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CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

WITH

THE NAMES OF THE AUTHORS OF EACH PAPER.

	PAGE
XXVI.—THE BUILDING OF ST. PAUL'S	W. WEIR 1
XXVII.—THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS	J. SAUNDERS 17
XXVIII.—THE PRIORY AND CHURCH OF ST. BARTHO- LOMEW	" 33
XXIX.—THE PRIORY AND CHURCH OF ST. BARTHO- LOMEW (<i>concluded</i>)	" 49
XXX.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, No. 1	G. L. CRAIK 65
XXXI.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, No. 2	" 81
XXXII.—MILTON'S LONDON	C. KNIGHT 97
XXXIII.—THE CHARTER HOUSE	J. SAUNDERS 113
XXXIV.—ST. JOHN'S GATE	C. KNIGHT 133
XXXV.—THE STRAND	J. SAUNDERS 149
XXXVI.—THE STRAND (<i>concluded</i>)	" 165
XXXVII.—LONDON ANTIQUARIES	G. L. CRAIK 181
XXXVIII.—THE TOWER, No. 1	C. KNIGHT 201
XXXIX.—THE TOWER, No. 2	J. SAUNDERS 217
XL.—THE TOWER, No. 3	" 233
XLI.—THE TOWER, No. 4	" 249
XLII.—THE TOWER, No. 5	" 265
XLIII.—OLD ROYAL EXCHANGE AND ITS FOUNDER	" 281
XLIV.—THE ROYAL EXCHANGE AND THE SOUTH SEA HOUSE	" 297
XLV.—SMITHFIELD	J. C. PLATT 313
XLVI.—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL	J. SAUNDERS 329
XLVII.—SOME FEATURES OF LONDON LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY	W. WEIR 345
XLVIII.—ST. JAMES'S PALACE	" 369
XLIX.—SPITALFIELDS	G. DODD 385
L.—THE CUSTOM HOUSE	J. C. PLATT 401

ANALYTICAL TABLE OF CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

XXVI.—THE BUILDING OF ST. PAUL'S.

	PAGE		PAGE
St. Paul's—the characteristic Feature of London	1	Addition of Side Oratories insisted upon by the Duke of York	8
Wren's Plan of the New City of London	2	Wren's preliminary arrangements	8
Desire of Charles II., on his restoration, for the complete repair of St. Paul's	2	Part of the Ruins of St. Paul's blown up by Gunpowder	9
Wren and Evelyn appointed Members of the Commission for repairing St. Paul's	3	The remaining Walls thrown down by the Battering-ram	9
Defects in the original Construction of St. Paul's pointed out by Wren	3	The first Stone of the new Cathedral laid in 1675	9
Wren's Plan for the Improvement of St. Paul's	3	Completion of the Cathedral in 1710	9
Ignorant opposition to Wren's Design	4	Royal Mandate	10
Wren's visit to France in 1665	4	Expense of building the new Cathedral	10
Building of the Louvre	4	Contributions towards the rebuilding of St. Paul's	10
Wren's Architectural Studies	4	Continual annoyances to which Wren was subjected	11
Effects of the Fire of London	4	Various Works superintended by Wren during the building of St. Paul's	11
Evelyn's Plan for the Restoration of the City	5	Commission for the erection of Fifty additional Churches in London and Westminster	13
Wren appointed Deputy Surveyor-General	5	Wren's Style of Church-building	13
Wren's own Statement of his Plan for rebuilding the City	5	Suitableness of all Wren's Designs to the Climate of, and state of Society in, England	14
Rejection of Wren's Design	6	Asserted Origin of Freemasonry	14
Ineligibility of merely <i>repairing</i> St. Paul's	6	Probability of the correctness of Herder's assertion	14
Perilous State of the Ruins of St. Paul's	6	Character of Sir Christopher Wren	15
Wren's Statement of the Difficulties in the way of the erection of a new Cathedral	7	Anecdote of Sir Dudley North	16
Obstacles thrown in the Architect's way	7	Last Days of Wren	16
Idea of repairing the Cathedral entirely abandoned	7	Death of Wren	16
Wren's first Design for St. Paul's	8		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
1. Sir Christopher Wren	DICKES	BASTIN	1
2. Sir C. Wren's first Design for St. Paul's	A. POYNTER.	JACKSON	8
3. Parallel of some of the principal Towers and Steeples built by Sir C. Wren	" "	" "	12

XXVII.—THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

Chaucer's " Doctor of Physic "	17	Literary War between the College of Physicians and the Apothecaries' Company	25
John of Gatsiden	17	Removal of the College to Warwick Lane	25
Act of Parliament concerning Physicians, &c.	18	Desecration of the old College	26
Thomas Linaere	18	Interior of the old College	26
Linaere's Translations of Aristotle and Galen	18	Quadrangle of the old College	27
The Sweating Sickness in 1518	19	Statue of Sir John Cutler	27
Linaere's Scheme of a College of Physicians	19	Anecdote of Sir John Cutler	27
Various Acts of Parliament relating to the College of Physicians	19	Removal of the College to Pall Mall East	28
Extract from the " Regulations " issued by the College of Physicians	19	Exterior of the new College	28
Removal of the College	20	Dining-room of the College	28
Harvey	20	Portraits of Harvey, King, and Freind	28
Harvey's Theory of the Circulation of the Blood	20	Anecdote of the generous conduct of Mead	28
Harvey's Donations to the College of Physicians	20	The Censor's Room	29
Extract from a Tract in the British Museum	20	Portraits in the Censor's Room	29
Dr. Goodall's " Royal College of Physicians "	22	Sir Thomas Browne	30
Treatment of Empirics	22	Sir Samuel Garth	30
Letter from Sir Francis Walsingham	22	Interment of Dryden	30
Trial of various Empirics before the Council	23	Anecdote of Baillie	31
" Elegy on the Death of Thomas Saffold "	24	The Library of the College	31
Controversies between the College of Physicians and various Empirics	24	Portraits of Dr. Radcliffe and Harvey	31
		Anecdote of Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller	31

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	PAGE
4. Harvey, from a Portrait by Jansen	FAIRHOLT	SLADER	17
5. The Old College, Warwick Lane	SHEPHERD	"	25
6. Sydenham, from a Portrait by M. Beale	FAIRHOLT	"	29
7. The New College, Pall Mall East	SHEPHERD	HOLLOWAY	32

XXVIII.—THE PRIORY AND CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

	PAGE		PAGE
Smithfield	33	Death of Rahere	40
Changes that have taken place on the Site of St. Bartholomew	34	The Character of Rahere as drawn by his Biographer	40
Rahere	34	The Successor of Rahere	41
Manuscript written by a Monk of St. Bartholomew	34	The Priory rebuilt	41
The youth of Rahere	35	Exterior of the Priory	42
Reformation and Repentance of Rahere	35	St. Bartholomew's Fair	42
The Vision of St. Bartholomew seen by Rahere	35	Scene in the Churchyard of St. Bartholomew, described by Stow	43
Rahere's Petition to the King	36	Grant of the Priory to Sir Richard Rich in 1544	43
Smithfield "great before God"	36	The use to which the Cloisters were put in 1703, described in the "Observer"	44
The means taken by Rahere to accomplish the building of the Priory of St. Bartholomew	37	Canonbury the Residence of Goldsmith	45
The Church of St. Bartholomew founded	37	Celebrated Men who have resided at Canonbury	45
Rahere appointed Prior	37	Anecdote of Sir John Spencer	45
Wonder and superstitious Awe excited by the completion of the Priory of St. Bartholomew	37	Funeral of Sir John Spencer	45
Alfon deputed to be the compeer of Rahere	38	Death of the Earl of Northampton	46
Miracle performed by St. Bartholomew	38	Anecdote of Prior Bolton, by Hall	46
Conspiracy against Rahere	38	Rebus on the Name of Bolton	47
The King's Grant to Rahere	39	House supposed to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth	47
Privileges obtained from the Sec of Rome for the Priory of St. Bartholomew	40	Interior of Queen Elizabeth's House	47
Miracles by which the new Edifice was glorified	40	Prior Bolton's House	47
		Death of Bolton in 1532	48

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
8. Prior Rahere's Tomb	J. W. ARCHER	JACKSON	33
9. South Side of St. Bartholomew's Church	"	"	41
10. Prior Bolton's Garden-house at Canonbury	"	"	48

XXIX.—THE PRIORY AND CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

(Concluded from No. XXVIII.)

Gateway of the present Church of St. Bartholomew	49	The Purgatory	58
Exterior of the Church	50	Monuments in the aisles in Priory Church	58
Interior of the Church	50	Burial of Roger Walden, Bishop of London	59
Present Inhabitants of the Priory	50	Walden and Arundel	59
The Refectory or Hall of the Priory	51	Francis Anthony	59
Description of a Dinner at the Priory of Canterbury by Giraldus Cambrensis	53	Proceedings of the College of Physicians against Francis Anthony	60
The Crypt	53	Anthony's death in 1623	60
Traditionary communication between the Priory of St. Bartholomew and Canonbury at Islington	53	Inscription on Anthony's Tomb	61
The Prior's Offices	54	Interior of the Choir	61
The Mulberry-gardens	54	Dimensions of the Choir	61
The Prior's House	54	Injury done to the Church by fire in 1830	61
The Dorter and Infirmary	55	Monuments in the Choir	62
The Transept	55	Sir Walter Mildmay	62
The Burial of the Monks	56	Mary Queen of Scots and Sir Walter Mildmay	62
Choir of the Priory Church	56	Anecdote recorded by Fuller of Sir Walter Mildmay, and the foundation of Emanuel College	63
		Monument of the Smallpage family	63
		Rahere's Tomb	63

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	PAGE
11. The Choir	J. W. ARCHER	JACKSON	49
12. Plan of the Priory of St. Bartholomew. From Wilkinson's 'Lond. Illust.'			
13. The Crypt	PRIOR	"	52
14. Burial of a deceased Monk in the interior of a Convent. From an ancient Drawing in Harl. MS.	J. W. ARCHER	"	54
15. The Western Entrance (Interior)			56
16. Prior Bolton's Rebus	J. W. ARCHER	JACKSON	57
	"	"	64

XXX.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. No. 1.

PAGE		PAGE	
Associations connected with the House of Commons	65	Mr. Wentworth released by the Queen's command	74
Form of the old House of Commons	66	Motion of Paul Wentworth	74
St. Stephen's Chapel	67	Displeasure of Queen Elizabeth at Mr. Wentworth's motion	74
Restoration of St. Stephen's Chapel	67	Mr. Peter Wentworth's and Sir Henry Bromley's petition	75
Injury done to the Paintings in St. Stephen's Chapel at the time of the Reformation	67	Mr. Wentworth and Sir Henry Bromley sent to the Tower	75
Destruction of the Paintings in St. Stephen's Chapel in 1800	67	Motion of Mr. Wroth	75
Old Palace Yard	67	Pusillanimity of the Commons	75
The King's Palace at Westminster	68	Mr. Morrice's Bill touching the Abuses of the Ecclesiastical Courts	76
Act of Parliament passed in 1536 relating to the King's Palace at Westminster	68	Mr. Morrice's interview with the Queen	76
Parliaments held in various parts of England	69	Mr. Morrice committed to the custody of the Chancellor of the Exchequer	76
Meetings of the Commons in the Chapter House St. Stephen's Chapel appropriated to the meetings of the Commons	69	Treatment of the Commons by James I.	77
The Court of Requests	70	The imprisonment of Sir Edwyn Sandys	77
Treatment of the Commons previous to the fifteenth century	70	Letter of James I. to the Speaker of the House of Commons	77
Rise of the Commons in the sixteenth century	71	Petition of the Commons to James I.	78
Address of the Commons to Queen Elizabeth on the subject of her Marriage	72	The King's Answer to the Commons	78
Elizabeth's Answer to the Commons	72	Protestation presented to the House of Commons	78
Second Address of the Commons to Queen Elizabeth	72	The Protestation declared invalid by the King	79
Mr. Strickland's Bill for the Reformation of the Book of Common Prayer	73	Parliament dissolved by James I.	79
Anger of Queen Elizabeth at the interference of her Parliament in matters of Religion	73	Sir Edward Coke and Sir Robert Philips committed to the Tower	79
Speech and Imprisonment of Mr. Wentworth	73	Sir Thomas Crew chosen Speaker by the Commons	80
		Crew's Address to the King	80

ILLUSTRATIONS.

17. St. Stephen's Chapel, from the Thames	FAIRHOLT	ENGRIVERS.	SLADER	65
18. Specimen of Old Paintings in St. Stephen's Chapel	SMITH		MURDON	68
19. Parliament in the Fifteenth Century	FAIRHOLT		BURROWS	69
20. Great Seal of the Commonwealth, representing the House of Commons	MASTERS		WELCH	80

XXXI.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. No. 2.

James I.'s impolitic assertion of the Royal Prerogative	81	Escape of the five Members from the House	84
Sir John Eliot and Sir Dudley Digges committed to the Tower by Charles I.	82	Speech of Charles I. to the House	85
Imprisonment of Eliot, Holles, Selden, &c., in the Tower	82	Anecdote of Charles I. and Rushworth	85
Dissolution of the Parliament in 1629	82	Removal of the five accused Members from the City to the House of Commons	86
The Long Parliament	82	Flight of Charles I. to York	86
Holles, Hazlerig, Pym, &c., impeached of High Treason	83	Commencement of the Civil War	86
Lilly's account of the arrival of Charles I. at the House of Commons	83	Attack upon the House of Commons by the apprentices of London	87
		Arrest of a hundred and fifty of the Presbyterian Members	87
		The Rump Parliament	87

	PAGE		PAGE
Cromwell's Speech to the Parliament	87	Samuel Johnson's Parliamentary Debates, in the 'Gentleman's Magazine'	92
Violent conduct of Cromwell in the House of Commons	88	William Pitt and his Compeers	93
Dissolution of the Rump Parliament	90	House of Commons during the War of Colonial Independence	94
Long Parliament dissolved	90	Parliamentary Debates first published	94
The Restoration	90	Contests between the House of Commons and the Public	95
The Grand Rebellion	91	Horace Walpole's anecdote of Mr. Alex. Murray	95
Resistance of the Parliament to the Royal Domination	91	Murray imprisoned in Newgate	96
The Revolution of 1688	92	The ceremony of kneeling to the Speaker abolished by the House of Commons	96
The Administration of Sir Robert Walpole	92		
Contests between Walpole and his Opponents	92		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	PAGE
21. Houses of Parliament from the River, temp. Charles II.	FAIRHOLT	SLADER	81
22. House of Commons in the time of Walpole, from Hogarth	PRIOR	JACKSON	93

XXXII.—MILTON'S LONDON.

Milton's character described by Wordsworth	97	Milton's reconciliation with his Wife	106
Milton essentially a Londoner	97	Milton's residence in Barbican	106
Milton's first Latin elegy	98	Milton's removal to Holborn	106
The Father of Milton	98	Milton called to higher occupation	107
Milton's allusion to his Father's musical talents	98	Milton's lodgings in Whitehall	107
Milton's love of the Drama	99	Howell's story of the desolation of Whitehall	108
Milton the poet of the City and the Country	99	Milton's change of residence to Petty France, Westminster	108
The scenery of 'L'Allegro' probably suburban	99	The reduction of Milton's salary	108
The extent of Milton's Puritanism supposed to have been exaggerated	100	Milton loses his eye-sight	109
Censure on the habits of King Charles in Milton's 'Leonoclastes'	100	Milton's European fame	109
Incompatibility of Milton's poetical feelings with the principles professed by the Puritans	101	The intimate friends of Milton	109
Change in Milton's sentiments	101	Pepys's description of the proceedings at the Rota Club	109
Milton intended for the Church	101	Pepys's description of a scene in the City in 1660	110
Archbishop Laud	102	Milton's 'Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth'	110
Entertainment given by the City to welcome King Charles from Scotland	102	Milton's allusion in 'Paradise Lost' to his position with reference to public affairs	110
Milton's sonnet, 'When the Assault was intended to the City'	102	Milton's concealment in Bartholomew Close	111
Milton's House in Aldersgate Street	103	Proclamation for apprehension of Milton	111
Milton's 'Reason of Church Government'	103	Milton's escape from a legal trial	111
London fortified	103	The last years of Milton	111
Marriage of Milton	104	Milton's various places of abode during the latter years of his life	111
Separation of Milton and his Wife	105	Dryden's visit to Milton	111
Cheerfulness of Milton's disposition	105	Burial-place of Milton	112
Milton's 'Liberty of Unlicensed Printing'	105		
Milton's description of the social aspects of London	106		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	PAGE
23. Milton at the age of 19	FAIRHOLT	SEARS	97
24. Fortifications of London in 1642-3	MASTERS	SLADER	104
25. Barbican, designed from old maps and elevations, temp. James I. and Charles I.	FAIRHOLT	JEWITT	107
26. Entrance to Bartholomew Close from Smithfield	"	SMYTH	111
27. Chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate	"	"	112

XXXIII.—THE CHARTER HOUSE.

The Plague in 1348	113	The Spittle Croft consecrated as a burying-ground during the pestilence	114
Stow's description of the public penance performed in London during the Pestilence	113	Chapel built by Sir Walter Manny	114
The site of the present Charter House used as a burying-ground	114	Connexion of Sir Walter Manny with the Charter House	114

	PAGE		PAGE
Birth and youth of Sir Walter Manny	114	The Charter House Monastery converted into a residence	123
Sir Walter Manny made Admiral of the North	115	The Charter House sold to the Duke of Norfolk	123
The Battle of Sluys	115	The Duke of Norfolk's meditated marriage with Mary Queen of Scots	123
The Countess de Montfort	115.	Committal of the Duke of Norfolk to the Tower	123
The Countess de Montfort's defence of the Castle of Hennebon	115	The Duke of Norfolk convicted of, and executed for, high treason	124
Arrival of Sir Walter Manny at the Castle of Hennebon	115	The Charter House falls to the share of Lord Thomas Howard	124
Sir Walter Manny's complete success over the besiegers at Hennebon	115	Gratitude shown by James I. to the friends of his mother	124
Battle before Auberchoche	116	Contrast between the characters of Sir Walter Manny and Sir Thomas Sutton	124
The Siege of Calais	116	Birth and education of Sir Thomas Sutton	125
Narrow escape of Sir Walter Manny	116	Sir Thomas Sutton a retainer of the Duke of Norfolk	125
Sir Walter Manny's intercession on behalf of the six Burgesses of Calais	117	Marriage of Sutton	125
The Charter House founded by Sir Walter Manny	117	Tradition relating to the connexion between Sutton and the delaying of the Spanish Armada	125
Rules of the Carthusian Monks	117	Letter from Anne Lawrence to Sir Thomas Sutton	126
Sir Walter Manny's Charter	118	Fuller's account of the Benevolence of Sir Thomas Sutton	126
Death of Sir Walter Manny	118	Letter to Sir Thomas Sutton from John Hardinge	126
Struggles of the Carthusians during the Reformation	118	Various Applicants for the bounty of Sir Thomas Sutton	127
The Prior and the Proctor committed to the Tower	118	The Charter House purchased by Sir Thomas Sutton	127
Governors appointed by King Henry to watch and examine the Carthusian Monks	118	Foundation of the Charter House Hospital and School	127
The Prior and several Monks hanged at Tyburn	119	Death of Sir Thomas Sutton	128
Execution of several more of the Monks of the Charter House	119	Sutton's Monument	128
Exhortation of Father Fewterer	119	Claim laid by Sutton's nephew to the property settled on the Hospital	129
Letter of Jasper Ffyloll to Cromwell	120	First meeting of the Governors of the Charter House Hospital	129
Cause assigned by Jasper Ffyloll for the obstinacy of the Carthusians	120	Principal buildings of the present Charter House	130
Extravagance of the Monks of the Charter House	120	The Hall	130
Improvement in the arrangements of the Charter House proposed by Jasper Ffyloll	121	Portraits in the Governor's Room	131
Conversion of six of the Carthusian Monks	122	The old Court Room	131
Persecution and death of the remaining Monks	122		
Trafford appointed Prior to the Charter House	122		
The second period in the history of the Charter House	123		
The Charter House granted to Sir Edward North	123		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
28. Inner Gateway	ARCHEA	JACKSON	113
29. The Cloisters	"	"	121
30. Sutton's Monument	POYNTER	"	128
31. The Great Hall	ARCHER	"	132

XXXIV.—ST. JOHN'S GATE.

St. John's Gate "beheld with reverence" by Samuel Johnson	133	Foundation of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, in Clerkenwell	137
Mr. Croker's explanation of the reason of Johnson's reverence	133	Address to a new Brother on his admittance to the order of St. John	137
Present appearance of the interior of St. John's Gate	134	The wealth and pride of the Knights of St. John	138
The Jerusalem Tavern	134	Victories of the Knights of St. John	138
The Parlour	134	Jealousies and hatred between the two Orders of St. John and the Templars	138
The "Grand Hall"	135	Combat between the Hospitallers and the Templars	138
The "Modern Knights of Jerusalem"	135	Defence of Azotus by the Hospitallers	138
Sta. Maria de Latina	136	Victories of the Mohammedans over the Hospitallers and Templars	138
The Hospital of St. John at Jerusalem	136	Total defeat of the Hospitallers at Acre	139
The Hospitallers separate themselves from the Monastery of Sta. Maria de Latina	136	Rhodes conquered by the Hospitallers	139
Various lands bestowed on the Hospital of St. John	137		

	PAGE		PAGE
State of Rhodes at the period of its conquest by the Knights of St. John	139	Conquest of Rhodes by the Turks	144
Bravery of the Grand-master at the taking of Rhodes	140	Probability that the Knights of St. John dwelt at the Priory of Clerkenwell	144
Conquest of the islands adjacent to Rhodes	140	Rebellion of the Commons of Essex and Kent	144
The Hospitallers besieged by the Osmanlis	140	Sir Robert Hales, prior of St. John	144
Rhodes restored to a flourishing state by the Grand-master	140	Destruction of the manors belonging to the order of St. John by the rebels	145
Riches amassed by the Knights of St. John during their residence at Rhodes	141	Destruction of the Savoy	145
Insubordination and jealousies of the Hospitallers	141	Execution of Sir Robert Hales by the rebels	145
Conquest of the Hospitallers over Prince Orchan	141	Letter of safe-conduct from Henry IV. to Walter Grendon	146
Various places in Asia taken by the Knights of St. John	141	Indenture between Thomas Dockwra and Sir Thomas Newport	146
Success of the Hospitallers in Egypt	142	Malta taken possession of by the Hospitallers	146
Defeat of the Knights of St. John at Nicopolis	142	The order of St. John suppressed in England by Henry VIII.	147
The Mussulmans defeated by the Hospitallers	142	The Church of St. John blown up with gunpowder	147
Siege of Rhodes by the Turks	142	St. John's Gate granted to Sir Roger Wilbraham	147
Letter of Sultan Solyman	142	St. John's Gate bought by Cave	148
Strength of the fortifications of the town of Rhodes	143	The 'Gentleman's Magazine' printed at St. John's Gate	148
Obstinate resistance of the Hospitallers at the siege of Rhodes	143		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
32. St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, 1841	SHEPHERD	SEARS	133
33. Arms of St. John's Priory, and of Sir J. Dockwra, on St. John's Gate	TIFFIN	NUGENT	146
34. St. John's Hospital, from Hollar	FAIRHOLT	ANDREW	147
35. St. John's Gate, from Hollar	,,	SLADER	148

XXXV.—THE STRAND.

Derivation of the name of Strand	149	The old Church of St. Mary	156
Erection of Westminster Abbey by Sebert, King of the East Saxons	150	The exterior of the present Church of St. Mary	156
Tax levied on the Inhabitants between Temple Bar and the Palace Gate	150	Accident at St. Mary's in 1802	157
The Strand in the reign of Edward III.	150	The Maypole	157
The Edifices in the Strand	150	Maypoles put down by a parliamentary ordinance in 1644	157
Bridges in the Strand	150	Erection of the new Maypole at the Restoration	157
Discovery of a Bridge during the construction of Sewers near St. Clement's Church	151	New Maypole set up in 1713	157
Stone Cross in the Strand	151	Maypole removed to Wanstead	157
The Strand in the time of Edward VI.	151	The Outer Temple	158
Increase of building in the Strand	151	Various names and possessors of Essex House	158
Extracts from Gay's 'Trivia'	151	Murder of Miles Stapleton	158
Butcher Row	152	Reasons of the Quarrels between Queen Elizabeth and Essex	158
Houses in Butcher Row pulled down and Picket Street erected in their room	153	Letter from Essex to the Queen	158
Interesting reminiscences connected with Butcher Row	153	Essex's Irish Government	159
The French Ambassador's house in Butcher Row	153	Essex kept for eight months a Prisoner in his Room	159
The Church of St. Clement Danes	154	Release of Essex	159
Stow's account of the meaning of the appellation <i>Danes</i>	154	Essex summoned before the Privy Council	159
Building of the present Church of St. Clement	154	March of Essex into the City	160
Exterior of the Church of St. Clement	155	Essex deserted by the Citizens of London	160
The history of the painting by Kent in St. Clement's Church	155	Assault of Essex's House	160
Fabyan, a resident in the parish of St. Clement	155	Essex and Southampton committed to the Tower	161
The Inn of St. Clement	155	Execution of Essex	161
St. Clement's Well	155	Character of Essex	161
The Hall	155	Queen Elizabeth's visit to the Countess of Nottingham	161
Lines in Knox's 'Elegant Extracts' on a Statue in the Garden belonging to St. Clement's Inn	155	Death of the Countess of Nottingham	162
Sir John Trevor	156	Melancholy and death of Queen Elizabeth	162
Lyon's Inn	156	Lines from the 'Fairy Queen'	162
		The only existing remains of Essex House	162
		Arundel House	163
		Lord Thomas Seymour	163
		Seymour's marriage with the Dowager Queen Catherine	163

	PAGE		PAGE
Clarendon's account of the Earl of Arundel and Arundel House	163	Visit of the Duke de Sully to Arundel House	164
Collection of Marbles in Arundel House	163	Arundel House made use of by the Royal Society	164
Arundel House possessed by the Dukes of Norfolk	164		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
36. Butcher Row, Temple Bar	CLEGHORN	BYFIELD	149
37. House of M. Beaumont, the French Ambassador	,,	DODD	153
38. Essex House, from Hollar's 'View of London,' 1647	FAIRHOLT	SLADER	158
39. Arundel House	CLEGHORN	WILSON	164

XXXVI.—THE STRAND.

(Concluded.)

Strand Lane	164	Old Exeter 'Change	174
The old Roman Spring Bath	165	Buildings on the site of Exeter 'Change	174
Construction of the Bath	166	The Hall	174
Roman Bricks	166	Worcester House	174
Vaults under the Houses in Surrey Street	166	Marriage of the Duke of York with the daughter of Clarendon	174
Probability that the Roman Bath was unknown to the later Historians of London	167	Fielding, a resident in Beaufort Buildings	175
Ancient Palace of the Savoy	167	Cecil House	175
Peter de Savoy	168	Durham House	175
The Palace of Savoy, the property of the Earls of Lancaster	168	Feast given at Durham House in the reign of Henry VIII.	175
The residence of King John of France in the Savoy	168	Establishment of the Royal Mint	175
Entrance into Loudon of King John and the Black Prince	168	Marriage of Lord Guildford Dudley and Lady Jane Grey	176
Return of King John to France	168	Lady Jane Grey declared Queen by the Duke of Northumberland	176
Second arrival of King John in London	168	Execution of Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley	176
Death of King John at the Savoy	168	Durham House granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh	176
Anger of the Citizens of London against the Duke of Lancaster and Lord Percy	169	The New Exchange built	176
Threatened destruction of the Savoy	169	Anecdote of the Duchess of Tyrconnel	176
Complete destruction of the Savoy during Wat Tyler's insurrection	169	Mr. Gerard's Plot for the assassination of Cromwell	177
Incident mentioned in Stow's Chronicle relating to the burning of the Savoy	170	Alterations near Northumberland House	177
Hospital built by Henry VII. on the site of the Savoy	170	York House, the birth-place of Bacon	177
Various possessors of the Savoy before the Commonwealth	170	Possessors of York House previous to its being occupied by Sir Nicholas Bacon	177
Religious meeting held at the Savoy	170	Bacon early a Courtier	178
The Savoy Conference	171	The gradual rise of Bacon	178
Meeting of Presbyterian Divines at the Savoy	171	Jonson's lines on Bacon	178
The Savoy used as a hospital for sailors and soldiers by Charles II.	171	York House bestowed by James I. on the Duke of Buckingham	178
Nearly all the remains of the Savoy swept away at the erection of Waterloo Bridge	172	Water-gate at the end of Buckingham Street	178
The Chapel	172	Murder of Buckingham	178
Monuments in the Chapel of the Savoy	172	Northumberland House	179
Anne Killigrew	173	Exterior of Northumberland House	179
Gawin Douglas	173	Interior of Northumberland House	179
Richard Lander	173	Pictures in Northumberland House	179
Funeral of William Hilton, late keeper of the Royal Academy	173	Anecdote of Goldsmith's visit to Northumberland House	180

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
40. Roman Bath, Strand Lane	ARCHER	JACKSON	165
41. Ancient Palace of the Savoy	SARGENT	GRAY	167
42. The Savoy Palace in 1661. From Visscher's 'London'	FAIRHOLT	BURROWS	171
43. Ruins of the Savoy, 1711	DICKES	SEARS	172
44. York House	FAIRHOLT	NICHOLLS	180

XXXVII.—LONDON ANTIQUARIES.

	PAGE		PAGE
London Associations	181	Stow's sense of the injury done him by Graf- ton	191
London, the oldest City on this side the Alps	182	Temper and Character of Stow	191
Changes that have taken place in London	183	Stow again brought before the Ecclesiastical Court	192
The earliest investigators of the Antiquities of London	183	False Accusations made against Stow	192
Fabyan	184	Stow falsely accused by his own Brother	192
Fabyan's 'Chronicle'	184	Allusions in Stow's various Works to his Bro- ther's unnatural conduct	192
Fabyan's merits as an historian	184	Stow's complaints of the Ingratitude of Men	193
Arnold's 'Chronicle, or Customs of London'	185	Stow's love for his Employment	193
Warton's account of Arnold's method of compil- ing a book	185	Labours and Hardships undergone by Stow dur- ing the progress of his Work	194
John Stow	185	Stow's Old Age and Infirmities	194
Birth of Stow	185	Patent of Beggary received by Stow from the Crown	194
Stow's library examined by the Council in 1568	185	Collections made for Stow in various Parishes	195
Papistical books found in Stow's library	186	Stow's disregard of Poverty	195
Strype's account of Stow's religious opinions	186	Further details of Stow's History to be found in Strype	195
The family of Stow	186	Edmund Howe's description of Stow's Person and Character	196
The will of Stow's grandfather	187	Death of Stow	196
The will of Margaret Stow	188	Stow's Monument	196
Evidence that Stow followed the trade of a tailor Stow's account of the execution of the Bailiff of Rumford	188	Quarrel between Stow and Ditcher Anthony Munday's edition of Stow's 'Survey of London'	197
Story told by Stow of the Tyranny of Sir Thomas Cromwell	189	Stow's edition of the 'Survey of London'	197
Goodman's Field and the origin of the name	189	Stow's peculiarities of Style	198
Stow's residence in the parish of St. Andrew	190	Stow's principal Works	198
Stow's 'Summary of the Chronicles of Eng- land' first published	190	Stow's 'Annals of the Reformation'	198
Stow's 'Annals'	190	James Howel's 'Londinopolis'	198
Probable date of the commencement of Stow's 'Chronicles'	190	Dr. William Stukely	198
Dedication of the second edition of Stow's 'Sum- mary'	190	Death of Stukely	199
Richard Grafton and his plagiarism	191	Burial of Stukely	200
Stow's vindication of himself from Grafton's charges	191		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
45. Stow's Monument, in the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft	THOMPSON	SEARS	181
46. Portrait of Stukely, after Sir G. Kneller	FAIRHOLT	MURDON	199
47. Vault under Gerard's Hall	,,	HOLLOWAY	200

XXXVIII.—THE TOWER. No. 1.

THE PROGRESS OF THE EDIFICE.

Fitz-Stephen's description of the Tower	201	Leopards placed in the Tower by Henry III.	205
The building of the Tower <i>vulgarly</i> attributed to Julius Caesar	201	Improvements made to the Tower by Henry III.	205
Various opinions concerning the Founders of the Tower	202	Repairation of St. Peter's Church in the reign of Henry III.	205
The Tower supposed by Stow to have been built by William the Conqueror	202	Last important Additions made to the Tower in the reign of Edward I.	205
Foundations of buildings discovered near the White Tower	202	Commission issued for inquiring into the state of the Tower	205
Bishop Gundulph	202	Palatial Character of the Tower	206
Tempest in 1090	203	Mud wall between the Tower ditch and the City	206
Additions made to the Tower by William Rufus and Henry I.	203	Captivity of the Duke of Orleans in the Tower Representation, in a copy of the Poems of the Duke of Orleans, of the Tower in the fifteenth century	206
The Tower used as a Prison in the reign of Henry I.	203	Considerable repairs to the Tower during the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III.	208
Imprisonment of the Bishop of Durham in the Tower	204	Scaffold and gallows set up on Tower Hill	208
The Tower held by the Bishop of Ely against King John	204	Ancient names of the buildings in the Tower	208
The Bulwarks of the Tower strengthened in the reign of Henry III.	204	Paul Hentzner's Description of the Tower in 1598	208
		Plan of the Tower in 1598	209

	PAGE		PAGE
Visit of James I. to the Tower	209	Repairs effected in the Tower in the time of Charles II.	212
William Hubbocke's Latin Oration to welcome James I. to the Tower	209	Pepys's notice of Charles II.'s visit to the Tower	212
'England's Farewell to the King of Denmark'	211	Treasure alleged to have been concealed in the Tower	213
The visit of the King of Denmark to the Tower	211	Anecdote of Pepys	213
Additions made to the Tower by James I.	212	Building of the grand Storehouse	213
Report of the Privy Council, in the reign of James I., on the general condition of the Tower	212	Fire at the Tower in October, 1841	213
Paper drawn up by a Yeoman Warder, stating the appropriation of the various buildings in the Tower in 1641	212	Great events in History that have happened in the White Tower	214
		Associations connected with the Tower	215

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
48. The Tower—time of Henry VI.	SARGENT	JACKSON	201
49. The Tower in the fifteenth century	FAIRHOLT	BIGGS	207
50. The Tower in 1597	" "	BURROWS	210
51. The Ruins of the great Storehouse, November, 1841	TIFFIN	JACKSON	216

XXXIX.—THE TOWER. No. 2.

THE PALACE.

Preparations at the Tower for the Coronation of Charles II.	217	Murder of the Princes in the Tower	224
Magnificence of the Coronation Procession	218	Discovery of the bones of Edward V. and his brother	225
Heath's description of the Dresses at Charles II.'s coronation	218	Coronation of the Queen of Henry VII.	225
The Tower a place of Kingly Residence on account of its safety	218	The marriage of Prince Arthur with Katherine of Spain	226
Religious Festivals at the Tower in the reign of Henry III.	219	Accession of Henry VIII.	226
Parliament summoned at the Tower in 1236	219	Residence of Edward VI. at the Tower	226
The White Tower	219	Coronation of Queen Mary	227
Resemblance between the Chapel in the White Tower and the Choir of St. Bartholomew's Priory	219	Coronation of Queen Elizabeth	227
Edward I. and the Alchemist Raymond Lully	220	The Tower Menagerie	227
Seclusion of Edward III. in the Tower	220	Leopards presented by the Emperor Frederick to Henry III.	227
Execution of Mortimer on Tower Hill	221	Sports witnessed by James I. in the Tower	228
Illustrious prisoners in the Tower during the reign of Edward III.	221	Removal of the Menagerie to the Zoological Gardens	229
Festivities in honour of the Coronation of Richard II.	221	The Regalia	229
Tournament held in London in 1389	221	Various Monarchs by whom the Crown Jewels were pledged	229
Coronation of Queen Isabel	222	The present state of the Regalia	229
The Council Chamber of the White Tower	222	Birth of Thomas Blood	230
Richard II. forced to resign the Crown	222	Conduct of Colonel Blood during the Insurrection set on foot to surprise Dublin Castle	230
Coronation of Henry IV.	223	Blood's purposed vengeance on the Duke of Ormond	230
Death of Henry VI. in the Tower	223	Visit of Blood to see the Regalia	230
Coronations of Edward IV. and his Queen	223	Attempt of Blood and his Accomplices to steal the Regalia	231
Entrance of Edward V. into London	223	Flight and Arrest of Blood and his associates	231
The Duke of Gloucester and the Bishop of Ely	224	Blood taken into favour by King Charles	231
Imprisonment of the Lords of the Council	224	Death of Blood	231
Execution of Hastings	224	Lines on Colonel Blood in Rochester's 'History of Insipids'	232
Coronation of Richard III.	224		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
52. The Tower, from the Thames	G. F. SARGENT	GREEN	217
53. Interior of the Chapel in the White Tower	FAIRHOLT	MURDON	220
54. The Bloody Tower—North side*	R. W. BUSS	EVANS	228
55. The Jewel-House	FAIRHOLT	HOLLOWAY	232

* Called "Entrance Gate," under the Cut. It forms the entrance from the outer into the inner ward.

XL.—THE TOWER. No. 3.

THE PRISON.

PAGE	PAGE
Associations connected with the Tower as the State Prison of England	233
Inscription on the wall of Beauchamp Tower	234
Jews imprisoned by Edward I. in the Tower	234
Execution of Wallace	235
Proofs of the determined Character of Edward I. Committal of the Knights Templars to the Tower	235
Imprisonment of the Welsh Barons in the Tower	235
Escape of Lord Mortimer	235
Execution of Mortimer	235
Liberation of the Earl of Murray from the Tower	235
The Battle of Neville's Cross	236
Captivity of David Bruce in the Tower	236
The Constable of France and three hundred Citizens committed to the Tower by Edward III.	236
Imprisonment of the burgesses of Calais	236
Captivity in the Tower of Charles of Blois	236
Imprisonment of the captives taken at Poitiers	236
Valeran, Earl of St. Paul, imprisoned in the Tower	237
Imprisonment of Richard II. in the Tower	237
Execution of Sir Simon Burley	237
Chaucer, a Captive in the Tower	237
Execution of the Earl of Huntingdon	238
Lord Cobham committed to the Tower for Heresy	238
Martyrdom of Cobham	238
French prisoners in the Tower	238
Confinement of the Scotch Nobles in the Tower as Hostages for James of Scotland	239
Conspiracy of the Duchess of Gloucester and Margaret Jourdayn	239
War of the Roses	239
Margaret of Anjou	239
Death of the Duke of Clarence	239
The Scaffold on Tower Hill	240
Collingbourne's lines on Richard III.	240
Various Persons executed on Tower Hill	240
Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham	240
Anecdote of Sir Thomas More on his first entrance into the Tower	240
Parting between More and his Daughter, Margaret Roper	241
Bishop Fisher's committal to the Tower	241
Letter of Bishop Fisher to Cromwell	241
Execution of Fisher	241
Condemnation of Anne Boleyn	241
Execution of Anne Boleyn	241
Wyatt and his Accomplices sent to the Tower	242
Origin of the name of the Bloody Tower	242
The Beauchamp Tower	242
Execution of the Marquis of Exeter and Lord Montague on Tower Hill	243
Death of the Marchioness of Salisbury	243
Ill luck attending the Family of Arundel	243
Shield sculptured by John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland	243
Account of the Executions of Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley	244
Confinement of the Earl of Leicester in the Tower	244
Devotion of Bailly to Mary Queen of Scots	244
Torture of Thomas Miagh	245
The Rat's Dungeon	245
Inscription signed by Edmund and A. Poole	245
Apartment supposed to have been the Prison of Anne Boleyn	245
Shield of Arms in Beauchamp Tower	246
Queen Elizabeth brought a prisoner to the Tower	246
Royalists, Republicans, &c., committed to the Tower during the Civil War	246
Small Room in the White Tower	247
Captivity of Sir Walter Raleigh	247
Death in the Tower of Lady Arabella Stuart	247
Lines written by Raleigh the Night before his Execution	247
Examination of the Gunpowder Conspirators	247
Celebrated Persons buried in St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower	247
Frightful circumstances of the Execution of the Duke of Monmouth	248

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
56. Traitor's Gate	R. W. BUSS	NUGENT,	233
57. The Bloody Tower—South side	SHEPHERD	NICHOLLS	242
58. Interior of the Beauchamp Tower	FAIRHOLT	HOLLOWAY	246
59. St. Peter's Chapel	,,	F. SMYTH	248

XLI.—THE TOWER. No. 4.

THE ARSENAL AND FORTRESS.

Visit of William III. and his Queen to the Arsenal	249	Brass pieces taken from the Walls of Vigo	253
Fire at the Tower on the 30th of October, 1841	250	Forty-two pounder brought from Java	254
First use made of the Tower as an Arsenal	251	Wooden Gun used at the siege of Boulogne	254
Inventory made in the reign of Henry VI. of the Military Stores in the ancient Arsenal	251	The Grand Staircase	254
Miscellaneous Articles mentioned in the Inventory	252	The Small Arms Armoury	254
Inventory made in the reign of Edward VI.	252	Decorations of the Ceiling, Columns, &c., of the Small Arms Armoury	254
Names of the former Officers in the Tower	252	Maltese Gun taken by Napoleon	255
Interior of the Great Storehouse	253	Miscellaneous Ornaments of the Small Arms Armoury	256
Trophies of warfare in the Train of Artillery	253	Geoffrey de Mandeville first Constable of the Tower	256

PAGE	PAGE		
The Tower besieged by the Citizens of London	256	The Tower held by Colonel Lunsford	259
Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, Guardian of the Kingdom in the reign of Richard I.	256	Arrest of Colonel Lunsford	260
The Tower blockaded by King John	257	Sir John Biron made lieutenant of the Tower	260
The Keys of the Tower delivered up to King John by the Bishop of Ely	257	Sir John Coniers named lieutenant by the Parliament	260
Escape of Longchamp to Normandy	257	Eminent persons who have filled the office of Constable of the Tower	260
Return of Longchamp to England to collect King Richard's ransom	257	Perquisites of the Constable of the Tower	260
Ransacking of the Tower during Wat Tyler's insurrection	257	Holinshed's description of a Quarrel between the Constable of the Tower and the Attendants of the Princess Elizabeth	261
Escape of the Princess of Wales from the Tower	258	The Council Chamber and Chapel of the Royal Palace	261
Mandate issued by Edward III. in 1337	258	Uselessness of the Cannon on the Ramparts of the Tower	261
Unexpected arrival of Edward III. before the Tower Gates	258	Sale of the Relics in the Tower	263
Jack Cade's insurrection in 1450	259		
Removal of Sir Thomas Balfour from the Lieutenancy of the Tower	259		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
60. The burning of the Great Storehouse	ANELAY	MURDON	249
61. Gun from the Royal George	WHITTOCK	—	253
62. Entrance Staircase, &c., of the Great Storehouse after the Fire	TIFFIN	BASTIN	255
63. Cornice of the Small Arms Armoury	WHITTOCK	—	255
64. Interior of Beauchamp Tower from the Parade	TIFFIN	JACKSON	262

XLII.—THE TOWER. No. 5.

THE ARMOURY.

The Warder of the Tower	265	Sir Henry Lee's chivalry and valour	274
The Interior of the Horse Armoury	266	James I.	275
The Norman Crusader	267	Suits of Armour of Sir Horace Vere and the Earl of Arundel	275
Edward I.	268	Gradual disuse of Armour	276
Improvement in the construction of Armour	269	Charles I.	276
Henry VI.	269	James II.	276
The Knight's mode of Equipment described by Sir Samuel Meyrick	270	Grotesque Figures on the Stairs leading from the Horse Armoury	277
Edward IV.	270	Queen Elizabeth's Armoury	277
Custom in England during the Wars of the Roses	271	Inscriptions on the Wall of Queen Elizabeth's Armoury	277
Suits of Armour worn at the Eglintoun Tournament	271	Figure of Queen Elizabeth	278
Henry VII.	271	Spoils of the Spanish Armada	278
Plate-armour considered to have attained its perfection in the reign of Henry VII.	272	Instruments of Torture	278
Henry VIII.	272	Swords used by the Crusaders	278
Suit of Armour presented to Henry VIII. by the Emperor Maximilian I.	272	Anecdote of Henry VIII.	279
Suit of Armour made for Charles II. when in his fifth year	273	Axe with which Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey were beheaded	279
The russet Armour of Edward VI.	273	Anxiety of Sir Walter Raleigh to obtain a sight of Queen Elizabeth	279
The Armour of the Earl of Huntingdon	274	Scene between Raleigh and Sir George Carew, as narrated by Sir Arthur Gorges	279

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
65. Group of Arms from the Armoury	TIFFIN	WHIMPER	265
Equestrian Figures from the Horse Armoury	TIFFIN	M. HAMPTON	267
66. The Norman Crusader	"	"	268
67. Edward I.	"	"	269
68. Henry VI.	"	"	270
69. Edward IV.	"	"	271
70. Henry VII.	"	"	272
71. Henry VIII.	"	"	273
72. Ditto Milan Armour	"	"	274
73. Edward VI.	"	"	275
74. James I.	"	"	276
75. Charles I.	"	"	277
76. James II.	"	"	280
77. Queen Elizabeth's Armoury	R. W. BUSS	C. GRAY	280

XLIII.—THE OLD ROYAL EXCHANGE AND ITS FOUNDER.

	PAGE		PAGE
Remark of Cardinal Morton	281	Gresham's Paper-Mill mentioned by the poet Churchyard	289
The Merchants of London	281	Queen Elizabeth's visit to Osterly	289
The Exchange projected by Sir Richd. Gresham	282	Death of Gresham	289
Derivation of the name of Gresham	282	Funeral and Tomb of Gresham	289
Birth and education of Thomas Gresham	282	Proposal of Sir Thomas Gresham for the erection of the Royal Exchange	290
Gresham apprenticed to his Uncle	282	Stow's description of Lombard Street	290
Marriage of Gresham	282	Spot chosen for the erection of the Exchange	290
Gresham appointed Royal Agent	283	First Stone of the Royal Exchange laid	290
Extract from the King's Manuscript Journal, April, 1551	283	The frame-work of the Exchange made at Ring-shall	291
Zeal and Industry of Gresham	283	Statues in the Royal Exchange	291
The Steel-yard merchants	284	Flemish character of the Royal Exchange	291
Holbein's pictures, representing Riches and Poverty, described by Pennant	284	Prints showing the Interior and Exterior Aspects of the Exchange	291
Edward VI.'s acknowledgment of Gresham's services	285	Description of the Interior and Exterior of the Exchange	292
Momentary disgrace of Gresham in the reign of Queen Mary	285	Gresham's preparations for the Visit of Queen Elizabeth to the Exchange	292
Advice of Gresham to Queen Elizabeth	286	Progress of Queen Elizabeth through the City to the Exchange	292
The Steel-yard closed by Queen Elizabeth	286	Heywood's story of Gresham and the Pearl	292
Differences of opinion on the subject of Loans	286	Shops in the Pawn of the Royal Exchange	293
Gresham the chief Continental Correspondent of the Government	287	Literary Memorials of the old Exchange	293
Gresham's staff of spies	287	Mention of the Royal Exchange by the Rev. Samuel Rolle	293
Instance recorded by Strada of Gresham's Skill in Diplomatic Manœuvres	287	Scene on the Lower Part of the Exchange	294
Ammunition smuggled from Antwerp	287	The Castaways of Fortune	294
Questionable nature of some of Gresham's proceedings	288	Daniel Lupton's account of the Merchants of the Exchange	294
Gresham Ambassador at the Court of the Duchess of Parma	288	Extract from the 'Inquest Book of Cornhill'	295
Gresham's Residence in Lombard Street	288	Leaf from the Book of the Great Fire	295
Gresham's Country-house at Mayfield and Osterly	288		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
78. Portrait of Sir Thomas Gresham	FAIRHOLT	KINGINER	281
79. Wharf of the German Merchants of the Steel-yard, in Thames Street	HOLLAR	SLADER	285
80. Sir Thomas Gresham's Exchange	FAIRHOLT	WHITING	296

XLIV.—THE ROYAL EXCHANGE AND THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

The Great Fire of 1666	297	Passage from the 'Essays of Elia'	304
Plan for the New Exchange	297	The South-Sea Bubble	304
Difficulty in deciding upon an Architect to superintend the rebuilding of the Exchange	298	Origin of the South-Sea Company	305
Mr. Jernan chosen architect of the Exchange	298	Contract of the South-Sea Company with the King of Spain	305
Extract from Pepys' 'Diary'	298	Sir John Blunt's offer to the Ministers	305
The Exchange completed and opened	298	Assignment on the South-Sea Company's stock	306
Appearance of the New Exchange	298	Swift's lines on the South-Sea Company	307
The Satirical Ballad of 'Robin Conscience'	299	Associations in imitation of the South-Sea Company	307
Sir Richard Steele's Walk round the Exchange	299	Prosecutions of the smaller Associations by the South-Sea Company	307
Lines from 'The Wealthy Shopkeeper'	300	Fall of the South-Sea Company's stock	308
Addison's Reflections on the Royal Exchange	300	Gay, the poet, a great sufferer from the fall of the South-Sea Company	308
Decay in the prosperity of the Shops of the Exchange	302	Refusal of the Bank of England to circulate the South-Sea Company's bonds	308
Destruction of the Royal Exchange by Fire in January, 1838	302	Complete failure of the South-Sea Company	308
The Bells in the Tower of the Royal Exchange	303	Indignation of the Populace against the Directors of the South-Sea Company	309
Removal of the Members of "Lloyd's" to the South-Sea House	303	Vindictive feelings of Lord Moleworth towards the Directors of the South-Sea Company	309
General Mercantile Body accommodated in the Court of the Excise Office	303	Measures taken by Walpole for the re-establishment of the Public Credit	309
Bills and Inscriptions on the Walls of the Court of the Excise Office	303		

	PAGE		PAGE
Committee of Secrecy for the examination of the Company's Accounts	309	Confiscation of the Estates of the South-Sea Company Directors	310
Arrest of some of the Directors of the South-Sea Company	309	Division of the Stock of the South-Sea Company	310
Astounding Discoveries made by the Committee of Secrecy	309	Tumult in the House of Commons	311
Cases of Stanhope and Aislabic	310	Speech of the King at the Prorogation of Parliament	311
		The South-Sea House before it was inhabited by the members of "Lloyd's"	311

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
81. Statue of Sir Thomas Gresham	FAIRHOLT	HOLLOWAY	297
82. The late Royal Exchange	,,	MURDON	302
83. The South-Sea House	WELLS	HOLLOWAY	312

XLV.—SMITHFIELD.

Smithfield in the twelfth century	313	Proposed Cattle-Market on the outskirts of London	321
Cause of Wat Tyler's Insurrection	314	Excellent arrangements for the Cattle-Market in the Lower Road, Islington	321
Rising of the people of Kent and Essex	314	Attempt of the City to remove the Market to Sadler's Wells	322
Wat Tyler chosen Leader by the Mob	314	Gross Revenue derived from the Cattle-Market by the City	322
Excesses of the Insurgents	314	The Carcass-Butchers and Slaughtermen	322
Death of Wat Tyler	315	Jew's method of slaughtering an Ox	322
Parley held by Richard II. with the Insurgents	315	Manner of packing and sending the "country-killed meat"	322
Froissart's description of a Tournament at Smithfield on the Marriage of Richard II. with Isabella of France	315	Little difference between the London and Country Markets	322
Account given by Holinshed of the Combat between Horner and Peter	315	Various stages in the Life of an Ox	323
Forms attending a Trial of Battle	316	Estimate of the number of Cattle arriving at Smithfield from different Districts in one year	321
Abolishment of the Trial of Battle	316	The Salesman	321
Smithfield a place of Execution	316	Consumption of meat in London	324
Smithfield a Cattle-Market previous to 1345	316	Gross amount of Animal Food furnished by the Smithfield market	325
'Statutes of Smithfield'	316	Variations in the consumption of Meat during periods of prosperity and embarrassment	325
Charter of Charles I. to the Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens	317	The Smithfield Club	325
Charter granted to the City in 1327	317	The Cattle Show	325
Estimate of the number of Cattle sold yearly in Smithfield	318	Agricultural Implements exhibited at the Cattle Show	327
Table of the number of Cattle and Sheep sold in Smithfield at the present time	319	The Prize Oxen	327
Extraordinary appearance of Smithfield by Torch-light	319	Average weight of Cattle at Smithfield	327
Difficulty of forming the Cattle into "rings" or "off-droves"	320	Utility of the Smithfield Club	328
Statements before a Parliamentary Committee of the Barbarity exercised towards the Cattle by the Drovers	320	Horse-Market held in Smithfield	328
Danger and inconvenience of a Cattle-Market in the heart of London	321	Hay and Straw Markets held at Smithfield	321

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
84. Torch-light view of Smithfield	ANELAY	HOLLOWAY	319
85. Cattle Show	LEE	MURDON	326

XLVI.—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

The origin of Christ's Hospital	329	St. Francis	331
Bishop Ridley's Sermon preached before Edward VI. at Westminster	329	Arrival of the nine Franciscans in England	331
Bishop Ridley sent for by Edward VI.	329	Habitation built for the Franciscans by John Ewins	331
Charitable Intentions of King Edward	330	Completion of the Grey Friars by various Citizens of London	332
Ridley's Interview with the Lord Mayor	330	Contributions for the building of the Grey Friars' Church	332
Foundation of the Bridewell and the Hospitals of St. Bartholomew and St. Thomas	330	Queen Isabella buried in the Grey Friars' Church	332
The Grey Friars set apart for the accommodation of Destitute Children	330	Various celebrated Personages buried in Grey Friars' Church	332
The orders of the Black and Grey Friars	331		

	PAGE		PAGE
Anecdote of Edward IV. and Thomas Burdett	333	Christ Church Passage	337
Library of Grey Friars	333	General Management of the Hospital	338
The Franciscans the most distinguished of the different orders	333	Qualifications required on the part of a Scholar before his admittance into Christ's Hospital	338
Letter from the Warden of Grey Friars to Crom- well	333	The Court Room	339
Deed of Surrender, signed by the Warden and Brethren of Grey Friars	333	Portraits of Edward VI.	339
The Grey Friars made over by King Henry to the City of London	334	Vsious Portraits in the Court Room	339
The Church of the Grey Friars converted into a Store-house	334	Anecdote of Dame Mary Ramsey	339
The Grey Friars prepared for the reception of the Destitute Children of London	334	The Grammar, Mathematical, and Writing Schools	339
Description of Holbein's picture representing the presentation of the Charter of Christ's Hos- pital by Edward VI. to the Lord Mayor	334	Coleridge a Blue-coat Boy	339
Death of Edward VI.	335	Rev. James Boyer	339
Extraordinary Qualities and Attainments of Ed- ward VI.	335	Observation of Coleridge on hearing of the death of Mr. Boyer	340
Contributions for the support of Christ's Hospital	335	Charles Lamb educated at Christ's Hospital	340
Richard Castell, the Shoemaker	335	Celebrated Persons brought up at Christ's Hos- pital	340
Sir Richard Dobbs	335	Lines written by Bishop Middleton	341
Change in the object of the Institution	336	The Infirmary	341
Interest excited by the appearance of a Blue-coat Boy	336	The Dormitories	341
Interior of Christ's Hospital	337	A Deputy Grecian	341
Funeral procession of a Blue-coat Boy	337	The Blue-coat Boys' Day	341
		The Hall	341
		Portraits in the Hall	342
		Picture by Verrio of Charles II. giving audience to a Deputation from the Hospital	342
		The "Public Suppers" of Christ's Hospital	342
		The Kitchen	343
		Incident related by Charles Lamb	343

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
86. Statue of Edward VI.	FAIRHOLT	SLADER	329
87. North side of the Priory Cloisters	W SMALLWOOD	SEARS	338
88. The Grammar and Mathematical Schools	„	WITBY	344

XLVII.—SOME FEATURES OF LONDON LIFE OF LAST CENTURY.

London a Century back	345	Accident on the 4th June, 1763	357
Extracts from the Newspapers of last Century	346	Quarrel between a party of Sailors and some Chairmen at the election of Lord Warkworth	357
The Insecurity of the Streets of London	347	Public Prosecutors	358
Charlotte Charke	347	Jonathan Wild	358
Arrest of three of the Associates of Burnworth's Gang	348	The Gallows a universal cure	359
Removal of the three Highwaymen from New- gate to Kingston	348	Places of Execution in London	359
Points of dissimilarity between the London of a Century ago and the London of to-day	349	Malefactors suspended on Gibbets on the High- ways	360
Filth and sluttishness of the Streets of London in 1760	349	Temple Bar and its range of Skulls	361
First attempt to organise a Police Force in 1763	349	"The City of the Gallows"	361
The Lower Classes in the eighteenth century	350	The execution of Williamson, a journeyman shoemaker	361
The indigenous Gipsies of London	350	Conviction of Mrs. Brownrigg	361
Deaths from starvation in the Streets of London	351	Affection of the Rabble for those who under- went the last penalty of the law	361
Haunts of Thieves and Beggars in London	351	Execution of Cornelius Sanders	362
Review of the resorts of the "dangerous classes"	352	Case of Anne Martin	362
Tone of Society in the eighteenth century	352	Description of an Execution in 1763	363
Reasons for the Immorality of the eighteenth century	352	The "New Drop"	363
The followers of the Nobility	353	Immense numbers of Persons hanged for Capital Crimes in the eighteenth century	363
Lætitia Pilkington and Richardson the novelist	354	Interior of the Dens of the Kidnappers of Lon- don	364
Extract from the Memoirs of Charlotte Charke	354	Crimping-houses of the East India Company's Recruiting Agents	364
Proclamation for the Apprehension of Burn- worth	355	Influences at work among the Destitute Classes of London	365
The boldness of Burnworth and his Accom- plices	355	Preachings of a Maniac in Smithfield and Moor- fields	365
Attempt of John Barton to murder Marjoram	355	The preaching of the Methodists of London	366
The Volunteer Guards	356	Sunday schools	366
Specimen of the manner in which a London Mob would sometimes take the Law into its own Hands	356	Increase in the sale of Books in 1791	366
		The establishment of the New Police	367

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	PAGE
89. Temple Bar	HOGARTH	JACKSON . . .	345
90. Gibbets on the Thames	"	"	360
91. Highwayman in Gaming House	"	"	368

XLVIII.—ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

	PAGE		PAGE
Plainness of the Exterior of St. James's Palace	369	George I. and his first Council-board	376
St. James's erected by Henry VIII.	369	Dullness of the Court of George I.	377
Councils held at St. James's Palace	370	Anecdote of Lady Mary Wortley Montague	377
Period during which St. James's Palace was a kingly residence	370	George II. and his Family	378
The Hospital of St. James	370	Character of George II.	378
Architecture of St. James's Palace	370	Death of Frederick Prince of Wales	378
Character of Henry VIII. during the first twenty years of his reign	370	Ascendancy gained by the Aristocracy over the Crown	379
Divorce of Queen Catharine	371	Hostilities of the Whigs and Tories	379
Brilliance of the nine years following the Marriage of Henry and Anne Boleyn	371	The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Horace Walpole	379
False position in which the Children of Henry VIII. were placed by the Vices of their Father	372	Circulation of Satirical Ballads	379
History of St. James's Palace from the death of Henry VIII. to the Revolution	372	Costume in the reign of George II.	380
St. James's Palace during the reigns of the Stuarts	372	Court Dresses	380
Escape of the Duke of York from St. James's	372	Anecdote told by Swift of Prince Eugene	380
Pursuit of the Duke of York	372	Bubb Doddington	381
Death of the two Sons of the Duke of York	374	Anecdote of Lord Chesterfield	381
St. James's the principal residence of the Kings of England after the burning of Whitehall	374	Undefined line of demarcation between the Aristocracy and Commoners	381
Buildings round St. James's Palace	374	Swift and the "History of the Maids of Honour"	382
Improvements in St. James's Street	375	Manner in which the Court Chaplains were entertained	382
Enviroms of St. James's Palace	376	Impudence of the Maids of Honour	383
Unimportant part played by the Sovereign at the Court of St. James's	376	Story of George II. and Miss Chudleigh	383
The Duchess of Marlborough	376	Efforts of the Countess of Huntingdon to establish a Mission within the walls of St. James's	383
Queen Anne's taskmasters	376	St. James's in the reign of George III.	383
		Celebrated Characters of the court of George II.	384

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	PAGE
92. St. James's Palace. From a print by Hollar	FAIRHOLT	SLADER	369
93. The Palace Gate		SEARS	375

XLIX.—SPITALFIELDS.

The "philosophy of the roofs of houses"	385	Acts of Parliament passed for the encouragement of the Silk Manufacture in London	391
Passage of the Eastern Counties Railway through Spitalfields	385	Acts of Parliament having reference to the Silk Manufacture, passed in the reign of Charles I.	392
Bird-traps on the Roofs in Spitalfields	386	The Silk-Throwsters' Company	392
Wretchedness of the Streets in Spitalfields	386	Exile of the Huguenots of France	392
Entire District known by the name of Spitalfields	386	Settlement in Spitalfields of numbers of the French Refugees	392
Spital Square the heart of the Silk District of London	387	Impulse given by the French Protestants to the manufacture of Silk in Spitalfields	392
Spital Square a century back	387	The "Lustring Company"	393
Foundation of the Priory of St. Mary Spittle	387	Rapid advance of the Silk Manufacture in Spitalfields	393
Dissolution of the Spital in 1534	388	Use of Lombe's Machine in England	393
Discovery of the Ruins of the Spital Priory	388	Details relating to the Manufacture of Silk	393
The Spital Sermons	388	Mr. Porter's explanation of the alleged inferiority of English Thrown Silk to the Italian Organzine	394
Distinguished persons who attended the Spital Sermons	388	Importation of French Silks	394
Persecution of the Protestants by Louis XIV.	389	Demand of the Spitalfields Weavers for the total prohibition of Foreign Silks	394
Artillery Ground in Spitalfields	389	The "Spitalfields Acts"	394
Projected Park near Bethnal Green	389	Petition for the repeal of the "Spitalfields Acts"	395
State of Spitalfields in the reign of Elizabeth	390		
"A Faire in Spittlefields"	390		
New Inhabitants of Spitalfields	391		
First appearance of Silk Goods in England	391		
The Silk Women of London	391		

	Page		Page
Mode of conducting the Transactions between Employer and the Employed in the Silk Manufacture	395	Bird-catching, the characteristic amusement of the Spitalfields Weavers	397
Arrangements of a Weaver's Family in regard to work	396	The Spitalfields Mathematical Society	397
Evidence taken before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1831	396	Extract from Mr. G. R. Porter's 'Treatise on the Silk Manufacture'	397
Funds for the Relief of the Spitalfields Weavers	396	Sketch of a Spitalfields Weaver and his Room	398
French origin of the Names of the Weavers in Spitalfields	397	A Ramble through Bethnal Green and Mile-end New Town	399

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
94. Pelham Street, Spitalfields	TIMBRILL	BIGGS	385
95. Spitalfields Market	—————	ANDREW	398
96. House in Booth Street, Spitalfields	—————	GORWAY	400

L.—THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

London first entered by the Thames	401	The "Long Room"	408
Quay before the Custom House	402	Total destruction of the Custom House by Fire in 1814	408
Billingsgate Dock	402	Designs and estimates prepared for building a new Custom House	408
The Steam-Boat Wharfs	402	Plan projected by Mr. Laing	409
Arrival of a large Steam-Ship at the Custom House	403	Appearances of the Substratum on which the new Custom House was to be raised	409
The Steam-Packet Baggage Warehouse	403	Description of the character of the Ground given by Mr. Laing	409
Practice of exacting Customs inherited from the Romans	403	Wall discovered during the formation of the Foundation of the new Custom House	409
Letter from Charlemagne to Offa, King of the Mercians	403	Account of the manner of Driving in the Piles for strengthening the Site of the new Custom House	410
Toll on Ships arriving at Billingsgate fixed in the reign of Ethelred II.	403	Exterior of the new Custom House	410
The Queen's Hythe, the favoured landing-place after the Conquest	404	Failure of the Foundation of the Custom House	410
Privileges of the Queen's Hythe	401	One half of the Customs of the United Kingdom collected in the Port of London	411
Fall of the Customs of Queenhithe at the close of the fifteenth century	404	The Custom House one of the oldest sources of Statistical Information	411
The Foreign Trade of England in the fourteenth century almost entirely in the hands of Foreigners	405	Prices affixed to every article of Merchandise when exported or imported for the first time	412
Acts passed in the fifteenth century prohibiting the circulation of Foreign Coin	405	The 'Bill of Entry'	412
Galley Quay	405	Apartments in the Custom House, in which the Officers of each Department transact their Business	412
Religious Persons of all kinds exempt from the Payment of Duties	405	Description of the Interior of the Long Room	412
Scale made in 1297 for the weighing of Wools	406	Various Officers employed in the Custom House	413
House built on Wool Wharf by John Churchman, probably the first Custom House in London	406	Class of Persons to be seen in the Long Room	414
Prosperous state of the Commerce of London at the close of the sixteenth century	406	Progress of an Article of Foreign Merchandise through the Customs to the Shop of the Dealer	414
Important Steps taken in 1559 for the better collecting of the Customs	407	Course pursued on the exportation of British Manufactures	415
Quays and Wharfs within the Port of London appointed as Discharging Places for Merchandise	407	Statutes relating to the Customs since the reign of Edward I.	415
Improvements in the Customs establishment	407	Perplexity at the occasional importation of Articles not mentioned in the Tariff of Duties	416
The old Custom House destroyed during the Great Fire	408	Importation of a Mummy from Egypt	416
Building of a new Custom House	408	Importation of Ice from Norway	416

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Designers.	Engravers.	
97. Old Custom House, destroyed by fire in 1814	FAIRHOLT	GORWAY	401
98. Present Custom House	ANELAY	SLADER	411
99. The Long Room	SHEPHERD	SMYTH	413



[Sir Christopher Wren.]

XXVI.—THE BUILDING OF ST. PAUL'S.

APPROACHING London, or pausing on the last hill-top to look back on its wide expanse, we feel that the graceful and majestic dome of St. Paul's is the centre of the City—the nucleus about which its masses congregate—the stately Queen, round which tower, monument, and spire stand ranked as attendant hand-maidens. Whether we stand on Battersea Rise on a summer evening, with the Abbey towers of Westminster showing their distinct outlines through pure air, while the distant city is veiled by the pall of smoke which the light breeze is inclining towards the ocean, while the stately dome ascends where the regions of definite form and dim amorphous haze fade into each other, its golden cross gleaming through a slumberous golden light—or whether from the heights of Hampstead, when in the silence of the dewy morning we could imagine nothing was awake but the sun and ourselves, we behold the mighty structure by the deceptive influence of the clear air and sidelong light projected into startling nearness—or whether from the hill of Greenwich we see the huge mass swathed in mist, now dim and scarce distinguishable, now lost to view and again re-appearing, dark and threatening, like some Highland mountain amid its congenial vapours—from every point of view, under every change of atmospheric influence, the dome of St. Paul's remains the prominent and characteristic feature of London, viewed from a distance. Nor does its power over the fascinated eye and imagination cease when we mingle with the spring-tide of human existence, hurried in incessant ebb and flow along the multitudinous and labyrinthine streets of the metropolis. Ever and anon we are aware of the mighty pile seen through

some street vista, or appearing over the house-tops as if close at hand. It is ever present, ever beautiful, ever imposing. No more perfect picture, in point of form, arrangement, or colour, can be imagined, than that which presents itself as we pass along Fleet Street, on a bracing autumn morning, while the sun is yet struggling through an embrowned haze, in the winding ascent of Ludgate Street, crowned by this majestic dome. The Cathedral church combines all the elements of grandeur and beauty. Of colossal size, its summit mingles with the clouds, and at times appears to shift with the thin mists that float past it. The impression made by its graceful outline is heightened by the finish of all its parts, indicating a compactness of structure which gives promise of an eternally youthful appearance. Seated high in the centre of London, St. Paul's might well appear to a fantastic mood, one of those talismanic structures, of which we read in Arabian tales—the seat of the magical influence which has drawn together and upholds the aggregation of stately structures, the heaped-up wealth to and from which the money business of the whole world is attracted and diverges as from its centre of circulation, and the concentrated spirit of human passion which thrills and quivers so intensely around it.

Nor is it altogether a vain fancy that attributes an organic unity to London, of which St. Paul's may be considered the binding key-stone: the mind which projected a new city to be erected upon the ruins left by the Great Fire, made this the central point from which he extended his streets on all sides. Before the destruction of the old city he had pictured to himself a stately structure, something like the present, that might be erected on the site of old St. Paul's; and when the fire had left London a *tabula rasa*, he traced his plan as a framework in which to set this jewel of his imagination. That plan was not adopted—neither the new Cathedral of St. Paul's nor the new City of London are what Wren designed they should be; yet, though the pertinacity with which his contemporaries clung to their preconceived opinions, or defended their little properties, to a great extent baffled his project, still we can trace its lineaments imperfectly stamped upon the rebellious and obdurate material. What was done was done under his superintendence and control—not only St. Paul's, but most of the churches and halls in the City, were his work—and thus he was enabled to call into existence a sufficient number of the parts of the great whole he had contemplated to indicate an outline of his design, and impress something of a uniformity of character upon the new city. This circumstance confers an epic interest upon the rebuilding of London, of which St. Paul's is always the centre. And this consideration it is that has induced us to devote a whole paper to the “Building of St. Paul's,” a story of great designs partially accomplished—of perseverance triumphing over intrigue, after a struggle of forty-four long years—*tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem*.

The first point to be made good is our assertion that the idea of giving to St. Paul's a figure nearly resembling that which it now has, had occurred to Wren previous to the Great Fire of London, and that his plan for the rebuilding of the city, if it was not suggested by that idea, was intimately connected with it. One of the principal objects which occupied the mind of Charles II. on his restoration seems to have been the repairing of St. Paul's Cathedral, sadly dilapidated during the civil wars. A commission was accordingly issued for

upholding and repairing the structure, of which Wren and Evelyn were appointed members. Wren, with the approbation of Evelyn, committed to writing an account of the condition in which he found the cathedral, and proposals for the necessary alterations, which, along with a number of explanatory drawings and designs, were laid before the King. In his memoir we find the germ of the present St. Paul's. He sets out with laying great stress upon the size of the building:—"It is a pile both for ornament and use; for all the occasion either of a quire, consistory, chapter-house, library, court of arches, preaching auditory, might have been supplied in less room, with less expense and yet more beauty; but then it had wanted of the grandeur which exceeds all little curiosity; this being the effect of wit only, the other the monument of power and mighty zeal in our ancestors to public works in these times, when the city had neither a fifth part of the people nor a tenth part of the wealth it now boasts of." He then proceeds to point out the defects of the original construction of the building, rendering mere patchwork repairs inadvisable, and the artistical faults of the pile. "The middle part is most defective in beauty and firmness without and within: for the tower leans manifestly by the settling of one of the ancient pillars that supported it. Four new arches were, therefore, of late years, incorporated within the old ones, which had straitened and hindered both the room and the clear thorough view of the nave, in that part where it had been more graceful to have been rather wider than the rest. The excessive length of the building is no otherwise commendable but because it yields a pleasing perspective by the combined optical diminution of the columns; and if this be cut off by columns ranging within their fellows, the grace that would be acquired by their length is totally lost." After some further details he proceeds:—"I cannot propose a better remedy than, by cutting off the inner columns of the cross, to reduce the middle part into a spacious dome or rotunda, with a cupola or hemispherical roof; and upon the cupola (for the outward ornament) a lantern with a spring top, to rise proportionably, though not to that unnecessary height of the former spire of timber and lead burnt by lightning. By this means the deformities of the unequal intercolumniations will be taken away; the church, which is much too narrow for the height, rendered spacious in the middle, which may be a very proper place for a vast auditory; the outward appearance of the church will seem to swell in the middle, by degrees, from a large basis rising into a rotunda bearing a cupola, and then ending in a lantern, and this with incomparable more grace in the remoter aspect than it is possible for the bare shaft of a steeple to afford." He then enlarges upon the practical details of time, expense, and materials, of which only this striking passage need be quoted:—"It will be requisite that a large and exact model be made, which will also have this use,—that, if the work should happen to be interrupted or retarded, posterity may proceed where the work was left off, pursuing still the same design. And as the portico built by Inigo Jones, being an entire and excellent piece, gave great reputation to the work in the first repairs, and occasioned fair contributions; so to begin now with the dome may probably prove the best advice, being an absolute piece of itself, and what will most likely be finished in our time, and what will make by far the most splendid appearance; may be of present use for the auditory, will make up all the outward repairs perfect, and become an ornament to his Majesty's most

excellent reign, to the Church of England, and to this great city, which it is a pity in the opinion of our neighbours should longer continue the most unadorned of her bigness in the world." In the memorial from which we quote it is easy to discern exquisite perception of the sublime and beautiful—greatness and boldness of conception—talent for the minutiae of practical detail—the power of raising himself to a great undertaking, and taking such precautions as might ensure its being carried on should he die before its completion—all expressed with the unconscious eloquence of earnest love for the task. It reveals the real artist—Mr. Carlyle might say, and with truth, "the hero as architect."

Evelyn felt the truth and justice of Wren's remarks, though most of the commissioners could not raise their minds beyond mere patching and plastering; argued, when it was pointed out to them that the main building receded outwards, "that it had been built so originally for an effect in the perspective;" and stoutly maintained that the steeple might be repaired on its old foundation. This opposition prevented anything being done, until the Great Fire took the settlement of the question into its own hands, and placed Wren on a ground of vantage. Meanwhile he went on maturing his ideas. Trained a mathematician and curious observer of nature, he brought correct taste and minute inquiry into the whole practical bearings of any task he undertook—to the architectural pursuits into which accident, rather than his own free choice, seem to have led him. In 1665 he visited France, resided some months in Paris, inspected and studied the principal buildings of that metropolis, visited the places in the vicinity most worthy of attention, took particular notice of what was most remarkable in every branch of mechanics, and contracted intimacies with the most celebrated artists and men of letters. In a letter to his friend Dr. Bateman he says that the Louvre was for a while his daily object, where no less than a thousand hands were constantly employed, "some in laying mighty foundations, some in raising the stories, columns, entablatures, &c., with vast stones, by great and useful engines; others in carving, inlaying of marbles, plastering, painting, gilding, &c., which altogether make a school of architecture, probably the best in Europe." Almost every sentence of his letter is a picture characteristic at once of the object described and the describer:—"Fontainebleau has a stately wildness and vastness suitable to the desert it stands in;" "the Palace, or if you please the Cabinet of Versailles, called me twice to see it—the mixtures of brick and stone, blue tile and gold, made it look like a rich livery—not an inch within but is crowded with little curiosities of ornament." He adds, "the women, as they make here the language and the fashions, and meddle with politics and philosophy, so do they sway also in architecture.* Works of filigree and little trinkets are in great vogue, but building ought certainly to have the attribute of eternal, and therefore the only thing incapable of new fashions. The *masculine* furniture of the Palais Mazarine pleased me much better." He adds, that he has seen many "incomparable villas"—"all which

* The case seems to have been reversed in England in the days of Kent. "His oracle," says Horace Walpole, "was so much consulted by all who affected taste, that nothing was thought complete without his assistance. ** So impetuous was fashion, that two great ladies prevailed upon him to make designs for their birthday gowns. The one he dressed in a petticoat with columns of the five orders; the other like a bronze, in copper-coloured satin, with ornaments of gold."

I have surveyed; and that I might not lose the impressions of them, I shall bring you almost all France in paper, which I have found by some or other ready designed to my hand, in which I have spent both labour and some money." Finally, "I have purchased a great deal of *taille-douce*, that I might give our countrymen examples of ornaments and grotesques, in which the Italians themselves confess the French to excel." By such studies, and by the conversation of his friend Evelyn, who had already published his '*Fumifugium*, or a Prophetic Invective against the Fire and Smoke of London, with its Remedies,' and others of similar tastes and pursuits, Wren prepared himself for his busy after-life.

The Fire of London roused the indomitable spirits of Englishmen. "They beheld," wrote Dr. Sprat, with the ruins of the metropolis smoking around him, "the ashes of their houses, gates, and temples, without the least expression of pusillanimity. If philosophers had done this, it had well become their profession of wisdom; if gentlemen, the nobleness of their breeding and blood would have required it: but that such greatness of heart should be found amongst the poor artisans and the obscure multitude is no doubt one of the most honourable events that ever happened. * * * A new city is to be built, on the most advantageous seat of all Europe for trade and command. This therefore is the fittest season for men to apply their thoughts to the improving of the materials of building, and to the inventing of better models for houses, roofs, chimneys, conduits, wharfs, and streets." On the morning of the 7th September Evelyn made a painful pilgrimage through the ruins, clambering over heaps of smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where he was. "The ground," he says, "was so hot that it burnt the soles of my shoes." The fruit of this excursion was a plan for the restoration of the city. "The King and Parliament," he wrote to Sir Samuel Tuke, in December 1666, "are infinitely zealous for the rebuilding of our ruins; and I believe it will universally be the employment of next spring. * * * Everybody brings in his idea: amongst the rest I presented his Majesty my own conceptions, with a discourse annexed. It was the second that was seen, *within two days after the conflagration*; BUT DR. WREN HAD GOT THE START OF ME." Wren was appointed Deputy Surveyor-General, and principal architect for rebuilding the whole city, having been previously appointed architect and one of the commissioners for the restoration of St. Paul's. The intimate knowledge he obtained of the topography of the metropolis in the course of his official surveys, and the natural tendency of a mind which has projected a general plan for the erection of a city to execute minor details with a constant reference to it, put him in a condition to realize some portions of his design.

The leading features of Wren's plan are given in No. XXV., but we may here mention them more in detail, as stated by himself:—"From that part of Fleet Street which remained unburnt, about St. Dunstan's church, a straight street, ninety feet wide, crosses the valley, passing by the south side of Ludgate prison, and thence in a direct line ends gracefully in a piazza at Tower Hill, but before it descends into the valley where now the great sewer (Fleet Ditch) runs, it opens into a round piazza, the centre of eight ways. * * * Leaving Ludgate prison on the left side of the street (instead of which gate was designed

a triumphal arch to the founder of the new city, King Charles II.), the street divides into two others as large, and before they, spreading at acute angles, can be clear of one another, they form a triangular piazza, the basis of which is filled by the cathedral church of St. Paul. Leaving St. Paul's on the left, we proceed, as our first way led us, towards the Tower, the way being all along adorned with parochial churches. We return again to Ludgate, and, leaving St. Paul's on the right hand, pass the other great branch to the Royal Exchange, seated at the place where it was before, but free from buildings, in the middle of a piazza included between two great streets—the one from Ludgate leading to the south front, and another from Holborn over the canal to Newgate, and thence straight to the north front of the Exchange." There was to be a commodious quay on the whole bank of the river from Blackfriars to the Tower; a canal was to be cut at Bridewell, with sluices at Holborn-bridge and at the mouth, and stores for coal on each side; the Halls of the twelve chief companies were to be united into one regular square annexed to Guildhall; the churches were to be designed "according to the best forms for capacity and hearing," adorned with useful porticos and lofty ornamental towers, and steeples in the greater parishes; and all churchyards, gardens, and unnecessary vacuities, and all trades that use great fires or yield noisome smells, were to be placed out of the town. It is clear from this outline that the nucleus of Wren's plan for rebuilding London was that cathedral the capabilities of which he had so thoroughly studied and was so eagerly bent upon developing to the utmost. His plan being rejected, he was restricted to the realisation of his idea of an Anglo-episcopal cathedral, to dropping his halls and churches here and there in narrow spaces, obscured by the close proximity of tall houses, in the hope, perhaps, that a more civilised generation might deem it worth while to excavate them, and to introducing from time to time reforms in the line of streets, sewerage, and mode of constructing houses in the metropolis.

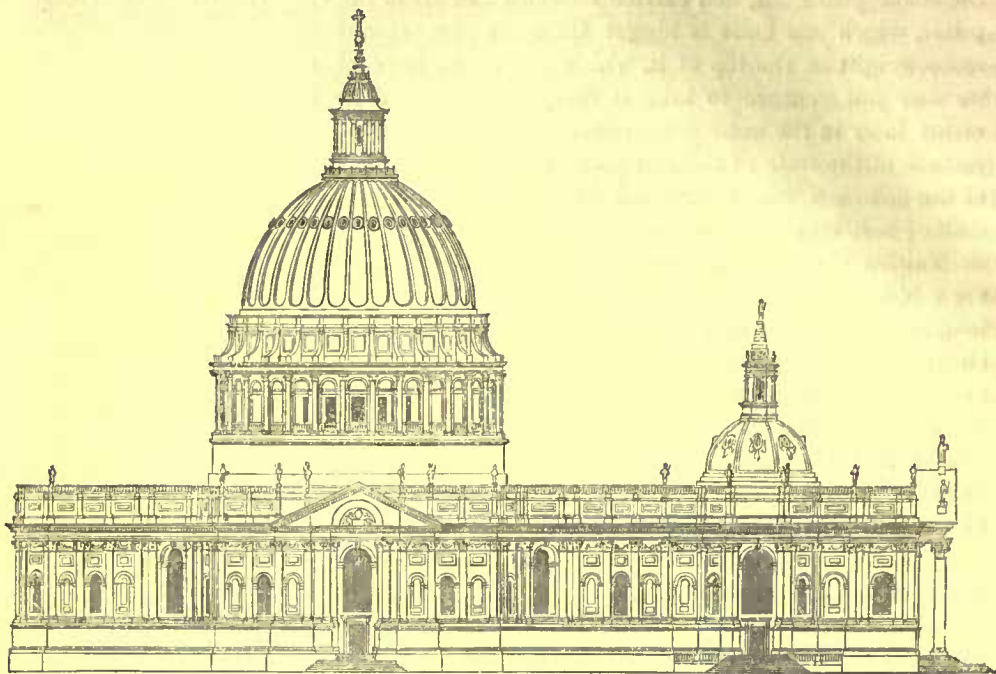
Some time, however, elapsed before he was allowed to set to work even upon the cathedral. On a particular survey by the architect and the rest of the commissioners, it was determined that part of the body of the old cathedral towards the west should, as being least damaged, be fitted up as a temporary choir, wherein the dean and prebends might have divine service until the *repair* of the whole (for that was still dreamed of), or a new cathedral should be built. A royal mandate was issued on the 15th January, 1667, for commencing these operations. The whole of that year and part of the next were consumed in clearing away the rubbish, and ascertaining the condition of the ruins. This examination established the correctness of Wren's judgment regarding the ineligibility of merely repairing the building. Dr. Sancroft wrote to him on the 25th of April, 1668,—“As he said of old, *Prudentiam est quædam divinitio*; so science, at the height you are master of it, is prophetic too. What you whispered in my ear at your last coming hither is come to pass. Our work at the west end of St. Paul's is fallen about our ears. Your quick eye discerned the walls and pillars gone off their perpendiculars, and I believe other defects too, which are now exposed to every common observer. About a week since, we being at work about the third pillar from the west end on the south side, which we had new cased with stone where it was most defective, almost up to the chapitre, a great weight falling from the

high wall so disabled the vaulting of the side aisle by it, that it threatened a sudden ruin so visibly that the workmen presently removed, and the next night the whole pillar fell, and carried scaffolds and all to the very ground. The second pillar, which you know is bigger than the rest, stands now alone, with an enormous weight on the top of it, which we cannot hope should stand long, and yet we dare not venture to take it down." Some entries in the Diary of Pepys, rather later in the same year, convey an impressive though sufficiently grotesque picture of the state of the ruins, and enable us to conjecture the utter helplessness of the *dilettanti* who obstructed Wren and fancied themselves adequate to the task of restoring St. Paul's:—"I stopped at St. Paul's, and there did go into St. Faith's church, and also in the body of the west part of the church; and do see a hideous sight of the walls of the church ready to fall, that I was in fear as long as I was in it; and here I saw the great vaults underneath the body of the church." And again—"Up betimes, and walked to the Temple, and stopped viewing the Exchange, and Paul's, and St. Faith's, *where strange how the very sight of the stones falling from the top of the steeple do make me sea-sick!*" It was therefore natural enough on the part of Dr. Sancroft earnestly to require Wren's "presence and assistance with all possible speed" in April, and to inform him in July that they could do nothing without him.

In consequence of the urgency of the commissioners, Wren made a report in which he demonstrated that it was impossible permanently to save the existing building. At the same time he stated in the most emphatic language the difficulties in the way of a new erection:—"The very substruction and repair of St. Faith's will cost so much that I shall but frighten this age with the computation of what is to be done in the dark, before anything will appear for the use desired." Nevertheless, with the hopefulness characteristic of great minds, he pointed out how the task might be begun. An order was issued in consequence of his report by the King in council, to take down the walls, clear the ground, and proceed precisely as recommended by Wren. Still the half-hearted and narrow-minded portion of the commissioners contrived to throw so many impediments in the way of the architect, that in April, 1671, we find them still prating of repairing instead of rebuilding, and the site so encumbered with the old materials that it was impossible to proceed with the inspection of the ruins. A representation to this effect from Wren elicited an order for the removal and sale of the rubbish from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop and Lord Mayor of London, in which, alluding to "the new fabric," a significant "which we hope may speedily begin" is added. It was not, however, till 1673 that the intention of repairing the old edifice was finally abandoned, and the architect desired to make designs for an entirely new edifice worthy the greatness of the nation, and calculated to rival every edifice of the kind in Europe. Even then the difficulties and annoyances to which Wren was subjected rather changed their character than abated.

His original design for the cathedral (of which the elevation is subjoined) embodied the great principles expressed in his first report on the old church. The length of aisle to which he objected was necessary perhaps for the processions and pageantry of the Romish ritual, but was uncalled for in the reformed cathedral service. He availed himself of this circumstance to give greater compactness and squareness to the church which was to be the basis and substructure

ture of his dome. His judges, however, could not emancipate themselves from the notion that the form and arrangement of a cathedral to which they had all



[Sir Christopher Wren's first Design for St. Paul's.]

their lives been accustomed was the only proper and possible form for such a building. The Duke of York, too, insisted, Spence tells us on the authority of Mr. Harding, that side oratories should be added—the anecdotist suggests because he already meditated converting the fabric to the use of the Romish worship. He adds—“It narrowed the building, and broke in very much upon the beauty of the design. Sir Christopher insisted so strongly on the prejudice they would be of, that he actually shed tears in speaking of it, but it was all in vain. The Duke insisted on the long aisles and oratories being inserted, and he was obliged to comply.” The modification of the original design which has been erected—a cruciform Italian cathedral, closely resembling that of St. Peter at Rome—was accordingly resolved to be carried into execution; and letters patent were issued superseding the old commission for “upholding and repairing” the ancient cathedral church, authorising the commissioners to “rebuild, new erect, finish, and adorn the said cathedral church upon new foundations,” and empowering them to “take down and demolish what is yet remaining of the old fabric.”

Sir Christopher now commenced his great work by making the necessary preliminary arrangements for the accomplishment of his design. He appointed officers and chief workmen, with their proper officers, subalterns, and departments, all in subordination and rendering their accounts to himself. Early in the year 1674 the workmen began to clear away the ruins of the ancient cathedral, preparatory to laying the new foundation. The pulling down of the old walls, which were in many places eighty feet high and five in thickness, was an

arduous undertaking. At first the men stood above, working them down with pickaxes, while labourers below moved away the materials that fell and dispersed them in heaps. The accumulation of rubbish by this means was so great as for a time to hinder them in forming the foundations; part, however, was in time removed to heighten or pave streets, or build the parochial churches. Before this was accomplished, however, Wren constructed scaffolds high enough to extend over the heaps in his way; and, dropping perpendiculars from lines drawn carefully upon the level plan of the scaffold, he set out his foundations. He worked on in this fashion, gaining every day more room, till he came to the middle tower that formerly carried the lofty spire. The workmen quailed before the dangerous task of mounting two hundred feet to cast down this ruin; and Wren's inventive genius immediately conceived the idea of attaining his end by the agency of gunpowder. He drove a hole two feet square to the centre of the pier, deposited in it a deal box containing eighteen pounds of gunpowder; affixed to this a hollow cane containing a quick match, and, closing the mine, gave directions for its explosion. This small quantity of powder lifted up the whole angle of the tower, the two great arches that rested upon it, and the two adjoining arches of the aisles, with the masonry above. The walls cracked to the top, and were lifted visibly, *en masse*, about nine inches; then, suddenly subsiding again, they fell into a heap of ruins without scattering. It was half a minute before the heap opened in two or three places, and emitted smoke. The fall occasioned such a concussion that the inhabitants round about took it for the shock of an earthquake. The architect, confident in the accuracy of his calculations, awaited with perfect calmness the result of his experiment. His next officer, charged during his absence with the explosion of another mine, put in too much powder, and did not drive the hole deep enough; the consequence of which was that a fragment of stone was shot into the room of a private house where two women were at work. Neither were injured; but the terror of the neighbours induced the commissioners to prevent any further use of gunpowder. The architect was thus forced to turn his thoughts to other methods of saving time, diminishing expense, and protecting men's lives and limbs. His most successful expedient was the adoption of the ancient battering-ram. He provided a strong mast of timber, about forty feet in length, and armed the bigger end with a great spike of iron, fortified with iron bars along the mast, secured by ferrules. This machine he suspended from two places to one ring with a strong tackle, on a triangle (such as were used to weigh heavy ordnance), and kept thirty men beating with this instrument against the same part of the wall for a whole day. The workmen, not discerning any immediate effect, thought this mere waste of time; but Wren, who knew the internal motion thus communicated must be operating, encouraged them to persevere. On the second day the wall began to tremble at the top, and fell in a few hours.

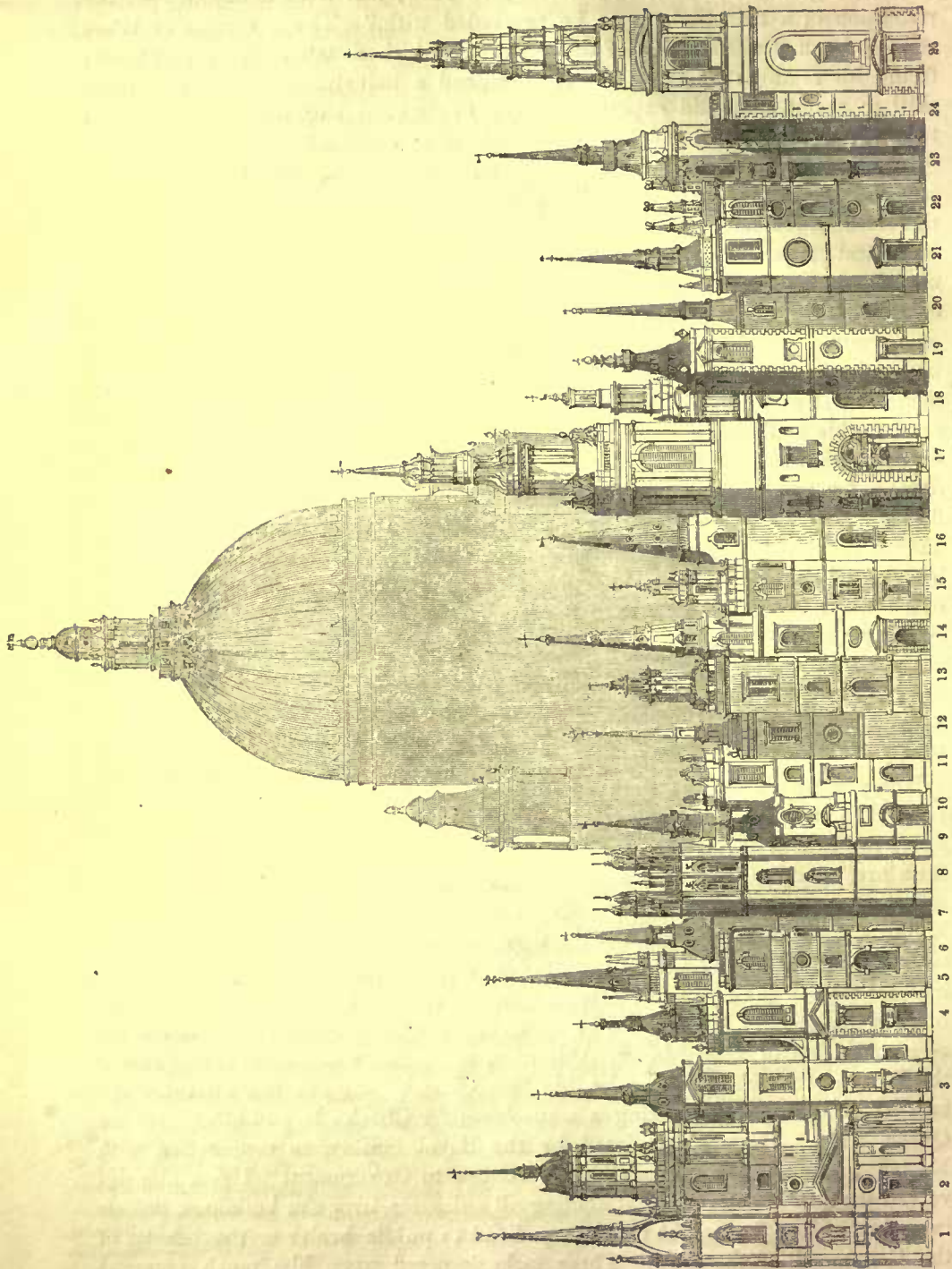
The first stone of the new cathedral was laid on the 21st of June, 1675, by the architect. It was October, 1694, before the choir was finished, as to the stone-work, and the scaffolds struck both without and within in that part. It was the 5th of December, 1697, before divine service was performed at St. Paul's for the first time since the Fire of 1666. And it was not till the year 1710, when Wren had attained the seventy-eighth year of his age, that his son Christopher

laid the highest stone of the lantern on the cupola, attended by the venerable architect himself, Mr. Strong, the master-mason to the cathedral, and the lodge of Freemasons, of whom, says his biographer, Elmes, "Sir Christopher was for many years the active as well as acting master." Forty-four years had elapsed since the burning of the ancient fane; thirty-five since the laying of the first stone of the new. Three reigns had terminated; a revolution had driven a family from the throne; a dynasty (that of Orange) had received the sceptre and become extinct; whilst the stately pile, "the Corinthian capital" of the metropolis, was slowly growing up. The cause of this delay is not the least interesting part of our tale.

The royal mandate of the 14th of May, 1675, which was Wren's warrant for laying the foundation stone, was in fact little more than a permission to carry his plan into effect if he could. In the first place, proper materials were not easily procured, notwithstanding an order issued by the King in Council, in May 1669, to the effect that "there hath been for many years past great waste made of our stone in the Isle of Portland * * *; in consideration of which, and the great occasion we have of using much of the said stone * * * for the repair of St. Paul's, our pleasure is, and we do by these presents will and require all persons whatsoever, that they forbear to transport any more stone from our Isle of Portland, without the leave and warrant first obtained from Dr. Christopher Wren, surveyor of our works." In the next place, money was not forthcoming in sufficient quantities. It is true that, in addition to the proportion of coal-duties allotted to the building of St. Paul's, King Charles graciously states in his second commission—"We are very sensible that the erecting such a new fabric or structure will be a work not only of great time, but of very extraordinary cost and expense;" and adds, "We are graciously pleased to continue the free gift of 1000*l.* by the year, to be paid quarterly out of our privy purse, for the rebuilding and new erecting of the said church;" but the value of a "promise to pay" from the merry monarch was very fluctuating and uncertain. The remaining provisions for raising funds were—authority given to the commissioners to ask and receive voluntary contributions from all subjects; an injunction to the judges of the Prerogative Court and others to set apart "some convenient proportion" of all commutations for penance towards the erection of St. Paul's; and an inquisitorial power vested in the commissioners to inquire after any legacies and bequests for the benefit of the cathedral church that may have been fraudulently concealed. In 1678 the Bishop of London felt it necessary to publish a very earnest and urgent address, exhorting all classes of persons throughout the kingdom to extend their liberality towards the building; and among the receipts of one year we find entered 50*l.* from Sir Christopher Wren, whose annual salary as architect was only 200*l.* But the greatest obstruction he experienced was occasioned by the prejudices and ill-will of a section of the commissioners. They pestered him by incessant attempts to force him to deviate from his own plan, and introduce alterations, the suggestion of crude ignorance. This annoyance began with his undertaking, and even survived its close. The alterations forced upon him by the Duke of York have already been noticed. In 1717 the commissioners transmitted to him a resolution importing "that a balustrade of stone be set up on the top of the church, unless Sir Christopher Wren do, in

writing under his hand, set forth that it is contrary to the principles of architecture, and give his opinion in a fortnight's time; and if he doth not, then the resolution of a balustrade is to be proceeded with." The venerable architect replied by a demonstration of the ignorance which dictated the proposal, pre-facing his remarks thus:—"I never designed a balustrade. Persons of little skill in architecture did expect, I believe, to see something they had been used to in Gothic structures, and *ladies think nothing well without an edging*. I should gladly have complied with the vulgar taste, but I suspended for the following reasons," &c. He concludes with the emphatic declaration—"My opinion therefore is, to have statues erected on the four pediments only, which will be a most proper, noble, and sufficient ornament to the whole fabric, and was never omitted in the best ancient Greek and Roman architecture; the principles of which, throughout all my schemes of this colossal structure, I have religiously endeavoured to follow; and if I glory, it is in the singular mercy of God, who has enabled me to begin and finish my great work so conformable to the ancient model." It would have been well had the thwarting he experienced been confined to this meddling coxcombry of tampering with his plans; but, irritated at his opposition to their interference, his persecutors had recourse to still meaner devices for annoying him. As early as 1675 we find their creatures set on to fly-blow his fame with accusations of undue delay in the payment of workmen; and in 1710 we find them throwing obstacles in the way of finishing the building, for the avowed purpose of keeping him out of 1300*l.*, the amount of a moiety of his salary suspended by Act of Parliament till the completion of the building. Notwithstanding these obstructions, Wren single-handed completed St. Paul's in the course of thirty-five years from the laying of the foundation-stone; while St. Peter's was the work of more than twenty architects, supported by the treasure of the Christian world, under the pontificates of nineteen successive Popes.

Nor was St. Paul's the work of an undistracted attention. In a manuscript book of the transactions of the privy council, in possession of Mr. Elmes when he wrote the *Life of Wren*, the architect's name occurs in almost every page. Petitions are constantly referred to the "surveyor-general," in order that he may make personal inspection and report. At one time we find him despatched to Knightsbridge, to report whether the site of a projected brewhouse be sufficiently remote from town; and a few days after he is ordered to report on certain buildings erecting in the rear of St. Giles's Church contrary to proclamation. Nobody but Sir Christopher Wren could be found to make proper arrangements for the accommodation of "the Mayor, Aldermen, and officers of this city, and also of the livery of the twelve companies," in Bow Church. To him was intrusted the task of designing and erecting a mausoleum for Charles I., and afterwards for Queen Mary. He was appointed by the Royal Society, in conjunction with Evelyn, to conduct the sale of Chelsea College to Government. Upon him devolved the task of detecting and abating all nuisances, irregular buildings, defects in drainage, &c., that might prove prejudicial to public health or the beauty of the Court end of the town. These tasks imposed upon him much personal exertion and extensive and intricate calculations. In 1762 we find him engaged laying out a new road to Stepney, and in 1692 the new road from Hyde Park



[A Parallel of some of the principal Towers and Steeples built by Sir Christopher Wren.]

Corner to Kensington. The Royal Exchange, the Monument, Temple Bar, Chelsea Hospital, many of the Halls of the great companies, seventeen churches of the largest parishes in London, and thirty-four out of the remaining parishes on a large scale, were rebuilt under the direction and from the designs of Wren, during the time that he was engaged upon St. Paul's. When an Act of Parliament was passed in the seventh year of the reign of Queen Anne for the erection of fifty additional churches in the cities of London and Westminster, Wren was appointed one of the commissioners for carrying on the works.*

Previous to his undertaking this new office he submitted to his colleagues a report on the proper method of conducting such an important business, pointing out the most fitting situations for new churches, the best materials to be used, the most proper dimensions, situation of the pulpit, and other necessary considerations. As we found the germ of the conception of his own St. Paul's Cathedral in his report to King Charles on the condition of the ancient structure, so we find embodied in this report to the commissioners a satisfactory exposition of his theory of ecclesiastical architecture. Wren, a man of equally balanced disposition and strong judgment, was born and had his early education in the family of a dignitary of the Church of England; his scientific and literary training and many distinctions he received at Oxford. He was emphatically a Protestant according to the views of the Church of England—an admirer of its subdued yet elegant stateliness of ritual. This feeling, co-operating with his fundamental principle, that in architecture use and ornament must always go hand in hand, produced his peculiar style of church-building, and must never be left out of view in attempting to estimate the character and success of that class of his works. The first object with Wren was to ascertain the proper capacity and dimensions of a church. Owing to the populousness of London, “the churches must be large; but still, in our reformed religion, it should seem vain to make a parish church larger than all who are present can both hear and see. The Romanists, indeed, may build larger churches; it is enough if they hear the murmur of the mass and see the elevation of the host; but ours are to be fitted for auditories.” Having determined the most eligible size of a church upon this principle, and hinted at the variations of form and proportion of which it was susceptible, he proceeds to the internal arrangement—the distribution of the area and the position of the pulpit:—“Concerning the placing of the pulpit, I shall observe a moderate voice may be heard fifty feet distant before the preacher, thirty feet on each side, and twenty behind the pulpit, and not this unless the pronunciation be distinct and equal, without losing the voice at the last word of the sentence, which is commonly emphatical, and if obscured spoils the whole sense.” Upon the useful he superinduces his external ornament, taking care that there shall be no discordance between the two:—“As to the situation of the

* 1. St. Dunstan's in the East.—2. St. Magnus.—3. St. Benet, Gracechurch Street.—4. St. Edmund the King, Lombard Street.—5. St. Margaret Pattens.—6. Allhallows the Great.—7. St. Mary Abchurch.—8. St. Michael, Cornhill.—9. St. Lawrence, Jewry.—10. St. Benet Fink.—11. St. Bartholomew.—12. St. Michael, Queenhithe.—13. St. Michael Royal.—14. St. Antholin, Watling Street.—15. St. Stephen, Walbrook.—16. St. Swithen, Cannon Street.—17. St. Mary-le-Bow.—18. Christ Church, Newgate Street.—19. St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey.—20. St. Mildred, Bread Street.—21. St. Augustin, Watling Street.—22. St. Mary Somerset.—23. St. Martin, Ludgate.—24. St. Andrew by the Wardrobe.—25. St. Bride, Fleet Street. The scale is expressed by St. Paul's in the background.

churches, I should propose they be brought as forward as possible into the larger and more open streets; not in obscure lanes, nor where coaches will be much obstructed in the passage: nor are we, I think, too nicely to observe east or west in the position unless it falls out properly. Such fronts as shall happen to lie most open in view should be adorned with porticos, both for beauty and convenience, which, together with handsome spires or lanterns, rising in good proportion above the neighbouring houses (of which I have given several examples in the City, of different forms), may be of sufficient ornament to the town, without a great expense for enriching the outward walls of the churches, in which plainness and duration ought principally, if not wholly, to be studied. When a parish is divided, I suppose it may be thought sufficient if the mother-church has a tower large enough for a good ring of bells, and the other churches smaller towers for two or three bells." Wren had a just conception of what was required from the architect in our climate and state of society. The Grecian temple was a dark and narrow sanctuary, externally adorned. The Gothic cathedral was a vast field for the processions of a gorgeous ritual, in climates not always favourable to out-of-doors display. The public buildings of England are places for assemblies in which men can hear and understand each other, or for the display of works of art. If ever we are to have an English architecture worthy to rank alongside of English literature, English statesmanship, and English science, the use of our buildings must be made the first consideration, and their external form must be made not incongruous with—immediately derivative from—that use. This truth Wren felt and made his guide on all occasions. His extensive scientific acquirements enabled him to give that firmness and solid consistency to his structures which alone is susceptible of receiving and retaining high finish and ornament. The outlines of his works (see the accompanying parallel) are, like all his conceptions, at once stately and graceful. If there be occasionally deficiency, or even faultiness, in his ornaments of detail, that is owing to his limited acquaintance with the architecture of different ages and nations, and not unfrequently to his work having been stunted by a scantiness of funds.

There is a curious question connected with the building of St. Paul's, regarding the origin of Freemasonry. Herder in one of his fugitive pieces asserts (but without stating his authority) that Freemasonry (meaning thereby modern European Freemasonry—the Freemasonry of St. John, as it is called) had its origin during the erection of the cathedral, in a prolonged jest of Wren and some of his familiar associates. Herder's story is that, on the stated days on which Wren was accustomed to inspect the progress of the building he and his friends were accustomed to dine at a house in the neighbourhood; that a club was thus formed, which by degrees introduced a formula of initiation, and rules for the conduct of the members expressed in symbolical language, derived from the masonic profession. Similar jocular affectations of mystery are not uncommon: an interesting instance is mentioned by Göthe in his 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' in which he took a prominent part during his residence in Wetzlar. It seems rather corroborative of Herder's assertion, that, while the biographers of Wren mention the attendance of the lodge of Freemasons, of which he was the master, at the ceremony of placing the highest stone of the lantern, no mention is made of their attendance at the laying of the foundation-stone. It is also worth notice

that every lodge in Great Britain (and we may add on the Continent) is an off-shoot from that one lodge of which Sir Christopher was so long master, now generally known by the name of the Lodge of Antiquity. It is difficult too to conceive the tolerant spirit of masonry—its recognition of the personal worth of men irrespective of their opinions as their sole title to esteem, adopted by any body of men, while the inhabitants of Europe were growing into thinkers through the fever-fit of sectarianism. The age and nation in which Milton defended the liberty of the press, Taylor advocated the “liberty of prophesying,” and Locke wrote in defence of toleration, are the first in which we can well fancy an association imbued with that principle to originate. Lastly, there are several circumstances connected with Wren’s general career, and with the building of St. Paul’s in particular, which seem to be mirrored in masonry. We pronounce no decided opinion on Herder’s assertion—leaving the history of masonry, as far as we are concerned, in a state of dubiety, which seems more congenial than clear knowledge to such a mysterious institution. Should any zealous mason grumble at our implied scepticism regarding the great antiquity claimed by his order, we would respectfully remark that Sir Christopher Wren is as respectable a founder as he has any chance of getting—that he “may go farther and fare worse.”

Wren* was a man well qualified for drawing around him an intellectual and social circle of acquaintances. His talents were of the highest order, and he had overlooked no branch of knowledge cultivated in his day. Evelyn, in his Diary, says—“1654, July 11. After dinner I visited *that miracle of a youth*, Mr. Christopher Wren, nephew to the Bishop of Ely;” and in his ‘*Sculpture, or History of Chalcography*,’ “Such at present is *that rare and early prodigy of universal science*, Dr. Christopher Wren, our worthy and accomplished friend.” His Latin composition is elegant; his mathematical demonstrations original and perspicuous. In 1658 he solved the problem proposed by Pascal as a challenge to the scientific men of England; and proposed another in return, which was never answered. In his fifteenth year he was employed by Sir Charles Scarborough, an eminent lecturer on anatomy, as his demonstrating assistant; and he assisted Willis in his dissections for a treatise on the brain, published in 1664, for which he made the drawings. His anniversary address to the Royal Society, in 1664, bears testimony to the comprehensive and varied range of his intellect, as also to his constant recurrence to observation as the fountain and corrector of theory. With the characteristic carelessness of true genius, he freely communicated the progress and results of his inquiries unchecked by any paltry anxiety to set his own mark upon them before he gave them currency. The earlier annals of the Royal Society bear record that many small men have plumed themselves upon inventions and discoveries which really were Wren’s, but which he did not take the trouble to reclaim. His was a social disposition, and the workings of his intellect afforded one of his means of promoting the enjoyment of society. It is a flattering testimony to his temper, that during his long life he seems never to have lost a friend. Steele, in his sketch of Wren, under the name of Nestor, in the Tatler, dwells with emphasis on his modesty:—“his personal modesty overthrew all his public actions”—“the modest man built the city, and the modest man’s skill was unknown.” It was, however, no sickly

* Born 1631; died 1723.

modesty—the want of a proper consciousness of his own strength. The bitter tears he wept when forced to abandon his original design for St. Paul's, are a proof how truly he estimated its value. When told one morning that a hurricane which occurred in the night had damaged all the steeples in London, he replied, with his quiet smile,—“Not St. Dunstan's, I am sure.” There are passages in his Reports to the Commissioners, already quoted, conceived in the very spirit in which Milton announced his hope to compose something which future ages “would not willingly let die.” An anecdote of Sir Dudley North, preserved by his brother Roger, conveys a distinct notion of Sir Christopher's conversation:—“He (Sir Dudley) was so great a lover of building, that St. Paul's, then well advanced, was his ordinary walk: there was scarce a course of stones laid, while we lived together, over which we did not walk. . . . We usually went there on Saturdays, which were Sir Christopher Wren's days, who was the surveyor; and we commonly got a snatch of discourse with him, who, like a true philosopher, was always obliging and communicative, and in every matter we inquired about gave short but satisfactory answers.” His equanimity supported him when the intrigues of German adventurers deprived him of the post of surveyor-general after the death of Queen Anne. “He then,” observes his son, “betook himself to a country life, saying only with the stoic, *Nunc me jubet fortuna expeditius philosophari*; in which recess, free from worldly affairs, he passed the five last years of his life in contemplation and study, and principally in the consolation of the Holy Scriptures;—cheerful in solitude, and as well pleased to die in the shade as in the light.” It is said—and it must be true—that the greatest enjoyment of his latter days was an occasional journey to London to feast his eyes upon St. Paul's. On one of these occasions he was residing in St. James's Street. He had accustomed himself to take a nap after dinner, and on the 25th of February, 1723, the servant who constantly attended him, thinking he slept longer than usual, went into his apartment and found him dead in his chair.

His mortal relics are deposited beneath the dome of St. Paul's, and his epitaph may be understood in a wider sense than even of that sublime interior: it embraces not merely the British metropolis, but every region where one man is to be found who has benefited by the light which Wren, and his associates in philosophical inquiry, were so instrumental in kindling:—

SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS CIRCUMSPICE.



[Harvey, from a portrait by Cornelius Jansen.]

XXVII.—THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

IF the skill of our ancient physicians bore any proportion to the lofty pretensions of their studies, great indeed must have been their success. We are apt to fancy that no inconsiderable number of the members of the profession in modern times are distinguished for learning; but what are their attainments to those of Chaucer's "Doctor of Physic" in the fourteenth century? Are they, like him, "grounded in astronomy" (or astrology—the words were at that time almost synonymous)? Can they, as he is represented to have done, during

“——— all maladies,
Of ghastly spasin, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all fevrous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone, and ulcer, colic pangs,”—

can they, we ask, keep the patient "in houres" by their "magic natural;" or, in other words, so regulate the crisis of the disease that it shall only happen when the favourable house is in the "ascendant?" We verily believe that not one of them would ever know the decisive aspect of the heavens when it had arrived. Perhaps, to use Wallenstein's astrological phraseology,

“Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at their birth—
Their visual power subdues no mysteries.”

Certainly they have no faith in these lofty matters. They will not even credit Roger Bacon when he says "astronomy is the better part of medicine;" and were John of Gatsiden (the first English court physician) himself to revive, we make no doubt they would laugh to scorn his skill in physiognomy; his projected treatise on chiromancy, or fortune-telling; his sovereign remedies of the blood of

a weasel, and dove's dung ; and his precaution (observed with the son of Edward I. or II. during the small-pox) of wrapping the patient in scarlet, and decorating the room throughout with the like colour (the whole being done in a very solemn and imposing manner), which safe prescription recovered him so that no mark was left on his face. And yet it was something in the hours of anguish to look on the "blessed luminaries" above, and connect their movements with the ebbings and flowings of health in our own veins : the very elevation and serenity of thought and feeling thus produced not unfrequently perhaps working a cure,—that might otherwise, we fear, have been vainly sought for from the heavenly conjunctions. But one inconvenience appears to have attended the belief in the medicinal efficacy of these mysterious agencies—astrology, necromancy, sorcery, &c. As it was tolerably evident that no amount of learning could sound their unfathomable depths, the unlearned made no scruple to plunge into them ; and the consequence was, that the people placed the attainments of both classes on a common level ; in which they were quite right as far as the supernatural was concerned, but quite wrong unfortunately when it led them to overlook the difference between the supernatural with medical knowledge and experience, and the supernatural without it. It was to remedy this state of things that the first operative act of Parliament concerning physicians was framed—the act of the 3rd of Henry VIII., 1511. The preamble gives us a valuable idea of the state of medicine at that period. It says—"the science and cunning of physic and surgery" was daily exercised by "a great multitude of ignorant persons, of whom the greater part have no insight in the same, nor in other kind of learning (some also can read no letters on the book) ; so far forth, that common artificers, as smiths, weavers, and women, boldly and accustomedly took upon them great cures, and things of great difficulty, in which they partly used sorceries and witchcraft, and partly applied such medicines unto the diseased as are very noisome and nothing meet therefore ; to the high displeasure of God, &c., and destruction of many of the King's liege people." It was then in consequence provided "that no person within the city of London, nor within seven miles of the same, take upon him to exercise or occupy as a physician, except he be first examined, approved, and admitted by the Bishop of London, or by the Dean of St. Paul's." The other bishops in their several dioceses throughout the country had a similar power conferred on them ; a custom, we may observe by the way, that existed down to at least the middle of the eighteenth century. Monks, at that time, formed the greater portion of the body of physicians. What sort of persons were appointed under the provisions of this act, we may judge from a perusal of the minutes of the College of Physicians respecting its proceedings against empirics, where we find half the illiterate quacks and impostors with whom it had to deal, supported by the great ones of the land, from the sovereign downwards. No wonder, then, that enlightened minds beheld the necessity of a better system. Foremost among these was Henry's physician, Thomas Linaere, who had also previously held the same office in the court of Henry VII., and continued to hold it afterwards through the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary. He was born at Canterbury, about 1460. He studied at Oxford, at Bologna, at Florence (where Lorenzo de Medici allowed him the privilege of attending the same professors with his own sons), and at Rome. He is said to have been the first Englishman who made himself master of

Aristotle and Galen in their original tongue. He translated parts of both writers into the Latin, and in a style remarkable for its purity and elegance. Erasmus, sending a copy of one of the translations to a friend, says, "I present you with the works of Galen, now, by the help of Linaere, speaking better Latin than they even before spoke Greek." On his return to Oxford he received the degree of M.D. He there read temporary lectures in medicine, and taught the Greek language. His reputation soon attracted the attention of Henry VII., who called him to court, and confided to his care both the health and education of his son, Prince Arthur. A striking evidence of his medical skill is preserved in the well-known fact of his warning to his friend Lilly, the eminent grammarian, that if he allowed an operation to be performed on him according to the advice he had received, it would be fatal. The warning was not taken, and Lilly died. We must not omit to add to this brief account of a remarkable and highly estimable man, that he was one of the first to give England the benefit of the general European revival of classical learning.

But a still more important claim to the gratitude of his countrymen was to signalize the latter years of Linaere than any we have yet mentioned. Circumstances, of a terrible nature at the time, forwarded the development of the great physician's plan. The sweating sickness raged with fearful violence in London prior to the year 1518. The infected died within three hours after the first appearance of the disease; half the population in many places were swept away; the administration of justice was suspended; the Court itself shifted about from one part to another, in undisguised alarm. Linaere now appears to have opened to Cardinal Wolsey his scheme of a College of Physicians, to exercise a superintendence over the education and general fitness of all medical practitioners. The great Cardinal was favourable, and recommended it to his royal master; and on the 23rd of September, 1518, letters patent were granted, incorporating Linaere and others in a "perpetual Commonalty, or Fellowship, of the Faculty of Physic." The first meeting of the new society took place at Linaere's house, No. 5, Knight Rider Street, a building known as the Stonehouse, which he gave to the College, and which still belongs to it. In about 1522 the King's charter was confirmed by Parliament, and the power of licensing practitioners transferred from the Church to the College. Various acts have been subsequently passed, regulating its constitution and rights, which we pass over as being interesting rather to the medical than to the general reader. At present the College consists of two orders—Fellows and Licentiates; the latter consisting of all those persons who have received the College *licence* to practise, and the former chosen, from the Licentiates, to form the governing body of the Society. From the latter of course are elected the President, the Censors, and other officers of the College. In the "Regulations," issued December 22, 1838, it is stated that "Every candidate for a diploma in medicine, upon presenting himself for examination, shall produce satisfactory evidence—1. Of unimpeached moral character; 2. Of having completed the twenty-sixth year of his age; and, 3. Of having devoted himself for five years at least to the study of medicine," both in theory and practice, and in all its branches. A "competent knowledge of Greek" is desired, but not indispensable; the College "cannot, however, on any account dispense with a familiar knowledge of the Latin language, as constituting an essential part of a liberal

education." The examinations, conducted at certain periods before the board of Censors, are equally open to foreigners and natives; and the College is "prepared to regard in the same light, and address by the same appellation, all who have obtained its diploma, whether they have graduated elsewhere or not."

About the period of the accession of Charles I., the College removed from Knight Rider Street to the bottom of Amen Corner, where they took a house from the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, of which they purchased the leasehold. Here the most illustrious of English medical discoverers, Harvey, erected an elegantly furnished convocation-room, and a museum in the garden, filled with choice books from his own library, and furnished with surgical instruments. In this very convocation-room were most probably delivered the Lumleian lectures; in one of which, about 1615, he is supposed to have first promulgated the great theory of the circulation of the blood, which completely revolutionized the art of medicine, but which he did not fully demonstrate till 1628. To their honour be it spoken, the members of the College appear to have supported Harvey throughout all the trials which this new heresy in physic brought upon its author. His practice fell off considerably; the popular feeling was greatly excited against him; and altogether he suffered so much, that he determined in the bitterness of his spirit to publish no more; and it was only by great persuasion that one of his friends, Sir George Ent, obtained the manuscript of his 'Exercitations on the Generation of Animals,' for publication, after it had lain for many years useless. No wonder, therefore, that the illustrious physician was gratified when the College placed his statue in their hall during his lifetime. The 2nd of February, 1652, was also a proud day to Harvey, for it exhibited the depth of his gratitude. On that day he invited all the members to a splendid entertainment; and then placed before them a deed of gift of the entire premises he had built and furnished—convocation-room, museum, and library. He subsequently (in 1656, or the year before his death) increased these donations by the assignment of a farm, of the then value of 56*l.* per annum, his paternal estate, to defray the expenses of an anniversary feast, and for the establishment of an annual Latin oration. During the long period that Harvey was connected with the College, he appears to have taken an active part in their proceedings, some of which, in connexion with the examination of "empericks," present a very curious insight into the delusions practised upon the people. Our notice of the more interesting cases on record cannot perhaps be better introduced than by a curious extract we have chanced upon in a tract in the British Museum, published during Harvey's life, and which describes with remarkable minuteness the many varieties of character that constituted the great host of pretenders with which the College had then to deal. It is long, but we cannot persuade ourselves to injure its completeness by mutilation:—"The first that we meet with, who will needs be physicians, are those who truly are not educated and instructed to this, but prompt of nature; whose genius leads them into it, say they, and are cut out and configurated for it; whose base inclination and the tickling itch of gain is the *ascendant*; daring anything, which they have heard to have profited others, without any disquisition, cognition, and discrimination of causes. . . . Others, that are vulgar physicians, had rather heal vulgar only, and to these they give their counsels: some also of favour only, and being asked; but the most

part for the ambition of honour, that they might be esteemed of wise men, possess this innate kind of vice. Of the same sort are those deceivers who would seem to be rich, and therefore give all their ministrations gratis, to the destruction or casual health of the people. To these succeed they who covet not monies, but gifts, lest they should seem below the condition of great and noble men, and deserve nothing, they say, but do it for a common good. The like to these are they who confess truly they are not physicians, but have great skill in physick, and have their secrets and receipts from kings, emperors, queens, and great ladies: for these are wont to suborn the middle sort of people, which do extol the price of the medicine. Others there are who turn themselves into physicians, who have been old soldiers, and now left the wars; (these) brag of and show their wounds, and thereby think and persuade themselves they have got great experience. Some of the clergy also, priests, and poor scholars, that have nothing else to do, must needs turn physicians. Some, silenced ministers, and ousted of their benefices, lay hold on Physick, and commit force and violence to her body; that if one fails, t'other may hold; and think their Latin, and their coat, the grand charter to entitle them to the practice in physick. There are a generation also who pretend to Astrology, Chiromancy, (and why not to Coscinomancy?) to Physiognomy too; (and who) dare tamper with physick, and by schemes, angles, and configurations, predict not only diseases, but the cure also, and do think themselves able physicians; and the rather, because they are now masters of art in, and instituted by, the heavenly Academy and College of Stars. Others scribble upon paper, (not the innoxious words of Salomon) but characters, charms as they call them, whereby diseases as well as devils are chased away, and cross themselves before and behind, lest the devil should take them away, writing powerful words. There are also who are well known in divers idioms, and pretend to speak Chaldaic, Arabic, or Dalmatian, and are loaden with many arts. . . . Many of these know nothing less than to make the philosopher's stone, and carry about them propagable mines, with a perpetual ferment. There are they again who pretend to be baptized Jews (more wicked than the not baptized), who have learned from the Cabala to mortify Mercury diverse ways, and also to prepare poisons variously, which are good against all diseases, and many more. They brag of the Hebrew tongue to contain the fundamentals of all sciences and the grand secrets of states and commonwealths, and are big with the pre-knowledge of futures. They often cite their Rabbines, the book of Nebolohu, with the little Key of Salomon, from whence they can read things past as well as to come. Others assert the medical art to be hereditary, and to run in the line of their own progeny, although they be all fools or knaves. And then at last, if these cannot be accounted of among men, they have a sure card they think to play, and to be sure they will be received among women; and to that end brag of the cosmetic faculty, of sweet ointments, oils, and perfumes, and the art to preserve their beauty, or repair it if ruined; and a hundred to one if they have not a fling at the celestial stone, too, of Armenia, whereby they can cure a large catalogue of diseases; for these are cut out of the same hide with Greeks and Jews; anything will serve to cheat the credulous vulgar of their money."* Alas! how true the aphorism remains to this day! The proceedings

* 'The Vanity of the Craft of Physick,' by Noah Briggs, Chymiatrophilos, 1651.

against these and earlier empirics were collected by Dr. Goodall in 1684, and added to his work entitled 'The Royal College of Physicians.' It commences soon after the foundation of the society, and continues till some few years after Harvey's death. A great number of persons were examined during this period; the examination generally ending in a fine, and in an order to practise no more. Contumacious individuals were not unfrequently imprisoned. We extract a few of the cases:—

"In the fourth year of this King's (Edward VI.) reign, one Grig, a poulterer of Surrey, taken among the people for a prophet, in curing of divers diseases by word and prayer, and saying he would not take money, &c., was, by command of the Earl of Warwick and other of the council, set on a scaffold in the town of Croydon, in Surrey, with a paper on his breast, whereon was written his deceitful and hypocritical dealings; and after that, on the 8th of September, set on a pillory in Southwark." "Of the like counterfeit physician," says Stow, "have I noted (in the Summary of my Chronicles, anno 1382) to be set on horseback, his face to the horse's tail, the same tail in his hand as a bridle, a collar" (not of SS) "about his neck, a whetstone on his breast, and so led through the City of London with ringing of basons, and banished."

In Queen Elizabeth's reign, "Paul Buck, a very impudent and ignorant empiric," was sent to the Compter in Wood Street; upon which no less a personage than Sir Francis Walsingham wrote to request his discharge. Other noble persons also interfered in his favour, but without effect. Sir Francis frequently appears in the light of a petitioner for oppressed "empericks," in behalf too of her Majesty. He thus writes to Dr. Gifford concerning one Margaret Kennix:—"Whereas heretofore by her Majesty's commandment upon the pitiful complaint of Margaret Kennix I wrote unto Dr. Symonds, the president of your college and fellowship of physicians within the City, signifying how that it was her Highness's pleasure that the poor woman should be permitted by you quietly to practise and minister to the curing of diseases and wounds, by the means of certain simples, in the application whereof it seemeth God hath given her an especial knowledge, to the benefit of the poorer sort, and chiefly for the better maintenance of her impotent husband and charge of family, who wholly depend of the exercise of her skill. Forasmuch as I am now informed she is restrained either by you, or some other of your college, contrary to her Majesty's pleasure, to practise any longer her said manner of ministering of simples, as she hath done, whereby her undoing is likely to ensue, unless she may be permitted to continue the use of her knowledge on that behalf; I shall therefore desire you forthwith to take order amongst yourselves for the re-admitting her into the quiet exercise of her small talent, lest by the renewing of her complaint to her Majesty through your hard dealing towards her, you procure further inconvenience thereby to yourself than perhaps you should be willing to fall out." In these last lines, the wilful daughter of Henry VIII. speaks as plainly as if she had herself written and signed them. The College, however, while highly respectful, was exceedingly firm, pleading its rights, and the utility of their preservation for the general good. In this, as in similar cases, they gained the day.

"Simon Forman, a pretended astrologer and great impostor, appearing before the president and censors, confessed that he had practised physic in England

sixteen years, and two years in London. . . . He boasted that he made use of no other help for the discovery of distemper but his Ephemerides, and that by the heavenly signs, aspects and constellations of the planets, he could presently know every disease. Being examined in the principles of *astronomy* as well as in the elements of physic, he answered so absurdly and ridiculously, that it caused great sport and mirth amongst the auditors." He was fined and reprimanded, but, continuing to practise, the College committed him to prison two or three years afterwards, when he was discharged by the Lord Keeper (Burghley). In a few months he was again imprisoned, and when he left the gaol, "he fled to Lambeth as a place of protection against the College officers;" and on his refusing once more to appear before the College, he was prosecuted at law.

Among the other cases brought before the Council in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., was that of Francis Anthony, who killed patients with an "aurum potable;" Mrs. Woodhouse, a famous empiric living at Kingsland, who being "examined of the virtues of medicines, and asked first her opinion of pepper, she said it was cold: violets and strawberries, cold and dry," and who cured people "bewitched and planet-struck;" George Butler, who, being a "king's servant, refused to come till twice cited, and then showed a licence from his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury;" (his charges and mode of obtaining payment seem to have been as peculiar as his practice: to one woman "he gave 25 pills, for which he expected 30s. a-piece; to another he gave 4 purges, and had her petticoat in pawn;") and Dr. Leighton, a Scotch puritan preacher, who, for the publication of a book reflecting upon the Queen and the bishops, had been so infamously treated by the Star Chamber of Laud and Charles I. "He said he practised under his doctor's degree taken at Leyden; but giving no satisfaction, and being perverse as to ecclesiastical affairs," was interdicted. He then endeavoured to procure a licence, which was refused on account of his being in holy orders. "But he still persisting to practise in London or within seven miles, he was arrested, and afterwards censured, *tanquam infamis*, he having been censured in the Star Chamber, and lost his ears." We conclude with two of not the least curious cases of the whole. In the examination of John Lamb occurs the following passage:—"Being asked in astrology what house he looketh unto to know a disease, or the event of it, and how the Lord Ascendant should stand thereto—he answereth, he looks for the sixth house: which being *disproved*, he saith he understands nothing therein." It is evident from this as well as from Forman's examination that the censors of the College themselves dabbled occasionally in astrological learning. The last case is thus recorded:—"In the 12th year of the King's (Charles I.) reign, an order was sent to the College from the Star Chamber to examine the pretended cures of one Leverett, who said that he was a seventh son, and undertook the curing of several diseases by stroaking." Accordingly various examinations took place, and very amusing it is to read the account of the experiments performed in them before the grave censors, and other learned fellows of the College, who watched from day to day the results of the "stroaking" process on the patients brought to be submitted to it. On more than one occasion we find the name of *Harvey* among the examiners. Of course the imposture or delusion was exposed; but it sounds somewhat strangely when we hear it stated in aggravation of his offence by "W. Clowes, Serjeant-Surgeon to his Majesty,"

that he, Leverett, “ scornfully slighteth his Majesty’s sacred gift of healing (by his blessed hand) that disease commonly called the King’s evil, in comparison to *his* cure ; to the dishonour of his Majesty amongst his subjects.” It would be difficult now to discover why “stroaking” should not be as good as “touching.” With all its triumphs, learning has much to look back upon in its annals, from which it should derive lessons of toleration and humility.

We have neither space nor desire to enter into the question of the disputes in which the College has been engaged ; it would be much better to let them be forgotten in the oblivion towards which they are tending. How fiercely these controversies have raged may be judged from the fact that between 1665 and 1810 above fifty pamphlets are known to have been published. Many amusing passages might be culled from this overwhelming mass of disputation. From the “Elegy on the Death of Thomas Saffold” it appears that the Physicians attacked the empirics with their pen as well as with their Acts of Parliament.

“ Lament, ye damsels of our London city,
 Poor unprovided girls, though fair and witty ;
 Who masked would to his house in couples come
 To understand your matrimonial doom ;
 To know what kind of men you were to marry,
 And how long time, poor things, you were to tarry.
 Your oracle is silent : none can tell
 On whom his astrologic mantle fell.
 For he when sick refused the Doctor’s aid,
 And only to his pills devotion paid ;
 Yet it was surely a most sad disaster,
 The sancy pills at last should kill their master.”

The “Reasons humbly offered by the Company exercising the trade and mystery of Upholder (or Undertaker), against part of the Bill for the better viewing, searching, and examining Drugs and Medicines” (in 1724), humorously ridicules the opposition made to the passing of the act in question. We have only space for the following extract :—“As the Company have an undisputed right in, and upon, the bodies of all and every the subjects of this kingdom, we conceive the passing of this bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said right, might keep them out of possession by unreasonable delay, to the great detriment of that Company and their numerous families. We hope it will be considered, that there are multitudes of necessitous heirs and penurious parents, persons in pinching circumstances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robust aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad understandings, single heirs of great estates, whereby the collateral line is for ever excluded, reversionary patents and reversionary promises of preferment, leases upon single lives, and play debts upon joint lives ; and that the persons so aggrieved have no hope of being speedily relieved any other way than by the dispensing of drugs and medicines in the manner they now are ; burying alive being judged repugnant to the known laws of the kingdom.” There is also one interesting feature of these squabbles which may be noticed without breaking the rule we have set down for our guidance ; we refer to the dispute between the College and the Apothecaries’ Company. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the apothecaries of London began generally to prescribe as

well as dispense medicines. The College resisted this inroad on their domain; and established, by way of retaliation it is said, a Dispensary at their hall for the sale of medicines to the poor at prime cost. An animated literary war now broke out; and amongst the other productions of the occasion was Garth's satirical poem of 'The Dispensary.' We cannot better commence our description of the edifice in Warwick Lane than with a brief extract from the witty physician's verses:—

“ Not far from that most celebrated place *
 Where angry Justice shows her awful face,
 Where little villains must submit to fate,
 That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
 There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
 And sumptuous arches bear its awful height;
 A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
 Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill.”

The removal of the College from Amen Corner was owing to the fire of London, which entirely destroyed the buildings, including those erected by Harvey, the statue of the latter, and the library, with the exception of about 120 folio volumes. For the next few years the members met at the house of the President.



[The Old College, Warwick Lane, 1841.]

In 1669 a piece of ground was purchased in Warwick Lane, and in 1670 the edifice was begun, from a design by Sir Christopher Wren. It was opened in

* Newgate.

1674, under the presidency of Sir George Ent. We need not describe the front of this building; Garth's verses and the engraving convey a sufficient idea. The general style of the architecture, we may observe, can scarcely be said to be worthy of the genius that produced St. Paul's. It was, however, a sumptuously decorated building in the interior, as, fortunately, we may yet see; though our local historians generally pass it without particular notice. Since the last removal of the society, this their once favourite and splendid hall has been sadly desecrated. The octangular porch of entrance, forty feet in diameter, no longer exhibits on its floor "the dust, brushed off from learned feet;"—no longer now, as of old, does the costermonger of the neighbouring market peep into that mysterious place, and wonder whether its owners, who worked such miracles upon every body else, ever allowed themselves to die;—no longer does the young collector of the *Row* gaze his soul away in admiration as one of the very men themselves (gods, rather, to his credulous fancy)

“ ——— his entry made,
Beneath the immense full bottom's shade,
While the gilt cane with solemn pride
To each sagacious nose applied,
Seemed but a necessary prop
To bear that weight of wig at top.”

Butchers and meat fill the outer porch, butchers and meat fill the quadrangle within, now so divided off and covered over for their purposes, that it is some time before one can distinguish the outline of the court, or the principal buildings of the College which still surround it. The interior of the octangular pile above the porch formed the lecture-room, which is light and very lofty, being open upwards to the top of the edifice. The general shape and character of this building are preserved throughout; the porch is octangular; there are eight exterior faces to the part above, with eight windows, and the same with the lantern over the dome. The room is now unused. Crossing the corner of the market or court to the left, we find the way to the more important part of the old College, now used in the business* of the gentlemen to whom the entire premises belong. We are now in the entrance-hall of the building. As we look around and above at the great size and noble proportions of this place, we begin first to have a consciousness of the presence of its illustrious architect. The hall is probably sixty feet high from floor to ceiling, and perhaps about twenty-four feet by twenty square. A truly magnificent staircase runs upwards through it, the balusters most elaborately carved. The ceiling is elegantly decorated in panels. Right up the centre of the place extends a round shaft containing a geometrical staircase within, erected by the present proprietors, as the mode of communication to the rooms at the top of the building. From the staircase we pass into the dining-room, about sixty feet long by twenty-four wide, which has a ceiling that must at once excite the admiration of every visitor. It is divided into three parts; a great circle in the centre and a large oval on each side, the whole formed by very deep and elaborate stucco ornaments of foliage, flowers, &c., on a beautiful light-blue ground. Each of the figures is set in a rich border, filling up all the remaining space of the ceiling. A very broad cornice of similar character extends

* Braziers and Brass Founders.

round the room. The oak carvings also deserve minute attention. They consist of the framework in which the rich marble of the chimney-pieces is set, the bold ornamental wreaths, &c., above, and of a gallery fixed against the wall near the ceiling, which stood formerly in the library beneath, now lost in the alterations of the College. The body of the gallery is supported by brackets carved all over, and of a very handsome massive character; and the upper rail by figures of children (instead of balusters), their lower parts merged into pedestals. The hall is lighted by five arched windows. Beyond this room is a smaller one as to length, but decorated in the same rich style. So completely is the view of the principal buildings of the college shut out from the court below by the roof with its numerous skylights thrown over the court, that but for the courtesy of the proprietors we should be unable to notice either that or the two statues of Charles II. and Sir John Cutler still existing there, and to the last of which a curious story is annexed. Passing through a window of the counting-house, however, we get on to the roof of which we have spoken, and there, walking about among the skylights projecting upwards breast high, look around us at our leisure. On the north and south are the buildings which enclose two sides of the quadrangle, formerly used as places of residence by the college officers. On the west is the principal front of the College, consisting of two chief stories, the lower decorated with Ionic pillars, the capitals of which just appear above our feet, the higher by Corinthian, and by a pediment in the centre at the top. Immediately beneath the pediment is the statue of Charles II., with a Latin inscription. Some of the stones in which it is inscribed have been removed for the formation of a window; they are preserved, however, with that care which has evidently characterized all the alterations of the proprietors, who certainly have injured the original building and its decorations as little as possible. On the east is the octangular pile, and its somewhat mean-looking dome; with the gilt ball or "pill" above, and the statue of Sir John Cutler below. "I was greatly at a loss," says Pennant, "to learn how so much respect was shown to a character so stigmatized for avarice. I think myself much indebted to Dr. Warren for the extraordinary history. It appears by the annals of the College, that in the year 1671 a considerable sum of money had been subscribed by the fellows for the erection of a new college, the old one having been consumed in the great fire eight years before. It also appears that Sir John Cutler, a near relation of Dr. Whistler, the president, was desirous of becoming a benefactor. A committee was appointed to wait upon Sir John to thank him for his kind intentions. He accepted their thanks, renewed his promise, and specified the part of the building of which he intended to bear the expense. In the year 1680 statues in honour of the king and Sir John were voted by the members; and nine years afterwards, the College being then completed, it was resolved to borrow money of Sir John Cutler to discharge the College debt; but the sum is not specified. It appears, however, that in 1699 Sir John's executors made a demand on the College of seven thousand pounds, which sum was supposed to include the money actually lent—the money pretended to be given, *but set down as a debt in Sir John's books*—and the interest on both. Lord Radnor, however, and Mr. Boulter, Sir John Cutler's executors, were prevailed on to accept two thousand pounds from the College, and actually remitted the other five. So that Sir John's promise,

which he never performed, obtained him the statue, and the liberality of his executors has kept it in its place ever since. But the College wisely have obliterated the inscription which, in the warmth of its gratitude, it had placed beneath the figure—

OMNIS CUTLERI CEDAT LABOR AMPHITHEATRO.”

