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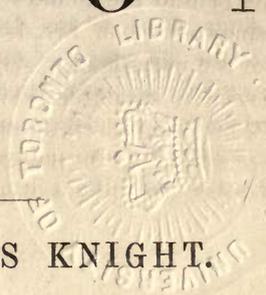








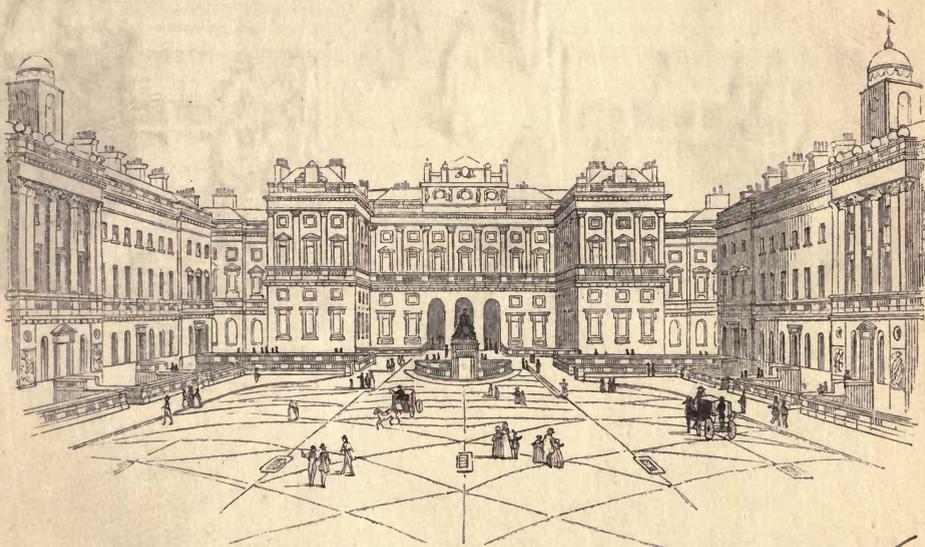
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[From Hogarth's 'Progress of Cruelty.']

## LXXVI.—B E E R.

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HOGARTH blundered when he introduced the brewer's drayman as a type of the "progress of cruelty." The man is asleep: he would not willingly hurt a fly, to say nothing of a child, but, "much bemused with beer," he knows not the mischief his wheels are doing. He can scarcely even be accused of carelessness, for how could he expect a child to be there unguarded? It is the nurse or mother that is to blame. Nobody who has to do with beer is inhumane. Beer cannot make a rogue an honest man—even the ale of Lichfield could not work that miracle upon Boniface—but it mollifies his temper.

"I have much to say in behalf of that Falstaff," and, though scarcely so near akin, we have much to say in behalf of that brewer's drayman. Look at his smock-frock, his hat, his gracefully-curving, ponderous whip: beside the sceptre of an Ulysses or Agamemnon it would show like the pendent birch beside a bare hop-pole, and yet would crush a Thersites more effectually. When cracked in the horses' ears it knells like a piece of artillery. And so accoutred as the brewer's drayman was in the days of Hogarth, so may he still be seen in the streets of London, perched upon or striding beside his stately dray. He is one of the unchanged, unchangeable monuments which live on through all transmutations, telling a story of forgotten generations to a race which remembers them not—like the circle of grey stones which beneath a grove of embowering oaks witnessed the inhuman rites of the Druid, and now obstruct the reaper's sickle amid the golden grain—like the little drummer-boys, all so like each other that the man in his grand climacteric could fancy them the same he gazed after in his childhood, and take the elf, at this moment loitering before the guardhouse in Hyde Park, for the identical one to whom the "friend of humanity" gave six-pence, and "nice clever books by Tom Paine the philanthropist."

The brewer's dray is worthy of such an ancient pillar of the constitution. Benjamin the Waggoner and his poet are both right eloquent in praise of their "lordly wain." Nor need it be denied that it had a stately and imposing presence of its own, alike amid the thunder-storm in the mountain gap, or

“ With a milder grace adorning  
 The landscape of a summer morning,  
 While Grassmere smoothed its liquid plain  
 The moving image to detain ;  
 And merry Fairfield, with a chime  
 Of echoes, to its march kept time,  
 When little other sound was heard,  
 And little other bus'ness stirr'd,  
 In that delightful hour of balm,  
 Stillness, solitude, and calm.”

But every one must feel that one half of the beauty of the Westmoreland waggon is owing to the associations that cluster around it ; whereas the brewer's dray suffices in itself. When the head of the foremost of its colossal horses is seen emerging from one of those steep, narrow lanes ascending from the river side to the Strand, (sometimes is it there seen, though the coal-waggon has pre-eminence in that locality of dark arches looking like the entrance to the Pit of Acheron,) there is a general pause in the full tide of human life that flows along the thoroughfare. Heavily, as though they would plant themselves into the earth, the huge hoofs, with the redundant locks dependent from the fetlocks circumfused, are set down, clattering and scraping as they slip on the steep ascent ; the huge bodies of the steeds, thrown forward, drag upward the load attached to them by their weight alone ; in a long chain they form a curve quite across the street, till at last the dray, high-piled with barrels, emerges from the narrow way like a reel issuing from a bottle, and, the strain over, the long line of steeds and the massive structure, beside which the car of Juggernaut might dwindle into insignificance, pass smoothly onwards.

It is no unimportant element of London life that is launched with all this pomp and circumstance into its great thoroughfares. There is a system organised, by which the contents of these huge emissaries from the reservoirs of the breweries are diverted into a multiplicity of minor pipes and strainers which penetrate and moisten the clay of the whole population. From “ morn till dewy eve” the huge, high-piled dray may be seen issuing from the brewery gates to convey barrels to the tap-houses, and nine-gallon casks, the weekly or fortnightly allowance of private families. At noon and night the pot-boys of the innumerable beer-shops may be seen carrying out the quarts and pints duly received at those hours by families who do not choose to lay in a stock of their own ; or the mothers and children of families, to whom the saving of a halfpenny is a matter of some consequence, may be seen repairing with their own jugs to these beer-conduits. You may know when it is noon in any street in London by the circulation of beer-jugs, as surely as you may know when it is 11 A.M. by seeing housekeepers with their everlasting straw reticules and umbrellas. And in addition to these periodical flowings of the fountains must be taken into the account the “ bye-drinkings” of carmen, coal-whippers, paviours, &c. at all hours of the day—of artisans at their “ dry skittle-grounds,” and of medical students and other “ swells” at taverns.

It is not easy to form an estimate of the quantity of beer annually strained through these alembics, but we may venture upon what Sir Thomas Browne would have called “ a wide guess.” In 1836 the twelve principal brewers in London brewed no less than 2,119,447 barrels of beer. The quantity of malt

wetted by all the brewers in London in that year was 754,313 quarters; the quantity wetted by the illustrious twelve, 526,092 quarters. According to this proportion, the number of barrels of beer brewed in London, in 1836, could not fall far short of 3,000,000. The beer manufactured for exportation and country consumption may be assumed, in the mean time, to have been balanced by the importation of Edinburgh and country ales, and Guinness's stout. In 1836 the population of the metropolis was estimated at 1,500,000. This would give, hand over head, an allowance of two barrels (or 76 gallons) of beer per annum for every inhabitant of the metropolis—man, woman, and child. This is of course beyond the mark, but perhaps not so much so as one would at first imagine. At all events, these numbers show that beer is an important article of London consumption: thus corroborating the inference naturally drawn from the high state of perfection to which we find the arrangements for injecting it into all the veins and arteries of the body corporate have been brought.

There is a passage in Franklin's 'Memoirs' which illustrates the minuter details of the injecting process in his day:—"I drank only water: the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great drinkers of beer. . . . We had an alehouse boy, who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast, with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done with his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer that he might be *strong* himself. . . . He had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every week for that vile liquor." The pressman whose bibbing feats are here recorded, it must be admitted, rather verged towards excess in his potations: he did not administer the malt in homœopathic doses; but his lack of moderation conferred no right upon "the water-drinking American" (as the "chapel" christened Franklin) to vilify "the good creature Beer" by the epithet "vile liquor."

Beer is to the London citizen what the water in the reservoirs of the plain of Lombardy, or the kahvreez of Persia (which is permitted to flow into the runnels of the landowners so many hours per diem), is to the village peasantry of those countries. It is one of those commonplaces of life—those daily-expected and daily-enjoyed simple pleasures which give man's life its local colouring. The penning of the sheep in a pastoral country—"the ewe-bughts, Marion" of Scottish song—is poetical, because the bare mention of it calls up all the old accustomed faces, and sayings and doings, that make home delightful. In London it is our beer that stands foremost in the ranks of these suggestions of pleasant thoughts. Therefore it is that a halo dwells around the silver-bright pewter pots of the potboy, and plays, like the lightning of St. John, about the curved and tapering rod of office of the brewer's drayman. Therefore is it that the cry of "Beer!" falls like music on the ear; and therefore it is that in the song of the jolly companion, in the gibe of the theatrical droll, in the slang of him who lives "on the step" (of the 'bus), in the scratching of the caricaturist, the bare mention of beer is at any time a sufficient substitute for wit. It needs but to name it, and we are all on the broad grin.

Beer overflows in almost every volume of Fielding and Smollett. There never

was hero who had a more healthy relish for a cool tankard than Tom Jones. There is an incident which all our readers must recollect in the story of Booth's Amelia, that positively elevates brown stout into the region of the pathetic. As for Smollett, the score which Roderick Random and Strap run up with the plausible old schoolmaster, fancying all the while he is teaching them, is perhaps too rural an incident for our present purpose; but the pot of beer with which Strap made up the quarrel with the soldier, after the misadventure which attended his first attempt to dive for a dinner, was of genuine London brewing.

Goldsmith appreciated the capabilities of beer in an artistical point of view: how could the author of Tony Lumpkin fail? He has immortalised it both in prose and verse. The story of the Merry-Andrew out of employment, whom he picked up in the Green Park, would have lost great part of its zest had it not been told over "a frothing tankard and a smoking steak." Who does not feel that the conversation of the imprisoned debtor, porter, and soldier, about an apprehended French invasion, is rendered more pointed by the good malt liquor that takes a part in it?—" 'For my part,' cries the prisoner, 'the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom. If the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us. It is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom, should they happen to conquer.' 'Ay, slaves,' cries the porter, 'they are all slaves, fit only to carry burthens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison,' and he held the goblet in his hand, 'may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a soldier.' The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe, fervently cried out, 'It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer from such a change: ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames,' such was the solemnity of his adjuration, 'if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone.' So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of most persevering devotion." And, without the allusion to beer, how dry would have been his description of the region where authors most abound!—

"Where the 'Red Lion,' staring o'er the way,  
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;  
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champagne,  
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;  
There, in a lonely room from bailiffs snug,  
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug."

To a poet of a later day than poor Goldy it was given to sing a royal visitation to a London brewhouse; and as our readers may expect us, while upon this subject, to introduce them to the interior of one of these great establishments, they may prefer visiting it while a king is there. The hurry of preparation to receive the illustrious guest was spiritedly sung by the modern Pindar:—

"Muse, sing the stir that Mister Whitbread made,  
Poor gentleman, most terribly afraid  
He should not charm enough his guests *divine*,  
He gave his Maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks;  
And, lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks  
To make the Apprenticés and Draymen fine.

Busy as horses in a field of clover,  
Dogs, cats, and stools and chairs, were tumbled over,  
Amid the Whitbread rout of preparation  
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation."

The irreverent manner in which the poet describes the rapidity with which the royal questions were huddled on each other may be passed over. Suffice it to say, that, by the clack of interrogatories,—

"Thus was the Brewhouse fill'd with gabbling noise,  
While Draymen and the Brewer's Boys  
Devour'd the questions that the King did ask:  
In different parties were they staring seen,  
Wondering to think they saw a King and Queen;  
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.  
Some Draymen forced themselves (a pretty luncheon!)  
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;  
And through the bung-hole wink'd, with cunning eye,  
To view, and be assured what sort of things  
Were Princesses, and Queens, and Kings,  
For whose most lofty stations thousands sigh.  
And, lo! of all the gaping Puncheon clan,  
Few were the mouths that had not got a man."

The picture of Majesty examining "a pump so deep" with an opera-glass of Dollond is good, but we hasten to the "useful knowledge" elicited on the occasion:—

"Now Mister Whitbread serious did declare,  
To make the Majesty of England stare,  
That he had butts enough, he knew,  
Placed side by side to reach along to Kew.  
On which the King with wonder swiftly cried,  
'What, if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,  
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?'  
To whom with knitted, calculating brow,  
The man of beer most solemnly did vow  
Almost to Windsor that they would extend.  
On which the King, with wondering mien,  
Repeated it unto the wondering Queen.  
On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,  
The Brewer's horse, with face astonish'd, neigh'd:  
The Brewer's dog, too, pour'd a note of thunder,  
Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.  
Now did the King for *other* Beers inquire,  
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;  
And, after talking of their different Beers,  
Ask'd Whitbread if *his* Porter *equall'd theirs*."

The Muse of Painting, at least the Muse of Engraving, was equally assiduous with the Muse of rhythmic words in its attention to the staple liquor of London. Hogarth has immortalised its domestic, and Gilray its political history. In his engraving of 'Beer Street' Hogarth has been rapt beyond himself. There is a genuine "tipsy jollity" breathed over all the groups. The key-note is struck by the refreshing draughts of the tailors in the garret; it rises to a higher pitch in the chairmen, one of whom wipes his bald head while the other drinks; it becomes exuberant in the lusty blacksmith brandishing the astonished French



[From Hogarth's 'Beer Street.']

porter in one hand and his pewter-pot in the other; and it soars to genuine poetic inspiration in the ingenious artist who is painting with such unutterable gusto, "Health to the Barley Mow." Gilray, under the inspiration of good ale, became classical and allegorical. The Castor and Pollux of his 'Whig Mythology' are two lusty brewers of his day—incarnations of strong beer. His 'Meditations on a Pot of Porter' are bold and grotesque in conception, yet executed in conformity to the severest rules of sculptural grouping. His 'Triumph of Quassia' is worthy of Poussin.

This union between beer on the one hand and art and literature on the other was not a mere playful fiction of the imagination. The fine spirits of London loved good ale as Burns loved his "bonny Jean," whom he not only be-rhymed but took unto his wife. It was no mere Platonic flirtation that they kept up with the beer-barrel. The brows of Whitbread were bound with the triple wreath of brewery, the drama, and senatorial oratory; his own brewhouse, St. Stephen's, and Drury Lane Theatre were rivals in his affections. The names of Thrale and Johnson must go down to posterity together. We have often had occasion to sigh over the poverty of London in the article of genuine popular legends—one brewhouse is among the exceptions. The workmen at Barclay and Perkins's will show you a little apartment in which, according to the tradition of the place, Johnson wrote his dictionary. Now this story has one feature of a genuine legend—it sets chronology at defiance. It is no invention of a bookman, but the unsophisticated belief of those who know books less from personal inspection than by report, as something the knowledge of which makes a learned man.

Before Johnson made his acquaintance with the Thrales, two men eminent in their way in literature, the one belonging to the generation of authors who preceded the Doctor, the other destined to earn his full harvest of praise after the lexicographer had retired upon his pension, shook hands over a cup of good ale. Mandeville and Franklin had a meeting when the former visited London in

early life, which is thus noticed by the latter in his Autobiography:—"My pamphlet by some means falling into the hands of one Lyons, a surgeon, author of a book entitled 'The Infallibility of Human Judgment,' it occasioned an acquaintance between us: he took great notice of me, called on me often to converse on these subjects, carried me to the Horns, a pale-ale house in — Lane, Cheapside, and introduced me to Doctor Mandeville, author of the 'Fable of the Bees,' who had a club there, of which he was the soul, being a most facetious, entertaining companion." It is worthy of remark that Franklin has not a word to say against the "vile liquor" when it was imbibed by one he felt flattered by being introduced to; and it may also be observed in passing, that we are here introduced to the out-spoken sceptics of London, with whom Franklin sympathised as completely in his youth as he did with those of Paris in his advanced years. The former he found in pot-houses. Mandeville was a gentleman, but Chubb and the others always look like the arguers of some cobblers' debating society. The French wits, on the contrary, were men of fashion; and yet it may be doubted whether there were not more nerve and shrewdness in their homely English predecessors. The difference is illustrative of the varied characters of the two cities as well as of the individuals.

This "exaltation of ale" scarcely belongs to the very oldest period of our literature. Chaucer gets eloquent at times upon the subject of "a draught of moist and corny ale," and Skelton has sung its praises; but the dramatists of the Elizabethan age made little account of it. "Our ancestors drank sack, Mrs. Quickly." Shakspeare speaks rather compassionately of that "poor creature small beer." Nor was it altogether an affectation of being more *recherché* in their drink: the ale of the olden time must have been at best but a sorry tippie. Hops only came into cultivation in England about 1524; before that time brewers made a shift with broom, bay-berries, and ivy-berries—sorry enough substitutes. Ale was almost certain to get "eager" before it was ripe. Nor was this all: in the minute and specific directions for brewing which are to be found in Holinshed it may be seen that it was the custom to eke out the malt with a liberal admixture of unmalted oats. From the trial of Beau Fielding, quoted in a former paper, it would appear that an inferior sort of liquor called oat ale was in use in families.

The truth is, that they were only learning to brew drinkable beer in London about the time of Shakspeare. It appears from the information collected by Stow that in the year 1585 there were about twenty-six brewers in the City, suburbs, and Westminster, "whereof the one-half of them strangers, the other English." Hops appear to have been grown in great quantities in the vicinity of the Pomeranian Hanse Towns as early as the thirteenth century, and beer to have been one of the staple articles of export from these great trading communities. The circumstance of so many of the London brewers in the sixteenth century being foreigners seems to point to the conclusion that hops, and persons capable of teaching the right way to use them, had been imported about the same time.

