

hospital (only unfortunately Holbein died of a plague, and was buried in St. Catharine Cree, while Edward was still in his nursery skirts), an immense Verrio, spelt Vario on the frame, of a New Year's visit—a custom still continued by the reigning sovereign—paid by the Blue Coats to Charles II. at Whitehall; an old piece by Copley, like a weak, pretty imitation of the work of that respectable person, West; and a good portrait or two; but the lady spoken of by Lamb I could find nowhere. I should like to have seen the very hall where the lads we know so well sat at meat, to have stood on the very boards, as is possible in the small refectory at the Charterhouse, trodden by the monks and clattered over by their boy successors; but my guide does his best to invest this somewhat garish room with softening touches here and there which take my attention from the gorgeous chandeliers and dreadful modern coloured glass through which the sunbeams glimmer brightly. One of the walls stands in the ditch which used to surround London, I am told, and is built on piles driven many feet deep; and when the workmen were digging here Roman money was found and a pair of Roman sandals. These invaders left us, I think, after about three centuries of occupation, so the coins and the shoes can boast of a tolerably long existence, buried under rubbish, of fifteen hundred years. Then I am shown the long tables, hacked all over with initials (*Tell 'em not to do a thing and they do it directly*, was the porter's comment on this infringement of rules), and I try in vain to make out any name that I know, but though there is every letter many times repeated no carver has had leisure or inclination enough to finish his work.

So we stroll over to the old parts, built by Wren, with his fine red bricks of a peculiar small make, when the fire, raging close at hand, burnt the old church in the outer court, and destroyed most part of the monastical buildings, except the south side of the cloister. There are writing, mathematical, and grammar schools, dormitories, long passages and staircases with all of which "that most delightful and loving of men," as De Quincey calls Lamb, must once have been very familiar, a reason I think sufficient to explain the number of visitors who ask permission to see the place, and who, to a man, express regret at the notion, that soon it will exist no more. Bitterly as Elia speaks of the abuses, more especially in the later essay, where time seems rather to have increased than decreased his just resentment, yet he would not, I am sure, have been without the many undeniable privileges among which, first, he would have placed the deep affection with which, through their lives and his, he regarded, and was regarded by such of the scholars as were his friends, in the days when the good foolish Matthew Field answered, *Yes, child*, to some impatient specimens of school boy wit, or cruel Boyer, with a heavy hand, doubled his knotty fist at a poor trembling scholar, "the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips," these Hogarthian little sketches of Christ's Hospital, a century ago, are too well known to quote: begin a sentence and most people will finish it for you. Other essays we read: Lamb's we learn.

The porter, grey-eyed, placid of face, patiently unlocks door after door for me, showing and telling me much, anon speaking of the traditions of the school, now repeating to me stories of the city, of which he and I are equally proud. A Hartford man by birth, he has been a Cockney for thirty-five years, and goes never now to his native fields, for his own belongings have "shifted" he says, or have died; so contentedly he waits in the courtyard lodge for whatever may betide in the future:—country or town life, either will be just right to this wise man who has tasted the pleasures and drawbacks of both. The best thing I see under his care is the by nook in the cloisters where sat that good old relative with the roast veal or griskin in a hot basin ready to tempt the weak appetite of nephew Charles. *There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share it.* It is easy to picture the sensitive face of the child Elia at such an odd experience of his playhours. If you like you can, to-day, make sketches of this spot, unchanged entirely, in which this tragedy-comedy of a few minutes was so often acted. The last words I hear are from the porter as I turn through the gate into the Little Britain, who bids me look where, white against the blue sky, St. Paul's towers above us. *Nothing else like it anywhere else*, he says, as he too stands and stares at the streets with their old, old names, at the gables and spires that are so full of interest, and with all of which Ouida dares to find fault: and so we parted, he, to his lodge by the plane tree, where a robin is whistling his sweetest and cheeriest, undisturbed by omnibus rattles, I, to meet the Dringhtons on Snow Hill, Mr. Pickwick, on his way to the Fleet, Rawdon Crawley ruthfully turning in to Cursitor Street, and so by way of the fashionable parks, where young Bob Cratchitt yearned to show himself, and where you may watch dear Amelia Booth, with her "little things" clinging to her skirts, cheering her remorseful husband with her fond talk, any day you like to saunter through the leafy alleys. Alas, the leaves of the copper beeches are fading fast, and summer is swiftly leaving us.

September is always reckoned the worst month in London of all the twelve, for now every one has gone; up till lately they have made false starts, returning, after an absence of a week or two, for a few days, and so off again. The seashores are as full as they can be, in spite of the appalling weather; but these places of amusement have changed their character within the last few years. The educated working classes, by which I mean the painter, barrister, doctor, parson, author, no longer go to the sea; cheaper and frequent trains, and the ubiquitous "tripper" have ruined the charms of beech and cliff, and the comfortable bow-windowed houses that the middle classes used to rent for two or three months every year are now let out in sets of lodgings to people who picnic in two or three rooms for a fortnight, and who eat hot lobsters, and play the game of "cutlets," as described in "Nobody's Diary" in *Punch*. Dickens would now find Broadstairs impossible; Leech would discover fresh horrors in Hastings every day, where the over-crowded parades are noisy from early

