

from his den, and touches a well-trained forelock to strangers." As I passed beneath the archway of Christ Church, through Wolsey's "faire gate," well worthy of the name, shown in the engraving on page 475, I asked the porter which were the rooms that had been occupied by John and Charles Wesley. Somewhat to my surprise, the answer I received was: "I don't know. Never heard of them. That must have been a long time ago." I concluded that this ignorance must be an idiosyncrasy of the porter mind, for at Pembroke College near by, of which Blackstone and Whitefield were students, is pointed out the room occupied by Samuel Johnson; and the name of Addison is still linked with one of the pleached alleys of Magdalen. I climbed the old tower from which "Great Tom," weighing 17,000 pounds—twice as much as St. Paul's bell—every night tolls a curfew of 101 strokes, as a signal for closing the college gate. One spot, at least, I was sure must have been familiar to the Wesleys' feet—the great stairway shown on page 476, leading to the splendid dining-hall. The beautiful fan-tracery of the roof, all carved in solid stone, and supported by a single clustered shaft, will be observed.

Passing through the centre door at the top of the stone steps, we enter the large dining-hall shown in our frontispiece—save that of Westminster, the grandest mediæval hall in the kingdom. The open timber roof, of Irish oak, 350 years old, with gilt armorial bearings, is as sound as when erected. The beautiful oriel to the right, with its fretted roof, lights a raised dais. On the wall are paintings by Holbein, Lely, Vandyke, Kneller, and Reynolds, of distinguished patrons or students of the College, from Wolsey down to Gladstone, whose portrait occupies an honoured place. Here, at remarkably solid tables, the students dine. Here Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. banquetted and witnessed dramatic representations; and here, in 1634, the latter monarch held his last Parliament when driven from Westminster.

Beneath the stone stairway is the passage leading to the great baronial kitchen, with its high, open roof. A white-aproned, rubicund old head cook did the honours of his important domain. He showed me a monster gridiron on wheels; the huge turnspit, on which they still roast, before an open grate, thirty joints at once; and the treadmill where the unhappy turnspit dog keeps