The London Company of Brewers was incorporated, it is true, in February, 1427, and bore for a time their coat of arms impaled with that of Thomas à Becket. The Company, however, and its trade, do not appear to have emerged

into consequence until the confirmation of their charter in July, 1559, the second of Elizabeth. That there had been songs in praise of ale before this time argues nothing for its goodness. The decoction of malt and oats, bittered by ivy berries, must have been much such a mess as the "boosa" of the Upper Nile and the Niger: it made men tipsy, and when tipsy they bestowed exaggerated praises on the cause of their exhilaration. This is the utmost that Chaucer finds to say for "the ale of Southwark" in his time. The symptoms of his Miller, by which the host saw that he "was dronken of ale," are those of a man who drinks to get drunk, not because the liquor is palatable. His very gestures show it:—

"The Miller that for-dronken was all pale,  
So that unethes upon his hors he sat,  
He n' old avalen neither hood ne hat,  
Ne abiden no man for his curtesie,  
But in Pilate's vois he gan to crie,  
And swore by armes and by blood and bones."

The delicious rapidity and incongruity with which his images crowd upon each other in the prefatory speech he delivers show the state he was in, and, what is more to the purpose, his boasts show that he is proud of his condition:—

"Now herkeneth, quoth the Miller, all and some;  
But first I make a protestatioun  
That I am dronke, I know it my soune."

This is the full amount of the spirited eulogy:—

"Back and side go bare, go bare,  
Both feet and hand go cold;  
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old."

In Elizabeth's day beer was rising in estimation: alarmed by the increase of alehouses, the Lord Mayor, aided by the magistrates of Lambeth and Southwark, suppressed above two hundred of them within their jurisdictions in 1574, and the example was followed in Westminster and other places round London. It was about this time, or perhaps later, that the saying, "Blessed be her heart, for she brewed good ale," first came up. Launce, in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' speaks of it as quite of recent origin. But as yet beer (the name is said to have come in with hops, to distinguish the improved liquor from the old-fashioned ale) seems to have been chiefly in request with those who could not afford wine. Prince Hal apologises for longing for it; Falstaff never tasted it; it was the most raffish of all his followers, Bardolph, whose meteor nose glared through the alehouse window, undistinguishable from its red lattice blinds.

The years 1585 and 1591 are the earliest for which we have found any statistics of the beer trade of London. The twenty-six brewers in 1585 brewed among them 648,960 barrels of beer. This they sent to their customers in open barrels before the process of fermentation was completed; at least it is to the loss occasioned by its being transmitted in that state that, in their answer to a complaint against them made to the Chancellor, they attribute the enormous deficiency of one gallon in nine. In 1591 the "twenty great brewhouses, situate on the Thames side from Milford Stairs in Fleet Street till below St. Cathe-

rine's," brewed yearly the quantity of seven or eight brewings of sweet beer or strong beer for exportation to Embden, the Low Countries, Dieppe, &c. The produce of all these brewings might amount, one year with another, to 26,400 barrels. This trade was often interrupted; for as soon as corn began to rise in price, the exporting brewers were complained of as the cause, and a proclamation issued to "restrain from brewing any sweet or strong beer to be transported by casks as merchandise," or what was called *portage beer*. The apprehensions were probably unfounded, for the foreign beer trade seems to have been little more than a cloak for the smuggling of very different commodities. A complaint was made to the treasurer of England in 1586, that "There was deceit in the vessels of beer that were transported; that under the name of these passed many barrels stuffed with prohibited goods, as pike-heads, halberd-heads, pistols and match, candles, and soles of shoes of new leather, cut out in pairs of all sizes, and the like, the bungs of the barrels being besmeared with a little yeast, to the hindrance of the Commonwealth and the profit of enemies." Falstaff made bitter complaints, and swore there was no faith in villanous man, because he found a little lime in his sack: had he been a beer-drinker, how he would have grumbled at such a dainty mixture as is here described! The return barrels were employed in the conveyance of more delicate wares:—"Another deceit that the strangers, foreigners, and others practised with the brewers and their servants was packing up cases and pieces of silk, and delivering them as empty barrels on the brewer's wharf. The brewers straight besmeared them with yeast, and so sent them to the merchants' houses, as barrels of beer for the household, to the hindrance of the Queen's customs."

Some notice was taken, in the paper on St. Giles's, ancient and modern, of the persecution of the alehouse-keepers under the Long Parliament. Enough was said then to show that ale, as a drink, had become a popular favourite. That the excise imposed upon beer, in 1643, was found worth the continuing, may be taken as a proof that the liquor was improving. "Muddy ale" would have been driven out of the market by such an increase of price. Down to the time of the Revolution, however, although good ale might be met with in wealthy families who could afford the expense of making it—or in corn districts, which, in that age of bad or no roads, enjoyed no facilities for conveying their surplus grain into more sterile districts (which may account for the high terms in which Boniface speaks of his ale in the 'Beaux Stratagem')—English beer seems to have been rather an indifferent liquor. The ecstasies in which lamb's-wool, and other ways of disguising it, are spoken of, show that it was taken merely for its intoxicating effects, and that its taste required to be disguised. Who would think of spoiling the XXX of Barclay or Goding with foreign admixtures?

An anonymous writer in the 'Annual Register for 1760' enables us to trace the progress of the London beer-trade from the Revolution down to the accession of George III. In the beginning of King William's reign, the brewer sold his brown ale for 16s. per barrel; and the small beer, which was made from the same grains, at 6s. per barrel. The customers paid for their beer in ready money, and fetched it from the brewhouse themselves. The strong beer was a heavy sweet beer: the small, with reverence be it spoken, was little better than the washings of the tubs, and had about as much of the extract of malt in it as the

last cup of tea which an economical housewife pours out to her guests has of the China herb.

A change came over the character of London beer in the reign of Queen Anne, owing to two very different causes: the duty imposed upon malt and hops, and taxes, on account of the war with France, on the one hand, and the more frequent residence of the gentry in London on the other. The duty on malt exceeding that on hops, the brewers endeavoured at a liquor in which more of the latter should be used. The people, not easily weaned from the sweet clammy drink to which they had been accustomed, drank ale, mixed with the new-fashioned bitter beer, which they got from the victualler. This is the earliest trace our antiquarian researches have enabled us to detect of the very palatable beverage "half-and-half." The gentry introduced the pale ale, and the pale small beer, which prevailed in the country; and either engaged some of their friends, or some of the London trade, to brew their liquors for them. The pale beers being originally intended for a more affluent and luxurious class, the brewers who engaged in this new branch of the business paid more attention to the condition in which it was delivered, increased their store of casks, and kept them in better order. The pale ale was more expensive than the old London beers: its price was 30*s.* a barrel, while the brown ale was selling at 19*s.* or 20*s.*, and the bitter beer at 22*s.* But the spreading of a taste for the new drink, and the establishment of "pale-ale houses," such as that in which Franklin met Mandeville, stimulated the brown beer trade to produce a better article than they had hitherto made. "They began," says the writer before alluded to, "to hop their mild beer more; and the publican started three, four, sometimes six butts at a time; but so little idea had the brewer or his customer of being at the charge of large stocks of beer, that it gave room to a set of moneyed people to make a trade, by buying these beers from brewers, keeping them some time, and selling them, when stale, to publicans for 25*s.* or 26*s.* Our tastes but slowly alter or reform: some drank mild beer and stale; others what was then called 'three-threads,' at 3*d.* a quart, but many used all stale, at 4*d.* a pot." This we may imagine to have been the state of the beer-trade when Sir Harry Quickset, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, Knt., and company, accompanied Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., to Dick's Coffeehouse:—"Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and 'Dyer's Letter.' The boy brought the ale in an instant, but said they did not take in the 'Letter.' 'No!' says Sir Harry. 'Then take back your mug: we are like, indeed, to have good liquor at this house.' . . . I observed, after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business till after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second and a third: after which Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me, in a low voice, that the place was too public for business; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him."

About the year 1722 a bright thought, we are told, occurred to the brewers—that they might improve their trade by improving their liquor; at least such is the only meaning we can attach to this oracular passage:—"The brewers conceived there was a mean to be found preferable to any of those extremes, which was, that beer well brewed, from being kept its proper time, becoming mellow,

that is, neither new nor stale, would recommend itself to the public." The author proceeds:—"This they ventured to sell at 23s. a barrel, that the victualler might retail at 3*d.* a quart. Though it was slow at first in making its way, yet, as it certainly was right, in the end the experiment succeeded beyond expectation. The labouring people, porters, &c., found its utility; from whence came its appellation of porter or entire butt. As yet, however, it was far from the perfection in which we have since had it. For many years it was an established maxim in the trade that porter could not be made fine or bright, and four or five months was deemed the age for it to be drunk at. The improvement of brightness has since been added, by means of more age, better malt, better hops, and the use of isinglass."

Thus auspiciously commenced the high and palmy age of London's beer, which has ever since gone on improving in quality and estimation. Thus commenced the age in which it was to become the favourite beverage of a succession of racy thinkers and learned men, from Mandeville to Dr. Parr and Charles Lamb. Thus commenced the age in which it was to prove a Helicon to a peculiar and unrivalled race of artists and poets in prose and verse—of Hogarth and Fielding, of Smollett, of Goldsmith, of Gilray. Thus commenced an age in which it was to become a word of household love throughout the busy and hearty land of Cockaigne—itself a familiar and cherished friend, known in the playful moods of affection as "porter," "stout," "brown stout," "double stout," "entire," "heavy wet," "lush," "beer," and all the varieties of X's.

It was beer that kept the race of Brunswick on the throne in the days while "pretenders" were still alive. The "mug-houses" were seminaries of true Protestant and revolution principles. There were the adult adherents of the new dynasty to be found—"their custom ever of an afternoon,"—when their leaders wanted to get up an anti-popery panic and row; and there did the apprentices bold of London imbibe the principles of their seniors, not diluted, but rendered palatable, by the liquid in which they were administered. More anxious and watchful for the interests of the established government than that government itself, they nosed out Jacobite plots before they were concocted, and not unfrequently drubbed the civil and military servants of the powers that were, because their efforts came short of the exorbitant demands of their own beer-blown zeal. Often were the authorities obliged to repel the furious love of these idolaters, lest they should be killed with kindness; and hard knocks seem to have had no effect in rendering them less loving. They were as ardent Hanoverians after a score of them had been knocked on the head for a row as before. They were the mob of the corporations, for the unincorporated mob of London—a much more numerous but less disciplined body—owned a divided allegiance to the prize-fighters and pickpockets on the one hand, and to the Jacobites on the other—both parties in general uniting against the heroes of the "mug-houses," yet unable, with all their superiority of numbers, to make head against them. Gin was the liquor of this less reputable rabble; but gin only gave courage, not thewes and sinews; beer gave both, and therefore the mug-houses triumphed. These are tales of the times of old, for both mug-houses and their frequenters have been long extinct. Their last warlike display was in setting on foot Lord George Gordon's anti-popery riots. Gilray drew upon his antiquarian lore when

he portrayed Charles James Fox conciliating the pot-boys of Westminster, and his enraptured auditors bellowing "A mug! a mug!"

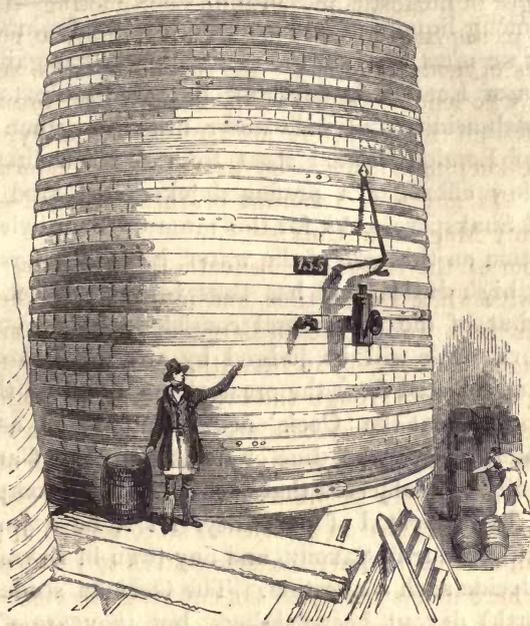
The wonderful magnitude of the great London breweries is a familiar source of wonderment. The stacks of casks that might reach, placed side by side, from London to Eton—the vats in which parties could dine and have dined—the colossal machinery which performs the functions discharged by men and women in the puny brewages of domestic and antique beer-making—the floods of brown stout accumulated in the huge receptacles, large enough to be the reservoirs of the water companies of moderate towns—the coopers, smiths, sign-board painters, and other artisans, who lend to the interiors of the great breweries the appearance of small towns—all these matters are familiar to the flying visitors of London and their home-keeping cousins, who listen with wonderment to their tales of the metropolis. Is any man ignorant of these things?—he may find them written in the 'Penny Magazine' thus:—

"Sunk in the floor of the tun-room, beneath the 'rounds,' is an oblong tank lined throughout with white Dutch tiles, and intended for the occasional reception of beer. This tank would float a barge of no mean size, being about a hundred feet in length, and twenty in breadth.

"On proceeding westward through the brewery from the main entrance, all the buildings which we have yet described are situated at the right hand; but we have now to cross to the southern range, separated from the other by an avenue, over which a large pipe crosses to convey the beer from the 'rounds' to the store-vats. These vats are contained in a series of store-rooms, apparently almost interminable: indeed, all that we have hitherto said as to vastness is much exceeded by the array which here meets the eye. On entering the store-buildings, we were struck with the silence which reigned throughout, so different from the bustle of the manufacturing departments. Ranges of buildings, branching out north, south, east, and west, are crammed as full of vats as the circular form of the vessels will permit: some larger than others, but all of such dimensions as to baffle one's common notions of 'great' and 'small.' Sometimes, walking on the earthen floor, we pass immediately under the ranges of vats (for none of them rest on the ground), and might then be said to have a stratum of beer twenty or thirty feet in thickness over our heads; at another, we walk on a platform level with the bottom of the vats; or, by ascending steep ladders, we mount to the top, and obtain a kind of bird's-eye view of these mighty monsters. Without a guide, it would be impossible to tell which way we are trending, through the labyrinth of buildings and lofts, surrounded on all sides by vats. At one small window we caught a glimpse of a churchyard, close without the wall of the store-house; and, on further examination, we found that the buildings belonging to the brewery, principally the store-rooms, have gradually but completely enclosed a small antique-looking churchyard, or rather burial-ground (for it does not belong to any parochial church). In this spot many of the old hands belonging to the establishment have found their last resting-place, literally surrounded by the buildings in which they were employed when living.

"The space occupied as store-rooms may in some measure be judged, when we state that there are one hundred and fifty vats, the average capacity of each of which, large and small together, is upwards of thirty thousand gallons. The

town of Heidelberg, in Germany, has gained a sort of celebrity for possessing a tun of vast dimensions, capable of holding seven hundred hogsheads of wine; but there are several vats among those here mentioned, in each of which the Heidelberg tun would have ‘ample verge and space’ to swim about. Subjoined is a sketch of one of these large vats, each of which contains about three thousand barrels, of thirty-six gallons each, and weighs, when full of porter, about five hundred tons.”



With other matters to a similar purport.

In Murray's edition of 'Boswell's Johnson' the curious reader will find an estimate of the immense profits which have been made by brewers; and from the records of the Bankruptcy Court he will learn with what ease and in how short a time large fortunes have been sunk in that branch of business. Generally speaking, however, brewers appear, like their horses and draymen, to be a substantial race. They belong, many of them, to the old city families: the names of the leading brewers at the beginning of the reign of George III. are, in not a few instances, the names of the leading brewers of our own day; and in some cases the "company" is, properly speaking, the same, though the names have been changed. The increase of brewers has kept pace with London's increase in other respects. The 26 brewhouses of the reign of Elizabeth had become about 55 in 1759-60, and upwards of 148 in 1841. The number of barrels of beer brewed by the twelve principal brewers in London was—284,145 in 1782; 1,097,231 in 1808; and 2,119,447 in 1836.

The genuine London beer (although we learn from the 'Brewers' Annual' that there are only three brewers in London—Reid, Meux, and Courage—who do not brew pale ale, and that there are a few who brew nothing else) is the brown stout. It is the perfection—the ideal of the "berry-brown ale" and the "nut-brown ale" of the old songs. It is what the poet of those antediluvian days fancied, or a

lucky accident enabled their brewers at times to approach. No disparagement to the pale and amber ales, infinite in name as in variety; to the delicious Winchester; to the Burton, which, like Sancho's sleep, "wraps one all round like a blanket;" to Hodgson's pale India ale, so grateful at tiffin when the thermometer is upwards of 100, and the monotonousness-creating punkah pours only a stream of heated air on the guests; to the Edinburgh (we mean the Edinburgh as it is *not* to be had in London\*); "London particular" is the perfection of malt liquor. As Horace says of Jupiter, there is nothing "similar or second to it"—not even among liquors of its own complexion. Guinness is a respectable enough drink, but we must say that the ascendancy it has gained in many coffee-houses and taverns of London is anything but creditable to the taste of their frequenters. Its sub-acidity and soda-water briskness, when compared with the balmy character of London bottled stout from a crack brewery, are like the strained and shallow efforts of a professed joker compared with the unctuous, full-bodied wit of Shakspeare. As for the mum of Brunswick, which enjoys a traditional reputation on this side of the water, because it has had the good luck to be shut out by high duties, and has thus escaped detection, it is a villanous compound, somewhat of the colour and consistence of tar—a thing to be eaten with a knife and fork. We will be judged by any man who knows what good liquor is—by a jury selected from the musical amateurs of the 'Coal-hole,' the penny-a-liners who frequent the 'Cock' near Temple Bar, and the more sedate but not less judicious tasters who dine or lunch daily at 'Campbell's' in Pope's Head Alley. Should it be objected that such a tribunal, composed exclusively of Londoners, might be suspected of partiality, let it be a jury half composed of foreigners—Lübeck, Goslar in Saxony, and any town in Bavaria can furnish competent persons to decide such a question. The German students are in general (at least in the north) devout beer-drinkers, but they are of the class who love "not wisely but too well"—they drink without discrimination. It is among the *Philister* of Germany that you must look for connoisseurs in beer.

