CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)

ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)

Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

©1998

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming are checked below.

☐ Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur

☐ Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée

☐ Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

☐ Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque

☐ Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur

☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

☐ Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents

☐ Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible

☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

☐ Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

☐ Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

☐ Coloured pages / Pages de couleur

☐ Pages damaged / Pages endommagées

☐ Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

☐ Pages detached / Pages détachées

☑ Showthrough / Transparence

☐ Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

☐ Includes supplementary material /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image / Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

☐ Opposing pages with varying colouration or discolourations are filmed twice to ensure the best possible image / Les pages s'opposant ayant des colorations variables ou des décolorations sont filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10x				14x				18x				22x				26x				30x		
							✓															
		12x				16x				20x				24x				28x				32x

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol → (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▽ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

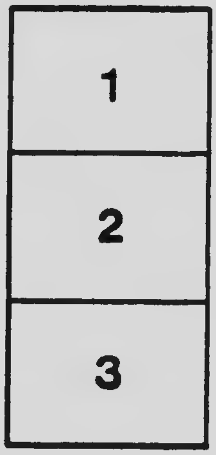
Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

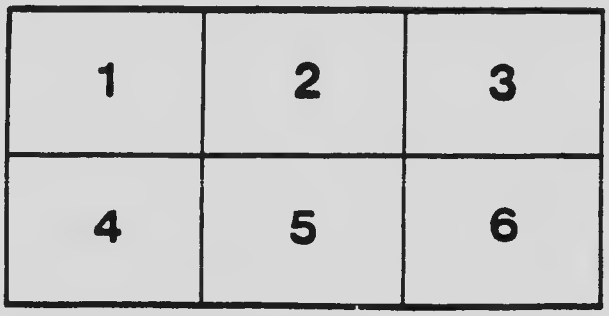
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole → signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▽ signifie "FIN".

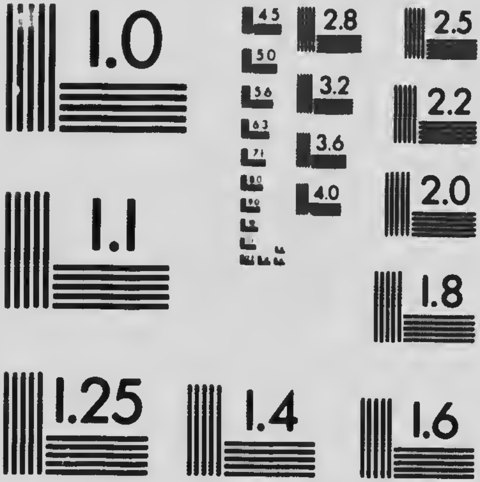
Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

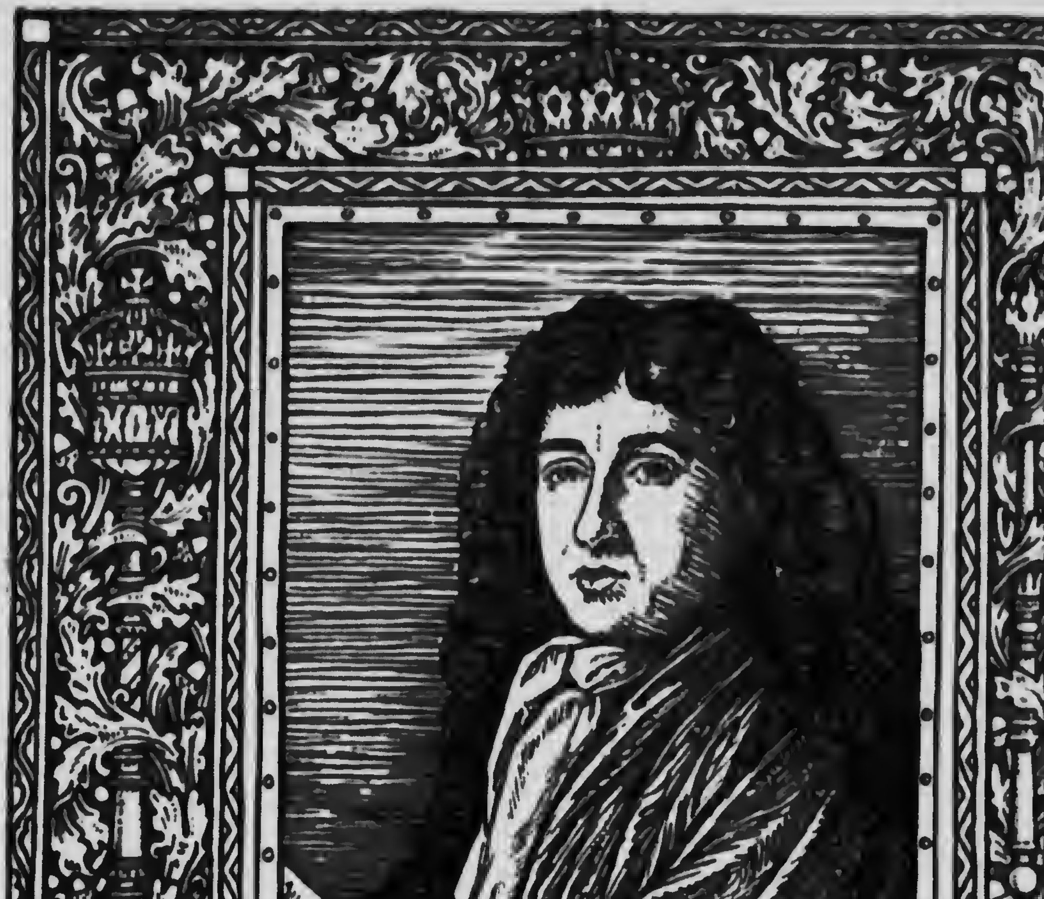

1.0
4.5
2.8
2.5
5.0
3.2
5.6
2.2
6.3
3.6
7.1
8.0
4.0
2.0
9.0
1.1
1.8
1.25
1.4
1.6

APPLIED IMAGE Inc
1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN.

The KINGS TREASURIES OF LITERATURE

GENERAL EDITOR
SIR A·T· QUILLER COUCH


SAMUEL PEPYS

NEW YORK E·P·DUTTON AND COMPAN

LONDON
IN
LITERATURE

DOMINE DIRIGE NOS

ARRANGED BY
ALFRED H·HEADLEY

M·DENT & SONS LTD · LONDON & TORONTO·

Sole Agent for Scotland
THE GRANT EDUCATIONAL CO. LTD.
GLASGOW

All rights reserved

142615

CONTENTS

PAGE

Addison, Joseph (under signature of Ralph Crotchet). *Proposal for the Control of Street Cries* (1711) . . 147

Ballad, A. *In Praise of London 'Prentices, Shrove Tuesday,* 1617 72
Barbauld, Letitia. *Samuel Richardson* 162
Barrie, J M. *First Impressions of London* 269
Bayley, John. *Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower* . . 74
Beaconsfield, Lord. *Beaconsfield on our Town-Planning* . 231
Boleyn, Ann, Queen. *Last Letter to King Henry VIII.* (1536) 47
Borrow, George. *Cheapside* 242
George Borrow on London Bridge 244
Boswell, James. *Dr. Johnson* 177
Brooke, Henry. *Unrehearsed Humours of Bartholomew Fair* 168

Camden, William. *Queen Eleanor's Memorial at Charing Cross* 17
Carlyle, Thomas. *Pride's Purge* 98
This Bauble! April 20th, 1653 100
Cavendish, G. *Wolsey in Whitehall* 38
Chambers, Robert. *The Gunpowder Plot* (1605) . . . 64
Cherbury, Lord Herbert of. *Lord Herbert of Cherbury at Court* 60
Clarendon, Earl of. *Escape of Charles I.* (1647) . . 88
Collet. *Sir Richard Whittington* 29
Crotchet, Ralph. *Proposal for the Control of Street Cries* (1711) 147

De Ros, Lord. *Colonel Blood steals the Crown Jewels* . . 128
Dickens, Charles. *The Artful Dodger at Bow Street* . . 254
Dickens as a Reporter 257
A London Fog 259
Dryden, John. *Within Sound of the Guns* (1667) . . 125

PAGE
ELYOT, SIR THOMAS. *Prince Hal and Judge Gascoigne* . 30
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. *Emerson at Printing-House Square* 236
EVELYN, J. *Notes on the Fire* 118
William at St. James's 142

FIELDING, H. *Fielding at Wapping* 164
FITZSTEPHEN, WILLIAM. *River-Sports in the Twelfth Century*. 17
FORSTER, JOHN. *Swift at St. James's Coffee-House* . . 155
Sir Joshua Reynolds "At Home" at Leicester Square . 181
FOX, GEORGE. *George Fox, the Quaker, Interviews Cromwell* . 103
Fox on the Fire 125
FROISSART, JEAN. *The Tyler Rebellion, 1381* . . . 19

GASKELL, MRS. *Charlotte Brontë at Willis's Rooms, St. James's* 250
GREEN, J. R. *Dean Colet of St. Paul's* 50

HALL, EDWARD. *The Cade Rebellion, 1450* 34
HARRISON, WILLIAM. *Parliament in Shakespeare's Time* . 56
The Thames in Shakespeare's Time 58
HAWKINS, F. W. *Edmund Kean's Début at Drury Lane* (1814) 211
HEYWOOD, THOMAS. *The City's Welcome to Queen Elizabeth* (1558) 53
HUME, DAVID. *Richard III. of Gloucester seizes the Crown* (1483) 36
HUNT, LEIGH. *Leigh Hunt at Christ's Hospital* . . . 191
Burlington Arcade and House, Piccadilly 208
HUTCHINSON, LUCY. *Charles I. and His Judges at Westminster Hall* 91

IRVING, WASHINGTON. *A Legend of St. Peter and Bishop Mellitus* 13
Washington Irving visits the Abbey 216

JESSE, J. H. *Charles II. and St. James's Park* . . . 136
JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL. *The Gordon Riots* 173

KNIGHT, C. *Chivalry on London Bridge* 25
The Strand Maypole 87

PAGE

Lamb, Charles. *"The Londoner"* 199

Lytton, Bulwer. *A Fifteenth-Century Picture* . . . 32

Macaulay, Lord. *Downfall of James II.* 140
  William at St. James's 142
  Judge Jeffreys Discovered at Wapping (1688) . . . 144
  At the Trial of Warren Hastings, Westminster Hall, 1788 . 188

Martineau, Harriet. *New London Bridge* . . . 226
  New Houses of Parliament 227

Meredith, George. *The Fire Brigade* 267

Miller, Hugh. *Hugh Miller at St. Paul's* 233

North, Roger. *Death of Charles II. and the Proclamation of James II.* (1685) 138

Nugent. *Charles I. in the House, 4th January*, 1642 . . 84

Pepys, S. *Notes on St. Paul's School* 110
  Plague Notes in Pepys 111

Pope, Alexander. *Pope stays at Hampton Court* . . 157

Prior, Sir James. *Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox* . 194

Quincey, Thomas de. *De Quincey in Oxford Street* . . 222
  De Quincey at St. Paul's 224

Ruskin, John. *Turner and Covent Garden* 169

Schoelcher, V. *Handel and the Foundling Hospital* . . 158

Scott, Sir Walter. *The Strand in the Reign of James I.* . 63
  A Morning Scene in St. James's Park 131

Shakespeare, William. *Downfall of Cardinal Wolsey* . 41

Smith, Horace. *Jocelyn fleeing from the Bailiffs takes Refuge at John Milton's* 105

Southey, Robert and C. C. *Southey at Westminster School* . 183

Stanhope, Earl of. *Pitt—Nelson—Wellington, at Downing Street* 197

Stanley, A. P. *William the Conqueror Crowned* . . . 15
  Queen Caroline 220

Staunton, H. *Loyal Westminster* 96

PAGE
STOW, JOHN. *The Guildhall* 26
STRICKLAND, AGNES. *The "Blue Ring" Incident* . . 62
TALFOURD, SIR T. N. *At No. 4, Inner Temple Lane* . . 202
THACKERAY, W. M. *Addison at Home* 152
The Mall as a Promenade 261
Founder's Day at the Charterhouse 263
Death of the Colonel 267
WALLER, EDMUND. *On the Statue to King Charles I. at Charing Cross* 109
WHITELOCKE, BULSTRODE. *A Court Mask in the Reign of Charles I.* 76
WORDSWORTH, W. *On Westminster Bridge* 197
YONGE, CHARLOTTE M. *Sir Thomas More's Fate* . . 45

NOTE.—The extract entitled "The Fire Brigade," from George Meredith's *Harry Richmond* (p. 267), is printed by consent of Messrs. Constable and Co., Ltd., London, and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The passage from Sir J. M. Barrie's *When a Man's Single* entitled "First Impressions of London" is used by consent of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, London, and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have also granted their kind permission for the inclusion of the short extract from J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People* (p. 50), and Mr. John Murray leave to use the extract from John Forster's *Life of Swift* printed on p. 155.

INTRODUCTION

A FEW years ago, before the war and the aftermath of the war filled the daily newspapers, one of our journals printed an entertaining correspondence on this subject—"The dullest place in England." A strong claim was preferred for this dubious distinction for March in Cambridgeshire, but the claim was vigorously contested because in March "you can always watch the engine shunt."

There is a prodigious mass of literature on London—a good deal more, in fact, than the catalogues of some fine country libraries contain. An attempt to bring that vast array within the limits of a small volume is like the endeavour of a tiny infant to span two octaves; but in the following pages enough is given to show that in London men have been able for many centuries to "watch the engine shunt."

London is above everything else a gigantic accumulation of personal experiences. The list of men of genius—it includes the names of Spenser, Jonson and Milton in earlier times, and those of Browning, Ruskin, and Beaconsfield in more modern years—who were actually born in London, and spent years of activity there, would surprise those who had not thought previously on the matter. If to such names are added those who became Londoners by adoption—men who studied in the schools, wrote for or played on the stage, contended in Parliament or in Fleet Street, or languished in prison—we perceive that quite a multitude of brilliant men and women have, beneath the sounding-board of this city, spoken to the whole Empire. The story of London forms a very large slice of our national history. If we agree—as we do—that every Briton should be familiar with his own country's history, it becomes obvious that London deserves a foremost place in our interest.

We all know the citizen who will pull you up in the Borough High Street, and pointing down the yard of an old coaching-inn, exclaim, "That is where Mr. Pickwick first met Sam Weller!" but there are still Londoners who do not appreciate the significance of their city. It is hardly credible that a Cockney who knows every dock, wharf and jetty between London Bridge and Tilbury can feel as strange in Westminster as Captain Cook felt when he landed in Hawaii; or that one who sees the cross of St. Paul's every day is an utter stranger to its aisles. Indifference bred of familiarity is not, of course, confined to the Metropolis. The writer remembers meeting in the gallery of the House of Commons a visitor from Haworth, in Yorkshire, where the only features of more than local interest are a parsonage, an inn and a museum; but when this sightseer was asked if he had visited the Brontë Museum, he said "No!" Many a native Londoner if asked a similar question about places which travellers from afar do not miss would have to give a like answer. Even after compulsory education has been in vogue for half a century some are more familiar with the joy-wheel at Loughton than with the far deeper joy of exploring the scenes where you can almost hear the laughter of Shakespeare, and the heavy tread of Dr. Johnson. Still it is encouraging to know that teachers who realise the educational value of a stroll round London commonly pilot their pupils to points where history was enacted; and, no doubt, by a little judicious whetting of the appetite the day will come when a London County Council scholar will pray for the mountains to fall on him who cannot instantly give an intelligent account of Wine Office Court, the Rosetta Stone, and the Golden Grasshopper above the Royal Exchange.

During many a period of suspense when Zeppelins were on their way to London, the writer resisted anxiety by re-reading James's *Psychology*. In that book there is something to the effect that we see just what the brain is prepared to see. Thus a totally uninformed man would pass from the Bank to Charing Cross without observing anything worth mentioning; while another whose mind was well stored would, especially on a first visit, be in a state of exaltation. Our country-cousins may not have the same kind of information which Branwell Brontë possessed, who was able, although he had never been in London, to direct a Londoner by a short cut from one place to another. It is often the case, though, that a provincial whose intelligence is attracted by the Metropolis is prepared beforehand to make the most of his time. He will probably be half-stunned with bewilderment as he emerges from the archway of St. Pancras Station, and filled with fear lest he shall be run down by a motor-bus, or have his purse stolen; but soon the great associations of this noble city will fill his mind with other thoughts.

We can think of no better way of knowing London than by associating persons with places, or other persons. The old, wooden method of learning history by memorising dates of accessions and battles has gone by the board. We know that the life of a monarch is not essentially the history of England during the period of his reign. At the same time, if we cluster round the name of Henry VIII. the names of Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, Dean Colet, and, of course, Ann Boleyn; and if with Elizabeth we associate Shakespeare, Drake and Frobisher, Cecil, whose ears she boxed, Sir Thomas Gresham of the Royal Exchange, Raleigh, who spoilt his Sunday suit—not forgetting Mary Stuart; and if we proceed to visit the places frequented by these notabilities, both the persons and the places acquire a live interest. Suppose we think of literary circles—of the Addison and Steele circle, with Swift on the circumference; of the Johnson circle, which embraced so many writers, statesmen, actors and artists of note; of the Lamb circle, whose levee was held in the Temple weekly; or of the Dickens and Thackeray circle, which included men of more than national fame; and then suppose we walk with Addison in the Haymarket, with Johnson in Fleet Street, with Lamb about the Temple Gardens, and with Dickens all over London—we are not only broadening our knowledge, but we are actually in sympathetic touch with men whose fame is our glory. Or, suppose we think of Parliament—but there! Enough has been said to show that the secret of London is not to be sought in its great age or its vast extent, but in the personal associations of those who have been honoured or disgraced in it.

There are few pleasures equal to that of taking a stranger by the hand, and leading him to what every good Briton desires to see; but failing that, it is hoped that this volume will amuse and instruct Young England, and quicken in them a healthy curiosity about our Mother City and its literature.

LONDON IN LITERATURE

A LEGEND OF ST. PETER AND BISHOP MELLITUS

TOWARD the end of the sixth century, when Britain, under the dominion of the Saxons, was in a state of barbarism and idolatry, Pope Gregory the Great, struck with the beauty of some Anglo-Saxon youths exposed for sale in the market-place at Rome, conceived a fancy for the race, and determined to send missionaries to preach the gospel among these comely but benighted islanders. . . .

One of the most prominent converts was Segebert or Sebert, king of the East Saxons, a nephew of Ethelbert. He reigned in London, of which Mellitus, one of the Roman monks who had come over with Augustine, was made bishop.

Sebert, in 605, in his religious zeal, founded a monastery by the river-side to the west of the city, on the ruins of a temple of Apollo, being, in fact, the origin of the present pile of Westminster Abbey.

Great preparations were made for the consecration of the church, which was to be dedicated to St. Peter. On the morning of the appointed day, Mellitus, the bishop, proceeded with great pomp and solemnity to perform the ceremony.

On approaching the edifice he was met by a fisherman, who informed him that it was needless to proceed, as the ceremony was over. The bishop stared with surprise, when the fisherman went on to recite that the night before, as he was in his boat on the Thames, St. Peter appeared to him, and told him that he intended to consecrate the church himself that very night. The apostle accordingly went into the church, which suddenly became illuminated. The ceremony was performed in sumptuous style, accompanied by strains of heavenly music and clouds of fragrant incense. After this the apostle came into the boat, and ordered the fisherman to cast his net. He did so, and had a miraculous draught of fishes; one of which he was commanded to present to the bishop, and to signify to him that the apostle had relieved him from the necessity of consecrating the church.

Mellitus was a wary man, slow of belief, and required confirmation of the fisherman's tale. He opened the church doors and beheld wax candles, crosses, holy water, oil sprinkled in various places, and various other traces of a grand ceremonial. If he had still any lingering doubts, they were completely removed on the fisherman's producing the identical fish which he had been ordered by the apostle to present to him. To resist this would have been to resist ocular demonstration. The good bishop was accordingly convinced that the church had actually been consecrated by St. Peter in person;

Ocular demonstration. "Seeing's believing."

so he reverently abstained from proceeding further in the business.

The foregoing tradition is said to be the reason why King Edward the Confessor chose this place as the site of a religious house which he meant to endow. He pulled down the old church, and built another in its place in 1045. In this his remains were deposited in a magnificent shrine.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *The Sketch Book.*

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR CROWNED

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1066.—"Two nations were indeed in the womb" of the Abbey on that day. Within the massive freshly-erected walls was the Saxon populace of London, intermixed with the retainers of the Norman camp and court. Outside sat the Norman soldiers on their war-horses, eagerly watching for any disturbance in the interior. The royal workmen had been sent into London a few days before, to construct the mighty fortress of the Tower, which henceforth was to overawe the city. Before the high altar, standing on the very gravestone of Edward, was the fierce, huge, unwieldy William, the exact contrast of the sensitive, transparent king who lay beneath his feet. On either side stood an Anglo-Saxon and a Norman prelate. The Norman was Godfrey, Bishop of Coustances; the Saxon was Alred, Archbishop of York, holding in his own hand the golden crown, of Byzantine workmanship, wrought by Guy of Amiens. Stigand of Canterbury, the natural depository of the rite of coronation, had fled to Scotland. Alred, with that worldly prudence which characterised his career, was there, making the most of the new opportunity, and thus established over William an influence which no other ecclesiastic of the time, not even Hildebrand, was able to gain.

The moment arrived for the ancient form of popular election. The Norman prelate was to address in French those who could not speak English; the Saxon primate was to address in English those who could not speak French. A confused acclamation arose from the mixed multitude. The Norman cavalry without, hearing but not understanding this peculiarity of the Saxon institution, took alarm, and set fire to the gates of the Abbey, and perhaps the thatched dwellings which surrounded it. The crowd—nobles and poor men and women—alarmed in their turn, rushed out. The prelates and monks were left alone with William in the church, and in the solitude of that wintry day, amidst the cries of his new subjects, trampled down by the horses' hoofs of their conquerors, he himself, for the first time in his life, trembling from head to foot, the remainder of the ceremony was hurried on. Alred, in the name of the Saxons, exacted from him the oath to protect them before he would put the crown on his head. And thus ended the first undoubted Westminster coronation.

STANLEY, *Westminster Abbey*.

Prelate. Bishop. *Primate*. Archbishop.

RIVER-SPORTS IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY

At Easter, the diversion of river-tilting is prosecuted on the water; a target is strongly fastened to a trunk or mast, fixed in the middle of the river, and a youngster standing upright in the stern of a boat, made to move as fast as the oars and current can carry it, is to strike the target with his lance; and if in hitting it he break his lance, and keep his place in the boat, he gains his point, and triumphs; but if it happens that the lance be not shivered by the force of the blow, he is of course tumbled into the water, and away goes his vessel without him. However, a couple of boats full of young men are placed, one on each side of the target, so as to be ready to take up the unsuccessful adventurer the moment he emerges from the stream and comes fairly to the surface. The bridge and the balconies on the banks are filled with spectators whose business it is to laugh.

Fitzstephen, *Sports and Pastimes of the Twelfth Century.*

QUEEN ELEANOR'S MEMORIAL AT CHARING CROSS

Hard by Whitehall, near the Mews (so called because it was formerly a place for keeping of hawks, but is now a beautiful stable for the King's horses), there stood a monument, which King Edward the First erected in memory of Queen Eleanor, the dearest husband to the most loving wife, whose tender affection will stand upon record, and be an example, to all posterity. She was the daughter of Ferdinand the Third, King of Castile; and married to Edward the First, King of England, with whom she went to the Holy Land. When her husband was treacherously wounded by a Moor with a poisoned sword, and rather grew worse than received any ease by what the physicians applied, she found a remedy, as new and unheard-of, as full of love and endearment. For by reason of the malignity of the poison her husband's wounds could not possibly be closed; but she licked them daily with her own tongue, and sucked out the venomous humour: to her a most delicious liquor. By the power whereof, or rather by the virtue of the tenderness of a wife, she so drew out the poisonous matter that he was entirely cured of his wound, and she escaped without catching any harm. What then can be more rare than this lady's expressions of love? or what can be more admirable? The tongue of a wife, anointed (if I may so say) with duty and love to her husband, draws from her beloved those poisons which could not be drawn out by the most approved physician; and what many and most exquisite medicines could not do, it effected purely by the love of a wife.

CAMDEN, *Britannia.*

NOTE.—Before his accession to the throne Edward I. was with the Crusade, 1270-72. It was during this period that the above incident is said to have occurred. About seventeen years later Queen Eleanor died at Hardeby, Lincolnshire, and each spot where her body rested on its last journey to London became the site of a cross erected in her memory. Charing Cross was the last of these memorials.

THE TYLER REBELLION, 1381

BUT I will first go on with this rebellion in England. When those who had lodged at Rochester had done all they wanted, they departed, and, crossing the river, came to Dartford, but always following their plan of destroying the houses of lawyers or proctors on the right and left of their road. In their way they cut off several men's heads, and continued their march to Blackheath, where they pitched their quarters; they said they were armed for the king and commons of England. When the citizens of London found they were quartered so near them, they closed the gates of London Bridge; guards were placed there by orders of Sir William Walworth, Mayor of London, and several rich citizens who were not of their party; but there were in the city more than thirty thousand who favoured them.

Those who were at Blackheath had information of this; they sent, therefore, their knight to speak with the king, and to tell him, what they were doing was for his service, for the kingdom had been for several years wretchedly governed, and to the great dishonour of the realm and the oppression of the lower ranks of the people, by his uncles, by the clergy, and in particular by the Archbishop of Canterbury, his Chancellor, from whom they would have an account of his ministry. The knight dared not say nor do anything to the contrary, but, advancing to the Thames opposite the Tower, he took boat and crossed over.

While the king and those with him in the Tower were in great suspense, and anxious to receive some intelligence, the knight came on shore; way was made for him, and he was conducted to the king, who was in an apartment with the princess his mother. There were also with the king his two maternal brothers, the Earl of Kent and Sir John Holland, the Earls of Salisbury, Warwick, Suffolk, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Great Prior of the Templars in England, Sir Robert de Namur, the Lord de Vertain, the Lord de Gommegines, Sir Henry de Saussellés, the Mayor of London and several of the principal citizens.

Sir John Newtoun, who was well known to them all, for he was one of the king's officers, cast himself on his knees and said: "My much redoubted lord, do not be displeased with me for the message I am about to deliver to you; for, my dear lord, through force I am come hither."

"By no means, Sir John; tell us what you are charged with; we hold you excused."

"My very redoubted lord, the commons of your realm sent me to you to entreat you would come and speak with them on Blackheath. They wish to have no one but yourself; and you need not fear for your person, for they will not do you the least harm; they always have respected and will respect you as their king; but they will tell you many things which, they say, it is necessary you should hear; with which, however, they have not empowered me to acquaint you. But, dear lord, have the goodness to give me such an answer as may satisfy them, and that they may be convinced I have really been in your presence; for they have my children as hostages for my return, whom they will assuredly put to death, if I do not go back."

The king replied, "You shall speedily have an answer."

Upon this, he called a council to consider what was to be done. The king was obliged to say, that if on Thursday they would come down to the river Thames, he would without fail speak to them. Sir John Newtoun, on receiving this answer, was well satisfied therewith, and, taking leave of the king and barons, departed; having entered his boat, he recrossed the Thames, and returned to Blackheath, where he had left upwards of sixty thousand men. He told them from the king that if they would send on the morrow morning their leaders to the Thames, the king would come and hear what they had to say. This answer gave great pleasure, and they were contented with it; they passed the night as well as they could; but you must know that one-fourth of them fasted for want of provision, as they had not brought any with them, at which they were much vexed, as may be supposed.

On Corpus Christi day King Richard heard mass, in the Tower of London, with all his lords, and afterwards entered his barge, attended by the Earls of Salisbury, Warwick and Suffolk, with other knights. He rowed down the Thames towards Rotherhithe, a manor belonging to the crown, where were upwards of ten thousand men, who had come from Blackheath to see the king and to speak to him; when they perceived his barge approach, they set up such shouts and cries as if all the devils in hell had been in their company. They had their knight, Sir John Newtoun, with them; for, in case the king had not come and they found he had made a jest of them, they would, as they had threatened, have cut him to pieces.

When the king and his lords saw this crowd of people, and the wildness of their manner, there was not one among them so bold and determined but felt alarmed; the king was advised by his barons not to land, but to have his barge rowed up and down the river.

"What do ye wish for?" demanded the king; "I am come hither to hear what you have to say."

Those near him cried out with one voice: "We wish thee to land, when we will remonstrate with thee, and tell thee more at our ease what our wants are."

The Earl of Salisbury then replied for the king, and said: "Gentlemen, you are not properly dressed, nor in a fit condition for the king to talk with you."

Nothing more was said; for the king was desired to return to the Tower of London from whence he had set out. When the people saw that they could obtain nothing more, they were inflamed with passion, and went back to Blackheath, where the main body was, to relate the answer they had received, and how the king was returned to the Tower. They all then cried out, "Let us march instantly to London."

They immediately set off, and, in their road thither, they destroyed the houses of lawyers, courtiers, and monasteries. Advancing into the suburbs of London, which were very handsome and extensive, they pulled down many fine houses; in particular, they demolished the prison of the king called the Marshalsea, and set at liberty all those confined within it. They did much damage to the suburbs, and menaced the Londoners at the entrance of the bridge for having shut the gates of it, saying, they would set fire to the suburbs, take the city by storm, and afterwards burn and destroy it.

With respect to the common people of London, numbers were of their opinions, and, on assembling together, said: "Why will you refuse admittance to these honest men? They are our friends, and what they are doing is for our good." It was then found necessary to open the gates, when crowds rushed in, and ran to those shops which seemed well stored with provisions; if they sought for meat or drink, it was placed before them, and nothing refused, but all manner of good cheer offered, in hopes of appeasing them.

Their leaders, John Ball, Jack Straw and Wat

Tyler, then marched through London, attended by more than twenty thousand men, to the palace of the Savoy, which is a handsome building on the road to Westminster, situated on the banks of the Thames, belonging to the Duke of Lancaster; they immediately killed the porters, pressed into the house and set it on fire. Not content with committing this outrage, they went to the house of the knights-hospitallers of Rhodes, dedicated to St. John of Mount Carmel, which they burnt, together with their hospital and church.

They afterwards paraded the streets, and killed every Fleming they could find, whether in house, church or hospital; not one escaped death. They broke open several houses of the Lombards, taking whatever money they could lay their hands on, none daring to oppose them. They murdered a rich citizen called Richard Lyon, to whom Wat Tyler had been formerly servant in France; but, having once beaten this varlet, he had not forgotten it, and, having carried his men to his house, ordered his head to be cut off, placed upon a pike, and carried through the streets of London. Thus did these wicked people act like madmen; and, on this Thursday, they did much mischief to the City of London.

FROISSART, *Chronicles.*

Varlet. A common fellow.

CHIVALRY ON LONDON BRIDGE

In 1390 the famous passage of arms (was) waged on St. George's Day, amid all the pomp of heraldry, between the Scottish knight Sir David Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, and the English Lord Wells, who, being King Richard's ambassador in Scotland, and attending at a solemn banquet there, where "Scottishmen and Englishmen were communing of deeds of arms," proposed to settle the controversy as to the comparative valour of the two nations by a single combat between Lindsay and himself.

"As soon as the day of battle was come," says Stow, following the animated narrative of Hector Boecius, "both the parties were conveyed to the bridge, and soon after, by sound of trumpet, the two parties ran hastily together, on their barbed horses, with square grounden spears, to the death. Earl David, notwithstanding the valiant dint of spears broken on his helmet and visage, sate so strongly, that the people, moved with vain suspicion, cried, 'Earl David, contrary to the law of arms, is bound to the saddle.' Earl David, hearing this murmur, dismounted off his horse, and without any support or help ascended again into the saddle. Incontinent they rushed together with the new spears the second time, with burning ire to conquer honour; but in the third course the Lord Wells was sent out of his saddle with such a violence that he fell to the ground.

Barbed horses. Armed with barbs or spikes.

Earl David, seeing his fall, dismounted hastily from his horse, and tenderly embraced him, that the people might understand he fought with no hatred, but only for the glory of victory, and, in the sign of more humanity, he visited him every day while he recovered his health, and then returned into Scotland:" an incident combining all the finest points in the brilliant morality of chivalry.

KNIGHT, *London.*

THE GUILDHALL

ON the north side of the street (Cheap, or Cheap Street) is the Guildhall, wherein the courts for the city be kept, namely, 1. The court of common council; 2. The court of the lord mayor and his brethren the aldermen; 3. The court of hustings; 4. The court of orphans; 5. The court of the sheriffs; 6. The court of the wardmote; 7. The court of the hallmote; 8. The court of requests, commonly called the court of conscience; 9. The chamberlain's court for apprentices, and making them free.

This Guildhall, saith Robert Fabian, was begun to be built new in the year 1411, the 12th of Henry IV., by Thomas Knoles, then mayor, and his brethren the aldermen; the same was made of a little cottage a large and great house, as now it standeth, towards

---

Hustings. A city court.

Wardmote, Hallmote. A mote was an assembly in which the affairs of the locality or country were debated and settled. *Cf.* moot-hall, moot-point, Witenagemot.

the charges whereof the companies gave large benevolences; also offences of men were pardoned for sums of money towards this work, extraordinary fees were raised, fines, amercements, and other things employed during seven years, with a continuation thereof of three years more, all to be employed to this building.

The 1st year of Henry VI., John Coventry and John Carpenter, executors to Richard Whittington, gave towards the paving of this great hall twenty pounds, and the next year fifteen pounds more to the said pavement with hard stone of Purbeck. They also glazed some windows thereof, and of the mayor's court; on every which window the arms of Richard Whittington are placed. The foundation of the mayor's court was laid in the 3rd year of the reign of Henry VI., and of the porch on the south side of the mayor's court, in the 4th of the said king.

Then was built the mayor's chamber, and the council chamber, with other rooms above the stairs. Last of all a stately porch entering the great hall was erected, the front thereof towards the south being beautified with images of stone, such as is showed by these verses following, made about some thirty years since by William Elderton, at that time an attorney in the sheriffs' courts there:

Though most of the images be pulled down,
And none be thought remayne in towne,
I am sure there be in London yet.
Seven images in such and in such a place;

Amercement. Punishment.

And few or none I think will hit,
Yet every day they show their face,
And thousands see them every year,
But few I think can tell me where,
Where Jesu Christ aloft doth stand;
Law and Learning on eyther hand,
Discipline in the Devil's neck,
And hard by her are three direct,
There Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance stand,
Where find ye the like in all this land?

Divers aldermen glazed the great hall and other courts, as appeareth by their arms in each window. William Hariot, draper, mayor 1481, gave forty pounds to the making of two louvers in the said Guildhall, and towards the glazing thereof. The kitchens and other houses of office adjoining to this Guildhall were built of later time, to wit, about the year 1501, by procurement of Sir John Sha, goldsmith, mayor, who was the first that kept his feast there; towards the charges of which work the mayor had of the fellowships of the city by their own agreement certain sums of money, as of the Mercers forty pounds, the Grocers twenty pounds, the Drapers thirty pounds, and so of the other fellowships through the city, as they were of power. Also widows and other well-disposed persons gave certain sums of money, as the Lady Hill ten pounds, the Lady Austrie ten pounds, and so of many other, till the work was finished, since the which time the mayors' feasts have been yearly kept there, which before time had been kept in the Tailors' Hall, and in the Grocers' Hall. Nicholas Alwyn, grocer, mayor

Louver, or *louvre*. A window.

1499, deceased 1505, gave by his testament for a hanging of tapestry, to serve for principal days in the Guildhall, £73 6*s.* 8*d.* How this gift was performed I have not heard, for executors of our time having no conscience (I speak of my own knowledge) prove more testaments than they perform.