In this building the fellows of the College continued to hold their meetings till 1825, when, as Dr. Macmichael observes in his interesting little volume, ‘The Gold-headed Cane,’—“The change of fashion having overcome the *genius loci*,” they removed to their present building at the corner of Pall Mall East and Trafalgar Square. Thither let us follow them.

This elegant building, erected by Sir R. Smirke, was opened on the 25th of June, 1825, with a Latin oration delivered by the President, Sir Henry Halford. The style, as will be perceived from a glance at our engraving, is the Grecian Ionic; the portico, though not remarkable for originality, is beautiful. The interior very happily confirms the promise of the exterior. An air of sumptuous elegance reigns throughout, made only the more impressive by the sense of repose and dignity conveyed by the general solitude of the apartments, and by their airy and noble proportions. A door on the left of the entrance-hall leads into the dining-room, lighted by a range of six windows overlooking Trafalgar Square, and having a chastely beautiful ceiling. Pillars of green and white marble (imitation) decorate the northern end of the room. Over the fireplace is a fine portrait of a fine face, that of Hamey, the eminent physician of the period of the Commonwealth, of whom it has been said, “He was a consummate scholar without pedantry, a complete philosopher without any taint of infidelity, learned without vanity, grave without moroseness, solemn without preciseness, pleasant without levity, regular without formality, nice without effeminacy, generous without prodigality, and religious without hypocrisy.” When, during the civil wars, the property of the College at Amen Corner was condemned, as part of the possessions of the Church, and put up to public auction, Dr. Hamey became the purchaser, and two years later settled it in perpetuity on the College. A valuable MS. of Hamey’s is preserved in the library—his notes and criticisms on Aristophanes. Here also are the portraits of Sir Edmund King, and Dr. Freind, the well-known historian of medicine. King was one among the philosophers of his time to exhibit the experiment of the transfusion of blood. He caused, for instance, the blood of a young dog to be transfused into the veins of one almost blind with age, and which could hardly move: in two hours it began to leap and frisk. It was probably while exhibiting some of these experiments before Charles II., who had a taste for experimental philosophy, that the King suddenly fell on the floor as if dead. Dr. King, without waiting for the advice of the royal physicians, which must have come too late, boldly put aside the danger to himself in case of failure, and immediately bled the Monarch, who then recovered his senses. The Council ordered him a reward of a thousand pounds for this service, *which was never paid*. The portrait of Dr. Freind, in his full-bottomed wig and brown velvet coat, reminds us of an anecdote creditable alike to the profession and human nature. During the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole, Freind was elected member for Launceston, and distinguished himself by some able speeches against the policy of the government. He was supposed to have

had a hand in Bishop Atterbury's plot, as it was designated, for the restoration of the Stuarts—at all events he spoke in the prelate's favour. He was consequently committed to the Tower in 1722, the Habeas Corpus Act being at the period suspended. Here he lay for some months, during which his practice, of course, passed into other hands, but chiefly into his friend Mead's. This admirable man, however, exerted himself to the utmost to procure Freind's release, which he was at last enabled to accomplish through the minister's requiring his own medical assistance. Mead went, urged everything he could think in favour of the captive, and finally refused to prescribe till Freind was set at liberty. Scarcely had the liberated physician reached his home, when Mead presented him with five thousand guineas, being the sum he had received from Freind's patients during his imprisonment! An act like this must have made that imprisonment ever afterwards appear to Freind the brightest spot in his lifetime, whilst the world derived a considerable benefit from the same event. In the Tower Freind wrote the entertaining and valuable history we have mentioned.

Returning to the entrance hall, and ascending the stairs which turn off to the right and to the left towards the gallery or landing on the top, we cannot but pause a moment to admire the exceedingly beautiful character and proportion of this part of the building. Here are a pair of folding doors in front leading into the library, and a single door on the right opening upon the Censor's room. This apartment, with its rich oak panelling and pillared walls, is rich in pictures and busts, and in the almost interminable series of memories which invest these works of art with a higher interest than art alone can bestow.



Sydenham, from a portrait by M. Beale.

Sydenham is here, with his fine massive face and his long and flowing silvery hair. During the civil wars he commanded a troop of horse under the King. Sydenham has the great merit of being the first of his profession to discard mere theory, and apply with diligence to the study of nature and facts. His practice and writings accordingly make an era in medical history. For the same reason he obtained the names of the English Hippocrates and the Father of English medicine. Here, too, is Linaere, with his small ruddy features, hollow cheeks,

thoughtful eye, and particularly expressive mouth—a delightfully quaint-looking face in all its seriousness. Over this picture are the College arms in oak, with the shield richly emblazoned. Sir Thomas Browne is here, with his interesting and poetical face richly set off by the dark shadow of his hair and of the background of the picture. His chin and upper lip are partially covered with moustaches of a brownish hue, and his beard is peaked. The penetrating yet absorbed expression of the eye strongly reminds you of the man whom nothing could disturb from his reveries. The sudden fall of the cannon-shot which failed to disturb the self-possession of Charles of Sweden whilst writing his despatches would most likely have been unperceived by Browne. “He had no sympathy with the great business of men. In that awful year when Charles I. went in person to seize five members of the Commons’ House—when the streets resounded with shouts of ‘Privilege of Parliament!’ and the King’s coach was assailed by the prophetic cry, ‘To your tents, O Israel!’—in that year, in fact, when the civil war first broke out, and when most men of literary power were drawn by the excitement of the crisis into patriotic controversy on either side—appeared the calm and meditative reveries of the ‘Religio Medici.’ The war raged on. It was a struggle between all the elements of government. England was torn by convulsions, and red with blood. But Browne was tranquilly preparing his ‘Pseudodoxia Epidemica;’ as if errors about basilisks and griffins were the fatal epidemic of the time; and it was published in due order in that year, when the cause which the author advocated, as far as he could advocate anything political, lay at its last gasp. The King dies on the scaffold. The Protectorate succeeds. Men are again fighting on paper the solemn cause already decided in the field. Drawn from visions more sublime—forsaking studies more intricate and vast than those of the poetical sage of Norwich—diverging from a career bounded by the most splendid goal—foremost in the ranks shines the flaming sword of Milton: Sir Thomas Browne is lost in the quincunx of the ancient gardens; and the year 1658 beheld the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the publication of the ‘Hydriotaphia.’”* The pleasant, good-humoured face of Sir Samuel Garth enlivens the censor’s room. One wonders where the original of such a picture could have found a sufficient stock of ill nature to commence satirist. As the friend of Pope and Swift had certainly a great deal of wit, perhaps it was from a deficiency of ill nature that ‘The Dispensary’ is not a great poem! Sufficient then for its author be the fact that he was a good man. Who will not revere the memory of Garth, when they consider that to him Dryden was indebted for a suitable interment, when a personage of high rank forgot the duty he had sought? He caused the remains of the illustrious poet to be brought to Warwick Lane, and there pronounced an oration over them, then set on foot a subscription to defray the expenses of the funeral, and ultimately attended the solemnity to Westminster Abbey, where it was conveyed on the 13th of May, 1700, with a train of above a hundred coaches. Among the other portraits of the room are those of Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VIII. (which Malcolm thinks is either by or from Holbein), and Andreas Vesalius, the famous Italian anatomist, whose wild-looking aspect seems in strange harmony with his unhappy fortunes. In voyaging

* Edinburgh Review, October, 1836.

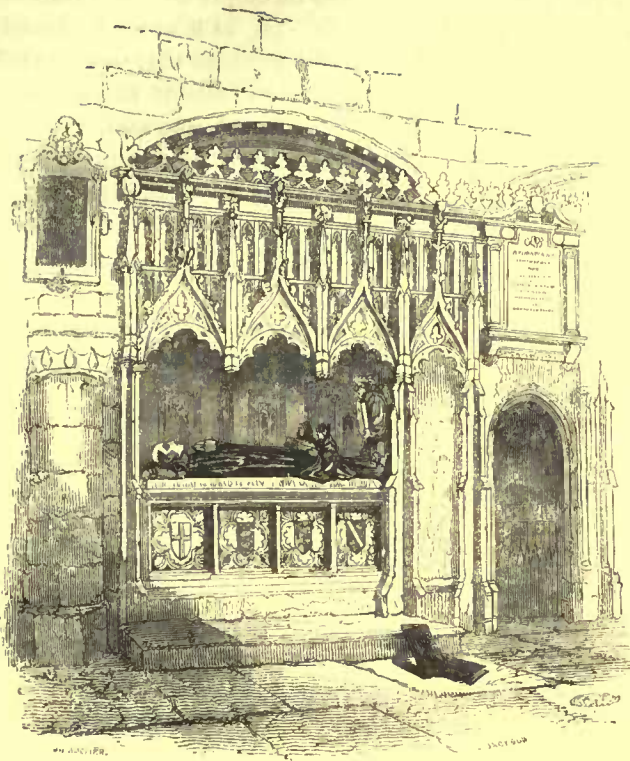
from Padua to Venice in 1504, he was shipwrecked on the isle of Zante, and there perished by hunger. Four marble busts in addition adorn the censor's room: those of Sir Henry Halford, Sydenham, Mead, and Baillie. With an anecdote of the latter we quit this interesting apartment. Baillie was occasionally very irritable, and indisposed to attend to the details of an uninteresting story. After listening with torture to a prosing account from a lady who ailed so little that she was going to an opera that evening, he had happily escaped from the room, when he was urgently requested to step up-stairs again; it was to ask him whether on her return from the opera she might eat some oysters: "Yes, ma'am," said Baillie, "shells and all."

The library is a truly splendid room. It is very long, broad, and high, lighted by three beautiful lanterns in the ceiling, which is of the most elegant character. The walls consist of two stories, marked at intervals by flat oaken pillars below, and clusters of flat and round imitation-marble pillars above. A gallery extends along the second story all round the room, and the wall is there fitted up with bookcases, hidden by crimson curtains, containing preparations; amongst others are some of the nerves and blood-vessels constructed by Harvey, and most probably used by him in the very lectures before referred to. The books, chiefly the gift of the Marquis of Dorchester, who left his library to the College, are ranged round the walls of the lower story. From the gallery a narrow staircase leads up into a small theatre, or lecture-room, where are some interesting busts and pictures, among the latter a fine portrait of Hunter. The most interesting works of art in the library are the two portraits which adorn the compartments of the wall near the ends of the room. One is of Dr. Radcliffe, the founder of the magnificent institution at Oxford, and whose executors gave two thousand pounds towards the erection of this building. He looks serious, yet with a latent smile playing over his face, as though suddenly called to attend a patient, while the enjoyment of a just-uttered joke was as yet unsubsidied. It is painted by Kneller, the conjunction of whose name with Radcliffe will remind many a reader of the anecdote concerning them. They lived next to each other in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and the painter having beautiful pleasure grounds, a door was opened for the accommodation of his friend and neighbour. In consequence of some annoyance, Sir Godfrey threatened to close up the door; to which Radcliffe replied, he might do any thing with it if he would not paint it. "Did my very good friend, Dr. Radcliffe, say so?" cried Sir Godfrey: "go you back to him, and after presenting my service to him, tell him that I can take anything from him but physic." How different the associations roused in the mind by a sight of the picture at the opposite end of the room—the portrait of Harvey, by Cornelius Jansen! And if ever portrait spoke the history of its subject, it is this. Beneath that wide expanse of brow, how forlorn a face appears! A few white hairs straggle over the lip which had so often quivered at some new and more piercing instance of the world's folly and ingratitude. That out-stretched hand there were few to grasp beyond his own immediate friends and connexions; yet hand, heart, and soul, lived and toiled and suffered but for the good of mankind. Harvey, however, was a man in fortitude as well as in every other respect; and the very studies which first disquieted him, brought him afterwards Peace. He loved

his profession, and had high hopes of it. To have seen the change that has characterized the last fifty years, during which the rate of mortality has decreased nearly a third, and mainly by the efforts of the members of that profession, would have amply repaid him for all his sufferings. Perhaps he did foresee some such change. Perhaps he saw, in the dim and distant future, glimpses of a happier state of things than we have yet any conception of. Much is true that cannot be demonstrated. The world would not listen to *his* demonstrations. How does it know what glorious revelations its wilfulness, blind ridicule, and injustice may not have shut up in his grave, as in the graves of others like him?



[The New College, Pall Mall East.]



[Prior Rahere's Tomb.]

XXVIII.—THE PRIORY AND CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

OF all the persons whom the mighty business of providing sustenance for the population of London leads among the pens, and crowds, and filth of the great Metropolitan beast-market—of all those whom pleasure attracts to the gingerbread, and shows, and gong-resounding din of the great Fair—or, lastly, of all those whom chance, or a dim remembrance of the popular memories of the place, its burnings, tournaments, &c., or any other motive, brings into Smithfield—we wonder how many, as they pass the south-western corner of the area, look through the ancient gateway which leads up to the still more ancient church of St. Bartholomew, with a kindly remembrance of the man (whose ashes there repose) from whom these, and most of the other interesting features and recollections of Smithfield, are directly or indirectly derived? We fear very few. Time has wrought strange changes in the scene around; and it is not at all sur-

prising that we should forget what has ceased to be readily visible. Who could suppose, from a mere hasty glance at the comparatively mean-looking brick tower, and the narrow restricted site of St. Bartholomew, that that very edifice was once the centre, and the centre only, of the splendid church of a splendid monastery—a church which extended its spacious transepts on either side, and sent up a noble tower high into the air, to overlook, and, as it were, to guard, the stately halls, far-extending cloisters, and delightful gardens that surrounded the sacred edifice? Or, again, who would suspect that the site of this extensive establishment (now in a great measure covered with houses), and most probably the entire space of Smithfield, was, prior to the foundation of the former, nothing but a marsh “dunge and fenny,” with the exception of a solitary spot of dry land, occupied by the travellers’ token of civilization, a gallows? Yet such are the changes that have taken place, and for all that is valuable in them our gratitude is due to the one man to whom we have referred—Rahere.

The history of the Priory is indeed the history of this single individual; and, by a fortunate coincidence, the historical materials we possess are as ample as they are important. Among the manuscripts of the British Museum* is one entirely devoted to the life, character, and doings of Rahere, written evidently shortly after his death by a monk of the establishment, and which, for the details it also gives of the circumstances attending the establishment of a great religious house in the twelfth century, its glimpses into the manners and customs, the modes of thought and feeling of the time—and, above all, for its marked superiority of style to the writings that then generally issued from the cloister—forms perhaps one of the most extraordinary, as it certainly is one of the most interesting, of monastical documents. In consideration of all these circumstances, we shall make no scruple to transcribe largely from the good old monk’s papers; valuing them all the more for the impossible but characteristic marvels they detail in matters of faith, as being an additional testimony to their authentic character with regard to matters of fact.

We have said that the manuscript in question was written soon after Rahere’s death; its author says he shows that which “they testified to us that sey him, herd hym, and were presente yn his werkys and dedis; of the whiche sume have take their slepe yn Cryste, and sume of them be zitte alyve, and wytnesseth of that that we shall after say.” His motives in the task he had undertaken are thus explained in the outset:†—

“For as much that the meritorious and notable operations of famous good and devout fathers in God should be remembered, for instruction of after-comers, to their consolation and increase of devotion; this abbreviated treatise shall commodiously express and declare the wonderful, and of celestial counsel, gracious foundation of our holy place, called the Priory of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, and of the hospital of old time belonging to the same; with other notabilities expedient to be known; and most specially the glorious and excellent miracles

* Cottonian Collection.

† We shall not trouble our readers any further with the antiquated spelling. We may also here observe that, in the following account of Rahere and of his foundation, whilst we give throughout the author’s language, we take the liberty of occasionally departing from his arrangement, in order to preserve the narrative regular and unbroken, and, for the same reason, of making such omissions as seem advisable.

wrought within them, by the intercessions, suffrages, and merits of the aforesaid benign, faithful, and blessed of God, Apostle Saint Bartholomew.”

Rahere, it appears, was a “man sprung and born from low *kyname*: when he attained the flower of youth he began to haunt the households of noblemen and the palaces of princes; where, under every elbow of them, he spread their cushions, with japes and flatterings delectably anointing their eyes, by this manner to draw to him their friendships. And still he was not content with this, but often haunted the king’s palace, and among the noiseful press of that tumultuous court informed himself with polity and cardinal suavity, by the which he might draw to him the hearts of many a one. There in spectacles, in meetings, in plays, and other courtly mockeries and trifles intending, he led forth the business of all the day. This wise to the king and great men, gentle and courteous known, familiar and fellowly he was.” The king here referred to is Henry I. Stow says Rahere was “a pleasant-witted gentleman; and therefore in his time called the *king’s minstrel*.” To continue: “This manner of living he chose in his beginning, and in this excused his youth. But the *inward Seer* and merciful God of all, the which out of Mary Magdalen cast out seven fiends, the which to the Fisher gave the Keys of Heaven, mercifully converted this man from the error of his way, and added to him so many gifts of virtue.” Foremost in repentance as he had been in sin, Rahere now “decreed in himself to go to the court of Rome, coveting in so great a labour to do the works of penance. There, at the shrine of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, he, weeping his deeds, prayed to our Lord for remission of them. Those two clear lights of Heaven, two men of mercy, Peter and Paul, he ordained mediators. And while he tarried there, in that mean while, he began to be vexed with grievous sickness; and his dolours little and little taking their increase, he drew to the extreme of life: the which dreading within himself that he had not still for his sins satisfied to God, therefore he supposed that God took vengeance of him for his sins, amongst outlandish people, and deemed the last hour of his death drew him nigh. This remembering inwardly, he shed out as water his heart in the sight of God, and all brake out in tears; that he avowed that if health God would him grant, that he might return to his country, he would make an hospital in recreation of poor men, and to them so there gathered, necessities minister after his power. And not long after the benign and merciful Lord beheld this weeping man, gave him his health, approved his vow.

“When he would perfect his way that he had begun, in a certain night he saw a vision full of dread and sweetness. It seemed him to be borne up on high of a certain beast, having four feet and two wings, and set him in an high place. And when he, from so great a height, would inflect and bow down his eye to the lower part downward, he beheld a horrible pit, whose beholding impressed in him great dread: for the deepness of the same pit was deeper than any man might attain to see; therefore he (secret knower of his defaults) deemed himself to slide into that cruel a downcast. And therefore (as seemed him inwardly) he fremyshid,* and for dread trembled, and great cries of his mouth proceeded. To whom appeared a certain man, pretending in cheer the majesty of a king, of great beauty and imperial authority, and his eye on him fastened. ‘O man,’ he

* *Quaked* perhaps, from the French verb *Frémir*.

said, 'what and how much service shouldest thou give to him that in so great a peril hath brought help to thee?' Anon he answered to this saint, 'Whatsoever might be of heart and of might, diligently should I give in recompence to my deliverer.' And then, said he, 'I am Bartholomew, the apostle of Jesus Christ, that come to succour thee in thine anguish, and to open to thee the secret mysteries of Heaven. Know me truly, by the will and commandment of the Holy Trinity, *and the common favour of the celestial court and council*, to have chosen a place in the suburbs of London, at Smithfield, where in mine name thou shalt found a church. This spiritual house Almighty God shall inhabit, and hallow it, and glorify it. Wherefore doubt thee nought; only give thy diligence, and my part shall be to provide necessaries, direct, build, and end this work.' Rahere now came to London, and of his knowledge and friends with great joy was received; with which also, with the barons of London he spake familiarly of these things that were turned and stirred in his heart, and of that was done about him in the way he told it out; and what should be done of this he counselled of them. He took this answer, that none of these might be perfected, but the King were first counselled: namely, since the place godly to him showed was contained within the King's market. In opportune time Rahere addressed him to the King; and nigh him was He in whose hands it was to what he would the King's heart incline: and ineffectual these prayers might not be whose author is the apostle, whose gracious hearer is God. Rahere's word therefore was pleasant and acceptable, and when the King had praised the good wit of the man (prudently, as he *was* witty), granted to the petitioner his kingly favour.

"Then Rahere, omitting nothing of care and diligence, two works of piety began to make—one for the vow he had made, another as to him by precept was enjoined." The place where these great works were to be erected was no common one, having been previously showed to King Edward the Confessor in a revelation:—"the which, in a certain night, when he was bodily sleeping, his heart to God waking, he was warned of this place with an heavenly dream made to him, that God this place had chosen: thereupon this holy King, early arising, came to this place that God had showed him; and to them that about him stood expressed the vision that night made to him, and prophesied this place to be great before God." It was also said that three men of Greece, who came to London, went to this place and worshipped God; "and before them that there were present (and beheld them as simple idiots) they began wonderful things to say and prophesy of this place, saying, 'Wonder not; see us here to worship God, where a full acceptable temple to him shall be builded; and the fame of this place shall attain from the spring of the sun to the going down.'"

Rahere had no easy task before him. "For truly the place before his cleansing pretended no hope of goodness. Right unclean it was; and as a marsh, dunge and fenny, with water almost every time abounding; and that that was eminent above the water, dry, was deputed and ordained to be the gallows of thieves, and to the torment of other, that were condemned by judicial authority." What follows is very extraordinary:—"Truly, when Rahere had applied his study to the purgation of this place, and decreed to put his hand to that holy building, he was not ignorant of Satan's wiles, for he made and feigned himself

unwise, and outwardly pretended the cheer of an idiot, and began a little while to hide the secretness of his soul. And the more secretly he wrought the more wisely he did his work. Truly, in playing unwise he drew to him the fellowship of children and servants, assembling himself as one of them; and with their use and help, stones and other things profitable to the building lightly he gathered together." Rahere's object in this conduct was, we presume, to avail himself of a kind of superstitious reverence that appears to have been not unfrequently felt for persons of the class to which he made it appear that he belonged. With all his enthusiasm, this must have been a painful time. "He played with them, and from day to day made himself more vile in his own eyes, in so mickle that he pleased the apostle; through whose grace and help he raised up a great frame. And now he was proved not unwise as he we have trowed, but very wise." Rahere, it seems, sought assistance for the accomplishment of his great work by every means in his power, and more particularly by instructing with "cunning of truth," saying "the word of God faithfully in divine churches," and constantly exhorting "the multitude both of clerks and of the laity to follow and fulfil those things that were of charity and alms-deed. And in this wise he compassed his sermon:—that now he stirred his audience to gladness, that all the people applauded him; and incontinent anon he proffered sadness, and so now of their sins, that all the people were compelled unto sighing and weeping. But he truly ever more expressed wholesome doctrine, and after God and faithful sermon preached." A man like this could not but succeed in whatever he essayed; and accordingly the work "prosperously succeeded, and after the Apostle's word all necessaries flowed unto the hand. The church he made of comely stone-work, tablewise. And an hospital-house, a little longer off from the church by himself he began to edify. The church was founded (as we have taken of our elders) in the month of March 1113. President in the Church of England, William Archbishop of Canterbury, and Richard Bishop of London;" who "of due law and right" hallowed a part of the adjoining field as a cemetery. "Clerks to live under regular institution" were brought together, and Rahere, of course, was appointed Prior, who ministered unto his fellows "necessaries, not of certain rents, but plenteously of oblations of faithful people." The completion of the work, under such circumstances, evidently excited a large amount of wonder and admiration, not unmingled with a kind of superstitious awe. People "were greatly astonished both of the novelty of the raised frame, and of the founder. Who would trow this place with so sudden a cleansing to be purged, and there to be set up the token of the Cross? And God there to be worshipped, where sometime stood the horrible hanging of thieves? Who should not be astonished there to see construct and builded the honourable building of piety? That should be a sanctuary to them that fled thereto, where sometime was a common offering of condemned people? *Who should not marvel it to be haunted?*" The writer then finely asks,* "Whose heart lightly should take or admit such a man, *not* product of gentle blood—not greatly endowed with literature, or of divine kynage?"

"When the Priory began to flourish and its fame spread, Rahere joined to

* He has, it will be remembered, previously stated Rahere to be of "low kynage," in the ordinary sense of the words.

him a certain old man, Alfun by name, to whom was sad age, with experience of long time. This same old man not long before had builded the church of St. Giles, at the gate of the city that in English tongue is called Cripplegate; and that good work happily he had ended." Rahere, deeming this man profitable to him, deputed him as his compeer; and from his council and help appears to have derived much encouragement. "It was manner and custom to this Alfun, with ministers of the church to compass and go about the nigh places of the church busily to seek and provide necessaries to the need of the poor men that lay in the hospital; and to them that were hired to the making up of their church." To help Alfun in the performance of this duty St. Bartholomew occasionally honoured him by a miracle, which, doubtless, had an amazing effect in stimulating the charity of the neighbours. If the following miracle was thoroughly believed, wonderful must have been the emulation it produced among the benefactors of the priory. Alfun having applied to a widow, she told him she had but seven measures of malt, and that indeed it was no more than but absolutely necessary for her family's use. She was, however, prevailed on to give one measure. Alfun was no sooner gone than, casting her eyes on the remaining measures, she counted seven still. Thinking herself mistaken, she tried again, and found eight, and so on *ad infinitum*. No sooner was the receptacle ready than many "yearly, with lights and oblations, peaceful vows, and prayers, visited this holy church;" and the fame of cures performed was supported by magnificent festivals; "the year 1148, after the obiit of Harry the First, King of England, the twelfth year, when the golden path of the son reduced to us the desired joys of feastful celebrity, then, with a new solemnity of the blessed Apostle, was illumined with new miracles this holy place. Languishing men, grieved with varying sorrows, softly lay in the church; prostrate beseeching the mercy of God, and the presence of St. Bartholomew."

But now new troubles arose, and darkened the last hours of Rahere. "Some said he was a deceiver, for cause that in the net of the great fisher evil fishes were mixed with good. Before the hour of his last deliverance his household people were made his enemies, and wicked men wickedness laid to himself. Therefore, with pricking envy, many privately, many also openly, against the servant of God ceased not to grudge, and brought many slanders and threatenings. The good that they might they withdrew and took away; constrained him with wickedness; made weary him with injuries; provoked him with despites, beguiled him with simulated friendships; and some of them broke out into so bold avowedness that they drew amongst themselves a contract of wicked conspiracy, what day, sette, and place, the servant of God they might through wiles and subtlety draw to their council with deceit," and so slay him. "But there is no wisdom, there is no cunning, there is no council against God, in whom he (Rahere) cast his thought. When the day came, one of them, partner of so great a wickedness, secretly to himself abhorring so great a sin, before the hour of peril drawing near, showed by order to the servant of God the sum of all their council." Rahere now went to the King, begging that he "would open the bosom of his pity to them that were desolate," and "restrain the barking rudeness of unfaithful people." The King's answer was the confirmation of his previous grant by a

formal charter, drawn up in terms unusually expressive of his favour and his determination to see it carried into effect.

“ In the name of the holy and undivided Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, 1st Henry King of England, to William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and George, Bishop of London, and to all bishops and abbots, and earls, justiciary barons, sheriffs, and ministers, and to all men, and their lieges, and to the citizens of London, greeting :—Know ye that I have granted, and by my charter confirmed, to the church of St. Bartholomew, London, and to Rahere the Prior, and canons regular, in the same church serving God, and to the poor of the hospital of the same church, that they may be free from all earthly servitude, and earthly power and subjection, except episcopal customs; to wit, only consecration of the church, baptism, and ordination of clerks; and that, as any church in all England is free, so this church be free; and all the lands to it appertaining, which it now has, or which Rahere the Prior, or the canons, may be able reasonably to acquire, whether by purchase or by gift; and have soccage and saccage, and thol and theme, and infangtheof; and all liberties and free customs and acquittances in all things which belong to the same church, in wood and in plain, in meadow and pastures, in water and mills, in ways and paths, in pools and parks, in moors and fisheries, in granges and shrubberies, within and without, and in all places now and for ever. And this church, with all things that appertain unto the same, know ye that I will to maintain and defend, and to be free as my crown, and to have taken in my hand in defence against all men. Wherefore I grant to Rahere, and to the same church, in all its own rights and possession, the breach of peace and skirmish made in the house, and the invasion of house or court, and all forfeitures in its own jurisdiction made, and forestall and flemenefermden, in the way and without, in the fend and without, in the city and without: also, that it may have discussions of causes and the rights of causes concerning all plea which may happen in their land, and all customs, whether in ecclesiasticals or seculars, as fully and freely as I should have of my own domain and table. I release also and acquit Rahere the Prior, and the aforesaid church and all belonging to the same, of shire and hundred, of pleas and complaints and murders, and scutage, and gold, and Danigelds, and hydages, and sarts, and assizes, and castle-works, or the rebuilding of castles and bridges, of enclosing parks, of removing woods or other things, of fordwit and hengwit, of ward-penny and ave-penny, and bloodwite and fightwite and childwite, of hundred-penny and thring-penny and maubratre and mischinige, and schewinge, and frithsoke, and westgeilteof, of warden, and outlawry, and forefenge, and whitfonge; and they be quit in all my land of the tollage, and passage, and pontage, and lastage, and stallage, and of all secular service in land and in water and ports of the sea, so that they may be loaded with no burdens of expedition, or occasions or aids of sheriffs or reeves of the hundred, or pontifical ministers: I prohibit also by my authority royal, that no men, whether my minister or any other in my whole land, be troublesome to Rahere the Prior, or the aforesaid church, concerning anything which belongs thereto; and that no man, of the clergy or laity, presume to usurp dominion of that place, or introduce himself without the consent of the Prior or brethren.”

If this did not content Rahere, he must certainly have been a most unreasonable man. What a list of privileges is here given! and what an idea does such a document afford of the state of society in the twelfth century! Very pleasant, no doubt, were such privileges for the Prior and his brethren; but what must it have been to the people at large, who had no share in them, and whose natural burdens would be enhanced in proportion to the number of those who had? Rahere was satisfied, no doubt, so far as the King of England could satisfy him. But that was not all. His biographer continues, "Thus, when he was strengthened and comfortably defended, glad he went out from the face of the King; and when he was come home to his [people], what he had obtained of the royal majesty expressed to others that there should be afraid. Also this worshipful man proposed for to depose the quarrel of his calamities before the See of Rome (God's grace him helping), and of the same See writings to bring, to him and to his aftercomers profitable. But divers under growing impediments, and at the last letting the article of death, that he would have fulfilled, he might not. And so only the reward of good will be deserved. After his decease, three men of the same congregation (whose memory be blessed in bliss), sundry went to sundry bishops of the See of Rome, and three privileges of three bishops obtained; that is to say, of St. Anastatius, Adrian, and Alexander, this church with three dowries, as it were with an impenetrable *scochyn*, warded and defended against impetuous hostility. And now behold that prophecy of the blessed King and Confessor of St. Edward fulfilled. Behold truly that this holy church and chosen to God shineth with manifold beauty." Miracles as usual glorified the new edifice. It will suffice to give one as a specimen. It appears that from among the great plenty of books in the place was stolen an "antiphoner, which was necessary to them that should sing in the church. When it was told to Rahere, he took the harm with a soft heart, patiently." Not so St. Bartholomew, who doubtless considered his own reputation as a guardian of the place was concerned; so he commanded Rahere to mount horse, ride "into the Jews street," where his horse would stop, and point his foot to the door where the book was. We need scarcely add, that there, true enough, the book was found.

"After the service of his prelaçy, twenty-two years and six months," Rahere on the 20th of September "the clay house of this world forsook, and the house everlasting he entered." The character drawn of him by his biographer is, we think, very beautiful. He was a man "not having cunning of liberal science, but that that is more eminent than all cunning; for he was rich in purity of conscience." His goodness showed itself towards "God by devotion;" towards "his brethren by humility;" towards "his enemies by benevolence. And thus himself he exercised them, patiently suffering; whose proved purity of soul, bright manners, with honest probity, expert diligence in divine service, prudent business in temporal manifestations, in him were greatly to praise and commendable. In feasts he was sober, and namely the follower of hospitality. Tribulations of wretches and necessities of the poor people, opportunely admitting, patiently supporting, competently spending. In prosperity not *yuprided*; in adversity patient. Thus he, subject to the King of bliss with all meekness, provided with all diligence that were necessary to his subjects; and so providing, increased daily to himself;

before God and man, grace; to the place reverence; to his friends gladness; to his enemies pain; to his aftercomers joy." Rahere left, it seems, his small flock of thirteen canons with little land and right few rents. "Nevertheless, with copious oblations of the altar, and helping of the populous city," they appear to have managed pretty well. "Soothly," continues our good monk, "they flourish now with less fruit than that time when the aforesaid solemnities of miracles were exercised; by a like wise, as it were a plant, when it is well rooted, the oft watering of him ceaseth."

Rahere (whose memory was held in great veneration—"when the day of his *nativity into heaven* was known, it was solemnised and honoured with great mirth and dancing on earth") was succeeded by Thomas, one of the canons of the church of St. Osyth, whose character is happily hit off by the author of the manuscript. "This Thomas," he says, "(as we have proved in common,) was a man of jocund company, of great eloquence, and of great cunning; instruct in philosophy, and (in) divine books exercised. *And he had it in prompt whatsoever he would utter to speak it metrely.* And he had in use every solemn day what the case required, to dispense the word of God, and flowing to him the press of the people. He was prelate to us meekly almost 30 years; and in age an hundred winter, almost with whole wits, with all Christian solemnity, he deceased in 1174. In this man's time grew the plant of the apostolic branch in glory and in grace before God and man. And with more ample buildings were the skins of our tabernacle dilated. To the laud and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be honour and glory, world without end. Amen." Thus ends this valuable manuscript, affording



[South side of St. Bartholomew's Church.]

perhaps a more complete and interesting account of the foundation of St. Bartholomew than exists in connexion with the foundation of any other English edifice of equal antiquity and importance. In 1410, during the prelacy, perhaps of "brother

John," the Priory was rebuilt. At this time, and perhaps before, it possessed within itself every possible convenience for the solace and comfort of its inmates. We read of *Le Fermery, Le Dorter, Le Frater, Les Cloysters, Les Galleries, Le Hall, Le Kitchen, Le Buttry, Le Pantry, Le olde Kitchen, Le Woodehouse, Le Garner, and Le Prior's stable*, so late as the period of the dissolution in the sixteenth century. There was also the Prior's house, the Mulberry-garden, the Chapel, now the church of St. Bartholomew the Less, &c. &c. It was entirely enclosed within walls, the boundaries of which have been carefully traced in the '*Londini Illustrata*,' and from which we abbreviate the following description:—The north wall ran from Smithfield, along the south side of Long Lane, to its junction with the east wall, about thirty yards west from Aldersgate Street. It is mentioned by Stow, and shown in Aggas' plan, who represents a small gate or postern in it. This gate stood immediately opposite Charter House Lane, where is now the entrance into King Street and Cloth Fair. The west wall commenced at the south-west corner of Long Lane, and continued along Smithfield, and the middle of Duc Lane (or Duke Street) to the south gate, or Great Gate House, now the principal entrance into Bartholomew Close. The south wall, commencing from this gate, ran eastward in a direct line toward Aldersgate Street, where it formed an angle and passed southward about forty yards, enclosing the site of the present Albion Buildings, then resumed its eastern direction and joined the corner of the eastern wall, which ran parallel with Aldersgate Street, at the distance of about twenty-six yards. This wall was fronted for the most part by houses in the street just mentioned, some of them large and magnificent, particularly London House, between which and the wall was a ditch. At first, as we have before stated, there were no houses in the immediate neighbourhood; but the establishment of the monastery, and the fair granted to it, speedily caused a considerable population to spring up all around, and ultimately within. This grant was obtained from Henry II. The fair was to be kept at Bartholomew-tide for three days, namely, the eve, the next day, and the morrow; and unto it "the clothiers of England and drapers of London repaired, and had their booths and standings within the churchyard of this priory, closed in with walls and gates, locked every night and watched, for safety of men's goods and wares. A Court of Pic-powders sat daily during the fair holden for debts and contracts. But now," continues Stow, "notwithstanding all proclamations of the prince, and also the act of parliament, in place of booths within the churchyard, only let out in the fair-time, and closed up all the year after, are many large houses built; and the north wall, towards Long Lane, being taken down, a number of tenements are there erected for such as will give great rents."*

The churchyard here referred to occasionally presented a scene of a very interesting kind, and which Stow, who personally witnessed the discussions to which we refer, has described in his usual graphic style. We must premise that so early as the period of Fitz-Stephen it appears that it was the custom upon the holidays for assemblies of persons to flock together about the churches to dispute; some, he says, using "demonstrations, others topical and probable arguments; some practise enthimems, others are better at perfect syllogisms; some for a show dispute, and for exercising themselves, and strive like adver-

* Stow, p. 419, ed. 1633.

saries; others for truth, which is the grace of perfection," &c. Again, "the boys of divers schools wrangle together in versifying, and canvass the principles of grammar, as the rules of the preterperfect and future tenses. Some, after an old custom of prating, use rhymes and epigrams; these can freely quip their fellows, suppressing their names with a festinine and railing liberty; these cast out most abusive jests, and with Socratical witnesses either they give a touch at the vices of superiors, or fall upon them with a satiric bitterness. The hearers prepare for laughter, and make themselves merry in the mean time." It is in reference to this passage that Stow writes:—"As for the meeting of schoolmasters on festival-days at festival churches, and the disputing of their scholars logically, &c., whereof I have before spoken, the same was long since discontinued. But the arguing of schoolboys about the principles of grammar hath been continued even till our time; for I myself (in my youth) have yearly seen, on the eve of Saint Bartholomew the Apostle, the scholars of divers grammar-schools repair unto the churchyard of Saint Bartholomew, the Priory in Smithfield, where, upon a bank boarded about under a tree, some one scholar hath stepped up, and there hath opposed and answered, till he was by some better scholar overcome and put down; and then the overcomer, taking the place, did like the first: and in the end the best opposers and answerers had rewards, which I observed not: but it made both good schoolmasters and also good scholars (diligently against such times) to prepare themselves for the obtaining of this garland. I remember there repaired to these exercises (amongst others) the masters and scholars of the free schools of Saint Paul's in London, of Saint Peter's at Westminster, of Saint Thomas Acon's Hospital, and of Saint Anthony's Hospital, whereof the last-named commonly presented the best scholars and had the prize in those days. This Priory of Saint Bartholomew being surrendered to Henry VIII., those disputations of scholars in that place surceased, and was again, only for a year or two in the reign of Edward VI., revived in the cloister of Christ's Hospital, where the best scholars (then still of Saint Anthony's school) were rewarded with bows and arrows of silver, given to them by Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith. Nevertheless, however, the encouragement failed; the scholars of Paul's, meeting with them of Saint Anthony's, would call them Saint Anthony's pigs, and they again would call the others pigeons of Paul's—because many pigeons were bred in Paul's church, and Saint Anthony was always figured with a pig following him: and, mindful of the former usage, did for a long season disorderly in the open street provoke one another with *Salve tu quoque, placet tibi mecum disputare, placet*; and so, proceeding from this to questions in grammar, they usually fell from words to blows, with their satchels full of books, many times in great heaps, that they troubled the streets and passengers: so that finally they were restrained with the decay of Saint Anthony's school."

Encroachments of the character pointed out by Stow of course could not have been made but for the previous dissolution of the Priory—an event which rapidly altered the entire aspect of the place. In the grant of the Priory, in 1544, to Sir Richard, afterwards Lord Rich, the man to whose baseness and treachery the executions of the venerable Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and his illustrious fellow-prisoner in the Tower, Sir Thomas More, were in no slight degree referrible, we

find an accurate description of the then state of Rahere's famous establishment. The grant included the capital messuage or mansion-house, the close called Great St. Bartholomew, the Fermery, Dorter, &c., before mentioned, fifty-one tenements lying within the precincts of the said close, five other messuages and tenements, water from the conduit-head at Canonbury (the country residence of the Priors at Islington), and lastly, the fair of St. Bartholomew. The grant concludes with the words: "And whereas the great close of St. Bartholomew hath been before the memory of man used as a parish within itself, and distinct from other parishes; and the inhabitants thereof had their parish church and churchyard within the church of the late Monastery and Priory, and to the same church annexed, and have had divine service performed by a curate from the appointment of the Prior and Convent; and whereas a certain chapel, called 'the Parish Chapel,' with part of the great parish church, have been taken away, *and the materials sold for our use*; nevertheless, there still remains a part fit for erecting a parish church, and already raised and built: we do grant to the said Richard Rich, Knt., and to the present and future inhabitants within the great close, that part of the said church of the said late Monastery or Priory which remains raised and built to be a parish church for ever for the use of the said inhabitants." The parish was declared to be distinct and separate from other parishes, and a void piece of ground, eighty-seven feet long by sixty broad, next adjoining the west side of the church, was to be taken for a churchyard. Such is the origin of the parish, the present church, and churchyard. The parish formerly possessed numerous and valuable privileges, derived no doubt from those of the Priory, some of which have been lost. Of those that still exist, one of the most striking is that any resident may keep a shop, or exercise whatever calling or trade he pleases, without becoming free of the City. The parishioners are also exempt from serving on juries or ward offices; they appoint their own constables subject to the control of the City magistrates, and tax themselves for paving, watching, lighting, &c. One or two brief notices of events of a minor importance connected with the church may here be given. The original structure had a fine peal of six bells, which were taken out and sold to the neighbouring church of St. Sepulchre. During the reign of Mary a partial attempt was made to revive something of the olden aspect and purpose of the place, by giving it to the Black or Preaching Friars, as their conventual church. But in the very first year of her sister and successor's reign the friars were driven out, and the place appropriated as before.*

We have already given one picture of a peculiar and primitive kind, that used to be often presented in the churchyard; the cloisters; it appears, in later times,

* In the 'Londini Illustrata' an opinion is expressed that the church was erected on a Saxon foundation. The reasons given are these—"The Saxons generally made their churches with descents into them; and it is observable that all the entrances into this church are by descents of several steps; whereas the Normans built their churches with ascents. The Saxons made their lights and roofs small and mean; the Normans, on the contrary, made theirs high and large. The few churches that the Saxons had of stone were low with thick walls, and consequently dark and damp; those of the Normans were far more stately, lightsome, and pleasant. And the late Mr. Carter, who drew, engraved, and published specimens of Ancient Architecture, was decidedly of opinion, from drawings he had taken in this church of capitals, ornaments, tiers of columns, and arches, that the workmanship was Saxon, and long prior to the arrival of the Normans." Whatever may have been the cause of this discrepancy, it seems, from the absence of any mention of such Saxon building in the manuscript, that there was no church here prior to the erection of Rahere's.

had also its picture, but one of a very different kind, if we may trust its delineator, in the pages of the 'Observator' of August 21, 1703. We must premise that within the space of a century or so there stood a gateway, leading to the wood-yard, kitchen, and other inferior offices. A mulberry-tree grew near it, and beneath its branches people were accustomed to promenade. In process of time this spot and the adjoining cloisters had become, according to the writer we have mentioned, notorious for the bad characters who resorted to it. "Does this market of lewdness," asks the author of the paper, "tend to anything else but the ruin of the bodies, souls, and estates of the young men and women of the City of London, who here meet with all the temptations to destruction? The lotteries to ruin their estates; the drolls, comedies, interludes and farces, to poison their minds with lust, &c. . . . What strange medley of lewdness has not this place long since afforded:—lords and ladies, aldermen and their wives, squires and fiddlers, citizens and rope-dancers, jack-puddings and lawyers, mistresses and maids, masters and 'prentices! This is not an ark like Noah's, which received the clean and unclean; only the unclean beasts enter this ark, and such as have the devil's livery on their backs."

We have dwelt thus long upon the history of the Priory, not only on account of the intrinsic importance of the establishment, but also from its being so generally little known. Except in and around the church there are no visible evidences of its original splendour, and these, not being particularly conspicuous, must be sought for. In the accomplishment of this task we now, however, approach what may be called the more generally interesting part of our subject—the description of the present remains, the contrast these present to their former state, and the more interesting memories which the place affords. As it were impossible to do justice to these matters in our present number, we shall conclude this paper with a notice of an appendage of St. Bartholomew, scarcely less interesting than itself:—we refer to Canonbury, the place so well known as the residence of Goldsmith, in one of the rooms of the tower of which was written, under a pressing pecuniary necessity, that most admirable of fictions, the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' These pressing necessities unfortunately occurred very often; and another and less agreeable memory of Canonbury House than that of the composition of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' is that Goldsmith here frequently hid himself for fear of arrest. The warm-hearted bookseller, Newberry, for whom Goldsmith wrote so much, then rented the house. From hence the poet was frequently accustomed to set out, with some or other of his numerous and distinguished list of friends, on excursions through the surrounding country. The beauties of Highgate and Hampstead, distinctly visible from his windows, no doubt were often a temptation to him to throw aside his books. Various other literary men have lived at Canonbury; amongst whom we may mention Chambers, the author of the *Cyclopædia* known by his name. Nor are interesting names belonging to men of a different class wanting. Here the "Rich Spencer," for instance, of whom and his moderate-minded daughter we have spoken in a former paper,* lived, and has bequeathed to Canonbury some noticeable recollections. In a curious pamphlet, entitled 'The Vanity of the Lives and Passions of Men, by D. Papillon, gent., 1651,' occurs the following remarkable passage, in con-

* Crosby Place.

nexion with this great *millionaire* of the sixteenth century:—"In Queen Elizabeth's days a pirate of Dunkirk laid a plot, with twelve of his mates, to carry away Sir John Spencer; which if he had done, fifty thousand pounds had not redeemed him. He came over the seas on a shallop with twelve musketeers, and in the night came into Barking Creek, and left the shallop in the custody of six of his men, and with the other six came as far as Islington, and there hid themselves in ditches near the path in which Sir John always came to his house; but, by the providence of God, Sir John, upon some extraordinary occasion, was forced to stay in London that night, otherwise they had taken him away; and they, fearing they should be discovered in the night time, came to their shallop, and so came safe to Dunkirk again." The author adds that he obtained this story from a private record. At Sir John's death in 1609 some thousand men were present, in mourning cloaks and gowns, amongst whom were three hundred and twenty-four persons who had each a basket given to him containing a black gown, four pounds of beef, two loaves of bread, a little bottle of wine, a candlestick, a pound of candles, two saucers, two spoons, a black pudding, a pair of gloves, a dozen of points to tie his garments with, two red herrings, four white herrings, six sprats, and two eggs. We must add to these reminiscences of the family, that his daughter, the writer of the letter transcribed in 'Crosby Place,' is said to have been carried off from Canonbury in a baker's basket by Lord Compton, who became her husband, and who at her father's death was unable to bear with equanimity the immense fortune that devolved to him: he was distracted for some time afterwards. His death happened under strange circumstances:—"Yesterday se'nnight the Earl of Northampton (he had now succeeded to this earldom), Lord President of Wales, after he had waited on the King at supper, and he had also supped, went in a boat with others to wash himself in the Thames, and so soon as his legs were in the water but to the knees, he had the colic, and cried out, 'Have me into the boat again, or I am a dead man!' and died in a few hours afterwards, June 24, 1630."*

The manor appears to have been originally presented to the priory by Ralph de Berners, in the time of Edward I., and most probably obtained its present name on the erection (about 1362, that date having long existed on one of the walls) of a place of residence for the first *Canon* or Prior, and from that circumstance:—*bury* signifying mansion or dwelling-house. There seems to exist a kind of tradition that at this or some earlier period a fortified mansion stood on the spot, of which the moat in front is still a remain. All the ancient parts, however, that now meet our gaze, are attributed to Prior Bolton, the predecessor of Fuller, who surrendered the possessions of the canons to the king. This is the man of whom Hall writes in the following curious passage:—"The people" (saith he), "being feared by prognostications which declared that in the year of Christ 1524 there should be such eclipses in watery signs, and such conjunctions, that by waters and floods many people should perish, people victualled themselves, and went to high grounds for fear of drowning, and especially one Bolton, which was Prior of St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield, builded him a house upon Harrow on the Hill, only for fear of this flood: thither he went and made provision of all things necessary within him, for the space of two months." Stow says that

* Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, vol. ii. p. 39.

“this was not so indeed,” as he had been credibly informed, “and that his predecessor was following a fable then on foot.” Bolton *was* the parson of Harrow as well as Prior of St. Bartholomew, and therefore repaired the parsonage-house; but he builded there nothing “more than a dovehouse, to serve him when he had foregone his Priory.” This is he also to whom Ben Jonson alludes when he speaks

“Of prior Bolton, with his *bolt* and *ton*;

referring to the rebus on his name, of which the Prior is said to have been the inventor, and for which he certainly had an inventor's love, for we find it everywhere—in the church, in some of the houses of Bartholomew Close, and here again at Canonbury. Although great alterations have been made in this place (a house of entertainment opened within its park walls for instance), yet there is much remaining to interest the visitor. We should have been glad to have commenced our notice with a brief glimpse of the room still pointed out as that in which Goldsmith wrote, but being, we presume, deemed even too precious for exhibition, we must, as Stow says, “overpass it.” Immediately behind the tower is a house now used as a boarding-school, which is supposed to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth, and to have even been occasionally inhabited by her; and the internal evidence is certainly of a formidable character. The staircase alone would show that it has been a very splendid mansion: but there are more important parts. The drawing-room, now divided into three apartments, has evidently originally formed but one, with a circular end, and a richly ornamented ceiling, bearing representations of ships of war, medallion heads of ancient heroes, as Alexander and Julius Cæsar; and in combination with these decorations are a variety of scroll-work ornaments, with the thistle strikingly predominant. In the centre are the initials *E. R.* The material is a most delicately wrought stucco. The mantelpiece is also well worthy of attention; it contains figures, arms, caryatides, and an endless variety of other ornaments. The whole forms one of the most superb pieces of workmanship conceivable. In the same house a room, called the Stone Parlour, on the ground-floor, has also a stuccoed ceiling, embossed and with pendants, and a decorated mantelpiece, with figures of the Cardinal Virtues. Adjoining this house is that which was Prior Bolton's, now occupied also as a boarding-school. It stands on a beautiful lawn, somewhat elevated, and must have originally commanded a beautiful prospect; as a part of which, and not the least interesting part, was the splendid establishment of which the resident here was master: the peculiarly dense smoke of cloud was as yet a thing unknown, and but few buildings intervened, so that the Prior could see it at all times. The most interesting feature of this mansion is a stone passage or corridor leading to the kitchen and other offices, in which is a Tudor door of a peculiarly elegant shape, containing Bolton's rebus. Among the other noticeable matters are a mantelpiece of the period of Elizabeth, and a curious coat of arms with some uncouth supporters, apparently goats, painted, and with an inscription of a later period, stating them to belong to “Sir Walter Denny, of Gloucestershire, who was made a knight by bathing at the creation of Arthur Prince of Wales, in November, 1489,” &c. From the house we pass to the lawn, which is terminated by a wall with a raised and embowered terrace, from which we look over on the other side to the kitchen-garden, the New River, and thence onwards

towards London. At each extremity of this wall is an octagonal garden-house, built by Prior Bolton—the one to the left having a small Gothic window in the basement story. Proceeding along the wall towards the other, we find it in the grounds of another mansion; this also contains the Prior's rebus. The spot here is at the same time so beautiful and yet so antique in its character, that we have only to forget the lapse of three centuries, and expect to see the stately abbot himself coming forth into his pleasanee, book in hand perhaps, to enable him to forget the little vexations of his government, or the darker shadows of the coming Reformation, which, fortunately for him, he did not live to see—his death took place in 1532. The fig and mulberry trees, probably planted by him,—certainly no recent denizens of the soil,—appear here in all their perfection. On the wall which runs up to the house occurs another rebus, near to a stone basin called the fish-pond, where the Prior probably kept some of the choicest of the finny tribe for the supply of his table. We cannot quit this very interesting place without a tribute of admiration to the taste and munificence of its principal founder. Next to Rahere, his is the great memory of the Priory—we meet with him everywhere. The church, the beautiful oriel window which overlooks it, Rahere's tomb, which he carefully and admirably restored, the gardens and buildings of Canonbury, all speak of an enlightened and generous mind; and we do not see that it is at all necessary to quarrel with him because he took care to refer their merit to its right owner by the everlasting *bolt in ton*.

(To be concluded in No. XXIX.)



[Prior Bolton's Garden-house at Canonbury.]



[The Choir.]

XXIX.—THE PRIORY AND CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

(Concluded from No. XXVIII.)

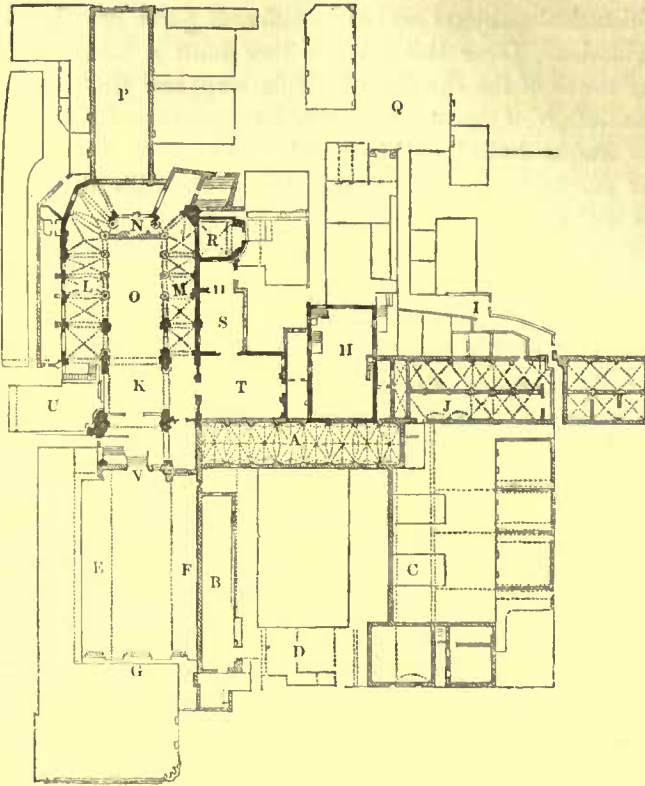
ALTHOUGH the present church, which was the choir of the more ancient structure belonging to the Priory, stands some distance backwards from Smithfield, there is little doubt that its front was originally on a line with the small gateway yet remaining, and that the latter indeed was the entrance from Smithfield into the southern aisle of the nave, the part of the church now entirely lost. It is useless to inquire what kind of front was here presented to the open area before it; but if we may judge of it by this gateway, and by the general style of the interior

parts of the choir, it must have been a grand work. The gateway is of a very beautiful character, with a finely pointed arch, consisting of four ribs, each with numerous mouldings, receding one within the other, and decorated with roses and zigzag ornaments. Straight before us as we pass through this gateway are the churchyard and church, the former having around it a range of large and very dingy-looking lath-and-plaster houses, which however derive somewhat of a picturesque appearance from their gable ends, and their windows scattered about in "most admired disorder." The exterior of the church, as it here appears to us, consists of a brick tower, erected in 1628, and by its side the end of the church, from which the nave has been cut away, and the wall and large window erected to terminate the structure at this point. The foundations of the nave still lie below the soil of the churchyard some three or four feet. The wall of the latter, on the right or southern side, now faced with brick, is very ancient and of immense thickness, and formed most probably the original wall of the south aisle. On stepping into the apartments of the adjoining public-house, to which the wall now belongs, we find traces of a past very different from what we see at present. Rooms with arched ceilings, a cornice with a shield extending through two or three of them, and thus showing that they have formed but one room, and a chalk cellar below the house—all betoken that we are wandering among the ruins of the old Priory. By the side of this house is a yard, filled with costermongers and their donkeys, and surrounded by black and decayed sheds and habitations, with balconied galleries. Referring to the multitude of miserable-looking and comparatively worthless habitations that have sprung up during the decay of the Priory, Malcolm calls them so many "exhalations of lath and plaster; *the mushrooms of its night*:" we should say rather the *fungi*:—nothing can be more unwholesome than some of these places are. Here the cheery ringing sound of the hammer on the anvil guides us to ground more intelligible. The passage leads into a smith's workshop, where some of the arches of the eastern cloister (the only one of which there are any remains) appear in the opposite wall. Violence and decay have deprived these arches of all their original beauty, though not of their bold expressive character—that still remains stamped upon them. The soil here, as in almost every other part surrounding the church, has been raised several feet: thus, for instance, the spring of these arches is nearly level with the ground. Leaving this to enter another yard, of an equally unpromising appearance, we find ourselves within the east cloister. Much of this beautiful part has been lost of late years by the fall of the roof and part of the wall on one side. Climbing, however, as well as we can, over the double or treble row of great barrels which fill the entire space, we find that on the opposite or eastern wall are five arches, more or less entire, yet remaining, and one on the west. The noble character of the architecture is here still visible in the fine deep receding mouldings and the graceful span. Farther north the space is walled up with an arch, which, if original, as it appears, must have crossed the cloister. The space within, extending to the church, which was entered by a fine Norman arch still existing, includes the remainder of the cloister; and one can only lament that, as it not only possesses the arches on both sides, but the groined roof, it should be completely walled up. We had ourselves

to break a hole in another part of the wall to obtain admittance, and then to re-close it. Here the delicacy and proportion of the style, the fine finish of the groins and key-stones, and the elaborate workmanship of the many curious devices and historical subjects carved in different parts, are alone visible in their natural combination. Over this part is now built a house in a line with and joining to the tower of the church. Malcolm supposes that it was to this part of the Priory the author of the manuscript before mentioned refers when he speaks of the "more ample buildings" by which "the skins of our tabernacle were dilated." As one looks around on the still evident beauty of the architecture, and measures with the eye its dimensions (the cloisters must have been nearly fifteen feet broad, and have extended round the four sides of a square of nearly a hundred feet), we begin for the first time to have a just impression of the original magnificence of the establishment; when the Prior, the Sub-Prior, and the other Canons, in all the imposing splendour of the Roman Catholic church, came occasionally sweeping along on days of high ceremony; and when, of an afternoon, in calm and sunny weather, the inmates of the Priory might have been seen sitting each in his little pew against the windows, meditating, or conversing with his neighbour, or reading some book from the Priory library, which at least amused him with its brilliant illuminated paintings, if it possessed no better attractions. For those who desired exercise there was the pleasant green in the centre, signifying, says Wickliff, "the greenness of their virtue above others," with its single tree, which had also its symbolical explanation, for it implied to the monks "the ladder by which, in gradations of virtue, they aspired to celestial things."

The public-house and courts we have mentioned are in a lane (along which on the eastern side ran the western cloister), at the back of Duke Street, and communicating with the great Close. As we turn the corner into the latter, the immense Refectory, or Hall of the Priory, stands before us (marked J in the plan), though so modernised in its outward appearance that the most eager antiquarian would assuredly pass it unnoticed if the latter were his only guide. From the scanty notices of this building, and of the crypt that extends beneath, in such of the local historians as notice them at all, we had not anticipated finding any interesting remains. Agreeably were we disappointed. In spite of the many alterations and divisions that have been made in it at different times, it is not difficult to trace its original character, as well as its vast extent. It is now occupied as a tobacco-manufactory, and a large portion of it still forms but one apartment, roofed over with oak of the finest kind and condition. There are now two or three stories, but, after a careful examination of the general arrangement of the multitudinous timbers of the roof of the highest story, we cannot but express our opinion that the whole has been open from the first floor to the roof, and that the latter has formed one of those oaken coverings of which Westminster Hall is so magnificent an example, though most probably of a ruder character. The complicated and yet harmonious arrangement of the timbers springing from the side on the upper story, where alone the roof is unaltered—their finely arched form rising airily upward towards the centre of the building—and the vertical supports which they appear to have sent down to the floor of the hall below (the posts which characterised the halls of a very early period),—all appear to show that

there was but one story, one room; and a glorious room it must have been; measuring some forty feet high, thirty broad, and a hundred and twenty long!



[Plan of the Priory of St. Bartholomew.]

EXPLANATION OF THE REFERENCES.

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| <p>A. The East Cloister, the only one of which there are any remains.</p> <p>B. The North Cloister, parallel with the Nave.</p> <p>C. The South Cloister.</p> <p>D. The West Cloister. The Square thus enclosed by the Cloisters measures about a hundred feet each way.</p> <p>E. The North Aisle of the Nave.</p> <p>F. The South Aisle, to which the existing Gateway in front of Smithfield was the original entrance.</p> <p>G. The Nave, no part of which or of the Aisles now remains.</p> <p>H. St. Bartholomew's Chapel, destroyed by Fire about 1830.</p> <p>I. Middlesex Passage, leading from Great to Little Bartholomew Close.</p> <p>J. The Dining Hall or Refectory of the Priory, with the Crypt beneath.</p> <p>K. Situation of the Great Tower, which was</p> | <p>supported on four arches that still remain.</p> <p>L. The Northern Aisle of the Choir.</p> <p>M. The Southern Aisle of the Choir.</p> <p>N. The Eastern Aisle of the Choir.</p> <p>O. The present Parish Church, forming the Choir of the old Priory Church.</p> <p>P. The Prior's House, with the Dormitory and Infirmary above.</p> <p>Q. Site of the Prior's Offices, Stables, Wood Yard, &c.</p> <p>R. The Old Vestry.</p> <p>S. The Chapter House, with an entrance gateway from</p> <p>T. The South Transept.</p> <p>U. The North Transept.</p> <p>V. The present entrance into the Church.</p> <p>On the top of the plan is Little Bartholomew Close, on the left Cloth Fair, at the bottom Smithfield, and on the right Great Bartholomew Close.</p> |
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A striking proof that the present intermediate ceilings and floors are not original is afforded by the immense beams or trees that cross from wall to wall, and which project a considerable height above the floor. These intermediate roofs are also so irregular, and so meanly put together, that it is tolerably evident their timbers are merely the ruins of the one magnificent cope that bent over all. No wonder the owners of such splendid apartments must have their raised dais to keep them above the throng of their humbler brethren, must dine first and be waited upon by kneeling monks, who in return have to console themselves with the reflection that the novices must in a like manner attend them. Many a scene of splendour this Hall has no doubt witnessed; many an exhibition of ecclesiastical state and profusion, such as that which Giraldus Cambrensis somewhat satirically describes in connexion with his visit to the Prior of Canterbury; where he noted at dinner sixteen dishes, a superfluous use of signs, much sending of dishes from the Prior to the attending monks, and from them to the lower tables, much gesticulation in returning thanks, much whispering, much loose, idle, and licentious discourse, and where, whilst herbs were brought to the table but not tasted, the fish of numerous kinds, roasted, broiled, fried, and stuffed, the eggs, the dishes exquisitely cooked with spices, the salt meat to provoke appetite, and the wines of almost every known kind, were all done full justice to.

Descending now to the commencement of the low winding passage marked in the plan "Middlesex Passage," but which was known in our boyish days by a more awful appellation, and one more in accordance with its then strangely wild character, we find, extending right and left under the Refectory, the Crypt, of which the passage cutting right through it forms a part. There is something about a crypt which makes it always an interesting place; the situation,—generally buried in the earth,—the solemn gloom, the frequent nobleness of the architecture, above all their mysterious history—no one knowing for what purpose they were built—all combine to stimulate curiosity, however little they may satisfy it. Without desiring to express any peculiarly favourable opinion of the habits of the monks, we confess there seems something too revolting in the idea that they were erected "for clandestine drinking, feasting, and things of that kind," as stated in an author quoted by Fosbroke in his 'British Monachism.' Interesting as these places generally are, we doubt whether a more favourable specimen could be found than this of the once famous Priory of St. Bartholomew. Its immense length, its double row of beautiful aisles, extending throughout, and its admirable state of preservation, render this Crypt worthy of peculiar attention. Of the fine character of the architecture, as we see it when standing against the wall on the one side, and looking across the two aisles, the engraving here shown will convey the best idea. There is, it will be seen, a door at the extremity of our view; with which we have been told the tradition that generally haunts these old monastic ruins, of a subterranean way, connects itself. It has been supposed that through this door there was a communication with Canonbury at Islington. Perhaps the tradition arose, from what we have no doubt is a fact, that the door had been used by the Nonconformist ministers, who occupied the adjoining chapel during parts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as a mode of escape in cases of danger. The door, at all events, opened until lately into a cellar that extended beneath the chapel,

and where the fire broke out, in 1830, that destroyed the latter, and some other parts of the old Priory. There seems to be no doubt that the chapel formed



[The Crypt.]

some portion of the monastic buildings, though what is unknown. It had an ancient timber roof, and a beam projecting across near the centre; and in a corner there is said to have been a very antique piece of sculpture representing the figure of a priest with a child in his arms. In several parts of the building it appears there were, prior to its destruction, marks of private doors in the wall. From the time of the Nonconformists, the chapel was occupied by Presbyterian ministers till 1753, when Wesley obtained possession, and, we believe, opened it himself, for the service of his disciples, with a sermon. The spot marked in the plan Q, or the Prior's offices, is that towards which we next direct our steps. The stables, wood-yard, and other domestic buildings, are thus referred to. In a large and ancient house we here find, on the ground-floor, a very thick wall and a pointed arch—evidence of its connexion with the Priory. The same house has some other noticeable features; namely, two beautifully wainscoted large rooms, the upper of which has a vaulted ceiling and a fine carved mantel-piece. Lord Rich, to whom the buildings and site of the Priory were granted, resided in some part of the latter:—was it here? The mansion has evidently been occupied by some resident of importance at a distant period. The family of the present occupier has lived in it for a century, during which the features we have referred to have existed as at present. The Mulberry Gardens were here also; and but a month ago was cut down the last and finest of the descendants of the old Priory trees, which stood behind the house. Returning to the eastern extremity of Middlesex Passage, the Prior's House is on our right, standing almost in a line with the church; and by the side of the latter are the remains of the south transept.

This house also bears plenty of internal evidence as to its antiquity. The walls, for instance, would shame those of many fortifications; there are just within the modern gable roof three arches, with square flat pillars and fluted capitals, corresponding with those of the choir; on the broad staircase is a kind of alcove in the wall, and beside it a slightly pointed arch set in a square frame; there are latticed windows in different parts; and above all, at the top, is the dormitory (*le Dorter*), where the canons were locked up at night, like so many unruly children. Here each inmate had, we presume, in accordance with the general custom, a little place wainscoted off, with a shelf in the window to support books. The middle part of the dormitory, where now the gimp-spinners* are pursuing their ceaseless walk, was, no doubt (also as usual), paved with fine tiles. If we may trust the author of the 'Ship of Fools,' the monks might well be treated as children, for they were as full of fun and frolic; and on reaching the dormitory, considering, we suppose, that they had been sufficiently grave for one day, began to play all sorts of wild pranks. For, says Barclay,

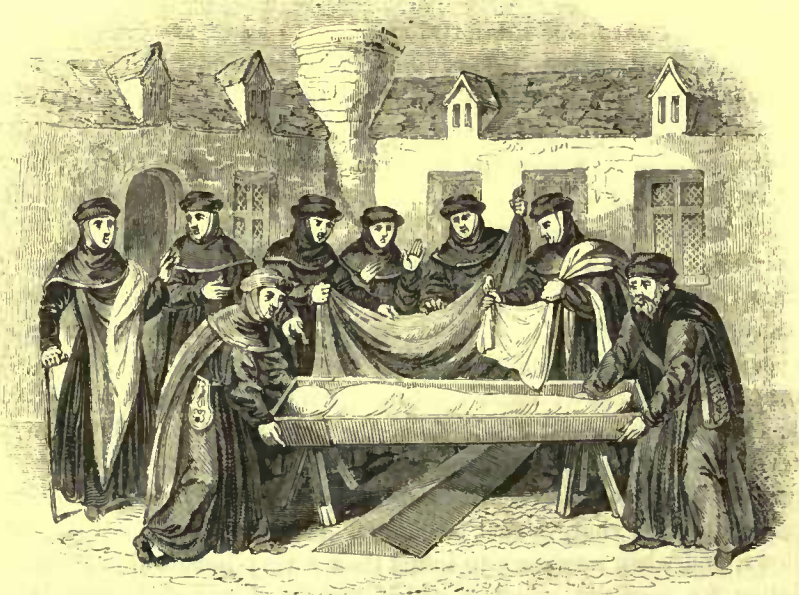
"The frere or monk in his frock and cowl
Must dance in his dorter, leaping to play the fool."

Unpleasant must have been the change when, in the midst of their mirth, they were called at midnight on the calends of November, and other holy periods, to descend from the warm and comfortable dorter to hurry shivering into the choir, and engage in the devotions proper to the occasion, whilst the Prior, with a dark lantern, went all round to see that each was awake and properly performing his duty. Part of this large, characteristic-looking room was no doubt used as the infirmary, or *fermery*, where the sick monks were so well treated, that it is no wonder those in health felt a little envy, and occasionally fell very suddenly ill, to the perplexity of the worthy Prior.

The transept we have mentioned is on the south side of the church, and the pile of ruins that fill up almost all the area of this part speak not only of the destruction that has seized it, but of the Chapter-house also, which stood between the old vestry and the transept. Faint traces of the once beautiful arch that led from the latter into the Chapter-house are to be seen in that rugged mass of wall which stretches across in a right angle from the church in our south view. Of the Chapter-house itself, where the monks used to sit in some establishments daily, in others weekly, to transact business in connexion with its discipline, and more particularly to hear charges that any monk had to make against one or other of his fellows, and when necessary to inflict the not very honourable punishments of flagellation, &c.,—of this building, which in some of our cathedrals is so conspicuously beautiful a feature, and perhaps was scarcely less so here, not a vestige remains. Of the transept also, the piece of wall we have mentioned is all that exists. Opposite the picturesque-looking low porch, with its deep penthouse, now the entrance into the church from the transept, was formerly an entrance into St. Bartholomew's Chapel. Of the original mode of communication between the church and transept we shall speak in our description of the former. The space included originally within the transept is now a small churchyard. The exact

* The building is occupied by a fringe-manufacturer.

part of the Priory devoted to the purposes of the ancient cemetery we are unable to point out, but it was most probably in this immediate vicinity. We should like to have looked upon the green sward that has grown over the graves of generation after generation of these peaceful men; we should like to have set our fancy at work to trace, from any little circumstance that attracted its attention,—a spot a little more elevated, or somewhat more green,—the grave of the good old monk who has preserved for us all the interesting particulars of Rahere's foundation: above all, we should like to have given a "local habitation" to a picture that has often absorbed our attention; the solemn and imposing ceremonies attending the burial of a deceased canon; the body in its boots and cowl, the lights at its head and feet, the constant watchings and psalmodies, the sermon in the Chapter-house, and the act of absolution; then the procession to the grave, with tapers, and the sprinkling of holy water, the deacon and his censor, the tolling of the bell, and the ceaseless chant; followed by the lowering of the body with the paper of absolution on its breast, the bearers descending with it into the grave, and, lastly, the extinguishing of the lights, and the cessation of the bell, signifying at the same time to the senses and to the mind that all is over—the earthly history of the buried man is completed! *Requiescat in pace!*



[Burial of a deceased Monk in the interior of a Convent. From an ancient drawing in the Harleian MSS.]

We are now on the threshold of the centre from which all these buildings sprang, the choir of the Priory Church. Before we enter it, however, let us first notice one or two points that yet remain to be mentioned in connexion with its exterior. In Cloth Fair a narrow passage, with a door at the extremity, points out the position of the north transept. Extending from the sides of the choir, both north and south, and partly over its aisles, were buildings used as schools:

that on the south was burnt in the fire before referred to; the other still exists.

Entering the church by the gateway below the tower, we get the first glimpse of the new world as it were that opens upon us, or rather we should say the old world of seven hundred years ago that has passed away. Everything is solemn, grand, and apparently eternal. Those immense pillars that we look upon have lost nothing as yet of their original strength; there is no token that they will ever lose it. Within the porch are the remains of a very elegant pointed



[The Western Entrance. Interior.]

arch in the right wall, leading we presume into the cloisters, but of an older date than those glorious Norman pillars to which some, of as peculiarly slender make, belonging to another and opposite arch, appear to have been attached, somewhat we think to the injury of their simple character. One of the most interesting features of the choir is the long-continued aisle, or series of aisles, which entirely encircle it, opening into the former by the spaces between the flat and circular arch-piers of the body of the structure. It is about twelve feet wide, with a pure arched and vaulted ceiling in the simplest and truest Norman style, and with windows of different sizes slightly pointed. The pillars against the wall opposite the entrance into the choir are flat. One of the most beautiful little architectural effects of a simple kind that we can conceive is to be found at the north-eastern corner of the aisle. Between two of the grand Norman pillars projecting from the wall is a low postern doorway, and above, rising on each side from the capitals, a peculiarly elegant arch, something like an elongated horse-shoe. The connexion between two styles so strikingly different in

most respects as the Moorish, with its fantastic delicacy and variety and richness, and the Norman with its simple (occasionally uncouth) grandeur, was never more apparent. That little picture is alone worth a visit to St. Bartholomew's. The postern leads into a curious place enclosed by the end of the choir (or altar end) on one side, and the circular wall of the eastern aisle on the other. It is supposed by Mr. Godwin* to have been the chancel of the original building, and no doubt it was, if we are to suppose that the altar wall has undergone great changes. At present the space is so narrow and so dark, that it need not surprise us to hear that it is called the Purgatory. We have no doubt that this part has been visible in some way from the choir, and not, as it is now, entirely excluded from it; for a pair of exactly similar pillars with the beautiful arch above, standing at the south-east corner of the aisle, are in a great measure shut in here. On opening the little door, indeed, into the place, we can with difficulty refrain from an exclamation of surprise at the sight of the stately pillars rising up so grandly in that unworthy spot; and to make it evident that their arch has been intended to be seen from the choir, we find that, unlike the other, of which we see only the exterior, this is beautifully ornamented. We must add that these aisles are a fine study for the architect; thus, for instance, from the very exquisite horse-shoe arch we have mentioned, there is a regular gradation through the next two windows to the perfect semicircle. Near the junction of the south and east aisles is the old vestry-room, which Malcolm supposes, and we think justly, to be the oratory mentioned in the manuscript in the following extract:—"In the east part of the same church is an oratory, and in that an altar in the honour of the most blessed and perpetual Virgin Mary consecrate." It was in this place, it appears, that the blessed Mary once deigned to show herself to a monk of peculiar piety, named Hubert, in order to complain that her "darlings" the canons did not pray and watch sufficiently. It is a solemn antique-looking place, in fine harmony with the legend and its supposed antiquity. The present vestry is built over the southern aisle, and occupies a part of the space of the southern transept. Here is a beautiful Norman semicircular arch, forming originally, no doubt, one of the range of arches by which the second story of the choir was continued at a right angle along the sides of the transept. Among the monuments of the aisles is one in the form of a rose, with an inscription to Abigail Coult, 1629, who died "in the sixteenth year of her virginity." Her father, Maximilian Coulte, or Colte, was a famous sculptor of the time, and was employed by James I. in various public buildings. In the office-book of the Board of Works appears the line—"Max. Colte, Master Sculptor, at 8*l.* a-year; 1633." Filling up the beautiful horse-shoe arch, which it thus conceals, at the south-eastern corner, is the monument of Edward Cooke, with an appeal to the spectator which the latter must be indeed hard-hearted to resist:—

"Unsluice your briny flood; what, can you keep
Your eyes from tears, and see the marble weep?
Burst out, for shame; or, if you find no vent
For tears, yet stay, and see the stones relent."

Observing no symptoms however of the kind here indicated on the part of the

* Churches of London.

stones, we trust to be excused for passing on with dry eyes. There appears to have been attached to the northern aisle—probably corresponding in position with the old vestry—another chapel. In the Archiepiscopal Registry of Lambeth is the will of Walter Shiryngton, who directs his “wretched body to be buried in *Waldone Chapel*, within the Priory of St. Bartholomew, on the north side of the altar, in a tomb of marble there to be made, adjoining to the wall on the north side aforesaid:” dated at Barnes, Jan. 17, 1479. In a prior notice of this place, in the will of John *Walden*, 1417, it is styled the “New Chapel.” These records there is no doubt are connected with one of the interesting recollections of St. Bartholomew, the burial of Roger Walden, Bishop of London, in the church here instead of in St. Paul’s Cathedral, as was usual. We may say with Fuller, why he was so buried is too hard for us to resolve; but we have no doubt the chapel above referred to was built by or for him. “Never had any man,” says Weaver, “better experience of the variable uncertainty of worldly felicity.” Raised from the condition of a poor man by his industry and ability, he became successively Dean of York, Treasurer of Calais, Secretary to the King, and Treasurer of England. When Archbishop Arundel fell under the displeasure of Richard II., and was banished, Walden was made Primate of England. On the return of Arundel in company with Bolingbroke, and the ascent of the latter to the throne, Arundel of course resumed his archiepiscopal rank and functions, and Roger Walden became again a private individual. Arundel, however, behaved very nobly to the man whom he must have looked on as an usurper of his place, for he conferred on him the bishopric of London. Walden did not live long to be grateful for this very honourable and kindly act, for he died within the ensuing year. “He may be compared to one so jaw-fallen,” says Fuller, in his usual quaint homely style, “with over long fasting, that he cannot eat meat when brought unto him; and his spirits were so depressed with his former ill fortunes, that he could not enjoy himself in his new unexpected happiness.” A monument to the memory of Captain John Millet, mariner, 1660, begets reflections of a more amusing nature. He it appears was

“Desirous hither to resort,
Because this parish was his port.”

In our account of the College of Physicians it will be remembered that one of the persons against whom proceedings were taken for practising without its licence was Francis Anthony. The history of this individual, whom the author of the article in the ‘*Biographia Britannia*’ calls “a very learned physician and chemist,” possesses, we think, sufficient interest to make it worth while to extract a few particulars from the work we have mentioned. The account, we must premise, is evidently written by a warm admirer. Francis Anthony took the degree of M.A. at Cambridge in 1574, and there, according to his own account, studied chemistry most sedulously. Soon after his arrival in London, about 1598, he published a treatise concerning the excellency of a medicine drawn from gold; but, not having received the licence of the College of Physicians, he was summoned before it in 1600, when he confessed that he had practised physic in London for more than six months, and had cured twenty persons or more of several diseases, to whom he had given purging and vomiting physic, and to others a diaphoretic medicine

prepared from gold and mercury, as the case required. He was then examined, and, being found inexpert, interdicted from practice. About a month after he was committed to the Compter prison, and fined five pounds, but, upon his application to the Lord Chief Justice, was set at liberty. The College immediately sent the President and one of the Censors to wait on that dignitary, to request him to preserve and defend the College privileges. Mr. Anthony now submitted, promised to pay his fine, and practise no more. Not long after he was again accused of practising, and on his own confession fined five pounds, which he refused to pay; it was then raised to twenty pounds, and he was committed to prison till it was paid. The College also commenced a lawsuit against him, and obtained a judgment in its favour; but, on the entreaties of Mr. Anthony's wife, remitted their share of the penalty. These proceedings, however, appear to have benefited rather than injured him in the eye of the public; among other evidences of his popularity is that of his obtaining the degree of doctor of physie in one of the universities. New complaints were now made of his giving a certain nostrum, which he called *aurum potable*, or potable gold, and which he was said to represent as an universal medicine. Dr. Anthony published "a very learned and modest defence of himself and his *aurum potable*, in Latin, written with great decency, much skill in chemistry, and with an apparent knowledge in the theory and practice of physie." In the preface he says "that, after inexpressible labour, watching, and expense, he had, through the blessing of God, attained all he had sought for in his inquiries." In the second chapter of the work he affirms that his medicine is a kind of extract or honey of gold, capable of being dissolved in any liquor whatsoever; and, referring to the common objection of the affinity between the *aurum potable* and the philosopher's stone, does not deny the transmutation of metals, but still shows that there is a great difference between the two; and that the finding or not finding of the one does not at all render it inevitable that the other shall also be discovered or remain hidden. The price of the medicine was five shillings an ounce. Wonderful cures of course are displayed in the doctor's pages. His publication produced quite a controversy on the merits of the *aurum potable*. We need not wonder to find that Dr. Anthony had implicit believers in the value of his nostrum when we see the great chemist and philosopher Boyle thus commenting on such preparations:—"Though I have long been prejudiced against the pretended *aurum potable*, and other boasted preparations of gold, for most of which I have still no great esteem, yet I saw such extraordinary and surprising effects from the tincture of gold I spake of (prepared by two foreign physicians) upon persons of great note, with whom I was particularly acquainted, both before they fell desperately sick and after their strange recovery, that I could not but change my opinion for a very favourable one as to some preparations of gold.* Dr. Anthony enjoyed a very extensive and lucrative practice, and lived in great hospitality at his house in Bartholomew Close. He is said to have been very liberal, very pious, very modest, and of untainted probity. He died in 1623, and was buried in the church here, where we now read the following inscription set up by his son, who inherited from Dr. Anthony the reputation and profits of the *aurum potable*:—

* Boyle's Abridgment of Shaw, v. 3, p. 586, quoted in Biog. Brit.

“ There needs no verse to beautify thy praise,
 Or keep in memory thy spotless name.
 Religion, virtue, and thy skill did raise
 A three-fold pillar to thy lasting fame.
 Though poisonous Envy ever sought to blame
 Or hide the fruits of thy intention,
 Yet shall all they commend that high design
 Of purest gold to make a medicine,
 That feel thy help by that thy rare invention.”

Let us now enter the Choir, and, ascending the gallery to the side of the organ, from whence the view at the head of this paper is taken, gaze on the impressive and characteristic work before us, which seems scarcely less fresh and solid than when Rahere beheld in its vast piers and beautiful arches the realization of the vision for which he had so long yearned. We are standing in the centre of four arches of the most magnificent span, fit bearers of the great tower that they lifted so airily, as it were a thing of nought, into the air. Two of these are round, and two slightly pointed. The last (which were originally open and formed the commencement of the transepts) have been referred to as among the various instances of the occasional use of pointed arches by the Normans before their systematic introduction as a style. “The cause,” says Mr. Britton, “is evident; for those sides of the tower being much narrower than the east and west divisions, which are formed of semicircular arches, it became necessary to carry the arches of the former to a point, in order to suit the oblong plan of the intersection, and at the same time make the upper mouldings and lines range with the corresponding members of the circular arches.”* In each of the spandrels formed by these arches is a small lozenge-shaped panel containing ornaments which bear a striking resemblance to the Grecian honeysuckle, and deserve notice from their singularity. Behind us are arches showing the original continuation of the church into the nave. The roof is very ancient, and not particularly handsome looking. It consists of massy timbers, some of them braced up in the middle, apparently to prevent their falling. Prior Bolton’s elegant oriel window in the second story appears to have been built as a kind of pew or seat, from which the Prior could overlook the canons when he pleased, without their being aware of his presence, as it communicated with his house at the eastern extremity of the church. The piers which support the range of pointed arches forming the uppermost story are, it will be perceived on referring to the engraving, pierced longitudinally, so as to leave open a passage all round the upper part of the building. The dimensions of the church are stated somewhat differently by different writers, and we have no means of reconciling the discrepancy. According to Malcolm, the height is about forty feet, the breadth sixty feet, and the length one hundred and thirty-eight feet; to which if we add eighty-seven feet for the length of the nave, we have two hundred and twenty-five feet as the entire length of the Priory church within the walls. Osborne, in his ‘English Architecture,’ gives the height as forty-seven feet, the breadth fifty-seven feet, and the length of the present church one hundred and thirty-two feet. We may here observe that when the fire broke out in 1830 the interior of the church was much injured, and the

* Chronological History of Christian Architecture in England.

entire pile had a narrow escape from destruction. A portion of the roof of the south aisle fell on that occasion, and showed it to be composed of rubble-work. The church has undergone numerous reparations and alterations—we wish we could add improvements. But, on the contrary, many parts appear to have been injured, if not wantonly, certainly from unworthy or insufficient reasons. Thus, in Henry VIII.'s time, as we have seen in our previous number, the sacred edifice had well nigh been entirely pulled down for the value of the materials. The erection of the brick tower in 1628 was little better than an architectural insult to the pride of the fine old Norman choir. And, as if the very sight of its magnificent arch-piers had become irksome, they have been cased round with wood, for no better reason, we presume, than that they were apt to leave undesirable marks on the coats of the congregation. But is that their fault? *They* are not plaster; nor, if they could speak, do we believe we should find them at all ambitious of whitewash.

There are some interesting monuments in the Choir; among which we may mention the following:—A beautiful marble monument of a rich dark-brown or almost black colour contains a figure of a man in complete armour, kneeling under an alcove,—two angels as supporters are drawing aside the curtains. This is Robert Chamberlain's. Nearly opposite is the monument of James Rivers, Esq., with this inscription:—

“ Within this hollow vault there rests the framè
Of the high soul which once inform'd the same;
Torn from the service of the state in 's prime
By a disease malignant as the time:
Whose life and death design'd no other end
Than to serve God, his country, and his friend;
Who, when ambition, tyranny, and pride
Conquer'd the age, conquer'd himself and died.”

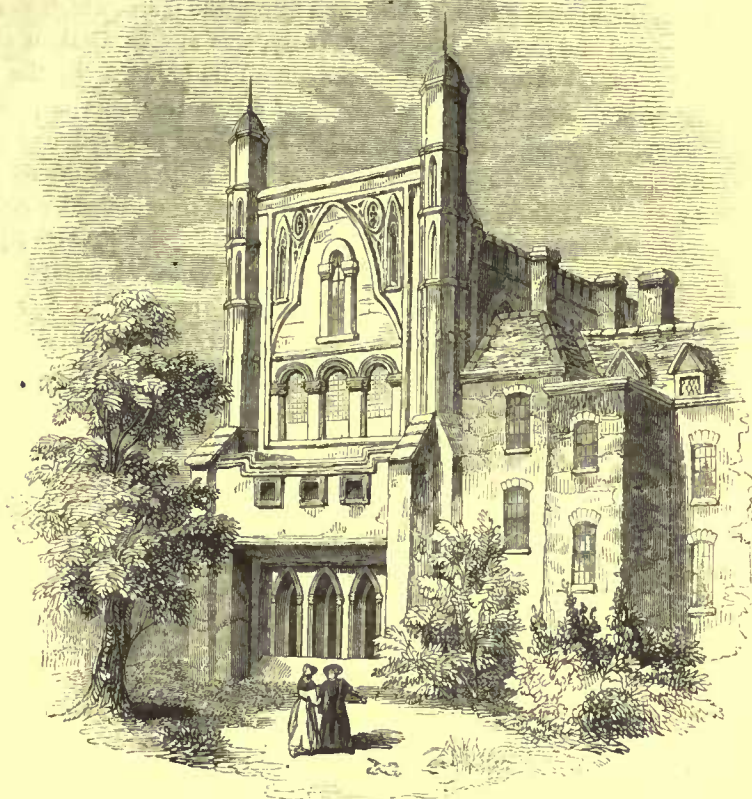
This was written in 1641, or just when the civil war was about to break out and deluge the country with the blood of its bravest and best children. Beyond is a sumptuously executed marble monument of great size, in memory of Sir Walter Mildmay, 1689, “displaying,” says Mr. Godwin, “a mixture of the classic forms then becoming known, with the style which had been in general use.” This gentleman, the founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge, held several offices under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and was by Elizabeth made Chancellor of the Exchequer; who would, perhaps, have still further advanced him if he had been more obsequious to her wishes. Fuller says of him, “Being employed, by virtue of his place, to advance the Queen's treasure, he did it industriously, faithfully, and conscionably, without wronging the subject, being very tender of their privileges, insomuch that he once complained in Parliament that many subsidies were granted and no grievances redressed; which words being represented with disadvantage to the Queen made her to disaffect him;” and so he was left “in a court cloud, but in the sunshine of his country and a clear conscience.” In 1582 he was employed with Sir W. Cecil in a treaty with the unfortunate Queen of Scots, and a few years later in the melancholy affair of her trial and conviction. He was appointed by Elizabeth a fellow-commissioner with Burghley, and many other eminent and titled personages, to proceed to Fotheringhay Castle, whither

Mary had been lately conveyed. The commissioners arrived there on the 11th of October, 1586, and on the following day Sir Walter and two others were deputed by the rest to deliver to the captive Queen a letter from Elizabeth, charging her with being accessory to the conspiracy set on foot just before by Babington, a young English Catholic of enthusiastic temper, to assassinate the Queen of England and deliver Mary from her captivity, and for which conspiracy Babington and several others had been executed. Mary's reply to them was full of dignity, and at the same time of a pathos that must have moved the heart of Sir Walter, who seems to have been a very estimable man. She told him that it grieved her to find her dear sister misinformed; that she had been kept in prison until she was deprived of the use of her limbs, notwithstanding her having repeatedly offered reasonable and safe conditions for her liberty; that she had given her Majesty full and faithful notice of several dangers which threatened her, and yet had found no credit, but had been always slighted and despised, though so nearly allied to her Majesty in blood, &c. She told him further that it seemed most strange that the Queen should command her, her equal, to submit to a trial as a subject; that she was an independent Queen, and one that would do nothing that might be prejudicial to her own majesty or to other princes of her rank and quality, or to her son's right; that her mind was not yet so far dejected, nor would she sink under the present calamity. In conclusion she thus addressed Sir Walter:—"The laws and statutes of England are unknown to me; I am void of counsellors, and cannot tell who shall be my peers. My notes and papers are taken from me, and no one dares to appear to be my advocate." The trial followed, and the execution. Fuller records an interesting story of Sir Walter and the foundation of Emanuel College. Mildmay, it must be observed, had, unlike the great men of the day generally, exhibited a tolerant spirit toward the Puritans. Coming to court after the foundation of the College, Elizabeth said to him, "Sir Walter, I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation." "No, Madam," was the answer, "far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God knows what will be the fruit thereof." In the corner next to this monument is that to the memory of the Smallpage family, 1558, which is admirably executed in very dark marble. It contains two heads or half-busts, the one of a male, the other of a female—the former having a fine face and a double-peaked beard; the latter, if we may judge from the expression of her countenance, in its full ruff, seems made of "sterner stuff." Lastly (and as we began, so should we end, with Rahere, who is the presiding spirit of the place), we find the monument of the founder in the north-eastern corner, almost immediately opposite the beautiful oriel window which Prior Bolton there erected, in order, perhaps, that when he sat in it the home of the ashes of his illustrious predecessor might be for ever before him. This is a work in every way worthy of the man whom it enshrines. It is one of the most elegant specimens of the pointed style of architecture, consisting mainly of a very highly wrought stone-work screen, enclosing a tomb on which Rahere's effigy extends at full length. The roof of the little chamber, as we may call it, is most exquisitely groined. At what period the monument was erected is uncertain; but the style marks it as of a later date than that

of the founder's decease. But it was most carefully restored by Bolton; and the fact is significant of its antiquity. As the latter found, no doubt, a labour of love in making these reparations, so Time itself seems to have seconded his efforts, and to have shared in the hopes of its builders that a long period of prosperity should be granted to it, by touching it very gently. Here and there the pinnacles have been somewhat diminished of their fair proportions, and that is pretty well the entire extent of the injury the work has experienced. The monument, it must be added, is richly painted as well as sculptured, and shows us the black robes of Rahere and of the monks who are kneeling at his side—the ruddy features of the former, and the splendid coats of arms on the front of the tomb below. Each of the monks has a Bible before him, open at the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah. And often and often, no doubt, has Rahere, as he read such verses as that (the third) we are about to transcribe, received fresh accession of strength to complete his arduous task, until what he had first looked upon as holy words of encouragement only became to his rapt fancy a prophecy which he was chosen to fulfil. When others spake of the all but impossible task (for such it was generally esteemed) he had undertaken, of cleaning and building upon the extensive marsh allotted, he smiled in his heart to think what One had said greater than they:—
 “The Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.”



[Prior Bolton's Rebus.]



[St. Stephen's Chapel, from the Thames.]

XXX.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS :—No. 1.

OF the associations connected with the House of Commons, some attach themselves to the old building or apartment in which the representatives of the people had held their meetings for nearly three centuries previous to its destruction in 1834, but many also derive their interest from passages in the history of this branch of the legislature, or peculiarities of its forms and usages, which have little or nothing to do with any particular locality. And even for the former class, the walls at least are still standing, and will be preserved, that echoed the eloquence of the senates of other days, and the spot which their long occupation has consecrated is to be kept separate, and unappropriated to any meaner use, for the imagination to re-erect on it at will the whole structure of that narrow, dingy room which, to an unaccustomed eye, looked more like the prison than the palace of the

genius of our English legislation. A strange, underground, cavernous air it had, indeed, with its one great table occupying half the penurious floor, and its five tiers of horseshoe benches carried back to the wainscoted walls, and round about so economically into every angle and coigne of vantage, and the strips of gallery running over-head along each side and at the one end, and the chandeliers hung, not high near the ceiling, but low down in mid air, as if there had been some ground-haze, or other palpable murkiness, floating about and filling the place, which would have otherwise intercepted the light. The scene, truly, was apt to awaken the most awkward fancies. A mind disordered, or thrown off its balance, by the shock of the sudden, harsh, and complete *bouleversement* of all its previous impressions of the dignity and splendour of parliaments, might have been excused, looking down from that end gallery, for mistaking at the first glance the assembled wisdom, speaker's wig and all, for some den of thieves, or a crew of midnight conspirators. Yet, on better acquaintance, the contracted, unadorned, well-packed apartment revealed a character that was not inappropriate—an earnest, business, workshop character; so that, at last, one's fancy wandered neither to the dungeon and doleful shades of Milton's devils, nor to the *Fehm Gerichte* or Invisible Tribunals of mediæval Germany, nor even to Gil Blas feeling as if he were caught, like a rat in a rat-trap when he found himself shut up with the robbers in their subterranean retreat, but rather to Virgil's description of the hollow cave under *Ætna* where the fabricators of the thunderbolts plied their labours:—

“The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
Loud strokes and hissings of tormented steel
Are heard around; the boiling waters roar;
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.

* * * *

A load of pointless thunder now there lies
Before their hands to ripen for the skies;
These darts for angry Jove they daily east,
Consumed on mortals with prodigious waste.
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame.”

And, indeed, to say that it is composed of fire, flatulence, and fog, seems about as proper a description of parliamentary as of any other thunder.

Remembering that Westminster Hall stands nearly due north and south, or parallel to the course of the river at this place, the reader will understand exactly the position of the old House of Commons when we state that the House and the Lobby together formed an oblong building placed at right angles to the Hall, and attached to it at its south-east angle. Of course it extended from that angle towards the river, from which its eastern end was divided by a portion of the Speaker's Garden. The garden extended along the river-bank almost as far as to a point opposite to the northern wall of the Hall, where is the great entrance from New Palaco Yard: the corner between the Hall and the House of Commons was occupied by the Speaker's house and the buildings connected with it, which were arranged round a court, and formed an irregular square mass, stretching up to about the middle of the eastern wall of the Hall. The stables, indeed, which were divided from the Hall by St. Stephen's Court, ex-

tended considerably farther to the north. The entire length of the House of Commons and the Lobby together was about half that of the Hall, and their breadth was also about half that of the Hall; so that their entire area was about a fourth of the area of that building. But of this space the Lobby occupied considerably more than a third; leaving the length of the House of Commons not quite equal to the breadth of Westminster Hall, and room upon the ample floor of the latter for at least half a dozen of the former. The one, indeed, was a mere closet compared to the other.

The room which in later times served for the meetings of the Commons was, as every reader knows, originally a chapel, founded by King Stephen, by whom it was dedicated to the saint of his own name, and rebuilt by Edward III., who made it a collegiate church, with an establishment of a dean, twelve secular canons, twelve vicars, four clerks, six choristers, a verger, and a chapel-keeper. The restoration of St. Stephen's Chapel by Edward III. was a work of great cost and labour; it was not finished till the year 1347, although it appears to have been begun at least seventeen years before; and the extraordinary magnificence of decoration lavished upon it was attested by the richness and beauty of the numerous paintings in oil with which the walls were found to be covered when the wainscoting of the House of Commons was taken down in 1800 to enlarge the apartment for the admission of the Irish members. In the fury of the Reformation, when St. Stephen's Chapel, with all the other monastic foundations in the kingdom, was suppressed, all this splendour was recklessly sacrificed; indeed, it was no doubt held in contempt and abhorrence by the austere and violent spirit now abroad; and the paintings might have had a worse fate than that of being merely boarded up, or even being covered over with whitewash, as, we believe, those in some adjoining apartments were found to be. What was more disgraceful than the treatment they received in the excitement of such a crisis as that of the Reformation, when men's minds, occupied and wrapt by subjects far transcending any concerns of time, might well be excused for an indifference to whatever did not appertain to the great business in hand, and an impatience of whatever seemed to interfere with it, was the disregard with which these curious works of ancient art were treated on their accidental discovery in our own day, when they were no sooner brought to light than they were destroyed, and it was left to the taste and zeal of a private individual to preserve and communicate to the public such copies of them as he could manage to snatch with hurried pencil while the workmen were actually tearing them down and the noise and dust of their operations filled the place. To this gentleman, however, Mr. J. T. Smith, who accidentally heard of what was going forward, we are indebted for engravings, coloured after the originals, of between two and three hundred of these pictures, which adorned the old Chapel of St. Stephen's and the other buildings of the Palace of which it formed a part, and not one of which, we believe, now remains, except in the record of them thus preserved in his 'Antiquities of Westminster.' It is stated that when they were first brought to light, the colours, then four centuries and a half old, appeared as fresh as if they had been newly laid on.

St. Stephen's Chapel was a portion of the original, afterwards distinguished as the Old, royal palace of Westminster, the memory of which is still preserved in

the name of Old Palace Yard given to the open space on the south-west side of this mass of buildings. The Old Palace of Westminster was founded by the Con-



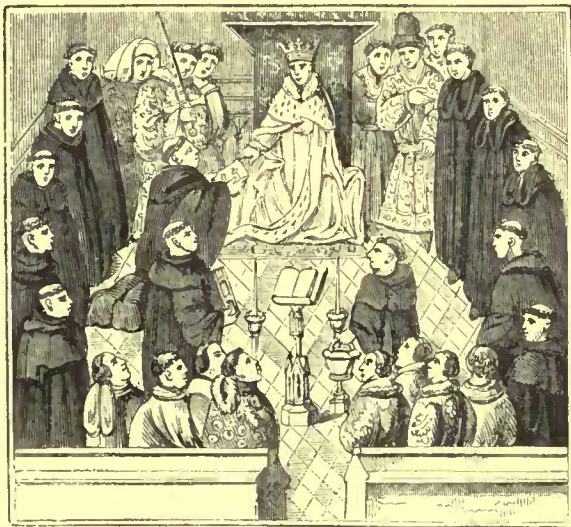
[Specimen of Old Paintings in St. Stephen's Chapel.]

fessor. When Westminster Hall was built by William Rufus, that portion of the pile appears to have received the name of the New Palace, and the open space adjacent to it that of New Palace Yard, which it still retains. But properly the entire mass of building was the King's Palace at Westminster. This palace, however, was deserted as a royal residence in 1512, when a great part of it was burnt down; "since the which time," says Stow, "it hath not been re-edified; only the great Hall, with the offices near adjoining, are kept in good reparation, and serveth, as afore, for feasts at coronations, arraignments of great persons charged with treasons, keeping of the courts of justice, &c.: but the princes have been lodged in other places about the City, as at Baynard's Castle, at Bridewell, and Whitehall, sometime called York Place, and sometime at St. James's." From this date the Palace at Westminster appears to have been usually styled the Old Palace. In the act of parliament passed in 1536, by which, as stated in a former number,* the limits of the Palace were extended so as to comprehend York Place, now called Whitehall, the Old Palace is described as "the King's Palace at Westminster, builded and edified there before the time of mind, by and nigh unto the Monastery and Abbey of Saint Peter of Westminster in the county of Middlesex;" and it is stated then to be, and of long time to have been, "in utter ruin and decay." After mentioning the King's new buildings at York Place, and the Parks thereunto adjoining, "walled and environed with brick and stone," which he had also recently made—the present St. James's Park—the act goes on to declare that "all the said soil, ground, mansion, and buildings, and the said Park, with all other things, commodities, and

* 'London,' vol. i. p. 339.

pleasures, thereupon made, builded, and devised, as is afore said, and also the soil of the said ancient palace, shall be from henceforth the King's whole Palace at Westminster, and so to be taken, deemed, reputed, called, and named the King's Palace at Westminster for ever; and that the same palace shall from henceforth extend and be, as well within the soil and places afore limited and appointed for the same, as also in all the street or way leading from Charing Cross unto the Sanctuary Gate at Westminster aforesaid, and in all the houses, buildings, lands, and tenements on both the sides of the same street or way from the said Cross unto Westminster Hall, situate, lying, or being between the water of the Thames of the east part and the said Park wall of the west part, and so forth through all the soil, precinct, and limits of the said Old Palace."*

In Scotland, so long as that country possessed a separate legislature, the Lords and Commons assembled in parliament sat together, forming only one House; and it has been sometimes assumed that this was also originally the case in England. But we know that in France, in Sweden, and in other countries in which parliaments anciently existed, the different orders of which they were composed deliberated separately from each other; and in England, too, this was most probably the mode from the



[Parliament in the Fifteenth Century.]

first. In early times parliaments used to be held in many other places as well as in London or Westminster; but from the latter part of the fourteenth century Westminster has been the place at which they have commonly assembled: it is reckoned that since the commencement of the reign of Richard II. the whole number held elsewhere has been only fourteen. The Chapter House in the Abbey appears to have been originally the usual place of meeting for the Commons; but after the suppression of the monastic establishments, the old Chapel of St. Stephen's was appropriated to their use, being fitted for the purpose by having its painted walls boarded over in the manner that has been already described, and its dimensions also in another direction considerably con-

* Stat. 28 Henry VIII. c. 12.

tracted by the insertion of a new floor above, and a new roof under the old one. This arrangement is said to have been made in the reign of Edward VI. ; it probably took place before 1551, in which year, as Strype informs us in his ' Ecclesiastical Memorials,' Sir John Gates, a minion of the Duke of Northumberland, obtained, among much more of the same kind of spoil, " a patent whereby the King granted him the site of the College or free Chapel of St. Stephen's in Westminster, with all the chapels and precincts of the said site, except the upper buildings, now called the Parliament House, over the vault of the College Chapel beneath." From this time St. Stephen's Chapel continued to be the place in which the Commons held their meetings down to the destruction of the building in 1834, except only on one or two occasions, when both Houses were assembled at Whitehall, twice in the reign of Charles I., when the parliament was withdrawn to Oxford, and during the making of some alterations in the room in the year 1800, for the accommodation of the hundred members added to their number by the Union with Ireland, when they removed for a short time to the apartment called the Painted Chamber, the same in which the Lords have sat since the fire. It used to be the place in which the conferences between the two Houses were held, and stands parallel to St. Stephen's Chapel, extending towards the river from the southern extremity, as St. Stephen's Chapel did from the northern extremity of the former House of Lords, which is now appropriated to the meetings of the Commons. This last-mentioned apartment, however, had only served for the accommodation of the Lords since the year 1800; till then their Lordships met in a room adjoining to the Painted Chamber on the south, over the cellar in which Guy Fawkes and his associates stowed their gunpowder; and what was lately the House of Lords, and is now the House of Commons, was then an unoccupied apartment, known by the name of the Court of Requests. Pennant describes it as in his day, " a vast room modernized; at present a mere walking place." " The outside of the south end," he adds, " shows the great antiquity of the building, having in it two great round arches, with zigzag mouldings, our most ancient species of architecture. This court has its name because the *masters* of it here received the petitions of the subjects to the King, in which they *requested* justice, and advised the suppliants how they were to proceed." It is supposed, indeed, to be the most ancient part of the Palace of Westminster now remaining, and to have served as the banqueting-room of the Old Palace before the erection of the present Great Hall by Rufus.

These various changes require to be kept in view in assigning a local habitation to any of the great incidents in the history of parliament.

The retention by the Commons of the little unpretending room in which they continued to be cooped up from the middle of the sixteenth till nearly the middle of the nineteenth century, presents an interesting contrast to the wonderful expansion their power and authority received in that space of time. For a long course of years after they were first summoned by the Crown to exercise the privilege, or rather, as it was then esteemed, to share the burthen, of legislation, his Majesty's " poor Commons," as they used to style themselves, were looked upon and treated, by both the Crown and the Lords, rather as servants or instruments than as associates or equals. Indeed the representatives of the towns were not for a long time held, either by others or themselves, to have any right to assist in the

making of laws, or to interfere generally with public affairs. Their sole function was to give their consent to the levying of taxes upon their constituents. As Hume has said, "they composed not, properly speaking, any essential part of the parliament; they met apart both from the barons and knights, who disdained to mix with such mean personages: after they had given their consent to the taxes required of them, their business being now finished, they separated, even though the parliament still continued to sit and to canvass the national business." And even after the Lower House had acquired more strength and importance by the union of the borough and county members, it was long before they were either allowed, or even evinced any inclination, to assume a general power of legislation. Down even to the beginning of the fifteenth century they were regarded as having only the right of petitioning the King and the Lords. Henry IV. on one occasion distinctly told them that such was all the function that belonged to them. In the parliament which met in January, 1349, the twenty-first year of Edward III., the Commons, after a debate of four days, came to the conclusion that they were not able to give the King any advice about the question of going to war with France, as to which their opinion had been asked; and they therefore desired that his Majesty would, in regard to that point, be advised by his nobles and council, and whatever should by them be determined, they (the Commons) would consent unto, confirm, and establish. So perplexed were the popular representatives by the novelty of being called upon to consider so high a matter. They further represented that they had been detained for a long time in parliament, to their great cost and damage, and begged that they might have a speedy answer to their petitions, in order that they might soon get back to their own homes. The usual practice for some time after this was for the Commons, when their advice was demanded upon any state question, to entreat that some lords and prelates might be sent to assist their consultations, as being incapable by themselves of judging aright as to such matters. It is unnecessary to add that in those days no measure could originate with the Commons, at least in any other way than by being made matter of petition from them to the King and the Lords, to whom alone it was held that all judgment appertained. But even at a much later date, long after the Commons had begun to be themselves petitioned to, which appears to have been not till about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and when they had come to be theoretically regarded as a branch of the legislature generally co-ordinate with the other House, they still continued to be treated by the Crown with the height of arrogance, and as far as possible to be kept muzzled and in the leash. The course of events in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which so greatly broke the ancient power of the nobility, had favoured the rise of the Commons to a general legislative equality with the Lords; but the same causes which had depressed the aristocracy had strengthened the royal authority, and the battle with prerogative had to be fought after that with the rest of feudalism had been in great part over and won. Much was done when the House of Commons first conceived the notion, and manifested the desire, of being something more in the state than a mere sponge in the hands of the Crown—the contrivance it made use of for facilitating the process of extracting a revenue from the pockets of the people; and this commencing movement may be said to have been made in the

favourable and encouraging circumstances produced by the elevation of the House of Lancaster to the throne, and their precarious tenure of it on a disputed title. The instinct of ascent was thus awakened, and the habit acquired; and after this every propitious crisis or influence was as sure to be taken advantage of, and to aid the progress of the new power, as a ship at sea with its sails spread is sure to be carried forward on its course whenever the right wind springs up. But as we have said, there was a succession of obstacles to be surmounted before the popular power could establish its ascendancy in the constitution. The common theory of the constitutional position and rights of the House of Commons was nearly the same as it is at this day when the House first took possession of St. Stephen's Chapel about the middle of the sixteenth century; but its actual position for fifty years after this date was as different from what it is now as that of a menial servant is from that of his master.

Elizabeth in particular, from the beginning to the end of her reign, kept her faithful Commons in as thorough order and subjection as ever pedagogue did a crew of well-whipped schoolboys. When immediately after her accession they ventured to address her in very humble terms on the subject of contracting a marriage, that the throne might not be left without an heir, although, being at the moment in good humour, she took what she called their petition in good part, because, as she said, it was simple, and contained no limitation of place or person, she at the same time told the Speaker, by whom it was delivered, that if it had been otherwise she must needs have disliked it very much, "and thought it in you," she added, "a very great presumption, being unfitting and altogether unmeet for you to require them that may command you, or those to appoint whose parts are to desire, or such to bind and limit whose duties are to obey." And she ended by telling them that while she thanked them it was more for their zeal and good meaning than for their petition—as she again took care to designate what they themselves had termed a "humble but pressing and earnest address." Eight years after, when this same question of her Majesty's marriage was once more moved, Elizabeth twice sent down to the House her express prohibition against proceeding any further in that affair; although, with the policy which she rarely forgot even in her most violent fits of temper, or at least always remembered as soon as the fit was over, she sent down a message after the lapse of a fortnight to the effect "that, for the good will she bore to them, she did revoke her two former commandments; but desired the House to proceed no further in the matter at that time:" which act of grace, according to the Journal, "was taken by the House most joyfully, with most hearty prayer and thanks for the same." One member, nevertheless, Paul Wentworth, Esq., had before this had the boldness to start the question, whether the Queen's commands and inhibition were not against the liberties and privileges of the House; and this motion gave rise to a debate which lasted from nine in the morning, of a November day, till two in the afternoon. What determination the House came to is not stated.*

Another subject in regard to which Elizabeth would at no time permit the interference of parliament was that of the established religion. She

* See, besides the Journals of the House, Sir Symonds Dewes, Camden, and certain dispatches of the French ambassador, La Mothe Fenelon, published by Mr. D'Israeli, 'Curiosities of Literature,' pp. 236—239 (edition of 1839).

kept her post at the head of the Church with the tenacity of a mastiff. In 1571 a Mr. Strickland, having ventured to bring in a Bill for the Reformation of the Book of Common Prayer, was immediately called before the council, and commanded to forbear going to the House till her Majesty's pleasure should be further signified to him; and, although, upon the matter being taken up somewhat warmly by the House, their member was restored to them after about a week, no acknowledgment was ever made by the Crown of the illegality of so gross an outrage. In the course of the debate to which the affair gave rise, Mr. Treasurer stated that Strickland was not detained "for any word or speech by him in that place offered, but for the exhibiting a bill into the House against the prerogative of the Queen, which was not to be tolerated." The royal prerogative, which was thus not to be touched, meant in those days anything the Crown might call by that name, any right or authority it chose to lay claim to. On another occasion, in this same session, a Mr. Bell, having taken the liberty to deliver his opinion against monopolies, or licences granted by her Majesty to various individuals of the exclusive trade in certain commodities, was held, the Journal states, to have spoken against the prerogative, and in consequence of what had fallen from him the Speaker informed the House that he had received a command from her Majesty to caution the members to spend less time in motions, and to avoid long speeches.

In a subsequent parliament, in 1575, after two bills respecting rites and ceremonies in the church had been read for the third time, the Speaker announced to the House the Queen's pleasure that from henceforth no bills concerning religion should be brought forward or received by the House unless the same should have been first considered and approved by the clergy. At her Majesty's desire, also, the two bills were immediately sent up for her inspection, the House accompanying them with a humble request most humbly to beseech her Highness not to conceive an ill opinion of the House, if so it were that her Majesty should not like well of the said bills, or of the parties that preferred them. The next day the Treasurer of the Household reported "that her Majesty seemed utterly to dislike the first bill, *and him that brought the same into the House;*" and he further intimated her "express will and pleasure" that the measure should not take effect: upon which it appears to have been at once laid aside. A few days after this, her Majesty sent down a message to the House commanding them to refrain from all further speeches or arguments touching the business of the Queen of Scots and the Duke of Norfolk, upon which there had for some time been considerable debate. On the first day of the next session this interference was made the subject of a long harangue by Peter Wentworth, Esq., member for Tregony—the brother of Paul—some of whose expressions or doctrines so frightened the House, that, according to the Journal, they, "out of a reverent regard of her Majesty's honour, stopped his further proceeding before he had fully finished." And, it is added, "Mr. Wentworth being sequestered the House for his said speech, it was agreed and ordered by the House upon the question (after sundry motions and disputations had therein) that he should be presently committed to the serjeant's ward as prisoner, and, so remaining, should be examined upon his said speech, for the extenuating of his fault therein, by a committee consisting of all the Privy Council being of this

House and other members." The result of the examination, which took place in the Star Chamber, was that the unlucky orator was by order of the House committed close prisoner to the Tower; where after he had lain for above a month her Majesty sent to acquaint the House that "she was graciously pleased to remit her justly occasioned displeasure," and to consent that the offender should be released; "which message," we are told, "was most thankfully accepted of by the whole House," the subservient spirit of which was at the same time soothed and gratified by a declamation from the Chancellor of the Exchequer in infinite laudation of her Majesty's clemency and goodness. "Let this serve us for an example," concluded the right honourable member, "to beware that we offend not in the like hereafter, lest that, in forgetting our duties so far, we may give just cause to our gracious sovereign to think that this her clemency hath given occasion of further boldness, and thereby so much grieve and provoke her, as, contrary to her most gracious and mild consideration, she be constrained to change her natural clemency into necessary and just severity."

After this there was no meeting of the legislature for five years; but at last the same parliament was called together again in January, 1580, after no fewer than twenty-four prorogations. The Wentworths however were still at their post; and now Paul got up and moved, on a Saturday forenoon, that Sunday se'night should be kept by the whole House as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, in the Temple Church, and also that the members should every morning by way of preparation for business assemble at seven o'clock to hear a sermon. The motion gave rise to a long and warm debate, but in the end it was carried by a majority of a hundred and fifteen to a hundred. No sooner, however, was her Majesty acquainted with what had been resolved upon than she sent down her vice-chamberlain, Sir Christopher Hatton, with a message, "That she did much admire at so great a rashness in that House, as to put in execution such an innovation without her privity and pleasure first made known to them;" upon which, struck with consternation, the members, refusing in their hurry and terror even to hear one or two of their number who professed a desire to speak for their rights and liberties, hastened to agree to a motion "that the House should acknowledge their offence and contempt, and humbly crave forgiveness, with a full purpose to forbear committing the like for the future." It is strange to see how prone they were to fall into such blunders, or to rush into such perils, with so little pluck as they showed whenever they heard their mistress's threatening growl, or perceived her finger lifted at them. In 1588, in another parliament, one of the Wentworths, it is not stated which, was, for merely submitting some questions to the chair touching the right of the House to liberty of speech, sent a prisoner to the Tower by her Majesty's order; and four other members, who had spoken in favour of a bill lately brought in for an alteration of the liturgy, were the next day sent after him to the same place. The utmost length that the boldest of those left behind ventured upon this occasion was to move "that, since several good and necessary members of that House were taken from them, it would please them to be humble petitioners to her Majesty for the restitution of them again to the House." But even this was thought too much: Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, we are told, answered, that if the gentlemen were committed for matter within the compass of the privilege of the House, there might

be room for a petition; "but if not," he added, "we shall occasion her Majesty's further displeasure." So the five members remained in durance till her Majesty's vengeance was satisfied, or she deemed they had had a lesson they would sufficiently remember. At the opening of the parliament which met in February, 1593, the Lord Keeper, in replying to the usual demand or petition of the Speaker for liberty of speech to the members of the Lower House, said, in the name of the Queen, "Privilege of speech is granted, but you must know what privilege you have; not to speak every one what he listeth, or what cometh in his brain to utter; *but your privilege is, Aye or No.* Wherefore, Mr. Speaker, her Majesty's pleasure is, that, if you perceive any idle heads, which will not stick to hazard their own estates, which will meddle with reforming the Church and transforming the Commonwealth, and do exhibit any bills to such purpose, that you receive them not, until they be viewed and considered by those who it is fitter should consider of such things, and can better judge of them." Notwithstanding this hint, two days after, the incorrigible Mr. Peter Wentworth and Sir Henry Bromley are found presenting a petition, from the Commons apparently, to the Lord Keeper, "therein desiring the Lords of the Upper House to be suppliant with them of the Lower House unto her Majesty for entailing the succession of the crown, whereof a bill was ready drawn by them." The consequence was that by the Queen's orders the two members were on the next day, which chanced to be Sunday, called before the council, by whom they were informed "that her Majesty was so highly offended that they must needs commit them;" and Wentworth was accordingly forthwith sent back to his old quarters in the Tower, and Bromley, together with two other members, Stephens and Welch, who also appeared to be concerned in the business, to the Fleet. No notice was taken of the matter till more than a fortnight after, when at last a Mr. Wroth, while the House was discussing a subsidy bill, ventured to move, "That in respect that some counties might complain of the tax of these many subsidies, their knights and burgesses never consenting unto them, nor being present at the grant, *and because an instrument, taking away some of its strings, cannot give a pleasant sound,* he therefore desired that we might be humble and earnest suitors to her Majesty that she would be pleased to set at liberty those members of the House that were restrained." But Mr. Wroth's gentle words and insinuating metaphors wholly failed to charm the adder: all the privy counsellors in the House, we are told, joined in answering, "that her Majesty had committed them for causes best known to herself; and for us to press her Majesty with this suit, we should but hinder them whose good we seek; and it is not to be doubted but her Majesty, of her gracious disposition, will shortly of herself yield to them that which we would ask for them, and it will like her better to have it left unto herself than sought by us." Hatsell, who labours hard to put the best face upon the pusillanimity of the Commons throughout this reign, is reluctantly obliged to add in conclusion that "with these assurances the House acquiesced; and, though they continued sitting above a month, it does not appear from any circumstances that these gentlemen were ever released, or that any further motions were made about them."* We have no doubt, nevertheless, that Wentworth and his three friends were set at large

* Precedents, I. 106 (second edition).

again after a little while; Elizabeth never allowed passion to carry her farther on these occasions than was necessary for attaining her end, which in this instance was to keep the Commons in proper discipline, and that was completely effected by the quiescent submission with which they had taken her exertion of authority, kissing, indeed, we may say, the rod that had chastised them.

Only two days, however, after the committal of Wentworth and the other three members, her Majesty found herself again called upon to make her hand felt. A Mr. Morrice had brought in two bills touching the abuses of the ecclesiastical courts; the bills, it appears, though introduced by a speech from the mover, were not read, but only delivered to the Speaker for his private perusal; but Elizabeth upon hearing of what had been done immediately sent for that functionary; and the next morning, as soon as the House met, he gave his brethren an account of his interview with her Majesty, in a solemn oration. "The matter," he said, "I have to speak is great, yea, it is the greatest I ever had to deal in." He then told how greatly he had been alarmed when, upon finding himself in the royal presence, he saw none of those honourable persons who had been in the House when the matter was discussed; but much to his relief some of them ere long made their appearance. He seems to have dreaded above all things confronting the lioness alone in her den. Her Majesty charged him to deliver to the House a message, which is too long to be quoted in full; but the material part of it consisted in reminding the Commons of the declaration of her Majesty's pleasure, made by the Lord Keeper at the opening of the Parliament, that they "should not meddle with matters of state, or in causes ecclesiastical." "She wondered," said the Speaker, "that any would be of so high commandment to attempt—I use her own words—a thing contrary to that which she hath so expressly forbidden; wherefore, with this she was highly displeased. And because the words then spoken by my Lord Keeper are not now perhaps well remembered, or some be now here that were not there, her Majesty's present charge and express command is, that no bills touching matters of state, or reformation in causes ecclesiastical, be exhibited. And upon my allegiance I am commanded, if any such bill be exhibited, not to read it." But this was not all; the mere injunction laid upon the Speaker not to suffer the reading of any objectionable bill would not have prevented the matter being brought before the House in speeches and motions; wherefore the same day Morrice, the mover of the present bill, was summoned to Court, and was committed to the custody of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—rather an odd selection of a gaoler. But we see from this case what was Elizabeth's doctrine as to the proper functions and rights of parliament: she held that the Commons had nothing to do with any matters of either Church or State, or rather, indeed—for to that some of her expressions amount—that it belonged to the sovereign alone, when calling or opening the parliament, to say what business it should occupy itself about, and that it could take up no other question whatever except such as were laid out for it. And we see also how uniformly, notwithstanding the opposition of a few individuals, and sometimes, it may be, a little general restiveness at first, one House of Commons after another throughout her reign acquiesced in the end in this view of the constitution, and submitted to trot quietly along with the bit in its mouth and the saddle on its back.

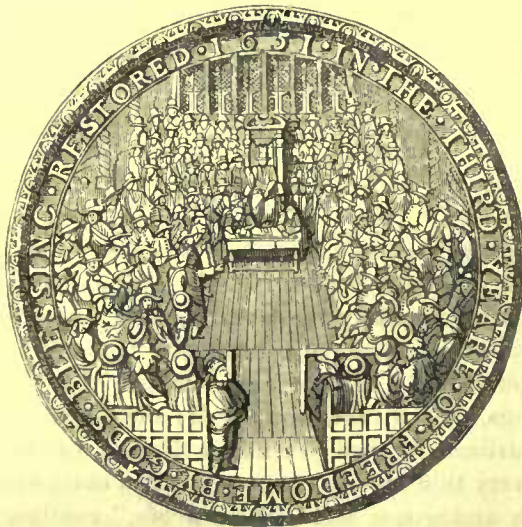
When Elizabeth was succeeded by James, it was as if the crown had passed not from a woman to a man, but from a man to a woman—as if the kingdom were *tombé en quenouille*, as the French say. But he too attempted to ride the Commons in very high style. It appears that, immediately after the rising of parliament in June 1614, several members had been committed to prison for their language or conduct in the House; the matter was taken up in the next parliament, which assembled in January 1620, but it was allowed to drop on a message being brought to the House from the King, stating that his Majesty granted them liberty of speech in as ample manner as any of his predecessors had ever done, and that if any should speak undutifully (as he hoped none would) he did not doubt that they themselves would be more forward to inflict punishment than he to require it, and expressing a wish that the House would rest satisfied with this assurance. Yet a few days after the adjournment of the House, in June 1621, Sir Edwyn Sandys was taken up and sent to prison for something he had said in a recent debate, which was construed as slander on his Majesty's government. When the House met again in November, Sir Edwyn being still absent, a member, Mr. Mallory, moved to know "what was become of him;" and the debate that arose, and which was renewed three days after, brought forward Mr. Secretary Calvert, who assured the House that he was not committed for anything said or done in parliament; "but," says the member by whom the debates of this parliament are reported, "the House will scarce believe Mr. Secretary, but thinketh he equivocateth." In this feeling, on the 1st of December it was ordered, that Sandys should be presently sent for to come and attend the service of the House if he were able, and if not, then to declare in writing whether he were examined or committed for any parliamentary business; and it was also resolved that a petition and remonstrance touching this and other grievances should be sent to his Majesty. But the petition had not yet been dispatched, when, on the 4th, there arrived from James, who was then at Newmarket, a letter beginning in the following lofty strain:—"Mr. Speaker, we have heard, by divers reports, to our great grief, that the far distance of our person at this time from our High Court of Parliament, caused by our want of health, hath emboldened some fiery and popular spirits in our House of Commons to debate and argue publicly on matters far beyond their reach or capacity, and so tending to our high dishonour, and to the trenching upon our prerogative royal." The letter went on to desire the Speaker to acquaint the House with his Majesty's pleasure that none therein should presume to meddle with anything concerning his Majesty's government or mysteries of state; and then, referring to the affair of Sandys, after affirming that he had not been committed for anything he had done or said in parliament, his Majesty proceeded:—"But, to put them out of doubt of any question of that nature that may arise among them hereafter, you shall resolve them, in our name, that we think ourself very free and able to punish any man's misdemeanours in parliament, as well during their sitting as after; which we mean not to spare hereafter, upon any occasion of any man's insolent behaviour there that shall be ministered unto us. And, if they have already touched any of those points which we have forbidden in any petition of theirs, which is to be sent unto us, it is our pleasure that you shall tell them, that, except they reform it before it comes to our hands, we will not

deign the hearing or answering of it." Upon this letter being read, orders were given to stay the messengers who were to carry the petition to the king; and a committee was appointed to draw up another petition and declaration, which was forwarded to his Majesty two days after. It drew from James a very long reply, in which, after rating the petitioners roundly both for their foolish conduct and their bad logic, he concluded:—"And, although we cannot allow of the style, calling it your ancient and undoubted right and inheritance, but could rather have wished that ye had said, that your privileges were derived from the grace and permission of our ancestors and us (for most of them grow from precedents, which shows rather a toleration than inheritance), yet we are pleased to give you our royal assurance, that, as long as you contain yourselves within the limits of your duty, we will be as careful to maintain and preserve your lawful liberties and privileges as ever any of our predecessors were, nay, as to preserve our own royal prerogative. So as your House shall only have need to beware to trench upon the prerogative of the Crown; which would enforce us, or any just king, to retrench them of their privileges that would pare his prerogative and flowers of the Crown." There was, it must be confessed, some colour for the view thus announced by James; but the frankness of some of his expressions was rather startling, and honourable members were thrown into no little excitement. However, to wipe off the imputation of rashness, it was agreed that nothing should be done for a few days. On the 17th another letter arrived from James, professing to explain the former; but he did not retract a tittle of the doctrine he had therein advanced: "the plain truth is," reiterated his Majesty, "that we cannot with patience endure our subjects to use such antimonarchical words to us concerning their liberties, except they had subjoined, that they were granted unto them by the grace and favour of our predecessors." On the next day a select committee which had been appointed for the purpose presented to the House a protestation they had drawn up, which affirmed, "that the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England; and that the arduous and urgent affairs concerning the King, state, and the defence of the realm and of the Church of England, and the making and maintenance of laws, and redress of mischiefs and grievances which daily happen within this realm, are proper subjects and matter of counsel and debate in parliament; and that in the handling and proceeding of those businesses every member of the House hath and of right ought to have freedom of speech to propound, treat, reason, and bring to conclusion the same; . . . and that every such member of the said House hath like freedom from all impeachment, imprisonment, or molestation (other than by censure of the House itself), for or concerning any bill, speaking, reasoning, or declaring of any matter or matters touching the parliament, or parliament business." The House, whose customary sittings were then in the morning, had assembled at the unusual hour of four in the afternoon to receive this paper; and, the Speaker being in the chair, it was now ordered to be entered on the Journal, there to remain as of record. "Accordingly," we are told, "it was so entered, sitting the House, between five and six of the clock at night, by candle-light." The Protestation is a distinct and energetic statement of rights now universally admitted to belong to the Commons; and it does honour to Coke,

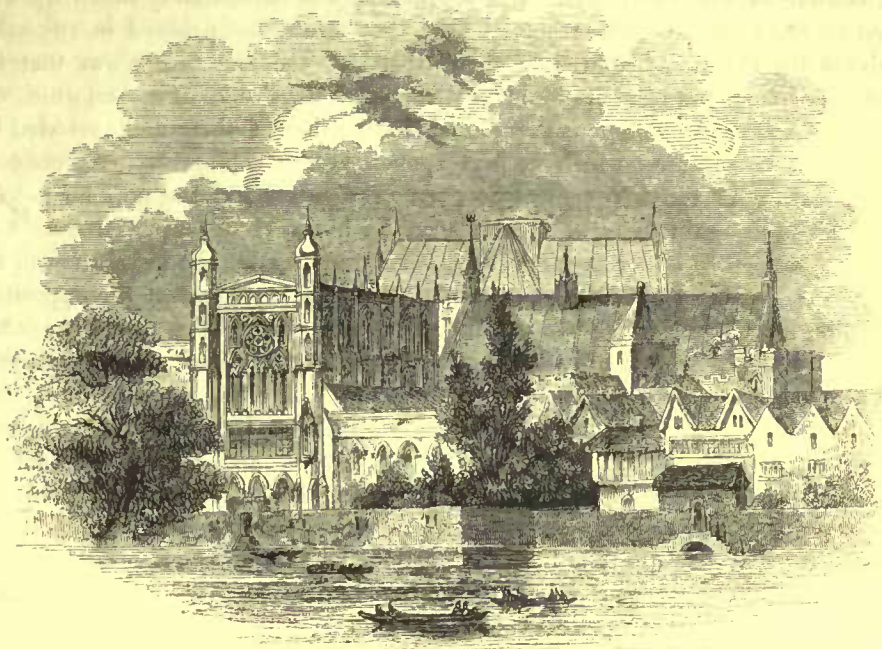
Noy, Glanville, Crew, and the other members by whom it was drawn up and supported; but the history of the affair is anything rather than a proof of the existence of the rights in question, either actually or legally, at the time they were thus claimed. The issue of the business is recorded in a Memorial, dated Whitehall, the 30th of December, which James caused to be immediately printed and dispersed over the country. It begins by stating that "his most excellent Majesty coming this day to the Council, the Prince his Highness, and all the Lords and others of his Majesty's Privy Council, sitting about him, and all the Judges then in London, which were six in number, there attending upon his Majesty, the Clerk of the Commons' House of Parliament was called for, and commanded to produce his Journal-book, wherein was noted and entries made of most passages that were in the Commons' House of Parliament." With the Protestation, it is then intimated, his Majesty was justly offended; and a long recapitulation of the circumstances is entered into to show why, "so contrived and carried as it was," his Majesty thought it "fit to be razed out of all memorials and utterly to be annihilated, both in respect of the manner by which it was gained, and the matter therein contained." Among other things it is affirmed that the Protestation, "made to whom appears not," was brought into the House at six o'clock at night by candlelight; "and at that time of night it was called upon to be put to the question, there not being the third part of the House then present; whereas in all matters of weight their usual custom is, to put nothing of importance to the question till the House be full; and at this time many of them that were present expected the question would have been deferred to another day and a fuller House; and some then present stood up to have spoken to it, but could not be seen or heard in that darkness and confusion." And in conclusion it is said,—"These things considered, his Majesty did, this present day, in full assembly of his council, and in the presence of the Judges, declare the said Protestation to be invalid, annulled, void, and of no effect; and did further, *manu sua propria* (with his own hand), take the said Protestation out of the Journal-book of the Clerk of the Commons' House of Parliament; and commanded an act to be made thereupon, and this act to be entered in the register of council causes." Nor was this all: that day week the parliament was dissolved by a very long proclamation, in which his Majesty recounted, in his own way, the whole course of conduct on the part of the Commons which had forced him to that step, imputing the heats and distempers that had been raised in the House to certain "ill-tempered spirits," and "evil-affected and discontented persons," who, after daring "to treat," says James, "of our high prerogatives, and of sundry things, that, without our special direction, were no fit subjects to be treated of in parliament," had persuaded the rest, "in an unseasonable hour of the day, and a very thin House," to conclude and enter a protestation for their liberties, "in such ambiguous and general words," continues his Majesty, "as might serve for future times to invade most of our inseparable rights and prerogatives annexed to our imperial crown; whereof not only in the times of other our progenitors, but in the blessed reign of our late predecessor, that renowned Queen Elizabeth, we found our crown actually possessed; an usurpation that the majesty of a king can by no means endure:" and immediately after, Sir Edward Coke and Sir Robert Phelips, the two most eminent of the "ill-tempered

spirits," were committed to the Tower, and Mr. Selden, Mr. Pymm, and Mr. Mallory, were consigned to other prisons. Coke's chambers in London, and in the Temple, were also sealed up, and his papers seized; and Sir Thomas Crew, Sir Dudley Digges, and other two members, who had distinguished themselves in the affair of the Protestation, were, by way of a lighter punishment, exiled, on pretence of being sent upon a commission of inquiry, to Ireland, and a fifth member, Sir Peter Hayman, to the Palatinate. Crew in particular has obtained great renown for his patriotic exertions on this occasion; but we find him wonderfully mollified after getting home again from his Irish expedition: in the next parliament, which met in February 1623, he was chosen by the Commons to the office of their Speaker, and graciously confirmed therein by the King; upon which he commenced the customary address of thanks in the following strain:—"Most gracious sovereign, since I cannot bring an olive-branch in my hand as a sign of my peace, and that God, in whose hands are the hearts of kings, without whose providence a sparrow doth not fall to the ground, whom no man can resist, hath inclined your Majesty to cast your eye of grace on me, and to confirm me in this place, I am taught in the best school that obedience is better than sacrifice, and will only say with a learned father, *Da, Domine, quod jubes, et jube quod vis* (Give, Lord, what thou orderest, and order what thou wilt)." It does not seem very clear whether these words are to be understood as addressed to the Deity, or to James:—possibly the ambiguity was intentional.

[To be continued in No. XXXI.]



[Great Seal of the Commonwealth, representing the House of Commons.]



[Houses of Parliament, from the River, temp. Charles II.]

XXXI.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—No. 2.

(Continued from No. XXX.)

THE Scottish Solomon, as we have seen, was able in some sort to keep up to the end of his reign the same almost absolute authority over the House of Commons which had been exercised by Elizabeth; indeed he asserted the subjection of that assembly to the crown in louder and more comprehensive words than had ever been employed by his more politic predecessor, and he probably thought that in so doing he strengthened the royal prerogative as much as he elevated and extended it. But the bow, in being so far bent, was only the nearer breaking. James was not an Elizabeth: still less was the age of James that of Elizabeth. It may be more than doubted if all the talent and policy of that great princess, aided by old authority and the prestige of her glorious name, could have much longer kept back the tide of democratic power and pretension that had been rising ever since the Reformation. The violent methods which James took to repress it only exhausted the strength of the crown, and at the same time infuriated the gathering force which he vainly attempted to subdue. We know how it came down like a great flood upon his predecessor, overwhelming and sweeping away him and his throne together, and whatever else would have opposed its

victorious course. Charles I. began by treating his parliament much in the style his father had been accustomed to do. In the beginning of May, 1626, he committed two members of the House of Commons, Sir John Eliot and Sir Dudley Digges, to the Tower, for certain expressions they were said to have used at a late conference with the Lords. But the matter was immediately taken up with spirit by the Commons, who resolved that they would not proceed in any other business till they were righted in their liberties; and the result was that the imprisoned members were set at large after a few days' detention; on which the House at once and unanimously resolved that neither of them had exceeded his commission in anything which he had spoken at the conference. An ominous commencement of the new contest between prerogative and the popular power! Nor did Charles gain more in the long-run by his next attempt, however successful it seemed to be for the moment. Immediately after the dissolution of the parliament, in March, 1629, a number of the most conspicuous of the opposition members, Eliot, Holles, Selden, and six others, were committed to prison; when they were brought up by writ of habeas corpus before the Court of King's Bench, and demanded to be discharged or admitted to bail, Charles withdrew them from the protection of the judges, and consigned them all to the Lieutenant of the Tower, prohibiting him from allowing them to appear in court; and criminal informations were afterwards filed against three of them, Eliot, Denzil Holles, and Benjamin Valentine, upon which judgment was given that all three should be imprisoned during the royal pleasure, and that Eliot should be fined in two thousand pounds, Holles in a thousand marks, and Valentine in five hundred pounds. Long, another of the members who had been taken up, was prosecuted in the Star Chamber, and fined two thousand marks. Eliot, the chief of this band of martyrs, died in the Tower, after an imprisonment of three years; and in the hush of the reign of terror all resistance to the royal will might seem to be at an end. But the spirit of freedom was neither dead nor asleep, though the doors of St. Stephen's Chapel were kept locked, and its voice was no longer heard from that constitutional arena; after a space of eleven years it was found necessary to summon another parliament; and as soon as the new House of Commons assembled, in March, 1640, it took up the subject of the treatment of Eliot and his associates. This House of Commons was dismissed before it had sat a month; and the very day after two of its members, Sir Henry Bellasye and Sir John Hotham, were committed to the Fleet, and a third, Mr. Crewe, to the Tower. But it was followed by another, which met the same year, and which, continuing to sit for more than a dozen years, did, or undid, the work of almost a dozen centuries, not separating till it had struck down both the crown and the head that wore it, and sent all the coronets and mitres in the land tumbling after them, making itself King, Lords, and Commons all in one, or something mightier than all three united had ever been before. But even before the Long Parliament assumed the attitude of sovereignty, it passed a series of resolutions, on the 6th and 8th of July, 1641, declaring the issuing of the warrants on which Holles and the others had been compelled to appear before the Privy Council—the committing of those members to prison—the searching and sealing of their chambers, studies, and papers—and the exhibiting of the informations against them, to be breaches of privilege; and it committed the person who had searched

Eliot's trunks and papers to the Tower. Nay, in the less violent times that succeeded the Restoration, and after nearly forty years had passed, the House of Commons, on the 23rd of November, resolved that the judgment given in the King's Bench against Eliot, Holles, and Valentine, was "an illegal judgment, and against the freedom of privilege of parliament;" and on the 11th of December following the Lords assented to this resolution.

But the last and boldest attempt to exercise the prerogative, thus at length quietly inurned, had been made on the memorable 4th of January, 1642, when Charles I. came down in person to seize the five members—Holles, Hazlerig, Pym, Hampden, and Strode—who, along with Lord Kimbolton, had been the day before impeached of high treason by the Attorney-General, in name of the King, at the bar of the House of Lords. When the Lords declined to order the accused persons to be taken into custody, his Majesty sent a serjeant-at-arms to the Commons, who, having, after he had laid aside the mace he carried, been called in to the bar, required the five members of the Speaker, that he might arrest them of high treason. This was on Monday, the 3rd. The Speaker, by command of the House, addressing the five members one after the other, enjoined them to be careful to give their attendance from day to day till the House should take further order; and it was at the same time ordered that on the morrow morning at ten o'clock the House should resolve itself into a grand committee, to take the King's message into consideration. Before the House broke up, also, it was directed that Sir William Killigrew and the other persons who were stated to have sealed up the studies and doors of the five members should be apprehended by the serjeant-at-arms, and detained in his custody till the House should further determine. It had been ordered before the King's messenger appeared that the serjeant-at-arms should be authorised to break open the doors, trunks, &c., which the House was informed these persons were sealing up.