But the favour in which London beer stands in so many and various regions of the earth may be received as the verdict of a grand jury of nations in its favour. Byron sings—

" Sublime tobacco, that from East to West  
Cheers the tar's labours and the Turkman's rest; "

and he might have added that wherever tobacco is known and appreciated, there too have the merits of London porter been acknowledged. The learned Meibomius,† who, in a Latin quarto, has dilated upon the subject of "beer, tippie, and all other intoxicating liquors except wine," with the completeness and minuteness of a true German naturalist, and with that placid seriousness which might make what he says pass for a joke if there were only wit in it, or for

\* Good Edinburgh ale must be allowed time to ripen into excellence. When bottled, it ought to be cloyingly sweet, and so glutinous that when some is poured upon the palm, and the hand held closed for five minutes, immersion in warm water is required before it can be opened again. After bottling, the ale ought to stand five years in a cool dry cellar, and four months near a Dutch oven in frequent use. It is then at its best; but even then it is more like a liqueur to be sipped than a liquor to be drunk.

† Joan. Henrici Meibomii de Cervisiis Potibusque et Ebriaminibus extra Vinum aliis Commentarius: Hel-mestadii, 1668. 4to.

learning if it contained anything worth knowing, has judiciously remarked that smoke-drinking and beer-drinking are natural and necessary complements of each other. The mucilaginous properties of the beer are required to neutralise the narcotic adustness of the Nicotian weed; and London beer, being the perfection of its kind, naturally takes the lead of all other kinds of beer. Accordingly we find it not only on the shores of the Baltic, where the habit of swilling their own indigenous malt liquors might be understood to have predisposed the natives to its use, but under tropical skies, and among the disciples of the first great teetotaler, Mahomet.

On the Nile and Niger, as has above been hinted, this is not so astonishing. There the natives had already a kind of beer of their own; and where once a taste for malt has taken root, it would take a cleverer fellow than Mahomet to eradicate it. Burekhardt, in his Nubian travels, gives us a tolerable notion of how vainly the Faquirs and Santons preach against indulgence in boosa; and the last letter from poor Anderson, the only one of Park's European companions who survived to perish with his leader, boasts of having got drunk upon boosa with a Moor, and licked his boon companion in his cups. That people accustomed to put up with bad liquor should take kindly to good when it came within their reach is quite natural.

It is among the Osmanli, and the Arabs, and the multiform sects of Hindustan, that we are to look for the real triumph of London beer. In the country last mentioned it is true the high-hopped pale ale of Hodgson, Bass, and others famous in that line, appears to be in greater demand; yet the genuine brown stout will be found in a respectable minority. Probably, too, a minute examination would show that it is only at the tiffins of the Europeans that Hodgson's beer is most run upon, and that the dusky natives do more affect the generous liquor that comes nearer to their own complexion. In the tropical climates of the West, among the fiery aristocracy of Barbadoes, the shrewd hard-headed book-keepers of Jamaica, the alternate votaries of the gaming-table and the languishing Quadroons of New Orleans, bottled porter reigns supreme.

Pale ale is a favourite of long-standing in India. It and the darker kinds of beer crept into Arabia, through the English merchants trading to the Red Sea, at least as early as the time of Niebuhr. That traveller saw a serious elderly Mussulman tiddle down repeated glasses of Mr. Scott's beer; gravely remarking "that Mahomet had only forbidden drinking to intoxication, but that as the vulgar did not know when to hold their hands, it was necessary to make them take the total abstinence pledge; that he, it might appear to his respected entertainers, although a learned man, and an aged man to boot, drained no moderate draughts of their beer, but that he did so solely because he knew that it did not intoxicate." The Scheich must either have been a notorious old humbug, or profoundly simple, to say of good London beer that it did not intoxicate.

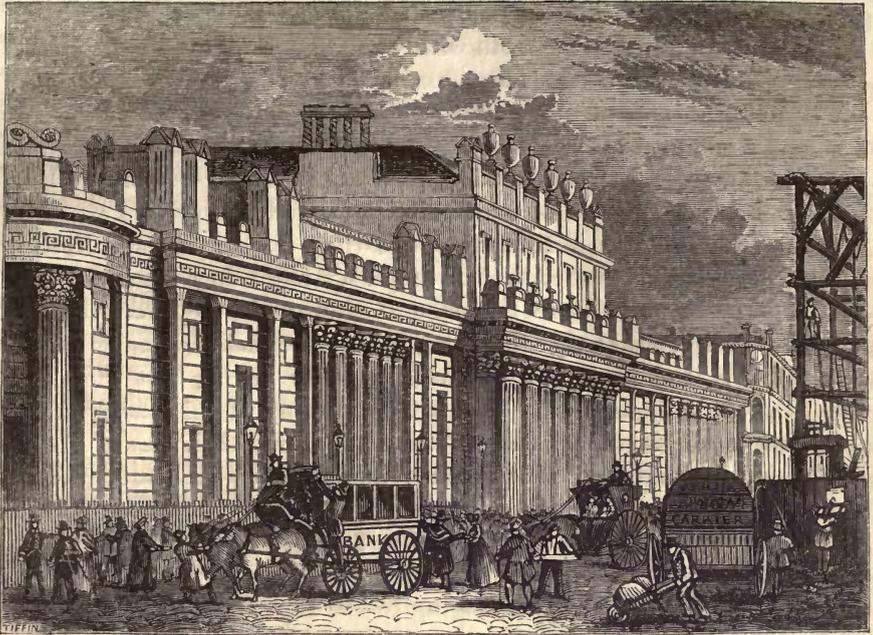
The Turks, of whom Dr. Clarke tells us in his voyages about the Dardanelles and Egypt, were scarcely more candid, but considerably more ingenious. After the French had been driven out of Egypt, a British trading vessel, which had been fitted out to Alexandria by a speculative dealer in beer counting upon the thirst of a British army in a hot climate, arrived just too late for the market it had counted upon. This was a black look-out for the poor fellow who united in

his person the responsibilities of skipper and supercargo ; but by good luck there were then, as now (though not to the same extent), some of those questionable characters called antiquaries and the like prowling about Egypt, who were on a convivial footing with some of the laxer sort of Turks. The Osmanli tasted the porter at the houses of their Frank friends, and, rather liking it, were not slow to discover that Mahomet could not possibly have prohibited a liquor of which he had never heard, and, without affecting, like Niebuhr's friend, to believe that it did not intoxicate, drank copiously. The skipper found the Turks better customers than the Franks ; and we believe the sale of the article has continued to increase both at Alexandria and Constantinople.

Porter-drinking needs but a beginning ; wherever the habit has once been acquired it is sure to be kept up. London is a name pretty widely known in the world : some nations know it for one thing, and some for another. In the regions of the East India Company, where missionary exertions are not much favoured, it is known as the residence of " Company Sahib ;" in the islands of ocean it is known as the place whence the missionaries come ; the natives of New Holland naturally regard it as a great manufactory of thieves ; the inhabitants of Spanish America once looked upon it as the mother of pirates. But all nations know that London is the place where porter was invented ; and Jews, Turks, Germans, Negroes, Persians, Chinese, New Zealanders, Esquimaux, Copper Indians, Yankees, and Spanish Americans, are united in one feeling of respect for the native city of the most universally favourite liquor the world has ever known.



[London Drayman.]



[Bank of England.]

## LXXVII.—BANKS.

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THE President of the United States, in his message to Congress in 1839, pointed to London as “the centre of the credit system;” and, speaking of the increase of banks in the States, he said that “the introduction of a new bank into the most distant of our villages places the business of that village within the influence of the money-power in England.” The power here alluded to, that of great accumulated wealth, is one of the most remarkable characteristics of England. It is the offspring of the unrivalled skill, sober and masculine intellect, and untiring industry of the people, aided by free institutions and the rich natural resources of a country placed in an admirable position for intercourse with her neighbours and with the world at large. There is not any circumstance which so much distinguishes a young country like the United States, wonderful as may be its latent resources for future opulence, as the absence of masses of capital, ready at any moment to be moved hither and thither wherever a profit is likely to be realized. The railroads, canals, roads, and most of the great improvements of the States could not have been completed without English capital. There is, indeed, scarcely an important enterprise in any quarter of the globe which is not in some degree sustained by the “money-power” of England. The daily operations connected with her monetary system apply to a debt of 837,000,000*l.*, an annual revenue of 51,000,000*l.*, an annual circulation of bills of exchange amounting to between 500,000,000*l.* and 600,000,000*l.*, an issue of

35,000,000*l.* of bank-notes constantly afloat, besides Exchequer bills and Government securities, and a metallic currency amounting to many millions sterling in gold and in silver. The immense amount of floating capital is put into motion by the operations connected with our vast foreign and domestic trade and internal industry, by the large expenditure of the Government, of the landed aristocracy, and of other persons in the enjoyment of private wealth. Here is ample employment both for the Bank of England and for private banks.

The Jews and the Lombards were the earliest money-dealers in England. The former were settled here in the Saxon times, and as early as A.D. 750. In the reigns of the first three Norman kings they appear to have lived undisturbed, but from the commencement of Stephen's reign they began to be cruelly persecuted, and about 1290, in the reign of Edward I., they were banished the kingdom. Hume remarks that the Jews, being then held infamous on account of their religion, and their industry and frugality having put them into possession of the ready money of the country, the lending of this money at interest, which passed by the invidious name of usury, fell into their hands. It was not until 1546 that the taking of interest was rendered legal—the rate was fixed at 10 per cent. In 1552 the statute was repealed, but was re-enacted in 1571. In 1624 the legal rate of interest was reduced to 8 per cent. ; in 1651 to 6 per cent. ; in 1714 to 5 per cent. In 1834 the Bank of England paid 2 per cent. on 1,500,000*l.* sterling in its hands belonging to the East India Company.

The Lombards are understood as comprising the merchants from the Italian republics of Genoa, Lucca, Florence, and Venice. Stow, describing the streets in the vicinity of the Bank, says, "Then have ye Lombard Street, so called of the Longobards and other merchants, strangers of divers nations, assembling there twice every day." He shows that the street had its present name before the reign of Edward II., that is, in the thirteenth century, and probably much earlier. The Lombards and other foreigners engrossed the most profitable branches of English trade ; and it was natural, from their greater wealth, that they should supersede native merchants. They assisted the King with loans of money, and enabled him to anticipate his ordinary revenue.

It is probable that the greatest amount of money-dealing during the middle ages was carried on by the Royal Exchangers. There were laws against exporting English coin ; and as the exchanging of the coin of the realm for foreign coin or bullion was held to be an especial royal prerogative, a "flower of the crown," the King's Exchanger, was alone entitled to pass the current coins of the realm to merchant-strangers for those of their respective countries, and to supply foreign money to those who were going abroad, whether aliens or Englishmen. The house in which this business was transacted was commonly called the Exchange. In the reign of King John, the place where the Exchange was made in London was in the street now called the Old 'Change, near St. Paul's. In the reign of Henry VII. the office of Royal Exchanger fell into disuse, but was re-established in 1627 by Charles I., who asserted in a proclamation on the subject that no person of whatever quality or trade had a right to meddle with the exchange of monies without his special licence. He appointed the Earl of Holland to the sole office of "changer, exchanger, and outchanger ;" and this measure having excited a good deal of dissatisfaction, a pamphlet was published the next year

by the King's authority,\* defending the King's prerogative, which, it was asserted, had been exercised without dispute from the time of Henry I. until the reign of Henry VIII., when, as it was stated, the coin became so debased that no exchange could be made. This first afforded the London goldsmiths an opportunity of leaving off their trade of "goldsmitherie;" that is, the working and selling of new gold and silver plate, and to turn exchangers of plate and foreign coin for English coin. The proclamation concluded by stating that "for above thirty years past it has been the usual practice of those exchanging goldsmiths to make their servants run every morning from shop to shop to buy up all weighty coins for the mints of Holland and the East countries, whereby the King's mint has stood still." The manner in which the goldsmiths gradually came to act as bankers has already been fully described.† Their business rapidly increased, and their numbers also. In 1667 they were in the most flourishing state, when a *run* occurred, the first in the history of English banking, to awaken them to one of the dangers of their avocation. This was occasioned by the alarm into which London was thrown by the spirited attack of the Dutch on Sheerness and Chatham. A few years afterwards a much more serious crisis occurred. On the 2nd of January, 1672, the King suddenly shut up the Exchequer by the advice of the Cabal Ministry. This monstrous proceeding, equivalent to an act of national bankruptcy, spread ruin far and wide. Charles had borrowed of the goldsmiths the sum of 1,328,526*l.*, and neither interest nor principal could be obtained. Thus, previously to the establishment of the Bank of England, the goldsmiths were the bankers of London, and laid the foundation of the present metropolitan banking system. Of the oldest private banks in London it is said that Child's, next to Temple Bar, can prove its existence from 1663, and the business has been carried on from that date to the present time on the same premises; the origin of Hoare's bank, in Fleet Street, is traced to 1680; and that of Snow's, of the Strand, to 1685. The firm of Stone, Martins, and Stones, of Lombard Street, claim to be the immediate successors to Sir Thomas Gresham.

Soon after the Revolution several schemes were suggested by different individuals for the establishment of a national bank. The plan adopted was that of Mr. William Paterson, a Scotch gentleman, who, according to his own account, commenced his exertions for the establishment of a national bank in 1691. He had in view, from the first, the support of public credit, and the relief of the Government from the ruinous terms upon which the raising of the supplies and other financial operations were then conducted. The lowest rate, he tells us, at which advances used to be obtained from capitalists, even upon the land-tax, was 8 per cent., although repayment was made within the year, and premiums were generally granted to subscribers. On anticipations of other taxes, counting premiums, discount, and interest, the public had sometimes to pay 20, 30, and even 40 per cent.; nor was the money easily obtained when wanted, even on such terms. It was no uncommon thing for Ministers to be obliged to solicit the Common Council of the city of London for so small a sum as 100,000*l.* or 200,000*l.*, to be repaid from the first returns of the land-tax; and

\* 'Cambium Regius, or the Office of His Majesty's Exchanger Royal.'

† No. LXXV., 'Goldsmiths' Hall,' p. 398.

then, if the application was granted, particular Common Councilmen had in like manner to make humble suit to the inhabitants of their respective wards, going from house to house for contributions to the loan.\* Paterson, however, experienced considerable difficulty in prevailing upon the Ministry to investigate his scheme. King William was abroad when the proposal was brought before the Cabinet in 1693, and it was debated there at great length in the presence of the Queen. The project was ultimately laid before Parliament, where it was made a thorough party question. Notwithstanding the opposition, an Act was passed, which, in imposing certain duties, "towards carrying on the war with France," authorized their Majesties to grant a commission to take subscriptions for 1,200,000*l.* out of the whole 1,500,000*l.* which the new taxes were expected to raise, and to incorporate the subscribers into a company under the name of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Interest at 8 per cent. was to be allowed upon the money advanced, and also 4000*l.* a-year for management, making the whole annual payment to the Company 100,000*l.* The Company were to be enabled to purchase lands, and to deal in bills of exchange, and gold and silver bullion, but were not to buy merchandise, though they might sell unredeemed goods on which they had made advances. This Act received the royal assent on the 25th of April, 1694. The subscription for the 1,200,000*l.* was completed in ten days, 25 per cent. being paid down; and the Company received their royal charter of incorporation on the 27th of July. The new establishment soon proved its usefulness. Bishop Burnet, in his 'History,' says, "The advantages that the King and all concerned in tallies had from the Bank were soon so sensibly felt that all people saw into the secret reasons that made the enemies of the constitution set themselves with so much earnestness against it." Paterson, the projector of the Bank, remarked that it "gave life and currency to double or treble the value of its capital;" and he ascribes to it no less an effect than the successful termination of the war. The Bank has ever since continued to make advances to the Government according to the necessities of the public service, and in 1833 the Government were indebted to it in the large sum of 14,686,804*l.* According to its original charter, the Bank was not to lend money to the Government without the consent of Parliament, under a penalty of three times the sum lent, one-fifth part of which was to go to the informer; but in 1792 an Act was passed abrogating this clause, with the understanding that the amount of sums lent should be annually laid before Parliament.

In 1718 the subscription for a loan to Government was made at the Bank instead of at the Treasury, and it has long had the entire management of the public debt. Since 1833 the allowance for that service has been reduced to 130,000*l.* a-year, having previously been 250,000*l.*; but before 1786 it was at a still higher rate, a reduction having then taken place from 562*l.* 10*s.* to 450*l.* per million: the original allowance, however, was not less than 3333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per million. In 1697 the Bank charter was renewed until 1711; in 1708 it was further continued to 1733; in 1712 to 1743; in 1742 to 1765; in 1763 to 1786; in 1781 to 1812; in 1800 to 1833; and in 1833 it was renewed until 1855, with a proviso that if, in 1845, Parliament thought fit, and the money owing by the

\* Paterson's 'Account of his Transactions in Relation to the Bank of England,' folio, 1693; quoted in 'Pict. Hist. of England,' vol. iv. p. 692.

Government to the Bank were paid up, the charter might be withdrawn. On the renewal of the charter in 1708, the Bank received a most important addition to its privileges by the prohibition of partnerships exceeding six persons carrying on the business of bankers. The period of renewing the charter has, however, usually been made use of for the purpose of securing more advantageous terms with the Bank.

Almost as soon as it had been established the Bank was called upon to assist the government and the country in the entire recoinage of the silver money. The notes of the new bank and Montague's Exchequer bills were destined to fill up the vacuum occasioned by the calling in of the old coin; but as these notes were payable on demand, they were returned faster than coin could be obtained from the Mint, and during 1697 the Bank was forced to resort to a plan tantamount to a suspension of payment—giving coin for its notes, first by instalments of 10 per cent. once a fortnight, and afterwards only at the rate of 3 per cent. once in three months. The Directors also advertised that, while the silver was recoining, "Such as think it fit, for their convenience, to keep an account in a book with the Bank, may transfer any sum under 5*l.* from his own to another man's account." During the crisis the notes of the Bank fell to a discount of 20 per cent., and the Directors made two successive calls of 20 per cent. each on the proprietors of the Bank, which were but feebly responded to. The Bank at length got through its difficulties, and started afresh in its course. Fortunately it escaped being drawn into the vortex of ruin occasioned by the South Sea bubble, though, being called upon by the Government at this crisis to act with a view of supporting public credit, it had at least a narrow escape.