STOW, *Survey of London.*

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON

TOWARDS the bottom of Highgate Hill, on the south side of the road, stands an upright stone, inscribed "Whittington's stone." This marks the situation of another stone on which Richard Whittington is traditionally said to have sat when having run away from his master, he rested to ruminate on his hard fate, and was urged to return back by a peal from Bow-bells, in the following distich:

Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

Certain it is that Whittington served the office of Lord Mayor three times, viz.: in 1398, 1406, and 1419. He also founded several public edifices and charitable institutions. Some idea of his wealth may be formed from the circumstance of his destroying bonds which he held of the king (Henry V.) to

---

Distich. Two lines.

the amount of £60,000 sterling in a fire of cinnamon, cloves, and other spices which he had made, at an entertainment given to that monarch at Guildhall.

COLLET, *Relics of Literature.*

PRINCE HAL AND JUDGE GASCOIGNE

THE most renowned prince, King Henry the Fifth, late King of England, during the life of his father was noted to be fierce and of wanton courage. It happened that one of his servants whom he well favoured, for felony by him committed, was arraigned at the King's Bench; whereof he being advertised, and incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the bar, where his servant stood as a prisoner, and commanded him to be ungyved, and set at liberty, whereat all men were abashed, reserved the chief justice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented that his servant might be ordered according to the ancient laws of this realm, or if he would have him saved from the rigour of the laws, that he should obtain, if he might, of the king, his father, his gracious pardon; whereby no law or justice should be derogated. With which answer the prince nothing appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeavoured himself to take away his servant.

The judge considering the perilous example and

Ungyve. Unfetter.

inconvenience that might thereby ensue, with a valiant spirit and courage commanded the prince upon his allegiance to leave the prisoner and depart his way. With which commandment the prince, being set all in a fury, all chafed, and in a terrible manner, came up to the place of judgment—men thinking that he would have slain the judge, or have done to him some damage; but the judge sitting still, without moving, declaring the majesty of the king's place of judgment, and with an assured and bold countenance said to the prince these words following:

"Sir, remember yourself; I keep here the place of the king, your sovereign lord and father, to whom you owe double obedience, wherefore oft-times in his name I charge you desist of your wilfulness and unlawful enterprise, and from henceforth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now for your contempt and disobedience, go you to the prison of the King's Bench, whereunto I commit you; and remain you there prisoner until the pleasure of the king, your father, be further known."

With which words being abashed, and also wondering at the marvellous gravity of that worshipful justice, the noble prince, laying his weapon apart, doing reverence, departed and went to the King's Bench as he was commanded. Whereat his servants disdaining, came and showed to the king all the whole affair. Whereat he awhile studying, after as a man all ravished with gladness, holding his eyes

U. W. O. LIBRARY

and hands up towards heaven, abrayded, saying, with a loud voice, "O merciful God, how much am I, above all other men, bound to your infinite goodness; specially for that Ye have given me a judge, who feareth not to minister justice, and also a son who can suffer sensibly and obey justice."

ELYOT, *The Governour* (1531).

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY PICTURE

THROUGH the gloomy arches of the Temple Gate and Lud, our horsemen wound their way, and finally arrived in safety at Marmaduke's hostelry in the East Chepe. . . . (Then he) bent his way to Warwick Lane, where the earl lodged.

The narrow streets were, however, crowded with equestrians, whose dress eclipsed his own some wending their way to the Tower, some to the palaces of the Flete. Carriages there were none, and only twice he encountered the huge litters, in which some aged prelate or some high-born dame veiled greatness from the day. But the frequent vistas to the river gave glimpses of the gay boats and barges that crowded the Thames, which was then the principal thoroughfare for every class, but more especially the noble. The ways were fortunately

Abrayd. To rouse, as from sleep.
Equestrian. A rider on horseback.
Litter. A chair for carrying passengers.

dry and clean for London; though occasionally deep holes and furrows in the road menaced perils to the unwary horseman. The streets themselves might well disappoint in splendour the stranger's eye; for although, viewed at a distance, ancient London was incalculably more picturesque and stately than the modern; yet when fairly in its tortuous labyrinths, it seemed to those who had improved the taste by travel, the meanest and the mirkiest capital of Christendom.

The streets were marvellously narrow, the upper stories chiefly of wood, projecting far over the lower, which were formed of mud and plaster. The shops were pitiful booths, and the 'prentices standing at the entrance bare-headed and cap in hand, and lining the passages, as the old French writer avers, *comme idoles*, kept up an eternal din with their clamorous invitations, often varied by pert witticisms on some churlish passenger, or loud vituperations of each other. The whole ancient family of the London criers were in full bay. Scarcely had Marmaduke's ears recovered the shock of "Hot Peascods — all hot," than they were saluted with "Mackerel," "Sheep's feet—hot sheep's feet." At the smaller taverns stood the inviting vociferators of "Cock-pie," "Ribs of beef—hot beef," while blended with these multitoned discords, whined the vielle or primitive hurdy-gurdy, screamed the

Tortuous labyrinths. Jumble of winding streets.
Comme idoles. Like images.
Vituperation. A heated argument.
Peascod. Literally, the skin of a pea.

pipe, twanged the harp, from every quarter where the thirsty paused to drink or the idler stood to gape.

LYTTON, *The Last of the Barons.*

THE CADE REBELLION, 1450

THE rebels, which never soundly slept, for fear of sudden chances, hearing the bridge (London Bridge) to be kept and manned, ran with great haste to open the passage, where between both parts was a fierce and cruel encounter. Matthew Gough, more expert in martial feats than the other chieftains of the city, perceiving the Kentish men better to stand to their tackling than his imagination expected, advised his company no farther to proceed towards Southwark, till the day appeared; to the extent that the citizens hearing where the place of the jeopardy rested, might occur their enemies and relieve their friends and companions.

But this counsel came to small effect; for the multitude of the rebels drave the citizens from the piles at the bridge-foot, to the draw-bridge, and began to set fire to divers houses. Alas! what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance; for some desiring to eschew the fire leapt on his enemy's weapon, and so died; fearful women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled leapt into the river; others doubting how to save themselves between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocated and smouldered; yet the captains nothing regarding these chances fought on this draw-bridge all the night valiantly, but in conclusion the rebels got the draw-bridge, and drowned many, and slew John Sutton, alderman, and Robert Haysand, a hardy citizen, with many others, besides Matthew Gough, a man of great wit, much experienced in feats of chivalry, the which in continual wars had valiantly served the king, and his father, in the parts beyond the sea. But it is often seen that he which many times hath vanquished his enemies in strange countries, and returned again as a conqueror, hath of his own nation afterward been shamefully murdered and brought to confusion.

This hard and sore conflict endured on the bridge till nine of the clock in the morning in doubtful chance and fortune's balance; for some time the Londoners were beaten back to the piles at St. Magnus's corner; and suddenly again the rebels were repulsed and driven back to the piles in Southwark, so that both parts being faint, weary, and fatigued, agreed to desist from fight, and to leave battle till the next day, upon condition that neither Londoners should pass into Southwark, nor the Kentish men into London.

EDWARD HALL, *Chronicle.*

RICHARD III. OF GLOUCESTER SEIZES THE CROWN (1483)

Richard saw, therefore, that there were no longer any measures to be kept with Lord Hastings; and he determined to ruin the man whom he despaired of engaging in his usurpation. Accordingly he summoned a council in the Tower; whither Hastings, suspecting no design against him, repaired without hesitation. The Duke of Gloucester appeared in the easiest and most gracious humour imaginable. After some familiar conversation he left the council, as if called away by other business; but soon after returning with an angry and inflamed countenance, he demanded what punishment they deserved that had plotted against the life of one who was so nearly related to the king, and was intrusted with the administration of government? Hastings replied that they merited the punishment of traitors.

"These traitors," cried the protector, "are the sorceress, my brother's wife, and Jane Shore, with others their associates. See to what a condition they have reduced me by their incantations and witchcraft"; upon which he laid bare his arm, all shrivelled and decayed.

The counsellors, who knew that this infirmity had attended him from his birth, looked on each

Sorceress. A witch.
Incantations. Magical words used by witches.

other with amazement. Lord Hastings, who, since Edward's death, had been engaged in an intrigue with Jane Shore, ventured to reply, "Certainly, my lord, if they have done so heinously, they deserve the most heinous punishment."

"What!" exclaimed Richard, "dost thou bandy me with *ifs* and *ans*? I aver they have done it; and I will make it good on thy body, thou traitor."

So saying, he struck the table with his fist. Armed men rushed in at the signal. Hastings was seized, and hurried away, and instantly beheaded on a timber log intended for repairs in the Tower. Lord Stanley, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ely, and other counsellors, were committed to different chambers. To carry on the farce of his accusations, Richard ordered the goods of Jane Shore to be seized; and he summoned her to answer before the council for sorcery and witchcraft. Eventually he directed her to be tried in the spiritual court; and she did penance in a white sheet in St. Paul's before the people. . . .

At length Buckingham and the Lord Mayor proceeded with a body of prelates, nobles, and commons to his residence at Baynard's Castle. He was assured that the nation was resolved to have him for their sovereign, and after some well-acted hesitation, he accepted the crown (June 26).

The farce was soon after followed by the murder of the two young princes. Richard gave orders to Sir Richard Brackenbury, constable of the Tower, to put his nephews to death; but this gentleman, to his honour, refused such an infamous office. The tyrant then sent for Sir James Tyrrel, who promised obedience; and he ordered Brackenbury to resign to Tyrrel the keys and government of the Tower for one night. Choosing associates, Dighton and Forest, Tyrrel came in the night-time to the door of the chamber where the princes were lodged; and sending in the assassins, he bade them execute their commission, while he himself stayed without. They found the young princes in bed, and fallen into a profound sleep. After suffocating them with the bolster and pillows, they showed their naked bodies to Tyrrel, who ordered them to be buried at the foot of the stairs, deep in the ground, under a heap of stones. . . .

The universal detestation of Richard's conduct after the death of the young princes turned the attention of the nation towards Henry (VII.).

HUME, *History of England.*

NOTE.—This Henry, after whom the famous Henry the Seventh Chapel in Westminster Abbey is called, joined, by marriage, the Houses of York and Lancaster, and so the disastrous Wars of the Roses ended.

WOLSEY IN WHITEHALL

Now will I declare unto you his order in going to Westminster Hall daily in the term season. First ere he came out of his privy chamber he heard most commonly every day two masses in his closet; and as I heard one of his chaplains say, which was a man of credence and excellent learning, the cardinal, what business or weighty matter soever he had in the day, never went to bed with any part of his divine service unsaid, not so much as one collect; wherein I doubt not but he deceived the opinion of divers persons.

Then going again to his privy chamber, he would demand of some of his said chamber, if his servants were in a readiness, and had furnished his chamber of presence, and waiting chamber. He being therefore then advertised, came out of his privy chamber, about eight of the clock, apparelled all in red; that is to say, his upper garment was either of fine scarlet, or taffety, but most commonly of fine crimson satin engrained; his pillion of fine scarlet, with a neck set in the inner side with black velvet, and a tippet of sables about his neck; holding in his hands an orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs; the which he most commonly held to his nose when he came among any press, or else that he was pestered with any suitors. And before him was borne first the broad seal of England, and his cardinal's hat by a lord or some gentleman of worship, right solemnly. And as soon as he was entered into his chamber of presence, where there was daily attending upon him, as well noblemen of this realm, and other worthy gentlemen,

Advertise. To inform. *Pillion.* A saddle-cushion.

as gentlemen of his own family, his two great crosses were there attending, to be borne before him.

Then cried the gentlemen ushers, going before him, bareheaded, and said, "On before my lords and masters, on before; and make way for my lord cardinal."

Thus went he down through the hall with a sergeant of arms before him bearing a great mace of silver, and two gentlemen carrying of two great pillars of silver; and when he came to the hall door, then his mule stood trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same, and gilt stirrups. Then was there attending upon him, when he was mounted, his two cross bearers, and his pillar bearers, in like case, upon great horses trapped all in fine scarlet. Then marched he forward, with all about him, bearing each of them a gilt pole-axe in their hands; and thus passed he forth until he came to Westminster Hall door. And there he alighted and went after this manner, up into the chancery, or into the star chamber; howbeit most commonly he would go into the chancery, and stay awhile at a bar, made for him, beneath the judges, and sometimes with other persons. And that done he would repair into the chancery, sitting there until an eleven of the clock, hearing of suits and determining of other matters. And from thence, he would divers times go into the star chamber, as occasion would serve. There he spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to his merits, and deserts.

CAVENDISH, *Life of Wolsey.*

THE DOWNFALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY

KING HENRY VIII.—ACT III. SCENE II.

Ante-chamber to the King's apartment.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What! amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;

And prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

SHAKESPEARE.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S FATE

HE was tried in Westminster Hall (for refusing to admit that Henry VIII. was the head of the Church of England), and, as he had fully expected, sentenced to death. He was taken back along the river to the Tower.

On the wharf his loving Margaret (Mrs. Roper) was waiting for her last look. She broke through the guard of soldiers with bills and halberds, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him, unable to say any word but, "O my father! O my father!"

He blessed her, and told her that whatsoever she might suffer, it was not without the will of God, and she must therefore be patient.

Bills and halberds. Soldiers' weapons.

After having once parted with him she suddenly turned back again, ran to him, and clinging round his neck, kissed him over and over again—a sight at which the guards themselves wept. She never saw him again; but the night before his execution he wrote to her a letter with a piece of charcoal, with tender remembrances to all the family, and saying to her, "I never liked your manner better than when you kissed me last; for I am most pleased when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to earthly courtesy."

He likewise made it his special request that she might be permitted to be present at his burial.

His hope was sure and steadfast, and his heart so firm that he did not even cease from humorous sayings. When he mounted the crazy ladder of the scaffold, he said:

"Master Lieutenant, I pray you see me safe up; and for my coming down let me shift for myself." And he desired the executioner to give him time to put his beard out of the way of the stroke, "since that had never offended his Highness."

His body was given to his family, and laid in the tomb he had already prepared in Chelsea Church; but the head was set upon a pole on London Bridge. The calm, sweet features were little changed, and the loving daughter gathered courage from it as she looked up at them.

How she contrived the deed is not known, but before many days had passed the head was no longer there, and Mrs. Roper was said to have taken it away. She was sent for to the Council, and accused of the stealing of her father's head. She shrank not from avowing that thus it had been, and that the head was in her own possession. One story says that, as she was passing under the bridge in a boat, she looked up and said:

"That head has often lain in my lap; I would that it would now fall into it."

And at that moment it actually fell, and she received it.

It is far more likely that she went by design, at the same time as some faithful friend on the bridge, who detached the precious head, and dropped it down to her in her boat beneath. . . .

(She) was dismissed unhurt by the Council, and allowed to retain possession of her treasure.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, *A Book of Golden Deeds.*

QUEEN ANN BOLEYN'S LAST LETTER TO KING HENRY VIII. (1536)

SIR,

Your Grace's displeasure, and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me "willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour" by such an one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner receive this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased.

Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object.

You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter.

Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that, whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your Grace being not ignorant of my suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th of May.

DEAN COLET OF ST. PAUL'S

Colet seized the opportunity to commence the work of educational reform by the foundation of his own Grammar School, beside St. Paul's. The bent of its founder's mind was shown by the image of the Child Jesus over the master's chair, with the words, "Hear ye Him," graven beneath it.

"Lift up your little white hands for me," wrote the Dean to his scholars, in words that show the tenderness which lay beneath the stern outer seeming of the man—"for me which prayeth for you to God."

All the educational designs of the reformers were carried out in the new foundation. The old methods of instruction were superseded by fresh grammars composed by Erasmus and other scholars for its use. Lilly, an Oxford student who had studied Greek in the East, was placed at its head. The injunctions of the founder aimed at the union of rational religion with sound learning, at the exclusion of the scholastic logic, and at the steady diffusion of the two classical literatures.

The more bigoted of the clergy were quick to take alarm. " No wonder," More wrote to the Dean, " your school raises a storm, for it is like the wooden horse in which armed Greeks were hidden for the ruin of barbarous Troy."

But the cry of alarm passed helplessly away. Not only did the study of Greek creep gradually into the schools which existed, but the example of Colet was followed by a crowd of imitators. More grammar schools, it has been said, were founded in the latter years of Henry than in the three centuries before. The impulse grew happily stronger as the direct influence of the New Learning passed away. The grammar schools of Edward the Sixth and of Elizabeth, in a word the system of middle-class education which by the close of the century had changed the very face of England, were the direct results of Colet's foundation of St. Paul's. . . .

As Colet had been the first to attempt the reform of English education, so he was the first to undertake the reform of the Church. Warham still flung around the movement his steady protection, and it was by his commission that Colet was enabled to address the Convocation of the Clergy in words which set before them with unsparing severity the religious ideal of the New Learning.

" Would that for once," burst forth the fiery preacher, " you would remember your name and profession and take thought for the reformation of the Church! Never was it more necessary, and never did the state of the Church need more vigorous endeavours." "We are troubled with heretics," he went on, "but no heresy of theirs is so fatal to us and to the people at large as the vicious and depraved lives of the clergy. That is the worst heresy of all."

It was the reform of the bishops that must precede that of the clergy, the reform of the clergy that would lead to a general revival of religion in the people at large. The accumulation of benefices, the luxury and worldliness of the priesthood, must be abandoned. The prelates ought to be busy preachers, to forsake the Court and labour in their own dioceses. Care should be taken for the ordination and promotion of worthier ministers, residence should be enforced, the low standard of clerical morality should be raised. It is plain that Colet looked forward, not to a reform of doctrine, but to a reform of life, not to a revolution which should sweep away the older superstitions which he despised, but to a regeneration of spiritual feeling before which they would inevitably vanish.

He was at once charged, however, with heresy, but Warham repelled the charge with disdain. Henry himself, to whom Colet had been denounced, bade him go boldly on.

"Let every man have his own doctor," said the young King after a long interview, "and let every man favour his own, but this man is the doctor for me."

GREEN, *Short History.*

THE CITY'S WELCOME TO QUEEN ELIZABETH (1558)

On the four-and-twentieth of November, Queen Elizabeth set forward from the Tower to pass through the City to Westminster; but considering that after so long restraint she was now exalted from misery to majesty, from a prisoner to a princess, before she would suffer herself to be mounted in her chariot, she very devoutly lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, uttering these words:

"O Lord Almighty and ever-living God, I give Thee most humble and hearty thanks that Thou hast been so merciful unto me as to spare me to see this joyful and blessed day. And I acknowledge that Thou hast dealt as graciously and wonderfully with me as thou didst with Thy true and faithful servant, Daniel, Thy prophet, whom Thou deliveredst out of the lions' den from the cruelty of the greedy and raging lions; even so was I overwhelmed, and by Thee delivered. To Thee therefore only be thanks and honour and praise for evermore! Amen."

Having made an end of her thanksgiving to God she put onwards through the City, where divers magnificent pageants presented themselves to her view. The throng of people was extraordinary, their acclamations loud as thunder; many were the expressions of love tendered unto her, and by her as gratefully entertained as they were loving. presented.

To make a particular relation of the several occurrences in that one day's entertainment would require above a day's expression. I will only point at some more remarkable passages wherein she showed herself extraordinarily affected to her people.

She would many times cause her chariot to stand that the people might have their full sight of her. Amongst the several speeches that were addressed unto her from the pageants, if at any time any word did reflect upon her, a change of countenance was observed in her, but a settled constancy to hear it out, then her love and courtesy in giving the people thanks.

In Cornhill a pageant presented itself, called *The Seat of Worthy Government*, intimating their dutiful allegiance to her, with the general conceived hopes of her princely government. The speech was no sooner delivered but she immediately answered:

"I have taken notice of your good meaning towards me, and will endeavour to answer your several expectations."

Passing forward another pageant appeared, representing the eight Beatitudes; every one applied to her in particular by the speaker, the multitude crying out, "Amen, amen."

Being come to the little conduit in Cheap she perceived an offer of love, and demanded what it might signify. One told her Grace that there was placed *Time*. "Time!" said she, "and Time I praise my God hath brought me hither. But what is that other with the book?" She was resolved that it was *Truth the daughter of Time*, presenting

Conduit. A fountain.

the Bible in English. Whereupon she answered: "I thank the City for this gift above all the rest; it is a book which I will often and often read over."

Then she commanded Sir John Perrot, one of the knights that held up the canopy, to go and receive the Bible. But being informed that it was to be let down unto her by a silken string she commanded him to stay. In the interim a purse of gold was presented by the Recorder in the behalf of the City, which she received with her own hands, and afterward gave attention to a speech delivered, making reply in the conclusion:

"I thank my Lord Mayor, his brethren the Aldermen, and all of you, and whereas your request is that I should continue your good lady and queen, be you assured that I will be as good unto you as ever queen was yet unto her people. No will in me is wanting, neither (I hope) can there want any power. As for the privileges and charters of your City, I will in discharge of my oath and affection see them safely and exactly maintained. And persuade yourselves that for the safety and quietness of you all I will not spare, if need be, to spend my blood in your behalf. God bless you all, good people!" . . .

As she went through Temple Bar, the ordnance and chambers of the Tower went off, the report whereof gave much content. Thus passed she along to Westminster, royally attended by the nobility of the kingdom, and was there crowned to the joy of all true-hearted Christians.

THOM: HEYWOOD, *England's Elizabeth* (1632).

PARLIAMENT IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

THE speaker sitteth in a chair erected somewhat higher than the rest that he may see and be seen of all men; and before him on a lower seat sitteth his clerk, who readeth such bills as be first propounded in the lower house, or sent down from the lords; for in that point each house hath equal authority to propound what they think meet, either for abrogation of old or making of new laws.

All bills be thrice, and on divers days, read and disputed upon before they come to the question, which is, whether they shall be enacted or not; and in the discourse upon them very good order is used in the lower house, wherein he that will speak giveth notice thereof by standing up bare-headed. If many stand up at once, as now and then it happeneth, he speaketh first that was first seen to move out of his place, and telleth his tale unto the speaker, without rehearsal of his name whose speeches he meaneth to confute, so that with a perpetual oration, and not with altercation, these discourses are continued. But as the party confuted may not reply upon that day, so one man cannot speak twice to one bill in one day, though he would change his opinion; but on the next day he may speak again, and yet but once as before.

No vile, seditious, unreverent or biting words are

Abrogation. Disuse.

used in this assembly, yet if any happen to escape and be uttered the party is punished according to the censure of the assembly and custom in that behalf.

In the afternoon they sit not except some urgent occasion; neither hath the speaker any voice in that house, wherewith to move or dissuade the furtherance or stay of any bill, but his office is, upon the reading thereof, briefly to declare the contents.

If any bill pass, which cometh unto them from the lords, it is thus subscribed, *Les commons ont assentus*; so if the lords agree unto any bill sent unto them from the commons it is subscribed after this manner, *Les seigniours ont assentus.* If it be not agreed on after thrice reading there is conference required and had between the upper and nether houses, by certain appointed for that purpose, upon the points in question; whereupon, if no final agreement by the more part can be obtained, the bill is dashed and rejected, or, as the saying is, clean cast out of the doors.

None of the nether house can give his voice by proxy, but in his own person; and after the bill twice read, then ingrossed, and the third time read again and discoursed upon, the speaker asketh if they will go to the question; whereunto if they agree, he holdeth up the bill and saith: "So many as will have this bill go forward say, Yea." Hereupon so many as allow of the thing cry "Yea!"—

Les commons, Les seigniours, etc. The Commons, The Lords agree.

the other "No!" and as the cry is more or less on either side so is the bill to stay or else go forward.

If the number of negative and affirmative voices seem to be equal, so many as allow of the bill go down withal; the rest sit still, and being told by the poll, the greater part do carry away the matter. If something be allowed and in some part rejected the bill is put to certain committees to be amended, and then being brought in again it is read, and passeth or stayeth, as the voices yield thereto.

This is the order of the passage of our laws, which are not ratified till both houses have agreed unto them, and yet not holden for law till the prince hath given his assent.

HARRISON, *Description of England*, in
Holinshed's *Chronicle* (1577).

THE THAMES IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

WHAT should I speak of the fat and sweet salmon, and that in such plenty (after the time of the smelt be passed) as no river in Europe is able to exceed it. What store also of barbel, trout, chevin, perch, smelt, bream, roach, dace, gudgeon, flounder, shrimps, etc., are commonly to be had therein, I refer to them that know by experience better than I, by reason of their daily trade of fishing in the same. And albeit it seemeth from time to time to be as it were defrauded in sundry wise of these large com-

Chevin, or chub. A small freshwater fish.

modities by the insatiable avarice of the fishermen, yet this famous river complaineth commonly of no want; but the more it loseth at one time the more it yieldeth at another. Only in carp it seemeth to be scant, since it is not long since that kind of fish was brought over to England, and but of late to speak of into this stream, by the violent rage of sundry land-floods that brake open the heads and dams of divers gentlemen's ponds, by which means it became somewhat partaker also of this said commodity; whereof once it had no portion that I could ever hear (of). Oh! that this river might be spared but even one year from nets, etc., but alas! then should many a poor man be undone. . . .

In like manner I could intreat of the infinite number of swans daily to be seen upon this river, the two thousand wherries and small boats whereby three thousand poor watermen are maintained, through the carriage and recarriage of such persons as pass or repass from time to time upon the same; besides those huge tide-boats, tilt-boats, and barges, which either carry passengers, or bring necessary provisions from all quarters of Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, Essex and Kent, unto the city of London.

Ibid.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY AT COURT

Not long after this (1600), curiosity, rather than ambition, brought me to court; and, as it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees in the presence chamber, when she passed by to the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopped, and swearing her usual oath, demanded, " Who is this? " Everybody then present looked upon me, but no man knew me, until Sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The queen hereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said, " It is a pity he was married so young "; and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek. . . .

Shortly after (the accession of James I.) I was made Knight of the Bath with the usual ceremonies belonging to that ancient order. I could tell how much my person was commended by the lords and ladies that came to see the solemnity then used, but I shall flatter myself too much if I believed it.

I must not forget yet the ancient custom, being that some principal person was to put on the right spur of those the king had appointed to receive that dignity; the Earl of Shrewsbury seeing my esquire there with my spur in his hand, voluntarily came to me and said, "Cousin, I believe you will be a good knight, and therefore I will put on your spur"; whereupon after my most humble thanks for so great a favour, I held up my leg against the wall, and he put on my spur.

There is another custom likewise, that the knights the first day wear the gown of some religious order, and the night following to be bathed; after which they take an oath never to sit in a place where injustice should be done, but they shall right it to the uttermost of their power; and particularly ladies and gentlewomen that shall be wronged in their honour, if they demand assistance, and many other points, not unlike the romances of knight errantry.

The second day to wear robes of crimson taffety (in which habit I am painted in my study), and so to ride from St. James's to Whitehall, with our esquires before us; and the third day to wear a gown of purple satin, upon the left sleeve whereof is fastened certain strings weaved of white silk and gold tied in a knot, and tassels to it of the same, which all the knights are obliged to wear until they have done something famous in arms, or until some lady of honour take it off, and fasten it on her sleeve, saying, "I will answer he shall prove a good knight." I had not long worn this string, but a principal lady of the court, and certainly, in most men's opinion, the handsomest, took mine off, and said she would pledge her honour for mine.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY, *Autobiography*.

THE "BLUE RING" INCIDENT

On the 14th of January (1603), the queen (Elizabeth) having sickened two days before of a cold, and being forewarned by Dee, who retained his mysterious influence over her mind to the last, to beware of Whitehall, removed to Richmond, which she said, "was the warm winter-box to shelter her old age." . . .

It is melancholy to add, that there is every reason to believe, that, while death was thus dealing with the aged queen, this very Carey and his sister, Lady Scroope, were intently watching the ebbing tide of life for the purpose of being the first to hail the impatient King of Scots as her successor.

The spirit of the mighty Elizabeth, after all, passed away so quietly, that the vigilance of the self-interested spies, by whom she was surrounded, was baffled, and no one knew the moment of her departure. Exhausted by her devotions, she had, after the archbishop left her, sunk into a deep sleep, from which she never awoke; and, about three in the morning, it was discovered that she had ceased to breathe.

Lady Scroope gave the first intelligence of this fact, by silently dropping a sapphire ring to her brother, who was lurking beneath the windows of the chamber of death at Richmond Palace. This ring, long after known in court tradition as the "blue ring," had been confided to Lady Scroope by James, as a certain signal which was to announce the decease of the queen. Sir Robert Carey caught the token, fraught with the destiny of the island empire, and departed, at fiery speed, to announce the tidings in Scotland.

Strickland, *Elizabeth.*

THE STRAND IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

It may be worth while to remind our readers, that the Temple Bar which Heriot passed, was not the arched screen, or gateway, of the present day; 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, along which he rode, 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 our 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.

He next passed Charing Cross, which 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.

SCOTT, *Fortunes of Nigel.*

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT (1605)

WHEN the scheme was settled upon, Percy took, upon lease, a solitary house in Westminster Yard, near the House of Lords, where, about Michaelmas, 1604, he and three of his four associates began to dig a subterraneous passage towards that edifice, while Fawkes, the least known of all the party, kept watch without.

At this time, the Parliament was expected to meet on the ensuing 7th of February; and it was their intention before that period, to have a large chamber excavated under the Parliament-House, wherein they should deposit the powder. The labour of digging was very severe to men who had hitherto lived so differently; but, to support existence, they had baked meats and wines brought into the vault—enthusiasm supplied the rest. They also had their arms deposited beside them as they wrought, being determined, in case of a discovery, to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

Thus they proceeded with incredible diligence for about three months, carrying the rubbish out every night, and burying it beneath the soil of the adjacent garden. At last, about Christmas, they reached the wall of the Parliament-House, which, being three yards thick, proved a serious obstacle. Nevertheless, they continued for six weeks more, picking the hard old mason-work of that structure, through which they advanced at the rate of about a foot a week. At Candlemas, about five days before the expected meeting of Parliament, they had only got about half way through the wall, and were despairing of being ready in time, when, fortunately for them, the meeting was prorogued till the ensuing October.

During the progress of their labour it was thought expedient to admit other two persons into the conspiracy, for the sake of their assistance in digging; namely, Christopher Wright, brother to John Wright, and Robert Winter, the brother of Thomas. Previous to being made privy to the project, they were bound to secrecy under the following oath, which was administered by Garnet, along with the communion:

"You shall swear by the Blessed Trinity, and by the sacrament you now purpose to receive, never to disclose, directly nor indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret; nor desist from the execution thereof, until the rest shall give you leave." . . .

On the evening of Saturday, the 26th of October, eleven days before the meeting of Parliament, Lord Mounteagle (son of Lord Morley, but himself a peer by inheritance from his mother), when about to sit down to supper, received a letter from one of his footmen, which the man said had been delivered to him by an "unknown man of a reasonable tall personage," as he was crossing the street on an errand with which his lordship had just commissioned him. This was in Mounteagle's lodging, in one of the streets of London. The young nobleman, having broken open the letter, and found it to be written in a somewhat cramped hand, caused one of his domestics to read it to him aloud; when it was found to be literally as follows:

"My lord out of the love i beare to some of youere frends i heave a caer of youer preservaceon therefor i would advyse yowe as yowe tender yower lyf to devyse some exscuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleament for god and man hath concurred to punishe the wickednes of this tyme and think not slyghtlye of this advertesment but retyere youre self into youre contri wheare yowe may expect the event in safti for thoughe thear be no apparance of anni stir yet i saye thayre shall recyve a terribel blowe this parleament and yet they shall not see who hurts them this cowncel is not to be contemned because it may do yowe goode and can do yowe no harme for the danger is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter and i hop god will give yowe the grace to mak a goode use of it to whose holy protection i commend yowe."

This letter was addressed on the back "To the Right Honourable the Lord Mow'teagle"; but it was without date and subscription. . . .

James read the letter, paused, read it again, and then remarked, that this was a warning by no means to be despised. This could be no pasquil, he said, no mere attempt at bringing Lord Mounteagle into a ludicrous situation; the style was too pithy and emphatic, too sincere, to be interpreted in that sense.

Salisbury called his Majesty's attention to one particular sentence, "The danger is past as soon as you have burnt the letter," which he thought could only be the composition of a madman or a driveller; for, if the mere incremation of this frail sheet could avert the apprehended mischief, what need of the warning? James, however, was of opinion that that clause ought to be interpreted in another sense, that the danger would be as sudden and speedy in execution as the burning of a sheet of paper in the fire; and he therefore conjectured that it was by gunpowder under the House of Lords that the Parliament was to receive such "a terrible blow."

Pasquil. A satire.

Salisbury, who considered James "an *understanding prince*, if any we ever had," was much struck by his reasoning on this subject, which, though not coincident with his own, led to the same conclusion. He left him, however, for that time, without proposing any measures of security, but rather "with a merrie jeast, as his custome was"; and it was not till after a second consultation with the four Earls, that he next day condescended to allow, before the King, that there was any necessity for such proceedings.

It was then agreed between them, in presence of the Lord Chamberlain, that the latter officer should, in accordance with the duties of his office, institute a search through the apartments under the Parliament-House; though not till the evening before Parliament was to assemble, in order that the plot, if any such existed, might be discovered at its very ripest. . . .

On Monday afternoon, the search was made, as designed, by the Lord Chamberlain, accompanied by Whinyard, Keeper of the King's wardrobe, and by Lord Mounteagle. After inspecting several of the lower apartments and vaults, they came to that in which the conspirators had deposited their powder, which they found stuffed full of faggots, billets, and coal, together with some old furniture.

The Chamberlain asked Whinyard for what purpose this apartment was kept, and was informed that it was let to Thomas Percy, the occupant of the neighbouring house, for a coal-cellar. Then casting his eye around the place, he observed a tall man standing in a corner—the demon Fawkes—who, on being questioned what he was, described himself as Percy's man, at present employed to keep the house and cellar in his master's absence. Here Lord Mounteagle, who had accompanied the party, privately informed the Chamberlain that he could not help suspecting Percy to be the writer of the letter, recollecting, as he did, his suspected religion, and an old friendship which might have induced him to give him this warning.

Notwithstanding this hint, Suffolk left the vault as he found it, but not till he had made an accurate, though apparently a very careless inspection of the place and its contents. On reporting what he had seen to the King and his little party of councillors, and acquainting them moreover with Mounteagle's suspicion, they felt themselves distracted between a desire of taking every precaution for the safety of the King's person, and a fear lest any search they might make would be found vain, and only draw upon them the ridicule of the public; all agreeing, however, that there were now more shrewd causes for suspicion than before.

After this question had been discussed for some time with considerable anxiety, James decided them at last in favour of a search; but proposed that it should be conducted by a mere Justice of the Peace, and under pretence of inquiring for some hangings, lately missed out of the wardrobe; by which means, they might avoid giving offence to the Earl of Northumberland, Percy's kinsman and employer, and also save themselves from the proper consequences of the hoax, if such it should turn out.

Towards midnight, therefore, Sir Thomas Knyvett, a gentleman of the King's bed-chamber, and who was at the same time one of the Justices of Westminster, proceeded with a small party of soldiers to the Parliament-House; leaving the King and his band of councillors to await the result in the privy gallery of Whitehall.

Meanwhile, Fawkes, alarmed by the afternoon visit of the Chamberlain, but still resolved to run every risk, spent the evening in the vault, making the necessary arrangements for the explosion. Having just completed these preparations, he had quitted his den of latent sulphur, and was standing in front of the door, booted as for a journey, when Knyvett came up with his party, and took him prisoner. Then pushing forward into the vault, and turning over a few of the faggots, the party discovered one of the smaller barrels of powder, and eventually the whole thirty-six.