On the next day, Tuesday, the five members had come into the House after dinner, and had just taken their places, when "the House," says Rushworth, "was informed by one Captain Langrish, lately an officer in arms in France, that he came from among the officers and soldiers at Whitehall, and, understanding by them that his Majesty was coming with a guard of military men, commanders and soldiers, to the House of Commons, he passed by them with some difficulty, to get to the House before them; and sent in word how near the said officers and soldiers were come." Curiously corroborative and illustrative of this account is what is related by Lilly, the astrologer:—"It was my fortune that very day to dine in Whitehall, and in that room where the halberts newly brought from the Tower were lodged for the use of such as attended the King to the House of Commons. Sir Peter Wych, ere we had fully dined, came into the room I was in, and brake open the chests wherein the arms were, which frightened us all that were there; however, one of our company got out of doors, and presently informed some members that the King was preparing to come into the House, else, I believe, all those members, or some of them, would have been taken in the House. All that I could do further was presently to be gone. But it happened also, the same day, that some of my neighbours were at the court of guard at Whitehall, unto whom I related the King's present design, and conjured them to defend the

parliament and members thereof, in whose well or ill doing consisted our happiness or misfortune: they promised assistance, if need were; and I believe would have stoutly stood to it for defence of the parliament or members thereof."

Sir Philip Warwick affirms that the King's intention of coming to the House was betrayed by "that busy stateswoman the Countess of Carlisle, who had now changed her gallant from Strafford to Mr. Pym, and was become such a she-saint that she frequented their sermons and took notes." Pym, therefore, was no doubt the "certain member of the House" who, according to Rushworth, had "private intimation from the Countess of Carlisle, sister to the Earl of Northumberland, that endeavours would be used this day to apprehend the five members," and upon whose information the five were required by the House to depart forthwith, "to avoid combustion in the House." To this command all yielded ready obedience, except only Mr. Strode, who "was obstinate, till Sir Walter Earle, his ancient acquaintance, pulled him out by force, the King being at that time entering into the New Palace Yard, in Westminster." *

In a few minutes more the King was actually in the House. "As his Majesty came through Westminster Hall," continues Rushworth, "the commanders, reformadoes, &c., that attended him, made a lane on both sides of the Hall, through which his Majesty passed, and came up the stairs to the House of Commons, and stood before the guard of pensioners and halbertceers, who also attended the King's person; and, the door of the House of Commons being thrown open, his Majesty entered the House; and as he passed up towards the chair he cast his eye on the right hand, where Mr. Pym used to sit; but his Majesty, not seeing him there (knowing him well), went up to the chair, and said, 'By your leave, Mr. Speaker, I must borrow your chair a little;' whereupon the Speaker came out of the chair, and his Majesty stepped up into it." Clarendon's account is, that, "in the afternoon, the King, attended only by his own usual guard, and some few gentlemen who put themselves into their company in the way, came to the House of Commons; and, commanding all his attendants to wait at the door, and give offence to no man, himself, with his nephew, the Prince Elector, went into the House, to the great amazement of all." This nephew was Charles, the Elector Palatine, the elder brother of Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice; but it is remarkable, that, if he actually accompanied his uncle into the House, the circumstance should not be mentioned by Rushworth, who, sitting at the table in the execution of his office of assistant clerk, had the best opportunity of seeing all that passed, and has evidently been anxious to make his relation as complete as possible. He goes on to inform us that, after Charles "had stood in the chair awhile, casting his eye upon the members as they stood

* In a speech made in Richard Cromwell's parliament on the 7th of February, 1659, Hazlerig said:—"The King demanded five members by his Attorney-General. He then came personally to the House, with five hundred men at his heels, and sat in your chair. It pleased God to hide those members. I shall never forget the kindness of that great lady, the Lady Carlisle, that gave timely notice. Yet some of them were in the House after the notice came. It was questioned if, for the safety of the House, they should be gone; but the debate was shortened, and it was thought fit for them in discretion to withdraw. Mr. Hampden and myself, being then in the House, withdrew. Away we went. The King immediately came in, and was in the House before we got to the water."—*Burton's Diary*, iii, 93. According to this account Hampden and Hazlerig would appear to have been the only two of the five members actually in the House when the news arrived that his Majesty was coming. But Strode at any rate must also have been present. Clarendon's statement, that all the accused members had "withdrawn from the House about half an hour before the King came thither," is clearly incorrect.

up uncovered, but could not discern any of the five members to be there—nor, indeed, were they easy to be discerned, had they been there, among so many bare faces all standing up together”—he addressed a short speech to the House, in which he told them that he was sorry for this occasion of coming to them, but that in case of treason no person had privilege, and he was therefore come to know if any of the persons accused were here, for have them he must, wheresoever he might find them. “Well,” added he, “since I see all the birds are flown, I do expect from you that you shall send them unto me as soon as they return hither.” And after a few more such ineffectual sentences he came down. But it appears to have been before he commenced this formal oration that, while he was still looking about the House, he asked the Speaker, who was standing on the floor beside the chair, whether any of the five members were in the House, whether he saw any of them, and where they were; to which series of questions the Speaker, Lenthall, falling on his knee, answered, that he had neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, in that place, but as the House was pleased to direct him, whose servant he was there; and humbly begged his Majesty’s pardon that he could give no other answer. “The King,” Rushworth proceeds, “having concluded his speech, went out of the House again, which was in great disorder; and many members cried out aloud, so as he might hear them, ‘Privilege! Privilege!’ and forthwith adjourned till the next day at one of the clock.” A curious anecdote is added, in which the writer himself figures:—that same evening his Majesty sent the usher of the House of Peers down to the House of Commons for Rushworth, whom he had observed taking down his speech in characters, or short-hand, at the clerk’s table; and when the faithful chronicler of these transactions was brought to him he commanded him to give him a copy of the speech. Rushworth humbly represented the danger he might incur by reporting to his Majesty anything that had been spoken in the House; but Charles smartly replied, “I do not ask you to tell me what was said by any member of the House, but what I said myself.” “Whereupon,” continues the account, “he readily gave obedience to his Majesty’s command, and in his Majesty’s presence, in the room called the Jewel House, he transcribed his Majesty’s speech out of his characters, his Majesty staying in the room all the while; and then and there presented the same to the King, which his Majesty was pleased to command to be sent speedily to the press, and the next morning it came forth in print.”

We cannot further pursue in detail the history of this perhaps the most momentous event of which St. Stephen’s Chapel ever was the scene. It is said that when Charles returned to Whitehall with the news of the failure of his attempt the Queen fell into a rage and called him poltroon. On the next day, Wednesday, the 5th, the Commons resolved, that, whereas his Majesty did the day before come to the House, “attended with a great multitude of men armed in a warlike manner with halberts, swords, and pistols, who came up to the very door of the House, and placed themselves there, and in other places and passages near to the House, to the great terror and disturbance of the members thereof then sitting,” the same was “a high breach of the rights and privileges of parliament,” and that the House could sit no longer without a full vindication thereof, and a sufficient guard wherein they might confide. This same morning Charles had

gone to the City, and, presenting himself in the Guildhall, where the Common Council were assembled to meet him, declared that he was come to demand the accused members, who, he believed, were "shrowded in the City." But, although he added sundry gracious assurances, and was sumptuously entertained at dinner by one of the sheriffs, whom, being of the two, Clarendon tells us, the one that was thought the least inclined to his service, he thought to flatter by inviting himself to his house on this occasion, he could obtain no intelligence as to the persons of whom he was in quest. The five members had indeed betaken themselves to what Clarendon calls "their stronghold, the City;" and it was very well known where they were—"all together in one house in Coleman Street," in the close neighbourhood of Merchant Tailors' Hall, where a Committee of the House of Commons sat for several days taking evidence on the subject of his Majesty's coming to the House; but they were as safe there from Charles and his officers as if all London had been an army of protection around them. When the House, which had adjourned on the 5th, met again on Tuesday, the 11th, the five accused members were brought by water from their lodgings in the City about two o'clock in the afternoon, guarded by the sheriffs and trainbands of London and Westminster to the number of 2000 in armed boats, while many thousands of spectators accompanied the procession along the banks of the river, making the air ring with their exulting clamours; and a body of 4000 horsemen from Buckinghamshire received them at their landing. Some of the people, Clarendon records, as they passed by Whitehall, asked, with much contempt, what was become of the King and his cavaliers, and whither he was gone? Charles had the day before, about three o'clock in the afternoon, left that palace with his wife and children, and fled to Hampton Court—from which after a few weeks he withdrew to York, there to commence his preparations for coercing the parliament by force of arms. In the following summer the civil war broke out, that, with some intermissions, kept England flowing with blood for nine years; nor did the unhappy monarch ever see either London or Whitehall again till he was brought back a captive to St. James's, on the 19th of January, 1649, to be put to death in front of the Banqueting House at Whitehall eleven days after.

In the tumultuous times that followed this inauspicious visit of Charles I., the Commons were repeatedly obliged to submit to the repetition, with improvements, of his violent and armed assault. In July 1647 the army forced them to expel, or suspend, as it was phrased, eleven obnoxious individuals of their number—Denzil Holles and the other leaders of the Presbyterian party—by merely approaching the capital and threatening the employment of force. As Holles himself has said, in his passionate and prolix relation:—"The eleven members must out. The House of Commons will not do it; Mr. Joyce and his agitators shall. For this Sir Thomas Fairfax takes up his quarters at Uxbridge; some of his forces advance within three or four miles of Westminster; he sends his warrants for provisions into the very suburbs; a party of horse is commanded to be ready at a rendezvous to march up to the parliament. Then here is the case of the eleven members; if they stay, a violence shall be offered to the House; the members shall be pulled out by the ears; and then farewell this and all future parliaments." Then about a month after, on Monday,

the 26th of July, came the actual attack upon the House by the apprentices from the city of London, in the interest of the Presbyterians, who, after having first forced the trembling legislature to pass an act about the militia such as they desired, becoming mixed, as the evening grew late, with soldiers and other idlers; "then would make the Houses," says Holles, "do this and the other thing,—vote the King's coming to London, the calling in of the eleven members, and I know not what else; and would not suffer the parliament-men, either of the one House or the other, to stir till all was voted and passed which they desired; keeping them there till, I think, nine of the clock at night." The next day the Speaker, Lenthall, and most of the Independent members fled to the army; with which they remained till Fairfax a few days after brought them all back with him, and, marching direct to the House, replaced Lenthall in the Speaker's chair, quietly turning out Mr. Henry Pelham, whom the Presbyterians during their brief ascendancy had chosen in his room. But the sharpest purification of all was that famous one administered on the 6th and 7th of December, in the following year, 1648, by Colonel Pride, who, the House having been first surrounded by a regiment of horse and another of foot, took his place in the lobby, with a list of the members in his hand, and Lord Grey by his side to point out their persons; when nearly a hundred and fifty of the Presbyterian members were taken into custody as they passed out, of whom about a third were sent to prison and the rest turned adrift, with orders from their armed masters never again to show their faces in St. Stephen's Chapel. Then, last of all, after the once mighty Long Parliament had been reduced to a "Rump" of about fifty individuals, came Cromwell himself, and fairly kicked it out of existence in the most singular style. The Lord General had been engaged in deliberating on the measures to be taken for settling the Commonwealth with the principal officers of the army and other friends at Whitehall on the morning of Wednesday, the 20th of April, 1653, when Colonel Ingoldsby arrived in haste with the information that the Commons were on the point of passing the act for their dissolution, which had been for some time under discussion, in such a form as, besides unduly prolonging their own authority, would throw open the doors of the next Parliament to the interests which the military power had been employing all its late efforts to depress and destroy. Cromwell instantly put himself at the head of a party of soldiers, and marched down to Palace-yard. Leaving the soldiers in the lobby, he entered the House, and sat for some time without interrupting the debate. At length, when the Speaker was about to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, "This is the time; I must do it," and, taking off his hat, rose and proceeded to address the House. According to one account, his demeanour was for a while calm and his language moderate; but he gradually waxed warm and violent. "He loaded the parliament," says Ludlow, "with the vilest reproaches, charging them not to have a heart to do anything for the public good, to have espoused the corrupt interest of Presbytery and the lawyers, who were the supporters of tyranny and oppression, accusing them of an intention to perpetuate themselves in power had they not been forced to the passing of this act (the act for their dissolution), which he affirmed they designed never to observe, and thereupon, told them that the Lord had done with them, and had chosen other instruments for the carrying on

his work that were more worthy. This he spoke with so much passion and discomposure of mind as if he had been distracted." Then he seems to have sat down or paused; on which "Sir Peter Wentworth," continues Ludlow, "stood up to answer him, and said that this was the first time that ever he had heard such unbecoming language given to the parliament, and that it was the more horrid in that it came from their servant, and their servant whom they had so highly trusted and obliged; but, as he was going on, the General stepped into the midst of the House, where, continuing his distracted language, he said, 'Come, come, I will put an end to your prating:' then, walking up and down the House like a madman, and kicking the ground with his feet, he cried out, 'You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; I will put an end to your sitting: Call them in, call them in!' Whereupon the serjeant attending the parliament opened the doors, and Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley, with two files of musqueteers, entered the House." This appears to be a more probable account than that given by Whitelock, who says that Cromwell, having reached the House, "led a file of musqueteers in with him; the rest he placed at the door of the House and in the lobby before it: in this manner entering the House, he in a furious manner bid the Speaker leave his chair, told the House that they had sat long enough, unless they had done more good," &c. Other relations of this extraordinary scene concur with that of Ludlow in making the bold senate-crusher to have entered the House alone, and to have both sat for some time and delivered his first speech before he called in the soldiers. Harrison, in his speech on the 7th of February, 1659, describes the musqueteers as having come in "with their hats on their heads, and their guns loaden with bullets." When they entered, Sir Harry Vane said aloud from his place, but probably without rising, "This is not honest; yea, it is against morality and common honesty." Cromwell doubtless thought the moment singularly chosen for such wise saws, and that neither common honesty nor common-place had anything to do with the business in hand; but he satisfied himself with answering his old friend and brother saint in the style familiar to both of them, "crying out with a loud voice, 'O Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!'" Then turning and pointing to one member who has had the luck to escape having his name recorded, he called out, "There sits a drunkard!" next darting his eyes upon poor Sir Peter Wentworth and Henry Martin, he denounced them as a pair of libertines by a very plain epithet; others he called corrupt and unjust men, and scandals to the profession of the gospel; and, telling the whole pack of them that it was not fit they should sit as a parliament any longer, desired them to go away. He began his application of actual force with the mace that lay on the table before the Speaker:—"What shall we do with this bauble?" he exclaimed: "Here," he added, calling to one of the soldiers, "take it away." Then, when he had "brought all into this disorder," continues Ludlow, "Major-General Harrison went to the Speaker [still our old friend Lenthall] as he sat in the chair, and told him that, seeing things were reduced to this pass, it would not be convenient for him to remain there. The Speaker answered that he would not come down unless he were forced. 'Sir,' said Harrison, 'I will lend you my hand;' and, thereupon putting his hand within his, the Speaker

came down."* Cromwell then spoke again, and, addressing himself to the general body of the members, of whom there were present between eighty and a hundred, exclaimed, "It's you that have forced me to this; for I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work." Here Alderman Allen would have persuaded him to proceed no further, telling him that, if he would only order the soldiers to retire and the mace to be brought back, everything would go on as before; which may let us see the sort of notion the aldermen of that age had of the portentous phenomenon they had got among them. Cromwell, cutting short his smooth-tongued adviser, "charged him with an account of some hundred thousand pounds, for which he threatened to question him, he having been long treasurer for the army, and in a rage committed him to the custody of one of the musqueteers." Whitelock intimates that several members rose to address the House; but Cromwell, he adds, "would suffer none to speak but himself; which he did with so much arrogance in himself, and reproach to his fellow-members, that some of his privadoes were ashamed of it. But he and his officers and party would have it so; and among all the parliament-men, of whom many wore swords, and would sometimes brag high, not one man offered to draw his sword against Cromwell, or to make the least resistance against him, but all of them tamely departed the House."† Ludlow's more detailed relation informs us that Cromwell, in the end, "ordered the guard to see the House cleared of all the members, and then seized upon the records that were there and at Mr. Scobell's house. After which he went to the clerk, and, snatching the act of dissolution, which was ready to pass, out of his hand, he put it under his cloak, and, having commanded the doors to be locked up, went away to Whitehall." Whitelock expressly mentions that he stayed to see all the members out, and was himself the last that left the House.‡ It is said that the next day a paper was

* But Hazlerig, in his speech on the 7th of February, 1659, gave a different account:—"Our General told us we should sit no longer to cheat the people. The Speaker, a stout man, was not willing to go. He was so noble, that he frowned, and said he would not go out of the chair till he was plucked out; which was quickly done, without much compliment, by two soldiers, and the mace taken."—*Burton*, iii. 98. In a speech delivered in the same parliament a few days after, a Mr. Reynolds said:—"Persons came to the door. One came in, and sweetly and kindly took your predecessor by the hand, and led him out of the chair. I say, sweetly and gently." But Ludlow's account is corroborated by Whitelock, who says:—"The Speaker not stirring from his seat, Colonel Harrison, who sat near the chair, rose up, and took him by the arm, to remove him from his chair, which when the Speaker saw he left his chair."—*Memorials*, p. 554.

† "They that say, Set not up a King or House of Lords, for God has poured contempt upon them, let me retort upon them," said one of the speakers, Major-General Haines, in the parliament of 1677-8. "God has also poured contempt upon a Commonwealth. Was there so much as one drop of blood when it went out? Nay, I am confident it did extinguish with the least noise that ever Commonwealth did."—*Burton*, iv. 416.

‡ That our account of this remarkable affair may be as complete as possible, we add the very curious relation given in the Diary of the Earl of Liecester, the father of Algernon Sidney, as published in the 'Sydney Papers,' edited by R. W. Blencowe, 8vo. Lond. 1825. It contains several particulars not elsewhere noticed, and was no doubt principally derived from the information of Sidney, who, it will be seen, was present.

"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 grey worsted stockings, and sate down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place. After a while he 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; then he said, 'Perhaps you think this is not parliamentary language: I confess it is not; neither are you to expect any such from me.' Then he put on his hat, went out of his place, and walked up and down the stage or floor in the midst of the House with his hat on his head, and chid them soundly, looking sometimes, and pointing particularly, upon some persons, as Sir R. Whitelock, one of

posted by somebody on the locked door, with the words, 'This House to be let, now unfurnished.*' Meanwhile the strange event had not passed without its regular official record: Scobell, the clerk, plying his task unmoved amid the hubbub, like the clock on the tower of a public building continuing to note the passing time and striking the hour while the surrounding walls are enveloped in flames, had quietly written down in the Journal before Cromwell took possession of it:—"20th April, 1653. This day his Excellency the Lord General dissolved this parliament." This entry, however, was ordered to be expunged by the restored Rump, on the 7th of January, 1660; on which occasion Scobell, being brought to the bar, "acknowledged," says the Journal, "that it was his own handwriting, and that he did it without direction of any person whatsoever." The Rump, of course, maintained that it was not dissolved at all—that, although thus shattered to pieces and scattered to the winds, it was still a proper legal parliament; and in fact, six years afterwards, on the 6th of May, 1659, when Cromwell no longer lived, they assembled again to the number of about seventy, with old Lenthall at their head, and resumed their function of legislation. But, after sitting about five months, they were, on the 13th of October, again suppressed by Lambert and his military associates; and, although they were once more restored to the possession of the House on the 24th of December, they were compelled by Monk, on the 21st of February thereafter, to admit among them the Presbyterian members that had been excluded in 1648; and on the 18th of March, 1660, this fag end of the celebrated Long Parliament was at length fairly and for ever annihilated by its own act. The Long Parliament had existed in one form or another from the 3rd of November, 1640, and its history is that of the great struggle between the crown and the House of Commons, between prerogative and popular rights, which has been styled the Grand Rebellion, from its commencement almost to its close.

Charles II. was recalled by acclamation, and seated on the throne of his ancestors, within a few weeks after the Long Parliament thus ceased to exist, and much of the old oppressive power of prerogative was brought back along with

the Commissioners of the Great Seal, Sir Henry Vane, to whom he gave very sharp language, though he named them not, but by his gestures it was well known that he meant them. After this he said to Colonel Harrison (who was a member of the House), 'Call them in.' Then Harrison went out, and presently brought in Lieutenant-Colonel Wortley (who commanded the General's own regiment of foot), with five or six files of musqueteers, about twenty or thirty, with their musquets. Then the General, pointing to the Speaker in his chair, said to Harrison, 'Fetch him down.' Harrison went to the Speaker, and spoke to him to come down, but the Speaker sate still and said nothing. 'Take him down,' said the General. Then Harrison went, and pulled the Speaker by the gown, and he came down. It happened that day that Algernon Sidney sat next to the Speaker on the right hand: the General said to Harrison, 'Put him out;' Harrison spake to Sidney to go out, but he said he would not go out, and sate still. The General said again, 'Put him out;' then Harrison and Wortley put their hands upon Sidney's shoulders, as if they would force him to go out: then he rose, and went towards the door. Then the General went to the table where the mace lay, which used to be carried before the Speaker, and said, 'Take away those baubles.' So the soldiers took away the mace, and all the House went out; and at the going out they say the General said to young Sir Henry Vane, calling him by his name, that he might have prevented this extraordinary course, but he was a juggler, and had not so much as common honesty. All being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the key, with the mace, was carried away, as I heard, by Colonel Otley."

The contradictions as to many little points in these various accounts of Ludlow, Whitelock, and Leicester, strikingly show the confusion and bewilderment into which those present were thrown. In the encounter between Cromwell and Vane, for instance, what was said about common honesty was apparently supposed by some of the hearers to have been spoken by the former, while others thought the words proceeded from the latter.

* Several Proceedings in Parliament, No. 136.

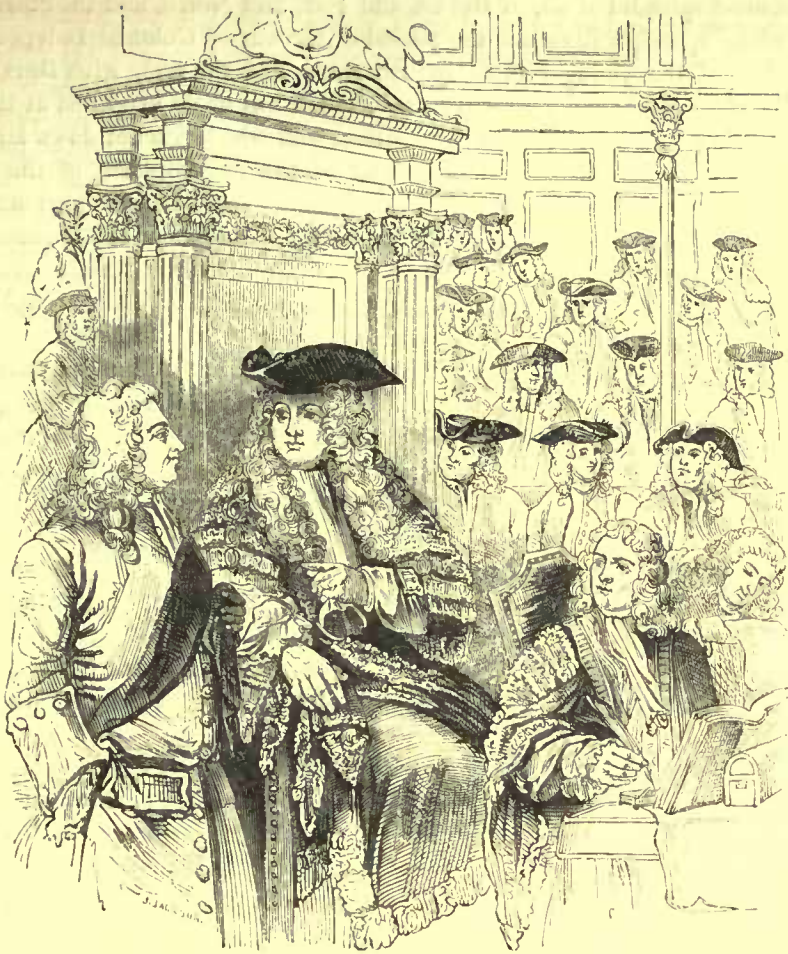
him; the effects of which were severely felt during his reign and that of his successor, till a new revolution, at the end of twenty-eight years, placed the crown once more in the hands of the people, and enabled them, grown wiser than on the former occasion, to bestow it with such conditions and restrictions as were deemed sufficient to secure to the House of Commons that place in the constitution which for at least sixty years before, or ever since the time of James I., it had decidedly manifested its determination to attain, and without the concession of which it was evident there could now be neither liberty nor peace in the country. It may appear as if the efforts of the House of Commons during the first years of the Long Parliament in the assertion of its own privileges and the vindication of the national liberties had all gone for nothing, seeing the ascendancy which the crown regained after the Restoration; but a closer view of the matter will convince us that this was far from being the case. The Restoration was a restoration of too much, but by no means of everything, that had existed when the Long Parliament commenced its career. The Grand Rebellion, though it was at last put down, had not been altogether a failure. The ancient royal prerogative had been shaken in some parts by that assault beyond the possibility of repair. In fact, amid all the misgovernment of the reign of Charles II., the rights of the House of Commons and its true position in the constitution were recognised in a manner in which they never had been in the former days of the monarchy. Attempts were made to manage the parliament, and also to govern without it; but, when it was suffered to meet, its debates were nearly as free as they are at present, and took as wide a range as they have ever done since. The Commons for session after session during this reign discussed the question of excluding the heir presumptive to the throne, the King's own brother, and even passed a bill for that purpose. Would any approach to such an interference as that have been endured either by Elizabeth or James I.? Of a truth the day was now gone by when it could be pretended that the House had nothing to do with matters either of Church or State, or with any questions save such as the crown chose to permit it to discuss. And this change, this gain, had been brought about by the Long Parliament and the Grand Rebellion.

Indeed, as we have said, the Revolution of 1688 added little if anything to what are commonly called the privileges of the House of Commons. These, in so far as they have been recognised and acted upon in later times, are almost wholly founded upon precedents older than the Revolution, and mostly upon such as must be considered the legacy of the Long Parliament, or as having incontrovertibly been established through the attitude assumed and the powers exercised by that assembly, although its proceedings are never quoted nor its name breathed by the authorities on the subject. For how else could they have been acquired? To what other period in the history of the Constitution can they be traced? In the obscurity that rests upon the imperfectly recorded transactions of the earliest times of the monarchy, it is indeed possible for ingenious theory-mongers to rear out of the mist and ruins any visionary scheme of the Constitution which may best please their fancy; but at any rate this much is demonstrable and certain, that from the middle of the sixteenth century the House of Commons, whatever tone might be assumed or principles avowed by individual members, was never once able to make its pretended rights good against the

crown,—nay more, that as a body it never once persisted in the attempt to do so till the year 1621, when it did indeed carry its resistance to the royal domination as far as was possible, but was nevertheless in the end completely foiled and defeated. The facts that establish this position are not a few insulated or selected instances, but the entire stream of our parliamentary history during the period in question. If therefore the House of Commons had ever, as is pretended, been able to set the crown at defiance in earlier times, it had lost that power for many years before the Long Parliament met; and, if we find the power ever after in existence and constant exercise, it must have been the Long Parliament that at least recovered it from abeyance and secured it from being ever again lost or called in question.

The Revolution of 1688 itself, indeed, was the legacy of the Grand Rebellion, or rather that, and not the Restoration, was the true completion of the long contest of which what is called the Rebellion was the first stage. But for the war, not of mere words but of arms, waged by the parliament against the prerogative in the middle of the seventeenth century, we should not have had the easy, bloodless settlement of the constitution at its close. And the Revolution of 1688, if it did not enlarge what are properly called the privileges of the House of Commons, no doubt greatly augmented the real power and importance of that branch of the legislature, were it only by the blow which it struck at the great rival power of the prerogative. If Charles II. no longer ventured to throw the members into prison when they uttered anything that displeased him, as had been done by his father and his grandfather, yet he exercised the right of interfering with the deliberations of the House by dissolutions and prorogations to an extent incompatible with the exercise of any effective control over public affairs by the representatives of the people. The great fundamental principle of the responsibility of the ministers of the crown to parliament had as yet been but ineffectually asserted. In the establishment of this principle, more than in anything else, consisted the popular victory that was gained at the Revolution. And the principle was established mainly by the shock, or rather complete explosion, that was then given to the old notion of divine right in the crown—a notion which what was done at the Restoration eight-and-twenty years before had rather helped to extend and strengthen. The Revolution, if it was nothing more, was at least emphatically a protest against that absurd and pernicious pretension.

From this date the popular branch of the legislature has continued on the whole to acquire more and more the ascendancy in the Constitution, and the war of politics has been chiefly carried on in the House of Commons. The great days of that House, however, as an arena of debate, scarcely began till towards the close of the long administration of Sir Robert Walpole, or about the year 1740. At least we have no full or tolerably satisfactory record of the debates before that date. The fierce contests between Walpole and his opponents, Windham, Pulteney, and others, had indeed for some years before this time attracted much attention to the proceedings of the House, and they had been regularly reported every month both in the Gentleman's and the London Magazine, the former of which publications commenced in January 1731, the latter in April 1732; but no attempt can be said to have been made to convey more than the substance of the speeches till that department of the Gentleman's Magazine was confided to



[House of Commons in the time of Sir R. Walpole.]

Samuel Johnson in November 1740. Johnson, indeed, appears to have given his readers more of his own eloquence than of what had actually been uttered in parliament; but still what he did was in all probability only to substitute one kind of eloquence for another, a better for a worse, or, it might be, sometimes a worse for a better—and therefore on the whole the speeches written by him, though less true to the letter than those given by his predecessors, may be received as a more living, and as such a truer, representation of the real debates than had ever before been produced. He would not take the trouble, or be guilty of the absurdity, of expending his rhetoric upon the version of a debate or a speech which had not really excited attention by that quality, but, we may suppose, would reserve his strength for occasions on which those who had heard, or heard of, the original oration would look for something more brilliant than usual. But the history of the House of Commons, considered as a theatre of debate, and viewed in connection with the subject of reporting, is far too large to be entered upon now. After what we may call the age of Walpole and Pulteney comes that of the first William Pitt and his great compeers—then

that, the most splendid of all, of Burke, and Fox, and North, and the other great orators whose speeches illustrate the period of the war of Colonial Independence, —then that of the younger Pitt, and Sheridan, and the rest, with Burke for a time still among them, and Fox still longer, which was at its brightest at the time of the breaking out of the French Revolution, and which reaches down almost to our own time. It is one of the affectations of the philosophism of the day to speak with a sort of contempt of those bygone eras of our parliamentary history as times of mere talk instead of action, when the blaze of eloquence that was kept up in the House of Commons was offered to the public admiration as a substitute for the whole business of good government. We look upon such a representation of the matter as blatant stupidity or more despicable cant. We believe that that patriotic spirit which is at once the life and moral sense of a nation will never be kept alive, as it never yet has been among any people, savage or civilized, in the direction of whose public affairs the power of eloquence has not a large share; and we are sure that this influence could not be put down without its place being supplied by others far less generous in character and far more dangerous in their effects.

We have thus rapidly traced the gradual rise of the House of Commons from the humble position which it appears to have originally occupied as a mere convention of delegates from the towns and rural districts assembled by the King when he wanted to lay on a new tax, rather to take his instructions as to its amount and the manner in which it was to be levied than either to dispute or deliberate upon the demand,—through the long period during which it carried on a more or less determined struggle with the Crown and the other House for independence, if not co-ordinate authority—down to the era when, having successfully asserted its theoretical equality with each of those other branches of the legislature, it has come not only to be decidedly the controlling body in the state, but almost, we may say, to have absorbed the whole powers of government. It is worthy of remark, nevertheless, that, while the influence of the House of Commons as a power in the state has been constantly increasing throughout the last century and a half, what are called the privileges of the House and of its members have been rather undergoing curtailment during that space of time. Now that the House has been placed beyond the reach of attack from either the Lords or the Crown, several of the rights which it formerly claimed and was allowed to exercise have been felt to be no longer necessary for the due performance of its functions, and wherever they have pressed inconveniently upon individuals or the public a disposition has been shown to cut them down—so that now, after having adjusted its position in relation to the other powers of the government, it would seem that the people's House had a controversy of the same kind with the people themselves—a controversy, we may add, in which it is as sure to be the party that shall have to yield as in the nature of things it was certain to be successful in its previous struggles. In so far, however, as this last contest has yet gone, the House has never given up an inch of ground without having made considerable resistance. It was not, for instance, till after a war of many years, and a most furious fight at the end, that the great right of reporting the debates in Parliament was gained by the public. It is little more than a century since nothing that was spoken in the House

was suffered to be printed till after the parliament in which it was spoken had been dissolved; or at least any earlier publication was denounced by the House as a daring act of illegality. On the 13th of April, 1738, the House resolved, "That it is an high indignity to, and a notorious breach of the privilege of, this House, for any newswriter, in Letters or other papers (as Minutes, or under any other denomination), or for any printer or publisher of any printed newspaper of any denomination, to presume to insert in the said Letters or papers, or to give therein any account of, the Debates or other proceedings of this House, or any Committee thereof, *as well during the recess as the sitting of parliament*, and that this House will proceed with the utmost severity against such offenders." The monthly magazines, notwithstanding, still continued to report the debates, although for some time they took the precaution of indicating the speakers by fictitious appellations, to which they furnished their readers with a key when the House was no longer extant to call them to account. But it was not till the beginning of the year 1771 that the debates began to be given to the public day by day as they occurred; and then the attempt gave rise to a contest between the House and the newspapers which occupied the House to the exclusion of all other business for three weeks—when a committee was appointed, whose report, when it was read two months after, recommending whether it might not be expedient to order that the offending parties should be taken into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, Mr. Burke aptly compared to the decision of the assembly of mice, who came to a resolution that the cat, to prevent her doing any more mischief, should be tied up, but unfortunately forgot to say how the operation was to be managed. Another still longer contest maintained by the House against the public regarded the privilege which was formerly asserted to belong to members not only of freedom from personal arrest but even from being subjected to actions at law in civil cases, nay of being protected from having such actions brought even against their servants and tenants. These extraordinary claims continued to be upheld and occasionally put in force by the House, till they were finally taken away by statute no longer ago than in the year 1770. But one of the most singular contests in which the House ever was involved was that which it had to wage about the middle of the last century in support of the right it assumed to compel such delinquents as it called to its bar, whether in order to receive judgment, or to be discharged out of custody, to fall down upon their knees and to remain in that degrading attitude while the Speaker was addressing them. In February 1751, a Mr. Alexander Murray, brother of Lord Elbank, having incurred the hot displeasure of the House, or of the faction that happened to be in the ascendant, by something he had done, or was charged with having done, at a recent Westminster election, it was voted that he should be sent close prisoner to Newgate, and, further, that he should be brought to the bar to receive his sentence on his knees. Horace Walpole has told the story with all gusto in his 'Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II.' "He entered with an air of confidence, composed of something between a martyr and a coxcomb. The Speaker called out, 'Your obeisances! Sir, your obeisances!' and then, 'Sir, you must kneel.' He replied, 'Sir, I beg to be excused; I never kneel but to God.' The Speaker repeated the command with great warmth. Murray answered, 'Sir, I am sorry I cannot comply with your request; I would in any-

thing else.' The Speaker cried, 'Sir, I call upon you again to consider of it.' Murray answered, 'Sir, when I have committed a crime, I kneel to God for pardon; but I know my own innocence, and cannot kneel to anybody else.' The Speaker ordered the sergeant to take him away and secure him. He was going to reply; the Speaker would not suffer him." The prisoner having been removed, a warm debate ensued, the Speaker telling them that if a party might behave thus with impunity there was an end of the dignity and power of the House. One member proposed that the refractory delinquent should be kept in Newgate without pen, ink, and paper; another hinted that it might be well to send him to the dungeon called Little Ease in the Tower; a third would have had an act of parliament passed for the special punishment of such audacious conduct. At last, after naming a Committee to consider the matter, the House adjourned at near two o'clock in the morning. This was on the 6th. Murray lay in Newgate till the 27th of April, when he was brought up by habeas corpus to the King's Bench; but, three of the Judges allowing the validity of a commitment by the House of Commons, he was remanded to prison. But the instant the parliament was prorogued, on the 25th of June, a number of his friends accompanied the two sheriffs to Newgate, and bringing him away conducted him in triumph to his own house. On the 20th of November, a few days after the parliament had re-assembled, it was again moved and carried after a long debate that Murray should still be brought to receive his sentence on his knees—Mr. Pelham, the prime minister, observing, that, if the House had not all the authority it wished, it ought at least to exert all it had. But a few days after, when the sergeant-at-arms was called in to make his report, he informed the House that the object of their vengeance had absconded. A reward of five hundred pounds was then voted for his apprehension; but he was never taken; the exaction of the ceremony of kneeling by the House was attended with considerable awkwardness from this time forward; and at length on the 16th of March, 1772, a standing order (so called with a double appropriateness) was made, that when any person was brought to the bar as a delinquent he should receive the judgment of the House *standing*. "The alteration made by that order," observes Hatsell, with becoming official solemnity, "was suggested by the humanity of the House."



[Milton at the age of 19.]

XXXII.—MILTON'S LONDON.

THE best successor of Milton has described the character of the great poet's mind in one celebrated line:—

“Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.”

It might at first seem, looking at the accuracy of this forcible image, that the name of Milton could not be properly associated with the state of society during the times in which he flourished. It is true that in the writings of Milton we have very few glimpses of the familiar life of his day; no set descriptions of scenes and characters; nothing that approaches in the slightest degree to the nature of anecdote; no playfulness, no humour. Wordsworth continues his apostrophe:—

“Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea.”

The sprightlier dramatists have the voices of

“Shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.”

It is pleasant to sit in the sunshine and listen to the bubbling of the runnel over its pebbly bottom: but the times of Milton were for the most part dark and stormy, and with them the voice of the sea was in harmony. We can learn, while listening to that voice, when there was calm and when there was tempest. But Milton was not only the great literary name of his period—he was a public man, living in the heart of the mightiest struggle betwixt two adverse principles that England ever encountered. Add to this he was essentially a Londoner. He was born in Bread Street; he died in Cripplegate. During a long life we may trace him, from St. Paul's School, through a succession of London residences which, taking their names with their ordinary associations, sound as little poetical as can well be imagined—St. Bride's Churchyard, Aldersgate Street, Barbican, Holborn, Petty France, Bartholomew Close, Jewin Street, Bunhill Fields. The houses which he inhabited have been swept away; their pleasant gardens are built

over. But the name of Milton is inseparably connected with these prosaic realities. That name belongs especially to London.

The portrait at the head of this article represents the Milton of nineteen. He has himself left us a picture of his mind at this period. His first Latin elegy, addressed to Charles Deodati, is supposed by Warton to have been written about 1627. The writer was born in 1608. We shall transcribe a few passages from Cowper's translation of this elegy:—

“ I well content, where Thames with influent tide
My native city laves, meantime reside :
Nor zeal nor duty now my steps impel
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell ;
Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
That, to the musing bard, all shade deny.
'T is time that I a pedant's threats disdain,
And fly from wrongs my soul will ne'er sustain.
If peaceful days in letter'd leisure spent,
Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
Then call me banish'd ; I will ne'er refuse
A name expressive of the lot I choose.
I would that, exil'd to the Pontic shore,
Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more ;
He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,
And, Virgil ! thou hadst won but second praise.
For here I woo the Muse, with no control ;
For here my books—my life—absorb me whole.”

His father's roof was in Bread Street, in the parish of Allhallows. The sign of the Spread Eagle, which hung over his father's door, was the armorial bearing of his family ; but the sign indicated that the house was one of business, and the business of Milton's father was that of a scrivener. Here, in some retired back room, looking most probably into a pleasant little garden, was the youthful poet surrounded by his books, perfectly indifferent to the more profitable writing of bonds and agreements that was going forward in his father's office. It was Milton's happiness to possess a father who understood the genius of his son, and whose tastes were in unison with his own. In the young poet's beautiful verses, *Ad Patrem*, also translated by Cowper, he says,—

“ ——— thou never bad'st me tread
The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on
To opulence, nor didst condemn thy son
To the insipid clamours of the bar,
The laws voluminous, and ill observ'd.”

Of Milton's father Aubrey says, “ He was an ingenious man, delighted in music, and composed many songs now in print, especially that of Oriana.” The poet thus addresses his father in reference to the same accomplishment:—

“ ——— thyself
Art skilful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arion's fame.
Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
Of thine delight in verse ; if, so conjoin'd
In close affinity, we sympathize
In social arts and kindred studies sweet ?”

There was poetry then, and poetical associations, within Milton's home in the close city. Nor were poetical influences wanting without. The early writings of Milton teem with the romantic associations of his youth, and they have the character of the age sensibly impressed upon them. In the epistle to Deodati we have an ample description of that love of the drama, whether comedy or tragedy, which he subsequently connected with the pursuits of his mirthful and his contemplative man. To the student of nineteen,

“ The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits
My spirits spent in learning's long pursuits.”

His descriptions of the comic characters in which he delights appear rather to be drawn from Terence than from Jonson or Fletcher. But in tragedy he pretty clearly points at Shakspeare's ‘Romeo’ and at ‘Hamlet.’ ‘L'Allegro’ and ‘Il Penseroso’ were probably written some four or five years after this epistle, when Milton's father had retired to Horton, and his son's visits to London were occasional. But “the well-trod stage” is still present to his thoughts. There is a remarkable peculiarity in all Milton's early poetry which is an example of the impressibility of his imagination under local circumstances. He is the poet, at one and the same time, of the city and of the country. In the epistle to Deodati, he displays this mixed affection for the poetical of art and of nature :—

“ Nor always city-pent, or pent at home,
I dwell ; but, when spring calls me forth to roam,
Expatiate in our proud suburban shades
Of branching elm, that never sun pervades.”

But London is thus addressed :—

“ Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
Whose towering front the circling realms commands,
Too blest abode ! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.”

Every reader is familiar with the exquisite rural pictures of ‘L'Allegro ;’ but the scenery, without the slightest difficulty, may be placed in the immediate “suburban shades” which he has described in the epistle. It is scarcely necessary to remove them even as far as the valley of the Colne. The transition is immediate from the hedge-row elms, the russet lawns, the upland hamlets, and the nut-brown ale, to

“ Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry,—
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer-eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,” &c.

So, in 'Il Penseroso,' there is a similar transition from the even-song of the nightingale, and the sullen roar of the far-off curfew, to

“ The bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.”

And there, in like manner, we turn from

“ Arched walks of twilight groves
And shadows brown,”

to

“ ——— the high embowed roof
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.”

“ No man,” says Thomas Warton, “ was ever so disqualified to turn Puritan as Milton.” In these his early poems, according to this elegant critic, his expressed love of choral church music, of Gothic cloisters, of the painted windows and vaulted aisles of a venerable cathedral, of tilts and tournaments, of masques and pageantries, is wholly repugnant to the anti-poetical principles which he afterwards adopted. We doubt exceedingly whether Milton can be held to have turned Puritan to the extent in which Warton accepts the term. Milton was a republican in politics, and an asserter of liberty of conscience, independent of Church government, in religion. But the constitution of his mind was utterly opposed to the reception of such extreme notions of moral fitness as determined the character of a Puritan. There has been something of exaggeration and mistake in this matter. For example: Warton, in a note on that passage in the epistle to Deodati in which Milton is supposed to allude to Shakspeare's tragedies, says, “ His warmest poetical predilections were at last totally obliterated by civil and religious enthusiasm. Seduced by the gentle eloquence of fanaticism, he listened no longer to the ‘ wild and native wood-notes of Fancy's sweetest child.’ In his ‘ Iconoclastes’ he censures King Charles for studying ‘ one, whom we well know was the closet-companion of his solitudes, William Shakespeare.’ This remonstrance, which not only resulted from his abhorrence of a king, but from his disapprobation of plays, would have come with propriety from Prynne or Hugh Peters. Nor did he now perceive that what was here spoken in contempt conferred the highest compliment on the elegance of Charles's private character.” Mr. Waldron had the merit of pointing out, some forty or fifty years ago, that the passage in the ‘ Iconoclastes’ to which Warton alludes gives not the slightest evidence of Milton's listening no longer to “ Fancy's sweetest child,” nor of reproaching Charles for having made Shakspeare the “ closet-companion of his solitudes.” Milton is arguing—with the want of charity certainly which belongs to an advocate—that “ the deepest policy of a tyrant hath been ever to counterfeit religious;” and, applying this to the devotion of the ‘ Icon Basilike,’ he thus proceeds:—“ The poets also, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the King may be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet-companion of his solitudes, William Shakespeare, who introduces the person of Richard III. speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book” (the ‘ Icon Basilike’). He then quotes a speech of Shakspeare's

Richard III., and adds, "The poet used not much licence in departing from the truth of history." If Milton had meant to reproach Charles with being familiar with Shakspeare, the reproach would have recoiled upon himself, in evidencing the same familiarity. There was, in truth, scarcely a greater disparity between the clustering locks of Milton and the cropped hair of the Roundheads, than between his abiding love of poetry and music and the frantic denunciations of both by such as Prynne. Prynne, for example, devotes a whole chapter of the 'Histrio-mastix' to a declamation against "effeminate, delicate, lust-provoking music," in which the mildest thing he quotes from the Fathers is, "Let the singer be thrust out of thy house as noxious; expel out of thy doors all fiddlers, singing-women, with all this choir of the devil, as the deadly songs of syrens." Compare this with Milton's sonnet, published in 1648, "To my Friend Mr. Henry Lawes,"—the royalist Henry Lawes:—

"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long,
Thy worth and skill exempt thee from the throng,
With praise enough for envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue."

Doubtless since 'Comus' was presented at Ludlow Castle in 1634, and Lawes composed and sung some of its lyrics, up to the period when Milton wrote the 'Iconoclastes,' the elegancies, the splendours, the high triumphs, the antique pageantries, which so captivated the youthful poet, had given place to sterner things. In his own mind, especially, that process of deep reflection was going forward which finally made him a zealous partisan and a bitter controversialist; but which was blended with purer and loftier aspirations than usually belong to politics or polemics. But his was an age of deep thinkers and resolute actors. The leaders and the followers then of either party were sincere in their thoughts and earnest in their deeds. They were not a compromising and evasive generation. There was no mistaking their friendships or their enmities. Milton early chose his part in the great contention of his times. Amidst the classical imagery of Lycidas we have his bitter denunciations against the hirelings of the Church, who—

"Creep and intrude and climb into the fold."

He would not enter the service of that Church himself lest he should be called upon to "subscribe slave." To that vocation, however, he says, "I was destined of a child and in mine own resolutions." That he was impatient of what he considered the tyranny which interfered between a service so suited to his character was to be expected from the ardour of his nature; but we can scarcely think that in those lines of Lycidas, written in 1637—

"But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more"—

he anticipates, as some have maintained, the execution of Archbishop Laud. Matters were scarcely then come to that pass. But yet Laud in 1637 had some unpleasant demonstrations of the temper of the times. In that year Bastwick, Burton, and Prynne were sentenced by the Star Chamber, "That each of the

defendants should be fined five thousand pounds; that Bastwick and Burton should stand in the pillory at Westminster, and there lose their ears; and that Prynne, having lost his ears before by sentence of this court, should have the remainder of his ears cut off, and should be branded on both cheeks with the letters S. L., to signify a seditious libeller." The execution to the tittle of this barbarous sentence maddened and disgusted those who looked upon the spectacle. Laud's Diary, for two months after this revolting exhibition, contains some very significant entries, recording the libels which it produced. A short libel pasted on the cross in Cheapside described him as the arch-wolf of Canterbury; another, on the south gate of St. Paul's, informed the people that the devil had let that house to the Archbishop; another, fastened to the north gate, averred that the government of the Church of England is a candle in the snuff going out in a stench. These were warnings; but power is apt to look upon its own pomp, and forget that the day of humiliation and weakness may arise. Howell, in one of his letters written in the year of Laud's execution, says, "Who would have dreamt ten years since, when Archbishop Laud did ride in state through London streets, accompanying my Lord of London, to be sworn Lord High Treasurer of England, that the mitre should have now come to such a scorn, to such a national kind of hatred?" In those eventful days such contrasts were not unfrequent; and they sometimes followed each other much more closely than the triumphal procession of Laud, and his execution. On the 25th of November, 1641, the city of London welcomed Charles from Scotland with an entertainment of unusual magnificence; and the historian of the city, after revelling in his description of aldermen and liverymen, to the number of five hundred, mounted on horseback, with all the array of velvet and scarlet and golden chains,—of conduits running with claret,—of banquetings and loyal anthems, says, "the whole day seemed to be spent in a kind of emulation, with reverence be it spoken, between their Majesties and the City; the citizens blessing and praying for their Majesties and their princely issue, and their Majesties returning the same blessings upon the heads of the citizens." In 1642, not quite a year after these pleasant gratulations, Milton wrote the following noble sonnet:—

"WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

"Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these.
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bow'r:
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the pow'r
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

On the 25th of August, 1642, the King erected his standard on Nottingham Castle. Essex, as Generalissimo of the Parliament forces, had already marched upon Northampton. The King's army was advancing towards the

capital; and London, with its vast suburbs, required to be put in a state of defence. It was on this occasion that the dogged resolution, the unflinching courage of the citizens of all ranks and all ages, manifested themselves in their willing labours to give London in some degree the character of a fortified city. The royalists ridiculed the citizens in their song of "Roundheaded cuckolds, come dig." The battle of Edgehill was fought on the 23rd of October; and on the 7th of November Essex returned to London. While the Parliament was negotiating, the sound of Prince Rupert's cannon was heard in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital; and the citizens marched out to battle. But the bloody contest of Edgehill was not to be renewed at Brentford and Turnham Green. The King's forces retired; and the trained-bands refreshed themselves and made merry with the good things which their careful wives had not forgotten to send after them in this hour of danger and alarm. It was upon this occasion that the sonnet which we have just transcribed was written. We might infer from the tone of this sonnet that Milton had little confidence that the arms of the citizens would be a sufficient protection for his "defenceless doors." He was living then in Aldersgate Street; in that sort of house which was common in Old London, and which Milton always chose—a garden-house. This house might unquestionably be called "the Muses' bower;" for here he was not only carrying on the education of his nephews and of the sons of a few intimate friends, but, as we learn from 'The Reason of Church Government,' he was preparing for some high work which should be of power "to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbation of the mind, and set the affections in right tune— * * * a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her syren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." Cherishing high thoughts such as these, Milton called upon the assaulting soldier,

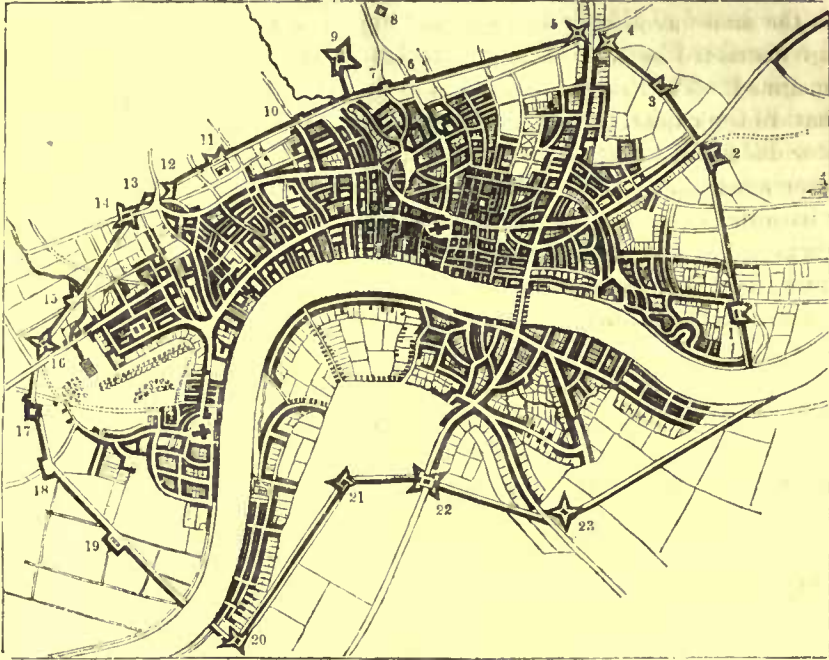
"Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bow'r."

Since his return from Italy, in 1639, his principles had been too openly proclaimed for him to appeal to

"Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,"

to spare the house of Milton the polemic. It was Milton the poet who left unwillingly "a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes," that thus asked that the Muses' bower should be protected, as the house of Pindar and the city of Euripides had been spared. But London was saved from the assault; and a few months after the Common Council and the Parliament raised up much more formidable defences than invocations founded upon classical lore. All the passages and ways leading to the city were shut up, except those entering at Charing Cross, St. Giles's in the Fields, St. John Street, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel. The ends of these streets were fortified with breastworks and turnpikes, musket proof; the city wall was repaired and mounted with artillery;

finally an earthen rampart, with bastions, and redoubts, and all the other systematic defences of a beleaguered city, was carried entirely round London, Westminster, and Southwark. The plan of the city and suburbs, thus fortified, in 1642 and 1643, is copied below :—



[Plan of City and Suburbs of London as it appeared fortified in 1643.]

AN EXPLANATION OF THE SEVERAL FORTS IN THE LINE OF COMMUNICATION.

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| <p>1. A Bulwark and half on the hill at the north end of Gravel Lane.</p> <p>2. A Hornwork near the Windmill in Whitechapel Road.</p> <p>3. A Redoubt, with two flanks, near Brick Lane.</p> <p>4. A Redoubt, with four flanks, in Hackney Road, Shoreditch.</p> <p>5. A Redoubt, with four flanks, in Kingsland Road, Shoreditch.</p> <p>6. A Battery and Breastwork at Mount Mill.</p> <p>7. A Battery and Breastwork at St. John Street end.</p> <p>8. A Small Redoubt near Islington Pound.</p> <p>9. A Large Fort, with four half Bulwarks, at the New River Upper Pond.</p> <p>10. A Battery and Breastwork on the hill east of Blackmary's Hole.</p> <p>11. Two Batteries and a Breastwork at Southampton House, now the British Museum.</p> <p>12. A Redoubt, with two flanks, near St. Giles's Pound.</p> | <p>13. A Small Fort at the east end of Tyburn Road.</p> <p>14. A Large Fort, with four half Bulwarks across the Road, at Wardour Street.</p> <p>15. A Small Bulwark at the place now called Oliver's Mount.</p> <p>16. A Large Fort with four Bulwarks, at Hyde Park Corner.</p> <p>17. A Small Redoubt and Battery on Constitution Hill.</p> <p>18. A Court of Guard at Chelsea Turnpike.</p> <p>19. A Battery and Breastwork in Tothill Fields.</p> <p>20. A Quadrant Fort, with four half Bulwarks, at Vauxhall.</p> <p>21. A Fort, with four half Bulwarks, at the Dog and Duck in St. George's Fields.</p> <p>22. A Large Fort, with four Bulwarks, near the end of Blackman Street.</p> <p>23. A Redoubt with four flanks, near the Lock Hospital in Kent Street.</p> |
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In 1643 Milton married. Aubrey's account of this marriage and the subsequent separation is given with his characteristic quaintness :—“ His first wife (Mrs. Powell, a Royalist) was brought up and lived where there was a great deal of company and merriment, dancing, &c.: and when she came to live with her husband at Mr. Russell's, in St. Bride's Churchyard, she found it very solitary; no company came to her, oftentimes heard his nephews beaten and cry. This life was irksome to her, so she went to her parents at Forest Hill. He sent for

her (after some time), and I think his servant was evilly entreated; but as for wronging his bed, I never heard the least suspicion, nor had he of that jealousy." In another place he says, "She was a zealous Royalist, and went without her husband's consent to her mother in the King's quarters near Oxford: two opinions do not well on the same bolster." Philips, Milton's relation, gives pretty much the same account of the matter. That such cases were not uncommon in an age distracted by controversial opinions in religion and politics may readily be imagined. The general argument of Milton's elaborate treatises on Divorce is, that disagreements in temper and disposition, which tend to produce indifference or dislike, are sufficient to set aside the bond of marriage. The company and merriment, dancing, &c., in the midst of which Milton's wife was brought up, were inconsistent with his notions of pleasure and propriety. Aubrey tells us, "he was of a very cheerful humour. He would be cheerful even in his gout-fits, and sing." In his sonnet to Lawrence, written most probably when he was fifty, the same cheerfulness prevails:—

"What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?"

Again, in his sonnet to Cyriack Skinner:

"To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws."

He adds, mild Heaven

"—— disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains."

This was not Puritanism; but neither was it the tumultuous merriment nor the secret licentiousness of the Cavaliers. The example of Milton may instruct us that the society of London was not to be wholly divided into these extreme classes. His plan of an academy, which Johnson calls impracticable, was founded, we have little doubt, upon a careful consideration of the desires and capacities of the intellectual class amongst whom he lived. There were other Englishmen in those days than fanatics and reprobates. He has eloquently described, in 'The Liberty of unlicensed Printing,' the thirst for knowledge, the ardent desire for truth, which prevailed in London even amidst the disorders of contending factions, the din of warfare, and the going forth of its sons and husbands to battle in a great cause:—"Behold now this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his (God's) protections. The shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge?" Yet in the same wonderful composition he tells us plainly

enough, and without any severity of rebuke, that London had its recreations and its lighter thoughts, amidst this "diligent alacrity in the pursuance of truth;" and that there were temptations which were only innocuous upon his principle that "he that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian." The following graphic description of some of the social aspects of London is a remarkable exception to Milton's usual style of writing; and it almost tempts us to withdraw the remarks with which we introduced this paper, in which we spoke too slightly of Milton's power as a painter of manners:—"If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth, but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what to say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and balconies, must be thought on; there are shrewd books, with dangerous frontispieces, set to sale; who shall prohibit them?—shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors, to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the ballatry and the gammut of every municipal fiddler; for these are the countryman's Arcadias, and his Monte Mayors. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony? who shall be the rector of our daily rioting? and what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harboured? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some sober work-masters, to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? Who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no farther? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state. To sequester out of the world into Atlantis and Utopian politics, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably."

Milton's reconciliation with his wife took place, it is recorded, in the house of a relation in St. Martin's-le-Grand. Committed as he was by his opinions on the general subject of divorce, he perhaps considered it fortunate that circumstances had prevented him acting upon them. He probably, had this trial been reserved to him, would have been an evidence of the hollowness of his own arguments. As it was, we hear no subsequent complaints; and his house afforded his wife's family a shelter when the advocates of the Royalist cause were exposed to persecution. It was in Barbican that Milton lived after his wife returned to him.

In 1647 Milton had again moved to a small house in Holborn, which opened

behind into Lincoln's Inn Fields. He here continued to work in the education of a few scholars :—

“ So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.”



[Barbican. Designed from old Maps and Elevations, temp. James and Charles I.]

But within two years Milton was called to higher occupation. In the Council-books at the State Paper Office, some extracts from which were first published in the preface to Dr. Sumner's translation of Milton's 'De Doctrina Christiana,' there is this entry, under date of November 12, 1649:—"Ordered that Sir John Hippesley is spoken to that Mr. Milton may be accommodated with the lodgings that he hath at Whitehall." And on the following 19th of November:—"That Mr. Milton shall have the lodgings that were in the hands of Sir John Hippesley in Whitehall, for his accommodation, as being secretary to the Council for Foreign Languages." Here, then, was Milton, after having written the 'Tenure of Kings and Magistrates,' and the 'Iconoclastes,' fixed upon the very spot where, according to his own account, a "most potent King, after he had trampled upon the laws of the nation, was finally, by the supreme council of the kingdom, condemned to die, and beheaded before the very gate of the royal palace;"* but where, according to those who took a different view of the matter, a "black tragedy was acted, which filled most hearts among us with consternation and

* Defensio pro Populo Anglicano.

horror." * After the sword was drawn and the scabbard thrown away, the Whitehall which Milton must have had in his mind when he wrote of

" Throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace,"

was deserted ; its courts were solitary, its chambers were vacant ; their hangings rotted on the walls ; their noble pictures were covered with dust and cobweb. Howell tells a remarkable story about the desolation of the favourite palace of James and Charles :—" I send you these following prophetic verses of Whitehall, which were made above twenty years ago to my knowledge, upon a book called ' Balaam's Ass,' that consisted of some invectives against King James and the court *in statu quo tunc*. It was composed by one Mr. Williams, a counsellor of the Temple, but a Roman Catholic, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Charing Cross for it ; and I believe there be hundreds that have copies of these verses ever since that time about the town yet living. They were these :—

' Some seven years since Christ rid to court,
And there he left his ass,
The courtiers kick'd him out of doors,
Because they had no grass :
The ass went mourning up and down,
And thus I heard him bray,—
If that they could not give me grass,
They might have given me hay :
But sixteen hundred forty-three,
Whosoe'er shall see that day,
Will nothing find within that court
But only grass and hay.'

Which was found to happen true in Whitehall, till the soldiers coming to quarter there trampled it down."

Milton was settled in Whitehall little more than two years. Within six months of his establishment there he received from the Council a warrant to the trustees and contractors for the sale of the King's goods, to deliver to him such hangings as should be sufficient for the furnishing of his lodgings. In 1651 the Council and the Committee of Parliament for Whitehall were at issue with regard to Milton's remaining in these lodgings ; and the Council appointed a Committee to endeavour with the Committee of Parliament, " that the said Mr. Milton may be continued where he is, in regard of the employment he is in to the Council, which necessitates him to reside near the Council." But he left these lodgings. From 1652, till within a few weeks of the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, he resided in Petty France, Westminster, in the house " next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James's Park." He held the office of Foreign Secretary till 1655. In April the 17th of that year the following entry is found in the Council-books :—" Ordered that the former yearly salary of Mr. John Milton, of two hundred and eighty-eight pounds, &c., formerly charged on the Council's contingencies, be reduced to one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and paid to him during his life out of his Highness's Exchequer." This reduced payment was no doubt a retiring pension to Milton ;

* Howell's Letters.

and the reasons for that retirement are sufficiently pointed out in his second sonnet to Skinner, written in 1655:—

“ Cyriack, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplid
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.”

The European fame of the author of the ‘*Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*’ was not overstated by the poet. Aubrey says, “He was mightily importuned to go into France and Italy; foreigners came much to see him and much admired him, and offered to him great preferments to come over to them; and the only inducement of several foreigners that came over into England was chiefly to see O. Protector and Mr. J. Milton; and would see the house and chamber where he was born. He was much more admired abroad than at home.” Milton must indeed have felt that, during the four or five years in which he communicated to foreign nations, in his own powerful and majestic style, the wishes and opinions of a strong and resolved government, he was filling a part which, however obnoxious might be his principles, could not forbear to command the respect of the highest-minded men of all countries. As Milton continued to reside in Westminster for several years after he had been compelled by blindness to resign his office, there is little doubt that his intimacy was close and confidential, not only with his own immediate friends, Marvell, and Skinner, and Harrington, who according to Anthony Wood belonged with him to the political club which met at the Turk's Head in Palace Yard—but with the more powerful leaders in the Commonwealth, and with “Cromwell, our chief of men.” The celebrity of the Rota Club gave rise probably to the assertion that “Milton and some other creatures of the Commonwealth had instituted the Calves' Head Club,”* which met on the 30th of January to revile the memory of Charles I. by profane ribaldry and mock solemnities. Milton, however stern a controversialist, was of too lofty a nature to stoop to such things. Pepys, in his Diary of January 1660, gives us a pretty adequate notion of the nature of the proceedings at this political club, the Rota, of which Harrington was the founder:—“I went to the Coffee Club, and heard very good discourse; it was in answer to Mr. Harrington's answer, who said that the state of the Roman government was not a settled government, and so it was no wonder that the balance of prosperity was in one hand, and the command in another, it being therefore always in a posture of war: but it was carried by ballot that it was a steady government, though it is true by the voices it had been carried before that it was an unsteady government; so to-morrow it is to be proved by the opponents that the balance lay in

* Secret History of the Calves' Head Club. Harleian Miscellany.

one hand and the government in another." All this, after the real business of the Long Parliament, looks like boys' play; but it was one mode by which the heat of political theorists quietly smouldered away without explosion. Wood says, "The discourses of the members about government and ordering a commonwealth were the most ingenious and smart that ever were heard; for the arguments in the Parliament House were but flat to them." Yet these smart and ingenious things told for little when the genius of Cromwell was no more. While Harrington was declaiming, Monk was bringing in Charles II. The Rump Parliament, which had overthrown the feeble government of Richard Cromwell, was very shortly after cast down by the force of popular opinion. Pepys describes the following city scene on the 11th of February, 1660, after Monk had bearded the Parliament:—"In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires; and Bow-bells and all the bells in all the churches were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen! the number of bonfires! there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar; and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty fires. In King Street seven or eight: and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps, there being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the Maypole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting." These were symptoms that could not be mistaken. In three months after Charles was on the throne; and Milton was proscribed. Up to the last moment he had lifted up his voice against what he called "the general defection of a misguided and abused multitude." In the 'Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth' we have almost his last words of solemn exhortation in connexion with public affairs:—"What I have spoken is the language of that which is not called amiss, the good old cause: if it seem strange to any, it will not seem more strange, I hope, than convincing to backsliders: thus much I should perhaps have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones, and had none to cry to but with the prophet, 'O earth, earth, earth!' to tell the very soil itself what her perverse inhabitants are deaf to. Nay, though what I have spoke should happen (which Thou suffer not who didst create mankind free! nor Thou next who didst redeem us from being servants of men!) *to be the last words of our expiring liberty.*" This was prophetic. For thirty years no such words were again heard; and in 'Paradise Lost' there is but one solitary allusion to his position, with reference to public affairs and public manners:—

" More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
 Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears

To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son."

Milton, upon the Restoration, was in hiding, it is said, at a friend's house in Bartholomew Close. He was well concealed; for the proclamation for his appre-



[Entrance to Bartholomew Close, from Smithfield. From various old Views and existing Remains.]

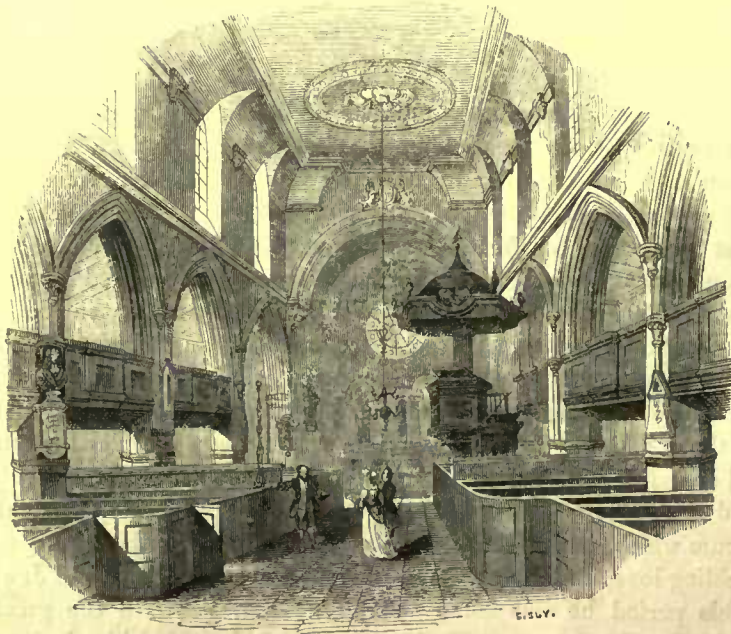
hension, and that of Goodwin, says, "The said John Milton and John Goodwin are so fled, or so obscure themselves, that no endeavours used for their apprehension can take effect, whereby they may be brought to legal trial, and deservedly receive condign punishment for their treasons and offences." Johnson thinks that the escape of Milton was favoured. Unquestionably his judicial murder would have been the most disgraceful act of the restored government. It is said that in 1650 Milton saved the royalist Davenant, and that in 1660 Davenant saved the republican Milton. Milton's 'Iconoclastes' and 'Defensio' were burnt by the common hangman; but he was rendered safe by the Act of Indemnity.

We have thus very hastily and imperfectly traced Milton through his public life. In the remaining fourteen years he was perhaps happier than in the confident and cheerful thoughts of his active existence. He was then truly "like a star, and dwelt apart." He was wholly devoted to the accomplishment of those great labours which he had shadowed forth in his youth. He clung to London with an abiding love, and from 1660 to 1665 he lived in Holborn and Jewin Street. During this period he completed 'Paradise Lost.' When the great plague broke out he found a retreat at Chalfont. From this period his abode, up to the time of his death in 1674, was in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields. It was here that Dryden visited him. Aubrey records this visit; and amongst "his familiar

learned acquaintance" mentions "Jo. Dryden, Esq., Poet Laureat, who very much admired him, and went to him to have leave *to put his 'Paradise Lost' into a drama in rhyme.* Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave *to tag his verses.*" This anecdote forms a link between Milton and his literary successors;—and here we stop.

We subjoin a note on the subject of the burial-place of Milton which we have received from the very ingenious artist and antiquary, Mr. Fairholt, whose drawings have often contributed to enrich these pages:—

In 1790, Philip Neve, the antiquary, published a pamphlet entitled 'A Narrative of the Disinterment of Milton's Coffin in the Parish Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, on Wednesday, the 4th of August, 1790.' After telling us that the particular spot of Milton's interment had for many years past been ascertained only by tradition, and that many of the principal parishioners had wished the coffin to be dug for, that the real fact might be established, Neve adds—"The entry among the burials in the register-book, 12th of November, 1674, is 'John Milton, gentleman, consumpcon, *chancell.*' The church of St. Giles was built in 1030, was burnt down (except the steeple) and rebuilt in 1545; was repaired in 1682, and again in 1710. In the repair of 1682 an alteration took place in the disposition of the inside of the church; the pulpit was removed from the second pillar, against which it stood, *north* of the chancel, to the *south* side of the present chancel, which was then formed, and pews were built over the old chancel. The tradition has always been that Milton was buried in the chancel, under the clerk's desk; but, the circumstance of the alteration in the church not having of late years been attended to, the clerk, sexton, and other officers of the parish have misguided inquirers by showing the spot under the clerk's desk *in its present position* as the place of Milton's interment." The parish officers, digging then where the pulpit formerly stood, discovered the coffin, but disturbed not the remains; but this was afterwards done by other parties who heard of the discovery. Mr. Fairholt adds, In my drawing I have represented the sexton pointing out the *right* spot to a lady and gentleman—a thing not done at present.



[Chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate.]



[Inner Gateway, Charter House.]

XXXIII.—THE CHARTER HOUSE.

ABOUT the middle of the fourteenth century a pestilence broke out in the heart of China, which, sweeping across the deserts of Cobi and the wilds of Tartary, found its way through the Levant, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Germany, France, and at last England, destroying at every step a large proportion of the population, and in some parts sweeping it entirely away. It entered England by the western coast, and, according to Stow, "scarce the tenth person of all sorts was left alive;" and as there were not sufficient labourers to till the soil,—

“ — All her husbandry *did* lie in heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.”

In London the state of things must have been frightful indeed, where the plague (which reached it in November, 1348) had to deal with a great population, packed as closely as possible in dirty, narrow, and ill-ventilated streets. The horrors of such a period have been made familiar to us by the genius of De Foe, in connection with a similar calamity, three centuries later; we shall not, therefore, dwell upon them here. But we may notice that, among the numerous characteristic features of the pestilence of 1348, was the appearance of a new species of fanaticism, which had its origin in Germany, and was brought hither by individuals of that country. These performed public penance; "sometime," says

Stow,* “in the church of St. Paul, sometime in other places of the city, twice in the day, in the sight of all the people, from the loins unto the heels covered in linen cloth, all the rest of their bodies bare, having on their heads hats with red crosses before and behind, every one in their right hands a whip with three cords, each cord having a knot in the midst, beat themselves on their bare bloody bodies, going in procession, four of them singing in their own language, all the other answering them.” The ordinary churchyards of the metropolis were soon filled, and it became necessary to choose out certain fields for a more wholesale kind of burial; of these the site of the present Charter House formed one of the principal. The benefactor in this instance was Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, who, having purchased the piece of land in question, then known as “No man’s land,” enclosed it with a brick wall, consecrated it, and built a church; “which,” says Stow, “remained till our time by the name of Pardon Churchyard, and served for burying such as desperately ended their lives, or were executed for felonies; who were fetched thither, usually in a close cart, bayled over, and covered with black, having a plain white cross thwarting, and at the fore-end a St. John’s cross without, and within a bell ringing by shaking of the cart, whereby the same might be heard when it passed; and this was called the Friary cart, which belonged to St. John’s, and had the privilege of sanctuary.” The church and churchyard, we may add, lay between the north wall of the Charter House in Wilderness Row, and Sutton Street. But the pestilence, still unsatiated, raged on; and this space being found insufficient, another individual stepped forward in the following year, and purchased about thirteen acres more of land that lay adjoining, called the Spittle Croft, afterwards the New Church Haw. It was consecrated, like the former piece, by the Bishop of London, and in it not less than fifty thousand persons were interred in that single year. The same benefactor caused a chapel to be built (about the centre of the present Charter House Square), where masses were offered up for the souls of those whom the plague had so suddenly cut off with all their imperfections on their head, “unhousel’d, unanointed, unanneal’d.” The individual to whom we have referred was Sir Walter Manny, one of those warriors of the martial age of Edward III., who was truly “The Mirror of Chivalry,” for in him was reflected its gracefulness, its bravery, its untainted and lofty sense of honour, and all the admirable qualities for which its admirers have given it credit, in their most consummate shape. Although a foreigner, his reputation is essentially English, and, whilst belonging to a class which general biography necessarily neglects, or briefly passes over, his life presents some unusually interesting passages. We shall not hesitate to dwell on these at some length, for the connection of Sir Walter Manny with the history of the Charter House is, as we shall perceive, peculiarly intimate, and a sketch of his life, therefore, can find no more appropriate place than in our pages.

He was born at the town of Manny, in Hainault, of which place he was lord, and came over to England in the train of Philippa of Hainault, on the marriage of that beautiful and estimable woman with Edward III. At the conclusion of the bridal ceremonies and feasting, most of the young Queen’s countrymen returned to Brabant; among the few who remained with her “was a youth,” says Froissart, “called Wantelet de Manny, to attend on and carve for her.” His

* Annals.

excellent qualities appear to have quickly engaged the attention of the King, who soon found him other employment than carving for ladies, made him a knight with great pomp, and ordered splendid robes for him, as a banneret, out of the great wardrobe. In 1337 he was sent by Edward to France as ambassador, and the importance of the mission (Edward was now seeking occasion to lay claim to the French throne) reveals to us the position of the messenger. War broke out, and Sir Walter was made Admiral of the North, and whilst holding that post fought with his royal master the desperate naval engagement off Sluys, where, the ships being fastened together with grappling-irons and chains, the enemies fought hand to hand with their swords, pikes, and battle-axes, and the English obtained so complete a victory that none of the French king's ministers dared to break the news to him. "The English are but cowards," at last said his fool to him. "How so?" asked the King; "Because," replied the fool, "they had not the courage to leap into the sea like the French and Normans at Sluys." We shall not attempt to enumerate the many occasions in which Sir Walter Manny distinguished himself, but pass on to the more important. At the cessation of the temporary armistice concluded between the two kings, the first act of Edward was to send Sir Walter Manny with a body of troops across the seas to relieve the lady whom Froissart characterizes as having the courage of a man and the heart of a lion—the Countess de Montfort. Her husband, having failed in obtaining a formal sanction of his right to the Duchy of Brittany from Philip King of France, had transferred his vassalage to Edward, and in consequence been treacherously made prisoner by the former. Charles de Blois, Montfort's rival in the Duchy, endeavoured with the assistance of the French to obtain possession of the country, but he found it most gallantly defended by the Countess. Being shut up with an insufficiency of provisions in the castle of Hennebon, she was however reduced to such extremities, that the chief persons about her were on the eve of surrendering, when the English ships were seen in the distance. Sir Walter landed with the first body of troops, and was received with enthusiastic gratitude by the fair and gallant Countess. She dressed up chambers in the castle with beautiful tapestry for him and his officers' use, and dined at table with them. On the following day "after the entertainment Sir Walter Manny inquired of the Countess the state of the town and of the enemy's army. Upon looking out of the window, he said he had a great inclination to destroy that large machine which was placed so near, and much annoyed them, if any would second him. Sir Yves de Tresiquidi replied that he would not fail him in this his first expedition; as did also the lord of Landreman. They went to arm themselves, and then sallied quietly out of one of the gates, taking with them three hundred archers, who shot so well that those who guarded the machine fled, and the men at arms who followed the archers, falling upon them, slew the greater part, and broke down and cut in pieces the large machine. They then dashed in among the tents and huts, set fire to them, and killed and wounded many of their enemies before the army was in motion. After this they made a handsome retreat. When the enemy were mounted and armed they galloped after them like madmen. Sir Walter Manny, seeing this, exclaimed, 'May I never be embraced by my mistress and dear friend if I enter castle or fortress before I have unhorsed one of those gal-

lopers.' He then turned round, and pointed his spear towards the enemy, as did the two brothers of Land-Halle, le Haze de Brabant, Sir Yves de Tresiquidi, Sir Galeran de Landreman, and many others, and spitted the first coursers. Many legs were made to kick the air. Some of their own party were also unhorsed. The conflict became very furious, for reinforcements were perpetually coming from the camp, and the English were obliged to retreat towards the castle, which they did in good order until they came to the castle ditch; there the knights made a stand until all their men were safely returned. . . . The Countess of Montfort came down from the castle to meet them, and with a most cheerful countenance kissed Sir Walter de Manny and all his companions, one after the other, like a noble and valiant dame."* The siege was soon raised, and then renewed a few months later; but Sir Walter, by a brilliant sortie, drove the enemy once more away in disgrace. In the mean time he had defeated the Lord Lewis of Spain at Quimperlé, who had six thousand soldiers under his command, nearly every man of whom was cut to pieces, whilst Manny had not above half the number. Later in the war he accompanied the Earl of Derby into Gascony, where, whilst they were waiting in a wood, in the neighbourhood of the enemy, for the arrival of the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Walter Manny instigated his fellow-warriors to make an immediate attack, and which ended in the brilliant affair known by the name of the battle before Auberoche, where a thousand English defeated ten thousand French, and nine earls and viscounts were made prisoners, and so many barons, knights, and squires, that there was not a man at arms among the English that had not for his share two or three. In this expedition, whilst the English were lying before the castle of Reole, Sir Walter Manny fulfilled an act of parental duty in finding out and removing the remains of his father, who had been murdered, it is supposed by the relation of a man whom he had overthrown and fatally injured at a tournament. The wonderful battle of Cressy took place whilst Manny was absent, and deep no doubt was his mortification at the circumstance. He determined, however, immediately to join his King, and having obtained, in place of a ransom for an important prisoner, a safe-conduct from the Duke of Normandy to "King Edward at the siege of Calais," set out for that place. On the way he was arrested, taken to Paris, and there thrown into the prison of the Chatelet; Philip being no doubt mightily pleased at the prize he had obtained. But his son, the Duke of Normandy, insisted on the due performance of the promise that had been given, and Sir Walter was released, with marks of unusual honour and many presents. The latter were only received on condition of Edward's approval, which was not given, accordingly they were returned. We now approach the most interesting incidents of Manny's career, his conduct during and after the siege of Calais. This was at the period in question a place of incredible strength, as we may judge from the long duration of the siege. Sir Walter had here a narrow escape. Whilst engaged one day in a foraging party he was unhorsed, surrounded, and on the very eve of destruction, although performing, unhorsed and crippled in his movements as he was, prodigies of valour, when the Earl of Pembroke and others rescued him. The King of France endeavoured to relieve Calais; but, finding all the approaches too strongly fortified, withdrew, and left the brave garrison to its fate; which,

* Froissart.

after a defence of eleven months, having now not even any horses, dogs, or other unclean animals left to eat, hung out a flag of capitulation. Sir Walter Manny went, and the Governor earnestly begged him to make the best terms he could; but Edward, enraged at what he esteemed their obstinacy, which had cost him so much, refused all conditions whatever, and demanded the surrender of the place, and of its inhabitants, to do as he pleased with. The chivalrous character of Sir Walter never shone so brightly as now. He set the example of pleading for the unhappy inhabitants, and many other commanders followed it. "I will not be alone against you all," said the King. "Sir Walter, you will tell the captain that six of the notable burgesses must come forth naked in their shirts, bare legged, with halters round their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands. On these I will do my will, and the rest I will take to my mercy." What followed,—the universal distress in the town, through the hopelessness of finding persons to go willingly to death for its salvation,—the noble devotion of St. Pierre and his associates,—are all too well known for us to repeat them here; they are transactions that have sunk deeply into the world's heart. When the six were admitted to Edward's presence, they prostrated themselves before him, and besought mercy. All the barons, knights, and others who were there present shed tears of pity, but the King, says Froissart, eyed them very spitefully, for much did he hate the people of Calais; and then he commanded that their heads be struck off. Every Englishman entreated him to be more merciful, but he would not hear them. Then once more stepped forward Sir Walter Manny, and said, "Ah, gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger; you have the reputation of great nobleness of soul, do not therefore tarnish it by such an act as this, nor allow any one to speak in a disgraceful manner of you. In this instance all the world will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such respectable persons, who of their own free will have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens." Even this bold and energetic appeal failed to turn the stern King from his vindictive purpose; and it was left, not unfitly, to Sir Walter's beautiful mistress to avert from Edward's memory an infamy that would for ever have tarnished his fame. It was the year after these events that the plague broke out, and Sir Walter purchased the piece of ground we have mentioned. What trains of thought and feeling could have led such a man as Sir Walter Manny to feel an interest in the progress of one of the most rigid of the religious orders, and to found an establishment in connection with it, is difficult to say; scarcely less so, we should add, is the choice of the lands before mentioned, with their countless thousands of skeletons, but that on reflection it appears not improbable that some of the good monks themselves, who were to form part of the community, objecting to the luxuries of pure air and an eligible site, chose the place in question. At all events, in connection with the then Bishop of London, Simon Sudbury, he, about 1371, founded there a house of twenty-four Carthusian monks,* a branch of the Benedictines, whose rule, with the addition of many new austerities, they followed. Their founder, Bruno, first established the order at Chartreux, in the French district of Grenoble, about 1080, whence the houses of the order were called Chartreux-houses, gradually corrupted, as in the present case, into Charter-houses. The Carthusians

* His original idea was of forming a college for a warden, dean, and twelve secular priests.

first came into England about 1180. Of the sort of life these men thought it a matter of religion to lead we may judge from their rules, which prohibited the eating of flesh, and of fish *unless it was given to them*, and which in addition set apart one day in each week for a fast on bread, water, and salt, which compelled them to sleep upon a piece of cork, with a single blanket to cover them, to rise at midnight to sing their matins, and which permitted none but the Prior and Proctor to go beyond the bounds of the monastery, and they only on the indispensable business of the house. Their habit was all white, with the exception of a cloak, which was black. The purchases of land for burials before mentioned were now given to the new establishment, and Sir Walter Manny bought an additional ten acres, lying contiguous, from the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem. Sir Walter's charter is still preserved in the evidence-room of the present establishment. Among the numerous classes for whom it directs prayers to be said are mentioned the souls of all those who had died by Sir Walter's hands. John Lustote was made the first Prior, and the Priory itself received the appellation of the "Salutation of the Mother of God." The monastery was no doubt a splendid place, in accordance with the munificence of the founder, and the general custom with regard to the Chartreux-houses; for the monks seemed to delight in the contrast which the house of God presented to their own mean and humble condition. If Sir Walter lived to see the completion of his pious work it was all that was permitted to him, for he died in 1372; "for which," says Froissart, "all the barons and knights of England were much afflicted, on account of the loyalty and prudence they had always found in him. He was buried with great pomp in the monastery of the Carthusians: his funeral was attended by the King, his children, and the barons and prelates of England." An alabaster tomb, like that of Sir John Beauchamp at St. Paul's, was by his own direction placed over his remains in the choir of the convent-chapel.

From its foundation to the period preceding its dissolution the history of the monastery is a blank; and it would have been well for its unhappy inmates if the even but dull tenor of their lives had been unbroken in upon any further than by the event—itsself sufficiently alarming—which was to throw them upon the wide world in their old age to seek new modes of existence, whilst in the highest degree unfitted for such tasks by their previous habits. But a different fate awaited them. Of all the incidents of that mighty revolution there are none more painfully interesting than the struggles of this little band of devoted religionists. They stood foremost in the breach when Henry attacked the old religion in what they esteemed its most vital point, the Papal Supremacy: they positively refused to take the oaths required. The Prior, Houghton, and the Proctor, Middlemore, were immediately sent to the Tower; but, being there terrified into a temporary submission, submitted to what was required of them. Three "most wise, learned, and discreet men," with the name of governors, were now appointed; who, on taking possession, assembled the officers, monks, and servants before them, and graciously assured all present that their most excellent Prince had, in his mercy and compassion, pardoned all their heresies and treasons committed to that day, and that they were at liberty to *purchase* this emanation of pity under the great seal. They added that death would follow the commission of new offences. The keys of the convent were demanded from the

Proctor and other officers, who were at the same time told that all receipts and payments would in future be the business of the governors only, who would be accountable to the King. The worst feature of this arrangement was the inquisitorial power given to the governors of examining each of the monks separately as to his own opinions or the opinions of his fellows, and of threatening him with punishment, or tempting him with promises of dispensation if he broke his vows and left the order, with a small stipend for a year or two till he could find employment. It is more easy to imagine than to describe the wretchedness that three such men must have caused among a little fraternity whose lives had been spent in peace and harmony. No one knew whether the man in whom he had hitherto confided his most secret thoughts was not a spy upon him, communicating daily each unguarded or desperate word to the Triad of Governors. There were, however, high principles at work among these humble monks; the very austerity of their habits made them think little of the pains that mortal hands could inflict upon them; and most probably from these combined causes a courage truer, because less full of encouraging stimulants, than that which adorns the battle-field, sprang up among the peaceful cloisters. However mistaken in their views, their conduct must excite our admiration, their sufferings our pity. Although by this time the character of the sovereign was known to them, they appear to have deliberated, as though what appeared to them right, rather than what was politic, was the only matter they had to decide. The first blood shed on the scaffold in the pursuance of Henry's determination to overbear all opposition to his purpose of being declared Supreme Head of the Church, was that of the Prior, Houghton, who had grown bolder, and we might add more worthy of the conscientious men he had governed. On the 5th of May, 1535, he, Augustine Webster, Prior of the Charter House of Belval, Thomas Lawrence, Prior of the Charter House of Exham, who made common cause with him, and Richard Reynolds, a monk of Sion, and John Hailes, vicar of Thistleworth (Isleworth), both of whom had been originally members of the London Charter House, were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, their heads being afterwards set over the city gates, and one of the quarters of Houghton's body over the gate of his own monastery. It was with this ghastly spectacle continually before their eyes that they had to maintain their fortitude against the assaults of friends and foes, each eager to move them from their position, though from very different motives. But being still immoveable, some more of their number were executed in the month following, when the atrocities of the law were carried out in all their sickening horrors. The wretched men were cut down whilst living, their bowels were then torn out, and lastly they were beheaded and dismembered, and the dissevered parts exposed as before in different places in the city. About this period several curious communications took place between the monks of Sion and those of the Charter House, in which the confessor-general of the former, Father Fewterer, who, having conformed himself, was naturally anxious to induce others to keep him in countenance, endeavoured to persuade the latter to submit. Among other arguments he states that he has "found by the word and will of God, both in the Old and New Testament, great truths for our Prince, and for the Bishop of Rome nothing at all." He concludes with the exhortation—"Therefore die not for the cause; save yourselves and your

house; live long, and live well, to the honour of God; wealthy by your prayers, and edifying by your life to the people. Subject yourselves to your noble Prince, get his gracious favour by your duty doing to his grace." Other and, it was hoped, more persuasive tongues were also sought by the governors. In a letter written by one of them, Jasper Ffyloll, and sent, it is supposed, to Cromwell, the former states,—“In the beginning of August last past my lord of Canterbury” (Cranmer) “sent for two monks here, Rochester and Rawlins; his lordship sent Rochester home again” (finding him untractable, we suppose), “but he keepeth Rawlins still with him, and I understand he hath changed his habit to secular priest’s clothing, and eateth flesh. I know that some of them, and I think that divers most of them, would be glad to be licensed to do the same. . . . Master John Maidwell, commonly called the Scottish friar,” was now introduced; and “then I entreated Rochester and four or five of the monks to be contented to hear him preach one sermon among them one day that week, where-with they were then contented, but on the next day, when they had spoken with the other brothers, they sent me word that I should not bring him among them; therefore, if I so did, they would not hear him, because they heard tell of him that he preached against the honouring of images and saints, and that he was a blasphemers of saints; and I said that I marvelled much of them, for there can be no greater heresy in any man (especially in a religious man) than to say that he cannot preach the word of God, neither will not hear it preached; and they say that they will read their doctors and go no farther; and I told them that such doctrines had made some of their company to be strong traitors, and traitorously to suffer death.” The writer adds, in a significant postscript, that he has sent a list of the names of the monks, before each of which he placed the initial letters G. and B., to distinguish the liege men from the traitors. The date of this epistle is September 5, 1535. In another letter to Cromwell, Jasper Ffyloll makes a brilliant discovery as to the cause of the obstinacy of the Carthusians. “It is no great marvel though many of these monks have heretofore offended God and the King by their foul errors, for I have found in the Prior and Proctor’s cells three or four sundry printed books from beyond the sea, of as foul errors and heresies as may be, and not one or two books be new printed alone, but hundreds of them; wherefore, by your mastership’s favour, it seemeth to be more necessary that these cells be better searched, for I can perceive few of them but they have great pleasure in reading of such erroneous doctrines, and little or none in reading of the New Testament, or in other good book.” The poor monks were during all this time confined to the cloisters, and no one could see or speak to them without a licence from their governors. Jasper Ffyloll continues his zealous attentions; and as nothing was too high or too low for him, turns from the spiritual interests of the monks to their temporal—from the rebellious cloister to the wasteful buttery:—“I learn among these lay-brothers that heretofore when all victual was at a convenient price, and also when they were fewer persons in number than they now be, the Proctor hath accounted for one thousand and fifty-one pounds a-year, their rent being but six hundred and forty-two pounds four shillings. Of which (the extra) cost in fare, buildings, and other, was then borne of the benevolence and charity of the city of London. And they (the monks), not regarding this dearth, neither the increase



[The Cloisters, Charter House.]

of their superfluous number, neither yet the decay of the said benevolence and charity, would have and hath that same fare continued that then was used, and would have plenty of bread and ale and fish given to strangers in the buttery and at the buttery-door, and as large distributions of bread and ale to all their servants and to vagabonds* at the gate as was then used; which cannot be. Wherefore, under the favour of your worship, it seemeth to be much necessary to diminish either the number or dainty fare, and also the superfluous gift of bread and ale.

“These Charter House monks would be called solitary, but to the cloister-door there be twenty-four keys, in the hands of twenty-four persons, and it is like many letters unprofitable, tales and tidings, cometh and goeth by reason thereof. Also to the buttery-door there be twelve sundry keys, in twelve men’s hands, wherein seemeth to be small husbandry. Now is the time of the year when provision was wont to be made of ling, haberdens, and other salt store, and also of their winter vesture to their bodies and to their beds, and for fuel to the cells; wherein I tarry till I may know your mastership’s pleasure therein. I think, under correction of your mastership, that it were very necessary to remove the eleven lay-brothers from the buttery, and set eleven temporal persons in that room, and likewise in the kitchen, for in those eleven offices lie waste of the house.” A month later Jasper Ffyloll, growing more impatient, proposed to turn out all the obstinate, and to compel the lay-brothers

* The word vagabond is here applied to travellers, who frequently found accommodation at religious houses. It is certainly, as Malcolm has noticed, a most amiable trait in the Carthusians, and one that only a Jasper Ffyloll could have helped sympathising with, that, whilst their establishment was threatened with utter ruin, and their very lives in danger, they should still be anxious for the performance of the duties of hospitality.

(who were as heretical as the monks, and annoyed the worthy governor by carrying messages to and from the confined brethren) and the steward to dine on flesh in the Refectory, and to admit such of the monks as wished it to partake. Fresh exhortations were tried with no better effect than before. "Master Bedyll and Mr. Dr. Crome, in their vacation time, called Rochester and Fox before them, and gave them marvellous good exhortations by the space of an hour or more, but it prevailed nothing." William Marshall also distributed twenty-four copies to as many monks, of a work entitled 'The Defence of Peace,' which the latter consented to receive only on condition of being permitted or commanded to read them by the Prior. Three days after, twenty-three of the books were returned unread; and, although John Rochester was prevailed on to keep the twenty-fourth for four or five days, he then buried it, "*which*," says the malignant Ffyloll, "*is good matter to lay to them at the time when you shall be to visit them.*" The catastrophe now indeed rapidly approached. In all, six only of the brethren appear to have been seduced into conformity with the King's desires. Two of these, named Broke and Burgoyne, wrote to Father Fewterer, to inform him that his precepts had prevailed with them; and as to the rest of the convent they add, "Glad would we be to hear that they would surrender their wits and consciences to you, that they might come home, and, as bright lanterns, show the light of religious constitution among us." A third, Andrew Bord, wrote a letter of justification to his brethren, explaining that he had discovered his age to be at variance with the strict rules of the order, and that the confined air of his cell was injurious to his health. Ten monks still remained; and all as steadfast to their faith as if they had seen their brethren conducted to the highest worldly dignities and honours, instead of to the grim scaffold; and the fate of these men is perhaps the most pitiable. They were kept in prison, a prey to the most horrible tyranny, neglect, filth, and despair, till they all with one exception died off under the treatment, when it was boasted by Mr. Bedle that the traitors were despatched "*by the hand of God*;" and he adds, "whereof, considering their behaviour and the whole matter, I am not sorry, but would that all such as love not the King's highness and his worldly honour were in like case." The one who survived was got rid of summarily by executing him some years later. From the same kindly and Christianlike letter, dated 14th June, 1537, we also find that a new Prior had been appointed, Trafford, whom he recommends as one of the best of men, who had done everything to convince the monks, *and with success*, that they ought to surrender the house, and rely upon the King's mercy and experienced grace. The convincer's own conviction, however, appears to have been not of a very unstable kind, for Bedle adds, significantly, "I beseech you, my good lord, that the said Prior may be so entreated, by your help, that he be not sorry and repent that he hath feared and followed your sore words and my gentle exhortations." Trafford received for his obsequiousness the magnificent yearly pension of twenty pounds; the value of the revenues that the King at the same time obtained possession of being, as we have seen, six hundred and forty-two pounds four shillings.

The history of the Charter House naturally divides itself into three periods: that of the Monastery, which we have now concluded, that of the occupation of

the place after the dissolution till its purchase by Sutton, and that of the establishment and state of the present magnificent institution. We proceed now with its history during the second period. In 1542 the site was granted by Henry to John Brydges, yeoman of the King's "hales* and tents," and Thomas Hall, groom of the "hales and tents;" and three years afterwards to Sir Edward (afterwards Lord) North, an eminent lawyer and statesman, who rose from an humble origin to the rank he obtained. Hall and Brydges received an annuity of ten pounds for surrendering all claims upon the Chartreuse. This is a curious piece of business, and was no doubt the result of some exquisite finessing on the part of Sir Edward North; for it appears that it was whispered to the monarch's ear that he had been imposed upon with regard to the property. He was immediately sent for by the enraged King, who expressed in the broadest manner the nature of his suspicions. Sir Edward, by his humble and most respectful manner, soon conciliated the King, and left the court with his head and the Charter House both safe. The first great alteration in the aspect of the Charter House was now doubtless made to fit the old monastery for a noble residence. There it was that Elizabeth was brought within two days after her accession, and stayed for some time; and again, in 1561, after she had dismissed its owner from the Privy Council, she spent four days at the Charter House. By the second Lord North the estate was sold in 1565 for two thousand five hundred pounds to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who made it his principal residence, and rebuilt a considerable portion of the place. The existing buildings of the Charter House therefore are mostly of his erection. The period of the Duke's occupation was to him a very eventful one. He was then meditating a marriage with Mary Queen of Scots, and her restoration to her kingdom. The jealous Elizabeth, at an early stage of the business, obtained some inkling of his wishes, and more than once mentioned the matter to him. The Duke assured her no such project had originated with him, nor did he approve of it. "But," said the artful Queen, "though you now mislike of it, yet you may perchance be induced to like of it for the benefit of the realm, and for mine own security." The Duke replied "that no reason could move him to like of her that hath been a competitor to the crown; and if her Majesty would move him thereto he would rather be committed to the Tower, for he never meant to marry with such a person where he could not be sure of his pillow." Elizabeth had here met with her match in dissimulation; it would have been impossible to have said anything under the circumstances that could have better pleased or satisfied her. Not the less, however, did Norfolk pursue his schemes, which, on the discovery of a secret correspondence with Mary, brought him to the Tower in 1569. There he remained for nearly twelve months, when, the plague beginning to "wax hot," he was allowed to remove to the Charter House, under the custody of Sir Henry Nevil. Here, tempted on the one hand by the splendour of the match and the beauty of his promised bride, and rendered reckless on the other by Elizabeth's harsh usage, he renewed his correspondence with Mary; and (which, if true, is a much more serious stain upon his character) opened a correspondence with the King of Spain to land an army in England and overthrow Elizabeth in favour of the Scottish Queen. But this latter charge was never satisfactorily

* Trammels or nets.

proved. His conviction for treason on the different charges adduced against him was brought about by the discovery of the key to the cipher of his letters under the roofing tiles of the Charter House. He was condemned, and executed on the 2nd of June, 1572, on Tower Hill; though it was not until after three warrants had been issued and recalled that the Queen could make up her mind to send to the block a nobleman so popular, who possessed so many estimable qualities, and who, besides being her kinsman, had enjoyed her close friendship for many years. It is so far to her credit that she did not entirely forget these circumstances; the Duke's estates, of course, as usual, reverted to the crown, but she subsequently restored them to his descendants. In the division of the property, the Charter House fell to the share of Lord Thomas Howard, who, for his father's sufferings in connection with Mary, was much caressed by that unfortunate Queen's son, James, a monarch of whom it may be said, both in condemnation and praise, that, if he did nothing for his unhappy mother whilst alive, he certainly exhibited his gratitude after her execution to those who had rendered her assistance. On his entry into London in 1603 he showed his great respect for the Duke of Norfolk by going direct to visit his son at the Charter House, and was conducted thither in a splendid procession from Stamford Hill through Islington. Being magnificently entertained, he kept his court there four days, during which upwards of eighty gentlemen were knighted. Nor did his gratitude rest with these comparatively empty significations. He made his host Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain of his Household, Lord Treasurer of England, and Knight of the Garter. Here we conclude the second period of our history.

In looking at the respective characters of the two individuals who play so important a part in the annals of the Charter House, one cannot avoid being forcibly struck by the contrast between the chivalry of War and Bloodshed, and that of Peace and Benevolence. A truly noble-hearted and high-principled man was Sir Walter Manny; yet all his admirable qualities, and those of men like him, served but to shed a deceitful glare over the ruined towns and villages that tracked their path, or at best to alleviate the woes they themselves made. How different the chivalry of Thomas Sutton! Even whilst with steady far-sighted economy he went on heaping up the riches that were to gladden the hearts of hundreds through generation after generation,—instead of blood or tears, the sighs of breaking hearts, or the curses of despairing ones, he left behind him the natural blessings that follow in the train of united wealth, industry, and honour. He was, in every sense but the fighting one, a perfect knight. It is true he thought to please God rather by helping to keep his creatures alive than by saying masses for them when dead; it is no less so that his devotion to the sex exhibited itself merely in his arrangements for giving them better husbands, sons, and parents; and, lastly, his “unspotted honour” was only known by the somewhat vulgar characteristic that made his word as acceptable as his bond. Yet, as the sagacious discovery has been made, and, to a considerable extent of late years, generally admitted, that to educate and feed men is better than to cut them down or blow them up, we do not anticipate much objection to our remark that Thomas Sutton was alike an ornament to the knightly, philanthropic, and mercantile characters. But Sir Thomas was also a brave man,—we do not mean in a moral sense merely, that is evident: no great

work was ever conducted through half the difficulties that attended the establishment of the Charter House hospital and school, without a great deal of that truest kind of courage,—but in the martial sense he achieved some reputation; for, on the breaking out of the northern rebellion in 1569, he was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance in the North during life; and in 1573 he commanded in person one of the batteries employed in the reduction of Edinburgh Castle. Prior to this period the events of his life may be summarily dismissed. He was born at Knaith, in the county of Lincoln, in 1531, his father being steward of the courts belonging to the corporation of the city of Lincoln. He is supposed to have received his education at Eton and Cambridge, to have removed from Cambridge to Lincoln's Inn, and there entered himself as a student, and then to have travelled abroad for some years, acquiring in the chief countries of the Continent an intimate acquaintance with their commercial policy and different languages: information that contributed greatly to his ultimate prosperity. He returned in 1562, when he found himself joint heir with his mother to considerable property, left by the elder Sutton, who died in 1558. He appears now to have been retained for some time about the person of the Duke of Norfolk, both of them subsequent possessors of the Charter House,—a curious coincidence, unless, what is very probable, his connection with the Duke led to a similar connection with the Duke's son, the Earl of Suffolk, from whom he afterwards purchased the Charter House. By the recommendation of the Duke of Norfolk he became secretary to the Earl of Warwick, through whose influence he obtained the appointment we have before mentioned. The first great source of Sir Thomas's wealth was the lease that he obtained of the manors of Gateshead and Wickham, near Newcastle, wherein several fine veins of coal were discovered, and worked so advantageously, that in a few years fifty thousand pounds profit, it is said, was made. In 1582 he married Elizabeth, widow of John Dudley, of Stoke Newington; a lady who, if we may judge from a passage in one of her letters to him that has been preserved, was happily suited to him. The passage is as follows:—"There is in all of the wheat dressed fifteen quarters three bushels since you went, and now they are about your best wheat: good Mr. Sutton, I beseech you remember the first for the poor folk, and God will reward you." Their town residence at this period was an ancient stone mansion at Broken Wharf, formerly possessed by his patrons, the Norfolk family. About or soon after his marriage he commenced his mercantile pursuits, and rapidly achieved an immense fortune. There is an interesting tradition attached to the Charter House, of an important connection between Sutton and the delaying of the Spanish Armada, which was unable to sail at the time arranged, owing to the return by the Bank of Genoa of certain bills of the Spanish king's. This affair was managed by an Englishman; and Sir Thomas Gresham has had the honour of it, but certainly without any just claim, as he had been dead some years prior to the event. There is every probability therefore that the Charter House is right in attributing the affair to the influence of Sutton, unquestionably the richest merchant of his day. And he had to pay dearly for the reputation he thus obtained, for his friends and acquaintances seem to have turned their intimacy to the best account. Piles of unpaid bonds yet exist among his papers which had their origin in this manner, as well as a variety of letters from

persons who, as Malcolm justly observes, seem "to have considered him a mere dotard, ready to throw his gold to avert the threats of Heaven's vengeance they lavished on him in case of his denial." Here is a specimen of the sort of missives Sir Thomas Sutton was accustomed to receive when he did not choose to lend his money. It is an extract from a letter written by one Anne Lawrence:—

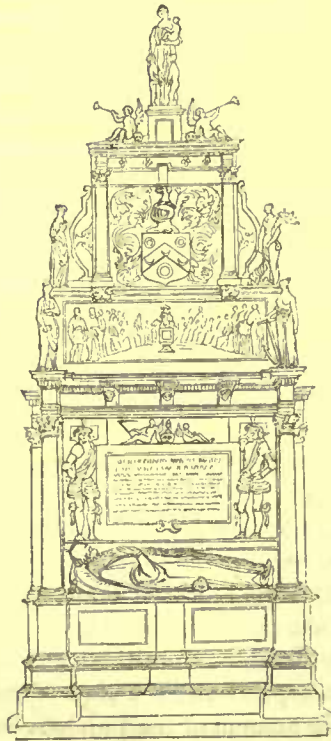
"Before I knew you, report gave me much assurance of your Christian disposition, which emboldened me to be a suitor unto you for the lending me two hundred pounds, acquainting you with my occasions to use the same. . . . And because I now conceive you are too worldly affected, or else too much drawn or carried away by the persuasions of some from doing that good whilst you are living which in the end will be best for yourself, I have, chiefly for your good and partly for my own, wrote this, which I pray you read and consider well of, for it is truth without dissimulation, and such as, if the eyes of your soul be not stark blind, the ears of your heart quite deaf, and your conscience sealed up to sin, you shall find to be better treasure, by me a poor gentlewoman and a maid willingly gathered to bestow on you, than such as I desired to borrow of you, or all the like this world affords." This bashful maid and humble-minded gentlewoman then proceeds to favour the wicked Sir Thomas with a number of quotations from Scripture, amusing, like the rest of her letter, from the consummate impudence of their application. Towards the conclusion of her epistle a couple of parables are introduced, of which we transcribe the last:—"There was a country," she says, "where the commons did choose their King, and at their pleasure would banish him into a far country almost naked; but one King, more wise than the rest, so soon as he was chosen, sent continued provision into that country where he should go; that, when his own people did banish him, he might be royally received, and live most princely there. Even so *you* may now provide in this world, that, when Death comes for you, God, his angels and saints, may joyfully receive you into heaven; wherefore without further delay tender your own soul's good; live godly, and remember that death will steal upon you as a thief; also that the late Lord Treasurer, who no doubt hoped to live as long as you, was suddenly sent for. I need not tell you that Sir John Spencer" (the rich Spencer) "is dead, who if before he died had given away but the twentieth part of his worldly wealth to the poor and needy members of Christ, had done a heavenly deed upon earth, for which his soul would now undoubtedly have had a heavenly reward," &c. This to the man of whom Fuller says, "I can confidently affirm, from the mouth of one that heard it from a credible witness, who heard it himself and told it me, Mr. S. used often to repair unto a private garden, where he poured forth his prayers to God, and was frequently overheard to use this expression:—'Lord, thou hast given me a large and liberal estate; give me also a heart to make use thereof!'"—or to the man who was accustomed in dear years of grain to buy large quantities, and then retail it again at lower prices to the poor! A letter of a different kind will be read with interest, were it only for the fact stated in it:—"Right Worshipful,—I am a musician, who formerly have brought up noblemen's daughters, as well knights' and gentlemen's daughters, in the art of music; who through a long continuance of sickness (my scholars, which were my only stay and sole main-

tenance, being long since departed into the country and not yet returned) am for want of scholars brought into such pinching penury as that I am not able to protect myself, much less my wife and children. And, hearing of the generous report of your worship's worthiness and worthy disposition *towards distressed gentlemen, to scholars and men of art*, chose rather to set my sorrows to sale to so worshipful a gentleman as yourself, being endued with wisdom, mercy, and charitable commiseration, than to break forth my miseries to any inferior person. Thus craving your worship's patience for this very bold attempt, not without blushing cheeks, I cease. John Hardinge, 1611." The result is not known; but who can doubt but that such a letter to such a man would be as successful as the writer could have dared to hope? Among other applications mentioned by Malcolm, one prays for assistance in his marriage, a second to prevent her brother's dead body from being arrested for debt, a third offers to shed his blood in return, and a fourth, a shipwrecked man, solicits relief between two scraps of Latin. Among the borrowers we may mention her gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth for one hundred pounds. The gratitude of those Sir Thomas had obliged found some peculiar modes of development. The Earl of Essex, who was a frequent suitor, sometimes for as little as fifty pounds, ordered his parkkeeper to send him during his lifetime a buck in summer and a doe in winter; whilst a poor gardener turned poet for the occasion, and sent him the following lines:—

" Plant, Lord, in him the tree of godly life,
 Hedge him about with thy strong fence of faith;
 And if it please thee use thy pruning-knife,
 Lest that, O Lord, as a good gardener saith,
 If suckers draw the sap from boughs on high,
 The top of tree in time perhaps may die."

In May, 1611, all that large class of persons who took such a kindly interest in Sir Thomas's affairs, and who, above all, were greatly troubled as to the disposal of his money, had their anxieties allayed by the news that he was about to establish a magnificent charitable institution. On the 9th of that month he purchased the Charter House from the Earl of Suffolk and his relatives, for thirteen thousand pounds; but his kind friends had not done with him even then. No sooner had he taken possession of the place but the Lady Berkeley solicited permission for herself and ten servants to reside there during the summer months, as she found her house in Barbican too close and unhealthy for the season! Sir Thomas, after great delays and much anxiety, had obtained, in 1609, an act of Parliament for the erection of his hospital and school at Hallingbury Bouchers, Essex, which place he had first chosen. On the alteration of the site, fresh delay took place, and he had to encounter considerable opposition; and at last he was obliged to pay for the king's charter of incorporation; the Earl of Suffolk's promised influence being considered in fixing the amount of the purchase-money. He had intended to have made himself the first governor of the institution; but the infirmities of age were now fast increasing upon him; so he named the Rev. John Hutton, vicar of Littlebury, in Essex, to the office. A slow fever about the same time seizing him, he made haste to arrange the affairs of the hospital on a safe and prosperous foundation. On the 1st of November he conveyed all the estates specified in the

letters patent, which not only included the Charter House itself, but also upwards of twenty manors and lordships, with many other valuable estates, in the counties of Essex, Lincoln, Wilts, Cambridge, and Middlesex, to the governors, in trust for the Hospital. Well might Fuller call this gift "the masterpiece of Protestant English charity!" On the day following he completed his will, in which, among other items, was one of two thousand pounds to the Queen, "most humbly beseeching her to stand a good and gracious lady to his poor wife." This of course was written before 1602, for in that year Mrs. Sutton died. Sir Thomas himself died at Hackney, on the 12th of December, 1611, aged seventy-nine years. His body was embalmed; and Newcomb, in his 'Repertorium,' says that six thousand persons attended the funeral, and that the procession from Dr. Law's house in Paternoster Row, where the corpse had been rested, to Christ Church (where he was temporarily interred during the completion of the chapel of the hospital), lasted six hours. A splendid feast was subsequently given by his executors at Stationers' Hall, which cost £159 9s. 10d. In March, 1616, the remains were removed to the spot where they now finally repose, and buried in a vault beneath a magnificent tomb; the work



[Sutton's Monument, Charter House.]

of Nicholas Stone and others, and designed by Stone in conjunction with Bernard Jansen, a Dutch architect. The former was the most eminent sculptor of James's reign, and had no unimportant share in the building of the beau-

tiful Banqueting House at Whitehall.* Although Sir Thomas had taken every precaution to ensure the appropriation of his estates to the purposes he had pointed out (he had nine witnesses for instance to the principal document), yet scarcely was he in his grave before, Simon Baxter, his nephew and heir-at-law, who had been chief mourner at the funeral, laid claim to all the property settled upon the Hospital, and attempted to gain possession of the Charter House, but was foiled by the vigilance of the porter. He was equally unsuccessful in the courts of law: from the Privy Council, to whom Baxter had presented a petition, the case was referred to the King's Bench and Chancery courts, and lastly to the Exchequer Court, where it was argued before the twelve judges, and a final verdict given in favour of the Hospital. Doubtless this was a just verdict, but, to show how difficult it was to obtain justice even at the period in question, we may observe that the result was in some covert way connected with a gift of ten thousand pounds from the governors to King James, under the assigned reason of appropriating it towards the repairs of *Berwick Bridge*. The Governors held their first meeting on the 30th of June, 1613, when the necessary arrangements for the commencement of the practical purposes of the institution were devised. Of these governors there are sixteen in number including the master, and they exercise the entire direction; they form a body corporate. Vacancies are filled up by the other governors. They present to the hospital and school in rotation. The principal officers are the Master, Preacher, Master of the School, Registrar (who is also the Receiver and Steward of the Courts), Reader (who is also the Librarian), Writing Master, Resident Medical Officer,

* The bill sent in on the completion of the work is a curious, and we think not uninteresting, document. We therefore here transcribe it:—

	£.	s.	d.
For the enriching within the arch	6	0	0
For the two captains	10	0	0
For the four capitals	10	0	0
For his (Sutton's) picture and his crest at his feet	10	0	0
For the two boys, Labour and Rest	6	0	0
For the two pilasters, carved three sides a-piece,	6	0	0
For the three pictures, Faith, Hope, and Charity	15	0	0
For the arms	6	0	0
For the two capitals	3	0	0
For the story over the cornice (a preacher addressing a numerous congregation)	10	0	0
For enriching under the cornice	3	0	0
For the two Death's heads and one Cherubim's head	5	0	0
For roses and other flowers, and enriching	6	0	0
For painting and gilding	20	0	0
For carrying the work, and setting with cramps of iron, lime, and bricks	10	0	0
For working of the masonry in alabaster	50	0	0
For working the six columns	15	0	0
For sawing the hard stone	10	0	0
For working and polishing five rance pilasters	10	0	0
For working and polishing the lover of rance	8	0	0
For working, rubbing, and polishing all the tables, both of rance and touch	10	0	0
For sixty feet of rance, at 10s. a foot	30	0	0
For eighty feet of touch	40	0	0
For nine loads of alabaster, at 6l. a load with the carrying	54	0	0
For working and polishing the ledger	10	0	0
For thirty feet of pace, at 2s. 6d. a foot	3	15	0

£366 15 0

Organist, Manciple or House Steward, and Surveyor. The pensioners are eighty in number, the scholars forty-four. No one can be admitted to the former class under the age of fifty years unless maimed in war, and only those who have been housekeepers are eligible. They are amply dieted, they have each a separate apartment with proper attendance, and are allowed about twenty-five pounds a year for clothes, &c. Boys are admitted into the school between the ages of ten and fourteen years, receive an excellent education, as the numerous excellent scholars it has sent forth may testify, and when properly qualified are sent to the University, where twenty-nine exhibitions of the value of eighty pounds per annum are provided. In other cases an apprentice fee is given; one instance is curious: Henry Siddons was apprenticed by the Charter House to his uncle Mr. J. P. Kemble, "to learn the histrionic art and mystery."

The principal buildings of the existing Charter House are the Hall, the Chapel, the School-room in the centre of the extensive play-ground, the Evidence-room, the Old and the New Governors' rooms, the Old Court-room, and the numerous buildings required for the accommodation of the pensioners and boys, which are disposed round three quadrangles or courts of varying size. Of these, the School-room requires no particular notice, and the Evidence-room we could not obtain admittance to, all the valuable documents of the establishment being there preserved. Passing through the outer gate in Charter House Square, the pediment of which is supported by two lions with scrolls, the Duke of Norfolk's badge, we have on the right the view seen at the head of this paper, and before us the way to the quadrangles before mentioned where the pensioners and the boys are lodged. Beyond the inner gateway shown in our engraving, to which we have referred, is the great Hall, on the opposite side of a court, and near it, to the right, the Chapel. The Hall is connected with the old Refectory, which is still used for a similar purpose, though with somewhat more genial fare, by the pensioners, and with the cloisters, where the poor Carthusians were confined during the short period preceding their torture and death. It is supposed to have been built during the reign of Henry VIII., no doubt by Sir Edward North, and to have been afterwards fitted up by the Duke of Norfolk as a banqueting-room. The centre of the ceiling is a lofty semicircular vaulted roof, the sides are flat and supported by massy oaken brackets or timbers. A gallery runs along one side, and across the northern end, where it is supported on caryatides resting on a handsome screen. In the oriel windows are some pieces of stained glass with various arms. The chimney-piece in the centre is curious—above it are Sutton's arms, very gay with paint and gilding, and flanked on each side by a mounted piece of cannon, an allusion most probably to Sutton's office and services at the siege of Edinburgh, of which perhaps the afterwards peaceful citizen was not a little proud. From the hall we pass into a kind of vestibule, with a very wide and most elaborately decorated staircase leading up to the Governors' rooms on the right, and a passage in front, lined on the pavement with tombstones, which leads to the chapel. This is of irregular shape and very heterogeneous composition. The entrance is of the miserable style of James's reign, whilst the porch, projecting into the chapel, to which it opens, has a very fine vaulted and groined roof, nearly if not quite coeval

with the first foundation of the monastery. The intersections of the groins are carved to represent an angel, and instruments of penance now happily unknown. Above this, forming the basement of the chapel turret, is a part of the old tower of the Carthusian Chapel, still supported in the exterior by a strong buttress. Sutton's monument is in a very dark corner, nearly facing us, but at once strikes attention by the colours and the gilded spikes of the railings in front.* Near his monument is a tablet to the memory of Dr. John Pepusch, the celebrated musician, who was organist here. The organ gallery is a most elaborate affair, being almost entirely covered with helmets, armour, flags, drums, guns, masks, cherubims, coats of arms, heads, harps, guitars, and composite capitals without shafts, on a kind of termini. We need scarcely add that we owe this brilliant design also to the geniuses of the reign of the British Solomon. "On the north side of the building without is a door leading to a well-staircase, that by giddy turns introduces us to the (Evidence) room now used to keep the archives of the hospital; the ceiling is beautifully ribbed, and the centre stone represents a large rose enclosing I. H. S."† The master's house includes a handsome suite of apartments, among which is the Governors' room, so called from its being used as their place of meeting. Here are portraits of Charles II.; Archbishop Sheldon; William Earl of Craven (the lover of the Empress Palatine) in complete armour, a romantic-looking portrait of a romantic-minded man; George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, as perfect an opposite in appearance as in character to the last; Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury; the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth; Lord Shaftesbury (the author of 'The Characteristics'); Dr. Burnet; and Sutton himself, a venerable-looking man. The portrait of the author of the 'Theory of the Earth' is a very fine one, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Burnet was Master of the Charter House, and distinguished himself whilst in office by his successful resistance to James II., when the latter strove to intrude a Roman Catholic into the establishment. The old Court Room is perhaps the most interesting part of the Charter House, and has just been entirely restored to its pristine magnificence. A single glance at this beautiful room is enough to recall the memory of the time when the stately Virgin Queen trod its floor, attended by her magnificent throng of courtiers, warriors, and statesmen;—for, visitor though she was, she had not the slightest notion of abating one jot of her regal dignity under any circumstances. The ceiling is very rich with its gilded pendants and fine stucco-work and painting. Its walls are hung with tapestry, which is however very much faded. The most interesting feature of the room is the lofty architectural chimney-piece, with paintings in different-shaped panels, of which the three called Faith, Hope, and Charity are positively extraordinary works of art. They are designed in a very pure style, and correctly drawn. Who was their author it is impossible to say; but they are worthy of Holbein, and not unlike his style. In this room the anniversary of the foundation has long been accustomed to be held, on the 12th of December, when, among other

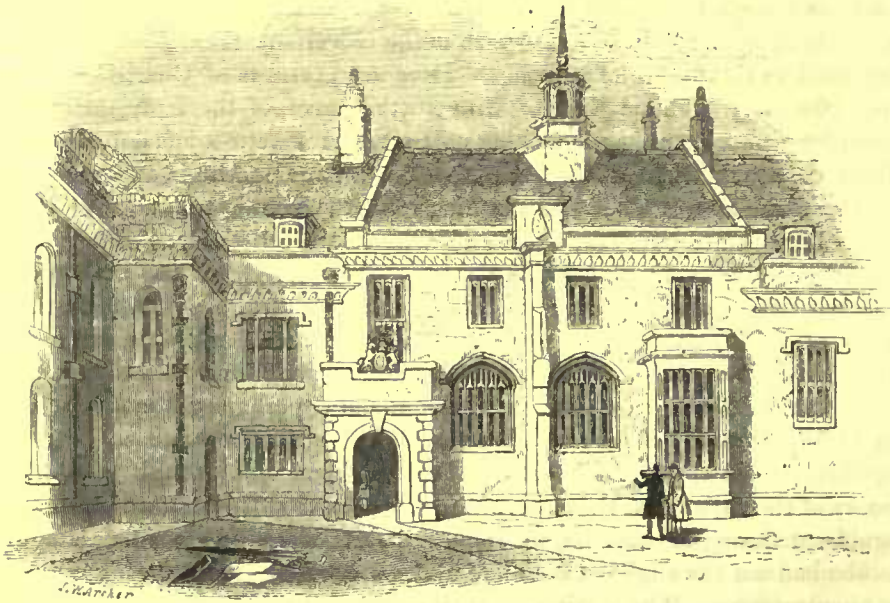
* We need add but little to the description contained in the sculptor's bill before transcribed. The monument is twenty-five feet high and thirteen broad. The effigy is painted in imitation of life, with grey hair and beard, and in a black furred gown.

† Malcolm's 'Londonium Redivivum,' vol. i.

old ditties proper to the occasion, is sung one terminating with the pertinent, if not very poetical, verses—

“Then blessed be the memory
Of good old Thomas Sutton,
Who gave us lodging—learning—
And he gave us beef and mutton.”

From the beef and mutton the transition is easy to the kitchen, with its two enormous chimneys; which is as genuine a piece of the old monastery as the I. H. S. on the walls of the little court behind, or as the announcement that still greets the eye in the same place, and delights every lover of Chaucer by the use of a word they had never again expected to see familiarised among us, except in his pages,—“To the *Manciple's* Offices.”



[The Great Hall, Charter House.]



[St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, 1841.]

XXXIV.—ST. JOHN'S GATE.

WHEN Samuel Johnson first saw St. John's Gate he "beheld it with reverence," as he subsequently told his amusing biographer, Boswell. But Boswell gives his own interpretation of the cause of this reverence. St. John's Gate, he says, was the place where the 'Gentleman's Magazine' was originally printed: and he adds, "I suppose, indeed, that every young author has had the same kind of feeling for the magazine or periodical publication which has first entertained him." He continues, with happy naïveté, "I myself recollect such impressions from the 'Scot's Magazine.'" Mr. Croker, in his valuable notes to Boswell's 'Johnson,' has a very rational doubt of the correctness of this explanation: "If, as Mr. Boswell supposes, Johnson looked at St. John's Gate as the printing-office of Cave, surely a less emphatical term than *reverence* would have been more just. The 'Gentleman's Magazine' had been, at this time, but six years before the public, and its contents were, until Johnson himself contributed to improve it, entitled to anything rather than *reverence*; but it is more probable that Johnson's *reverence* was excited by the recollections connected with the ancient gate itself, the last relic of the once extensive and magnificent priory of the

heroic knights of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, suppressed at the dissolution, and destroyed by successive dilapidations."

A century is passed away since Johnson, from whatever motive, beheld with reverence the old gate of the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. There it still remains, in a quarter of the town little visited, with scarcely another relic of antiquity immediately about it. Extensive improvements are going forward in its neighbourhood; and it may probably be one day swept away with as ruthless a hand as that of the Protector Somerset, who blew up the stately buildings of the hospital to procure materials for his own palace in the Strand. May it be preserved from the most complete of all destroyers—the building speculator! It has to us a double interest. It is the representative of the days of chivalrous enthusiasm on the one hand, and of popular improvement on the other. The order, which dates from the days of Godfrey of Bouillon, has perished, even in our own time—an anomaly in the age up to which it had survived. The general desire for knowledge, which gave birth to the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' is an increasing power, and one which depends upon no splendid endowments and no stately mansions for its maintenance and ornament. Cave, the printer, was the accidental successor of the Prior of the Hospital of St. John. But, representing the freedom of public opinion, he was the natural successor of the despotic power of a secret society. At any rate, the accident invests St. John's Gate with an interest which would not otherwise belong to it; and in its double character we may not be ashamed to behold it "with reverence." Before we carry ourselves and our readers into the past, we must, however, request their companionship while we examine what St. John's Gate now is. At the head of this paper they have a representation of its present external appearance: but a peep into the interior may furnish some amusing contrasts with the days of the Edwards and Henries.

Turning out of St. John's Street to enter St. John's Lane—a narrow street which runs obliquely from that wide thoroughfare—the Gate presents itself to our view, completely closing the road, and leaving a passage into St. John's Square only through the archway. The large masses of stone of which the Gate is composed are much decayed; but the groined arch has recently been restored. This restoration, which appears to have proceeded from a desire to preserve this monument as public property, seems out of character with the purposes to which the Gateway is devoted. A huge board which surmounts the archway informs us that we may here solace ourselves with the hospitalities of the Jerusalem Tavern; and, that we may understand that the entertainment which may be set before us will not be subjected to any of the original notions of abstinence which a pilgrim might once have been expected to bring within these walls, a window of a house or bulk, on the eastern side of the Gateway, displays all the attractions of bottles with golden labels of "Cordial Gin," "Pincapple Rum," and "Real Cognac." We pass under the arch, and perceive that the modern *hospitium* runs through the eastern side of the Gateway, and connects with premises at either end. We are here invited "To the Parlour;" and we enter. A comfortable room is that parlour, with its tables checkered with many a liquor-stain; and genius has here its due honours, for Dr. Johnson's favourite seat is

carefully pointed out. But the tavern has higher attractions than its parlour fireside with Dr. Johnson's corner; it has a "Grand Hall," where the "Knights of Jerusalem" still assemble in solemn conclave every Monday evening. It was long before we ventured to ask whether any uninitiated eyes might see that Grand Hall; but we did take courage, and most obligingly were we conducted to it. We ascended the eastern turret by a broad staircase (but certainly not one of the date of the original building), and we were soon in the central room of the Gateway. It is a fine lofty room, and, if there be few remains of ancient magnificence—no elaborate carvings, no quaint inscriptions, nor "storied windows,"—the spirit of the past has been evoked from the ruins of the great military order, to confer dignities and splendours on the peaceful burghers who are now wont here to congregate. Banners, gaudy with gold and vermilion, float upon the walls; and, if the actual "armoury of the invincible knights" be wanting, there are two or three cuirasses which look as grim and awful as any

"Bruised arms hung up for monuments."

Nor are the fine arts absent from the decoration of this apartment. Sculpture has here given us a coloured effigy of some redoubted Hospitaller; and Painting has lovingly united under the same ceiling the stern countenance of Prior Dockwra, the builder of the Gate, and the sleek and benign likenesses of the worshipful founders of the modern Order. Their names may one day have a European fame, like those of Fulk de Villaret and Pierre d'Aubusson; but in the mean while history records not their exploits, and we shall be silent as to their names. They are quiet lawgivers, and not rampaging warriors. They have done the wise thing which poetry abhors—changed "swords for ledgers." Instead of secret oaths and terrible mysteries, they invite all men to enter their community at the small price of twopence each night. Instead of vain covenants to drink nothing but water, and rejoice in a crust of mouldy bread, the visitor may call for anything for which he has the means of payment, even to the delicacies of kidneys, tripe, and Welsh rabbits. The edicts of this happy brotherhood are inscribed in letters of gold for all men to read; and the virtuous regard which they display for the morals of their community presents a striking contrast to the reputed excesses of the military Orders. The code has only four articles, and one of them is especially directed against the singing of improper songs. Here then is mirth without licentiousness, ambition without violence, power without oppression. When the Grand Master ascends the throne which is here erected as the best eminence to which a Knight of Jerusalem may now aspire, wearing his robes of state, and surrounded by his great commanders, also in their "weeds of peace," no clangour of trumpets rends the air; but the mahogany tables are drummed upon by a hundred ungauntleted hands, and a gentle cloud of incense arises from the pipes which send forth their perfume from every mouth. Would we had partaken of that inspiration! After the third hour the dimensions of the "Grand Hall" of the Jerusalem Tavern would have expanded into the form and proportions of the "Great Hall" of the Priory of St. John. The smoke-coloured ceiling would have lifted itself up into a groined roof, glorious with the heraldry of many a Crusader or Knight of Rhodes. The drowsy echoes of "tol de rol" or "derry down" would have melted into solemn strains of impassioned devo-

tion : and the story three times told, how Jenkins beat his wife and was taken to the police-station, would have slid into a soft tale of a Troubadour discovering his lady-love who had followed him through Palestine as a pretty page. Slowly, but surely, the green coats and the blue, the butcher's frock and the grocer's apron, would have become shadowed into as many black robes; and in the very height of our ecstasy the white cross would have grown on every man's breast out of its symbolical red field. Then the "order, order" of the chairman would have become a battle-cry; the knock of his hammer would have been the sound of the distant culverin; the hiccups of the far-gone sipper of treble-X ale would have represented the groans of the wounded. We should have fallen asleep, and have dreamt a much more vivid picture of the ancient glories of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem than we can hope to present with the aid of obscure chronicles and perishing fragments—the things which the antiquary digs up, and, when he has brought them to light in his erudite pages, has the satisfaction to be called "one of those industrious who are only re-burying the dead."*

In the eleventh century, when the ardour of pilgrimage was inflamed anew, there was a hospital within the walls of Jerusalem for the use of the Latin pilgrims, which had been erected by Italian traders, chiefly of Amalfi. Near this hospital, and within a stone's cast of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, they erected, with the permission of the Egyptian Khalif, a church dedicated to the Holy Virgin, which was usually called Sta. Maria de Latina. In this hospital abode an abbot and a good number of monks, who were of the Latin church, and followed the rule of St. Benedict. They devoted themselves to the reception and entertainment of pilgrims, and gave alms to those who were poor, or had been rifled by robbers, to enable them to pay the tax required by the Moslems for permission to visit the holy places. When the number of the pilgrims became so great that the hospital was incapable of receiving them all, the monks raised another *hospitium* close by their church, with a chapel dedicated to a canonized Patriarch of Alexandria, named St. John Eleëmon, or the Compassionate. At the time when the army of the Crusaders appeared before the walls of Jerusalem the Hospital of St. John was presided over by Gerard, a native of Provence, a man of great uprightness and of exemplary piety. His benevolence was of a truly Christian character, and far transcended that of his age in general. When the city was taken, numbers of the wounded pilgrims were received, and their wounds tended, in the Hospital of St. John, and the pious Duke Godfrey, on visiting them some days afterwards, heard nothing but the praises of the good Gerard and his monks. Emboldened by the universal favour which they enjoyed, Gerard and his companions expressed their wish to separate themselves from the monastery of Sta. Maria de Latina, and pursue their works of charity alone and independently. Their desire met no opposition: they drew up a rule for themselves, to which they made a vow of obedience in presence of the Patriarch, and assumed as their dress a black mantle with a white cross on the breast. The humility of these Hospitallers was extreme. The finest flour went to compose the food which they gave to the sick and poor; what remained after they were satisfied, mingled with clay, was the repast of the monks. As long as the

* Horace Walpole (of Gough) in a Letter to Cole, 1773.

brotherhood were poor, they continued in obedience to the Abbot of Sta. Maria de Latina, and also paid tithes to the Patriarch. But a tide of wealth soon began to flow in upon them. Duke Godfrey, enamoured of their virtue, bestowed on them his lordship of Montboire, in Brabant, with all its appurtenances; and his brother and successor, Baldwin, gave them a share of all the booty taken from the infidels. These examples were followed by other Christian princes; so that within the space of a very few years the Hospital of St. John was in possession of numerous manors both in the East and in Europe, which were placed under the management of members of their society.

It has been observed that "London, for some years before the Reformation, contained an extraordinary number of religious edifices and churches, which occupied nearly two-thirds of the entire area."* The writer of the article from which we quote makes an enumeration of the various Friaries, Abbeys, Priors, Nunneries, Colleges, Hospitals having resident Brotherhoods, Fraternities, and Episcopal residences, the mere catalogue of which is a very remarkable exhibition of the amazing wealth of the Church which was assembled within the compass of a few miles. Of these, the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, in Clerkenwell, was amongst the most important. It was founded about the year 1100 by Jordan Briset, a baron of the kingdom, and Muriel, his wife. This was the period of the first Crusade, when Godfrey of Bouillon had driven the infidels from the Holy Land, and was elected the first Christian king of Jerusalem. But it was some forty years later that the servants of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem became a military order of monks, the first body of men united by religious vows who wielded the temporal sword against the enemies of the faith. The Order, in process of time, became divided into seven classes, or languages—the Italian, German, Arragonese, and English; with the three great dialects of France, the Provençal, the Auvergne, and the common French. The sons of the noblest houses of Europe pressed for admission into its ranks. According to their vows, they were to be the servants of the poor and sick, to renounce all personal property, to preserve their chastity, to render implicit obedience to the superior placed over them. When the new brother was admitted he was thus addressed—"Receive the yoke of the Lord: it is easy and light, and you shall find rest for your soul. We promise you nothing but bread and water, a simple habit and of little worth. We give you, your parents, and relations, a share in the good works performed by our Order, and by our brethren, both now and hereafter, throughout the world." Cowardice in the field involved the heaviest disgrace, expulsion from the Order: "We place this Cross on your breast, my brother," says the ritual of admission, "that you may love it with all your heart; and may your right hand ever fight in its defence, and for its preservation! Should it ever happen that, in combating against the enemies of the faith, you should retreat, desert the standard of the Cross, and take to flight, you will be stripped of this truly holy sign, according to the statutes and customs of the Order, as having broken the vows you have just taken, and you will be cut off from our body as an unsound and corrupt member." Cowardice was not the vice of the Knights of St. John. For five centuries they maintained the reputation of the

* *Retrospective Review*, vol. xv. p. 169.

most indomitable courage ; and their heroic exploits, with which all Europe rang, were not so much the result of military skill as of personal bravery carried to the extreme of daring and endurance by religious enthusiasm. Their vices were the natural consequences of enormous wealth and power. Pride and luxury soon displayed themselves as their distinguishing characteristics. Their professions of self-denial came to be looked upon as mere formalities, when the richest domains in Christendom were poured into the lap of the Order by those who in becoming brethren renounced all personal property. In the thirteenth century the Order is reputed to have possessed nineteen thousand manors in various Christian lands. This was the period of their highest elevation. The century which succeeded the taking of Ascalon and Gaza in 1153 saw the Knights of St. John everywhere victorious against the infidels, and triumphant over the great rival Order of the Templars. But the jealousy of these two Orders was one of the chief causes of the decline of the Christian power in the Holy Land. Their mutual hatred was at the height, when the Hospitallers sustained their first signal defeat from the Kharismian Mohammedans, about the middle of the thirteenth century. The subsequent events, till the expulsion of the Christians from the Holy Land, have been briefly and graphically narrated in a periodical publication ; and, with the permission of the author, we shall transfer the substance, and occasionally the words, of his narrative to these pages.*

The hatred between the rival Orders became so intense, that in 1259, after many sanguinary skirmishes, they resolved to try their lances in a pitched and general engagement. The combat was more terrific than any that had been fought for many years with the Mohammedans. The Knights of St. John, who in the end were the victors, gave no quarter, and scarcely a Templar escaped to give an account of the affair to his Order. The thinned ranks of the Red Cross Knights were, however, gradually filled by the arrival of brethren from Europe, and the presence of a new common enemy, more ferocious than any they had hitherto contended with, obliged the two Orders to suspend their hostilities and co-operate for mutual preservation. In the war that ensued, though obliged to give way in all directions before an immeasurable superiority of numbers, the Knights of St. John, and those of the Red Cross, fought with all their ancient valour. Ninety Hospitallers long defended the fortress of Azotus, and, when the Mamlukes of Bendoedar carried the place by assault, they walked over the dead bodies of the last of those gallant knights. Saphoury was defended by a small band of Templars who were equally brave, and also fell to a man. The conquering Mamlukes took Nazareth, Cæsarea, Tyre, Jaffa, Antioch, and other places, and carried fire and sword to the very gates of Acre, the strongest fortress and the main stay of the Christians in the East. The progress of the Mohammedans was checked for a while by the arrival of fresh crusaders from Europe, and by the valour and skill of Prince Edward of England (afterwards Edward I.), who, after obtaining several victories over them, concluded a treaty in 1272, which secured to the Christians a ten years' peace. But in 1287 the cloud of war again burst upon the few places that remained in the possession of the Europeans, and by 1291 the Sultan of Egypt was enabled to lay siege to Acre, the last of

* History of the Knights of Malta, in the 'Penny Magazine' for 1836.

their strongholds, which, however, did not fall until the military Orders of Knights were nearly exterminated, and many thousands of the Mamlukes had bitten the dust. At the moment of crisis, while the Mohammedans were rushing to the breaches, the Knights of St. John, headed by their Grand Master, secretly left the city, and, stealing to the enemy's rear, rushed into his camp. The Sultan, however, was not taken by surprise; a host of Mamlukes met the devoted band, who at that instant received the discouraging news that the Grand Master of the Templars had fallen, together with nearly all his Knights, and that Acre was in possession of the infidels. They then turned their steps towards the sea, fighting all the way, and on the shore they found a small boat into which they threw themselves. A large vessel was not requisite—only seven Knights remained alive. This sad remnant of a numerous body fled for refuge to Cyprus, which island was in the hands of a Christian prince; and, though a handful of Templars for a short time renewed the hopeless struggle, the Holy Land was lost with the fall of Acre and the departure of the Hospitallers. Soon after their arrival at Limisso, in Cyprus, the Grand Master sent to Europe to summon a general chapter of the Order, and the absent Knights of St. John, wherever they were scattered, hastily attended to the call and embarked for the East. But the crusading mania had worn itself out—the Knights were not seconded by troops and money from Europe,—an attack on Palestine was therefore out of the question, and, after ten more years had been spent, the greatest conquest the Hospitallers could aspire to was the island of Rhodes. They gained possession of that island in 1310.

From the establishment of the Order of the Knights of St. John to their expulsion from the Holy Land, we have little worth recording in connexion with their great Priory at London. There is a register, amongst the Cotton Manuscripts in the British Museum, of the names of the Masters and Priors of the Hospital, from a very early period; and an imperfect list of the manors belonging to the Order in England has also been collected. Their possessions in the immediate neighbourhood of London appear to have been very considerable. But these documents would be uninteresting to our readers, belonging as they do only to the material things of the past, and disclosing very little of its mind. We shall therefore continue to trace the general career of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, now the Knights of Rhodes, from their first occupation of that island to its conquest by the Turks, after the heroic Knights had held possession of it for two centuries; availing ourselves of the narrative to which we have already referred.