We pass on to 1745, the year of the rebellion, when the march of the Pretender's army into England threw London into consternation, and a run on the Bank for gold was the consequence. Its affairs were highly prosperous, and its capital exceeded 10,000,000*l.*, but, unfortunately, it was not abundantly provided with specie, and the Directors, in order to gain time, resorted to the expedient of paying in silver, and even did not disdain the advantage of using sixpences to accomplish this object. During the riots of 1780 a danger of another kind was experienced, and the Bank was certainly in some risk of being plundered. Since this affair a party of the foot-guards is stationed within the walls of the Bank every evening, and the Directors keep a table for the officer in command.

By far the most important epoch in the history of the Bank occurred in 1797. The precious metals may be transmitted to any of the great commercial capitals of the continent at an expense of 5*s.* or  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent.; and whenever the balance of payments to those capitals is adverse to this country to such an extent as to render it more economical to send gold than to remit bills, the Bank is drained of its treasure. In this way there was a great efflux of bullion in 1795 and 1796, which was increased by the necessity of importing foreign corn and by the enormous prices to which competition with the French had raised the price of naval stores in the Baltic. The domestic circumstances of the country aggravated the effect of this drain of the precious metals. The transition from peace to war had suddenly interrupted the labours of many great branches of industry; and a number of country banks had failed, spreading consternation and

alarm in every direction, and creating an internal demand for specie as well as the one from abroad. Coincident with these circumstances was the alarm of invasion, which induced many to hoard the sums drawn from the banks. These causes were in full operation up to Saturday, the 26th of February, 1797, when the Bank treasure was reduced to 1,086,170*l.* On that very day a Gazette Extraordinary was published announcing the landing of some troops in Wales from a French frigate. The alarm on the subject of invasion was deep and universal. At this critical juncture it was determined by an order in council to restrain the Bank from paying its notes in cash; and a messenger was sent to George III. at Windsor, requesting him to come to town on the following day to be present at the council. The newspapers of the day state that it was the first time during his reign that the King had come to town or transacted business on a Sunday. The order suspending cash payments was drawn up at this council. In this document the unusual demand for specie was attributed to "ill-founded and exaggerated alarms in different parts of the country;" but as there was reason to apprehend an insufficient supply of cash to meet this demand, it was determined that the Bank "should forbear any cash in payment until the sense of Parliament can be taken on that subject, and the proper measures thereupon adopted for maintaining the means of circulation, and supporting the public and commercial credit of the kingdom at this important juncture."

The next morning the crowds assembled at the Bank with a view of demanding gold, received a hand-bill containing an official notice, in which the Directors stated that, in pursuance of the order in council communicated to them on the previous evening, they would "continue their usual discounts for the accommodation of the commercial interest, paying the amount in *bank-notes*; and the dividend warrants will be paid in the same manner." The Directors assured the public that "the general concerns of the Bank were in a most affluent and prosperous situation, and such as to preclude any doubt as to the security of its notes." On the same day a meeting was held of merchants, bankers, and others, at which a declaration was agreed to, which received above four thousand signatures, binding the parties to use bank-notes to any amount both in paying and receiving money. As Parliament was sitting, a Committee of Secrecy was appointed, which reported that the Bank had a surplus beyond its debts of 3,825,890*l.*, exclusive of the debt of 11,684,800*l.* due from the Government.

The consequences of the Bank suspension are memorable, and a number of important monetary operations immediately became necessary. On the 6th of March the Bank announced that they were ready to issue dollars valued at 4*s.* 6*d.* each. They were Spanish dollars, with the impress of the London Mint. Before they were issued it was ascertained that their value was about twopence more than stated, and on the 9th of March another notice appeared, stating that they would be issued at 4*s.* 9*d.* each. In 1804 the Bank issued five-shilling dollars, and subsequently "tokens" for 3*s.* and for 1*s.* 6*d.* Ten days after the Bank suspended cash payments, namely, on the 10th of March, an Act was passed authorizing the Bank to issue, for the first time, notes for 1*l.* and 2*l.*

The first Bank Restriction Act was passed on the 3rd of May following the suspension of cash payments. It indemnified the Bank Directors against the consequences of complying with the order in council, and prohibited them

paying cash except for sums under twenty shillings. The Act was to be in force until the 24th of June, only fifty-two days; but two days before it expired a second Act was passed, continuing the restriction until a month after the commencement of the succeeding session; and accordingly, on the 30th of the ensuing November, a third Act was passed to continue the restriction until six months after the termination of the war. On the Peace of Amiens the restriction was renewed until the 1st of March, 1803; and hostilities having re-commenced, it was continued until a definitive treaty of peace should be concluded. During the existence of the Bank restriction, Acts were passed declaring it illegal to take bank-notes at less, or gold for more, than the nominal value. In 1810 the famous Bullion Committee declared that gold and Bank paper were of equivalent value.

At length the great struggle was brought to a close; but 1816 being a period of great commercial distress and embarrassment, the Bank restriction was continued until July, 1818. In April, 1817, the Bank gave notice that after the 2nd of May ensuing all notes of 1*l.* and 2*l.*, dated prior to the 1st of January, 1816, would be paid in cash; and in September of the same year the Directors stated that they would be prepared to pay cash for notes of every description dated prior to 1st of January, 1817. While the Bank was fulfilling these engagements a Bill was carried through both Houses of Parliament, in 1819, in two days, restraining it from paying away more of its gold in pursuance of the notices of April and September, 1817. Above five millions sterling in gold had already been paid, the greater part of which had been re-exported and coined in foreign money. The bill commonly known as Peel's Act was passed in the same year. It provided for the absolute resumption of cash payments by the 1st of May, 1823, continuing the restriction as to payments in paper until February 1, 1820; and in the intervening period from the latter date to May, 1823, the Bank was required to pay its notes in bullion of standard fineness, but was not to be liable to a demand for a less quantity than sixty ounces at one time. The Bank Directors had now to raise 20,000,000*l.* sterling of gold from foreign countries in the course of four years, to pay off first their own 1*l.* notes, amounting to 7,500,000*l.*, and then the small notes of the country bankers, about 8,000,000*l.* more, besides providing for the convertibility of all their own liabilities. After the 1st of May, 1821, they commenced paying off their notes under 5*l.* in a new gold coinage, consisting of sovereigns and half-sovereigns, of which above 9,500,000*l.* sterling had been received from the Mint. In 1822 the Bank was prepared to pay off the country small notes, when, "without any communication with the Bank, the Government thought proper to authorize a continuation of the country small notes until 1833."\* The bullion which the Bank had thus fruitlessly provided to facilitate this operation amounted to 14,200,000*l.*

In December, 1825, occurred the "Great Panic." One of the great predisposing causes of this event was the reduction in 1822 and 1823 of the interest on two descriptions of public stock comprising a capital of 215,000,000*l.* The Bank agreed to advance the money to pay off the dissentients, of whom, amongst so large a body, there would no doubt be a considerable number. Many of these persons, annoyed at finding their incomes diminished, were disposed to invest their capital in speculations of very doubtful if not hazardous character.

\* Memorandum by the Bank Directors delivered to the Parliamentary Committee in 1832.

The years 1823 and 1824 were remarkable for the feverish excitement with which all sorts of projects for the profitable employment of money were regarded. England had not been in such a whirligig of speculation since the unfortunate South Sea scheme above a century before. Besides many millions of foreign loans which were contracted for, the total number of joint-stock projects amounted to 626, and to have carried them all into execution would have required a capital of 372,000,000*l.* sterling.\* There were not fewer than 74 mining companies, with an aggregate capital of 78,000,000*l.* sterling. The imagination revelled in visions of unbounded wealth to be realized from the mines of Mexico, of Brazil, of Peru, of Chili, of the Rio de la Plata, or from one or other of the six hundred schemes which dazzled the eyes of the public. "In all these speculations only a small instalment, seldom exceeding 5 per cent., was paid at first; so that a very moderate rise on the price of the shares produced a large profit on the sum actually invested. If, for instance, shares of 100*l.*, on which 5*l.* had been paid, rose to a premium of 40*l.*, this yielded on every share a profit equal to eight times the money which had been paid. This possibility of enormous profit by risking a small sum was a bait too tempting to be resisted; all the gambling propensities of human nature were consequently solicited into action; and crowds of individuals of every description hastened to venture some portion of their property in schemes of which scarcely anything was known except the name."† The wildness of speculation was not, however, confined to joint-stock projects, but reached at length to commercial produce generally. Money was abundant and circulated with rapidity; prices and profits rose higher and higher; and, in short, all went merry as a marriage bell.

At length the tide turned, and there was a fearful transition from unbounded credit and confidence to general discredit and distrust. In February, 1825, the bullion in the Bank had been reduced by some 3,000,000*l.* sterling since the commencement of the previous October, but it still amounted to 8,750,000*l.* In consequence, however, of the previous heavy demand for the produce of other countries the exchanges were unfavourable, and the drain of bullion still continued. In August the Bank treasure was diminished to 3,634,320*l.*; and thus, when the period of discredit arrived, and such a reaction was the necessary consequence of the previous madness of speculation, the Bank was ill able to sustain the violent pressure. The real panic began on the 5th of December, when a London bank failed at which the agency of above forty country banks was transacted. The effect of this single event was tremendous. Lombard Street was filled with persons hastening to the different banks to withdraw their investments or to ascertain if they had succumbed to the general shock. On the 6th several other banks failed. The Bank had ceased to issue its own notes for sums under 5*l.*; but the country bankers, whose small notes were still in circulation, were subject to a run in every part of the country, and the demands for gold through so many channels of course finally affected the Bank; but it boldly kept its course, paying away gold as soon as called for in bags of twenty-five sovereigns each.‡ Instead of contracting their issues, as the Directors

\* English's 'Complete View of the Joint-Stock Companies formed during the years 1824 and 1825.'

† 'Annual Register' for 1824.

‡ The largest amount of gold coin that could be paid during banking hours (from nine to five) in one day, by twenty-five clerks, if counted by hand to the persons demanding it, is about 50,000*l.* On the 14th of May, 1832,

of 1797 had done under a similar crisis, they resolutely extended them. On one day they discounted 4200 bills. On the 8th of December the discounts at the Bank amounted to 7,500,000*l.*; on the 15th they were 11,500,000*l.*; and on the 29th 15,000,000*l.* All mercantile paper that had any pretensions to security was freely discounted. On the 3rd the circulation of the Bank was 17,500,000*l.*, and on the 24th it was 25,500,000*l.* Mr. Jarman, one of the Directors at this period, stated to the Parliamentary Committee of 1832 the steps which the Bank took during this crisis:—"We took in stock as security; we purchased Exchequer bills; we not only discounted outright, but we made advances on deposits of bills of exchange to an immense amount; and we were not upon some occasions over nice, seeing the dreadful state in which the public were." The severest pressure was experienced during the week ending 17th December, when fortunately a pause occurred. Mr. Richards, who was Deputy-Governor of the Bank at this time, in his evidence before the same Committee, said: "Upon that Saturday night (17th December) we were actually expecting gold on the Monday; but what was much more important, whether from fatigue or whether from being satisfied, the public mind had yielded to circumstances, and the tide turned at the moment on that Saturday night." And being asked if the supplies expected on Monday would have been sufficient to have saved the Bank from being drained, he said: "During the week ending on the 24th there was a demand; but the supply that came in fully equalised it, if it did not do more; and the confidence had become as nearly as possible perfect by the evening of the 24th." In this latter week a box containing between 600,000 and 700,000 one-pound notes, which had been placed on one side as unused, was discovered, it is said by accident, and these were immediately issued. Mr. Jarman, alluding to this circumstance, said: "As far as my judgment goes, it saved the credit of the country." This, however, is probably attributing too much weight to the matter, seeing that the great pressure was over in the previous week. To use the words of another Bank Director: "Bullion came in and the mint coined; they worked double tides; in short, they were at work night and day, and we were perpetually receiving gold from abroad and coin from the mint." On the 24th of December the Bank treasure was reduced to 426,000*l.* in coin, and 601,000*l.* in bullion; together, 1,027,000*l.* On the 28th of February, 1797, when the Bank suspended cash payments, its stock of coin and bullion was rather greater, being 1,086,170*l.* The Bank, however, was only just saved from a second suspension; but the Government absolutely declined to entertain such a proposition when the Directors intimated the probability of their being run dry. The panic of 1825 hastened several changes in the constitution of banks.

On the 13th January, 1826, the Government made a communication to the Bank Directors, proposing the establishment of branch banks in some of the principal towns, and that the corporation should surrender its exclusive privilege restricting the number of partners in a bank, except within a certain distance of London, thus paving the way for the introduction of Joint-Stock Banks. In pursuance of those suggestions the Bank established branches at Gloucester, Manchester,

when 307,000*l.* in gold was paid, the tellers counted 25 sovereigns into one scale and 25 into the other, and if they balanced continued the operation until there were 200 in each scale. In this way 1000*l.* can be paid in a few minutes. The weight of 1000 sovereigns is 21 lbs.: 512 bank-notes weigh 1 lb.

and Swansea, and at several other places in the following year, much to the dissatisfaction of the country bankers: the number of branches is now twelve. In 1826, also, an act was passed permitting banks to be established beyond sixty-five miles of London with any number of partners. In 1833, on the renewal of its charter, the Bank surrendered other of its privileges, in consequence of which Joint-Stock Banks issuing their notes might be established at a distance of sixty-five miles from London, and within that distance—that is, in the metropolis—provided they issued only the notes of the Bank of England. There are now above a hundred Joint-Stock Banks in England, several of which are established in London; and many private banks in the country have been thrown open to joint-stock associations. In 1835 the Directors of the Bank of England came to the resolution of refusing to discount all bills drawn or indorsed by joint-stock banks of issue.

A slight run on the Bank occurred in 1832, when the Reform Bill received a check. The largest sum paid in one day in exchange for notes was 307,000*l.*

Little or no alteration has been made in the constitution of the Bank since it was first incorporated. The Government of the Bank rests entirely with the Governor and Deputy-Governor and twenty-four Directors, eight of whom go out every year, and eight others are elected by proprietors holding 500*l.* of Bank Stock; but, practically, the eight who come in are nominated by the whole court,—that is, a “house list” containing their names being submitted at a general meeting, no opposition is made to their appointment. There are four general meetings in the course of the year; but beyond these, and the regular communications which take place between the court and the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, there is no control over their proceedings; and the Ministers of the Crown have no legal authority to enforce any alteration in the policy of the Directors, though their views are of course always considered with attention. The Governor and a select committee of three Directors who have passed the chair sit daily at the Bank. On the Wednesday a court of ten Directors sit to consider all London bills sent in for discount. On another day there is a full meeting of the Directors, when all London notes of more than 2000*l.* come under review, and a statement is read of the exact position of the Bank. The “Bank parlour” is an expression commonly used in reference to the decisions of the Bank Directors. The total allowance of the Directors is about 8000*l.* a-year. They are not usually large holders of Bank Stock. The qualification for Governor is 4000*l.*; Deputy-Governor, 3000*l.*; and Director, 2000*l.* In 1837 the Governor of the Bank appeared in the ‘Gazette’ as a bankrupt.

Independent of their capital lent to Government, now amounting to about 11,000,000*l.*, on which the Bank receives interest at 3 per cent., and a sum generally amounting to about 2,000,000*l.*, called the “rest,” being undivided profits, the floating capital of the Bank on the 13th of August last consisted of 19,000,000*l.* raised by the circulation of notes, and 9,000,000*l.* of deposits, making together above 28,000,000*l.* One-third of this capital is kept in coin and bullion, according to a principle which the Directors have acted upon for several years, and the other two-thirds in Exchequer Bills, Government securities, and bills of exchange. If this proportion is disturbed by the number of bills offered for discount, the

Bank sells Government securities and adds to its stock of bullion. The profits of the Bank are derived from the interest on Exchequer bills and other Government securities, from mercantile bills discounted, the management of the public debt, from its permanent capital, its notes in circulation, and from the use of the deposits, on which it does not allow interest. During the war the "rest" reached the large sum of 6,000,000*l.* The principal heads of receipt in 1832 were as follows:—Interest on commercial bills 130,695*l.*; on Exchequer bills 204,109*l.*; the dead-weight annuity 451,515*l.*; interest on capital received from Government 446,502*l.*; allowance for management of the public debt 251,896*l.*; interest on private loans 56,941*l.*; on mortgages 60,684*l.*; making, with some other items, a total of 1,689,176*l.* In the same year the expenses, including losses by forgery and sundry items, were 428,674*l.*; the composition for stamp duty was 70,875*l.*; and 1,164,235*l.* was divided amongst the proprietors. In the first of the above heads is included the expense for conducting the business of the funded debt, 164,143*l.*; the expense attending the circulation of promissory notes and post bills 106,092*l.*; and the expense of the banking department, of which the proportion for the public accounts may be estimated at 10,000*l.*; making a total of 339,400*l.*

Of course a very large staff of clerks and heads of departments is required to manage this enormous establishment. In 1832 there were employed 820 clerks and porters, and 38 printers and engravers, and there were also 193 pensioners, chiefly superannuated clerks, who received in pensions 31,243*l.*, averaging 193*l.* each. In the same year the salaries to 940 persons, including 82 at the branches in the country, amounted to 211,903*l.*, averaging 225*l.* each. The house expenses amounted to 39,187*l.*, exclusive of the allowance of 8000*l.* to the Directors. During the existence of the Bank Restriction Act a still larger number of clerks was required, and their number is said at one time to have been 1100. A very strong corps of volunteers was formed entirely of officers and clerks of the Bank. In 1822, when the abolition of small notes took place, the Bank gave liberal pensions or an equivalent payment in ready money to those clerks whose services were no longer required. The name of Abraham Newland will here probably occur to many readers. He was appointed a clerk in the Bank in 1748, was made chief cashier in 1782, and resigned his office in 1807, having accumulated a fortune of 130,000*l.* as a servant of the Bank during nearly 60 years. For 25 years he never slept beyond its walls. The Bank clerks are admitted between the ages of 17 and 25, on the nomination of a Director. At the age of 17 the salary is 50*l.*, increasing 10*l.* every year until the clerk is 21, and after that age the increase is 5*l.* yearly till he is 25, and then is extended to 8*l.* annually until it attains the maximum of 260*l.* The promotion is by seniority, except as respects some of the principal situations.\* The number of clerks in private banks varies from forty or fifty to about a hundred.