There being no longer any doubt as to the conspiracy, a gentleman was sent up to a chamber where Fawkes was disposed, in order to search and bind his person. The monster made great resistance; gripped the gentleman's left hand so violently as to provoke him to draw his dagger, which, however, he did not use, for the wish of procuring an organ of evidence; and when tripped up, and thrown upon the ground, where all the paraphernalia of matches, tinder-box, and dark-lantern, were taken from his person, he exclaimed in an agony of disappointed enthusiasm, that he wished he had had time to ignite the train, and thereby spend upon himself and his captors the engine of destruction, intended for a much larger and more important company.

CHAMBERS, *Life of James I.*

EDMOND DOUBLEDAY, Esquire, was of a tall and proper person, and lived in this city. Nor had this large case a little jewel, this long body a lazy soul, whose activity and valour was adequate to his strength and greatness, whereof he gave this eminent testimony.

When Sir Thomas Knevet was sent, November 4, 1605, by King James, to search the cellar beneath the Parliament-House, with very few, for the more privacy, to attend him, he took Master Doubleday with him. Here they found Guy Faux, with his dark-lanthorn, in the dead of night, providing for the death of many the next morning. He was newly come out of the Devil's Closet (so I may fitly term the inward room where the powder lay, and the train was to be laid) into the outward part of the cellar.

Faux beginning to bustle, Master Doubleday instantly ordered him at his pleasure, up with his heels, and there with the traitor lay the treason flat along the floor, by God's goodness detected, defeated. Faux vowed (and, though he was a false traitor, herein I do believe him) that, had he been in the inner room, he would have blown up himself and all the company therein. Thus it is pleasant music to hear disarmed malice threaten, when it cannot strike.

Master Doubleday lived many years after, deservedly loved and respected; and died about the year of our Lord 1618.

FULLER, *Worthies.*

A BALLAD IN PRAISE OF LONDON 'PRENTICES, AND WHAT THEY DID AT THE COCKPIT PLAYHOUSE, SHROVE TUESDAY, 1617

THE 'prentices of London long
  Have famous been in story,
But now they are exceeding all
  Their chronicles of glory;
Look back, say some, to other day,
  But I say look before ye,
And see the deed they have now done—
  Tom Brent and Johnny Cory.

Tom Brent said then to his merry men,
  " Now whoop, my men, and hallo,
And to the Cockpit let us go—
  I'll lead you like brave Rollo."
Then Johnny Cory answered straight
  In words much like Apollo,
" Lead, Tommy Brent, incontinent,
  And we be sure to follow."

Three score of these brave 'prentices,
  All fit for works of wonder,
Rush'd down the plain of Drury Lane,
  Like lightning and like thunder,
And there each door, with hundreds more,
  And windows burst asunder,
And to the tire-house broke they in,
  Which some began to plunder.

" Now hold your hands, my merry men,"
  Said Tom, " for I assure ye,
Whoso begins to steal shall win
  Me both for judge and jury—
And eke for executioner,
  Within this lane of Drury;
But tear and rend, I'll stand your friend,
  And will uphold your fury." . . .

Books old and young in heap they flung,
  And burnt them in the blazes—
Tom Dekker, Heywood, Middleton,
  And other wand'ring crazes.
Poor Day that day not 'scaped away,
  Nor what still more amazes,
Immortal Cracke was burnt all black,
  Which everybody praises.

Now sing we laud with one accord,
  To these most *digni laude*,

Tire-house. Dressing-room.
Dekker, Heywood, Middleton were writers of plays.

Who thus intend to bring an end
  All that is vile and naughty;
All players and others thrust out of doors
  Seductive all and gaudy,
And praise we these bold 'prentices,
  Cum voce et cum corde.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH IN THE TOWER

THE life of such a man as Raleigh, though shut up within the walls of a prison, might afford us instruction as well as pleasure; but the notices that have been preserved of him, during the tedious years of his exclusion from the world, are few and not particular. . . .

He had one consolation, however,—in the society of an amiable and affectionate wife, who had obtained leave to accompany him in prison, and he was countenanced by the queen and the prince during their lives, and continued his correspondence with them. Much of his time was spent in his favourite pursuit—the study and practice of chemistry, and he here wrote the *History of the World*, and several of the political discourses, which remain as proofs, if proofs were wanted, of his talents. . . .

On the 24th of October, 1618, about two months after his recommittal to the Tower, Raleigh was informed that it was the king's intention that he should be put to death, and, four days afterwards,

Cum voce . . . corde. With voice and heart.

he was taken from his prison to the bar of the King's Bench, where execution was demanded against him —not for any new offence, but for the crime of which he had been convicted upwards of fourteen years before, although he had since been charged with a commission from the king, as admiral of his fleet, with power of martial law over his subjects!

In his *History of the World*, as well as in the great variety of political, scientific, and commercial tracts, which proceeded from Sir Walter's pen, we find a vast extent of learning and research, a style equal to the best models of the day, and a penetrating and sound judgment; nor, as a poet, does he rank in a lower sphere; his vein for ditty and amorous ode has been pronounced most lofty, insolent, and passionate. The specimens which have been preserved show that he wrote with great ease; and they display, with a lively wit, sometimes a glowing, and sometimes a wild and romantic imagination; for his improvements in naval architecture he was entitled to the gratitude of the country; to his ardent spirit of enterprise may be attributed many important results, and, while his firmness was ever conspicuous in difficulty and danger, his bravery and zeal in the service of his prince have seldom had an equal; indeed, he was endowed with every qualification to defend his country in time of war, and to adorn it in that of peace

BAYLEY, *Tower of London.*

A COURT MASK IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

On Candlemas Day (1633) in the afternoon, the maskers, horsemen, musicians, dancers, and all that were actors in this business, according to order, met at Ely House in Holborn. There the grand committee sat all day to order all affairs; and when the evening was come, all things being in full readiness, they began to set forth in this order down Chancery Lane to Whitehall.

The first that marched were twenty footmen, in scarlet liveries with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a baton in his hand, and a torch lighted in the other hand; these were the marshal's men, who cleared the streets, made way, and were all about the marshal, waiting his commands. After them, and sometimes in the midst of them, came the marshal, then Mr. Darrel, afterwards knighted by the king; he was of Lincoln's Inn, an extraordinary handsome proper gentleman. He was mounted upon one of the king's best horses, and richest saddles, and his own habit was exceedingly rich and glorious; his horsemanship very gallant; and besides his marshal's men, he had two lackeys, who carried torches by him, and a page in livery that went by him, carrying his cloak.

After him followed one hundred gentlemen of

Candlemas. A Roman Catholic feast held on 2nd February, so called because many lights are used.

the Inns of Court, five-and-twenty chosen out of each house, of the most proper and handsome young gentlemen of the societies. Every one of them was gallantly mounted on the best horses, and with the best furniture that the king's stable and the stables of all the noblemen in town would afford, and they were forward on this occasion to lend them to the Inns of Court.

Every one of these hundred gentlemen was in very rich clothes, scarce anything but gold and silver lace to be seen of them; and each gentleman had a page and two lackeys waiting on him in his livery by his horse's side; the lackeys carried torches, and the page his master's cloak. The richness of their apparel and furniture glittering by the light of a multitude of torches attending on them, with the motion and stirring of their metalled horses and the many and various gay liveries of their servants; but especially the personal beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, made the most glorious and splendid show that ever was beheld in England.

After the horsemen came the antimaskers, and as the horsemen had their music, about a dozen of the best trumpeters proper for them, and in their livery, sounding before them; so the first antimask being of cripples, and beggars on horseback, had their music of keys and tongues, and the like, snapping and yet playing in a concert before them.

These beggars were also mounted, but on the poorest, leanest jades that could be got out of the dirt carts or elsewhere; and the variety and change from such noble music, and gallant horses, as went before them unto their proper music, and pitiful horses, made both of them the more pleasing.

The habits and properties of these cripples and beggars were most ingeniously fitted (as of all the rest) by the commissioners' direction, wherein (as in the whole business) Mr. Attorney Noy, Sir John Finch, Sir Edward Herbert, Mr. Selden, those great and eminent persons, as all the rest of the committee, had often meetings, and took extraordinary care and pains in the ordering of this business, and it seemed a pleasure to them.

After the beggars' antimask, came men on horseback, playing upon pipes, whistles, and instruments sounding notes like those of birds of all sorts, and in excellent concert, and were followed by the antimask of birds; this was an owl in an ivy-bush, with many several sorts of other birds, in a cluster about the owl, gazing as it were upon her; these were little boys, put into covers of the shapes of those birds, rarely fitted, and sitting on small horses, with footmen going by them, with torches in their hands; and here were some besides to look unto the children, and this was very pleasant to the beholders.

After this antimask came other musicians on horseback, playing upon bagpipes, hornpipes, and such kind of northern music, speaking the following antimask of projectors to be of the Scotch and northern quarters; and these as all the rest had many footmen with torches waiting on them.

First in this antimask rode a fellow upon a little horse with a great bit in his mouth, and upon the man's head was a bit, with headstall and reins fastened, and signified a projector who begged a patent that none in the kingdom might ride their horses, but with such bits as they should buy of him.

Then came another fellow with a bunch of carrots upon his head, and a capon upon his fist, describing a projector who begged a patent of monopoly, as the first inventor of the art to feed capons fat with carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention, and have the privilege for fourteen years according to the statute.

Several other projectors were in like manner personated in this antimask; and it pleased the spectators the more, because by it an information was covertly given to the king of the unfitness and the ridiculousness of these projects against the law; and the Attorney Noy, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this antimask of the projectors.

After this, and the rest of the antimasks were passed, all which are not here remembered, there came six of the chief musicians on horseback upon foot-cloths, and in the habits of heathen priests, and footmen carrying torches by them.

After these musicians followed a large open chariot drawn by brave horses with large plumes of feathers

Foot-cloths. Coverings for horses reaching down to the feet.

on their heads and buttocks; the coachman and postillion in rich antique liveries. In the chariot were about a dozen persons in several habits of the gods and goddesses, and by them many footmen on all sides bearing torches.

After this chariot followed six more of the musicians on horseback, with foot-cloths habited, and attended with torches as the former were.

After them came another large open chariot like the former drawn by six gallant horses with feathers, liveries, and torches as the other had.

These chariots were made purposely for this occasion; and in this latter chariot were about a dozen musicians in light habit (but all with some variety and distinction) as those in the first chariot. These going immediately next before the grand maskers' chariots played upon excellent and loud music all the way as they went.

After this chariot came six more musicians on foot-cloths, horses habited and attended as the other.

Then came the first chariot of the grand maskers, which was not so large as those that went before, but most curiously framed, carved, and painted with exquisite art, and purposely for this service and occasion. The form of it was after that of the Roman triumphal chariots, as near as could be gathered by some old prints and pictures extant of them. The seats in it were made of an oval form in the back end of the chariot, so that there was no precedence in them, and the faces of all that sat in it might be seen together.

The colours of the first chariot were silver and crimson, given by the lot to Gray's Inn, as I remember; the chariot was all over painted richly with these colours, even the wheels of it most artificially laid on, and the carved work of it was as curious for that art, and it made a stately show. It was drawn by four horses all on breast, and they were covered to their heels all over with cloth of tissue of the colours of crimson and silver, huge plumes of red and white feathers on their heads and buttocks. The coachman's cap and feather, his long coat, and his very whip and cushion of the same stuff and colour.

In this chariot sat the four grand maskers of Gray's Inn, their habits, doublets, trunk hose, and caps, of most rich cloth of tissue, and wrought as thick with silver spangles as they could be placed, large white silk stockings up to their trunk hose, and rich sprigs in their caps; themselves proper and beautiful young gentlemen.

On each side of the chariot were four footmen in liveries of the colour of the chariot, carrying huge flambeaux in their hands, which with the torches gave such a lustre to the paintings, spangles, and habits that hardly anything could be invented to appear more glorious.

After this chariot came six more musicians on foot-cloths, and in habits like the former. These were followed by the second chariot as the lot fell for the Middle Temple. This differed not in anything from the former, but in colours only, which were of this chariot silver and blue. The chariot and horses were covered and decked with cloth of tissue of blue and silver, as the former was with silver and crimson.

In this second chariot were the four grand maskers of the Middle Temple, in the same habits as the other maskers were, and with the like attendance, torches and flambeaux with the former. After these followed the third and the fourth chariots, and six musicians between each chariot, habited on foot-cloths and horses as before. The chariots were all of the same make, and alike carved and painted, differing only in the colours.

In the third chariot rode the grand maskers of the Inner Temple, and in the fourth chariot went those of Lincoln's Inn according to the lot of each of them.

The habits of the sixteen grand maskers were all the same, their persons most handsome and lovely, the equipage so full of state and height of gallantry that it was never out-done by any representation mentioned in our former stories.

The torches and flaming huge flambeaux borne by the sides of each chariot made it seem lightsome as at noonday, but more glittering, and gave a full and clear light to all the streets and windows as they passed by. The march was slow in regard of their great number, but more interrupted by the multitude of the spectators in the streets, besides the windows, and they all seemed loth to part with so glorious a spectacle.

In the meantime the banqueting-house at Whitehall was so crowded with fair ladies, glittering with their rich clothes and richer jewels, and with lords and gentlemen and great quality, that there was scarce room for the king and queen to enter in. The king and queen stood at a window looking straight forward into the street to see the mask come by, and being delighted with the noble bravery of it they sent to the marshal to desire that the whole show might fetch a turn about the tilt-yard, that their majesties might have a double view of them, which was done accordingly, and then they all alighted at Whitehall Gate, and were conducted to several rooms and places prepared for them.

The king and queen and all their noble train being come in, the mask began, and was incomparably performed in the dancing, speeches, music, and scenes. The dances, figures, properties, the voices, instruments, songs, airs, composures, the words and actions, were all of them exact, and none failed in their parts of them, and the scenes were most curious and costly.

The queen did the honour to some of the maskers to dance with them herself, and to judge them as good dancers as ever she saw, and the great ladies were very free and civil in dancing with all the maskers, as they were taken out by them.

Thus they continued in their sports until it was almost morning, and then the king and queen retiring to their chamber the maskers and Inns of Court gentlemen were brought to a stately banquet, and after that were dispersed, every one departing to his own quarters.

Thus was this earthly pomp and glory, if not vanity, soon passed over, and gone, as if it had never been.

BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE, *Memorials of English Affairs.*

CHARLES I. IN THE HOUSE, 4TH JANUARY, 1642

SCARCELY had the House reassembled, after the dinner hour's adjournment, for the renewal of the debate, when intelligence was brought by a Captain Langrish, who had passed the party in their way down the street, that the King, escorted by a guard of some hundreds of officers, soldiers, and other armed attendants, was advancing upon Westminster Hall.

Private information had been received of this design by Lord Holland from Lady Carlisle, who was in the Queen's household; and by him it was communicated to Pym. To avoid the bloodshed which must probably have ensued, if the House, which had so lately pledged itself to its privileges, had been forced to defend them against armed men with the King in person at their head, the five members were ordered to withdraw, which, after some expostulation and resistance from Strode, they did.

The King, meanwhile, entered New Palace Yard, and, proceeding through Westminster Hall, where his attendants ranged themselves on both sides, he ascended the stairs, and knocked at the door of the House of Commons. Entering, with his nephew, Charles, the Prince Palatine of the Rhine, at his side, he glanced his eye towards the place where Pym was wont to sit, and then walked directly to the chair.

The Speaker, though commanded by the House to sit still with the mace before him, rose, with the rest of the members, at the King's approach, and, leaving the steps of the chair to which the King ascended, flung himself on his knee before him. In vain did the King look round for the objects of his search. The members stood, with their heads uncovered, in stern respectful silence, while the King addressed the Speaker, Lenthall, in words which are well known as being the cause of this memorable reply:

"May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me."

The King's speech, in answer, sufficiently shows how little, before he entered on this strange proceeding, he had foreseen the chance of any part of his plan failing him. All the difficulties of his position now at once rushed to his mind. He saw no means of honourable or dignified retreat.

He looked around from the chair, and he saw all eyes bent upon him; every countenance expressive of amazement at his rashness, but all men determined to act the great part he had imposed upon them, as became their position, their engagements, and their duties. He looked down, and he saw the Speaker, in the posture which denoted an awful sense of what was demanded of him by the presence before which he knelt, but to which he would not surrender the trust with which the Commons had invested him. At the table sat Rushworth, taking down the words which alone broke that portentous silence, and which, on the morrow, must sound in every ear in the Metropolis, to spread alarm through the empire, and to be delivered down to all posterity with the story of that day.

The King's reply was weak and confused, and it bore not on the question. "There is no privilege in cases of treason. . . . I intend nothing but to proceed against them in a fair and legal way."

The breach of privilege was his entering the House; the breach of law was his endeavouring to execute a committal for treason without examination and without warrant.

"I tell you I do expect that, as soon as they come to the House, you will send them to me, otherwise I must take my own course to find them."

He must have known that the House could not, after the unanimous declaration for the defence of its privileges, suffer its members to be surrendered at this illegal bidding; and thus he retired, amid loud and repeated cries of "Privilege, privilege!" The House instantly adjourned.

NUGENT, *Memorials of John Hampden.*

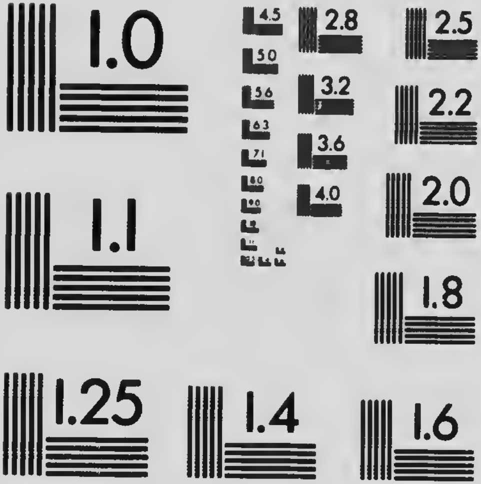
THE STRAND MAYPOLE

THE Maypole stood in front of the site of St. Mary's, and in the place where had been formerly the stone cross. The setting up of this Maypole is attributed to John Clarges, blacksmith, whose daughter had married Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle. The parliamentary ordinance of 1644 swept away this among all the rest of the Maypoles; but, on the Restoration, a new and loftier one was raised with great ceremony and rejoicing.

From a rare tract, entitled *The Citie's Loyalty Displayed*, published at the time, it appears the pole was a stately cedar, one hundred and thirty-four feet long, a choice and remarkable piece, made below bridge, and brought in two parts up to Scotland Yard. From thence it was conveyed, on the 14th of April, to the Strand, a streamer flourishing before it, amidst the beating of drums and the sound of merry music. The Duke of York sent twelve seamen with cables, pulleys, etc., with six great anchors, to assist in raising it; and after them came three men, bareheaded, carrying three crowns. The pieces were then joined together and hooped

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)


1.0
4.5
5.0
5.6
6.3
7.1
8.0
9.0
2.8
3.2
3.6
4.0
2.5
2.2
2.0
1.1
1.8
1.25
1.4
1.6

APPLIED IMAGE Inc
1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

with bands of iron, the crowns, with the King's arms, richly gilt, were placed on the top, the trumpets sounded, the men began their work, and in four hours' time it was raised upright and established fast in the ground. Then the drums and trumpets beat again, and the Strand resounded with the shouts of the assembled multitudes. A party of morrice-dancers now came, "finely decked with purple scarves, in their half-shirts, with a tabor and a pipe, the ancient music, and danced round about the Maypole." . . .

All that's fair must fade, and Maypoles enjoy no special exemption. In 1713 it became necessary to have a new one, which was accordingly set up on the 4th of July, with two gilt balls and a vane on the summit, and, on particular days, the extra decorations of flags and garlands. This was removed about the time of the erection of the New Church, and presented by the parish to Sir Isaac Newton, who sent it to the rector of Wanstead; that gentleman caused it to be raised in Wanstead Park, to support the then largest telescope in Europe.

KNIGHT, *London.*

ESCAPE OF CHARLES I. (1647)

WHILST these things were thus agitated between the army and the Parliament and the city, the King enjoyed himself at Hampton Court, much more to his content than he had of late; the respects of the chief officers of the army seeming much greater than they had been; Cromwell himself came oftener to him, and had longer conferences with him; talked with more openness to Mr. Ashburnham than he had done, and appeared more cheerful.

Persons of all conditions repaired to his Majesty of those who had served him; with whom he conferred without reservation; and the citizens flocked thither as they had used to do at the end of a progress, when the King had been some months absent from London; but that which pleased his Majesty most, was that his children were permitted to come to him, in whom he took great delight. They were all at the Earl of Northumberland's house at Sion, from the time the King came to Hampton Court, and had liberty to attend his Majesty when he pleased; so that sometimes he sent for them to come to Hampton Court, and sometimes he went to them to Sion; which gave him great satisfaction. . . .

There is reason to believe that he did resolve to transport himself beyond the seas, which had been no hard matter to have brought to pass; but with whom he consulted for the way of doing it, is not to this day discovered; they who were instrumental in his remove, pretending to know nothing of the resolution, or counsel.

But, one morning, being the eleventh of November, the King having, the night before, pretended some indisposition, and that he would go to his rest, they who went into his chamber found that he was not there, nor had been in his bed that night.

There were two or three letters found upon his table, writ all with his own hand, one to the Parliament, another to the General; in which he declared "the reason of his remove to be, an apprehension that some desperate persons had a design to assassinate him; and therefore he had withdrawn himself with a purpose of remaining concealed, until the Parliament had agreed upon such propositions as should be fit for him to consent to; and he would then appear, and willingly consent to anything that should be for the peace and happiness of the kingdom."

There were discovered the treading of horses at a back door of the garden into which his Majesty had a passage out of his chamber; and it is true that way he went, having appointed his horse to be there ready at an hour, and Sir John Berkley, Ashburnham, and Legg, to wait upon him, the two last being of his bed-chamber. Ashburnham alone seemed to know what they were to do, the other two having received orders only to attend. When they were free from the apprehension of the guards, and the horse quarters, they rode towards the south-west, and towards that part of Hampshire which led to the New Forest. The King asked Ashburnham, where the ship lay? which made the other two conclude that the King resolved to transport himself.

CLARENDON, *History of the Rebellion.*

CHARLES I. AND HIS JUDGES AT WESTMINSTER HALL

In January, 1648, the court sat, the king was brought to his trial, and a charge drawn up against him for levying war against the parliament and people of England, for betraying the public trust reposed in him, and for being an implacable enemy to the commonwealth. But the king refused to plead, disowning the authority of the court, and after three several days persisting in contempt thereof, he was sentenced to suffer death.

One thing was remarked in him by many of the court, that when the blood spilt in many of the battles where he was in his own person, and had caused it to be shed by his own command, was laid to his charge, he heard it with disdainful smiles, and looks and gestures which rather expressed sorrow that all the opposite party to him were not cut off, than that any were; and he stuck not to declare in words, that no man's blood spilt in this quarrel troubled him except one, meaning the Earl of Strafford.

The gentlemen that were appointed his judges, and divers others, saw in him a disposition so bent on the ruin of all that opposed him, and of all the righteous and just things they had contended for, that it was upon the consciences of many of them, that if they did not execute justice upon him, God would require at their hands all the blood and desolation which should ensue by their suffering him to escape, when God had brought him into their hands. Although the malice of the malignant party and their apostate brethren seemed to threaten them, yet they thought they ought to cast themselves upon God, while they acted with a good conscience for him and for their country.

Some of them afterwards, for excuse, belied themselves, and said they were under the awe of the army, and overpersuaded by Cromwell, and the like; but it is certain that all men herein were left to their free liberty of acting, neither persuaded nor compelled; and as there were some nominated in the commission who never sat, and others who sat at first, but durst not hold on, so all the rest might have declined it if they would, when it is apparent they would have suffered nothing by so doing. For those who then declined were afterwards, when they offered themselves, received in again and had places of more trust and benefit than those which ran the utmost hazard; which they deserved not, for I know upon certain knowledge that many, yea the most of them, retreated, not for conscience, but from fear and worldly prudence, foreseeing that the insolency of the army might grow to that height as to ruin the cause, and reduce the kingdom into the hands of the enemy; and then those who had been most courageous in their country's cause would be given up as victims.

These poor men did privately animate those who appeared most publicly, and I knew several of them in whom I lived to see that saying of Christ fulfilled, " He that will save his life shall lose it, and he that for my sake will lose his life shall save it "; when afterwards it fell out that all their prudent declensions saved not the lives of some nor the estates of others.

As for Mr. Hutchinson, although he was very much confirmed in his judgment concerning the cause, yet herein being called to an extraordinary action, whereof many were of several minds, he addressed himself to God by prayer; desiring the Lord that, if through any human frailty he were led into any error or false opinion in these great transactions, he would open his eyes, and not suffer him to proceed, but that he would confirm his spirit in the truth, and lead him by a right enlightened conscience; and finding no check, but a confirmation in his conscience that it was his duty to act as he did, he, upon serious debate, both privately and in his addresses to God, and in conferences with conscientious, upright, unbiassed persons, proceeded to sign the sentence against the king.

Although he did not then believe but that it might one day come to be again disputed among men, yet both he and others thought they could not refuse it without giving up the people of God, whom they had led forth and engaged themselves unto by the oath of God, into the hands of God's and their own enemies; and therefore he cast himself upon God's protection, acting according to the dictates of a conscience which he had sought the Lord to guide, and accordingly the Lord did signalise his favour afterwards to him.

LUCY HUTCHINSON, *Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson.*

THE CURTAIN CHAMPION

I SHALL give you under this head, a story very well known to several persons, and which you may depend upon as a real truth.

Every one, who is acquainted with Westminster School, knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school from the lower. A youth happened, by some mischance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain. The severity of the matter was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance, when his friend, who sat next to him, bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on himself.

As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides; one of them followed the Parliament, the other the Royal Party.

As their tempers were different, the youth, who had torn the curtain, endeavoured to raise himself on the civil list, and the other, who had borne the blame of it, on the military. The first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made a judge under the Protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy enterprise of Penruddock and Groves in the West.

I suppose, sir, I need not acquaint you with the event of that undertaking. Every one knows that the Royal Party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned at Exeter.

It happened to be his friend's lot to go to the Western circuit. The trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them; when the Judge, hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his face more attentively, which he had not seen for many years, asked him, if he was not formerly a Westminster scholar?

By the answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and, without saying anything more at that time, made the best of his way to London, where employing all his power and interest with the Protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.

The gentleman, whose life was thus preserved by the gratitude of his school-fellow, was afterwards the father of a son, whom he lived to see promoted in the church, and who still deservedly fills one of the highest stations in it.

The Spectator, 1711.

LOYAL WESTMINSTER

It was at "untaintedly loyal" Westminster that the dauntless South, then a boy at school, and reader that morning of the customary Latin prayers, prayed publicly for King Charles I. by name on the fatal 30th of January, 1648, "but an hour or two before the monarch's head was struck off." Here, too, the famous Busby is reported to have walked beside Charles II. with his head covered, apologising at the same time to the King, for this apparent breach of decorum, by saying that if his boys supposed there were any greater in the realm than he, there would be at once an end to his authority. . . .

We have already mentioned the circumstance of South's praying for Charles I. by name on the morning when the King was beheaded. The same spirit of fearlessness appears to have characterised the Westminsters on more than one occasion since.

A few years after the execution of Charles I., when the mob attempted to break open the gates of Westminster Abbey, they were beaten back by the boys, aided only by a few servants of the place. On Nov. 5, 1681, we read, "The Westminster School boys burned Jack Presbyter instead of the Pope." Another time, during the contest between the famous Bentley and Sergeant Miller, Dr. Bentley "sent for Zachary Pearce (afterwards Bishop of Rochester), one of the aspirants to the vacant fellowship, and suggested that he, being a Westminster scholar, might bring a body of students educated in that school, among whom a great *esprit de corps* existed, to block out the Sergeant by manual force." It need hardly be said that this suggestion was not actually adopted; but the proposal serves to illustrate the manner in which Old Westminsters clung together in after life.

Perhaps the most remarkable anecdote of this class is that of the punishment inflicted by the boys on Curll, the publisher in 1716, which is told in a letter, circulated at the time, as follows:

King's College, Westminster,
Aug. 8, 1716.

Sir,

You are desired to acquaint the public that a certain bookseller, near Temple Bar (not taking warning by the frequent drubs that he has undergone for his often pirating other men's copies), did lately (without the consent of Mr. John Barber, present captain of Westminster School) publish the scraps of a funeral oration spoken by him over the corpse of the Revd. Dr. South, and being, on Thursday last, fortunately nabbed within the limits of Dean's Yard, by the King's Scholars, there he met with a college salutation; for he was first presented with the ceremony of the blanket, in which, when the skeleton had been well shook, he was carried in triumph to the school; and, after receiving a grammatical correction for his false concords, he was reconducted to Dean's Yard, and, on his knees, asking pardon of the said Mr. Barber for his offence, he was kicked out of the yard, and left to the huzzas of the rabble.

I am, Sir,
Yours,
"T. A."

STAUNTON, *The Great Schools of England.*

PRIDE'S PURGE

ON *Monday 4th December*, the House, for the last time, takes "into farther debate" the desperate question, Whether his Majesty's concessions in that Treaty of Newport are a ground of settlement?—debates it all Monday; has debated it all Friday and Saturday before. Debates it all Monday, "till five o'clock next morning"; at five o'clock next morning, decides it, Yea. By a Majority of Forty-six, One-hundred-and-twenty-nine to Eighty-three, it is at five o'clock on Tuesday morning decided, Yea, they are a ground of settlement. The Army Chiefs and the Minority consult together, in deep and deepest deliberation, through that day and night; not, I suppose, without Prayer; and on the morrow morning this is what we see:

Wednesday 6th December 1648, "Colonel Rich's regiment of horse and Colonel Pride's regiment of foot were a guard to the Parliament; and the City Trainbands were discharged" from that employ-

---

Trainbands. The early militia.

ment. Yes, they were! Colonel Rich's horse stand ranked in Palace Yard, Colonel Pride's foot in Westminster Hall and at all entrances to the Commons House, this day; and in Colonel Pride's hand is a written list of names, names of the chief among the Hundred-and-twenty-nine; and at his side is my Lord Grey of Groby, who, as this Member after that comes up, whispers or beckons, " He is one of them; he cannot enter! " And Pride gives the word, " To the Queen's Court "; and Member after Member is marched thither, Forty-one of them this day, and kept there in a state bordering on rabidity, asking, " By what Law? " and ever again, " By what Law? " Is there a colour or faintest shadow of Law, to be found in any of the Books, Yearbooks, Rolls of Parliament, Bractons, Fletas, Cokes upon Lyttleton, for this? Hugh Peters visits them; has little comfort, no light as to the Law; confesses, " It is by the Law of Necessity; truly, by the Power of the Sword."

It must be owned the Constable's baton is fairly down, this day; overborne by the Power of the Sword, and a Law not to be found in any of the Books.

At evening the distracted Forty-one are marched to Mr. Duke's Tavern hard-by, a " Tavern called Hell "; and very imperfectly accommodated for the night. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who has ceased taking notes long since; Mr. William Prynne, louder than any in the question of Law; Waller, Massey, Harley, and other remnants of the old Eleven, are of this unlucky Forty-one; among whom too we count little Clement Walker "in his gray suit with his little stick,"—asking in the voice of the indomitablest terrier or Blenheim cocker, "By what Law? I ask again, By what Law?" Whom no mortal will ever be able to answer.

Such is the far-famed Purging of the House by Colonel Pride.

CARLYLE, *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell.*

"THIS BAUBLE!" 20TH APRIL, 1653

"THE Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the Bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place."

For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the Bill; beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitatingly. Whereupon the Lord General sat still, for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this Bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, "This is the time; I must do it!"

And so "rose up, put off his hat, and spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parliament for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults,"—rising higher and higher, into a very aggravated style indeed.

An honourable Member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, "It is a strange language this: unusual within the walls of Parliament this! And from a trusted servant too; and one whom we have so highly honoured; and one—"

"Come, come!" exclaims my Lord General in a very high key, "we have had enough of this,"—and in fact my Lord General, now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "I will put an end to your prating," and steps forth into the floor of the House, and "clapping on his hat," and occasionally "stamping the floor with his feet," begins a discourse which no man can report!

He says—Heavens! he is heard saying: "It is not fit that you should sit here any longer!" You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. "You shall now give place to better men! Call them in!" adds he briefly, to Harrison, in word of command; and "some twenty or thirty" grim musketeers enter with bullets in their snaphances; grimly prompt for orders; and stand in some attitude of Carry-arms there. Veteran men; men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains;—not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment.

Snaphances. Rifles.

"You call yourselves a Parliament," continues my Lord General in clear blaze of conflagration; "You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards," and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; "some of you are ——" and he glares into Harry Marten, and the poor Sir Peter who rose to order, lewd livers both; "living in open contempt of God's commandments. Following your own greedy appetites, and the devil's commandments. Corrupt unjust persons," and here I think he glanced at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he named them not; "Corrupt unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the Gospel; how can you be a Parliament for God's people? Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God—go!"

The House is of course all on its feet,—uncertain almost whether not on its head; such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred Mace itself, said, "What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!"—And gave it to a musketeer.

And now,—"Fetch him down!" says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than anything else, declares, he will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand"; on which Speaker Lenthall came down and gloomily vanished.

They all vanished; flooding gloomily, clamorously out to their ulterior businesses, and respective places of abode; the Long Parliament is dissolved.

CARLYLE, *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell.*

GEORGE FOX, THE QUAKER, INTERVIEWS CROMWELL

AFTER some time Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall: it was in a morning, before he was dressed; and one Harvey, who had come a little among Friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him.

When I came in I was moved to say: "Peace be in this house"; and I bade him keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from him, that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth, and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion; wherein he carried himself very moderately.

But he said we quarrelled with priests, whom he called ministers. I told him, I did not quarrel with them, but they quarrelled with me and my friends. "But," said I, "if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds as the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit."

Then I showed him that the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared freely, and declared against them that did not declare freely; such as preached for filthy lucre, and divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, like the dumb dogs that could never have enough; and that they that have the same spirit with Christ, and the prophets, and the apostles, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then.

As I spoke, he would several times say it was very good, and it was truth.

I told him that all Christendom (so called) had the scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those had who gave forth the scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the scriptures, nor one with another.

Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back; and as I was turning he catched me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said: "Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other"; adding that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul.

I told him if he did he wronged his own soul, and I bade him hearken to God's voice that he might stand in his counsel and obey it; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did not hear God's voice his heart would be hardened. And he said it was true.

Then I went out, and when Captain Drury came out after me he told me his lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would.

Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. And I asked them what they brought me hither for. They said it was by the Protector's order that I might dine with them. I bade them let the Protector know I would not eat a bit of his bread, nor drink a sup of his drink.

When he heard this he said: "Now I see there is a people risen and come up that I cannot win either with gifts, honours, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can."

It was told him again that we had forsaken our own, and were not like to look for such things from him.

George Fox, *Journal.*

JOCELYN FLEEING FROM THE BAILIFFS TAKES REFUGE AT JOHN MILTON'S

As he was returning from Aldersgate Street, he observed himself to be dogged by two men, whom he presently recognised to be bailiffs, and who, by their motions, were evidently holding him in pursuit. . . .