morn to dewy eve with niggers and Salvation Army, a pleasing combination: while the pleasure of such charming spots as Yarmouth with its Copperfield memories; as Weymouth, where at every turn you may meet George the Third and his Court, can watch Fanny Burney picking up pebbles on the shore, or walking over the hills, can visit the home of "The Trumpet Major;" as "dear, kind, merry Dr. Brighton," with its wonderful pavilion and suggestive old town, are things of the past. And where are they gone, those great families of merry boys and girls whom Leech delighted to sketch as they clambered over dripping rocks, rode rough ponies on the sands—those sweet girls with their frank, untroubled eyes, broad foreheads, wavy hair and flounced skirts, all of a type which seems to have belonged to that croquet-playing time? They have vanished entirely, leaving their places occupied by the sand-booted, puggareed tourist, male and female. So if you desire peace and rest, it is wisest to settle a few miles from the railway, and though it is possible to have fun everywhere, you must sometimes take it with you, like the man whom Thackeray quotes, for I doubt if it is a commodity easily found in the silent street of a country village. I am led to these remarks by a visit I paid to Folkestone the other day, where one half of the company were yachting caps of every description, and ate pears noisily on the beach, throwing the skins with much vigour and precision of aim at the passers-by; and the other half, as odious in their genteel way, played tennis haughtily by themselves in the squares, devouring literature of the *World* and *Truth* class between their games, their conversation being flavoured with allusions to Lord This and Lady That, of whose existence they would never have known if it were not for these unwholesome sheets with their vulgar gossip and scandal.

I heard one anecdote, though, while in Kent (I think of sending it to *The Animal World*), which compensated me in a measure for my absence from town. It appears that the gentleman responsible for the story has a Scotch terrier, a remarkable Scotch terrier, possessor of countless variety of tricks, which animal, amongst other good qualities enjoyed, till last week, the untried reputation of being an admirable watch dog, and so had a privileged sleeping place at the foot of the stairs. Well, one night, being very late, and having forgotten his latch-key, my friend had to solicit the aid of a friendly policeman who helped him over the balcony to where he could get at the library window which he knew from experience he could easily slip up from the outside. This he managed perfectly, and it was only when he was safe in the room that he remembered his ferocious terrier would certainly first alarm the house and then fly at the intruder. An excellent opportunity of testing Faithful's metal, thought his owner, and stumbling into the hall and waiting at every step for the familiar shrill bark, and scuffle through the dark at some one whom the trusty creature could only take for a thief. But not a sound: not so much as a mouse squeaked. He pushed against the hat-stand, knocked over the dog's water dish, and at last in sheer desperation, struck a match in the dining-room—and discovered, lying stiff and stark behind the door, well out of the way of any troublesome burglar whatsoever, the incomparable Faithful, *feigning dead*. In language that was mild though sad, like that of Monk Lewis' *Maniac*, and in a few well chosen words, as the newspapers say, I hinted my disbelief in the accuracy of this story, at which my friend waxed indignant and swore to the truth of every word. I shall die a sceptic on the subject, I am afraid. What, as a calm and impartial judge, do you say?

WALTER POWELL.

FROM CHAUTAUQUA TO PANAMA.

THE morning which our party had chosen for driving from Chautauqua to the famous Panama Rocks was a beautiful one late in August. The sky was flecked with soft, white clouds, like a snowy flotilla lazily anchored in the blue sea overhead. The air was warm, odorous, and full of those musical whirling sounds common to the flittering objects which infest the lake shores—sounds which of themselves suggest holidays, rest, and rustic pleasures.

We were a very merry party, although I confess we had not escaped the usual bickerings with Jane about lunch baskets, nor contentions with certain disaffected persons who thought it was "too hot to go," which seem to be the elements of every picnic party. These slight disagreeables were, however, speedily forgotten in the pleasure experienced when once Chautauqua's hilly avenues and wooden ticket-offices were left behind, and the beauty of the country unrolled itself before our raptured vision. Behind us lay the silvery lake, dotted here and there with pleasure boats, bands playing, and gay-coloured pennants flying. Here too, we could see the picturesque summer resorts along the lake; Point Chautauqua, with its pretty red and white cottages running right down to the shore; Lakewood, the Saratoga of Chautauqua Lake, adorned with elegant hotels and wide wharves; Mayville, lying snug under a hill; Long Point, a delightful place for disciples of Isaak Walton, and our own Chautauqua proper, almost hidden by over-arching trees.

The road we were to travel lay white in the summer sunshine, flashing amid gently undulating fields of buckwheat, which resembled nothing as much as wide plains of snow, the very sight of which was cooling—tall masses of corn waved regally in other fields, and here and there appeared a quaint farm-house, low-ceiled and gable-roofed, with delicious old fashioned "front gardens" crowded with sweet-Williams, ruddy holly-hocks, sweet peas, phlox, and gillyflowers. Here barnyard fowls ran at our approach with a great cackling, and the grave old watch-dog, basking amid the late roses, raised himself up lazily, blinked one solemn yellow-brown eye meditatively, and sunk down again with his tired old nose on his fore-paws, evidently convinced that we were honest folk who needed no watching.

One thing which struck us as being singular was the fact that the cul-