Before 1759 the Bank issued notes for no lower sum than 20*l.*, but in that year it commenced issuing notes for 15*l.* and 10*l.*; in 1794 notes for 5*l.*; and in 1797 its whole economy was changed by the restriction of cash payments, and the issue of 1*l.* and 2*l.* notes. In 1815 it had 27,500,000*l.* in circulation in notes. In August,

\* 'The Clerk;' forming a number of the Guides to Service and Trade.

1842, the total amount of its circulation was 19,000,000*l.* Its notes are a legal tender, except at the Bank and its branches, where they are convertible to gold on demand. The Bank never re-issues the same notes, even if they are returned on its hands the day they are sent out. The machinery for printing and numbering notes is very ingenious:—"The apparatus consists of a series of brass discs, of which the rim is divided by channels into projecting compartments, each containing a figure. The numbers 1 to 9 having been printed in the course of the revolution of the first disc, and this disc having returned to figure 1, the second disc comes into play, and presents a 0, and the two together therefore print 10. The first disc now remains stationary, until, in the course of the revolution of the second disc, the numbers 1 to 19 have been printed, when it presents the figure 2, and does not again move until another revolution of the second disc completes the numbers 20 to 29. Thus the two discs proceed until 99 notes have been numbered, when the third disc comes into operation, and with the two first produces 100, consequently the first disc performs one hundred revolutions to ten of the second, and one of the third."\* In 1820 an Act was passed authorizing the Directors to impress by machinery the signatures to the notes, instead of being subscribed by hand.

The first forgery of a bank-note occurred in 1758, when the person who forged it was convicted and executed. In 1781 it was decided that the Bank was not liable for the payment of forged notes. A more easily fabricated instrument was never issued, and detection only ensued when the note reached a certain department of the Bank, where its spuriousness was detected from certain *private* marks. The consequence was that forgery, which was a comparatively rare crime before 1797, became a very common offence; and every year public feeling was outraged by the execution of numerous victims to the facility with which the wretchedly-engraved notes of the Bank were imitated. In 1820 there were 101 persons convicted of forgery, and 272 for having forged notes in their possession. In 1818 the number of persons executed for forgery was 24. Two remarkable cases of forgery by which the Bank was a loser to a large amount occurred in 1803 and 1824. In the former year Mr. Astlett, one of the chief cashiers, by re-issuing Exchequer bills, defrauded the Bank to the amount of 320,000*l.* The other case was that of Mr. Fauntleroy, the acting partner of a bank in Berners Street, who, in order to keep up the credit of the house, forged powers of attorney, by which he sold out of the funds large sums of money belonging to different persons, continuing to pay the dividends upon them until his detection. A statement was found at the banking-house, in Fauntleroy's hand-writing, acknowledging his crime. It was dated May, 1816, and a postscript was added to the following effect:—"The Bank began first to refuse to discount our acceptances, and to destroy the credit of our house: the Bank shall smart for it." The total loss to the Bank from Fauntleroy's forgeries amounted to 360,000*l.*

We cannot afford much space for an account of the extensive pile of buildings in which the business of the Bank is carried on. Sir John Soane, the late architect to the Bank, fixed the fair amount of rent which he thought should be paid for the Bank at 35,000*l.*, and 5000*l.* for fixtures, &c., making a total rental

\* 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

of 40,000*l.* The business was conducted for many years at Grocers' Hall, in the Poultry. On the 3rd of August, 1732, the Governors and Directors laid the first stone of their new building in Threadneedle Street, on the site of the house and garden formerly belonging to Sir John Houblon, the first Governor of the Bank: it was from the design of Mr. George Sampson, and was opened for business on the 5th of June, 1734. At first the Bank buildings comprised only the centre of the principal or south front, the Hall, Bullion Court, and the courtyard. The east and west wings were added by Sir Robert Taylor, between the years 1766 and 1786; and the remainder of the structure was completed by Sir John Soane, who was appointed the Bank architect in 1788. He rebuilt many of those parts constructed by Sampson and Taylor, and the whole of the edifice as it now stands may be said to be from his designs. It now covers an irregular space of four acres, comprising the greater part of the parish of St. Christopher. The exterior walls of the south side measure 365 feet; the length of the west side is 440 feet; of the north side 410 feet; and of the east side 245 feet. This area comprises nine open courts—the Rotunda, committee-rooms, apartments for officers and servants, and the rooms appropriated to business. The principal suite of rooms is on the ground-floor, and, having no apartments over them, the light is admitted from above by lantern lights and domes. The number of rooms beneath this floor and below the surface of the ground is greater than of those above ground. Here are the vaults in which the Bank treasure is deposited. The material used throughout the greater part of the edifice is stone, and every means have been taken to render it indestructible by fire. Any person may walk into the Rotunda and most of the principal apartments. Speaking of the Pay Hall, where bank-notes are issued and exchanged for cash, Baron Dupin, in his 'Commercial Power of Great Britain,' says, "The administration of a French bureau, with all its *inaccessibilities*, would be startled at the view of this hall." It is 79 feet long by 40 wide, and forms a part of the original building by Sampson. A statue of King William, who is called "the founder of the Bank," was placed here when the business was transferred from Grocers' Hall. Amongst the principal apartments of the Bank is the Three per Cent. Consol Office, 90 feet long by 50 wide, designed from models of the Roman baths, and constructed without timber. The Dividend and Bank Stock Offices are designed in a similar style. The Chief Cashier's Office, simply decorated and lighted by large and lofty windows, is 45 feet by 30. The Court Room is a handsome apartment of the Composite order from Sir Robert Taylor's design. It is lighted on the south side by Venetian windows, looking out upon a pleasant area planted with trees and shrubs, which was formerly the churchyard of St. Christopher's.

The private bankers of London are the successors of the "new-fashioned bankers," who, about the middle of the seventeenth century, added the trade of money-lending to that of goldsmiths. An alteration in the state of the law relating to promissory notes, in 1705, was very favourable to the increase of private banks; but it was not until after the middle of the century that they became distinguished for their great wealth and immense business. The number of private banks in London fifty years ago was 56, of which only 24 are now in existence. The number is at present 74, including 7 colonial and 8 joint-

stock banks. Lombard Street still maintains its ancient fame as the great centre of the dealers in money. Although 8 private banks have been discontinued in this street within the last thirty years, there are 13 still remaining, besides notaries and stock-brokers. Of the remaining 46 banks there are 13 west of Temple Bar, 4 in Smithfield, 1 in Shoreditch, and the rest are chiefly within a stone's throw of the Royal Exchange. The late Duchess of St. Alban's was, and the present Countess of Jersey is, a partner in a banking-house. A recent publication,\* which contains some lively remarks on the subject of banking, as well as discussions on its scientific principles, gives the following sketch of a banker of the old school:—"He bore little resemblance to his modern successor: he was a man of serious manners, plain apparel, the steadiest conduct, and a rigid observer of formalities. As you looked in his face you could read, in intelligible characters, that the ruling maxim of his life, the one to which he turned all his thoughts, and by which he shaped all his actions, was, that he who would be trusted with the money of other men, should look as if he deserved the trust, and be an ostensible pattern to society of probity, exactness, frugality, and decorum. He lived—if not the whole of the year, at least the greater part of the year—at his banking-house; was punctual to the hours of business, and always to be found at his desk. The fashionable society at the west end of the town, and the amusements of high life, he never dreamed of enjoying."

There are few persons of wealth or who are engaged in trade who do not find the advantage and convenience of having an account at a banker's. Ordinarily one-tenth, or even so little as one-twentieth, of the capital belonging to the firm or to its customers is sufficient for current demands. The remainder is invested in securities which are readily convertible, and in discounting mercantile bills. The London bankers are also the agents of the country banks. The annual profits of the two most prosperous private banks in London are estimated at 90,000*l.* each. Coutts's bank and Glyn's, the former in the Strand, the latter in Lombard Street, are very fair representations of a class—the bank of the wealthy aristocracy and that of the commercial world. "Coutts's," says the author of 'Banks and Banking,' "resembles not a few of the greatest establishments this country has produced, in having sprung from a small beginning, and owed its fortune to the sagacity and perseverance of an humble individual, who was remarkable at the outset of his career for strict economy. It is principally a bank of deposit, and can hardly be said to have a commercial character. The number of its discount accounts is small, and perhaps there is not a house in London in which fewer bills are cashed during the year. The only branch of general banking business in which it at all enters into competition with the principal firms in the City, is the agency to country banks. Coutts's have always done the town business of some of the best Scotch banks. Everywhere in England, and particularly in London, all great things go in tides. Coutts's has for years been the bank of the monied portion of the nobility—of persons who are seldom without having sums of 10,000*l.*, and even 100,000*l.*, lying to their credit. Early in the reign of George III. different members of the royal family, and many of the landed aristocracy of England and Scotland, began to bank at Coutts's, and they have since increased to a multitude. Enormous balances are thus accumulated,

\* 'Banks and Banking.'

and the safest and most profitable description of business in which a banker can be engaged is steadily transacted by the firm." On the other hand, "Glyn's is a complete contrast to Coutts's: here, in addition to a large portion of the accounts of the nobility and landed gentry, is the greatest number of commercial accounts in London; and here scenes of bustle and animation take place daily of which it is not easy to convey an adequate idea. About three o'clock all is life, activity, and vigour; the place is a fair, and more like a great change than the Royal Exchange itself used to be. Though the bank is spacious, and the counters are packed with clerks as close as they can stand together, you may sometimes have to wait twenty minutes before your turn to be served arrives. Two mighty streams of money are constantly ebbing and flowing across the counters; and half a million is said to be no uncommon sum for the firm to settle at the Clearing-house of an afternoon."

We shall conclude this paper with a short notice of the Clearing establishment above alluded to, which was set on foot by the private bankers in 1770. The present Clearing-house is situated in the corner of a court at the back of the Guardian Insurance Office, in Lombard Street. The business was previously conducted in an apartment in the banking-house of Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths, and still earlier at the banking-house of Messrs. Barnetts and Co., all in Lombard Street. The object of the Clearing-house is to save time and money. The cheques and bills of exchange, on the authority of which a great part of the money paid and received by bankers is made, are taken from each of the clearing-bankers to the Clearing-house several times in the day, and the cheques and bills drawn on one banker are cancelled by those which he holds on others. The joint-stock banks are excluded from this association of private bankers. Some of the private bankers, from the nature of their business, do not require the aid which these clearances afford, and others are too distant to maintain the necessary rapidity of communication with the Clearing-house. Perhaps there are not more than half-a-dozen persons in London, unconnected with banking, who have entered the precincts of this celebrated establishment; but an authentic detail of its arrangements has recently been published by Mr. Tate, author of the 'Modern Cambist,' to which we must refer those who desire something more than a general idea of the system.\* The Clearing-house is fitted up with desks for each of the present twenty-seven clearing-bankers, whose names, taking the first of each firm, are arranged in alphabetical order as follows, over each desk:—

Barclay	Dorrien	Masterman	Stevenson
Barnard	Fuller	Prescott	Stone
Barnetts	Glyn	Price	Veres
Bosanquet	Hanbury	Robarts	Weston
Brown	Hankey	Rogers	Williams
Curries	Jones	Smith	Willis.
Denison	Lubbock	Spooner	

Mr. Tate says, "The rapidity with which the last charges are required to be entered, and the bustle which is created by their swift distribution through the room, are difficult to be conceived. It is, then, on the point of striking four, and on days of heavy business, that the beauty of the alphabetical arrangement of the

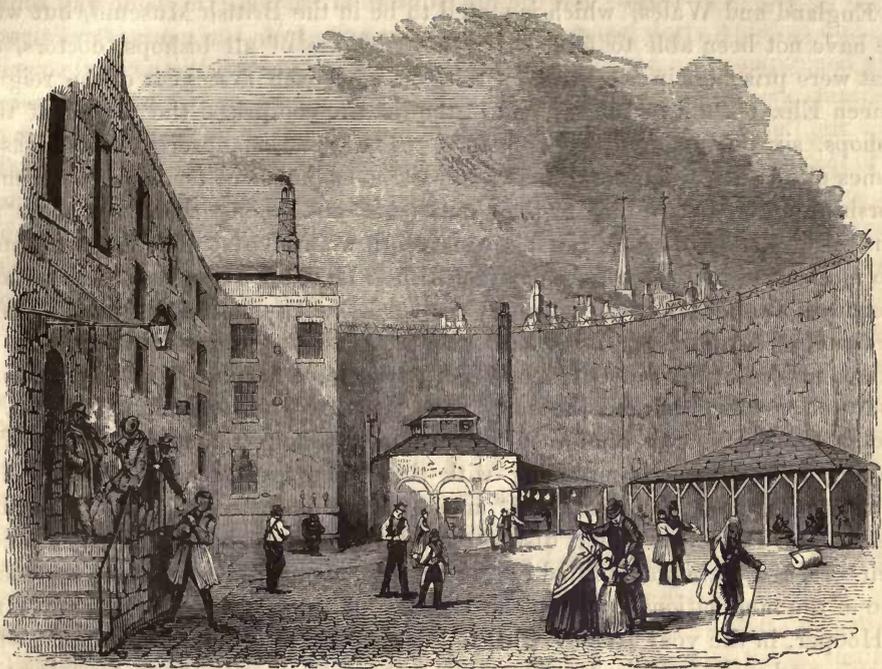
\* 'The System of the London Bankers' Clearances Explained and Exemplified.'

clearers' desk is to be seen. All the distributors are moving the same way round the room, with no further interference than may arise from the more active pressing upon or outstripping the slower of their fellow-assistants. With equal celerity are their last credits entered by the clearers. A minute or two having passed, all the noise has ceased. The deputy-clearers have left with the last charges on their houses; the clearers are silently occupied in casting up the amounts of the accounts in their books, balancing them, and entering the differences in their balance-sheets, until at length announcements begin to be heard of the probable amounts to be received or paid, as a preparation for the final settlement. The four o'clock balances having been entered in the balance-sheet, each clearer goes round to check and mark off his accounts with the rest, with 'I charge you,' or 'I credit you,' according as each balance is in his favour or against him."

In 1810, when forty-six banks settled with each other at the Clearing-house, the accounts cancelled in one day have sometimes, it is said, amounted to 15,000*l*. In the Appendix to the Second Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Banks, there is a return of the payments made through the Clearing-house for the year 1839, and, omitting all sums under 100*l*., the total was 954,401,600*l*. The average for each day would consequently be rather more than 3,000,000*l*. sterling (the actual payments range from 1,500,000*l*. to 6,250,000*l*.), while that of the sums actually paid was about 213,000*l*. It has, however, sometimes happened that a single house has had to pay above half a million of money. The payments through the Clearing-house of three bankers, in 1839, ranged from 100,000,000*l*. to 107,000,000*l*. each.



[London and Westminster Bank, Throgmorton Street.]



[Interior of the Prison.]

## LXXVIII.—THE FLEET PRISON.

THE earliest mention of this place carries us back to times as different in spirit as they are remote from those of the present day. In the first year of the reign of Richard of the Lion Heart, we find that monarch confirming to Osbert, brother to Longchamp, Chancellor of England, and to his heirs for ever, the custody of his palace at Westminster and the keeping of his gaol of the Fleet in London: so that next to their own homes the kings of England in the twelfth century thought it a matter of the highest importance to take care of the homes of their enemies. In the third year of John's reign we find a similar instance, when the Archdeacon of Wells received the custody of the palace and the prison, together with the wardship of the daughter and heir of Robert Leveland. And no doubt if the history of its narrow cells and subterranean dungeons could be opened unto us, we should perceive, in the ample use they made of it, sufficient reason for their anxiety as to its safe custody. But up to the sixteenth century that history is little better than a sealed book. The burning of the prison by the followers of Wat Tyler seems to have been the only very noticeable event prior to the period mentioned. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the records of the Fleet become suddenly filled with matters of the deepest interest, in connexion with the religious martyrs of the reigns of Elizabeth and Mary, and those who might almost be called the political martyrs of the Star Chamber in the reign of Charles I.