The Knights found Rhodes in the possession of a set of Mohammedan pirates and Greek rebels, who had long set the falling government of the Eastern Emperors at defiance. The island itself was in a deplorable state, scarcely a vestige remaining of its ancient prosperity and splendour. Greeks and Turks, however, left off cutting one another's throats, and, joining arms, made such a stand against the Christians of the West, that it took the Hospitallers four years to reduce them. During this time many battles were fought; and so severe was the loss occasioned to the Latins, and so dim the prospect of final success, that the surviving crusaders and adventurers, band after band, returned to Europe, until

none were left but the troops of the Order, who were at that time laying siege to the strong capital of the island. At this juncture the Greek emperor, by an extraordinary effort, had thrown a considerable force upon the island, with the vain hope that, should he dispossess the Latins, the Greeks and Mohammedans would submit to his sway. Abandoned by their allies, and hemmed in by their enemies, who continued to increase their force, the Knights, from being besiegers, saw themselves besieged in the works they had erected for the purpose of taking the city of Rhodes. For some time they had been in want of money and provisions; but the energetic efforts of Fulk de Villaret, the Grand Master, in the mean time had been taking effect; loans contracted with the bankers of Florence, and sums supplied by the commanderies and estates of the Order in Europe, began to arrive, and, with gold in his hands, Fulk could procure food, men, and arms. He soon found himself in a condition to make a sortie, and, issuing from his intrenchments, he fell upon his beleaguers. The movement led to a general engagement, in which the Grand Master was victorious, though not until he had lost the bravest of his Knights. The siege was then renewed; and, finally, on the Festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Mary (15th August, 1310), the principal outworks being taken, the Knights advanced, at the head of the troops, to the assault,—succeeded in planting the Grand Master's standard on the walls,—and then Rhodes was carried with much slaughter. Shortly after these successes the Grand Master reduced the neighbouring islands of Telos, Syme, Nisyros, Cos, Calymna, and Leros, and established the authority of the Order in nearly every one of that famous group called by the ancients the "Sporades," and of which Rhodes may be considered the chief. After these conquests, which put him in possession of what might be called a little kingdom, the Grand Master returned in triumph to Rhodes, where he hoped to enjoy peace and repose; but in looking forward he had not made a proper estimate of the power and ambition of the Turkish princes of the House of Osman, who had taken a large part of the neighbouring continent of Asia Minor from the Greeks, and who, shortly after his return, fell upon him at Rhodes. The Knights were hotly besieged within the walls and towers they had so recently taken, and which, from want of time, they had not put in sufficient repair. The Osmanlis, with the vigour and fierceness that distinguished their early career, made several assaults, but the Hospitallers repelled attack after attack, and eventually forced the Turks to raise the siege and embark for the main.

Fulk de Villaret, who had other and higher talents than the merely military, applied himself assiduously to the means of reviving commerce, and restoring Rhodes and its dependencies to their ancient flourishing state. He weighed the resources of these beautiful islands, and found them great. The Grand Master very wisely made the port of Rhodes free and open to all nations. Many of the Christians who, since the loss of Palestine, had been living scattered through Greece, flocked to Rhodes, to settle there and enjoy the protection of the standard of St. John. Trade brought others who wholly or partially established themselves, and kept up a communication with the coasts of Asia Minor, Syria, Greece, and Italy; and out of this medley of knights and burgesses, foreigners and inhabitants, both of the Greek and Roman church, there arose, as Vertot

observes, a new, warlike, and commercial state, that soon became as powerful by its riches as it was formidable by the courage and valour of its sovereign Knights. The fame of these conquests and solid establishments soon spread in Europe, where they produced effects most favourable to the Knights; and, soon after, a large portion of the property of the Templars, who had been suppressed in 1312, was made over by the Pope and the European kings to the Order of St. John. This inheritance of the spoils of their old rivals and bitter enemies increased their pride even more than their wealth, which was now supplied by many streams.

Next to trade with friendly orthodox powers, the most enriching employment of the Knights was in privateering or cruising against Mohammedan vessels of all kinds, and against such ships or boats of the heterodox Greeks as were by them deemed to be piratical. Their vows bound them to perpetual war against the Turks, and the clearing the seas of pirates was a seemly addition to their holy duties; *only* it unfortunately happened that, as they made their own admiralty court and laws, they not unfrequently seized and condemned Greek vessels which were not fair prizes. Every Knight was bound to make at least one cruise in the course of the year: these cruises, in the language of the Order, were called "caravans," a term constantly occurring in the history of the Hospitallers. On the summit of a mountain in the island of Syme Fulk de Villaret had erected a lofty tower, whence ships could be discovered at a great distance. As soon as a strange sail was signalled, which was done by lighting fires at night, and making a dense smoke if by day, the pinks and light frigates of Syme, the row-boats and galleys of Rhodes, the feluccas and swift vessels of others of the islands, were got under weigh, and escape from so many pursuers became almost impossible. This mode of life was soon found to be altogether incompatible with the vows and discipline of the Order. Enriched by prize-money, and constantly excited by adventure and rapid change of associates and scenes, the Knights commanding the squadrons lost all semblance of a monastic body. On their return from successful caravans they gamed and drank, and indulged in other debaucheries, making the "religious city" of Rhodes look very like a profane Portsmouth or Plymouth in war-time. These excesses were followed by insubordination, jealousies, and dissensions. The Knights were in this state in 1321, when the Osmanli prince Orchan endeavoured to drive them out of Rhodes and the rest of the Sporades. The best of their ships were absent on caravans; but, throwing themselves on board the galleys and merchant-vessels in port, and being aided by a small Genoese squadron, the Hospitallers, instead of awaiting the attack of the Turks on land, boldly put to sea with a very inferior force, and, anticipating the enemy, thoroughly defeated him. On this, as on many other occasions, the Knights of St. John merited the name of naval heroes. In 1344 the squadrons of the Order, which now scoured, as masters, the whole of the western coast of Asia Minor, took the fort and part of the town of Smyrna from the Turks. They retained this footing on the Asiatic continent for fifty-six years, but did not extend their small territory there, which, however, was valuable as a trading mart, while it enabled them to put down the Turkish corsairs that used to infest the Gulf of Smyrna. When the Knights were dispossessed they had at least the honour of ceding to a great conqueror, for it was Tamerlane who took their Castle of Smyrna by storm in 1400. In

the period included between 1344 and 1400 the Hospitallers had performed many exploits, and entertained projects of a truly gigantic ambition. In 1347 they went into Lesser Armenia, to defend the Christian king of that country against the Mohammedans; and at one time they are supposed to have contemplated the re-establishment of the great kingdom of Armenia as an appanage to their Order. In 1355 they proposed the conquest of the Morea, and would have undertaken it but for the death of the Pope, who had gone into their views. Ten years later they aimed at sovereignty in Egypt; and with Peter I., the Christian king of Cyprus, they actually took Alexandria, which city, however, they were obliged to abandon in a few days. In 1376, when the Babylonish captivity of the Christian Church, as Petrarca called it, came to an end, and it was resolved that thenceforward the Popes should reside at Rome, and not at Avignon, the Grand Master, with the best of his galleys, had the honour of escorting Gregory XI. from the mouths of the Rhone to the mouth of the Tiber. During the same year, in conjunction with the Venetians, they took Patras, and in the year following, with the same allies, attempted the conquest of the whole of the Morea. There, however, they were very unsuccessful, and Juan Fernandez de Heredia was taken prisoner. In 1396 they joined the league of the Christian princes against Bajazet, and fought in the fatal battle of Nicopolis, where many of the Knights perished, and the Grand Master escaped with difficulty by throwing himself into a fishing-boat.

Some bold attempts to regain Palestine and maritime Syria seem to have failed through the Venetians, who played them false, and through the jealousies of the Christian powers generally. Retaining their maritime supremacy, the Knights continued to distress the Turks and Egyptians, until, at last, scarcely a vessel bearing a Mohammedan flag could put to sea without being seized and carried into Rhodes. Four times did the Mussulmans make prodigious efforts to dislodge the Knights from the Sporades, and four times were they signally defeated by the intrepidity and superior skill of the Hospitallers. In one of these expeditions the Egyptians succeeded in landing on Rhodes eighteen thousand men, who, after a siege of forty days, were forced to re-embark. This was in 1444; but a far more memorable siege was one which the Order gallantly sustained for eighty-nine days in 1492, when the conquering arms of Mohammed II. were foiled and covered with disgrace. The Turks, fleeing to their galleys with a host of wounded and dying, are said to have left nine thousand dead before the strong and well-defended walls of Rhodes. During this siege the brave Master of the Order, Pierre d'Aubusson, received no fewer than five wounds. But this was the last great achievement of the Knights during their possession of Rhodes. The Turks had become more and more formidable since their conquest of Constantinople, and in their Greek subjects, who hated the Knights with a constant hatred, they found plenty of able seamen to conduct their fleets. When Sultan Solyman IV., commonly called "The Magnificent," succeeded to the Osmanli Empire, at the end of 1520, he was a young man, vigorous and enterprising, and in the earliest days of his reign (a favourable omen in Turkish superstition) the conquest of Rhodes was determined upon, let it cost what blood it might. It was not, however, until June, 1522, that Solyman's tremendous armament appeared before Rhodes, and then indeed began a series of losses and sacrifices,

which were followed by victory, but which rendered Rhodes the dearest conquest the Turks had ever made. Before beginning the siege Solyman summoned the Knights to surrender, and historians pretend to have preserved translations of the Sultan's letter:—"The continual robberies with which you molest our faithful subjects" (we quote from Vertot), "and the insolence you offer our majesty, oblige us to require you to deliver up to us immediately the island and fortress of Rhodes. If you do this readily, we swear by the God who made heaven and earth, by the six-and-twenty thousand prophets, and by our great prophet Mohammed, that you shall have full liberty to go out of the island, and the inhabitants to remain there, without any injury: but if you do not submit immediately to our commands, you shall all be cut to pieces with our terrible sword, and the towers, walls, and bastions of Rhodes shall be made level with the grass that grows at the foot of those fortifications."

To this summons the Knights would give no reply save such "as should be spoken by the mouths of their cannon."

The force of the Turks was undoubtedly great, but in Asiatic armies there are always numerous hordes that cannot be considered as soldiers, and the total of one hundred and fifty thousand men was probably exaggerated by the Christians, who set down their own force at no more than six hundred Knights, five thousand regular troops, and some companies of militia raised on the island among both Greeks and Latins. But, in the course of two centuries, the knights of St. John had rendered the town of Rhodes one of the strongest places in the world. In the words of an old writer, it was "compassed with a most strong double wall and wide and deep trenches; it had thirteen stately towers and five mighty bulwarks;" in addition to all which there were many natural advantages. When the Turks, after thirteen days of hesitation and inaction, began to fire upon the fortress, the Knights took up their positions according to their nations, or the "languages" into which they were divided by the Order. Extending from the French tower stood the French, with the lilies of France in their banners,—thence to St. George's Gate lay the stout Germans, with the eagle in their ensigns,—from the Gate of St. George frowned the English,—after them came the Spaniards and the Knights of Auvergne,—then the Italians, in valour not inferior to any of the rest; and L'Isle Adam, the aged but active and heroic Grand Master, quitting his palace, took post hard by the church of "St. Mary of Victory," whence he could best succour any point that should be hard pressed by the infidels.

Nothing could be more unsuccessful than the first operations of the besiegers. The Knights destroyed their works, overturned their artillery with the cannons on the walls, and then, by sudden sorties, cut many hundred Turks to pieces in the trenches they were digging. The assailants were discouraged, the Pashas in command confused, and, but for the arrival of Sultan Solyman himself with a reinforcement, which is stated as high as fifteen thousand men, the Turks, who had suffered tremendous losses, must have retired. Even after the arrival of the Sultan, who forced his men to the deadly breach, and threw away human life without calculation or compunction, the siege proceeded very slowly, and the most determined resistance was made by the Knights at every point. The first bulwark blown up was the English, but four successive times did the brave warriors who

defended it drive the Turks back from the breach, and tear down the Mussulman flag they had planted there. When the siege had lasted four months, many persons within the town proposed that the Knights should capitulate; but old L'Isle Adam, who seemed determined to be buried under the falling walls, would not listen to them; and though neglected and abandoned by all Christendom, and left to his own limited resources, he actually made good his defence for two months longer; and even then, when his gunpowder and provisions were alike exhausted, obtained an honourable capitulation, with permission to retire with his surviving Knights whithersoever he might choose. Between the killed and wounded, and those who died of fevers and contagious disorders, the Turks are said to have lost upwards of one hundred thousand men during the six months' siege of Rhodes.

There was a sort of barbaric grandeur, mixed with magnanimity, and now and then a gleam of gentle feeling, in Sultan Solyman. When he entered the city of Rhodes as a conqueror, he paid a respectful visit to the vanquished Grand Master, and, touched by his misfortunes, his resignation, and his age, he said to his officers on quitting L'Isle Adam, "It is not without pain that I force this Christian, at his time of life, to leave his dwelling."

During the thirteenth century, and probably for some short period after their conquest of Rhodes, the Knights of St. John may have dwelt within their Priory of Clerkenwell, in the discharge of their vows of benevolence, employing their great possessions, according to the Bull of Pope Anastasius IV., "for the maintenance of the poor." They might have been seen, as the most favourable of their historians represent them to have been engaged, attending the sick, feeding the hungry, spending their own leisure in prayer and meditation, avoiding all idle pastimes—preserving the gravity becoming men dedicated to the service of the Cross. But it is unquestionable that before the end of the fourteenth century they had incurred the hatred of the common people, and there is little doubt that they had deserved it by their tyranny and licentiousness. In the great rebellion of the Commons of Essex and Kent, in the reign of Richard II., their especial fury was directed against the houses and possessions of the Knights of St. John. The personal demeanour of the Prior of the Order might have somewhat provoked this rancour; for when the rebels had assembled on Blackheath, and demanded a conference with the King, Sir Robert Hales, who was not only the Prior of St. John's but Lord Treasurer of the kingdom, counselled only wrath and punishment. Their demands being reported "when this tale was told to the King, there were some that thought it best that he should go to them, and know what their meaning was; but Simon de Sudbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, that was Lord Chancellor, and also Sir Robert Hales, Lord of St. John's, and as then Lord Treasurer, spake earnestly against that advice, and would not by any means that the King should go to such a sort of bare-legged ribalds; but rather they wished that he should take some order to abate the pride of such vile rascals."* But the rebels of Essex had previously displayed their animosity towards the belligerent Prior. "At that same time the great Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, by London, having a goodly and delectable manor in Essex, wherein was ordained victuals

* Holinshed.

and other necessaries for the use of a Chapter General, and great abundance of fair stuff,—of wines, arras, clothes, and other provision for the Knights brethren,—the Commons entered this manor, ate up the victuals and provision of wine, three tun, and spoiled the manor and the ground with great damage.”* This passage gives us some notion how far, in 1381, the Knights had departed from the original rules of the Order, to eat nothing but bread and water, and wear none but the coarsest garments. The vengeance of the rebels was no doubt especially directed towards the Knights of St. John from the open display of their riches. Amongst their first acts after they entered London, when they had set loose the prisoners of the Marshalsea, and spoiled the goods and destroyed the records of Lambeth, was the destruction of another manor belonging to the great Prior. “The next day, being Thursday, and the feast of Corpus Christi, or the thirteenth of June, the Commons of Essex in the morning went to the manor of Highbury, two miles from London, north: this manor, belonging to the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, they wholly consumed with fire.”† After the suppression of the Order of the Templars their possessions in London were granted to the Knights of St. John; and in the reign of Edward III. the students of law became the occupiers of the Temple. But it would appear from the fury of the rebels in the reign of Richard II. that the property was still considered to belong to the obnoxious Order of St. John. “The Commons of Kent brake up the Fleet, and let the prisoners go where they would. They destroyed and burnt many houses, and defaced the beauty of Fleet Street. From thence they went to the Temple to destroy it, and plucked down the houses, took off the tiles of the other buildings left, went to the church, took out all the books and remembrances that were in hutches of the Prentices of the Law, carried them into the high street, and there burnt them. This house they spoiled for wrath they bare to the Prior of St. John’s, unto whom it belonged.” But their vengeance was not yet satiated: “A number of them that burnt the Temple went from thence towards the Savoy, destroying all the houses that belonged to the Hospital of St. John. * * * * The other Commons that were in the city went to the Hospital of St. John, and by the way burnt the house of Robert Legat, lately beheaded. They burnt all the houses belonging to St. John’s; and then burnt the fair Priory of the Hospital of St. John, causing the same to burn the space of seven days after. At what time, the King being in a turret of the Tower, and seeing the manor of Savoy, the Priory of St. John’s Hospital, and other houses on fire, he demanded of his Council what was best to do in that extremity, but none of them could counsel in that case.”‡

Froissart says that after the destruction of the Savoy the rebels “went strait to the fair hospital of the Rhodes, called St. John’s, and there they brent house, hospital, minster, and all.” We may form some notion of the great extent of the buildings of the Hospital from the circumstances that they were seven days in being consumed, and that the affrighted young King saw the flames from his distant turret in the Tower. Sir Robert Hales, the Prior, perished under the axe of the rebels.

Thus, then, one wide sweeping destruction, four centuries and a half ago, removed every monument of the early magnificence of the Priory of St. John.

* Stow’s Annals.

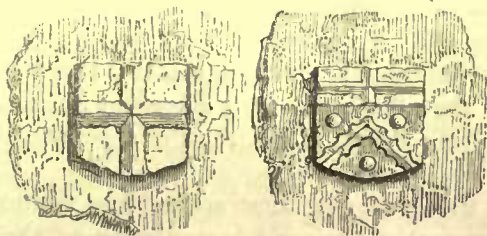
† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

During the next century the work of re-edification went slowly forward. Successive Priors again raised a conventual church, whose bell-tower was one of the glories of London; and the old site was again covered with buildings suited to the accommodation of a rich and powerful fraternity. But the perpetual attempts of the Turks to dispossess the Order of their stronghold at Rhodes demanded contributions from the brethren in all countries; and those of England were not slow in rendering efficient aid, both in treasure and knightly service. Stow, in his 'Survey of London,' has preserved a letter of safe-conduct from Henry IV. to Walter Grendon, Prior of St. John's, who was about to join the brethren in Rhodes, to fight against the infidels. The original is in Latin; and is addressed in a style of considerable authority, demanding protection for this well-beloved Prior, noble in arms, profound in piety, from all kings, princes, dukes, and every other description of potentate. He is to have safe and free passage, with thirty other persons and thirty horses; and the gold and silver, the robes and vestments, which he carries with him, are especially protected. As the tenure of Rhodes became more and more precarious, the applications for assistance became more urgent; and the revenues of particular commanderies of the Order in England were anticipated, to furnish out gallant adventurers for the succour of the Christian knights. Malcolm prints an indenture between Thomas Dockwra, Prior of the Order, and Sir Thomas Newport, dated the 6th May, 1513, by which five commanderies are granted to certain persons for two years, in consideration of one thousand pounds sterling, which the said Sir Thomas Newport hath anticipated of the said commanderies, "for to supply his expenses in his journey to Rhodes, and in Rhodes, in service of the religion and succour of the city of Rhodes; which city is at the point to be besieged by the great Turk named Selymis." Prior Dockwra had need to anticipate the revenues of the Order; for he was a liberal dispenser of the funds of the brotherhood.* He finished the Church at Clerkenwell, and he built the Gate. Hollar has engraved in Dugdale's 'Monasticon' a representation of what remained of this magnificent Priory somewhat more than a century after Dockwra had completed its renovation.

But there arose a destroyer more ruthless even than Wat Tyler's mob, and whose power was far more abiding. When the heroic defenders of Rhodes quitted the island for ever, on the 1st of January, 1523, they were driven from

* When the western basement of the Gate was converted into a watchhouse in 1813, some alterations were deemed necessary, in the course of which an old oak door was discovered, having on the spandrils the arms of the monastery and those of Sir J. Dockwra, the Lord Prior in 1504, when the Gate and Priory were rebuilt. Casts from these spandrils were taken at the time, and are still preserved with religious care by the landlord of the tavern, where they may be seen ornamenting the chimney-piece of the "Grand Hall."



[Arms of St. John's Priory and of Sir J. Dockwra, on St. John's Gate.]

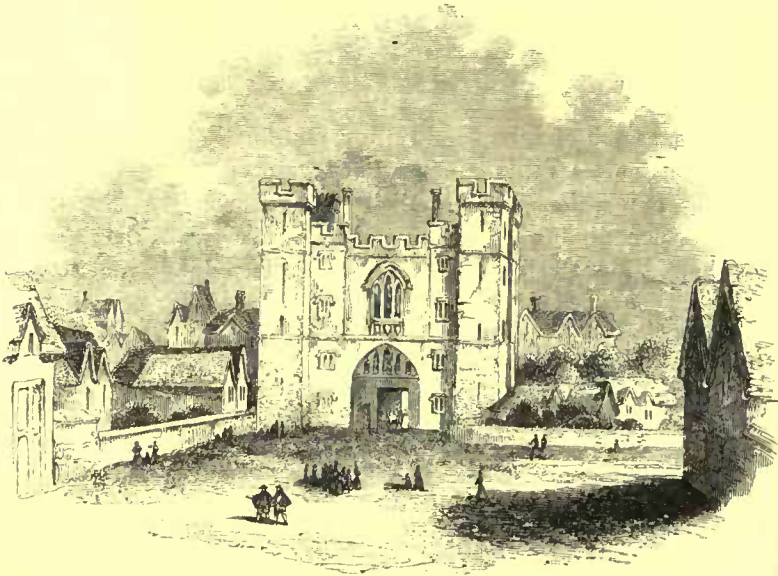


[St. John's Hospital : from Hollar.]

place to place in search of a home of refuge, and finally took possession of Malta, by a grant from Charles V., in 1530. They were once more busy upon the sea, and projecting expeditions against their ancient enemies. But they soon received a blow which diminished their importance even more than the conquest of Rhodes. Henry VIII. suppressed the Order in England; and it is said that this event broke the heart of poor old L'Isle Adam. The remaining history of the great Priory is quaintly told by Stow: "This House, at the suppression in the 32nd Henry VIII., was valued to dispend in lands 3385*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.* yearly. Sir William Weston, being then Lord Prior, died on the same 7th of May on which the House was suppressed. So that, great yearly pensions being granted to the Knights by the King, and namely to the Lord Prior during his life 1000*l.* (but he never received penny), the King took into his hands all the lands that belonged to that House and that Order, wheresoever in England and Ireland, for the augmentation of his Crown. This Priory, Church, and House of St. John was preserved from spoil and down-pulling so long as King Henry VIII. reigned; and was employed as a store-house for the King's toils and tents for hunting, and for the wars, &c. But in the third of King Edward VI. the Church for the most part, to wit the body and side aisles, with the great bell-tower (a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and enamelled, to the great beautifying of the city, and passing all other that I have seen), was undermined and blown up with gunpowder: the stone thereof was employed in building of the Lord Protector's house at the Strand." An attempt was made to restore the fraternity and repair the buildings in the reign of Mary; but in the first year of Elizabeth all that remained of the Order was consigned to neglect and ruin. The parochial Church of Clerkenwell was formed out of the remains of the choir, patched up with modern barbarism.

In the reign of James I. the Gate was granted to Sir Roger Wilbraham, who

made it his residence. For a century afterwards this part of the town was inhabited by people of condition. Bishop Burnet lived in St. John's Square—a place which, built upon the site of the old Priory, has still a solemn and monastic air. Cave, we dare say, obtained the Gate-house at a cheap rate, when fashion was travelling westward, and commerce had not thrown its regards upon such an obscure nook. Here, occupying both sides of the Gate for his office and his dwelling, Johnson found him when he came to London poor and unknown; and here he ate the printer's dinner behind a screen because his coat was too shabby for him to sit at table. Here, too, Garrick first exhibited his comic powers in the farce of 'The Mock Doctor,' Cave's journeymen reading the other parts. Here, as we have before said, was printed for many years the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' But that belongs to the History of London Periodical Literature—too large a subject to be now touched upon.



[St. John's Gate : from Hollar.]



[Butcher Row, Temple Bar.]

XXXV.—THE STRAND.

ABOUT the commencement of the last century, when the workmen were digging a foundation for the existing church of St. Mary, they discovered at the depth of nineteen feet the virgin earth; forming, of course, originally the surface of the Strand, and a striking evidence of the derivation of the name of this great metropolitan thoroughfare. Where now all this crowding and bustle, this continual hurrying to and fro, not of chariots and horsemen, but of omnibuses and cabs, and all the many varieties of transport which luxury or necessity have devised, are incessantly going on, till one could fancy the very houses must be weary of the eternal din, and long to be what Wordsworth describes them as seeming—asleep; where all things speak to the eye and ear, and haply not unfrequently to the heart and mind also, of the presence of the busiest population perhaps of the globe, in its busiest aspect,—once was merely a bare and marshy shore; where doubtless the “hollow-sounding” cry of the bittern from its reedy nest has often broke upon the ear of the half-naked, but gaily ornamented, human wanderer from the neighbouring city of huts! And the very circumstance of the name being applied to this part of the banks of the Thames only seems to show

that it remained *as a Strand* long after all other parts in the vicinity of the growing London had lost their native character and appearance. The first great cause of change in the Strand must have been the erection of Westminster Abbey by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, in the seventh century, and the consequent necessity of making the former a thoroughfare. The rebuilding of the Abbey and the establishment of a palace by the Confessor in the eleventh century must have also materially enhanced its importance. Buildings gradually arose in different parts of the line. Before the close of the thirteenth century the magnificent palace of the Savoy, the first church of St. Mary, and the hamlet of Charing were all in existence. Yet the state of the Strand continued to present a curious contrast to the edifices that here and there adorned it, and to the splendid pageants and processions that on occasions of high ceremony—such as the coronation or burial of a monarch, for instance—wound their slow length along through countless thousands of spectators. Here is a picture of it, so late as 1315. In a petition presented that year to Edward II., by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the Palace at Westminster, it is stated that the footway at the entrance of Temple Bar, and from thence to the Palace, was so bad that the feet of horses, and rich and poor men, received constant damage, particularly in the rainy season; at the same time the footway was interrupted by *thickets and bushes*. The petition was answered by an order appointing certain persons assessors for levying a tax on the inhabitants between Temple Bar and the Palace gate, to defray the expenses of the repairs desired. Such a tax was too unjust to be enforced; consequently, in 1353, during the reign of Edward III., a toll was levied on all goods carried either by land or water to the Staple at Westminster, to pay for the parts of the Strand where there were no houses, and, where there were, the owners, somewhat more reasonably, were to defray the charge; particularly as it was pointed out (and this is interesting as another cause of the progress of the Strand) “that the proprietors of the houses near and leading to that staple have, by means of the said staple, greatly raised their reuts.” Essex House, Durham Place, and the Inn of the Bishops of Norwich, afterwards York House, by this time spread out their extensive and embattled piles towards the Strand, and their gardens, and terraces, and water-stairs down to the river; but the openings between them, neither narrow nor far between, still left the river exposed to the passengers on the southern side, whilst on the north there was the open country extending toward the pleasant Highgate and Hampstead Hills, merely interspersed here and there with scattered buildings. Among the characteristic features of the way at this period were the *bridges*. “Bridges in the Strand!” we fancy we hear the reader exclaiming; yes, strange as it may seem, there were at least three between Charing Cross and Temple Bar, though the waters beneath them were neither very wide, deep, nor turbulent. They were, in short, so many water-courses gliding along from the meadows on the north, and crossing the Strand in their way to the Thames; though at the same time of sufficient importance to be bridged over. The sites of two of these bridges are marked out and permanently preserved by the names given to the lanes through which their channels found way,—Ivy-bridge Lane, and Strand-bridge Lane opposite the end of Newcastle Street, to which we shall have occasion to recur in connection with a highly important remain of antiquity. The

former was pulled down prior to the appearance of Stow's publication in the seventeenth century; but the latter was then still standing. The third bridge remained buried in the soil, its existence utterly unknown (the careful Stow does not mention it, so that it had long disappeared before his time), till 1802, when it was discovered during the construction of new sewers a little eastward of St. Clement's Church. It was of stone, and consisted of one arch about eleven feet long, very antique in its appearance, and of the most durable construction. Another feature of the ancient Strand was a stone cross, standing in front of the spot now occupied by St. Mary's, at which, says Stow, "in the year 1294, and diverse other times, the Justices Itinerant sat without London." Blount, in his 'Fragmenta Antiquitatis,' gives us an example of the nature of the business transacted on these occasions, when he mentions that a bargain was here settled between the King and one Laurence de Broke for his hamlet of Renham in Middlesex. After the disappearance of the cross the famous May-pole assumed its place.

By the time of Edward VI. the Strand had become pretty well closed up on both sides, on the south or river side by the walls of the long line of noble and episcopal mansions, and on the north by a single row of houses. Holywell Street, and its continuation Butcher Row, extending near to Temple Bar, were now middle-aged and certainly highly respectable houses. Some of the buildings recently pulled down in the first-mentioned street were, we learn from excellent authority, above three hundred years old; and the fleurs-de-lis on the front of many of the houses in this neighbourhood carried back the thoughts of the spectator to the glories of the fifth Henry, the conqueror of Agincourt, whose triumphal return to his countrymen these ornamental decorations are supposed to have commemorated. From this time, indeed, it began to be found that the Strand had progressed too fast for the comfort of passengers through it; it became choked up with the evidences of its prosperity; and later times have had to undo much of what was now done, as in the case of the removal of this very Butcher Row, and, still more recently, of Exeter 'Change. Its very soil had grown so valuable, that the earls and bishops, its original owners, could no longer afford to occupy so large a share as they required for their respective residences; so they pulled them down, and thus prepared the way for the erection of a hundred houses where one had stood before. Durham Place changed its stables into an Exchange in 1608; later in the century York House became the streets now known under names which perpetuate the designation and rank of him who worked the metamorphosis—"George" "Villiers," "Duke" "Of" "Buckingham;" Essex House and Arundel House did not long survive the fall of their old aristocratic neighbours; whilst the Savoy, though it still managed for a time to keep off destruction, by becoming a garrison in one part and a prison in another, was finally swept away, with the important exception of the chapel, during the present century, on the building of Waterloo Bridge. Gay thus commemorates the earlier of these changes:—

"Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and e'en thy fees suspend;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls;
Me business to my distant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing, I forget the way.

Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
 Whose building to the slimy shore extends ;
 Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame :
 The street alone retains the empty name.
 Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
 And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
 Now hangs the Bellman's song, and pasted here
 The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
 Where statues breath'd, the works of Phidias' hands,
 A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house, stands.
 There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
 There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers',—now no more.”*

With another picture by the same hand, and representing the same time, the early part of the seventeenth century, we conclude these preliminary notices of the Strand:—

“Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
 Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand ;
 Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
 And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread ;
 Where not a post protects the narrow space,
 And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face ;
 Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
 Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
 Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
 Drag the black load ; another cart succeeds ;
 Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
 And wait impatient till the road grow clear.”

The features here described—the low penthouse, rough pavement, and the combs dangling in the face of every passer-by—remained till within a few years ago on the south side of St. Clement's : the north having been previously arranged as we now find it, through the spirited efforts of an alderman of London ; and as to the “black load,” who is there that does not know there is as much and as frequent cause for impatience as ever, if one has no eyes for, or apprehension of, the beauty of the magnificent horses that draw it, and one by one issue so proudly forth from these steep and miserable-looking lanes ?

We cannot better commence our walk through the Strand than by a notice of the improvements just referred to. “On the north side, or right hand, some small distance without Temple Bar, in the High Street, from a pair of stocks there standing, stretcheth one large middle row or troop of small tenements, partly opening to the south, partly towards the north, up west to a stone cross, now headless, over against the Strand.” Stow here refers doubtless to the Cross we have before mentioned ; and, consequently, the existing Holywell Street must have formed a portion of the Middle Row he describes. The remainder was Butcher Row, granted by Edward I. to Walter de Barbier, for the residences of “foreign butchers,” as they were called, but who were, in fact, country butchers only, who brought their meat in carts, and offered it for sale just without the civic jurisdiction. The principle of competition in reducing price seems to have been thus early acted on as well as understood. In reference to Butcher Row Malcolm observes—“A stranger who had visited London in 1790 would, on his return in 1804, be astonished to find a spacious area (with the church

* Gay's Trivia, b. ii.

nearly in the centre) on the site of Butcher Row, and some other passages underserving of the name of streets, which were composed of those wretched fabrics, overhanging their foundations, the receptacles of dirt in every corner of their projecting stories, the bane of ancient London, where the plague, with all its attendant horrors, frowned destruction on the miserable inhabitants, reserving its forces for the attacks of each returning summer." The pulling down of all these "wretched fabrics" was undertaken in pursuance of a plan suggested by Alderman Pickett, and the existing Pickett Street soon rose in their room. Unfortunately for the success of the plan, the stream of traffic flowed round the southern side of the church; and the houses, being found too large for ordinary inhabitants, were under-let, and the consequence is a very marked dissimilarity between the appearance of the opposite portions of this fine area. Butcher Row, however miserable its aspect in the days of its decline, had many interesting reminiscences. Here was the residence of the French ambassador, in which the Duke de Sully was a resi-



[House of M. Beaumont, the French Ambassador.]

dent for a single night, the first of his temporary abode in London, whilst the palace of Arundel was being prepared for him. Like most of those fine picturesque-looking mansions which characterised ancient London, the house consisted generally of small and low rooms, many of them on the same floor. The ceilings were traversed by large rude beams, and a well staircase, lighted by a skylight from the top, extended from the ground to the roof. Roses, crowns, fleurs-de-lis, dragons, &c., formed the ornaments of its front. The house bore the date of 1581. The half-insane, half-inspired dramatic poet Lee resorted here; and it was, says Oldys, "in returning from the Bear and Harrow in Butcher Row,

through Clare Market, to his lodgings in Duke Street, that Lee, overladen with wine, fell down, (on the ground, as some say—according to others, on a bulk,) and was killed or stifled in the snow. He was buried in the parish-church of St. Clement Danes, aged about thirty-five years.” This church has been spoken of in such very different terms by men who ought to be competent judges, that one does not know whether to elevate the hands in admiration or in disgust. In an age when architecture was reaching its lowest point of abasement, it is something not to have been the worst. Malcolm designates it a beautiful church; then, again, Mr. Malton says it is a disgusting fabric, and Lambert a very handsome edifice. Whatever the architecture of the building, its history is very interesting, though the chief points there also are disputed. The first part of the name is no doubt derived from its dedication to St. Clement, a disciple of the apostle Peter; but the meaning of the appellation *Danes* has been a much vexed question. Stow’s account of the matter is as follows:—

“Harold, whom King Canute had by a concubine, reigned three years, and was buried at Westminster; but afterwards Hardicanute, the lawful son of Canute, in revenge of a displeasure done to his mother, by expelling her out of the realm, and of the murder of his brother Alured, commanded the body of Harold to be digged out of the earth, and to be thrown into the Thames, where it was by a fisherman taken up and buried in this churchyard. But out of a fair ‘Leager book,’ sometime belonging to the abbey of Chertsey, in the county of Surrey, is noted, as in Francis Thynne, after this sort: In the reign of King Ethelred the monastery of Chertsey was destroyed; ninety monks of that house were slain by the Danes, whose bodies were buried in a place near to the old monastery. William Malmesbury saith: They burnt the church, together with the monks and abbot; but the Danes, continuing in their fury (throughout the whole land), desirous, at the length, to return home into Denmark, were (by the just judgment of God) all slain at London, at a place which is called the church of the Danes.” This latter transaction refers to the great massacre of the Danes which took place in Ethelred’s reign, simultaneously in different parts of the country, and the Danes are supposed to have fled to the church for shelter. Lastly, there is the account, ascribing to the church a still more ancient date, given by Fleetwood, the antiquary, and Recorder of London, to the Lord Treasurer Burghley; to the effect that, when Alfred drove most of the Danes out of the kingdom in 886, those residing in London who had married Englishwomen were allowed to live between Westminster and Ludgate, and that they built a synagogue, which was afterwards consecrated and called by its present appellation. It is clear enough that the name could not be derived from all these sources, but the incidents themselves are consistent each with each, and may all be true: nay, they even partially support each other. Supposing Fleetwood’s account to be correct, we have at once an explanation why Harold’s body should be brought to St. Clement’s, and why the Danes should fly thither in their extremity for shelter. The church was given to the Knights Templars by Henry II. The existing building, on the merits of which critics seem to have had so much difficulty to come to anything like agreement, was built toward the end of the seventeenth century by Edward Pierce, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, though the steeple was the work of Gibbs.* The chief features of the exterior are the steeple, the portico,

* Britton and Brayley’s ‘London and Middlesex,’ vol. iii. part 2, p. 167.

and the rounded eastern end; of the interior, the semicircular row of twelve composite pillars extending from east to west and facing the altar, the festooned intercolumniations, the gilt flowers and gilt capitals, the large vault of the nave, and the magnificent pulpit. In the new vestry-room, on the north side of the churchyard, is a painting by Kent, the protégé of Lord Burlington, which formed originally the altar-piece. Its history is curious. In 1725 an order was received from Bishop Gibson directing its removal, in consequence of its being supposed to contain portraits of the Pretender's wife and children. The parish was in a commotion, for the painting had been a very expensive one, and was doubtless much admired. The Bishop's order, however, was executed, and the picture, from being the principal ornament of the church of St. Clement, became the "observed of all observers" at the coffee-room of the well-known neighbouring tavern, the Crown and Anchor. After some years had elapsed it was again restored to the church, though even to this day it has not resumed its old position. Hogarth, who, as is well known, ridiculed Kent and his noble patron in his picture of Burlington Gate, and again in his 'Man of Taste,' where Pope is introduced, engraved a burlesque of this picture. Kent, indeed, erred in having anything to do with either painting or sculpture; in architecture he was better, in landscape-gardening excellent. In the parish of St. Clement's, Fabyan, the chronicler, lived, as we learn from his will; and it was from a certain plot of ground within the parish limits that a curious custom, still observed by the Sheriffs on being sworn into their office in the Court of Exchequer, originated. In the year 1235 Walter de Bruin, a farrier, purchased a piece of ground here from the Crown for the erection of a forge, on condition of paying six horse-shoes, and the proper number of nails required to fasten them, annually into the Exchequer.

From St. Clement's Church we pass to where the noble archway, and its lofty columns, attract the eye on the northern side; that is the entrance to the inn of St. Clements,—the inn immortalized by Shakspeare as the home of Master Shallow in his templar days.

The inn is named from the church, and dates at least as far back as 1478, when students of the law are known to have had their lodging here. Prior to that time there is supposed to have been an inn for the reception of penitents who came to St. Clement's well, as old as the reign of Ethelred. This well is the same that Fitz Stephen refers to as one of the excellent springs "whose waters are sweet, salubrious, and clear, and whose runnels murmur o'er the shining stones;" and to which the scholars from Westminster School, and the youth from the city, used to saunter of summer evenings. It is now covered with a pump, but there still remains the well flowing as steadily and freshly as ever. Over the gate is a device, an anchor, which is explained as referring to the martyrdom of St. Clement, who was believed to have been tied to an anchor and thrown into the sea by the Emperor Trajan. The Hall and numerous residences form three courts, through which is a thoroughfare to Clare Market and New Inn. The Hall is an elegant well-proportioned room, with a good portrait of Sir Matthew Hale among its other pictures. In a garden belonging to the Inn is a statue of a kneeling African supporting a dial, which was purchased by Holles, Lord Clare (whose family occupied the Inn during the reign of some of the Tudors), and presented to the society. In Knox's 'Elegant Extracts' are some

lines written upon this statue, which were found, it is said, one day affixed to it. The point of the satire is somewhat old, though the form is new and clever:—

“In vain, poor sable son of woe,
 Thou seek'st the tender tear;
 For thee in vain with pangs they flow;
 For mercy dwells not here.
 From cannibals thou fledd'st in vain;
 Lawyers less quarter give;
 The first won't eat you till you're slain,
 The last will do't alive.”

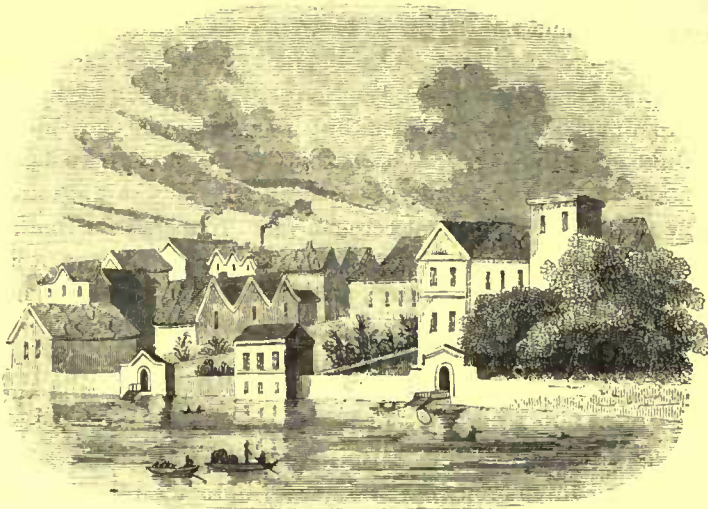
In St. Clement's Lane, adjoining, lived Sir John Trevor, cousin to Lord Chancellor Jeffries, and twice Speaker of the House of Commons. He was bold enough to caution James against his arbitrary conduct, and Jeffries against his cruel violence. Pity that he was not honest also! He was found guilty of corrupt practices by the House of Commons, and had himself to put the question, as Speaker, whether he ought not to be expelled the House, and declare it to be carried in the affirmative. A rich piece of practical justice! Whilst we are on this side of the way we may as well notice Lyon's Inn, an appendage of the Inner Temple, and a place of great antiquity. It had formerly an entrance from the Strand, which crossed Holywell Street near the centre, but now from Holywell Street to the Inn closed up. Marks of the gateway from Holywell Street are still visible on the house above; and at the corner of the low passage on the other side of the street leading into the Strand is a carved and painted lion's head. We are in a curious street. Everything here is ancient: its inhabitants, principally Jews, being of course by no means an exception. But all old things seem to be passing away. Houses are being pulled down; and the moral character seems to be changing as well as the architectural. It is a fact, at least, that we have passed through several times of late without an attempt at obstruction on the part of the industrious salesmen. With St. Mary's Church and the famous Maypole we shall conclude what we may call these irregular parts of the Strand.

The old church of St. Mary occupied the site of the eastern part of the present Somerset House, and was one among the three or four public buildings pulled down by the proud and reckless Protector to make way for the pile he was about to build. The congregation waited a long time in the expectation that he would fulfil his promise of erecting another place of worship, joining themselves in the mean time to the congregation of St. Clement's. Somerset died without having done anything for them, and a second removal took place—the church of the Savoy being this time the adopted place. Here they remained till the erection of the present edifice, which was the first of the fifty churches ordered to be built during Queen Anne's reign. Gibbs, the architect, in his own account of St. Mary's, says it was the first building he was employed in after his arrival from Italy. Few structures have been more severely criticised. The great fault, it seems generally agreed, is the profusion of ornaments and the multitude of small parts; on the other hand, it possesses the high excellence of being admirably designed for the site, and the union of the façade and tower is eminently happy. The interior also is fine, though liable to the same objection of being too much ornamented. The side walls display two ranges of pilasters, with entablatures, one above the other; the ceiling is semi-oval, covered with decorations in stucco; and

the altar at the east end, with a very large and striking-looking alcove, has paintings of the Annunciation and the Passion. The pulpit is very beautifully carved, and has a sounding-board in the form of a shell. A serious accident happened here in 1802 at the proclamation of peace. Just as the heralds were passing the church, a man, who was standing behind the stone railing that runs round the roof, leaned against one of the ornamental urns, which, being only fastened by a decayed wooden spike running up the centre, gave way, and fell among the dense crowd below. A terrible cry was raised by those who saw its descent, and in the confusion that ensued many persons were hurt, besides three who were killed by the urn, which weighed about two hundred pounds. The poor fellow who had been the innocent cause of the mischief was found to have fallen backward and fainted away, of course from pure fright. The Maypole, as we have before mentioned, 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, &c., 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 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 scarfs, in their half-shirts, with a tabor and a pipe, the ancient music, and danced round about the Maypole." Strange doings these for the Strand! If one could by any magic revive the scene for a moment, how the New Police would be mystified! 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. Removed though it was, it was not destined to be forgotten. This is the same Maypole that figures in the 'Dunciad' as the starting-place for the racers:—

"Amidst the area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall Maypole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now, as Anne and piety ordain,
A church collects the Saints of Drury Lane."

Extending from Fleet Street as far as the present Essex Street and Devereux Court was anciently an Outer Temple, which, with the Inner and Middle Temples, constituted the residences of the Knights. From their hands it passed, in the time of Edward III., into the possession of the Bishops of Exeter, who occupied it till the reign of Henry VI. under the name of Exeter House. It was afterwards successively held by Sir William (afterwards Lord) Paget, who called it Paget Place; the Duke of Norfolk, of whom we have spoken in our account of the Charter House; then by Elizabeth's first and unworthy favourite, the Earl of Leicester, who gave it also his own name; and lastly by the nobler but less fortunate successor in the Queen's heart, the Earl of Essex. One of the Bishops



[Essex House, from Hollar's 'View of London,' 1647.]

who possessed it found a grave as well as a home here. This was Miles Stapleton, who greatly improved or rebuilt the mansion, looking forward doubtless to a long lease of enjoyment; but during the disturbances of the reign of Edward II. was seized by the mob as one of the King's friends, beheaded in Cheapside, and then buried in a heap of sand or rubbish at his own door. The chief memory of this place is of course connected with Essex, and the rash act for which he was executed. Elizabeth and he had quarrelled more than once or twice before the last irreconcilable difference. She had been offended by his conduct in joining the expedition to Cadiz without her permission, by his marriage with the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and above all by a dispute concerning the appointment of an assistant in the affairs of Ireland, when he was about to visit that country as Lord Deputy. This last quarrel terminated in her boxing his ears, and bidding him "Go and be hanged." The provocation was, it is said, his turning his back upon her. The indignant noble clapped his hand to his sword, and swore he would not have put up with such an insult from Henry VIII. He went, however, though with great reluctance, to Ireland, surrounded by a brilliant staff, and was followed for some miles from London by crowds of Londoners, crying, "God bless your Lordship—God preserve you!" In a letter written by him from the seat of his government, he complains sadly of his position, calls Ireland the "cursedest of all islands," and concludes with a passage

that would certainly astonish the head of a government in the present day, if he received any such in his despatches. Essex wishes he could live like a hermit "in some unhaunted desert most obscure"

"From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure.
Then wake again, and yield God every praise,
Content with hips and haws, and bramble-berry;
In contemplation parting out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry.
Who, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.
Your Majesty's exiled servant,

ROBERT ESSEX."

It is difficult to estimate the nature of Essex's Irish government, thwarted as he was on all sides. The Cecils were his enemies at court, and in Ireland he was not allowed to make his own subordinate appointments. When he named the Earl of Southampton, his friend, general of the horse, the Queen compelled him to revoke the appointment. All consequently went wrong; and at last, feeling perhaps that he was making no progress in subduing the enemies to whom he was opposed, and that his sudden presence at court might counteract the machinations of his rival, he arrived unexpectedly one Michaelmas Eve, about ten in the morning, at the court gate, and made his way hastily up to the Queen's bedchamber, where he found Elizabeth newly up, with her hair about her face. She received him graciously; and he left her, thanking God that, though he had suffered much trouble and storms abroad, he found a sweet calm at home. The calm was but of short continuance; the Cecils and others were at work, and that very evening he was ordered to consider himself a prisoner in his room. After eight months of restraint he wrote a touching appeal to the Queen, which was not answered for three months more, when he was released, but ordered not to appear at court. In a few days a valuable patent he held for the monopoly of sweet wines expired, and he petitioned for a renewal to aid his shattered fortunes. It was refused; and in a manner that made the refusal the least mortifying part of the business. "In order to manage an ungovernable beast he must be stinted in his provender," was the Queen's remark. Essex now became desperate; and unfortunately there was one at hand ready to direct his thoughts into the worst channels—Cuffe, his secretary, a man who has been described as "smothered under the habit of a scholar, and slubbered over with a certain rude and clownish fashion that had the semblance of integrity."* By him Essex was advised to remove Sir Robert Cecil, Raleigh, and others, forcibly from court, and so make the way clear for the recovery of his ascendancy. Other men joined in this advice, and, finally, relying upon his extraordinary popularity with the Londoners, he determined to adopt it. A strong party of officers who had served under him took up lodgings about Essex Street, and formed themselves into a council. The gates of Essex House were thrown open to flocks of Catholic priests, Puritan preachers, soldiers, sailors, young citizens, and needy adventurers; these proceedings of course immediately attracted the notice of the government, and Essex was summoned to appear before the Privy Council. A note from an unknown writer, warning him to provide for his safety, was at the same moment put into his hand, and he was informed that the guard at the

* Reliquæ Wottonianæ.

palace had been doubled. Essex saw he must at once strike or be stricken; so, on the following morning, Sunday, the 8th of February, 1600-1, he determined to march into the city during sermon-time at St. Paul's Cross, and call upon the people to join him, and force their way to the Queen. His dear friend, the Earl of Southampton, with the Earl of Rutland, Lords Sandys and Mounteagle, and about three hundred gentlemen, were ready to accompany him, when the Lord Keeper Egerton, Sir William Knollys, the Lord Chief Justice Popham, and the Earl of Worcester arrived, and demanded the cause of the disturbance. They were admitted without their attendants; when Egerton and Popham asked what all this meant. "There is a plot laid against my life," was the reply uttered in a loud and impassioned tone; "letters have been forged in my name—men have been hired to murder me in my bed—nine enemies cannot be satisfied unless they suck my blood!" The Lord Chief Justice said he ought to explain his case to the Queen, who would do impartial justice. Some voices now cried out, "They abuse you, my Lord—they betray you—you are losing time!" The Lord Keeper, then putting on his hat, commanded the assembly, in the Queen's name, to lay down their arms and depart. Louder cries now broke out, "Kill them!—kill them!—keep them for hostages!—away with the great seal!" Essex immediately conducted them to an inner apartment, bolted the door, and placed a guard of musketeers to watch it. Drawing his sword, he then rushed out, followed by most of the assembly. At St. Paul's Cross, to their surprise, they found no preaching—no congregation—the Queen having sent orders to that effect to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. The Earl, addressing the citizens he met with, cried, "For the Queen, my mistress!—a plot is laid for my life!" and entreated them to arm. But they contented themselves with crying, "God bless your Honour!" and left him to his fate. Uncertain what to do, Essex went to the house of one of the sheriffs, and remained for some time. About two in the afternoon he again went forth, and passed to and fro through many streets, till, seeing that his followers were fast disappearing, he directed his footsteps towards Essex House. Barricades had been formed in the mean time, and at Ludgate he was attacked by a large body of armed men whom the Bishop of London had placed there. Several persons were wounded in the affray. Essex was twice shot through the hat, and his step-father, Sir Christopher Blount, was severely wounded and taken prisoner. The Earl retreated into Friday Street, where, being faint, drink was given him by the citizens. At Queenhithe he obtained a boat, and so got back to Essex House, where he found that his last hope, the hostages, were gone; his trusted friend and servant, Sir F. Gorge, having set them at liberty, hoping thereby to make his own peace with the Queen. He now fortified his house, determined to die rather than be taken, hoping still to receive assistance from the citizens. But a great force soon hemmed him in on all sides; several pieces of artillery were planted against the house, amongst the rest one on the tower of St. Clement's. A faithful follower, Captain Owen Salisbury, seeing all was lost, stood openly in a window, bareheaded, desiring there to meet his death. He was hit on the side of the head: "Oh that thou hadst been so much my friend as to have shot but a little lower!" he exclaimed. It was sufficient, however; for it saved him from the fate he dreaded—execution as a traitor: he died on the following morning. About ten at night Essex demanded a parley, and surrendered to the Lord Admiral upon a promise of a fair hearing and a speedy trial.

The two friends, Essex and Southampton, were sent to the Tower, the other prisoners to the various gaols. We need not follow the details of the sad history any farther, but pass at once to the conclusion. The two Earls were found guilty, and Essex was executed on Ash Wednesday, the 25th of February, about eight in the morning, in an inner court of the Tower—Sir Walter Raleigh looking on from the Armoury. It was said the execution was made thus private from the Queen's fear of what Essex might say touching her own virtue. Rash and criminal as this insurrection might be, it would be wrong to judge of Essex's character merely from that event. He was a brave soldier, an accomplished scholar, a true friend (what an expression was that of his in a letter to the Lord Keeper Egerton, "*I would I had in my heart the sorrow of all my friends!*"), and a generous and high-spirited man: circumstances alone, acting upon his one great fault, an unrestrained temper, prevented his having also the reputation of a loyal subject. Among his other claims to favourable remembrance, there is one for which he deserves especial honour and reverence—in a most intolerant age he was a most tolerant governor. Several of Essex's principal followers, including the instigator Cuffe, were executed. Southampton was saved from the block, but remained a close prisoner during the Queen's life—and that life it appears was embittered to a fearful degree by these melancholy transactions. Essex remained the darling of the people, whilst the ministers—his rivals, enemies, *and judges*—were insulted and hooted whenever they appeared abroad. Even she herself was looked on coldly. The particulars of the romantic story of the ring sent to the Queen by Essex after his condemnation, as collected by Dr. Birch,* and repeated in the 'Memoirs of the Peers of England during the reign of James I.,' are so interesting, and belong so peculiarly to the memories of the Strand (for the Countess died in the neighbouring Arundel House), that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing them:—"The following curious story," says the compiler of this work, "was frequently told by Lady Elizabeth Spelman, great grand-daughter of Sir Robert Carey, brother of Lady Nottingham, and afterwards Earl of Monmouth, whose curious memoirs of himself were published a few years ago by Lord Corke:—When Catharine Countess of Nottingham was dying (as she did, according to his Lordship's own account, about a fortnight before Queen Elizabeth), she sent to her Majesty to desire that she might see her, in order to reveal something to her Majesty, without the discovery of which she could not die in peace. Upon the Queen's coming, Lady Nottingham told her that, while the Earl of Essex lay under sentence of death, he was desirous of asking her Majesty's mercy in the manner prescribed by herself during the height of his favour; the Queen having given him a ring, which, being sent to her as a token of his distress, might entitle him to her protection. But the Earl, jealous of those about him, and not caring to trust any of them with it, as he was looking out of his window one morning, saw a boy with whose appearance he was pleased; and, engaging him by money and promises, directed him to carry the ring, which he took from his finger and threw down, to Lady Scroope, a sister of the Countess of Nottingham, and a friend of his Lordship, who attended upon the Queen; and to beg of her that she would present it to her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, carried it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband, the admiral, an enemy of Lord Essex, in order to take his advice. The

* Negotiations, p. 206.

admiral forbid her to carry it, or return any answer to the message; but insisted upon her keeping the ring. The Countess of Nottingham, having made this discovery, begged the Queen's forgiveness; but her Majesty answered, '*God may forgive you, but I never can;*' and left the room with great emotion. Her mind was so struck with the story that she never went into bed nor took any sustenance from that instant; for Camden is of opinion that her chief reason for suffering the Earl to be executed was his supposed obstinacy in not applying to her for mercy." "In confirmation of the time of the Countess's death," continues the compiler, "it now appears from the parish register of Chelsea, extracted by Mr. Lysons (*Environs of London*, ii. 120), that she died at Arundel House, London, February 25th, and was buried the 28th, 1603. Her funeral was kept at Chelsea, March 21, and Queen Elizabeth died three days afterwards!" An additional confirmation is given by the recorded incidents of Elizabeth's conduct during her last illness. For ten days and nights together prior to her decease she refused to go to bed, but lay upon the carpet with cushions around her, buried in the profoundest melancholy. Let us pass on to the other and pleasanter memories which yet hold us to this interesting place. The author of the '*Fairy Queen*,' who had been a visitor at the house during Leicester's life, and had received assistance from that nobleman, thus writes in his '*Prothalamion*' (he has been speaking of the Temple):—

“Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
 Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
 Of that great lord, which therein went to dwell.
 Whose want too well now feels my friendless case:
 But, ah! here fits not well
 Olde woes, but ioyes, to tell
 Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly till I end my song.
 Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
 Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
 Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
 And Hercule's two pillars standing near
 Did make to quake and feare:
 Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie!
 That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
 Joy have thou of thy noble victorie.”

The hint in these verses was, as has been observed, rather broad, but in strict harmony with the feelings and habits of the great writers and patrons of the time. Essex no doubt appreciated it rightly: at all events it was he who buried the poet in Westminster Abbey. Essex's son, the Earl of Essex who commanded the parliamentary forces in the civil war, was born here. When he was got rid of by the Commons' famous self-denying ordinance, Lord Clarendon says the whole parliament, the day after he had resigned his commission, came to Essex House to return him thanks for his great services. The only existing remains of Essex House are a pair of very large and fine stone pillars, with Corinthian capitals, at the end of the street; probably the original supports of the water-gate of the mansion. In Devereux Court is the oldest and most famous of London coffee-houses, the Grecian; with a bust of the Earl of Essex on its front, which appears to be a fine work, although from its height it is difficult to judge. Cibber, we were told, was the sculptor.

Between Essex Street and Milford Lane Stow says an ancient chapel formerly

existed, called St. Spirit. Next to Milford Lane is Arundel Street, which, with Norfolk, Surrey, and Howard Streets, the latter crossing the others, mark the site of the once stately mansion and gardens of Arundel House, and derive their names from its latest possessors.

The earliest notices we possess of this mansion refer to it as the London residence of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, when it was called Bath's Inn, or Hampton Place. In the reign of Edward VI. it was in the King's hands, who sold it to his uncle, Lord Thomas Seymour, who, when Stow wrote, had lately "new builded the house," and given to it the appellation Seymour Place. During his time the house was the scene of some strange intrigues and dalliances, in which the Virgin Queen figures in a somewhat equivocal manner, and which had well-nigh ended in her marriage, and the addition of a King Thomas to the roll of British sovereigns. In 1547 Seymour, who held the post of Lord Admiral, married the Queen Dowager Catherine, Henry VIII.'s last wife, and buried her the year following, not without raising suspicions of foul play. The crime supposed was, however, never supported by any tangible evidence, and seems to have arisen more than anything else from the known intimacy between the Princess Elizabeth and him. He contrived to place the Princess at Seymour Place, evidently with the object of marrying her, and sharing in the succession to the throne. And there is little doubt that she liked him. His vaulting ambition, however, overleaped itself, and his trial and execution for "treasonable" practices speedily followed, and put an end to all his schemes. Reverting to the Crown, Seymour Place was sold by it to the Earl of Arundel, with several other messuages, for £41. 6s. 8d., and another change of name took place: thenceforward it was called Arundel House. Clarendon gives an interesting but somewhat satirical account of the place and its master, the collector of the famous marbles, at this period. He says the Earl seemed to live, "as it were, in another nation, his house being a place to which all people resorted who resorted to no other place; strangers, or such as affected to look like strangers, and dressed themselves accordingly. He was willing to be thought a scholar, and to understand the most mysterious parts of antiquity, because he made a wonderful and costly purchase of excellent statues whilst in Italy and in Rome (some whereof he could never obtain permission to remove out of Rome, though he had paid for them), and had a rare collection of medals. As to all parts of learning, he was almost illiterate, and thought no other part of history so considerable as what related to his own family, in which, no doubt, there had been some very memorable persons. It cannot be denied that he had in his own person, in his aspect and countenance, the appearance of a great man, which he preserved in his gait and motion. He wore and affected a habit very different from that of the time, such as men had only beheld in pictures of the most considerable men; all which drew the eyes of most, and the reverence of many, towards him, as the image and representative of the ancient nobility and native gravity of the nobles, when they had been most venerable; but this was only his outside, his nature and true humour being much disposed to levity and delights which indeed were very despicable and childish."

The magnificent collection of marbles referred to in this passage of course adorned Arundel House at the time in question, when it was the common resort of many eminent artists. Among those also who more particularly enjoyed the Earl's

favour and patronage were Inigo Jones, Vandyke, Hollar, Nicholas Stone, and Le Sœur. The Earl's treasures were thus arranged:—the principal statues and busts were ranged along the gallery, the others in the garden, where he had the inscribed marbles let into the wall. The collection comprised not less than 37 statues, 128 busts, and 250 inscribed marbles. When the mansion was about to be pulled down about 1678, the entire collection was offered for sale, but, no single purchaser appearing, it was divided into several portions, and dispersed. Enough, however, ultimately found their way to Oxford to give name to a collection which comprises many of the Earl's most valued relics. From the Earl of Arundel the house passed by marriage into the hands of the Howard family, and became the seat of the Dukes of Norfolk, when it received its latest designation of Norfolk House. The Countess of Nottingham, who plays so important a part in the romantic episode in the tragical history of the Earl of Essex, died here, as before mentioned, in 1603. Her husband was a Howard, so she was probably on a visit at the time. The next visitor of importance was the Duke de Sully, during the performance of his mission from Henry IV. of France to James I., immediately after the accession of the latter; Norfolk House having been temporarily appointed as his place of residence. The great French statesman speaks of it as one of the finest and most commodious mansions in London, having a great number of apartments on the same floor. From hence he appears to have removed to Crosby Place. After the Great Fire of London learning' also found shelter within its walls. The Royal Society, being burnt out of Gresham College, were invited by the Duke to reside here; they did so, and remained for some years. On their removal the whole was pulled down, and the present Arundel, Norfolk, Surrey, and Howard Streets, rose on the site.



[Arundel House.]



[Roman Bath, Strand Lane.]

XXXVI.—THE STRAND.

(Concluded from No. XXXV.)

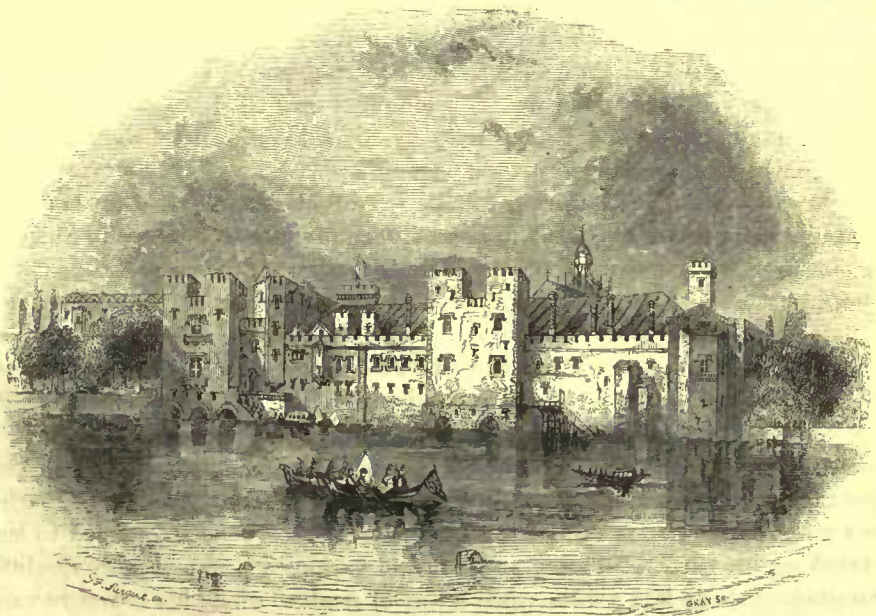
AMONG those curious narrow lanes which extend from the Strand downwards to the Thames, there is one called Strand Lane, through which ran the watercourse from Strand Bridge, and which we have in our former article incidentally referred to as containing an important remain. It is a place which few persons besides the inhabitants are at all familiar with—a circumstance that may account for the little notice that has been paid to the announcement seen in front of No. 5 of the lane in question. We were roaming carelessly through these lanes, thinking there could be little or nothing in them to repay the curious visitor, when that announcement attracted our attention, and we read “The Old Roman Spring Bath!” With some surprise and a great deal of incredulity we desired to be shown this piece of antiquity, which the chief historians of the metropolis had said nothing about. Descending several steps we found ourselves in a lofty vaulted passage, evidently ancient; and its antiquity became still more apparent on walking to the end of the passage, where the ceiling of the opposite or terminal wall exhibits half of a great circular arch, the upper portion of the other half being occupied by a descending piece of masonry, supported by a beam, which appears to be at least two or three centuries

old, possibly much more. The age of this beam speaks significantly as to the age of the arch, which it and the accompanying masonry have mutilated. On the left of the passage is a door, leading into a vaulted chamber, measuring we should suppose about twenty feet in length, the same in height, and in breadth about nine feet. In the massive wall between the chamber and the passage is a recess, passing which, and standing at the farther end of the room, we have the view seen in the above engraving. The Bath itself is about thirteen feet long, six broad, and four feet six inches deep. The spring is said to be connected with the neighbouring holy well, which gives name to Holywell Street, and their respective position makes the statement probable. Through the beautifully clear water, which is also as delightful to the taste as refreshing to the eye, appear the sides and bottom of the Bath, exhibiting, we were told, the undoubted evidences of the high origin ascribed to it. Minutely as the height and peculiar coldness of the water would permit, did we and the artist of the above drawing examine the structure of these supposed Roman walls and pavement. The former consisted, we found, of layers of brick of that peculiar flat and neat-looking aspect which certainly seemed to imply the impress of Roman hands, divided only by thin layers of stucco; and the latter of a layer of similar brick, covered with stucco, and resting upon a mass of stucco and rubble. The construction of the pavement is made visible by a deep hole at the end near the window, where the spring is continually flowing up; and in pursuing our inquiries among those persons best calculated to satisfy them, we were told by a gentleman connected with the management of the estate, who had had a portion of the pavement purposely removed, that the rubble was of that peculiar character well known among architects as Roman. The bricks are nine inches and a half long, four inches and a half broad, and an inch and three quarters thick. On this point it may be necessary to observe that Roman bricks are often, but most incorrectly, stated to have been invariably square. The evidences in disproof of the assertion are as numerous as they should be well known. In Woodward's account, for instance, of the Roman walls of London, the dimensions of the bricks or tiles are stated at about a foot wide by a foot and a half long. In Rickman's 'Life of Telford,'* the floor of the baths at Wroxeter is described as "paved with tiles sixteen inches long, twelve wide, and an inch and a half thick." The remainder of the passage might be applied, with the mere alteration of the proportions in depth of the different layers, to the Bath in Strand Lane:—"The tiles lie on a bed of mortar one foot thick, under which are rubble-stones to a considerable depth." These were the larger Roman bricks. We are told the Roman wall discovered in Lombard Street in 1786 was constructed "of the smaller sized;" but no dimensions are given. At the farther end of the Bath is a small projecting strip or ledge of white marble, and beneath it a hollow in the wall slanting towards one corner: these are the undoubted remains of a flight of steps leading down into the water. Immediately opposite the steps, we learn from the authority of the gentleman before referred to, was a door connected with a vaulted passage still existing below—and towards the back of—three houses in Surrey Street, and continuing from thence upwards in the direction of the Strand. These vaults have some remarkable features: among others, there is a low arch of a very peculiar form,

* Page 288.

the rounded top projecting gradually forward beyond the line of its sides, in the house immediately behind the Bath. But the history of the Bath—is there nothing known of it? All we can say in reply is—that the property can be traced back into the possession of a very ancient family, the Danvers (or D'Anvers), of Swithland, in Leicestershire, whose mansion stood on the spot;—that, although the existence of the Bath was evidently unknown to Stow, Maitland, Pennant, and Malcolm, or the later historians of London, from the absence of any mention of it in their pages, yet from time immemorial in the neighbourhood the fact of its being a Roman bath has been received with implicit credence;—and, lastly, that a kind of dim tradition seems to exist that it had been closed up for some long period, and then re-discovered. It will not be thought we have spent too much of our attention on this matter when it is considered how great an interest has always been felt on the subject of any remaining traces of the residences of the former masters of the world in our own island, and particularly in London; and that among those remains, consisting chiefly of fragments of walls, mosaic pavements, and articles of use or ornament, a bath, presenting to-day, probably, the precisely same aspect that it presented sixteen or seventeen centuries ago, when the Roman descended into its beautiful waters, must hold no mean place. The proprietors, we are happy to say, rightly estimate its value, and have long ago caused another bath to be built and supplied from it; and it is in the latter alone that persons are allowed to bathe.

Continuing our route, and passing King's College and Somerset House—subjects too large to be considered in the present paper—we descend another narrow



[Ancient Palace of the Savoy.]

lane, bearing a name suggestive of a long train of historical memories. We are now in the precincts of the ancient palace of the Savoy; and that rather low but

long and antique-looking edifice, with its beautiful windows and curious little tower, is its chapel, the last remnant of its architectural glories. In front extends the burial-ground, a peculiarly neat one for London, with its well-gravelled walks, and fresh-looking evergreens. The founder of the Savoy was Peter de Savoy, brother to the Boniface Archbishop of Canterbury whom we have mentioned in our account of Lambeth Palace, and uncle to Eleanor, the queen of Henry III. This Peter, coming over to England on a visit to his niece, was created Earl of Savoy and Richmond, and solemnly knighted in Westminster Abbey. The date of 1245 is ascribed to the original erection. From the Earl of Savoy, the palace passed, most probably by gift, to the Friars of Mountjoy, and then again returned into the possession of the family by Eleanor's purchasing it for her son Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster. His son Thomas Earl of Lancaster was beheaded during the reign of Edward II., and the Savoy then became the property of his brother Henry, who enlarged it, and made it so magnificent in 1328, at an expense of 52,000 marks, ("which money," says Stow, "he had gathered together at the town of Bridgerike,") that there was, according to Knighton, no mansion in the realm to be compared with it in beauty and stateliness. After the decease of the Earl's son, the first Duke of Lancaster, in 1351, one of the daughters of the latter married the famous John of Gaunt, who became in consequence the possessor of the Savoy. Six years later occurred an event which has bequeathed to the locality one of its most interesting memories, namely, the residence of the captive King John of France. The battle of Poitiers took place on the 19th of September, 1356, and on the 24th of April following the King with his illustrious conqueror, the Black Prince, the darling of our old historians, entered London. With the same touching delicacy of feeling which characterized all the proceedings of the Prince towards his prisoner, from their first supper after the battle, when he served the French monarch kneeling, and refused to sit at table with him, John was now mounted on a richly caparisoned cream-coloured charger, while the Prince rode by his side on a little black palfrey. The accompanying procession was most magnificent. The Savoy was appropriated to the use of the King during the period of his stay. "And thither," says Froissart, "came to see him the King and Queen oftentimes, and made him great feast and cheer." The negotiations as to John's ransom were long protracted, and it was not till October, 1360, that the terms were settled; when, all the parties being at Calais, the French King and twenty-four of his barons on the one side, and Edward with twenty-seven of his barons on the other, swore to observe the conditions, and John was liberated on the following day. We must rapidly follow his history to its conclusion. He returned to France; was unable to fulfil his portion of the treaty; and to add to his mortification, his son, the Duke of Anjou, entered Paris from Calais, where he had been permitted by the English, whose prisoner he was, to reside, and which he had only been enabled to leave by breaking his parole. These, and it is said various other (and more doubtful) circumstances, made him resolve upon a line of conduct which his courtiers vainly strove to drive him from by ridicule; and to the astonishment, no doubt, more or less, of all parties, he suddenly returned to London, where he was received with open arms by Edward, and took up his final residence at the Savoy. Under the date 1364, we find in Stow's Chronicles the following passage:—"The 9th day of

April, died John King of France, at the Savoy, beside Westminster; his corpse was honourably conveyed to St. Denis in France."

During the meeting which took place in St. Paul's, in pursuance of Wickliffe's citation to appear before the Bishop of London, the Duke, his patron, and Lord Percy, Marshal of England, grievously offended the citizens by their violent conduct towards the prelate, who expressed their resentment loudly, and the result was the breaking up of the court in the midst of the altercation, with a mere prohibition to Wickliffe against any further preaching or writing on the subject complained of. The Duke was so offended at the remarks of the citizens, that that very day, in his place as President of Parliament, he proposed the abolition of the office of Lord Mayor, and the substitution of a captain to execute his duties. Lord Fitzwalter, a standard-bearer of the city, joined the citizens, and advised them to look to their means of defence. They immediately armed and crowded in great numbers about the Savoy, evidently bent on mischief. A priest advanced to meet them, and inquired the cause of their coming; he was told they sought the persons of the Duke and the Lord Marshal, in order to compel them to surrender Sir Peter de la Mere, unjustly detained in prison. The priest was so imprudent as to reply that Sir Peter was a traitor, and deserved to be hanged; the words had scarcely issued from his lips before the cry was raised that he was a Percy in disguise, and he was barbarously murdered. But for the Bishop of London, who on hearing of the riot had hurried to the Savoy, the palace would no doubt have been destroyed, as it was a little later under very similar circumstances. The people, to show their opinion of the Duke, reversed his arms, traitor fashion. The civic authorities were obliged to exhibit a very different demeanour: one of the last audiences given by Edward III. was to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen at Sheen (Richmond), who came to crave pardon of the Duke, in his presence, for their grievous offence. Not the less, however, were they all ousted from office by the powerful Duke, and creatures of his own substituted. The danger that threatened the Savoy on this occasion was only temporarily averted; in 1381 the popular fury burst with terrible effect upon its stately halls and towers. In that year Wat Tyler's insurrection broke out, and soon after the dreaded leader of a hundred thousand desperate men appeared at Blackheath. On the 12th of June, whilst one body marched along the Surrey bank of the Thames and destroyed the furniture and books of Lambeth Palace, another directed their steps towards the Savoy. They there "set fire on it round about, and made proclamation that none, on pain to lose his head, should convert to his own use anything that there was, but that they should break such plate and vessel of gold and silver as was found in that house (which was in great plenty) into small pieces, and throw the same into the river of Thames. Precious stones they should bruise in mortars, that the same might be to no use, and so it was done by them. *One of their companions they burned in the fire, because he minded to have reserved one goodly piece of plate.** They found there certain barrels of gunpowder, which they thought had been gold or silver, and, throwing them into the fire more suddenly than they thought, the

* Knighton says, when the discovery was made, they forthwith hurried him and the piece of plate into the fire saying, "We are zealous of truth and justice, and not thieves or robbers."

Hall was blown up, the houses destroyed, and themselves very hardly escaped away.”*

The same writer mentions in his *Chronicles* an appalling incident of this affair:—“To the number of two-and-thirty of these rebels entered a cellar of the Savoy, where they drank so much of sweet wines, that they were not able to come out in time, but were shut in with wood and stones, that mured (walled) up the door, where they were heard crying and calling seven days after, but none came to help them out till they were dead.”

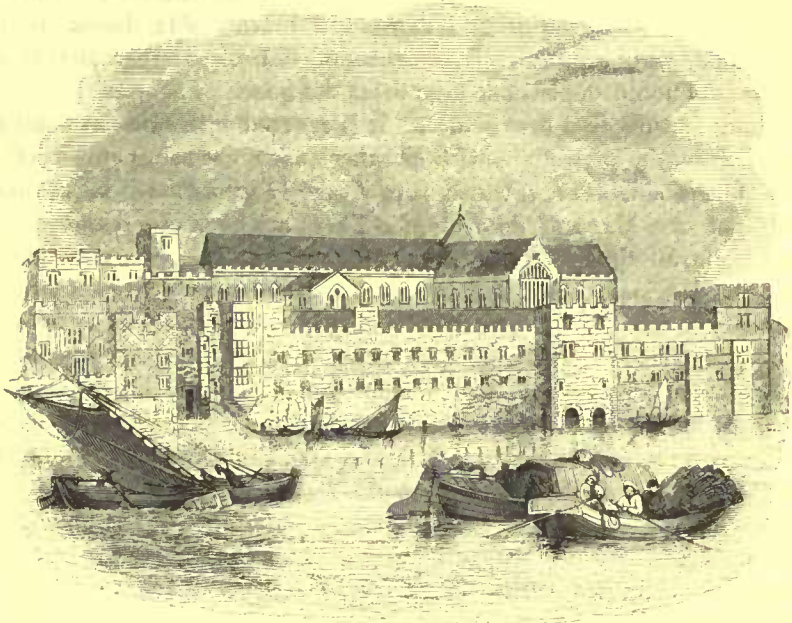
From this period, during a century and a quarter, the Savoy remained a heap of ruins. About the expiration of that time Henry VII. began to erect an hospital on the site; and to ensure its completion, bequeathed 10,000 marks to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's for that purpose.

The buildings do not appear to have been completed till the eighth year of Henry VIII., when a master and four chaplains were nominated. During the reign of Edward VI. the hospital, which had become, it is said, a harbour or receiving-place for loiterers, vagabonds, and strumpets, was suppressed, and the revenues given to the newly-erected hospital of Bridewell; but on the accession of Mary was soon re-established. One Jackson took possession of the place as a master, and, says Stow, “the ladies of the court and maidens of honour (a thing not to be forgotten) stored the same of new with beds, bedding, and other furniture, in very ample manner.” Among the other historical incidents of the hospital may be mentioned the deprivation of the master, Thomas Thurland, in the reign of Elizabeth, for corruption and embezzlement, and the visits which have at two or three different periods been made to it by commissions to inquire into the disposal of the revenues, &c. The last of these, which sat about the commencement of Anne's reign, sealed the fate of the hospital. It was then found that the purposes of the institution were utterly neglected; and the commissioners entirely deprived the chaplains of their offices, and declared the hospital dissolved. Accounts of the property were immediately taken on the part of the Crown, to which from that time it belonged. The improved value of the rents was then estimated at 2497*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

The first of the two great religious meetings that have been held at the Savoy took place a little before Cromwell's death; when the Independents petitioned his Highness for liberty to hold a synod, in order to publish to the world a uniform confession of faith. They were now become a considerable body; their churches being increased both in city and country by the addition of great numbers of rich and substantial persons; but they were not agreed upon any standard of faith or discipline. The petition was opposed by some of the Court, as tending to a separation between the Independents and Presbyterians: “Nor,” says Neal, “was the Protector himself fond of it; however, he gave way to their importunity; and, as Mr. Echard represents that matter, when he was moved upon his death-bed to discountenance their petition, he replied—‘They must be satisfied, they must be satisfied, or we shall all run back into blood again.’” The meeting took place on the 12th of October, 1658, when ministers and messengers from above one hundred congregational churches met together, and, after eleven or twelve days’

* Stow's Survey, ed. 1633, p. 491.

deliberation, agreed upon their well-known Declaration of Faith, consisting in all of thirty-three chapters, and nearly two hundred distinct articles of belief and discipline. It proceeded essentially on the plan of the Westminster Assembly of 1643, omitting however, among other matters, the chapters relating to the powers of synods, councils, church censures, marriage and divorce, and the power of the civil magistrate in matters of religion. Three years later, on the same spot, was held the Savoy Conference, so famous in ecclesiastical history. On the 25th of March, 1661, royal letters patent were issued, appointing twelve



[The Savoy Palace in 1661. From Visscher's 'London.']

bishops, with nine assisting clergymen, to meet an equal number of Presbyterian divines, at the lodgings of Dr. Sheldon, Bishop of London and master of the Savoy, "to advise upon and review the Book of Common Prayer," &c.; and, "if occasion be, to make such reasonable and necessary alterations, corrections, and amendments as shall be agreed upon to be needful and expedient for the giving satisfaction to tender consciences, and the restoring and continuing of peace and unity" in the Church. Among the eminent men present during the controversy, were Richard Baxter, and Dr. Wallis, the great mathematician. The former, not satisfied with the proceedings, set to work and drew up in a single fortnight an entirely new Liturgy, and offered it for the approval of the Conference. The act gave great offence to the bishops and other members of the Church of England, and they rejected it without examination. Ultimately, after a great number of discussions, carried on in the presence of a numerous audience, the two parties separated without coming to any agreement. A few years later the Savoy was used as an hospital for sailors and soldiers by Charles II., and subsequently as a garrison.

A considerable portion of the hospital was, it appears, in ruins as early as the

commencement of the last century. It had been built in the form of a cross, with one front towards the Thames, having several projections, and a double row of angular mullioned windows, and another towards the Strand, facing the Friary, with large pointed windows, embattled parapets, and a strong buttressed gateway, bearing the arms and badge of Henry VII., and two Latin lines engraved in large characters, ascribing the foundation to that monarch. During the improvement of the neighbourhood consequent on the erection of Waterloo Bridge, all remains of the Savoy were swept away, with the exception of the Chapel. Let us now enter the "time-honoured" walls of this building. From the burial-ground there is a considerable descent to the floor of the Chapel, and, consequently, instead of the low appearance of the exterior, lofty and noble dimensions here meet the gaze. The roof is perhaps the most striking feature on a first glance. It is covered with minute-looking decorations, consisting of quatrefoils, with circular leaves, enclosing crowns of thorns, carved emblems, shields, &c., which were formerly gilded, and must then have made the roof one blaze of decoration. There are here the remains of an exceedingly beautiful altar-piece, which, as Malcolm has observed, may be from the design of Sir Reginald Bray, the distinguished architect of Henry VII.'s reign. Whoever its author, its intrinsic beauty should have preserved it from the disgraceful treatment it has undergone. On one side it has been almost entirely destroyed to make room for the immense monument of Sir Robert Douglas and his lady, and on the other the beautiful architecture is disfigured by a brass plate to one William Chaworth, and the kneeling effigies of Lady Dalhousie's monument let in (no doubt to the particular satisfaction of the parties concerned



[Ruins of the Savoy, 1711.]

at the ingenuity of the thing) the hollow of the niche, which there forms the most conspicuous object. On each side of the niche is a double panel, terminating originally at the top in delicate pinnacles, and over it is an elaborate canopy. The space between the sides of the altar-piece is occupied by a large piece of worthless daubing. The Douglas monument, before mentioned, exhibits the armed effigy of Sir Robert reclining on his right arm, a work of considerable merit; and a kneeling representation of his lady, in a great hood, behind him. On the western wall, near the altar-piece, is a beautiful ornamented recess, in the back of which have been effigies engraved on brass. Near this is a small tablet to Anne Killigrew, 1685, daughter of one of the masters of the Savoy, Dr. Killigrew, and niece to the well-known jester. This is the lady immortalised by Dryden as

“A Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit.”

Whilst we are on the subject of the poetical reminiscences of the Savoy, we must not forget to mention that Gawin Douglas (son of the terrible Archibald, surnamed Bell-the-Cat), the translator of Virgil, and a poet himself of high original power, was a resident of the Savoy, and died there of the plague about 1521: he was buried in the chapel. The only other monument requiring notice is a very large and magnificent structure of the Elizabethan era, enriched with pillars, a niche, &c., and having the effigies of a lady extended along its table. Lastly there is the tablet to the memory of the enterprising but unfortunate traveller, Richard Lander. The inscription records briefly the melancholy circumstance of his death. He “died at Fernandez Po, on the 2nd of February, 1834. His death was produced by a gun-shot wound, received from the natives of Africa, by whom he was attacked and plundered whilst ascending the river Niger, for the purpose of introducing into that country the blessings of civilization and the arts of peace.” This was indeed altogether a most disastrous expedition; of the crews of the two steam-vessels employed in the expedition under Lander’s direction, consisting of forty persons, only nine returned alive. We conclude this notice of the Chapel with the remark that it was appropriated to the use of the inhabitants of the liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster by Queen Elizabeth. Before we quit the Savoy we must visit a tomb in the burial-ground, signifying to all who are interested in the last resting-place of a man of genius that there lies William Hilton, the late Keeper of the Royal Academy. It is not always that honours such as attended his funeral ceremonies are so fitly bestowed. A procession, consisting of a large body of the students of the Academy, followed by numerous mourning-coaches, containing many of the most eminent of the deceased artist’s professional brethren, among the list of whose names we find those of De Wint, Blore, Shee, Westmacott, Wyon, Uwins, Eastlake, Chantrey, &c. &c., conveyed his remains to the grave.

The Strand at this part was till a very recent period peculiarly narrow and inconvenient. If the reader will refer to the “Restoration of the ancient thoroughfare from Westminster to London,” (the view forming the Frontispiece to Volume I.) he will have a better idea than pages of description could give of the aspect of this part of the Strand in olden times. That view is supposed to be taken from a spot a little beyond the Savoy, the wall of which is there seen occupying so unreasonable a share of the roadway. Passing from ancient to modern

periods, who, we may ask, does not remember Old Exeter 'Change, with its stall-like shops, its menagerie, and above all its man at the entrance in the beef-eater costume, stimulating the imagination of many a youthful passer-by, till it could believe anything of the wonders to be shown above? Then there were the paintings, in which the artist with laudable ingenuity succeeded in conveying a very fair idea of elephants, lions, tigers, &c., without running any risk of a violation of the Second Commandment. The elephant too; who does not remember the melancholy circumstance of the poor creature's being shot to death, and how his skeleton afterwards adorned the window of the exhibition, forming himself his own monument in the scene of his exhibitional triumphs? The place itself was not destitute of historical interest, to say nothing of the magnificent bed exhibited here in 1721 "by Mr. Normand Caney," and other matters of a similar kind. The first building on the site, of which we have any record, was erected by Sir Thomas Palmer, Knight, in the reign of Edward VI.; "but of later time," writes Stow, "it hath been far more beautifully increased by the late Sir William Cecil, Baron Burghley." From hence, he adds, there had been "a continual new building even up to the Earl of Bedford's house, lately builded nigh to the Ivy Bridge," from which the present Bedford and Southampton Streets, &c., derive their name. During Cecil's time the house was known by his name, and afterwards from his successors, the Earls of Exeter, as Exeter House; and thus gave name to the 'Change, which is said to have been built by Dr. Barbon, a speculator in houses, in the time of William and Mary. The removal of the 'Change, and the adjoining houses as far as Southampton Street, took place in 1830; and the present handsome building, including the Hall which still perpetuates the ancient name and the ancient recollections, soon rose on their site. The Hall, which is used for the meetings of various religious and political associations, and for interesting musical performances, was opened in 1831. Its great size, one hundred and thirty-eight feet in length, ninety in breadth, and forty-eight in height, enables it to accommodate at least three thousand persons. A magnificent organ of extraordinary size and power has been recently added.

A little beyond Exeter House and the Savoy, on the same side as the latter, was Worcester House, originally the seat of the Bishops of Carlisle; where Clarendon lived during the building of his splendid mansion in Piccadilly, and at that period of his life when the wily Chancellor succeeded in accomplishing an object dear, there is little doubt, to his heart—the marriage of his daughter to the Duke of York, afterwards James II.; though on the discovery of the marriage he professed to feel so shocked as to say to the King that, if the union *had* taken place, he would give a positive judgment that "the king should immediately cause the *woman* to be sent to the Tower, and to be east into a dungeon, under so strict a guard that no person living should be permitted to come to her, and then that an Act of Parliament should immediately be passed for the cutting off her head, to which he would not only give his consent, but would very willingly be the first man to propose it." At this very time it is stated the Chancellor was labouring in secret to remove all difficulties, and that he overcame the chief one, the Queen Mother's dislike of the match, by engaging to get Parliament to pay her debts. At last all difficulties were removed, the marriage was publicly announced, and the nobility and gentry thronged to Worcester House, where

the marriage had taken place, to pay their respects to the new duchess. Elated by this connexion with royalty, no wonder that Clarendon thought little of paying, as he did, the then enormous rent of 500*l.* a-year for Worcester House. The mansion was pulled down by the Duke of Beaufort, and the present buildings bearing his name erected on the site. At the corner house, now occupied by Messrs. Ackermann, lived Lillie the perfumer, whom Steele has commemorated in his 'Tatler;' a more important resident of Beaufort Buildings was Fielding, of whom an interesting anecdote is recorded in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1786. Some parochial taxes for his house having long remained unpaid, in spite of repeated calls, the collector at last signified to the great novelist that it would be impossible to allow any longer delay. In this dilemma Fielding went to Jacob Tonson the bookseller, who also resided in the Strand, and obtained in advance some ten or twelve guineas for a work he had in hand. On his return he met with an old college chum, whom he had not seen for many years, and, finding he had been unfortunate in life, gave him all the money he had just received. On reaching home he was informed the collector had called twice for the taxes. "Fielding's reply was laconic, but memorable:—Friendship has called for the money, and had it; let the collector call again! The reader will be glad to hear that a second application to Jacob Tonson enabled him to satisfy the parish demands."

Between Worcester and Durham Houses stood other large mansions of noblemen; the principal being Rutland House and Cecil House; the latter standing on the site of the existing Cecil and Salisbury Streets. This was built by Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, a son of the great Burghley, and was a large and stately mansion. It was a part of Cecil House that was turned into the Middle Exchange, consisting of one large room, lined with shops on both sides, extending down to the river, where was a handsome flight of steps for the convenience of those who desired to take boat. It seems to have had a bad kind of reputation, and the popular idea of the purposes to which the place was applied soon found a popular but not very delicate mode of expression, and the nick-name bestowed on it had such an effect, that the Middle Exchange went to ruin, and was, with the other remains of Salisbury House, pulled down by the Earl of Salisbury, and Cecil Street erected in their room, about 1696. All the part now known as the Adelphi was formerly occupied by the buildings, gardens, &c., of Durham House, one of the most interesting of the old Strand palaces. Pennant says the original founder was Anthony de Beck, Patriarch of Jerusalem and Bishop of Durham in the reign of Edward I.; and that Bishop Hatfield, to whom Stow ascribes the foundation, merely rebuilt the place. The latter historian describes a great feast that was held here in the reign of Henry VIII., on the occasion of the "triumphant justing" holden at Westminster, 1540, when the challengers not only feasted the King, Queen, ladies, and all the Court at Durham House, but also "all the Knights and Burgesses of the Common House in the Parliament, and entertained the Mayor of London, with the Aldermen and their wives, at a dinner."

In the reign of Edward VI. the royal Mint was established here, under the direction of the Lord Admiral Seymour, who placed a creature of his own, Sir William Sharrington, in it as master. He calculated on thus obtaining great

assistance in his ambitious projects. After his execution Durham House passed into the hands of the Duke of Northumberland, the uncle of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey; and it was here that, in the beginning of May, 1553, the scheming noble beheld the first part of his plan, in connexion with the throne, accomplished, by the marriage of his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane. To strengthen himself as much as possible by other powerful alliances, his daughter, Lady Catherine Dudley, at the same time married the eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon, and a sister of Lady Jane the son of the Earl of Pembroke. The ceremony was, as we may well suppose, under such circumstances, celebrated with extraordinary magnificence. The end of all these arrangements was soon to be known. The King died on the 6th of July following; and Northumberland, after two days' delay (a circumstance of itself almost sufficient to ensure his failure), exhibited the will of the deceased monarch, declaring Lady Jane Grey his successor, to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and obtained their oaths of allegiance. After the lapse of two days more Lady Jane was conducted from Durham House to the Tower and openly received as queen, much, however, to the sorrow of the amiable victim herself, who felt no sympathy with the projects of her cold-hearted, calculating relative. Seldom indeed has a more pitiable sacrifice been offered up on the altar of ambition. Young, graceful, and pretty, if not beautiful, she at the same time possessed all the qualities that would have cheered, adorned, or elevated the domestic hearth. The partisans of Mary in the mean time were actively at work; they had gathered a numerous body of adherents together—they were bold and energetic. Collecting all his retinue at Durham House, his carts laden with ammunition, his artillery and field-pieces, the Earl set out, at the head of six thousand men, to attack them. In his absence the Council went over in a body to Mary; his troops deserted; and at last, to save his life, he endeavoured to make a virtue of necessity by proclaiming Queen Mary at Cambridge. The result is but too well known. The innocent and the guilty alike fell; the former, however, by whom we more particularly refer to Lady Jane and her youthful husband, were the last who suffered,—and might perhaps have been altogether spared, even by the vindictive and merciless Mary, but for Wyatt's ill-managed insurrection. To continue the history of Durham House:—its next eminent inhabitant was Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom it was granted by Elizabeth; but the grant appears to have been made without sufficient right in the maker, for Sir Walter was dispossessed of it by the Bishops of Durham. During the reign of James I. the stables of the mansion, fronting the Strand, which had become very ruinous and unsightly, were pulled down, and the New Exchange raised in their room. It was completed in 1608, and opened in the presence of the King (James), the Queen, and the Royal Family, and was splendidly decorated for the occasion. It then received the name from the former of Britain's Bursse. The shops generally were occupied by milliners and sempstresses, among whom the Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife of Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland under James II., after the abdication of the one and the death of the other, is said to have supported herself for a short time by engaging in the usual trade of the place. She sat in a white mask and a white dress, a circumstance which caused her to be known as the "White Milliner." Almost from its first erection the Middle Exchange became a favourite place of resort. It was here that a Mr. Gerard was

walking one day planning how he should best carry into execution the plot in which he was engaged,—the assassination of Cromwell,—when he was insulted by the Portuguese Ambassador, and resented it so warmly that the latter in revenge the next day sent a set of braves to murder him: his murderers mistook their victim, and killed another man. The dénouement is curious as well as tragical:—Don Pantaleon, the ambassador, was tried, found guilty, and executed. On the scaffold he met the very party he had intended to destroy, Mr. Gerard, whose plot in the interim had been discovered.

As we approach Charing Cross we are again reminded, by the magnificent pile of buildings on the northern side, that improvement has here too been busily at work of late years. Were not the alterations indeed so recent, one might almost fancy Malcolm had been dozing over his ponderous labours, and unconsciously written in that state the passage where he talks of the Strand facing Northumberland House being “perhaps more confined than in any other portion of that busy street.” Who now, standing beside the mansion referred to, and looking along the Strand, can fancy such a state of things as existing but ten or twelve years ago?

Several important edifices have sprung up to the great adornment of the Strand in consequence of the recent improvements, in addition to the Hall before mentioned; such as the British Fire Office, a grand and characteristic edifice, designed by Mr. Cockerell; and the Lowther Arcade, one of those elegant nests of shops which it would be desirable to see more commonly in populous places, were it only for the shelter they afford from the variations of our uncertain climate, and from the noise, bustle, and confusion of the great thoroughfares: the latter was designed and executed by Mr. Herbert. We do not here refer, otherwise than by this passing notice, to the improvements connected with the two principal theatres of the Strand, or to those connected with Hungerford Market, as we shall have other and more favourable opportunities of so doing. With York House and Northumberland House then we shall now complete our notices of the more interesting features of this great thoroughfare.

At the corner of Villiers Street, in the house occupied by Messrs. Roake and Varty, is still preserved a portion of the old ceiling of the house where the great Bacon first saw the light. It was then occupied by his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, as Keeper of the Great Seal. Originally the building had been the inn of the Bishops of Norwich; by exchange it passed first through the hands of the monks of St. Bennet Holme in Norfolk, and then, in 1535, to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Having become vested in the Crown by the attainder of that nobleman, it was given by Queen Mary to the Archbishops of York, who, since Wolsey's loss of York Place (Whitehall), had possessed no metropolitan residence:—it then took the name of York House. It again reverted to the Crown in the time of James I., by exchange for certain manors, and was appropriated to the use of the Keepers of the Great Seal. Sir Nicholas Bacon resided here for many years during the period he held the office, and was succeeded by Egerton, who, when retiring into private life on account of his age and growing infirmities, recommended to James as his successor the son of Sir Nicholas, who had, as we have before mentioned, been born in this very house. Strange must have been the feelings of the man as he came back once more to the scene where

the boy had spent so many happy hours! From hence he used to wander about with his favourite playmates, whom he would abruptly quit whenever the humour seized him, to inquire into some natural phenomena which he did not understand. On one occasion of this kind he was found in St. James's Street, investigating the cause of an echo he had there discovered. Here, too, many a flattering mark of royal favour had been lavished upon him—Elizabeth frequently calling him her young Lord Keeper, and applauding his address and ingenuity. Bacon indeed was as early a courtier as philosopher. When the Queen once asked him how old he was, the ready-witted boy replied, "I am just two years older than your Majesty's happy reign"—and Elizabeth desired no better system of chronology. Arduous had been his exertions since the time to which these memories belonged. On leaving the parental halls he had had to work his way upwards almost unassisted through the different phases of a career that, under the most favourable circumstances, is seldom rapid; barrister, bencher, counsel extraordinary, registrar of the Star Chamber, member of parliament, solicitor-general, attorney-general, keeper,—these were the steps of his advancement that he looked back upon as he entered York House, now at the summit of his ambition—Lord High Chancellor of England. Three years later the chambers of the magnificent mansion were thronged with troops of friends—it was the Chancellor's birthday; he was now in his sixtieth year. Among those present was Ben Jonson, who in some excellent verses has recorded his impressions of the scene and of the great and accomplished man who was the chief actor in it. All things, he says, seemed to smile about the old house, "the fire, the wine, the men;" and he speaks of Bacon as

"England's high Chancellor, the destin'd heir,
In his soft cradle, to his father's chair,
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool."

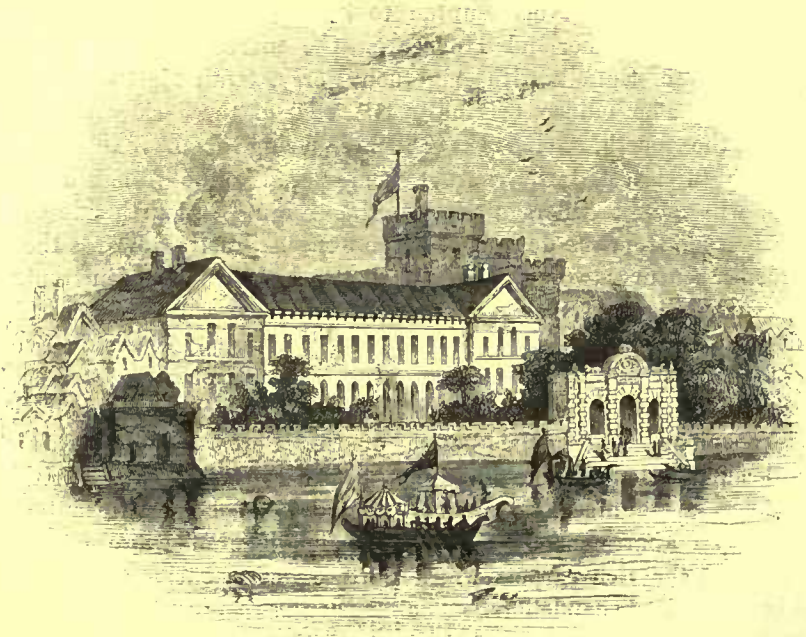
What must Jonson have thought a year later, when in the very same halls so different a scene was presented; when the Committee of the House of Lords waited upon the Chancellor, to know personally whether the confession of guilt he had sent them, involving the grossest corruption in his high office, was really his; and the unhappy man could only reply, "My Lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart; I beseech your Lordships to be merciful to a broken reed?"

York House was now "assured" to the King by an act of parliament, who hastened to bestow it on his favourite "Steenie," Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Great alterations and improvements in consequence took place, until the whole presented the appearance shown in the engraving at the end of our paper. It is to this period we owe the only existing remains of York House, (with the exception of the ceiling)—the beautiful water-gate at the end of Buckingham Street, and which stands a little eastward of the site of the mansion. This is one of Inigo Jones's finest works. The material is of Portland stone. On the pediment which adorns the river front are the arms of its founder. Buckingham did not long enjoy his new possessions. He was murdered in 1628, and his murderer died on the scaffold, not only himself satisfied of the justice of the act, but blessed by the people generally for it. Such a fact speaks volumes as to the character of this owner of York House. In 1649 the Parliament bestowed York House on their

general, Fairfax, whose daughter married George Villiers, the second duke, and thus re-conveyed it into the Buckingham family. By this nobleman the estate was sold for building purposes, and the streets bearing his title were shortly afterwards built.

Northumberland House, the last remaining representative of the old palatial character of the Strand, stands on the site of an hospital or chapel of St. Mary, founded in the reign of Henry III. by William, Earl of Pembroke, on a piece of ground which he had given to the priory of Rouncivalle in Navarre. In the reign of Henry V. the hospital was suppressed, as belonging to an alien monastery, with all the other houses of that kind in the kingdom; but was again restored by Edward IV., to be finally dissolved at the Reformation. About the beginning of the seventeenth century the site passed into the possession of Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, son of the poet Surrey, who erected a splendid mansion, and died here in 1614. Descending then to the Earl of Suffolk, the name was changed from Northampton to Suffolk House, and again to the present title, Northumberland House, on the marriage of the daughter of the second Earl of Suffolk with Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, in 1642. The edifice originally consisted of three sides of a spacious quadrangle, the fourth, facing the Thames, being open. Jansen is said to have been the architect, but the front is supposed to be from the designs of Christmas, who rebuilt Aldersgate in the same reign. A fourth side was added by Earl Algernon from the designs of Inigo Jones. Lastly, towards the close of the eighteenth century, two new wings were attached to the garden front, and all but the central division, including the gateway (the work of Christmas), of the front next the Strand was rebuilt. The existing edifice is in every way worthy of the representative character we have mentioned, as well as of the ancient family to which it belongs. Immediately behind that long front, with its conspicuous lion, the badge of the Percies, extends a spacious court-yard surrounded by the buildings before referred to. From the principal entrance, a magnificent staircase, lighted by a beautiful lantern, leads to the principal apartments; the stairs and landings of white marble finely contrasting with the rich carpets which partially cover them, and with the gilt bronzed balusters and chandeliers. The mansion is rich in works of art. In the dining-room is Titian's celebrated picture of the Cornaro family, one of the painter's masterpieces; a Sebastian Bound, by Guercino; a small Adoration of the Shepherds, by Giacomo Bassano; a Fox and Deer Hunt by Synders; a Holy Family by Jordaens; and a picture containing three portraits by Vandyke. This brief enumeration may give some idea of the artistical wealth of Northumberland House. In the long and lofty gallery, a most splendidly ornamented place, are copies of several great pictures by Raphael, Annibale Carracci, and Guido Reni, of more than ordinary excellence. The drawing-room is richly decorated with arabesques and paintings intermingled. A suite of three apartments, used for the reception of evening parties, are distinguished by the solid magnificence of their decorations. In one of them are vases of the finest Florentine mosaic, imitating plants, bunches of fruit, birds, animals, &c., in the most happy manner. From the windows are seen the beautiful gardens extending down to the Thames, forming a noble background to the picture. The memories of Northumberland

House deserve a few concluding words. It was here that in 1660 General Monk, and many other of the principal nobility and gentry who agreed in his views, met by invitation of Earl Algernon to concert measures for the restoration of Charles; and in all probability it was here also that Goldsmith, when waiting upon the Earl of Northumberland, at the latter's own request, mistook the Earl's gentleman for the Earl, and only discovered his error after the delivery of a carefully prepared address. The poet's mortification was so great, that he immediately left the house, and gave up whatever hopes he had founded on so promising an invitation.



[York House.]



[Stow's Monument, in the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft.]

XXXV II.—LONDON ANTIQUARIES.

FEW words spoken among men have, or have ever had, so much significance for the imagination as the word LONDON. Rarely has a single name been so full of meaning to so many minds, or been gifted with the power of awakening so many various trains of reflection. Perhaps the first thought that is apt to be called up by the name is of the height of modern civilization and splendour—the newest of all that is new on earth, the busiest, hottest activity of the social elements now in action among living human beings; but the next direction in which it sets the meditative faculty a-spinning is the opposite of all this—away back to the old buried world—to the social life that was, and is no longer—to the dream and the mystery of the far past, which seems to every one of us like the previous part of a journey we have ourselves travelled—a scene we have known in some former state of existence, and yet so wholly different from the reality around us that we can with difficulty conceive the strange drama to have been played on

this same globe, or by beings having like passions with ourselves. The dead who have been dust for it may be twenty centuries were then what we are now, the animating soul of the scene, the diversified crowd filling it with life and motion and all the struggle and turmoil of humanity. The imagination has scarcely a more affecting or arresting picture than this, in which life and death, the present and the past, the evanescent and the enduring, meet together, as it were, in a war embrace. Or if the former era to which we turn be comparatively recent, it is still the same; still the scene in which the men of that other time moved about remains, at the least the sure and firm-set earth on which they trode, and the everlasting heaven over it, but the men themselves are passed away for ever. Probably in this case even the works of their hands, for the most part, are yet all around us—the monuments which they reared, the streets which they paved and walked upon, the houses which they built and dwelt in, while they who once possessed them are all vanished. If any one of us were to come upon a great city, like that in the Arabian tale, not in ruins or decay, but presenting all the appearances of recent occupancy, yet with its streets silent and every house untenanted, how should we be excited and thrilled by so touching a sight! Yet is not every old town even such a spectacle? Full as it may be of inhabitants, its streets and dwellings are as completely deserted by those who once filled them as those of the absolutely depopulated city in the tale. We have but to forget the new generation that has taken their place, and the impressive picture is before us of a solitude amid standing temples and towers, and furnished tenements, as perfect as that of Pompeii itself.

London is probably the oldest great city now existing on this side the Alps. Its existence, as a capital, reaches back, even like that of Rome itself, to the days of what we call the ancient world, as if it were literally another world divided by some mighty gulf from ours, or as if the beings that then inhabited the earth were of another species; and over the whole of this extended space its history carries back the eye of contemplation in one continuous line of view, dimmer indeed in some places than in others, but nowhere absolutely broken, so that we behold as it were following each other in long procession, and combined into one many-coloured multitude, all the successive races and generations that have kept up the ferment of social existence on this spot of earth, from the half-wild Britons and the Roman colonists, passing away in the extreme distance, to the Popes and the Swifts, the Addisons and the Steeles, who are still individually and distinctly visible, and the Burkes and the Johnsons, whose very voices we seem to hear as they move about almost under our eyes.

“Not rude nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers,”

one has said who was himself both an antiquary and a poet; and doubtless there is at least in some departments of antiquarianism no want of excitement and gratification for the poetical temperament. No mere history or description revives the past, and makes it again present to us, so vividly as the sight of the actual spot to which the history relates; however this is to be explained, all have felt it who have ever looked upon a celebrated old building or ruin, or even found themselves on ground that has been illustrated by any great event, though nothing but the name remains to recall what once was. The very air seems to preserve something

of the life of those who once breathed it, even if nothing of their handiwork be there; every natural sight and sound has to our fancies caught a portion of their spirit; or, what is equally good and more strictly true, these natural features and elemental influences, surviving the flight of hundreds or, it may be, thousands of years, were actually part of the being of the men of that by-gone time, had contributed to make them what they were, had nourished and formed their moral and intellectual nature, were among the things that supplied ideas and pictures to their imaginations, passions and affections to their hearts. Even thus, as still the blue Ægean tumbles among its sunny isles, did the Ocean, from childhood to blind old age, paint itself to the mind of Homer; even as at this day "the mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea," did that scenery send down its melancholy grandeur into the eyes and the souls of Miltiades and his little host encamped there three-and-twenty centuries ago. The works of men's hands, again, that have long outlasted their authors and the generations once familiar with them, are almost equally interesting whether they remain uninjured or have fallen into decay and ruin,—whether they surprise us by bringing the past back in all its entireness, or perplex us with the strange changes that the lapse of time has wrought. A great city, in particular, if it be of ancient foundation, will always furnish matter of this latter kind in abundance; and perhaps there is no richer storehouse of such metamorphoses than our own London, which, as the capital of the kingdom since the foundation of the monarchy, has been illustrated by so many famous events and has served as the head-quarters of most of the remarkable *dramatis personæ* of the national history, while it has also, from the pre-eminent opulence and commercial activity of which it has long been the centre, been subjected to perhaps as frequent and extensive renovation of all kinds as any other town, at least in modern Europe, that has any pretensions to be compared with it in point of extent. Forests as ancient as the creation rooted out—lakes and marshes drained—streams that originally diffused their water in permanent inundations bridled and taught to flow within artificial embankments—natural heights levelled and hollows filled up—here a passage partially excavated through the soil, there a channel covered over and concealed—fields and farms, where once was to be seen only the corn growing or the cattle browsing, converted into streets and squares, and resounding with the swarm of men;—and then, again, among the streets and buildings themselves, the sites of old renown obliterated and almost passed away from remembrance, the public monuments of other times to be found by the curious searcher only in their foundations under the earth, the palaces of kings and nobles become the workshops of mechanical industry or the warehouses of trade, the former high places of business or recreation abandoned to neglect and silence;—these mementos and visions of mutability, and such as these, disclose themselves in London to the inquiring and contemplative spirit at every turn. It is all over an exhibition of what Spenser has called

"the ever-whirling wheel
Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway."

Among the earliest investigators of the antiquities of London, or of the class of inquirers and writers properly entitled to be called London Antiquaries, to some notices of the most remarkable of whom the present paper will be devoted,

are the two chroniclers Fabian and Arnold. They afford an illustration of what has been said as to the natural alliance of antiquarianism and poetry; for both were poets as well as antiquaries and chroniclers. Both figure in the pages of the great historian of our English poetry, Warton, who introduces his account of Fabian by anticipating the surprise of his readers at finding "a mercer, a sheriff, and an alderman of London descending from his important occupations to write verses." Fabian was certainly rather an uncommon sort of alderman. "He was esteemed," Warton goes on to tell us, "not only the most facetious, but the most learned, of all the mercers, sheriffs, and aldermen of his time; and no layman of that age is said to have been better skilled in the Latin language." Undoubtedly, however high we might be disposed to rate the qualifications of their worships for the discharge of their more appropriate functions, such as presiding on criminal trials at the Old Bailey, or witching the world with noble horsemanship in a great civic procession, one would hardly think now-a-days of looking among their number for the greatest classical scholar of the time. Fabian's 'Chronicle, or Concordance of Histories,' comes down, in the first edition, to the year 1485; and it is in this work that his verses are found, narratives, soliloquies, and other pieces, introduced usually at the divisions between the Books. Warton is not laudatory in his account of the worthy alderman's metre:—"Our author's transitions from prose to verse," he remarks, "in the course of a prolix narrative, seem to be made with much ease; and when he begins to versify the historian disappears only by the addition of rhyme and stanza." Nor is he less severe upon poor Fabian's historical merits. "As an historian," says Warton, "our author is the dullest of compilers. He is equally attentive to the succession of the Mayors of London, and of the monarchs of England; and seems to have thought the dinners at Guildhall, and the pageantries of the City companies, more interesting transactions than our victories in France, and our struggles for public liberty at home. One of Fabian's historical anecdotes, under the important reign of Henry V., is, that a new weathercock was placed on the cross of St. Paul's steeple." But the truth is, these notices of little matters generally considered beneath the dignity of history, though more illustrative of the manners and spirit of the past than the greater part of what is found in ordinary histories, give its chief value and interest to Fabian's work. In descanting on the dinners at Guildhall and the pageantries of the City companies he talks to us at any rate of things that he really knew and understood and had a genuine feeling for, which is in all cases the best course that any writer can take: in tracing the course of the national "struggles for public liberty," he would not, we take it, have been quite so completely at home, and we are just as well pleased therefore that he has let that subject very much alone—even treating it and all its grandeur as subordinate in importance to the history of the weathercocks on St. Paul's. Warton, with all his love of old literature, had little of the London antiquary, or perhaps of the topographical antiquary at all, in him, else he would not have made such contemptuous mention of the information Fabian has preserved as to matters of this kind. Why should the chronology of the successive weathercocks on St. Paul's not be as faithfully recorded as that of many other things about which history is wont to busy itself? the succession, for instance, of prime ministers and cabinets, which, after all, are but the

weathercocks that show how the winds of party blow?—nay, are hardly entitled to be classed so high among the indicators of the state of the times as weathercocks, for they are apt to be not only turned but sometimes turned out by the changes of weather to which they are obedient;—they are in fact made and unmade, as well as moved, by the currents and commotions of the political atmosphere, and may be better likened to straws and feathers caught up by the air than to weathercocks.

Fabian is supposed to have died in 1512. Arnold's 'Chronicle, or Customs of London,' appeared in 1521. To Arnold we owe, if not the authorship, at least the preservation of the beautiful old ballad of the 'Nut-brown Maid.' His curious volume "is perhaps," says Warton, "the most heterogeneous and multifarious miscellany that ever existed. The collector sets out with a catalogue of the mayors and sheriffs, the customs and charters of the City of London. Soon afterwards we have receipts to pickle sturgeon, to make vinegar, ink, and gunpowder; how to raise parsley in an hour; the arts of brewery and soap-making; an estimate of the livings in London; an account of the last visitation of St. Magnus's church; the weight of Essex cheese; and a letter to Cardinal Wolsey. The 'Nut-brown Maid' is introduced between an estimate of some subsidies paid into the exchequer, and directions for buying goods in Flanders. In a word, it seems to have been this compiler's plan, by way of making up a volume, to print together all the notices and papers, whether ancient or modern, which he could amass, of every sort and subject." But this omne-gatherum turn is one of the characteristics of your true antiquary—nor, were it but for the sake of the 'Nut-brown Maid' alone, ought either historian or lover of our early poetry to be scandalized at the compass and varied voracity of Arnold's literary appetite, though it does range from poetry to pickling, from sturgeons to Lord Mayors.

Fabian and Arnold, and after them Leland, Norden, Camden, and others, all broke ground in different parts of the great field of the antiquities of London: but the first trudger and trencher of the field in its whole extent was the excellent John Stow. His venerable tome lies as the foundation of all that has yet been written on the subject; indeed it has supplied the most valuable part of every work that has since appeared calling itself a history or survey of London. He and it therefore claim our particular notice here; and there is much curious matter both in Stow's biography and in his books. He was born in the year 1525, in the reign of Henry VIII., and died in 1605, a few years after the accession of James I., having thus in the beginning of his earthly pilgrimage of eighty summers and winters witnessed the substitution of a new religion in the Church, and at its close the establishment of a new family on the throne. Stow's antiquarian taste possibly did not greatly relish either of these changes, the first more especially; but his love of the past also drew him away from what was going on around him, and that and his moderate temper and good sense together got him out of any trouble into which his known or suspected opinions brought him. In the year 1568 his collection of manuscripts and other old volumes exposed him to some danger: "report," we are told by his biographer Strype, "was brought to the Queen's Council, as though he were a suspicious person, and had a great many dangerous books of superstition in his custody." The Council thereupon sent to Grindall, the Bishop of London, to cause the poor antiquary's

study to be searched; and the bishop's chaplain and two other divines were accordingly despatched to his house, and overhauled all his literary treasures. To this curious proceeding, so expressive of the state and spirit of the time, we are indebted for an account of the contents of Stow's library, which is interesting. The three divines reported to the bishop that in the first place he had great collections of his own for the English chronicles; upon which, as the chaplain particularly remarked, he seemed to have bestowed much labour. They found also many printed old books, among which were some fabulous, such as 'Sir Degory Triamour,' &c.; "and a great parcel of old manuscript chronicles, both in parchment and paper." And then the report went on to state "that, besides, he had miscellaneous tracts, touching physic, surgery, and herbs, and medicinal recipes; and also fantastical old Popish books printed in old time; also others written in old English in parchment." "But," it is added, "another sort of books he had more modern; of which the said searchers thought fit to take an inventory, as likely most to touch him; and they were books lately set forth in the realm or beyond sea in defence of papistry. Which books, as the chaplain said, declared him a great fautor of that religion." A list of some of these papistical books is appended; among them are treatises by Bonner, Edgeworth, Pollard, and other Romish divines; but it is probable, after all, that our antiquary had been led to collect them and store them up rather as curiosities, as the relics of an order of things passed or fast passing away, than from any strong affection he felt for the doctrinal theology expounded in them. We believe he would not have been the man to disturb the fabric of the old religion, any more than he would have been inclined to pull down any other fabric venerable for its antiquity, however much it might stand in the way of modern notions of propriety or convenience; at any rate it was his business to preserve the memory of whatever was in danger of being forgotten and doomed to oblivion by the rest of the world. Like Spenser's Eumnestes,

"This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pass,
Ne suffer'd them to perish through long eld."

Styve is inclined to think that he came at length "to have a good opinion of the Church of England;" "for," adds that grave narrator, whose dulness, however, is more amusing than the liveliness of most other writers, "in the reign of Queen Elizabeth he hath somewhere this expression, 'that doctrine is more pure now than it was in the monkish world;' but whether he spake it ironically or in earnest, I do not dispute." What or whether anything befell Stow in consequence of the chaplain's report is not recorded; and it may be hoped that he got out of the scrape without any more serious annoyance; at least we trust they did not plunder him of any of his beloved books, either printed or manuscript, on parchment or on common paper.

Stow, it seems, is an ancient London name; and our antiquary, who was born in the city whose history he has done so much to illustrate, although but of humble parentage, was not altogether a *novus homo*. "Certain it is," writes the solemn Styve, "that, as St. Paul made it his boast, as to the flesh, that he was an Hebrew of the Hebrews; so John Stow was a citizen born of citizens of

London; for both his father and his grandfather were citizens, and tradesmen of good substance and credit, dwelling in Cornhill, the chief place of trade and credit in the city; and both lying buried in St. Michael's Cornhill Church, under monuments: Thomas Stow, his grandfather, buried about the year 1526; and Thomas Stow, his father, in the year 1559; as himself writes in Cornhill ward." In this same church, by the by, was buried Stow's predecessor in his favourite pursuit, Robert Fabian, alderman, also under a monument, which however was gone when Stow wrote his Survey, although he has preserved some moral verses, not unlikely to have been of the alderman's own composition, which were inscribed on it. And here, it appears, in the same family burying-place, Stow's great-grandfather also lay; so that the family had been established in this parish for a long while. Strype, in his edition of the 'Survey of London,' has furnished, from the Register, the will of the first Thomas Stow, the chronicler's grandfather, which helps to show the condition of the family, and is also curious as a specimen of the time—the last hours of popery in England. The testator designates himself Citizen and Tallow-chandler; and, after bequeathing his soul to "Jesus Christ and our blessed Lady St. Mary the Virgin," and his body to be buried "in the little green churchyard of the parish church of St. Michael in Cornhill, between the cross and the church-wall, nigh the wall as may be," by his father and mother, sisters and brothers, and also his own children, he proceeds:—"Also I bequeath to the high altar of the aforesaid church, for my tithes forgotten, 12*d.* Item, to Jesu's Brotherhood, 12*d.* I give to our Lady and St. — Brotherhood 12*d.* I give to St. Christopher and St. George 12*d.* Also, I give to the seven altars in the church aforesaid, in the worship of the seven sacraments, every year during three years, 20*d.* Item, 5*s.* to have on every altar a watching candle, burning from six of the clock till it be past seven, in worship of the seven sacraments; and this candle shall begin to burn and to be set upon the altar from All Hallowsen-day till it be Candlemas-day following; and it shall be watching-candle, of eight in the pound. Also, I give to the brotherhood of Clerks to drink, 20*d.* Also, I give to them that shall bear me to church every man 4*d.* Also, I give to a poor man or woman, every Sunday in one year, 1*d.*, to say five Pater-nosters and Aves and a Creed for my soul. Also, I give to the reparations of Paul's 8*d.* Also, I will have six new torches, and two torches of St. Michael, and two of St. Anne, and two of St. Christopher, and two of Jesus, of the best torches." The notion that the old tallow-chandler had of the light of the Gospel seems to have been somewhat professional. Having thus settled the important matter of the watching-candles and the torches, he has little more to say; but in a few words he bequeaths to his son Thomas (probably the only one of his children that survived), "20*l.* in stuff of household," that is to say, as he goes on to explain, his great melting-pan, with all the instruments thereto belonging; and also 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in plate; namely, "a nut," of silver gilt, of the value of 2*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*; "a pounced piece," weighing above six ounces, of the value of 2*l.*; "a mass of a pint," valued at 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; and a "little macer," of the value of 13*s.* 4*d.* (making in all, by the by, if the figures be rightly given by Strype, 5*s.* more than the sum first mentioned). And he concludes by naming his wife Elizabeth as his executrix.

Strype also gives us an abstract of the will of Stow's mother, Margaret Stow, made in June 1568, shortly before her death. In this there is no popery: she merely bequeaths 30s. to bury her decently; 10s. to her children and friends, "to drink withall after the funeral;" 5s. to the poor in bread; 6s. 8d. to the Company of Tallow-chandlers, to follow her corpse to the church; and legacies to her four sons and three daughters, but, of them all, to John, the eldest, the least, that is to say, only 5*l*. We should infer from all this that the antiquary's father was, like his grandfather, a tallow-chandler; but Strype chooses to conceive, though he gives neither authority nor reasons for his notion, that Stow followed "his father's trade and calling, whatever it were;" and then he proceeds to show that he was a tailor. He is called expressly "Stow, the tailor," in Grindall's report to the Privy Council of the search made among his books by the three divines, "which perhaps," observes his biographer, "might be more than barely relating to the Company of Merchant Tailors, whereof he was free. It might bespeak him a tailor by trade; since in former times in Cornhill men of that occupation lived and had their shops; who were then of more reputation and wealth than of later times those of that calling are. . . . These shopkeepers, as they sold cloth out of the piece, so they seemed also sometimes to make and fit it up for wearing. And in Birching Lane, and along thence in Cornhill, westward, lived upholders, or frippers, that is, such as sold apparel and old household stuff. These were not of equal credit with the drapers and tailors, but yet their trades came near."

However, it is pretty clear that Stow's trade was really that of a tailor. Strype assumes that he lived and carried on business originally in Cornhill; but of this we find no evidence. In 1549, it appears, he dwelt near the Pump in Aldgate. This we learn from a remarkable incident which he relates in his 'Survey.' During the great insurrection of the commons in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and other shires, which broke out in the above-mentioned year, the third of Edward VI., "strait orders," says Stow, "being taken for the suppression of rumours, divers persons were apprehended and executed by martial law, amongst the which the bailiff of Rumford in Essex was one, a man very well beloved. He was early in the morning of Mary Magdalen's day (then kept holiday) brought by the sheriffs of London and the knight marshal to the well within Aldgate, there to be executed upon a gibbet set up that morning; where, being on the ladder, he had words to this effect:—' Good people, I am come hither to die, but know not for what offence, except for words by me spoken yesternight to Sir Stephen, curate and preacher of this parish, which were these: He asked me, What news in the country? I answered, Heavy news. Why? quoth he. It is said, quoth I, that many men be up in Essex, but, thanks be to God, all is in good quiet about us. And this was all, as God be my judge,' &c. Upon these words of the prisoner, Sir Stephen, to avoid reproach of the people, left the city, and was never heard of since amongst them to my knowledge. I heard the words of the prisoner, for he was executed upon the pavement of my door, where I then kept house." This was the same Sir Stephen, the fanatic curate of St. Catherine Cree, whose sermon preached a short time before this at Paul's Cross occasioned the destruction of the ancient Maypole from which

the church of St. Andrew Undershaft derived its name, as also related by Stow in a passage quoted in a preceding paper.*

We may here give another story which Stow tells, and which also has some bearing upon his family history. Where is now the hall of the Company of Drapers, on the north side of Throgmorton Street, stood formerly a sumptuous palace erected in the place of a number of old and small tenements by Sir Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Lord Cromwell and Earl of Essex, the famous minion of Henry VIII. "This house being finished," writes Stow, in his description of Broad Street ward, "and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, he (Cromwell) caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north part thereof on a sudden to be taken down, twenty-two foot to be measured forth right into the north of every man's ground, a line there to be drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and an high wall to be builded. My father had a garden there, and there was a house standing close to his south pale; this house they loosed from the ground, and bare upon rollers into my father's garden twenty-two foot ere my father heard thereof; no warning was given him, nor other answer, when he spake to the surveyors of that work, but that their master, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to do. No man durst go to argue the matter, but each man lost his land; and my father paid his whole rent, which was 6s. 8d. the year, for that half which was left." "This much," adds our antiquary, in the quiet, yet pungent, way in which he sometimes permits himself to give expression to a strong feeling, "of mine own knowledge have I thought good to note, that the sudden rising of some men causeth them to forget themselves." The house which was so summarily disposed of was no doubt of wood, like almost all the houses of moderate dimensions of that age. The cool impudence of the proceeding, affecting, as it were, to make the poor plundered citizens believe that their gardens remained as large as ever, and that the apparent curtailment was a mere fancy of their bewildered optics or dreaming imaginations, gives a touch of humour to a picture of flagrant insolence and oppression.

Stow had probably often played in this garden when a boy. Another spot with which he was familiar in his early years is commemorated in his account of the former condition of the district lying to the north-west of Tower Hill, now called Goodman's Fields, and of the origin of that name. Near adjoining to the nunnery of the Minories, "on the south side thereof," he writes, "was sometime a farm belonging to the said nunnery, at the which farm I myself, in my youth, have fetched many a halfpenny-worth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a halfpenny in the winter, always hot from the kine, as the same was milked and strained. One Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were the farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail. Goodman's son, being heir to his father's purchase, let out the ground, first for grazing of horses, and then for garden-plots, and lived like a gentleman thereby." Our antiquary probably intended this anecdote to be received as a proof of the greater plenty of former days; but it is in truth rather an illustration of the scarcity of halfpence than of the abundance of milk.

* See vol. i. p. 174, 'The Old Spring Time in London.'

Afterwards, according to Strype, Stow removed to the parish of St. Andrew's in Lime Street ward, and there continued to live till his death, "following his beloved study of the history and antiquity of England more than his trade." His biographer determines that it was about the year 1560 that "he addressed all his cares and cogitations to these searches for the composing of a chronicle." His 'Chronicle,' in its first form of an abridgment, or, as he entitled it, a 'Summary of the Chronicles of England,' was first published in 1565, and was often reprinted during his life, and also several times after his death. The early editions are very minute volumes, manuals or vade-mecums, apparently intended for being carried in the pocket. It was not till some years later that he published his larger 'Chronicle,' entitled his 'Annals,' of which there were also several reprints during his life and afterwards. The various prefaces and dedications to these two works contain a good deal of matter which throws light upon the history and circumstances, and also upon the character, of the author. The earlier editions of the 'Summary' are dedicated to the Lord Mayor of London for the time, "the Right Worshipful Aldermen, his brethren, and the Commoners of the same city;" but in the edition of 1598 the inscription includes "the Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Merchant Tailors," of which Company, as we have seen, Stow was a member. On this occasion he says, "It is now full thirty-six years since I, seeing the confused order of our late English chronicles, and the ignorant handling of ancient affairs, leaving mine own peculiar gains, consecrated myself to the search of our famous antiquities." This would give 1562 as the date at which he commenced his labours, or at least at which he began to make the study of English antiquities his sole or principal business. He would be then thirty-seven. In the edition of 1573 he speaks of eight years as the time during which he had dedicated himself to that study—counting, apparently, from the first publication of his book. But no doubt such inquiries had occupied many of his hours from a much earlier date. The 'Summary' had been originally drawn up at the request of the Lord Robert Dudley, who became before it was published Earl of Leicester, and the first edition was dedicated to that nobleman—in reward whereof, Stow states in his 'Annals,' he had always received his Lordship's hearty thanks, with commendations, but nothing more. In the Dedication of the second edition, which appeared in 1567, to the then Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the author says, "Although, Right Honourable and Worshipful, I was myself very ready to dedicate this my small travail of English Chronicles unto you . . . I thought good to begin with the Right Honourable the Earl of Leicester. For, speaking nothing of my own duty, the commodity of my own countrymen moved me hereunto, who, seeing they were deceived through his authority by the furnishing of a frivolous abridgment with his noble name in the fronture, I thought good . . . at vacant times to take me to my old delectable studies, and, after a summary of English Chronicles faithfully collected, to require his Lordship's authority to the defence of that wherein another had both abused his Lordship's name and deceived the expectation of the common people. But, now, at the request of the printer and other of my loving friends, having brought the same into a new form, such as may both ease the purse and the carriage, and yet nothing omitted convenient to be known; and, besides all this,

having example before my face to change my patron (reserving still my printer, as careful of his advantage rather than mine own), I am bold to submit it unto your Honour and Worships' protection." The rival, or adversary, to whom Stow here alludes is Richard Grafton, whose smaller 'Chronicle' first appeared in 1563. Both it and his larger work on the same subject, printed in 1569, are poor performances; and Stow has many indignant complaints, scattered up and down in his various publications, both of the way in which his painful labours had been appropriated without acknowledgment by Grafton, and of the inaccurate and wretched work that compiler palmed upon the world even with the advantage of such assistance. Thus, in the Dedication to the edition of his 'Summary' which appeared in 1573, after noticing and accounting for some alleged mistakes in preceding editions, which, it appears, Grafton had animadverted upon, he adds, "This hath been laid to my charge, and very great words made of it, by him who with more honesty might have holden his peace, for that himself (since I began to write) hath always followed me in matter, but not in truth." And the Preface, or Address to the Reader, which follows, is chiefly devoted to a vindication of himself from Grafton's charges. The conduct of this plagiarist and plunderer, he intimates, had well nigh driven him in disgust from the further prosecution of his favourite study, or at least from giving the public any more of the benefit of his inquiries. "Calling to memory," he says, "gentle reader, with what diligence (to my great cost and charges) I have travailed in my late 'Summary of Chronicles;' as also the dishonest dealings of somebody towards me (whereof I have long since sufficiently written and exhibited to the learned and honourable), I persuaded with myself to have surceased from this kind of travail, wherein another hath used to reap the fruits of my labours—setting as it were [he notes on the margin] his mark on another man's vessel. But now, for divers causes thereto moving me, I have once again briefly run over this small abridgment," &c. And he recurs to the subject in his farewell to the reader at the end of the volume, when his sense of injury actually bursts out into song—*facit indignatio versus* :—"Take this," he writes, "and other my larger travails in good part, like as I have painfully (to my great cost and charges) out of many old hidden histories brought the same to light, and freely for thy great commodity bestowed them upon thee. I wish to be plain and true, and I wish the readers to try or they trust; then they shall see who of late hath abused me and deceived them with lies smoothly told :—

"Of smooth and flattering speech remember to take heed;
For truth in plain words may be told; of craft a lie hath need."

These little outbreaks, as we have said, display the character and temper of our good antiquary, who was evidently himself the soul of truth and honesty, but was also, as such natures are apt to be, somewhat tender-skinned to any apparent breach of these virtues in the treatment he received from others, and, having a proper sense of his own merits, was not disposed to compliment away the credit to which he felt himself to be entitled by any weak deference either to the pretension and impudence of inferior men, or even to their unfounded claims, however inoffensively urged. He knew the difference between real labour and ability,

and mere quackery and assumption, and he had no notion of allowing the two things to be confounded or mistaken the one for the other. This humour, however, was likely to expose him to some rubs in his passage through life; besides that such a temperament is more easily fretted than one of less delicacy, the world does not like so jealous and unbending an honesty, which it considers a satire upon itself and nicknames narrow and pedantic, in revenge for the alarm it gives it. Stow, accordingly, we find, had other enemies and assailants, by whom he was sorely vexed, besides his rival chronicler, Grafton. We have mentioned the trouble in which he was involved in 1568, when he was subjected to the domiciliary visit of the officers of the newly established system of church and state, in consequence of being suspected of being, as Strype expresses it, "an admirer of antiquity in religion as well as in history." Two years after he was again brought before the ecclesiastical commissioners, "and that," says Strype, "by one that had been his servant, after he had defrauded him of his goods, and now sought to deprive him of his life too, by a false accusation, consisting of no less than seven score and odd articles!" So extended an indictment, one would think, must have comprehended nearly every material passage of the unfortunate antiquary's life; but it turned out not only that all the witnesses against him were deemed unworthy of credit, some of them having been previously convicted of perjury, others burned in the hand for felony, but that besides, if we rightly understand Strype's account, they could not or would not swear up to the mark. Stow, we are told, would have prosecuted some of his false accusers on this occasion, "but," says his reverend biographer, "he was answered by some that there was no remedy against them, by means of the statute made, which it seems favoured informers for the Queen." The worst feature of this affair is, that the dishonest and ungrateful servant with whom the accusation originated appears to have been Stow's own brother. He was indeed throughout his life exposed to this kind of danger and annoyance to a degree that would seem to betoken something very peculiar either in himself or the times. So early as the year 1544 we read of a false accusation made against him by a priest; "but the priest's perjury," says Strype, "either against him or some other, at length was discovered, and met with a due desert, the priest being adjudged in the Star Chamber to stand upon the pillory, and have his cheek marked with F. A. for False Accuser." But the attempt made to destroy him in this way by his own brother was what he naturally could least forget; and he often alludes to it in his various books. In his 'Annals,' under the year 1556, we find the following paragraph:—"The said 21 of November a man was brought from Westminster Hall, riding with his face to the horse-tail, and a paper on his head, to the Standard in Cheap, and there set on the pillory, and then burned with an hot iron on both his cheeks, with two letters F and A, for False Accusing one of the Court of Common Place in Westminster of treason. The like justice I once wished to the like accuser of his master and eldest brother, but it was answered, that in such case could be no remedy, though the accuser himself were in the same fact found the principal offender, wherethrough it followeth, the accuser never showed sign of shame (the way to repentance), but terribly curseth, and blasphemously sweareth he never committed any such act, though the same be registered before the honourable

the Queen's Majesty's High Commissioners; and what horrible slanders by libelling and otherwise with threats of murder he daily bruiteth against me, the knower of all secrets (God I mean) knoweth, unto whom I refer my cause, being comforted with this sentence of the prophet David, 'Fret not thyself with these cursed harmful men, neither envy angrily these workers of wickedness, for like grass anon shall they be cut down, and like the green fresh bent of the flower shall they wither away,' &c. And in a marginal note he thus directs attention to the incident, and makes the application of it:—"False accuser set on the pillory, and brent in both checks. Would to God all such false accusers were so well marked, whereby they mought be known for such as they are!" Again, in relating the death in 1576 of Anne Averies, widow, who, "forswearing herself for a little money that she should have paid for six pound of tow at a shop in Wood Street of London, fell immediately down speechless," and died in circumstances of great horror, he cannot refrain from adding, "A terrible example of God's just judgment upon such as make no conscience of falsely swearing against their brother"—though the only fraternal relationship between the parties in the case recorded appears to have been of the vaguest nature. So, in his 'Survey,' in his notice of the sedition of William Fitzosbert in 1196, he finishes the account of his being dragged by the heels to the Elms in Smithfield and there hanged, and the enumeration of his misdeeds, with the crowning charge that he was, "amongst other his detestable facts, a false accuser of his elder brother, who had in his youth brought him up in learning, and done many things for his preferment;" and he adds on the margin, "God amend, or shortly send such an end to, such false brethren." This is going pretty far, it must be admitted; but at any rate it is plain speaking; there is no hypocrisy here; if our exasperated antiquary was quite indifferent whether his brother should reform or go to the gallows, he does not affect any higher degree of fraternal regard than he actually entertained. The truth is, this sense of the baseness of his brother's behaviour had become a fixed idea, that is, a sort of disease, or madness, in his mind, and he is hardly accountable for what expressions he gives way to when that string is touched. But he seems to have been eminently unlucky in the number of thankless people he encountered. A complaint which he makes in the Dedication to his 'Summary' for 1598 can hardly apply either to his brother or his rival Grafton: after expatiating on the deserts of the writers of chronicles, who, he says, "deserve at the least thanks for their pains, and to be misreported of none, seeing they have laboured for all," he adds, "I write not this to complain of some men's ingratitude towards me (although justly I might)," &c.;—and then, the bitterness of his recollections overflowing on the margin, we have this emphatic admonition appended: "Note, that the ungrateful backbiter slayeth three at once, himself by his own malice, him that crediteth his false tales, and him that he backbiteth."