Unfortunately for the beaux of those days, they were much more conspicuous in their attire, and consequently had much less chance of escape, than their modern successors. Jocelyn wore a richly-embroidered doublet of deer-coloured velvet with silver buttons and loops, the collar standing on end with plaiting of the same metal; his philamott, or gold-coloured cloak, was edged with a deep lace; a Buckingham or Montero hat covered his dark flowing and scented periwig; his band was trimmed with pointe d'Espagne, and a profusion of well-gummed satin ribbons, of orange colour, red and tawny, decorated his hat, his sword, the knees of his black cannon hose, his russet shoes, his periwig, and, in short, every part of his person to which they could be attached; such silken trappings being at that moment an indispensable appendage to every man of fashion.

Such a gaudy apparition, rustling and fluttering through the air like a huge painted butterfly, was not likely to be lost to the inquiries of his pursuers, even if he escaped for a few moments from their sight; and, as he was obliged every now and then to stop and take breath, the bailiffs, tracking him with the patient perseverance of hounds, were sure to appear just as he had flattered himself that they were fairly distanced and at fault.

After keeping up this sort of flight through a variety of streets, with the names of which he was unacquainted, he at length found himself in the Artillery Walk, adjoining Bunhill Fields, and, being nearly exhausted with his efforts, he turned suddenly up a passage, resolved to seek shelter in the first house that should offer, and thus take the chance of eluding his pursuers.

A side-door presenting itself at the entrance of the passage, he pulled the latch; it opened; he entered as quietly as possible; again closed the door; and found himself in a small anteroom, hung round with shelves of dark old-fashioned-looking books, most of them in folio or quarto.

In one corner was a small recess in which stood an open organ, the appearance of which indicated that it was an old possession of its proprietor, and was in habitual use. On a circular table in the middle of the chamber were two folio bibles, one in Hebrew and one in English; and on the mantel-shelf were several pipes, with a tea-cup containing tobacco; the smell of the room, as well as its dusky hue, sufficiently attesting that it was often fumigated by the use of that fragrant herb.

From these appearances, it might be conjectured that the house belonged to a man of mean condition and studious habits; and while Jocelyn was speculating upon the probable profession of its owner, a deep, solemn, and sonorous voice from an adjoining chamber exclaimed aloud:

The floating vessel swam
Uplifted, and, secure with beaked prow,
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp,
Deep under water roll'd; sea covered sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd
And stabled.

Under any other circumstances he would have continued a delighted listener to this sublime strain; but just at this moment he saw his pursuers making inquiries at the opposite side of the street; and, observing that, from the lowness of the window, they might look into the room and discover him, he determined to waive all ceremony; and, accordingly, opening the door of communication, he stepped into the adjoining apartment.

It was larger and lighter than the one he had quitted, and the books it contained were scattered about with greater confusion. Fronting him, in an arm-chair, there sat a venerable-looking blind old man, his curling grey hair falling down upon either shoulder, and his sightless orbs upturned to heaven, as, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he continued his recitation, apparently unconscious of the intrusion. By his side was a young female seated at a desk, and writing, behind whom was another, with her back towards Jocelyn, as she stood upon a chair to reach down a book.

These figures were Milton, dictating the *Paradise Lost* to his daughters. . . .

With many apologies for his intrusion, Jocelyn now briefly explained the circumstances that had led to it, imploring protection for a short time, but offering to retire immediately should his longer presence be deemed inadmissible.

The bard declared that, as his humble residence had been a Zoar and a place of refuge to himself, so should it prove to the pilgrim and the wayfarer that sought the protection of its roof, beneath which he invited Jocelyn to remain until the danger had passed away, but concluded by ordering both his daughters to retire instantly to their own apartment.

This injunction they appeared to obey with some hesitation, casting sundry glances at their uninvited visitant, whose striking figure, not less than the inordinate finery of his dress, were calculated to excite no small admiration in young ladies who had for a long time been habituated only to such homely and mechanical figures as were to be encountered in the sequestered and religious precincts of Bunhill Row.

HORACE SMITH, *Brambletye House.*

ON THE STATUE TO KING CHARLES I. AT CHARING CROSS

THAT the First Charles does here in triumph ride,
See his son reign where he a martyr died,
And people pay that reverence as they pass,
(Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass,
Is not the effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the statue and the stone;
But Heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,
And kings so killed rise conquerors again,
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of surviving fame.

EDMUND WALLER.

NOTE.—Waller, like the Vicar of Bray, always sought the favour of those who were in power. Thus he praised in turn Charles I. and Cromwell. When Charles II. remarked that the poet did his best work under the Commonwealth, Waller replied that he could produce the best poetry *when dealing with fiction* !

PEPYS'S NOTES ON ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

February 7th, 1660. Went to Paul's School, where he that made the speech for the seventh form in praise of the Founder did show a book which Mr. Crumlum (the Master) had lately got, which he believed to be of the Founder's own writing. My brother John came off as well as any of the rest in the speeches.

December 23rd, 1661. Lighting at my bookseller's in St. Paul's Churchyard, I met there with Mr. Crumlum, and the second master of Paul's School, and thence I took them to the Star, and there we sat and talked, and I had great pleasure in their company, and very glad I was of meeting him so accidentally, I having omitted too long to go to see him. Here in discourse of books I did offer to give the school what book he would choose of £5. So we parted.

27th. In the morning to my bookseller's, to bespeak a Stephens' Thesaurus, for which I offer £4, to give to Paul's School, and from thence to Paul's Church.

February 4th, 1663. To Paul's School, it being Opposition-day there. I heard some of their speeches, and they were just as schoolboys used to be, of the seven liberal sciences; but I think not so good as ours were in our time. Thence to Bow Church, to the Court of Arches, where a judge sits, and his proctors about him in their habits, and their pleadings all in Latin. Here I was sworn to give a true answer to my uncle's libels. And back again to Paul's School, and went up to see the head forms posed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but I think they do not answer in any so well as we did, only in geography they did pretty well. Dr. Wilkins and Outram were examiners. So down to the school, where Mr. Crumlum did me much honour by telling many what a present I had made to the school, showing my Stephanus in four volumes. He also showed us upon my desire an old edition of the grammar of Colet's, where his epistle to the children is very pretty: and in rehearsing the creed it is said "borne of the cleane Virgin Mary."

March 9th, 1665. At Paul's School, where I visited Mr. Crumlum at his house; and, Lord! to see how ridiculous a conceited pedagogue he is, though a learned man, he being so dogmatical in all he does and says. But, among other discourses, we fell to the old discourse of Paul's School; and he did, upon my declaring my value of it, give me one of Lilly's grammars, which I shall much set by. This night my wife had a new suit of flowered ash-coloured silk, very noble.

PEPYS, *Diary*.

PLAGUE NOTES IN PEPYS

April 30th, 1665 (*Lord's Day*). Great fears of the sickness here in the City, it being said that two or three houses are already shut up. God preserve us all!

May 24th. To the Coffee-house, where all the news is of the Dutch being gone out, and of the plague growing upon us in this town; and of remedies against it: some saying one thing, and some another.

June 7th. The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us!" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind, that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill-conception of myself, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell and chew, which took away the apprehension.

June 10th. In the evening home to supper; and there, to my great trouble, hear that the plague is come into the City; but where should it begin but in my good friend and neighbour's, Dr. Burnett, in Fenchurch Street; which, in both points, troubles me mightily.

17th. It struck me very deep this afternoon going with a hackney coach from Lord Treasurer's down Holborn, the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and come down hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sick, and almost blind—he could not see; so I 'light, and went into another coach, with a sad heart for the poor man and for myself also, lest he should have been struck with the plague.

21st. I find all the town almost going out of town, the coaches and waggons being all full of people going into the country.

26th. The plague increases mightily, I this day seeing a house, at a bitt-maker's, over against St. Clement's Church, in the open street, shut up; which is a sad sight.

28th. In my way to Westminster Hall, I observed several plague-houses in King's Street, and near the Palace.

29th. By water to White Hall, where the Court full of waggons and people ready to go out of town. This end of the town every day grows very bad of the plague. The Mortality Bill is come to 267; which is about ninety more than the last; and of these but four in the City, which is a great blessing to us.

July 5th. By water to Woolwich, where I found my wife come, and her two maids, and very prettily accommodated they will be; and I left them going to supper, grieved in my heart to part with my wife, being worse by much without her, though some trouble there is in having the care of a family at home this plague time.

18th. To the 'Change, where a little business, and a very thin exchange; and so walked through London to the Temple, where I took water for Westminster to the Duke of Albemarle, to wait on him, and so to Westminster Hall, and there paid for my newsbooks, and did give Mrs. Michell, who is going out of town because of the sickness, a pint of wine. I was much troubled this day to hear, at Westminster, how the officers do bury the dead in the open Tuttle Fields, pretending want of room elsewhere.

22nd. I by coach home, not meeting with but two coaches and but two carts from White Hall to my own house, that I could observe, and the streets mighty thin of people. I met this noon with Dr. Burnett, who told me, and I find in the newsbook this week that he posted upon the 'Change, that whoever did spread the report that, instead of dying of the plague, his servant was by him killed, it was forgery, and showed me the acknowledgment of the Master of the pest-house, that his servant died of a bubo on his right groin, and two spots on his right thigh, which is the plague.

28th. But, Lord! to see in what fear all the people here (in Dagenham) do live. How they are afraid of us that come to them, insomuch that I am troubled at it, and wish myself away.

August 3rd. All the way (to Dagenham) people, citizens, walking to and fro, inquire how the plague is in the City this week by the Bill; which, by chance, at Greenwich, I had heard was 2,020 of the plague, and 3,000 and odd of all diseases; but methought it was a sad question to be so often asked me.

10th. By and by to the office where we sat all morning; in great trouble to see the Bill this week rise so high, to above 4,000 in all, and of them 3,000 of the plague. Home, to draw over anew my will, which I had bound myself by oath to dispatch by to-morrow night; the town growing so unhealthy, that a man cannot depend upon living two days.

13th (Lord's Day). It being very wet all day clearing all matters, and giving instructions in writing to my executors, thereby perfecting the whole business of my will, to my very great joy; so that I shall be in much better state of soul, I hope, if it should please the Lord to call me away this sickly time. I find myself worth, besides Brampton estates, the sum of £2,164, for which the Lord be praised!

15*th*. It was dark before I could get home, and so land at Churchyard stairs, where, to my great trouble, I met a dead corpse of the plague, in the narrow alley, just bringing down a little pair of stairs. But I thank God I was not much disturbed at it. However, I shall beware of being late abroad again.

16*th*. To the Exchange, where I have not been a great while. But, Lord! how sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change. Jealous of every door that one sees shut up, lest it should be the plague, and about us two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up.

20*th*. After church, to my inn, and eat and drank, and so about seven o'clock by water, and got, between nine and ten, to Queenhithe, very dark; and I could not get my waterman to go elsewhere, for fear of the plague. Thence with a lanthorn, in great fear of meeting dead corpses, carrying to be buried; but, blessed be God! met none, but did see now and then a link, which is the mark of them, at a distance.

30*th*. I went forth, and went towards Moorfields to see, God forgive my presumption! whether I could see any dead corpse going to the grave, but, as God would have it, did not. But, Lord! how everybody's looks, and discourse in the street, is of death, and nothing else; and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken.

31*st.* Every day sadder and sadder news of its increase. In the City died this week 7,496, and of them 6,102 of the plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead this week is near 10,000; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of, and partly from the Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them.

September 6*th.* To London, to pack up more things; and there I saw fires burning in the street, as it is through the whole City, by the Lord Mayor's order. Thence by water to the Duke of Albemarle's; all the way fires on each side of the Thames, and strange to see in broad daylight two or three burials upon the bankside, one at the very heels of the other: doubtless, all of the plague, and yet at least forty or fifty people going along with every one of them.

14*th.* I spent some thoughts upon the occurrences of this day, giving matter for as much content on one hand, and melancholy on the other, as any day in all my life. For the first; the finding of my money and plate, and all safe at London, and speeding in my business this day. . . .

Then, on the other side, my finding that though the Bill in general is abated, yet the City, within the walls, is increased, and likely to continue so, and is close to our house there. My meeting dead corpses of the plague, carried to be buried close to me at noon-day through the City in Fenchurch Street. To see a person sick of the sores carried close by me by Gracechurch in a hackney-coach. My finding the Angel Tavern, at the lower end of Tower Hill, shut up; and more than that, the ale-house at the Tower Stairs; and more than that, that the person was then dying of the plague, when I was last there, a little while ago, at night. To hear that poor Payne, my waiter, hath buried a child, and is dying himself. To hear that a labourer I sent but the other day to Dagenham, to know how they did there, is dead of the plague; and that one of my own watermen, that carried me daily, fell sick as soon as he had landed me on Friday morning last, when I had been all night upon the water, and I believe that he did get his infection that day at Branford, and is now dead of the plague. To hear that Captain Lambert and Cuttle are killed in the taking these ships; and that Mr. Sidney Montagu is sick of a desperate fever at my Lady Carteret's at Scott's Hall. To hear that Mr. Lewes hath another daughter sick, and, lastly, that both my servants, W. Hewer, and Tom Edwards, have lost their fathers, both in St. Sepulchre's parish, of the plague this week, do put me into great apprehensions of melancholy, and with good reason.

But I put off my thoughts of sadness as much as I can, and the rather to keep my wife in good heart, and family also.

October 16*th*. I walked to the Tower; but, Lord! how empty the streets are, and melancholy, so many poor, sick people in the streets full of sores; and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, everybody talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that, in Westminster, there is never a physician, and but one apothecary left, all being dead; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week; God send it!

November 15th. The plague, blessed be God! is decreased 400; making the whole this week about 1,300 and odd; for which the Lord be praised!

22nd. I was very glad to hear that the plague is come very low; that is, the whole under 1,000, and the plague 600 and odd; and great hopes of a further decrease, because of this day's being a very exceeding hard frost, and continues freezing.

PEPYS, *Diary*.

EVELYN'S NOTES ON THE FIRE

September 2nd, 1666. This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire, near Fish Street, in London.

3rd. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the waterside; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned, exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place; and saw the whole south part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly.

The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency, or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard, or seen, but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments; leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other. For the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything.

Here, we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other side, the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away.

Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof.

All the sky 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 above 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 a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length.

Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*; the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4th. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten

Non enim . . . civitatem. Here we have no abiding city.

as far as the Inner Temple. All Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like grenadoes, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse, nor man, was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward, nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them; for vain was the help of man.

5th. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh! the confusion there was then at that Court. It pleased his Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve (if possible) that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part, and some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines. This some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, etc., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was, therefore, now commended to be practised; and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less.

It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, when almost all was lost infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield, north; but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair.

It also brake out again in the Temple; but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as, with the former three days' consumption, the backfire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood-wharves, and magazines of oil, rosin, etc., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and published, giving warning what probably might be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the City, was looked upon as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

7th. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was; the ground under my feet so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes.

In the meantime, his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which, being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country. . . .

The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather, in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods.

Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces. Also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the City streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat.

Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrow streets were quite filled up with rubbish; nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some church, or hall, that had some remarkable tower, or pinnacle remaining.

I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed, and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty in Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in, and refresh them with provisions.

EVELYN, *Diary*.

FOX ON THE FIRE

The people of London were forewarned of this fire; yet few laid it to heart, or believed it; but rather grew more wicked, and higher in pride.

For a Friend was moved to come out of Huntingdonshire a little before the fire, to scatter his money, and turn his horse loose on the streets, to untie the knees of his trowsers, let his stockings fall down, and to unbutton his doublet, and tell the people, "so should they run up and down, scattering their money and their goods, half undressed, like mad people, as he was a sign unto them"; and so they did, when the city was burning.

Thus hath the Lord exercised his prophets and servants by his power, showed them signs of his judgments, and sent them to forewarn the people; but, instead of repenting, they have beaten and cruelly entreated some, and some they have imprisoned.

George Fox, *Journal* (1666).

WITHIN SOUND OF THE GUNS (1667)

It was that memorable day in the first summer of the late war, when our navy engaged the Dutch; a day, wherein the two most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe; while these vast floating bodies on either side moved against each other in parallel lines, and our countrymen, under the happy command of his Royal Highness, went breaking, little by little, into the line of the enemies; the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the cit

So that all men being alarmed with it and in a dreadful suspense of the event which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him; and leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the river, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Amongst the rest it was the fortune of Eugenius, Crites, Lisideius, an Neander to be in company together; three of them persons whom their wit and quality have made known to all the town, and whom I have chose to (refer to) under these borrowed names, that they may not suffer by so ill a relation as I am going to make of their discourse. . . .

Taking then a barge, which a servant of Lisideius had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired; after which, having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently.

Then, every one favouring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney; those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror, which they had betwixt the fleets. After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound by little and little went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory, adding that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast. . . .

Neander was pursuing this discourse so eagerly that Eugenius had called to him twice or thrice ere he took notice that the barge stood still, and that they were at the foot of Somerset Stairs, where they had appointed to land. The company were all sorry to separate so soon, though a great part of the evening was already spent; and stood awhile looking back on the water, which the moonbeams played upon, and made it appear like floating quicksilver; at last they went up through a crowd of French people who were merrily dancing in the open air, and nothing concerned for the noise of guns which had alarmed the town that afternoon.

DRYDEN, *Essay of Dramatic Poesy.*

NOTE.—The company referred to comprised Sir Charles Sedley, Sir Robert Howard, the Earl of Dorset, and Dryden, who here names himself Neander.

COLONEL BLOOD STEALS THE CROWN JEWELS

THIS liberty of access to the Jewel Office suggested to one Blood, a disbanded officer of Cromwell's army, the possibility of carrying off the Crown and other valuables.

Having dressed up a woman of decent and quiet appearance to represent his wife, Blood attired himself as a clergyman, with cloak and cassock, according to the fashion of the time, and took her to the Tower, where they asked permission to see the Jewels.

While Mr. Talbot Edwards, the Deputy-Keeper, was showing them, the lady pretended sudden sickness, and Mrs. Edwards kindly asked her into their apartments, where she gave her some cordial which appeared to restore her; and with many thanks, the pretended clergyman and his wife took their leave, but not before Blood had availed himself of the occasion to take a careful view of the localities, and to form his plan for the robbery.

A few days after this he called with a present of gloves from his supposed wife to Mrs. Edwards, in return for her hospitality, telling her that his wife could talk of nothing but the kindness of "those good people at the Tower," and had desired him to mention, that they had a ward (a nephew) with a comfortable little estate in the country, and if such a match for their daughter would [illegible] agreeable to the Edwardses, they would with pleasure do their endeavour to forward it.

Highly gratified by this plausible offer, the Edwardses invited Blood to dine with them that day, when he had the impudence to say a very long grace, with great appearance of fervour, concluding with a prayer for the King and Royal family.

Noticing a pair of handsome pistols hanging against the wall of the parlour, he remarked that he should much like to buy them, if Mr. Edwards did not object to part with them, for a young friend in the army (his real object being to remove any defensive weapons from the house).

He took his leave with a solemn benediction, and named a day for bringing his nephew to be introduced to Miss Edwards, requesting to be allowed to bring two country friends at the same time, to see the Jewels, before they returned to their homes.

On the morning appointed, May 9, 1671, he arrived with three respectably dressed men, and as Mrs. Edwards and her daughter had not yet come downstairs, he asked Edwards to show his friends the Crown Jewels in the meantime.

No sooner was this wish complied with, than they threw one of their cloaks over the old man's head, gagged him with a wooden plug with a breathing hole, and tied it tight with a string at the back of his neck.

They then said they must have the Crown, Globe, and Sceptre, which if he quietly surrendered, but not else, they would spare his life.

Poor Edwards, though eighty years old, instead of submitting to their conditions, made desperate struggles to get free and give the alarm, on which the villains gave him repeated blows on the head with a wooden mallet, and also stabbed him in the body, to silence his attempted cries.

Blood now seized the Crown, one accomplice (Parrott) secreted the Globe, and the other proceeded, with a file they had brought for the purpose, to divide the Sceptre into two parts for easier concealment, but at this moment the third man, whom they had left on the watch at the door below, gave an alarm, and in another moment Edwards's son, who, by a most fortunate chance, had just arrived from Flanders with Captain Beckman, his brother-in-law, hastened upstairs to salute his family.

The villains made a rush past him, and, leaving the half-cut Sceptre behind them, escaped with the Globe and Crown, pursued by young Edwards and Beckman, shouting to stop the thieves.

A warder at the drawbridge leading to the wharf, attempted to arrest their progress, but Blood firing a pistol in his face, he was so frightened, though the shot missed him, that he fell as if killed, and they got clear away by the wharf, and through the Iron Gate to St. Katherine's.

At a place near this gate, they had appointed horses to meet them, and had nearly gained the spot, when Beckman, who was a fast runner, overtook them, and though Blood fired another pistol at him, rushed upon him, and seized him, when young Edwards coming up, he was overpowered, after a hard struggle, and brought back prisoner into the Tower.

In this scuffle, the Crown, which Blood kept under his cloak, was knocked out of his grasp on the pavement, and a pearl and large diamond, with some stones of less value, were displaced; but they were nearly all picked up afterwards and restored.

Parrott, who had, like his leader, been an officer in the Parliament's army, was captured as well as two or three others who were waiting with the horses near St. Katherine's. . . .

At the termination of the examination, Blood and his accomplices were remanded to the Tower, but after a short imprisonment, were, to the astonishment of all, released without a trial. . . .

The strangest part of this affair was, that Blood became a sort of hanger-on upon the Court at Whitehall, and eventually a pension given him, besides some confiscated land in Ireland.

LORD DE ROS, *Tower of London.*

A MORNING SCENE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK

IT was still early in the morning, and the Mall was untenanted, save by a few walkers, who frequented these shades for the wholesome purposes of air and exercise. Splendour, gaiety, and display, did not come forth, at that period, until noon was approaching.

All readers have heard that the whole space where the Horse Guards are now built, made, in the time of Charles II., a part of St. James's Park; and that the old building, now called the Treasury, was a part of the ancient Palace of Whitehall, which was thus immediately connected with the Park.

The canal had been constructed, by the celebrated Le Notre, for the purpose of draining the Park; and it communicated with the Thames by a decoy, stocked with a quantity of the rarer waterfowl.

It was towards this decoy that Fenella bent her way with unabated speed; and they were approaching a group of two or three gentlemen, who sauntered by its banks, when, on looking closely at him who appeared to be the chief of the party, Julian felt his heart beat uncommonly thick, as if conscious of approaching some one of the highest consequence.

The person whom he looked upon was past the middle age of life, of a dark complexion, corresponding with the long, black, full-bottomed periwig, which he wore instead of his own hair. His dress was plain black velvet, with a diamond star, however, on his cloak, which hung carelessly over one shoulder. His features, strongly lined, even to harshness, had yet an expression of dignified good-humour; he was well and strongly built, walked upright and yet easily, and had upon the whole the air of a person of the highest consideration. He kept rather in advance of his companions, but turned and spoke to them, from time to time, with much affability, and probably with some liveliness, judging by the smiles, and sometimes the scarce restrained laughter, by which some of his sallies were received by his attendants.

They also wore only morning dresses; but their looks and manner were those of men of rank, in presence of one in station still more elevated. They shared the attention of their principal in common with seven or eight little black curly-haired spaniels, or rather, as they are now called, cockers, which attended their master as closely, and perhaps with as deep sentiments of attachment, as the bipeds of the group; and whose gambols, which seemed to afford him much amusement, he sometimes checked, and sometimes encouraged.

In addition to this pastime, a lackey, or groom, was also in attendance, with one or two little baskets and bags, from which the gentleman we have described took, from time to time, a handful of seeds, and amused himself with throwing them to the waterfowl.

This, the King's favourite occupation, together with his remarkable countenance, and the deportment of the rest of the company towards him, satisfied Julian Peveril that he was approaching, perhaps indecorously, near to the person of Charles Stewart, the second of that unhappy name.

While he hesitated to follow his dumb guide any nearer, and felt the embarrassment of being unable to communicate to her his repugnance to further intrusion, a person in the royal retinue touched a light and lively air on the flageolet, at a signal from the King, who desired to have some tune repeated which had struck him in the theatre on the preceding evening.

While the good-natured monarch marked time with his foot, and with the motion of his hand, Fenella continued to approach him, and threw into her manner the appearance of one who was attracted, as it were in spite of herself, by the sounds of the instrument.

Anxious to know how this was to end, and astonished to see the dumb girl imitate so accurately the manner of one who actually heard the musical notes, Peveril also drew near, though at somewhat greater distance.

The King looked good-humouredly at both, as if he admitted their musical enthusiasm as an excuse for their intrusion; but his eyes became riveted on Fenella, whose face and appearance, although rather singular than beautiful, had something in them wild, fantastic, and, as being so, even captivating, to an eye which had been gratified perhaps to satiety with the ordinary forms of female beauty.

She did not appear to notice how closely she was observed; but, as if acting under an irresistible impulse, derived from the sounds to which she seemed to listen, she undid the bodkin round which her long tresses were winded, and flinging them suddenly over her slender person, as if using them as a natural veil, she began to dance, with infinite grace and agility, to the tune which the flageolet played.

Peveril lost almost his sense of the King's presence, when he observed with what wonderful grace and agility Fenella kept time to notes, which could only be known to her by the motions of the musician's fingers. He had heard, indeed, among other prodigies, of a person in Fenella's unhappy situation acquiring, by some unaccountable and mysterious tact, the power of acting as an instrumental musician, nay, becoming so accurate a performer as to be capable of leading a musical band; and he had also heard of deaf and dumb persons dancing with sufficient accuracy, by observing the motions of their partner.

But Fenella's performance seemed more wonderful than either, since the musician was guided by his written notes, and the dancer by the motions of the others; whereas Fenella had no intimation, save what she seemed to gather, with infinite accuracy, by observing the motion of the artist's fingers on his small instrument.

As for the King, who was ignorant of the particular circumstances which rendered Fenella's performance almost marvellous, he was contented, at her first commencement, to authorise what seemed to him the frolic of this singular-looking damsel, by a good-humoured smile, but when he perceived the exquisite truth and justice, as well as the wonderful combination of grace and agility, with which she executed to his favourite air a dance which was perfectly new to him, Charles turned his mere acquiescence into something like enthusiastic applause. He bore time to her motions with the movement of his foot—applauded with head and with hand—and seemed like herself, carried away by the enthusiasm of the gestic art.

After a rapid yet graceful succession of *entrechats*, Fenella introduced a slow movement, which terminated the dance; then dropping a profound courtesy, she continued to stand motionless before the King, her arms folded on her bosom, her head stooped, and her eyes cast down, after the manner of an Oriental slave; while through the misty veil of her shadowy locks, it might be observed, that the colour which exercise had called to her cheeks was dying fast away, and resigning them to their native dusky hue.

"By my honour," exclaimed the King, "she is like a fairy who trips it in moonlight. There must be more of air and fire than of earth in her composition. It is well poor Nelly Gwyn saw her not, or she would have died of grief and envy. Come, gentlemen, which of you contrived this pretty piece of morning pastime?"

SCOTT, *Peveril of the Peak.*

CHARLES II. AND ST. JAMES'S PARK

IT was the custom of Charles II. to saunter almost daily into St. James's Park, where he took a great interest in the numerous birds with which it was stocked, and which it was his custom to feed with his own hand. The Government of Duck Island, at the east end of the piece of water, then a collection of ponds, was conferred on the famous St. Evremond. Pennant speaks of it as "the first and last government," but he is mistaken in the fact; it had previously been bestowed on Sir John Flock, a person of good family, and a companion of Charles during his exile; it was probably conferred, in both instances, in a moment of convivial hilarity.

On one occasion Coke, the author of the Memoirs, was in attendance on the King during one of his usual walks. Charles had finished feeding his favourites, and was proceeding towards St. James's, when, at the further end of the Mall, they were overtaken by Prince Rupert, who accompanied them to the palace. "The King," says Coke (who was near enough to overhear their conversation), "told the Prince how he had shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked on till the King came to St. James's House, and there the King said to the Prince, 'Let's go and see Cambridge and Kendal,' the Duke of York's two sons, who then lay a-dying. But upon his return to Whitehall he found all in an uproar; the Countess of Castlemaine, as it was said, bewailing, above all others, that she should be the first torn to pieces." It appears that the astounding news of the Dutch fleet having entered the river had just been received at the palace.

At another time, Charles had taken two or three turns in St. James's Park, and was proceeding up Constitution Hill, accompanied by the Duke of

Leeds and Lord Cromarty, with the intention of walking in Hyde Park, when, just as they were crossing the road, they encountered the Duke of York, who had been hunting on Hounslow Heath, and was returning in his coach. The guards who attended the Duke, on perceiving the King, suddenly stopped, and consequently arrested the progress of the coach. James instantly alighted, and, after paying his respects to the King, expressed his uneasiness at seeing him with so little an attendance, and his fears that his life might be endangered. "No kind of danger, James," said the King; "for I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you King." This story, says Dr. King in his *Anecdotes of his Own Time*, Lord Cromarty freely related to his friends.

JESSE, *Court of England.*

THE DEATH OF CHARLES II., AND THE PROCLAMATION OF JAMES II. (1685)

I CANNOT pass by the melancholy course of life we had during that sickness. My brother was at court, and in council almost continually with a parcel of physicians about the regimen of the king in his sickness, and came home always heavy laden in his mind. He foresaw and knew the train of evils to come if the king did not recover, and it darkened his soul to a degree, that I verily believe his spirits

Regimen. Diet.

took an infection and were poisoned, though not immediately appearing.

I had the company of my brother Dudley, than whom a braver soul there never was. We walked about like ghosts, generally to and from Whitehall. We met few persons without passion in their eyes, as we also had. We thought of no concerns, public or private, but were contented to live and breathe as if we had nought else to do but to expect the issue of this grand crisis.

At last the king died, and then forthwith the succession was to be proclaimed, and when all were busy about preparing for that, we continued our sailing about Whitehall from place to place, without any conversation but our two selves, and at length we crossed up the banqueting-house stairs, got to the leads a-top, and there laid us down upon the battlements, I mean upon the flat stones over the balustres, expecting the proclamation, which then soon came out, being persons of quality and heralds mounted, who, after drums and trumpets, made the proclamation, the sergeants having performed the Oyes. And we two on the top of the balustres were the first that gave the shout, and the signal with our hats for the rest to shout, which was followed sufficiently. And here I had the reflection of the fable of the fly upon the wheel, we animalcules there fancying we raised all that noise which ascended from below.

ROGER NORTH, *Autobiography.*

Oyes. A call to attention.
Animalcule. A very tiny creature.

THE DOWNFALL OF JAMES II.

JAMES, while his fate was under discussion (at Windsor on December 17, 1688), remained at Whitehall, fascinated, as it seemed, by the greatness and nearness of the danger, and unequal to the exertion of either struggling or flying. In the evening news came that the Dutch had occupied Chelsea and Kensington. The King, however, prepared to go to rest as usual.

The Coldstream Guards were on duty at the palace. They were commanded by William, Earl of Craven, an aged man who, more than fifty years before, had been distinguished in war and love, who had led the forlorn hope at Creutznach with such courage that he had been patted on the shoulder by the great Gustavus, and who was believed to have won from a thousand rivals the heart of the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia. Craven was now in his eightieth year; but time had not tamed his spirit.

It was past ten o'clock when he was informed that three battalions of the Prince's (of Orange) foot, mingled with some troops of horse, were pouring down the long avenue of St. James's Park, with matches lighted, and in full readiness for action.

Count Solmes, who commanded the foreigners, said that his orders were to take military possession of the posts round Whitehall, and exhorted Craven to retire peaceably. Craven swore that he would rather be cut in pieces; but, when the King, who was undressing himself, learned what was passing, he forbade the stout old soldier to attempt a resistance which must have been ineffectual. By eleven the Coldstream Guards had withdrawn; and Dutch sentinels were pacing the rounds on every side of the palace.

Some of the King's attendants asked whether he would venture to lie down surrounded by enemies. He answered that they could hardly use him worse than his own subjects had done, and, with the apathy of a man stupefied by disasters, went to bed and to sleep.

Scarcely was the palace again quiet when it was again roused. A little after midnight the three Lords arrived from Windsor. Middleton was called up to receive them. They informed him that they were charged with an errand which did not admit of delay. The King was awakened from his first slumber; and they were ushered into his bedchamber.

They delivered into his hand the letter with which they had been entrusted, and informed him that the Prince would be at Westminster in a few hours, and that his Majesty would do well to set out for Ham before ten in the morning.

MACAULAY, *History of England.*

WILLIAM AT ST. JAMES'S

In defiance of the weather a great multitude assembled between Albemarle House and Saint James's Palace to greet the Prince (William of Orange). Every hat, every cane, was adorned with an orange riband. The bells were ringing all over London. Candles for an illumination were disposed in the windows. Faggots for bonfires were heaped up in the streets. William, however, who had no taste for crowds and shouting, took the road through the Park. Before nightfall he arrived at Saint James's in a light carriage, accompanied by Schomberg. In a short time all the rooms and staircases in the palace were thronged by those who came to pay their court. Such was the press, that men of the highest rank were unable to elbow their way into the presence chamber.

While Westminster was in this state of excitement, the Common Council was preparing at Guildhall an address of thanks and congratulation. The Lord Mayor was unable to preside. He had never held up his head since the Chancellor (Jeffreys) had been dragged into the justice room in the garb of a collier. But the Aldermen and the other officers of the corporation were in their places.

On the following day the magistrates of the City went in state to pay their duty to their deliverer. Their gratitude was eloquently expressed by their

Recorder, Sir George Treby. Some princes of the House of Nassau, he said, had been the chief officers of a great republic. Others had worn the imperial crown. But the peculiar title of that illustrious line to the public veneration was this, that God had set it apart and consecrated it to the high office of defending truth and freedom against tyrants from generation to generation.

On the same day all the prelates who were in town, Sancroft excepted, waited on the Prince in a body. Then came the clergy of London, the foremost men of their profession in knowledge, eloquence and influence, with their bishop at their head. With them were mingled some eminent dissenting ministers, whom Compton, much to his honour, treated with marked courtesy. A few months earlier, or a few months later, such courtesy would have been considered by many Churchmen as treason to the Church. Even then it was but too plain to a discerning eye that the armistice to which the Protestant sects had been forced would not long outlast the danger from which it had sprung. About a hundred Nonconformist divines, resident in the capital, presented a separate address. They were introduced by Devonshire, and were received with every mark of respect and kindness. The lawyers paid their homage, headed by Maynard, who, at ninety years of age, was as alert and clear-headed as when he stood up in Westminster Hall to accuse Strafford.

"Mr. Sergeant," said the Prince, "you must have survived all the lawyers of your standing."

"Yes, sir," said the old man, "and, but for your Highness, I should have survived the laws too."

But, though the addresses were numerous and full of eulogy, though the acclamations were loud, though the illuminations were splendid, though Saint James's Palace was too small for the crowd of courtiers, though the theatres were every night, from the pit to the ceiling, one blaze of orange ribands, William felt that the difficulties of his enterprise were but beginning. He had pulled a government down. The far harder task of reconstruction was now to be performed.

MACAULAY, *History of England.*

18*th December*, 1688. All the world go to see the Prince at St. James's, where there is a great Court. There I saw him, and several of my acquaintance who came over with him. He is very stately, serious, and reserved.

EVELYN, *Diary.*

JUDGE JEFFREYS DISCOVERED AT WAPPING (1688)

A SCRIVENER who lived at Wapping, and whose trade it was to furnish seafaring men there with money at high interest, had some time before lent a sum on bottomry. The debtor applied to equity

---

Bottomry. A contract by which money is borrowed on the security of a ship's cargo.

for relief against his own bond; and the case came before Jeffreys.

The counsel for the borrower, having little else to say, said that the lender was a trimmer.

The Chancellor instantly fired. "A trimmer! Where is he? Let me see him. I have heard of that kind of monster. What is it made like?"