A manuscript referred to in the account of the Fleet Prison in the 'Beauties

of England and Wales,' which is stated to be in the British Museum, but which we have not been able to find, gives the "Names of all bishops, doctors, &c., that were prisoners in the Fleet for religion, since the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, A.D. 1558;" and in the list are comprised the names of three bishops, six doctors, and eight priests. The same manuscript also gives the names of all such "temporal men" as were in confinement for the same crime of worshipping God according to their conscience, and among these are some persons of rank and title. In the following reign we arrive at the history of one of the most venerated of British martyrs, Bishop Hooper, whose connexion with the Fleet was altogether of an unusually curious as well as interesting kind. On the accession of Edward VI., or at least as soon as the struggles between the ambitious nobles of his court for place and power were decided, and the extensive insurrection which marked the early part of the reign had been put down, the Protestant party, now reinforced by the incalculable amount of influence belonging to a king sympathising with their opinions, became bolder in their attacks on the old religion; and, among other measures, Bonner, Gardiner, Heath, and Day, and other distinguished Catholic bishops, were deprived of their sees, and their places filled by the most eminent of their religious opponents. One of the nominations made on the vacancy of the see of Gloucester was that of Hooper, in the year 1550. But, to the surprise of every one, Hooper, whose views may be characterised as resembling those of the Puritans of a later time, refused to wear a canonical habit during the ceremony of consecration. His friends—Cranmer and Ridley, Bucer and Peter Martyr—strenuously advised him to yield, but he would not; and hence his first commitment to the Fleet Prison, we might almost say by his own friends. For several months he persisted in his determination, but eventually a kind of compromise was made; he was to wear the obnoxious vestments during his ordination, and when he preached before the king, or in his cathedral, or any public place, but not upon less important occasions. He was then set free, ordained Bishop of Gloucester, and subsequently Bishop of Worcester: but it was not long before he returned to the Fleet, though under very different circumstances. In 1553 Mary became Queen, and before some three months had elapsed, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Coverdale, and a host of other distinguished Protestants were in prison on various charges, and also Hooper, whose commitment was for having a wife, and other demerits. This was his second and final commitment to the Fleet, which he was only to quit for the stake and the fire, in the chief town of his first diocese, Gloucester. His relation of his sufferings at this period is a most pathetic record, and illustrates in a forcible manner the misery which these struggles to decide the truth of opinions by force have inflicted on our country, as well as the utter incompetency of such influences to achieve the object desired. He says, on "the first of September, 1553, I was committed unto the Fleet from Richmond, to have the liberty of the prison; and within five days after I paid for my liberty five pounds sterling to the warden for fees, who immediately upon the payment thereof complained unto Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and so I was committed to close prison one quarter of a year, in the lower chamber of the Fleet, and used very extremely. Then by the means of a good gentlewoman I had liberty to come down to dinner and supper; not suffered to speak

with any of my friends, but as soon as dinner and supper was done to repair to my chamber again. Notwithstanding while I came down thus to dinner and supper the warden and his wife picked quarrels with me, and complained untruly of me to their great friend the Bishop of Winchester. After one quarter of a year and somewhat more, Babington, the warden, and his wife, fell out with me for the wicked mass; and thereupon the warden resorted to the Bishop of Winchester, and obtained to put me into the ward, where I have continued a long time, having nothing appointed to me for my bed but a little pad of straw and a rotten covering, with a tick and a few feathers therein, the chamber being vile and stinking, until by God's means good people sent me bedding to lie in. Of the one side of which prison is the sink and filth of the house, and on the other side the town ditch, so that the stench of the house hath infected me with sundry diseases. During which time I have been sick, and the doors, bars, hasps, and chains being all closed and made fast upon me, I have mourned, called, and cried for help; but the warden, when he hath known me many times ready to die, and when the poor men of the wards have called to help me, hath commanded the doors to be kept fast, and charged that none of his men should come at me, saying, 'Let him alone; it were a good riddance of him.' And amongst many other times he did thus the 18th of October, 1533, as many are witness. I paid always like [the same sum as] a baron to the said warden, as well in fees as for my board, which was 20s. a-week, besides my man's table, until I was wrongfully deprived of my bishoprick, and since that time I have paid him as the best gentleman doth in his house: yet hath he used me worse and more vilely than the veriest slave that ever came to the hall commons. The said warden hath also imprisoned my man, William Downton, and stripped him out of his clothes to search for letters, and could find none, but only a little remembrance of good people's names that gave me their alms to relieve me in prison: and to undo them also the warden delivered the same bill unto the said Stephen Gardiner, God's enemy and mine. I have suffered imprisonment almost eighteen months; my goods, living, friends, and comfort taken from me; the Queen owing me by just account 80 pounds or more,—she hath put me in prison and giveth nothing to find me; neither is there any suffered to come at me, whereby I might have relief. I am with a wicked man and woman, so that I see no remedy (saving God's help), but I shall be cast away in prison before I come to judgment. But I commit my just cause to God, whose will be done, whether it be life or death."\* But it was not to be as the desponding prisoner feared; a death he esteemed a thousand times more glorious was to be his. After some months' confinement he was examined several times and required to recant, and on his refusal condemned, on the very night after John Rogers had so bravely suffered in Smithfield, to tread the same fiery path to another world. He was told that *he* was to be burnt among his own people at Gloucester, where accordingly he was brought to the stake on the 9th of February, 1555, and burnt by a *slow fire*. In reading of such transactions one can scarcely avoid pausing to ask if it is really the acts of men that we are recording. But dreadful as were the torments, the courage to endure them was fully equal: and in this, as in numerous other cases, we have reason to be thankful that whilst

\* From 'Fox's Martyrs,' folio ed. in three vols., vol. iii., p. 1369.

crimes of the deepest dye against humanity have been committed in the sacred name of religion, it is religion that has given to humanity a power to endure all extremes, to triumph in the endurance, to become, in a word, something more than human.

Turn we now from the victims of religious bigotry, to the sufferers from political oppression, as exercised through the medium of the memorable Star Chamber. The Fleet, as the King's prison, was no doubt from the earliest times the place to which this half secret and wholly irresponsible tribunal was accustomed to send the persons who fell under its displeasure; and this view is further confirmed by the circumstance that whilst during the reign of Charles I. we find it frequently used in this way, we do not perceive any intimation of the practice being then a new one. The two most interesting cases that belong to this part of the history of the Fleet, are those of Prynne and Lilburne. In a late number\* we have referred to the effect of Prynne's publication, the 'Histrio-Mastix,' on the court, and the desire of the latter that the lawyers of the different inns might by the splendour of their Masque confute Mr. Prynne's "new learning." Pity that the King was not satisfied with that and similarly legitimate modes of confuting. In the year following that of the Masque, Laud being then Archbishop of Canterbury, Prynne was brought into the Star Chamber for the publication of his notorious book, which, be it observed, had been written four years before, and printed two years. So little dignity was there in the prosecution, that the personal offence he had given was allowed to be made conspicuous. The accusation having stated he had compiled and put in print a libellous volume, added, "although he knew well that his Majesty's royal Queen [who was rehearsing a part herself at the time the contents of Prynne's book became first known at court], the Lords of the Council, &c., were in their public festivals oftentimes present spectators of some masques and dances, and many recreations that were tolerable and in themselves sinless, and so declared to be by a book printed in the time of his Majesty's royal father," &c. He was also charged with aspersing the Queen, and with writing of the King in "terms unfit for so sacred a person." Now there was no doubt that Prynne would have made the world and all living in it a gloomy piece of business, if his views could have been carried into practice, with all their legitimate deductions, and that Lord Cottington's remark upon his trial had as much truth as satire in it,—“ If Mr. Prynne should be demanded what he would have, he liketh nothing: no state or sex; music, dancing, &c., unlawful even in kings: no kind of recreation, no kind of entertainment, no, not so much as hawking; all are damned.” But what then? Such were the man's conscientious opinions; and those who thought them deserving of anything better than ridicule, whose weapons—wit and humour—have a kind of natural vocation to destroy all such ascetic philosophy, were perfectly at liberty to confute them by as big a book as that in which they had been expounded. But as Charles's ancestors had been convinced, beyond the power of anything to unsettle their conviction, that what was their religion they could also make the people's, so now did he and his counsellors act apparently on the firmest belief that they could, and therefore ought to destroy every opinion that did not harmonise with theirs on all other matters, from the greatest to the most trivial subjects, from the government of the country

\* 'Ely Place,' vol. iii., p. 372.

down to the management of a holiday. This time the mistake was to be attended with fatal consequences. The trial of Prynne in the Star Chamber should be for ever memorable, as an example of the reckless disregard of law, justice, common sense, and humanity, which can be perpetrated by irresponsible judges, even though they have among them men distinguished in their ordinary public career or in private life for qualities of an opposite nature. The following extracts will give a sufficient idea of the course of the trial, and the mode of determining the sentence:—"For the book," said Richardson, the Lord Chief Justice, "I do hold it a most scandalous, infamous libel to the King's Majesty, a most pious and religious King; to the Queen's Majesty, a most excellent and gracious Queen, such a one as this kingdom never enjoyed the like, and I think the earth never had a better," &c. Then followed quotations from the book, full of outrageous opinions on plays and players and dancing, and then the first part of the sentence: "Mr. Prynne, I must now come to my sentence; although I am very sorry, for I have known you long; but now I must utterly forsake you, for I find that you have forsaken God," [the whole tenor of Prynne's book was to lead men, *in his way*, to draw nearer to God,] "his religion, and your whole allegiance, obedience, and honour, which you owe to both their excellent Majesties, the rule of charity to all noble ladies and persons in the kingdom, and forsaken all goodness. Therefore, Mr. Prynne, I shall proceed to my censure, wherein I agree with my Lord Cottington: First, for the burning of your book in as disgraceful a manner as may be, whether in Cheapside or Paul's Churchyard. . . . And because Mr. Prynne is of Lincoln's Inn, and that his profession may not sustain disgrace by his punishment, I do think it fit, with my Lord Cottington, that he be put from the bar, and degraded in the University, and I leave it to my Lords the Lords Bishops to see that done; and for the pillory, I hold it just and equal, *though there were no statute for it*. In the case of a high crime it may be done by the discretion of the court, so I do agree to that too. I fine him 5000*l.*, and I know he is as well able to pay 5000*l.* as one-half of 1000*l.*; and perpetual imprisonment I do think fit for him, and to be restrained from writing—neither to have pen, ink, nor paper—yet let him have some pretty Prayer-Book, to pray to God to forgive him his sins; but to write, in good faith I would never have him: for, Mr. Prynne, I do judge you by your book an insolent spirit, and one that did think by this book to have got the name of a Reformer, to set up the Puritan or Separatist faction."

So much for the Lord Chief Justice of England. Coke followed; and, with that exquisite inconsistency which characterizes all the arguments on which these monstrous perversions of the powers of government were founded, spoke of the necessity of mildness and toleration to the vices of society, whilst the intolerance of himself and his colleagues was determining on a sentence almost without parallel in their country for its cruelty and injustice. If one could forget the object and occasion of Coke's speech, and of the Earl of Dorset's, who followed, there is something in them to admire: they here and there met Prynne's book with mingled ridicule and argument, which, uttered in a different place, might have convinced many minds wavering between the old and "new learning." Here, such passages were worse than thrown away. Indeed, if there was one mode more certain than another to make wit, and humour, and eloquence fail

to cause truth to be perceived as truth, and therefore to make its cause still more hopeless for the time, it was the employment of such influences in the uncongenial atmosphere of the Star Chamber. Among other passages of the Earl's speech was one capital hit:—"My Lords, when God had made all his works, he looked upon them, and saw that they were good: this gentleman, the devil having put spectacles on his nose, says that all is bad." But, immediately after this vein, comes a volley of vulgar abuse; and, lastly, from the lips of the gallant and accomplished courtier, an addition to the sentence which it would be scarcely right to attribute to the Earl on the authority of any less satisfactory voucher than his own words:—"Mr. Prynne, I do declare you to be a schism-maker in the Church, a sedition-sower in the Commonwealth, a wolf in sheep's clothing—in a word, *omnium malorum nequissimus*. I shall fine him 10,000*l.*, [the Lord Chief Justice had been too *lenient* it seems,] *which is more than he is worth*, yet less than he deserveth. I will not set him at liberty, no more than a plagued man or a mad dog, who, though he cannot bite, he will foam. He is so far from being a sociable soul, that he is not a rational soul; he is fit to live in dens with such beasts of prey as wolves and tigers like himself: therefore do I condemn him to perpetual imprisonment, as those monsters that are no longer fit to live among men, nor see light. Now, for corporal punishment, my Lords: I shall burn him in the forehead, and slit him in the nose; for I find that it is confessed of all that Dr. Leighton's offence\* was less than Mr. Prynne's—then why should Mr. Prynne have a less punishment? He that was guilty of murder was marked in a place where he might be seen, as Cain was." Still not satisfied, the Earl added,—“I should be loth he should escape with his ears; for he may get a periwig, which he now so much inveighs against, and so hide them, or force his conscience to make use of his unlovely love-locks on both sides. Therefore I would have him branded on the forehead, slit in the nose, and his ears cropped too.”

The whole of these almost incredible barbarities were inflicted: pillory, branding, mutilation of nose, and loss of ears; and then the unfortunate but firm unyielding man was remanded to his prison—the Fleet. Sir Simond d'Ewes, who may well say that most men were affrighted at this “censure,” visited him in prison shortly after, to comfort him. He “found in him,” he says, “the rare effects of an upright heart and a good conscience, by his serenity of spirit and cheerful patience.” It should be observed that, through the whole of the “trial,” Archbishop Laud was present. Indeed, it is said that Charles himself would not have taken that step against Prynne, but for the advice of Laud. He therefore was looked upon by the Puritans as the real author of the proceeding; and the circumstance should be borne in mind, in reading the particulars of the prelate's own fate, as having contributed, with Laud's subsequent conduct to Prynne, probably more than any other single fact, to make his judges so inexorable. Laud's second attack on Prynne, when the remainder of his ears were hacked off, and he was sent to Carnarvon (but, unfortunately for the prelate's comfort, found his journey almost a triumphal procession), took place after the removal of Prynne into the Tower, so we pass on to another Star Chamber case.

\* Writing against the Queen and the Bishops in a book entitled ‘An Appeal to the Parliament, or Sion's Plea against Prelacy.’

Scarcely six months had elapsed after the last-mentioned barbarities, when the Star Chamber, utterly reckless of the signs of the times, called before it John Lilburne (with his printer, Wharton), for the publication of libellous and seditious books, called 'News from Ipswich.' The prisoners both refused to be sworn to answer the interrogatories of the court; and the principal, Lilburne, said no free-born Englishman ought to take it, not being bound by the laws of his country to accuse himself: he became subsequently well known under a phrase borrowed from this reply, as Free-born John. They were both remanded to the Fleet for the present, but on the 13th of February (1638) were again brought up and pressed to re-consider their determination. Still inflexible, they were sent back to the Fleet under a fine of 500*l.* each, and with an addition in Lilburne's case of a remarkable punishment. Foiled in their attempt to break men's spirits by fines, imprisonments, brandings, slitting of noses, &c., another degrading punishment was now borrowed from the felon-code,—whipping. "To the end," runs the sentence, "that others may be the more deterred from daring to offend in the like manner hereafter, the court hath further ordered and decreed that the said John Lilburne shall be whipt through the street from the prison of the Fleet unto the pillory, to be erected at such time and in such place as this court shall hold fit; and that both he and Wharton shall be set in the said pillory, and from thence returned to the Fleet." The pillory was placed between Westminster Hall gate and the Star Chamber, and Lilburne was whipped from the prison thither "smartly." And how did he bear this mingled torture of the body and mind? Rushworth says, "Whilst he was whipt at the cart and stood in the pillory, he uttered many bold speeches against tyranny of bishops, &c., and when his head was in the hole of the pillory he scattered sundry copies of pamphlets (said to be seditious), and tossed them among the people, taking them out of his pocket." The Star Chamber Council was sitting at the time, and informed of this last-mentioned incident; when, consistent in their acts, they ordered him to be gagged immediately, which was done. Lilburne then stamped with his feet, and the people understood his meaning well enough, that he would speak if he were able. This was not all. At the same sitting of the Council an order was made directing that Lilburne should be "laid alone with irons on his hands and legs in the wards of the Fleet, where the basest and meanest sort of prisoners" were used to be, with other regulations in a similar spirit. This punishment also was carried into effect for a time, but ultimately brought to a summary conclusion through an accident in the prison. "Lilburne," says Rushworth, "having for some time endured close imprisonment, lying with double irons on his feet and hands, and laid in the inner wards of the prison, there happened a fire in the prison of the Fleet, near to the place where he was prisoner, which gave a jealousy that Lilburne, in his fury and anguish, was desperate, and had set the Fleet Prison on fire, not regarding himself to be burnt with it; whereupon the inhabitants without the Fleet (the street then not being five or six yards over from the prison door) and the prisoners all cried, "Release Lilburne, or we shall all be burnt!" and thereupon they ran headlong and made the Warden remove him out of his hold, and the fire was quenched, and he remained a prisoner in a place where he had some more air." He continued in prison till November the 3rd, 1640, when the Long Parliament began, and then he was released, and

immediately applied to the House of Lords for redress, who granted it in the most satisfactory manner: not merely declaring his sentence and punishment most unjust and illegal, but ordering the erasure of the proceedings from the files of all courts of justice, "as unfit to continue on record." On the breaking out of the Civil War, Lilburne fought bravely, we need not say on which side. He had a narrow escape in the war. He was taken prisoner, and would have been proceeded against as a traitor by Charles and hanged, but the Parliament arrested the act, that growing into a system would have made the war a thousand times more terrible than it was, by immediately declaring they would retaliate. But Free-born John was one of the most impracticable as well as courageous of enthusiasts; (Marten said of him, if there were none living but himself, John would be against Lilburne, and Lilburne against John;) and the Parliament pleased him little better than the King; so he wrote against them too, and was banished, upon pain of death if he returned. But Free-born John would and did return, and was immediately arraigned at the Old Bailey, where he was publicly acquitted, "which, for joy, occasioned a great acclamation of the people present." He died a Quaker, and was buried in Moorfields, four thousand citizens and other persons honouring his remains by following them to the grave. In con-



[Lilburne, the Puritan.]

cluding our notice of the cases of Prynne and Lilburne, those important links in the history of the reign of Charles, we may observe that they embody in the most striking shape the principles of arbitrary power, which the King, with Laud and his other counsellors, strove to enforce upon the people of England, and to which they received for answer—the Civil War and the scaffold.