Poor Stow in truth could not but feel keenly that he had toiled long and hard, and done his work both conscientiously and ably in that antiquarian field of his, and that he had been after all but scurvily requited, in so far at least as either world's goods or world's honours were to be his reward. This one high thing at least is to be said of him, that literature never had a more single-hearted devotee, that

no writer ever plied his task more out of pure love of his subject, or neglected and disregarded all other considerations more heroically. There is something touching enough in the brief allusions he makes on one or two occasions to the labours and hardships through which he has had to make his way. "It hath cost me," he says at the end of his 'Summary,' in the edition of 1598, "many a weary mile's travel, many a hard-earned penny and pound, and many a cold winter's night's study." All he asks is, that the means may be granted him of laying his works before his countrymen, for whose sake he has composed them. "I desire thee," he concludes his valedictory address to the reader at the end of his 'Annals,' "to take these my labours in good part, like as I have painfully, to my great cost and charges (and not for hire), out of many old hidden histories and true records of antiquity, brought the same to light, and freely for thy great commodity bestowed them upon thee; so shalt thou encourage me to publish a larger volume and history of this island, princes of the same, and accidents of their times, which I have gathered, and is ready to the press when God shall permit me." This larger history however was never printed, nor is it known what is become of it. Stow's lot in his old age was the extremity of poverty, and that aggravated by sickness and bodily infirmity. "He was afflicted near his end," says Strype, "very much with pain in his feet; which, perhaps, was the gout. In the year 1602, or 1603, he was fain to keep his bed four or five months with it. Where he observed how his affliction lay in that part that formerly he had made so much use of in walking many a mile to search after antiquities and ancient books and manuscripts. He was now within a year or two of a good old age, that is, fourscore years." (A singular attempt at precise definition.) It was in these circumstances that a measure of a very extraordinary character was resorted to for the poor old antiquary's relief. He received from the Crown what may be termed a patent of beggary, a royal letter authorising him to collect alms in certain districts of the kingdom, and recommending his case to the compassion of the charitable. The first brief to this effect, it appears, was granted to him in the first year of James I., for the term of twelve months, after the expiration of which it was renewed for another year. The paper was probably dispersed over the country, and one of the printed copies of the second that was issued still remains in the Harleian collection in the British Museum. It is addressed in his Majesty's name to "all and singular archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, deans, and their officials, parsons, vicars, curates, and to all spiritual persons; and also to all justices of peace, mayors, sheriffs, bailiffs, constables, churchwardens, and headboroughs; and to all officers of cities, boroughs, and towns corporate; and to all other our officers, ministers, and subjects whatsoever, as well within liberties as without, to whom these presents shall come:" and the preamble recites that Stow, who is designated a citizen of London, "having, for the good of the commonwealth and posterity to come, employed all his industry and labour to commit to the history of chronicle all such things worthy of remembrance as from time to time happened within this whole realm, for the space of five-and-forty years, until Christmas last past (as by divers large and brief chronicles of his writing may appear), besides his great pains and charge in making his book called his 'Survey of London,' wherein

he spent eight years in searching out of ancient records concerning antiquities both for London and Southwark," had made humble suit to his Majesty for a licence under the great seal to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people throughout England, "in recompence of his said labour and travail, and towards his relief now in his old age, having left his former means whereby he lived, only employing himself for the service and good of his country." Power, licence, and authority are then granted to Stow or his deputy "to ask, gather, receive, and take the alms and charitable benevolence" of all his Majesty's loving subjects in thirty-six several counties, comprehending the whole of England, except Cornwall and the three northern counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland, parts of the kingdom which were probably thought too poor to bear the burthen of such an impost, or to yield anything worth collecting. "Wherefore," concludes the paper, "we will and command you, and every of you, that at such time and times as the said John Stow, or his deputy, the bearer hereof, shall come and repair to any of your churches, or other places, to ask and receive the gratuities and charitable benevolence of our said subjects, quietly to permit and suffer them so to do without any manner your let and contradiction. And you, the said parsons, vicars, and curates, for the better stirring up of a charitable devotion, deliberately to publish and declare the tenor of these our letters patent unto our said subjects; exhorting and persuading them to extend their liberal contributions in so good and charitable a deed." On the back of a copy of the King's letter accompanying the first brief, Strype found set down the amount, subscribed by the churchwardens, of what was collected from the parishioners of St. Mary Woolnoth, in the city of London, which was but seven shillings and sixpence. Thus they made a sort of King's bedesman of our great London antiquary. It has been said that truth is stranger than fiction—and this is as if the novelist had somehow or other contrived to mix up into one individuality the worthy Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck and his humble friend Edie Ochiltree. But Stow, who had long shown how secondary outward circumstances were in his regard, and who felt that his poverty did him no dishonour, probably kept up his heart, under the state of mendicancy to which he was reduced, as gallantly as did the shrewd, merry Scottish gaberlunzie man. Once, long before this, Ben Jonson told his friend, Drummond of Hawthornden, that he and Stow, walking together, met two lame beggars, when Stow, as if with some half-presentiment of how he was to end his days, gaily asked them "what they would have to take him to their order."

But we must leave those of our readers who would pursue more into its details the history of the good old man to gather from the ample pages of Strype all the particulars of how he vindicated the bounds of his ward of Lime Street when it had been encroached upon by that of Bishopsgate,—and how he was chosen one of the ward collectors for the great muster in 1585,—and how he was patronised and encouraged in his antiquarian investigations by Archbishop Parker and his successor, Whitgift,—and how Camden himself has quoted and commended him,—and how he studied the antiquities of London in the archives of the City chamber,—and how twenty-five years after he left his trade, "his fortune growing low, he thought fit to make means to the Mayor and Court of Aldermen, to set forth his

deserts towards the City, and to assist him in his further designs with the grant of a couple of freedoms,"—and how, besides divers other literary labours which it has not fallen within our purpose to notice, he, as he has himself told us, "made many notes and corrections of the works of the ancient poet Chaucer" (inserted in Speght's edition of 1598), and how he transcribed with his own hand, among other manuscripts, the whole of Leland's six Books of 'Collectanea,' which he sold to Camden for an annuity of eight pounds a year,—and how it is clearly proved that he understood Latin (as indeed all decently educated people of that age did),—and how he was slandered and abused by one William Ditcher, alias Tetford, and his wife, who not only "called him pricklouse knave, beggarly knave, and rascal knave," and defamed the virtue of his wife, but asserted his 'Chronicle' to be a parcel of lies,—and how he "discovered fabulous reports historical," especially that touching the shankbone of a giant, twenty-five inches long, which used to be suspended in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, which he proved to have belonged to an elephant, and that other of the supposed human tooth, weighing ten ounces troy, which turned out on examination to be nothing else but a stone, and that, the most famous of all, about the giant Gerard, who was said to have anciently inhabited Gerard's Hall in Basing Lane, whose supposed staff Stow showed to be merely an ancient fir Maypole, while, that the Hall could never have been the habitation of a giant, "he collected," says Strype, "from the arched doors that he had observed here, as not convenient at all for men of such monstrous proportion." In lieu of all this, and of much more, including a prolix column which the biographer expends upon Stow's singular aversion to "high turrets and buildings run up to a great height," which, he acknowledges, "perhaps may be looked upon as a fond thing in him, and not worthy troubling his head about," we will add only the short description of his person and character given by Edmund Howes in the augmented edition of his 'Annals' which was published by that compiler after Stow's death:—"He was tall of stature, lean of body and face, his eyes small and crystalline, of a pleasant and cheerful countenance, his sight and memory very good, very sober, mild, and courteous to all that required his instructions, and retained the true use of all his senses unto the day of his death, being of an excellent memory, but always protested never to have written anything either for malice, fear, or favour, nor to seek his own particular gain or vainglory, and that his only pains and care was to write truth. He could never ride, but he walked on foot into divers cathedral churches, and other chief places of the land, to search records. He was very careless of scoffers, backbiters, and detractors; he lived peaceably, and died of the stone colic, being fourscore years of age, and was buried the 8th of April, 1605, in his parish church of St. Andrew's Undershaft; whose mural monument near unto his grave was there set up at the charges of Elizabeth his wife." Stow's monument still exists, and bears an effigy of himself, sitting in a chair, with a book before him, reading, and books in shelves about him, together with a short Latin inscription. Strype says he had been informed by a person skilled in antiquities that the figure of Stow, which seems to be of stone, is only clay, burnt and painted over, such as were several others that existed in the London churches before the great fire. Of any family that Stow

had nothing is known except that at the time of his quarrel with Ditcher he had "four daughters marriageable, and in service with right worshipful personages," whose success in life it was pleaded the attack of that calumniator upon their mother's reputation tended to hinder. But this was in the earlier part of his life, while he was still exercising his trade; for the story, which really gives us a curious picture of ancient manners, affirms "that William's wife before the stall of the said John railed against him more than a long hour, but that he, John Stow, kept himself above stairs, without any answer making; that one day the said William leaped in his face, and that he feared he would have digged out his eyes, foully scratched him by the face, drew blood of him, and was pulled off by the neighbours; that the said William threw tile-sherds and stones at Stow's apprentice, till he had driven him off the stall from his work; and then the said William came to John's stall, and said, if he could catch the said apprentice, he would cart him; and vowed he would accuse him to have killed the man on the Mile's End in Whitsun week," &c. &c. All this exhibits our antiquary in a new part, or at least in circumstances different from any in which we have yet seen him; but still bearing himself with his characteristic mildness and aversion to violence, and carrying with him also, as we might expect he would do, the sympathy of the generality of those among whom he lived—at least in so far as we may trust to his own representation of the matter, and it has all the simple and straightforward manner of a true statement.

The first person who made any additions to Stow's 'Survey of London' was Anthony Munday, by whom the third edition of the work was published in 1618;—"a man of remark," according to Strype's account of him; "some time the Pope's scholar in the seminary at Rome." Munday himself—who, by the bye, latterly renounced Popery—tells us in his Dedication that it was Stow's intention to bring out a greatly enlarged edition of his book, when he "grew weak and sickly, so that his willing endeavour was prevented by death." But "much of his good mind," continues Munday, "he had formerly imparted to me, and some of his best collections lovingly delivered me; prevailing with me so far by his importunate persuasion to correct what I found amiss, and to proceed in the perfecting of a work so worthy, that, being overcome by affection to him, but much more by respect and care of this royal city, being birthplace and breeder to us both, I undertook, so far as my ability would extend, to further a book of such needful use, and to supply it where I found anything wanting." The supplementary matter contributed by Munday, however, is of very little value, and what he intended for corrections are often ignorant deprivations of Stow's text; so that this writer has very little claim to a place in the list of London Antiquaries. Nor is more to be said for Humfrey Dyson and the other unnamed associates who are stated on the title-page to have assisted Munday in bringing out the first folio edition of the work (the preceding three were all in quarto), which appeared in 1633. At last, "this year 1720," exclaims Strype, speaking of his own performance, "this book is arrived to a fifth edition, enlarged by some scores of sheets, set forth by J. S., also a citizen born and bred, as the former editors were, and the son of a freeman of London, and dedicated to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London." Strype was an extraordinary phenomenon; but we must rest

satisfied with the samples that have already been incidentally presented of his odd manner of thinking and expressing himself. He must have been the most curious antiquity of his day; for that strange style of his, which reads like an exaggeration and caricature of the quaintest theological prose of the times of Elizabeth and James, is that of a writer who has been dead little more than a century, who lived till the year 1737, whose pen was in the height of its activity, and was one of the most productive then astir, in the bright Augustan age of the Steeles and the Addisons, the Popes and the Swifts, the Bolingbrokes and the Hoadleys, and the other great writers of the time of Anne and George I., the composition of nearly all of whom has still so perfectly familiar and modern an air. Strype indeed lived to a great age; although he did not die till towards the middle of the eighteenth century, he was born some years before the middle of the seventeenth (in 1643); he was an older man than most of those who were contemporary with him as writers; and this accidental circumstance of course helped to heighten the peculiarity of style by which he is distinguished from them. He was past middle life too before he began to write for the press at all, and he was an old man when the busiest part of his career of authorship commenced; he had published a sermon or two, and two or three of his shorter lives, from 1698 to 1708—between his fifty-fifth and his sixty-fifth years; but his principal works, his ‘Annals of the Reformation,’ in four volumes folio, his ‘Ecclesiastical Memorials,’ in three folios, his ‘Lives’ of Archbishops Grindall, Parker, and Whitgift, each making a large volume of the same size, and the two ponderous folios of his edition of Stow’s ‘Survey,’ in which probably three-fourths of the matter is new, all appeared between 1709 and 1731, or after he had got two or three years beyond his grand climacteric. A dozen great folios in little more than twenty years may seem pretty well; but antiquarianism would appear to be rather a medicinal study for old age. It certainly did not, as Strype managed the matter, exact much waste of brain. Yet even such faculty as he found it necessary to exert was at last worn out; in the Preface to the third volume of his ‘Annals,’ published in 1728, he expresses his apprehensions that his great age and frequent infirmities would probably prevent him from continuing the work; and the concluding volume, which was published three years later, is merely a collection of papers, which by that time he was unable to digest even into such a drowsy form of narrative as he had given in the preceding volumes.

James Howel, the author of the well-known collection of ‘Familiar Letters,’ published in 1657 a thin folio volume entitled ‘Londinopolis, or Perustration of the City of London;’ but it is for the most part a mere compilation from Stow, and hardly entitles its author to be enumerated as one of the London Antiquaries. The next distinguished original investigator in this field after Strype was Dr. William Stukely. We have already had occasion to notice his curious speculation about the camp of Julius Cæsar which he imagined he discovered in the neighbourhood of old St. Pancras Church.* He has also in the same work, his ‘Itinerarium Curiosum,’ a disquisition on the general topography of Roman London, illustrated by a plan of the streets and the great roads. It was principally

* See No. XVI., ‘The Roman Remains.’



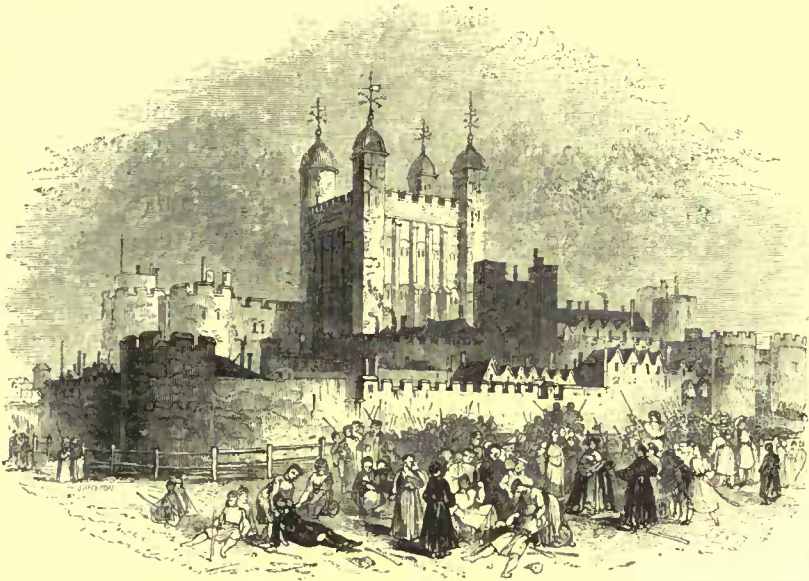
[Stukely.]

indeed our Roman and British antiquities about which he busied himself; the more distinct vestiges of more recent periods did not suit his turn for ingenious conjecture and fanciful speculation; he did not relish being controlled and checked in his inferences and elucidations by too many or too obdurate facts. The dimmer the traces of the perished past, the more Stukely could always make of them. Yet the learning of the modern Arch-Druid, as he used to be called in his own day, was very considerable, though it hardly sufficed for ballast to his imagination when in full sail, and there is curious and valuable matter in all his works. As a man too he appears to have had all the quiet virtues and gentle dispositions becoming an antiquarian—one living in the half-visionary world of the past, and withdrawn by his favourite studies from much of the irritation and turmoil of present interests in which most other men spend their days. His death was very characteristic and very beautiful, as it is told in a short sketch of his history by his friend Mr. Collinson. His usual residence in the last years of his life was in Queen Square, London, beside the church of St. George the Martyr, of which he was rector; and he had also a country house at Kentish Town to which he frequently retired—traversing on the way part of the ground which Cæsar and his Roman legions, as he imagined, had trodden eighteen hundred years before, and on which the encampments they had raised were still to his “undoubting mind” as visible almost as if the supposed mounds and circumvallations had been thrown up only the preceding summer. “Returning from thence,” says his biographer, “on Wednesday the 27th of February, 1765, to his house in Queen Square, according to his usual custom, he lay down on his couch, where his housekeeper came and read to him; but, some occasion calling her away, on her return he with a cheerful look said, ‘Sally, an accident has happened since you have been absent.’ ‘Pray, what is that, Sir?’ ‘No less than a stroke of the palsy.’ She replied, ‘I hope not, Sir;’ and began to weep. ‘Nay, do not trouble yourself,’ said he, ‘but get some help to carry me up stairs, for I never shall come down again but on men’s shoulders.’ Soon after his faculties failed him, but he continued quiet and composed, as in a sleep, until Sunday following, the 3rd of March, 1765,

and then departed, in his seventy-eighth year, which he attained by his remarkable temperance and regularity. By his particular directions he was conveyed in a private manner to East Ham in Essex, and was buried in the churchyard, ordering the turf to be laid smoothly over him, without any monument. This spot he particularly fixed on in a visit he paid some time before to the clergyman of that parish, when walking with him one day in the churchyard."



[Vault under Gerard's Hall.]



[The Tower. Time of Henry VI.]

XXXVIII.—THE TOWER.—No. 1.

THE PROGRESS OF THE EDIFICE.

THE earliest description of the Tower, that of Fitz-Stephen, who died in 1191, has something striking amidst its brevity. "It (London) hath on the east part a Tower Palatine, very large and very strong, whose court and walls rise up from a deep foundation. The mortar is tempered with the blood of beasts." A strange unmanageable thing is the imagination! There is no real connexion between the fabulous blood-tempered mortar of the old monkish writer and the subsequent history of the Tower of London. Yet, when we think of that history, how appropriate does it seem that the very foundations of those walls should be laid in blood! Fitz-Stephen was nearer than we are to the period when these foundations were laid, by almost seven centuries; and yet he tells us not *who* laid them. Tradition says, Julius Cæsar; and Poetry is the step-nurse of the children of Tradition:—

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame."

Why does the poet himself tell us, in a note upon his well-known line, that the oldest part of the Tower is *vulgarly* attributed to Julius Cæsar? He had authority enough for his apostrophe to the towers of Julius, even if the belief of the vulgar were not a sufficient basis. Stow tells us, "It hath been the common

opinion, and some have written (but of none assured ground), that Julius Cæsar, the first conqueror of the Britons, was the original author as well thereof, as also of many other towers, castles, and great buildings within this realm." How does the good, painstaking antiquary disprove the common opinion? how does he show that the old writers who adopted the common opinion had "none assured ground?" "Cæsar remained not here so long, nor had he in his head any such matter; but only to despatch a conquest of this barbarous country, and to proceed to greater matters. Neither did the Roman writers make mention of any such buildings erected by him here." He knows what was in Julius Cæsar's head, and he knows what is not in the Roman writers, but he knows no more. And then come other antiquaries, who would give us something not quite so far off as Julius Cæsar to rest our faith upon. Dr. Stukeley would have a citadel raised here, about the time of Constantine the Great; and Dr. Miller *proves* that the Tower of London was the capital fortress of the Romans, their treasury, and their mint, from the circumstance that three coins of the Emperors Honorius and Arcadius were found within the Tower walls, in digging for the foundations of some modern building. When we talk of the beginnings of such a place as the Tower of London, we rejoice in these gropings and mystifications of the learned; for, unmolested by their facts, we desire to look into the depths of a fathomless antiquity. It is little to us that Stow the modern tells us, as if settling the matter, "I find in a fair register-book of the acts of the Bishops of Rochester, set down by Edmund of Hadenham, that William I., surnamed Conqueror, builded the Tower of London, to wit, the great white and square tower there, about the year of Christ 1078, appointing Gundulph, then Bishop of Rochester, to be principal surveyor and overseer of that work, who was for that time lodged in the house of Edmere, a burgess of London." But mark how the modern antiquary is presently lost in the dim morning of history; and how even he falls back upon tradition:—"Ye have heard before, that the wall of this city was all round about furnished with towers and bulwarks, in due distance every one from other; and also that the River of Thames, with its ebbing and flowing, on the south side had subverted the said wall and towers there. Wherefore, *it is supposed*, King William, for defence of this city, in place most dangerous and open to the enemy, having taken down the second bulwark in the east part of the wall from the Thames, builded this tower, which was the great square tower (now called the White Tower), and hath been since at divers times enlarged with other buildings adjoining, as shall be showed hereafter." Fitz-Stephen is Stow's authority for the fact of the Thames washing away the south wall; all the rest is conjecture. But since Stow's time—that is in 1720, and again in 1777—foundations of buildings long swept away were discovered near the White Tower. They were of stone, of the great width of three yards, and so strongly cemented that they were with difficulty removed. Who built these walls which correspond so remarkably with Fitz-Stephen's description? How are we sure that the White Tower was the building of which Gundulph was the architect? Can we be certain that the White Tower was the *Arx Palatina* described by Fitz-Stephen? These are questions which the antiquaries will not solve for us, even while they command us to believe in no vulgar traditions. Let them remain unsolved. We have got our foot upon tolerably firm ground. We see the busy Bishop (it

was he who built the great keep at Rochester) coming daily from his lodgings at the honest burgess's to erect something stronger and mightier than the fortresses of the Saxons. What he found in ruins, and what he made ruinous, who can tell? There might have been walls and bulwarks thrown down by the ebbing and flowing of the tide. There might have been, dilapidated or entire, some citadel more ancient than the defences of the people whom the Norman conquered, belonging to the age when the great lords of the world left everywhere some marks upon the earth's surface of their pride and their power. That Gundulph did not create the fortress is tolerably clear. What he built, and what he destroyed, must still, to a certain extent, be a matter of conjecture.

Here then, about the middle of the eleventh century, was a Bishop of Rochester, with that practical mastery of science and art which so honourably distinguishes the ecclesiastics of that age, building some great work at the command of the King. The register referred to by Stow speaks of it as *the Great Tower*. But the chroniclers tell us that in the year 1090 the Tower of London was "sore shaken by the wind." There was a mighty tempest in that year, which they inform us blew down more than five hundred houses in London. These were houses of wood and mud,—huts not built to brave the elements. But the great White Tower to be sore shaken by the wind! The wind might as well attempt to shake Snowdon or Ben Nevis. This single fact is to us a pretty satisfactory proof that the Tower, in the reign of Rufus, was a collection of buildings of various dates, and of various degrees of strength. Rufus, it is said, repaired the damage, and he added to the erections by a mode which marked his progress very distinctly. Henry of Huntingdon says, "He piled and shaved the people with tribute, especially to spend about the Tower of London and the great hall at Westminster." Stow, describing the additional buildings of Rufus and his successor Henry I., says, "They also caused a castle to be builded under the said tower, to wit, on the south side toward the Thames, and also encastelated the same round about." The castle under the Great Tower is held to be that anciently called St. Thomas's Tower, beneath which was Traitor's Gate. Here, again, the precise building erected is not very clearly defined. That the Tower gradually assumed the character of a regular fortress, by successive additions, there can be little doubt. At the period of which we are speaking its limits were not very exactly defined; and its liberties or juridical extent continued to be a matter of controversy for several centuries. The chroniclers tell us that the four first constables of the Tower of London after the Conquest made a vineyard of the site now known as East Smithfield, which they held by force from the Priory of the Holy Trinity, within Aldgate, to which it pertained. It was restored to the Church in the second year of King Stephen. In the reign of that monarch, during his contest with the Empress Maud, Geoffrey de Mandeville was authorized by the Empress to hold to his own use "the Tower of London, with the castle under it." This certainly gives the notion of a principal building such as the White Tower, with one of an inferior character. It cannot be exactly determined whether, previous to the reign of Stephen, the Tower was capacious enough for a royal residence; but as early as the reign of Henry I. it had been employed (as probably all places of strength were then occasionally employed) as a prison for state offenders. In the first year of that king Ralph Flambard, the

belligent Bishop of Durham, was here confined. He kept a sumptuous table, and his jovial character was agreeable enough to his keepers, amongst whom he circulated the wine-cup with a very unclerical intemperance. A rope was conveyed to him in a fresh tun of the generous liquor wherewith he made the hearts of his companions glad. Their wassail was prolonged to the point of the most helpless drunkenness; and the bishop escaped from the window by the aid of his good rope, whilst his warders were soundly sleeping. A century or so later, Griffin, the eldest son of Llewellyn Prince of Wales, tried a similar experiment with a rope, with no such happy result. The bishop got safe to Normandy; the Welsh prince broke his neck.

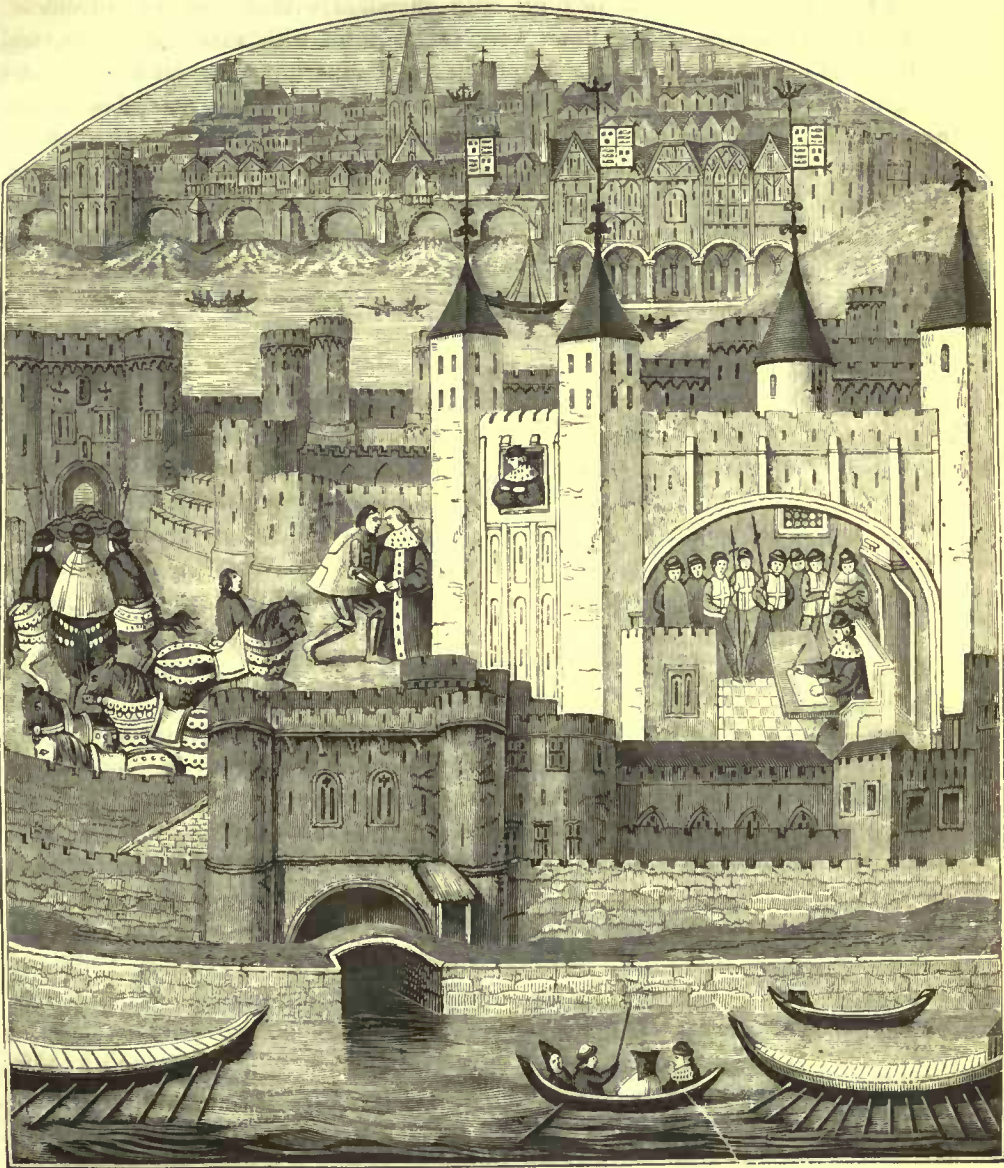
During the absence of Richard I. in the Holy Land, in 1190, Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, held the Tower against John and his partisans. He "enclosed," say the chroniclers, "the tower and castle with an outward wall of stone, and also caused a deep ditch to be cast about the same, thinking to have environed it with the River of Thames." Stow has looked upon this occurrence with the eye of one skilled in local boundmarks. He was the feed chronicler of the City, and, by a diligent hunting of records, could tell us of petty oppressions and spoliations with a minute exactness which amusingly contrasts with his brief dismissal of the mighty events by which the boundaries of empires were changed, or the ancient limits of authority subverted. The building of the outward wall of the Tower, and the making of the deep ditch, by William Longchamp, was a pretty sure indication that struggles for power were to take place in the heart of the great city, upon which the happiness and liberties of its inhabitants for centuries after might mainly depend. But the honest local historian tells us, with delightful simplicity, "by the making of this ditch in East Smithfield the church of the Holy Trinity in London lost half a mark rent by the year, and the mill was removed that belonged to the poor brethren of the Hospital of St. Catherine, and to the church of the Trinity aforesaid, which was no small loss and discomfort to either part. And the garden which the King had hired of the brethren for six marks the year for the most part was wasted and marred by the ditch." He complains, too, that the enclosure and ditch took away the ground of the City on Tower Hill, besides breaking down the city wall. The citizens, however, did not complain, because they thought all was done for "good of the city's defence." But in the reign of Henry III. their opinions underwent a material change. That King saw the weakness of the Tower as a fortress; and, whilst he made it his chief residence, adding to its internal comfort and beauty, he was careful to strengthen its bulwarks, especially towards the west. The work was probably hurried on, for the walls twice fell down, "shaken as it had been with an earthquake." Matthew Paris, who tells us this, adds, "For the which chance the citizens of London were nothing sorry, for they were threatened that the said wall and bulwarks were builded to the end that if any of them would contend for the liberties of the city they might be imprisoned; and, that many might be laid in divers prisons, many lodgings were made, that no one should speak with another." Henry III. had, however, other and fiercer prisoners within those new walls than the valiant citizens of London. They had many contests with him; they insulted his queen and pent her up within the bulwarks of the Tower; but the royal clemency was to be bought with money, and good round sums did the

citizens pay for it. The prisoners that Henry III. chiefly kept here were three leopards; and their abode, and that of their successors, was for centuries in the gate called the Lion Tower. This tower also was built by Henry III. The leopards, which were presented to Henry III. by the Emperor Frederick, formed, no doubt, part of the royal state with which that King here surrounded himself. Although we have no very full traces of what he effected during his long reign in rendering the Tower a fitting palace for the English kings—the records of what he did leave no doubt that he accomplished many things of which there are no record. Mr. Bayley says, “To him the Tower owed much of the splendour and importance which it possessed in early ages; and to his time may be ascribed the erection of some of the most interesting of the buildings that are now extant. The records of that era, which abound with curious entries, evincing Henry’s great and constant zeal for the promotion of the fine arts, contain many interesting orders which he gave for works of that kind to be executed in different parts of the Tower. The royal chapels there, as well as the great hall and the King’s chamber of state, are subjects of frequent and curious mention.” These fragmentary notices are more interesting to the antiquary than to the general reader; but, like every other such authentic record, they throw light not only upon the state of national industry, but of the manners of the period. The King, for example, orders the garner to be repaired: this was probably a storehouse of corn. The leaden gutters of the Great Tower, through which the rain-water must fall down from the top, are to be lengthened and brought even with the ground. This was a progress in domestic architecture which we should have scarcely expected, when we know that five centuries afterwards the roofs of the London houses were furnished with spouts which bestowed their torrents during every shower upon the unhappy passengers below. The Great Tower, and the old wall about it, are ordered to be whitened; and Stow holds that the Great Tower was thenceforward called the White Tower: this we doubt. The church of St. Peter within the Tower was also the object of the King’s especial care. It was not only to be brushed and plastered with lime, but its images were to be coloured anew, and a new image of St. Christopher was to be made, and two fair tables to be made, painted of the best colours, concerning the stories of the blessed Nicolas and Catherine. The last direction of this letter mandatory (the original of which is in Latin) is very curious:—“And that ye cause to be made two fair cherubims, with a cheerful and joyful countenance, standing on the right and left of the great cross.” Edward I. completed the ditch and bulwarks erected by his father, and he raised some additional fortifications to the west. Mr. Bayley, the historian of the Tower, considers the works of Edward I. to be the last additions to the fortress of any importance. Some of the works of this period were perishable enough, from the nature of their construction. It is recorded, for example, that in 1316 the citizens of London pulled down a *mud* wall between the Tower Ditch and the city, supposed to have been erected by Henry III.: they were compelled to restore the same, and were fined a thousand marks for their exploit.

In the reign of Edward III. a commission was issued for inquiring into the state of the Tower. The original return to that commission is at the Record Office; and has been printed by Mr. Bayley in his ‘History of the Tower.’ We

have here a detailed estimate of the expense of repairing particular buildings, the several items amounting to 920*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* It is not very easy to assign the various items to the buildings which now exist: for example, we have the "High Tower," and the "White Tower;" as well as the "Round Tower," the "Money Tower," and "Corandé's Tower." Other items indicate the palatial character of the fortress, such as the King's hall and chapel; the Queen's kitchen, bakehouse, chamber, and chapel; the waiter's chamber; the wardrobe. In the year subsequent to this estimate, 1337, the attention of the King seems to have been more directed towards the strengthening of the fortress than the increase of its domestic comforts. The sheriffs of London were required to pay forty pounds out of the farm of the city, "to be spent about the Great Tower of the Tower of London;" and the sheriff of Kent was commanded to bring all the oak timber from Havering to be employed upon the fortress. In the reign of Edward's unhappy grandson we find the outer walls of mud already noticed still remaining. In a document of the fourth year of Richard II. it is stated that "the franchise of the Tower stretcheth from the water-side unto the end of Petty Wales, to the end of Tower Street, and so straight unto a mud wall, and from thence straight east unto the wall of the city; and from thence to the postern, south; and from thence straight to a great elm before the Abbot of Tower Hill's rents, and from thence to another elm standing upon Tower Ditch, and from that elm by a mud wall straight forth into Thames."

Charles Duke of Orleans, and his younger brother, John Count of Angoulême, who were taken prisoners at the battle of Agincourt, suffered a long captivity in the Tower of London. We mention this circumstance here, because in a copy of the poems of the Duke, now preserved in the Harleian collection in the British Museum, there is a most curious illumination representing the Tower and the adjacent parts of London at the period of the Duke's captivity. The copy on the opposite page will furnish a better idea of the condition of this fortress four centuries and a half ago than any description, even if the most full and correct existed. In a design of this nature the artist was more desirous of conveying the most complete notion of a building by something like the union of a picture and a plan, than of adhering to any rules of perspective, even if he had been familiar with them. His ingenious device for showing the interior as well as the exterior of the Great Tower will not pass unnoticed. He has opened the south side by an arch of immense span; and there he exhibits to us the Duke in a large chamber, assiduously wooing the Muse with the unusual accompaniment of a body of guards and attendants. We are to suppose that the Duke also possesses the property of ubiquity; and that, whilst he is writing his poems in the large room, he is looking out of his chamber window in the upper story, and walking within the bulwarks to welcome some faithful adherent who has recently arrived from his beloved France. Here, then, we have correctly enough represented the Great Tower, with the buildings and bulwarks between that and the Thames; the towers and walls on the west; and those behind the Great Tower on the north. The space within the walls, it will be seen, bears wholly the character of a palatial fortress; with no mean erections growing up beneath the massive walls, utterly unsuited to the character of the place, either as one of magnificence or strength. They were the parasitical growth of a later period.



[The Tower in the Fifteenth Century.]

In the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III. some considerable repairs of the Tower appear to have taken place. In connexion with the fortress-prison, Edward IV. made a movement highly characteristic of the period. His officers set up a scaffold and gallows upon Tower Hill; but the City of London insisted upon their ancient right of dealing with offenders within their own precincts: so the King's scaffold and gallows were taken down with many apologies, and the sheriffs maintained their ancient privileges of superintending all heading and hanging beyond the Tower walls. In the time of Henry VIII. extensive repairs again took place; and the specifications furnish a pretty accurate notion of the character of the several buildings and of the extent of the royal apartments. Amongst other towers whose ancient names have now fallen into oblivion, such as "Broad Arrow Tower" and "Robin the Devil's Tower," we have "Julius Cæsar's Tower;" but this, be it remarked, is not the great White Tower, which in later times has been called Cæsar's—it is the "Salt Tower," at the south-eastern angle.

We are now arrived at a period—that of the reign of Elizabeth—in which we can ascertain with great exactness the condition of this fortress. In 1597 a survey was made of the Tower and its liberties under the direction of Sir John Peyton, then governor. A "true and exact draught" has been preserved; but before we proceed to exhibit this very curious plan we may transcribe the brief description of the Tower by an intelligent foreigner, Paul Hentzner, who visited England in 1598:—

"Upon entering the Tower of London we were obliged to leave our swords at the gate, and deliver them to the guard. When we were introduced we were shown above a hundred pieces of arras belonging to the Crown, made of gold, silver, and silk; several saddles covered with velvet of different colours; an immense quantity of bed-furniture, such as canopies and the like, some of them richly ornamented with pearl; some royal dresses, so extremely magnificent as to raise any one's admiration at the sums they must have cost. We were next led to the Armoury, in which are these particularities:—spears out of which you may shoot; shields that will give fire four times; a great many rich halberds, commonly called partisans, with which the guard defend the royal person in battle; some lances covered with red and green velvet, and the suit of armour of King Henry VIII.; many and very beautiful arms, as well for men as for horse-fights; the lance of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, three spans thick; two pieces of cannon—the one fires three, the other seven balls at a time; two others made of wood, which the English had at the siege of Boulogne in France—and by this stratagem, without which they could not have succeeded, they struck a terror as at the appearance of artillery, and the town was surrendered upon articles; nineteen cannons of a thicker make than ordinary, and in a room apart thirty-six of a smaller; other cannons for chain-shot, and balls proper to bring down masts of ships; cross-bows, bows and arrows, of which to this day the English make use in their exercises. But who can relate all that is to be seen here? Eight or nine men employed by the year are scarce sufficient to keep all the arms bright.

"The mint for coining money is in the Tower. N.B. It is to be noted that, when any of the nobility are sent hither, on the charge of high crimes, punishable with death, such as murder, &c., they seldom or never recover their liberty. Here

was beheaded Anna Bolen, wife of King Henry VIII., and lies buried in the chapel, but without any inscription; and Queen Elizabeth was kept prisoner here by her sister Queen Mary, at whose death she was enlarged, and by right called to the throne.

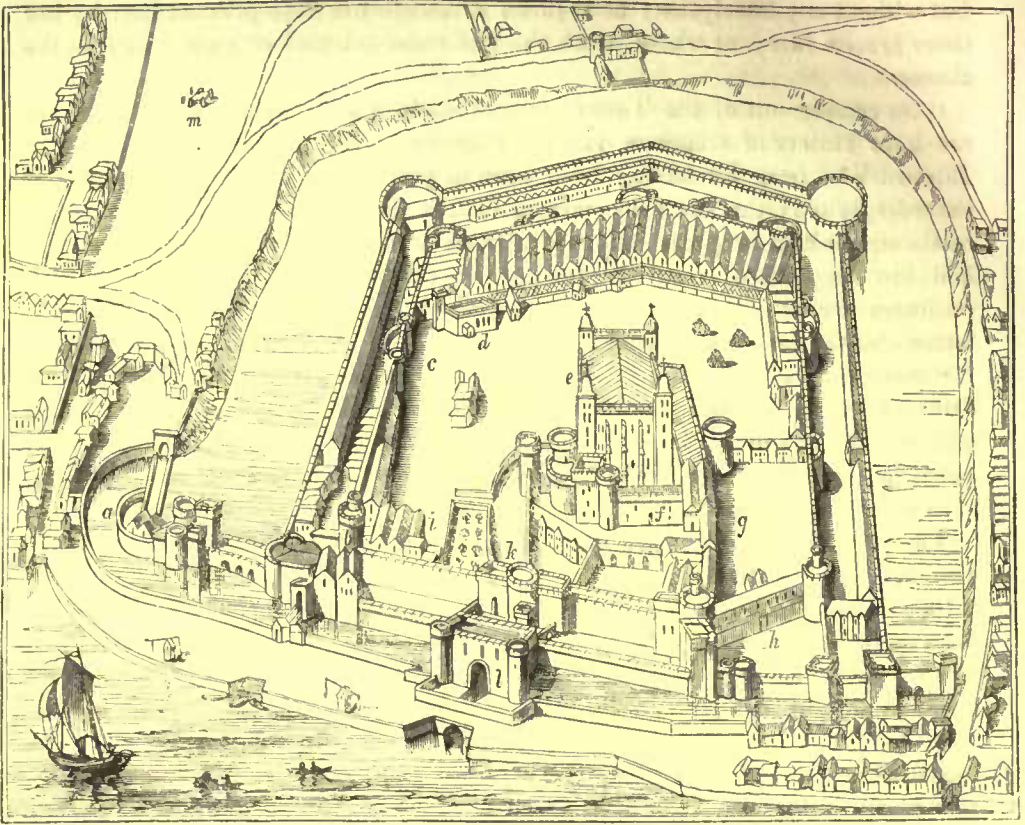
“On coming out of the Tower we were led to a small house close by, where are kept variety of creatures, viz. three lionesses, one lion of great size called Edward VI., from his having been born in that reign; a tiger, a lynx, a wolf exceedingly old; this is a very scarce animal in England, so that their sheep and cattle stray about in great numbers without any danger, though without anybody to keep them: there is, besides, a porcupine and an eagle: all these creatures are kept in a remote place, fitted up for the purpose with wooden lattices, at the Queen’s expense.

“Near to this Tower is a large open space: on the highest part of it (Tower Hill) is erected a wooden scaffold for the execution of noble criminals; upon which they say three princes of England, the last of their families, have been beheaded for high treason. On the Thames close by are a great many cannon, such chiefly as are used at sea.”

The plan which we subjoin, being of the exact period of Hentzner’s description, gives an additional value to it.

The names which we have affixed to this plan are those which the respective portions of the fortress at present bear, with the exception of those parts here called “the Queen’s lodgings” and “the Queen’s gallery and garden.” Those who are familiar with the Tower will feel little difficulty in tracing upon this plan the exact buildings which remain; but the casual visitor, to whom the Tower has conveyed a notion of a town within a fortress, will not so easily understand how this place could once have been, even in times of comparative comfort and splendour, a palace for the monarch, a treasury for the chief wealth of the Crown, a royal mint, an armoury, a menagerie, a state prison. Here, in the plan before us, are large areas, courts within courts, ranges of offices communicating with the chief buildings upon a common arrangement, unencumbered external walls and bulwarks, something altogether which gives a notion of power and splendour, such as befit the abode and the defence of a long line of warrior kings. At the date of this plan the Tower had ceased to be the residence of the sovereign. The chattels of the Crown were no longer moved about from the Tower to Westminster and Greenwich. Whitehall had become the centre of courtly splendour; but the Tower was still the seat of all the great attributes of royalty, and it was occasionally occupied by the monarch upon extraordinary solemnities. James I. came here in 1604, previous to his procession through the city to open his first parliament. In a Latin oration by William Hubbocke, which was subsequently published with a translation, the King is welcomed to the Tower, in a style inflated enough indeed, but which does not disregard those facts that afford us a very exact notion of the purposes to which the Tower was then applied, as well as a tolerable description of the place itself.

“At the post gates whereof there saluteth you by my words not only your faithful Lieutenant, a knight graced with ornaments of war and peace, and the whole troop of armed men (the wardens) that surround your princely person, your servants the guard in this place, but together also there welcomes you, as it



[The Tower of London.]

From a Print published by the Royal Antiquarian Society, and engraved from the Survey made in 1597, by W. Haiward and J. Gascoigne, by order of Sir J. Peyton, Governor of the Tower.—*a.* Lion's Tower; *b.* Bell Tower; *c.* Beauchamp Tower; *d.* The Chapel; *e.* Keep, called also Caesar's, or the White Tower; *f.* Jewel-house; *g.* Queen's Lodgings; *h.* Queen's Gallery and Garden; *i.* Lieutenant's Lodgings; *k.* Bloody Tower; *l.* St. Thomas's Tower (now Traitor's Gate); *m.* Place of Execution on Tower Hill.

were with one obeisance, whole England, France, and Ireland, the sovereign authority of all which, by the possession of this one place, you do clasp and as it were gripe in your hand. For this Tower and Royal Castle is the pledge for them all, and not only the gate of good hope, but the haven of the whole scope. Here the stately and princely beasts the lions (*couchant*) of England do bow down to the lion (*rampant*) of Scotland; even to you, a true offspring of the Lion of Judah, and rightly descended of kings your great-great-grandfathers. Here is money coined, the joints and sinews of war, which now a good while since hath borne the image and superscription of your own Cæsar. There are the Records of Estate, the closet of the acts and patents of our princes, your renowned progenitors, out of which, I may boldly avouch it, a truer story of our nation by far may be compiled than any is yet extant. Here are, dispersed in the several quarters of this place, certain round turrets for the custody of offenders against the King. This which is next our elders termed the Bloody Tower, for the bloodshed, as they say, of those infant princes of Edward IV., whom Richard III., of cursed memory (I shudder to mention it), savagely killed two together

at one time. Then there presenteth itself, looking dutifully from a great height upon you, but holding out brazen pieces of shot, threatening flashes of fire and thunderbolts to your enemies, a great and square tower for martial service, the strength of this place, a watchman for the city, a keeper of the peace, a commander of the country round about, wherein antiquity hath specially made memorable the Hall of the Roman Cæsar. Here is the Jewel-house and the wealth of the kingdom, containing implements of great value above number, and all the gold and silver plate, with a most rich princely wardrobe; all which have now long since poured themselves into your bosom, as the just owner and full heir to them all. Here are, that I may not name everything, mountains of bullets, and most large places above and below for receipt of armour, with ordnance, darts, pikes, bows, arrows, privy coats, helmets, gunpowder, finally with the whole furniture to chivalry, for service on horse, on foot, by land, by sea, exceedingly stored; and all these to subdue your enemies; to defend your friends, citizens, subjects, associates, and confederates; and to propulse danger, annoyance, violence, fear, from your own person, most puissant King, from your dearest spouse, our sovereign Queen, your progeny, estate, and whole train."

The preceding extract we give from the reprint of Hubbocke's scarce tract in Mr. Nicholls's 'Progresses of James I.' In the same valuable collection we have a tract entitled 'England's Farewell to the King of Denmark,' in which the writer gives an account of the festivals with which the royal brother of James was entertained, and the sights that he went to see, in 1606. At the Tower, says the writer, "our gracious sovereign, his dear esteemed brother, King James, met his Highness, and with kingly welcomes entertained him, and in his own person conducted him to the offices of the Jewel-house, Wardrobe, of the Ordnance, Mint, and other places, where to their kingly presence in the Jewel-house were presented the most rare and richest jewels and beautiful plate, so that he might well wonder thereat, but cannot truly praise or estimate the value thereof by many thousands of pounds."

How pleasant it is to imagine the fussy King gloating upon all these treasures with a royal rapture, wielding the sceptre, bearing the orb in his palm, putting on the crown, perhaps longing to pocket a jewel or two for his private use! Nor less would be his exaltation of mind at the next stage:—"The like in the Wardrobe; whereof, for robes beset with stones of great price, fair and precious pearl, and gold, were such as no king in the world might compare; besides the rich furniture of hangings, clothes of estate, cushions, chairs, and kingly furniture for his palaces as may cause much admiration and bring great content to the beholders." Carefully, however, would the peaceful King walk amidst the dangers of the next building:—"But passing then on to the office of the Ordnance, he well viewed the warlike provision of the great ordnance, which at an hour is ready for any service to be commanded. Over every piece the ladles and sponges hang to lade them withal: and the traces and collars for the horses to draw them away when they shall need to serve." We are not quite sure that the King of Denmark was not left to himself by his royal brother when muskets and daggers were to be seen:—"The Armoury and store of small shot so well maintained and kept, the numbers ready fitted of all sorts of muskets, calivers, petronels, dags, and other serviceable weapons, as pikes, halberds, targets,

shields of sundry fashions, for variety, antiquity of the things, and the relating of their uses, did make him with great and honourable admiration to behold them all very well, and commend them."

But there was a place, after the party had viewed the Mint, in which James especially delighted. "From thence to the lions and other wild beasts there kept and maintained for his Highness's pleasures and pastimes." The King no doubt fancied that he exhibited a mighty valour when, perched up in a gallery, he could behold the combats of lions with mastiffs and bears. The only additions which this eccentric monarch made to the Tower were in connexion with his favourite amusements. "This spring of the year (1605) the King builded a wall, and filled up with earth all that part of the moat or ditch about the west side of the lions' den, and appointed a drawing partition to be made towards the south part thereof, the one part thereof to serve for the breeding lioness when she shall have whelps, and the other part thereof for a walk for other lions. The King caused also three trap-doors to be made in the wall of the lions' den, for the lions to go into their walk at the pleasure of the keeper, which walk shall be maintained and kept for especial place to bait the lions with dogs, bears, bulls, boars, &c."

In the reign of James I. the general condition of the Tower was inquired into by the Privy Council; and it was reported that, through successive encroachments, the splendour and magnificence of this royal castle was much defaced, and the place itself as it were besieged in the wharf, ditches, and liberties. Commissioners, in 1623, reported that on the side of Tower Hill and East Smithfield "the moat is much overgrown and filled up with earth for gardens; and round the counterscarp, and within the moat also there are placed many houses, sheds, timber-yards, coal-yards, wheelers' yards, &c." This is indeed a curious record of the steady encroachments of peaceful industry upon the outworks of a slumbering despotism. But the cause of these encroachments is pretty obvious. The report of 1620 talks of the "evil toleration of some lieutenants," and mentions the odious words "private profit." Mr. Bayley has preserved a curious paper which appears to have been drawn up by a yeoman warder in 1641, stating the appropriation of the various buildings at that date. It shows us little of the splendour, but a great deal of the melancholy gloom, of the then Tower. It appears to have been some time deserted by the Crown, and almost wholly appropriated to the detention of prisoners of state. The White Tower, according to this, belongs to the Office of the Ordnance, the Martin Tower to the porter of the Mint, the By-ward and Watergate Towers to the warders. But of eleven other towers each bears the fearful appellation of "*a prison lodging.*"

In the latter part of the reign of Charles II. very considerable repairs were effected in the Tower, "for the safety and convenience thereof and the garrison therein." The survey which was previously made is accompanied with a plan. Compared with the previous plan of the reign of Elizabeth, we see that during the lapse of less than a century much of the ancient character of the old fortress had been obliterated, and that clusters of small buildings had grown up amidst its towers and courts. During the civil wars and the Commonwealth the place had been left pretty much under the control of its military officers; and after the Restoration Charles troubled himself but little about a gloomy fortress far away from the scenes of his voluptuousness. Pepys has a curious notice of one visit

of the King to the Tower, under date of the 24th of November, 1662:—"Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and I, going forth toward Whitehall, we hear that the King and Duke are come this morning to the Tower to see the *Dunkirk money*. So we by coach to them, and there went up and down all the magazines with them; but methought it was but poor discourse and frothy that the King's companions (young Killigrew among the rest) had with him. We saw none of the money." The notion of Charles going to the Tower to look upon the price of his shame is highly characteristic. In the same month Pepys was himself engaged in an adventure at the Tower which is also a singular illustration of the point of view in which the old fortress was regarded by the court. Some person, with a prodigious show of mystery, had affirmed that there was treasure concealed in the vaults of the Tower, and Pepys—the busy, prying Pepys—was to be the chief agent in bringing the riches to the light of day. The sum alleged to have been hidden was seven thousand pounds, of which the discoverer was to get two, Lord Sandwich two, and the King three. A warrant for the search was given by the King, and the Lieutenant of the Tower and the Lord Mayor were to aid and assist. "Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Mayor did give us full power to fall to work: so our guide demands a candle, and down into the cellars he goes, inquiring whether they were the same that Baxter always had. He went into several little cellars, and then went out-a-doors to view, and to the Cole Harbour; but none did answer so well to the marks which was given him to find it by, as one arched vault. Where, after a great deal of counsel whether to set upon it now or delay for better and more full advice, to digging we went till almost eight o'clock at night, but could find nothing." Again dived Pepys and his labourers into the Tower cellars, and again he says, "We went away the second time like fools." A third time they went, with a woman who knew all about the matter; but with the like success. A fourth time they applied themselves to work in the garden; and Pepys, somewhat cold and tired, betook himself to the fire in the governor's house, beguiling the time with reading one of Fletcher's plays. "We went to them at work, and, having wrought below the bottom of the foundation of the wall, I bid them give over, and so all our hopes ended." Baxter's cellars tell a tale of private appropriation of public property.

In the reign of James II., was commenced the grand storehouse, on the north side of the inner ward. This building was completed in the reign of William III., and was utterly destroyed by fire in the reign of Queen Victoria. The principal buildings that were added to the Tower in the next century were houses for heads of departments, storerooms, and barracks. All these, as it may be supposed, are perfectly incongruous with the ancient character of the place.

The great fire at the Tower on the 30th of October, 1841, has fixed the public attention, with an earnestness previously unknown, on this most interesting of all the monuments of our ancient history. It is not to meet the demand of a mere temporary excitement that we intend devoting a Series of Numbers to a view of the Tower under its most important aspects. Sooner or later we should have taken up this large subject, and have exhausted it, as far as was compatible with the plan of our work. But the recent destruction of "the Great Storehouse,"—which is sometimes also named "the Small Arms Armoury"—not only forces upon

our attention the present state of the multifarious buildings which form what is called "the Tower;" but the historical associations of those buildings lead us to consider what the Tower ought to be as a great national monument. In detailing to the reader the course which we intend to pursue in the treatment of this subject, we shall also very slightly indicate our general views of what a government that rightly estimates the value of patriotic feelings ought to do in reference to any plan for the repair of the recent damage.

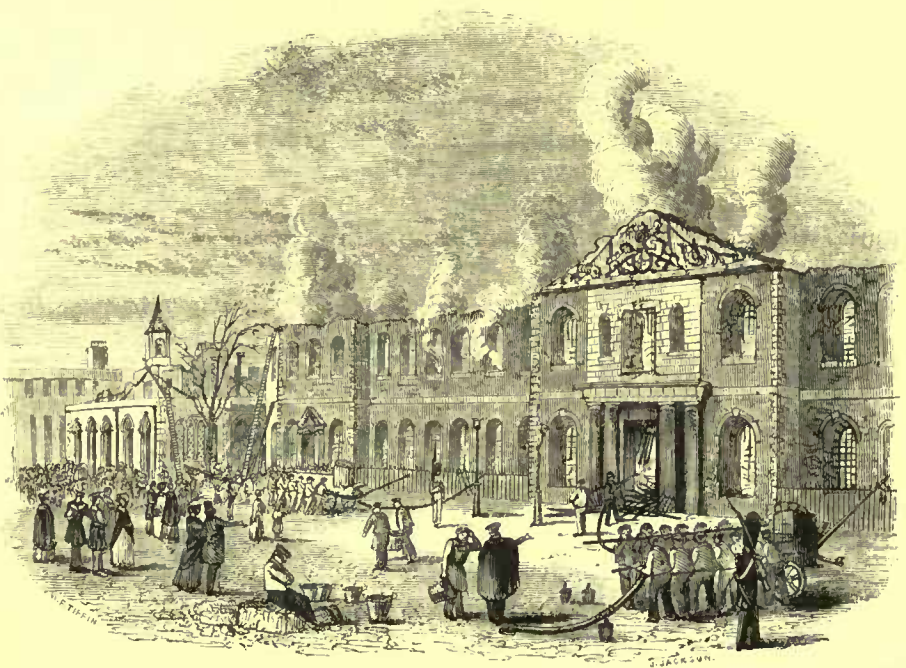
The brief history which we have given of the progressive increase of the Tower has purposely avoided any notice of the surpassing historical associations which belong to this fortress. We reserve those for two or three successive papers. They will group themselves somewhat as follows.—We shall first regard the Tower as the ancient PALACE of the English Kings. All the fortress buildings which remain once constituted a portion of that Palace; for in the days of arbitrary power the notions of a Palace and a Prison were by no means dissociated. But the White Tower, especially, was a chief part of the Palace, with its Hall, its Chapel, its Council Chamber. Here some of the greatest events in English history took place. Here, Richard II. resigned his crown to Bolingbroke; the Protector Gloucester bared his arm before the assembled Council, and, accusing Hastings of sorcery, sent him within the hour to the block in the adjoining Court. What is the White Tower now? Its walls remain; but modern doors and windows have taken the place of the old Gothic openings; and within, the fine ancient apartments are divided and subdivided into various offices. The Chapel—one of the most striking remains of our early architecture, is fitted up as a depository of Records;—and the vaulted rooms upon the basement are filled with military stores and gunpowder. To none of these places are the public admitted; nor, if they were, could they form any notion of the ancient uses of the building. It would be a wise thing in the Government to sweep away all that encumbers and destroys the interior of this edifice; and to restore it as far as possible to the condition in which it was at some given period of our history—in the time of Richard II. for example. And for what, it will be said,—to make a show-place? Unquestionably. There are buildings, or there ought to be, where Records could be better preserved, because more conveniently; but there is no building which can be shown to the people as so complete a monument of the feudal times, or which could be so easily restored to its former conditions. Let the people here see, as far as possible, what royal state was, three, four, or five centuries ago. Let one room be fitted up as in the days of Henry III.; another as in the times of the Wars of the Roses; and another as in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. During the last ten or fifteen years all the ancient armour of the Tower has been beautifully arranged, in a chronological series; and the visitor can understand better than by the best description what the warfare of our ancestors was,—and what were the appliances of their mimic war of tilts and tournaments. In the same way let them be instructed in the domestic history of their country, by walking under the same roof beneath which their old kings sate, surrounded with the same rude magnificence, the same mixture of grandeur and meanness, arras on the walls and dirty rushes on the floor. We would go beyond the restoration of the White Tower; and ask that "the Queen's Garden" of 1599 should be restored; and that the ancient courts, which have been destroyed

that paltry houses may occupy their site, should again be formed, to show how power was obliged to hem itself round with defences, and how its commonest recreations were mingled with fears and jealousies which could never be removed till constitutional government was firmly established. In connexion with the palatial character of the Tower, the exhibition of the Crown Jewels should be regarded. They were formerly kept in a place more immediately appurtenant to the White Tower. Their history is united in the mind of every child in the kingdom with the daring attempt of Colonel Blood to steal them, in the days of Charles II. How easy would it be to restore the Jewel Office exactly to the condition in which it was in those days! Again, the Mint formed a part of the Tower as the chief ancient seat of royalty. The actual coining of money has been very properly removed to a more convenient building. But let one of the ancient towers be fitted up for the display of the former rude implements in the manufacture of money, and for the exhibition of the British coins and medals, from the Saxon penny to the coronation medal of Victoria. The "lions" departed from the Tower to die of the damps of the Zoological Gardens. But they were a part of the ancient regal magnificence, and we think they ought not to have been removed. We could wish again to see the living emblem of England in his ancient cell. The glory of the place seemed to us to have departed when the last old king of beasts left his massy stone dwelling in the Lion Tower, where his predecessors had dwelt for centuries with the kings of men—to take up with a wooden box, and to be fed by subscription.

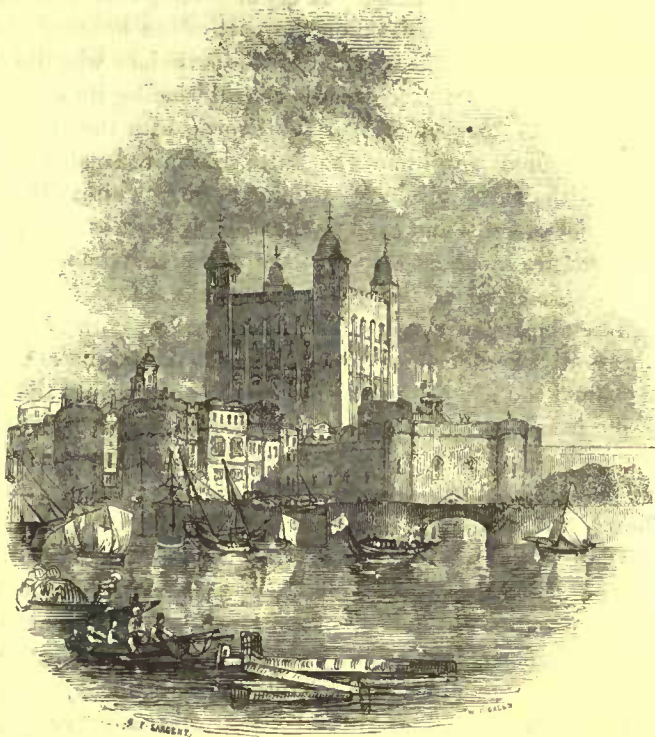
But there are more solemn lessons to be learnt at the Tower by people who go there for real instruction. It was the great STATE PRISON of England; and here the most illustrious victims in the world have suffered and perished. With the exception of a room or two in what is now called "Queen Elizabeth's Armoury," the public see none of the interesting remains which are full to overflowing with these sublime associations. The room whose walls are covered with the pathetic inscriptions of those who here waited for death—where we may actually look upon the lines which the delicate fingers of Lady Jane Grey traced in her solitude—is a mess-room for the officers of the garrison. The Beauchamp Tower, a most important prison, is inaccessible. Again, the chapel or church of St. Peter—the little building to the west of the large storehouse recently destroyed—is the burial-place of the most renowned victims of their own ambition, the jealousies of power, or the sad necessities of state, that have fallen beneath the axe, from the days of "poor Edward Bohun" to those of Lord Lovat. This chapel—perhaps, altogether, the place in all England most interesting in its associations—is fitted up with modern pews; and not a stone is there to tell who lies in that blood-tempered dust. What a noble work it were for a great nation to consecrate this chapel anew as a Temple of Toleration—to erect monuments here to every illustrious sufferer, whether Protestant or Catholic, Republican or Jacobite! During the contests in which they perished was slowly built up the fabric of our liberties, and, like the old bulwarks we have described, it is not now to be shaken by any common storm. The more the people are conversant with our national antiquities, and have an abiding historical knowledge impressed upon them by associations which all can understand, the more will the foundations of this fabric be strengthened.

The last point of view in which we purpose to regard the Tower is that of an ARSENAL. A great deal has been very wisely done of late years to display and classify the many curious relics and spoils of war of the English army, from the days of Cressy to those of Waterloo. Some valuable things have been lost in the recent fire; but many of the most valuable have been preserved. We trust that, in any plans for repairing the destruction, the notion of making the Tower a depository for arms and stores for present use will be abandoned; but that in a few years may be here found the finest ancient Armoury in Europe.

[To be continued in No. XXXIX.]



[The Ruins of the Great Storehouse, November, 1841.]



[The Tower from the Thames.]

XXXIX.—THE TOWER.—No. 2.

(Continued from No. XXXVIII.)

THE PALACE.

GREAT was the joy, magnificent the preparations at the Tower, that ushered in the morning of the 22nd of April, 1661—the day for the coronation procession of the restored Charles II. At an early hour the King came thither by water from Whitehall, attended by a crowd of nobles and gentlemen, among whom many a proud spirit dwelt with secret exultation in the realization of its long-cherished hopes of the “golden round,” and many a youthful heart beat fast with expectation as he thought of the event, more important to him than the coronation itself, of which it was but one of the incidental splendours—his installation as a Knight of the Bath. And, we may conclude, the King must have satisfied all reasonable expectations of this nature raised by the event, for he created in honour of the occasion no less than eleven peers and sixty-eight Knights of the Bath! The City also had its preparations for the day. Four triumphal arches

were erected in different parts—one representative of the King's landing at Dover, and the others of the consequences that were expected to flow therefrom, namely, Commerce, Concord, Plenty. As the hour for the procession drew nigh, the inhabitants of the houses from Tower Hill to the Abbey hung out their richest tapestry from the windows, and the livery companies lined the streets with their banners and bands of music. A cry of "They come!" is at last heard, and amidst a fresh burst of enthusiasm on the part of the bearers of those silken streamers waved so lustily to and fro, and of the musicians who din the ear with their countless instruments, the procession is beheld winding its slow length along. There are the law and other officers of the Crown, with the venerable-looking Judges; the newly created Knights of the Bath, clad in red mantles and surcoats, lined and edged with white silk, and trimmed with white silk strings, and buttons and tassels of red silk and gold;—these, with their ostrich plumes swaying gracefully to and fro at every motion of the wearers, make a gallant show;—then come the great officers of the royal household, the sons of peers, peers attended by gaily emblazoned heralds, and officers at arms, the Lord Chancellor (Clarendon), the Lord Chamberlain, Garter King of Arms, the Lord Mayor, &c. Shouts of "The King! the King!" now announce the approach of the chief actor in the ceremony, who is seen surrounded by his equeries and footmen, preceded at some little distance by his brother, the Duke of York, and followed by the man to whom Charles was indebted for the Crown he was about to receive, Monk, Duke of Albemarle. Gentlemen, pensioners, and soldiers, horse and foot, occupied the remainder of the procession, which astonished every one with its magnificence. "Indeed," writes a contemporary, and we presume eye-witness, "much wonder it created to outlandish persons, who were acquainted with our late troubles and confusions, how it was possible for the English to appear in so rich and stately a manner; for it is incredible to think what costly clothes were worn that day: the cloaks could hardly be seen what silk or satin they were made of, for the gold and silver laces and embroidery that were laid upon them; besides the inestimable value and treasures of diamonds, pearls, and other jewels worn upon their backs and in their hats: to omit the sumptuous and rich liveries of their pages and footmen; the numerousness of these liveries, and their orderly march; as also the stately equipage of the esquires attending each earl by his horse's side: so that all the world that saw it could not but confess that what they had seen before was but solemn mummerly to the most august, noble, and true glories of this great day." If Master Heath, the chronicler, could have looked but a very little way forward into the future, he would have said less about "true glories;" but to his eyes, as to the eyes of a vast majority of the spectators, that future seemed a sunshine too dazzling to be curiously peered into, so they contented themselves with gazing upon the pageant as its visible type, and enjoyed the magnificence accordingly. And were it only from consideration of the old memories of the Tower, it was peculiarly fitting that the day should be thus solemnized with more than ordinary splendour, for it was the *last of the kind* the Tower was ever to see. With that day its palatial character may be said to have ceased.

For nearly five hundred years prior to this period had the Tower been a place of kingly residence, and for the best of reasons during a considerable portion of

that time, namely, its safety. A motive of this kind it was that brought the first English monarch who made the Tower his palace within the walls of the then almost impregnable fortress. In 1140, we are told, Stephen, whilst his affairs were in a very unpromising state, came hither with a slender retinue, and during the feast of Whitsuntide held his Court in the Tower halls. John was also a frequent resident; and, after his death, Prince Lewis of France stayed some short time, prior to his renunciation of all right of sovereignty in England, and his return to his native country. The youthful king, Henry III., spent a considerable portion of the years of his minority in the Tower, and gave it a kind of celebrity for the performance with great pomp of religious festivals. These were, no doubt, expensive affairs; and perhaps rather severely taxed the kingly resources. When Henry kept his Court in the Tower during Lent in 1220, he had to borrow two hundred marks of Pandulph, the Pope's legate, and one hundred of "Henry of St. Alban's," for the necessary use of his household. In this, as in the preceding reign, the growing dissensions between the nobles and the monarch caused the Tower to be besieged; but such matters will be more appropriately noticed in our account of the Tower as a fortress and arsenal. During these troubles, Henry, in the year 1236, summoned a great council or parliament to meet him in May within the Tower; but such was the opinion his subjects had of his good faith, that the Barons unanimously refused to assemble in any such place; the King was accordingly compelled to return to Westminster and meet them there as usual. In the subsequent years of Henry's reign we find the King frequently retreating to the Tower for safety, till his son's success at the battle of Evesham annihilated the opposing party. It is in connexion with this reign that we find the first mention of the Chapel in the White Tower, forming at this day perhaps the most perfect Norman remain in the kingdom.

The White Tower is a large massive quadrangular edifice, occupying a central space in the great area of the Tower of about one hundred and sixteen feet north and south, and ninety-six east and west. Turret towers at the corners (that at the north-east formerly used by Flamsteed as an observatory), a circular projection rising to the summit of the building (ninety-two feet) on the southern part of the eastern wall, tall blank Norman arches, and low Norman windows, complete the essential features of the exterior; though, we must add, there are on the south and west sides low ranges of attached building, one forming the horse armoury, the other a guard-house. The interior is divided into four stories including the vaults, connected by stairs in the spacious circular turret at the north-eastern angle. The first floor consists of two large apartments, and one small, with a semicircular end, and a plain vaulted roof, which is interesting from its evident antiquity. These were formerly prisons, and in that view we shall have occasion again to return to them. On the second story are two other large rooms, used, like the first, as armouries, or for the deposit of ordnance stores, and the Chapel, which, rising to the roof of the Tower, contracts the third story to two apartments corresponding in size and position to those in each of the stories below. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Chapel to one who like ourselves has seen the Choir of St. Bartholomew's Priory, Smithfield (the present parish church), is its striking resemblance in shape and style to that fine edifice. It wants the size, and partially therefore the grandeur, of St. Bartholomew's; it wants also the



[Interior of the Chapel in the White Tower.]

peculiar beauty of form which some of the arches of the latter present ; but there are the long-continued aisle and the circular altar end. On the other hand, whilst St. Bartholomew has undergone many and most injurious alterations, this is genuine, unaltered, and, it is pleasant to add, unalterable Norman in every part. From various rolls quoted by Mr. Bayley, it appears service was regularly performed here during the reign of Henry III. by a chaplain who received a yearly stipend of fifty shillings.

An interesting memory of Henry III.'s son and successor, Edward I., in connexion with the palace, has been preserved by the famous alchymist of that day, Raymond Lully, who visited England at Edward's express request. The alchymist states, in one of his works, that in the secret chamber of St. Katherine, in the Tower of London, he performed in the royal presence the experiment of transmuting some crystal into a mass of diamond, or adamant as he calls it, of which he says the King made little pillars for the tabernacle of God. The popular belief went so far as to credit the rumour that Lully had by means of his art furnished Edward with a large quantity of gold to defray the expense of a projected expedition to the Holy Land. What with his Welsh and Scottish expeditions, Edward had little time for rest anywhere, and the Tower appears to have enjoyed a small share of his presence. The effeminate Edward II. also seldom visited the Tower, except when he sought shelter within its walls ; although his Queen there gave birth to her eldest daughter, called from that circumstance Jane of the Tower. On the deposition and murder of the King, his son, the third Edward, was here for some time kept carefully secluded from public affairs, by his mother, Isabel, and her coadjutor, Mortimer ; but they

soon found to their cost that the spirit of the conqueror of Wallace was alive again in the person of his grandson; Mortimer was suddenly arrested at Nottingham in 1330, and from thence conveyed to the Tower gallows, to taste the bitterness of the death he had dealt out to his late monarch. During the years 1337-8 Edward resided principally at the Tower, busying himself in the preparations for his intended expedition to France. Never did the day-dream of French sovereignty, which was so constantly before the eyes of our early Kings, seem more bright or full of promise than now; and certainly never was there a better chance of success had success been possible, for almost every man of that brilliant court, from Edward himself, and his son, the Black Prince, downwards, was a man of mark and likelihood, if not of positive reputation in the annals of war and chivalry. The long list of illustrious prisoners who during this reign were pouring continually into the Tower, including the Kings both of France and Scotland, is a sufficient attestation of their military excellence. Edward died at Richmond in 1377, and his grandson, Richard II., soon after removed from Westminster to the Tower to prepare for his coronation, which took place on the 16th of July in the same year. The procession, which now first began to be an essential part of every coronation, appears to have taken place the day before; when the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, and a large body of citizens and others, assembled on Tower Hill, and the young sovereign, clad in white robes, rode forth, attended by a multitude of nobles, knights, and esquires. The streets were gaily decorated with floating draperies, the conduits flowed with wine, and at the principal thoroughfares the procession was delayed to witness the exhibition of pageants. A single specimen may suffice to give some idea of their character. In Cheapside was stationed a castle with four towers, from which, on two sides, "the wine ran forth abundantly, and at the top stood a golden angel, holding a crown, so contrived that, when the King came near, he bowed down and presented it to him. In each of the towers was a beautiful virgin, of stature and age like to the King, apparelled in white vestures, the which blew in the King's face leaves of gold and flowers of gold counterfeit."* On Richard's nearer approach the damsels took cups of gold, filled them with wine from the flowing spouts, and presented them to the King and the chief nobles. These interruptions, however agreeable in themselves, must have made the procession a slow, almost a tedious affair; which, with the coronation on the following day, so severely taxed the strength of the youthful Richard, that when all was over he was completely exhausted, and his attendants had to convey him in a litter to his apartment. Like most of his predecessors, Richard spent little of his time in the Tower, except in cases of necessity, which during his troubled reign occurred but too often, and left him little leisure for the gaieties and splendours of a court. But in 1389, Charles VI. of France having, on his marriage, given a magnificent fete, Richard ordered a tournament to be held in London, which was proclaimed through France and Germany—a challenge to all comers being offered by the English. Many foreigners of distinction accordingly came over, and became the King's guests in the Tower during the continuance of the festivities. On the day appointed, the first Sunday after Michaelmas 1390,

* Holinshed.

the Tower gates flew open, and displayed to the eager eyes of the countless thousands assembled a cavalcade of peculiar character and extraordinary magnificence issuing forth. There came, "first," says Froissart, "threescore coursers apparelled for the jousts, and on every one an esquire of honour, riding a soft pace; and then issued out threescore ladies of honour, mounted on fair palfreys, riding on the one side, richly apparelled; and every lady led a knight with a chain of silver, which knights were apparelled to joust; and thus they came riding along the streets of London, with great number of trumpets and other minstrels, and so came to Smithfield, where the King and Queen and many ladies were ready in chambers, richly adorned, to see the jousts." The English challengers, twenty-four in number, had their armour and apparel garnished with white hearts and their necks with crowns of gold. On Richard's second marriage, in 1396, the young Queen Isabel also went in great pomp from the Tower to the Palace at Westminster prior to her coronation. Events of a very different nature now absorbed the unfortunate King's attention. We have said in our description of the White Tower that the third or upper story is occupied by two large apartments: their aspect is as remarkable as the events which have distinguished them. Let the reader imagine a room of the largest proportions—length, breadth, and height—supported by two rows of beams, the ceiling flat, of timber, the walls pierced with windows on the one side and arches on the other; the whole of the plainest, we might almost say rudest construction, yet grand-looking withal,—and he will have some idea of the Council Chamber of the White Tower, the room in which some of the most important events of our history have taken place. Here it was that on Monday, the 29th day of September, 1399, being the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, sat, in evident anticipation of some scene of more than ordinary moment, a deputation from each House of Parliament, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Northumberland, and many other distinguished persons. Scarcely four months had passed, and Bolingbroke, who had then landed at Ravenspur, was already looked upon as king, and a formal application made to Richard requiring his resignation. When such applications can be safely made they can seldom be safely refused. Richard did not refuse, but desired previously a conference with his aspiring rival and the Archbishop of Canterbury; that conference was now being held, and the assembled personages anxiously awaited its termination. At length Richard came forth, clad in his kingly robes, the sceptre in his hand, the crown upon his head, and said aloud, "I have been King of England, Duke of Aquitaine, and Lord of Ireland, about twenty-one years, which seigniory, royalty, sceptre, crown, and heritage I clearly resign here to my cousin Henry of Lancaster; and I desire him here in this open presence, in entering of the same possession, to take this sceptre:" "and so," says Froissart, who thus gives the King's address, "he delivered it to the Duke, who took it." Such is the historian's account; it may be worth while to look at the poet's also, and learn something more of what was passing beneath these outward forms and ceremonies:—

"I give this heavy weight from off my head,
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths :
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
 My manors, rents, revènnues, I forego ;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
 God keep all oaths unbroke are made to thee !
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !
 Long mayst thou live, in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthen pit !
 God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days !"

Well may the unhappy monarch ask, in addition—

“What more remains?”

The Earl of Rutland's attempt soon after to replace the crown on Richard's head was followed by Richard's death at Pontefract Castle. In the mean time Henry had been crowned, and, as might have been expected from the circumstances, with all possible pomp. Forty-six Knights of the Bath were created, and the King, attended by Prince Henry his son (the hero of Agincourt), six Dukes, six Earls, eighteen Barons, and nine hundred Knights and Esquires, rode on a white courser, bare headed, all the way from the Tower to Westminster, wearing a short coat of cloth of gold, with the garter on his left leg, and the livery of France about his neck. There was one circumstance attending the coronation which must have greatly enhanced its gratification to Bolingbroke—it was the anniversary of the day on which Richard had sent him into exile.

During this and the subsequent reigns there is nothing requiring notice in connexion with the Tower as a palace ; neither Henry IV. nor his son were often in it, and the coronation procession of the latter presented no peculiar features. With the reign of the sixth Henry its interest again revives. That monarch was often in the Tower, sometimes as king, sometimes as prisoner—such were the alternations of his fortune and the troublous character of the times. The end was to be in too complete accordance with the rest. The battle of Barnet, in 1471, finally annihilated his power ; he returned to the Tower, Edward IV. entered London in triumph on the 21st of May, and the next day it was whispered abroad that Henry was dead ! Shakspeare's version of the affair is too well known to be repeated ; it is in all probability the true one. During the preceding and following years of Edward's reign the Tower was more used as a kingly palace than perhaps it had ever before been. That monarch kept his court there with great splendour on more than one occasion, and in addition to his own coronation procession there was that of his Queen, Lady Elizabeth Gray. The death of Edward IV. and the accession of his youthful son bring us to events of such interest and importance, that the very mention of the Tower recalls their mysterious history to our minds ; though for that, as for many other historical reminiscences, we must attribute no small portion of the popular knowledge to the great popular Poet ! Richard III.—the Princes—the Tower—have indeed become household words. Two or three weeks after his father's death the young Edward entered London, the Duke riding before him calling upon the

people to behold their King ; the coronation-day was also fixed, and fifty young gentlemen of family received letters requiring their attendance in the Tower, four days before the ceremony preparatory to their creation as Knights of the Bath. A few days pass on, and a council is sitting in that same memorable chamber before described—the Duke as Protector, the Duke of Buckingham, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ely, Lords Stanley and Hastings being of the number. So agreeable is the tone of the meeting, that the Duke in the exuberance of his spirits relieves the dulness of the business by complimenting the Bishop of Ely on the excellent strawberries he has noticed in his garden, and even requests a mess of them. The gratified Bishop immediately sends a servant to Ely Place for some of the fruit. Suddenly a cry of “Treason !” is heard in the adjoining apartment ; Gloucester rushes to the door, where he is met by a party of armed men, who at his command arrest all present except the Duke of Buckingham ; and before the astonished nobles have well recovered from their surprise, they behold, from the windows of their prison, Lord Hastings beheaded on the green in front of St. Peter’s Chapel ; and when they are released, about three weeks later, it is to join in the coronation procession of Richard III., and, strange to say, the number of nobles and other persons of rank and distinction present on the occasion was so great as to give a marked character to it ; and still stranger, there is proof on record that the young Edward himself was intended to have been present. In the wardrobe accounts for 1483 is an entry respecting “ Lord Edward, son of the late King Edward IV., for his apparel and array,” which includes “ a short gown of crimson cloth of gold lined with black velvet, a long gown of similar material lined with green damask, a doublet and stomacher of black satin, a bonnet of purple velvet, nine horse-harnesses and nine saddle-housings of blue velvet, gilt spurs, with many other rich articles, and magnificent apparel for his henchmen and pages.” It is not at all difficult to discover why the young “ Lord Edward” did not share in the ceremony ; his appearance would have excited too many speculations and remarks to be at all agreeable or even safe to his crafty uncle ; the wonder is, that the idea should ever have been raised. Subsequent events in connexion with the fate of the Princes have been matter of much controversy ; but really, after all, there appears no solid reason to distrust Sir Thomas More’s statement, who wrote only five-and-twenty years after their occurrence, when a variety of sources, that he might not be able to acknowledge publicly, were open to him for the acquisition of materials : the Chancellor’s character, at all events, ought to free him from any suspicion of giving currency to *mere rumours*. His account is as follows :—“ King Richard, after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester, to visit in his new honour the town of which he bore the name of old, devised as he rode to fulfil that thing which he had before intended. And forasmuch as his mind misgave him that, his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he thought therefore without delay to rid them ; as though killing of his kinsmen might aid his cause and make him kindly King. Thereupon he sent John Greene, whom he specially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter, and credence also, that the same Sir Robert in any wise should put the two children to death. This John Greene did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die

therefore. With which answer Greene returned, recounting the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his, 'Oh! whom shall a man trust? They that I have brought up myself, they that I thought would have mostly surely served me, even those fail, and at my commandment will do nothing for me.' 'Sir,' quoth the page, 'there lieth one in the pallet-chamber without that I dare well say to do your grace pleasure: the thing were right hard that he would refuse;' meaning by this Sir James Tyrell." This man was seen and tempted, and the result was that he "devised that they should be murdered in their beds, and no blood shed: to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forest, one of the four that before kept them, a fellow flesh-bred in murder before time; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave." "Then, all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forest and John Dighton, about midnight, came into the chamber and suddenly wrapped them up amongst the clothes, keeping down by force the feather-bed and pillows hard upon their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them, and, their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to their tormentors their bodies dead in bed; after which the wretches laid them out upon the bed, and fetched Tyrell to see them; and when he was satisfied of their death, he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones." We quit these melancholy but romantic details with the observation that the stranger who now visits the Chapel of the White Tower will see, at the end of the passage which leads from the outer door to the foot of the circular staircase winding upwards to the sacred edifice, the old trunk of a mulberry-tree reared against the wall in the corner. The passage is formed on one side by the outer wall of the Tower, and on the other by a modern erection; originally the stairs here were open to the air, and formed the outer entrance. Beneath these stairs, in 1674, were found bones of a proportion "answerable to the ages of the royal youths," which were accordingly, by Charles II.'s orders, honourably interred in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster. The spot was marked by the erection of the mulberry-tree referred to, which was cut down a few years ago, when the present passage was enclosed.

The battle of Bosworth Field and the death of Richard took place in August, 1485, and in October following Henry was crowned, with the usual procession and splendour. His union with Elizabeth, involving, as far as the nation was concerned, a much more important union, that of the rival houses which had so long deluged England with fratricidal blood, led to another queenly coronation, although Henry delayed that ceremony so long as to excite, in connexion with other evidences of his conduct towards her, a pretty general disgust among his subjects. Moved at last by considerations of this nature, he fixed for the day the 25th of November, 1487. Two days before, the Queen came by water from Greenwich, attended by the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, and many citizens, chosen some from each craft, wearing their liveries, in barges "freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk." One of the barges, called the Bachelor's, contained "many gentlemanly pageants well and curiously devised to do her highness sport and pleasure." Henry received her at the Tower, and conducted

her to the royal apartments, where their majesties "kept open household and frank resort" for all the Court. On the morrow, after dinner, the Queen was "royally apparelled, having about her a kirtle of white cloth of gold of damask, and a mantle of the same suit furred with ermines, fastened before her breast with a great lace curiously wrought of gold and silk, and rich knobs of gold at the end tasselled; her fair yellow hair hanging down plain behind her back, with a caul (or net-work) of pipes over it, and a circlet of gold richly garnished with precious stones upon her head." This was indeed a figure worthy to be the central object of the rich picture presented by the pageant which conducted her to Westminster, in a litter hung with cloth of gold of damask, and having large pillows of down covered with the same material. The whole ceremony appears to have been conducted in a fine poetical spirit: thus, in many parts of the City, instead of the usual absurd conceits meeting her eye, she was welcomed by fair children arrayed in angelic costume, singing sweet songs as she passed. Another festive period marks the history of the Palace-Tower in this reign, on the occasion of the marriage of Henry's son, Prince Arthur, to Katherine, daughter of the King of Spain, when a splendid tournament was held here. Two years later, the Queen, who was a frequent but generally solitary resident, died in the Tower a few days after giving birth to a daughter, who did not long survive her.

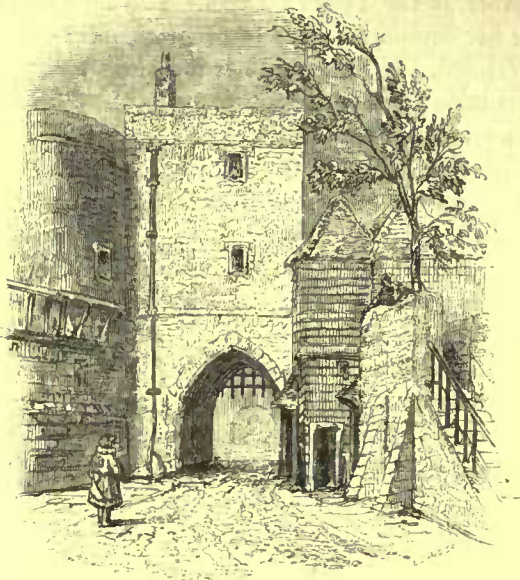
The accession of a young king, and that king the tasteful, magnificent-minded Henry, for such he was in the first few years of his rule, gave the Tower a new period of splendour; and subsequent events, indeed, promised to make coronation processions become almost as frequent, and to be almost as much looked for, as those which still annually regale the eyes of the citizens of London. But after two ceremonies of the kind, the first being prior to his own and Katherine of Arragon's coronation, and the next prior to that of Anne Boleyn, Henry began to find such displays very expensive, and, having no doubt a prudent misgiving as to the limits of the number of opportunities that the future might afford, at once stopped short. Jane Seymour and her successors accordingly remained uncrowned, so far as the ceremony was concerned. With the exception of the visit of the French nobles after the conference of Guysnes and Arde, who were brought from Greenwich to the Tower in the royal barge, by the Earls of Essex and Derby, and there sumptuously feasted, we find little matter for observation during Henry's reign; who does not appear latterly to have been a very frequent visitor. Little susceptible to any sense of decency or remorse as he lived to show himself, the sight of the spot where Anne Boleyn, the mother of one of his children, had perished on the scaffold, innocent in all probability of any real crime, except that of standing betwixt him and the gratification of his reckless passions, could scarcely be agreeable even to the callous King. He died in 1547, and his son, Edward VI., was immediately conducted from Hatfield to the Tower, where he resided until the day preceding his coronation.

Lady Jane Grey's sovereignty, if sovereignty it may be called, was too brief even for the performance of the coronation ceremonies; so we pass on to those of Mary, the first Queen of England crowned in her own right. With pious and sisterly affection, Mary delayed that ceremony till her brother's funeral, who was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster, according to the forms of the Protestant Church, Mary contenting herself for the present by the very significant intima-

tion of her religious views exhibited in the performance of *mass*, to celebrate the exequies of her brother, in the Tower Chapel. During this period, and whilst the preparations for her coronation were in progress, Mary held her court in the Tower, formed her council, and prepared her measures for the subversion of the new faith. The coronation procession took place on the 30th of September, 1553. The Queen rode in a chariot covered with cloth of gold, and after her, in another chariot, Henry's fourth wife, Anne of Cleves, who, not having enjoyed the luxury of a coronation in her own case, seemed by her smiling face quite contented to enjoy it now in another's. A circlet of gold beset with precious stones had been provided for the Queen, which during the ceremony proved so massy and ponderous, that she was fain to bear up her head with her hand; this same crown her sister Elizabeth carried in the procession, and complained to Noailles, as we have elsewhere noticed, of its weight. "Be patient," was the adroit answer; "it will seem lighter when on your own head." The Princess had little reason to be impatient, for five years only elapsed before she found herself again passing along through that line of crowded streets, herself the "cynosure of all eyes;" and, as she was sure to have remarked, the object of a more heartfelt welcome than had been accorded to her sister. All that ingenuity or wealth could do in the preparation of stately pageants, sumptuous shows, and cunning devices, was done; the figures of the Queen's ancestors, including, with a delightful forgetfulness of the past, Henry and Anne Boleyn (her mother) walking most affectionately together, were represented on stages at the street corners—prophecies and poems were showered upon her; here Time led forth his daughter Truth, who presented a Bible to her Majesty, which she took, reverently pressing it to her bosom; there Gog and Magog, having left Guildhall for Temple Bar, spread before her eyes a tablet of Latin verse, expounding the mysteries hidden beneath the recondite pageants she had beheld. But the day had its pleasanter, because more genuine, evidence of the popular joy, which for once proved to be well founded. Holinshed deserves our gratitude for recording the following charming passage:—"How many nose-gays did her grace receive at poor women's hands!—how often stayed she her chariot when she saw any single body offer to speak to her grace! A bunch of rosemary given her grace, with a supplication by a poor woman about Fleet Bridge, was seen in her chariot till her grace came to Westminster." Better feelings, and higher thoughts too, than gratified vanity could originate, were evidently at work in Elizabeth's mind: "Be ye well assured," said she at one part of her progress, "I shall stand your good Queen;" nor did her reign on the whole belie this earnest and solemn promise.

With the solitary attempt at revival of the old custom on Charles II.'s accession, already described, the Palace History may be said to close with the reign of James I., who "passed triumphantly," we are told, from the Tower to Westminster, that he might not altogether disappoint the people; but no proper procession took place, on account of the plague. We have already alluded to the passion of this King for the royal lions; and we therefore at once proceed to describe the foundation and progress of the Tower Menagerie.

Henry III., receiving a present of three leopards from the Emperor Frederick, in allusion to his shield of arms, which bore three of these animals, placed them in the Tower, and subsequently added a white bear, for which the sheriffs of



[The Entrance Gate.]

London were ordered to provide a muzzle and an iron chain to secure him when out of the water, and a long and stout cord to hold him when *fishing in the Thames*. In the same reign, to the great wonder of the people, who actually came up from different parts of the country to see him, an elephant was added to the collection. In the time of Edward II. we find that there was also a lion in the Tower, for which the sheriffs of London had to provide daily a quarter of mutton. It has been well observed that, whilst about this time we find records of different orders being given to pay sixpence a day for the maintenance of this animal, several esquires, prisoners, were at the same time to be allowed just one penny per day each. By the reign of Henry VI. the office of Keeper had become one of consideration, and persons of family alone seem to have been nominated. It may be interesting to know the price of a lion three hundred years ago; we quote therefore the following item from Henry VIII.'s privy purse expenses, 1532:—“Paid to an almoner for bringing of a lion to the King's grace, £6. 13s. 4d.” It was not merely to see the beasts that James I. so frequently visited them; a barbarous sport, attempted (happily in vain) to be revived in our own time,—the baiting of the lion with dogs,—was frequently got up for his recreation. In 1604, after a little preliminary amusement, such as watching the lion and lioness kill and suck the blood of a cock, two mastiffs were let loose upon a lion, and a terrible battle ensued. On another occasion three of the fiercest dogs in the bear-garden were put one after the other to a lion; but we have neither space nor desire for the repetition of the sickening details. In 1609, the King, Queen, and Prince Henry being present, a great bear, which had killed a child, negligently left in the bear-house, was put in succession to the fiercest lions in the Tower, but none of them would fight their grizzly antagonist. The spec-

tators' appetite for blood was however to be in some way gratified; so a fortnight afterwards the King ordered the bear to be baited to death upon a stage, and the mother of the dead child received twenty pounds from the profits of the exhibition. At the beginning of the present century the Menagerie had dwindled away to a few straggling beasts and birds; but on the appointment of a new keeper, Mr. Cops, in 1822, the collection quickly grew again into repute. The beautiful work, called the 'Tower Menagerie,' is a happy evidence of the zeal and taste of this gentleman, as well as of the value of the Menagerie prior to its final removal a few years since to the Zoological Gardens.

One and one only visible evidence of the palatial splendours of the Tower in times past now remains within its walls,—the Regalia. The small tower in which the jewels have been kept for nearly the last two centuries stands at the north-eastern angle of the great area, close by the large pile of building recently destroyed by the fire; during which they were hastily removed to a safer part. The first express mention of the jewels being kept here occurs in the third Henry's reign, when, on that monarch's return from France, he commanded the Bishop of Carlisle to replace them in the Tower as they were before. Seldom, however, did they remain there for any length of time. Once they were pledged by Henry III. to certain merchants of Paris, another time by Edward III., to the merchants of Flanders, and again, soon after the accession of Richard II., to those of London, during which period they were deposited in the hands of the Bishop of London and the Earl of Arundel. Henry VI. also pledged to his rich uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, as security for 7000 marks, an immense quantity of such valuables, the mere enumeration of which occupies above three pages of Mr. Bayley's history; and which were all to become the absolute property of Beaufort if the borrowed money were not repaid by the feast of Easter, 1440. An inventory of the jewels in the Tower, made by order of James I., and given in the same work, is of still greater length; although Henry VIII., during the Lincolnshire rebellion in 1536, must have somewhat reduced the value and number of the contents; for he then ordered his minister Cromwell to go to the Jewel House and take therefrom as much plate as he thought could possibly be spared, and coin it immediately into money.

Of the present state of the Regalia our space will allow us only to give a short account. There are five crowns, known respectively as St. Edward's (so called from its having been made at Charles II.'s coronation to replace the previous crown, which the Confessor was supposed to have worn), the Crown of State, the Queen's circlet of gold, the Queen's crown, and the Queen's rich crown. Of these, the first and the fourth are the proper coronation crowns. The crown of state is remarkable for having three jewels, each of almost inestimable value, a ruby, a pearl, considered the finest in the world, and an emerald seven inches round. The other chief treasures are the Orb, an emblem of universal authority borrowed from the Roman Emperors, which is held by the monarch during the act of coronation; the Ampula, or Eagle of Gold, containing the anointing oil; the Curtana, or Sword of Mercy, borne naked before the sovereign during the coronation procession into the Abbey, between the two Swords of Justice, Spiritual and Temporal (what a significant type of ideas now happily fast disappearing from among us is that Spiritual Sword!); St. Edward's Staff, also

carried before the sovereign in the procession,—a sceptre of gold four feet seven inches and a half long, with a small foot of steel, and a mound and cross at top; four other sceptres of gold and precious stones, one of which was discovered in 1814, behind some old wainscoting in the Jewel House; the Queen's Ivory Rod; another short sceptre of ivory and gold, made for James II.'s Queen; Bracelets, or armillæ, worn on the wrists during the coronation; royal spurs, salt-cellar, &c. It was not until the reign of Charles II. that the Regalia was allowed to be publicly exhibited. The office up to that time had been one of honour and emolument; thus, for instance, in the reign of Henry VIII., the great minister, Cromwell, was the "Master and Treasurer of the Jewel House." In Charles's reign, some reductions being made in the emoluments, on the appointment of Sir Gilbert Talbot as Master, the exhibition of the jewels was permitted in compensation; Sir Gilbert giving the receipts, by way of salary, to an old and confidential servant, who had the care of them, one Talbot Edwards—a name familiar to most readers in connexion with Colonel Blood's daring attempt to steal the crown in 1673. Although often told, the story will still bear repetition; and, indeed, cannot be well omitted from any account of the Tower, however brief.

Thomas Blood was a native of Ireland, and is supposed to have been born in 1628. In his twentieth year he married the daughter of a gentleman of Lancashire; then returned to his native country, and, having served there as lieutenant in the Parliamentary forces, received a grant of land instead of pay, and was by Henry Cromwell placed in the commission of the peace. On the Restoration, the Act of Settlement in Ireland, which affected Blood's fortune, made him at once discontented and desperate. He first signalized himself by his conduct during an insurrection set on foot to surprise Dublin Castle, and seize the Duke of Ormond, the Lord Lieutenant. This insurrection he joined and ultimately became the leader of; but it was discovered on the very eve of execution, and prevented. Blood escaped the fate of some of his chief associates, the gallows, by concealing himself for a time among the native Irish in the mountains, and ultimately by escaping to Holland, where he is said to have been favourably received by Admiral Ruyter. We next find him engaged with the Covenanters in the rebellion in Scotland in 1666, when, being once more on the side of the losing party, he saved his life only by similar means. Thenceforward Colonel Blood appears in the light of a mere adventurer, bold and capable enough to do anything his passions might instigate, and prepared to seize Fortune wherever he might find her, without the slightest scruple as to the means. The death of his friends in the insurrection we have mentioned seems to have left on Blood's mind a great thirst for personal vengeance on the Duke of Ormond; whom, accordingly, he actually seized on the night of the 6th of December, 1676, tied him on horseback to one of his associates, and, but for the timely aid of the Duke's servant, would have, no doubt, fulfilled his intention of hanging him at Tyburn. The plan failed, but so admirably had it been contrived that Blood remained totally unsuspected as its author, although a reward of one thousand pounds was offered for the discovery of the assassins. He now opened to those same associates an equally daring but much more profitable scheme, had it been successful; which was thus carried out:—Blood one day came to see the Regalia, dressed as a parson, and accompanied by a woman whom he called his wife; the latter, pro-

fessing to be suddenly taken ill, was invited by the Keeper's wife into the adjoining domestic apartments. Thus an intimacy was formed, which was subsequently so well improved by Blood, that he arranged a match between a nephew of his and the Keeper's daughter, and a day was appointed for the young couple to meet. At the appointed hour came the pretended parson, the pretended nephew, and two others, armed with rapier-blades in their canes, daggers, and pocket-pistols. One of the number made some pretence for staying at the door as a watch, whilst the others passed into the Jewel House, the parson having expressed a desire that the Regalia should be shown to his friends, whilst they were waiting the approach of Mrs. Edwards and her daughter. No sooner was the door closed than a cloak was thrown over the old man and a gag forced into his mouth; and, thus secured, they told him their object, signifying he was safe if he submitted. The poor old man, however, faithful to the trust reposed in him, exerted himself to the utmost, in spite of the blows they dealt him, till he was stabbed and became senseless. Blood now slipped the crown under his cloak, another of his associates secreted the orb, and a third was busy filing the sceptre into two parts; when one of those extraordinary coincidences, which a novelist would scarcely dare to use, much less to invent, gave a new turn to the proceedings. The Keeper's son, who had been in Flanders, returned at this critical moment. At the door he was met by the accomplice stationed there as sentinel, who asked him with whom he would speak. Young Edwards replied he belonged to the house, and hurried up stairs, the sentinel, we suppose, not knowing how to prevent the catastrophe he must have feared otherwise than by a warning to his friends. A general flight ensued, amidst which the robbers heard the voice of the Keeper once more shouting "Treason! Murder!" which being heard by the young lady, who was waiting anxiously to see her lover, she ran out into the open air, reiterating the cries. The alarm became general, and outstripped the conspirators. A warder first attempted to stop them, but at the discharge of a pistol he fell, without waiting to know if he were hurt, and so they passed his post. At the next, one Sill, a sentinel, not to be outdone in prudence, offered no opposition, and they passed the drawbridge. At St. Catherine's Gate their horses were waiting for them; and as they ran along the Tower wharf they joined in the cry of "Stop the rogues!" and so passed on unsuspected, till Captain Beckman, a brother-in-law of young Edwards, overtook the party. Blood fired, but missed him, and was immediately made prisoner. The crown was found under his cloak, which, prisoner as he was, he would not yield without a struggle. "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful," were the witty and ambitious rascal's first words; "it was for a crown!" Not the least extraordinary part of this altogether extraordinary affair was the subsequent treatment of Colonel Blood. Whether it was that he frightened Charles by his threats of being revenged by his associates, or captivated him by his conjoined audacity and flattery (he had been engaged to kill the King, he said, from among the reeds by the Thames side above Battersea, as he was bathing, but was deterred by an "awe of majesty"), it is difficult to say; the result, however, was, that, instead of being sent to the gallows, he was taken into such especial favour, that application to the throne through his medium became one of the favourite modes with suitors. Blood died in 1680. It was not to be

supposed that this affair should pass without exciting a great deal of comment and scandal. Rochester, in his 'History of Insipids,' writes—

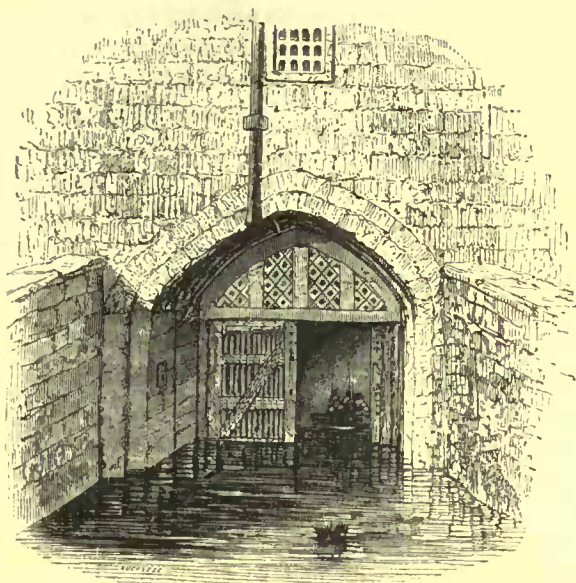
“ Blood, that wears treason in his face,
 Villain complete in parson's gown,
 How much he is at court in grace
 For stealing Ormond and the crown!
 Since loyalty does no man good;
 Let's steal the King, and outdo Blood.”

Poor Edwards lived to manifest the truth of the last line but one of these verses. All the reward he obtained was 300*l.* for himself and son, and the money remained so long unpaid that the orders were previously disposed of at half their value.

[To be continued in No. XL.]



[The Jewel House.]



[Traitor's Gate.]

XL.—THE TOWER.—No. 3.

(Continued from No. XXXIX.)

THE PRISON.

DEEPLY interesting as the Tower appears from whatever point of view we look upon it, all other matters sink into comparative insignificance beside its pre-eminently distinctive feature—the State-Prison of England. Were it possible, indeed, to strip it of every other association, not the less would it remain one of the most interesting buildings in the world. It is useless to speak of single names, or single incidents. The Tower could spare a score of these, each of them important enough to immortalize any locality, without sensible diminution of its wealth. Kings, queens, statesmen, patriots, philosophers, poets, martyrs, form the almost unbroken line of illustrious captives for some five or six centuries. There is scarcely a single great event of our history wherein this terrible edifice does not appear looming in the distance. It would be hardly possible to find one ancient family of distinction to which the Tower has not bequeathed some fearful and ghastly memories.

But these remarks refer only to the known—the recorded history. If we could learn the unknown! When we reflect on the partial and occasional glimpses which have been afforded into the depths of those gloomy dungeons, which still meet the eye of the stranger, telling their fearful secrets in their lowering aspect, —when we read the plainest matter-of-fact descriptions of such places as the Little Hell, or the Rats' Dungeon, the imagination recoils in horror at the thought of

what must have met the eye, at almost any period of the earlier history of the Tower, could the entire buildings have been suddenly unroofed, and its most secret recesses laid open to the broad day! No refinement of physical cruelty ever devised by fiction but has here had its prototype in reality; no mode of mental suffering that has not here exhibited itself; and, we may add, no heights of human fortitude that have not been reached by the occupants of those earth-buried cells. It is not the greater inhabitants of the Tower only to whom these remarks apply. Inscriptions yet remain on the walls, like so many voices ascending from out the vast multitude of humbler prisoners, arousing our warmest sympathies and admiration for them too, whom we are but too apt to forget in the presence of their more distinguished fellows. How profoundly melancholy is this expression of grief, inscribed on the wall of the Beauchamp Tower!—"Since fortune hath chosen that my hope should go to the wind to complain, I wish the time were destroyed: my planet being ever sad and unpropitious. Wilim: Tyrrel, 1541."* Who was William Tyrrel? No one can tell. He is but one of thousands who have passed from the cheerful sunshine and great business of life into inscrutable darkness, and perhaps into the welcomed, because tortureless, and quiet grave. Dante's line, written over the infernal portals, *Renounce all hope who enter here*, would indeed have been a suitable inscription for the Tower gateway, and there would have been little cause to fear a recurrence of an incident that did once take place, the death of a prisoner, who had so given up all hope, from mere revulsion of feeling at being informed he was free. Such liberations were never dangerously frequent. Yet there were men who could look upon so dread a trial as this without despair,—who would even take it to their bosoms whilst they wrote upon their prison walls in letters that, to our eyes, still make the place luminous:—"The most unhappy man is he that is not patient in adversities; for men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with the impatience they suffer."

The history of the Tower-Prison is necessarily, in a great measure, a reflex of the history of the monarchs of England, and, in every age, borrows its hues from their characters. So strikingly true is this, that there could be no doubt, for instance, as to the ambition of Edward I., or the weakness of Edward II., the lusts of Henry VIII., the bigotry of Mary, or the vanity of Elizabeth, if we possessed no other records than these walls could furnish.

Prior to the reign of the first of these sovereigns, the principal persons who had been confined in the Tower were Ralph Flambard, the minister of Rufus's extortion and tyranny, who escaped in the mode before described; his less successful imitator, Griffin, son of the Prince of North Wales; and Hubert de Burgh, the brave, single-minded, but unfortunate minister of John and Henry III. Edward kept the Tower in continual requisition. First, he fell upon the Jews, (in 1282,) who were seized without distinction in every part of England, on the pretence of clipping and adulterating coin, and six hundred of their number thrown into the Tower. The Welsh next furnished a supply of victims for these insatiable walls; then the Scotch, during the king's attempts to subjugate these countries. The battle of Dunbar, in 1296, placed in Edward's hands not only the Scottish king, Baliol, but a large portion of the most influential Scottish

* Translated from the old Italian original, as given in Mr. Bailey's History.

nobility, many of whom shared their sovereign's captivity in the Tower. But the great memory of the Tower in this reign is Wallace, who entered its gloomy walls in 1305, and, after undergoing a kind of trial, was dragged from thence through Cheapside to Smithfield, tied to horses' tails, and there executed with barbarities according but too well with the infamy of the deed. Lastly, the courts of law, and the monastic cloister, swelled the immense number of prisoners during this period, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and several other judges, having been committed for corruption, and the entire inmates of Westminster Abbey, abbot, monks, and servants, on suspicion of theft. This was a curious affair. Whilst Edward was in Scotland, in 1303, his treasury, then kept in the Abbey, was broken open, and robbed to the extent, it is said, of a hundred thousand pounds. No thief could be discovered, so Edward summarily packed off to the Tower the whole establishment, of eighty-one persons. They were tried, and acquitted. We have here a striking proof of Edward's determined character. The abbot, however, had perhaps as little of the spirit of Becket as the King of Henry II.

Edward II. troubled himself little with foreign acquisitions, but not the less did the Tower find a sufficiency of inhabitants. The Knights Templars were now dissolved, and all the knights south of the Trent committed to the great state-prison, where the Master died. The continued struggles of the Welsh to recover their independence again resulted in the imprisonment in the Tower of many of their bravest champions, some of whom died there, others were liberated after long confinement. But internal dissension was the chief feature of this reign, and, consequently, whichever of the two parties was uppermost, the weak King or his discontented barons, Englishmen still thronged the dungeons. Another escape marks this period. Elated by some little successes, the King all at once grew bold, and attacked the more powerful of his enemies on the borders of Wales, where he was little expected. Lord Mortimer and several other barons were seized, and committed to the Tower. Here he gained over his keeper, and having invited Stephen de Segrave, the constable, with the other chief officers of the Tower, to a banquet, he made them intoxicated, and got safely off to France. He then joined the Queen, and immediately set on foot the conspiracy which ended in Edward's imprisonment in his own palace here, and subsequent murder. A day of retribution was approaching. By the young King Edward III.'s order, Mortimer was, as we have before mentioned, suddenly arrested at Nottingham, and brought, with his two sons and others, to the Tower, loaded with chains, and there left in one of its darkest dungeons till the period of his trial and execution. This first act of the new monarch told his subjects that a new period was dawning upon them. France and Scotland were again the battle-fields on which English valour exhibited itself to the eyes of the world, and each country continued through this long and brilliant reign to pour their tribute of illustrious captives into our great fortress. John Earl of Murray, one of the great supports of the Scottish throne, was taken prisoner in 1336, and, being unable to raise the immense ransom demanded, lingered here for some years. The mode of his liberation is not the least remarkable part of his history. In 1340 he was granted to William Earl of Salisbury, like so much land or live stock, "to do with him as most for his advantage;" and, remarkably enough,

ultimately was exchanged for his own keeper (on Salisbury's being made prisoner in France), through the intercession of the King of Scotland. In 1346 another terrible blow desolated the hearths of half the nobility and knighthood of Scotland; this was the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, in which David Bruce, the King, the Earls of Fife, Monteith, Wigtown, and Carrick, the Lord Douglas, and fifty other distinguished chiefs, fell into the hands of the English. The King was immediately conducted, with all honour and ceremony, under an escort of twenty thousand men, to London, through the streets of which he passed towards the Tower, mounted on a high black courser; the civic companies lining the whole way on the occasion, habited in their liveries. Eleven dreary years did the unhappy monarch spend in the Tower before he could obtain his liberation, even on the high condition of engaging to pay one hundred thousand marks, and delivering some of his principal nobility as hostages. Some of his nobility were still less fortunate. The Earl of Monteith, having previously done fealty to Edward, was hanged and quartered. Let us turn next to the evidences of the French campaigns. In 1346, Edward having taken Caen, "a goodly town, and full of drapery and other merchandise, and rich burgesses, and noble ladies and damsels, and fine churches, and one of the fairest castles in all Normandy," sent off to the Tower, as the fruits of his success, the Constable of France, with the Count de Tankerville, three hundred opulent citizens, and an immense amount of booty. In 1347 the Tower gates opened to admit thirteen prisoners, twelve of whom had been known only as peaceful citizens a few months before; yet even the grim warders themselves must have warmed with something like admiration, as they looked upon these same citizens now, and learned they were the men whose fame had spread far and wide, as the heroic defenders of Calais whilst it could be defended, and its saviours afterwards by their giving themselves up to the conqueror as an expiatory sacrifice for the crime of their fellow-citizens in refusing so long to yield their beloved town to foreigners. The Governor of Calais, John de Viennes, was at their head. The next important French prisoner was Charles de Blois, whose struggle for the dukedom of Brittany, against De Montford and his fair and gallant Countess, had cost both nations so much blood and treasure. He was not liberated till 1356, and then only after heavy ransom had been exacted. In 1357, news of a great battle that had taken place in France began to be bruited abroad, in which it was said the English had thrown all their other recent victories into the shade. Accordingly, on the 24th of May, the assembled multitudes of the metropolis beheld their favourite Black Prince enter at the head of a triumphal procession that surpassed even the wildest tales of rumour. The King of France, his son, four other princes of the blood, eight earls, and an innumerable train of lesser but still important personages, graced the pageant of the victor of Poitiers. The chief residence of John was the Savoy; the other illustrious prisoners were mostly confined in that prison whose terrible walls must by this time have become almost as much an object of awe in France and in Scotland as in our own country. Another eminent member of the bench, William de Thorp, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was in the present reign degraded for venality and corruption, and thrown into the Tower. The frequent occurrence of cases of this kind is a noticeable commentary on the state of things at home, whilst our

monarchs were wasting their talents, energies, and revenues, to say nothing of their slaughtered subjects, in attempts at foreign subjugation. We shall only mention one other captive of Edward's reign. Valeran, Earl of St. Paul, a young French noble, as distinguished for his elegance of manners as for his bravery, was made prisoner in a skirmish near Lyques, and presented to the English King. The rugged Tower itself seems to have grown gracious to the light-hearted young foreigner whilst he stayed in it; and when he left it, it was for a confinement of a gentler description. At Windsor he met the Lady Maud, who was then residing at the castle with her mother, the Princess of Wales; both, it appears, had a taste for "dancing and carolling;" the result was that Earl St. Paul returned to his native country richer by a wife, "the fairest lady in all England," than he had left it. The remarkable similarity between the circumstances attending this match, and those attending the marriage of the poet-King of Scotland, will not escape the notice of the readers of a previous number—St. Mary Overies.

The weakness of the next sovereign, Richard II., produced again the lamentable results which had marked the reign of the second Edward,—internal warfare, jealousies, struggles of rival noblemen for power, &c. The closeness of the parallel indeed is extraordinary, for in the end, Richard, like his predecessor, was deposed, imprisoned in his own Palace-Tower—and only removed from thence to be mysteriously murdered. During this period many distinguished men were confined here; some but as a step to their execution. Sir Simon Burley, the companion of the present King, chosen by his father, the Black Prince, whilst Richard was yet a boy, and one of the bravest and most accomplished men of his time, was the chief of these victims to the spirit of faction. He was executed on Tower Hill, on the spot afterwards destined to be famous for scenes of a similar kind. Froissart, noticing this event, says:—"To write of his shameful death right sore displeaseth me; for when I was young I found him a noble knight, sage and wise." On the breaking up of the confederacy, at whose instance this savage deed had taken place, its chief members fell into Richard's hands; of whom the Duke of Gloucester perished, no one knows how, in the castle of Calais; and the Earls of Arundel and Warwick, Lord Cobham, and Sir John Cheyney, took their late victim's place in the Tower, and the first (Arundel) followed his footsteps still further, even to the gallows on the neighbouring hill. This improvement in the King's affairs was but temporary; the star of Bolingbroke was now in the ascendant. We need only add to the account of subsequent events given in the preceding paper, that Richard during his confinement had the anguish of beholding three of his adherents, who were supposed to have been implicated in the death of the Earl of Gloucester at Calais, brought under the very window of his room, tied to horses' tails, and dragged off towards Cheapside, where they were beheaded on a fishmonger's stall. One captive in the Tower during this reign yet remains to be mentioned, who has not been noticed by the historians of the edifice, though one of the most memorable of its unwilling visitants. The great poet Chaucer was confined in the Tower not less than three years, during which he wrote his prose work called 'The Testament of Love,' in imitation of the example of Boethius, who, under a similar calamity, produced his 'Consolations of Philosophy.' The work is in the form of a dia-

logue between the prisoner and Love, who visits him in his cell here, and listens to his account of his misfortunes, and their cause, namely, the politics of London, and his devotion to the Lady Marguerite, under which designation he fancifully refers to the spiritual comfort of the Church. Chaucer, like his great patron, John of Gaunt, was a firm Wickliffite, and took part in the struggle between the Court and the City concerning the re-election of John of Northampton, a follower of Wickliffe, and one of the Duke's partisans. A commotion ensued, some lives were lost, John of Northampton was sent to prison, and Chaucer, who was implicated in the affair, fled to Zealand for a time; then returned to England, was arrested, and thrown into the Tower. He appears to have been liberated about 1389, and at the price of certain disclosures, which have been too readily assumed as dishonourable, considering that he retained the friendship of his illustrious patron; and John of Northampton received the royal pardon: these apparently being the only two persons, if any, affected by his statements.

Among the prisoners in the Tower concerned in the conspiracy that broke out almost immediately after Bolingbroke's accession to the throne, was his own brother-in-law, the Earl of Huntingdon, who was beheaded without trial, and his head placed on London Bridge, till his wife (Bolingbroke's sister) obtained permission for its decent burial with the body in the college of Pleshy. Among the other distinguished captives of this reign were a kinsman and son of Owen Glendower; and James I. of Scotland, whom we have recently mentioned, who was confined here at several different periods. This reign is also characterised by the passing of an act against heretics, or Lollards, which soon began to fill the Tower dungeons with a new species of sufferers, and invest them with a more melancholy interest. The first leader of these founders of English Protestantism was a man in every way worthy of the high but fearful mission allotted to him—this was Sir John Oldecastle Lord Cobham, a man of talent and courage, who had been the intimate associate of Henry V. prior to his accession to the throne. In the first year of this King's reign Lord Cobham was accused of heresy; and Henry, having in vain endeavoured to convince his early friend of his errors, left him to the operation of the ecclesiastical law, by which he was ultimately sentenced to the flames. On hearing his fate pronounced, he fell on his knees in the Court and fervently prayed Heaven's mercy for his persecutors. Owing possibly in some way to the secret desire of the King that he should escape, Cobham managed to get out of the Tower, and in spite of the immense reward offered for his apprehension remained four years at liberty. In 1417 he unhappily again fell into the hands of his remorseless persecutors, and was drawn from the Tower to St. Giles's Fields, hanged by the middle with a chain, and burnt to death. Turning from this and other similarly unhappy recollections of the Tower during the reign of Henry V., the reverse of the bright picture which too often alone occupies our thoughts when we think of the conqueror of Agincourt, we again meet with a continual stream of French captives pouring into the Tower; some of whom, including the Duke of Bourbon and Marshal Boucicaut, died within its walls. The Duke of Orleans, taken also in the great battle we have mentioned, spent many years in the Tower, amusing himself, as already noticed, with poetical recreations.

The young King of Scotland was all this time in captivity, though his marriage with Jane Beaufort had given a new colour to his residence in England. One of the earliest acts of the government on the accession of Henry VI. was his liberation; when the Tower received a brilliant troop of Scottish nobles, who were to be kept there as hostages for the payment of their King's ransom. Their confinement was of the pleasantest description; their relatives having free access to them, as well as their servants, with horses, hawks, and hounds. We must now pass over many events, interesting in themselves, but which our space will not allow us to dwell upon, such as the confinement of Owen Tudor, grandfather to Henry VII.; of the Duchess of Gloucester, who was charged with conspiring with one Margaret Jourdayn, the witch of Eye, to take away the life of the King by devising an image of wax representing his person, who would then consume and die away as the image should melt before a slow fire; and of the Duke of Suffolk, who, soon after leaving the Tower in pursuance of his sentence of banishment, was beheaded on the side of a boat at Dover, a sacrifice to popular vengeance. The Wars of the Roses now begin, and every page of the subsequent history of the Tower is recorded in blood. Among the victims of this terrible and long-protracted struggle whom the Tower at different times received within its walls, and sent forth again to the neighbouring scaffold, were the Earls of Oxford, Lord Aubrey de Vere and his son, Sir Thomas Tudenham, Sir William Tyrell, &c., &c. During this period the poor King was bandied to and fro between the contending parties, from the palace to the prison, from the prison to the palace, enjoying little more real respect or attention in the one case than in the other, till the battle of Tewkesbury at once sealed alike the fate of his crown and of his life. The intrepid Margaret, his Queen, was perhaps even more than himself to be pitied. From the neighbourhood of Tewkesbury, where her darling son, Prince Edward, had been so brutally murdered, she was brought to the Tower, where her husband, divided from her only by a few walls, experienced a similar fate. The impenetrable mystery in which this affair is wrapped extends to the death of Clarence, the brother of Edward IV., who was committed to the Tower on some frivolous charges, tried at the bar of the House of Lords,—where an advocate appeared against him that none dared to oppose, the King himself,—convicted, and sentenced to death. It will be remembered that the recent fire broke out in a tower on the northern side of the fortress, called the Bowyer Tower; its name,—derived from the residence in it of the master and provider of the King's bows,—bespeaking its antiquity. This consisted of two stories, but the original upper one having long disappeared, a modern erection was built in its place. This is the part destroyed by the fire. Beneath, the ancient building still exists, consisting of a large vaulted chamber with walls of immense thickness, and three large arched recesses. This, sayeth tradition, was the scene of the murder of Clarence; who, according to the same authority, was drowned in a butt of his favourite liquor, malmsey. And before the alterations which have been made, such as the widening the loop-holes in the recesses into windows, the spot must have had just the savage aspect that one would expect to find connected with such a story. A still more dreary vault extends beneath, opening from the basement chamber by a trap-door, where, if there be any truth in the tradition, we may imagine the murderers to have found

the butt of malmsey, as they sought, in the words of Shakspeare, "to hide the body in some hole." We must not omit to add, that there is also a secret passage leading from this cell to some unknown part of the fortress. The next event we have to mention calls our attention to a different part of the Tower. In the south-west angle of the great area, in front of the lowly-looking chapel of St. Peter, is a small space in the pavement, distinguished from the rest by a somewhat darker appearance of the stones. A strange feeling crept over us as we gazed upon that spot for the first time;—and, with a half anticipation of the answer, we inquired of a passing soldier the meaning of its peculiar aspect. That, he said, was the place of execution! Lady Jane Grey, and he knew not how many more, had there perished. In old times, he added, the space all around was covered with grass, but nothing would grow on *that* spot. This then was "the green beside the chapel, within the Tower," mentioned by Sir Thomas More as the place where Hastings was brought from the Council Chamber in the White Tower after the extraordinary scene mentioned in our account of the Palace, "and there, without time for confession or repentance, his head was struck off upon a log of timber" which happened to be lying on the grass: the first instance, apparently, of those private executions which give a still deeper hue to the sanguinary history of the Tower-Prison. The brief reign of the author of this deed furnishes us with another noticeable case. A gentleman of the name of Collingbourne wrote the following lines with reference to Richard (whose crest was a wild boar) and his chief advisers, Catesby, Ratchiffe, and Lovel:—

"The cat, the rat, and Lovel our dog,
Rule all England under a hog!"

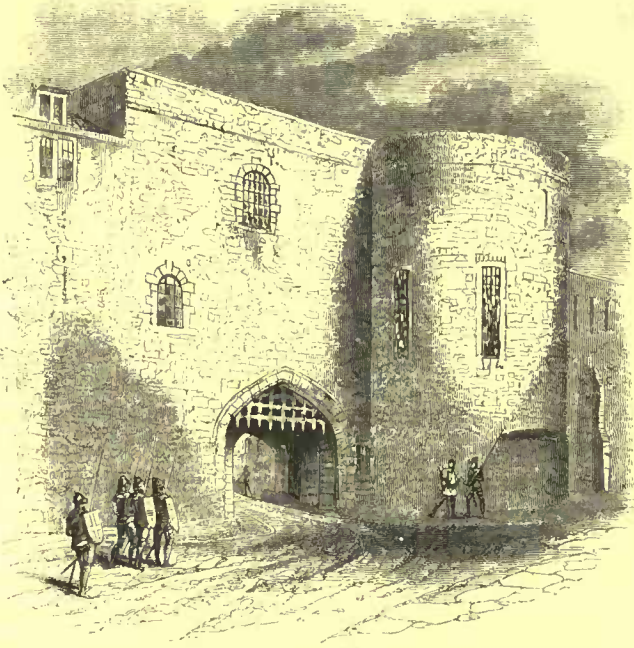
Many a hearty laugh no doubt greeted the publication of these lines; but the unfortunate author had to repent of his wit upon the scaffold at Tower Hill. Passing over with the briefest mention the death of the poet Surrey, the imprisonment of Perkin Warbeck, the execution of the young Earl of Warwick (the descendant of the murdered Clarence, a victim to Henry VII.'s jealousy of his royal descent), and that also of Sir William Stanley, who had helped to crown Henry at Bosworth Field, in the present reign; and the execution of that monarch's ministers, Empson and Dudley, in the commencement of the reign of his successor; we reach a period when almost every great event in the Tower annals is marked by some existing memorial, occurring here in the shape of a name given to a particular tower, there in one of the numerous inscriptions yet visible on the walls, or by simple records and recollections attaching particular incidents to particular places.

The reign of Henry VIII. presents us with a long list of eminent prisoners. The chief crime of Edward Duke of Buckingham appears to have been his royal descent, which, coupled with some incautious expressions, led to his trial and conviction. As was usual, the Duke left the Tower for Westminster Hall in a barge, furnished with its carpets and cushions befitting the rank of the prisoner; but on his return, with a touching, and yet dignified humility, he refused to take again the same seat. "When I came to Westminster," said he, "I was Lord High Constable and Duke of Buckingham, but now, poor Edward Bohun!" Sir Thomas More next follows, a still more illustrious victim. The Tower seems to have had little horrors for him, unless, indeed, it were from seeing their effect upon others. From his first entrance, when, according to custom, the porter

demanded his uppermost garment as his fee, meaning, no doubt, his cloak, or some such valuable article, and Sir Thomas, taking off his cap (with a kind of latent consciousness, perhaps, that he should have little further need of it), said, *that* was his uppermost garment, and that he wished it were of more value,—to his final departure for the scaffold, where he remarked to the executioner, as he laid his head on the block, “Prythee let me put my beard aside, for that hath never committed treason,” the light-hearted and high-minded Chancellor still preserved all the delightful playfulness of manner which made him as much the beloved of his friends as his more important qualities made him the admiration of his contemporaries and of posterity. One bitter moment, however, no temperament or fortitude could ward off. As he returned to the Tower after condemnation, Margaret Roper, the most beloved of his daughters, who had placed herself in waiting at the gate, suddenly rushed from among the crowd as he approached, tore her way through the guards, and flung herself, bathed in tears, on his neck, imploring in broken expressions his blessing. The officers were obliged at last to take her away by force, but she broke from them, and again threw herself upon his breast, crying, “Oh my father, oh my father!” The very guards partook of the general anguish. With Sir Thomas, Bishop Fisher had also been committed to the Tower, and for the same reason, refusing to acknowledge the King’s supremacy. This aged and distinguished prelate was nearly eighty years old when he was thus dragged from the quiet home he so much needed. Here was a case for a little more than ordinary attention to the prisoner’s comfort, which, one would have supposed, even Henry VIII. would have noticed. But had the venerable prisoner been at the mercy of men who, by some freak of nature, had been born without hearts in their bosoms, it would have been just as reasonable to have expected any kind of sympathy. In a letter written to Cromwell, the Bishop says, “Furthermore I beseech you to be good master in my necessity; for I have neither shirt, nor suit, nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me to wear, but that be ragged and rent too shamefully. Notwithstanding I might easily suffer that, if they would keep my body warm. But my diet also, God knoweth how slender it is at many times. And now, in mine age, my stomach may not away but with a few kind of meats, which if I want, I decay forthwith.” Bishop Fisher’s residence was in the Bell Tower, a building of two stories, built in a circular shape, with the lower (or basement) curiously vaulted, and having deep recesses and narrow embrasures in the vast walls. The crimson tide rolls on with increased velocity. The executions of More and Fisher were followed in the same year by that of Anne Boleyn, whose barge now again retraced the way from Greenwich to the Tower, though this time it stopped at a different entrance. The unhappy lady, as she looked upon the dread Traitor’s Gate, read her fate in its aspect, and as she passed beneath its lowering arch, fell on her knees, and prayed God to defend her, as she was unspotted by the crime of which she was accused. But even death itself was not the worst. Her unnatural husband, having obtained her condemnation for treason *as his wife*, now obtained a sentence of the spiritual court, declaring she was no such thing, and that their issue (*Elizabeth*) was illegitimate. She was beheaded on the Green, and having resolutely refused to cover her eyes, which, as her head lay on the block, were fixed on the executioner, the man had not courage

to strike. At last he took off his shoes, caused another person to approach and draw her attention to the one side, whilst he on the other gave the fatal blow.

On the death of Henry's son, Edward VI., the Prince became almost immediately filled with the participators in the Duke of Northumberland's attempt to make Lady Jane Grey Queen; and the Duke himself became the victim of his own schemes. Wyatt's insurrection, almost as short-lived, followed; and the brave, but imprudent leader, with Cobham, Bret, and others, were also brought hither. As he came to the wicket of the Bloody Tower, Sir John Bridges took



[The Bloody Tower.]

him by the collar, using many violent and abusive expressions, and saying, "But that the law must pass upon thee, I would stiek thee through with my dagger." "To the which," says Holinshed, "Wyatt, holding his arms under his side, and looking grievously with a grim look upon the lieutenant, said, 'It is no mastery now,' and so passed on." The origin of the name of this Tower, with its immense circular bastion, its striking-looking low deep gateway and iron-toothed portcullis, is very uncertain. At all events it cannot refer to incidents older than the reign of Henry VIII., for it was then known as the Garden Tower. Mr. Bailey thinks it may possibly be so called from the death of the eighth Earl of Northumberland, who was said to have committed suicide, but under such mysterious circumstances, that we need not wonder the popular idea set it down as one of the "foul and midnight murders" that have but too often stained the Tower walls. Treason, in connexion with Mary Queen of Scots, was his alleged crime. Various memorials of persons engaged with Wyatt still remain in the White Tower and in the Beauchamp Tower, and more particularly, in the latter, of the illustrious victims his ill-contrived movement was the indirect means of sending there. The Beauchamp Tower derives its name, in all probability, from Thomas

de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was confined in the state prison here prior to his banishment to the Isle of Man in 1397. It consists of two stories, ascended by a circular staircase; the lower story is now used as the officers' mess-room. In this apartment there are several pointed arched recesses originally admitting light into it from narrow embrasures, but these are now blocked up, and windows opened in another part. The walls of this exceedingly interesting place are almost covered with inscriptions, devices, coats of arms, and autographs; of which we proceed to notice a few of the more important.

The partakers in the insurrection in the north, produced by the religious policy of Henry VIII.'s government, have left here many records of the failure of their attempt. This was in 1357. In the following year, the Marquis of Exeter, Henry Pole Lord Montagu, and others, were convicted, chiefly on the evidence of Lord Montagu's brother, Sir Geoffrey Pole, of what was called treasonable correspondence with the famous Cardinal Pole, who had roused all the King's vindictive passions to the highest pitch by his eloquent denunciations of the murder of Sir T. More. The noblemen we have mentioned were executed on Tower Hill. The Marchioness of Salisbury, a sister of the Earl of Warwick mentioned in the preceding reign, was kept in confinement till 1541, when, on the rising of a new commotion in Yorkshire, she was executed, chiefly on the ground of holding communication with her son, Cardinal Pole. Her death was almost too shocking for relation. When she was brought to the scaffold erected on the fatal Green, she refused to lay her head on the block, steadfastly declaring she was no traitor, and the executioner actually killed her as he followed her round the platform. The miserable being who had thus been the means of shedding his brother's and mother's blood was doomed to perpetual imprisonment within the Tower, where he has recorded his own infamy in the following inscription on the walls of the Beauchamp Tower: "Geffrye Poole, 1562."

On the right of the southern recess is the melancholy inscription referred to in the commencement of the present paper, by W. Tyrrel. Over the fireplace is a pious memorial of the Earl of Arundel, whose memory was so venerated that a late Duchess of the Howard family, according to Pennant, procured his skull, and, having had it enchased in gold, kept it by her as a sacred relic. His chief crime was that of being a firm Papist. He lingered here in confinement till his death. This was indeed a most unfortunate family. Arundel himself told the Queen, that his great-grandfather, his grandfather, and his father, had all been attainted without being traitors; the last being the Duke of Norfolk, executed by Elizabeth for his connexion with Mary Queen of Scots. We now reach the memorials of Lady Jane Grey and her friends. Near the middle recess is a piece of sculpture, about thirteen inches square, representing a shield within an enriched border composed of roses, slips of oak, acorns, foliage, &c. The shield exhibits a lion, and a bear erect grasping a rugged staff, and beneath are the following lines:—

"You that these beasts do well behold and see
 May deem with ease wherefore here made they be,
 With borders eke wherein [there may be found*]
 Brothers' names, who list to search the ground."

* The inscription being incomplete, the remainder has been thus supplied by Mr. Bailey.

The sculptor was John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Northumberland, Lady Jane Grey's uncle; and the brothers referred to, four in number, were all his fellow-prisoners, Ambrose, Robert, Henry, and Lady Jane's husband, Guilford. Mr. Bailey in part explains the enigma thus: the rose, for *Ambrose*; the oak-sprigs for *Robert*, from *Robers*. In another part of the room the letters I A N E appear upon the walls, which Mr. Bailey attributes to the hand of Lord Guilford; but in the changes of residence which may have taken place during the period of this unfortunate pair's confinement in the Tower, we see no improbability in the circumstance that the same apartment may have received both her and her relatives, though at different times, within its walls. These old traditions should be respected so long as no decisive proof of their want of foundation be given. At the time of Lord Guilford's execution, we know, from an affecting circumstance, that his lady was not in the Beauchamp Tower, but in "Master Partridge's house;" where, on his way to Tower Hill, he passed beneath her window and received her last tokens of remembrance. She then prepared herself for the scene in which she was to be chief performer. As she was about to pass forth to the Green, she beheld the headless corse of her husband carried in a cart to the Chapel; but she was armed against all that could happen to her. "O Guilford, Guilford," said she, "the ante-past is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble: it is nothing compared to the feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven:" and so she went onwards to the grim scaffold. When the executioner would have assisted to disrobe her, she desired him to let her alone, and turned to her two gentlewomen, who took off the necessary attire. He then desired her to stand on the straw, which she did, saying, "I pray you despatch me quickly." As she knelt, she inquired, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?" "No, madam," was the answer. "Then," says Holinshed, in describing one of the most affecting scenes ever witnessed, "she tied the handkerchief about her eyes, and, *feeling for the block*, she said, 'Where is it? where is it?' One of the standers by guided her thercunto, and she laid down her head upon the block, and stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'" Another inhabitant of the Beauchamp Tower, confined at the same period and for the same cause, was the man afterwards so well known as Elizabeth's unworthy favourite, the Earl of Leicester, who has left us, as a memorial of his presence, a sculptured oak-tree with acorns, and his initials "R. D.," Robert Dudley. There are several inscriptions here by the author of those golden sentences before transcribed in our preliminary remarks, C. Bailly, a Fleming, or Brabanter, who was imprisoned in the Tower for his devotion to the Queen of Scots. He was the medium of those dangerous communications which passed between Mary, the Bishop of Ross, and Ridolfi of Florence, the Pope's agent, respecting the attempts then making to induce foreign powers to take up arms against Elizabeth. He was racked once at least, without effect; and although he afterwards offered to disclose all he knew on Lord Burghley's promise that he should be liberated without stain of his honour and credit, it seems very doubtful whether the Bishop of Ross himself, the party in danger, might have not advised him to do so; for, as the ambassador of Mary, he knew Elizabeth dared not punish him as a traitor, and the event proved him right. After a two

years' confinement in the Tower the Bishop was set at liberty. Bailly, in all probability, had been previously discharged. The religious prisoners who were so numerous in Henry's and Mary's reigns, and only a little less so in that of her successor, have left many memorials of their sufferings. Near Bailly's inscription is the following: "1570. IOHN. STORE. DOCTOR." This individual having offended the Protestants by his zeal during the period of Mary's rule, was, in the reign of Elizabeth, treacherously seized at Antwerp, brought over to England, and executed at Tower Hill, where he struggled with the executioner during the last and most revolting parts of his duty. In another place we perceive a great A upon a bell, the rebus of Dr. Abel, executed in 1540 for denying the King's supremacy. On the wall of the third recess we read—

"Thomas Miagh, which lieth here alone,
That faine would from hence begone,
By torture strange my truth was tried,
Yet of my liberty denied.

"1581. THOMAS MIAGH."

Mr. Jardine refers to this case in his work on Criminal Torture. It appears Miagh was charged with treason, and the persons appointed to examine him secretly, stated, on the 10th of March, 1581, that they had forborne to put him in Skevington's irons, not merely because the presence of a gaoler would be required, but also because they found the man so resolute, as, in their opinion, little would be wrung out of him but by some *sharper* torture. The famous irons here mentioned were invented by Sir William Skevington, lieutenant of the Tower, during the reign of a congenial spirit, Henry VIII., and acted by compressing the limbs and body all up together. Both the irons and the rack were tried in Miagh's case, and probably other methods, for the word "strange" in the above inscription has a fearfully extensive meaning. In this very same year, Alexander Briant, a seminary priest, being thrown into the Tower, not only underwent the ordinary torture, but, according to Anthony Wood, was specially punished for two whole days and nights by famine, till he ate the clay out of the walls, and drank the droppings of the roof. The use of the Rats' Dungeon is often referred to the period of Elizabeth, by Catholic writers, in connexion with the sufferings of prisoners of that persuasion. This was a cell below high-water mark, and quite dark. When the tide flowed, innumerable rats poured into it for shelter from the muddy banks. Who can conceive even the extent of the horrors of such a place? We quit this room with the mention of the inscription signed by Edmund Poolc, and by A. Poole, 1564, which records the captivity of the last descendants of George Duke of Clarence, who both died here. They were tried in the fifth year of Elizabeth for conspiring to place the Queen of Scots on the throne of England, and to obtain for the elder brother, Arthur, the title of their eminent and unfortunate ancestor. The upper apartment, with its one grated window and rough oaken planked floor, is supposed to have been the prison of Anne Boleyn; but, in a letter from Sir William Kingston, the lieutenant, to Cromwell, it is expressly stated that he had told her she should be placed in the lodging that she lay in at her coronation. Well might the poor Queen cry out, half frenzied at such associations, "It is too good for me. Jesus have mercy upon me!" and kneel down, weeping apace, and in the same sorrow fall into a great laughing, as it is recorded she did. The most interesting memo-

rial of this chamber of the Beauchamp Tower is a shield of arms within a circle, and various ornaments, sentences, &c., attached, which refer to Thomas Salmon, 1622, "close prisoner 8 months, 32 weeks, 224 days, 5376 hours." One person yet remains to be mentioned in connexion with Wyatt's attempt—the Princess Elizabeth; who, being suspected by Mary of participation, was brought to the Tower, and entered it by the same mode as Wyatt and her own mother, the Traitor's Gate. The proud heart of Elizabeth was sorely tried. At first she refused to land there, but seeing force would be used, she cried out indignantly, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friend than thee." Proceeding up the steps, she suddenly seated herself, and being pressed by the lieutenant to rise, answered, "Better sit here than in a worse place; for God knoweth, and not I, whither you will bring me." Sovereigns have had proverbially short memories, otherwise one might have expected the terrors of that time would have been remembered when Elizabeth was queen.



[Interior of the Beauchamp Tower.]

Once more our narrowing space warns us that we must hurry over many matters of the deepest interest in the history of the Tower-Prison with a few passing words only. Such of these as we shall have no other opportunity of noticing, in connexion with some locality, we dismiss first. During the civil war, many eminent men, royalists, parliamentarians, and republicans, were confined in the Tower. We may instance Sir John Eliot, the two Hothams, executed for treason, the witty Henry Marten, Monk, and Strafford and Laud. The latter, in his Diary, gave many interesting particulars of the period. Amongst other matters he mentions his being searched by the well-known Prynne. He followed his fellow-

captive to the scaffold on Tower Hill on the 10th of January, 1643. Other remarkable prisoners were Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Charles I.; Algernon Sydney and Lord William Russell in the reign of Charles II.; the seven bishops in the reign of James II.; Lord George Gordon, Messrs. Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and Hardy; the Cato-street conspirators, &c., &c.