The unfortunate creditor was forced to stand forth. The Chancellor glared fiercely on him, stormed at him, and sent him away half dead with fright.

"While I live," said the poor man, as he tottered out of the court, "I shall never forget that terrible countenance."

And now the day of retribution had arrived. The trimmer was walking through Wapping, when he saw a well-known face looking out of the window of an ale-house. He could not be deceived. The eyebrows, indeed, had been shaved away. The dress was that of a common sailor from Newcastle, and was black with coal-dust; but there was no mistaking the savage eye and mouth of Jeffreys.

The alarm was given. In a moment the house was surrounded by hundreds of people shaking bludgeons and bellowing curses. The fugitive's life was saved by a company of the trainbands; and he was carried before the Lord Mayor.

The Mayor was a simple man who had passed his whole life in obscurity, and was bewildered by finding himself an important actor in a mighty revolution. The events of the last twenty-four hours, and the perilous state of the city which was under his charge, had disordered his mind and his body. When the great man, at whose frown, a few days before, the whole kingdom had trembled, was dragged into the justice room begrimed with ashes, half dead with fright, and followed by a raging multitude, the agitation of the unfortunate Mayor rose to the height. He fell into fits, was carried to his bed, whence he never rose.

Meanwhile the throng without was constantly becoming more numerous and more savage. Jeffreys begged to be sent to prison. An order to that effect was procured from the lords who were sitting at Whitehall; and he was conveyed in a carriage to the Tower.

Two regiments of militia were drawn out to escort him, and found the duty a difficult one. It was repeatedly necessary for them to form as if for the purpose of repelling a charge of cavalry, and to present a forest of pikes to the mob.

The thousands who were disappointed of their revenge pursued the coach with howls of rage to the gate of the Tower, brandishing cudgels, and holding up halters full in the prisoner's view. The wretched man meantime was in convulsions of terror. He wrung his hands; he looked wildly out, sometimes at one window, sometimes at the other, and was heard even above the tumult, crying, "Keep them off, gentlemen! For God's sake, keep them off!"

At length, having suffered far more than the bitterness of death, he was safely lodged in the fortress where some of his most illustrious victims had passed their last days, and where his own life was destined to close in unspeakable ignominy and horror.

MACAULAY, *History of England.*

A PROPOSAL FOR THE CONTROL OF STREET CRIES (1711)

SIR,

I am a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my head to anything for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I cannot get the Parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crank and projector; so that, despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

The post I would aim at is to be comptroller-general of the London cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

The cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with the twankling of a brass-kettle, or a frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds as much as the breaking in of a thief. The sow-gelder's horn has indeed something musical in it; but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her Majesty's liege subjects.

Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries.

Milk is generally sold in a note above *E-la*, and in sounds so exceedingly shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest bass, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small coal, not to mention broken glasses or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in

Gamut. The musical scale.

our streets; as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares; and to take care in particular that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the vendors of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of "Much cry but little wool."

Some of these last-mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived; but what was the effect of this contract? Why, the whole tribe of card-match-makers which frequent that quarter, passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

It is another great imperfection in our London cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as "Fire!" Yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish

Splenetic. Peevish.

mail. Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip-season; and which are more inexcusable because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

There are others who affect a very slow time, and are, in my opinion, much more tunable than the former, the cooper in particular swells his last note in a hollow voice, that is not without its harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked if they have any chairs to mend; your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers; but alas! this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would therefore be worth while to consider whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well-regulated city, those humourists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own; such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man, commonly known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff; and such as is at this day the vendor of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder-Watt.

I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public; I mean that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learnt this from several of our affected singers I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than their words; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and gingerbread from a grinder of knives and scissors. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintances are able to guess at their profession.

Forasmuch therefore as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be very proper that some man of good sense and sound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets that have not tunable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandise in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post; and if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public.

I am, Sir, etc.,
RALPH CROTCHET.

The Spectator, No. 251.

ADDISON AT HOME

QUITTING the Guard-table one Sunday afternoon, when by chance Dick (Steele) had a sober fit upon him, he and his friend were making their way down Jermain Street, and Dick all of a sudden left his companion's arm, and ran after a gentleman who was poring over a folio volume at the book-shop near to St. James's Church. He was a fair, tall man, in a snuff-coloured suit, with a plain sword, very sober, and almost shabby in appearance—at least when compared to Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly round person with the finest of clothes, and shone in scarlet and gold lace. The Captain rushed up, then, to the student of the book-stall, took him in his arms, hugged him, and would have kissed him—for Dick was always hugging and bussing his friends—but the other stepped back with a flush on his pale face, seeming to decline this public manifestation of Steele's regard.

" My dearest Joe, where hast thou hidden thyself this age? " cries the Captain, still holding both his friend's hands; "I have been languishing for thee this fortnight."

"A fortnight is not an age, Dick," says the other, very good-humouredly. (He had light blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and a face perfectly regular and handsome, like a tinted statue.) "And I have been hiding myself—where do you think?"

"What! Not across the water, my dear Joe?" says Steele, with a look of great alarm; "thou knowest I have always——"

"No," says his friend, interrupting him with a smile; "we are not come to such straits as that, Dick. I have been hiding, sir, at a place where people never think of finding you—at my own lodgings—whither I am going to smoke a pipe now and drink a glass of sack: will your honour come?"

"Harry Esmond, come hither," cries out Dick. "Thou hast heard me talk over and over again of my dearest Joe, my guardian angel?"

"Indeed," said Mr. Esmond, with a bow, "it is not from you only that I have learnt to admire Mr. Addison. We loved good poetry at Cambridge as well as at Oxford; and I have some of yours by heart, though I have put on a red coat. . . . 'O qui canoro blandius Orpheo vocale ducis carmen'; shall I go on, sir?" says Mr. Esmond, who, indeed, had read and loved the charming Latin poems of Mr. Addison, as every scholar of that time knew and admired them.

"This is Captain Esmond, who was at Blenheim," says Steele.

"Lieutenant Esmond," says the other, with a low bow, "at Mr. Addison's service."

"I have heard of you," says Mr. Addison, with a smile; as, indeed, everybody about town had heard that unlucky story about Esmond's dowager aunt and the Duchess.

"We were going to the 'George,' to take a bottle before the play," says Steele; "wilt thou be one, Joe?"

Mr. Addison said his own lodgings were hard by, where he was still rich enough to give a good bottle of wine to his friends; and invited the two gentlemen to his apartment in the Haymarket, whither we accordingly went.

"I shall get credit with my landlady," says he, with a smile, "when she sees two such fine gentlemen as you come up my stair." And he politely made his visitors welcome to his apartment, which was indeed but a shabby one, though no grandee of the land could receive his guests with a more perfect and courtly grace than this gentleman. A frugal dinner, consisting of a slice of meat and a penny loaf, was awaiting the owner of the lodging. "My wine is better than my meat," says Mr. Addison; "my Lord Halifax sent me the Burgundy." And he set a bottle and glasses before his friends, and ate his simple dinner in a very few minutes, after which the three fell to, and began to drink. "You see," says Mr. Addison, pointing to the writing-table, whereon was a map of the action at Hochstedt, and several other gazettes and pamphlets relating to the battle, "that I, too, am busy about your affairs, Captain. I am engaged as a poetical gazetteer, to say truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign."

So Esmond, at the request of his host, told him what he knew about the famous battle, drew the river on the table *aliquo mero*, and with the aid of some bits of tobacco-pipe showed the advance of the left wing, where he had been engaged.

THACKERAY, *Esmond*.

SWIFT AT ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE

NOR is it incumbent on us to reject all that even Sheridan tells us, upon the authority of Ambrose Philips, of Swift's so-called first appearance at the whig club. The mis-date and mis-place throw discredit over it; but what the old whig poet, to whom in his youth Swift had shown many kindnesses for Addison's sake, related to the young Irish player must have had some substance of truth.

He says that they had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it; and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backwards and forwards at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. The name he went by among them in consequence was "the mad parson."

On one particular evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advanced as intending to address him. Eager to hear what their dumb mad parson had to say, they all quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country-gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?"

The country-gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, "Yes, sir, I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time."

"That is more," rejoined Swift, "than I can say. I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold, too wet, or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well."

With which remark he took up his hat, and, without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house.

It has something of the same turn, and not without the same philosophy as his own anecdote of "Will Seymour the general" fretting under the excessive heat, at which a friend remarking that it was such weather as pleased the Almighty, "Perhaps it may," replied the general, "but I'm sure it pleases nobody else" (as there was not the least necessity that it should). There is however as small probability that this was Addison's first knowledge of his great friend, or Swift's first introduction to Steele, as that the incident occurred in 1703.

FORSTER, *Life of Jonathan Swift.*

POPE STAYS AT HAMPTON COURT

I WENT by water to Hampton Court, and met the Prince with all his ladies, on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. Bellenden and Mrs. Lepell took me into protection, contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. Howard.

We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the most miserable, and wished that all women who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham of a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat—all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for hunters. As soon as they wipe off the heat of the day, they must simper an hour and catch cold in the Princess's apartment; from thence to dinner with what appetite they may;

and after that till midnight, work, walk, or think which way they please.

No lone house in Wales, with a mountain and rookery, is more contemplative than this Court. Miss Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the Vice-Chamberlain all alone under the garden-wall.

POPE, *Letters*.

HANDEL AND THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

THE fourth revival (of the *Messiah*), which took place on the 11th of April, 1750, having been extremely successful, he gave it once more on the 1st of May following, for the benefit of the London Foundling Hospital, then in its infancy.

HOSPITAL FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF EXPOSED AND DESERTED YOUNG CHILDREN, IN LAMB'S CONDUIT FIELDS, APRIL 18, 1750.

George Frederick Handel, Esq., having presented this Hospital with a very fine organ for the chapel thereof, and repeated his offer of assistance to promote this charity, on Tuesday, the first day of May, 1750, at twelve o'clock at noon, Mr. Handel will open the said organ, and the sacred oratorio called *Messiah* will be performed under his direction. Tickets for this performance are ready to be delivered by the Steward at the Hospital; at Batson's Coffee House, in Cornhill; and White's Chocolate House, in St. James's Street, at half a guinea each. N.B.—There will be no collection. By order of the General Committee.

HARMAN VERELST, *Secretary*.

. . . The concourse was so great on the 1st of May, that three days afterwards the *General Advertiser* for Friday, the 4th of May, 1750, published a new advertisement of the Foundling Hospital, dated on the 2nd:—"A computation was made of what number of persons the chapel of this Hospital would conveniently hold, and no greater number of tickets were delivered to hear the performance there on the 1st instant. But so many persons of distinction coming unprovided with tickets, and pressing to pay for tickets, caused a greater number to be admitted than were expected; and some that *had* tickets, not finding room, went away. To prevent any disappointment to such persons, and for the further promotion of this charity, this is to give notice that George Frederick Handel, Esq., has generously offered that the sacred oratorio called *Messiah* shall be performed again under his direction, in the chapel of this Hospital, on Tuesday the 15th instant, at twelve of the clock at noon; and the tickets delivered out, and not brought in on the first instant, will then be received. The tickets will be delivered from Monday the 7th to the 14th, and not after."

In the following year, Handel again caused his favourite work to be performed successively, on the 18th of April and the 16th of May, for the benefit of the Hospital. On the 18th of April, 1751, "the sum for the tickets delivered out, was above 600 pounds." Less than a month afterwards, on the 13th of May, the *General Advertiser* contained the following announcement:—"From the Foundling Hospital.—At the request of several persons of distinction, G. F. Handel, Esq., has been applied to for a repetition of the performance of the sacred oratorio called *Messiah*, which he having very charitably agreed to, this is to give notice that the said oratorio will be performed on Thursday, 16th instant, being Ascension Day, at 12 at noon precisely. *Nota.*—The doors will be open at ten, and there will be no collection."

On the 17th, the same journal gives the following account of the performance:—"Yesterday the oratorio of *Messiah* was performed at the Foundling Hospital to a very numerous and splendid audience, and a voluntary on the organ was played by Mr. Handel, which met with universal applause." So they applauded then in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1751. says:—"There were above five hundred coaches besides chairs, and the tickets amounted to above seven hundred guineas."

Seeing that *The Messiah* was, as they say, in theatrical parlance, "a sure draw," Handel in a manner divided his property in it with the Hospital; he gave that institution a copy of the score, and promised to come and conduct it every year for the benefit of the good work. This gift was the occasion of an episode in which may be perceived the choleric humour of the worthy donor. The administrators of the Hospital being desirous of investing his intentions with a legal form, prepared a petition to Parliament, which terminated in the following manner:—"That in order to raise a further sum for the benefit of the said charity, George Frederick Handel, Esq., hath been charitably pleased to give to this corporation a composition of music, called 'The Oratorio of *The Messiah*,' composed by him; the said George Frederick Handel reserving to himself only the liberty of performing the same for his own benefit during his life: And whereas, the said benefaction cannot be secured to the sole use of your petitioners except by the authority of Parliament, your petitioners therefore humbly pray that leave may be given to bring in a bill for the purposes aforesaid." When one of the governors waited upon the musician with this form of petition, he soon discovered that the Committee of the Hospital had built on a wrong foundation; for Handel, bursting into a rage, exclaimed—"Te Devil! for vat sal de Foundling put mein oratorio in de Parlement!—Te Devil! mein music sal not go to de Parlement."

The petition went no further; but Handel did not the less fulfil the pious engagement which he had contracted. In 1752, on Thursday, the 9th of April, the number of tickets taken was 1,200, each ten and sixpence. In 1753, the *Public Advertiser* of the 2nd of May, announced:—"Yesterday, the sacred oratorio called *Messiah* was performed in the Chapel at the Foundling Hospital, under the direction of the inimitable composer thereof, George Frederick Handel, Esq., who, in the organ concerto, played himself a voluntary on the fine organ he gave to that chapel." The ***London Magazine*** of the month says that " there were above 800 coaches and chairs, and the tickets amounted to 925 guineas."

Eleven performances of the same kind, between 1750 and 1759, brought £6,955 to the Hospital. Handel conducted them all in person, although (it must not be forgotten) he became blind in 1753. This benefaction of the generous and charitable artist survived him for many years. Eight performances, conducted by J. C. Smith, between 1760 and 1768, realised £1,332, and nine performances, conducted by John Stanley, from 1769 to 1777, realised £2,032; so that, altogether, *The Messiah* alone brought into the funds of the Foundling Hospital no less a sum than £10,299.

SCHOELCHER, *Life of Handel.*

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

AUTHOR OF "PAMELA"

(1689–1761)

MY first recollection of him was in his house in the centre of Salisbury Square, or Salisbury Court as it was then called; and of being admitted as a playful child into his study, where I have often seen Dr. Young and others; and where I was generally caressed and rewarded with biscuits or *bons-bons* of some kind or another; and sometimes with books, for which he, and some more of my friends, kindly encouraged a taste, even at that early age, which has adhered to me all my long life, and continues to be the solace of many a painful hour.

I recollect that he used to drop in at my father's, for we lived nearly opposite, late in the evening to supper; when, as he would say, he had worked as long as his eyes and nerves would let him, and was come to relax with a little friendly and domestic chat.

I even then used to creep to his knee and hang upon his words, for my whole family doted on him; and once, I recollect that at one of these evening visits, probably about the year 1753, I was standing by his knee when my mother's maid came to summon me to bed; upon which, being unwilling to part from him and manifesting some reluctance, he begged I might be permitted to stay a little longer; and, on my mother's objecting that the servant would be wanted to wait at supper (for, in those days of friendly intercourse and *real* hospitality, a decent maid-servant was the only attendant at *his own* and many creditable tables, where nevertheless, much company was received), Mr. Richardson said, "I am sure Miss P. is now so much a woman, that she does not want anyone to attend her to bed, but will conduct herself with so much propriety, and put out her own candle so carefully, that she may henceforward be indulged with remaining with us till supper is served."

This hint, and the confidence it implied, had such a good effect upon me that I believe I never required the attendance of a servant afterwards while my mother lived; and by such sort of ingenious and gentle devices did he use to encourage and draw in young people to do what was right.

I also well remember the happy days I spent at his house at North End; sometimes with my mother, but often for weeks without her, domesticated as one of his own children. He used to pass the greatest part of the week in town; but when he came down, he used to like to have his family flock around him, when we all first asked and received his blessing, together with some small boon from his paternal kindness and attention, for he seldom met us empty-handed, and was by nature most generous and liberal.

MRS. BARBAULD, *Correspondence.*

FIELDING AT WAPPING

Thursday, June 27, 1754.—Besides the disagreeable situation in which we then lay, in the confines of Wapping and Rotherhithe, tasting a delicious mixture of the air of both these sweet places, and enjoying the concord of sweet sounds of seamen, watermen, fish-women, oyster-women, and of all the vociferous inhabitants of both shores, composing altogether a greater variety of harmony than Hogarth's imagination had brought together in that print of his, which is enough to make a man deaf to look at—I had a more urgent cause to press our departure, which was that the dropsy, for which I had undergone three tappings, seemed to threaten me with a fourth discharge before I should reach Lisbon, and when I should have nobody on board capable of performing the operation; but I was obliged to hearken to the voice of reason, if I may use the captain's own words, and to rest myself contented.

Sunday, June 30.—Nothing worth notice passed till that morning, when my poor wife, after passing a night in the utmost torments of the toothache, resolved to have it drawn. I despatched therefore a servant into Wapping to bring in haste the best tooth-drawer he could find. He soon found out a female of great eminence in the art; but when he brought her to the boat, at the water-side, they were informed that the ship was gone; for indeed she had set out a few minutes after his quitting her; nor did the pilot, who well knew the errand on which I had sent my servant, think fit to wait a moment for his return, or to give me any notice of his setting out, though I had very patiently attended the delays of the captain four days, after many solemn promises of weighing anchor every one of the three last.

But of all the petty bashaws or turbulent tyrants I ever beheld, this sour-faced pilot was the worst tempered, for, during the time that he had the guidance of the ship, which was till we arrived in the Downs, he complied with no one's desires, nor did he give a civil word, nor indeed a civil look, to any on board.

The tooth-drawer, who, as I said before, was one of great eminence among her neighbours, refused to follow the ship; so that my man made himself the best of his way, and with some difficulty came up with us before we got under full sail; for, after that, as we had both wind and tide with us, he would have found it impossible to overtake the ship till she was come to an anchor at Gravesend.

The morning was fair and bright, and we had a passage thither, I think, as pleasant as can be conceived; for, take it with all its advantages, particularly the number of fine ships you are always sure of seeing by the way, there is nothing to equal it in all the rivers of the world. The yards of Deptford and of Woolwich are noble sights, and give us a just idea of the great perfection to which we are arrived in building those floating castles, and the figure which we may always make in Europe among the other maritime powers. That of Woolwich, at least, very strongly imprinted this idea on my mind; for there was now on the stocks there the *Royal Anne*, supposed to be the largest ship ever built, and which contains ten carriage-guns more than had ever yet equipped a first-rate. . . .

Besides the ships in the docks, we saw many on the water; the yachts are sights of great parade, and the king's body yacht is, I believe, unequalled in any country for convenience as well as magnificence; both which are consulted in building and equipping her with the most exquisite art and workmanship.

We saw likewise several Indiamen just returned from their voyage. These are, I believe, the largest and finest vessels which are anywhere employed in commercial affairs. The colliers, likewise, which are very numerous, and even assemble in fleets, are ships of great bulk; and if we descend to those used in the American, African, and European trades, and pass through those which visit our own coasts, to the small craft that lie between Chatham and the Tower, the whole forms a most pleasing object to the eye, as well as highly warming the heart of an Englishman who has any degree of love for his country, or can recognise any effect of the patriot in his constitution.

Lastly, the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, which presents so delightful a front to the water, and doth such honour at once to its builder and the nation, to the great skill and ingenuity of the one, and to the no less sensible gratitude of the other, very properly closes the account of this scene; which may well appear romantic to those who have not themselves seen that, in this one instance, truth and reality are capable, perhaps, of exceeding the power of fiction.

FIELDING, *Voyage to Lisbon.*

UNREHEARSED HUMOURS OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

The next day, being Tuesday, they all went in Mr. Fenton's coach to Smithfield, where numbers of tents were set up, and several drolls and pantomimes, etc., prepared in imitation of the humours of Bartholomew Fair. The weather was fair and calm, and they let down all the glasses that they might see, without interruption, whatever was to be seen.

Their coach stopped just opposite to an itinerant stage, where a genius, who comprised, within his single person, the two important functions of a tumbler and merry Andrew, by his successive action and oratory, extorted plaudits and huzzas from all the spectators.

Among the rest a countryman, who rode upon a mule, sat gaping and grinning by intervals, in all the ecstatic rapture that can be ascribed to enthusiasm. While his attention was thus rivetted, two knavish wags came, and, ungirthing his saddle, supported it on either hand, till a third of the fraternity led his mule away from under him, and a fourth came with a three-legged horse, such as housewives dry their linen on, and, having jammed it under the saddle, they all retreated in peace.

The populace were so delighted at this humorous act of felony, that, instead of interrupting it, it only served to redouble their joys and clamours. Harry, too, greatly chuckled and laughed at the joke. But when he saw the beast led off, and that the amazed proprietor, on stooping to take the bridle, had fallen precipitately to the ground, his heart twitched him with a kind of compunction, and, throwing himself out of the coach, he made all the speed that the press would admit, and, recovering the mule, brought it back to its owner.

"Here, friend," said he, "here is your beast again; take care the next time that they do not steal your teeth." "Thank you, master," said the clown, "since you have been so honest as to give him to me back, I will never be the one to bring you to the 'sizes or sessions."

"I am much obliged to your clemency," answered Harry; "but pray let me have the pleasure of seeing you safe mounted."

So saying, he held the stirrup, while the booby got up, and said, "Well, my lad, very well, if we happen to meet at Croydon we may take a pot together."

HENRY BROOKE, *The Fool of Quality* (1766–70).

TURNER AND COVENT GARDEN

NEAR the south-west corner of Covent Garden, a square brick pit or well is formed by a close-set block of houses, to the back windows of which it admits a few rays of light. Access to the bottom of it is obtained out of Maiden Lane, through a low archway and an iron gate; and if you stand long enough under the archway to accustom your eyes to the darkness, you may see on the left hand a narrow door, which formerly gave quiet access to a respectable barber's shop, of which the front window, looking into Maiden Lane, is still extant, filled, in this year (1860), with a row of bottles, connected, in some defunct manner, with a brewer's business. A more fashionable neighbourhood, it is said, eighty years ago than now—never, certainly, a cheerful one—wherein a boy being born on St. George's Day, 1775, began soon after to take interest in the world of Covent Garden, and put to service such spectacles of life as it afforded.

No knights to be seen there, nor, I imagine, many beautiful ladies; their costume at least disadvantageous, depending much on incumbency of hat and feather, and short waists; the majesty of men founded similarly on shoe-buckles and wigs;—impressive enough when Reynolds will do his best for it, but not suggestive of much ideal delight to a boy.

"Bello ovile dov' io dormii agnello"; of things beautiful besides men and women, dusty sunbeams up or down the street on summer mornings; deep-furrowed cabbage-leaves at the greengrocer's; magnificence of oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner; and Thames' shore within three minutes' race.

None of these things very glorious; the best, however, that England, it seems, was then able to provide for a boy of gift; who, such as they are, loves them — never, indeed, forgets them. The short waists modify to the last his visions of Greek ideal. His foregrounds had always a succulent cluster or two of greengrocery at the corners. Enchanted oranges gleam in Covent Gardens of the Hesperides; and great ships go to pieces in order to scatter chests of them on the waves. That mist of early sunbeams in the London dawn crosses, many and many a time, the clearness of Italian air; and by Thames' shore, with its stranded barges and glidings of red sail, dearer to us than Lucerne lake or Venetian lagoon,—by Thames' shore we will die.

With such circumstances round him in youth, let us note what necessary effects followed upon the boy. I assume him to have had Giorgione's sensibility (and more than Giorgione's, if that be possible) to colour and form. I tell you farther, and this fact you may receive trustfully, that his sensibility to human affection and distress was no less keen than even his sense for natural beauty—heart-sight deep as eye-sight.

Consequently, he attaches himself with the faithfullest child-love to everything that bears an image of the place he was born in. No matter how ugly it is,—has it anything about it like Maiden Lane, or like Thames' shore? If so, it shall be painted for their sake. Hence, to the very close of life, Turner could endure uglinesses which no one else of the

---

Hesperides. The sisters who, assisted by a dragon, guarded a wonderful garden containing a tree with golden apples.

Giorgione. A famous Venetian painter, and fellow-pupil of Titian.

same sensibility would have borne with for an instant. Dead brick walls, blank square windows, old clothes, market-womanly types of humanity—anything fishy or muddy like Billingsgate or Hungerford Market had great attractions for him; black barges, patched sails, and every possible condition of fog.

You will find these tolerations and affections guiding or sustaining him till the last hour of his life; the notablest of all such endurances being that of dirt. No Venetian ever draws anything foul; but Turner devoted picture after picture to the illustration of effects of dinginess, smoke, soot, dust, and dusty texture; old sides of boats, weedy roadside vegetation, dung-hills, straw-yards, and all the soilings and stains of every common labour.

And more than this, he not only could endure, but enjoyed and looked for *litter*, like Covent Garden wreck after the market. His pictures are often full of it, from side to side; their foregrounds differ from all others in the natural way the things have of lying about in them. Even his richest vegetation, in ideal work, is confused; and he delights in shingle, *débris*, and heaps of fallen stones. The last words he ever spoke to me about a picture were in gentle exultation about his St. Gothard: "That *litter* of stones which I endeavoured to represent."

The second great result of this Covent Garden training was, understanding of and regard for the poor, whom the Venetians, we saw, despised; whom, contrarily, Turner loved, and more than loved—

understood. He got no romantic sight of them, but an infallible one, as he prowled about the end of his lane, watching night effects in the wintry streets; nor sight of the poor alone, but of the poor in direct relations with the rich. He knew, in good and evil, what both classes thought of, and how they dealt with, each other.

RUSKIN, *Modern Painters.*

THE GORDON RIOTS

ON Tuesday evening (June, 1780), leaving Fielding's ruins, they went to Newgate to demand their companions who had been seized demolishing the chapel. The keeper could not release them, but by the Mayor's permission, which he went to ask; at his return he found all the prisoners released, and Newgate in a blaze. They then went to Bloomsbury, and fastened upon Lord Mansfield's house, which they pulled down; and as for his goods, they totally burnt them. They have since gone to Caen Wood, but a guard was there before them. They plundered some Papists, I think, and burnt a mass-house in Moorfields the same night.

On Wednesday I walked with Dr. Scott to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions House at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place. On Wednesday they broke open the Fleet, and the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, and Wood Street Compter, and Clerkenwell Bridewell, and released all the prisoners.

At night they set fire to the Fleet, and to the King's Bench, and I know not how many other places; and one might see the glare of conflagration fill the sky from many parts. The sight was dreadful. Some people were threatened; Mr. Strahan advised me to take care of myself. Such a time of terror you have been happy in not seeing.

JOHNSON, *Letters to Mrs. Thrale.*
(Given in Boswell's *Life.*)

MR. AKERMAN OF NEWGATE

I SHOULD think myself very much to blame, did I here neglect to do justice to my esteemed friend, Mr. Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, who long discharged a very important trust with an uniform intrepid firmness, and at the same time a tenderness and a liberal charity, which entitled him to be recorded with distinguished honour.

Upon this occasion, from the timidity and negligence of the magistracy on the one hand, and the almost incredible exertions of the mob on the other, the first prison of this great country was laid open, and the prisoners set free; but that Mr. Akerman, whose house was burnt, would have prevented all this, had proper aid been sent him in due time, there can be no doubt.

Many years ago, a fire broke out in the brick part which was built as an addition to the old gaol of Newgate. The prisoners were in consternation and tumult, calling out, "We shall be burnt—we shall be burnt! Down with the gate—down with the gate!"

Mr. Akerman hastened to them, showed himself at the gate, and having, after some confused vociferation of "Hear him—hear him!" obtained a silent attention, he then calmly told them, that the gate must not go down; that they were under his care, and that they should not be permitted to escape; but that he could assure them, they need not be afraid of being burnt, for that the fire was not in the prison, properly so called, which was strongly built with stone, and that if they would engage to be quiet, he himself would come to them, and conduct them to the farther end of the building, and would not go out till they gave him leave.

To this proposal they agreed; upon which Mr. Akerman, having first made them fall back from the gate, went in, and with a determined resolution ordered the outer turnkey upon no account to open the gate, even though the prisoners (though he trusted they would not) should break their word, and by force bring himself to order it. "Never mind me," said he, "should that happen."

The prisoners peaceably followed him, while he conducted them through passages of which he had the keys, to the extremity of the gaol, which was most distant from the fire. Having by this very judicious conduct fully satisfied them that there was no immediate risk, if any at all, he then addressed them thus:

"Gentlemen, you are now convinced that I told you true. I have no doubt that the engines will soon extinguish this fire; if they should not a sufficient guard will come, and you shall all be taken out, and lodged in the Compters. I assure you, upon my word and honour, that I have not a farthing insured. I have left my house, that I might take care of you. I will keep my promise, and stay with you if you insist upon it; but if you will allow me to go out, and look after my family and property, I shall be obliged to you."

Struck with his behaviour, they called out, "Master Akerman, you have done bravely; it was very kind in you; by all means go and take care of your own concerns." He did so accordingly, while they remained and were all preserved.

Johnson had been heard to relate the substance of this story with high praise, in which he was joined by Mr. Burke. My illustrious friend, speaking of Mr. Akerman's kindness to his prisoners, pronounced this eulogy upon his character:—"He who has long had constantly in his view the worst of mankind and is yet eminent for the humanity of his disposition, must have had it originally in a great degree, and continued to cultivate it very carefully."

BOSWELL, *Johnson.*

DR. JOHNSON

WHILE the dictionary was going forward, Johnson lived part of the time in Holborn, part in Gough Square, Fleet Street; and he had an upper room fitted up like a counting-house for the purpose, in which he gave to the copyists their several tasks. The words, partly taken from other dictionaries, and partly supplied by himself, having been first written down with spaces left between them, he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions, and various significations. The authorities were copied from the books themselves, in which he had marked the passages with a black lead-pencil, the traces of which could easily be effaced. I have seen several of them, in which that trouble had not been taken, so that they were just as when used by the copyists. It is remarkable that he was so attentive in the choice of the passages in which words were authorised, that one may read page after page of his dictionary with improvement and pleasure; and it should not pass unobserved, that he has quoted no author whose writings had a tendency to hurt sound religion and morality.

The necessary expense of preparing a work of such magnitude for the press must have been a considerable deduction from the price stipulated to be paid for the copyright. I understand that nothing was allowed by the booksellers on that account; and I remember his telling me that a large portion of it having, by mistake, been written upon both sides of the paper, so as to be inconvenient for the compositor, it cost him twenty pounds to have it transcribed upon one side only. . . .

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." . . .

(This quotation is Johnson's own account of the visit to Goldsmith at Wine-office Court, and of his disposal of the *Vicar of Wakefield*.)

He this autumn received a visit (at Bolt Court, Fleet Street from the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. He gives this account of it in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, October 27:

"Mrs. Siddons, in her visit to me, behaved with great modesty and propriety, and left nothing behind her to be censured or despised. Neither praise nor money, the two powerful corruptors of mankind, seemed to have depraved her. I shall be glad to see her again. Her brother Kemble calls on me, and pleases me very well. Mrs. Siddons and I talked of plays; and she told me her intention of exhibiting this winter the characters of Constance, Catherine, and Isabella in Shakespeare."

Mr. Kemble has favoured me with the following minute of what passed at this visit:

When Mrs. Siddons came into the room, there happened to be no chair ready for her, which he observing, said with a smile, "Madam, you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people, will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself."

Having placed himself by her, he with great good humour entered upon a consideration of the English drama; and, among other inquiries, particularly asked her which of Shakespeare's characters she was most pleased with. Upon her answering that she thought the character of Queen Catherine in *Henry VIII.* the most natural:—"I think so, too, Madam," said he; "and whenever you perform it I will once more hobble out to the theatre myself." Mrs. Siddons promised she would do herself the honour of acting his favourite part for him; but many circumstances happened to prevent the representation of *King Henry VIII*. during the Doctor's life.

In the course of the evening he thus gave his opinion upon the merits of some of the principal performers whom he remembered to have seen upon the stage.

"Mrs. Porter in the vehemence of rage, and Mrs. Clive in the sprightliness of humour, I have never seen equalled. What Clive did best, she did better than Garrick; but could not do half so many things well; she was a better romp than any I ever saw in nature.—Pritchard, in common life, was a vulgar idiot; she would talk of her 'gownd'; but, when she appeared upon the stage, seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding.—I once talked with Colley Cibber, and thought him ignorant of the principles of his art.—Garrick, Madam, was no declaimer; there was not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken *To be, or not to be*, better than he did; yet he was the only actor I ever saw, whom I could call a master both in tragedy and comedy; though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguished excellencies."

Having expatiated, with his usual force and eloquence, on Mr. Garrick's extraordinary eminence as an actor, he concluded with this compliment to his social talents: "And after all, Madam, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of a table."

BOSWELL, *Johnson*.

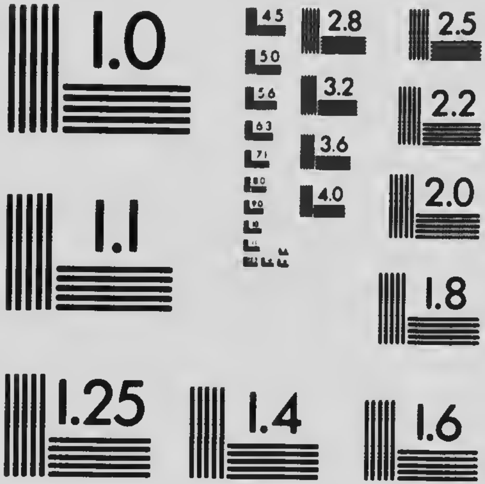
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS "AT HOME" AT LEICESTER SQUARE

"WELL, Sir Joshua," said lawyer Dunning, on arriving at one of these parties, "and whom have you got to dine with you to-day? The last time I dined in your house the company was of such a sort that I believe all the rest of the world enjoyed peace for that afternoon." But though vehemence and disputation will at times usurp quieter enjoyments, when men of genius and strong character are assembled, the evidence that has survived of these celebrated meetings in no respect impairs their indestructible interest. They were the first great example that had been given to this country of a social intercourse between persons of distinguished pretensions of all kinds; poets, physicians, lawyers, deans, historians, actors, temporal and spiritual peers, House of Commons men, men of science, men of letters, painters, philosophers, and lovers of the arts; meeting on a ground of hearty ease, good humour, and pleasantry, which exalts my respect for the memory of Reynolds.

It was no prim, fine table he set them down to. There was little order of arrangement; there was more abundance than elegance; and a happy freedom thrust conventionalism aside. Often was the dinner-board, prepared for seven or eight, required to accommodate itself to fifteen or sixteen; for often on the very eve of dinner, would Sir Joshua tempt afternoon

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)


1.0
4.5
5.0
5.6
6.3
7.1
8.0
9.0
2.8
3.2
3.6
4.0
2.5
2.2
2.0
1.1
1.8
1.25
1.4
1.6

APPLIED IMAGE Inc
1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

visitors with intimation that Johnson, or Garrick, or Goldsmith was to dine there. Nor was the want of seats the only difficulty. A want of knives and forks, of plates and glasses, as often succeeded.

In something of the same style, too, was the attendance; the kitchen had to keep pace with the visitors; and it was easy to know the guests well-acquainted with the house by their never failing to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that they might get them before the first course was over, and the worst confusion began.