Gloomy as our theme must continue the course of our narration. Hitherto the sufferings and horrors we have described have had no further connexion with the Fleet Prison than that that edifice was the place of confinement of the prisoners in question during the execution of their respective sentences; now we have to deal with the horrors of the prison-house itself. And if in the process of that gradual extinction of all such places, for debt at least, which the spirit of the times promises to effect, we could be reconciled to the preservation of any one, as a kind of visible record and warning of the atrocities that were once perpetrated in them, the Fleet should be that place: it in every way deserves such a bad pre-eminence. It appears that this prison was used for the confinement of debtors from the thirteenth century at least, probably from the earliest period of its existence: a petition from John Fraunceys, a debtor in the Fleet, A.D. 1290, is still preserved.\* The first document in point of time that gives us any accurate idea of the state of the prison is a complaint of the prisoners, in 1586, to the Lords of the Council. They state therein that the warden had let the victualling and lodging of the prisoners to two “very poor men,” who, having “neither land nor any trade to live by, nor any certain wages of the said warden,” and “being also greedy of gain, lived by bribery and extortion.” The essential evils were pointed out as clearly in these few words in 1586, as they could be in the appalling facts which were discovered by the famous committee of 1727: and what a fearful amount of human suffering might not have been spared by the simplest of remedies at that earlier time—that of making the warden and all his servants perfectly independent, as to the amount of their emoluments, of those under their care. Almost every atrocity (we do not know, indeed, that an exception can be found) perpetrated in the Fleet Prison in the beginning of the eighteenth century may be traced directly to the operation of the one passion—thirst for gain. This will appear clearer as we proceed. Numerous abuses and oppressions had of course been set on foot at the period to which we have referred by these “very poor men,” and which are pointed out by the prisoners in their petition; but as we shall meet with every one of them in a much darker shape at a later period, we need not here dwell upon them. Some temporary kind of relief seems to have been granted in answer to this complaint; in the same year a commission or order having been granted, which the Recorder, Fleetwood, at the desire of the Archbishop of Canterbury, abbreviated and explained. In 1593 the prisoners again endeavoured to obtain effectual redress by a bill in parliament; and it was high time, if we may believe their allegations, for now they attribute *murders* and other misdemeanors to the deputy warden, Joachim Newton. Nothing of importance seems to have followed this application, and another century of suffering passed over the unhappy tenants, shut out from the world, and subjected, without the possibility of redress, to extortions, indignities, and privations of every kind, chequered only by bru-

\* ‘Rot. Parl.’ vol. i, p. 47.

talities of a deeper and occasionally fatal nature. Still there was moving among society a kind of uneasy consciousness that all was not as it should be behind those grim and lofty walls; the tender-hearted sighed as they passed, and dropped some piece of money into the grate, which most probably would never reach, or but partially, those for whom it was intended; the philanthropist again and again made some new effort to stimulate inquiry, which the legislature or minister perhaps promised, but forgot to instigate; but still years rolled on, generation after generation of prisoners mourned, and despaired, and died, and nothing was done. In 1696 new hopes were excited; a committee of the House of Commons was appointed, and for the first time positive evidence was acquired and made public. From the Report of that committee it appeared the custom with regard to the warden's underletting the Fleet was continued; that a Mr. Geary, who appeared before the committee, had agreed to pay 1500*l.* per annum to the warden for it, on the understanding that there were then 2000 prisoners, whose payments would bring in twice the amount of the rent. We learn from the same Report that there were then about 300 prisoners enjoying the privileges of the Rules, that is, a permission to live outside the prison, but within certain precincts adjoining.\* Three years after appeared another Report, we presume from the same committee, in which it is stated that "by the Fleet books it appeareth that 1651 prisoners had been charged from the 28th of April, 1696, to the 1st of December last," whereof but 285 were discharged by regular procedure, the rest having been allowed to escape for bribes. A resolution at the same time was unanimously agreed to, that the management had been very prejudicial to personal credit, and a great grievance to the whole kingdom. Even yet the poor prisoners seem to have had little of the parliamentary attention or sympathy; and it is not improbable that the cruelties and outrageous extortions of which we have now to speak as occurring during the period between the sitting of this committee and that of the next in 1727, were in a measure brought on by the resolution of 1699: the officers of the prison might fear from its tenor that the duration of their power was limited, and so, in their way, determine to make the best use of it while they could.

The year 1727 was a memorable one in the history of prisons; then it was that the enormity of the system of their management came first fully before the public: and indescribable was the excitement and horror it caused. The poet Thomson has given permanent record to the feelings of the time in a passage of his 'Winter,' which appears to have been written immediately on the publication of the First Report of the Parliamentary Committee:—

" And here can I forget the gen'rous band,  
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd  
 Into the horrors of the gloomy gaol,  
 Unpitied and unheard, where Misery moans,  
 Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,  
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of vice.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* The "Rules" extend from the prison entrance to Ludgate Hill, both sides of Ludgate Hill up to the Old Bailey, both sides of the Old Bailey as far as Fleet Lane, both sides of Fleet Lane, and so back along Farringdon Street to the entrance.

Oh! great design! if executed well,  
 With partial care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.  
 Ye sons of Mercy, yet resume the search:  
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,  
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,  
 And bid the cruel feel the pangs they give."

The "Sons of Mercy" did execute their task well; the legal monsters were dragged forth into light; nor was retribution wanting, though it came in a different shape from what might have been justly expected.

The committee, in the commencement of their Report, observe, that at the passing of the act which abolished the Star Chamber, in the sixteenth year of Charles I.'s reign, the prison became a place of confinement for debtors, and for persons committed for contempt from the Courts of Chancery, Exchequer, and Common Pleas; and that at the same time the fees previously payable by archbishops, bishops, temporal peers, baronets, and others of lower degree, or the power of putting in irons, or of exacting fees not to do so, ought to have ceased. Instead of which, however, the Warden "hath exercised an unwarrantable and arbitrary power, not only in extorting exorbitant fees, but in oppressing prisoners for debt, by loading them with irons, worse than if the Star Chamber was still existing." The melancholy details which follow more than bear out this assertion. We shall now endeavour to show, in as clear and succinct a manner as possible, from the materials provided by the Committee, the general workings of the system. Its grand leading principle was extortion—the agents, force and cruelty; and one can scarcely avoid a species of admiration at the ingenuity, perseverance, and unflinching energy with which—unappalled by the sight of any suffering, however great, insensible to any sense of shame, however infamous the circumstances—the object and the means were steadily developed to the utmost. Let us suppose Mr. Bambridge (the warden) and his myrmidons to have just received a prisoner, not of the poorest class, and observe his treatment of him. The prisoner, to his surprise, first discovers that, instead of being introduced into the prison, he is carried to a spunging-house attached to it on the exterior, one of three such places, all belonging to the Warden, and kept, in the present instance, by one of his tipstuffs. His first day's bill explains their proceedings, and the alarmed prisoner, who sees that a few days of such expenses will beggar him, asks to be permitted to go into the Fleet, where, at least, there are legal regulations as to moderation of price. The tipstaff has no objection, on receiving the customary fee—a heavy one—for the simple permission. Indignant at the demand, the prisoner probably refuses, and a few days more pass on, his bills growing daily in magnitude, till, in despair, he acquiesces, and is removed into the Fleet; or, on the other hand, if his determination be very great indeed, why, he is shifted into a garret, put with a couple of other prisoners in the same bed, and perhaps ironed till the same result is obtained. Well, he is in the Fleet, or at least he will be, on payment of the prison fees: the best idea we can give of these is to transcribe his bill; supposing that four actions or detainers are lying against him, every action being paid for separately:—

	£	s.	d.
For four surrenders at the judge's chambers, to his clerks	9	11	6
To the tipstaff, four fees . . . . .	2	2	0
To the warden, ditto . . . . .	16	12	0
	<hr/>		
	28	5	6
To which add the previous fee for turning into the house ;	10	10	0
Including, perhaps, some occasional "liberty" to leave the spunging-house, if he has behaved well, or, in other words, "bled freely;" but in that case he must have taken up his security-bond for the enjoyment of the Rules . . . . .		6	6
		<hr/>	
Making a total of . . . . .	£45	1	6*

By this time Bambridge has become quite satisfied of the prisoner's ability to bear all that, in his moderation, he wishes to enforce upon him; so, after the enjoyment of the Rules for some time, it is intimated to the prisoner that a present will greatly help the memory of the officers as to his really having obtained the right of enjoying them: the present is given. Shortly comes a similar application; again, again, and again, the demand is submitted to; but at last, weary with the attempt at impossibilities—to satisfy the insatiable,—or moved by remorse at the conviction that all this money belongs to his creditors, the threat of Corbett's spunging-house ceases to avail; he steadily and determinedly refuses. That very day he is again at Corbett's, and the entire system of extortion is once more before him, and must be passed through. But a virulent disease, enhanced by the disgraceful state of the worst apartments of the spunging-house, is raging there: the small-pox is in the house. The unhappy man, half frantic at the danger, implores the Warden to remove him into another spunging-house, or into the Fleet, for he has not had that (under such circumstances) most fatal malady, and the very dread of it will assuredly kill him. The tipstuffs, for once, forget their vocation, and second his petition; but Bambridge, great man! is firm: the prisoner dies, his affairs in extricable confusion, and a wife and numerous family of young children in the deepest distress. Such, with one or two slight exceptions drawn from other cases, is the history of Mr. Robert Castell, a gentleman, a scholar, and an artist,† whose misfortunes brought him into the hands of the Fleet Prison officers! and such is a fair illustration of the principal branch of the system. We must add to it another highly profitable source of emolument. This was, keeping prisoners on the books, as being in the enjoyment of the Rules, who were actually entitled to a legal discharge. The previous Warden, Mr. Huggins, after the appointment of the committee, suddenly discharged 119 of such cases, and acknowledged to 52 more that ought to have been discharged, some of them so far back as 1718, 1719, and so on. Our readers may not, perhaps, see at once the effect of the manœuvre; it was simply this:—Whenever the Warden, or his deputy, felt any very strong desire for money, an escape war-

\* Fees actually paid by a prisoner, as proved before the Committee.

† His profession was architecture, and he had just finished a translation of Vitruvius.

rant was issued, that is, they declared the man—who, having been in effect legally discharged, was quietly pursuing his avocations—had escaped, or run away from the Rules; accordingly he was arrested, lodged safely at Corbett's, and kept there till he had purchased another temporary freedom. We may have some notion of the profits obtained in this way from the list of 382 persons enjoying the Rules, which was obtained by the committee, who had paid in one year 2828*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.*, and whilst it appeared to the committee that the prisoners for the greatest debts had not signed the book. It was also shown that the gratuity to the Warden for the Liberty of the Rules was exacted in proportion to the greatness of the debt; and if all paid, the account would be three times the before-mentioned sum.

But this was nothing to the magnificent soul of a Huggins or of a Bambridge; so they exerted themselves to make the sum total of profit a much more respectable affair; and the different irregular modes adopted show their inventive powers in a flattering light. First, there were a great many prisoners who had no chance whatever of paying their debts, from the magnitude of the amount, or who, having the means, had still an invincible disinclination to do so: and both classes agreed in a common desire to get out of the prison, and in being able and willing to pay well for their keepers' assistance. Escapes, accordingly, occurred with marvellous frequency. Huggins confessed to the Committee, that so many had occurred during his wardenship, "that it was impossible to enumerate them." There was no difficulty attending such escapes generally, as the officers would take care previously to make them pay well for Rules and everything else. But in one case, that of Boyce, a smuggler, charged at the King's suit with a demand of upwards of 30,000*l.*, it appears Bambridge, then Huggins's deputy, actually made a door through the prison-wall, dismissed the prisoner through it, and *repeated the act several times*. Large emoluments evidently must have been derived from this source. Next comes the mode illustrated in the case of Thomas Dumay. This man, a prisoner in the Fleet, was allowed to make several voyages to France, where he bought wines, some of which were delivered to Huggins, and for which he paid by drawing bills on Richard Bishop, one of the tipstiffs of the prison: these bills, on presentation, were accepted, and when due properly paid. Credit was thus established, and precaution relaxed. Dumay then drew for a further, and no doubt much larger sum (we do not find the amount stated), and obtained the goods; but, on presentation, Mr. Bishop declined accepting any more bills for Dumay. The merchants in alarm sought for Dumay—there he was, back in the Fleet, snugly ensconced as prisoner, laughing with Bishop and Huggins at the success of the trick, and settling no doubt their respective shares. Lastly, to show their condescension we presume, for no very great sums could have been thus derived, the officers laid their hands on the miserable pittances which charity had bequeathed to the poorer prisoners, or dropped into the "box" they were accustomed to send round. Whether the box at the grate, behind which prisoners were accustomed to stand till within the last few years, was similarly laid under contribution does not appear; from a curious incident mentioned in the Report, we should think it was not:—"Thomas Hogg, who had been about three years a prisoner in the Fleet Prison, and was then discharged by order of court, about eight months after such discharge, passing by the door of that prison, stopped to give charity to the prisoners at the grate,

and being seen by James Barnes, one of the said Bambridge's accomplices, the said Barnes seized and forced him into Corbett's spunging-house, where he hath been detained ever since, now upwards of nine months, without any cause or legal authority whatsoever." The only explanation we can venture to offer as to the cause of the somewhat incomprehensible rage of Barnes and his master, is, that as the poor prisoners, who were in technical phrase "on the grate," were enabled by its means better to submit to the discomforts of the Common side (that is, where the prisoners are placed who cannot pay for their lodging), and so escape the extortions of the officers, the latter felt indignant accordingly at all who aided and abetted; or else it may be that they hated the very sight of poor prisoners, and of all, and everything belonging to, assisting and comforting them. Alas! for those poor prisoners: their case was indeed deplorable. If they had a little money, they were suspected of having more, and they were tortured to make them produce it; if they had none, why even hope was denied. The subject makes one heart-sick, and our readers will no doubt feel it a relief to escape from the contemplation; but the best security against such things happening in the future will be the making indelible the memory of the past. It is that consideration makes us conclude our notice of the matters disclosed in the Report with a passage from the statement of the case of Jacob Mendez Solas, a Portuguese, and one of the poorer prisoners, who was confined for months in a filthy dungeon, manacled and shackled.

"This committee themselves saw an instance of the deep impression his sufferings had made upon him; for on his surmising, from something said, that Bambridge was to return again as Warden of the Fleet, he fainted, and the blood started out of his mouth and nose."

The result of the committee's labours was the committal of Bambridge, Huggins, and some of their servants to Newgate, an address to the crown praying for their prosecution, and the introduction of a bill to remove Bambridge and newly regulate the gaol. The prosecution was a strange affair. On reading the evidence adduced on the trial of these wretches for different murders, it seems amply sufficient in a legal sense to have insured conviction, and in a moral sense there cannot be a doubt of the guilt of the parties; yet all escaped by a verdict of Not guilty! Retribution, however, as we have before intimated, was not to be escaped. The painters, like the poets, made them immortal in their infamy. Hogarth, in the picture of which the engraving in the last page is a transcript,\* has shown us Bambridge (who is under examination, whilst a prisoner is explaining how he has been tortured) so vividly, that, whether we pass from it to his known conduct, or from the conduct to this portrait, we are equally struck by the fitness of the two to each other—there is no questioning that this is the man. Twenty years after, it is said, Bambridge cut his throat.

An act of parliament, passed in the course of the present year, has directed the abolition of both the Fleet and the Marshalsea as prisons, and for the last three months no new prisoners have been admitted into the former. These are now sent to the Queen's Bench, or, as it is henceforth to be called, the Queen's. The prisoners at present in the Fleet, about ninety in number, are also to be removed thither. As closely pertaining to our subject, we may add that the Act

\* The faces are all portraits, and the entire scene, no doubt, an exact representation of the reality.

also abolishes all kinds of fees or gratuities, and the privilege of the Rules, which was an unjust privilege, as being only allowed to those who could pay for it. From the circumstance here stated it is most probable that the building itself is doomed, and that before any very great length of time passes the Fleet will be a thing of memory only. The present building was erected after the burning of the older one in the Gordon riots of 1780, when the mob were polite enough to send notice to the prisoners of the period of their coming, and, on being informed it would be inconvenient on account of the lateness of the hour, to postpone their visit to the following day. That former building also dated its erection from the period of a fire; its predecessor having been destroyed in the great conflagration of 1666. As we now enter the prison, and passing through the porch, and its small ante-room on the left, where sits the keeper, and reach the area, we are struck by the desolate aspect of everything: a deeper melancholy than its own seems to have fallen upon the place. Few prisoners are to be seen, and these are huddled listlessly together in a corner, ruminating perhaps on the classification which is to take place in the Queen's—a feature by no means palatable, we find, to those concerned. Skittles and rackets are alike without worshippers. The coffee-room is altogether disused, and sole guest at the tables sits the tipstaff, its owner, and we can see that the promised compensation is but a poor medicine for all his ills. The romance of his life has departed; no more for him will there be

“Golden exhalations of the *Chum!*”

Fortunate they to whom that word *chum* is unknown; who have never in themselves, or through their relations and friends, had cause to investigate the mysteries involved in the words *chum*, *chums*, *chummed*, and *chummage*. For their information we explain them. The prison chiefly consists of one long brick pile, parallel with Farringdon Street, and standing in an irregularly shaped area, so as to leave open spaces before and behind, connected by passages round each end. This pile is called the Master's Side. The interior arrangements are very simple:—On each of five stories, a long passage from one extremity to the other, with countless doors opening into single rooms on each side. If a prisoner did not wish to go to the Common Side (a building apart, and to the right of the Master's Side, where he was put with several other prisoners into a common room, divided within only by a kind of cabins, for which he paid nothing), he had the choice of going down into Bartholomew Fair, the lowest and sunken story, where he paid 1*s.* 3*d.* per week for the undisturbed use of a room, or up to some of the better apartments, where he paid the same rent, but was subject to the operation of the system known as *chummage*. Supposing him to have obtained an empty room at first, whenever all the rooms became occupied, he had, in common with his fellow-prisoners, to submit in rotation to a new prisoner being put into his room, or *chummed* upon him; and such new-comer could only be got rid of by a payment of 4*s.* 6*d.* per week, to enable him partially to provide for himself. The latter would immediately go to some of the prisoners, who made a business of letting lodgings (fitting up sometimes five or six beds in the room), and make the best bargain he could. There are prisoners who are said to have accumulated hundreds of pounds by such use of their room, in the course of a few years. We need not add, that their occupation, too, is now gone;

and, for the first time, they are probably beginning to think it would be as well to try to get out of prison.

A volume as interesting as a romance might be written on the characters and lives of some of the chief prisoners for debt in the Fleet, at almost any period of its history; and now, in its decline, the place is not destitute of such interest. In the group we have just passed, for instance, are a well-known northern anti-poor-law agitator, who is here for a debt to his former master; a lord; a barrister, who seems to have been thoroughly convinced of the truth of the old proverb—"Faint heart never won fair (nor rich) lady"—and has made himself notorious accordingly; the son of one who was at a certain period one of the great leviathans of the Money-Market; and, lastly, a gentleman whose misfortunes, in connection with the Opera House, have engaged so deservedly the public sympathy. In conclusion, it is perhaps hardly necessary to add that none of the horrors of the last century survived the disclosures then made, though it has been reserved for the present to get rid of a few still remaining abuses by the Act referred to. We have now, it is to be presumed, made our prisons for debt tolerably perfect; and, as in the story of the medicine prepared with so much care, to be—thrown out of the window when done, there remains but to get rid of them altogether,—a task which the tenor of recent legislation promises to effect very speedily.