In our paper on the Palace we alluded to certain rooms in the White Tower. The smallest of these is a place of strange aspect. It is semicircular in form; and the roof, something like a horseshoe in shape, is of the most unique construction, appearing at first glance as if made of large stones placed longitudinally in the direction of the room, but in reality formed of flat stones fixed edgewise in a deep bed of cement. It was originally lighted by narrow loopholes. This was the cage of the bird that Prince Henry said none but his father, James I., could have kept in captivity, Sir Walter Raleigh. He was implicated in the plot set on foot to place the royally-descended Arabella Stuart on the throne—a lady who, like the unfortunate Jane Grey, seems to have been the victim not of her own ambition but of that of her partisans. After her secret marriage, and a variety of adventures as melancholy as they are romantic which deprived her of her senses, she died in the Tower in that state in 1615. Raleigh, after being sentenced to death, was left to pine away in this prison for thirteen years, during which time he wrote his famous ‘History of the World,’ studied chemistry, and in many ways added to his already rare amount of knowledge. His release, the failure of his Guiana expedition, and subsequent recommittal and execution on the *old sentence*, are well known. During the last night he spent in this room, or in the world, he wrote on a blank leaf of his Bible:—

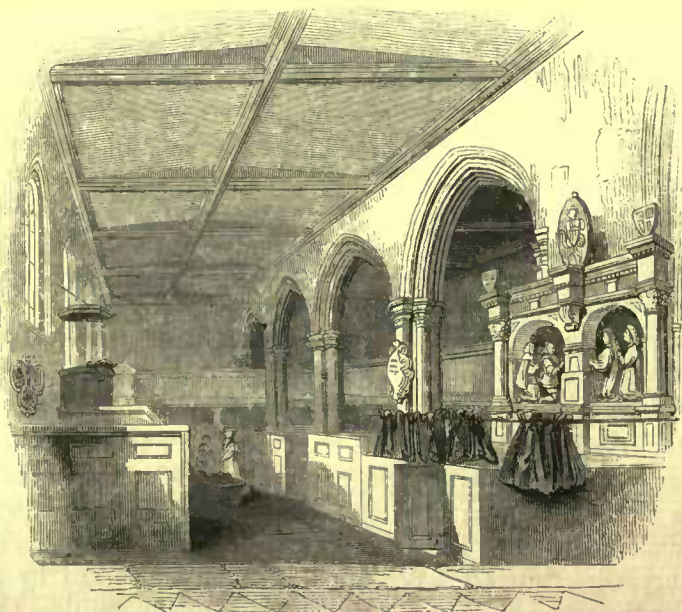
“Even such is Time, that takes on trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with age and dust;
 Who in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days!”

The chief memorial of the Lieutenant’s Lodgings refers also to the reign of James. In a room on the second floor of that building are some rude paintings, a bust of the king, and a monumental record of the names of the remarkable body of men who were there examined, the Gunpowder Conspirators. The monument is of differently coloured marbles, and gives an account of the conspiracy, the names of the actors, and of the commissioners who examined them, &c. We pass now to the conclusion, the Chapel of St. Peter.

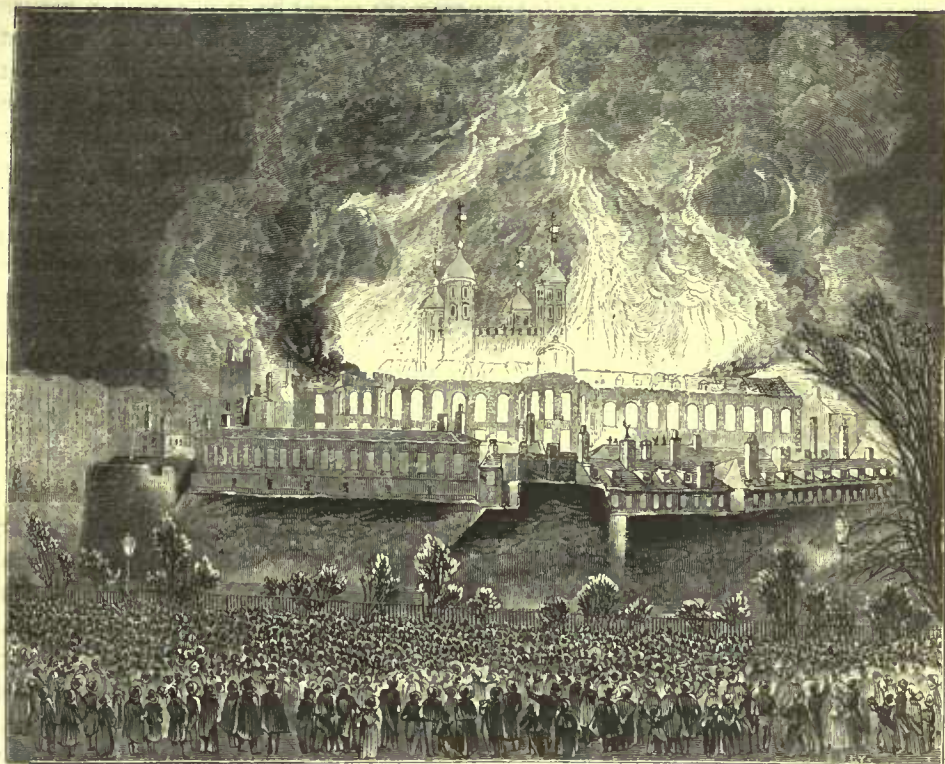
This most interesting building was, in old times, splendidly decorated by the pious liberality of the different monarchs, who frequently performed their orisons within its walls. In the reign of Henry III. there were stalls for the King and Queen, a chancel dedicated to St. Peter, and another to St. Mary. It was also adorned with a fine cross, images of saints, paintings on the walls, and stained glass in the windows; this may give some idea of the alterations the chapel has undergone. But it is not from such perishable sources the place derives its surpassing interest. Beneath that altar, unmarked by any visible memorial, lies the innocent Anne Boleyn, and her equally guiltless brother Lord Rochford, side by side with the guilty Catherine Howard, and her infamous pander, Lady Rochford. There too lie the venerable Countess of Salisbury,

the last of the Plantagenets in whose veins ran their unmixed blood; and Cromwell, the great suggester and accomplisher of Henry's religious policy. The same spot contains the ashes of two brothers, both beheaded, and one by the warrant of the other; the two Seymours, the Admiral Thomas, and the Protector Edward. Near them we find the Duke of Norfolk, (whose royal mistress could never forgive the wooing of any one but herself, much less her beautiful cousin;) the Duke's son, the pious Earl of Arundel, who died in his long confinement; and Robert Devereux, Elizabeth's handsome favourite. Turning our eyes towards the Communion Table, we behold the last resting-place of the Duke of Monmouth. His courage was severely taxed during his latest hours. The King his uncle gave him audience, when the hopes that must have been thus raised ended in the unhappy prisoner's dismissal with insult; from that moment, however, Monmouth steeled his heart; and not even the frightful circumstances of his death could shake his fortitude. The executioner struck so feebly that the Duke looked him reproachfully in the face, when the horror-stricken man struck again and again without success, and at last threw down the axe in despair:—the sheriff was obliged to compel him to make a fifth and more successful attempt. Under the gallery, near the richly decorated altar-tomb of Sir Richard Cholmondeley, one of the heroes of Flodden Field, were buried the headless bodies of the Earls of Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and the treacherous and profligate Simon Lord Lovat, all of whom perished for their participation in the Scottish rebellion of 1745. Finally, Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher add two more names to this long list of the illustrious memories of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower.

(To be continued in No. XLI.)



[St. Peter's Chapel.]



[The Burning of the Great Storehouse.]

XLI.—THE TOWER.—No. 4.

(Continued from No. XL.)

THE ARSENAL AND FORTRESS.

SCARCELY a hundred and fifty years have elapsed since that long and lofty range of buildings—which now presents to the eye of the spectator from Tower Hill such a melancholy picture of roofless walls and “window’d raggedness”—opened wide its doors to admit the brilliant assemblage which came thither to celebrate the final completion of the edifice. Amid the clang of martial music, and the people’s shouts of welcome, the great defender of Protestantism, the able warrior and statesman who had so recently exchanged his principality and stadtholdership for the British monarchy, William III. and his Queen, Mary, passed up the spacious staircase to the magnificent banquet that awaited them in a still more magnificent room. This was a scene calculated to arouse a long train of associations in the King’s mind. Whilst others looked only on the picturesque features of the festivity, the military decorations of the place, the splendid dresses of the guests, and the white gloves and aprons of the attending workmen and

labourers, the badges of their masonic fraternity, he remembered that the man who was now wandering through Europe, seeking to recover by force the crown he had lost by his policy, had laid the foundation of the edifice in which he, the more fortunate, sat. Cold, too, as his temperament might be, it is hardly in nature to suppose that the memories of the entire locality swept across his mind without some quickening of the blood in his veins at finding himself, a foreigner, in that ancient palace of the sovereigns of England, surrounded by eminent Englishmen of all parties, whose presence he might justly have looked upon as representative of the national desire to honour him as the king of the national choice. But a still deeper emotion was no doubt awakened by the scene. The Tower, the Arsenal, and the cheerful faces around, were types that it required no poetical nature to feel of the warfare he had so long waged for the maintenance of the religion which it seemed the object of his life to promote, and the eventual success of which he must now have felt was assured to him, by the mighty increase of power and influence which he obtained when the British sceptre was placed in his hands. The scene, we repeat, here mentioned, took place but a century and a half ago. Well may the poet sing—

“What great events from little causes spring!”

A workman overlooks a few live embers in a stove on leaving it for the night, or a spark ignites the soot in its flue, and suddenly not only is this banquetting-room changed into the dreary-looking ruin before mentioned, but the fate of the entire Tower, its chapel, its council-room, its prison memorials, its records, its regalia, are all placed in imminent jeopardy. The event of the night of Saturday the 30th day of October, 1841, was indeed of no ordinary moment. The sentinel's warning musket, the sudden sounding of bugles, the prolonged roll of drums, and the hurrying of the startled soldiers of the garrison into their respective ranks, which followed the first alarm of danger, never announced in the Tower the presence of a more dangerous enemy. Scarcely had the flames passed from the Tower where they were first seen, into the Armoury wherein William had been feasted, and began to appear through the windows opening upon the great area, endeavouring to snatch as it were into its embraces the White Tower immediately opposite, before it was remembered that immense quantities of gun-powder were stored in that tower. The scene at that moment presented were a subject for no common pencil. The dark night so terribly illuminated by the great central body of fire; the gushes of flames darting at intervals through the more distant windows; here the keepers of the priceless crowns, orbs, and sceptres of the Regalia, bearing them off, little heeding in what manner, to a more distant part of the Tower; there the train of soldiers hastening to throw into the moat the latent mischief, which needed but the touch of the smallest spark to sweep the Tower and all its inhabitants into indistinguishable ruin; lastly, the sea of human faces on the neighbouring hill; the anxious crowd at the entrance clamouring for admittance to their friends and relatives, and the solitary sentinel with his even tread marching to and fro, as though nothing but *that* could concern him, whatever might be passing around. A few days and how striking a contrast to this scene appears in the same place. All is cold, dark, and dreary: the walls still stand, but no longer shut out the November storm. The beautiful sculpture

(the Royal Arms) placed by Gibbons over the main entrance is fortunately preserved uninjured. Within, one vast heap of charred cannons, muskets, swords, the wreck of the late beautiful Armoury, is seen, with here and there some well-known trophy—the huge mortar used by William soon after his visit here, at the siege of Namur, the famous Camperdown anchor, or a Waterloo field-piece—projecting from the mass, as if to satisfy the anxious inquirer that they at least were safe. On the whole, however, we have much reason to congratulate ourselves that, such a calamity having happened, so few of those historical memorials which constitute the great wealth of the Tower have been involved in it. It has also done what perhaps no other influence could have accomplished in its stead,—enhanced our appreciation of those memorials, and we may hope thus prepared the way for measures that shall insure their permanent safety. If so, the nation will hardly begrudge the loss it has experienced. Before we inquire what was the nature and extent of this loss, it may be useful to glance back at the history of the Arsenal, of which the great storehouse, lately destroyed, constituted the principal modern feature.

The use of the Tower as an arsenal would of course naturally follow its occupation as the chief place of kingly residence; and the same security which the Tower promised whenever necessary to the royal person, would be equally desired for that important part of the royal property in the middle ages, his military stores. The first mention of matters of this kind occurs in the reign of John, when Geoffrey de Mandeville, being commanded to surrender the Tower to the Archdeacon of Durham, special attention is directed to the “arms and other stores.” The nature of such stores appears in the following reign, in a mandate issued to the Archdeacon of Durham, to transmit to the Tower “twenty-six suits of armour, five iron cuirasses, one iron collar, three pairs of iron fetters, and nine iron helmets,” which had been left in his charge. In subsequent notices referring to this and the following century, we find mentioned coat-armours, great engines, supposed to be battering-rams, espringalls, quarrells, hauberks, lances, arblasts, bows, arrows, and bow-strings. There were painted and plain bows, the price of the former being eighteenpence, of the latter a shilling. The arrows were a shilling per sheaf. But the most interesting document we possess in connexion with the ancient Arsenal, is an inventory of the reign of Henry VI., from which we transcribe a few “items.”

“First, eight swords, and a long blade of a sword made in wafters (that is, with the flat of the blade placed in the usual direction of the edge, so as to strike or waft the wind at every blow), some greater and some smaller, for to learn the King to play in his tender age.

“Item; a little harness (or suit of armour) that the Earl of Warwick made for the King, or [before] that he went over the sea, garnished with gold,” &c. A great number of banners of satin woven with the arms of England and France, or of St. George, banners of the Trinity, banners of Our Lady, with pennons and feathers, are mentioned, with the accompanying marginal memorandum that most of them had been used at the interment of the “three queens, that is to say, Queen Katherine, the Queen of France, and Queen Johan,” and of “my lord of Bedford, and my lady his wife,” and that the pennons were “set about the hearses of them, and where that it liked him that had the rule thereof.”

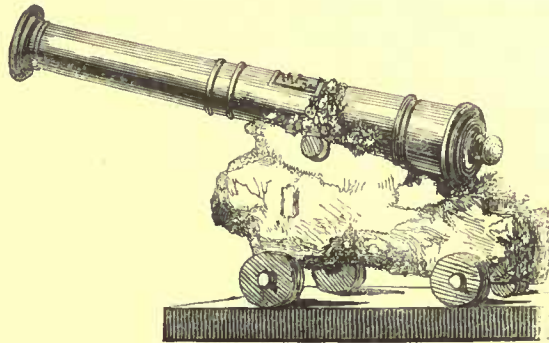
“Item ; three little coat-armours, which be the sergeant’s fee of the armoury, and so delivered by the King’s commandment to him because that they were so little, and will serve no man, for they were made for him when he was but seven years of age.” Some fifty standards of worsted, with the arms of England and France, or France only (the latter no doubt trophies of many a “well-foughten field”), are next mentioned, with the accompanying curious observation, “the which standards be worn and spended in carrying of the King’s harness in and out into his chamber for default of their stuffs.” We have here an amusing exhibition of the *economy* of the King’s household! Annexed to the list of certain quantities of coarse red silk, and red velvet, four gross of points, and six arming nails, is the observation, “all expended, and much more, to one of the King’s harness.” Among the other miscellaneous articles noticed in the inventory, are old jousting saddles painted of divers works; other saddles of different kinds, broken, and “old great coffers bound with iron, and lacking keys, which were cast out of an old house in the Tower of London,” because “they would serve for nothing.” The writer must have been some sly, satirical humourist, who having been called to account probably for things he looked upon as of little moment, or as stray waifs that should be left to his own proper use and advantage, revenged himself in the only safe way. He appears determined to enjoy his joke whatever becomes of the perquisite. The last item we shall quote seems to us peculiarly rich. It refers to “*one bow-staff, worm-eaten, delivered by the King’s commandment to my lord of Gloucester, when he went over to Calais.*”

In the reign of Edward VI., an inventory was taken of the stores and habiliments of war in the different arsenals of the kingdom, the manuscript of which is in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries. We there find reference to brigandines, or military jackets, the sleeves of some of which were covered with cloth of gold, others with blue satin; targets, with small gun-barrels projecting from the centre instead of boss and spike; (in one case a single target having twenty of these “guns;”) “a target of the shell of tortoise;” barbs of steel for horses, graven and enauelled blue; pole-axes with gun-barrels in the end; gilt pole-axes, with the handles or staves covered with crimson velvet, and fringed with “silk of gold;” great and little “holly-water sprinckles;” which, according to Sir Samuel Meyrick, were staves with large cylindrical heads, and a spear point at the extremity, &c. We shall only add to these particulars that, in the time of Elizabeth, the Arsenal still included a large store of the popular old English weapons. There were, for instance, above eight thousand bows, with staves and bowstrings for six thousand more, fourteen thousand sheaves of arrows, also a considerable quantity of cross-bows, “slur-bows,” and “long-bow arrows for fire-wörks.”

The names of many of the former officers of the Tower, like those of the numerous old weapons we have mentioned, belong to a period, and a system which have entirely passed away. There was the Balistarius, or keeper and provider of cross-bows, whose income in the time of Henry III. was a shilling a day, to which were added yearly a doublet and surcoat furred with lambskin, and allowance for three servants. The Attiliator Balistarum had the duty imposed on him of providing harness and other accoutrements for the cross-bows. He received sevenpence halfpenny a day, and a robe once a year. The Bowyer was intrusted with the care and provision of the ordinary long-bow; and the Fletcher

with all that pertained to the arrows required for them. Lastly, the Galeater attended to that important part of every complete suit of armour the helmet, or head-piece; whilst the Armourer took the remainder under his management. All these officers were, in the reign of Edward IV., subordinate to the Master of the King's Ordnance. A Master-General remains still at the head of the establishment, which we need scarcely say is the chief Arsenal of the empire, from which issue all orders of direction for the disposal of military stores. Beside the large building opposite the southern side of the White Tower and the Great Storehouse, or its site, the Ordnance Office occupies various places as store-rooms, including the large rooms extending below the Council Chamber, which require no further notice.

The Great Storehouse consisted of three stories, the lowest called the Train of Artillery, the second the Small Arms Armoury, the third the Tent Room. The building measured 345 feet in length and 60 in width. The Train of Artillery was so called from its having been at first used as the place of deposit for field-pieces intended for actual service; but many years ago these were all removed to Woolwich, and the place chiefly devoted to the collection and exhibition of such instruments or trophies of warfare as possessed some more than common interest. Wherever the visitor directed his eyes, he beheld pieces of ordnance, of all shapes, sizes, and periods, every one of which recalled to the mind some one or other of the great events of our naval or military history. As he passed along towards the right he beheld a large iron gun on its carriage, both decayed, and covered with marine products. That was one of the cannons of the Royal George, which "went down" with brave Admiral Kempenfeldt, and was recovered from



[Gun from the Royal-George.]

the wreck in 1834. Glancing as he passed at the singularly long and small brass Maltese cannon, measuring above seventeen feet in length, though only in technical language a seven-pounder, and another strange-looking piece of the reign of Charles II., his attention was next arrested by two very elegant and large brass pieces taken from the walls of Vigo about 1704. On the breeches were finely carved lions couchant, and near the muzzles of each an effigy of St. Barbara, to whom they had been dedicated. Among the other noticeable pieces were two beautiful brass lichornes, taken from a Turkish frigate, but manufactured in St. Petersburg; two one-pounder brass guns mounted, and most elaborately

carved and decorated, a present from the Earl of Gloucester to the short-lived son of Queen Anne; two brass mortars of immense weight taken at Cherbourg, in 1758, by Admiral Howe; a similar engine, constructed to throw nine shells at once, which was used at the great display of fireworks in 1748 to throw balloons up into the air; and a very interesting specimen of the casting of the first James's reign, consisting of ten small brass pieces mounted, which were presented to Prince Charles, then a boy, by the brass-founders of London, for the purpose of assisting him in his military studies. The range on the left of the entrance possessed attraction of a still higher character; consisting of pieces of ordnance not only interesting separately, but forming in the whole a kind of visible history of the manufacture of these destructive implements, commencing with a wrought-iron piece of the time of Henry V., with the date 1422, and ending with a magnificent-looking forty-two-pounder of the finest brass, sixteen feet long, which was brought from Java in 1811. An inscription on it in the Persian language was thus translated by the Earl of Munster: "The work of the Sultan Ranafa Achmet Medigem-ed-Deen, of the country of Palembang the Sacred, on which be peace; 1183 of the Hegira," (1769).—Among the remainder of the cannons which form this very interesting series we may notice an octagon-shaped brass piece, and a brass piece with seven bores, both of Henry VIII.'s time; an exquisitely decorated cannon, manufactured for James I.'s accomplished son, Prince Henry; and a brass five-pounder with three bores, taken by Marlborough at the battle of Ramillies. On a raised platform in another part of the place stood a richly carved and gilded carriage, called the Drum Major's Chariot of State, occasionally used in processions, &c. A grate placed in a recess, for the heating of shot; a curious machine, something like a *chevaux-de-frize*, constructed at Lyon for the defence of narrow passes or breaches; and a curious wooden gun are the only other articles that our space will allow us to notice. The gun, appropriately named *Policy*, was one of those used at the siege of Boulogne, in 1544, by the Duke of Suffolk, to deceive the governor into the belief that the English army was fully prepared with artillery for the prosecution of the siege. Aided by the cowardice of the governor, the stratagem was successful, and Boulogne given up, contrary to the wishes of many of its gallant citizens.

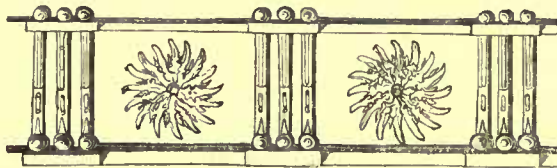
The stranger looking in at the principal entrance into the Tower now sees opposite to him the remains of the Grand Staircase, which was considered one of the finest in Europe. It formed in effect one magnificent trophy of English bravery and skill in almost every part of the world, consisting of an endless variety of weapons and arms both ancient and modern. The upright pieces of cannon from Waterloo, seen in the background of the following engraving, are, we believe, the only remains.

The Small Arms Armoury, the scene of the banquet before mentioned, was perhaps unique in its peculiar magnificence. The reader will remember the immense length of the room: as to its other features, let him picture to himself this great room, lighted on each side by a close range of windows,—having racks extending down also on each side, and others across, for the support of the 150,000 stand of arms kept ready for immediate service,—having, further, four columns about the centre, and a rich-looking cornice round the ceiling. Let him further imagine the entire walls, pillars, cornice, and ceiling decorated with pistols, cuirasses



[Entrance, Staircase, &c., of the Great Storehouse after the Fire.]

halberds, carbines, &c., arranged in manifold, curious, and generally beautiful forms, no two compartments being alike. Such would be a general idea of the impression made on the mind of the visitor by the first glimpse of the Small Arms Armoury. The columns were twenty-two feet high, and were formed chiefly with pikes of the reign of Charles II. Around them were pistols twining upwards in a serpentine direction. Upon the ceiling was a large carved and gilded ornament decorated in a similar manner. But the cornice was perhaps one of the most interesting and beautiful objects in the room. This was composed of drums, breastplates of old armour, pistols, and other weapons arranged in the manner here shown.



[Cornice of the Small Arms Armoury.]

The fire has spared one article in this room, and that not the least valuable of its contents, the Maltese gun which was placed in it. This was taken by Napoleon at Malta in 1798, and sent by him to the French Directory in the frigate *La Sensible*. The latter was captured on its way by Captain Foote, of the *Sea-horse* frigate, with the eight banners which recently hung over it in the Armoury. This beautiful piece is of mixed metal, resembling gold, and bears a representation, in bas-relief, of the head of a Grand Master of Malta, supported by two genii. It is also richly decorated all over with eagles and other ornamental figures. The carriage, of wood, has a very striking appearance, having carved figures of

two Furies, one arm of each entwined together and grasping a snake, and the other a blazing torch. The nave of the wheel represents the sun, the spokes his rays. The date is 1773. Another representation of the sun occurred near the door, where on the one (the east) side he was exhibited in his rise, and on the other in his decline. Around were chequered frames of brass-handled hangers. Among the miscellaneous historical memorials were the arms taken from Sir William Perkins and his associates, executed for their intended assassination of the founder of this room; those taken from the Scotch adherents of the Pretender in 1715; and the two swords of Mercy and Justice carried before the Pretender himself, when he was proclaimed in Scotland in that year. The miscellaneous ornaments of the place are beyond enumeration. Among them were a pair of gates formed of halberds, attached to an arch composed of pistols; flounces and furbelows, such as our great-grandmothers wore, of carbines; and a figure of Jupiter riding in a fiery chariot, drawn by eagles, and holding his thunderbolt ready in his hand, decorated with ancient bayonets and military fans. A Medusa's head, with its snaky tresses, a figure of a Hydra with seven heads, an organ (of musquetoons with brass barrels), stars, church windows, &c. &c., also added to the picturesque character of the place.

As a fortress, the Tower, through all the changes of dynasties, or of the ministers who have so often made and marred dynasties, has ever been a place of the highest importance. To possess the Tower was to a great extent to possess London; and a thousand wiles of policy have been tried to that end in the many domestic broils and wars that characterise our history, even down to the period of Charles and the Commonwealth. Nor have bolder attempts been wanting, though certainly no very extraordinary exploits of this kind grace the Tower history. The first Constable of the Tower, as its chief governor is still called, was Geoffrey de Mandeville, who received the hereditary appointment from William the Conqueror in reward for his great services at the battle of Hastings. It was during the Constablership of a descendant of this brave warrior, of the same name, that we find the first notice of the Tower being besieged. The attacking party consisted of citizens of London, who endeavoured to seize it for Stephen, but without success. Mandeville's subsequent history is curious. He was taken prisoner at St. Albans in 1143, and compelled to surrender the Tower. From that time he supported himself by rapine and plunder, though on so large a scale, that, like other noble adventurers, he would perhaps have objected to the propriety of such epithets. Whilst attacking the royal castle at Burwell, his brain was pierced by an arrow. Having been excommunicated by the Pope, his followers were afraid to bury him in the usual manner. At last some Knights Templars removed the body to the Temple, London, and there suspended it in a leaden coffin from a tree in their garden; thus for the time avoiding direct opposition to the Vatican; whilst, with covert satire, which some of the less orthodox Knights no doubt relished amazingly, they made the proscribed of the Church appear only the nearer to Heaven. During the absence of the Lion Heart from England, Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, the builder of the ditch mentioned in a former paper, was left as chief guardian of the kingdom as well as of that small but not unimportant part of it, the Tower. He was a man of humble descent, who had made himself

distinguished by the exercise of his great worldly wisdom and powerful energies ; and as soon as Prince, afterwards King, John began that series of movements by which he gradually, as it were, felt his way towards the throne during his brother's captivity, he set himself in earnest to oppose his measures, and prove himself in every way equal to the trust reposed in him. But he was unsupported by those on whom he most relied, and at the approach of John towards London in 1191 the citizens refused to obey his orders. The Bishop immediately shut himself up in the Tower, and the Prince was admitted into the city. On the following day a meeting of the bishops, earls, and barons who were opposed to his regency, with the citizens of London, unanimously decreed that Longchamp should be deposed from his high office, and John proclaimed chief governor of the kingdom. When the former was informed of their decision, he fainted, and fell on the floor. By an early hour the next morning, as he looked forth from the Tower turrets, he beheld East Smithfield, then a large open grassy plain, covered with John's troops, whilst nearer still a mingled body of soldiers and citizens were closely blockading the Tower both by land and water. John, having objects of his own to serve, which rendered it unadvisable to proceed to extremities with so eminent a man, desired an audience. When Longchamp came, he offered to ratify his Bishopric of Ely, and give him the custody of three of the royal castles. Longchamp immediately replied with great dignity that he decidedly refused to commit any of the King's rights, or to surrender any of the powers intrusted to him by the King. "But," added he, "you are stronger than I ; and, Chancellor and Justiciary as I am, I yield to force." He then handed the keys of the much-coveted Tower to John. A little time after, the tall figure of a woman, sitting on the sea-shore near Dover, with a web of cloth and a yard measure in her hand, attracted the attention of some fishermen's wives. Approaching nearer, the black face and new-shorn beard of a man appeared under the green hood. It was the famous Longchamp, thus driven to the unseemliest disguises to ensure his escape to Normandy. We must follow Longchamp's history a little further. As soon as the fact of Richard's imprisonment in the Tyrol became known through Europe, Longchamp was the first to show his unwavering fidelity by immediately joining him and assisting in the measures necessary for his liberation ; and when the ransom was fixed, Longchamp was the man who came over to England to collect it. Longchamp died Chancellor of England, and, we believe, Constable of the Tower.

The fluctuating course of events in the reigns of John and Henry III. caused the Tower-fortress to frequently exchange hands between the King and the barons, but none of the incidents are sufficiently interesting for us to dwell upon them. The commencement of the second Richard's reign brings us to a new feature—the ransacking of the Tower by the populace, during Wat Tyler's insurrection in 1381. Whilst this affair was at its height, the young King threw himself into the Tower, accompanied by his cousin Henry of Bolingbroke (the future scene in the Council Chamber was then little dreamt of), Simon, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor, and Sir Robert Hales, Treasurer. On the 12th of June Richard made an attempt at personal conciliation, but when he got to Rotherhithe the vast multitude, assembled under the banners of St. George

and of their numerous pennons, when they perceived the King's barge, "set up," says Froissart, "shouts and cries as if all the devils from hell had come into their company." The royal party hurried quickly back. The riots and devastations at Lambeth Palace, the Savoy, the Temple, &c., followed. Tower Hill now began to be crowded with persons clamouring for the blood of the Chancellor and Treasurer, and provisions for the Tower inhabitants were stopped. Once more Richard went forth, first to Mile End, followed by a large proportion of the besiegers, and subsequently to Smithfield, where Wat Tyler fell, and with him the insurrection in which he had played so conspicuous a part. But all the besiegers did not follow Richard from the Tower; though, whatever object those who remained had in view, the inmates of the great fortress could have seen little cause for fear. The persons in question were miserably armed; "many," says Holinshed, "were weaponed only with sticks." In the Tower were six hundred men-at-arms, and as many archers. Yet scarcely was Richard out of sight before this mob were hurrying through every apartment of the palace, where, having obtained possession of the Chancellor and the Treasurer, who had vainly sought refuge in the Chapel, they cut off their heads, with those of several other persons. All kinds of licentiousness of course followed. Stow has noticed that many of them "went into the King's privy chamber, and played the wantons, in sitting, lying, and sporting them upon the King's bed." The Princess of Wales, the King's mother, was at the time in the Tower, and placed completely at their mercy. She was allowed to depart, however, at the price of a few rude kisses. Still the horror of the scene completely overpowered her, and she was taken away by her ladies, in a boat, senseless, and rowed across to the other side of the Thames; where, at a house in Carter Lane, Richard rejoined her later in the day to hear the particulars of the horrid deeds which she had witnessed.

How these men could have got into the Tower so readily as they did, without the aid of the grossest negligence or treachery on the part of the garrison, is difficult to understand. That the Tower was not always guarded with the jealous care that one would expect is evident from a curious circumstance that happened some forty years before Wat Tyler's outbreak, and which is the more remarkable on account of the previous warning. When Edward III. was busy in the Tower preparing for his French expedition, about 1337, he issued a mandate that, "on account of certain news which had lately come to his ears, and which sat heavy at his heart, the gates, walls, and bulwarks should be kept with all diligence, lest they should be surprised by the cunning of his enemies." The news that was referred to in such terms by Edward III. must indeed have been important. It was most probably from France; whence, about this period, Edward received intelligence that the French King had given an asylum to David Bruce of Scotland, and was preparing to aid the Scottish patriots with men, arms, and money. Minute directions were now given respecting the safe custody of the Tower. Whether Edward received any secret intimation whilst abroad that led him to appear so suddenly and unexpectedly as he did at the Tower gates in 1340, when it was not even known to the garrison that he was in England, is uncertain; but, to the alarm of the negligent inmates, there he was, at midnight on the 13th of November, accompanied by the Earl of Northampton, Sir Walter Manny, and other

eminent companions in arms, and discovered but too plainly the culpable looseness with which his chief palace, prison, fortress, and arsenal were guarded. No particulars of the scene seem to have been recorded, but the carelessness must have been of a very marked character, for Edward imprisoned the Governor and other officers, and treated them with great rigour.

The success of Wat Tyler's followers in surprising the Tower was in every way an unfortunate circumstance. It broke the spell that hung over its frowning walls, investing them to the popular eye with a thousand mysterious terrors. Its inmost recesses were no longer unknown: they became mixed up with licentious stories, with many a humorous prank that had been played in them by its wild, grotesque visitors. And whilst the people thus grew less and less afraid of the Tower, the Tower, on the contrary, seems to have imbibed a growing dread of them. The effect was but too evident when the next great popular insurrection, under Jack Cade, in 1450, frightened the isle from its propriety. Although, on the approach of the insurgents, Lord Saye, who was particularly obnoxious to them, with some other persons, were immediately placed in the Tower, which Lord Scales engaged to maintain for the King, yet the hapless peer seems to have been given up without any attempt at defence, hurried to Guildhall, and thence to the Standard in Cheapside, where he was beheaded.

We shall only notice one other period of the history of the fortress,—the period of Charles I. At that critical moment, when the famous Parliamentary Remonstrance of 1641 had passed the House by a considerable majority, and it became evident that the King must either bend to the storm or prepare for a violent resistance, and the nation was anxiously awaiting Charles's answer,—it was at this critical moment that it became noised abroad that the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir William Balfour, a sturdy parliamentarian, was to be removed. Two days later the rumour was confirmed, and made still more alarming by the addition of the name of the new officer. This was Colonel Lunsford, a man, according to a petition immediately presented to Parliament by the common-councilmen and others of the city, "of a decayed and desperate fortune," and one "who might be tempted to undertake any ill design." The petition was presented to the Lords by the Commons in a conference demanded by the latter for the purpose, who desired their Lordships to concur in a remonstrance to the King. The Lords declined to interfere with the royal prerogative. Subsequent proceedings show the high importance attached to the matter. The Commons immediately passed a unanimous vote that they held "Colonel Lunsford unfit to be, or to continue, Lieutenant of the Tower, as being a person whom the Commons of England could not confide in." This done, a second conference was desired with the Peers, and Hollis, Pym, Strode, Martin, and other eminent men, were appointed as managers. It was now stated that merchants had already withdrawn their bullion from the Mint, and that strangers who had lately come up the Thames with great store of bullion forbore to bring it to the same place, because Colonel Lunsford held the Tower. The Lords still refusing to interfere, the Commons, that very Christmas-eve, sent two of their members to the Constable of the Tower, the Earl of Newport, desiring him to lodge and reside within the citadel, and take its entire care and custody into his hands. The Earl, however, could not be found. This was

on the Friday. On Sunday the Lord Mayor waited upon Charles to say that the apprentices of London were actually preparing to rise and carry the Tower by storm, unless he should be pleased to remove Colonel Lunsford. Charles took back the keys that same evening. Still the affair was far from being ended. On Monday the Commons received intelligence that the Earl of Newport had been removed from the office of Constable; and, to add to the general confusion, Colonel Lunsford the same day made a public appearance in Westminster Hall, with a number of friends and attendants, and provoked a scuffle which ended in bloodshed. On the 12th of January information reached the House that Colonel Lunsford and Lord Digby were collecting troops. The Colonel was immediately arrested, and committed as prisoner to the scene of his short-lived honours; Lord Digby fled. The new Lieutenant, Sir John Biron, was summoned to attend the House, to be questioned concerning arms he had sent to Whitehall. He refused, showing a warrant from the King commanding him not to leave the Tower; but he ultimately felt himself compelled to succumb to the new and portentous power which, to ordinary eyes, seemed to have grown up so suddenly, to the wonder and dread of kings, as well as of their loyal adherents. The same day the sheriffs of London were directed to "place a sufficient guard by land and water about the Tower, under the command of Major-General Skippon, commander of the guards of Parliament, to hinder the carrying in of any provisions, and the sending out of any ordnance, arms, or ammunition." A petition was also presented to Charles, insisting upon Biron's removal, and the appointment of an officer recommended by themselves. The answer defended Sir John as "one of known fortune and unblemished reputation," and stated that, as the nomination of the Keeper of the Tower "was a principal and inseparable flower of his crown, vested in him and derived to him from his ancestors by the fundamental laws of the realm, he would reserve it to himself." But the merchants with the bullion were still obdurate; the Mint stood still; and Charles, no doubt with feelings of the deepest mortification, at last reluctantly accepted Sir John Coniers, the officer named by the Parliament. From that time the interest of the great struggle shifts to other and more exciting scenes; not, however, before the "coming events" had thrown their "shadows before" in the incidents we have narrated.

Among the eminent personages who have filled the office of Constable of the Tower we find, in addition to the names already mentioned, those of Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury; Hubert de Burgh, who was, as already noticed, also a prisoner in one of its deepest dungeons; Hugh le Bigod, a nobleman of such power, that when Henry III., exasperated at his refusal to head a foreign expedition, angrily exclaimed, "'Fore God, Sir Earl, you shall either go or hang!" he replied as angrily and uncourtously, "'Fore God, Sir King, I will neither go nor hang!" the good Sir Hugh le Despenser, killed with Montfort at the battle of Evesham; Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester; Fairfax, the Parliamentary general; Lord Cornwallis, &c., down to their living successor, the Duke of Wellington.

Beside the honours attached to the Constableness, the incidental powers and emoluments of the office have been by no means unworthy of consideration. From records of the date of Richard II.'s reign, and of other periods, it appears the Constable

received, in addition to his salary of one hundred pounds per annum, of every Duke committed to the Tower, twenty pounds; of every Earl, for the suit of his irons, twenty marks; of every Baron, for the suit of his irons, ten pounds; of every Knight, for the suit of his irons, one hundred shillings;* and also weekly allowances for the table of himself and prisoners. His next source of profit was the merchandise newly brought up the river: from every wine-vessel he received two gallons; from every *rush boat*, as much as a man could hold between his arms; from every fisherman's smack laden with oysters, mussels, and cockles, a maund; and, in short, from one quarter and another, "of all manner of dainties a great quantity." Lastly comes a long enumeration of miscellaneous perquisites, such as the receipts arising from the sale of herbage growing on Tower Hill, and from persons who dried skins in East Smithfield, from boats fishing in the Thames, and from boats passing to and from the port with herrings, from persons going in pilgrimage to St. James's shrine, and from those who were fined for any of the multitudinous cases of trespass that were constantly occurring in connexion with the Tower precincts, both by water and land. If a ship was forsaken by the crew, the owners were obliged to compound with the Constable; if a lighter in bad weather was obliged to throw her lading overboard, it became the property of the Constable; if goods were brought ashore without the custom-dues having been previously paid, half of them were forfeited to the Constable; if a swan came through the bridge, or a horse, an ox, a cow, a pig, or a sheep fell from it, the Constable still was the ever-ready recipient. Even the prisoners' diet often became a matter of profit. Holinshed gives an amusing description of a quarrel between the Constable of the Tower and the attendants of the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, during her confinement. The attendants, it appears, were accustomed to bring her daily provision to the outer gate of the Tower, where they were compelled to deliver it to the care of the "common rascal soldiers." They endeavoured to obtain permission to take it personally to their young mistress, but the Constable decidedly refused, on the ground that she was a prisoner, and should be treated accordingly; and when they remonstrated with him, he told them, "If they did either frown or shrug at him, he would set them where they should see neither sun nor moon." The Lords of the Council were now appealed to, who decided against the Constable. The attendants were, however, for some time annoyed in various ways in passing to and fro. The reader may be curious to know the meaning of the Constable's anxiety for the maintenance of the first arrangement. Holinshed explains. "Good cause why," says he, "for he had good cheer, and fared of the best; and her Grace paid for it." Or, in other words, the Constable helped himself from the provisions that came for her use. The Lieutenant, or officer next in nominal rank, but virtually the acting Governor of the Tower, had also fees to receive "for the suit of his irons," as well as "roundlets of wine, and of dainties a certain quantity," from the ships in the Thames.

The Council Chamber and Chapel of the Royal Palace yet exist in all their essential features, but no sovereign is ever again likely to sit in high debate in the one, or to kneel at his devotions in the other; the prison lodgings are yet secure

* As there is no mention of "the suit of his irons" for "every Duke," we presume they were not subjected to the indignity. The title was yet new, and only given to nobles of the royal blood.

enough, though there is little probability of their safety ever again being tried ; but the fortress, which is anything but a place of strength, remains still a fortress, with its garrison, and its artillery bristling from the different parts of the walls. In walking along the narrow edge of the rampart, which affords an almost uninterrupted communication round the Tower, it is difficult to repress a smile at the utter uselessness of those formidable engines which there meet the eye. It is evident that they could knock St. Catherine's Docks to pieces if they were so minded ; and, what perhaps comes nearer to the possible exercise of their duties, they might sink any suspicious-looking cock-boat that had got into the moat ; but it is difficult to see to what better use they can be put. The inmates of the Tower are evidently of the same opinion, for many of them have built their houses against the inner side of the rampart, not at all alarmed at the consideration that the first balls of a besieging force would send them toppling down on the heads of their neighbours below. The sole enemy, indeed, these fine old towers and walls have to fear is Time ; and their best defence against him must be the peculiar care which every Englishman desires to see bestowed on them, as the visible memorial of many of the most illustrious men of his country, and of the events in which they have been the actors.

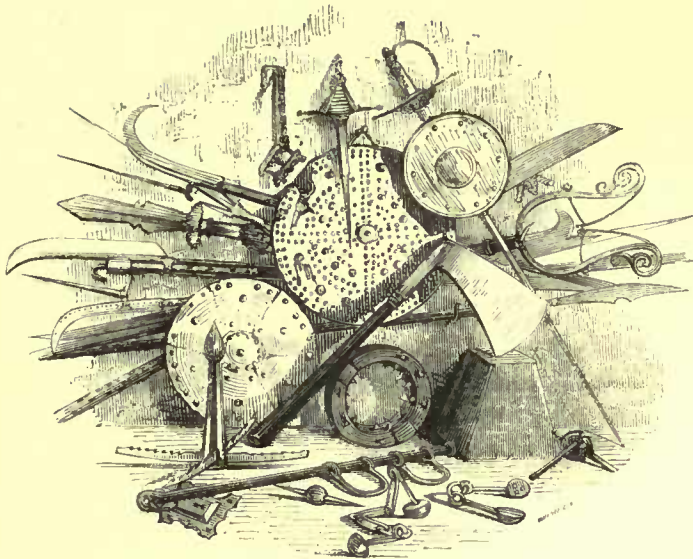


[Exterior of Beauchamp Tower from the Parade.]

Five weeks after the fire, namely on the 5th of December, the public were again admitted to the Tower. The Horse Armoury, and Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, contained the most valuable objects which were shown to visitors, and these will remain a sufficient attraction until the other departments of the building are re-edified and re-arranged. From Queen Elizabeth's Armoury the visitor is conducted over the ruins of the Great Storehouse—a scene which for some time will prove almost as interesting as the building in its perfect state. Some of the most valuable relics which the fire has spared are still within the ruins, but the whole area, at the time we write (December 14th), has been nearly cleared from the mass of gun-barrels, swords, bayonets, and arms of all kinds with which it was covered; and being now piled into six or seven large stacks many feet square, and probably about fifteen feet in height, form striking monuments of the recent devastation. A room in the Arsenal which was used as a storehouse for gun-flints has been appropriated, by order of the Master-General and Board of Ordnance, as a sale-room for the relics of the fire, which, owing to this arrangement, will be distributed from one end of the kingdom to the other, and preserved as curiosities in themselves, from the manner in which they are frequently found acted upon by the fire, and also as interesting memorials of an event which strongly excited the English popular mind. The Board of Ordnance was induced to make the above arrangement in consequence of being requested by a great number of persons to be allowed to purchase these relics; but as such a favour would have operated very partially, and have deprived others equally curious in such matters of the opportunity of securing a relic of the event, the Board determined to allow of their being sold at moderate prices to any visitor who might choose to purchase them. They are, therefore, arranged in the room above mentioned, and sold at the affixed prices, which vary from sixpence to fifteen shillings. The room is roofless, and a rough temporary counter, sheltered by a canvas awning, displays flints calcined into whiteness, gun-barrels, bayonets, sword-blades, sword-handles, some fused by the heat into an almost undistinguishable mass, in which their original form can scarcely be traced. A police constable is stationed in the room, and the sale is conducted at the counter by two attendants. This novel bazaar owes nothing of its interest to the attractions usually connected with those temporary sales, at which youth, beauty, and rank so gracefully preside. The reader will indulge his own reflections upon the scene, and upon the diversion of these relics from the purposes for which they were originally intended. The handle of that sword might (but for the fire) have been grasped by some gallant spirit as he led a storming party into the breach. Those bayonets, in nervous hands animated by brave hearts, might have turned the tide of battle, and liberated a people from oppression. During the next twelve months the number of visitors at the Armoury will, probably, not be far short of a hundred thousand, and if only one in ten made a purchase, there would be ten thousand persons from all parts of the country possessed of relics of the fire. There is scarcely a single event which will, in this way, be so extensively recorded; for we have little doubt that a feeling, partly of curiosity and of an undefined reverence for a great emporium of the national power and strength, will render the purchasers as numerous as we have

supposed, if the sale be continued so long as a twelvemonth. The feeling in which this originates is at once creditable, and more than might be expected, considering the manner in which the popular mind is usually closed against the influence of historical recollections. Since the admission-fee to the Armoury has been reduced from three shillings to sixpence (the former extravagant sum having been charged little more than three years ago), the poorest class of persons who now visit London, if they are animated by the least spark of curiosity or intelligence, had begun to regard the Armouries and Storehouse as one of the sights which they would feel ashamed of having left London without having seen.

(To be concluded in No. XLII.)



[Arms from the Tower Armoury.]

Containing Rapier and Buckler of the reign of Elizabeth; Glaive of the reign of Henry VIII.; Catchpole; English Blackbill (behind Catchpole); Glaive; Stiletto of the reign of James I.; Thumb Screw; Gisarme; Voultge; Lochaber Axe; Gisarme; Scotch Targets; Executioner's Axe; Collar of Torment; Bilboes (the long bar immediately below the collar). The remainder represent different kinds of Shot, Saw shot—Spike shot; Chain shot; Bar shot; Star shot.

XLII.—THE TOWER.—No. 5.

(Concluded from No. XLI.)

THE ARMOURY.

IT is an interesting occupation to stand in one of the two buildings which constitute the Tower Armoury, and watch the groups of persons continually pouring in, each party with the imposing-looking warder at its head. The warder himself is a study, with his crimson tunic so gaily emblazoned, and his round black velvet hat, and its party-coloured ribbons disposed so tastefully round the band. Not even the lapse of time since he first entered on the duties of wardership, and the continual iteration of the same facts, have at all dimmed his consciousness of the respect due to his oracular announcements.—“You are now in the Horse Armoury,” sayeth he; the listeners look around with new curiosity and wonder: he is satisfied, and goes on. And many an eager face and earnestly upturned eye may be noticed among those listeners; and questions will be heard, to which courteous, if not entirely satisfactory answers will be given. But, gentle spectators, do not delay; the guide must go on; other parties are waiting at the gate. You have learned that this figure represents Edward I., and that Henry VIII.;

you have been shown the axe with which Anne Bullen was beheaded; and good Queen Bess herself, in her habit as she lived, has been duly submitted to your gaze. What more *can* you want? Some enthusiast or other will, perhaps, think that the *show* is of little value if we do not understand the substance; he may even fancy that the custom of exhibiting national memorials, without explanation of the circumstances which give to them their true value, or without affording opportunity of reflecting and appreciating that connexion on the spot when explanation is not required, is positively mischievous—as begetting a habit of looking on objects of the highest interest with a vague, unreasoning, and altogether fruitless feeling of wonder, instead of a rational desire to learn and understand, which can alone produce real or profitable enjoyment. But it would be as well to say nothing about such matters here. At the same time it must be observed, the warders have a tedious and fatiguing duty to perform, and may well be excused from wishing to make it more onerous; or, what must appear to them worse still, to encourage any arrangements which they might fear would ultimately dispense with their attendance. But it may be worth consideration with higher authorities, whether the method adopted with such signal success at Hampton Court might not be imitated at the Tower. No one would wish to get rid of the warders. They are to our eyes an indispensable part of the locality. The Armoury in their absence would certainly want one of its most picturesque features. But let them cease to be guides, just when they would be needed in their proper character as guardians. We think there is little to be apprehended from allowing the public to wander about in its own way in such places; but at the same time we are also prepared to acknowledge that the very existence of the privilege might be endangered by a single individual, and therefore full security is requisite. Let the living antiques, therefore, by all means still move about and lend warmth and animation to the effigies of the dead ones; but let those also who would study the history of English armour, or of the times of which the contents of the Armoury are frequently the most significant testimonials, be at liberty to do so *at their leisure*; and let them find in some shape or other, on the spot, accessible to all, systematic information respecting every object around. Then, and then only, will this noble Armoury be appropriated to equally noble uses.

In walking round the White Tower the Armoury is soon distinguished. That long low building, attached to its southern side, with two mortars bearing the word “Acre” guarding its principal entrance, must undoubtedly be the place. There are two other entrances, one near each end of the same front: we enter by that towards the west. A small vestibule with glass cases—in one of which the burganet of Will Somers, Henry VIII.’s jester, decorated with the frontal honours of a ram, stands conspicuous among a great number of other curious articles—first receives us; but the partial view of the Horse Armoury which it affords prevents us from staying to examine its contents. Few who have not actually seen the Horse Armoury can appreciate its strikingly picturesque character: that is certainly a pleasure which even the most hurried visitor cannot be deprived of. The long range of mounted warriors extending down the centre of the place—lance, sword, battle-axe or mace in hand, and banner flying overhead; the range of pointed arches, through which they appear to have just

advanced; the men at arms facing them, spread at intervals along their front, near the one wall, and the ingenious devices in the aisle behind, which decorate the other; the chastely beautiful ceiling, constructed entirely of weapons; and the orange-coloured light diffused over the nearest figures by the stained glass—form altogether a picture on which not alone the artist engaged so busily in yonder corner by the door may gaze with a novel sense of delight. We cannot dwell on the miscellaneous treasures and curiosities scattered so profusely about;—the giant proportions of one of those men at arms on the pedestals, some seven feet two inches high—the brilliant stars in the aisle, and the two men at arms under those exquisitely delicate canopies formed of ramrods, can each have but a passing glance as we move on towards the raised recess in the aisle, where the centre is appropriated to the oldest, and therefore one of the most interesting suits of armour the collection possesses. This, like most of the other valuable suits in the Armoury, is mounted on a figure representative of the known or assumed original wearer, bestriding his steed, and is designated by his name or description. Here is



[The Norman Crusader.]

This came from Tonge Castle, Shropshire, a few years ago, where we are informed it had been an inhabitant for some three centuries. It is referred to the time of Stephen; and consists of what might be termed the ordinary dress of a knight of that period, namely, minute iron rings joined together into a network enveloping the entire body and limbs. In a less complete shape, armour of this kind, sometimes with the rings placed edgewise—a more secure, but also a heavier garment—seems to have been used as early as the eighth century by our Saxon forefathers; for representations of it still exist in illuminated manuscripts of that period. Another kind of armour, also common to both Saxons and Normans prior as well as subsequent to the Conquest (though, probably, the first derived it from the second) consisted of lozenge-shaped pieces of steel, called *maces* or *mascles*, covering the hood, tunic, long sleeves, and pantaloons or *chausses*. And by the time of our Norman Crusader, a third kind had become known under the name of *teglated* armour, which consisted of little plates of steel covering each other

like tiles, and which were sewn upon a hauberk without sleeves or hood. With or without the mailed hood was frequently now worn a cone-shaped defence for the head, called *chapel de fer*, resembling a Tartar's cap, and which, like the other Norman helmets, had generally a strip of metal projecting downwards over the nose. The shield was kite-shaped : an interesting specimen in wood yet remains in Queen Elizabeth's Armoury. The chief weapons of offence were, in addition to the sword and bow, the lance with its small streamer called the gonfalon (now again one of our military weapons), battle-axes, and various destructive instruments of the *Gisarme* kind, consisting of lances, with axes, scythes, hooks, or other peculiarly shaped cutting or tearing weapons at the side, and bearing at different times a variety of names, as bills, glaives, vouldges, &c. : several of these weapons, of a later date, are represented in the group at the head of this paper. Such is a brief sketch of the armour and weapons in use in the twelfth century, and during the period of the Crusades. Pass we now on to that of



[Edward I.]

Among the more important additions here visible are the long surcoat and the blazoned arms. The surcoat is supposed to have originated with the Crusaders, who found it useful in keeping off the direct rays of the sun in the burning plains of Palestine, and also as a means of distinguishing the many different nations serving under the holy banner ; just as the blazoned arms were first used in the same expedition, as marks by which the principal leaders might be known from each other during the shock and tumult of battle. Edward is here represented in an act not very usual with him, that of sheathing his sword. His dress, which has been entirely constructed of armour from different quarters, but of the right period, strikingly harmonizes with the character of the stern warrior-king, who being one day asked why he did not wear richer apparel, answered that it was absurd to suppose he could be more estimable in fine than in simple clothing. With the exception of the gilded coronet and the gilded arms, there is nothing of an ornamental appearance about the figure. It looks as Edward himself might have looked in one of his terrible expeditions into Wales or Scotland.

From this reign the progress of improvement in the construction of armour was very rapid, and consisted chiefly in the substitution of plate for the old mailed armour, the weight of which was so excessive that knights sometimes sunk under it. The change was first characterized by a mixture of the two styles, such as we find in the armour of the time of Edward II., where the hauberk and chausses are nearly covered with the different pieces of wrought iron, and the shoulders and elbows have also similar defences. Overlapping plates for the gauntlets, with small steel knobs or spikes, called gads, for the knuckles, appeared soon after; and by the reign of Richard II. the transformation was so far completed, that only the camail (corrupted probably from cap-mail), the part which hung from the head over the neck and shoulders, the gussets at the joints, and the bottom of the apron, could be seen of the entire suit of ringed mail worn at the beginning of the century. The splendour of the armour had also become as much a matter of attention as its construction; and hence a new danger resulted to the owner of any peculiarly fine suit. Froissart records the case of Raymond, nephew to Pope Clement, "who was taken prisoner, but afterwards put to death for his beautiful armour." Ailettes, or small wings, were attached to the back of the shoulders in one reign; the vizored bascinet was enriched with wreaths or bands in another; whilst in a third—that of Henry V., by which time the knight was frequently cased in complete steel from head to foot—the graceful appendage of the panache, or plume of feathers, is sometimes seen surmounting the bascinet, and giving a new air to the dress and to its wearer; whilst the crested helmet, now worn only at tournaments, grows more and more magnificent.

The next figure in the Armoury offers a splendid example of the changes that had taken place since the period of the first Edward. This is Henry VI., with



[Henry VI.]

whom commences an unbroken series of specimens of the armour of every reign, extending down to the period of James II.; and among which many of the suits

are known to have been worn by the kings or nobles whose names are attached to them. The long surcoat has now again disappeared. In addition to the evident magnificence and security of this dress, there is one peculiar feature only perceptible on a close examination. The back and breast plates are composed of several pieces each, so as to make the whole flexible. It was for a long time a matter of difficulty to understand how the knight equipped himself, till Sir Samuel Meyrick, to whom the public are so much indebted for the admirable arrangement of the chief figures of the Horse Armoury, by the aid of an old document solved the enigma. His explanation, referring to a different period, is but partially applicable here. Supposing, however, Henry VI. to be about to put on the armour in which he is represented in the above engraving, the order of his procedure would probably be as follows :—The sleeves and shirt of mail would be first put on ; then the long-pointed sollerets, or overlapping pieces of steel for the defence of the feet, with the formidable-looking spurs screwed into them ; the greaves for the legs, and the cuisses for the thigh. The breastplate would next be adjusted to the body, to which the tuilettes, those overlapping pieces which hang from the waist over the hip, would be fastened by their straps. The vambraces, or defences for the fore part of the arm, and the rere-braces, for the remainder up to the shoulder, would follow when they were worn, which in the present case they are not. The neck, head, and hands now alone remain undefended. The camail is hung around the neck ; the salade, or sallet, a new German head-piece, characterised by the peculiar projections behind, over which is the rich-looking knight's cap, and the kingly device, is put upon the head, and the beautifully wrought gauntlets upon the hands and wrists. The King now calls for his pole-axe, also of German origin, and his steed, so gloriously caparisoned, which he mounts ; and though Henry VI. was not at heart much of a martial king, yet, if this might be taken as a fair representation of his appearance, one need not desire to see a more martial *looking* one. The armour which defends the horse's head, with the steel spike in front, is called the chanfron, and first appeared in the reign of Henry III.

Next in the rank to Henry VI. is his rival and conqueror, Edward IV.,



[Edward IV.]

whose dress presents so many differences, that, at first glance, one would hardly suppose the two monarchs could be of the same century. The leg-pieces here end a little above the ankles, and instead of the sollerets appear slipper stirrups. Three entirely new pieces are added to the armour,—the *grande garde*, a large piece of steel fastened over the left side of the breastplate, a sort of substitute for a shield; the *garde-de-bras*, that peculiar-shaped piece of armour seen over the elbow; and, lastly, the *volant* piece, which gives such an extraordinary aspect to the head. Its angular shape presented so difficult a mark to the lance, that it was not uncommon in tournaments to agree that the volant should not be used. The lance in his hand is a modern imitation of the antique, with the exception of the very curious vam-plate, which is genuine, and of unusual size and shape. The elegant appearance of this figure reminds one of Philip de Comines' description of Edward as "the beautifullest prince of his time;" and with that remembrance comes another, connected with the wars of the Roses, which ended in giving Edward his crown. The same historian says, "Now you shall understand that the custom in England is, after the victory obtained, neither to kill nor to ransom any man, especially of the vulgar sort, knowing all men then to be ready to obey them because of their good success." Is this meant as a compliment to the humanity of the English leaders, or as a satire upon the want of steady principle in the English people? The historian concludes with a startling passage: "Notwithstanding, King Edward himself told me, that in all battles that he won, so soon as he had obtained the victory, he used to mount on horseback, and cry, 'Save the people, but kill the nobles!'"

Two suits lately worn at the Eglington Tournament, of the age of Richard III., both of the most beautiful manufacture, fluted, with rosettes at the shoulders, are exhibited next to Edward IV.: one in the figure of a mounted knight, the other dismounted by his side; but as their chief features are also shown in the next suit, that of



the victor of Bosworth, we pass on to the latter. This belongs to the period when plate armour is considered to have attained its perfection of richness and completeness. The whole is fluted: the neck has the additional defence of the pass-guards—plates rising perpendicularly from the shoulders—and, besides the chanfron, the horse is now protected by the *manefaire*, which covers the stately arch of his neck, hiding the mane, by the poitrel over his breast, and by the croupiere over the crupper. The knight's head-piece has now assumed a natural shape, and is provided with moveable plates at the back, at once guarding the neck and allowing the head to move with freedom. It is placed on the head by lifting up the mentonnière, the part that covers the chin, and the visor, both of which turn on the screw that fastens them to the helmet. Among the peculiarities of the time are the globular breast-plate, bulging out somewhat ungracefully from the breast—the lamboys, like a short skirt divided, which are substituted for the tuilettes before mentioned—the wide-toed sollerets, which, in accordance with the fashion that prevailed in the civil costume of the period, have changed in a few years for the precisely opposite extreme, and the peculiar ornaments which decorate the armpits and the knees. We now reach one of the first of the suits of armour which are known to have belonged to the nominal wearers, and a most striking contrast is presented by its burly dimensions to the graceful outlines that distinguish the preceding monarch. But as the



[Henry VIII.]

Armoury contains a much more important suit that also belonged to Henry VIII., we shall merely remark that this is richly inlaid with gold, and the stirrups are elaborately engraved. We have mentioned three entrances into the Horse Armoury that appear from the exterior; but one only of these is now used. The others are closed, and the vestibules within occupied by portions of the contents of the collection. In the centre or principal one stands the figure here shown, which represents one of the most magnificent suits perhaps in existence. It was presented to the King by the Emperor Maximilian I., on his marriage with Catherine of Arragon, and is precisely similar in shape to a suit preserved in the little Belvidere Palace at Vienna, that belonged to Maximilian himself. This



[Henry VIII.]

suit was no doubt worn by Henry at some of those pleasant May meetings at Greenwich when the white shield was hung upon a green tree in the park, for knights of good birth to subscribe their names as accepting the challenge offered by certain parties, who proposed to take the field against all comers. On one of these occasions, Henry himself, with the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Essex, and Sir George Carew, assumed this honourable but somewhat arduous post, challenging all knights to joust and tilt at the barriers. A striking proof of the King's estimation of Maximilian's present is given on his great seal, where he is represented wearing a suit exactly corresponding with it in form and style. The entire mass of armour, both for horse and rider, is washed with silver, and covered with engravings, most beautifully executed, of holy legends, devices, mottoes, arms, &c., specimens of which are given by Sir Samuel Meyrick in his elaborate account of the suit published in the 'Archæologia.' On the breastplate is represented a figure of St. George, just after his famous victory over the Dragon; and, with reference most probably to the marriage which occasioned the present to be made, the German word of congratulation, "Glück," meaning "Good luck," is engraved on one of the jambs. Two other suits of armour made for Henry VIII. stand one on each side of this vestibule or recess on dismounted figures. One is of bright steel, the other black with raised and polished ornaments in different parts, the forerunner of the embossed armour. Before we quit the recess we may as well notice two very small and interesting figures which occupy the corners. One is of Charles Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., in his *fifth year, in a complete suit of steel plate armour*; the other of Prince Henry, the accomplished son of James I., not much older, wearing only the helmet and breastplate: both are genuine suits, and are known to have been worn by the youthful Princes. The figures of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, being also of Henry's reign, we pass on to Edward VI., whose armour presents a new feature, being of the kind denominated *russet*. This effect was produced by oxidizing the surface of the armour, and then smoothing it. When, as in the present instance, the metal was further enriched by being inlaid with gold, it presented a superb appearance. The only other remarkable peculiarity of the armour of this period



[Edward VI.]

is connected with the breastplate, which, in the latter part of Henry VIII.'s reign, added to its globose form a projecting edge down the centre, called the tapul; whilst, in the present period, the tapul gradually descended from the centre, till it entirely disappeared, as we see in the armour before us. That engraving also shows us the lengthening towards the waist, which the breastplate was now undergoing. The weapon called the Black-bill, shown in our group of weapons, was now used by the black-bill men or halberdiers, who formed part of our army. The next figure is that of Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, in a suit of richly gilt and slashed plate armour, which we notice for the sake of the announcement on the card attached to it in the Armoury. The weight of the armour for the rider alone is there stated at one hundred and four pounds! It is extraordinary how men could move with the grace, celerity, and vigour that characterised the Knight of the Tournament under such a heavy load! No wonder they found it impossible to rise if they were once thrown at full length upon the ground. Even Elizabeth's carpet knight, Leicester, who forms the next figure, is arrayed in armour of the weight of eighty-seven pounds. In this splendid suit, which was originally gilded, the sollerets have again changed: this time they are peaked. We now reach a figure which, arrayed though it be in a plain suit, must not be passed over without respectful notice. "The last of the knights" were a fitting designation for the fine chivalrous being in whom the spirit of the heroes of our earlier ages seems to have revived with additional lustre, prior to its final extinction in his grave. Elizabeth's famous champion, Sir Henry Lee, is before us. For a long time did Sir Henry, in spite of growing infirmities, keep the distinguished post which had been confided to him; and when he resigned the championship at last, in favour of a younger knight, George Earl of Cumberland, the aged veteran must have hardly known whether it was the saddest or proudest day of his life, so magnificent were the preparations made to do honour to his last appearance. But "Duty, faith, and love," to use his own words, have ever their appropriate spheres of action; so, quitting with a sigh the scene of many a triumph, he tells his royal mistress—

“ My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
 And lovers' songs shall turn to holy psalms ;
 A man-at-arms must now sit on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, that are old age's alms.
 And so from court to cottage I depart ;
 My saint is sure of my unspotted heart.”

Passing the figure of the Earl of Essex, with its richly engraved suit inlaid with gold, and its Maltese sword, we arrive at the man who, of all others, would be the most appropriately chosen as the moral antipodes of Sir Henry Lee,—James I.



[James I.]

The humorists of the Armoury must have intended a joke at the expense of the royal pedant when they not only placed him here in full armour, but put also that enormous lance in his hand, which, in its thickest part, just above the hollow for the hand, is positively two feet three inches in circumference! James, who, to do him justice, had wit, if not courage, said once of armour, that “ It was an excellent invention : for it not only saved the life of the wearer, but hindered him from doing hurt to anybody else.” By way of corrective, perhaps, to the impunity indirectly promised to his own antagonists in the tournaments, if he ever had any, James used this formidable-looking lance : since he could not hurt, it was all the more necessary to alarm.

Next to James is *Sir Horace Vere*, in a suit of plain armour of the date of 1606, and then the fastidious nobleman whom James's manners kept from court, and his own honesty from employment,—the famous collector of the marbles, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. Both these knights are armed with the mace. Another genuine suit, originally belonging to Prince Henry, richly gilt, and decorated with engravings of battles, sieges, and other military designs ; a suit attributed to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, where the great favourite is seen grasping an elegant wheel-lock petronel ; a youthful figure of Charles I. when Prince of Wales ; and the effigy of Charles's unfortunate minister, Wentworth, where the armour descends no lower than the knees, follow next in succession.

The history of the changes in armour runs in a circle. The pains taken for so many centuries to clothe the form in impenetrable defences had not long achieved their object before the use of gunpowder began just as regularly to strip off first one piece of armour, then another, on the ground that the very uncertain immunity from danger they promised was not commensurate with the loss of energy and activity produced by their wear. The greaves disappear in James's reign; and although his son, Charles I., strenuously endeavoured to check the current, (in the costly gilt suit presented to him by the City of London wo



[Charles I.]

behold him "armed at all points,") yet he had so little success, that, by the time of the Protectorate, the helmet and cuirass alone remained, and the military world found itself, in the matter of bodily armour, as nearly as possible in the same state that it was nine or ten centuries before.

In the reign of the second James the helmet was further discarded, and the loose flowing wig left to dangle over the steel cuirass and red coat: our readers may imagine the ludicrous effect of the mixture. The last figure in the great range of the Horse Armoury is that of the King himself just mentioned, who, however, wears a kind of helmet as well as the wig. The delicate lawn sleeves and cravat contrast no less oddly with the breastplate and the iron grating over the face. An amusing 'Guide Book' used to be sold at the Tower. It appears James did not originally stand where he now stands, in the line, but a little in advance. Referring to that circumstance, the imaginative author of the pages referred to says, "The circumstances of his present position somewhat appropriately correspond with his well-known abdication of the throne and flight from the kingdom: he has left the company of his brother sovereigns, and the enclosure assigned to them, and *appears to be stealing cautiously along close to the wall, and in a corner of the building, with his horse's head close to the door!*"



[James II.]

Queen Elizabeth's Armoury was formerly in a building opposite the south-western corner of the Horse Armoury: it is now removed into the White Tower, where it occupies the apartment made memorable by the long residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. As we walk down the aisle of the Horse Armoury the eye is attracted to an opening, by the rich stream of light which pours down upon it from the skylight above, bringing out into brilliant relief the armed forms which stand one on each side, and the other military decorations of the spot. This is the entrance to the staircase, which winds in a circuitous direction up into the apartment in question. At the top of the stairs is a kind of circular vestibule, or small corridor, where are two grotesque figures on pedestals, protruding their grinning faces forward, as if eager for admiration, and holding, the one a quartern of gin, the other a pot of beer. Sir Samuel Meyrick, in a letter addressed in 1829 to the Editor of the London Magazine, conceives "that they were originally over the door in the great hall of the palace at Greenwich which led to the buttery and larder—an usual custom in old buildings; and that they were brought with the armour from that royal residence on its destruction." From hence we pass into Queen Elizabeth's Armoury. No longer, however, does this place present the appearance described in our paper on the Prison, where we looked upon it as it was when Raleigh paced its floor to and fro. The strange-looking ceiling has been made fine with groins, and the plain walls with a range of small intermingling Norman arches, on that side of the wall which contains the two gloomy cells that were formerly used, no doubt, as sleeping places by the prisoners. We are happy to say that every care has been taken of the inscriptions yet existing on this wall. These were principally written by prisoners confined here during Mary's reign, for their share in Wyatt's conspiracy. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved," is the sentence in which "R. Rudston," 1553, has recorded the nature of the hope which alone preserved many an unhappy prisoner from sinking into despondency in the Tower prisons. A similar expression of pious confidence has been inscribed in the same place, by T. Fane, 1554,—“Be faith-

ful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." T. Culpeper, concerned in the same affair, has merely left his signature. These persons, it is believed, were all pardoned. The other side of the room presents four wide openings in the immense walls, (sixteen feet thick,) admitting light from as many windows. Narrow slits or loopholes were all that formerly existed. Facing the coved end of the room, through which we enter, is a deeply recessed arch at the opposite extremity, where the presiding genius of the place appears in all her majesty, Queen Elizabeth herself, in costume similar to that which she is supposed to have worn when she went in procession to St. Paul's to celebrate the defeat of the Armada. The chief contents of this armoury, including many varieties of lances, long swords, pikes, musketoons, battle-axes, and the different sorts of shot seen in our group, were formerly supposed to be the spoils of that ill-fated expedition, and the collection was known as the Spanish Armoury. Down even to the times of our excellent great grandfathers and grandmothers, people used to go and look at the various instruments of torture here exhibited, and lift up their hands and eyes in amazement at the cruelty of the Spaniards, and the wonderful escape we had all had from those devilish instruments. Later researches have satisfactorily shown that most of these, if not all, however repugnant their use may appear to the feelings and ideas of Englishmen, are of genuine English manufacture, and have wrung the groan of unendurable anguish from many an English prisoner, long before the Armada swept across the visions of its projector, bridging over, as it were, the way from the Spanish to the English throne. One instrument alone of the different varieties here shown, the Collar of Torture, is now attributed to the Spaniards; and it is remarkable enough, that of all those monstrous inventions, the collar must have inflicted the mildest suffering. It weighs about fourteen pounds and a half, and is armed with small knobs or studs of a pointed form, but not sharp. Compare this with the rack, which, in some severe cases, added a hand-breadth to the stature; or with the gauntlets, which held the wrists, whilst the prisoner was suspended with outstretched arms in the air, till the blood seemed to flow from every part of the body into the arms, and burst out at the fingers' ends; or with the scavenger's daughter, still shown here, binding body and limbs up into an almost incredibly small compass! It is a pity that our indignation, like our charity, is not more frequently found at home.

To give any thing like a systematic view of the contents of this interesting room would occupy more pages than we have lines to spare: we shall therefore merely premise that the collection chiefly consists of a great variety of weapons of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, of which many are shown in our group at the commencement of this paper, and then proceed to notice two or three of the more interesting individual objects. Two very curious swords hang against the wall, covered with black rust, and one much eaten away. Both are supposed to have been used by crusaders in those holy wars which caused so much unholy shedding of blood. One was taken from the tomb of a Count of Treves; the other bears a Latin inscription, signifying that it is the sword of Autearius, and has a silver imitation medal of the Emperor Domitian let into the handle. In another part of the room is reared against the wall a tremendous-looking weapon,

which the popular idea has associated with a not unsuitable wielder, Henry VIII., although even he would have found it an inconvenient "walking-staff" during those supposed nocturnal wanderings in which, like the great Eastern caliph, he was continually astonishing the careless watch. The story goes that the King was met one night at the bridge-foot by some of the civic guardians, and not giving a good account of himself, carried off to the Poultry Compter, and shut up for the night without fire and candle. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." On his liberation, Henry VIII. made a grant of thirty chaldrons of coals and a quantity of bread for the solace of night prisoners in the Compter. He also gave an annual stipend to the parish of St. Magnus, where he had been taken prisoner, and rewarded the men who had captured him. The grants alluded to are, we believe, still paid. As to the "walking-staff," it is, in truth, one of the "holly water sprinkles,"—why so called we know not; and consists of a long massy stave, with three gun-barrels at the end, and a spike or dagger rising between them.

The last article of the multifarious contents of this Armoury that we shall mention, is in itself an important historical memorial, and suggestive of many melancholy thoughts. Upon a small block in this Armoury stands the axe shown in our group,—the axe with which the fair neck of the unfortunate Anne Bullen was severed, whilst in the prime of her beauty and womanhood. A few years later, that same axe was again brought from its hiding-place to execute the doom of a still more illustrious victim, Lady Jane Grey. The Earl of Essex closes the list of unfortunates whose history, according to tradition, has ended with—this! Among the spectators of the Earl's execution on that Ash Wednesday morning, 1601, was Sir Walter Raleigh, whose long residence in this chamber one cannot forget, even amidst all the interesting memorials which cover its walls. From one of these windows it was, that when he himself had been previously confined in the Tower for offending the haughty Elizabeth, hearing she was come in her barge to the Tower, on a visit to Sir George Carew, the Lieutenant, "he gazed and sighed a long time" (no Ordnance Office then obstructed the view), discerning "the barges and boats about the Blackfriars stairs," and "suddenly broke out into a great distemper, and swore that his enemies had on purpose brought her Majesty thither to break his gall in sunder with Tantalus' torment, that when she went away he might see death before his eyes; with many such like conceits." And it was in this room itself that the extraordinary scene took place immediately following. "As a man transported with passion he swore to Sir George Carew, that he would disguise himself, and get into a pair of oars to ease his mind but with a sight of the Queen, or else he protested his heart would break." Sir George, who had it is probable allowed Raleigh many little indulgences, for the latter had at that time influential friends at court, of course refused to comply with so wild a request; when "they fell flat to choleric outrageous words, *with straining and struggling at the doors*, and in the fury of the conflict, the jailer, he had his new periwig torn off his crown; and yet here the struggle ended not, for at last they had gotten out their daggers." The narrator and eye-witness, Sir Arthur Gorges, now thought it time to interfere, and, in doing so, "purchased such a rap on the knuckles, that he wished both their pates broken." How much

of all this was real, and how much fictitious, it were hard to say: Sir Arthur *might* have written to describe this scene to the person above all others nearest to the Queen's counsels, Cecil, without any previous understanding with Raleigh, but it is certainly a suspicious as well as an amusing case. The last sentence of Sir Arthur's letter is also marvellously significant:—"I fear Sir Walter Raleigh will shortly grow to be Orlando Furioso, if the *bright Angelica* persevere against him." The reader of this brief notice of Queen Elizabeth's Armoury will not need to be told who was the "bright Angelica."



[Queen Elizabeth's Armoury.]



[Portrait of Sir Thomas Gresham.]

XLIII.—THE OLD ROYAL EXCHANGE AND ITS FOUNDER.

ONE of Henry VII.'s ministers (Cardinal Morton) once told the Parliament that the King was but "a steward in effect for the public; and that what came from them was but as moisture drawn from the earth, which gathered into a cloud, and fell back upon the earth again." With the applicability of the poetical Cardinal's remark to the business in hand, *the obtaining more taxes*, we have nothing here to do; but the passage itself is a happy illustration of the character and influence of a class of men of whom England has especial reason to be proud, and more particularly London; of men whose business it has been to draw wealth from the public by a kind of magical process (peculiar to the agents of the great wonder-worker, Commerce), which leaves the public richer than it found them, and whose accumulations have, indeed, returned to their fellow-men, blessed with the fertilizing influences that belong to a higher intellectual atmosphere. It is needless to enumerate instances which will rise to the memory of every one: we merely therefore observe that the same generation that beheld the foundation of the Charter House by one merchant, had also witnessed, a few years before, the erection of the chief commercial building of the greatest commercial city of the world by another; and who, not content with that act of princely generosity—which, taken alone, might have been thought only an exhibition of the sympathy and pride of class—transformed his own residence into a College, and richly endowed it for the promotion of those arts and sciences which may add lustre and dignity to any and every calling. No wonder that London holds dear the memory of Sir Thomas Gresham.

But, in the Gresham family, the founder of the Royal Exchange stands not alone. The original project for the Exchange itself is due to his father, Sir Richard Gresham, who, in 1537, whilst Lord Mayor, drew the attention of the minister, Cromwell, to the subject, and laid before him a design for the erection, which he proposed to place in Lombard Street; whilst his uncle, Sir John Gresham, Sheriff in the same year that Richard was Mayor, obtained from Henry VIII. the original foundation of Bethlehem Hospital, and richly endowed with his own means Holt school, Norfolk, where was one of the family seats. He too became Mayor, and among other matters made his year of office memorable by the revival of the splendid ceremony of the Marching Watch, described in "Midsummer Eve." To this uncle was Thomas Gresham apprenticed.

The name of Gresham is derived from a little village in Norfolk, where the ancestors of the future civic worthies had resided, it is said, for generations. Thomas, the younger of two sons, is supposed to have been born in London about 1519. At the proper period he was sent to Gonville Hall, Cambridge, which, it is worthy of notice, his father thought only a fitting preparation for his son's future career. The mercantile life, apart from its ends, presented at the period in question many picturesque and exciting features, and was esteemed so honourable, that, in some of the greater speculations of the day, the leading names comprise those of the most influential nobility, and who by no means appear as mere nominal patrons. Gresham had evidently high notions of the power and influence as well as of the duties of the British merchant of the sixteenth century. Writing, some years after the expiration of his apprenticeship, to his patron the Duke of Northumberland, he says, "to the which *science* I myself was apprenticed eight years, to come by the experience and knowledge that I have:" he then goes on to praise his father's wisdom in so doing. We shall see presently to what excellent purpose Gresham turned these preparations. He was admitted into the Mercers' Company in 1543, being then in his twenty-fifth year; and prior to the expiration of the twelvemonth we find "young Thomas Gresham" engaged as a merchant in furnishing supplies for the siege of Boulogne. Soon after he married Anne, widow of a gentleman of Suffolk, and sister to the lady of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper. In one of his letters from the continent, written some years later, to the minister, Sir W. Cecil, he says, "I thank you for the gentle entertainment you gave to my poor wife, who I do know right well molests you daily for my coming home.—Such is the fondness of women!" In many others of his important business letters, Gresham recurs to his "poor wife;" and altogether it is very evident there was happiness by the domestic hearth. We now reach the most important period of Gresham's history; for from it may be dated all the consequences which have made his name memorable.

There were formerly but two recognised modes of obtaining funds for great national emergencies—subsidies, levied by the arbitrary will of the sovereign or the government, which was as odious as it was in every other respect objectionable—and loans from wealthy merchants, generally of Germany or the Low Countries. By the period in question the last had become the rule, the first only the exception. To negotiate the loans an agent became necessary, who was to reside abroad;—a person, of course, of distinguished talent and probity, and of agreeable, conciliatory manners. Prior to April, 1551, and during a period of

considerable financial disorder, the post was held by a man who, in the opinion of the government, was unfitted for it; so, says Gresham, "I was sent for unto the Council, and brought by them before the King's Majesty, to know my opinion (as they had many other merchants) what way with the least charge his Majesty might grow out of debt." The opinion given was approved of, and Gresham immediately appointed Royal Agent. He set off with his family to Antwerp, the then great commercial emporium of the world. The nature of financial dealings in the sixteenth century, and of the difficulties which they presented to the man who had determined to revolutionise the system, may be gathered from the following extract from the youthful King's manuscript journal, April, 1551:—"25. A bargain made with the Fulcare (the Fuggers, eminent German merchants) for about 60,000*l.*, that in May and August should be paid,—for the deferring of it. First, that the Fulcare should put it off for ten in the hundred. Secondly, that I should buy 12,000 marks' weight, at six shillings the ounce, to be delivered at Antwerp, and so conveyed over. Thirdly, I should pay 100,000 crowns for a very fair jewel of his, four rubies marvellously big, one orient and great diamond, and one great pearl." Some readers will no doubt be surprised to find the tricks of the disreputable money-lenders of our own day traceable to such high and respectable origin. The zeal with which Gresham entered into the duties of his appointment must have been sorely tried in many ways; during the first two years, for instance, he was called over, frequently at the shortest notice, no less than forty times! As to what else was required from him in the pursuit of the objects he had set before him, and what he accomplished, we are glad to be able to allow him to speak for himself. "Before I was called to serve, there was no other way devised to bring the King out of debt but to transport the treasure out of the realm; or else by way of exchange, to the great abasing of the exchange; for a pound of our current money there was brought down in value to but sixteen shillings Flemish; and for lack of payment there at the days appointed, for to preserve his Majesty's credit withal, it was customary to prolong time also upon interest, which interest, besides the loss of the exchange, amounted unto 40,000*l.* by year. And in every such prolongation, his Majesty was enforced to take great part in jewels, or wares, to his extreme loss and damage; of which 40,000*l.* loss for interest, yearly, I have by my travail clearly discharged the said King every penny." The direct saving from this source alone he estimates at 400,000*l.* The means by which it was done are thus alluded to: "Whereas I found the exchange at sixteen shillings the pound, I found the means, nevertheless, without any charge to the King, or hindrance of any other, to discharge the King's whole debts, as they grew, at twenty shillings and twenty-two shillings the pound." He then points out the other advantages which have accrued in consequence of the raising of the exchange: "All foreign commodities be fallen, and sold after the same value, to the enriching of the subjects of the realm in their commodities, in small process of time, above 300,000*l.* or 400,000*l.*" The precious metals, it is pointed out, are, as a natural consequence, flowing into the country, and the credit of the sovereign is placed on a solid basis. And all this was done in despite of the "merchants, both strangers and English, who always lay in wait to prevent his devices." It would be difficult to

explain the nature of these devices to the general reader ; suffice it, therefore, to say that they present an extraordinary evidence of the far-sighted character of Gresham's mind, and of the claims which he has upon the gratitude of every English merchant, and of his countrymen generally. Gresham's chief opponents were the merchants of the Steel-yard, whose commercial privileges were a great cause of keeping down the exchange, and which produced besides great heart-burnings and jealousies among our native merchants.

The Esterlings, or Germans, were settled in England as early as the reign of Ethelred ; when, says Pennant, "the Germans of the Steel-yard, coming with their ships, were accounted worthy of good laws." These men were undoubtedly our first instructors in the art of commerce. For several centuries they were the chief importers and exporters of England, and the profits derived from their trade, and their connexion with the great Hanseatic Confederation, induced our sovereigns to bestow on them peculiar privileges. On more than one occasion the London journeymen and apprentices resented the favour shown to them by riots and by attacks on the warehouses of the obnoxious foreigners. In 1552 it was decided by the Government that the Steel-yard merchants had forfeited their liberties, and should be placed for the future, with regard to the duties upon their exports and imports, on the same footing as other strangers. The merit of this abolition of "rights" which, to every one but themselves, had grown into serious wrongs, appears to have been never attributed to its true owner, Gresham ; who states expressly, in his account of the "devices" by which he succeeded in raising the exchange, that he "practised with the King and my Lord of Northumberland to overthrow the Steel-yard ;" and the dates of the two events show that he was successful. The Steel-yard, or, as it was occasionally called, the Steel-house, stood on the banks of the Thames, about the end of the little street still known as Steel-yard Street, a short distance eastwards from Dowgate Wharf. Here also was the very interesting Teutonic Guildhall, with its two famous pictures by Holbein, representing the triumphs of Riches and Poverty. What became of these pictures we know not ; they are supposed by Pennant to have been carried into Flanders on the final shutting up of the warehouse by Elizabeth in 1597, and thence into France. Zucchero copied them at the Steel-yard in 1574, and engravings, probably from his paintings, were made in the last century. Pennant* thus describes the chief features of the designs : "In the triumph of Riches, Plutus is represented in a golden car, and Fortune sitting before him, flinging money into the laps of people holding up their garments to receive her favours : Ventidius is wrote under one, Gadareus under another, and Themistocles under a man kneeling beside the car. Cræsus, Midas, and Tantalus follow ; Narcissus holds the horse of the first : over their heads, in the clouds, is Nemesis . . . By the sides of the horses walk dropsical and other diseased figures, the too frequent attendants of Riches. Poverty appears in another car mean and shattered, half naked, squalid, and meagre. Behind her sits Misfortune ; before her Memory, Experience, Industry, and Hope. The car is drawn by a pair of oxen and a pair of asses ; Diligence drives the ass, and Solicitude, with a face of care, goads the ox. By the sides of the car walk

* Edition of 1793, page 333.

Labour, represented by lusty workmen with their tools, with cheerful looks; and behind them Misery and Beggary, in ragged weeds, with countenances replete with wretchedness and discontent.”



[Wharf of the German Merchants of the Steel-yard in Thames Street.—From Hollar's print in 1641.]

The document from which we have transcribed the foregoing passages relating to Gresham's financial miracles, for such they then appeared to all parties, is a Memorial presented to Queen Mary soon after the execution of Gresham's patron, the Duke of Northumberland, on no less occasion than that of the former being removed from the office he had filled with so much ability and success. That removal may in some way or other, perhaps, be attributed to his friendship with the fallen earl; and Gresham, naturally alarmed, seems to have feared that the entire ruin of his prospects was about to take place. Having mentioned the late King's acknowledgment of his services,—“It pleased the King's Majesty to give unto me one hundred pounds, to me and my heirs for ever, three weeks before his death; and promised me with his own mouth that he would hereafter see me rewarded better; saying *I should know that I served a King,*”—he next laments the influence of his enemies, and a loss he had just heard of “by casualty of weather;” “and now,” says he, “God help poor Gresham!” Whatever the cause of his momentary disgrace, the services of Gresham were precisely of the kind that the Government were unable to dispense with, so he was soon re-instated; and when Elizabeth came to the throne he was able to give a scarcely less satisfactory account of what he had done for Mary, and of the reward he had received, than is contained in the memorial above mentioned. He was present at the first council held by the Virgin Queen, at Hatfield, and was received with marked favour. Elizabeth, to dissipate his fears of what his enemies might say in his absence, told him she would keep one ear shut from his enemies, that should be ever open to him; and promised him, if he did her none other service than he had done to King Edward, her late brother, and Queen Mary, her late sister, she

would give him as much land as ever they both did. The characteristic reply was an exposition of his financial views, ending with the following admirable advice:—"An it please your Majesty to restore this your realm into such estate as heretofore it hath been,—First, your Highness hath none other ways but, when time and opportunity serveth, to bring your base money into fine, of eleven ounces fine; and so gold after the rate. Secondly, not to restore the Steel-yard to their usurped privilege. Thirdly, to grant as few licences as you can. Fourthly, to come in as small debt as you can beyond seas. Fifthly, to keep your credit, and specially with your own merchants; for it is they who must stand by you at all events in your necessity." It is worth noting how implicitly the advice appears to have been followed, with the exception of the matter of the licences. In carrying out the first and greatest of the reforms proposed, the restoration of a debased coinage, Gresham himself was, if not a chief actor, evidently the main adviser, for he introduced the foreigners who executed the gigantic task proposed, and was one of their sureties during its performance. The Steel-yard not only did not recover "its usurped privilege," but was finally closed by the Queen. And as to the disuse of foreign loans, and the establishment of domestic credit, Gresham again appears not only as the author of the propositions, but as the man who carried them into execution. Elizabeth made a subsidy in 1570 throughout England, which produced no more than 35,477*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* More money was indispensable; so, the subsidy having failed, Gresham was empowered to negotiate with the great body of British merchants known as the Merchant Adventurers. It was no easy matter. The merchants and the Queen held very different opinions on the subject of loans; which need not excite surprise when we know what the Queen's opinions were, or at least her conduct, which may be taken as their best representative. Whenever she was in want of a small sum of money, her remedy was strikingly simple: one of the city companies were desired to furnish it. Nor was this all. On one occasion she required the ironmongers to send her 60*l.*; and if they were unprovided *they were to borrow it for her immediately, and pay the interest themselves.* The Merchant Adventurers were puzzled what to do with the application. At last, they referred the matter to a common hall, where the loan was refused by a show of hands. But if they had known the importance Gresham attached to the matter, they might have saved themselves much trouble. He was a man who could never understand failure in any scheme he undertook. He now met their refusal by a show of great surprise and indignation; he caused the Queen's Council to write expressing its displeasure; then, again going quietly, and in a conciliatory tone, to the individuals whom he had marked out for express favour, he soon obtained some 21,000*l.* for six months. The loan had to be renewed at the expiration of the six months; but in the mean time the merchants had become convinced that principal and interest were safe in the royal hands, and that Gresham had understood their interests, as well as those of the sovereign, better than either party had understood them for themselves. From that time we hear no more of foreign loans.

Among the less permanently valuable services of Gresham, but which, during his own lifetime, formed not the least of his claims to the respect and attention of the Government, was the peculiar and delicate office which he undertook, in addition to his other multifarious occupations, as Queen's agent for the negotiation

of loans, and Queen's merchant for the supply of military and other stores,—namely, that of being the Government's chief continental correspondent. Antwerp was then “what London is now,—the centre of intelligence: so that, in addition to Flemish news, Gresham conveyed home the freshest intelligence respecting the Pope, derived from Rome, Naples, or Venice; respecting the Turk, derived from Constantinople or Tripoli; Spanish news, from Seville or Toledo; and not least often, tidings of what was passing, or rumoured, in Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and France.”* The Flemish correspondence of the period, consisting of hundreds of letters, is almost entirely written by him; and the evidences are manifold of the great reliance Elizabeth and her ministers placed in his industry, talents, and judgment. Gresham, it appears, had a regular staff of spies, constantly running to and fro. Thus, when it was known, in 1560, that an army had encamped in Guelderland, Gresham immediately sent a servant with fifty crowns, who was to stay in the camp so long as the money lasted. Among the persons of this class whom he employed was one Hogan, of whom Elizabeth expressed her distrust, as the man was professedly in the pay of the King of Spain; but Gresham satisfied his royal mistress that he knew perfectly well what he was doing. He was himself indefatigable in the same pursuit, setting time and place at defiance whenever anything of high importance had to be done, and he could trust himself only to do it. His skill in some of the manœuvres that were then looked on, we presume, as quite proper to diplomacy, has been recorded by Strada, the historian of the Low Country wars. “The Emperor (Maximilian II.), by edict, prohibited and made it death for any German to bear arms against the King of Spain; which, among divers others, how deeply it was resented by the Prince of Orange (though otherwise subtle and close) he expressed at table, wine laying open the secrets of his heart. For, *being invited by Gresham* (agent for the Queen of England), after he had drunk soundly, the Prince began in a great fury to inveigh against the Emperor's edict; ‘that the Emperor, and the King, and whosoever was of their opinion, deceived themselves; that not only the Germans would take arms, but a great sort of other nations bordering upon the empire; that the Danes, the Swedes, and many others, would not be wanting, which both would and could help the confederated Low-Countrymen.’” The importance of this revelation to Elizabeth will be appreciated when we remember the continual support she rendered through her reign to the Protestants of the continent, as well as the danger her own kingdom might be placed in if the measures of the King of Spain and the Emperor with regard to Germany were successful. Another of Gresham's duties involved considerable personal danger. Ammunition was continually wanted by the English Government from Antwerp; but this want could only be supplied in great secrecy, for the laws of the Low Countries attached their severest penalties to the exporters. All kinds of ingenious schemes were consequently employed. The ammunition was concealed, in comparatively small quantities, in almost every ship that left Antwerp for England; and in Gresham's correspondence on the subject velvet, silks, satins, and damasks represent the forbidden articles. The continual arrival of these stores at the Tower attracted attention; although even that danger had been

* Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham, by John William Burgon, vol. i. p. 361; a work to which we must express our grateful acknowledgments.

pointed out by Gresham to the council at home, with a remedy which was perhaps thought unnecessary. Hence the catastrophe. In 1560 he writes to say he "is wholly at his wits' end." For on the 13th of June, "at six of the clock at night, the chief searcher (who is all my worker, and conveyer of all my *velvets*) gave me to understand that there had been an Englishman with the Costomer, and had informed him that of late I had many *velvets* arrived at London of all sorts; and that, if he made a general search now, he should find a great booty. Which matter the Costomer opened to the searcher my friend, and commanded him to be with him on the 15th day very early in the morning." But Gresham's liberality had not enlisted the searcher alone in his favour; a kind of council was held on the matter; and the result was, that they agreed among themselves that if they interfered Gresham would not take it in good part at their hands. Dogberry himself never arrived at a sager conclusion. And so the matter ended, to the Royal Merchant's great relief; who desired the proper parties at home, "on the reverence of God," to take better care for the future. Some of these transactions, it will be seen, are of a more than questionable character; but whilst the private and political honours of our own public men are so often acknowledged even by themselves to present distinctions *with* differences, it would be unjust not to give Gresham whatever benefit may belong to such a consideration. His private character, nay, his public even, where it refers simply to aught pertaining to self, is unspotted; and with respect to the violation of the laws of Antwerp whilst receiving its protection as an English official, his paid spies, his bribes, &c., they are but part of the widely-spreading system of artifice which the great statesmen of the sixteenth century thought necessary to the support of the social fabric. It is astonishing what little materials went to the formation of their great policy.

With a few personal notices of Gresham we now conclude his history, with the exception of those prominent features of it which more particularly give to that history its interest, and which therefore require to be treated independently. Thomas Gresham became *Sir* Thomas on the occasion of his undertaking the duties of ambassador at the court of the Duchess of Parma. His principal English residences were in Lombard Street; Mayfield, in Sussex, previously a favourite old palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury; and Osterley, in Middlesex: he had other country houses, but of less importance. Lombard Street was, in Gresham's time, the busiest and most important street in London, for it was there that the merchants from all parts of the world congregated in the open air. In short it was as yet the only Exchange. Like all other bankers and merchants of the day, Gresham had his shop in this street, with his grasshopper over the door as his sign. Those who feel any interest in so doing may yet look upon the site of Gresham's house. It stood where now stands the banking-house of Messrs. Stone, Martin, and Co. Pennant saw the sign itself in the last century, which is understood to have remained on the spot till the erection of the present building. Mayfield and Osterley were magnificent places; the furniture of Mayfield was estimated at 7550*l.*; and in both Gresham had the honour of a visit from his royal mistress. One of the rooms yet existing among the beautiful ruins of Mayfield is called the Queen's chamber to this day. Of Osterley, Norden, the local historian, speaks as of "a fair and stately building of brick,"

and that the park was formerly “garnished with many fair ponds, which afforded not only fish, and fowls, and swans, and other water-fowl, but also of great use for mills, as *paper-mills*, oil-mills, and corn-mills. There was also a very fair heronry, for the increase and preservation whereof sundry allurements were devised and set up.” The paper-mill is a new point in Gresham’s history; it was one of the earliest, if not *the* earliest, established in this country. His protégé, the poet Churchyard, says—

“Glass was at first as strange to make or view
As paper now, that is devis’d of new.
Of new I mean in England; save one man
That hath great wealth, and might much treasure spare;
Who with some charge a paper-mill began;
And after built a stately work most rare—
The Royal Exchange.”*

Does the poet here give his patron a hint;—“and might much treasure spare?”—It looks very like it. This was written about the period of Elizabeth’s visit to Osterley, perhaps a short time before. Among the other magnificent preparations made by Gresham was one that it is peculiarly agreeable to read of, as showing the latent love of literature, and everything connected with it, that so often breaks out in the life of the bustling merchant of the world. We refer to a play and a pageant by Thomas Churchyard, written and produced expressly for the occasion. Fuller adds another noticeable incident:—“Her Majesty found fault with the court of the house as too great; affirming that it would appear more handsome if divided with a wall in the middle. What doth Sir Thomas, but in the night-time send for workmen to London (money commands all things), who so speedily and silently apply their business, that the next morning discovered that court double, which the night had left single before.” What the Queen said is unknown; no doubt Gresham received his reward in the delight and surprise visible on his royal mistress’s face. The courtiers, thinking, perhaps, the merchant had outdone them even in their own way, “disported themselves with their several expressions; some avowing it was no wonder he could so soon change a building, who could build a change; others (reflecting on some known differences in this knight’s family) affirmed that any house is easier divided than united.” This visit took place in 1571. Eight years later, “on Saturday, the 21st of November, 1579,” writes Holinshed, “between six and seven of the clock in the evening, coming from the Exchange to his house which he had sumptuously builded in Bishopsgate Street, he suddenly fell down in his kitchen; and, being taken up, was found speechless, and presently dead.” He lies in the church of St. Helen’s, Bishopsgate, near the tomb of Sir John Crosby, mentioned in ‘Crosby Place,’ beneath a costly, yet unambitious-looking memorial, constructed by his own orders during his lifetime. Two hundred poor men and women in black gowns followed his remains to the grave, in a procession of almost unequalled splendour. The tomb bears the simple inscription, “Sir Thomas Gresham, Knt., buried December the 15th, 1579;” and even this is only of the date of 1736, for it was thought, says Pennant, “so great a name needed not the proclamation of an epitaph.”

* In ‘A Description and Discourse of Paper,’ &c.

The motives or impulses which move men to the performance of great charitable actions are of course as various as their characters, and, where they have not themselves explained them to us, must be looked for in that direction. In Gresham's case many concurring circumstances probably aided the formation of his plan for an Exchange. His father had desired to see the merchants of England lodged as well as those of Antwerp, where he had seen and enjoyed the advantages of their new and magnificent Bourse. His own residence, in the very centre of the meeting-place, must have saved him personally from its inconveniences; but the same circumstance may have afforded him more leisurable opportunity for seeing how it affected others less favourably situated. His biographer seems to think a nearer motive may have been at work. His only son died in 1564; and with him, no doubt, a great portion of the magnificent fabric of future rank and power which should be his in the persons of his descendants. His father had died some years before. As the old faces disappeared, old objects would lose their attraction. Those only who have felt bereavement can appreciate the value of a new object at such a time; an object into which the energies—that, unemployed in their usual task, have become but so many instruments of self-torture, enhancing the grief which they ought to allay—can be forcibly directed, and there drawn into full occupation. Young Gresham died in 1564. In that same year we find, from the minutes of the Court of Aldermen, the proposal was made to the Court by Sir Thomas Gresham respecting the erection of the Exchange.

We may see how much the proposed building was needed from the picture Stow, in his Chronicle, has left us of Lombard Street. "The merchants and tradesmen, as well English as strangers, for their general making of bargains, contracts, and commerce . . . did usually meet twice every day," at noon and in the evening. "But these meetings were unpleasant and troublesome, by reason of walking and talking in an open narrow street . . . being there constrained either to endure all extremes of weather, viz. heat and cold, snow and rain; or else to shelter themselves in shops." Sir Thomas now offered to remedy this state of things, by erecting a Bourse or Exchange, provided a site was found. A subscription was immediately set on foot for the purchase of the chosen spot in Cornhill, and in the alleys at the back, which, with the houses thereon standing, were ultimately bought for 3532*l*. The ground was then made plain, and the whole conveyed over to Sir Thomas Gresham, by certain aldermen, in the name of the citizens generally. Sir Thomas, on his part, "being at the house of Mr. John Rivers, alderman, in company with Sir William Garrard, Sir William Chester, Thomas Rowe, Lionel Ducket, German Cioll, and Thomas Banister, most frankly and lovingly promised that, within a month after the Bourse should be fully finished, he would present it in equal moities to the City and the Mercers' Company. In token of his sincerity, he thereupon gave his hand to Sir William Garrard; and, in the presence of his assembled friends, drank a carouse to his kinsman, Thomas Rowe." Mr. Burgon adds to this passage the remark: "How rarely do ancient documents furnish us with such a picture of ancient manners." On the 7th of June, 1566, the founder laid the first stone of the foundation, accompanied by several aldermen, each of whom laid a piece of gold upon it for the workmen. By November, 1567, the entire building was completed. There is a curious tra-

dition, not unsupported by facts, with respect to the formation of the frame-work of the Exchange. Gresham, in one of his letters, speaks of "my house at Rinxhall, where I make all my provision for my timber for the Bourse." Rinxhall, or Ringshall, is near Battisford, in Suffolk, from which it is divided by a great common, called Battisford Tye. This was formerly rich in wood; and in a certain part of it the remains of five or six saw-pits are still discernible. These, says tradition, are the same that were employed in the frame-work of the great Bourse, which, according to the same authority, was entirely constructed here. The architect was one Henrick, a Fleming, who, it appears, was in the habit of going to and fro between England and Flanders during the progress of the edifice, to obtain both materials and men. The stone, the slates, the iron, the wainscot, and the glass, all came from Antwerp. Hollinshed seems to intimate "he bargained for the whole mould and substance of his workmanship in Flanders." Gresham had evidently made it a matter of importance that he should be at liberty to employ Flemish artists and workmen, for the Court of Aldermen, in acceding to his proposal, agreed also that "strangers" might be employed. Many annoyances, however, were experienced from the English bricklayers, "both in words and deeds." The magnificent range of statues which distinguished the Exchange were also most probably made in Flanders; for Mr. Burgon, we think, entirely mistakes the meaning of the following passage in a letter from Clough, Gresham's factor, who says, "I have received the pictures you write of, whereof I will cause the Queen's Majesty to be made, and will send you the rest back again with that, so soon as it is done." Gresham's biographer supposes from this that some of the *statues* were sent over from England, where he consequently presumes they had been made, to show the Flemish artist the style in which he was to construct Queen Elizabeth's. Is it not much more likely that the "pictures" were really pictures, containing perhaps representations of the statues, if such were needed, and different portraits of her Majesty, to assist the sculptor in his task?

The general aspect of the new building presented striking evidence of its in every way Flemish character. As Flemish materials, Flemish workmen, and a Flemish architect were employed in the execution, so was the design itself a tolerably close imitation of a Flemish building—the great Bourse of Antwerp. Two prints have been preserved of an interesting character, which show very completely the interior and exterior aspects of the building. They were executed in 1569, and from the date, and the inscription upon them, it appears not improbable, as Mr. Burgon suggests, that they were engraved at Gresham's own order. The English inscription is as follows:—"Sir Thomas Gresham, knight, at his own costs and charges, to the ornament and public use of this royal city of London, caused this place from the foundation to be erected the 7th of June, anno 1566; and is full ended anno 1569." This inscription is repeated in the prints in French, Dutch, and Latin, implying a care for its being read in every part of the world, which may be attributed with greater probability to Sir Thomas Gresham than to any one else. The view shown by the print of the interior is seen in the engraving at the end of our paper, and need not therefore be described. We may observe, however, that the column there seen in front of the northern entrance, commanding a view of the court within, is shown in no

other engravings of London; which is, the more remarkable as, from its evident size, it must have been a conspicuous object from all sides. The principal feature of the exterior view is a lofty square tower with two balconied galleries, and a grasshopper surmounting the ball at its top, which stands on one side the entrance, and formed a bell-tower, from which issued at twelve at noon, and at six in the evening, the merchants' call to "'Change." The pillars of the court were of marble. All the four corners of the building were ornamented with the founder's crest, the grasshopper, in allusion to which and the Exchange, Bishop Hall, in his description of "the brain-sick youth," says—

"And now he plies the news-full grasshopper
Of voyages and ventures to inquire."

The building consisted essentially of two portions, an upper and a lower; the first being laid out in shops, one hundred in number, and the other into walks and rooms for the merchants, with shops on the exterior. For two or three years after the opening of the building the shops remained "in a manner empty," and, for the time, caused a considerable disappointment to the founder, who anticipated a handsome revenue from that source. But the persevering spirit of Gresham was as actively at work as ever; and a new "device" soon altered the cheerless-looking aspect of the place. It was noised abroad that the Queen was going to visit it, and Gresham's preparatory movements showed the importance he attached to the matter. "He went," says Stow, "twice in one day round about the upper Pawn,* and besought those few shopkeepers then present that they would furnish and adorn with wares and wax-lights as many shops as they either could or would, and they should have all those shops so furnished rent-free that year, which otherwise at that time was forty shillings a-shop by the year." All being prepared—amidst the ringing of the bells in every part of the city—"the Queen's Majesty, attended with her nobility, came from her house at the Strand, called Somerset House, and entered the city by Temple Bar, through Fleet Street, Cheap, and so by the north side of the Burse to Sir Thomas Gresham's house in Bishopsgate Street, where she dined. After dinner her Majesty, returning through Cornhill, entered the Burse on the south side, and after that she had viewed every part thereof above the ground, especially the Pawn, which was richly furnished with all sorts of the finest wares in the city, she caused the same Burse, by a herald and trumpet, to be proclaimed the *Royal Exchange*, and so to be called from thenceforth, and not otherwise." A bas-relief over the entrance through which Elizabeth had passed existed down to the fire, commemorative of this incident. A still more important memorial, however, is to be found in a play, divided into two parts, by T. Heywood (whom Charles Lamb finely calls a sort of *prose* Shakspeare), under the voluminous titles of—'If you know not me, you know nobody; or the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth;' and 'The Second Part of Queen Elizabeth's Troubles; Doctor Parry's Treasons; the Building of the Royal Exchange; and the famous Victory in Anno 1588.' As it did not suit Heywood, nor perhaps his audiences, who looked upon Gresham as a miracle of wealth and generosity, to abide by the exact vulgar facts as above narrated, the poet gives us a new

* The bazaar part of the Exchange was so called; possibly a corrupted form of *Bahn*—the German word for a *path* or *walk*.

reading of the Egyptian story. At the banquet Gresham produces a pearl of such value that few could afford to buy it from him, and, having crushed it to powder, drinks it off in a cup of wine.

“ Here fifteen hundred pound at one clap goes!
 Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks the pearl
 Unto his queen and mistress; pledge it, lords!”

We may here mention that another play also exists to mark the interest taken by the public in the Royal Merchant during his lifetime. The one we now refer to is in Latin, and preserved in manuscript in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. There are twenty persons in the list of characters, the first, Rialto, being intended for Sir Thomas himself. The prologue and epilogue are delivered by Mercury, and the scene is the Royal Exchange. From the period of the Queen's visit the shops of the Pawn soon rose in value from forty shillings to four pounds ten, “ and then,” says Stow, “ all shops were furnished according to that time: for then the milliners or haberdashers in that place sold mousetraps, bird-cages, shoeing-horns, lanthorns, and Jews' trumpets, &c. There was also at that time that kept shops in the upper Pawn of the Royal Exchange—armourers, that sold both new and old armour, apothecaries, booksellers, goldsmiths, and glass-sellers.” But we have in this passage only an indication of the transition period of the Exchange; for a few years later still, and the shops were filled with the richest wares that the world of commerce could produce, till even princes, according to Stow's pleasant exaggeration, sent daily to be served of the best sort. Not the least interesting part of the history of the old Exchange are its literary memorials, though, for the most part, their authors are unknown to fame. One of these, the Rev. Samuel Rolle, a clergyman who wrote no less than one hundred and ten Discourses, Meditations, and Contemplations on the Great Fire, thus speaks of the Exchange: “ How full of riches was that Royal Exchange! rich men in the midst of it, rich goods above and beneath! There men walked upon the top of a wealthy mine: considering what eastern treasures, costly spices, and such-like things were laid up in the bowels (I mean the cellars) of that place. As for the upper part of it, was it not the great storehouse whence the nobility and gentry of England were furnished with most of those costly things wherewith they did adorn either their closets or themselves? Here, if anywhere, might a man have seen the glory of the world in a moment.” And in an equally picturesque strain he continues: “ What artificial thing could entertain the senses, the fantasies of men, that was not there to be had? Such was the delight that many gallants took in that magazine of all curious varieties, that they could almost have dwelt there (going from shop to shop like bee from flower to flower), if they had but had a fountain of money that could not be drawn dry. I doubt not but a Mahomedan, who never expects other than sensual delights, would gladly have availed himself of that place, and the treasures of it, for his heaven, and have thought there was none like it.” The Pawn, the part he principally referred to, was then, it must be remembered, very differently situated with regard to the fashionable parts of London from what it is now. During Gresham's time the Barbican, Aldersgate Street, &c., on the one side, and the Minories on the other, were to

the rest of the Metropolis something like what Grosvenor Square, Park Lane, and parts of Piccadilly are at this day.

The lower part of the Exchange, including the great court, must have presented an animated and remarkable scene. Jostling each other among the crowd were men from almost every known nation of the world, habited in their respective national costumes, speaking in every variety of tone and language, exhibiting the most marked differences of manner and countenance. Interspersed with the more numerous English merchants, dressed in their large puffed breeches, long vests, short cloaks and ruffs, appeared here the half-naturalized Fleming, with his fur-trimmed coat and hat, and tight-fitting pantaloons; there the lordly Venetian, in his long robes and elegant cap, a fitting representative of the great and haughty republic. Mingling with the more sedate men of business too would occasionally be seen some courtier from the Palace in all his bravery, conning a new jest at the expense of the "Cits;" some lover of notoriety seeking to make the best of his small reputation—a "Tattelins," for instance,

" ——— the new-come traveller,
With his disguised coat and ringed ear,
Trampling the Bourse's marble twice a day."

Or some idle needy-looking scapegrace, who, perhaps in a penitent or philosophizing mood, is wandering about to see if he cannot catch, as it were, the contagious air of the place,—grow prudent, industrious, rich! Many a shaft is directed by our old satirists at these poor castaways of Fortune, whose usual haunts were St. Paul's and the Exchange. Hayman, in his 'Quodlibets' (1628), thus addresses Sir Pierce Penniless:—

"Though little coin thy purseless pockets line,
Yet with great company thou'rt taken up;
For often with Duke Humphrey thou dost dine,
And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup."

We need scarcely inform our readers that the Barmecide himself, in the 'Arabian Nights,' never enjoyed a lighter or more digestible diet than Duke Humphrey presented to the noonday walkers in St. Paul's, or Sir Thomas Gresham to the promenaders of the evening 'Change.

Another of these authors who have written on the Exchange in a style that gives intrinsic value to their compositions, apart from the subject, is Daniel Lupton, who published in 1632 a small work called 'London and Country Carbonadoed and Quartered into several Characters.' The passage referring to the merchants of the Exchange is so excellent, that we give it almost entire:—
"The merchants are generally men of good habit; their words are generally better than their consciences; their discourse ordinarily begins in water, but ends in wine. The frequenting the walks twice a-day, and a careless laughter, argues they are sound: if they visit not once a-day, 'tis suspected they are cracking or broken. Their countenance is ordinarily shaped by their success at sea, either merry, sad, or desperate; they are like ships at sea, top and top-gallant this day, to-morrow sinking. The sea is a tennis-court, their states are balls, the wind is the racket, and doth strike many for lost under line, and many

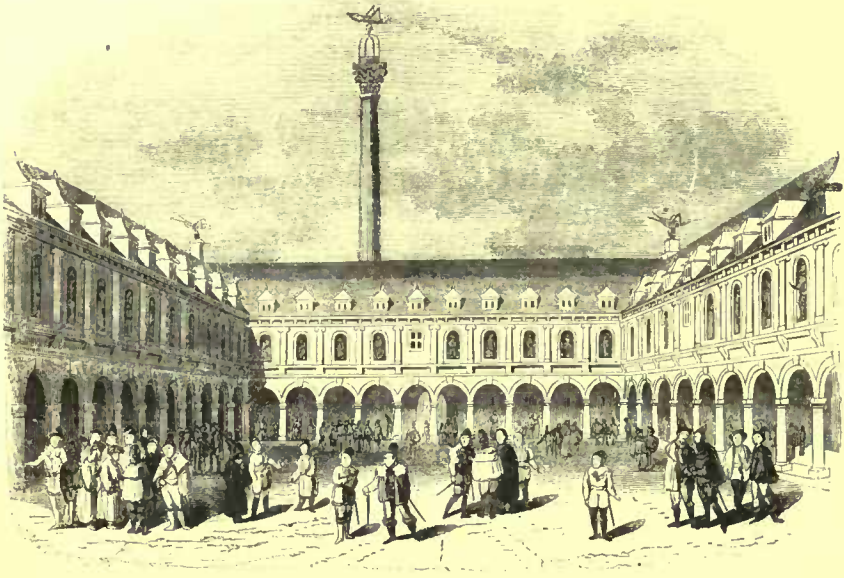
in the hazard. Conscience is sold here for nought, because it is as old sermons, a dead commodity. They will dissemble with and cozen one another, though all the kings that ever were since the Conquest overlooked them. Here are usually more coaches attendant than at church-doors. The merchants should keep their wives from visiting the upper rooms too often, lest they tire their purses by attiring themselves. Rough seas, rocks and pirates, treacherous factors, and leaking ships, affright them. They are strange politicians; for they bring Turkey and Spain into London, and carry London thither."

Numerous brief records of the Exchange exist in the 'Inquest Book of Cornhill,' referring chiefly to presentments of annoyances to which the merchants, visitors, and neighbours were subject; which, though not very remarkable or interesting in themselves, help to fill up the details of the picture. From its pages we learn that at one time the "honest citizens" who walked in the Exchange on Sundays and holidays "could neither quietly walk nor one hear another speak" for the great number of boys and children, and young rogues, who made such "shouting and hollowing;" that, at another, "certain women, maidens and others," who sold apples and oranges at the entrance in Cornhill, amused themselves "in cursing and swearing, to the great annoyance and grief of the passers-by;" that again, at a third, the same entrance was beset by "rat-catchers, sellers of dogs, birds, plants, trees, and other things, to the great annoyance and trouble of merchants, gents, ladies, and others," resorting thither; and lastly, to make the confusion worse confounded, and drive the quiet citizens mad, that the bearwards would bring their bears, dogs, and bulls before the Exchange, even at Exchange time, and make their proclamation as to the where and the when of the evening sport.

The last, and not least eloquent, of the literary memorials of the first Royal Exchange, that we shall transcribe, forms also the most fitting conclusion to its history. It is a leaf from the Book of the Great Fire:—"Now the flames break in upon Cornhill, that large and spacious street, and quickly cross the way by the train of wood that lay in the streets untaken away, which had been pulled down from the houses to prevent its spreading, and so they lick the whole street up as they go; they mount up to the top of the highest houses; they descend down to the bottom of the lowest vaults and cellars; and march along on both sides of the way, with such a roaring noise as never was heard in the City of London: no stately buildings so great as to resist their fury: the Royal Exchange itself, the glory of the merchants, is now invaded with much violence.

"When the fire was entered, how quickly did it run round the galleries, filling them with flames; then descending the stairs, compasseth the walks, giving forth flaming volleys, and filling the court with sheets of fire. By and by the Kings fell all down on their faces, and the greater part of the stone building after them (*the founder's statue alone remaining*), with such a noise as was dreadful and astonishing." The very interesting fact recorded in the words we have marked with italics is noticed by all the historians of the Fire; and the author of the 'Discourses' before mentioned devotes a whole chapter to its illustration. The incident, indeed, was really remarkable, and calculated to stimulate thought into poetry—to connect agreeable memories with the wildest scene of

desolation. Some would remember the exactly parallel circumstance at St. Paul's at the same time, where the architrave alone remained entire, with its builder's name visible by the light of the flames that were destroying his work; others would behold, in the prostration of the effigies of the long line of sovereigns, whilst that of the Merchant—the Philanthropist—the Statesman—remained standing, a symbol of the permanence and natural elevation of the inherent and better qualities of human nature, as contrasted with the temporary rank often bestowed where they are utterly wanting; whilst, lastly, all would feel how impressively that solitary statue seemed to say—"My *work* is gone, but *I* am still here"—and feel the spirit of Gresham animate them to new exertions to replace the lost edifice.



[Sir Thomas Gresham's Exchange, from a Print in the Guildhall Library.]



[Statue of Sir Thomas Gresham.]

XLIV.—THE ROYAL EXCHANGE AND THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

(Concluded from No. XLIII.)

THE Great Fire, in which, as we have seen, Sir Thomas Gresham's Exchange was burned down, took place in the beginning of September, 1666; and almost before the flames were extinguished Wren's plan for the rebuilding of London was before the King. In that plan, the Exchange, rebuilt on its own site, was to "stand free in the middle of a piazza, and be as it were the nave or centre of the town, from whence the sixty-feet streets, as so many rays, should proceed to all principal parts of the city." Of all the grand features of the architect's magnificent scheme this was one of the grandest. London was now fast becoming the commercial centre of the world; and it was a fine thought that of placing the home of the merchants who made it so in a corresponding position in their own metropolis. Napoleon's famous directions on the outlets of Paris—"To Rome"—"To Madrid"—had not half the real significance of Wren's sending his streets off from the Royal Exchange, in every direction of the compass, as so many visible channels of the mighty streams of commerce ever flowing between that Exchange and the remotest countries of the world. The building, it appears, was to be "after the form of the Roman Forum, with double porticoes." But the principal scheme being abandoned, these views for the Exchange also shared its fate. A month after the Fire, the three city surveyors were requested to prepare an estimate for rebuilding the Exchange; and in the early part of the following year the ground was cleared, and an order obtained from Charles II. for the Portland stone required. Sir John Denham, the poet of 'Cooper's Hill,' was on this occasion the successful prosecutor of their suit with the monarch. Denham was his Majesty's Surveyor of the Works, and in that office so exerted himself to serve the Committee appointed by the Corporation of the City and

the Mercers' Company to superintend the rebuilding, that on one occasion, when they expected a visit from him, they made "provision of six or eight dishes of meat at the Sun Tavern to entertain him withal," and agreed "to present him with thirty pieces of gold as a token of their gratitude." Much delay, however, ensued, principally, it appears, from the difficulty of deciding which of the surveyors should be the architect, the chief one having "overmuch business." At last, after a show of some modest reluctance on the part of one of the others, Mr. Jernan, that gentleman was named, in April, 1667; and, in answer to an application for instructions, was told "that the new Exchange should be built on the old foundations;" that "the pillars, arches, and roof should be left for him to model according to the rules of art, for the best advantage of the whole structure." From this time the work was carried on with great rapidity. The gossiping Pepys, ever on the watch for materials for his 'Diary,' writes, on the 23rd of October in the same year—"Sir W. Pen and I back into London, and there saw the King, with his kettle-drums and trumpets, going to the Exchange; which, the gates being shut, I could not get in to see. So, with Sir W. Pen to Captain Cockes, and thence again toward Westminster; but in my way stopped at the Exchange and got in, the King being newly gone, and there find the bottom of the first pillar laid (that on the west side of the north entrance). And here was a shed set up, and hung with tapestry and a canopy of state, and some good victuals and wine for the King, who it seems did it." The "good victuals" comprised, we are elsewhere informed, a chine of beef, grand dishes of fowl, gammons of bacon, dried tongues, anchovies, caviare, &c., and several sorts of wine. Charles gave twenty pounds to the workmen. Similar ceremonies commemorated the laying of the first stone of the eastern column a few days later, by the Duke of York, and of the first stone of one of the pillars of the south entrance, in November, by Prince Rupert. These ceremonies appear to have been thought such very agreeable things that there could not be too many of them. The edifice was completed in 1669, at an expense of nearly 59,000*l.*, besides an expenditure for additional site of about 7000*l.*, or twice the cost of the entire original site; such had been the advance in the value of property here in the course of a century. The Exchange was re-opened to the merchants on the 28th of September, 1669.

The new building in its essential features greatly resembled the old, but was larger and more magnificent. A general view of it is shown in a subsequent page. It had, like the old, its ranges of statues, sculptured on this occasion principally by Cibber, with their painting and gilding; its shops above and below, now increased in number to two hundred; its bell-tower; and its uncovered quadrangle in the centre for the merchants, where was placed a statue of Charles II., "by," says Maitland, "the ingenious hand of Mr. Gibbons," with an inscription to the 'British Cæsar, the father of his country,' &c. The grand entrance from Cornhill was also decorated on each side by statues of the same King and of his father. We may observe, by the way, that the statue of Charles I., which stood in the old Exchange, was, immediately after his execution, removed from thence, in pursuance of a Parliamentary vote proposed by the famous Harry Marten, and the following inscription set up in its place: "*Exit Tyrannus, Regum ultimus, Anno Libertatis Angliæ restitutæ primo,*" with the date. The ascent

to the shops was by spacious staircases of black marble, the colonnade beneath was paved with white and black marble, and the open area with Turkey stones of a small size, the gift, according to tradition, of a merchant trading to that country, whose heart perhaps was opened by some unusually fortunate venture, which he thus fitly recorded.

The long cessation of the business of the shops appears to have wrought no permanent injury to their occupiers, for but a very short time after the rebuilding we find them in full activity, and paying continually increasing rents, in spite of the great addition to their number. Some of these shops were at one period let for as much as sixty pounds a-year. The old characteristics were also revived in full force. In the satirical ballad of "Robin Conscience, or Conscionable Robin, in his progress through Court, City, and Country" (1683), the hero walks into the Exchange, but the merchants tell him—

"For we have traffic without thee,
And thrive best if thou absent be."

"Now, I," continues Robin,—

— "being thus abus'd below,
Did walk up stairs, where in a row
Brave shops of ware did make a show
Most sumptuous.

But when the shop-folk did me spy,
They drew their dark light instantly,
And said, in coming there, was I
Presumptuous."

It is remarkable enough to notice in connection with the line printed in italics, that above seventy years before the authorities of the Old Exchange had ordered "That none of the shopkeepers in the Exchange be hereafter permitted to draw or hang any curtains or cloths before the windows or lights of their shops, to diminish, obscure, or shadow their lights, whereby such as have come to buy their wares have been much wronged and deceived." Down to the time of Sir Richard Steele, and 'The Spectator,' the attractions of this part continued undiminished, for in his day's ramble, described in No. 454 of that work, he makes a point of calling in at the Exchange, where, he says, "It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey to go up stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females. To observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, 'Only to look at you.'" "I went," continues the genial and light-hearted philosopher, "to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious: for I said to myself, with a kind of pun in thought, 'What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it!'" But the scene commanded by the spot on which the writer now stood was calculated to arouse reflections of a higher nature in his mind than he has here recorded.

Putting aside the merely picturesque, he could not have viewed so many merchants of so many different nations, bound together in one common pursuit, without thinking of the moral grandeur exhibited in that potential assemblage to those who could penetrate beneath its superficial aspect, who could understand what was going on for the general good of mankind beneath that incessant all-pervading struggle for self-interest and self-aggrandisement. Why Steele contented himself with the brief but pleasant notice we have transcribed is easy of explanation: he had been anticipated. His friend and fellow-essayist Addison, who has not only recorded his frequent visits to the Exchange, but also says there was no place in town which he so much loved to frequent, had previously published in 'The Spectator' one of his most delightful papers. Literary memories of this kind appear to us to give to old buildings one of their greatest charms, and belong, indeed, as much to them as the very stones of their foundation. Before we transcribe the passage in question, let us first see what the satirist has to say on the subject: the contrast will be neither unamusing nor un instructive. In a clever poem, entitled 'The Wealthy Shopkeeper,' published in 1700, we read—

“ For half an hour he feeds ; and when he 's done,
 In 's elbow-chair he takes a nap till one ;
 From thence to 'Change he hurries in a heat
 (Where knaves and fools in mighty numbers meet,
 And kindly mix the bubble with the cheat) ;
 There barter, buys and sells, receives and pays,
 And turns the pence a hundred several ways.
 In that great hive, where markets rise and fall,
 And swarms of muckworms round its pillars crawl,
 He, like the rest, as busy as a bee,
 Remains among the hen-peck'd herd till three ;
 Thence to Lloyd's coffee-house,” &c.

How much more there is in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in the philosophy of such writers is finely illustrated by Addison's reflections on the same scene: “ There is no place in the town,” says he, “ which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-'change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world: they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London; or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I

am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world. . . . This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainment. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock. . . .

“ If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren and uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us that no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate, of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advance towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of the sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world than it has improved the whole face of Nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan; our morning draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth; we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyard of France our gardens; the Spice Islands our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-weavers; and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness that, whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the North and South, we are free from those extremities of weather which gave them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics. For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of Nature, find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the Frozen Zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep. When I have been upon the 'Change," he concludes, " I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominion, and to see so many private men, who, in his time

would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating, like princes, for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury. Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the land themselves."* Writing like this gives so much interest to a locality as to deserve commemoration in a marked manner.



[The late Royal Exchange.]

Soon after the time of the two great essayists a decay in the prosperity of the shops in the upper part of the Exchange took place, caused, probably, by the gradual removal of their wealthier and more fashionable customers towards the west end. That decay too must have been very rapid; for Maitland, writing in 1739, spoke of the shops having, "till of late," been "stored with the richest and choicest sorts of merchandise; but the same being now forsaken, it appears like a wilderness." Still busier tenants however began to occupy the vacant place. The Royal Exchange Assurance and other offices, the Gresham Lecture Room, and, above all, "Lloyd's" extensive and famous establishment, were all to be found here down to the period of the destruction of the edifice on the night of Wednesday, the 10th of January, 1838. It was from the windows of Lloyd's coffee-room that the flames first became visible to the watchmen of the neighbouring Bank, and to the astonished merchants and others, who quickly came hurrying to the spot, only in time to behold the edifice perish by the same agency as its predecessor. We need not say the spectacle was, as usual with such large edifices, of the most magnificent character; but there was one little circumstance

* Spectator, No. 69.

of an interesting nature connected with it, not undeserving mention. Amidst the tumult of the populace, the shouts of the firemen, and the crash of the falling masonry, the bells in the tower began to play their popular air and then to fall one after the other into the common ruin beneath.* The damage done by the fire was immense, apart from the loss of the building; as may be well supposed when we consider how closely the Exchange was surrounded by wealthy shops and warehouses, and the vast quantity of papers, deeds, securities, &c., included in its own chambers and vaults.

A second time burned out, the merchants had once more to seek a new, though temporary, home. This matter was soon accomplished. The South Sea House received the members of "Lloyd's;" whilst the court of the Excise Office, formerly the court of Sir Thomas Gresham's house, and subsequently of Gresham College, accommodated the general mercantile body, as it had done before, on the occasion of the similar calamity. In this long quadrangle, with its temporary wooden roof down the centre, and its time-stained surrounding walls, one even feels more strongly the natural magnitude of the transactions of the merchants who at the hour of four come pouring daily into it and filling it to overflowing, than when we beheld them surrounded by the architectural magnificence of their proper habitation. Overlooking the character and influence of the ordinary business of the place which Addison has so finely described, few can stand among such a throng without reflecting on the mighty power that lies in the hands of some of these men, perhaps in the very individual leaning by the pillar here at our side,—men who by their loans stop or promote a war, raise or sink a dynasty. The plain walls too have metal more attractive for those who principally look upon them than any the architect or sculptor can afford; as you may see by marking the attention with which those clusters of bills which line the walls are read every now and then. Let us glance over them. They comprise announcements of the departure of "good ships" to almost every noticeable place on the globe that one can well manage to think of; announcements of Bank dividends, new arrangements of the Post Office or Trinity House, mingled with most flattering accounts of new inventions or new speculations—a Glasgow Tontine, for instance, or a Jamaica sugar-estate. No doubt these are all interesting matters to the merchants, and must be treated with respect, but we may be excused dwelling on them; so, amusing ourselves as we take a last walk round the sides of the quadrangle with the thoughts raised by the inscriptions on the boards scattered at intervals upon the face of the walls above our heads, explaining that beneath this one is the "Scotch Walk," beneath that the "Hambro'"; and then, successively, the "Irish," "East Country," "Swedish," "Norway," "American," "Jamaica," "Spanish," "Portugal," "French," "Greck," and "Dutch and Jewellers'" Walks—we pass on towards that building which remains to us as the monument of the excesses into which a sedate nation like ourselves can be betrayed by an unnatural development of the principle—speculation—which is the heart of all commerce, and which in its healthy action gives life, vigour, and prosperity to the social body.

* The chimes played at 3, 6, 9, and 12 o'clock—on Sunday, the 154th Psalm; Monday, 'God save the King;' Tuesday, 'Waterloo March;' Wednesday, 'There's nae luck about the House;' Thursday, 'See the Conquering Hero comes;' Friday, 'Life let us cherish;' Saturday, 'Foot-Guards' March.'

“Reader,” commences the late Charles Lamb, in one of those charming combinations of wit, philosophy, and quaint individualism, the ‘Essays of Elia,’ “in thy passage from the Bank, where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends, (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself,) to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly, didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome brick and stone edifice, to the left, where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals, ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out, a desolation something like Balclutha’s.* This was once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here, the quick pulse of gain, and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes, imposing staircases, offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces, deserted or thinly peopled with a few stragglers; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, doorkeepers; directors seated in form on solemn days, (to proclaim a dead dividend,) at long worm-eaten tables that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands long since dry; the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty; huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams, and soundings of the Bay of Panama! The long passages hung with buckets, appended in idle row to walls whose substance might defy any short of the last conflagration; with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an ‘unsummed heap’ for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal,—long since dissipated or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE.”

It is remarkable with what felicitous accuracy and expressiveness the public will occasionally coin a designation; and never was that power more felicitously exhibited than in the present instance. It was, indeed, and from the first, a bubble; but of such vast dimensions that men were unable to perceive its true character. The glorious play of its colours dazzled their eyes; its magnificent vistas, opening on every side, and all leading to the same conclusion,—

“Gold—yellow, glittering, precious gold,”—

attracted them into its vortex; as it rose and whirled upwards into that airy region distinguished from time immemorial for the ease with which castles and a variety of other structures are there reared, the soberest individuals grew giddy in the contemplation of the future that awaited them,—one man determined to feed his horses on gold,—when, lo! the gigantic insubstantiality bursts, and in their fall the credulous learn for the first time the nature of the thing on which they have been so long buoyed up. Were it not in its consequences so full of the materials that make tragedy, the South Sea bubble might have been represented on the stage as an admirable farce; satirising more broadly than Comedy would have thought befitting her dignity, or the common sense of probability, the eternal passion for wealth. But, alas! there can be no mirth provoked by the

* “I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate.”—OSSIAN.

jest that takes the bread from many a family: we can have no pleasure in witnessing the humour that may be drawn from what has made a nation miserable and degraded in its own eyes.

The origin of the South Sea Company may be traced to Harley, Earl of Oxford, who, to restore the public credit, which had suffered from the removal of the Whigs from power, brought forward his "masterpiece." This was the forming the creditors, to whom was owing the floating debt of the nation, into a company, which should have six per cent. interest insured to them on their debts (in all ten millions), by rendering permanent various duties, such as those on wines, vinegar, tobacco. As a still greater allurements, the South Sea trade, from which great things were at that time expected, was to be secured to them only. The idea was marvellously well received, and the Company incorporated as the "Governor and Company of Merchants of Great Britain trading to the South Seas and other parts of America." But the King of Spain had his own views of this matter of admitting British merchants into his Transatlantic ports; and the result was, the Company obtained only such advantages as were to be derived from the infamous *Assiento*, or contract, empowering them to supply Spanish America with negroes from the African continent, and from the permission to send one ship annually with a cargo of goods for sale. Even these advantages, such as they were, had scarcely been granted before they were recalled by the war with Spain, which broke out in 1718, or the year after the first annual ship had sailed. Still there seems to have been an indefinable sort of confidence that something great would yet result from the South Seas; the merchants could not cease to look upon its islands as their Promised Land; consequently the Company's stock still kept up its value, the Company still enjoyed the public confidence—their next movement was to show how worthily. The ministers had conceived the idea that means might still be devised for the formation of a great South Sea trade, which should be so profitable as to pay off all the national incumbrances. Their prompter, it is highly probable, was Sir John Blunt, a leading Director of the Company, who is known to have taken great pains to show ministers the advantage that would result from consolidating all the funds into one, and to have particularly pointed out the effective assistance which his Company might render. An offer even was made by Sir John, on the part of the latter, to liquidate the entire national debt in twenty-six years, if the different funds were formed into one as proposed, if certain commercial privileges were granted, and, lastly, if they were empowered to take in by purchase or subscription both the redeemable and irredeemable national debt, on such terms as might be agreed on between the Company and the proprietors. Ministers laid the scheme before Parliament. A competition was proposed and agreed to. The Bank of England sent in a proposal; which so alarmed the Directors of the South Sea Company that they reconsidered theirs, and prepared one still more favourable than either their own previous one or that of the Bank. The latter, on its part, imitated the Company's example, and ultimately four plans lay upon the table of the House of Commons for consideration. The Directors of the Company had said they would obtain the preference, *cost what it would*, and they made good their word. Leave was given to bring in a bill founded on

their proposals. It may now be worth while to inquire what the Directors really intended; and perhaps the best answer is to be found in their private proceedings at this moment, which are known to us by means of the subsequent Parliamentary inquiry. The books now presented a total sum of above a million and a quarter of money, upon account of stock to the amount of 574,500*l.*, which was there stated to have been sold on various occasions, and at prices varying from 150 to 325 per cent. Of this professed 574,500*l.* worth of stock, only about 30,000*l.* was real, all the remainder was assigned, without value received of any kind, to the Directors, or the members of Government, whom it was desirable to bribe. Thus 50,000*l.* stood against the Earl of Sunderland's name; 10,000*l.* against the Duchess of Kendal, the King's ill-favoured German mistress; 10,000*l.* to the Countess of Platen, a lady enjoying a similar position, and a like sum to her two nieces; 30,000*l.* to Mr. Secretary (of State) Craggs; 10,000*l.* to Mr. Charles Stanhope, one of the Secretaries of the Treasury; and some large sums by a more circuitous mode to Aislabic, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who introduced the propositions to Parliament. Some of our readers may not readily perceive the immediate effect of this arrangement; we offer, therefore, a slight illustration. The day before the Parliament gave leave for the bringing in of the bill referred to, the Company's stock stood at 130; almost immediately after it rose by great leaps to 300. Supposing Mr. Secretary Craggs, for instance, to be satisfied with the profit now within his reach, the cashier perhaps of the Company sold out his stock at the rate of 300 per cent., kept 130 per cent. for the Company (thus, for the first time, making its nominal subscriptions real), and handed over the difference, 170 per cent. on 10,000*l.*, to Mr. Secretary Craggs. On the other hand, had the stock, instead of rising from 130, fallen, what then? Why, then Mr. Secretary Craggs would have consoled himself with the reflection that it could not sink below its cost to him, which was simply—nothing. During the progress of the bill, the stock continuing to rise, the Directors made two more subscriptions, or, in other words, repeated the manœuvre above described. On the last of these occasions Mr. Aislabic's name was down for 70,000*l.*, Mr. Craggs, senior, for 659,000*l.*, the Earl of Sunderland for 160,000*l.*, and Mr. Stanhope for 47,000*l.* The bill passed, and some time after the stock rose in value to above 1000 per cent. The unheard-of profits that it was in the power of the prime movers in this affair to make, under such circumstances, are very evident; though it is highly probable that some even of them were carried away by their own schemes, and, venturing too long, shared in the general loss at the last. To produce the continual rise in the value of their stock, means as infamous as the ends which some at least of the Directors had in view were adopted. Markets of inestimable value were every day being discovered in those wonderful South Seas, mines of incalculable depth full of the precious metals. Fifty per cent. dividends, in short, were the least that the holders of the stock were to expect. Landlords sold their estates, merchants neglected their establishments, and tradesmen their shops,—to flock to the Exchange and vest their all in the Company's stock; and to find there a promiscuous crowd of noblemen and parsons, brokers and jobbers, country squires and ladies, as eager as themselves in the same pursuit.

Swift, likening 'Change Alley to a South Sea gulf, says—

“Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down,
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold, and drown.

Now buried in the depths below,
Now mounted up to heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end, like drunken men.

Meantime secure on Garraway cliffs,
A savage race,* by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.”

The original speculation became at last insufficient to the demands of the public to lose its money. Associations of every conceivable kind, and many which it may be safely asserted none of us could now conceive of were not the facts before us, started up in imitation of their great parent. Brought forward under more favourable circumstances, some of these would have deserved the encouragement they now, undeserving, met with; such, for instance, as some of the great fisheries proposed, the fire-assurance companies, silk and cotton manufactories, &c. &c. But of the major part we may say they were as extravagant as the period in which they were proposed, and of some that they were as ludicrously absurd as the heated imaginations of those for whose especial benefit they were intended. In the list of bubbles declared illegal, when the evil became too imminent for the Government to leave it alone, we find those for trading in human hair, for furnishing funerals to any part of Great Britain, and for a wheel for the perpetual motion. Maitland also mentions, among his general list of one hundred and fifty-six bubbles, those for an Arcadian colony, for feeding hogs, for curing the gout and stone, for furnishing merchants with watches, for making butter from beech-trees, for an engine to remove the South-Sea House into Moorfields, for making deal boards of saw-dust, for a scheme to teach wise men to cast nativities; and above all was one with a gloriously expressive title, *to extract silver from lead*, for the knaves and the fools could each read it in their own way, and be equally pleased with it.