Once Sir Joshua was prevailed upon to furnish his table with dinner-glasses and decanters, and some saving of time they proved; yet as they were demolished in the course of service, he could never be persuaded to replace them.

"But these trifling embarrassments," added Mr. Courtenay, describing them to Sir James Mackintosh, "only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment."

It was not the wine, dishes, and cookery, not the fish and venison, that were talked of or recommended; those social hours, that irregular convivial talk, had matter of higher relish, and far more eagerly enjoyed. And amid all the animated bustle of his guests, the host sat perfectly composed; always attentive to what was said, never minding what was ate or drunk, and leaving everyone at perfect liberty to scramble for himself. Though so severe a deafness had resulted from cold caught on the Continent in early life as to compel the use of a trumpet, Reynolds profited by its use to hear or not to hear, or as he pleased to enjoy the privileges of both, and keep his own equanimity undisturbed.

"He is the same all the year round," exclaimed Johnson, with honest envy. "In illness and in pain he is still the same. Sir, he is the most invulnerable man I know: the man with whom, if you should quarrel, you will find the most difficulty how to abuse."

Nor was this praise obtained by preference of any, but by cordial respect to all; for in Reynolds there was as little of the sycophant as the tyrant. However high the rank of the guests invited, he waited for none. His dinners were served always precisely at five o'clock. "His was not the fashionable ill-breeding," said Mr. Courtenay, "which would wait an hour for two or three persons of title," and put the rest of the company out of humour by the invidious distinction.

FORSTER, *Life of Goldsmith.*

SOUTHEY AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

THE present Lord Amhurst was head of the house (1788), a mild inoffensive boy, who interfered with no one, and, having a room to himself (which no other boy had), lived very much to himself in it, liked and respected by everybody.

Sycophant. A toady.

I was quartered in the room with ——, who afterwards married that sweet creature, Lady ——, and never was woman of a dove-like nature more unsuitably mated, for ——, when in anger, was perfectly frantic. His face was as fine as a countenance could be which expressed so ungovernable and dangerous a temper; the finest red and white, dark eyes and brows, and black curling hair; but the expression was rather that of a savage than of a civilised being, and no savage could be more violent. He had seasons of good nature, and at the worst was rather to be dreaded than disliked; for he was plainly not master of himself.

But I had cause to dread him; for he once attempted to hold me by the leg out of the window; it was the first floor, and over a stone area; had I not struggled in time, and clung to the frame with both hands, my life would probably have been sacrificed to this freak of temporary madness. He used to pour water into my ear when I was a-bed and asleep, fling the porter-pot or the poker at me, and in many ways exercised such a capricious and dangerous tyranny, merely by right of the strongest (for he was not high enough in the school to fag me), that at last I requested Mr. Hayes to remove me into another chamber.

Thither he followed me; and, at a very late hour one night, came in wrapt in a sheet, and thinking to frighten me by personating a ghost, in which character he threw himself upon the bed, and rolled upon me. Not knowing who it was, but certain that it was flesh and blood, I seized him by the throat, and we made noise enough to bring up the usher of the house, and occasion an inquiry, which ended in requiring ——'s word that he would never again molest me.

. . . I was known out of my remove for nothing but my curly head. Curly heads are not common, I doubt whether they can be reckoned at three per cent. upon the population of this country; but luckily for me, the present Sir Charles Burrell (old Burrell as we then called him, a very good-natured man) had one as well as myself.

The space between Palace Yard and St. Margaret's Churchyard was at that time covered with houses. You must remember them, but I knew all the lanes and passages there; intricate enough they were, and afforded excellent cover, just in the most dangerous part, on the border, when we were going out of bounds, or returning home from such an expedition. The improvements which have laid all open there, have done no service to the Westminster boys, and have deprived me of some of the pleasantest jogging-places for memory that London used to contain.

In one of these passages was the door of a little schoolmaster, whose academy was announced by a board upon the front of a house, close to St. Margaret's Churchyard. Some of the day boys in my remove took it into their heads, in the pride of Westminster, to annoy this academician, by beating up his quarters, and one day I joined in the party. The sport was to see him sally with a cane in his hand, and to witness the admiration of his own subjects at our audacity.

He complained at last, as he had good cause, to Vincent; but no suspicion fell or could fall on the real parties; for so it was, that the three or four ringleaders in these regular rows were in every respect some of the best boys in the school, and the very last to whom any such pranks would have been imputed. The only indication he could give, was that one of the culprits was a curly-headed fellow.

One evening, a little to my amusement, and not a little to my consternation, I heard old Burrell say that Vincent had just sent for him, and taxed him with making a row at a schoolmaster's in St. Margaret's Churchyard; and would hardly believe the protestations of innocence, which he reiterated with an oath when he told the story, and which I very well knew to be sincere. It was his curly head, he said, that brought him into suspicion. I kept my own counsel, and did not go near the academy again.

SOUTHEY, *Autobiography.*

THAT even long prior to his going to Westminster he had found his chief pleasure in his pen, and that he had both read and written largely, he has himself recorded, and he has also mentioned his having made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain admission for one of his youthful compositions in a Westminster magazine called *The Trifler*, which appears to have had only a brief existence.

It was not long, however, before he found an opportunity of making his first essay in print, which proved not a little unfortunate in its results. Having attained the upper classes of the school, in conjunction with several of his more particular friends, he set on foot a periodical entitled *The Flagellant*, which reached only nine numbers, when a sarcastic attack upon corporal punishment, as then inflicted, it seems, somewhat unsparingly at Westminster, roused the wrath of Dr. Vincent, the head master, who immediately commenced a prosecution for libel against the publisher.

This seems to have been a harsh and extraordinary proceeding; for the master's authority, judiciously exercised, might surely have controlled or stopped the publication; neither was there anything in the paper itself which ought to have made a wise man angry; like most of the others, it is merely a schoolboy's imitation of a paper in the *Spectator* or *Rambler*. A letter of complaint from an unfortunate victim to the rod is supposed to have been called forth by the previous numbers, and the writer now comments on this, and enters into a dissertation on flogging with various quotations, ascribing its invention to the author of all evil. The signature was a feigned one; but my father immediately acknowledged himself the writer, and reluctantly apologised. The Doctor's wrath, however, was not to be appeased, and he was compelled to leave the school. . . .

It had been intended that he should enter at Christ

Dissertation. A discussion.

Church, and his name had been put down there for some time, but the dean (Cyril Jackson), having heard of the affair of the *Flagellant*, refused to admit him.

C. C. SOUTHEY, *Life of Robert Southey.*

AT THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS, WESTMINSTER HALL, 1788

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting.

The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembly to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some sure freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. . . .

The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. . . .

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green tables and benches for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact and his urbanity.

But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. . . .

MACAULAY, *Essays.*

NOTE.—The charge against Warren Hastings was that whilst Governor-General of India he acted in certain matters without authority. The trial lasted more than seven years, when Hastings, a ruined man, was acquitted. He was pensioned by the East India Company.

LEIGH HUNT AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

OUR routine of life was this:—We rose to the call of a bell, at six in summer, and seven in winter, and after combing ourselves, and washing our hands and faces, went at the call of another bell to breakfast. All this took up about an hour. From breakfast we proceeded to School, where we remained till eleven, winter and summer, and then had an hour's play. Dinner took place at twelve. Afterwards

Demosthenes and *Hyperides* were the most eminent of the Greek orators. They lived at the same time.

was a little play till one, when we again went to School, and remained till five in summer and four in winter. At six was the supper. We used to play after it in summer till eight. In winter, we proceeded from supper to bed.

The Under Grammar Master, in my time, was the Rev. Mr. Field. He was a good-looking man, very gentlemanly, and always dressed at the neatest. I believe he once wrote a play. He had the reputation of being admired by the ladies. A man of more handsome incompetence for his situation perhaps did not exist. He came late of a morning; went away soon in the afternoon; and used to walk up and down languidly bearing his cane as if it were a lily, and hearing our eternal *Dominuses* and *As in præsentis*, with an air of ineffable endurance. Often he did not hear at all.

It was a joke with us, when any of our friends came to the door, and we asked his permission to go to them, to address him with some preposterous question wide of the mark; to which he used to assent. We would say, for instance, " Are you not a great fool, sir? " or, " Isn't your daughter a pretty girl? " to which he would reply, " Yes, child." When he condescended to hit us with the cane, he made a face as if he were taking a dose of physic.

Perhaps there is not a foundation in the country so truly English, taking that word to mean what Englishmen wish it to mean — something solid, unpretending, and free to all. More boys are to be

Eternal Dominuses, etc. Class-work repetition.

found in it who issue from a greater variety of ranks, than in any school in the kingdom; and as it is the most various, so it is the largest of all the Free Schools. Nobility do not go there except as boarders. Now and then a boy of noble family may be met with, and he is reckoned an interloper and against the charter; but the sons of poor gentry, and London citizens, abound; and with them an equal share is given to the sons of tradesmen of the very humblest description, not omitting servants.

I would not take my oath—but I have a strong recollection, that in my time there were two boys, one of whom went up into the drawing-room to his father, the master of the house; and the other down into the kitchen to *his* father, the coachman. One thing however I know to be certain, and it is the noblest of all, namely, that the boys themselves (at least it was so in my time) had no sort of feeling of the difference of one another's ranks out of doors. The cleverest boy was the noblest, let his father be who he might.

Christ's Hospital is a nursery of tradesmen, of merchants, of naval officers, of scholars; it has produced some of the greatest ornaments of their time; and the feeling among the boys themselves is, that it is a medium between the patrician pretension of such schools as Eton and Westminster, and the plebeian submission of the Charity Schools.

LEIGH HUNT, *Autobiography.*

Patrician. Of noble blood.
Plebeian. Referring to the common people.

EDMUND BURKE AND CHARLES JAMES FOX

THIS contention presented amid contending shouts of "Chair! chair!" "Hear! hear!" "Order! order!" "Go on! go on!" a scene which he remarked at the moment was only to be paralleled in the political assemblages of a neighbouring country of which he was endeavouring to convey some idea to the House.

At length, an express vote of censure for noticing the affairs of France was moved against him (Burke) by Lord Sheffield and seconded by Mr. Fox.

Mr. Pitt, on the contrary, leaned to his views and urged his being in order; that he was grateful to the right hon. gentleman for the manly struggle made by him against French principles; that his views should receive support whenever danger approached; and that his zeal and eloquence in such a cause entitled him to the gratitude of his fellow-subjects.

Mr. Fox followed in a vehement address, alternately rebuking and complimenting Burke in a high strain, and while vindicating his own opinions, questioning the truth and consistency of those of his right hon. friend, whom he must ever esteem his master, but who nevertheless seemed to have forgotten the lessons he had once taught him. In support of the charge of inconsistency thus advanced he quoted several sarcastic and ludicrous remarks of little moment at any time and scarcely worth repeating then, but which, as they had been expressed fourteen or fifteen years before, seemed to be raked up for the occasion. In this, there was an appearance of premeditation and want of generosity, which hurt Mr. Burke, as he afterwards expressed to a friend, more than any public occurrence of his life, and he rose to reply under the influence of painful and strong feelings.

He complained, after debating the main question, of being treated with harshness and malignity for which the motive seemed unaccountable—of being personally attacked from a quarter where he least expected it after an intimacy of more than twenty-two years,—of his public sentiments and writings being garbled, and his confidential communications violated, to give colour to an unjust charge. At his time of life it was obviously indiscreet to provoke enemies or to lose friends, as he could not hope for the opportunities necessary to acquire others, yet if his steady adherence to the British constitution placed him in such a dilemma, he would risk all, and, as public duty and prudence taught him, with his last breath exclaim, "Fly from the French constitution!"

Mr. Fox here observed, "There is no loss of friendship."

"I regret to say there is," was the reply—"I know the value of my line of conduct; I have indeed made a great sacrifice; I have done my duty though

I have lost my friend. There is something in the detested French constitution that envenoms everything it touches."

After many comments on the question he attempted to conclude with an elegant apostrophe to the respective heads of the great parties in the state, steadfastly to guard against innovations and untried theories the sacred edifice of the British constitution, when he was again twice interrupted by Mr. Grey.

Mr. Fox, unusually excited by this public renunciation of long intimacy, rose under excited feelings, "so that it was some moments," says the *Morning Chronicle* report, "before he could proceed. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he strove in vain to give utterance to feelings that dignified his nature." When he had recovered, besides adverting to French affairs, an eloquent appeal broke forth to his old and revered friend—to the remembrance of their past attachment—their inalienable friendship—their reciprocal affection, as dear and almost as binding as the ties of nature between father and son. (But) thenceforward the intimacy of these illustrious men ceased.

PRIOR, *Life of Edmund Burke.*

WORDSWORTH ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

EARTH has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Composed upon Westminster Bridge.
September 3, 1802.

PITT—NELSON—WELLINGTON, AT DOWNING STREET

BEFORE he finally left London, Nelson went to take leave of Mr. Pitt, and then returned, for the last time, to his family and friends at Merton. . . .

It appears (from the statement of Nelson's nephew) that Lord Nelson on his return to Merton, being asked in what manner he had been received by Mr. Pitt, replied that he had every reason to be gratified.

At Mr. Pitt's desire he had explained his whole views upon the naval war. As regarded the French fleet at Cadiz, Mr. Pitt had asked what force would be sufficient to ensure a victory over it. Lord Nelson mentioned his opinion on that point, but added, that his object was not merely to conquer, but to annihilate; on which Mr. Pitt assured him that whatever force Lord Nelson held necessary for that object should, so far as possible, be sent out to him. And then Lord Nelson, telling the tale to his family, added these words:

"Mr. Pitt paid me a compliment, which, I believe, he would not have paid to a Prince of the Blood. When I rose to go, he left the room with me and attended me to the carriage."

How great a parting scene—Nelson sent forth by Pitt to Trafalgar! Surely it might deserve not only a biographer's commemoration, but also an artist's skill. . . .

In the course of that same September there landed from India a man destined to play a part not less memorable than Lord Nelson's in the warlike annals of his country. This was Sir Arthur Wellesley. . . .

Sir Arthur on his arrival in London was most warmly welcomed by Mr. Pitt, both as the brother of a constant friend, and as himself the victor of Assaye and Argaum. They had many conversations on military matters, and each made a most favourable impression on the other. What Mr. Pitt said of Sir Arthur only a few days before his own death, will be recorded by me in its proper place. The Duke of

Wellington, to the close of his life, continued to speak of Mr. Pitt in terms of high regard and veneration. He used, during several years, to attend the anniversaries of the Pitt dinner, with the object of doing honour to his memory; and he has more than once told me that, in his opinion, Mr. Pitt was the greatest Minister that has ever ruled in England.

STANHOPE, *Life of Pitt.*

"THE LONDONER"

I WAS born under the shadow of St. Dunstan's steeple, just where the conflux of the eastern and western inhabitants of this twofold city meet and jostle in friendly opposition at Temple Bar. The same day which gave me to the world saw London happy in the celebration of her great annual feast. This I cannot help looking upon as a lively omen of the future great good-will which I was destined to bear towards the city, resembling in kind that solicitude which every chief magistrate is supposed to feel for whatever concerns her interests and well-being. Indeed I consider myself in some sort a speculative Lord Mayor of London; for though circumstances unhappily preclude me from the hope of ever arriving at the dignity of a gold chain and Spital Sermon, yet thus much will I say of myself in truth, that Whittington with his cat (just emblem of vigilance and a furred gown) never went beyond me in the affection which I bear to the citizens.

I was born, as you have heard, in a crowd. This has begot in me an entire affection for that way of life, amounting to an almost insurmountable aversion from solitude and rural scenes. This aversion was never interrupted or suspended, except for a few years in the younger part of my life, during a period in which I had set my affections upon a charming young woman. Every man while the passion is upon him, is for a time at least addicted to groves and meadows and purling streams. During this short period of my existence, I contracted just familiarity enough with rural objects to understand tolerably well ever after the poets, when they declaim in such passionate terms in favour of a country life.

For my own part, now the fit is passed, I have no hesitation in declaring, that a mob of happy faces crowding up at the pit door at Drury Lane Theatre, just at the hour of six, gives me ten thousand sincerer pleasures, than I could ever receive from all the flocks of silly sheep that ever whitened the plains of Arcadia or Epsom Downs.

This passion for crowds is nowhere feasted so full as in London. The man must have a rare recipe for melancholy, who can be dull in Fleet Street. I am naturally inclined to hypochondria, but in London it vanishes, like all other ills. Often when I have felt a weariness or distaste at home, have I rushed out into her crowded Strand, and fed my humour, till tears have wetted my cheek for inutterable

Hypochondria. Melancholy.

sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture, which she never fails to present at all hours, like the scenes of a shifting pantomime.

The very deformities of London, which give distaste to others, from habit do not displease me. The endless succession of shops where *Fancy miscalled Folly* is supplied with perpetual gauds and toys, excite in me no Puritanical aversion. I gladly behold every appetite supplied with its proper food. The obliging customer and the obliged tradesman—things which live by bowing, and things which exist but for homage—do not affect me with disgust; from habit I perceive nothing but urbanity, where other men, more refined, discover meanness; I love the very smoke of London, because it has been the medium most familiar to my vision. I see grand principles of honour at work in the dirty ring which encompasses two combatants with fists, and principles of no less eternal justice in the detection of a pickpocket. The salutary astonishment with which an execution is surveyed, convinces me more forcibly than a hundred volumes of abstract polity, that the universal instinct of man in all ages has leaned to order and good government.

Thus an art of extracting morality from the commonest incidents of a town life, is attained by the same well-natured alchemy, with which the foresters of Arden, in a beautiful country

> Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Alchemy. An attempt to change base metal into gold.

Where has spleen her food but in London? Humour, interest, curiosity, suck at her measureless breasts, without a possibility of being satiated. Nursed among her noise, her crowds, her beloved smoke, what have I been doing all my life, if I have not lent out my heart with usury to such scenes?

CHARLES LAMB, *Essays*.

AT NO. 4, INNER TEMPLE LANE

I was invited to meet Lamb at dinner, at the house of Mr. William Evans, a gentleman holding an office in the India House, who then lived in Weymouth Street, and who was a proprietor of the *Pamphleteer*, to which I had contributed some idle scribblings. My duties at the office did not allow me to avail myself of this invitation to dinner, but I went up at ten o'clock, through a deep snow, palpably congealing into ice, and was amply repaid when I reached the hospitable abode of my friend. There was Lamb, preparing to depart, but he stayed half an hour in kindness to me, and then accompanied me to our common home—the Temple.

Methinks I see him before me now, as he appeared then, and as he continued, with scarcely any perceptible alteration to me, during the twenty years of intimacy which followed, and were closed by his death.

A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose, slightly curved, and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance, and even dignity, to a diminutive and shadowy stem.

Who shall describe his countenance—catch its quivering sweetness—and fix it for ever in words? There are none, alas! to answer the vain desire of friendship. Deep thought, striving with humour; the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth; and a smile of painful sweetness, present an image to the mind it can as little describe as lose. His personal appearance and manner are not unfitly characterised by what he himself says in one of his letters to Manning of Braham: "A compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel."

He took my arm, and we walked to the Temple (No. 4, Inner Temple Lane), Lamb stammering out fine remarks as we walked; and when we reached his staircase, he detained me with an urgency which would not be denied, and we mounted to the top story, where an old petted servant, called Becky, was ready to receive us.

We were soon seated beside a cheerful fire; hot water and its better adjuncts were before us; and

Lamb insisted on my sitting with him while he smoked "one pipe"—for, alas! for poor human nature—he had resumed his acquaintance with his "fair traitress." How often the pipe and the glasses were replenished, I will not undertake to disclose; but I can never forget the conversation; though at first it was more solemn, and in higher mood, than any I ever after had with Lamb through the whole of our friendship.

How it took such a turn between two strangers, one of them a lad of not quite twenty, I cannot tell; but so it happened. We discoursed then of life and death, and our anticipation of a world beyond the grave. Lamb spoke of these awful themes with the simplest piety, but expressed his own fond cleavings to life—to all well-known accustomed things—and a shivering (not shuddering) sense of that which is to come, which he so finely indicated in his *New Year's Eve*, years afterwards.

It was two o'clock before we parted, when Lamb gave me a hearty invitation to renew my visit at pleasure; but two or three months elapsed before I saw him again. . . .

The years which Lamb passed in his chambers in Inner Temple Lane were, perhaps, the happiest of his life. His salary was considerably augmented, his fame as an author was rapidly extending; he resided near the spot which he best loved; and was surrounded by a motley group of attached friends, some of them men of rarest parts, and all strongly attached to him and to his sister.

Here the glory of his Wednesday nights shone forth in its greatest lustre. If you did not meet there the favourites of fortune; authors whose works bore the highest price in Paternoster Row, and who glittered in the circles of fashion; you might find those who had thought most deeply; felt most keenly; and were destined to produce the most lasting influences on the literature and manners of the age.

There Hazlitt, sometimes kindling into fierce passion at any mention of the great reverses of his idol Napoleon, at other times bashfully enunciated the finest criticism on art; or dwelt with genial iteration on a passage in Chaucer; or, fresh from the theatre, expatiated on some new instance of energy in Kean, or reluctantly conceded a greatness to Kemble; or detected some popular fallacy with the fairest and the subtlest reasoning.

There Godwin, as he played his quiet rubber, or benignantly joined in the gossip of the day, sat an object of curiosity and wonder to the stranger, who had been at one time shocked or charmed with his high speculation, and at another awestruck by the force and graphic power of his novels.

There Coleridge sometimes, though rarely, took his seat;—and then the genial hubbub of voices was still; critics, philosophers, and poets, were contented to listen; and toil-worn lawyers, clerks from the India House, and members of the Stock Exchange, grew romantic while he spoke. Lamb used to say that he was inferior then to what he had been in his youth; but I can scarcely believe it; at least there is nothing in his early writing which gives any idea of the richness of his mind so lavishly poured out at this time in his happiest moods.

Although he looked much older than he was, his hair being silvered all over, and his person tending to corpulency, there was about him no trace of bodily sickness or mental decay, but rather an air of voluptuous repose. His benignity of manner placed his auditors entirely at their ease, and inclined them to listen delighted to the sweet, low tone in which he began to discourse on some high theme. Whether he had won for his greedy listener only some raw lad, or charmed a circle of beauty, rank, and wit, who hung breathless on his words, he talked with equal eloquence; for his subject, not his audience, inspired him.

At first his tones were conversational; he seemed to dally with the shallows of the subject and with fantastic images which bordered it; but gradually the thought grew deeper, and the voice deepened with the thought; the stream gathering strength seemed to bear along with it all things which opposed its progress, and blended them with its current; and stretching away among regions tinted with ethereal colours, was lost at airy distance in the horizon of fancy. His hearers were unable to grasp his theories, which were indeed too vast to be exhibited in the longest conversation; but they perceived noble images, generous suggestions, affecting pictures of virtue, which enriched their minds and nurtured their best affections.

Coleridge was sometimes induced to recite portions of *Christabel*, then enshrined in manuscript from eyes profane, and gave a bewitching effect to its wizard lines. But more peculiar in its beauty than this was his recitation of *Kubla Khan*. As he repeated the passage:

> A damsel with a dulcimer
> In a vision once I saw;
> It was an Abyssinian maid,
> And on her dulcimer she played,
> Singing of Mont Abora!

his voice seemed to mount, and melt into air, as the images grew more visionary, and the suggested associations more remote.

He usually met opposition by conceding the point to the objector, and then went on with his high argument as if it had never been raised; thus satisfying his antagonist, himself, and all who heard him; none of whom desired to hear his discourse frittered into points, or displaced by the near encounter even of the most brilliant wits.

The first time I met him, which was on one of those Wednesday evenings, we quitted the party together between one and two in the morning; Coleridge took my arm, and led me nothing loath at a very gentle pace to his lodgings, at the Gloucester Coffee-house, pouring into my ear the whole way an argument by which he sought to reconcile the doctrines of Necessity and Free-will, winding on through a golden maze of exquisite illustration; but finding no end, except with the termination of that (to me) enchanted walk.

TALFOURD, *Life of Charles Lamb.*

BURLINGTON ARCADE AND HOUSE, PICCADILLY

THE Burlington Arcade, famous for small shops and tall beadles, is an offset from the grounds of Burlington House. It is a good place to turn into on hot summer days, and wonder how the beadles pass their time.

A man may help himself to a complete French education in this thoroughfare. There are sweetmeats to begin with; shoemakers, tailors, perruquiers to furnish him from head to foot; jewels and flowers to make love with; and, after he has had his hair dressed, he may sit down and read a French classic.

Not that we mean to depreciate the advantages afforded us by our gallant neighbours. The late incursions of French wares and ornaments into this country have given an impulse of vivacity to our ideas which they much wanted. They have helped to teach us that colour and cheerfulness are good things for their own sakes; that a little elegance is not to be despised because it is cheap; and that if the elegance is not always in the highest taste, it is at least an advance upon no taste at all. By taste, of course, we mean in such matters;—to say nothing of the very finest kinds. We have abundance of genius and greatness among us in the greatest things; but we certainly, as a nation, have not hitherto acquired the art of turning smaller ones to account, and getting the most out of life that we can;—which is also a part of the universality of greatness.

Begging pardon of Burlington Arcade for quitting it with so grave a reflection, we turn into the court-yard of Burlington House, where a very ludicrous recollection encounters us.

In this place, some fifty years ago, when Bonaparte was coming to devour us all, but thought better of his breakfast, the St. James's Volunteers, by permission of the Duke of Portland, its then possessor, were in the habit of mustering. We chanced to be one of them.

We mustered a thousand strong; had grenadiers, light infantry, a capital band, and to crown all, a Major who was an undertaker in Piccadilly, and who was a very fat man with a jovial, youthful face; so that our pretensions were altogether of the biggest, liveliest, and at the same time most mortal description. A Colonel, however, was wanting. He was granted us in the person of William Pitt Amherst, Lord Amherst, afterwards ambassador to China, and nephew of the conqueror of Montreal.

A day was appointed for his taking possession of us. We mustered accordingly in the usual place, and in the highest spirits. The time arrives; the gates are thrown open; a glimpse is caught of a gallant figure on a charger; the band strikes up; the regiment presents arms; enters the noble Colonel, and, in the act of answering our salutation, is pitched right over his horse's head, in the most beautiful of summersets. Our feelings of course would have been anything but merry, had the result been tragical; but when the noble lord got up, and kindly shook himself, with hilarity in his aspect, to show us that all was well, it assuredly took all the subordination in us to prevent our gratitude from giving way to an uproarious burst of laughter.

We know not whether the accident produced in his lordship any peculiar horror of prostrations in the abstract; but when he afterwards went to China, and refused to comply with the ceremony of the *Ko-tou*, or knock of the head on the imperial floor, we fear there was not a man who had been in the regiment that did not associate the two things in his mind.

LEIGH HUNT, *A Saunter through the West End.*

Ko-tou, or *Kowtow*. A Chinese custom of prostrating oneself before a superior.

EDMUND KEAN'S DÉBUT AT DRURY LANE (1814)

THE *one* morning rehearsal of the *Merchant of Venice* had been fixed for 12 o'clock (January 26, 1814), and precisely at the appointed time Kean made his appearance at the theatre. The rehearsal was proceeded with. A bombshell exploding in the midst of the slender company could not have startled them more than the thoroughly original interpretation which Kean gave to each line of his part. Raymond, the acting manager, protested against the "innovation" as he termed it.

"Sir," returned Kean, proudly, "I wish it to be an innovation."

"It will never do, depend upon it," remarked the stage manager, with a patronising air that was excessively galling.

"Well, sir," rejoined Kean, "perhaps I may be wrong; but, if so, the public will set me right."

Notwithstanding the bold originality in question, his rehearsal was remarkably ineffective; and the performers, taking his intentional tameness as a criterion of what the public performance would be, predicted his failure with energetic liberality.

The rehearsal concluded. Kean returned home to enjoy with his wife the unusual luxury of a dinner. He remained at home until six o'clock, when the striking of the church clocks warned him that it was time to depart. Snatching up a small bundle, containing the few necessaries with which he was bound to provide himself, he kissed his wife and infant son, and hurriedly left the house.

"I wish," he muttered, "that I was going to be shot." . . .

Peeping through the eyelet-hole in the curtain, he surveyed a dreary hopeless aspect. The announcement of "Mr. Kean from Exeter" carried with it no charm; another addition to the list of failures for which the public were indebted to the discrimination of the managers was anticipated; and "there was that sense of previous damnation which a thin house inspires." The boxes were empty; there were about fifty people in the pit, "some quantity of barren spectators and idle renters being thinly scattered to make up a show." Undaunted by the discouraging aspect of affairs, he awaited the decisive moment. The cherished hope of twenty years is realised. He is before the floats of Drury Lane, and is going to show them what an obscure strolling player can do. . . .

He takes up his position, leans across his cane, and looks askance at Bassanio as he refers to the three thousand ducats—"He is safe," cried Dr. Drury. The scene goes on. "I will be assured I may" is given with such truth, such significance, such beauty, that the audience burst into a shower of applause; then—as he himself expressed it, "then, indeed, I felt, I knew, I had them with me!" . . .

The act drop falls; all doubts as to a splendid success have been removed. In the interval between this and his appearance in the fifth scene of the second act there was an obvious disposition on the part of those who had previously contemned him to offer their congratulations; but, as if divining their intention, he shrank from observation, and only emerged from his concealment as the scene came on between Shylock and Jessica, in his very calling to whom, "Why, Jessica, I say," there was a charm as of music.

I shall close the record of this memorable night in the words of Dr. Doran: "The whole scene—that between Shylock and Jessica—was played with rare merit; but the absolute triumph was not won until the scene—which was marvellous in his hands—in the third act between Shylock, Salanio, and Salarino, ending with the dialogue between the first and Tubal. Shylock's anguish at his daughter's flight, his wrath at the two Christians who made sport of his sufferings, his hatred of all Christians generally, and of Antonio in particular, and his alternations of rage, grief, and ecstasy as Tubal enumerated the losses incurred in the search of Jessica—her extravagances, and then the ill-luck that had fallen on Antonio: in all this there was such originality, such terrible force, such assurance of a new and mighty master, that the house burst forth into a very whirlwind of approbation. 'What now?' was the cry in the green-room. The answer was that the presence and power of the genius were acknowledged with an enthusiasm that shook the very roof. 'How so few of them kicked up such a row,' said Oxbury, 'was something marvellous.'

"As before, Kean remained reserved and solitary, but he was now sought after. Raymond, the acting manager, who had haughtily told him that his innovations would not do, came to offer him oranges. Arnold, the stage manager, who had 'young manned' him, came to present him—'Sir'—with some negus.

"Kean cared for nothing more now than his fourth act, and in that his triumph culminated. His calm demeanour at first, his confident appeal to justice, his deafness to the appeal made to him for mercy, his steady joyousness when the validity of the bond is recognised, his burst of exultation when his right is acknowledged, the fiendish eagerness with which he whetted the knife—and then the sudden collapse of disappointment in the words, 'Is that the law?' in all was made manifest that a noble successor to the noblest actors of old had arisen. Then his trembling anxiety to recover what he had before refused, his sordid abjectness as he found himself foiled at every turn, his subdued fury, and at the last—and it was always the crowning glory of his acting in this character—the withering sneer, hardly concealing the crushed heart, with which he replied to the gibes of Gratiano as he left the court; all raised a new sensation in the audience, who acknowledged it in a perfect tumult of acclamation. As he passed to the sorry and almost roofless dressing room, Raymond saluted him with the confession that he had made a hit; Pope, more generous, avowed that he had saved the house from ruin."

With every limb trembling from excitement the hero of the night returned to his damp and threadbare apparel, and having received with a hurried carelessness the congratulations offered to him, he waited on Arnold in the manager's room. He was formally informed that their expectations had been exceeded, and that the play would be repeated on the following Wednesday. To Kean the announcement was quite superfluous.

In an almost frenzied ecstasy he rushed through the wet to his humble lodging, sprang up the stairs and threw open the door. His wife ran to meet him; no words were required; his radiant countenance told all; and they mingled together the first tears of true happiness they had as yet experienced. He told her of his proud achievement, and in a burst of exultation exclaimed:

"Mary, you shall ride in your carriage, and Charley, my boy,"—taking the child from the cradle and kissing him—"you shall go to Eton, and"—a sad reminiscence crossed his mind, his joy was overshadowed, and he murmured in broken accents, "Oh, that Howard had lived to see it!—But he is better where he is."

The goal was won.

H WKINS, *Life of Edmund Kean.*

WASHINGTON IRVING VISITS THE ABBEY

I PASSED some time in Poets' Corner, which occupies the end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the Abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men can afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the Abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for, indeed, there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure: but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From Poets' Corner I continued my stroll towards that part of the Abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. 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 some illustrious name, or the cognisance 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 armour, as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers 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 had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armour. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication on the breast; the face was almost covered by the morion, the legs were crossed in token of the warrior's having been in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader; of one of

Morion. An open helmet.

those military enthusiasts who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction; between history and the fairy tale.

There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which poetry has spread over the wars for the sepulchre of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from recollection; of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in these effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the over-wrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern monuments.

I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honourable lineage, than one which affirms, of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous." . . .

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave; which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the chequered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *The Sketch-Book* (1819)

QUEEN CAROLINE

THE splendour of the coronation of George IV. (1821), which has been described by Sir Walter Scott too fully to need repetition, was remarkable for furnishing materials [illegible] what was, in fact, a political battle between the King and his Queen, almost between the King and his people.

On the one side the magnificence of the pageant, on the other side the failure of the ill-advised attempt of Queen Caroline to enter the Abbey, by a combination of feelings not altogether unusual, and not creditable to the judgment of the English people, produced a complete reaction in favour of the successful husband against the unsuccessful wife.

The Queen, after vainly appealing to the Privy Council, to the Prime Minister, and to the Earl Marshal, rashly determined to be present. At six o'clock on the morning of the day, she drove from South Audley Street to Dean's Yard, where she "vainly endeavoured to enter by the two cloister doors." She then proceeded to the regular approach by Poets' Corner, and, after some difficulty, found her way to the entrance.

Sir Robert Inglis, then a young man, was charged with the duty of keeping order near Poets' Corner. It was early in the day, and the procession had not yet begun. He heard a cry that the Queen was coming. He flew (such was his account), rather than ran, to the door of the South Transept. She had just left her carriage, and was leaning on Lord Hood's arm, magnificently dressed. He had but a moment to make up his mind how to meet her.

"It is my duty," he said, "to announce to your Majesty that there is no place in the Abbey prepared for your Majesty."

The Queen paused, and replied, "Am I to understand that you prevent me from entering the Abbey?"

"Madam," he answered, in the same words, "it is my duty to announce to you that there is no place provided for your Majesty in the Abbey."

She turned without a word. This was the final repulse. She who had come with deafening cheers retired in dead silence. Her old coachman, it is said, had for the first time that morning harnessed the horses reluctantly, conscious that the attempt would be a failure.

On the following day she wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Manners-Sutton), expressing her desire to be crowned some days after the King, and before the arrangements were done away with, so that there might be no additional expense. The Primate answered that he could not, except under orders from the King.

In a few weeks she was dead; and her remains —carried with difficulty through the tumultuous streets of London, where the tide of popularity had again turned in her favour, and greeted with funeral welcomes at every halting place in Germany—reposed finally, not at Windsor or Westminster, but in her ancestral vault at Brunswick.

DEAN STANLEY, *Westminster Abbey.*

DE QUINCEY IN OXFORD STREET

It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless; and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London. My road homewards lay through Oxford Street, and near "the *stately* Pantheon" (as Mr. Wordsworth has obligingly called it) I saw a druggist's shop.

