, improvements made in, 82; great changes produced at, 182.
- Whittington, Richard, most famous Lord Mayor, 259; story of his youth, 265; modern biography of, 269; history of his family, 271; his costly entertainment of Henry V., 274; death and excellent record of, 275.
- Wilkes, John, fights duel with Martin, 452.
- William I. favorable to St. Paul's, 392.
- William Rufus strengthens Tower of London, 16.
- Windsor first uses gas, 166.
- Wolsey, Cardinal, long resident at Whitehall, 182; and others, dwellers at Hampton Court, 215; receives great kindness from Gresham, 261.
- Wool, tax laid upon to build Old London Bridge, 190.
- Woolsack, 440.
- Wren, Sir Christopher, his new plans for London, 127; plans of, for London finally rejected, 128; builds new St. Paul's, 398; ungracious treatment of, 399.
- Wyatt, Sir Henry, his painful imprisonment, 217; relieved from hunger by a cat, 218.
- YORK, first official capital of England, 12.
- York, Princes of the house of, murdered in the Tower, 218.

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