During the King's absence, even the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne, joined in the general scramble that was going on, and put down his name as governor of some Welsh copper company, although warned that he was subjecting himself to a prosecution in so doing. He soon made 40,000*l.*, and then withdrew in time to avoid the evil that had been pointed out. These prosecutions were carried on at the instigation of the South Sea Company, who, as it has been observed, “desiring to monopolise all the folly and all the money of the nation,” obtained writs of *scire facias* against the managers of the minor bubbles, and thus destroyed most of them. Their very proceedings, however, it is probable, caused attention to be paid to the basis of *all* these speculations, and most alarming was the result. Many began now to see very clearly that the value of the South Sea stock really rested on nothing but the delusion of its supporters. At

* Swift is referring to the brokers, &c., of the famous meeting-place known as “Garraway's.”

the beginning of August the price was quoted at a thousand. The bubble had now reached its highest point, and began to descend. Suspicion first became raised apparently by the means adopted in making out the share-lists for the different subscriptions, with what reason we have already shown. The next circumstance was of a much more startling nature: it was generally reported that Sir John Blunt, the chairman, and some others, had sold out. By the 2nd of September the stock had fallen to seven hundred. The Directors, to allay the alarm, called a meeting at Merchant Tailors' Hall on the 8th. The room was filled to suffocation. Sir John Fellowes, the sub-governor, was made Chairman. Many Directors spoke, inculcating union, and others in praise of the Directors' conduct. A Mr. Hungerford, a member of parliament, with thoughtful kindness, observed, "They had enriched the whole nation, and he hoped they had not forgotten themselves." The Duke of Portland wondered how anybody could be dissatisfied; and, in short, the Directors had it all their own way. That same evening, however, the stock fell to six hundred and forty, and the next day to five hundred and forty. Bankers, brokers, and merchants began to break daily, and many, in utter despair of redeeming anything, even character, fled the country, each involving hundreds of lesser houses with him. Gay, the poet, was a sufferer, under peculiar circumstances. The younger Craggs had at an early period made him a present of some stock, which, as the bubble expanded, became nominally worth 20,000*l*. He was then begged to sell it, or even a portion of it large enough to secure him, in Fenton's words, "a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day." But the true gambling spirit had infected the poet as well as everybody else: it should be all or nothing; so it was—nothing. For some time afterward Gay's life was in danger, so deeply did he take to heart his loss, and perhaps his folly. The aspect of affairs was now so dangerous, that the King was sent for from Hanover; and Walpole, who from the first, be it said to his credit, had in the most earnest and impressive manner prophesied the result, was desired to come up from his country seat to London, and use his influence with the Bank of England to assist the falling Company by circulating a number of their bonds. The Bank at first consented; but afterwards, seeing more clearly the desperate condition of the Company, drew back, and gave a decided refusal. It was a curious coincidence that, whilst at that moment a Director was scarcely safe in the streets from the vengeance of the populace, Law, the projector of the great Mississippi scheme in France, was flying for his life from the people whom he had beggared. But error and knavery, however similar in their results, must not be confounded together: Law gave the most decided proofs that the miserable love of lucre had not been the instigating motive with him. The refusal of the Bank of England to risk their property in the vain endeavour to save the Company was a last and finishing blow. It burst the bubble. The stock soon fell to one hundred and thirty-five.

It would be impossible to describe the extent of the confusion, the misery, the utter loosening of all the bonds of confidence, which more than any laws keep up the harmonious movements of the social machinery,—or the universal desire for vengeance that pervaded all classes, now that the delusion had passed from before their eyes. Gibbon, the historian, whose grandfather was one of the Directors, has led the way in describing the injustice of the people and the parliament at

this time, who, he says, and with truth, put aside the ordinary forms of justice in the punishment of the criminals. But was this an ordinary case? Could any statesman or lawgiver have anticipated such conduct as was proved against such men? A gigantic system of fraud, which shakes the nation to its centre, is not to be looked upon as a petty larceny. It would be as reasonable to ask a commander in time of civil war to wait for the decision of the County Assizes before he determined on the fate of his prisoners. We can, accordingly, well understand the feeling of Lord Molesworth, even whilst we condemn the vindictive length to which he carried it. That noble lord is reported to have said, in his place in parliament, that it was stated "by some that there was no law to punish the Directors of the South Sea Company, who were justly looked upon as the authors of the present misfortune of the state. In his opinion they ought, upon this occasion, to follow the example of the ancient Romans, who, having no law against parricide, because their law supposed no son could be so unnaturally wicked as to imbrue his hands in his father's blood, made a law to punish this heinous crime as soon as it was committed. They adjudged the guilty wretch to be sewn in a sack, and thrown alive into the Tiber. He looked upon the contrivers and executors of the villanous South Sea scheme as the parricides of their country, and should be satisfied to see them tied, in like manner, in sacks, and thrown into the Thames." This may serve also as a specimen of the feeling of the House and the country. Two objects now engaged attention: one, the re-establishment of the public credit in the best possible manner,—the other, the punishment of the men who had brought that credit to its low state. The first Walpole undertook. His ultimate measures consisted essentially of the grafting upon the Bank of England stocks, and the stocks of the East India Company, large portions of the stock held by the South Sea Company, and remitting the bonus of seven millions which the latter had engaged to pay. The second—the punishment of the criminal authors of all the mischief—needed no leader: there were but too many ready to proceed like Lord Molesworth to undue lengths in that matter. After some hot disputes, the following measures were adopted: A bill was passed restraining the Directors from leaving the kingdom, and obliging them upon oath to deliver in a strict account of their estates. Next, a Committee of Secrecy was appointed to examine the Company's accounts and other papers. Immediately after this, intelligence reached the House that Knight, the cashier, had absconded, taking with him a register called the 'Green Book.' The excitement was now greater than ever. The Commons ordered the doors of the House to be locked, and the keys laid upon the table, when General Ross, one of the Committee of Secrecy, acquainted them that they had already discovered a train of the deepest villainy and fraud that Hell had ever contrived to ruin a nation. Two thousand pounds reward was offered that night for the apprehension of the cashier, and some of the Directors were arrested, including Gibbon's grandfather and Sir John Blunt.

Our space will only allow us to give a summary of the astounding discoveries made by this committee. They stated at the outset that the Company's books they had seen were full of false entries, blanks, erasures, and alterations, and others were missing or destroyed. They had, however, been able to detect the sale of ficti-

tious stock (in the mode before pointed out) to the amount of at least 1,200,000*l.*; they had found that Charles Stanhope, Esq., the Secretary of the Treasury, had received a real profit on his assignment of fictitious stock of 250,000*l.*, through the medium of Sir George Caswall and Co., but that his name had been altered to *Stangape*; that Mr. Aislabic, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had accounts of profits evidently derived in a similar manner, with different brokers and merchants, to the enormous amount of 794,451*l.*! James Craggs, the Secretary of State, died, professedly of the small-pox, at the very time of the publication of the report. Stanhope was first proceeded against, who escaped by a majority of three, on account of his relationship to the much-esteemed Earl of Stanhope, who had been killed just before by this altogether melancholy business. In a discussion in the Lords the blood rushed to his head, and the next day he was a corpse. Aislabic's case followed Stanhope's, whose case was so bad that scarcely any defence was offered. He was expelled the House, sent a prisoner from thence to the Tower, and ordered to make out a statement of his estate for the benefit of the stockholders of the company. No sooner was this result known than London presented one universal blaze of bonfires. Sir George Caswall was next expelled the House, and ordered to refund the 250,000*l.* paid to Stanhope. The Earl of Sunderland was acquitted by a majority of 233 to 172, and demonstrations of a very opposite kind marked the dissatisfaction of the people. The same day the elder Craggs, whose case was coming before the House on the morrow, took poison. We need not further follow the consideration of the Directors' cases individually: all were gone through, and at the conclusion their entire estates confiscated, amounting to above two millions, for the benefit of their victims, with the exception of a small allowance left to each. Sir John Blunt, for instance, had 5000*l.* out of 183,000*l.*; Sir John Fellowes 10,000*l.* out of 243,000*l.* Now we ask, reverting to what has been before stated, was not this *substantial* justice? It has been urged that no consideration was paid to the fact that some of the Directors left off poorer than they began; we do not think the circumstance deserved any consideration. Is the character of fraud lessened by the common fact that those who live by it often end in defrauding themselves? The real point to be observed is, Were any of these Directors *innocent* of the essential parts of the fraud in question? The contrary is known to have been the case. Upon the whole, it appears to us, considering that no one was injured during the popular frenzy in life or limb, that no one was left to the beggary he had been the means of inflicting upon countless families, and that no one suffered the more degrading penalties daily visited upon crimes infinitely less infamous, the result, as far as the Directors of the South-Sea Company were concerned, is creditable rather than otherwise to the national character. The loss of the stock-holders was mitigated in several ways. A computation being made of the stock of the Company it was found to amount to 37,800,000*l.*, of which the part belonging to individual proprietors was 24,500,000*l.*; the remainder being in the Company's own possession, and forming the profit they had made during the mania. Eight millions of the latter were taken from the Company and divided among the individual proprietors, making a dividend of about 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* We have already said that above two millions

from the confiscated estates were also added to the proprietors' stock, and still further helped to alleviate their loss. Money borrowed from the Company on the pledge of South Sea stock, during the high prices, was now allowed to be paid back at the rate of ten pounds only for each hundred.

Of course, no measures within the scope of possibility could *satisfy* the losers; who, whilst Walpole was carrying his plans through the House, thronged the lobbies, exhibiting their excitement in violent outcries and gestures. On the day of the second reading, the proprietors of the short annuities and other redeemable debts completely filled the place, demanding justice of the members as they passed, and putting written and printed papers into their hands, with the view of showing that they ought not to lose any portion of their money; which, to say the least of it, had been most imprudently expended. The tumult became so great that the House could not proceed to business. The Justices of the Peace for Westminster were called in, and the Riot Act was read, in order to disperse the assemblage; many of whom called out, "You first pick our pockets, and then send us to gaol for complaining." On the conclusion of the business, Parliament was prorogued with a speech of a consolatory tone, but not very well calculated to assuage the national anger. In our list of the persons about the Court who received assignments of stock we have before seen the names of the King's mistresses included. We have also noticed the Prince of Wales's profitable, however brief, connexion with one of the bubbles. What, then, must the nation have thought, when, seeing this, and suspecting much more, they read the following passage?—"The common calamity," said the King, "occasioned by the wicked execution of the South Sea scheme, was become so very great before your meeting, that the providing proper remedies for it was very difficult; but it is a great comfort to me to observe that the public credit begins to recover. . . . I have great compassion for the sufferings of the innocent, and a just indignation against the guilty; and have readily given my assent to such bills as you have presented to me for punishing the authors of our late misfortunes, and for obtaining the restitution and satisfaction due to those who have been injured by them." The Duchess of Kendal, however, remained a Duchess; and, with the other foreign favourites, still appeared at the English Court, to excite the not unnatural jealousy of the English people.

It is pleasant to turn from the narration of events like these, so full of wild excitement, yet, at the same time, so destitute of everything in the shape of high principles or great passions, to such recollections of the building itself—the South Sea House—as Charles Lamb has left us; when as yet "Lloyd's" had not intruded upon its silence, and made the great hall wonder whether a new South Sea Company was getting up for the edification of the nineteenth century. Still one might fancy that even underwriters respect the melancholy reflective solitude of the place, gliding in and out as they do from the small alley at the side, whilst the great entrance gapes as wide, and apparently as needlessly, as ever. They remember, no doubt, they are but tenants of the hour. The new Exchange will again rise from its ashes,—already the notes of preparation are sounding,—and probably once more the South Sea House will assume its old aspect—"a desolation, something like Balclutha's." The wind

that has for the moment resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters will have subsided. The moths will again batten upon the obsolete ledgers and day-books. The idle or merely contemplative will once more feel the charm of its quiet—the coolness—the cessation from business—the indolence, almost cloistral, which Elia found so delightful; or seek to “unveil some of the mysteries of the tremendous hoax, whose extent the petty speculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny face of modern Conspiracy, contemplating the Titan size of Vaux’s superhuman plot. Peace to the manes of the Bubble!”



[The South-Sea House.]



[Smithfield, 1554.]

XLV.—SMITHFIELD.

SMITHFIELD, where the great and only cattle-market of the metropolis is held, is not a place with which the inhabitants of London are very familiar, excepting as a thoroughfare. The grazier from Essex, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, or Lincolnshire, is better acquainted with the spot. The inns and shops in its vicinity are for his accommodation, and exist almost independent of the surrounding population. Smithfield and its immediate precincts may in fact be regarded in the same light as a market-town, thriving upon the industry of a class of customers who resort to it from the country. Some of the shops in the neighbourhood have been used for the same kind of business for above a century; and the customers who now frequent them go there partly because the generation before them did so, and because the experience of years has given the shopkeepers an intimate knowledge of the wants of that portion of the community with which they deal. Smithfield has its banking-house too; and when we know that property to the amount of 5,000,000*l.* a-year changes hands in the market, we may easily conceive that such an establishment, isolated as it is, is quite essential. Take away the market, and the industry which it has called into existence would be under the necessity of transferring itself elsewhere. But we will glance at the past rather than anticipate the future.

Situated at a little distance from the city walls, Smithfield, in the twelfth century, was a spot to which the citizens resorted to practise the sports peculiar to the

age, or to enjoy the pleasures of a country walk. Two centuries afterwards it was a place adapted for large assemblages of the people—as much so as Hyde Park in the present day. Wat Tyler was killed in Smithfield in 1381 by Sir William Walworth, the Lord Mayor of London; from which circumstance, it is said, the dagger was first quartered in the City arms. This insurrection shows the metal of which the “poor commons” were composed in this age. Richard II. had made so many applications to the Parliament for money, that at length they required a statement of the *whole* of what he wanted, on which lists were made out to the amount of 160,000*l.* The Commons declared the sum to be “moult outrageous and importable,” but at length it was agreed to raise the amount by a capitation tax—unmarried persons of the age of sixteen and upwards paying fourpence each. A year or two afterwards, more money being wanted, the tax was increased; but as it produced less, more rigorous means were adopted for collecting it, and the conduct of the tax-gatherers towards young women who claimed to be exempt on account of their age soon excited the flame of popular indignation. The “commons” of Kent met to consider how the oppression might be remedied, but “found no beginning hand.” At Fobbing, in Essex, a baker directly exhorted the people to rise; and Kent and Essex were soon in commotion. A man at Dartford, called Wat Tyler,* had signalised himself by attacking one of the tax-gatherers, and the people made him their leader. The country people of Essex quickly mustered five thousand strong, armed with sticks, rusty swords, axes, and worn-out bows; and their numbers were soon increased. The men of Kent assembled in still greater force; and when the rebels reached Blackheath, and were joined by malcontents from other southern and eastern counties, their numbers are said to have exceeded one hundred thousand. On reaching London Bridge the Mayor and Aldermen were for closing the city gate, but the populace within opened it and admitted the insurgents. Though an undisciplined mob (“shoeless ribalds,” as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chancellor, called them), they at first paid fairly for all they took, and some, who were guilty of stealing, were beheaded. The King and his court were at the Tower, and Richard, to save some of his friends, whose lives were in jeopardy, agreed to meet the insurgents at Mile End, where the King gave them a charter, declaring that every one in England should be free, and discharged from all servitude and villenage. While the King was engaged in this interview, the insurgents who had remained on Tower Hill broke into the fortress and beheaded the Archbishop of Canterbury, Leg, the tax-commissioner, and several others. The moderation which they had at first shown was now at an end, and they next proceeded to the Savoy, to attack the palace of the Duke of Lancaster; and for seven days they continued in a state of riot and drunkenness, destroying property, pillaging and murdering the citizens, and at length attacking each other. Three times the King had given them charters, but they became dissatisfied with all of them; and were then required to meet him in Smithfield to make known their further demands. Wat Tyler, among other things, required that all lawyers should be beheaded! At the meeting, he took offence because the King sent a knight to him, who approached the rebel leader on horseback instead of a more obsequious attitude. Tyler drew his dagger and threatened the royal messenger, who had already unsheathed his

* Stow calls him John Tyler, but his name in the Parliamentary Records is given as Walter.

weapon, when the King ordered him to give it up to Tyler. The latter now addressed the King in an insolent manner, throwing up his dagger and catching it in his hand while thus engaged. He demanded that all the warrens, streams, parks, and woods should be common to every one, and that the right of pursuing game should be equally free. While the King was pausing on the subject, Tyler seized the bridle of his horse, on which Walworth, the mayor of London, plunged a dagger into the rebel's throat, and he was stabbed at the same moment by one of the King's attendants. The King, who was then only in his fifteenth year, averted the danger and tumult which this event threatened with an excellent spirit. He rode in front of the rebel ranks, exclaiming, "Why this clamour, my liege men? What are ye doing? Will you kill your King? Be not displeased for the death of a traitor and a scoundrel. I will be your captain and your leader: follow me to the fields, and I will grant you all you ask." The insurgents followed the King into the fields; and while he was holding a parley with them the citizens collected an armed force, which coming suddenly upon them, the insurgents were seized with a panic and dispersed.

This spot, where drovers, salesmen, graziers, and butchers, droves of bullocks, and flocks of sheep, now form the living mass which crowd its area, witnessed, in times gone by, scenes of a far different character. Edward III., with his mistress Alice Piers, was present at a tournament in Smithfield, which lasted for several days. His son Richard II. evinced his taste for these chivalric festivals at the same place. In 1396, on his marriage with Isabella, daughter of Charles VI. of France, he ordered a grand tournament to be proclaimed, to be held at London, where sixty knights, who were to be accompanied by as many ladies, were to tilt for two days at the ensuing Michaelmas. Heralds were sent to announce the arrangements through England, Scotland, Hainault, Germany, Flanders, and France. Froissart has given a description of this display of royal chivalry:—"At three o'clock on the Sunday after Michaelmas-day the ceremony began: sixty horses in rich trappings, and each mounted by an esquire of honour, were seen advancing in a stately pace from the Tower of London; sixty ladies of rank, dressed in the richest elegance of the day, followed on their palfreys* one after another, and each leading by a silver chain a knight completely armed for tilting. Minstrels and trumpets accompanied them to Smithfield amid the shouting population. There the Queen and her fair train received them. The ladies dismounted, and withdrew to their allotted seats, while the knights mounted their steeds, laced their helmets, and prepared for the encounter. They tilted at each other till dark. They all then adjourned to a sumptuous banquet, and dancing consumed the night, till fatigue compelled every one to seek repose. The next day the warlike sport recommenced. Many were unhorsed, many lost their helmets, but they all persevered with eager courage and emulation, till night again summoned them to their supper, dancing, and concluding rest. The festivities were again repeated on the third day." They were afterwards adjourned to Windsor, and the King concluded his hospitalities by liberal presents to his foreign guests.

The whimsical combat in Smithfield between Horner and Peter, in the second

* Richard's first wife, a princess of Bohemia, who died in 1394, introduced the custom of ladies riding on the side-saddle.

part of King Henry VI., is an incident founded on fact, which the poet found thus briefly told by Holinshed:—"In the same year, also, a certain armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his own. For proof thereof a day was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slain; but yet by misgoverning of himself: for, on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him and gave him wine and strong drink, in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for, being convict of felony in court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so was at Tyburn." The scene in the drama presents an accurate representation of the forms which attended a trial of battle:—"On the day of battle the parties met in the presence of the judges, armed with certain prescribed weapons, and each took a preliminary oath, of which the effect was that he had resorted to no unfair means for securing the assistance of the Devil in the approaching contest. If the defendant was vanquished, sentence was passed upon him, and he was forthwith hanged. But if he was victorious, or was able to persist in the combat till starlight, or if the appellant yielded, or cried *craven*, then the defendant was acquitted of the charge, and the appellant was not only compelled to pay damages to the accused, but was further subjected to very heavy civil penalties and disabilities."* In the case quoted from Holinshed, and dramatised in Henry VI., the barriers, it appears (from the precept to the sheriff and the expenses on the occasion preserved in the Exchequer), were brought to Smithfield from Westminster; a large quantity of sand and gravel was laid down, and the place of battle was strewed with rushes. The return of expenses contains the following item:—"Also paid to officers for watchyng of ye ded man in Smythe felde ye same day and ye nyghte after yt ye bataill was doon, and for hors hyre for ye officers at ye execucion doying, and for ye hangman's labor, xj^s. vi^d." The "hangman's labor" was subsequent to the battle. The trial of battle was only abolished in 1819; and in the previous year some such scene as that here detailed might have again been witnessed in Smithfield. Besides being the spot where these deadly appeals were settled, Smithfield was also a place of execution. In the drama already quoted, King Henry, in passing sentence on several persons, says—

"The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes."

The contrasts which its history presents are sufficiently striking, if we advert to Smithfield as the site where Bartholomew Fair has been held since the right to hold a fair was granted to the prior and abbey of St. Bartholomew; and as the spot which witnessed the fate of martyrs to religious bigotry and intolerance.

At what period Smithfield became a cattle-market is not exactly known, but it was used for this purpose seven centuries ago, for Fitzstephen, writing in 1150, notices horses and cattle being sold there. An act of the Common Council of the City recognises a cattle-market at Smithfield previous to 1345; and the Corporation made statutes for its regulation, which are to be found in the City records, and are called the 'Statutes of Smithfield.' In 1356 these statutes were again enacted. The City, however, does not derive its authority to hold the market

* Art. 'Appeal,' Penny Cyclopædia.

from any specific charter, but from prescription; and this ancient privilege is confirmed by a charter of Charles I. That part of the charter which refers to our present subject is as follows:—"We will also, and by these presents, for us, our heirs and successors, declare and grant, that the said Mayor and commonalty and citizens, and their successors for ever, may have, hold, and enjoy all those fields called or known by the name of the Inward Moor and Outward Moor, in the parish of St. Giles-without-Cripplegate, London; St. Stephen, in Coleman Street, London; and St. Botolph-without-Bishopsgate, London; or in some or any of them; and also all that field called West Smithfield, in the parish of St. Sepulchre, St. Bartholomew the Great, St. Bartholomew the Less, in the suburbs of London, or in some of them, to the uses, intents, and purposes after expressed. And that the same Mayor, and commonalty and citizens, and their successors, may be able to hold, in the said field called Smithfield, fairs and markets, there to be held, and to take, receive, and have pickage, stallage, tolls, and profits appertaining, happening, belonging, arising out of the fairs and markets there, to such uses as the same Mayor and commonalty and citizens, or their predecessors, had, held, or enjoyed, and now have, hold and enjoy, or ought to have, hold, and enjoy, the said premises last mentioned, and to no other uses, intents, or purposes whatsoever: and that we, our heirs or successors, will not erect or cause to be erected, nor will permit or give leave to any person or persons to erect or build a new one, or any messuages, houses, structures, or edifices, in or upon the said field called Inner Moor, or the field called Outward Moor, or the said field called West Smithfield; but that the said separate fields and places be reserved, disposed, and continued to such-like common and public uses as the same fields heretofore and now are used, disposed, or converted to." And then it goes on to say,—“To hold and enjoy the said messuages, houses, edifices, court-yards, and all and singular the premises granted or confirmed, or mentioned to be granted or confirmed, with all their appurtenances (except before excepted) to the said Mayor and commonalty and citizens of the said city, and their successors for ever, to hold in free and common burgage, and not *in capite* or by knight's service.”

The rights and privileges which the above charter confirmed were taken away by a decision of the Judges in the reign of Charles II., but the City authorities of the present day contend that this judgment was illegal; and an act was passed in the reign of William and Mary, which restored to the City the ancient rights, founded on constant and uniform usage for so many hundred years. Before leaving this part of the subject we must advert to a charter granted to the City in 1327 (1st Edward III.), which provides “that no market from henceforth shall be granted by us or our heirs to any within seven miles in circuit of the said city.” Here, then, many centuries ago, we have the sole cattle-market for the metropolis established on the site where it is at present held, and the City invested with authority to prohibit any rival market within a distance of seven miles. At this remote period a more suitable spot than the one in question could not have been selected. It was a large uninclosed space outside the city walls, and cattle could be driven there without annoyance to the inhabitants of crowded thoroughfares. The number of cattle sold in the market was then inconsiderable compared to what it has since become, and they were of much

less size than the improved breeds of the present day. The days of abstinence enjoined by the Church in those times rendered the consumption of meat much less for a given amount of population than it would otherwise have been, and the market for salt fish furnished at certain seasons (excluding Lent) nearly as large a supply of food as the butcher's shop; for after the pastures had ceased to be productive, and cattle could no longer be sent fat to the market, and while the inhabitants were chiefly dependent upon their stores of salt meat until spring and summer had renewed the verdure of the fields—that is, for nearly one-half the year—a market-day at Smithfield would necessarily be nearly a blank. There was, in fact, so little demand for space for the purposes of the market, that the field in which it was held began to be surrounded by a dense population. Houses and other buildings were erected, and the area of the market was encroached upon on every side.

We must now contemplate Smithfield as a market-place embedded in the heart of London, and observe some of the effects produced by the contracted area in which the market was held, while the number of cattle driven to it for sale was rapidly increasing with the growth of the metropolis. In John Erswick's 'Brief Note of the Benefits that grow to this Realm by the Observation of Fish Days,' published in 1593, we find an estimate of the number of cattle sold yearly in Smithfield at that period. There were, he says, sixty butchers, freemen of the city, who each killed 5 oxen weekly, or 300 per week; the non-freemen, or "foreigners," as they were called, killed altogether four times as many as the freemen, or 1200 weekly. Excluding the days on which abstinence from flesh interfered with the demand for butcher's meat, Erswick states the number of cattle slaughtered annually in London at 67,500. In 1732 the number of cattle sold in Smithfield Market was 76,210, and of sheep 514,700; but both were of small size, and Davenant states that the gross weight of the cattle did not exceed 370 lbs., and that of the sheep and lambs averaged together 28 lbs. This estimate of the average weight is probably rather too low. In some instructions for managing the household of Prince Henry, son of James I., the purveyor is directed to observe that an ox should weigh 600 lbs., and a sheep 44 lbs., or 46 lbs.; and though there might be few of this weight in the market, yet an average of 370 lbs. does certainly appear low. From 1740 to 1750 the population of the metropolis being about 670,000, there were sold at an average, during these ten years, about 74,000 cattle, and about 570,000 sheep. Between this period and 1831 the population increased about 218 per cent., and taking an average of three years ending with 1831, 156,000 cattle and 1,238,000 sheep were sold annually in Smithfield; being an increase of 110 per cent. on the cattle, and of 117 per cent. on the sheep, as compared with the numbers sold in 1740-50. But the average weight of cattle is now about 640 lbs., and of sheep about 96 lbs.: so that, while in number the sales at Smithfield have not kept pace with the population, the excess of weight in the animals sold in 1831 over those in 1740-50 shows that the consumption of butchers' meat is greater in proportion to the population than it was eighty years before—and this without reckoning the very large supplies of killed meat conveyed by railways and steamboats to Newgate and Leadenhall Markets. The following table shows the

number of cattle and sheep annually sold in Smithfield during the following periods of five years each :—

	Cattle.	Sheep.
1820-4 . . .	143,453 . . .	1,180,004
1825-9 . . .	149,017 . . .	1,252,940
1830-4 . . .	156,258 . . .	1,227,688
1835-9 . . .	174,250 . . .	1,338,742

In addition to the above, about 21,000 calves and a quarter of a million pigs are annually sold. The cattle-market is on Mondays and Fridays, but the great market-day for cattle and sheep is Monday, or rather Monday morning; and we shall ask the reader to accompany us to this scene of bustle, confusion, and uproar. We will suppose the period of the year to be near Christmas, when the number of cattle brought to the market is probably above 5000 head, and the number of sheep above 26,000. At other periods of the year there have been nearly 40,000 sheep in the market, but the number of cattle is proportionally smaller.

There are two great thoroughfares by which the cattle are brought to London—from the north by Highgate Archway, and from the eastern counties by the Whitechapel Road, and large quantities are also brought by the Birmingham Railway. They reach the outskirts of London on Sunday, and about nine o'clock are driven into the city, and continue arriving in Smithfield from that hour until the morning. In this large irregular area, comprising about three and a half acres enclosed by houses, the scene on a foggy, wet, and wintry morning is one of which few persons not living in the immediate neigh-



[Torchlight View of Smithfield.]

bourhood, or whose business does not require their attendance in the market, have an accurate conception. The drovers are furnished with torches to enable them to distinguish the marks on the cattle—to put the sheep into pens, and to form the beasts into “droves.” There is not room to tie up much more than one-half of the cattle sent for sale, and the remainder are formed into groups of about twenty each, called “rings” or “off-droves,” each beast with its head to the centre of the drove. This is not accomplished without the greatest exertion; and about two o’clock in the morning the scene is one of terrific confusion. To get the “beasts” into a ring, to enable purchasers to examine them more readily, the drovers aim blows at the heads of the animals, in endeavouring to avoid which they keep their heads towards the ground. Should they attempt to run backwards, a shower of blows forces them to remain in their position. The process of forming these “rings” or “off-droves” has, however, been described before a parliamentary committee by a competent witness:—“Supposing a salesman to have twenty beasts (which could not be tied up), he will have them all with their heads in and their tails out; they form a ring; and, in order to discipline them to stand in that manner, the drovers are obliged to goad them behind and knock them upon the nose. They strike them with great force upon the nose, and goad them cruelly behind, by which means they form themselves into a ring. At length the cattle will stand in that manner so perfectly disciplined that at breakfast-time there shall be twenty or thirty ‘rings’ of this kind standing in the middle of the market. If the ‘ring’ is broken by any means, they are all in the greatest anxiety to get in again; and when the drovers are obliged to separate these ‘rings,’ and drive the cattle away, they have a great deal of trouble, and the labour of the men is excessive to get one single beast out. Indeed, if you can conceive first getting the cattle into a ring, as I have stated, and if one is sold out of the ring at eleven in the day, the beast is ordered to be driven through fifteen hundred cattle, whichever way he goes out of the market, and the man is goading that beast all the way—if you can conceive men compelled to exercise this cruelty, they will not be very delicate as to the manner in which they make use of it after a time.” And another witness examined before the same committee details the difficulty of getting a beast out of the market when it has been sold out of one of the “rings.” He says:—“Perhaps more than an hour’s violence has been exercised towards the cattle to get them to stand about twenty in each circle. * * * The great cause of the inhumanity described arises from this circumstance, that when a bullock is driven, perhaps from the centre of the market, by the butchers’ drovers, that bullock will run into five, six, seven, eight, or nine of the droves before he gets out of the market. Perhaps in every one of the droves that bullock is beat about the head for ten minutes before he can be got out of it again, and then he runs to another drove, from the circumstance of having been so beat about in the early part of the morning. Consequently, perhaps, this bullock is beat out of ten droves before he gets out of the market.” The deterioration of the meat from this barbarity has been calculated at no less a sum than 100,000*l.* per annum—all this would be avoided if there were room to tie up the beasts. The exertions to prevent different flocks of sheep from mixing with each other are not so great, but here the drovers’ dogs are useful. The lowing of the oxen, the tremulous cries of the sheep, the barking of dogs, the

rattling of sticks on the heads and bodies of the animals, the shouts of the drovers, and the flashing about of torches, present altogether a wild and terrific combination; and few, either of those who reside in the metropolis, or who visit it, have the resolution to witness the strange scene.

The nuisance of holding a market for cattle in the heart of London is not confined to Smithfield. There it is endured for the sake of the profit which it brings to the shops, coffee-houses, inns, and other places of accommodation; and yet a person who resided in Smithfield stated before the parliamentary committee that he had lived there for fourteen years, and found it impossible to sleep in the front of his house on the Sunday night. But the evil extends to all the thoroughfares leading to the market; and there is danger as well as inconvenience in driving bullocks and sheep through crowded streets, exposing passengers to accident, and keeping the neighbourhood in a state of confusion once a-week during the entire year. The attempt to remove the market to the outskirts of London, which was made a few years ago, signally failed, although the experiment was made on a scale which it might have been expected would have ensured its success. The opulent projector of the new undertaking expended 100,000*l.*; and the proposed cattle-market was calculated to contain nearly double the number of cattle usually exhibited in Smithfield. It occupied an area of twenty-two acres, situated in the Lower Road, Islington, on the high road for the northern and eastern parts of the country, whence the principal supplies of cattle come to the London market. The accommodations were in every respect judicious, and combined advantages which are altogether impracticable in Smithfield. The immense space was enclosed by high walls, surrounding which was a continuous range of slated sheds, extending eight hundred and thirty yards in length, and supported by two hundred and forty-four Doric pillars. The sheds were subdivided into numerous compartments, with lairs enclosed in front by oak-paling; and the beasts might either be fastened or left at liberty, being in either case equally convenient for persons who wished to examine them. Wells were sunk on the premises, and water was conveyed by pipes into troughs in each lair. The sheep-pens were calculated to hold forty thousand of these animals; and there were pens for calves and pigs in a separate part of the market. Everything which could simplify the arrangements, and prevent confusion and irregularity, was an object of attention. The offices for salesmen and clerks of the market were not less conveniently arranged. It was also proposed to erect abattoirs adjoining the market for slaughtering cattle, in which persons might either be accommodated with private slaughter-houses, or have their cattle slaughtered under inspectors at the usual rates. Nor was this all. Persons having business here would have found a market-tavern, with stable-yard, stables, and sheds; and shops were to have been opened for the supply of all the most ordinary wants. But, as we have before stated, this vigorous and even magnificent experiment signally failed. Mere attachment to old habits, or the mere power of monopoly on the part of the corporation of the City of London, could not of themselves have prevented the removal of Smithfield Market. It must possess many real advantages to enable it to resist the powerful attempts which have at different times been made to remove it to a less populous site. Even the City has been foiled in the attempt. Between

1802 and 1810 the City twice attempted to remove the market; they made six applications to Parliament for power to enlarge it; and three applications were made for acts for its better regulation. The bill for removing the market was opposed by the Trustees of the Rugby Charity, the Butchers' Company, the Foundling Hospital, the Trustees of the Highgate Roads, Bartholomew's Hospital, the inhabitants of Smithfield, and the cattle salesmen. The site to which it was proposed to remove the market was a field near Sadler's Wells. Another time, when a bill was brought in for the purpose, the site intended was near the north end of Gray's Inn Lane. Many of the objections which apply to Smithfield might now be equally urged against the two sites above mentioned, as they are both surrounded by houses. The gross revenue which the City derives from the present market is about 6000*l.* a-year, and the expenses amount to 3000*l.*, leaving only a net revenue of about 3000*l.* The risk of splitting one great market into several smaller and inferior ones is not to be overlooked. In the great market all the purchasers, be they large or small, have equal advantages; and the man who has a few pounds in his pocket can suit himself as well as he who comes to lay out hundreds, or even thousands. At present the nearest cattle-market to Smithfield is the one at Southall, a few miles west of London.

The smaller retail butchers do not buy in Smithfield, unless it may be now and then a few sheep. They prefer purchasing from the carcass butchers, who kill to a large extent. The carcass butchers are to be found principally in Warwick Lane, Newgate Market, Leadenhall Market, and in Whitechapel. Some of them are slaughtermen, and kill on their own premises; but the business of killing is also carried on as a separate occupation. There are slaughtermen who kill above a thousand sheep and several hundred beasts in a week. Many of the places in which they perform their operations are the most horrible dens which can be conceived, being literally underground cellars, down which the sheep are precipitated and immediately butchered. There are slaughtermen who kill sheep only. It is stated that the London slaughtermen perform their work with a knack and handiness which the country slaughterers cannot attain; and the charge for killing, skinning, and preparing an ox for the wholesale butcher, and delivering the carcass, is not more than four shillings. The London Jews have a different system of slaughtering from the other butchers: instead of knocking down the animal with an axe, they kill it with a knife, and a seal is put upon the carcass by a Jewish inspector, in proof of its having been slaughtered according to the mode prescribed by the Jewish religion.

In addition to the supplies obtained at Smithfield, large quantities of "country-killed meat" are sent up by steam-boats and railways to London, principally to the carcass butchers of Newgate and Leadenhall Markets. It is packed in dry straw and cloth, and in cold weather is equal to the meat killed in the metropolis; but in the summer season this trade is almost entirely suspended. The railways have not as yet had much effect in increasing the supply of country-killed meat, but they have had some influence on the trade. A flock of sheep, instead of being driven to some town twenty or thirty miles from the grazier's farm, and then slaughtered and sent by waggon fifty, sixty, or seventy miles, are killed at the homestead, properly packed, and taken in the owner's waggon to the nearest railway station. But this does not affect the total supply of killed

meat; and any increase will not so much arise from the facility of reaching London in a shorter space of time as from the diminished cost of conveyance—a desideratum which has not yet been attained. A grazier living one hundred and fifty miles from London has the choice of neighbouring markets as well as the London market; and prices are so nearly equalised in the present day, for different parts of the country, and the London market is always so abundantly and regularly supplied, as to offer little or no inducement for him to turn his attention to London in preference to the neighbouring country markets. Unless the demand of London be very much extended, or the markets of the manufacturing districts decline while the London market remains unaffected, it is not likely that we shall very soon see any great increase in the supply of country-killed meat. The railways might be put in requisition for the conveyance of a greater quantity of killed meat if a proportionate diminution took place in the arrivals of live stock at Smithfield; but this is not likely to occur, as in the one case the supply must be disposed of, however disadvantageous the state of prices may be, while the live animals, if not disposed of with a profit in the Monday's market, may be held over until Friday, when the demand may be more active. At Mr. Laycock's cattle lairs at Islington every facility is offered for arrangements of this kind, and many hundred cattle may be comfortably accommodated for a moderate sum. Some of the London butchers have fields, into which the cattle which they purchase at Smithfield are turned before being slaughtered.

If a man were to speculate over his dessert on the extensive chain of interests of which the demand for his "chop" or "steak" was the last link, he would find himself engaged in a far more extensive inquiry than he might at first have supposed. It would lead him from a London hotel, and the cook and waiter who prepared and laid before him the principal item of his repast, to the mountains of Sutherlandshire and its plaided shepherds; but what a variety of stages have to be passed between these extreme points! Taking the average age at which oxen are brought to the market to be about four years, and of sheep about two, there are always in existence about 700,000 or 800,000 of the former, and about 3,000,000 of the latter, which are destined for the Smithfield market; and perhaps we might put down the number of cattle at 1,000,000, and of sheep at 4,000,000—that is, about an eighth of all the cattle and sheep bred in Great Britain. This immense demand enables land to pay a rent which would otherwise be a mere waste, dedicated only to the wildness of nature, instead of figuring in the rent-roll. On land of this character neither cattle nor sheep can be fattened, and after the herds and flocks have obtained a scanty livelihood for a year or so, they are driven to the great trysts or fairs, where they are purchased in immense numbers by dealers, who drive them farther south, and again sell them at fairs, where they are bought by farmers for the purpose of being made profitable consumers of the produce of their land; and after being fed in the straw-yard during the winter, or improved in condition by turnips or other nourishing food, they are again disposed of, and are, perhaps, next to be found on the pastures of Lincolnshire, the salt marshes of Essex, or on Romney Marsh, or other similar places, where they are finally fattened for the market. Others are fattened on turnips and other artificial food instead of the natural grasses of the pasture. The poor farmer, whose means do not enable him to fatten cattle for the butcher,

has a share of the profit attending these successive transfers of the animal from its birth to its final destination. The following is an estimate of the number of cattle arriving in one year at Smithfield from different districts at different seasons of the year:—"In February, March, and April, there arrived 16,000 Norfolks, nearly all stall-fed cattle; while from the North, including chiefly Leicester and Northampton, there came but 600. In May, June, and July, the Norfolk cattle had increased to 17,800, and those from the North had risen from 600 to 3675. In July, August, and September, the grass-fed cattle begin to pour in. The earliest are from the marshes of Essex, and therefore the beasts from the centre and midland districts rise to 5350, while those from Norfolk decrease to 850. Some Leicesters, however, soon become ripe, and quickly follow; long droves from Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire are not far behind; and the northern cattle, in the preceding quarter 3675, rise to 16,340. In October, November, and the early part of December, the grass-fed beasts still continue to occupy the market, and no less than 33,000 arrive from Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, &c.; while the supplies from the marshes and the midland counties are still partially kept up, and are calculated at 6,400, and the Norfolks at 2,380. The grass season is now past, and dependence begins to be placed on stall-feeding; and therefore, as we observed at the outset, the northern cattle suddenly fall to 600, and the Norfolks rise to 16,000.*

The grazier need never set foot in Smithfield. The country drovers collect the beasts and drive them up to London under consignment to a salesman: there are beast salesmen and sheep salesmen. The salesmen's drovers meet the cattle at the outskirts of London, and drive them into the market; and here it is the duty of the salesman to attend to the interests of the grazier, which he can always do better than the grazier himself. He is quick in detecting the state of the market, and how prices are likely to "rule;" he is acquainted with the butchers and dealers, and knows their customary demands; and under these circumstances he can obtain a better price than the owner of the cattle, whose experience is not sharpened by years of practice in the open market. The salesman disposes of the stock committed to his charge, his remuneration consisting of the moderate sum of 2s. 4d. for each beast. The purchase-money is immediately remitted into the country. To be saved from constant visits to Smithfield and attendance from Sunday night to Monday noon, to avoid the expenses of travelling and the interruption of ordinary pursuits, is a result of the division of employments on which the grazier must surely congratulate himself. When a beast is sold, he is committed to a third class of drovers,—namely, the butchers' drovers, and his course from the market to the dining-table is not delayed many days.

The consumption of butcher's meat is nowhere so great, both absolutely and in proportion to the population, as in London; but there are no means of estimating the total quantity very exactly with reference to the population supplied, the radius being so extensive and undefined, comprising places as far south as Croydon, and others equally distant on each side of the metropolis. The butchers at these places find that they can be more conveniently supplied from Smithfield, Newgate, or Leadenhall markets than from country markets in their own vicinity. The population which obtains a supply of butcher's meat from

* 'Cattle.'—Library of Useful Knowledge.

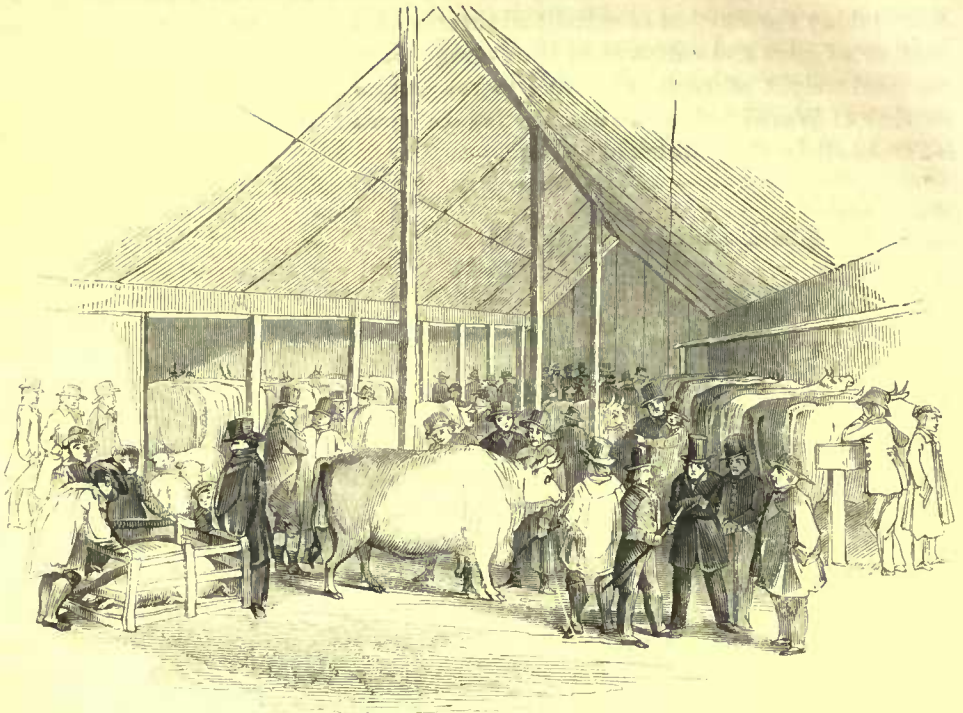
the three sources above mentioned amounts to 2,000,000, on the lowest estimation. Now, taking the number of cattle and sheep sold in Smithfield in 1839, with the number of pigs and calves from the average of a previous year, and averaging the dead weight of each, according to the judgment of an intelligent carcass-butcher of Warwick Lane, we shall find the gross amount of animal food which is furnished by the Smithfield market:—

		Average weight.	No. of lbs. consumed.
Cattle	180,780	640	115,699,200
Sheep and lambs	1,360,250	96	130,584,000
Pigs	254,672	96	24,448,512
Calves	22,500	140	3,150,000

Number of lbs. of meat consumed . . . 273,881,712

At the average price of 6*d.* per lb. the above quantity would amount to 6,847,042*l.*; at 7*d.* it would be 7,988,340*l.*; at 8*d.* it would produce 9,129,390*l.* This is exclusive of bacon and all salted provisions imported from Ireland and other parts. The quantity of killed meat sent to Newgate and Leadenhall markets cannot be ascertained, but it is very great; and though this trade is at its height in the winter months, yet during the greater part of the year the arrivals are very considerable, and are never entirely suspended. But dividing only the quantity derived from Smithfield amongst a population of 2,000,000, the consumption of each individual will average 136lbs. of meat in the year. The consumption of Paris is estimated at 80lbs. per annum for each person, and at Brussels the annual consumption of each head of the population is estimated at 89lbs. The consumption of meat amongst the higher and middle classes is but little affected by price, a trifling increase or decrease, occasioning neither a diminished nor an extra demand; but, amongst the working classes, the very first pressure of a diminished income operates in reducing the consumption of meat. From forming a portion of their daily diet, it is only consumed twice or thrice a week; and, lastly, when the pressure continues, even the Sunday dinner, which, to the working classes of London, is one of the greatest spurs to their industry—even this must be given up for more frugal fare. From some recent statistical inquiries in the manufacturing districts of the north, it has been found, on a comparison of a period of prosperity with one of stagnation and embarrassment, that the consumption of meat fell off one-fourth, and even one-half. The oxen, sheep and lambs, calves, and pigs slaughtered in the borough of Leeds, declined from 2450 in 1835-6, to 1800 in 1841; and in Rochdale the number of oxen killed weekly in 1836 was 180, while in 1841 only 65 or 70 were killed. These statements show how extensively the cattle-breeder, the grazier, the butcher, and all connected with these avocations, are dependent on the well-being of the great masses of the non-agricultural population.

Closely connected with the interests of Smithfield Market is the annual competition of fat cattle for the prizes awarded by the Smithfield Club. This club, which consists of noblemen and gentlemen of extensive landed possessions, was established at the close of the last century, when the improvement of the rural arts was looked upon as a patriotic duty. The annual show of the prize-cattle, sheep, pigs, &c., is one of the “sights” of London. For the last two or three



[Cattle Show.]

years the exhibition has taken place at the Horse Bazaar, King-street, Portman-square, which, though not quite so eligible as could be wished, is superior to the former exhibition-yard in Aldersgate-street. The show always takes place in December, about a week or ten days before Christmas-day, and after the prizes have been adjudged the public are admitted, on payment of one shilling, during the remainder of the week. In December, 1841, there were exhibited fifty-seven oxen, nineteen cows, fifty-four sheep, and nineteen pigs, the animals of each species being the most perfect specimens of their kind which the united judgment and experience of breeders and graziers can produce. The Scotch oxen had, in some cases, been brought by steam-boats a distance exceeding five hundred miles; and in nearly every case the railways were made use of for the conveyance of both cattle and sheep from all parts of England. Formerly the animals were brought to London in vans, at a great expense, as the rate of travelling was necessarily slow.

The interest of the show is, as may be expected, chiefly confined to certain classes. On entering the place of exhibition the visitor at once perceives that the company consists chiefly of country gentlemen, cattle-breeders, graziers, cattle-salesmen, and butchers, with a sprinkling of townsmen, who have a relish, imbibed in early life, for country pursuits. But the sight is one of rational interest to any man. Here he sees the result of exertions, principally carried on during the last eighty years, to unite and bring to perfection the most desirable points in the various breeds of domestic animals which were once peculiar to different parts of Great Britain,

but are now spread, in their improved form, over every part of the country. In the gallery, a portion of which overlooks the show-yard, are to be seen agricultural implements and machinery of the latest and most improved construction; roots and plants adapted to our climate, but which are as yet comparatively unknown; samples of artificial manures; and specimens of the soil of districts differing from each other in their geological formation. In spite of all the advances which agriculture has made during the present century, how slowly do improvements extend beyond the intelligent circle in which they are first adopted! And it is one of the great advantages of institutions such as the Smithfield Club to spread them more rapidly and over a wider surface, by drawing the agriculturist from the secluded scenes amid which he carries on his occupations, and bringing them before him in the manner best calculated to demonstrate their utility.

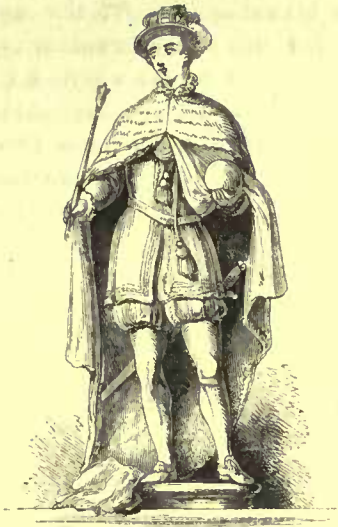
The prize oxen or sheep which we see at this exhibition are fatter than is required for the ordinary market; and hence it is often supposed that the stimulus of prizes for bringing an animal into a state of unnecessary fatness is altogether a work of supererogation. But the power of reaching this point is simply a test, showing the capacity of the breed for acquiring, at the least expense of food and at the earliest age, such a useful marketable condition as the public demand requires. This course has been perfectly successful; and to show that it has been so, we need only advert to the period when improved breeds of cattle were less common than they are now. Culley, who was himself a great improver of cattle, and wrote a work on the subject at the commencement of the century, speaks of a kind of oxen which had not then become extinct, that were "more like an ill-made black horse than an ox or a cow;" and the flesh (for he says it did not deserve to be called beef) was "as black and coarse-grained as horse-flesh;" and yet such an animal was less profitable than an ox of the present improved breeds. After feeding on the best pastures for a whole summer, it was scarcely fatter or in better condition than at the commencement, as the food which it consumed went to the support of "offal." There were breeds of sheep which equally stood in need of improvement. But what is the case now? A sheep can be fattened for the market in two years, which formerly required three years, or even a longer period, the saving to the consumer from this cause alone being above thirty per cent.; and in cattle, the small-boned, true-proportioned animal of the improved breeds has in the same way been rendered above twenty-five per cent. more profitable. The meat thus obtained at a less expense of food, and in a shorter space of time, is far superior in quantity and quality to the carcass of the old breeds. When Davenant stated that the average weight of cattle sold in Smithfield was 370 lbs., and sheep and lambs, averaged together, only weighed 28 lbs., we can show, as will have been seen from a previous estimate, that the former average 640 lbs., while the average weight of the Teeswater sheep is 28 lbs. per quarter; of the Leicester, 22 lbs. per quarter; and of the Southdown, 18 lbs. per quarter. Culley states (and the work of improvement has been carried to a higher point, as well as very widely diffused, since his time) that the difference between the coarse and fine, or between the best and worst parts of beef, when cut up, was formerly not less than one hundred per cent.; but in the improved breeds the quality of the coarse parts has been made very much better, and the

quantity of bone is also diminished. These are no trifling advantages to the poorest class of consumers. In mutton, the difference between one part and another has also gradually become less and less. In this useful object of agricultural zeal the Smithfield Club has rendered great services; and the London butchers, who purchase the prize cattle and sheep as a means of enhancing the reputation of their shops, have equally promoted the same end; and by combination of purpose and competition between cattle-breeders, graziers, and others, the average standard of quality in meat has been raised to an extent which may be compared with the still more important step of converting a whole population into consumers of wheaten bread instead of that made from oats, barley, or other inferior grain. The cattle-breeder looks no farther for his reward than to the grazier; the grazier expects encouragement from the butcher; and the butcher calculates upon the support of a "discerning public," who must in all cases either communicate the stimulus to improvement, or support it when once its career has commenced.

There is a horse-market held in Smithfield on the afternoon of Fridays. It commences in the summer season at three in the afternoon, and closes at seven; and in winter is held from two o'clock until dusk. This market had much the same reputation in Shakspeare's time,* and most probably for centuries before, which it now bears. The number of horses is usually three hundred or four hundred, and from fifty to a hundred asses. Here low jockeys attempt to display their broken-down animals to the best advantage, and costermongers "chaffer" over the buying and selling of their asses; and scenes of drollery and coarse and boisterous mirth may be witnessed which at least illustrate low life in London. The inspector of police for Smithfield stated in 1828 that there was not "half the trouble with the people that sell the asses as with the dealers in horses." It is the horse-market which has the credit, according to the same testimony, of bringing together "all the rogues and thieves within ten miles of London;" and he described it as the most abominable scene that can be imagined. "I had," he says, "rather be there ten Mondays than one Friday." It is not so bad now, being under better police regulation.

Smithfield is also one of the metropolitan hay and straw markets. This market is held on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. A payment of sixpence per load (unless the property of freemen), and a penny for each entry of sale, has produced above 400*l.* a-year. The supplies arrive from places within a circle of forty miles round London.

* Henry IV., Part 2, Act I., Scene 2.



[Statue of Edward VI.]

XLVI.—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

THE origin of this, "the noblest institution in the world," as the late estimable and distinguished Bishop of Calcutta, Conyers Middleton, designated the chief place of his own nurture and education, is of a more than commonly interesting character, not only from the associations connected with the early and lamented death of its founder, Edward VI., but from the circumstances which were the immediate cause of the foundation. "Mr. Doctor Ridley, then Bishop of London, came and preached before the King's Majesty at Westminster; in which sermon he made a fruitful and goodly exhortation to the rich to be merciful unto the poor; and also to move such as were in authority to travail by some charitable way and means to comfort and relieve them." The youthful King appears to have been so much impressed by the nature and extent of the evils pointed out, that he could not rest till some remedy were devised. So he "suddenly and of himself" sent for the famous Bishop immediately after the close of the service, when the following scene, so admirably and almost dramatically described by Stow, "on the very report of the said Bishop Ridley," took place. "So soon as the King's Majesty was at leisure, he called for him, and caused him to come unto him in a great gallery at Westminster, where there were present no more persons than they two, and therefore made him sit down in one chair, and he himself in another, which, as it seemed, were before the coming of the Bishop there purposely set, and caused the Bishop, *maugre his teeth*, to be covered, and then entered communication with him in this manner:—First, giving him hearty thanks for his sermon and good exhortation, he therein rehearsed such special things as

he had noted, and that so many, that the Bishop said, 'Truly, truly, (for that commonly was his oath,) I could never have thought that excellency to have been in his Grace, but that I beheld and heard it in him.' At last, his King's Majesty much commended him for his exhortation for the relief of the poor; 'but, my Lord,' quoth he, 'you willed such as are in authority to be careful thereof, and to devise some good order for their relief: wherein, I think, you mean me; for I am in highest place, and therefore am the first that must make answer unto God for my negligence, if I should not be careful therein; knowing it to be the express commandment of Almighty God to have compassion of his poor and needy members, for whom we must make an account unto him. And truly, my Lord, I am, before all things else, most willing to travail that way; and doubting nothing of your long and approved wisdom and learning, who have such good zeal, as wisheth help unto them; but also that you have had some conference with others, what ways are best to be taken therein, the which I am desirous to understand: I pray you therefore to say your mind.' The Bishop thinking least of that matter, and being amazed to hear the wisdom and earnest zeal of the King, was, as he said himself, so astonished, that he could not well tell what to say; but, after some pause, said, 'that he thought at this present, for some entrance to be had, it were good to practise with the City of London, because the number of poor there were very great, and the citizens also were many and wise; and he doubted not but they were also both pitiful and merciful.'" Edward accordingly gave the good Bishop a letter, there and then, signed by his own hand, and sealed with his own signet, desiring him to deliver it personally, and to let him know, so soon as he conveniently might, how he had proceeded therein. The Bishop was "sojoyous of having the said letter," and so "marvellous zealous," that he had an interview that same evening with the Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Dobbs, who on its receipt exhibited a like pleasure and eagerness to carry into effect the King's wishes. The Bishop dined the next day with Sir Richard by appointment, when two aldermen and six others of the City were present, and the matter was earnestly talked over. The citizens did not shame the character Ridley had given them for wisdom and humanity. A very comprehensive and business-like plan was soon laid before the King. The poor were divided into three classes:—1. The poor by impotency, consisting principally of orphans, the aged, blind and lame, and lepers; 2. The poor by casualty, comprising "the wounded soldier, the decayed housekeeper," and diseased persons; 3. The thriftless poor, including "the rioter that consumeth all," "the vagabond that will abide in no place," and "the idle person, as strumpets and others." Such were the people for whom provision was now to be made. Bridewell was prepared for the last-mentioned class; the Hospitals of St. Bartholomew and St. Thomas for the second (the decayed housekeeper being relieved at home); whilst as to the first—the leper having been comfortably housed in proper places, so as to "keep him out of the city," and "from clapping of dishes and ringing of bells," (the mode in which these unhappy creatures were accustomed to call attention to their wants,) and the poor having been accommodated in an Almonry, belonging originally to the Priory of St. Mary Overies,—there remained only the destitute children to provide for: the largest, however, and in every way most important class. For these they set apart the most memorable of the old religious houses of London, the Grey Friars.

These religious mendicants appeared for the first time in England, we may say in Europe, at a critical period in the history of the Roman Catholic Church. The wealth, the "high-blown pride," the idleness and sensuality of the indolent, and the frequently mischievous activity of the energetic monks, had well nigh made their name a by-word of scorn among no inconsiderable portion of the people. Enthusiastic minds became deeply impressed with the evil, and pondered and wept over it in the depths of their solitude and desolation, till suddenly a mighty light, perhaps, seemed to burst upon their dazzled eyes, or thrilling and mysterious voices to whisper in their ears, calling them to the regeneration of the world. About the same time appeared in Spain and in Italy two of these men, who, renouncing not merely the spiritual haughtiness and personal luxuries of the monks, but even the commonest comforts of life, soon established the Orders known respectively as the Dominicans and Franciscans, or, from the colour of their habits, Black and Grey Friars. The first settled in England in 1221, building one house at Oxford, and another in Holborn, London; and the second soon followed. The founder of this Order, St. Francis—or, as his disciples loved to call him, the "Seraphic Father"—was born at Assisi, in Umbria, in 1182. With him, as with many other great enthusiastic natures, the extreme severity of his religion may be partially attributed to the reaction of a generous mind suddenly turned from dissolute courses. He became a solitary, and was thought mad. His father threw him into prison, hoping thus to reclaim him, but without effect. He then took him before the Bishop of Assisi, in order to make him renounce all claim to the paternal possessions. Francis's answer was as brief as it was significant—he stripped himself, even to his shirt, before the Bishop. Soon after this the "madness" assumed "method"—followers flocked around—rules were drawn up and sanctioned by the reigning pontiff—the potent Order, which was eventually to exercise such influence upon the affairs of the civilized world—the Order of the Franciscans—was formally established. Francis died in 1226, and was canonized in 1230. Among his latest acts was an endeavour to convert the Sultan Meledin, to whom he is said to have made the offer of throwing himself into the flames to testify his own faith in what he taught, and the sending of deputations to different countries, and among the rest one to England, to introduce the new discipline. The nine persons sent to this country came first to Canterbury, where some stayed to build a house and establish themselves; others hastened up to London, where they were received with open arms by the Dominicans, who had so shortly before preceded them, and who now hospitably entertained them for fifteen days. This little incident may show, from the entire absence of any jealous feeling of rivalry, how true and earnest were both Orders as yet in their desire to fulfil the high mission allotted to them. A sheriff of London next received them into his house in Cornhill, where they made themselves cells; but the place not having been consecrated, they were unable to perform divine offices in it. Their numbers, too, now increased so rapidly, that a more important habitation became in every way necessary. John Ewin, mercer, accordingly purchased a void plot of ground near to St. Nicholas's Shambles (part of the site of the present hospital), and there commenced the charitable and pious work. Nor did he rest here. "Very beautiful buildings" were soon seen to rise on the once void plot of ground, principally at Ewin's cost; and when the whole was finished,

the good citizen set the seal to his exertions by entering the Order himself in the humble position of a lay-brother. Other citizens also stepped forward to complete what had been so well begun. William Joyner, Lord Mayor in 1239, built the brethren a chapel, the sumptuous character of which may be judged by the expense—two hundred pounds of the money of the thirteenth century; Henry Wallis, another Lord Mayor, raised the Nave; Mr. Walter Porter, an alderman, built the Chapter House, and gave divers vessels of brass for the kitchen; Thomas Felcham built the Vestry; George Rokesly, a third mayor, the Dormitory, to which he added beds; Mr. Bartholomew, of the Castle, the Refectory, in which he always feasted the friars on St. Bartholomew's Day; Mr. Peter De Heliland the Infirmary; and Mr. Bevis Bond, the herald and King-at-arms, the "Studies," or Library. Can any better evidence be desired of the state of the religious feelings of society at the period in question—the "hungering and thirsting" for spiritual refreshment—for a practical example of the "righteousness" which men yearned after, but felt themselves inadequate to—or at least without much encouragement—than is here afforded? It should seem that the difficulty of the good friars must have been, not to inquire who *would* erect them a habitation, but to whom that high privilege should be allotted. The still growing reputation of the house attracted the attention of more distinguished personages than those we have mentioned. A new church must now be erected worthy of such benefactors. Accordingly the second wife of Edward I., Margaret, began to build them a magnificent choir; John Britain, Earl of Richmond, built the nave, and gave, in addition, hangings, vestments, and a golden chalice for the altar; Gilbert de Clare bestowed twenty large beams out of his forest of Tunbridge; the excellent Philippa, wife to the young Edward III., gave sixty-two pounds; and lastly, Edward's mother, Isabel, gave seventy pounds: other gifts were also received; "and so," says Stow, "the work was done within the space of twenty-one years, 1337." This splendid church, when finished, was three hundred feet long, eighty-nine broad, and seventy-four high. From that time even Westminster Abbey itself appears to have been almost thrown into comparative shade as a place of assemblage for divine worship for persons of wealth and rank during life, and for their burial when deceased. Weever, in his 'Funeral Monuments,' writes—"This Abbey-church hath been honoured with the sepulture of four queens, four duchesses, four countesses, one duke, two earls, eight barons, and some thirty-five knights . . . and in all, from the first foundation unto the dissolution, six hundred and sixty-three persons of quality were here interred." The most memorable of these is the

"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
Who tore the bowels of her mangled mate;"—

Queen Isabella, wife of the second Edward. The poet might have given an additional trait to the terrible portrait: he was not aware, probably, that the same affectionate lady directed that the heart of her husband should be placed upon her breast when she was dead, which was accordingly done. Among the other great personages who took up their last resting-place in the house of the Grey Friars were the foundress of the second church, Queen Margaret; the Queen of Scots, wife of David Bruce; Baron Fitzwarren, and his wife Isabel, sometime Queen of the Isle of Man; Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of Eng-

land, who was executed at Tyburn in 1308; Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, beheaded in 1329; the enterprising John Philpot, Mayor of London; John, Duke of Bourbon, taken prisoner at Agincourt, and buried here after a dreary captivity of eighteen years; Sir Nicholas Brember; and Thomas Burdett, who was beheaded in 1477 for the mere utterance of an angry wish. He had a favourite buck, which the King (Edward IV.) happened to kill. The unfortunate owner, on hearing of the circumstance, said he wished the horns were in the body of the man who had urged the King to shoot his poor animal. The saying reached the King's ears, and Burdett was immediately sent to execution!

Another memory of the old Grey Friars is connected with its library, which must have been of no ordinary extent or value; and was founded by the famous Whittington, who laid the first stone in 1421. It was a noble room, one hundred and twenty-nine feet long by thirty-one broad, wainscoted throughout, with carved shelves, desks, and settles. The books for the new library were furnished at a cost of 556*l.* 10*s.*; 400*l.* of which were defrayed by Sir Richard Whittington, and the rest by Dr. Thomas Whinchelsen, a friar of the house. Stow has in particular informed us that one hundred marks were paid for "writing out of D. Nicholas de Lyra, his works, in two volumes, to be chained there." The historian of Christ's Hospital* has justly observed, "the library was not a mere useless appendage to the establishment." As the friars began by surpassing the monks in self-mortification, comparing together the early periods of the respective orders, so did they at a later period far outstrip them in learning and intellectual power. The most illustrious name of the period is that of Bacon: he was a friar. And of the different orders (for others besides the two great ones rose subsequently from time to time) the Franciscans, or Friars Minor as they sometimes in their humility delighted to call themselves, were the most distinguished. Popes, cardinals, patriarchs, and legates—archbishops, bishops, and the most eminent writers in divinity or science—were proud to say they had been Franciscans. Institutions, like individuals, are frequently more severely tried by prosperity than by adversity. The Friars, as the Monks had done before them, stood the one nobly; but also, as with them, their strength wasted like wax before the fire when the other was applied. A short century may be said to comprise all that is essential of their history,—their rise—their power—their decay. What Friars had become in the fourteenth century may be seen in Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales.'

The Grey Friars of course shared the common fate of the monastic establishments at the dissolution; although, as the inmates seem to have been more than commonly obsequious, they perhaps were also somewhat better treated than usual. The two documents preserved in connexion with this event are quite models in their way: one is a letter from the Warden to Cromwell, before the suppression of the House; the other the deed of surrender, signed by the Warden and the brethren. One passage of the former runs thus: "Also that it is not unknown to them that be learned in God's law, how God gave to the children of Israel, and to the clergy of Israel also, both cities and towns; but when they used themselves with idolatry and sin, then did the same God that gave the gifts move the Chaldees and Babylonians: yea, as Scripture saith, he called the

* Rev. W. Trollope.

Babylonians and Chaldees to take away that he afore gave." Such reasoning and such illustration on the part of the men whose homes he was breaking up for his own especial benefit must have been very agreeable to Henry, and have somewhat sweetened the mortification he could not but have felt at the heroic conduct that characterised some of these establishments,—the Charter House, for instance, described in a former Number.

A few years after, the King's brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, died; and Fuller says, "such was the sympathy of tempers, intimacy of converse, and no great disparity of age betwixt them, that he (Henry) thought it high time to bethink himself of his end, and to do some good work in order thereunto." So remembering the representations of Sir Richard Gresham, father to the Royal Merchant, the King made over the Grey Friars to the City of London, in trust for "the relief of the poor." The King's death, however, prevented any further proceedings in the matter. Such was the place chosen by the young Edward for the purposes of the new Hospital.

The work was commenced by a repair of the old conventual buildings, which had become greatly dilapidated, and the natural effects of time had been assisted by the carelessness of the tenants who occupied them after the dissolution. The church, for instance, was then converted into a store-house for the reception of prizes taken from the French, the consecrated utensils having been previously sold for the benefit of the crown, and the beautiful and costly monuments torn away, comprising nine of alabaster and marble, with some seven rare marble grave-stones, "all sold for fifty pounds or thereabouts, by Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith and alderman of London." It was a bold thing of "Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith and alderman," after this to cause himself to be buried where he had set so bad a precedent, but perhaps he had as little respect for his own remains as he had previously exhibited for the remains of others. As it happened, all this wilful and barbarous destruction proved of little ultimate consequence: had they been preserved then, they must have afterwards perished with the building in the Great Fire. To return: the citizens, animated by Edward's zeal, soon restored the place to a fit state, and in six months' time three hundred and forty children were admitted into the old monastic walls. They were then clothed in a livery of russet cotton, which was soon changed for the garb that, with some trifling alterations, they still wear. In June, 1553, the children, with the Corporation at their head, were received in that same palace wherein but a few months before Edward and Ridley had held their memorable conversation, and the charter of incorporation of the different hospitals before mentioned was delivered by the gratified King. An admirable description of that scene has been preserved by one who was no doubt an eye-witness—the great painter, Holbein, whose work, commemorative of the event, yet hangs in the Hospital hall. The young monarch, in an easy, natural, and dignified position, sits on an elevated throne, in a scarlet and ermined robe, holding the sceptre in his left hand, and presenting with the other the charter to the kneeling Lord Mayor. By his side stands the Chancellor, holding the seals, and other officers of state. Bishop Ridley, deservedly a prominent figure, kneels before him, with uplifted hands, as if supplicating a blessing on the event: whilst the aldermen, &c., with the Lord Mayor, kneel on both sides, occupying the middle ground of

the picture; citizens stand behind them; and lastly, in front, are a double row of boys on one side, and of girls on the other,—

“Small by degrees, and beautifully less,”

from the master and matron down to the boy and the girl who have stepped forward from their respective rows, and kneel with raised hands before the King. The old-fashioned square windows, with rude niches between (two having statues), and the chequered floor, bear every mark of being real representations of the chief features of the old palace at Westminster. Stow describes, in his usually graphic manner, a scene which appears to have been a kind of supplement to that just referred to. He says, “And, for a further relief, a petition being made to the King’s Majesty for a licence to take in mortmain, or otherwise without licence, lands to a certain yearly value, and a space left in the patent for his Grace to put in what sum would please him, he, looking on the void place, called for pen and ink, and with his own hand wrote this sum in these words:— ‘four thousand marks by the year;’ and then said, in the hearing of his council, ‘Lord, I yield thee most hearty thanks that thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work, to the glory of thy name.’ After which foundation established, he lived not above two days, whose life would have been wished equal to the patriarchs, if it had pleased God ‘so to have prolonged it.’ And thus died, in his sixteenth year, the King of whom one who was about his person speaks in a tone of deep and touching affection that of itself bespeaks the extraordinary qualities and attainments so early lost to the nation and to the world:—“If ye knew the towardness of that young prince, your hearts would melt to hear him named: the beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun—the wittiest, the most amiable, and the gentlest thing of all the world.”

Benefactions flowed in from different quarters to the support of the infant establishment; one of these in particular deserves especial mention:—“There was one Richard Castell, alias Casteller, shoemaker, dwelling in Westminster, a man of great travail and labour in his faculty with his own hands, and such a one as was named the *Cock of Westminster*; because, both winter and summer, he was at his work before four o’clock in the morning. This man, thus truly and painfully labouring for his living, God blessed and increased his labour so abundantly, that he purchased lands and tenements in Westminster, to the yearly value of forty and four pounds. And having no child, with the consent of his wife (who survived him, and was a virtuous good woman), gave the same lands wholly to Christ’s Hospital aforesaid, to the relief of the innocent and fatherless children, and for the succour of the miserable sore and sick, harboured in the other hospitals about London.”* The benevolent shoemaker’s estate is now of considerable value. Another great benefactor was Sir Richard Dobbs, the first President, and the man who had so praiseworthy exerted himself, in the year of his mayoralty, in carrying out the King’s wishes, and whose memory is preserved in the Hospital by a portrait, with an inscription beneath, which says much for the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, if it does not show their poetical tastes in a very flattering light:—

“Christ’s Hospital erected was a passing deed of pity,
What time Sir Richard Dobbs was Mayor of this most famous city,

* Stow.

Who careful was in government, and furthered much the same,
 Also a benefactor good, and joyed to see it frame;
 Whose portraiture here his friends have set, to put each wight in mind
 To imitate his virtuous deeds, as God hath us assign'd."

Since the period of the foundation, the income of the institution has known much fluctuation, and consequently also the number of the inmates. The three hundred and forty children, with which the Hospital opened, had dwindled down, in 1580, to one hundred and fifty; at the present time there are above twelve hundred boys on the foundation in London and Hertford, and seventy girls. The object of the institution has also, in the lapse of time, become materially changed; which may, in a great measure, be attributed to the influence of the Governors or Benefactors, who have now long been the chief supporters of Christ's Hospital.

There are few places in London where visitors may be more frequently observed to stand and enjoy the scene before them than by those large gates which span the opening in Newgate Street, revealing the magnificent Hall to every passer by; with the countless throngs of hatless, blue-gowned, and yellow-stockinged boys, who are making the area before it resound again with their boisterous mirth. Such a scene, indeed, in the very heart of London, may well excite notice; but there is something about a blue-coat boy, or his school, that makes him always an object of interest, whether you meet him in some remote street of London, with his little ticket of leave attached to his button-hole, showing he has a few hours' holiday only,—or on the top of a stage-coach during Christmas time, looking as blooming, and uncovered, and apparently as unconcerned as ever at the severities of the season, whilst every one else is shivering beneath the completest panoply of caps, shawls, and great coats,—or, lastly, in some remote country village, hundreds of miles from the school, where the annual visit of the blue-coat boy, in his strange costume, makes as much sensation among the more youthful inhabitants of the place, as the novel appearance of the conjurer from the neighbouring fair, and no doubt the attainments of the boy are supposed to be scarcely less wonderful. Many circumstances combine to create this interest: the dress, the history of the foundation already narrated, associations connected with the eminent men who have been there educated, and remembrances of our boyhood, when some dim vision perhaps long floated before our eyes, beguiling us with the notion of ourselves becoming, in technical language, "a Blue," or the hopes of mature age, to obtain admittance for our own children;—these are all influences common enough to some or other of the individuals in every knot of spectators that may be found gazing upon the cheerful sights and sounds of the playground of Christ's Hospital. Among those persons too, no doubt, often mingles some old inmate of the place, a genuine "Blue." He is old now, perhaps, and the changes visible in all he sees make him unwilling to go beyond the threshold. He knows not that Hall: it is very splendid, but it is not the one in which he ate, and drank, and prayed, and sang; and beheld, on days of high festival, magnificent processions wind along—furred and chained Lord Mayors, starred and gartered nobles, beautiful and magnificently arrayed ladies. He has heard that it is the same with the school in which he was educated, with the Dormitory in which he slept, with the Infirmary in which he was so carefully tended when ill:—all are changed. He asks a question or two at the

nandsome lodge, but cannot learn that a single name familiar to him yet remains connected with the Hospital. Why should he go in? Another wistful look, as if still unconsciously expecting to see some well-known face of a playmate among the boys, and he hurries on. Lastly, there is a more general feeling of interest aroused by that striking and picturesque scene; one, indeed, in which few spectators can avoid occasionally participating. Its position must frequently cause it to bring suddenly, and therefore with all the greater force, before the eyes of men, whom the occupations of life have so completely absorbed that they have almost forgot that such a thing as simple, innocent enjoyment exists, the living evidences of what they themselves were; and thus sometimes perhaps arouse trains of thought or emotion, of a more than ordinarily refreshing and beneficial nature.

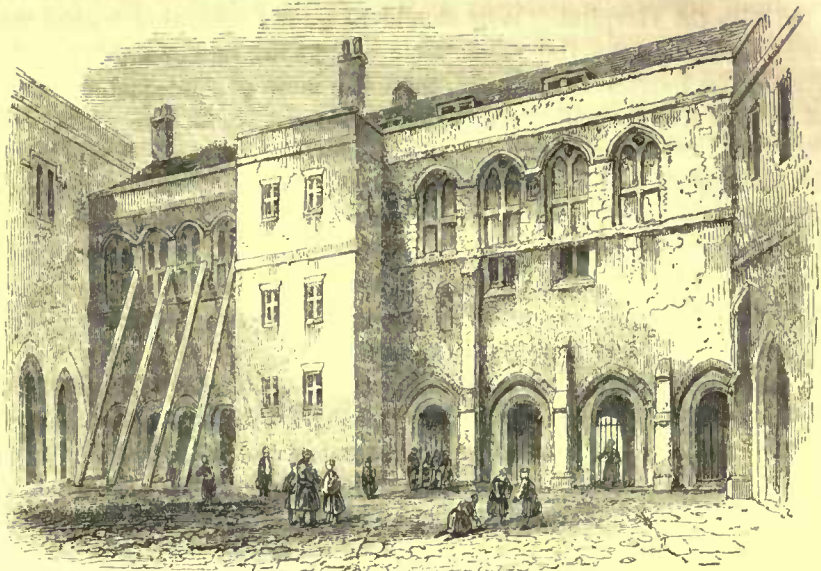
Let us enter the gates and pass through the play-ground. We find to the right an entrance (beneath a new building containing dormitories) to the cloisters, forming a large square, enclosing a space called the Garden, where the monks are said to have been once accustomed to solace themselves, and which was at no very distant period covered with grass, and had a fine large tree in the centre. All this part is consecrated, and many burials have taken place both in the cloisters and the quadrangle within. The general burial-ground of the hospital is between the south cloister and the houses in Newgate Street which conceal it from public view. This place used to possess a kind of melancholy attraction, from the exceedingly interesting character of its funeral ceremonies. Here is a picture of one of them:—"On the evening appointed for the funeral, the boys of the ward to which the deceased belonged assembled in the quadrangle of the infirmary, for the purpose of attending the remains of their departed school-fellow to the grave. When the melancholy procession began to move, six of the choir, at a short distance in advance, commenced the first notes of the burial anthem selected from the 39th Psalm, the whole train gradually joining in the solemn chaunt as they entered, two by two, the narrow vaulted passage or creek, which terminated in the cloisters. The appearance of the youthful mourners, moving with measured steps by torchlight, and pealing their sepulchral dirge along the sombre cloisters of the ancient priory, was irresistibly affecting; and the impressive burial service succeeding to the notes of the anthem, as it sunk sorrowfully upon the lips of the children, riveted the spectators insensibly into a mood of serious and edifying reflection. There was something of a mournful grandeur in these observances, peculiarly adapted to the monastic territory in which they were conducted*." We are sorry to add that the impressive features of the ceremonial have, like the cloisters of the old priory here referred to, disappeared. Burials now take place by daylight.

From the burial-ground we step into the well-known Christ Church Passage, which forms the entrance to the church and the east cloister, over which is the statue of the youthful founder, shown in our first page. This, with the adjoining south front of the hospital, was erected soon after the destruction of the old front, with the church, &c., in the great fire, by Sir Robert Clayton, alderman, and sometime Lord Mayor; one of those men who

"Did good by stealth, and blush'd to find it fame."

It was not known till the whole was finished to whom the public were indebted

* History of Christ's Hospital, p. 162.



[North side of the Priory Cloisters.]

for the work ; and then the name appears to have been only promulgated by a friend, in consequence of the worthy Knight's having been ejected from the government of the very institution for which he had done so much, during the political excitement of the reign of the second James. The church was built by Sir Christopher Wren, on the site of the choir of the conventual edifice, and is a large and handsome structure. But the Blue-coat boys are here also the chief feature, filling the gallery on both sides of the organ with an almost interminable expanse of faces, and where the order and silence prevailing among so dense a multitude are equally noticeable. Behind the church, and parallel with the East Cloister, is a kind of street opening from Butcher-hall Lane, in which are various houses for the Masters, and the Counting House with the Court Room above, where the financial and other business of the institution is carried on, including the nomination of Governors, and the admittance of children to the benefits of the Hospital. A brief outline of the general management of the Hospital may be here fitly introduced. The Governors consist, first, of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and twelve Common Council men, chosen by the other members of the Council ; and, secondly, of noblemen and gentlemen of all ranks, who become benefactors to the amount of not less than 400*l.*—these elect, for life, an Alderman as President, in whom is vested the chief direction of affairs. The rights of presentation are thus exercised—the Lord Mayor annually nominates two children, and the President three (which includes their rights as Aldermen), each Alderman one, the Treasurer two, besides his occasional one as Governor ; lastly, the Governors fill up the remaining vacancies by rotation. The principal qualifications required on the part of the children are,—that they be not less than seven, nor more than ten years of age ; that they be neither foundlings nor maintained at the parish charge ; that they have been born in wedlock ; that they are free from any infectious distemper or incurable disease ; and that their parents have no adequate means of maintaining and educating them. The other officers

of the house comprise four classical masters, two writing-masters, and two ushers, mathematical, drawing, and singing masters, in the schools; chief and assistant clerks, steward and matron, nurses, beadles, &c. &c. The admission of children and the ordinary routine of the affairs of the Hospital are managed by a numerous Committee of Governors, meeting once a month in the Court Room before mentioned, or in the Treasurer's room adjoining. Here also the Governors and Officers dine together on certain days in every year. It is a handsome, stately-looking place, with a vaulted ceiling, crossed near each end by a carved oak beam supported on a pillar. At the farther end, behind the President's chair, is the famous picture of Edward VI. by Holbein, one of the most masterly of the great artist's works. Two other portraits of the King, one on each side, testify the grateful remembrance in which he is here held. One of these is a comparatively recent acquisition, and was presented by T. Nixon, Esq. It belonged, it appears, to Sir Anthony Mildmay, Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor,—is looked upon as a genuine Holbein, and, says its former owner, "The late Sir Thomas Lawrence told me that he thought it was an admirable painting, and the best portrait of the King he had ever seen." A portrait of Charles II., by Lely, also graces the Court Room. There are various other portraits hung around the walls of this room, and that of the chief clerk's below; among the rest one of Dame Mary Ramsey, who made a most magnificent bequest to the Hospital, now producing above 4000*l.* yearly. A curious anecdote is told of this lady. She intended to have bequeathed some 500*l.* a-year to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, on the condition of the College taking the name of "Peter and Mary." Dr. Soames, the master, drily remarked that "Peter, who so long lived single, was now too old to have a feminine partner;" and so refused the offer. Fuller may well call this "a dear jest."

At the termination of Counting House Yard we find the old play-ground nearly facing Little Britain. This extensive area is called the Ditch, from the circumstance that the great water-course which environed the ancient city wall ran through it, as, indeed, in the form of a drain, it still does. On the northern side of the ditch are the Grammar and Mathematical Schools, on the western the Writing School, and on the southern the beautiful architectural gateway over the cloister, which at once, as it were, divides and connects the two quadrangles of the Ditch and the Garden. The Writing School was built by one of the Presidents of the Hospital, Sir John Moore, the architect being Wren. The founder's statue very appropriately stands in front of the building. The elegant structure comprising the Grammar and Mathematical Schools was built in 1832, from the designs of the architect of the Hospital, the late Mr. Shaw. The statues are those of Charles II., the original founder of the Mathematical School, and Edward VI. The interior consists chiefly of two large apartments, with studies, &c., for the masters. Though the buildings have disappeared with which most of the interesting school-memories of the Hospital are connected, yet even the site has a certain interest. One still seems to breathe the same air with the master-minds whose first weak and aimless attempts were here guided and strengthened. Coleridge was here; and a memorable record of his presence, and of the benefits he owed to the Hospital, and its then master, the Rev. James Boyer, has been left to us in the poet's own words:—"He (the master)," writes Coleridge, "early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and

Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius, Terence, and, above all, the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the (so-called) silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan era; and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic to see and assert the superiority of the former, in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons, too, which required most time and trouble *to bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learned from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest, and seemingly that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent upon more fugitive causes. In our English compositions (at least for the last three years of our school education) he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. Lute, harp, and lyre—muse, muses, and inspirations—Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now exclaiming,—‘Harp? Harp? Lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy? Muse! Your nurse’s daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh! ay! the cloister-pump, I suppose!’” It is only right to observe, that Mr. Leigh Hunt has given, in his ‘Recollections of his Life,’ and ‘from his own experience,’ a terrible reverse to the picture. There is no doubt that Mr. Boyer carried his severity, if not worse qualities, to an undue length. Coleridge himself observed, when he heard of his death, “It was lucky that the cherubim who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way.” Here also was educated Charles Lamb, who has left us two pleasant papers on the Hospital; but, with that love of subtle mystification common to him, has made them of so precisely opposite a character, that one might almost suppose the Hospital to be the best or the worst managed institution in the world, just as we happened to read the one or the other only. Lamb would, however, be read to little purpose by those who should look upon the mystification we have spoken of as any thing more than the superficial medium in which the writer chose to work. In these very papers, for instance, he has given us one of the great essentials of all philosophical inquiry—he has shown us both sides of the question. Going regularly back from the present period into the history of the School, we find among its names, Barnes, the late Editor of the ‘Times,’ “than whom,” says Mr. Leigh Hunt, “no man, if he had cared for it, could have been more certain of attaining celebrity for wit and literature;” Mitchell, the translator of ‘Aristophanes;’ Lamb, Coleridge, Bishop Middleton, Jeremiah Markland, esteemed the best scholar and critic of the last century, Richardson, the great novelist, Joshua Barnes, another famous scholiast, whose pretensions, however, have been thought at least equal to his qualifications, Bishop Stillingfleet, Camden, the most illustrious of British antiquarians, and Campion the Jesuit, whose talents, learning, and melancholy fate excited so much notice during the reign of Elizabeth, and, with a portion at least of society, so much sympathy. This is the unfortunate man who was so atrociously racked in the Tower, that a hand-breadth was added to his stature. Such were some of the men of whom, with a slight alteration of the lines of Bishop Middleton, written whilst he was a boy in the school,

and still preserved with other school exercises in the Hospital, it might be said :—

“ Within this cloistered calm retreat,
Where sacred Science loves to fix her seat,
How did their moments-tranquil wing their flight
In elegant delight !
Here now they smil'd o'er Terence' comic page,
Or held high converse with th' Athenian sage,
Now listen'd to the buskin'd hero's strain,
With tender Ovid loved, or wept o'er Hector slain.”

With notices of the infirmary, the dormitory, and the hall we shall conclude. Although there is little general need of the large building, erected in 1822, for the purposes of the infirmary, the average number of patients being about *twenty only*, yet it was wisely anticipated that some prevailing epidemic might suddenly appear in the hospital, and, without such provision, might be attended with alarming consequences. It stands behind the hall. The principal dormitories are erected one on each of the east and west sides of the cloister; and present, of course, very similar interior arrangements. The one through which we passed had a row of pillars down the centre, with a range of beds projecting from the line of their base, on each side, and similar ranges from each wall; and very convenient, comfortable-looking little beds they are—each numbered, and each having at the extremity the little box for the books, playthings, &c., of the young owner. Dim lamps, having a very cloistral sort of appearance, are suspended from the ceiling. At the end are the nurse's apartments, with their curtained windows, looking like a little interior house. But the most noticeable feature of the spot was the corner against the nurse's apartments, where stood a bed of a more distinguished-looking character than the rest, and by its side a glazed door with the light shining through :—the lamp of the solitary student, one of the intellectual aristocracy of the Hospital, a Deputy Grecian. We may know what he is thinking and what he is doing, as well as if both mind and place were opened to us. He has mastered the difficulties attending the attainment of the first honour, why should he not do the same with the second, and become one of the awful triumvirate of *Grecians*?—And then what a vista opens! University, its honours; the church, its wealth, leisure, and influence!—Before we quit the dormitory, let us in few words trace the history of a Blue-coat boy's day. A bell rings at seven (six in summer), that is the signal to rise; at a quarter past, the boys proceed to the lavatory (a model of convenient arrangement), to wash; at eight, they breakfast in the hall. School begins at nine, and lasts till twelve; the boys again wash, play for half an hour, when they hurry into the hall to dinner. From half-past one to four the schools are again open; another half hour's play, then supper at five in the hall, washing at six; prayers read by the monitor in the dormitory afterwards complete the day's proceedings. Several small intervals of spare time of course occur, which the boys find no difficulty in disposing of.

The first stone of the new Hall was laid in 1825, by the Duke of York, in the presence of an imposing array of distinguished persons, and was opened in 1829, with ceremonials of a still more important character. The exterior of this beautiful building is too well known to need description: we merely therefore observe that it is built in the purest style of Gothic architecture, with embattled and

pinnacled summit, octagonal towers at the ends, very lofty pointed windows, and low arches in the basement, opening upon an arcade, where the boys find shelter during their sports in bad weather. A bust of Edward decorates the space over the centre arch. The Hall stands on an interesting spot; being erected partly over the foundations of the Refectory of the Grey Friars, and partly on the site of the old City wall. The interior forms, next to Westminster Hall, the noblest room in the metropolis. It measures one hundred and eighty-seven feet in length, fifty-one wide, and forty-six and a half high, and it is in every respect as architecturally beautiful as it is gigantic in dimensions.

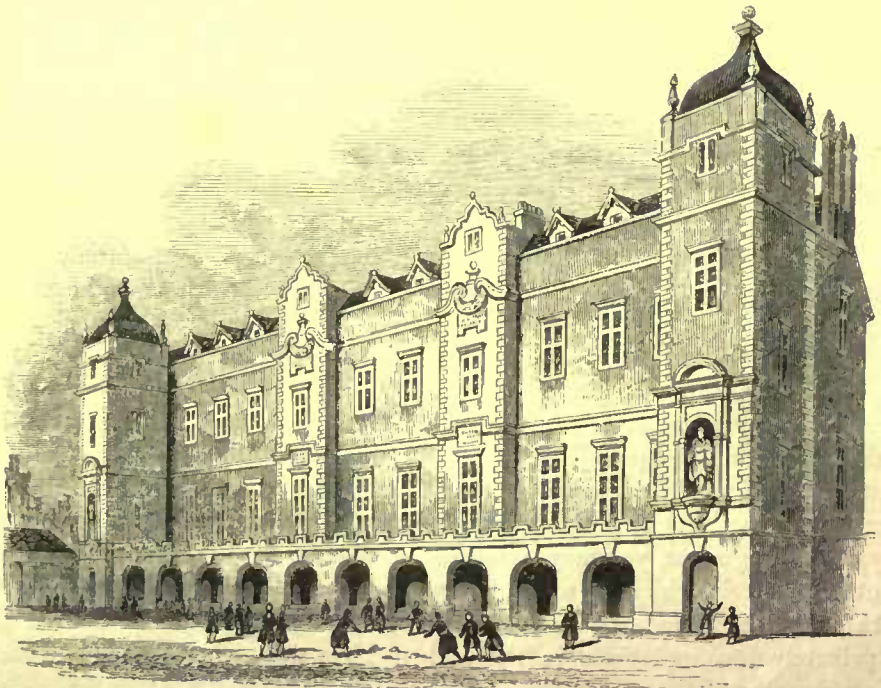
The shades of twilight were beginning to gather as we passed up the broad staircase, and entered into the solemn-looking Hall, and we could scarcely believe that we looked upon an erection of the present century. All is in harmony with the associations of the place; the stately range of beautiful windows, with their stained glass arms and devices, the flat ribbed ceiling, the galleries, the great pictures extending midway between the floor and the roof along the wall, the deep-toned organ, and the two small casements, one on each side of it, with their gorgeous-looking figures of Faith, Hope, Truth, and Justice. In the gallery at the opposite end is Holbein's great picture which we have already described, hanging, we regret to say, where there is seldom or ever a sufficiency of light to allow of its careful inspection: we have been told too that the damp is making sad ravages with it. Surely something will be done in time to remedy the one evil, if not the other. On the long line of wall facing the windows is another portrait of Charles II. by Lely; also an interesting painting, well known from engravings, descriptive of Brooke Watson's escape from a shark with the loss of a leg, whilst bathing, and who, afterwards becoming Lord Mayor of London, presented this memorial of the incident to the Hospital. Lastly, there is the great picture (great in size, whatever it be in quality) by Verrio, whom Walpole has characterised as "an excellent painter for the sort of subject on which he was employed; that is, without much invention, and with less taste, his exuberant pencil was ready at pouring out Gods, Goddesses, Kings, Emperors, and Triumphs, over those public surfaces on which the eye never rests long enough to criticise, and where we should be sorry to see placed the works of a better master,—I mean ceilings and staircases. The New Testament and the Roman History cost him nothing but ultra-marine; that and marble columns and marble steps he never spared." In the picture before us, Charles II. is giving audience to a deputation from the Hospital, including the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, Governors and children. The King sits on a throne of crimson damask, beneath a canopy of figured white cloth of gold: he holds a scroll in his hand. The Lord Mayor is pointing to an extended map and a globe, as if exulting in the progress of the boys in Charles's own school—the mathematical. A great number of youthful figures are present, boys and girls: the faces of the latter generally handsome, and their figures graceful. Verrio very characteristically has placed himself in one corner, and appears, as Malcolm has observed, to be inquiring the spectator's opinion of his performance. The "public suppers" of Christ's Hospital have long been celebrated, and deservedly, for their interesting character. In this magnificent Hall they derive new attractions. They are held on every Sunday evening, from the commencement of February until Easter. At the appointed time the double row of chandeliers are lighted, and shed their brilliant illumination through the extensive

space; the "trade boys," whose turn it is to officiate (a party to each table), bring in their baskets of bread, knives, &c., leathern piggins, into which the beer is poured from a leathern "Jack," and among the rest one brings variegated candles, which are lighted and scattered about the tables. Now come the boys, who seat themselves at their respective tables, each of which has its separate nurse. All thus far prepared, precisely at seven o'clock the procession enters, consisting of the Lord Mayor, President, Treasurer, and Governors, walking two by two; the organ swells out its mighty welcome, the vast youthful assemblage stands up and joins in the psalm, which is led by the singing boys in the organ gallery, and as it proceeds the great personages take their seat on the raised dais stretching across the Hall at the farther end. A splendidly carved chair, framed from the oak of old St. Katherine's church, invites the Lord Mayor to the chief direction of the feast. Behind him, and the long row of personages who accompany him, sit the more distinguished visitors, including a brilliant galaxy of bright jewels, and brighter eyes, enough to dazzle the vision of the more romantic among those young gazers. Strangers are admitted into the gallery where Holbein's picture is placed, and also into the body of the hall. The last are also allowed the further indulgence of walking to and fro between the tables as soon as the supper is commenced, on the close of the singing, reading, and prayers. After supper the organ again reverberates through the Hall, and the lovers of music find in the anthem which is now sung not the least interesting of the features of the evening. The singing boys now join their fellows, and the nurse of the first table leads the way, followed by the boys two and two, towards the Lord Mayor, where she curtsseys, and they bow, trade boys and all with their baskets (there is a smile sometimes at their expense); then along the whole length of the room towards the door, where they disappear. And thus, till the whole eight hundred and odd boys have passed in review before the high civic dignitary, continues the long procession to glide on, the organ pealing again as grandly as ever.

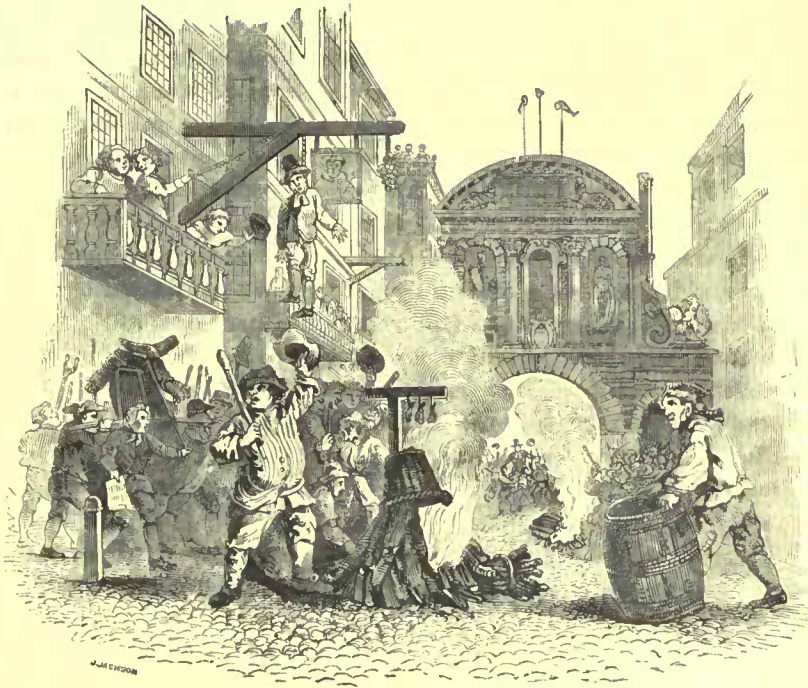
We must make a brief visit to the kitchen beneath the Hall, which is truly of Cyclopean architecture, with its tall and massy granite pillars, if it be only to allude to the great ameliorations that have been made of late years both in the quality and quantity of the boys' food, and for the purpose of introducing an incident, having no remote connection with the subject, which is too honourable to all parties to be overlooked. Charles Lamb is the recorder. It appears that, in spite of the small amount of food allowed, much of what was given could not be eaten, more particularly the fat of the fresh boiled beef, which was called *gag*. And, says Charles Lamb, "A gag-eater in our time was equivalent to a goule, and held in equal detestation." Notwithstanding this universality of feeling, it appears there was one memorable exception. This boy "was observed after dinner carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me), and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bedside. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This, then, must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next

was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism, with open door and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time*), with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of ——(the boy), an honest couple come to decay, whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family, and presented him with a silver medal.”

* Mr. Matthias Hathaway was appointed Steward in 1790.



[The Grammar and Mathematical Schools.]



[Temple Bar, Hogarth.]

XLVII.—SOME FEATURES OF LONDON LIFE OF LAST CENTURY.

THE lapse of a century has in one respect wrought a great change on London. It may not be more virtuous, but it is certainly more safe. When we read the essays of Steele, Swift, or Goldsmith, we imagine their London, bating some of the ephemeral tricks of fashion, much like our own. Their tastes, sentiments, principles, are all familiar to us. We laugh with them, and are shocked when they are shocked. There are neither full-bottomed wigs nor embroidered full-skirted and cuffed coats in their sentences to remind us wherein they differed from us. We are more familiar with them—are more intimately acquainted with and care more for them—than we do for our honest neighbours next door, whom we know only by sight. But when we turn over the pages of some London newspaper of the middle of last century we feel transported into a city whose customs are as alien to us as those in which the squabbling retainers of the Capulets and

Montagues could only be kept from fighting by all the clubs of all the citizens :

Exempli gratia :—

“1758, September 11. A gentleman was stopt in Holborn about twelve at night by *two footpads*, who, on the gentleman's making resistance, shot him dead and then robbed him. *Some of the villains* have since been apprehended.”
 —“1760, February 24. An apothecary in Devonshire Street, near Queen's Square, was one night last month attacked by two ruffians in Red Lion Street, who, presenting fire-arms and menacing him with death if he resisted or cried out, carried him to Black Mary's Hole, when by the light of a lantern perceiving he was not the intended person, they left him there without robbing him. This mysterious transaction has not yet been cleared up, though they are suspected to be the same fellows who lately sent threatening letters to Mr. Nelson, an apothecary in Holborn, and another tradesman.”—“1763, July 23. One Richard Watson, tollman of Marybone turnpike, was found barbarously murdered in his toll-house ; upon which, and some attempts made on other toll-houses, the trustees of turnpikes have come to a resolution to increase the number of toll-gatherers, and to furnish them with arms, strictly enjoining them at the same time not to keep any money at the toll-bars after eight o'clock at night.”—“1763, October 17. A man was lately robbed and barbarously murdered on the road to Ratcliffe Cross. Finding but twopence in his pocket they first broke one of his arms, then tied a great stone about his neck and threw him into a ditch, having first shot at and mangled his face in a most horrid manner. The unhappy man had, notwithstanding, scrambled out of the ditch into the road, but expired soon after he was found ; and two days after another man was found murdered in the Mile End Road.”—“1761, December 31. Murders, robberies, many of them attended with acts of cruelty, and threatening letters, were never perhaps more frequent about this city than during this last month. One highwayman in particular, by the name of the Flying Highwayman, engrosses the conversation of most of the towns within twenty miles of London, as he has occasionally visited all the public roads round the metropolis, and has collected several sums. He rides upon three different horses, a grey, a sorrel, and a black one ; the last of which has a bald face, to hide which he generally hangs on a black cat's skin. He has leaped over Colnbrook turnpike a dozen of times within this fortnight, and is now well known by most of the turnpike men on the different roads about town.”

There is, it must be owned, something of the excessive emphasis about these paragraphs which betrays quite as much indulgence in a kind of pleasurable excitement—of the same kind as is produced by listening to ghost stories—as of fear. The craving for pleasure bordering upon pain, which under the *régime* of the new police finds vent in glowing pictures of national ruin, was then contented with dread of footpads, highwaymen, and burglars. Still “where there is much smoke there is some fire ;” and the terrified writers who declared that of “two footpads” “some” had been arrested, and vowed that murders and robberies had never been more frequent than “during this last month,” could at least say for themselves, with some modern novelists, that their tales were “founded on facts.” As a witness, an ordinary of Newgate is, on such a subject, with all due deference we say it for his sacred calling, no more *suspicione major*

than the respectable caterers of paragraphs for the newspapers. A tendency to *sharpen* a tale in order to *point* a moral, has been the besetting sin of that class of functionaries as far back as we can trace them. Still, as two tipsy people, who have fast hold of each other, sometimes contrive to keep themselves from falling by reeling in opposite directions, these two rickety kinds of evidence may help to prop each other up. "He stopped," says the reverend gentleman who filled the office in 1726, speaking of one of his impenitents, "the Earl of Harborough during broad daylight in Piccadilly; one of the chairmen pulled out a pole of the chair and knocked down one of the villains, while the Earl came out, drew his sword, and put the rest to flight; but not before they had raised their wounded companion, whom they took off with them." There seems, from the account given of some other rascals by the same grave chronicler, to have been quite as little security within the liberties, as in Westminster or the suburbs:—"Their next robbery was at the house of a grocer in Thames Street. The watchman passing by as they were packing up their booty, Bellamy seized him, and obliged him to put out his candle to prevent any alarm being given. Having kept him till they were ready to go off with their plunder, they took him to the side of the Thames, and threatened to throw him in if he would not throw in his lantern and staff. *It need not be said that the poor man was obliged to comply with their injunctions.*"

Custom seems to reconcile men to anything. The insecurity was great of all who, under such circumstances, were obliged to walk abroad at night; and the apprehension evidently still greater. And yet it is most certain that people did walk abroad at night. With the assistance of Boswell, Dr. Johnson has left it on record, that for a good part of his London life he passed nightly unharmed through all these dangers. It is true that the biographer hints at the Doctor's colossal person as a reason why men of only average thews and stature should feel reluctant to attack him. But others, who certainly did not possess the Doctor's physical advantages, were equally daring. The eccentric Charlotte Charke, daughter of Colley Cibber, who, for reasons of which she makes a mystery (probably because that was the only way to lend them weight), chose to go for many years in male attire, acted, about the year 1746, as waiter at a public-house in Marylebone, then separated from London by fields and a thinly-peopled district.—"In regard to my child," says the auto-biography of this Epicene of the eighteenth century, "I begged not to be obliged to lie in the house, but constantly came to my time, and stayed till about ten or eleven at night; and I have often wondered I have escaped without wounds or blows from the gentlemen of the pad, who are numerous and frequent in their evening patrols through these fields; and my march extended as far as Long Acre, by which means I was obliged to pass through the thickest of them." Nor was this forgetfulness of danger the *cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*: for the vagabonds of London in those days did not require a large sum to tempt them to acts of violence—the appearance of poverty was scarcely a protection. The truth is, that the old adage, "familiarity breeds contempt," was applicable even here. The annoyance seems great to us, rendered effeminate by the constant presence of a drilled and organised police, to which we can fly for protection as little masters fly to their nurse or mamma when

threatened by some member of the juvenile blackguardism of the town; but in those days people were used to it.

So familiar was the contemplation to them, that till about the year 1763 they scarcely seem to have imagined that it was possible to confine the nuisance within narrower limits. In the narrative of the transactions of the gang which stopped the Earl of Harborough we are told:—"The number of atrocious violations of the law which now daily took place alarmed all those who had a regard for order and good government; and the King issued a proclamation for apprehending the offenders, and a pardon was offered to any one who would impeach his accomplices, except Burnworth, who was justly considered as the principal of the gang." The good people of these days seem to have considered that toleration was due to rogues, so long as they did not exceed all bounds—did not do all the mischief they could. As long as they stole or murdered in moderation, a kind of gratitude was felt for their forbearance. But there were limits; and then the friends of "order and good government," and the government itself, set to work, like Billy Lackaday, interrupted in reading his novel by the jangling of every bell in the house, "because they persevered." Even then the note of preparation bespoke more of weakness than energy. Three of Burnworth's associates, arrested in Holland, seem to have been guarded, at a time when the City was in its ordinary state of tranquillity, with as much precaution, and fully more ostentation, as was thought necessary in the case of Thistlewood and his accomplices:—"On the arrival of the vessel which brought them, they were put into another boat opposite the Tower, which was guarded by three other boats, in each of which was a corporal and several soldiers. In this manner they were conducted to Westminster, where they were examined by two magistrates, who committed them to Newgate, to which they were escorted by a party of the foot-guards." The rebel Lords, twenty years later, were scarcely guarded with more jealousy, or excited more the wonder and admiration of the populace. "On the approach of the ensuing assizes for the county of Surrey, they were handcuffed, put into a waggon, and in this manner a party of dragoons conducted them to Kingston. Nothing could equal the insolence of their behaviour on their leaving Newgate. They told the spectators that it would become them to treat gentlemen of their profession with respect, especially as they were going a journey. They likewise said to the dragoons that they expected to be protected from injury on the road; and, during their journey, they behaved with equal indifference and insolence, throwing money among the populace, and diverting themselves by seeing them scramble for it. A boy having picked up a halfpenny, one of a handful which Blewit had thrown among the people, told him that he would keep that halfpenny and have his name engraved on it, as sure as he would be hanged at Kingston, on which Blewit gave him a shilling to pay the expense of engraving, and enjoined him to keep his promise; and it is affirmed that the boy actually did so." We will be bound he did: it was an era in his existence—happy if the excitement did not give him a bias in favour of thieves ultimately fatal to his morals!

The most striking feature about these transactions is what must, for want of a better name, be called the absence of "moral decorum." The crowd and the

thieves exchange jokes in a manner that does not imply a very deep sense either of the reprehensible nature of their conduct, or the jeopardy in which they have placed themselves; and the civil authority, notwithstanding its military auxiliaries, seems to have been obliged to tolerate the impropriety. Too happy that no rescue was attempted, justice did not attempt to check the rude, hardening merriment that attended the procession. And this reflection suggests three points of dissimilarity (in degree, at least) between London then and London now.

The first has been already alluded to—the absence of an adequately organised police. Sanatory police, to regulate sewerage, scavenging, and general security from accidents in streets and buildings, there was literally none. There are receptacles of filth and nuisances still in London; but along the great thoroughfares and in the vicinity of the abodes of the more affluent classes, at least, they have disappeared. We do not now-a-days hear of the constable of St. George's, Hanover Square, startled into unwonted activity by the exorbitancy of some cherished nuisance, instituting a crusade against what reads more like the sluttishness of Glenburnie than London:—"1760. December 31. A great many hogs were lately seized by the churchwardens, overseers, and constables of the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, and sold for the benefit of the poor, agreeable to the 8th and 9th of William III., which makes all hogs forfeited that are bred, fed, or kept in the houses or backsides of the paved streets, or within fifty yards of the same where the houses are contiguous, within the cities of London and Westminster, borough of Southwark, parishes within the bills of mortality, and other out-parishes in the county of Middlesex." Dr. Johnson is made to say somewhere in Boswell's book, that "the kennels of Southwark ran blood two days in every week." The description given by the witnesses on the trial of the notorious Mrs. Brownrigg, of the state of the interior of her house (in Chancery Lane), is too nauseous to be repeated. Fatal accidents frequently took place at night from the exposure of rubbish during the repair of streets or building of houses, without erecting fences or placing lights round it. The streets, lanes, and courts were narrow and irregular, such as may still be seen in the neighbourhood of Clare Market, Chancery and Fetter Lanes, and encumbered with bulkheads, offering facilities for unforeseen attacks, and for the escape of malefactors. The straggling character of the suburban villages, and the numerous fields that intervened between the inhabited spots within the bills of mortality, also afforded many lurking-places.

The criminal police was equally inefficient. One illustration of the competency of the worshipful city watchmen has already been mentioned: indeed it is only very recently that the race became extinct. Stephen Theodore Jansen, who was elected Chamberlain of the City of London in January, 1765, is said to have been the "first sheriff who, for a long time, ventured to see justice executed at Tyburn, in cases that seemed to require it most, without the aid of a military force. The attempts made in 1763 to organise something like a police force in Westminster and the rest of London not comprehended within the city walls are recorded by the chroniclers of the day with an air of importance, contrasting so forcibly with their insufficiency as to leave a strong impression of the utter

want of protection which must have previously existed. We read in the Chronicle department of the Annual Register,—“1763. March 24. Every possible step is taken to put the civil power of the City and liberty of Westminster on a most respectable footing. The magistrates thereof have lately obtained a new and convenient court-house for the transaction of business, situate in King Street.”—“May 31. A plan for the better distribution of justice has been settled by the acting justices in the neighbourhood of London. The business is formed into divisions, and two justices are to meet every day, in each division, from eleven till twelve, to hear and determine complaints: *to wit*, for the Tower Hamlets, at the Court House; for Finsbury division, at Hicks’s Hall; and for Holborn, Upper Westminster, &c., somewhere near Soho.”—“October 21. A horse patrol, under the direction of Sir John Fielding, is fixed upon the several roads near this metropolis, for the protection of his Majesty’s subjects. This patrol consists of eight persons, well mounted and armed.”

The next point of dissimilarity between London in the eighteenth, and London in the nineteenth century, is one of degree only—the comparatively greater number, during the former period, of that destitute and unemployed class who raise their heads in the morning, not only uncertain where they are to lay them at night, but where or how the first food to satisfy the cravings of hunger is to be obtained. In all populous cities there is a class of this kind—persons who, either from natural incompetency for continuous regulated labour have sunk down to indigence, or from half-starvation have lost the vigour and elasticity of spirit which is the main-spring of industry; and who, between the stings of want and loss of self-respect, have grown callous to the sentiment of morality. It is among the members of this class that the ready tools of vice are ever to be found. If the city, in the nooks and corners of which they burrow, is of old standing, they become hereditary, and form a sort of Pariah *caste*. We can trace them in London at an earlier period than that to which our attention is at present directed, among the young brood nestling among the cinders of the glass-house, in De Foe’s ‘Colonel Jack,’ and the adult members of the fraternity occasionally noticed in that narrative. A few years ago London was startled from its propriety by learning that a horde of these indigenious gipsies of the city had occupied the unclosed arches of the viaduct leading to one of the new Bridges. Before and since the eighteenth century this class has abounded in London: the high or low ratio its numbers bear to the portion of society—affluent or in more straitened circumstances—characterised by settled habits, is no bad test of the civilisation of a community. It is not because their number or power was greater in London at the time we speak of than they had been at other times, but because this was the period of their empire’s culmination, that renders this period of their history interesting. Those events which have comparatively lowered their numbers, and restricted their freedom of action, were now taking place. Arkwright’s and Watt’s mechanical inventions, and Brindley and Bridgewater’s new era in the art of locomotion, were preparing staples of labour in the North, which were to act as a drain upon the surplus Lazzaroni of the whole of Britain. And at the same time the police described above was the adumbration of one more powerful destined to keep their predatory habits in check. The “beggar’s bush,” to

which the heaven of London had sent "happy dew," and its earth had lent "sap anew," "broadly to bourgeon and gaily to grow," was withering and about to be cut down. The thunder which had, in turn, burst over the walls of Carthage and of Rome, and the golden gate of Constantinople, was muttering in the horizon of the rascality of London. The war between affluence and industry on the one hand, and destitution, *gleaning*, pilfering, robbing, and a long &c. on the other, was commencing. Before, however, attempting to trace its progress, we must point out a little more in detail the condition of the doomed race.

About the middle of the eighteenth century such paragraphs as these are of constant recurrence in the newspapers of the day:—"A house in Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, which had been lately repaired, and two in Gracechurch Street which showed no signs of craziness, suddenly tumbled down to the ground." Or, "An old lodging-house in Plumtree Court, Broad Street, St. Giles's, fell down, by which accident seven poor wretches were crushed to death, and many were desperately maimed. There being other houses in the court in like tottering condition, the mob assembled in a few days afterwards and pulled them down." To houses of this rickety character, when left untenanted, poor destitute creatures crawled to die. The following paragraph, bearing date the 8th November, 1763, narrates no isolated or unwonted catastrophe:—"Two women were found dead in an empty house in Stone-cutter Street, Shoe Lane. It appeared on the Coroner's inquest, by the deposition of two women and a girl, found in the house at the same time, that the deceased women being destitute of lodging got into the house, it being empty and open, and being sick perished for want of necessaries and attendance. The poor wretches who gave this evidence were almost in the same condition. Soon after another woman was found starved to death, in another house in the same neighbourhood." Even at the present day there are quarters in London where scenes only not so harrowing as these may be witnessed. There are nests of houses so squalid and rickety, that none but the most abject of the poor would inhabit them; yet which bring high nominal rents, proportioned to the number of ragged competitors and the difficulty of obtaining payment. But it is a striking fact, and one which more than anything else is calculated to impress us with a sense of the numbers of the Pariah *casu* in London towards the middle of the eighteenth century, that while the city has been so much extended, the squalid districts have scarcely multiplied in number or extended in space, though the dens within them may have been crowded more closely together.

A mere glance at the comparatively large portion of the space then occupied by the city, over which this class of squalid dwellings extended, will supply the reader with some idea of the amount of this class of the population, over whose outcomings and ingoings it behoved the wretched police-staff to keep steady watch. Near where Fleet Ditch, which remained uncovered till an advanced period of the century, falls into the Thames—we find on the one side of this "Heliconian stream," the old Alsatia still, though to a less extent than of old, a place of refuge for questionable characters, on the other the purlicus of the Fleet prison, Shoe Lane and Stonecutter Street are mentioned, in one of the paragraphs quoted above, as full of dilapidated buildings into which the destitute occasionally crawled to die. Advancing up the stream the dwellings became less crowded,

but the district had a bad reputation. Black Mary's Hole was there, to which the terrified apothecary of Devonshire Street was carried; and still further on was Copenhagen House, and the lane which derived its name from being a haunt of the notorious Du Val. Turning from Fleet Ditch to the left along Holborn, after passing between the Scylla of Shoe Lane, and the Charybdis of Field Lane, the passenger passed on the left Wheatstone Park, behind which were the environs of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in a very dilapidated condition, and the termination of the "Hundreds of Drury." The continuous range of building terminated in this direction with St. Giles's, of the pristine condition of which the Rookery is at this day a living monument. From St. Giles's a chain of dilapidated streets extended down by Castle Street, behind Leicester Fields, and Hedge Lane, almost joining the Sanctuary of Westminster, for a notion of which the reader is referred to Fielding. Returning to the point at which we quitted Fleet Ditch, and turning to the east, we pass through the environs of Smithfield to Moorfields. It is a sufficient indication of the character of these two districts to mention that Jonathan Wild's place of business was originally situated in Cock Alley, midway between them. Houndsditch and its purlicues formed a connecting link with Tower Hill, Rosemary Lane, and Wapping. On the opposite side of the river the Mint was still flourishing, and the frequenters of Cuper's Gardens were more numerous than select. This review of the resorts of the "dangerous classes" shows that although portions of their territory have since been occupied by the streets and dwellings of the more reputable and comfortable classes, they have not retaliated by taking up new quarters—they have rather shrunk like snails deeper into their shells at the approach of incompatible neighbours. This view of the relative positions of the two classes of society during the whole of the earlier half of last century is, if possible, more startling than the catalogue of outrages given above. The honest and opulent portion of society appear like small islands, encircled and separated by the ramifying arms of this sea of destitution and hunger for the goods of others; they are like the few spare ribs of tough mutton swimming *in gurgite vasto* of the thin broth of old Morton of Milwood.

There remains yet another circumstance to be noted of the peculiarities of the period we are adverting to—the general coarseness of manners. The identity we recognise in the sentiments of the writers of that age and our own is in a great measure owing to their having made us in the matter of refinement what we are. The dehortations of Addison, Steele, Swift, and even Chesterfield, may be taken as historical evidence of the prevalence of the gross or violent habits against which they level their sarcasms. A high-toned and even fastidious sense of honour and delicacy among the classes which give the tone to society is a necessary safeguard to public morals. Even in Italy, where a lax system of morality prevails, the sense of the beautiful, so generally diffused and so sedulously cultivated by all classes, supplies in some degree the want of a sterner and more stringent moral code. The absence of literary or artistical tastes, and the rude amusements which were run after by the bulk of even the opulent classes of London till late in the eighteenth century, mainly contributed to the frequent acts of violence which present such a startling picture of social insecurity. The savage scenes at Hockley-in-the-Hole—the brutal and cowardly scenes of the cockpit—the swindling tricks

familiar to the frequenters of the latter, and of the bowling alleys at Marylebone and elsewhere—and the innumerable small gambling-houses at which all comers, even menial servants, were received—blunted the moral sense and rendered it indifferent to suffering. The toleration of erring characters, which has its source, not in that high Christian moral which recognises and honours the features of God's image upon whatever base metal it may be stamped, or however it may be distorted or half-effaced by passion or crime—but in an obtuseness of moral feeling, and a low standard of right—was disseminated through society. Men were not restrained from crime by a delicate sense of their own honour, nor were they deterred by the fear of an entire banishment from the only circles of society with which they could sympathise. The raw ignorant lad whose colleges had been the cockpit, the arena of the prize-fighters, the bowling-green, and the tavern, violated few of his own sentiments when, finding himself a beggar, he turned to repair his fortunes by the highway. In the undeveloped state of national industry, the giant career of East Indian conquest having been scarcely commenced, there were few lines of employment open to the younger branches of good families. Out of these circumstances grew up another “dangerous class,” much better deserving the name than any of the classes to which it has been applied by a recent French author. The families of the higher nobility were discarding their trains of attendants, and their ruffling followers were thrown loose upon society, without any course of settled industry to which they could have betaken themselves, even had they been inclined. He would be a bold man who would pledge himself for the principles and honour of the “Slaves of the Lamp” throughout all the gradations of the literary hierarchy of our own day, but at least the anomalous biped—the “transition series” between the serviceable bully of a Buckingham or Rochester, and the pander to the filthiest portion of the modern press of London—who hawked about his “poems” for subscriptions, and wrote lampoons, and fetched and carried lies to order, has disappeared. “Young men about town” may in many instances be no better than they should be, but assuredly no novelist of the day could hope to interest us in his hero after representing him in the receipt of the wages of a Lady Bellaston. Society repudiates what it then tolerated. The honest and dishonest classes are separated by a sharply defined and tolerably distinct boundary-line—there is no wide “debateable land” of varying extent, stretching its unhealthy moral morass between them.

This class, bad in itself, and forming a chain of communication for infection between the staid regular population and the Pariahs crowded around them, was a main agent in extending the rule of violence and rapine. Walking one day arm and arm with a nobleman—sharing it may be in the annual dinner given by the Duke of Buckingham to his “pendables” at Marylebone—crouching the next in a night-cellar, they flitted from one class of society to another, absorbing all the worst characteristics of both, and communicating to each what was bad in the other.

Smollett and Fielding have availed themselves, to a certain extent, of the extremes of society between which young men hanging loose on the world were at that time tossed backwards and forwards, to lend variety to the adventures of

their heroes. But the necessity of preserving intact their æsthetic, if not their moral, characters has obliged them to stop short of the wild and startling extremes of which glimpses appear from time to time in our criminal records and in some stray autobiographies. In an earlier number we presented our readers with a picture of the once celebrated Lætitia Pilkington flirting at her window in St. James's Street with the most fashionable frequenters of White's—generals and dukes being amongst the number. A few years only had passed over her head when she appealed to the benevolence of Richardson, the novelist, in these words:—"Thursday, 12 o'clock, December, 1745—My daughter has come home with child, naked and desolate, and because I would not let her lie in the street my landlady has padlocked the door, and turned us both here. My own writings she has secured, as well as a few small matters she (my child) had provided for her child. I have less authority to blame her than perhaps another mother would take. We have both been forced to sit up in a place they call a night-house all last night, so that my head is extremely disordered." The scene of the night-house in Hogarth's *Idle Apprentice* will enable our readers to figure to themselves the abject state to which this woman, once a favourite guest of Swift at his residence in Dublin, was reduced. A few days later she wrote again to Richardson:—"I know not what to do with this unhappy wretch, my daughter, or myself, in this dreadful exigence. I can procure no lodging but the floor. * * I am still in the same calamitous night-house where your young gentleman came to me, where there is no rest to be had night or day—riot and misrule reign in it."

A contemporary of Lætitia Pilkington's, whose misfortunes seem not to have been owing to vice, strictly speaking, but simply to an unsettled disposition, which could not conform to the usages of society and her sex—Charlotte Charke—has left us in her memoirs some striking accounts of the squalid places of amusement at which the dissolute and the destitute met as on a common ground. The following is an amusing specimen:—"As there were frequently plays acted at the Tennis-court, with trembling limbs and aching heart I adventured thither to see whether there was any character wanting—a custom very frequent among the gentry who exhibited at that slaughter-house of dramatic poetry. One night, I remember, 'The Recruiting Officer' was to be performed, as they were pleased to call it, for the benefit of a young creature who had never played before. To my unbounded joy, Captain Plume was so very unfortunate that he came at five o'clock to inform the young gentlewoman he did not know a word of his part. I (though shut up in the small green-room) did not dare to tell them I could do it, for fear my voice, which is particular and as well known as my face, should betray me to those assailants of liberty who constantly attend every play-night there, to the inexpressible terror of many a potentate who has quaveringly tremor'd out the hero, lest the sad catastrophe should rather end in a sponging-house than a bowl of poison or a timely dagger. * * * At last, the question being put to me, I immediately replied (seeing the coast clear) I could do such a thing; but, like Mosca, was resolved to stand upon terms, and make a merit of necessity. 'To be sure, Ma'am,' says I, 'I do any thing to oblige you, but I am quite unprepared; I have nothing here proper; I want a pair of white'

stockings and clean shirt.' Though, between friends, in case of a lucky hit, I had all these things ready in my pocket. * * * Her house was as full as it could hold, and the audience clattering for a beginning. At length she was obliged to comply with my demands (one guinea paid in advance), and I got ready with all expedition. When the play was ended I thought it mighty proper to stay till the coast was clear, that I might carry off myself and guinea securely; but, in order to effect it, I changed clothes with a person of low degree, whose happy rags and the kind covert of night secured me from the dangers I might otherwise have encountered. My friend took one road, I another, but met at my lodgings, where I rewarded him with a shilling, which at that time I thought a competent portion for a younger son." About the time that the daughter was thus earning a precarious livelihood, the father was exchanging repartees with the reigning beauty of the day, Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, at Tunbridge Wells.

It almost seems as if there had been in those days two communities dwelling in London—the regular and the regularly irregular—regarding whom it had scarcely been decided which had the best right to be there, or which was the intruding party. Even a royal proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of a well-known highwayman did not always succeed in driving him from the streets:—"A proclamation was issued, and three hundred pounds offered," says the 'Newgate Calendar,' "for taking Burnworth into custody: but notwithstanding this he still appeared at large, and gave the following among other proofs of his audacity. Sitting down at the door of a public-house in Holborn, where he was well known, he called for a pint of beer and drank it; holding a pistol in his hand by way of protection: he then paid for his beer, and went off with the greatest apparent unconcern." The boldness of such rascals did not stop here: they sometimes gave battle to the officers of justice in the public streets. "On the approach of evening," the tale is told of the same ruffian and some of his gang, "they ventured towards London, and having got as far as Turnmill Street, the keeper of Clerkenwell Bridewell happening to see them, called to Burnworth, and said he wanted to speak with him. Burnworth hesitated; but the other assuring him that he intended no injury, and the thief being confident that his associates would not desert him, swore he did not regard the keeper, whom he advanced to meet, with a pistol in his hand, the other miscreants waiting on the opposite side of the street armed with cutlasses and pistols. This singular spectacle attracting the attention of the populace, a considerable crowd soon gathered round them; on which Burnworth joined his companions, who now thought their safest plan would be to retreat towards the fields; wherefore they kept together, and, facing the people, retired in a body, presenting their pistols, and swearing they would fire on any who should offer to molest them.' They were not always satisfied to act on the defensive: instances occurred of their attempting to enforce their own thieves' code, and inflict punishment on treacherous members of their society, although guarded by constables in a crowded thoroughfare:—"The circumstance of Marjoram having turned evidence being the public topic of conversation, John Barton provided a loaded pistol, and placing himself near Goldsmiths' Hall, took an opportunity, when the officers were

conducting Marjoram before the Lord Mayor, to fire at him; but Marjoram observing him advancing, stooped down, so that the ball grazed his back only. The suddenness of this action, and the surprise it occasioned, gave Barton an opportunity of escaping." Perhaps, after all, the facts best calculated to show the utter want of a police force in London are, that a company of smugglers made the Fleet Prison the depôt of their "run goods" for a tract of years without detection: and that in 1778 there was a battle on Blackfriars Bridge, between a party of soldiers and a band of smugglers, in which the soldiers were only partially successful. This is bringing the scenes of Rob Roy and Guy Mannering into the very heart of the metropolis.

The impression naturally produced upon men's minds by such a state of things was, that they were living in the presence of an enemy against whom they must defend themselves. Or rather, perhaps, they looked upon the worshipful community of thieves much in the same way that settlers in a new country regard the wild beasts prowling in the forests around them. The coaches which started from London, when any celebrated highwaymen were known to have taken the road, were attended by volunteer guards who were paid for the occasion. These were in general young active fellows, attracted partly by the gratuity, partly by the excitement of the enterprise. Some of them were animated by the true spirit of hunters. "I keep a shop in Wych Street," said one of them, called to bear witness against a foot-pad he had helped to take, when asked what was his occupation; "*and sometimes catch a thief.*" There is a true sportsmanlike feeling in the reply: he was impelled by the same propensity which drives less adventurous natures to catch a hare. The more timid members of society seem to have felt towards these wild slips, as the staid seniors of a village feel towards the young scape-graces who occasionally play truant from field-labour to hunt the wolf. But wolf-hunting is not so seductive as man-hunting. When fairly fleshed in the latter pursuit our Cockney sportsmen rarely confined themselves to the pursuit of thieves: they generally found or fancied that hunting the honest men was the better fun of the two. But of this irregularity the citizens judged as harshly as a staunch game-preserved would of the friend who shot his hen pheasants instead of confining himself to the cocks. The 'Annual Register' bears record to the untimely death of more than one soldier who had been engaged to guard (it may be) the Bath mail, and was caught robbing the Gloucester mail.

To pursue our hunting metaphor, the citizens would at times rise *en masse* and have their "tinchell," and their grand *battues*. Here is a specimen of the manner in which a London mob would at times take the law into its own hands (we quote from the Annual Register):—"1760, April 13. A quarrel happened in Stepney Fields between some English and Portuguese sailors, in which three of the former were killed.—15th. This evening, as an English sailor was walking in Mill Yard, Whitechapel, he was stabbed in the back by a Portuguese sailor, and instantly died. The murderer was pursued to Rag Fair, where the mob nailed him by his ear to the wall; some time after he broke from thence with the loss of a part of it, and ran; but the mob were so incensed, that they followed, cut and wounded him with knives, till at last he either fell or threw himself into a

puddle of water, where he died." Sometimes the mob, when fairly entered into the spirit of the game, did not hold their hands after the punishment of the original offender:—"1763, June 4. The people crowding through the postern on Tower Hill to see the fire-works [*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume, anni labuntur!*—it may be necessary to remind some of our younger readers that the 4th of June was the birth-day of George III.], the rails surrounding a well thirty feet deep gave way, and it was filled with the bodies of those falling in. Six were taken up dead, fourteen or fifteen so mangled as scarcely to be able to live; among them women with child. During the consternation occasioned by the accident a sailor had his pocket picked by a Jew, who, after undergoing the usual discipline of ducking, hopped out of the water, pretending to have his leg broke, and was carried off by some of his brethren. But the sailors, discovering the trick, and considering it as a cheat, pursued him to Duke's Place, where, at first, they were beaten off by the inhabitants; but presently returning with a fresh reinforcement, they attacked the place, entered three houses, threw everything out of the windows, broke the glasses, tore the beds, and ripped up the wainscot, leaving the houses in the most ruinous condition. With the furniture, three children sick of the small-pox were thrown out of the window." This habit of taking the law into their own hands produced its natural effects. Within its jurisdiction the mob would tolerate no authority but its own; it punished the dishonest, and it punished the officers of the law for attempting to interfere with them: a glorious despot is King Mob—*stat pro ratione voluntas*:—"1763, March 15. Lord Warkworth, eldest son to the Earl of Northumberland, was chosen member for Westminster. The guard, placed over a large quantity of beer provided for the entertainment of the populace, getting drunk, stove the casks, and in the struggle to get at them a quarrel broke out between a party of sailors and some Irish chairmen; when the former getting the better, drove the others from the field, and destroyed all the chairs they could meet with, except one having on it these words—'This belongs to English chairmen.' The disturbances were renewed on the 17th, when a party of guards was obliged to interfere.—20th. Search being made [there was no undue precipitancy on the part of the myrmidons of the law] by the peace-officers at the houses of ill-fame about Tower Hill, several women of the town and some sailors were taken, and next morning carried before the justices for examination; but intelligence being given to their shipmates, a large body of them assembled, and threatened the justices if they should proceed to commitment. The justices applied for a guard to the commanding officer at the Tower, and a few musqueteers being sent, they were found insufficient to intimidate the sailors, whose numbers increasing, a second and third reinforcement were demanded; and an engagement would certainly have ensued, but for the address of a sea-officer, who by fair words called off two-thirds of the sailors, just as the word was given to the soldiers to fire upon them, . . . The justices proceeded to business, and made out the mittimus of eight of the street-walkers [they do not seem to have dared to meddle with the sailors]; but in the afternoon of the same day, as they were going to Bridewell, under a guard of a serjeant and twelve men, they were rescued in Chiswell

Street by a fresh party of sailors, who carried them off in triumph, after one man had been shot in the groin."

Amid these lawless scenes grew up a class of men whose profession it was, in the refined language of the *escrocs* of Paris, "*d'exploiter les positions sociales.*" The courts of law could not perform their functions without some one to take upon him the laborious task of public prosecutor; and the law of England had, and still has, omitted to make provision for such a functionary. His place was supplied by amateurs, who, if they did not don the wig and gown, and make speeches to the judge and jury, got the malefactor apprehended, ferreted out witnesses against him, and sometimes (the more impudent among them) took the management of the trial out of the hands both of the judges and counsel learned in the law. Again, people who found that the officers of justice could not protect their property, were often glad to compound with the thieves who had got it into their possession, and sacrifice a part to escape losing all. The self-appointed public prosecutors were ready to lend their assistance to forward such negotiations. The trade was originally set up by understrappers of the law; but the man who carried it to its highest perfection was a non-professional gentleman, whose name has been identified with it, and will carry its memory down to posterity. The Peachum of Gay and the Jonathan Wild of Fielding please, the one by its delicate finish, the other by its strong breadth of effect—both by their bold satire. But neither of them are so startling as their robust original, as he stands portrayed in the invective against him (published in 1718, by his rival in trade, Charles Hitchin, the City Marshal), entitled, 'The Regulator, or a Discovery of Thieves, Thief-takers,' &c., or the unblushing disclosures made by "the buckle-maker" (so called from his original profession) himself in his 'New Account,' which he published by way of reply. Jonathan was bred in Birmingham, and was unquestionably the most splendid, the most finished specimen of *brass* that has been issued from its mint. The extensive ramifications of his projects excite regret that so much ingenuity should have been squandered upon such objects. His coolness and effrontery in frequenting and taking part in the proceedings of the courts of law, long after he knew that his nefarious practices were known rather than suspected, and his insolence towards bench, bar, and witnesses, although coarse and vulgar, almost rises by its daring self-reliance to the rank of moral courage. Our space is too limited to allow of our dilating upon his exploits, even though they were sufficiently to our taste to tempt us. They who are fond of such themes may seek them in the congenial pages of the 'Newgate Calendar'—or anywhere but in the three volumes of a flash romance. One good service Jonathan did: he concentrated in his own person an intensity of hatred from both the honest and dishonest portions of society, which carried to the highest pitch the natural repugnance entertained to the trade of keeping thieves as a grazier keeps cattle, and every now and then selecting one fat enough in crime to make him worth selling to the slaughter-house. The mean petty-larceny character of Jonathan's successors in trade—the M'Donalds, Berries, Salmons, and Gahagans (each of the three kingdoms seems to have contributed its quota to this precious *ragman's* roll)—rendered it contemptible as it was dis-

gusting; and nothing guilty can maintain its ground against contempt. In reading the narrative of Jonathan Wild it is the man and his crimes who excite repugnance; in reading the disclosures on the trial of the other four, we are revolted by a society, so callous and so helpless as to crouch for shelter behind laws which, by hanging boys for stealing to the value of eleven pence, maintaining no organised police, and offering a high price for the conviction of every thief, bribed men to make the criminals they betrayed.

Between Jonathan Wild on the one hand, however, and "flying highwaymen" on the other, society at last became thoroughly roused to the necessity of doing something for the sake of its own comfort. England has been called the land for quacks to thrive in; and its conduct under this fever-fit of terrified activity justified its reputation. Like all devotees of quacks, it fixed its hope and trust upon a universal medicine—the panacea of the moment. The gallows was the only cure for crime in which men had faith, and in the true spirit of a Lady Bountiful they proceeded to administer it right and left—by no means in homœopathic doses—without discrimination of age, sex, or rank. From Lord Ferrers to the unlettered cinder-sifter begot in sin and nursed in filth and crime; from the madman to the idiot; from the dotard of seventy to the boy of fifteen; the hempen noose was the only anodyne applied to cure this disease of dishonesty. It was in these days that Burke found the legislative sage, in the library of the House of Commons, busily devising an Act of Parliament to make the stealing of three turnips from a field felony without benefit of clergy. It was in that age the Scotch judge flourished, who, having fallen asleep during the delivery of a prosy speech about the right of property in a meadow, and being jogged by one of his brethren to deliver his judgment, mechanically muttered, before he was right awake, "Hang him!" It was gallows—gallows—nothing but gallows; except in the case of a lady convicted of petty treason, whose privilege it was to be burned. The gallows was to the judge and penal legislator what a "blue-grace" was to the pageant-poet in Fletcher's 'Valentinian'—their one idea and whole stock in trade. Never had the capabilities of the gallows for the repression of crime a fairer trial; its admirers had their full swing—or rather the class upon which they experimented had.

Not contented with the long-drawn procession to Tyburn, they paraded the grisly apparatus of death through almost every quarter of London. There is scarcely a street (of the streets then in existence) in which it has not at one time or another planted its black foot. Men did not need to make holiday to go abroad to see it, for it was "brought home to their businesses and bosoms." In 1768 John Power was hanged at Execution Dock. In 1758 James White and his brother were executed at Kennington Common. In 1760 Patrick M'Carty was executed "at the foot of Bow Street, Covent Garden." Not long after Theodore Gardelle, for the murder of his landlady, was executed in the Haymarket, opposite the end of Panton Street. Williamson, in 1767, was hanged at the end of Chiswell Street; and another criminal was about the same time executed in Old Street. The dreary list might be lengthened out through "all kinds of streets," but these specimens will suffice.

Nor were the patrons of the gallows satisfied with these transient displays; they wished more lasting memorials of its efficacy, and with that intent made its victims their own monuments. London seems to have been as thick-set with these trophies at one time as Westminster Abbey is with royal tombs. They were erected on every battle-field between the men of Thieftom and the men industrial, on the same principle that the Greeks erected a monument on Marathon. There are many now alive who yet remember the bodies of the pirates opposite Blackwall wavering in the wind, "a gibbet's tassel"—one of the first sights that



[The Thames Gibbets. Hogarth.]

went to greet the stranger approaching London from the sea. About the middle of last century similar objects met the gaze of the traveller, by whatever route he entered the metropolis. "All the gibbets in the Edgeware Road," says an extract from the newspapers of the day in the 'Annual Register' for 1763, "on which *many* malefactors were hung in chains, were cut down by persons unknown." The "all" and the "many" of this cool matter-of-fact announcement conjure up the image of a long avenue planted with "gallows-trees," instead of elms or poplars—an assemblage of pendant criminals, not exactly "thick as leaves that strew the brook in Valombrosa," but frequent as those whose feet tickling Sancho's nose when he essayed to sleep in the cork forest drove him from tree to tree in search of an empty bough. Frequent mention is made in the books, magazines, and newspapers of that period of the bodies of malefactors conveyed after execution to Blackheath, Finchley, and Kennington Commons, or Hounslow Heath, for the purpose of being there permanently suspended. In those days the ap-

proach to London on all sides seems to have lain through serried files of gibbets, growing closer and more thronged as the distance from the city diminished, till they and their occupants arranged themselves in rows of ghastly and grinning sentinels along both sides of the principal avenues. And, by way of a high temple of the gallows—in a central point towards which all these ranges might be supposed to converge—like the temple at Luxor amid its avenues of sphinxes—or rather like the blood-stained shrine of Mexitli in the centre of the capital of Montezuma—stood Temple Bar with its range of grinning skulls, beneath which, when the gory heads were first stuck up, Horace Walpole saw the industrious idle of the city lounging with ample store of spy-glasses, through which passengers were allowed to peep at them “for the small charge of one halfpenny.”

Talk of the “City of the Plague!” It is as nothing in point of horror when compared with—THE CITY OF THE GALLOWES.

This contest, like all others, in which habits are attempted to be extirpated by force and fear alone, only served to exasperate both parties. The vicious portion of society became more desperate and ferocious, and the honest burghers became more apprehensive and thirsty for the blood of criminals: the thoughtless looked on as the frequent victims were hurried to the gallows, and in the words of Casca, “clapped him and hissed him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre.” In the case of Williamson, a journeyman shoemaker, who had murdered his wife by starving her to death, we are told—“The gallows was erected in the centre of Moorfields, fronting Chiswell Street. * * There were at least 80,000 persons, of whom a great number were women. * * The populace thought hanging too mild for so heinous a crime. [Perhaps they remembered that had the wife been the guilty party she would have been burned, and thought it unfair to make a difference.] He seemed apprehensive of being torn to pieces, and hastened the executioner to perform his office.” And in like manner a few months later in the same year:—“The crowd that waited in the Session House Yard during the trial testified their joy by a shout when Mrs. Brownrigg was convicted; and such was the indignation they felt at the horrid, deliberate, and persevering cruelties of which she had been guilty, that those who were near the ordinary’s coach when she was carried to execution, cried out, they hoped he would pray for her damnation, for such a fiend ought not to be saved.” On the other hand, when not satisfied of the guilt of the convict, or when the severity of the punishment appeared disproportionate to the crime, the sympathies of the crowd excited their indignation against the law itself and its ministers. It was customary among persons ordered for execution to proceed to Tyburn with a white cockade in their hats by way of declaration that they died innocent. The high eulogium pronounced upon Mr. Jansen for enforcing the performance of executions at Tyburn without the aid of the military, shows that it was considered a service of some danger. There is something wild and fantastic in the affectionate interest the rabble evinced at times for individuals who underwent the last penalty of the law, and it had a most bruin-like method of giving vent to its indignation against those who brought them to the gibbet. We learn from the Annual Register, that in May,

1764—"The criminal condemned for returning from transportation at the sessions, and afterwards executed, addressed himself to the populace, at Tyburn, and told them he could wish they would carry his body and lay it at the door of Mr. Parker, a butcher, in the Minories, who it seems was the principal evidence against him; which being accordingly done, the mob behaved so riotously before the man's house it was no easy matter to disperse them." Less than a year previous to the occurrence of this incident, we learn from the same work that—"As soon as the execution of several criminals condemned at last sessions of the Old Bailey was over at Tyburn, the body of Cornelius Sanders, executed for stealing about 50*l.* out of the house of Mrs. White, in Lamb Street, Spitalfields, was carried and laid before her door; where great numbers of people assembling, they at last grew so outrageous, that a guard of soldiers was sent for to stop their proceedings: notwithstanding which, they forced open the door, fetched out all the salmon tubs, most of the household furniture, piled them on a heap and set fire to them; and to prevent the guards from extinguishing the flames, pelted them off with stones, and would not disperse till the whole was consumed."