The druggist (unconscious minister of celestial pleasures!), as if in sympathy with the rainy Sunday, looked dull and stupid, just as any mortal druggist might be expected to look on a Sunday, and when I asked for the tincture of opium, he gave it to me as any other man might do: and, furthermore, out of my shilling returned to me what seemed to be a real copper-halfpenny, taken out of a real wooden drawer.

Nevertheless, in spite of such indications of humanity, he has ever since existed in my mind as a beatific vision of an immortal druggist, sent down to earth on a special mission to myself. And it confirms me in this way of considering him, that when I next came up to London, I sought him near the stately Pantheon, and found him not; and thus to me, who knew not his name (if, indeed, he had one), he seemed rather to have vanished from Oxford Street than to have removed in any bodily fashion.

The reader may choose to think of him as, possibly, no more than a sublunary druggist: it may be so, but my faith is better: I believe him to have evanesced or evaporated. So unwillingly would I connect any mortal remembrances with that hour, and place, and creature, that first brought me acquainted with the celestial drug. . . .

One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I had felt unusually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square. Thither we went; and we sate down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble act which she there performed.

Suddenly, as we sate, I grew much worse. I had been leaning my head against her bosom, and all at once I sank from her arms, and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind, that without some powerful and reviving stimulus I should either have died on the spot, or should, at least, have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all re-ascent, under my friendless circumstances, would soon have become hopeless.

Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion, who had herself met with little but injuries in this world, stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and in less time than could be imagined returned to me with a glass of port-wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration; and for this glass the generous girl, without a murmur, paid out of her own humble purse, at a time, be it remembered, when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessaries of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.

O, youthful benefactress! how often, in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love—how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment—even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative . . . to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!

De Quincey, *Confessions of an Opium-Eater* (1821).

DE QUINCEY AT ST. PAUL'S

The first view of St. Paul's, it may be supposed, overwhelmed us with awe; and I did not at that time imagine that the sense of magnitude could be more deeply impressed. One thing interrupted our pleasure. The superb objects of curiosity within the Cathedral were shown for separate fees. There were seven, I think; and any one could be seen independently of the rest for a few pence. The whole amount was a trifle; fourteen pence, I think; but we were followed by a sort of persecution—"Would we not see the bell?"—"Would we not see the model?"—"Surely we would not go away without visiting the Whispering Gallery?"—solicitations which troubled the silence and sanctity of the place, and must tease others as it then teased us, who wished to contemplate in quiet this great monument of the national grandeur, which was at that very time beginning to take a station also in the land, as a depository for the dust of her heroes.

What struck us most in the whole *interior* of the pile, was the view taken from the spot immediately under the dome, being, in fact, the very same which, five years afterwards, received the remains of Lord Nelson. In one of the aisles going off from this centre, we saw the flags of France, Spain, and Holland, the whole trophies of the war, swinging pompously, and expanding their massy draperies, slowly and heavily, in the upper gloom, as they were swept at intervals by currents of air. At this moment we were provoked by the showman at our elbow renewing his vile iteration of "Twopence, gentlemen; no more than twopence for each"; and so on until we left the place. The same complaint has often been made as to Westminster Abbey.

Where the wrong lies, or where it commences, I know not. Certainly not I nor any man can have a right to expect that the poor men who attended us should give up their time for nothing, or even to be angry with them for a sort of persecution, on the degree of which possibly might depend the comfort of their own families. Thoughts of famishing children at home leave little room for nice regards of delicacy abroad. The individuals, therefore, might or might not be blameable. But in any case the system is palpably wrong. The nation is entitled to a free enjoyment of its own public monuments: not free only in the sense of being gratuitous, but free also from the molestation of *showmen*, with their imperfect knowledge and their vulgar sentiment.

DE QUINCEY, *The Nation of London.*

NEW LONDON BRIDGE

THE opening of the New London Bridge by their Majesties in August of 1831, was kept as a holiday throughout London; and the occasion was truly a great one. This was a farewell to the old bridge, with its memories of a thousand years; and here was a far surpassing work, which might carry on the mind to a thousand years more. Here it was, in all its strength and grace, bestriding the flood with its five wide elliptical arches, without obstructing the stream; and here it was likely to stand perhaps till bridges should be wanted no more. The King was in an enthusiasm; so exhilarating did he find the grandeur of the scene and the beauty of the day.

Elliptical. Oval.

He told the gentlemen of the Bridge Committee, as he stepped out of his barge, that he was most happy to see them on London Bridge; that it was certainly a most beautiful edifice, and that the spectacle was in every way the grandest and the most delightful that he ever had the pleasure to witness.—It was towards the end of 1832 that the last stone of the last arch of old London Bridge dropped into the river; and as the circles on the water were effaced, a historical scroll of many centuries seemed to be closed for ever.

HARRIET MARTINEAU, *History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace.*

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

AN interesting item in the business of parliament, since the great fire, had been the consideration how to provide a new House for the great Council of the nation to meet and work in. On request from parliament, a royal commission had been appointed in 1835, to receive plans by open competition for the rebuilding of the Houses. Out of more than ninety plans, four had been selected for further examination; and to choose among these was the business of the renewed committee of 1836. A debate was raised by Mr. Hume as to whether the site should not be exchanged for a spot more open and elevated—as, perhaps, St. James's Palace, and Marlborough House; but, besides that certain conveniences were connected with the old site, much property had been bought, and many houses pulled down, for the purpose of the rebuilding on the same spot.

The opinion of the Committees of both Houses as to the choice of plan and architect, was made apparent in March by their proposal of an address to the King, to petition him to institute inquiries as to the probable expense of executing the plan of Mr. Barry.

It was considered a great day for Art in England when such a work as this was thrown open to competition. Here was no despotism of rank or fame, in king or architect, to settle a matter in which the nation should have a share through its representatives; but, while the tribunal was as good an one as could have been found to meet all the needs of the case, its nature was a sort of invitation to the people to look upon the enterprise as business of their own, and learn from it, as we all do from enterprises of our own. It was worth the inconvenience and loss from the fire to give the nation such an exercise in Art and the love of it as the erection of the Palace of Parliament.

The cost has far exceeded expectation, and is still heavy; and it has occurred during a long period of distress; but it is hard to say how the money could have been better spent than on an object so noble, so truly expedient, so plainly extending its benefits into a far future, as to the erection of a building which will be to a future age what our old abbeys and cathedrals are to us now.

Mr. Barry's plan appears to have put all others out of sight at once—admirable as some of them were declared to be. One of its excellencies was that there was a largeness and unity about its exterior plan which admitted of great modifications, according to circumstances and experience, of interior arrangements; but this advantage was not regarded as a merit by disappointed competitors and their advocates, but rather as a ground of complaint about changes and improvements, and departure from original proposals.

If it required the courage of a hero to offer such a plan to a body so notoriously utilitarian as the British House of Commons, it required further the patience of a saint to endure being "hunted and pursued" as Mr. Barry was from the moment of the preference of the Committees being avowed, and with more or less intermission through succeeding years. But a man who works for ten thousand generations cannot expect perfect sympathy from the existing one. He ought to be satisfied with so much as enables him to do his work; and Mr. Barry has had much more than this. He might be satisfied with looking forward to future centuries, when men of an advanced order of civilisation will pass through his imposing corridors and pictured halls, and pause before his magnificent tower, and swell with admiration, without any more dreaming of criticism than we do in pacing a cathedral aisle.

The criticism appears to be of a more temporary

Utilitarian. The doctrine that it is excusable to hurt one if a hundred are benefited.

character even than usual in this case—the most vehement being connected with the process of competition—presently done with--and much of the rest being about the proportions of unfinished work. All this will die away in a few years; and then the general appreciation of the achievement will begin. Meantime, the architect has been well sustained by admiration and sympathy.

The principle of competition is admitted also in regard to the sculpture and paintings to be deposited within. The present will be ever regarded as a memorable period for British sculptors and painters, as well as architects. They have been invited to open competition, so conducted as that every artist can show before worthy judges, how far he is capable of conceiving and presenting the ideas and facts of the destiny and story of his nation. If there is genius among us, undeveloped, it will be brought out; and that which has already made itself known cannot but be animated by such an incitement. We may hope to see, in the new Houses of Parliament, the mind of our time stamped for the contemplation of the future, in the form of a history of the past; and if this is not done, it must be because we are not able to do it; for the opportunity lies open. Niches and pedestals are waiting for statues, and panels for paintings; and all our artists are invited to come and try who is most worthy to supply both. If there are men to do it, it will be done; and that the case is such is a noble feature of the time.

A beginning of the great enterprise was made in

1837 by the formation of the embankment along the riverside. It was three years more before anything of the character of the work could show itself; and then, when the east end appeared to the height of the first floor, everyone was astonished to find how far the apparition transcended all expectation of it that could be caused by descriptions and drawings.

HARRIET MARTINEAU, *History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace.*

BEACONSFIELD ON OUR TOWN-PLANNING

BUT one suggestion might be made. No profession in England has done its duty until it has furnished its victim. The pure administration of justice dates from the deposition of Macclesfield. Even our boasted navy never achieved a great victory until we shot an admiral. Suppose an architect were hanged? Terror has its inspiration as well as competition.

Though London is vast it is very monotonous. All those new districts that have sprung up within the last half-century, the creatures of our commercial and colonial wealth, it is impossible to conceive anything more tame, more insipid, more uniform. Pancras is like Mary-le-bone, Mary-le-bone is like Paddington: all the streets resemble each other, you must read the names of the squares before you venture to knock at a door.

This amount of building capital ought to have produced a great city. What an opportunity for

Architecture suddenly summoned to furnish habitations for a population equal to that of the city of Bruxelles, and a population, too, of great wealth. Mary-le-bone alone ought to have produced a revolution in our domestic architecture. It did nothing. It was built by Act of Parliament. Parliament prescribed even a façade. It is Parliament to whom we are indebted for our Gloucester Places, and Baker Streets, and Harley Streets, and Wimpole Streets, and all those flat, dull, spiritless streets, resembling each other like a large family of plain children, with Portland Place and Portman Square for their respectable parents.

The influence of our Parliamentary Government upon the fine arts is a subject worth pursuing. The power that produced Baker Street as a model for street architecture in its celebrated Building Act, is the power that prevented Whitehall from being completed, and which sold to foreigners all the pictures which the King of England had collected to civilise his people.

In our own days we have witnessed the rapid creation of a new metropolitan quarter, built solely for the aristocracy by an aristocrat. The Belgrave district is as monotonous as Mary-le-bone, and is so contrived as to be at the same time insipid and tawdry.

Where London becomes more interesting is Charing Cross. Looking to Northumberland House, and turning your back upon Trafalgar Square, the Strand is perhaps the finest street in Europe, blending the architecture of many periods; and its river ways are a peculiar feature and rich with associations. Fleet Street, with its Temple, is not unworthy of being contiguous to the Strand. The fire of London has deprived us of the delight of a real old quarter of the city; but some bits remain, and everywhere there is a stirring multitude, and a great crush and crash of carts and wains. The Inns of Court, and the quarters in the vicinity of the port, Thames Street, Tower Hill, Billingsgate, Wapping, Rotherhithe are the best parts of London; they are full of character; the buildings bear a nearer relation to what the people are doing than in the more polished quarters.

BEACONSFIELD, *Tancred* (1847).

HUGH MILLER AT ST. PAUL'S

AND after just a little uncertain wandering, the uncertainty of which mattered nothing, as I could not possibly go wrong, wander where I might, I came full upon St. Paul's, and entered the edifice.

It is comfortable to have only twopence to pay for leave to walk over the area of so noble a pile, and to have to pay the twopence, too, to such grave clerical-looking men as the officials at the receipt of custom. It reminds one of the blessings of a religious establishment in a place where otherwise they might possibly be overlooked; no private company could afford to build such a pile as St. Paul's, and then show it for twopences.

A payment of eighteenpence more opened my way to the summit of the dome, and I saw, laid fairly at my feet, all of London that the smoke and the weather permitted, in its existing state of dishabille, to come into sight. But though a finer morning might have presented me with a more extensive and a more richly-coloured prospect, it would scarce have given me one equally striking. I stood over the middle of a vast seething cauldron, and looked down through the blue reek on the dim indistinct forms that seemed parboiling within. The denser clouds were rolling away, but their huge volumes still lay folded all around on the outskirts of the prospect.

I could see a long reach of the river, with its gigantic bridges striding across; but both ends of the tide, like those of the stream seen by Mirza, were enveloped in darkness; and the bridges, grey and unsolid-looking themselves, as if cut out of sheets of compressed vapour, seemed leading to a spectral city. Immediately in the foreground there lay a perplexed labyrinth of streets and lanes, and untraceable ranges of buildings, that seemed the huddled-up fragments of a fractured puzzle—difficult enough of resolution when entire, and rendered altogether unresolvable by the chance that had broken it.

As the scene receded, only the larger and more prominent objects came into view—here a spire and there a monument, and yonder a square Gothic tower; and as it still farther receded, I could see but the dim fragments of things—bits of churches inwrought into the cloud, and the insulated pediments and columned fronts of public buildings, sketched off in diluted grey.

I was reminded of Sir Walter Scott's recipe for painting a battle; a great cloud to be got up as the first part of the process; and as the second, here and there an arm or a leg stuck in, and here and there a head or a body. And such was London, the greatest city of the world, as I looked upon it this morning, for the first time, from the golden gallery of St. Paul's.

The hour of noon struck on the great bell far below my feet; the pigmies in the thoroughfare of St. Paul's Yard, still further below, were evidently increasing in number and gathering into groups; I could see faces that seemed no bigger than fists thickening in the windows, and dim little figures starting up on the leads of houses; and, then, issuing into the Yard from one of the streets, there came a long line of gay coaches, with the identical coach in the midst, all gorgeous and grand, that I remembered to have seen done in Dutch gold, full five and thirty years before, on the covers of a splendid sixpenny edition of *Whittington and his Cat*. Hurrah for Whittington, Lord Mayor of London! Without having once bargained for such a thing—all unaware of what was awaiting me—I had ascended St. Paul's to see, as it proved, the Lord Mayor's procession.

HUGH MILLER, *First Impressions of England and its People* (1847).

EMERSON AT PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE (1848)

I WENT one day with a good friend to the *Times* office, which was entered through a pretty garden-yard, in Printing-House Square. We walked with some circumspection, as if we were entering a powder-mill; but the door was opened by a mild old woman, and, by dint of some transmission of cards, we were at last conducted into the parlour of Mr. Morris, a very gentle person, with no hostile appearances.

The statistics are now quite out of date, but I remember he told us that the daily printing was then 35,000 copies; that on the 1st March, 1848, the greatest number ever printed,—54,000 were issued; that, since February, the daily circulation had increased by 8,000 copies. The old press they were then using printed five or six thousand sheets per hour; the new machine, for which they were then building an engine, would print twelve thousand per hour.

Our entertainer confided us to a courteous assistant to show us the establishment, in which, I think, they employed a hundred and twenty men. I remember, I saw the reporters' room, in which they redact their hasty stenographs; but the editor's room, and who is in it, I did not see, though I shared the curiosity of mankind respecting it.

Redact. Edit. *Stenograph.* Shorthand:

The staff of the *Times* has always been made up of able men. Old Walter, Sterling, Bacon, Barnes, Alsiger, Horace Twiss, Jones Loyd, John Oxenford, Mr. Mosely, Mr. Bailey, have contributed to its renown in their special departments. But it has never wanted the first pens for occasional assistance.

Its private information is inexplicable, and recalls the stories of Fouché's police, whose omniscience made it believed that the Empress Josephine must be in his pay. It has mercantile and political correspondents in every foreign city; and its expresses outrun the despatches of the government.

One hears anecdotes of the rise of its servants, as of the functionaries of the India House. I was told of the dexterity of one of its reporters, who, finding himself, on one occasion, where the magistrates had strictly forbidden reporters, put his hands into his coat-pocket, and with pencil in one hand, and tablet in the other, did his work.

The influence of this journal is a recognised power in Europe, and, of course, none is more conscious of it than its conductors. The tone of its articles has often been the occasion of comment from the official organs of the continental courts, and sometimes the ground of diplomatic complaint. What would the *Times* say? is a terror in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Copenhagen, and in Nepaul.

Its consummate discretion and success exhibit the English skill of combination. The daily paper is the work of many hands, chiefly, it is said, of young men recently from the University, and perhaps reading law in chambers in London. Hence the academic elegance, and classic allusion, which adorn its columns. Hence, too, the heat and gallantry of its onset. But the steadiness of the aim suggests the belief that this fire is directed and fed by older engineers; as if persons of exact information, and with settled views of policy, supplied the writers with the basis of fact, and the object to be attained, and availed themselves of their younger energy and eloquence to plead the cause. Both the council and the executive departments gain by this division. Of two men of equal ability, the one who does not write, but keeps his eye on the course of public affairs, will have the higher judicial wisdom. But the parts are kept in concert; all the articles appear to proceed from a single will.

The *Times* never disapproves of what itself has said, or cripples itself by apology for the absence of the editor, or the indiscretion of him who held the pen. It speaks out bluff and bold, and sticks to what it says. It draws from any number of learned and skilful contributors; but a more learned and skilful person supervises, corrects, and co-ordinates. Of this closet, the secret does not transpire. No writer is suffered to claim the authorship of any paper; everything good, from whatever quarter, comes out editorially; and thus, by making the paper everything, and those who write it nothing, the character and the awe of the journal gain.

The English like it for its complete information. A statement of fact in the *Times* is as reliable as a citation from Hansard. Then, they like its independence; they do not know, when they take it up, what their paper is going to say; but, above all, for the nationality and confidence of its tone. It thinks for them all; it is their understanding and day's ideal daguerreotyped. When I see them reading its columns, they seem to me becoming every moment more British.

It has the national courage, not rash and petulant, but considerate and determined. No dignity or wealth is a shield from its assault. It attacks a duke as readily as a policeman, and with the most provoking airs of condescension. It makes rude work with the Board of Admiralty. The Bench of Bishops is still less safe. One bishop fares badly for his rapacity, and another for his bigotry, and a third for his courtliness. It addresses occasionally a hint to majesty itself, and sometimes a hint which is taken. There is an air of freedom even in their advertising columns, which speaks well for England to a foreigner. On the days when I arrived in London in 1847, I read among the daily announcements, one offering a reward of fifty pounds to any person who would put a nobleman, described by name and title, late a member of Parliament, into any county jail in England, he having been convicted of obtaining money under false pretences.

Was never such arrogancy as the tone of this

Hansard. The official report of Parliament.

Daguerreotype. The earliest kind of photograph; invented by Daguerre in 1839.

paper. Every slip of an Oxonian or Cantabrigian who writes his first leader assumes that we subdued the earth before we sat down to write this particular *Times*. One would think the world was on its knees to the *Times* office, for its daily breakfast. But this arrogance is calculated. Who would care for it, if it "surmised," or "dared to confess," or "ventured to predict," etc.? No; *it is so*, and so it shall be.

The morality and patriotism of the *Times* claims only to be representative, and by no means ideal. It gives the argument, not of the majority, but of the commanding class. Its editors know better than to defend Russia, or Austria, or English vested rights, on abstract grounds. But they give a voice to the class who, at the moment, take the lead; and they have an instinct for finding where the power now lies, which is eternally shifting its banks. Sympathising with, and speaking for the class that rules the hour, yet, being apprised of every ground-swell, every Chartist resolution, every Church squabble, every strike in the mills, they detect the first tremblings of change. They watch the hard and bitter struggles of the authors of each liberal movement, year by year,—watching them only to taunt and obstruct them,—until, at last, when they see that these have established their fact, that power is on the point of passing to them, they strike in, with the voice of a monarch, astonish those whom they succour, as much as those whom they desert, and make victory sure. Of course, the aspirants see that the *Times* is one of the goods of fortune, not to be won but by winning their cause.

Punch is equally an expression of English good sense, as the *London Times*. It is the comic version of the same sense. Many of its caricatures are equal to the best pamphlets, and will convey to the eye in an instant the popular view which was taken of each turn of public affairs. Its sketches are usually made by masterly hands, and sometimes with genius; the delight of every class, because uniformly guided by that taste which is tyrannical in England. It is a new trait of the nineteenth century, that the wit and humour of England, as in *Punch*, so in the humorists, Jerrold, Dickens, Thackeray, Hood, have taken the direction of humanity and freedom.

The *Times*, like every important institution, shows the way to a better. It is a living index of the colossal British power. Its existence honours the people who dare to print all they know, dare to know all the facts, and do not wish to be flattered by hiding the extent of the public disaster. There is always safety in valour.

I wish I could add that this journal aspired to deserve the power it wields, by guidance of the public sentiment to the right. It is usually pretended, in Parliament and elsewhere, that the English press has a high tone,—which it has not. It has an imperial tone, as of a powerful and independent nation. But as with other empires, its tone is prone to be official, and even officinal. The *Times* shares all the limitations of the governing classes, and wishes never to be in a minority. If only it dared to cleave to the right, to show the right to be the only expedient, and feed its batteries from the central heart of humanity, it might not have so many men of rank among its contributors, but genius would be its cordial and invincible ally; it might now and then bear the brunt of formidable combinations, but no journal is ruined by wise courage. It would be the natural leader of British reform; its proud function, that of being the voice of Europe, the defender of the exile and patriot against despots, would be more effectually discharged; it would have the authority which is claimed for that dream of good men not yet come to pass, an International Congress; and the least of its victories would be to give to England a new millennium of beneficent power.

EMERSON, *English Traits.*

CHEAPSIDE

"O CHEAPSIDE! Cheapside!" said I, as I advanced up that mighty thoroughfare, "truly thou art a wonderful place for hurry, noise, and riches! Men talk of the bazaars of the East—I have never seen them—but I dare say that, compared with thee, they are poor places, silent places, abounding with empty boxes, O thou pride of London's east!—mighty mart of old renown!—for thou art not a place of yesterday;—long before the Roses red and white battled in fair England, thou didst exist—a place of throng and bustle—a place of gold and silver, perfumes and fine linen. Centuries ago thou couldst extort the praises even of the fiercest foes of England. Fierce bards of Wales, sworn foes of England, sang thy praises centuries ago; and even the fiercest of them all, Red Julius himself, wild Glendower's bard, had a word of praise for London's 'Cheape,' for so the bards of Wales styled thee in their flowing odes. Then, if those who were not English, and hated England, and all connected therewith, had yet much to say in thy praise, when thou wast far inferior to what thou art now, why should true-born Englishmen, or those who call themselves so, turn up their noses at thee, and scoff thee at the present day, as I believe they do? But, let others do as they will, I, at least, who am not only an Englishman, but an East Englishman, will not turn up my nose at thee, but will praise and extol thee, calling thee mart of the world,—a place of wonder and astonishment!—and, were it right and fitting to wish that anything should endure for ever, I would say prosperity to Cheapside, throughout all ages—may it be the world's resort for merchandise, world without end."

GEORGE BORROW, *Lavengro* (1851).

GEORGE BORROW ON LONDON BRIDGE

A STRANGE kind of bridge it was; huge and massive, and seemingly of great antiquity. It had an arched back, like that of a hog, a high balustrade, and at either side, at intervals, were stone bowers bulking over the river, but open on the other side, and furnished with a semi-circular bench.

Though the bridge was wide—very wide—it was all too narrow for the concourse upon it. Thousands of human beings were pouring over the bridge. But what chiefly struck my attention was a double row of carts and waggons, the generality drawn by horses as large as elephants, each row striving hard in a different direction, and not unfrequently brought to a standstill. Oh the cracking of whips, the shouts and oaths of the carters, and the grating of wheels upon the enormous stones that formed the pavement! In fact, there was a wild hurly-burly upon the bridge, which nearly deafened me.

But, if upon the bridge there was a confusion, below it there was a confusion ten times confounded. The tide, which was fast ebbing, obstructed by the immense piers of the old bridge, poured beneath the arches with a fall of several feet, forming in the river below as many whirlpools as there were arches. Truly tremendous was the roar of the descending waters, and the bellow of the tremendous gulfs, which swallowed them for a time, and then cast them forth, foaming and frothing from their horrid wombs.

Slowly advancing along the bridge, I came to the highest point, and there stood still, close beside one of the stone bowers, in which, beside a fruit-stall, sat an old woman, with a pan of charcoal at her feet, and a book in her hand, in which she appeared to be reading intently. There I stood, just above the principal arch, looking through the balustrade at the scene that presented itself—and such a scene! Towards the left bank of the river, a forest of masts, thick and close, as far as the eye could reach; spacious wharves surmounted with gigantic edifices; and, far away, Cæsar's Castle with its White Tower. To the right, another forest of masts, and a maze of buildings, from which, here and there, shot up to the sky chimneys taller than Cleopatra's Needle, vomiting forth huge wreaths of that black smoke which forms the canopy—occasionally a gorgeous one—of the more than Babel city. Stretching before me, the troubled breast of the mighty river, and, immediately below, the main whirlpool of the Thames—the Maëlstrom of the bulwarks of the middle arch—a grisly pool, which, with its superabundance of horror, fascinated me. Who knows but that I should have leapt into its depths?—I have heard of such things—but for a rather startling occurrence which broke the spell.

As I stood upon the bridge, gazing into the jaws of the pool, a small boat shot suddenly through the arch beneath my feet. There were three persons in it; an oarsman in the middle, whilst a man and woman sat at the stern. I shall never forget the thrill of horror which went through me at this sudden apparition. What!—a boat—a small boat—passing beneath that arch into yonder roaring gulf! Yes, yes, down through that awful water-way, with more than the swiftness of an arrow, shot the boat, or skiff, right into the jaws of the pool. A monstrous breaker curls over the prow—there is no hope; the boat is swamped, and all drowned in that strangling vortex. No! the boat, which appeared to have the buoyancy of a feather, skipped over the threatening horror, and the next moment was out of danger, the boatman—a true boatman of Cockaigne that—elevating one of his sculls in sign of triumph, the man hallooing, and the woman, a true Englishwoman that—of a certain class—waving her shawl. Whether any one observed them save myself, or whether the feat was a common one, I know not; but nobody appeared to take any notice of them. As for myself, I was so excited, that I strove to clamber up the balustrade of the bridge, in order to obtain a better view of the daring adventurers. Before I could accomplish my design, however, I felt myself seized by the body, and, turning my head, perceived the old fruit-woman, who was clinging to me.

"Nay, dear! don't—don't!" said she. "Don't fling yourself over—perhaps you may have better luck next time!"

"I was not going to fling myself over," said I, dropping from the balustrade; "how came you to think of such a thing?"

"Why, seeing you clamber up so fiercely, I thought you might have had ill luck, and that you wished to make away with yourself."

"Ill luck," said I, going into the stone bower and sitting down. "What do you mean? Ill luck in what?"

"Why, no great harm, dear! Cly-faking, perhaps."

"Are you coming over me with dialects," said I, "speaking unto me in fashions I wot nothing of?"

"Nay, dear! don't look so strange with those eyes of your'n, nor talk so strangely; I don't understand you."

"Nor I you; what do you mean by cly-faking?"

"Lor', dear! no harm; only taking a handkerchief now and then."

"Do you take me for a thief?"

"Nay, dear! don't make use of bad language; we never calls them thieves here, but prigs and fakers: to tell you the truth, dear, seeing you spring at that railing put me in mind of my own dear son, who is now at Bot'ny: when he had bad luck, he always used to talk of flinging himself over the bridge; and, sure enough, when the traps were after him, he did fling himself into the river, but that was off the bank; nevertheless, the traps pulled him out, and he is now suffering his sentence; so you see you may speak out, if you have done anything in the harmless line, for I am my son's own mother, I assure you."

"So you think there's no harm in stealing?"

"No harm in the world, dear! Do you think my own child would have been transported for it, if there had been any harm in it? and what's more, would the blessed woman in the book here have written her life as she has done, and given it to the world, if there had been any harm in faking? She, too, was what they call a thief and a cutpurse; ay, and was transported for it, like my dear son; and do you think she would have told the world so, if there had been any harm in the thing? Oh, it is a comfort to me that the blessed woman was transported, and came back—for come back she did, and rich too—for it is an assurance to me that my dear son, who was transported too, will come back like her."

"What was her name?"

"Her name?—Blessed Mary Flanders."

"Will you let me look at the book?"

"Yes, dear, that I will, if you promise me not to run away with it."

I took the book from her hand; a short, thick volume, at least a century old, bound with greasy black leather. I turned the yellow and dog's-eared pages, reading here and there a sentence. Yes, and no mistake! *His* pen, his style, his spirit might be observed in every line of the uncouth-looking old volume—the air, the style, and the spirit of the writer of the book which first taught me to read. I covered my face with my hand, and thought of my childhood. . . .

"This is a singular book," said I at last; "but it does not appear to have been written to prove that thieving is no harm, but rather to show the terrible consequences of crime; it contains a deep moral."

" A deep what, dear? "

" A—— but no matter, I will give you a crown for this volume."

" No, dear, I will not sell the volume for a crown."

" I am poor," said I, " but I will give you two silver crowns for your volume."

" No, dear, I will not sell my volume for two silver crowns; no, nor for the golden one in the king's tower down there; without my book I should mope and pine, and perhaps fling myself into the river; but I am glad you like it, which shows that I was right about you, after all; you are one of our party, and you have a flash about that eye of yours which puts me just in mind of my dear son. No, dear, I won't sell you my book; but, if you like, you may have a peep into it whenever you come this way. I shall be glad to see you; you are one of the right sort, for if you had been a common one, you would have run away with the thing; but you scorn such behaviour, and, as you are so flash of your money, though you say you are poor, you may give me a tanner to buy a little baccy with; I love baccy, dear, more by token that it comes from the plantations to which the blessed woman was sent."

" What's a tanner? " said I.

" Lor'! don't you know, dear? Why, a tanner is sixpence; and, as you were talking just now about crowns, it will be as well to tell you that those of our trade never calls them crowns, but bulls; but

I am talking nonsense, just as if you did not know that already, as well as myself; you are only shamming—I'm no trap, dear, nor more was the blessed woman in the book. Thank you, dear, thank you for the tanner; if I don't spend it, I'll keep it in remembrance of your sweet face. What, you are going?—well, first let me whisper a word to you. If you have any clies to sell at any time, I'll buy them of you; all safe with me; I never 'peach, and scorns a trap; so now, dear, God bless you! and give you good luck. Thank you for your pleasant company, and thank you for the tanner."

GEORGE BORROW, *vengro.*

CHARLOTTE BRONTË AT WILLIS'S ROOMS, ST. JAMES'S

June 2nd, 1851.

"I CAME here on Wednesday, being summoned a day sooner than I expected, in order to be in time for Thackeray's second lecture, which was delivered on Thursday afternoon. This, as you may suppose, was a genuine treat to me, and I was glad not to miss it. It was given in Willis's Rooms, where the Almack's balls are held—a great painted and gilded saloon with long sofas for benches. The audience was said to be the cream of London society, and it looked so. I did not at all expect the great lecturer would know me or notice me under these circumstances, with admiring duchesses and countesses seated in rows before him; but he met me as I entered—shook hands—took me to his mother, whom I had not before seen, and introduced me. She is a fine, handsome, young-looking old lady; was very gracious, and called with one of her granddaughters next day.

"Thackeray called, too, separately. I had a long talk with him, and I think he knows me now a little better than he did; but of this I cannot yet be sure; he is a great and strange man.

"There is quite a furore for his lectures. They are a sort of essays, characterised by his own peculiar originality and power, and delivered with a finished taste and ease, which is felt, but cannot be described. Just before the lecture began, somebody came behind me, leaned over and said, 'Permit me, as a Yorkshireman, to introduce myself.'

"I turned round—saw a strange, not handsome, face, which puzzled me for half a minute, and then I said, 'You are Lord Carlisle.'

"He nodded and smiled; he talked a few minutes very pleasantly and courteously.

"Afterwards came another man with the same plea, that he was a Yorkshireman, and this turned out to be Mr. Monckton Milnes." . . .

The lady who accompanied Miss Brontë to the lecture at Thackeray's alluded to, says that, soon after they had taken their places, she was aware that he was pointing out her companion to several of his friends, but she hoped that Miss Brontë herself would not perceive it.

After some time, however, during which many heads had been turned round, and many glasses put up, in order to look at the author of *Jane Eyre*, Miss Brontë said, "I am afraid Mr. Thackeray has been playing me a trick," but she soon afterwards became too much absorbed in the lecture to notice the attention which was being paid to her, except when it was directly offered, as in the case of Lord Carlisle and Mr. Monckton Milnes. When the lecture was ended, Mr. Thackeray came down from the platform, and making his way towards her, asked her for her opinion. This she mentioned to me not many days afterwards, adding remarks almost identical with those which I subsequently read in *Villette*, where a similar action on the part of M. Paul Emanuel is related.

As our party left the Hall, he stood at the entrance; he saw and knew me, and lifted his hat; he offered his hand in passing, and muttered the words "Qu'en dites vous?"—question eminently characteristic, and reminding me, even in this his moment of triumph, of that inquisitive restlessness, that absence of what I considered desirable self-control, which were amongst his faults. He should not have cared just then to ask what I thought, or what anybody thought; but he *did* care, and he was too natural to conceal, too impulsive to repress his wish. Well! if I blamed his over-eagerness, I liked his *naïveté*. I would have praised him; I had

Naïveté. Simplicity.

plenty of praise in my heart; but alas! no words on my lips. Who *has* words at the right moment? I stammered some lame expressions; but was truly glad when other people, coming up with profuse congratulations, covered my deficiency by their redundancy.

As they were preparing to leave the room, her companion saw with dismay that many of the audience were forming themselves into two lines, on each side of the aisle down which they had to pass before reaching the door. Aware that any delay would only make the ordeal more trying, her friend took Miss Brontë's arm in hers, and they went along the avenue of eager and admiring faces. During this passage through the "cream of society," Miss Brontë's hand trembled to such a degree, that her companion feared lest she should turn faint, and be unable to proceed; and she dared not express her sympathy or try to give her strength by any touch or word, lest it might bring on the crisis she dreaded.

Surely, such thoughtless manifestation of curiosity is a blot on the scutcheon of true politeness!

MRS. GASKELL, *Life of Charlotte Brontë.*

THE ARTFUL DODGER AT BOW STREET

It was indeed Mr. Dawkins, who, shuffling into the office with the big coat sleeves tucked up as usual, his left hand in his pocket, and his hat in his right hand, preceded the jailer, with a rolling gait altogether indescribable, and, taking his place in the dock, requested in an audible voice to know what he was placed in that 'ere disgraceful sitivation for.

"Hold your tongue, will you?" said the jailer.

"I'm an Englishman, ain't I?" rejoined the Dodger. "Where are my priwileges?"

"You'll get your privileges soon enough," retorted the jailer, "and pepper with 'em."

"We'll see wot the Secretary of State for the Home Affairs has got to say to the beaks, if I don't," replied Mr. Dawkins. "Now then! Wot is this here business? I shall thank the madg'strates to dispose of this here little affair, and not to keep me while they read the paper, for I've got an appointment with a genelman in the city, and as I'm a man of my word and wery punctual in business matters, he'll go away if I ain't there to my time, and then p'raps there won't be an action for damage against them as kept me away. Oh no, certainly not!"

At this point, the Dodger, with a show of being very particular with a view to proceedings to be had thereafter, desired the jailer to communicate "the names of them two files as was on the bench." Which so tickled the spectators, that they laughed almost as heartily as Master Bates could have done if he had heard the request.

"Silence, there!" cried the jailer.

"What is this?" inquired one of the magistrates.

"A pickpocketing case, your Worship."

"Has the boy ever been here before?"

"He ought to have been, a many times," replied the jailer. "He has been pretty well everywhere else. *I* know him well, your Worship."