This was no school of morality, but only the "finishing school" of Tom Neros, for whose career the reader is referred to Hogarth. There was greater callousness to suffering then than there is now. We hear still of children hired out to beggars, to enable them to excite compassion; and the exposure of these poor worms to the inclemency of the weather is bad enough, to say nothing of the allegation that they are sometimes pinched to make them cry; but we do not hear of such enormities as this:—"1761, April 6. The court at Hicks's Hall lately committed Anne Martin, *alias* Chapney, to Newgate, where she is to be imprisoned two years, pursuant to her sentence: she is accused of putting out the eyes of children, with whom she went a-begging about the country." How little the liberal administration of gallows contributed to frighten men from the ways of crime may be learned from brief notices like the following—so brief, indeed, that one is tempted to marvel at the simplicity of the penny-a-liners of those days. What would not one of those artists now make of such a fact to spin a paragraph from?—"1763, August 24. Since the middle of July near one hundred and fifty persons have been committed to New Prison and Clerkenwell *for robberies and other capital offences.*" The reckless wretches seem almost to have crowded in, crying, "You cannot hang us all." It was like the contest of savage Indians, trying which can inflict or bear most pain. It was playing on a great scale the pedagogue's game of hardening and stupefying a boy by excessive punishments. There was no moral sense awakened by the contest: it was a mere mechanical reciprocation of violence and butchery. Even the imagination was left dormant: the dogs which lap blood from the shambles are as much instructed and edified as were the gazers with lack-lustre eye on the throttling of so many human beings. The superstitious thrill felt even by the rudest was not awakened: there were no ghosts at Tyburn or in Newgate. Indeed, in the article of ghosts, London is remarkably poor. Their real character was so little felt, that when one appeared in Cock Lane the people, so far from being scared, flocked from all quarters of the capital to visit it, as they now repair to the

Missouri Leviathan. Even Horace Walpole confesses that he visited Fanny with a party of ladies and gentlemen, and found the lane so crowded that it was difficult to get into the house. Burnworth did indeed threaten one of his keepers, a short time before his execution, that "if he did not see him buried in a decent manner, he would meet him after death in a dark entry and pull his nose." But the man was so little alarmed that he allowed the body to be hung in chains without remonstrance. From all our reading we can only recall one execution of the eighteenth century, the circumstances of which are in the slightest degree imaginative:—"1763, August 19. About twelve at noon the sky for several miles round London was overcast in such a manner, that the darkness exceeded that of the great eclipse in 1748, greatly resembling that which preceded the last great earthquake at Lisbon. This darkness was occasioned by a black sulphureous cloud which arose in the N.W.; and, attended with hail, rain, wind, and lightning, drove furiously over London, and then discharged itself chiefly on the county of Kent, where in rapidity and fierceness the storm resembled a tornado, so as to kill fowl and even sheep, and in near twenty parishes destroying all hope of crop to the amount of near 50,000*l.* This storm made such an impression on the ignorant populace assembled to see a criminal executed on Kennington Common, that the Sheriff was obliged to apply to the Secretaries of State for a military force to prevent a rescue; and it was near eight in the evening before he suffered."

In spite of all this, the wise men of the age were resolved to narrow the range of crime by the gallows; and got angry with the criminals who would not be reclaimed by the gallows, and out of sheer spite hanged them for their obstinacy. The number of persons executed at one time went on increasing, till it was necessary to have recourse to machinery to facilitate and expedite the work of the hangman; and the "new drop" was hailed as an invention in the manufacture of morality quite as great and important as that of Arkwright in the manufacture of cotton. Judges who had pored upon the laws, and as counsel twisted and turned them, and looked at them on all sides, and tried experimentally how far they would go, until the law had entered into their souls and become a part of their being, could not conceive that the law could fail. It was not the law's fault, they averred, but the insufficient execution of the law. A sailor was once asked what he would wish for if he could have every thing he wished? "All the 'baccy in the world," said Jack. "And what next?" "All the rum in the world." "And what next?" After long thought—"A little more 'baccy." So with the sages of the law. Having got all the gallows they were likely to get, they wished for the pillory, and then for "a little more gallows." So they went on bending the broad back of their favourite instrument with greater and greater burdens, until, having tried it with so many as twenty men at a time, it fairly broke down beneath the weight. To speak without metaphor, the blood even of that callous public curdled at such a spectacle; and the practice of hanging began to abate through pure despair of achieving any thing by it. Men had not discovered any better way of attaining their object; but they were so disgusted with this that they resolved, *coute qu'il coute*, to use it less liberally in future.

And yet since that time the increasing evil which the gallows in vain strove to

stem has been rapidly abating. Whoever has marked the clearing away of one of those protracted rain-storms which, stretching through entire days, seems to gather strength from its continuance, has seen something analogous to the process by which this happy change has been effected. In the case of the rain-storm the moist clouds overhead assume a cold grey, livid complexion, more uncomfortable to look at than they have previously worn. This change, however, is occasioned by the vapours overhead becoming less dense, and allowing a tinge of the blue sky beyond to mingle with the colour of the rain-clouds. In this, as in everything, the first stage of transition, even from bad to better, is uncouth and unpleasant. So with the lawlessness of London. About the time that the close of the last war undertaken by George II. threw loose upon the metropolis numbers of idle sailors and soldiers, and, worse than either, those lawless men whom government, by profusely issuing letters of marque, had encouraged to embark in a career of licensed piracy, amid the mercenary boldness and ferocity of bands of marauders, the crimps of the East India Company, at that time engaged in laying the foundation of its colossal empire, began to ply their trade on a larger scale. Among the atrocities at that time too rife in the Great Babylon, none are more shocking than some of the details which transpired of the interior of the dens of these kidnappers. The giddy, dissipated, and licentious—young men who had squandered everything and had no friends, or whose friends had cast them off—were entrapped into engagements while under the influence of liquor; and then, as their adherence to their bargain if left at liberty when they returned to their senses was rather problematical, shut up in receiving-houses till opportunities offered of shipping them. The officers of justice were too few in number, and too deficient in organization, to hunt out unlawful transactions: as Falstaff said of Worcester and rebellion, if they lay in their way they found them. And the out-of-the-way recesses and old-fashioned buildings in the old, half-deserted parts of the town afforded opportunities for internal fortification. The spunging-houses, private mad-houses, and other tolerated nuisances of the time, presented models and specious pretexts. On one occasion we read of a man falling dead from a house in Chancery Lane at the feet of some passengers, and a search being instituted, a crimping-house of the East India Company's recruiting agents is discovered, in which a number of men are detained against their will—the deceased having been one of them, and having lost his life in an attempt to escape by the skylights. On another occasion the recurrence of funerals, performed under cloud of night, with maimed rites, and without any entry being made in the register, attracted the notice of some persons residing in the neighbourhood of St. Bride's church-yard. On an inquiry being instituted into the nature of these clandestine burials, it was discovered that the bodies had come from a receiving-house of recruits for the East India Company's service; and on that house being broken open by order of the authorities, a dead body, which they had not yet got smuggled out, was found in one of the upper apartments in an advanced stage of decomposition. These things were evils of themselves—aggravations of surrounding horrors; but they were indications of living and stirring employment which would attract and turn to account the thews and sinews, aye, and the brains of many who, if left to lounge idly at home, would have added to the num-

ber of pests of society. At the same time the impetus given to industry in the manufacturing districts diminished the numbers of those who, driven by destitution to dishonesty, had flocked to London as to an asylum. London was then almost the only town in the empire large enough to allow them to hide their heads in it with security. Thither they all betook themselves when hard pressed, as foxes to their most difficult cover. The most dexterous and daring criminals, wherever bred, gravitated by a natural attraction towards London as the centre of their system. It was their metropolis too. This supply was materially diminished at the same time that the romantic and attractive field of adventure in the East was thrown open to the young, hot, restless bloods of the metropolis. The ranks of the most dangerous portion of the "classes dangereuses"—those *not* "to the manner born," but who in their fall from purer regions had brought with them the intelligence of their earlier associates to render more malignant and powerful the propensities evolved by destitution and crime—were materially thinned.

Other influences were working too in the bosoms of those destitute classes in whom hereditary want had created a listless apathy—a want of sufficient vitality to apprehend the lessons of good—the most discouraging subjects for the operations of philanthropy. The first moving of the spirit amongst those dry bones was grotesque enough. Lackington, who began himself by being a Methodist, and who sought repose in his latter days by subsiding into his original faith, has left some highly-coloured, but not untrue, pictures of the earlier operations of their doctrines upon the rude minds to whom the honour is beyond question theirs of having addressed words of sympathy, truth, and eternal life:—"A few years since I saw in a field, not seven miles from town, a man tossing up his Bible in the air. This he often repeated, and raved at a strange rate: amongst other things (pointing to a building at some distance), 'That (said he) is the Devil's house, and it shall not stand three days longer!' On the third day after this, I saw with surprise an account in one of the public papers of that very building having been set on fire and burnt to the ground. This maniac soon after preached very often in Smithfield and Moorfields; but he did not wholly depend on the operations of the holy Spirit, as at last he seldom began to preach until he was nearly drunk, or filled with another kind of spirit; and then he was 'a very powerful preacher indeed.' But the good man happening several times to exert himself rather too much, had nearly tumbled out of his portable pulpit: these accidents the mob *uncharitably* ascribed to the liquor that he had drunk, and with mud, stones, dead cats, &c., drove him off every time he came, until at last our preacher took his leave of them with saying, that he perceived it was in vain to attempt their conversion, as he saw that God had given them over to the hardness of their hearts. But although this holy man deserted them, yet other spiritual knights-errant were not wanting, so that a little time before the heaps of stones which lay for years in Moorfields were removed for the purpose of building on the spot, I have seen five or six in a day preaching their initiation sermons from these elevated situations, until they could collect a sum of money to purchase pulpits. . . You must know many of the lazy sort of the community set up stalls in Moorfields to buy and sell apples, old iron, &c.: several

of these having heard many such edifying discourses as they sat at their stalls, and observing the success which these kind of preachers met with, boldly resolved to make trial of their spiritual gifts on the heaps of stones, and have now totally abandoned their stalls and gone forth as ambassadors of heaven, though without being furnished with any diplomas as such. One of these, who cannot read, lately informed me that he had quitted all temporal concerns for the good of poor ignorant sinners." Much there was, to human view, of absurdity in all this—much perhaps of profanity—much, it may be, of self-seeking; but still it was the spirit of good ruffling the dark waters of the stagnant moral chaos. There are some people so incontinent of language that when a truth is taught them, instead of applying it to regulate their own conduct, they straightway begin to preach it to their neighbours. Many too there were, doubtless, among the early apostles of methodism, who thought preaching the easiest trade by which a man could earn his bread; and the constant lapses in the moral conduct of these professors were doubtless very shocking. No less offensive to delicate tastes were the rude riots which occurred when the unconverted mob, having detected one or two frail brethren, and jumped (like men of more pretensions to knowledge) at the conclusion that they were all alike, taunted the preachers with profane jeers, and, waxing in zeal, broke out into open violence. Many unseemly scenes took place. But amid all this there was much ardent enthusiasm and sincere benevolence, and extreme patient suffering for conscience sake. Not all words fell on barren soil, and the martyr-like deportment of many of the Methodists awoke strange feelings of ruth in stony bosoms. That fierce, vulgar excitement which kept aloof grave men and men of taste, and often "set on a parcel of barren spectators to laugh," was the rabble's school of mutual instruction; and unless they had previously gone through it, all others would have been unavailing. There was a gulf between them and the educated classes, which the latter could not pass over: it was necessary that a new soul should be breathed into them, and this the Methodists accomplished. They taught these poor creatures what they scarcely suspected before—that they were not quite beasts, and having brought them thus far, helped them to conduct themselves like human beings. "At that time," says Lackington, giving an account of his first start as a bookseller, "Mr. Wesley's people had a sum of money which was kept on purpose to lend out, for three months, to such of their society whose characters were good, and who wanted a temporary relief. To increase my little stock, I borrowed five pounds out of this fund, which was of great service to me." The increase of employment in the country preserved many of the rising generation from destitution and crime, but it could not have reclaimed those already sunk in this slough of despond. It was the Methodists who breathed into many of these objects a fresh spirit, that enabled them to wrestle out.

In their train followed more judicious teachers, who perfected to a certain extent what they had begun. "The Sunday schools," wrote Lackington, in 1791, "are spreading very fast in most parts of England, which will accelerate the diffusion of knowledge among the lower classes of the community, and in a very few years exceedingly increase the sale of books." At the time he wrote the

increasing sale was already in progress:—"According to the best estimation I have been able to make, I suppose that more than four times the number of books are sold now than were twenty years ago." Then came Joseph Lancaster, and after him the many friends of humanity who have exerted themselves in our day to render education and books more useful and more accessible to all. The literary taste which has in all countries been the first true civiliser even of the most favoured classes, has been sinking and spreading through every successive layer of society, as a little wine poured into a glass of water spreads downward in diverging rosy globules until the whole colourless liquid is tinted. Exercise of the intellect and imagination tempers the minds of men until they are hardened against the corrosive influence of those vices which are most apt to grow into habits.

The drafting off the vicious, or those who were tottering on the verge of guilt—the awakening of a portion of the torpid demoralized class into humanity,—the diffusion of more wealth through all classes of society by the augmented productive powers of industry,—and the diffusion of literary tastes through all classes of society—these are the means by which the numbers of our native savages have been and are to be diminished and kept under. And these too are the means by which the industrious and virtuous portion of society are to be rendered more quick-witted and prompt in devising and carrying into execution measures for their own protection. This higher civilization was requisite before so simple a plan as the establishment of the "New Police" could be carried into effect; an establishment calculated, by separating the sheep from the goats, to promote the good offices of the higher intelligence and morality which has called it into being. Thus are men learning (they have still much to learn) by the calm, passionless power of benevolent wisdom, what anger and brute force strove in vain to effect. It is the moral of the old fable:—the sun and north wind trying which could most easily make a man part from his cloak.

The field of observation through which we have led our readers is a curious one; and yet, but for the moral it is calculated to impress, we question whether it would be worth while to have visited it. Deformity, moral or physical, is an ingredient which ought to be sparingly used in *aesthetics*. We tolerate it in Hogarth, Fielding, and Smollett, and the old Elizabethan writers, less as a feature in the creations of their imagination than as an historical record—something that enables us to take a peep at the real men of their time. With these authors, their occasional use of thieves' gibberish and low vice was partly adopted for the sake of enhancing by contrast their finer delineations, partly it was a smack of their age's coarseness which adhered to them. But the best of them always used it sparingly, and as a subordinate element of their fictions. Most of our modern writers who have made much use of this ingredient have over-dosed us with it. Some of them have made their gallows-birds their heroes, seduced either by a shallow, maudlin, sentimental philosophism, or by the mistaken notion that powerful accurate delineation is the source of imaginative pleasure. The object must be beautiful in itself, or no drawing can make it so: the professional thief remains a low, vulgar, debased creature, trick him out in what fantastic

garments they will; and the amateur dabbler in dishonesty, once so much in vogue, is worse than the other, inasmuch as his halting between two purposes betrays greater imbecility. There is no true, healthy inspiration in the bousing-ken, the dock, or the condemned cell. It is not for anything in themselves, but as foils to enhance the lustre of others that criminals can be used in art, and even then the trick is of the stalest—the more sparingly they are employed the better.



[The Highwayman in the Gaming House. Hogarth.]



[St. James's Palace. From a Print by Hollar.]

XLVIII.—ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

THE Court of St. James's is a phrase that has been heard far and wide, and has carried fear into stout hearts. In Mexico and Peru, in Hindustan, and possibly by this time even at Peking, and in every capital of Europe, it has been known as the designation of a power not to be trifled with. A foreigner who had formed his notions of the local habitation of this talismanic word from its universal prevalence and might, must at all times have been struck with astonishment on seeing it. The dingy plainness of the structure itself—the suttling-shop bulging from its front—the utter absence of architectural pretensions in the surrounding houses, and the familiar manner in which they squeezed in upon it, were anything but calculated to harmonise with the high idea of the residence of the kings of the “kings of Inde,” who occupied a house of much greater pretensions—in the east, in Leadenhall Street. If not exactly such a shock as might be supposed to be received upon finding a monkey-god enshrined in a sanctuary rich with gold and jewels, the effect on the imagination was at least that produced by finding some very plain and homely person the central object of attention to a gorgeous train of richly-apparelled attendants.

The phrase “Court of St. James's,” if not, strictly speaking, one of the things we owe to our “glorious Revolution,” may at least be said to have come in with it. The ground on which the palace stands was acquired by Henry VIII., who erected thereon a “goodly palace,” as was mentioned in our account of St. James's Park; and “St. James's Manor House,” as it was long called, has ever since been part and parcel of the palatial establishment of the Kings of England. But it was not until the burning of Whitehall in the reign of William III. that

it became the royal residence—the scene of levees and drawing-rooms—the recognised seat of royalty. William resided mostly at Hampton Court, though he occasionally held councils at St. James's, and it was regarded as his town house. But Anne constantly resided there when in town; Caroline, Queen of George II., died there; George IV. was born there. "The Court," technically speaking, was held at St. James's during the whole reign of George III. (it still continues to be held there), but the domestic town residence of that monarch was Buckingham House. St. James's is now merely the pavilion containing the apartments used on occasions of state solemnity. The period during which it was a palace of Kings—a palace to live in as well as to see company in—includes only the reigns of William, Anne, and the two first Georges. The Palace of St. James's—the Court of St. James's—are phrases which belong to the Revolution era—to the time when, with the exception of one female, our sovereigns were foreigners. It is an age not to be despised, for it is the age of Swift, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Addison—of Hogarth and Fielding—of old Colley Cibber and of young Horace Walpole—and of the "charming Lady Mary Montague." And though the nation could not well understand its sovereigns—either their language or their habits—and the sovereigns were but partially acclimatised, as gardeners or introducers of a new kind of farm-stock would phrase it—they had excellent sturdy qualities of their own—grotesque enough to move our laughter, and with enough of moral power and goodness to command our respect. But we must first trace the history of the palace previous to the days of its greatest exaltation.

The Hospital of St. James, founded for the reception of "fourteen sisters, maidens, that were *leprous*, living chastely and honestly in divine service," although a religious foundation, seems to have been honestly acquired by Henry VIII. In the year 1532 he gave Chattisham and other lands in Suffolk in exchange for the site of the Hospital; and when, having thus become master of the house, he turned the sisterhood out of doors, he had the grace to settle pensions upon them. The architect of St. James's Manor House is not known, but it is understood to have been erected under the direction of Cromwell Earl of Essex, and Holbein is said to have furnished the plan, though this has been doubted. "Only a part," says Brayley in his 'Londiniana' (1829), "of Henry's building now remains, and that is in a purer style of architecture than any of the other designs of Holbein. In the filling in, of the spandrils of some of the arches the Florentine (or rather the Flemish) manner is conspicuous, particularly in the chimney-piece of the Presence Chamber, the ornamented compartments over the arch of which contain Tudor badges and the initials H. A. united by a knot: from this latter circumstance we may infer that the palace was originally built for the reception of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn."

This association links the palace of St. James's with the culminating period of Henry's reputation. There was an ambition after good, or the appearance of it, that lent a certain degree of *éclat* to the first twenty years of his reign. His entering the lists of controversial theology with Luther bespoke intellectual taste, if not talent. His love of stately and gorgeous pageants, like the field of the cloth of gold, stimulated men's imaginations. His bluff, bold, somewhat homely deportment, so long as his self-will had not ripened into the terrible, won the

hearts of the commonalty. As yet he had been a faithful, and, to all external appearance at least, a kind and loving husband. And if aught were amiss—if some things were done which men could have wished undone, and duties neglected which ought to have been performed—why there stood Wolsey at the King's elbow, a full-blown scape-goat, to carry all the sins of his royal master, as well as his own, on his broad shoulders away into the wilderness.

The divorce of Queen Catherine must have startled people a little at first; but then it was set off by the downfall of Wolsey, and the countenance which, from that time, was lent by the court to the innovating spirit abroad in the nation. Queen Catherine, a good, kind, pious lady, bore her wrongs in retirement, and the people, triumphant on account of the overthrow of a hated minister and the progress of popular doctrine, crowded round their monarch in the ripeness of manly strength, with his young and beautiful wife at his side, and all the splendour of his court around him. Allowance is always made for the waywardness of kings, and here was present popularity and a past good character to render men yet more tolerant, and much magnificence to obliterate the memory of the past; and the cold waves of the world's forgetfulness closed over the head of a wronged woman—but her God did not forget her. Poor Anne Boleyn, who sinned through vanity and want of thought, must have thought bitterly of the meekness of the queenly sufferer, and her own forgetfulness of woman's rights, when sharp sorrow was working out her own regeneration.

From 1527, when Henry first set his affections on Anne Boleyn, till 1536, when he caused her head to be chopped off, there was a deflection from the right path which might cause uneasiness to the stern moralist; but though the pillars of right principle were shaken, and a sense of insecurity must have pervaded the brilliant dream of those nine years, there was no omen or portent to warn men of the eleven years of blood and brutality that were to ensue. A young man may wander from the straight path, and, after some hard lessons from experience, scramble in again; but when one who has maintained a tolerably decent deportment begins to go wrong at forty, we may rest assured he will go on with his sinning. Such reflections, however, are always made too late. In Henry's case, as usual, men were too much taken up watching the run of luck in the great game they were playing, and at that time the public was winning. It was the holiday of victory over an old hierarchy, the triumph of free thought proclaiming itself abroad, not whispering, as before, in fear and trembling, in closets and corners. And the young Queen, to whom this change was in great part attributed, stood like Venus among her handmaids, the fairest of them all. And there were stately masques and solemn tournaments. And More's elegant learning and playful wit graced a part of the time, and Holbein survived it. And the chivalrous poet Surrey was yet unthreatened. These nine years were the time during which the drunkenness of absolute power was growing upon the faculties of Henry; and as wit, good-fellowship, and proud aspirations flash out most glowingly as the wine goes round—the bright lightning which presages approaching danger—so did Henry walk with a more free and stately bearing, and display his splendid tastes to more advantage, while, casting off his early sobriety, he allowed the intoxication of self-will to grow upon him. St. James's Manor, with the presence chamber, and its intertwined cipher of the monarch lover and his swan-like bride, was

one of the devices of this inspired time. It has stood a monument of the brief raptures bought by trampling upon sacred ties, and a witness of the retribution which fell on his children and lineage. It is not necessary to go back to the tale of the Atridæ or of *Œdipus* for mysterious and terrific tales of fatality attendant upon regal houses: if rightly read, the cycle of events which dates from the lawless union of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn presents as splendid and awful a pageant as either we have named. The premature death of the puny Edward—the isolated and gloomy life of Mary, who had a heart and a faith, but finding none who could render affection for affection, dwindled in peevishness, grew weak and cruel, and left the name of Bloody Mary behind—the more vigorous Elizabeth, whose early feelings too were chilled, and whose mingled course of glory and meanness was lost, like the waters of some mighty stream in a parched desert—all might have traced the worm which gnawed at their hearts to the false position in which the vices of their father had placed them. And that development of popular intellect and popular power which he had encouraged, not out of generous sympathy, but because it seemed to favour his private lusts, spread and grew strong, till, after having quenched the proud self-will of one of his race in his own blood, it finally shook the family in the direct line of inheritance from the throne.

The history of St. James's Palace, from the death of Henry to the Revolution, is merely a succession of scenes in this terrible drama—some of them deeply tragic, some of them gay, with a transient light like that which at times gilds for a moment the fierce black waves breaking over a stranded ship. To enumerate all would be to write a history of the government during that period; but we may be allowed to recall a few to the memories of our readers as contributing to lend a moral interest—to inform, with a human soul of sympathy and intelligence, those very commonplace walls which stand at the foot of St. James's Street, more like a county prison than a royal mansion.

The stream of events ran away rather from St. James's during the years of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, but with the prolific race of Stuarts it came to be used as a royal nursery. The Manor House, with all its appurtenances, except the Park and the Stables at the Mews, were granted, in 1610, to Prince Henry, who occupied them till his premature death in 1612. He was succeeded by his brother, afterwards Charles I., who retained through life a partiality for the mansion. In it was deposited the collection of statues which, with the assistance of Sir Kenelm Digby, he began to form. Here most of his children were born. And in the Chapel Royal, which he had fitted up in it, he attended divine service before he "walked through the Park, guarded with a regiment of foot, to Whitehall," on the morning of his execution. This theme has been often enough harped on. Its interest is undeniable;—it is we confess a sad sign of human inconstancy—but there has been so much emphatic moralising and sentimentalising, that we turn from the story of the father to welcome, as a change, the less hackneyed story of one of his son's adventures.

The Duke of York was taken prisoner when Fairfax entered Oxford in 1646. On the 20th of April, 1648, being then in his fifteenth year, he effected his escape from St. James's, as is narrated in the Stuart Papers:—

"All things being in readiness on the night of the forementioned day, the

Duke went to supper at his usual hour, which was about seven, in the company of his brother and sister, and when supper was ended they went to play at hide-and-seek with the rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the Duke had accustomed himself to play for a fortnight together every night, and had used to hide himself in places so difficult to find, that most commonly they were half an hour in searching for him, at the end of which time he came out of his own accord. This blind he laid for his design, that they might be accustomed to miss him before he really intended his escape; by which means, when he came to practise it in earnest, he was secure of gaining that half-hour before they could reasonably suspect he was gone. His intention had all the effect he could desire; for that night, so soon as they began their play, he pretended, according to his custom, to hide himself; but instead of so doing, he went first into his sister's chamber, and there locked up a little dog that used to follow him, that he might not be discovered by him; then slipping down by a pair of back stairs which led into the inmost garden, having found means beforehand to furnish himself with a key of a back-door from the said garden into the Park, he there found Bamfield, who was ready to receive him, and waited there with a footman who brought a cloak, which he threw over him, and put on a periwig. From thence they went through the Spring Garden, where one Mr. Tripp was ready with a hackney-coach." It is needless to pursue the adventure further in detail: suffice it to say that the Duke, in female attire, succeeded in reaching a Dutch vessel which was waiting for him below Gravesend.

There is something inexpressibly touching in this picture of the young Duke of Gloucester and his sister the Lady Elizabeth entirely taken up with their childish sports within the walls of what to them was a prison. Their father was a man aware of the deadly struggle in which he was engaged, but they knew not the jealous eyes that were upon them—they felt not the ruin impending over them. While all was dark around, their childish minds were lit up with glee—twin glowworms shining in the dark, stormy night. The premature closeness and self-command of their brother is a less pleasing object. Hard necessity had taught him selfishness and duplicity before his time. The craft he had to practise in self-defence in youth, and the success attending it, possibly encouraged him to engage in riper years in an undertaking beyond his very commonplace abilities. At the same time it is impossible to help enjoying the consternation caused among the greybeards who thought they had him in safe keeping on finding themselves outwitted by a mere boy. James himself has recorded, with a natural feeling of triumph, the pottering search set on foot as soon as he was missed. "He had not gone," he says, "above an hour before they began to miss him and to search for him in every room of the house, where not finding him, they sent immediate notice of it to Whitehall and to the General, Sir Thomas Fairfax. Thereupon there were orders issued out that all the passages about London, especially the northern road, and those towards Wales, should be watched—imagining he had either taken that way or towards Scotland." Orders were also issued to guard all the ports, but James had left Gravesend before the despatches arrived. The pursuit was not relinquished till news arrived of his landing in Holland.

After the Restoration James occupied this building, which must have continually recalled the gratifying recollection of his first successful exercise of that

reserve which he afterwards indulged in to such an extent. It is spoken of by his contemporaries as splendidly furnished. One room was embellished with pictures of court beauties by Sir Peter Lely. Here he lost two sons—a bereavement which Coke huddles up in his narrative with a most incongruous assortment of other gossip. The King (Charles II.), he tells us, was returning from feeding his birds in the Park, followed by the narrator, when, at the farther end of the Mall, he was overtaken by Prince Rupert. “The King 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 in pieces.” The news of the Dutch fleet having arrived in the river had just reached the palace. James left St. James’s for Whitehall on the morning of his coronation; but it was in the former palace that his son was born who forced so many grave and conscientious people, who could not forgive themselves for keeping a legitimate prince out of his inheritance, to convince themselves he was not the son of his father by the vehemence of their own protestations and oaths to the contrary.

But amid the frivolities of the court of Charles II., as amid the sadness of his father’s, the Destiny working out the completion of those events which had been set in motion by Henry VIII. was inexorably holding on the even tenor of its way. The self-willed James was the instrument which in a few years brought on the *dénouement*. Affairs were so ripe that his ejection was accomplished without a struggle. He walked out, and the first prince under the new order of things walked in, entirely as a matter of course.

We have now arrived at the period when the Palace of St. James’s became the principal residence of the English sovereigns: not because the Revolution dynasty thought it necessary to have a new abode of their own, in which the memory of the old should not haunt them at every turning; but because, Whitehall having been accidentally burned soon after the accession of William, St. James’s was at first occupied as a temporary arrangement, protracted it may have been at first from some doubts as to the permanence of the new order of things, and afterwards from the hurry of important business, which kept men from thinking of such a subordinate matter as the proper lodging of the sovereign. Until George III. the Revolution sovereigns (with the exception of Anne) never seem to have felt quite at home in England; and his reign was too busy a one to leave much leisure for palace building.

We have already observed that the presence chamber is understood to be part of the “Manor House” erected by Henry VIII. The north gateway also formed a part of that building. For many years after its erection it stood quite in the country. An idea of its appearance in this its state of isolation may be gathered from the engraving at the head of this paper.

By degrees, however, houses sprung up along the north side of Pall Mall, and on both sides of St. James’s Street. After the Restoration, Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Alban’s, contrived to obtain a grant of a large piece of ground, between Pall Mall and Piccadilly, on which he began to build St. James’s Square and several streets. King Charles’s grant of the site of a house on the south of

Pall Mall to Nell Gwynn seems to have been the beginning of the row of houses on that side of the street, as his grant of the site on which Bridgewater House lately stood seems to have been the beginning of the range of building fronting the western wing of the Palace. Thus it came that in the time of Queen Anne and the two first Georges the Palace was as completely in town as it now is. Nor does an attempt seem at any time to have been made to render the houses in its vicinity specimens of architectural taste. Possibly a modest forbearance rendered the subjects (with the exception of the Duke of Marlborough—and old Sarah may have been at the bottom of that) reluctant to outshine their Sovereign. Evelyn, who was a commissioner for improving the streets of Westminster and London, bears testimony to the shameful state of St. James's Street in his day. Bubb Doddington, with his wonted solemn emphasis, notes in his Diary, that he had been attending a committee, which had in view to pave Pall Mall—out of which, as out of most undertakings Bubb engaged in, nothing seems to have come. A paragraph in the Chronicle department of the Annual Register for 1765, apparently extracted from some newspaper of the day, after announcing the alterations made in the Strand, by “taking down of signs and fixing up of lights in a regular way,” thus proceeds:—“It may be said that no street in London, paved, lighted, and filled with signs in the old way, ever made so agreeable an appearance, or afforded better walking, than the Strand does in the new. But great as the alteration in the Strand may be, that in St. James's Street greatly surpasses it.” Seeing what St. James's Street still is, and bearing in mind how many improvements have been made upon it since 1765, the reader may, by the reflected light of this puff portentous, be able to see it in something approaching to the likeness of its earlier days; or, if his imagination fail him, the back ground of Hogarth's picture of the Rake, arrested by bailiffs, will help to supply its deficiencies.



[The Palace Gate.]

The environs of St. James's Palace seem to have been every way worthy of it; and one learns rather to sympathise with than wonder at the indignation of the King of Denmark's favourite, Count Holcke, at seeing his master trundled into it on his arrival in this country in 1768. "Christian the Seventh," says the editor of Brown's Secret History of the Courts of Sweden and Denmark, "was lodged in those apartments in the stable-yard that are now (1818) occupied by the Duke of Clarence, and where the King of Prussia was lodged when he visited this metropolis in the summer of 1814. When Count Holcke, a gay, extravagant, dissipated young nobleman, first saw the exterior of the place, he exclaimed, 'By God, this will never do: it is not fit to lodge a *Christian* in!' When he saw the interior, the Count was less dissatisfied."

The most remarkable feature of the Court of St. James's during the period that the Revolution dynasty was undergoing a process of naturalization—becoming English—is the unimportant part played by the Sovereign in the Court pageant. There was a Court, and there was a Sovereign; but the Sovereign, with reverence be it spoken, much resembled a dummy at whist, or a chair set up as the representative of the dancer wanted to make up a quadrille. The courtiers agreed to go through their wonted ceremonies round an impersonation of royalty, that took marvellous little part or concern in what was going forward.

Queen Anne was English, and might have been a real acting and speaking Queen, had she not been phlegmatic and somewhat timid. During the first part of her reign she was domineered over by the Duchess of Marlborough, and during the latter part by Mrs. Masham, Harley, and their coadjutors. The poor woman, after long suffering, broke from her first tergiversant mistress, to subject herself to a horde of taskmasters. Swift's 'Journal to Stella' shows the state of incessant alarm in which the party lived into whose arms the Queen had thrown herself, lest she should return to her old friends; and the language in which they speak of her does not augur much deference or regard for her feelings in the means adopted to keep her fast. She seems to have felt relieved when an opportunity offered of taking refuge at Hampton Court or Windsor; and when the *posse comitatus* from St. James's broke in upon her retreat, her attitude very much resembles that of an unfortunate hare surprised in its form. "There was a drawing-room to-day at court," says Swift, writing from Windsor, "but so few company, that the Queen sent for us into her bedchamber, where we made our bows, and stood, about twenty of us, round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her; and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out." The poor woman had been so unceremoniously pulled about in the struggle between Whig and Tory to seize or retain hold of her, that she felt alarm when any of them came near her.

Of George I. Lady Mary Wortley Montague avers that he "could speak no English, and was past the learning of it." He must have felt in England like a fish out of water. At his first council board there was only one minister (Mr. Wortley) of whom it is affirmed with certainty that he could speak French: in the 'Introductory Anecdotes' to Lord Wharnccliffe's edition of Lady Mary's Letters, it is hesitatingly suggested that "perhaps" Lord Halifax spoke it also. German was out of the question. Walpole is said always to have conversed with his Majesty in Latin—of the purity of which his loss of half-a-guinea to Pulteney,

by solemn decision of the Speaker in face of the assembled House of Commons, on a wager respecting the accuracy of a Latin quotation, is not calculated to convey a very exalted idea. So the King left matters of state, in so far as Great Britain was concerned, to be managed by his ministers. Lady Mary—but point was of more weight with her in retailing a story than truth—alleges that he never felt quite easy on the score of his right to the throne. “The natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him.” He lived in St. James's Palace like a quiet private gentleman of independent fortune. His evening parties consisted of the Germans who formed his familiar society, a few English ladies, and fewer Englishmen; who amused themselves “soberly,” as Lady Townley would say, at cards, under the presidency of Mademoiselle de Schulenberg, afterwards Duchess of Kendal, whom he was suspected to have married with the left hand. When seeking pleasure out of doors of an evening he “went to the play or opera in a sedan-chair, and sat, like another gentleman, in the corner of a lady's box, with a couple of Turks in waiting, instead of lords or grooms of the bedchamber.”

Yet even into this dull circle did livelier thoughts intrude. The old King, who Lady Mary says was “rather dull than lazy,” liked to look upon a pretty face, and therefore affected her society much in the same way that the Laird of Dumbiedikes stuck to the apron string of Jeannie Deans. In the work already quoted a descendant of that lively lady has recorded a pleasing incident, the memory of which has been preserved by family tradition:—“She had on one evening a particular engagement that made her wish to be dismissed unusually early; she explained her reasons to the Duchess of Kendal, and the Duchess informed the King, who, after a few complimentary remonstrances, appeared to acquiesce. But when he saw her about to take her leave, he began battling the point afresh, declaring it was unfair and perfidious to cheat him in such a manner, and saying many other fine things, in spite of which she at last contrived to escape. At the foot of the great stairs she ran against Mr. Secretary Craggs, just coming in, who stopped her to inquire what was the matter—was the company put off? She told him why she went away, and how urgently the King had pressed her to stay longer, possibly dwelling on that head with some small complacency. Mr. Craggs made no remark, but when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms, as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her upstairs, deposited her within the ante-chamber, kissed both her hands respectfully, still saying not a word, and vanished. The pages, seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner door, and before she had recovered her breath she found herself in the King's presence. ‘*Ah! la revoilà!*’ cried he and the Duchess, extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. Lady Mary, bewildered, fluttered, and entirely off her guard, beginning with ‘Oh, Lord, Sir! I have been so frightened!’ told his Majesty the whole story, exactly as she would have told it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that moment arrived, it should seem, entered with the usual obeisance, and with as composed an air as if nothing had happened. ‘*Mais comment donc, Monsieur Craggs,*’ said the King,

going up to him, '*est-ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles dames comme un sac de froment ?*' The minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack, stood a minute or two, not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, answered with a low bow, 'There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction.' This was coming off tolerably well; but he did not forgive the tell-tale culprit, in whose ear, watching his opportunity, when the King turned from him, he muttered a bitter reproach, with a round oath to enforce it, 'which I durst not resent,' continued she, 'for I had drawn it upon myself; and indeed I was heartily vexed at my own imprudence.'"

George II. could speak English after a fashion, but he was, nevertheless, scarcely less taciturn than his predecessor. Father and son brought with them a coolness from Germany. Lady Mary attributes it to the anxiety of the Princess (afterwards Queen Caroline) to isolate her husband from his family, in order to obtain an entire ascendancy over him: probably, however, the conduct of his father towards his mother was the commencement of the domestic feud. Whatever the source of the quarrel, it ended in such a coldness towards his family as left him entirely under the government of his wife. The indolent Elector contented himself with showing his resentment by his silence towards him; and this was the situation the family first appeared in when they came to England. The strong common sense, integrity, and repressed energy of the character of George II. were things Lady Mary either could not discern or could not appreciate: to the foibles and *gaucherie* of that Prince she was lynx-eyed. Perhaps disappointment sharpened her apprehension—he had betrayed unequivocal symptoms of warm admiration till he learned that the lady frequented his father's private parties, after which he grew cool and distant.

The pride which prevented him explaining or defending any action, however startling it might appear to others, as for example the suppression of his father's will, left the parties opposed to him in all his quarrels, domestic or public, to tell their own story. He was not a man to conceal his dislikes. From the energetic mode in which he expressed them, and his carelessness of appearances, an unfavourable impression of his temper went abroad. His only marriage, however, was a marriage of affection; and till the day of his death he never attempted to describe a beautiful woman but he unconsciously drew a picture of his wife. He was stern to his son; but the boisterous emptiness of that unfortunate Prince—the "Fred, who was alive, and is dead" of the lampoons of his day—converted by faction into a thorn in his father's side, was sufficiently provoking. The simple statement of Horace Walpole, who entertained no very kindly feelings towards George II., indicates a terrible convulsion in the breast of the cold, silent monarch, when told of his son's death:—"As soon as the Prince of Wales was dead, Lord North was sent to notify it to the King, who was playing at cards. He immediately went down to Lady Yarmouth, looking extremely pale and shocked, and only said '*Il est mort.*'" His unwonted gentleness and constant kindness to the widow show that the impression was lasting. Everything in his history betrays the working of an energetic character under a rigid exterior; but the courtiers who surrounded him for the most part saw only the external effigy of a man; his thoughts were not about the matters in which they took an interest, and were not communicated to them.

A court is always more or less a scene of *persiflage*. Its habitual frequenters seek to relieve the heavy sense of the formality of etiquette by turning it into jest in their asides. In a court where the monarch, even when present in the body, might be conceived to be absent in the spirit, this disposition naturally run riot. Poor timid Anne was not a person to impose much restraint by her presence. Liberties were taken with her more energetic successors, partly because it was presumed that they did not understand what was going on, partly because the pert frivolities of the court, in an age when the aristocracy had gained so striking a victory over the Crown, could not bring themselves to believe that the great feudatories of the empire were of a higher nobility than the Peers of England, and made mockery of manners which differed from their own. The first two German monarchs remained through life exotics caged in St. James's as palpably as any canaries brought from the Rhine. Their attendants frisked in their presence with as little care and deference for them as sparrows testify in the presence of a wooden eagle.

The Whigs and Tories of the days of Queen Anne bandied angry looks even in her presence. Swift, in his 'Journal to Stella,' has an entry under the date December 16, 1711, which indicates the terms on which the hostile factions mingled within the walls of St. James's:—"I took courage and went to Court with a very cheerful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I have avoided Lord Halifax's bow till he forced it upon me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs." It was only, however, for great occasions that strong expressions of feeling were reserved. They were more accustomed like cats to deal a sudden, and by the bystanders scarcely noticed scratch, from a paw of velvet. The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and Horace Walpole, and their noble contemporaries, are the perfection of the habitual style of conversation in the circles in which they moved. The genius of no single man ("nor woman either, though by your smiling you seem to say so") could have accumulated such stores of satirical gossip. The literary talents of the two writers we have named enabled them to give a lasting form to the rich materials which the collective gossips of the Court had been accumulating for half a century; and the language they employed had been polished and pointed by the successive efforts of Hervey, Chesterfield, and a whole host of kindred spirits. It was an age of lampoons: the members of the Court circle, not contented with laughing at each other, called in the public to share in the sport. "In those old days," says Lady Louisa Stuart, "people's brains being more nimble than their fingers, ballads swarmed as abundantly as caricatures are swarming at present, and were struck off almost as hastily, whenever wit and humour or malice and scurrility found them a theme to fasten upon. A ballad was sure to follow every incident that had in it a ludicrous corner from

‘A woful christening late there did
In James's house befall,’

and the king's turning his son and daughter out of doors after it, down to a lady's dropping her shoe in the Park.* Though printed on the coarsest paper, sung

* To the same class belong Sir Charles Williams's "Jekyll's Ghost appearing to Sandys," in imitation of

about the streets and sold for halfpence, they often came from no mean quarter"—or were purchased by people of rank to pass off as their own.

The costume of the age assisted the development of this highly-prized talent for *persiflage*. The wearers of such solid frames of whalebone and buckram must have felt whenever they put them on that they were arming themselves to do battle. They could not converse out of them, without feeling that they were pitted against each other like controversial divines stuck up face to face in opposing pulpits. Feeling themselves armed, the impulse to lay about them was irresistible. A court so attired could not fail to grow up into a huge "School for Scandal." And on the other hand, one can scarcely conceive the spirit which animates that comedy fully developed in the pliable, accessible, modern dress. Shut up with themselves, and shut out from others by these barricades, people could not get near enough each other to acquire a fellow-feeling. This was, in great part, the secret of the constant interchange of polished sarcasms among the Chesterfields, Lady Mary Wortley Montagues, and Horace Walpoles. This tone could not survive the change of costume. When court dresses came to be assumed only upon the occasion of visits to court, their wearers did not feel sufficiently at home in them to turn them to account. Once was it our lot to see a "Reform M.P." for Birmingham, on quitting a *levee*, unable to find a coach, and obliged to walk uneasily and shamefacedly through the crowd of modern dresses; the very picture of David, essaying in vain to walk in the armour of Saul. Cumbrous it was, the costume of the Georgian era, but not so utterly fantastic and uncomfortable as men now deem it. The dress, though it looks stiff to us, sat lightly on those accustomed to it. Its wearers were not altogether assimilated to their outward integuments. They had minds above buttons, though encased in embroidered coats and seven-fold hoops: they could laugh at their own figures:—"As Prince Eugene" (the narrator is Swift, and the time 1712) "was going with Mr. Secretary to court, he told him, 'that Mr. Hoffman, the emperor's resident, said to his highness, that it was not proper to go to court without a long wig, and his was a tied-up one. Now, says the prince, I know not what to do: for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it; but none of them had any.' Was not this spoken very greatly, with some sort of contempt? But the secretary said, 'It was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen ushers.'" And what was defective in that age's costume in form, was made up by its richness and variety in colour; even clergymen looked more gaily then than beaux do now:—"My dress," says Swift, giving an account of a pleasure excursion in Windsor Park, "was light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons."

There have been awkward cubs in all times. In the age of chivalry, there were knights so awkward as to be sure to be unhorsed, whoever laid spear in rest against them; and in the "Augustan age" of England there were individuals

William and Margaret, and his "Jekyll's Ghost appearing to Lord Hervey." From a passage in H. Walpole's *Memoirs of George II.*, the caricature seems to have been growing into fashion about the time of Byng's trial:—"Anson was joined in all the satiric prints with his father-in-law, Newcastle and Fox. A new species of this manufacture was invented by Charles Townshend; these were caricatures on cards. The original one, which had an amazing vent, was of Newcastle and Fox looking at each other, and crying, with *Peachum* in *The Beggar's Opera*, 'Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong.'"

upon whom court dresses and court costumes sat uneasily. "It is meat and drink to me," said Touchstone, "to see a fool." The feeling is universal: every helpless awkward lout is a Sampson in civilised society—drawn out to make mirth to the Philistines. Not that they were "all fools" to whom at times it fell to be "the cause of wit in others." Bubb Doddington was no fool: he could take tolerably good care of number one, and had a taste for books and splendid furniture. His rich birthday suits, say his biographers, were cut up to make hangings for his state-beds. But Bubb was "a full solempne man," and the sufferings of the grave Malvolio, among the high fantastical inmates of the house of the Lady Olivia are but typical of the lot of all that tribe—the men who have more weight in manner than in matter. Bubb was so exquisite in his kind, that for the flouters of his day to think of improving him seems almost like the thought of gilding refined gold, and adding a perfume to the violet. The gravity and good faith with which, when entering in his Diary the defeat of some of his "*manœuvres aux choux et aux raves*," he adds, with all the resignation of a saint, his determination to retire into private life, because "out of office it is impossible to serve one's country," seems unsurpassable. Yet the wicked wits of his day did sometimes contrive to take their game out of Bubb. "On the birthday of the Prince of Wales," says Horace Walpole, writing of the events of 1759, "Doddington standing in the circle, the Princess passed him without speaking, the Prince just spoke to him, but affected to cough and walked on; the little Princes, less apprized of his history and accustomed to see him there, talked a good deal to him. Charles Townshend, who stood behind and observed the scene, leaned forward, and in a half-whisper cried, 'Doddington, you are damned well with the youngest.'" Strictly speaking, this is firing a shot out of bounds, for this occurred at Carlton House—but it is characteristic of the class which frequented both houses. What follows occurred in St. James's, and to Lord Chesterfield—for *nemo omnibus horis sapit*—even adroit courtiers are caught napping. The Countess of Yarmouth, we learn from Horace Walpole, "had a son by the king (George II.), who went by the name of Monsieur Louis, but he was not owned." "The day Lord Chesterfield kissed hands on being appointed secretary of state, after so long an absence from court, he met Sir William Russel, one of the pages, in the ante-chamber of St. James's, and began to make him a thousand compliments and excuses for not having been yet to wait on him and his mamma. The boy heard him with great tranquillity: when the speech was at an end, he said, 'My Lord, I believe you scarce designed all these honours for me: I suppose you took me for Monsieur Louis!'"

This system of laughing and tilting at each other with lances made of wasp-stings was reserved for the especial amusement of "the order." It is customary to regard the aristocracy of Great Britain as less exclusive, less antique, than that of some continental nations. This is a mistake. The individual creations may be most of them comparatively recent, but in a great majority of instances the parties raised to the peerage have belonged already to the class which has the *entrée*—cadet branches of older houses; or if of unadulterated plebeian origin, the title has generally had to perform a sort of *semi-quarantine*, until by dint of inter-marriages it was held that a sufficient quantity of noble blood had been transfused into the veins of its wearer. It is not exactly the possession or want of a

title that ennobles in England; there are country gentlemen of old family whom a new title would degrade in point of real rank. This comparative unimportance of the mere title renders, in England, the line of demarcation between commoners and the aristocracy more fluctuating and undefined; there is perhaps a wider range for the nondescript to occupy, but those within the pale do not the less on this account hug themselves on their privileges. Read what Byron, Horace Walpole, and Lady Mary say of plebeian authors who dare say a word in disparagement of "the order," or (what seems more unpardonable still) in favour of it, and as if they were acquainted with its habits and feelings. It was only these high-born or high-bred personages, who were understood to be framed of china-biscuit instead of ordinary clay, in whom such liberties were tolerated. An attempt on the part of one of the vulgar to join in the merriment immediately made the whole circle compose their features, and draw themselves up with as much reserved dignity as the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters when Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs and her accomplished companion sailed into farmer Flamborough's kitchen. Even the audacious Swift, who was never at peace except when engaged in a squabble, was made to feel this and quail before it. "Arbutnot," he says, in the 'Journal to Stella,' "made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called a 'History of the Maids of Honour since Harry the Eighth; showing they make the best Wives: with a List of all the Maids of Honour since,' &c.; to pay a crown in hand, and the other crown upon the delivery of the book; and all in the common form of these things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the maids of honour, when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good Court jest; and the Queen will certainly have it." This is written in the overweening confident spirit which characterises the whole of the 'Journal'—the dream that he was advancing rapidly along the high road to fortune. What follows, written after the lapse of a fortnight, reminds one irresistibly of Launce, leading his disgraced dog out of the Duke's palace—only Swift did not, like his prototype, take the whipping on himself:—"Mrs. Forster taxed me yesterday about the 'History of the Maids of Honour;' but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine, for I found they did not relish it altogether well."

It peeps out here that the proud man of letters fretted and chafed at the position which he felt he occupied at Court. He tells Stella that he had got into a scrape by speaking his mind too freely of the quality of the wine served out to the palace-tables to which he was admitted; and he affords us a peep at the style in which his official brethren, the chaplains, were entertained:—"I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrel and the Dean of Rochester had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged: it is the worst-provided table at Court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain when he is made a dean gives a piece of plate, and so they have got a little, some of it very old." The Court chaplains seem to have stood nearly on the same footing in the royal establishment as the Sir Rogers of the old comedies did in the families of "fine old country gentlemen." Though Swift kicked against the state of vassalage, there have been genuine Sir Rogers among the courtly brotherhood, as witness a note appended in some editions of Swift's works to the passage just quoted, with the signature N.:—"This good old custom is still observed, and

there is now a very handsome stock of plate." It may be remarked by the way that about the time of Swift's venting this groan, the 'Tatler' was fighting stoutly for a more decorous treatment of domestic chaplains, in virtue of their sacred office. It is not improbable that these remonstrances had some effect, and that they began to be treated in gentlemen's families more as equals, for in a very short time the office fell into abeyance.

The maids of honour who received the jokes of the chaplains so snappishly were no unapt analogons of the Abigails who, in the old comedies above alluded to, are generally introduced as counterparts to the ghostly official. These mawkins burrowed in St. James's like does in a rabbit-warren, and each Princess of Wales had her complement. Miss Chudleigh, the celebrated Duchess of Kingston, may be considered as the ideal of this malapert sect. A story is told which, whether true or false, is characteristic both of George II. and of the lady's transcendant impudence. Apartments in Hampton Court Palace having been allotted to her mother, the King good-naturedly asked Miss Chudleigh one day how the old lady felt in her new abode:—"Oh, very well, if the poor woman had only a bed to lie upon!" "That oversight must be repaired," said the King. On this hint the maid of honour (who continued a maid of honour for twenty years after her clandestine marriage with the Hon. Mr. Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol) acted; and in due time there appeared among the royal household accounts, "To a bed and furniture for the apartments of the Hon. Mrs. Chudleigh, 4000*l*." The King who, though decidedly fond of money, was a man of his word, paid the bill, but remarked, that if Mrs. Chudleigh found the bed as hard as he did, she would never sleep in it. It would require a whole book to recapitulate the scrapes and escapades of these volatile inmates of the palace.

Enough has been said to show that the Palace of St. James's during the time that it was the royal residence, notwithstanding the dullness of its outward appearance, as grotesque and stiff as the old grenadiers stuck up at its gateway in some old prints, has witnessed merry doings within its walls. Somewhat incline they did to romping. In a court where a stately, self-admiring monarch like Louis XIV. was the central point of observation, and the sovereign arbiter of conduct, a well-ordered stateliness reigned. But,—“when the cat's away the mice will play,”—in a Court where the sovereign was little more than an effigy of state, it was to be expected that the attendants would enact “high life below stairs.” To such a pitch had their waywardness risen, about the time of the accession of George III., that it had attracted the *serious* attention of Selina Countess of Huntingdon; the good lady made desperate efforts to establish a mission within the walls—to introduce Whitfield—and at one time, it would appear from her letters, she even flattered herself that she had made an impression upon the mind of one maid of honour. The project failed. The Methodists made something of the ragged rascality of St. Giles's, but the devils which possessed the demireps of St. James's were not for their casting out. But what the preaching of the pious Countess could not accomplish, was effected in a good measure by the watchful and wary discipline of the consort of George III. Queen Charlotte succeeded at least in enforcing upon her maids of honour the observance of external decorum.

Having no wish to walk upon concealed embers, we refrain from touching upon

the Court of George III. The Big-endians and Little-endians are still too fierce in their controversy regarding the merits of the good old King and his bob-wig to admit an impartial writer being allowed to discuss the merits of the latter with impunity. The higher affairs of state of which the memories haunt the walls of St. James's belong rather to a history of Great Britain than of London. Pass we them, then, unsung, from the appearance of the King and Queen at the balcony to see the treasure captured by the Hermione in the Spanish galleons go down St. James's Street and along Pall Mall, to the imposing procession of the periwig makers of London, to present their petition that His Majesty (then in his twenty-fifth year) would most graciously condescend to wear a wig for the encouragement of their trade—from the assault of the maniac Margaret Nicholson upon her sovereign to the ceremony of dubbing the Hatfield knights. If in the days of its glory St. James's was an unsightly husk containing a rich kernel, its local position was in excellent keeping with its character; for was there not its own stately park behind, and the shop in which Gilray's caricatures were exposed for sale before it?

Long may the structure remain undefaced by the Vandal hands of men of taste—a monument of an age of which Great Britain has no reason to be ashamed. As yet Reynolds was not, nor Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott; and yet, without the reflected radiance of imaginative art and literature, a court did exist which for sturdy intrinsic worth and social polish was quite as good as that of any Augustuses, or Medici, or Louises of them all. Something there might be in its external appearance more akin to Hogarth than to Raffaele—to Fielding than to Ariosto; but a fine spirit may be found inhabiting an uncouth form. The courtiers who inspired the graceful pictures of Pope were no clowns. It must have been a finished grace in the deportment of Miss Chudleigh that enabled her to win the admiration even of the fastidious Richardson. "Love's youngest daughter, fair Lepel," must have been beautiful in reality as in song. The Gunnings, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Miss Peggy Bankes—they were less lucky in sprightly wits to celebrate their charms, but no less charming in reality than their predecessors of the court of Charles II. Nor were the men themselves to be despised. Braver soldiers than the Stairs and Conways no monarch need wish to see at his side, or more gracefully, fervidly ambitious than the Pulteneys and Pitts. Chesterfield and Horace Walpole stand high among those who knew how to lend an additional charm to the small talk of society by giving it an elegant *tournure*. And was there not George Selwyn, unrivalled in any age in his own peculiar line, with his *penchant* for executions and his stories innumerable? They were good times, and deserve to be held in honoured remembrance; as we may make our own, if we follow the example set us by the men who then lived—be what we really are, and seek our own happiness after our own fashion, without thinking too curiously "what will Mrs. Grundy say?" There was a glorious self-will about the English mind in the first half of the eighteenth century, which, if it produced much that was grotesque, gave birth to much that had the charm of a hearty sincerity about it. May the dingy walls of St. James's long stand the express image of those times!



[Pelham Street, Spitalfields.]

XLIX.—SPITALFIELDS.

WERE we to speak of the "philosophy of the roofs of houses," it would doubtless be deemed an odd innovation on the established range and scope of philosophy. Yet, though odd, it is not worthless: the busy scenes presented in our streets, the diversity of purpose to which the lower stories of our houses are appropriated, the changes in form and fashion observable in house-architecture, the varied adaptation to the extended wants and tastes of the inmates,—have all been prominent objects for study, on the part of the painter, the poet, the statesman, the topographer. But is there nothing to be gleaned from a more elevated point of sight? Is the region of attics and garrets, roofs and chimneys, a barren one? Let us see.

We will suppose the reader to be accompanying us in a short trip on the Eastern Counties Railway, which, commencing in Shoreditch, cuts through a densely-populated mass of buildings before getting into the open country, and

which, from the necessity for leaving space for the street-traffic beneath, is elevated to the level of the roofs. During the very few minutes consumed in the passage through this district, an active glance around shows us a remarkable similarity in the upper parts of the houses. House after house presents, at the upper stories, ranges of windows totally unlike those of common dwelling-houses, and more nearly resembling those of a factory or a range of workshops. Many streets are seen, some parallel with the railway, and others intersecting it, in which every house without exception possesses these wide, lattice-like windows; more frequently at the upper than the lower part of the house. The rapidity of our movement prevents any distinct cognizance of the purpose to which these wide-windowed rooms are devoted; yet it is not difficult to detect here and there indications of the frame-work of a loom, and of woven substances of different colours. The windows tell their own tale; they throw light upon the labours of the *Spitalfields Weavers*, who, almost without exception, inhabit the houses here spoken of. In some cases, particularly northward of the railway, the upper stories only are lighted by these wide windows; but in glancing southward the eye meets with many clusters of houses, every story of which exhibits the indication of a weaver's home.

But the *roofs* of the houses; what of them? Many and many a roof exhibits a piece of apparatus which on steady inspection is seen to be a kind of bird-trap; or else another specimen of mechanism, which, resembling a pigeon-house in appearance, seems to be used as a large cage. Other districts in London are sparingly decked out in a similar way; but so thick are the instances in Spitalfields, that they form one of the characteristics of the spot;—a characteristic expressed in other words by saying that the weavers of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green are the most famous bird-catchers in or near London. These men supply the greater part of the singing-birds, such as linnets, woodlarks, goldfinches, greenfinches, and chaffinches, found in London: sometimes spreading their nets in the fields northward of the metropolis; and at other times finding a market for their birds in the eastern part of London. The erections on the roofs of the houses have reference to these bird-fancying, bird-catching propensities of the weavers.

On leaving the railway, and the bird's-eye view which it has afforded us, and traversing the mass of streets which it intersects, the sight presented is not a cheering and pleasing one: it tells too largely of misery and wretchedness; of human beings cooped up in narrow streets; and it presents but a slender number of churches and chapels, of squares and open places, of institutions and public buildings, all of which, in various ways and in different degrees, would exercise a humanizing effect.

It is not easy to express the general idea respecting Spitalfields as a district. There is a parish of that name, or rather having the name of Christchurch, Spitalfields: but this parish contains a small portion only of the silk-weavers; and it is probable that most persons apply the term Spitalfields to the whole district where the weavers reside. In this enlarged acceptance we will lay down something like a boundary in the following manner:—Begin at Shoreditch Church, and proceed along the Hackney Road till it is intersected by the Regent's Canal; follow the course of the Canal to the Mile-end Road; proceed westward

from thence through Whitechapel to Aldgate; from Aldgate through Houndsditch to Bishopsgate Street; and thence northward to the point whence the tour was commenced. This boundary encloses an irregularly-shaped district, in which nearly the whole of the weavers reside; and as these weavers are universally known as "Spitalfields" weavers, the entire district is frequently called Spitalfields, although including large portions of Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and Mile-end New Town.

By far the larger portion of this extensive district was open fields until comparatively modern times. Bethnal Green was really a green, and Spitalfields, like Goodman's-fields and Moorfields, were really covered with grassy sward in the last century. But towards the south-west corner of the district in the nook bounded on three sides by Bishopsgate Street, Houndsditch, and Whitechapel, are many antiquated buildings, and associations connected with others still more ancient. Some of these have especial reference to the name and the early history of Spitalfields; and to these we must devote a brief notice.

Bishopsgate Street is separated into two at the part where the gate formerly stood; the southern section having the appellation "Within" appended to its name, and "Without" to the northern. The continuation of the latter street is called Norton Folgate, and at the junction of the two is a small street leading eastward into *Spital Square*. Let the reader visit this quiet, unobtrusive, irregularly-shaped "Square," and look around him. He will see none but sober-looking brick houses; yet is there much material for thought. He is in the heart of the silk-district of London, the centre from whence that employment springs by which the weavers are supported. A large proportion of the houses in this square are inhabited by silk-manufacturers, who purchase raw and thrown silk from the merchants, and employ throwsters and weavers to bring it into those forms so familiar to all; the humble operatives living for the most part eastward of this spot. By carrying the thoughts back to the middle of the last century, we may view this Square as *Spital Yard*, nearly surrounded by houses as at present. A farther retrospect of another century presents the Square to our view as an open plot of ground, with a pulpit standing in the north-east corner, and a house near it for the accommodation of the Lord Mayor and Corporation during the preaching of the Spital sermons. A still more remote view exhibits this open area as part of the burial-ground immediately adjacent to the Spital or Priory from which the district takes its name.

Passing from Spital Square towards the north, we enter upon the mass of streets which occupy the space between it and the Railway; and among these White Lion Street, and portions of the adjacent streets, together with the northern side of Spital Square, point out pretty nearly the spot where the Spital once stood. The erection of this house of charity—for such it appears to have been in many respects—is dated more than six centuries back. Stow tells us in his 'Survey'—"Next I read in a charter, dated in the year 1235, that Walter Bruñe, citizen of London, and Rosia his wife, having founded the priory or new hospital of Our Blessed Lady, since called St. Mary Spittle without Bishopsgate, confirmed the same to the honour of God and Our Blessed Lady for Canons regular, the nineteenth of Henry III." Although the institution thus appears to have partaken of a monastic character, yet there are indications, scattered through

the writings of our early chroniclers, that provision was made for poor travellers, and persons in sickness or distress. The names of the successive priors have been preserved, as have likewise those of many eminent persons who were buried within its precincts. From time to time wealthy and benevolent citizens presented sums of money to the priory, either in aid of its general funds, or for some special purpose. But the time at length arrived when this—like most other establishments of the kind in England—suffered from the ruthless hand of Henry VIII. In the year 1534 the Spital was dissolved; and at its surrender evidence was shown of the good offices to which the revenues had partially, at least, been appropriated: for “besides ornaments of the church and other goods pertaining to the hospital, there were found standing one hundred and eighty beds, well furnished, for receipt of the poor of charity; for it was an hospital of great relief.” By the time that Stow wrote, the ground on which the Spital had stood, and which had been given to one Stephen Vaughan by Henry VIII., was occupied by “many fair houses, builded for receipt and lodging of worshipful and honourable men.” When or by whom the priory itself was pulled down does not clearly appear. Bagford, in a letter to Hearne, in Leland’s ‘Collectanea,’ speaks of the priory as being then standing, and as being strongly built of timber, with a turret at one corner. At various periods in the early part of the last century portions of the priory ruins were discovered in or near the houses adjacent to the northern side of Spital Square, one of which houses was occupied by the celebrated Bolingbroke.

The Square itself, which is so named by a most ingenious misapplication of terms, is nearly coincident with a plot of ground once belonging to the Spital, and devoted to open-air preaching. A pulpit existed there nearly five centuries ago, and, according to Mr. Ellis, (‘History of Shoreditch,’) stood at the north-east corner of Spital Square, nearly facing the spot now occupied by Sir George Wheler’s Chapel. From this pulpit were originally preached the celebrated sermons known as the *Spital sermons*, forming three out of five which were wont to be preached at Easter time, one at Paul’s Cross, on Good Friday, on the subject of the Crucifixion; three on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Easter week, at the Spital pulpit, on the Resurrection; and one, a kind of summary of the others, at Paul’s Cross, on the Sunday after Easter. Near the south side of the pulpit was a house for the accommodation of the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, their ladies, and persons of distinction from the court end of the town. A curious display of outward adorning took place on these occasions: for it seems that the city magistrates wore violet robes on the Good Friday, scarlet robes on the Monday and Tuesday, violet again on the Wednesday, and, lastly, scarlet on the following Sunday. The boys of Christ’s Hospital, from the time of its formation, were accustomed to attend the Spital sermons; and did so annually until the pulpit was destroyed in the time of the civil wars. We meet with occasional announcements of distinguished persons having attended to hear these sermons, among whom were, on April 21, 1617, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the great Lord Bacon. On such occasions these distinguished persons became the guests of the Lord Mayor for the rest of the day, and were—as we are expressly informed, and may readily believe—“lovingly and honourably both welcomed and entertained with a most liberal and bountiful dinner.” For the subsequent history of

the Spital sermons a few words will suffice: from the Restoration to the year 1797 they were preached at St. Bride's Church, and since that time at Christ Church, Newgate Street.

The destruction of the Spital pulpit seems to have been soon followed by the erection of houses around the open spot in which it had been placed; and many of these houses, by the cruel and most impolitic persecution of the Protestants by Louis XIV., became after a time the abode of the master silk-manufacturers, driven from home and country by that proscription. Of this persecution and its effects we shall have more to say in a subsequent page: let us then shift the scene, and move a little to the south of Spital Square. Duke Street, Steward Street, Sun Street, and some others in the immediate vicinity, occupy the site of an old artillery-ground, once known as *Tasell Close*, where the *tasells* or *teazles* used in the cloth manufacture were cultivated. It was afterwards let by the Priory, to whom it belonged, to the cross-bow makers, for exercise in the art of shooting. Through the medium of Henry VIII. the last prior granted a lease of the ground for "thrice ninety-nine years" to the Artillery Company. The Artillery Ground was in Stow's time used by the gunners of the Tower, who repaired thither every Thursday to exercise their great artillery against a mound of earth which served as a butt. A century afterwards Pepys narrates:—"April 20, 1669, in the afternoon we walked to the old Artillery Ground, near the Spitalfields, where I never was before, but now by Captain Deane's invitation did go to see his new gun tried, this being the place where the officers of the ordnance do try all their great guns." The word "*old*," used here, may be explained by stating that the Artillery Company removed from Spitalfields to Finsbury in or about the year 1640: so that for many years there were the *old* and the *new* Artillery Grounds. The former, however, ceased to exist in our maps in the early part of the last century, although the street called Artillery Lane still remains to point out the locality.

It may now not unreasonably be asked, where and what is *Spital-fields*? We must go farther eastward to arrive at what once was the field of the Spital. A street called Crispin Street, on the western side of Spitalfields Market, is nearly coincident in position with the eastern wall of the old Artillery Ground, and this wall separated the ground from Spitalfields, which stretched out far eastward. Great indeed is the change which this portion of the district has undergone. Rows of small houses, inhabited by weavers and other humble persons, and pent up far too closely for the maintenance of health, now cover the greater part of the green spot once known as Spitalfields. Thanks to the improving spirit of the times, there will ere long be a Victoria Park, to let in a healthy breeze upon the busy world of the east end. This projected park, although somewhat eastward of the district in which the weavers' reside, will be an important improvement to this part of London, and is under the management of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who obtained an Act, empowering them to purchase, with the proceeds of the sale of York House, a large area of ground near Bethnal Green (now occupied principally by fields), for the purpose of converting it into a park. The plot of ground, which is of irregular shape, is a little larger than St. James's Park, and is bounded on the south by Sir George Duckett's Canal (sometimes called the Lea Union Canal); on the west by the

Regent's Canal, which here bends southward towards the river; on the east by Old Ford Lane, leading from Old Ford to Hackney Wick; and on the north by an irregular line of fields. It is intended to build elegant houses at different parts of the boundary to the park, in some degree resembling those of the Regent's Park; while the interior area will be laid out in shrubberies, grass plats, walks, drives, &c. According to the plans, which we have seen (given in the 'Westminster Review' for October, 1841), there will be no ornamental water in the Victoria Park, although in other respects no pains will be spared to render the spot picturesque, healthy, and satisfactory to all.

In the 'Map of London in the time of Queen Elizabeth,' we find the "Spittle-Fields" at the north-east extremity of London, not only fields properly so termed, but quite "in the country," free from houses on all sides, excepting the few buildings on the site of the Spital. Of the state of this field in Elizabeth's reign Stow writes, "On the east side of this (*i. e.* the Spital) churchyard lieth a large field, of old time called Lolesworth, now Spittlefield, which about the year 1576 was broken up for clay to make brick." A century later, as indicated in the 'Map of London at the Time of the Great Fire,' we find the spot still under the name of *Spittle-fields*, but greatly altered in externals. It is represented as a square field, with the Artillery Ground on the west, and a boundary of houses nearly surrounding it. There is a small pamphlet in the British Museum called 'A Faire in Spittlefields,' which throws a light on one, at least, of the purposes to which this field was at that period appropriated. The pamphlet is a kind of satirical account, in verse, of a day's proceedings at Spitalfields about the year 1658. It appears that the populace, having become somewhat chary in their belief in astrologers, conjurors, and mountebanks, were more loth than before to part with their money to such worthies; and the latter, before it was too late, determined

" to try
In one poore day to vent their foolerie;
Whereupon resolved to constitute a faire
In *Spittle Fields*, exposing each man's ware
To public view; and ere a full decay,
Having once sold their trinkets, haste away."

A sagacious resolve, but not a successful one. The pedlers deck out their stalls with "pritty whimsies," the crier opens the fair, and William Lilly appears, announcing his astrological wares, among which was "a prediction whether or no we shall have a monarchy." But no customers appeared, and Lilly made way for Nicholas Culpeper, contemptuously termed the "Vicar of St. Fools," who,

" with a handful of conceited knowledge,
Dare challenge all the doctores in the colledge."

He entreated the spectators to buy, urging them to

" bid money, tho' but little,
For night comes on, and we must leave the Spittle."

But in vain; he departed, and made way for Bowker, "whose face would fright a razor," and who announced certain secrets relating to the zodiac, &c.; with what success the last two lines inform us:—

" None would buy; wherefore they left the faire,
While people's shouts might seeme to rende the aire."

If we pass over the interval of another generation or two, we find the "Spittle-fields," or the small streets which had by that time sprung up around them, the abode of a new race—a new knot of persons—who have ever since formed the most characteristic dwellers in the vicinity. Louis XIV. little thought that he was laying the groundwork for the establishment of the silk-manufacture in England when he drove his Protestant subjects from France at the point of the bayonet: there is something like a moral retribution in the result, which furnishes a lesson not wholly unprofitable. In order to understand the effect of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in giving a spur to manufacture in England, and laying a foundation for the present system of operations in Spitalfields, it will be necessary to glance at the previous state of things in relation to the silk-trade.

It seems to have been about the thirteenth century that a large quantity of silk goods (then a rarity in Europe) first made their appearance in England. The novelty and splendour of the article seem to have excited general interest among our nobility; but the only means we have of knowing that the manufacture was commenced within a century afterwards in this country, is afforded by an Act of Parliament passed in the year 1363, in which certain restrictions were passed upon the merchants, shopkeepers, and artificers, as to the mode in which they should carry on their avocations, but with exceptions in favour of "female brewers, bakers, weavers, spinsters, and other women employed upon the works in wool, linen, or silk." From this time forward there appears to have been females designated "silk-women," employed in weaving small silk wares, such as ribbons, &c.; and for the protection of this class a law was passed in 1454 prohibiting, for the period of five years, the importation of foreign articles similar to those which were made by the silk-women of London. We have not been able to ascertain whether these silk-women inhabited any particular part of London; but it is quite certain that the districts now known as Spitalfields and Bethnal Green were at that time entirely in the country, and almost free from houses.

In 1463 a further protection was given to home manufacture by the prohibition of imported articles; among which are enumerated "laces, ribbons, and fringes of silk, silk twine, silk embroidered, tires of silk, purses, and girdles." At various times these restrictions were removed, a step which invariably led to the distress of the English silk-women: from which we may infer that the home manufacture, either in cheapness or quality, or both, was inferior to the foreign. There is evidence that down to the year 1500, and even later, the silk goods manufactured in England were small wares: for by an act of 1502, while it is made unlawful to import "silk ribands, laces, girdles, corses, and corses of tissues or points, upon pain of forfeiture of the same," any persons are permitted to import silk in other forms, whether manufactured or not. It was, indeed, more than a century after this that the manufacture of "broad-silks" (lustrings, satins, velvets, &c.) commenced in England. James I., after having in vain attempted to introduce silk-worms into this country, was more successful in advancing the manufacture: for, by affording some encouragement to Mr. Burlamach, a merchant of London, he induced some silk-throwsters, silk-dyers, and broad weavers to come to this country. A beginning being thus made in the manufacture of raw silk into broad silk fabrics, the workmen increased so rapidly, that, by the year 1629, the silk-throwsters of London formed a body of sufficient importance to be incorporated.

Several Acts of Parliament were past during the reign of Charles I., having reference to the silk manufacture. One in 1630 related to certain nefarious practices in the dyeing of silk, with precautions for its amendment; another, in 1638, laid down rules as to the dye materials which should be employed; a third enacted that the Weavers' Company (one of the oldest of the City Companies, established when the woollen manufacture formed the staple of English industry) were empowered to admit into their body a certain number of broad-silk weavers, provided the latter were "conformable to the laws of the Realm and to the Constitution of the Church of England." By the year 1661 the Company of silk-throwsters in London are said to have employed about forty thousand men, women, and children;* and an enactment was at the same time made, that no one should set up in that trade without serving an apprenticeship of seven years, and becoming free of the Throwsters' Company.

We now arrive at that period when the silk manufacture in England received its most marked change. The sad and dismal tale of the persecution of the Huguenots in France we are not called upon to narrate here: suffice it to say, that the Edict of Nantes, made by Henry IV., in 1598, in favour of the French Protestants, was revoked by Louis XIV. in 1685, and that the revocation was followed by the expatriation of vast numbers of that ill-judging monarch's best subjects, the number being variously estimated at from three hundred thousand to a million. Of these a considerable portion came to England, and those who made London their place of refuge are spoken of by Stow with equal good feeling and good sense. "The north-west parts of this parish," (Stepney, to which Spitalfields then belonged,) "Spittlefields and parts adjacent, of later times became a great harbour for poor Protestant strangers, Walloons and French; who, as in former days, so of late, have been found to become exiles from their own country for their religion, and for the avoiding cruel persecution. Here they have found quiet and security, and settled themselves in their several trades and occupations; *weavers* especially; whereby God's blessing is surely not only brought upon the parish, by receiving poor strangers, but also a great advantage hath accrued to the whole nation, by the rich manufacture of weaving silks, and stuffs, and camlets, which art they brought along with them. And this benefit also to the neighbourhood,—that these strangers may serve for patterns of thrift, honesty, industry and sobriety." It appears that in the year 1687 no fewer than thirteen thousand five hundred of the refugees were sheltered and relieved in London alone, of whom there were about five hundred families of the nobility, lawyers, divines, physicians, and merchants, and the rest artizans and husbandmen. 40,000*l.* was collected for them in one year; and four years afterwards Charles II. ordered that all such Protestant refugees should be allowed to come to any port of England with their goods and chattels free of duty; that they should receive letters of denization without charge; that an act should be passed for their naturalization; that they should have liberty to pursue their several avocations; and that they should have equal privileges with British natives.

The silk manufacture at Spitalfields, having received an extraordinary impulse from this occurrence, began to acquire considerable importance. The refugees introduced the weaving of the various silk fabrics then known by the names of

* A gentleman, recently a partner in an eminent silk firm, informs us that this must be a gross exaggeration.

lustrings, alamodes, brocades, satins, black and coloured mantuas, black paduasos, ducares, watered tabbies, and black velvets; but no sooner had the strangers made a firm footing in England, than, like their predecessors, they cried out for protection, and under the name of the Royal Lustring Company obtained an Act, prohibiting the importation of foreign lustrings and alamodes. The "Lustring Company" was however defeated—not by Acts of Parliament or foreign competition—but by a change of fashion, which drove lustrings and alamodes out of the markets. In 1718 the silk manufacture underwent an important change through the labours of Sir Thomas Lombe, who introduced from Italy the process of organzining (or preparing for the weaver) raw silk by machinery, and who received from Parliament a reward of 14,000*l.* for his ingenuity.

We cannot follow the history of the silk manufacture throughout England: it will be sufficient to say that in Spitalfields it advanced with great rapidity. The Weavers' Company of London, in a petition which they presented to the House of Commons in 1713, stated, that, owing to the encouragement afforded by the Crown and by divers Acts of Parliament, the silk manufacture at that time was twenty times greater in amount than in the year 1664; that all sorts of black and coloured silks, gold and silver stuffs, and ribbons, were made here as good as those of French fabric; and that black silk for hoods and scarfs, which twenty-five years before was all imported, was now made here to the annual value of more than 300,000*l.**

When Lombe's machine became used in England, it was confidently expected that the manufacture might be carried on wholly in this country, receiving from abroad nothing but the raw silk: it was found, however, that the importation of Italian organzined silk was indispensably necessary for the *warp* in the weaving process. To understand this, it will be necessary to glance at a few details relating to the manufacture. Most silk goods, like those of cotton, have obviously threads crossing each other at right angles and interlacing; and the same may be said of velvets and of woollen cloths, although the subsequent production of a *pile* or *nap* nearly conceals the threads. Those threads which extend lengthwise of the woven fabric are called the *warp* or *web*, while the cross-threads are termed the *weft* or *shoot*. Employing the terms *warp* and *shoot*, we may now state that in weaving silk these are made of different kinds of threads, the warp being formed of threads termed *organzine*, and the shoot by other threads called *tram*. The raw silk is imported from Italy, India, China, and a few other countries, in the form of skeins, and must pass through the hands of the "throwster" before the weaver is employed upon it. The throwster, by means of a machine, twists the silk into a slight kind of thread known as "singles," and these singles are combined to form tram or organzine. Tram is formed of two or three threads of silk lightly twisted together; but organzine is the result of a larger series of operations, which may be thus enumerated:—the raw silk is unwound from the skeins, and rewound upon bobbins; the silk so wound is sorted into different qualities; each individual thread is then spun, twisted or "thrown;" two or more of these spun threads are brought together upon fresh bobbins; and finally these combined threads are twisted to form organzine. The whole of these operations are included in the general term "silk throwing," and are entirely

* Mr. G. R. Porter's 'Treatise on the Silk Manufacture.'

distinct from the weaving: nearly all the Spitalfields population engaged in the silk manufacture are *weavers*; the throwsters being spread over various parts of the country, and working in large factories known as silk-mills. The reader will understand, therefore, that when the weavers are stated to have preferred Italian organzine, even after the introduction of Lombe's machine, the preference relates to some particular quality in the Italian production, which fitted it to form the warp or "long threads" of silk goods, the shoot or "cross-threads" being sufficiently well made in England. This preference is said to exist even at the present day, notwithstanding the advance of English ingenuity; and Mr. Porter suggests, as a probable explanation of the alleged inferiority of English thrown silk, "that the climate may influence the quality of a substance so delicate, since it is well known that, during certain states of the atmosphere, the throwing of silk is performed in this country at a comparative disadvantage: or it may be that the fibre of the silk is injuriously affected by its being packed before twisting, or by the lengthened voyage to which it is subjected in its transit to this country; and the higher estimation uniformly evinced by our throwsters for silk of the new crop, over that which has lain for some time in the warehouse, would seem to indicate another cause for the alleged superiority of Italian organzine. It is owing to this preference of foreign thrown silk that, in the face of a high protecting duty, it has always met with a certain although limited demand from the English silk-weavers."

During the reigns of Anne, George I., and George II., the Spitalfields' weavers appear to have increased in number, and to have been employed in various qualities of silk goods, principally those known as "broad silks;" but nevertheless, whether through any superiority in foreign manufacture, or through the influence of fashion, French silks continued to find their way into England, either by smuggling or by open trade, according to the state of the import laws. The English weavers then began to clamour for "double duties" on the foreign articles; but as the legislature did not seem disposed to grant the request, the weavers became more importunate, and went to the House of Commons on January 10, 1764, with "drums beating and banners flying," to demand the *total prohibition* of foreign silks. With this, of course, the legislature could not comply; but acts were passed, lowering the import duty on raw silk, and prohibiting the importation of silk ribbons, stockings, and gloves. The next year more demands were made, and to some extent granted, to prevent threatened outrage.

The celebrated "Spitalfields Acts" had their origin in disputes between the masters and men in regard to wages. The yielding of the legislature to the demands of the men had so emboldened them, that they took summary measures to compel an advance of wages from their employers, destroying the looms and the houses of those masters who refused to comply with the demands. To settle these disputes, an act was passed in 1773, empowering the aldermen of London and the magistrates of Middlesex to regulate, at the quarter sessions, the wages of journeymen silk-weavers, penalties being inflicted upon such masters as gave, and upon such journeymen as received or demanded, either more or less than should be thus settled by authority, and prohibiting any silk-weaver from having more than two apprentices at one time. In 1792 this act was made to include

those weavers who worked upon silk mixed with other materials; and in 1811 the female weavers were brought under this regulation. These three enactments constituted the "Spitalfields Acts," which continued in force till 1824. In the present day, when the principles which regulate trade and commercial dealings are so much better understood than in the last century, the impolicy of such acts is very manifest. They were passed to get rid of an evil, but they originated an evil of a different kind: they were intended to protect both masters and men from unjust exactions on either part; but they imposed such restrictions on the mode of conducting the trade as drove many branches of the silk manufacture altogether from Spitalfields. A petition, which was presented to the House of Commons on May 9th, 1823, had so much effect in bringing about the repeal of the Spitalfields Acts, that we will extract from it a few passages showing the operation of these enactments. The aldermen and magistrates, up to that time, had the power of "limiting the number of threads to an inch in silk goods; restricting the widths of many sorts of work; and determining the quantity of labour not to be exceeded without extra wages." The petitioners stated that "these acts, by not permitting the masters to reward such of their workmen as exhibit superior skill and ingenuity, but compelling them to pay an equal price for all work, whether well or ill performed, have materially retarded the progress of improvement, and repressed industry and emulation." In consequence of an order from the magistrates that silk made by machinery should be paid for at the same rate as that made by hand, few improvements could be introduced; and "the London silk-loom, with a trifling exception, remains in the same state as at its original introduction into this country by the French refugees." Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Ricardo warmly supported the prayer of the petition for the repeal of the obnoxious acts, which accordingly took place in the following year. This circumstance, taken in conjunction with the introduction of the Jacquard loom,* (by which figured silks can be made with much more facility than under the old method,) has placed the manufacture on a more healthy footing.

The mode of conducting the transactions between employer and employed in the silk manufacture deserves a passing notice, as giving rise to many of the peculiarities observable in the Spitalfields population. We have said that silk-throwing is effected in mills conducted on the factory system; but silk-weaving in Spitalfields partakes of a different character. The manufacturer who procures his thrown "organzine" and "tram," either from the throwster or from the silk importers, selects the silk necessary to execute any particular order. The weaver goes to the house or shop of his employer and receives a certain quantity of the material, the "tram" being generally wound on bobbins, and the "organzine" in the form of what is called a *cane* (derived from the French word *chaine*, and so called from the silk being taken off the warping-mill in loops or links): this cane or warp varies from one to two hundred yards in length. The weaver takes the material home to his own dwelling and weaves it at his own looms, or sometimes at looms supplied by the manufacturer. He is paid a certain rate per ell for his labour; but, as the weavers are not remarkable for provident habits, even

* We may here remark that at the present time, according to a statement in the 'Penny Magazine,' vol. x. p. 478, the better class of Spitalfields weavers are engaged in fabricating a piece of silk, by the aid of the Jacquard loom, which will eclipse, not only everything that has yet been done in this country, but even the finest production of the Lyonnese weavers, among whom the art has attained great excellence. The design is an elaborate allegorical picture, all the minute details of which will be produced by weaving.

in the best of times, they are accustomed to "draw" money on account while the work is in progress, and to receive the remainder when the woven material and overplus material are returned to the manufacturer.

The customary arrangement of a weaver's family, in regard to work, are thus described by Dr. Kay, in a Report to the Poor Law Commissioners, in 1837 :— "A weaver has generally two looms, one for his wife and another for himself; and, as his family increases, the children are set to work at six or seven years of age to quill silk; at nine or ten years to pick silk; and at the age of twelve or thirteen (according to the size of the child) he is put to the loom to weave. A child very soon learns to weave a plain silk fabric, so as to become a proficient in that branch; a weaver thus, not unfrequently, has four looms on which members of his own family are employed. On a Jacquard-loom a weaver can earn 25s. a week on an average;* on a velvet or rich plain silk-loom from 16s. to 20s. per week; and on a plain silk-loom from 12s. to 14s., excepting when the silk is bad and requires much cleaning, when his earnings are reduced to 10s. per week; and on one or two very inferior fabrics 8s. per week only are sometimes earned, though the earnings are reported to be seldom so low on these coarse fabrics. On the occurrence of a commercial crisis the loss of work occurs first among the least skilful operatives, who are discharged from work." In the Evidence taken before a Committee of the House of Commons on the Silk-trade in 1831-2, it was stated that the population of the districts in which the Spitalfields weavers resided, comprising Spitalfields, Mile End New Town, and Bethnal Green, could not be less at that time than one hundred thousand, of whom fifty thousand were entirely dependent on the silk manufacture, and the remaining moiety more or less dependent indirectly. The number of looms seems to vary from about fourteen to seventeen thousand; and of these four or five thousand are often unemployed in times of depression. As there are on an average, children included, about thrice as many workpeople as there are looms, it results that ten or fifteen thousand weavers are sometimes out of employ at one period.

The vast body of weavers spoken of in the last paragraph are to be found principally in the district marked out in an earlier page; and the poverty of this district has been increased by the location of a large number of dock-porters, labourers, and others in a humble station of life. This latter circumstance has given great complication to the arrangements of certain well-meant but injudiciously bestowed charities in the district. On account of the fluctuations in fashion, of impolitic enactments, and of unthrifty habits on the part of the weavers, they have been much subject to distress, and large funds have been almost yearly subscribed for their relief. These funds, although intended for the weavers, have not always been confined to them, so that "the distribution," as Dr. Kay has remarked, "attracted to Spitalfields a considerable number of casual applicants, who hired rooms or lived in the lodging-houses during this period, in order that they might become recipients of the public bounty." Such a plan would, if persisted in, obviously create paupers instead of removing them. The recommendations of Dr. Kay, as to the most legitimate mode of relief in case of future distress, we shall not enter upon here.

It seems probable, as far as the means exist of determining it, that the weavers

* The gentleman to whom we have before alluded informs us that he frequently, soon after the introduction of the Jacquard-loom, paid weavers as much as fifteen shillings per day for the best kinds of work,

are principally English, and of English origin. To the manufacturers or masters, however, the same remark does not apply, for the names of the different parts of the weaving apparatus, and those of the partners in many of the firms now existing, point to the French origin of the manufacture in that district, however subsequent events may have produced an amalgamation. The Guillebauds and the Desormeaux, the Chabots and the Turquands, the Mercerons and the Chauvets, can doubtless trace their connexion with the harassed and persecuted refugees of 1685.

We have said that a characteristic employment or amusement of the Spitalfields weavers is the catching of birds. This is carried on principally in the months of March and October, and by the means of a kind of apparatus totally unknown in most other parts of the country. They train "call-birds" in a most peculiar manner, and conduct the whole of their operations in a very original way. There is an odd sort of emulation among them as to which of their birds will sing or "jerk" the longest. "The bird-catchers frequently lay considerable wagers whose *call-birds* can jerk the longest, as that determines the superiority. They place them opposite to each other by an inch of candle, and the bird who jerks the oftenest before the candle is burnt out wins the wager. We have been informed that there have been instances of a bird having given a hundred and seventy jerks in a quarter of an hour; and we have known a linnet in such a trial persevere in its emulation till it swooned from the perch."*

If we have, on the one hand, to record unthrifty habits and odd propensities on the part of the weavers, let us not forget to do them justice in other matters. A Mathematical Society has long existed in Spitalfields, the members of which include many of the weavers. In passing through Crispin Street, adjoining Spitalfields Market, we see on the western side of the way a humble building, bearing much the appearance of a weaver's house, and having the words "Mathematical Society" written up in front. Lowly and inelegant the building may be; but there is a pleasure in seeing Science rearing her head in such a locality, even if the temple be a humble one. It must also be mentioned, to the credit of the weavers, that they are very ready to exhibit and explain their operations to strangers. Mr. Porter speaks of "the cheerful alacrity with which the humble class of mechanics have uniformly contributed their aid by supplying information upon points which they are peculiarly qualified to explain;" and he gives the following picture of a Jacquard-weaver's family which he happened to visit:—"It once occurred to the author of this treatise, in the course of his visits among the operative weavers of Spitalfields, to visit a family consisting of a man, his wife, and ten children, all of whom, with the exception of the two youngest girls, were engaged in useful employments connected with the silk manufacture. The father, assisted by one of his sons, was occupied with a machine punching card-slips (certain pieces of apparatus in Jacquard-weaving), from figures which another son, a fine intelligent lad, was 'reading-on.' Two other lads, somewhat older, were in another apartment, casting, drawing, punching, and attaching to cords the leaden plummets or 'lingos,' which form part of the harness for a Jacquard-loom. The mother was engaged in warping silk. One of the daughters was similarly employed at another machine, and three other girls were in

* Encyc. Metrop., 'Bird-Catching.'



[Spitalfields Market.]

three separate looms, weaving figured silks. . . . An air of order and cheerfulness prevailed throughout this busy establishment that was truly gratifying; and, with the exception of the plummet-drawers, all were clean and neatly clad. The particular occupation wherein each was engaged was explained most readily, and with a degree of genuine politeness which proved that amid the harassing cares attendant upon daily toils of no ordinary degree, these parents had not been unmindful of their duty as regarded the cultivation of their children's minds and hearts."

It is evident that Mr. Porter has here sketched a family placed under very favourable circumstances, in which the work was of a good kind, and plentiful enough to employ all. It would be pleasing to think that such were the average state of things; but this pleasure is denied. The homes, the amount of employment, and the general circumstances of the weavers are, now at least, of a far lower grade, as will be seen from the following brief sketch, which illustrates what we believe to be the average condition of the humbler but numerous class of weavers in a season of low wages and bare employment. In passing through the districts inhabited by the weavers, with an endeavour to view the processes of the manufacture, our inquiries were too often met by the sad reply—"I have no work at present;" but at one house, situated near the northern side of the Railway, we mounted a dark staircase to the upper floor or room, occupied by an elderly weaver and his wife. The room formed the entire upper story, and

was approached, not by a door, but by a trap in the floor, opening a communication with the stairs beneath. At each end of the room, front and back, were windows, of that peculiar form so characteristic of the district, and which are made very wide in order to admit light to all parts of the looms placed adjacent to them. At each window was a loom, the husband being at work at one, and the wife at the other. Near the looms were two "quill-wheels," a sort of spinning-wheel, at which the "weft" or "shoot" threads are wound upon the quills for using in the shuttles. In the middle of the room was a stump-bedstead, covered with its humble, but clean, "patch-work" quilt; and near it—some on the floor, some on shelves, and some hanging on the walls of the room—were various miscellaneous articles of domestic furniture (for the room served as parlour, kitchen, bed-room, workshop, and all). A few pictures, a few plants, and two or three singing-birds, formed the poetical furniture of the room. The man was weaving a piece of black satin, and the woman a piece of blue; and, in reply to inquiries on the subject, we learned that they were to be paid for their labour at the rates of sixpence and fourpence halfpenny per yard respectively, which, at close work, would yield about seven or eight shillings a-week each. The man was short in stature (as most of the Spitalfields' weavers are), grey-headed, depressed in spirits, but intelligent and communicative. When, after descending from this room, we looked around at the mass of weavers' houses in the vicinity, we could not but feel that most of them bore a saddening similarity to that which we had entered.

A ramble through Bethnal Green and Mile-end New Town, in which the weavers principally reside, presents us with many curious features illustrative either of the peculiarities or of the poverty of the district. We must leave Spitalfields, strictly so called, altogether to the west, in order to witness the scenes to which we allude. We will suppose, for instance, that the visitor enters Spital Square from Norton Folgate, and proceeds through Crispin Street to Spitalfields Market. Here he will find some of the usual arrangements of a vegetable market, but potatoes, sold by wholesale, form the staple commodity. He thence proceeds eastward to Spitalfields Church, one of the "fifty new churches" built in the reign of Queen Anne; and along Church Street to Brick Lane. If he proceed northward up the latter, he will arrive, first, at the vast premises of Truman, Hanbury and Buxton's brewery, and then at the Eastern Counties Railroad, which crosses the street at a considerable elevation; if he extends his steps eastward, he will at once enter upon the districts inhabited by the weavers. On passing through most of the streets in this district a visitor from other parts of the town is conscious of a noiselessness, a dearth of bustle and activity. The clack of the looms is heard here and there, but not to a noisy degree. It is evident at a glance that in many of the streets all the houses were built expressly for weavers; and in walking through them we noticed the short and not very healthy appearance of the inhabitants. It was rather painful than pleasurable to remark the large number of "Benefit Societies," "Loan Societies," "Burial Societies," &c. whose announcements are posted about the streets; for it is well known to those who have studied these subjects that the poor generally pay ruinous interest for any aid which, as generally managed, they receive from societies of this kind. Here and there we met with bills announcing that coals were to be had "at twelve

pence per cwt." at a certain place during the cold weather; and at some of the bakers' shops were announcements that "weavers' tickets are taken here in exchange for bread," in allusion to tickets given by a Benevolent Association. In one street we met with a barber's shop, at which, in addition to the operations usually conducted at such places, persons could have "a good wash for one farthing;" and in another street a flaming placard announced that at a certain public-house the advertiser would attend every evening, to match his bird against any linnet or goldfinch in the world, for "one thousand guineas!" Here we espied a school, at which children were "taught to read and work at twopence a-week;" there a chandler's shop, in which shuttles, reeds, quills, and the smaller parts of weaving apparatus were exposed for sale in the window in company with split-pease, bundles of wood, and red-herrings. At another place was a bill, emanating from the parish authorities, warning the inhabitants that they were liable to a penalty if their dwellings were kept dirty and unwholesome. In one little shop, "patch-work" was sold at "10d. 12d. and 16d. a pound;" and in another—which we regretted more than anything else—astrological predictions, interpretations of dreams, and nativities, were to be purchased, "from three pence upwards," as also extracts from 'Moore's Almanac' for the last seventy years. In very many of the houses the windows numbered more sheets of paper than panes of glass; and no inconsiderable number of houses were shut up altogether.—We would willingly present a brighter picture, but ours is a Dutch copy from the life.



[House in Booth Street, Spitalfields.]



[Old Custom House. Destroyed by fire in 1814.]

L.—THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

“IT is by the Thames,” says a popular writer,* “that the foreigner should enter London. The broad breast of this great river, black with the huge masses that float upon its crowded waters,—the tall fabrics, gaunt and drear, that line its melancholy shores,—the thick gloom through which you dimly catch the shadowy outline of these gigantic forms,—the marvellous quiet with which you glide by the dark phantoms of her power into the mart of nations,—the sadness, the silence, the vastness, the obscurity of all things around—prepare you for a grave and solemn magnificence. . . . Behold St. Katharine’s Docks, and Walker’s Soap Manufactory, and ‘Hardy’s Shades!’ Lo! there is the strength, the industry, and the pleasure—the pleasure of the enterprising, the money-making, the dark-spirited people of England.” Such may probably be the reflections of the foreigner as some steam-vessel from the Elbe or the Rhine, from Boulogne, Calais, or Havre, sweeping past the “time-worn” Tower, brings-to off the Custom House. Before the introduction of steam-ships the continental traveller generally landed at Harwich or Dover, and the first page of his diary was in praise

* France, by H. L. Bulwer.

(if he praised us at all) of our horses and public vehicles, of the excellence of the roads, and the rapid travelling; the verdant appearance of English scenery, the prettiness of the cottages, and the air of neatness and comfort pervading the villages and small towns through which he passed on his journey to the metropolis. Now, however, he is thrown at once into the vortex of London, without the preparation which a journey of above seventy miles affords.

The spacious and well-gravelled quay in front of the Custom House, the only quay in the port of London on which the public can walk, with the exception of a small one in front of the Tower, is deserving of more commendation than it has generally received, though beaux and belles who seek for gratification in reciprocal glances of admiration will resort to the more congenial shades of Kensington Gardens or the promenades in the Parks. This is a place for enjoyment of another kind. Here at mid-day the rays of the winter's sun seem less feeble than elsewhere under the shelter of the great building on the north, and the aged and valetudinarian feel doubly grateful for the genial influence of its rays. Why might not a few benches be placed here and there for their accommodation, as this could probably be done without inconvenience or detriment to the public business? We are, however, thankful that the public are not altogether excluded; so let us on a fine summer's day resort hither and observe what is passing before us. At the western extremity of the quay is Billingsgate, the great fish-market of the metropolis, with the small dock for the craft of the fishermen. It is nearly high water, and while the flood lasts they continue to arrive, and, by a little seaman-like manœuvring, are brought into the mooring-place provided for them. The size of the fishermen's boats is as various as their cargoes. Some have perhaps mackerel, which may either prove very valuable or be sold at a loss, according to the time at which it reaches the market; and if the tide did not serve, the steam-tug has been employed for the sake of despatch. Other boats are of smaller size, and we may see how eminently domestic is the employment of the fisherman. One or two of his boys, often at a very early age, assist him in the boat, while his wife and the remainder of the children are drying and mending the nets at home. The boats, which have already disposed of their cargoes, are got ready for leaving the dock; the sails are unfurled; and as soon as the tide turns, a number of them will pass in quick succession down the river. A little westward of Billingsgate dock are the wharfs for steam-boats for Greenwich, Woolwich, Gravesend, and other parts of the river. Their arrival and departure is incessant, and strains of music catch the ear as they rapidly pass the Custom House Quay, most of the boats being accompanied by three or four musicians, who doubtless enhance the enjoyment of the innumerable persons who seek for relaxation by a trip to the above-mentioned places. Lighters laden with coal and every kind of merchandise and produce, and whose longest voyage does not extend below the Pool or much above the bridges, are passing; country barges which come by the canals from places far inland; and small sloops which in summer do not fear a sea voyage to any part of the English coast, but in winter are employed on the canals. Then the light wherry lands its fare at the stairs or passes up and down the stream. On the right is the noble bridge with its throng of passengers, coaches, omnibuses, hackney-coaches, cabs, carts, drays, and waggons. On land and water the tide of life is flowing before us with full

volume, but here, while witnessing how rapidly it hastens along, the roar of the living torrent is blended and harmonised. The flickering lights which are reflected on the surface of the river at the same time delight the eye by their varied shades and tones. But a large steam-ship advances, heaving the wave all around in its impetuous course, its deck crowded with aliens, perhaps exiles, and English tourists who have spent various periods, from seven days to as many months or years, on the continent. It is curious to watch the countenance of each individual among the successive boat-loads which are brought from the steam-ship and landed at the Custom House stairs; and to speculate upon the feeling produced in the gay sons and daughters of France, the excitable Italian, or more sober German, on first touching English ground. In the large world of London there is an abiding place for them if they can bring the recommendation of superior aptitude and talent for whatever they undertake. The Steam Packet Baggage Warehouse is a department of the London Custom House rendered necessary by the increased passenger intercourse between the port of London and the continent; and here the duties upon articles contained in the baggage of travellers may be paid with the least possible delay. The articles upon which the duties are principally levied are books, china, musical instruments, millinery, eau de Cologne, prints, and shoes; and that from France, Holland, and Hamburg, the articles in passengers' luggage pay a duty of about 4000*l.* a-year. The regulations of the Commissioners of Customs in respect to passengers are liberal and indulgent, and they are executed in the same spirit.

All the western nations appear to have inherited from the Romans the practice of exacting certain payments on the landing and embarkation of merchandise at each seaport, and the name of customs, or some equivalent term, shows that these payments were sanctioned by immemorial usage. These exactions aided the sovereign in his necessities, and induced him to encourage the commerce of his subjects. Stow observes that merchants and retailers do not only profit themselves and enrich the realm, but "bear a good fleece which the prince may shear when he seeth good;" and this regard to the fleece rendered the interest of both parties in some measure identical. It appears from a letter to Offa, King of the Mercians, by Charlemagne, that the English pilgrims travelling to Rome frequently assumed the scrip and staff as a cloak for smuggling, introducing, as it is conjectured, articles of gold and silver without paying the customs, from which, as pilgrims, they were exempt. Charlemagne was desirous that persons who were truly on pilgrimage should "travel in peace, without any trouble;" but as to the pretenders, who are "not in the service of religion, but in the pursuit of gain, let them pay the established duties at the proper places." Rather more than a century afterwards Ethelred II. (A. D. 978-1016), in a council held at Wantage, in Berkshire, fixed the toll or custom on ships and merchandise arriving at Billingsgate, which, at that time, appears to have been the principal landing-place in the port of London. It was declared that every smaller boat should pay one halfpenny; a large boat with sails one penny; a keel (a ship, we suppose) four pennies; a vessel with wood to give one piece of wood; a boat with fish coming to the bridge one halfpenny or one penny, according to its size. After the Conquest customs were exacted not only by the King, but, at the out-ports, by the lord under whose protection the town was.

The Queen's Hythe (Queenhithe) appears to have been the most favoured landing-place after the Conquest. In 1224 Henry III. directed the officers of the Tower to arrest the ships of the Cinque Ports which arrived in the river, and to compel them to bring their corn to the Queen's Hythe only; and two years afterwards the same officers were ordered to seize all fish offered for sale at any other place. The privileges of the Queen's Hythe extended from the Steelyard to Blackfriars. In 1244 the bailiffs of the Queen's Hythe complained of an infringement of their rights, fourteen foreign ships having arrived at Billingsgate with fish, instead of being brought to their landing-place. A penalty of forty shillings was to be inflicted in future for this violation of their interests; but the ships belonging to the citizens of London might land their cargoes wherever the owners might appoint. In 1246 Richard Earl of Cromwell disposed of his rights, privileges, and customs in the Queen's Hythe to the city for an annual sum of 50*l.*, to be paid in two instalments at Easter and Michaelmas. This landing-place was now under the charge of the Sheriffs of London, and was so much frequented in 1302 by vessels bringing fish, salt, fuel, and other merchandise, as to require the service of more than thirty meters and porters. The principal meter had eight chief master-porters under him, each of whom employed three under-porters. The porters were to find one horse and seven sacks under pain of losing their office; and notwithstanding these charges and the small stipend which they received, they "lived well of their labours." In 1345 ships and vessels landing at Down Gate (Dowgate) were ordered to pay the same customs as if they rode at Queenhithe. A century afterwards it was ordered that if two vessels came up at the same time, one should go to Billingsgate; if three, two were to land their cargoes at the Queen's Hythe, and the other at Billingsgate, but "always the more" at Queen Hythe. At length, however, Billingsgate asserted its pre-eminence. Situated east of the bridge, it was naturally more convenient for large vessels with topmasts than the other port. Fabyan, who wrote at the close of the fifteenth century, says that the customs of Queen's Hythe had so fallen off in his time as to be worth but 15*l.* a-year. A century later Stow speaks of it as being then "almost forsaken." He confirms the superiority of Billingsgate, which, he says, "is now the largest water-gate on the river of Thames, and therefore the most frequented. Ships and boats arrived here with fish, both fresh and salt, shell-fish, salt, onions, oranges and other fruits and roots, wheat, rye, and grain of divers sorts "for service of the city and the ports of this realm adjoining." The meters and porters of the Queen's Hythe, who formerly each employed a horse for the delivery of corn and other articles in the city, no longer flourished in prosperity; and to add to their discouragement Stow informs us that "the bakers of London, and other citizens, travel into the countries and buy their corn of the farmers after the farmers' prices."

All along the northern bank of the river, in Thames Street, there were landing-places, warehouses, and cellars belonging to the merchants, who had their houses in the streets leading from the river. A few years before Stow wrote, the number of householders in the ward of Billingsgate who were aliens was fifty-one, although thirty years earlier there were but three Netherlanders. These aliens inhabited the best houses in the ward, and willingly paid 20*l.* a-year rent for houses which had before let only for four marks. The rent was highest for those

houses nearest the water-side. At this period the foreign trade of the country was still almost entirely in the hands of aliens. They are described in an Act passed in 1377 as not only trading in the goods imported by themselves from abroad, but also as buying in the ports where they were established and elsewhere, at their free will, the various commodities which were the produce of this realm, and selling them again at their pleasure within the country as generally and freely as any of the King's subjects. At the end of the fifteenth century England was passing through the second stage of commercial progress of a country. "First, its poverty and barbarism invite only the occasional resort of foreigners, without offering any temptation to them to take up their residence within it: then, as its wealth increases, foreigners find even its home-trade an object worth their attention, and one which they easily secure by the application of their superior skill and resources; lastly, in the height of its civilization, and when the energies of its inhabitants have been fully developed—in a great measure revived by the impulse received from these stranger residents—its traffic of all kinds, as well as all the other businesses carried on in it, naturally falls into almost the exclusive possession of its own people."* In the early part of the fifteenth century acts were passed (in 1411 and 1415) prohibiting the circulation of silver coin, known as galley halfpence, which was brought by the Genoese, who came to London in their galleys with wine and other merchandize. Stow says that in his youth he had seen this foreign coin pass current, though with some difficulty. Galley Quay, the name of which is still preserved, was the place where the galleys of Italy and other parts discharged their cargoes; and some buildings, which were dilapidated in Stow's time, and were let out for stabling of horses and as tippling-houses for beer, are supposed by him to have been the houses and storehouses of these merchants, as those of Bordeaux were licensed to build in the Vintry. Thames Street, in those days, must have been thronged with foreigners from all the countries which had intercourse with England; and a tippling and victualling house near Galley Quay, described by Stow, doubtless often witnessed the drinking-bouts of sailors from the Hanse Towns, Venice, Genoa, and other parts. It was kept by "one Mother Mampudding, as they termed her;" and the hall of the house had apparently been built by shipwrights, the roof resembling a galley with the keel upwards, and being otherwise more like a ship than a house.

Before the foreign commerce of the country was in the hands of native merchants, the king, the nobility, and the higher clergy engaged in mercantile pursuits. Licences were not unfrequently obtained from the kings of England by popes, cardinals, and other foreign ecclesiastical dignitaries to export wool and other commodities without the payment of duties, from which the religious persons of all kinds resident in the country were exempt. The Cistercian monks had become the greatest wool merchants in England; and though the Parliament interfered in 1344, neither ecclesiastical communities nor individuals were driven from the pursuit of trade by its edicts. The exemption of laymen from the payment of duties was, on the other hand, a great favour. In 1296, by writ of privy seal, Aylmer de Valence was allowed to export twenty sacks of wool free of duty, "so that the same was done with as much privacy as could be, that other persons might not take example thereby to desire the like permission."

* Pictorial History of England, vol. ii. p. 181.

There were custodes or customers at the different ports, and the barons of the exchequer were in the habit of directing inquisitions to be taken respecting the defrauding of the king's customs on wool, &c. The "customers" were not to be owners of ships. Merchants who attempted to evade the customs forfeited their cargo. In 1297 the mayor and citizens of London, in obedience to the king's orders, caused a scale to be made for weighing of wools, similar to the one used for the same purpose in London; and after being examined at the Exchequer, it was sent to Lynn. The place where this scale was kept, and the wharf where the wool was shipped, was, in every sense of the word, a custom-house. In 1382 John Churchman, a grocer or wholesale merchant of London, "for the quiet of merchants," says Stow, built a house upon a quay called Wool Wharf. It was to serve "for troynage or weighing of wools in the port of London;" and we are told that "whereupon the king granted that, during the life of the said John, the aforesaid troynage should be held and kept in the same house, with easements there for the balances and weights, and a counting-place for the customer, comptrollers, clerks, and other officers of the said troynage, together with ingress and egress to and fro the same, even as was had in other places where the said troynage was wont to be kept." The king was to pay "yearly to the said John during his life forty shillings, at the terms of St. Michael and Easter, by even portions, by the hand of his customer, without any other payment to the said John." This is said to have been the first Custom House in the port of London; but a wharf for shipping wool and other articles, and scales for weighing them, must have been established at some fixed place from the earliest time when they were subject to customs; and officers appointed by the king, to see that he was not defrauded of his dues, would necessarily be stationed at such wharf when shipments were made. In Arnold's 'Chronicle,' written probably at the close of the fifteenth century, there is a curious table entitled, "Thoo things that longith to Tronage and Poudage of our Soueraine Lord the Kyng in the Cite of London."

Before the sixteenth century London had not established its commercial supremacy on a scale so greatly exceeding that of any other port. The quinzième, a duty of the nature of which no very definite explanation has been given further than that it was an impost on foreign commerce, produced in 1204 a sum of 836*l.* for the port of London, 780*l.* at Boston, 650*l.* at Lynn, and 712*l.* at Southampton. Apparently, therefore, these places did not differ much from each other in the scale of mercantile rank; and though there may be difficulties in this view of the case, yet undoubtedly the inferior means which London then possessed for the internal distribution of merchandise which arrived by the river must have checked its career, and given to other ports in different parts of the country a larger comparative share of trade than they have since possessed. By the end of the sixteenth century, however, these out-ports had fallen into decay, and the commerce of London was in a state of prosperity which it had never before experienced. The general complaint was that London had drawn from them "traffic by sea and retailing by land, and exercise of manual arts also;" and Stow, in answer to this, confesses that navigation "is apparently decayed in many port-towns, and flourisheth only or chiefly at London." The decay of the staple was also very favourable to the commercial progress of the capital. In

1353 the staple was fixed at nine different cities and towns in England, and here all merchandise for exportation was compelled either to be sold or brought for shipment; and native merchants were prohibited on pain of felony from exporting the staple commodities, which consisted of wool, woollens (sheepskins), leather, lead, and tin—in fact, the chief exportable articles which the country produced. The object of the staple was the convenience of foreign merchants, and the more secure collection of the duties on exportation. In 1613 the customs of the port of London amounted to 109,572*l.*, and those of the out-ports only to 38,502*l.*; and we shall subsequently see the proportion still further increased in favour of London.

In 1559, in the first year of the reign of Elizabeth, important steps were taken which may be said to have been the commencement of the present system of collecting the customs. It was ordered that “all creeks, wharfs, keys, lading and discharging places in Gravesend, Woolwich, Barking, Greenwich, Deptford, Blackwall, Limehouse, Ratcliffe, Wapping, St. Katherine’s, Tower Hill, Rotherhithe, Southwark, London Bridge, and every of them, and all and singular keys, wharfs, and other places within the city of London and the suburbs of the same, or elsewhere within the said port of London (the several keys, wharfs, stairs, and places before limited and appointed only except), shall be from henceforth no more used as lading or discharging places for merchandises, but be utterly debarred and abolished from the same for ever.” For “the better answering of the revenues of the queen,” twenty quays and wharfs were appointed within the port of London, where alone merchandise and produce could be shipped or landed. Some were for all manner of merchandise; others for wine and oils; one for corn only; and Billingsgate was for fish, corn, salt, victuals, and fruit, but groceries were excepted. The owners of these twenty quays were required to give security that no goods should be laid on or shipped from their wharfs until the queen’s duties were paid, and that all ships were laden and unladen in the presence of the proper officers. The first three quays on the list are Old Wool Quay, New Wool Quay, and Galley Quay. Wool Wharf or Customers’ Quay is applied by Stow to one landing-place, which, he says, “is now of late most beautifully enlarged and built.” The quays appointed as above are still known as the legal wharfs. They are all between the Tower and London Bridge. As the commerce of London increased other wharfs were appointed called “Sufferance Wharfs,” of which five were east of the Tower and eighteen on the Surrey side of the river.

The London Custom House establishment of 1559 consisted of eight principal officers, each of whom had from two to six others under him, but the principal “Waiter” had sixteen subordinates. Until 1590 the duties were farmed for 20,000*l.* a-year, but on the Queen’s government taking the collection of the duties in its own hand they yielded about 30,000*l.* a-year. The control of the Government necessarily led to many improvements in the Customs establishment. The formation of the East India and other great trading companies during the latter half of the sixteenth century, and the growth of colonial commerce, augmented the trade of London and rendered the customs a much more profitable source of revenue than they had yet been. Little attention, however, was paid to the policy at that time pursued in Holland, by which, as Sir Walter

Raleigh remarked, they drew all nations to trade with them. From 1671 to 1688, according to D'Avenant, the first inspector-general of imports and exports, the customs of England averaged 555,752*l.* a-year.

The old Custom House destroyed during the Great Fire was replaced by one of rather more pretensions, which is said to have cost 10,000*l.*, and was at least of more dignified appearance than the adjoining warehouses. In the fifty years after its erection the trade of the country had greatly increased, and from 1700 to 1714 the customs for England averaged 1,352,764*l.* each year. In 1718 the Custom House was burnt down, doubtless not before it had been found very inconvenient for the transaction of the increased mass of business which had arisen out of a more wide and active commerce.

A new Custom House soon arose on the site of the old building, in which the inconveniences formerly experienced were for a time remedied. The apartments for the different officers were better arranged, and accommodation was provided for a greater number of clerks, so that the delays of which the merchants had before complained were obviated. The length of the building was 189 feet, and the centre was 29 feet deep. The edifice was constructed of brick and stone, and the wings had a passage colonnade of the Tuscan order towards the river, the upper story being relieved with Ionic pilasters and pediments. But the most striking feature of the building was the "Long Room," extending nearly the whole length of the centre, being 127 feet long, 29 wide, and 24 high. Here were a number of officers and clerks attached to various departments, and the general business of the room was superintended by the Commissioners themselves, but they were then more numerous than at present, their number in 1713 being thirteen. In 1725 the customs of the port of London produced nearly 1,500,000*l.*, being more than the whole customs revenue of England between 1700 and 1714. At the close of the century the revenue collected in the port of London exceeded 6,000,000*l.* The building was now becoming, like its predecessor, too small for the mass of business required to be transacted, when, on the 12th of February, 1814, it was also totally destroyed by fire, being the third Custom House whose destruction was caused by this element. But in the present case a new Custom House had been commenced before the old one had become a heap of ruins. The flames spread to the houses on the northern side of Thames Street, and in a short time ten were destroyed. Besides the loss of valuable property in the cellars and warehouses, the destruction of documents and papers was also to be regretted. The inconvenience to the shipping and mercantile interests was of course very great. Ships which were ready for sailing were delayed for want of the necessary papers, and the delivery of goods for home consumption and exportation, and the discharge of cargoes, was suspended. The fire occurred on Saturday, and by Monday morning temporary arrangements were made for conducting the public business in the Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing Lane.

Several years before the occurrence of this fire the enlargement of the old Custom House had been contemplated, and it was at first proposed to build an additional wing, but, on a survey of the edifice, it was found too much decayed and dilapidated to warrant a large expenditure in its renovation and extension. The Lords of the Treasury therefore directed designs and estimates to be prepared for an entirely new structure; and those by Mr. Laing were finally

selected. Between the old Custom House and Billingsgate there were eight quays, measuring 479 feet in length; but the site now fixed upon was immediately east of Billingsgate Dock, with only the intervention of the landing-stairs. One of the plans projected by Mr. Laing was to have placed the Custom House north of Thames Street, with the quay extending over the site occupied by the present building, thus dispensing with the necessity of encroaching upon the river by embankment. This plan would also have induced the widening of the narrow and crooked streets in the neighbourhood, and the formation of a dock at the eastern and western extremities of the quay. It was found, however, that the plan would prove too expensive, and it was therefore abandoned. The estimates of the new building were by public tender, and one for 165,000*l.*, exclusive of the formation of the foundation-ground and some other contingencies, was accepted. The owners of private property whose interests were invaded by the adoption of a fresh site demanded in the aggregate a sum of 84,478*l.*, and, by amicable arrangements and the finding of juries, they were paid 41,700*l.* The materials of the old building were sold for 12,400*l.*

It became, of course, an object of the first consideration to ascertain the nature of the substratum on which so large a pile was to be raised, and augers from eighteen to twenty feet in length were employed to bring up the soil. In the first instance the successive borings indicated a stratum of compact gravel, and in the bed of the river, in parts adjacent, it was found of the same description. As the soil above the lower stratum was apparently more artificial and had less compactness, it was determined to drive piles over the whole surface of the foundation, and this process was commenced in August, 1813. On trenches being made, preparatory to the foundation, the favourable appearances which had at first presented themselves were found to be wholly deceptive, the compact bed which had been met with proving altogether artificial. Mr. Laing describes the character of the ground:—"Rising from the level of the river to the south side of Thames Street, the whole of the extent was discovered to have been formerly a part of the bed of the Thames. Quantities of rushes were found mixed with chrysalids of water-insects; mussel-shells were found in different stages of decomposition; those lying at the south-east corner of the quay presented a greenish hue, inclining to the colour of verdigris, while those which were brought up from the depth of seventeen feet below the surface of Thames Street were nearly reduced to earth. It deserves remark," observes Mr. Laing, "that on this occasion three distinct lines of wooden embankments were found at the several distances of 58, 86, and 103 feet within the range of the existing wharfs; and about fifty feet from the campshot, or under-edge of the wharf wall, a wall was discovered running east and west: it was built with chalk and rubble, and faced with Purbeck stone. This wall was supposed to be either part of the ancient defences of the city of London, or of some outwork, bastion, or barbican extending westward from the Tower." It was so strongly built, that even with iron wedges it was not broken without great difficulty; but it was necessary to effect this in order to form a sound foundation. The river, then, in ancient times, had been repeatedly contracted in this place, and coins and other objects of human art were found in its old bed, on which the Custom House and its quay now stand.*

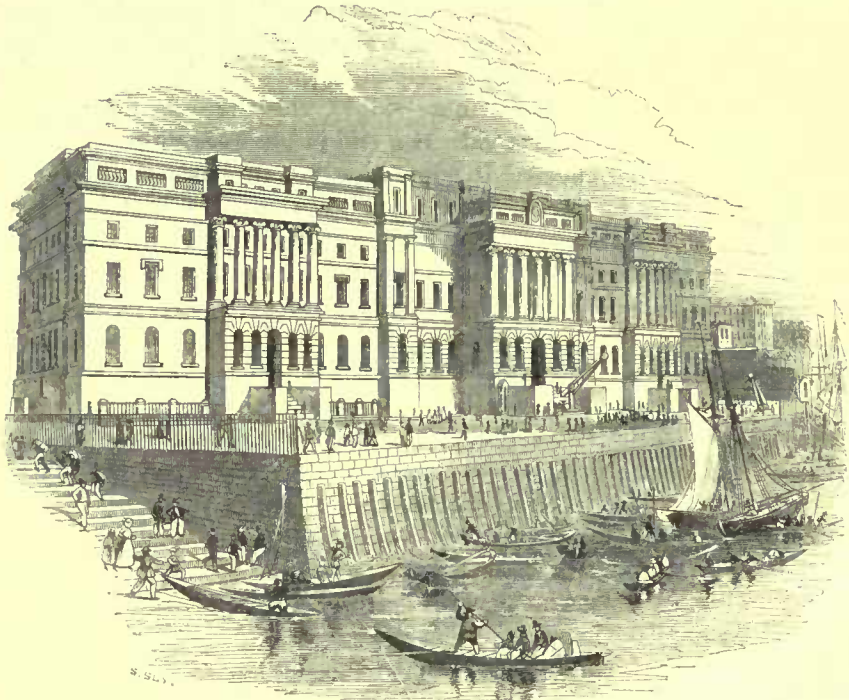
* Mr. Laing remarks in a note—"These distinct lines of walling, with the distances at which they were re-

The architect, after having caused the removal of the old embankments and foundations, which had created such formidable difficulties, proceeded to strengthen the site with piles. The following account of the manner in which this process was managed is rendered interesting by subsequent results. Mr. Laing says—"Piles were prepared of the length of 28 feet and 30 feet, and then were driven in those places whence the old walls, &c., had been removed. These piles were placed in triple rows under each wall, three feet apart longitudinally. They were shod and hooped with iron, and they were driven till the rammer of the engine recoiled. But, after much power and considerable time had been spent in driving, it was found necessary to draw many of them up again, in consequence of having been forced into an oblique direction by the resistance of some intervening portion of the old foundations. Sleepers of beech, measuring nine inches by five inches, were laid on the heads of the piles, filled in with brickwork, and a tier of beech planking was laid on these sleepers."

The preliminary difficulties having been overcome, the first stone of the new building was laid at the south-west corner by Lord Liverpool, then First Lord of the Treasury, on the 25th of October, 1813, and it was opened for business on the 12th of May, 1817. The northern elevation, fronting Thames Street, was plain and simple, but the south front, towards the river, assumed a more ornamental character, the central compartment projecting forward, and the wings having a hexastyle detached colonnade of the Ionic order. The attic of the central part of the building, comprising the exterior of the Long Room, was decorated with alto and basso relievos, in panels five feet three inches in height, representing in a series of allegorical figures the Arts and Sciences, Commerce and Industry, and characteristic figures of the principal nations with which Great Britain holds commercial intercourse. The dial-plate, nine feet in diameter, was supported by colossal figures of Industry and Plenty, and the royal arms were sustained by figures of Ocean and Commerce. The Long Room was 196 feet by 66. Unfortunately, the foundation of the edifice gave way, notwithstanding the pains which had been taken to render it secure. In the Report of a Parliamentary Committee in 1828, on the duties connected with the Office of Works and Public Buildings, the failure of the building is somewhat harshly noticed. It is said that "the fraudulent and scandalous manner in which the foundation of the New Custom House was laid, occasioned, by its total failure in 1825, a charge of no less than 170,000*l.* to 180,000*l.*, in addition to the original expenditure of 255,000*l.*" The total cost of the edifice has therefore amounted altogether to nearly half a million sterling. The Long Room and the central part of the building were taken down and the foundations relaid, but the other parts remain as built by Mr. Laing. The figures just described, which decorated the principal front, were removed; but though there is greater plainness, the simplicity is pleasing, if not majestic. As the breadth of the quay is not equal

spectively found, and the different levels implied by these distances, suggest important reflections on the ancient state of the river, and on the levels to which the water rose, at high tide, anciently. It is evident that, if it rose fifteen or twenty feet higher at the Custom House, it would rise proportionably higher at Dowgate, and into the *sinus* formed by the river Fleet, where it would naturally constitute a considerable lock or body of water and mud, extending much beyond Holborn Bridge northward, and up much of the present Fleet-street westward. It would follow that Lud-Gate, when first built, though high on the ascent, was but at a convenient distance, as a gate of entrance, from the water in the river Fleet; and that the city walls, following the course of the ground, though the water has now removed from them, were placed, with the utmost propriety and good judgment, in the most advantageous position for defence." Mr. Laing's work was published in 1818.

to the height of the building, it is not seen to advantage from that point, but the bridge or the middle of the river affords a better view. The river front is 488 feet in length, or 90 feet longer than the Post Office, and exceeding by 30 feet the National Gallery.



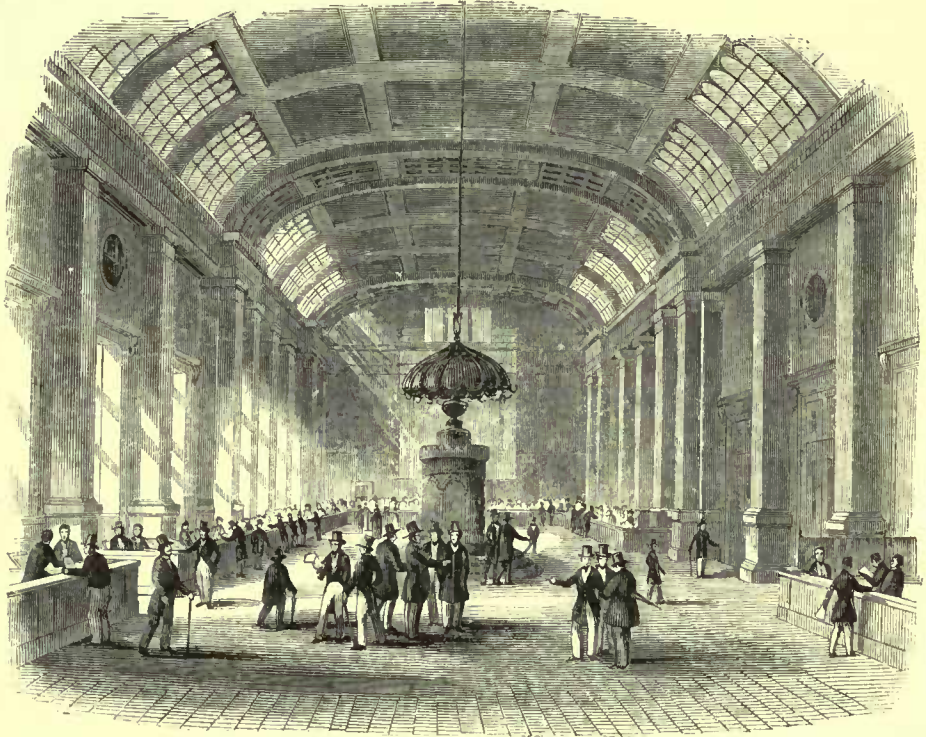
[Present Custom House.]

At the present time nearly one-half of the customs of the United Kingdom are collected in the port of London; and five or six years ago the proportion exceeded one-half. The amount collected in 1840 was 11,116,685*l.*, and the total collection of the United Kingdom was 23,341,813*l.* The nearest approach to London are the customs at Liverpool, which in 1840 were 4,607,326*l.* The total expenses of collection are above a million sterling for the customs of Great Britain, and above a quarter of a million for those of Ireland, being about five per cent. for the former and rather more than twelve per cent. for the latter. The expense of collecting the excise duties is above six per cent. for Great Britain. About one-half of the persons employed in the civil service of the country are in the customs, the number in this department in 1835 being about 11,500, and at present above a million sterling is paid in salaries. Not only is the immense business of its own port conducted at the London Custom House, but the Board of Commissioners which sits there has all the out-ports in the United Kingdom under its superintendence. From them it receives reports, and instructions from this central board are issued to them in return. The Custom House is one of the oldest sources of statistical information; and under the inspector-general of imports and exports clerks are continually engaged in recording the facts and figures which illustrate the commercial movement of the

country, the result of their labours being frequently printed and made public by order of Parliament. In the reign of Charles II. the Privy Council for Trade urged the Commissioners of Customs "to enter the several commodities which formed the exports and imports; to affix to each its usual price, and to form a general total by calculating the value of the whole." The official persons on the establishment thought that such a task was impossible, and it was not executed until 1694, when the office of inspector-general of imports and exports was established; and the Custom House ledger, which records their value, was first kept. The 'official' rates of valuation still in use were adopted at the same time. The Act of 1694 rendered it imperative for all goods exported and imported to be entered in the Custom House books, whether by tale, weight, or measure, &c., with the prices affixed. From that date, when any article came to be exported or imported for the first time, the price presumed to be the then current value was entered in the books, which price ever after remained invariable. For example, when cotton goods were exported for the first time, the price they then bore was entered in the Custom House books, and that price is still attached to all goods exported of the same description. This is what is denominated the official value; but it soon became no measure of the current value of the articles, although it continued without any check until 1798. In that year the government of the time imposed a convoy duty of four per cent., *ad valorem*, upon all mercantile commodities exported; and, to do this equitably, every shipper of goods was compelled to make a declaration of their then actual value. This is what is denominated the 'declared or real value.' There is at present a daily publication, called the 'Bill of Entry,' which is prepared and issued at the Custom House for the purpose of affording information respecting the quantity of imports and exports, and of the arrival and clearance of ships.

Besides the warehouses and cellars, there are about one hundred and seventy distinct apartments in the Custom House, in which the officers of each department transact their business. The object to be accomplished by the architect, and which, as he tells us, he kept constantly in view, was a judicious classification and combination of offices and departments so as to ensure contiguity and convenience, and at the same time to present such accommodation as was demanded by the peculiar purposes for which each was required. All the rooms are perfectly plain, with the exception of the Board Room, which is slightly decorated, and contains paintings of George III. and George IV., the latter by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Long Room is of course the principal object of interest, being probably the largest apartment in Europe of the kind. The length is 190 feet, width 66 feet, and height between 40 and 50 feet. It is not a gallery, where the eye embraces at once the whole width and length, but here, as the architect has pointed out, the eye cannot take in both the length and width at the same time, and consequently is at fault as to the comparative dimensions. The present room is not so handsome as the one taken down after the failure of the foundation. The walls and ceiling are tinted to resemble stone, and the floor is of wood. The room is warmed by three very handsome stoves on Dr. Arnot's principle. The cellars in the basement form a groined crypt or undercroft, built in the most substantial manner and fire-proof; the walls are of extraordinary thickness; and a temperature is constantly maintained which is most suitable for wines and spirits, those

which are seized by the officers of the Custom House being kept here. The King's Warehouse is on the ground-floor, and of great extent, and with its diagonal-ribbed arches presents a fine appearance in the interior. The public entrance to the Custom House is on the northern front, and leads to a double flight of steps. On the southern side there is an entrance for the officers and clerks from the quay and river.



[The Long Room.]

The number of officers and clerks for whom accommodation is provided in the Custom House is about three hundred, and there are as many more whose business is chiefly out of doors, and who are in daily communication with the establishment. The inspectors of the river superintend the tide-surveyors, tide-waiters, and watermen, and appoint them to their respective duties for the day; and each of these inspectors attends in rotation at Gravesend. The tide-surveyors visit ships reported inwards, or which are proceeding outwards, to see that the tide-waiters who are put on board discharge their duty in a proper manner. The tide-waiters remain on board until the cargo is discharged, if the vessel is entering inwards; and in those outward bound they continue until they are cleared at Gravesend. The landing officers, under the superintendence of the landing surveyors, attend the quays and docks, and take an account of goods as they are landed; and on the receipt of warrants showing that the duties are paid, they permit the delivery of goods for home consumption. The officers of the coast department attend to the arrival and departure of vessels between the port of London and the outports; and give permits for landing their cargoes, and take

bonds for the delivery, at the place of destination, of goods sent coastwise. They appoint the coast-waiters to attend the shipping and discharging of all coastwise goods. The searchers superintend the shipping of goods intended for foreign export, the entries for which, after being passed in the Long Room, are placed in their hands, and they examine the packages at their discretion, to ascertain if they correspond. The number of supernumeraries is very large, as the amount of business is dependent on the season or on the weather. When the wind blows from a particular quarter, and the arrival of ships is very large, there are sometimes as many as two thousand persons employed in the business of the Custom House between Gravesend and London Bridge. The principal officers for the collection of the revenues are collectors, inwards and outwards; comptrollers in each of these departments, and also surveyors. The duties are computed by their deputies or assistants, and the heads of the department administer the various oaths. The business of the in-door department of the Custom House, so far as relates to the importation and exportation of goods, is all transacted in the Long Room. The officers and clerks of the Long Room, about eighty in number, may be said to form three divisions:—the inward department, with its collector, clerks of rates, clerks of ships' entries, computers of duties, receivers of plantation duties, wine duties, &c.; the outward department, with its cocket writers, &c.; and the coast department. An officer of the Trinity House is accommodated in the Long Room with a desk and counter for the more convenient collection of lighthouse dues. The class of persons to be seen in the Long Room are ship-brokers and shipowners, and their clerks, who report arrivals and obtain clearances; the skippers themselves are frequently seen for the same object; and wholesale merchants, who have goods to import or export, to place in bond or to re-export. The officers of the room occupy a space extending along each side of the four sides, within which they have their desks. On the whole, it is a place which every person should visit at least once in their lives.

The progress of an article of foreign merchandise through the Customs to the warehouse or shop of the dealer is briefly as follows:—First, on the arrival of the ship at Gravesend tide-waiters are put on board and remain until she reaches the appointed landing-place. The goods are reported and entered at the Custom House, and a warrant is transmitted to the landing-waiters, who superintend the unloading of the cargo. A landing-waiter is specially appointed to each ship. Officers under him, some of whom are gaugers, examine, weigh, and ascertain the contents of the several packages, and enter an account of them. These operations are subject to the daily inspection of superior officers. When warehoused the goods are in charge of a locker, who is under the warehouse-keeper. When goods are delivered for home consumption the locker receives a warrant from the Custom House certifying that the duties have been paid; he then looks out the goods and the warehouse-keeper signs the warrant. When foreign or colonial goods are exported the process is more complicated. The warehouse-keeper makes out a "re-weighing slip;" a landing-waiter examines the goods, which continue in charge of the locker, and a cocket, with a certificate from the proper officers at the Custom House, is his authority for their delivery. The warehouse-keeper signs this document, and a counterpart of the cocket, called a "shipping bill," is prepared by the exporting merchant. The goods pass from

the warehouse-keeper into the hands of the searcher, who directs a tide-waiter to receive them at the water-side and to attend their shipment, taking an account of the articles; and he remains on board until the vessel reaches Gravesend, when she is visited by a searcher stationed there; the tide-waiter is discharged and the vessel proceeds; but before her final clearance the master delivers to the searcher a document called "a content," being a list of the goods on board, and which is compared with the cocket. It is then only that the cargo can be fairly said to be out of the hands of the Custom House officers. When British produce and manufactures are exported the course pursued is somewhat similar, the chief difference being that they are not, as in the case of foreign merchandise, exported from the bonding warehouse. The description and value of the merchandise is set forth, together with a declaration of its value. In cases where any export duty is payable, this declaration becomes the foundation upon which its amount is levied; and correctness in this matter is provided for, since, on the one hand, the merchant is interested in not over-valuing his shipment: while, on the other, it is the duty of the revenue officers to prevent any under valuation being affixed, and if, in this respect, the correctness of the merchant is suspected, to subject the goods to seizure, by tendering him the value which he himself puts upon them. In cases where no export duty is payable, the declaration of value is equally required, and, as the party is then without any temptation to give false returns, it is reasonable to believe that none such are made. In every case the goods themselves are subjected to proper examination, and their quantities accurately taken, either by weight, or tale, or measure, according to their nature. In addition to this, a document is prepared, technically called a cocket, for which the previous bill of entry is the foundation, and on the back of this cocket the fullest particulars of the transaction are recorded, while any unintentional errors of the merchant are rectified; so that this document, a copy of which remains in the Custom House, becomes, in all respects, a full and authentic register of the shipment.

Previous to 1825 the statutes relating to the customs had accumulated from the reign of Edward I. to the number of fifteen hundred; and were, as might be expected, a mass of contradiction and confusion which puzzled the most experienced, and were highly injurious to the interests of commerce. The country is indebted to Mr. Huskisson, and to the late Mr. J. D. Hume of the Custom House, and afterwards of the Board of Trade, for a comprehensive revision of these statutes, and their consolidation into eleven acts. The acts for the regulation and management of the customs were still further simplified by several statutes passed in 1833; and at the present time it is probable that further steps are about to be taken in the same direction, though rather with reference to the duties than to the means by which they are collected. One of the acts passed in 1833 enumerates not fewer than 1150 different rates of duty chargeable on imported articles, while the main source of revenue is derived from a very small number of articles. For example, the duty on seventeen articles produced, in 1839, about $94\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the total revenue of customs, the duties on other articles being not only comparatively unproductive, but vexatious, and a hindrance to the merchants, shipowners, and others. In the above year, forty-six articles were productive of $98\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. of the total customs revenue.

The occasional importation of articles which are not enumerated in the tariff of duties is often productive of amusing perplexity. Mr. Huskisson mentioned a case of this nature when he brought forward the plans of consolidation already mentioned. A gentleman had imported a mummy from Egypt, and the officers of customs were not a little puzzled by this non-enumerated article. These remains of mortality, muscles and sinews, pickled and preserved three thousand years ago, could not be deemed a raw material, and therefore, upon deliberation, it was determined to tax them as a manufactured article. The importer, anxious that his mummy should not be seized, stated its value at 400*l.*; and the declaration cost him 200*l.*, being at the rate of 50*l.* per cent. on the manufactured merchandise which he was about to import. Mr. Huskisson reduced the duties on non-enumerated manufactured articles from 50*l.* to 20*l.* per cent., and of non-enumerated unmanufactured articles from 20*l.* to 10*l.* per cent. A somewhat similar case has been recently mentioned in Parliament, relating to an importation of ice from Norway. A doubt was started what duty it ought to pay, and the point was referred from the Custom House to the Treasury, and from the Treasury to the Board of Trade; and it was ultimately decided that the ice might be introduced on the payment of the duty on dry goods; but, as one of the speakers remarked, "The ice was dissolved before the question was solved."*

* Debate in the House of Lords, Feb. 15, 1842.

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Knight, Charles (ed.)
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