"Oh! you know me, do you?" cried the Artful, making a note of the statement. "Wery good. That's a case of deformation of character, anyway."

Here there was another laugh, and another cry of silence.

"Now, then, where are the witnesses?" said the clerk.

"Ah! that's right," added the Dodger, "where are they? I should like to see 'em."

This wish was immediately gratified, for a policeman stepped forward who had seen the prisoner attempt the pocket of an unknown gentleman in a crowd, and indeed take a handkerchief therefrom, which, being a very old one, he deliberately put back again, after trying it on his own countenance. For this reason, he took the Dodger into custody as soon as he could get near him, and the said Dodger, being searched, had upon his person a silver snuff-box, with the owner's name engraved upon the lid. This gentleman had been discovered on reference to the *Court Guide*, and being then and there present, swore that the snuff-box was his, and that he had missed it on the previous day, the moment he had disengaged himself from the crowd before referred to. He had also remarked a young gentleman in the throng, particularly active in making his way about, and that young gentleman was the prisoner before him.

"Have you anything to ask this witness, boy?" said the magistrate.

"I wouldn't abase myself by descending to hold no conversation with him," replied the Dodger.

"Have you anything to say at all?"

"Do you hear his Worship ask if you've anything to say?" inquired the jailer, nudging the silent Dodger with his elbow.

"I beg your pardon," said the Dodger, looking up with an air of abstraction. "Did you redress yourself to me, my man?"

"I never see such an out-and-out young wagabond, your Worship," observed the officer, with a grin. "Do you mean to say anything, you young shaver?"

"No," replied the Dodger, "not here, for this ain't the shop for justice; besides which, my attorney is a-breakfasting this morning with the wice-president of the House of Commons; but I shall have something to say elsewhere, and so will he, and so will a wery numerous and 'spectable circle of acquaintance as 'll make them beaks wish they'd never been born, or that they'd got their footmen to hang 'em up to their own hat-pegs afore they let 'em come out this morning to try it on upon me. I'll——"

"There! He's fully committed!" interposed the clerk. "Take him away."

"Come on," said the jailer.

"Oh, ah! I'll come on," replied the Dodger, brushing his hat with the palm of his hand. "Ah!" (to the Bench) "It's no use your looking frightened; I won't show you no mercy, not a ha'porth of it. *You'll* pay for this, my fine fellers. I wouldn't be you for something! I wouldn't go free, now, if you was to fall down on your knees and ask me. Here, carry me off to prison! Take me away!"

With these last words, the Dodger suffered himself to be led off by the collar; threatening, till he got into the yard, to make a parliamentary business of it; and then grinning in the officer's face, with great glee and self-approval.

DICKENS, *Oliver Twist.*

DICKENS AS A REPORTER

I AM not here, advocating the case of a mere ordinary client of whom I have little or no knowledge. I hold a brief to-night for my brothers.

I went into the gallery of the House of Commons as a parliamentary reporter when I was a boy, and I left it—I can hardly believe the inexorable truth—nigh thirty years ago. I have pursued the calling of a reporter under circumstances of which many of my brethren here can form no adequate conception. I have often transcribed for the printer, from my shorthand notes, important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising, writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chaise and four, galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of the night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour.

The very last time I was at Exeter, I strolled into the castle-yard there to identify, for the amusement of a friend, the spot on which I once "took," as we used to call it, an election speech of Lord John Russell at the Devon contest, in the midst of a lively fight maintained by all the vagabonds in that division of the county, and under such a pelting rain, that I remember two good-natured colleagues who chanced to be at leisure held a pocket-handkerchief over my note-book, after the manner of a state canopy in an ecclesiastical procession.

I have worn my knees by writing on them on the old back row of the old gallery of the old House of Commons; and I have worn my feet by standing to write in a preposterous pen in the old House of Lords, where we used to be huddled together like so many sheep—kept in waiting, say, until the woolsack might want re-stuffing.

Returning home from exciting political meetings in the country to the waiting press in London, I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country. I have been, in my time, belated on miry by-roads, towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheelless carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken post-boys, and have got back in time for publication, to be received with never-forgotten compliments by the late Mr. Black, coming in the broadest of Scotch from the broadest of hearts I ever knew.

These trivial things I mention as an assurance to you that I never have forgotten the fascination of that old pursuit. The pleasure that I used to feel in the rapidity and dexterity of its exercise has never faded out of my breast. Whatever little cunning of hand or head I took to it, or acquired in it, I have so retained that I fully believe I could resume it to-morrow, very little the worse for long disuse. To this present year of my life, when I sit in this hall, or where not, hearing a dull speech (the phenomenon does occur), I sometimes beguile the tedium of the moment by mentally following the speaker in the old, old way; and sometimes, if you can believe me, I even find my hand going on the tablecloth, taking an imaginary note of it all.

CHARLES DICKENS, quoted in Forster's *Life.*

A LONDON FOG

LONDON. Michaelmas Term lately over, and the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall. Implacable November weather. As much mud in the streets, as if the waters had but newly retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill. Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snowflakes—gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. Dogs, undistinguishable in mire. Horses, scarcely better; splashed to their very blinkers. Foot passengers, jostling one another's umbrellas, in a general infection of ill-temper, and losing their foot-hold at street-corners, where tens of thousands of other foot passengers have been slipping and sliding since the day broke (if this day ever broke), adding new deposits to the crust upon crust of mud, sticking at those points tenaciously to the pavement, and accumulating at compound interest.

Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards, and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and

Megalosaurus. An extinct flesh-eating lizard of huge dimensions.

Aits. Small islands in the river.

Caboose. A ship's galley, or kitchen.

bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon, and hanging in the misty clouds.

Gas looming through the fog in divers places in the streets, much as the sun may, from the spongy fields, be seen to loom by husbandman and ploughboy. Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time—as the gas seems to know, for it has a haggard and unwilling look.

The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddiest, near that leaden-headed old obstruction, appropriate ornament for the threshold of a leaden-headed old corporation: Temple Bar. And hard by Temple Bar, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery.

DICKENS, *Bleak House.*

THE MALL AS A PROMENADE

" A MAN of sense," says he (Baron de Pöllnitz), " or a fine gentleman is never at a loss for company in London, and this is the way the latter passes his time. He rises late, puts on a frock, and, leaving his sword at home, takes his cane, and goes where he pleases. The Park is commonly the place where he walks, because 'tis the Exchange for men of quality. 'Tis the same thing as the Tuileries at Paris, only the Park has a certain beauty of simplicity which cannot be described. The grand walk is called the Mall; is full of people at every hour of the day, but especially at morning and evening, when their Majesties often walk with the Royal family, who are attended only by a half-dozen yeomen of the guard, and permit all persons to walk at the same time with them. The ladies and gentlemen always appear in rich dresses, for the English, who, twenty years ago, did not wear gold lace but in their army, are now embroidered and bedaubed as much as the French. I speak of persons of quality; for the citizens still content themselves with a suit of fine cloth, a good hat and wig, and fine linen. Everybody is well clothed here, and even the beggars don't make so ragged an appearance as they do elsewhere."

After our friend, the man of quality, has had his morning or undress walk in the Mall, he goes home to dress, and then saunters to some coffee-house or chocolate-house frequented by the persons he would see.

" For 'tis a rule with the English to go once a day at least to houses of this sort, where they talk of business and news, read the papers, and often look at one another without opening their lips. And 'tis very well they are so mute; for were they all as talkative as people of other nations, the coffee-houses would be intolerable, and there would be no hearing what one man said where there are so many. The chocolate-house in Saint James's Street, where I go every morning to pass away the time, is always so full that a man can scarce turn about in it."

THACKERAY, *The Four Georges.*

FOUNDER'S DAY AT THE CHARTERHOUSE

MENTION has been made once or twice in the course of this history of the Grey Friars school,—where the Colonel and Clive and I had been brought up,—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city.

The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the four score old men of the Hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories. There is an old Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time; an old Hall?—many halls, old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk as it were in the early seventeenth century.

To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it; and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration; after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made.

Before marching from the oration-hall to the chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day.

We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were there, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted;

Fundator Noster. Our Founder (Thomas Sutton).

and how the boy next to us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked.

Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight,—the old reverend blackgowns.

Is Codd Ajax alive, you wonder?—the Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Codds, I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive, I wonder? or Codd Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentleman? or has the grave closed over them?

How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite; how noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children and troops of bygone seniors have cried Amen! under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one; one of the psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—

23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way.

24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

25. I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.

As we came to this verse, I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners; and amongst them—amongst them—sate Thomas Newcome.

His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there amongst the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree; to this almshouse! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honour, should end! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon, after that. How dared I to be in a place of mark, and he, he yonder among the poor? Oh, pardon, you noble soul! I ask forgiveness of you for being of a world that has so treated you—you my better, you the honest, and gentle, and good! I thought the service would never end, or the organist's voluntaries, or the preacher's homily.

The organ played us out of chapel at length, and I waited in the ante-chapel until the pensioners took their turn to quit it. My dear, dear old friend! I ran to him with a warmth and eagerness of recognition which no doubt showed themselves in my face and accents as my heart was moved at the sight of him. His own wan face flushed up when he saw me, and his hand shook in mine.

THACKERAY, *The Newcomes* (1854).

DEATH OF THE COLONEL

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and, lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

Ibid.

THE FIRE BRIGADE

. . . "It's getting darker, we must be in some dreadful part of London."

The contrast he presented to my sensations between our pleasant home and this foggy solitude gave me a pang of dismay. I diverged from my favourite straight line, which seemed to pierce into the bowels of the earth, sharp to the right. Soon or late after, I cannot tell, we were in the midst of a thin stream of people, mostly composed of boys and young women, going at double time, hooting and screaming with the delight of loosened animals, not quite so agreeably; but animals never hunted on a better scent. A dozen turnings in their company brought us in front of a fire. There we saw two houses preyed on by the flames, just as if a lion had his paws on a couple of human creatures, devouring them; we heard his jaws, the cracking of bones, shrieks, and the voracious in-and-out of his breath edged with anger. A girl by my side exclaimed, "It's not the Bench, after all! Would I have run to see a paltry two-storey washerwoman's mangling-shed flare up, when six penn'orth of squibs and shavings and a cracker make twice the fun!" . . .

We got into the heat, which was in a minute scorching. Three men were under the window; they had sung out to the old woman above to drop a blanket—she tossed them a water-jug. She was saved by the blanket of a neighbour. Temple and I strained at one corner of it to catch her.

She came down, the men said, like a singed turkey. The flames illuminated her as she descended. There was a great deal of laughter in the crowd, but I was shocked. Temple shared the painful impression produced on me. I cannot express my relief when the old woman was wrapped in the blanket which had broken her descent, and stood like a blot instead of a figure. I handed a sovereign to the three men, complimenting them on the humanity of their dispositions. They cheered us, and the crowd echoed the cheer, and Temple and I made our way back to the two girls; both of us lost our pocket-handkerchiefs, and Temple a penknife as well.

Then the engines arrived and soused the burning houses. We were all in a crimson mist, boys smoking, girls laughing and staring, men hallooing, hats and caps flying about, fights going on, people throwing their furniture out of the windows. The great wall of the Bench was awful in its reflection of the labouring flames—it rose out of sight like the flame-tops till the columns of water brought them down. . . " A glorious life a fireman's! " said Temple.

The firemen were on the roofs of the houses, handsome as Greek heroes, and it really did look as if they were engaged in slaying an enormous dragon, that hissed and tongued at them, and writhed its tail, paddling its broken big red wings in the pit of wreck and smoke, twisting and darkening—something fine to conquer, I felt with Temple.

GEORGE MEREDITH, *Harry Richmond.*

(*By consent of* Messrs. CONSTABLE & Co. LTD., London, *and* CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON

As Rob stepped out of the train at King's Cross he realised sharply that he was alone in the world. He did not know where to go now, and his heart sank for a time as he paced the platform irresolutely, feeling that it was his last link to Silchester. He turned into the booking-office to consult a time-table, and noticed against the wall a railway map of London. For a long time he stood looking at it, and as he traced the river, the streets familiar to him by

The Bench. A debtors' prison.

name, the districts and buildings which were household words to him, he felt that he must live in London somehow. He discovered Fleet Street in the map, and studied the best way of getting to it from King's Cross. Then grasping his stick firmly, he took possession of London as calmly as he could.

Rob never found any difficulty afterwards in picking out the shabby eating-house in which he had his first meal in London. Gray's Inn Road remained to him always its most romantic street because he went down it first. He walked into the roar of London in Holborn, and never forgot the alley into which he retreated to discover if he had suddenly become deaf. He wondered when the crowd would pass. Years afterwards he turned into Fetter Lane, and suddenly there came back to his mind the thoughts that had held him as he went down it the day he arrived in London.

A certain awe came upon Rob as he went down Fleet Street on the one side, and up it on the other. He could not resist looking into the faces of the persons who passed him, and wondering if they edited the *Times*. The lean man who was in such a hurry that wherever he had to go he would soon be there, might be a man of letters whom Rob knew by heart, but perhaps he was only a broken journalist with his eye on half a crown. The mild-looking man whom Rob smiled at because, when he was half way across the street, he lost his head and was chased out of sight by half a dozen hansom cabs, was a war correspondent who had been so long in Africa that the perils of a London crossing unmanned him.

The youth who was on his way home with a pork chop in his pocket edited a society journal. Rob did not recognise a distinguished poet in a little stout man who was looking pensively at a barrowful of walnuts, and he was mistaken in thinking that the bearded gentleman who held his head so high must be somebody in particular. Rob observed a pale young man gazing wistfully at him, and wondered if he was a thief or a sub-editor. He was merely an aspirant who had come to London that morning to make his fortune, and he took Rob for a leader writer at the least.

The offices, however, and even the public buildings, the shops, the narrowness of the streets, all disappointed Rob. The houses seemed squeezed together for economy of space, like a closed concertina. Nothing quite fulfilled his expectations but the big letter holes in the district postal offices. He had not been sufficiently long in London to feel its greatest charm, which has been expressed in many ways by poet, wit, business man and philosopher, but comes to this, that it is the only city in the world in whose streets you can eat penny buns without people's staring round to look at you.

J. M. BARRIE, *When a Man's Single.*

(*By kind permission of* Messrs. HODDER & STOUGHTON, *and* Messrs. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

NOTES ON THE PRINCIPAL AUTHORS QUOTED HEREIN

Joseph Addison (1672–1719) is best known for his work in the *Spectator*, which he edited with Richard Steele. There is a special flavour about the humour of the *Spectator*, which delights readers now as it did in the early part of the eighteenth century. Sir Roger de Coverley is a notable figure in this journal. Thackeray's pen-portrait of Addison is given in this volume.

Sir J. M. Barrie, the greatest living Scots novelist and dramatist, after a brief stay in Nottingham, came while still a youth to conquer London with his pen. He succeeded. Barrie's books should not be lent out—because borrowers like them so much that they will not return them. *Margaret Ogilvy* is this writer's story of his own mother.

The Earl of Beaconsfield (*Benjamin D'Israeli*) was born near the Charterhouse School in 1804. His dandyism, and perhaps his Jewish nationality, awakened much prejudice against him at the beginning, but by sheer ability he gained a brilliant place among the novelists, and also became Prime Minister of England. Asked in early years where he stood, he replied, "I stand on my head." He did, indeed. There is an unfriendly *Life* of Beaconsfield by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and a more generous one by Froude.

George Borrow (1803–81), author of *The Bible in Spain*, *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*, was an authority on gipsies. He lived for a time a kind of gipsy-life himself, and his books are full of fresh air, green country, and picturesque people.

Henry Brooke (1703–83). Kingsley said about Brooke's *Fool of Quality* that probably we could learn from it "more which is pure, sacred, and eternal, than from any which has been published since Spenser's *Fairy Queen*."

Lytton Bulwer (1803–73) was born in Baker Street, Marylebone. His historical novels include *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Last of the Barons* and *Harold*. Besides excelling as a writer of fiction he was also distinguished as a scholar and statesman.

William Camden (1551–1623), whose *Britannia* is one of our great history books, was one of the leading scholars of Elizabeth's reign. As tutor of Westminster School he taught Ben Jonson to love classical literature.

Thomas Carlyle, thought by some to be our greatest philosopher, came to London in 1834. He wrote the *French Revolution*, and lent the MS. to John Stuart Mill, whose maid carelessly destroyed it. What Carlyle thought about this has never been printed. *Sartor Resartus* is reckoned his principal book, but his *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, which should be read with Emerson's *Representative Men*, is a treat.

George Cavendish was a servant of Cardinal Wolsey, whom he followed loyally both in glory and disgrace. He wrote the *Life of Wolsey*, which, however, could not be published until long afterwards, owing to the bitter religious feeling which prevailed.

The Earl of Clarendon (1608–74) wrote the *History of the Rebellion in England*. He was an advocate of Charles I., and would have applauded the men who cast the bones of Cromwell out of the Abbey.

Charles Dickens was born at Landport in 1812. His bitter experiences in boyhood, related in *David Copperfield*, did not stifle his genius; for, at an early age, he made all England laugh and cry over his stories. Though not a Cockney, he was happier in a London fog than under Italian skies. He was the managing-director for Santa Claus in this country, and children owe him this debt—that they should read his books. Dickens was buried at Westminster Abbey, June 14, 1870.

John Dryden (1631–1700) was one of our noblest writers of poetry and prose. Living as he did in stirring times, he knew and admired Milton. A very different person—Nell Gwynn—showed him much kindness.

Sir Thomas Elyot (1490–1546). The work quoted herein, *The Boke named the Governour*, deals with education, and discourages corporal punishment in schools. The story about Prince Hal, which attracted Shakespeare's notice, is supposed to be of doubtful origin, but it is good enough to be true.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–82) was born at

Boston, Massachusetts. He could say more in a few words than almost anyone of his century—*e.g.*, "New York is a sucked orange." We can see ourselves as others see us in Emerson. If no examination-day approaches, a warm corner, and a volume of Emerson, are as near perfection as we can hope to attain.

John Evelyn (1620–1706). His famous *Diary*, published in 1818, cannot be neglected by anyone who would know London of the seventeenth century. The events of an interesting part of our history are faithfully recorded by one who was at the heart of things. Peter the Great lived for a time at Evelyn's Deptford house, but when he left, Evelyn did not renew the invitation.

Fitzstephen, secretary to Thomas Becket, gives some picturesque descriptions of London in the twelfth century.

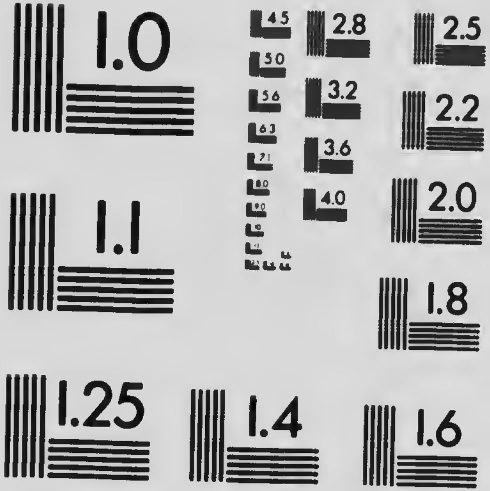
John Forster (1812–76) wrote *Lives* of *Goldsmith*, *Dickens*, and (partially) of *Dean Swift*. He enjoyed close intimacy with Dickens. When the novelist chartered a steamer at Blackwall to sail down the river, and verify information for *Great Expectations*, Forster was one of the party.

George Fox (1624–90?), founder of the Society of Friends, travelled through every part of the land expounding his views. Like many another religious reformer he was bitterly persecuted, and more than once he asked Cromwell to give the Friends fair play. The best account of Fox is in his own *Journal*.

Jean Froissart (1337–1410) was born at Valen-

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)


1.0
4.5
5.0
5.6
6.3
7.1
8.0
9.0
2.8
3.2
3.6
4.0
2.5
2.2
2.0
1.1
1.8
1.25
1.4
1.6

APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

ciennes. He wrote the famous *Chronicles*, in which is found a vivid record of the times of Richard II.

Thomas Fuller (1608–61) was an army chaplain during the Civil War, and afterwards chaplain to Charles II. He wrote *The Worthies of England*—a very entertaining book. Fuller is usually described as "quaint"—certainly his writings are full of salt.

Mrs. Gaskell (1810–65) was the friend of the Brontës, and her *Life of Charlotte Brontë* is one of the standard biographies. Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* is a favourite book in the schools.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728–74) had a restless career, and died in Brick Court, Middle Temple. Someone said that "he wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." He wrote plays, poetry and fiction. His *Deserted Village* is often quoted. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, with which is associated a good story about a vexed landlady and Dr. Johnson, is considered one of our greatest novels. Seeing what manner of man Goldsmith was, it is curious to notice what a liking he had for the words "assiduous," "assiduity." Goldsmith was a gifted man with a good heart, and his power was in the pen.

John Richard Green (1837–83) was for some time a clergyman in Stepney, and made good use of the British Museum library. *A Short History of the English People* displays immense learning, and Green knew how to make his goods attractive.

Edward Hall, a chronicler of the sixteenth century, tells what he saw in the reign of Henry VIII. This chronicler was admired by Shakespeare.

William Harrison wrote the portion of Holinshed's *Chronicle* relating to Britain and its inhabitants, and gives a valuable description of the manners and customs of the sixteenth century.

James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), whose poem *Abou Ben Adhem* everyone knows, was intimately connected with literary men from Charles Lamb to Dickens. The latter formed one of his characters, Harold Skimpole of *Bleak House*, upon certain foibles of Leigh Hunt, but friends of both felt that the picture was unfair. A better view is found in Hunt's own *Autobiography*, in which also are many glimpses of distinguished writers. This writer gloried in London, and his book, *The Town*, is well known.

Lucy Hutchinson, daughter of a lieutenant of the Tower, was born at that place in 1620. She married Colonel Hutchinson, the Puritan, who with others signed the death-warrant of Charles I. In spite of this, Colonel Hutchinson did not agree with Cromwell having too much power. *The Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson*, like so many other invaluable books, was not written for publication, but since it was printed in 1806 it has thrown much light upon Puritanism.

Washington Irving (1783–1859), an American writer, came to Europe in search of health, and nearly got into trouble with Napoleon's police, who mistook him for a spy. He was happy when wandering about London, and wrote, "Old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome." Sir Walter Scott admired this writer.

Samuel Johnson's name must be in many people's minds as they pass along Fleet Street to-day. He was an eminent scholar who lived in days when authors still sought the patronage of the rich. Dr. Johnson sought the favour of Lord Chesterfield, only to be repulsed; but the thing we know best about Chesterfield is the snub which he received from Johnson when the latter needed no favours. Johnson was a great talker, a pious Christian, and a staunch friend. Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson* ought to be on every shelf. Born at Lichfield, 1709; buried at Westminster Abbey, December 20, 1784.

Charles Knight (1791–1873) was an industrious collector of London information.

Charles Lamb (1775–1834), known as "Elia," is one of our most beloved essayists. There was a tragedy in the family, and Mary Lamb, his sister, who with Charles wrote *Tales from Shakespeare*, became Lamb's chief care to the end of his life. There is not a finer story of self-sacrifice in our literary history. Lamb had a genius for friendship, and his circle included Coleridge, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, whom he visited in prison, and Talfourd, who wrote his *Life*.

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay (1800–59), son of Zachary Macaulay, the anti-slavery enthusiast, was born at Rothley Temple, near Leicester. He read everything, and remembered it. His *History of England* is as interesting as a novel, and whoever browses among the old records develops a great respect for Macaulay as a writer of history. His

Essays are highly esteemed, and *The Lays of Ancient Rome* are also famous. Macaulay was buried in Poets' Corner, January 9, 1860.

Harriet Martineau (1802–76) was an able journalist, wrote some children's stories, and in her *History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace* gave a lively account of England between 1816 and 1846.

George Meredith, like many another—Browning, for instance—had to wait for recognition. Consequently he said some severe things about the British public, who were not entirely to blame. Meredith seems to go out of his way to be difficult. Let us say that he is an author for adults. Our best writers look upon Meredith as a master.

Hugh Miller (1802–56) started life as a stonemason. He became an editor and man of science. His *Old Red Sandstone* won the praise of Professor Huxley.

Roger North (1653–1734) belonged to an illustrious English family. His *Autobiography* and his *Examen* are necessary to a study of the period to which he belonged.

Samuel Pepys (1633–1703), author of the celebrated *Diary*, gives the records of an eye-witness for ten memorable years, including the events of 1665–6–7 (the Plague, the Fire and the Dutch assault). Besides providing a unique mirror of the manners of that age, the *Diary* reveals an amusing portrait of Pepys himself. Here we have another book which was not written for publication. It is universally admired, and sometimes imitated.

Alexander Pope (1688–1744) was born, and spent much of his time, in London. He wrote volumes of poetry, including the *Essay on Man*; his letters also are well known. Pope was rather a strange figure in literature—never happy unless he was flaying somebody. His tongue, like that of Dean Swift, often fell on men as if it had been a whip.

Thomas de Quincey (1785–1859) is perhaps best known through his *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*. His essays, however, captivate all who read them—one on Shakespeare carrying all before it; and another on Judas Iscariot being interesting, but not convincing. De Quincey is a leading master of style.

Samuel Richardson (1689–1761), one of the pioneer English novelists, wrote *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe*. Richardson was a familiar figure in Fleet Street.

John Ruskin, born in London, 1819, is renowned as art critic, lover of good literature, and friend of the working-man. He was an enthusiast on Turner, the painter, whose statue is in St. Paul's, and whose pictures may be studied at the Tate Gallery. Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies* has been described as the best book for English young ladies, though why young gentlemen are not included is hard to say. *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* has created many a useful discussion.

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832), besides writing poems like *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*, gave the world a long series of historical novels. If twelve well-read men were asked to name their favourite

Scott novel they would most likely give twelve different answers. Ian Maclaren preferred *The Heart of Midlothian*, bracketing it in his affections with Thackeray's *Esmond*. Others give the first place to *Ivanhoe*, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, or *Waverley*. Only a genius could have produced so many lasting favourites. Scott did his best work while suffering misfortune, and some of his brightest pages were penned in times of agony. It is a brave story, fully told in Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott.*

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, 1564, and died at the same place, 1616. In a recent examination the following was given as the subject for an essay—"Suppose you live in the reign of Elizabeth; write your autobiography." Well, it is a fine subject, involving a wonderful period. "There were giants in those days," and the greatest of them all was Shakespeare. Prince Lichnowsky described Mr. Lloyd George as a phenomenon. Shakespeare was a phenomenon.—Ask the teacher to explain the New Learning, and to show how it helped Shakespeare. Then ask again what is meant by the Great Quadrilateral.—In many up-to-date schools they sing *Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind*, *Where the Bee Sucks*, *Sigh no more, Ladies*, and *It was a Lover and his Lass*—all written by Shakespeare.

Horace Smith (1779–1849) published *Brambletye House*, a tale of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, in 1826.

Robert Southey (1774–1843), poet and author of a long list of general literature, was related to Coleridge, and a friend of Wordsworth. He got into trouble at Westminster School for criticising the headmaster's over-free use of the cane. Southey's *Life of Nelson* stands high in our list of biographies.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, wrote the *Life* of his old schoolmaster, Arnold of Rugby. His books on *Westminster Abbey* and *Canterbury Cathedral* are crammed with information. George Arthur in *Tom Brown's Schooldays* re-presents Stanley as a Rugby boy.

John Stow (1525?-1605) knew London better than any man of his time. His *Survey of London* cost him immense labour without bringing any profit; and it has been indispensable to writers on London for more than three hundred years.

Agnes Strickland (1796–1874), assisted by her sister Elizabeth, wrote *The Lives of the Queens of England*. She is regarded as an authority on the Tudor and Stuart periods.

Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd (1795–1854) was the friend and biographer of Charles Lamb.

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-63). The name of Thackeray is often coupled with that of Dickens. They were both humorists, wrote fiction at the same time, and knew London as few have known it; but although they sometimes wrote about the same subject, as *e.g.*, the Fleet Prison, their books are entirely different in character. Everyone who reads *Vanity Fair* wonders why he has not read it before. Thackeray was at one time on the staff of *Punch*.

Bulstrode Whitelocke (1605–75) was an eminent lawyer of the Middle Temple. He lived in the times of Charles I., Cromwell and Charles II. In the Commonwealth he held responsible positions. Like so many other essential books, his *Memorials of English Affairs* was written for private use only, and for that reason its value as a record is all the more striking.

QUESTIONS

1. Mention two singular coronation incidents given in this book.

2. Name some rebellions, or riots, and say which of them forms the subject of a Dickens novel.

3. The Tower of London is referred to several times; give instances relating to the Tower and Richard II., Richard III., Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Raleigh and Colonel Blood.

4. Henry VII. is chiefly remembered for two things. What are they?

5. Give some of the great names of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, saying with what places in London they are associated.

6. Name three eminent writers on London in the sixteenth century.

7. What writers of historical fiction mention James I., the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, Charles II., and Addison and Steele?

8. Describe the invasions of the House of Commons by Charles I. and Colonel Pride.

9. If after reading Pepys and Evelyn on the Plague you wished for more information, what distinguished writer, not quoted in this volume, would you consult?

10. What literary associations can you connect with London Bridge, Westminster Bridge, the Strand, Oxford Street, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey and the Temple?

11. Who were some familiar figures in Fleet Street?

12. Which two celebrated painters are named herein?

13. Say what you know about the establishment of the Foundling Hospital.

14. What can you remember about the following schools: Westminster, St. Paul's, Christ's Hospital and the Charterhouse?

15. Have any events of national importance, besides the making of laws, happened within the Palace of Westminster?

16. Mention some circumstances in Turner's life, the influence of which can be traced in his pictures.

17. Oliver Cromwell is often blamed for Thomas Cromwell's deeds. Who was Thomas Cromwell, and to which centuries did Thomas and Oliver belong?

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEMES

1. Several important books are quoted which were not written for publication. What reasons can be assigned, and what special value attaches to these books?

2. What is the most interesting feature about London?

3. If the violation of the House of Commons by Charles I. is to be condemned, can Pride's Purge, under Cromwell's orders, be justified?

4. A fruitful theme is the fictitious element in history, caused by fear, or the desire to obtain favour, or by mere personal bias; and the element of reality in standard fiction. Sometimes actual facts are so stated by historians that they become an unsafe guide. Who would think that Clarendon and Carlyle described the same Cromwell? Whereas Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Pickwick are as real to us as those who created them.

5. Another interesting theme is suggested by a survey of our literature. Publishers are said to fight shy of historical novels. But does the general judgment approve more of *David Copperfield* than *A Tale of Two Cities*; or of *Pendennis* more than *Esmond*? Query: Is the reason that we have no Sir Walter Scott to-day, or is the explanation that experience is a greater asset in fiction than imagination?

6. As it is impossible to carry all that one reads in the mind, discuss methods of referring. Mention words, local facts, books, and historical events, and suggest ways in which information can be obtained.

7. It is recommended that Boswell's *Johnson*, and Talfourd's *Lamb*, should be carefully read; and that the names of friends of both should be known, with the works they produced. For example, a winter is well spent in which a pupil is introduced to Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt—the last-named especially in his *Autobiography*.

8. It is illuminating to compare the methods of various writers of the History of England. Compare, *e.g.*, Macaulay, Green and Hume, not forgetting the differences of their scope.

9. A most interesting subject is the growth of the English Constitution. Trace it from the Witenagemot; make the men of 1215 live again (showing pupils if possible the copy of Magna Charta in the British Museum, which the attendant will display on application), speak of Bohun and Bigod, of the struggle in the reign of Charles I., of the passing of the Reform Bill, and come right down to Mr. Asquith and the House of Lords. The stages are well marked, and it is a fascinating theme, touching the rise of English liberty.

10. A good essay might be written on distinguished men actually born in London; while another might be suggested on great men who touched the depths of poverty in London, including one, from Bristol, who came to a tragic end.

INDEX

Bankside, 118
Baynard's Castle, 37, 119
Blackheath, 19
Blood, Col., 128
Boleyn, Ann, 47
Brackenbury, Sir Thos., 37
Brontë, C., 250
Bunhill Row, 106
Burke, Edmund, 194
Burlington Arcade, 208
Busby, Dr., 96

Cade, Jack, 34
Caroline, Queen, 220
Charing Cross, 17, 109
Charles I., 84, 88, 91
Charles II., 132, 136, 138
Charterhouse, 263
Cheapside, 54, 242
Chelsea, 46, 140
Christ's Hospital, 191
Coleridge, S. T., 205
Colet, Dean, 50
Cornhill, 54
Covent Garden, 169
Cromwell, Oliver, 100-5

Dickens, Charles, 254-61
Drury Lane Theatre, 72, 211

Edward I., 17
Eleanor, Queen, 17
Elizabeth, Queen, 53, 60, 62, 219

Fawkes, Guy, 64
Fenchurch Street, 112
Fielding, 164
Fleet Prison, 174
Fleet Street, 177, 270
Foundling Hospital, 158
Fox, George, 103

Garrick, 180
Gascoigne, Judge, 30
George IV., 262
Gordon Riots, 173
Gresham, Sir Thos., 124
Guildhall, 26

Hampton Court, 88, 157
Handel, G. F., 158
Hastings, Lord, 36
Hastings, Warren, 188
Haymarket, 154
Hazlitt, Wm., 205
Henry IV., 31
Henry VII., 38
Henry VIII., 41, 47
Herbert, Lord, of Cherbury, 60
Highgate, 29, 124
Holborn, 112
Hunt, Leigh, 191
Hyde Park, 138

James I., 67
James II., 138, 140
Jeffreys, Judge, 144

Kean, Edmund, 211
Kensington, 140

Leicester Square, 181
Lenthall, Speaker, 85

Lincoln's Inn, 76
London Bridge, 25, 34, 46, 226, 244, 259
Ludgate, 121, 123

Mall, the, 261
Marshalsea Prison, 23
Milton, 107
Moorfields, 115
More, Sir Thos., 45

Nelson, 197
Newgate Prison, 173-6

Oxford Street, 222

Parliament, 56, 64, 84, 98, 100, 194, 227, 258
Pitt, Wm., 194
Pride, Col., 98
Pym, 84

Raleigh, Sir W., 74
Reynolds, Sir J., 181
Richard II., 20
Richard III., 36
Richmond, 62
Rotherhithe, 22
Royal Exchange, 114

St. Bartholomew's Fair, 168
St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 122
St. Clement Danes, 113
St. Dunstan, 199
St. James's Palace, 142
St. James's Park, 131, 136
St. Magnus, 35
St. Martin's Lane, 63
St. Paul's Cathedral, 119, 224, 233
St. Paul's Churchyard, 110
St. Paul's School, 50, 110
St. Sepulchre, 117
Savoy Palace, 24
Siddons, Mrs., 179
Smithfield, 122
Southwark, 34
Strand, 87
Swift, Dean, 155

Temple, the, 202
Temple Bar, 53
Thames, the, 17, 21, 58, 126
Thames Street, 119
Times, the, 236
Tower, the, 36, 45, 47, 53, 74, 128, 146
Turner, 169
Tyler, Wat, 19
Tyrrel, Sir Jas., 38

Walworth, Sir W., 19
Wapping, 144, 164
Wellington, 198
Westminster Abbey, 13, 15, 216, 220
Westminster Bridge, 197
Westminster Hall, 30, 40, 91, 188
Westminster School, 94-7, 183
Whitehall, 139, 140
Whitehall Palace, 38, 41, 60, 83, 103
Whittington, Sir R., 27, 29
William I., 15
William of Orange, 143
Wolsey, 38-41
Woolwich, 113

THE TEMPLE PRESS LETCHWORTH ENGLAND