[From Hogarth's Picture.]



[A Fleet Marriage Party. From a print of the time.]

## LXXIX.—FLEET MARRIAGES.

IF, by any inversion of the Rip Van Winkle adventures, a quiet, respectable London citizen of the present day could be suddenly abstracted from his home and the year 1842, and, without losing any of his notions derived from that period of the world's history, be again set down, as it were, in the very heart of his native city a century or so earlier, he would meet with stranger things than in his philosophy he had ever before dreamt of as belonging to a time so little removed from his own. The costume, the comparatively miserable and dingy looking shops, the streets, the houses, the public buildings, would no doubt all more or less bewilder him; but it is not to such general matters we now refer, but to one particular subject of universal interest, which would come before him with a thousand perplexing and monstrous features. Suppose him set down at St. Paul's, and wandering down Ludgate Hill towards his home by Holborn Bridge, wondering what makes the people wear such comical hats, long square coats, and endless waistcoats; and what can have become of all the cabs and omnibuses; and why the City Surveyor allows so many obstructions to exist in the street, as narrow pavements, projecting shop-windows, and overhanging great signs. But his whole attention is speedily engrossed by the novel words, "Would you like to be married, Sir?" He turns hastily, and sees that the question was put by a man in a black coat, but of very uncanonical appearance, who, like Chaucer's Sumpnour, has "a fire-red cherubinnes face," to a genteel young couple passing—raising the deep blush in the face of the one, and something very like it in that of the other, who, however, with a smile, answers in the

negative, and they pass on: their time has not yet come. "What in the world can this shabby-looking profligate mean?" thinks our worthy citizen; and begins to remember him of sundry street jokes, familiar in his era, among the populace, and to wonder whether this is one of the same class. But the man in the black coat pursues his vocation, and presently is seen to be not alone in it: others are busy tormenting every pair they meet with the same kind of question, varying only the words and manner. He steps aside to try if he can penetrate the mystery. A bookseller's shop is by his elbow, and in the window he sees the newspaper of the day, as unlike the double 'Times,' over the pages of which he has been accustomed to luxuriate at his breakfast of a morning, as two things of the same name and object well may be; and on its front page the first announcement that he reads runs thus:—

"Marriages with a licence, certificate, and a crown stamp, *at a guinea*, at the new chapel, next door to the china-shop, near Fleet Bridge, London, by a regular-bred clergyman, and not by a Fleet parson, as is insinuated in the public papers; and, that the town may be freed [from] mistakes, no clergyman, being a prisoner in the Rules of the Fleet, dare marry; and, to obviate all doubts, this chapel is not in the verge of the Fleet, but kept by a gentleman who was lately chaplain on board one of his Majesty's men-of-war, and likewise has gloriously distinguished himself in defence of his king and country, and is above committing those little mean actions that some men impose on people, being determined to have everything conducted with the utmost decency and regularity, such as shall all be supported in law and equity."\*

This makes our worthy citizen's confusion only more confounded; but through the mist he begins to have glimpses of a world where the only occupation is that of getting married, and where, consequently, every kind of device has been necessarily put in practice for the public convenience. Turning, with an inquiring eye, to look for the "plyer" in the black coat, that worthy notices his glance, and thinking he may have occupation for him in view, steps up to him with a hand-bill, of which the following is a fac-simile:—

G. R.

At the true Chapel,

At the Old Red Hand and Mitre, three doors from Fleet Lane,  
and next door to the White Swan,

Marriages are performed by authority by the Reverend Mr.  
Symson, educated at the University of Cambridge, and late  
Chaplain to the Earl of Rothes.

N.B. Without Imposition.

"And would you really marry me, if I had a partner ready, or get me married, just now?" inquires the more and more surprised member of the respect-

\* 'Daily Advertiser,' 1749.

able ward of Farringdon Without. "Of course we would, Sir," is the answer; "and if you are at a loss for a partner, we can find you one directly: a widow with a handsome jointure, or a blooming virgin of nineteen; and" (here he comes closer, and whispers) "if you don't like her there's no harm done—tear out the entry—you understand."

Before he can express his feelings, as a husband and a father, at such an offer, or investigate whether it is really and sincerely made as one that can be fulfilled, a coach happens to pass slowly along, and instantly the pleyer starts forward. It contains a single lady, but that is far from an objectionable circumstance. "Madam, you want a parson: I am the clerk and registrar of the Fleet." By this time a second has got to the other window. "Madam, come with me: that fellow will carry you to a pedling alehouse." "Go with me," bawls a third, half out of breath: "he will carry you to a brandy-shop." And thus the lady is teased and insulted till the coach has passed so far as to show that the tenant does not intend to be married—to-day at least. Beckoning to the disappointed but indefatigable pleyer, our friend, slipping a piece of money into his hand, remarks, "I am somewhat a stranger to these customs. Could you have got that lady a husband too?" "Plenty, Sir; but I see you are a gentleman, and I'll explain. Ladies will be sometimes expensive, and get into debt; and that generally ends in some unpleasantness. Well, they come here: we have a set of men who make a business of being hired as husbands for the ceremony merely: we provide them with one of these, they are married, she gets her certificate, and they part. From that time she can plead coverture, as the lawyers say, to any action for debt. We like to meet with such persons, for they pay well. There's another coach; excuse me; perhaps that's one." And therewith he runs off.

Our citizen has no thoughts to waste on the strange aspect of the place at the bottom of Ludgate Hill—the ditch running along towards the Thames, and the bridge stretching across towards Fleet Street—for the symbols of the influences to which the whole neighbourhood seems devoted increase at every step. As he turns the corner, a board, placed within a window, stares him in the face,—

"WEDDINGS PERFORMED CHEAP HERE."

Another has,—

"THE OLD AND TRUE REGISTER."

And every few yards along the Ditch and up the adjoining Fleet Lane he meets with similar notices. If anything could now add to our citizen's astonishment, it would be to see the kind of houses where these Hymeneal invitations are put forth so prominently. The 'Rainbow Coffee-House,' at the corner of the Ditch; the 'Hand and Pen,' by the prison; the 'Bull and Garter,' a little alehouse, kept, it appears, by a turnkey of the Fleet; the 'King's Head,' kept by another turnkey; the 'Swan'; the 'Lamb'; 'Horse-Shoe and Magpie'; the 'Bishop Blaize' and the 'Two Sawyers,' in Fleet Lane; the 'Fighting Cocks,' in the same place; the 'Naked Boy,' &c. &c.,—most, if not all, of them low inns and brandy-shops. Some of these are merely a kind of house of call for the parson and his customers, but sharing in the fee of the former as the price of their favour in sending for him; whilst the owners of others, of a more ambitious character,

reply to the questions of the citizen in words something very like those used by the distinguished lady of the great razor-strop maker—

“ *We keeps a parson, Sir :*”

and they tell him truly ; the salary being generally about twenty shillings a week.

By this time our citizen's curiosity has become so much stimulated by the evidences of such novel, and, to him, unnatural practices, that he greatly desires to see a wedding performed ; and his curiosity is soon gratified. Two coaches have just stopped opposite the door of the prison itself, containing five females in each, whilst on the top and behind are several sailors ; others, who could find no room, are running with shouts and laughter by the side. In the fulness of their hearts their story is soon told to the bystanders. It appears they were all assembled that morning at a public-house at Ratcliff for the purpose of enjoying themselves with the good things of the house, fiddling, piping, jigging, eating, and drinking, and without any thought of matrimony, till one of the sailors started up, saying, “ D—— me, Jack, I'll be married just now ; I will have my partner,” &c. The joke took, and in less than two hours the ten couple before us had started for the Fleet. But they are going *into* the Fleet ! heedless of the vociferations and anxiety of the neighbouring plyers. The citizen follows them. They stop at the door of a room where stands a coalheaver, who says, “ This is the famous Lord Mayor's Chapel ; you will get married cheaper here than in any other part of the Fleet.” The party enter. The room is, on the whole, decently furnished with chairs, cushions, &c., but no parson is visible. Aware of the custom, and at the same time giving it their full approval, the sailors call for wines and brandy, which the parson deals in as a profitable appendix to his marriage-business ; and search is set on foot for the reverend gentleman. Great is the joviality, and the party for some time overlook the unaccountable length of time the parson is absent. At last the discomfited messenger returns, and in the extremity of his despair at the loss, tells the truth without any circumlocution—his master is dead drunk ! Consoling themselves with the reflection there are plenty more parsons in the Fleet, the party hurry out, but at the very door are met by a most respectable and venerable looking personage, “ exceeding well dressed in a flowered morning-gown, a band, hat, and wig,” who, in a tone of the greatest suavity, informs them he is ready to perform the office, and, before they have had time to consider of the application, opens another door, which, from the apology he makes to its tenant in a whisper, and a half-heard hint about *sharing*, is evidently not his, and proceeds to work. If the worthy citizen has been surprised by all the preliminaries, the performance of the act itself is not of a character to moderate his emotions. As it goes on the drink is passed to and fro ; winks, nods, whispers, and roars of laughter form a running accompaniment to the ceremony ; practical jokes are played on the reverend functionary, whilst one knowing fellow, a philosopher, who looks “ before ” as well as “ after,” gives as his name some facetious epithet, which so tickles the fancy of his brethren, that for some time the service, such as it is, cannot proceed ; and at last the party growing tired, or perhaps other reflections beginning to work even at this late period, declare they are “ married enough,”

and are about to make a summary departure. The parson's suavity now disappears; with a volley of oaths, which the sailors return with interest, he demands his fees; and, after much squabbling, is paid at the rate of from two or three to five or six shillings per couple for himself and clerk, according to the generosity or wealth of the parties; the parson finishing the whole affair by entering the particulars of the case in a dirty memorandum-book, with the addition "went away in haste, but married." Such is a brief sketch of the practices prevailing in the Fleet, as they were witnessed daily, in effect, by our ancestors a century ago.\*

Up to 1753, when the Bill passed which annihilated Fleet marriages, and substantially settled the law as it now is, marriage in England was regulated by the common law, which enjoined a religious and public form for the solemnization, but tolerated more private modes; in one sense, indeed, it recognised any mode, for the marriage once performed, no matter in what manner, was held sacred and indissoluble, although the parties aiding and abetting might be punished by the ecclesiastical authorities. One of the earliest clergymen who commenced marrying on a large scale, without licence or the publication of banns, appears to have been Adam Elliott, Rector of St. James, Duke's Place, who acted upon the claim for exemption from ecclesiastical jurisdiction put forth by the City with regard to the two churches of St. James, Duke's Place, and Trinity, Minories. In the parish register of the former, we find 40,000 entries of marriages between the years 1664 and 1691! On some days between thirty and forty couple have been married. This mine of wealth, which the ingenious rector had discovered, was not permitted to be worked freely; he was suspended by the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes, but allowed, on his petition, to return to his vocation after some delay. During his suspension, there appears every reason to suppose the Fleet marriages began, for about that period commence the Fleet Registers. These are the original books in which many of the Fleet parsons entered the marriages they performed, and which, after passing through various hands, among others of those who made a business of advertising them as open to the search of parties interested, and which were considered so valuable as to be frequently a special subject of bequest, were purchased by the Government in 1821. The immediate origin of the Fleet marriages appears to have been as follows: A set of imprudent, extravagant, or vicious clergymen, confined in the Fleet for debt, and therefore in no condition to be deterred by the penalty of 100*l.* inflicted by the law on clergymen convicted of solemnizing clandestine marriages, tempted also by the opening made through Elliott's suspension, conceived the brilliant idea of making a kind of marriage-shops, open at all times, of their rooms in the prison, and most probably under still more *liberal* arrangements than Elliott had permitted: there was but one difficulty—the suspension from ecclesiastical functions, which was pretty sure to follow—but they knew well the state of the law; their marriages would be legal even after suspension: so, casting aside every other consideration but the gain that would accrue, they commenced marrying on the easiest terms, and, as they made a point of proclaiming, without hindrance of business or the knowledge of friends. Their marriages soon became highly popular among certain classes of the com-

\* See Burn's 'Fleet Registers:' a work to the author of which we must express our great obligations.

munity, and a fearful nuisance to others. By the beginning of the eighteenth century we find the parsons here carrying on an immense trade. In 1705, on the petition of a Mr. Ashton, complaining of divers ill practices in the Fleet, a committee examined into the subject of the famous marriages, and reported the existence of many gross abuses in the Fleet, under the sanction of the Warden. From this time some little check appears to have been placed on the latter, but, on the whole, the evils went on steadily increasing up to the period of their sudden abolition. And the nature and extent of these evils would not now be believed, but for the decisive and manifold evidence furnished by those most interesting documents the registers before referred to. Two or three hundred of the registers are large books, but the remainder, a thousand or more in number, are mere pocket-books, which the parsons or their clerks were accustomed to carry about with them to their places of business: in these they entered the particulars of the marriages immediately after the ceremony, and subsequently transcribed them, if paid to do so, into the larger registers; an arrangement that by no means prevented them from taking handsome sums for not making such additional entry when parties expressed a desire to have their marriage as secret as possible. If anything unusual occurred at a wedding, a note seems to have been commonly appended; and these notes form the most valuable and complete illustration we could desire of the system. We begin with a few extracts of a somewhat irregular nature, which may be as well dismissed first:—

“1740. Geo. Grant and Ann Gordon, bachelor and spinster: stole my clothes-brush.” In the account of another marriage we find recorded, “Stole a silver spoon.”

A wedding at which “the woman ran across Ludgate Hill in her shift,” in pursuance of a vulgar error that a man was not liable to the debts of his wife, if he married her in this dress.

“1 Oct. 1747. John Ferren, gent., sen., of St. Andrew’s, Holborn, br., and Deborah Nolan, ditto, spr. The supposed John Ferren was discovered after the ceremony were over to be in person a woman.” This trick was frequently played, sometimes we presume as a joke, sometimes perhaps to endeavour to obtain the advantages before pointed out, of being supposed married in case of debt, without the danger or extreme degradation of a connexion with the low fellows who “married in common.”

“Married at a barber’s shop next Wilson’s, viz.: one Kerrils, for half a guinea, after which it was extorted out of my pocket, and for fear of my life delivered.”

“Thomas Monk Sawyer and Margaret Lawson pawned to Mr. Lilley a handkerchief and silver buttons for 2s.;” to help to pay the fee, no doubt. Another couple leave a “ring.”

“Nov. 21, 1742. Akerman, Richard, turner, of Christ Church, batr., to Lydia Collet, (brought by) Mrs. Crooks. N.B. They behaved very vilely, and attempted to run away with Mrs. Crooks’ gold ring;” lent probably for the ceremony.

“1744. Aug. 20. John Newsam, labourer, of St. James, Westr., and Ann Laycock, do., widr. and widr. They run away with the Scertifycate, and left a point of wine to pay for; they are a vile sort of people, and I will remember them of their vile usage for a achample for the same.”

At a certain marriage “had a noise for four hours about the money;” another was, it appears, a “Mar<sup>e</sup>. upon Tick;” whilst at a third “A coachman came and was half married, and would give but 3s. 6d., and went off.”

We have before referred to the frauds continually practised with regard to certificates; the following extracts will place this matter in the clearest light:—“Nov. 5, 1742. Jn<sup>o</sup>. Ellis and Jane Davis, she being dead, left a house in the Market Place, Aylesbury, Two Flower Pots at the door. Wanted by y<sup>e</sup> Soror and wax work\* *à sham* C. of y<sup>e</sup> nuptials, Oct. 7, 1739.” And no doubt what was wanted was given; for whenever parties, from being unable to pay for indulgences, or from the parson being in a fit of repentance, are refused, it is beautiful to see the indignation which overflows in the comment on the circumstance. Here no result is stated, and therefore we may give a shrewd guess as to its nature. Another kind of application, which is of continual occurrence, is illustrated in the following: the cause of the application will be sufficiently clear; indeed, generally the matter is set down in terms too plain for our pages:—“November 5, 1742, was married Benjamin Richards, of the parish of St. Martin’s in the Fields, b<sup>t</sup>., and Judith Lance, do., spin., at the Bull and Garter, and gave g & † for an *ante-date* to March the 11th in the same year, which Lilley complied with and put ’em in his book accordingly, *there being a vacancy in the book suitable to the time.*” These last few significant words show even more strikingly than the numerous entries of similar cases, to what an extent the ante-dating of certificates was carried in Fleet weddings. As a fitting appendix to this part of the subject, it may be observed that even the Fleet parsons had their gradations of assurance and rascality; in the lowest deep there was still a lower. On the trial of John Miller for bigamy, it was sworn by one of the witnesses that anybody might have a certificate at a certain house for half-a-crown, without any ceremony of marriage whatever, and have their names entered in the book for as long time past as they pleased.

Another species of accommodation was that of secrecy, obtained in various ways, but chiefly by allowing parties to be married merely by their Christian names, or by names evidently fictitious:—“Sep. y<sup>e</sup> 11th, 1745. Edw<sup>d</sup>. ——— and Elizabeth ——— were married, and would not let me know their names; the man said he was a weaver, and lived in Bandyleg Walk, in the Borough.” Again: “March y<sup>e</sup> 4th, 1740. William ——— and Sarah ———, he dressed in a gold waistcoat like an officer, she a beautiful young lady, with 2 fine diamond rings, and a black high crown hat, and very well dressed—at Boyce’s.” But there was a right and a wrong way, according to Fleet morality, of obtaining secrecy: the right being to acknowledge the desire for it, and pay accordingly; the wrong, to omit these important conditions. This consideration is evidently the moving influence in the following case, although coloured over by some virtuous indignation and pretence of injured innocence:—“June 26, 1744. Nathaniel Gilbert, gent., of St. Andrew’s, Holborn, and Mary Lupton—at Oddy’s. N.B. There was 5 or 6 in company; one amongst seem’d to me by his dress and behaviour to be an Irishman. He pretended to be some grand officer in the

\* What “Soror and wax work” may mean we confess we are quite unable to divine. Probably the first word may be a contraction of survivor; but the general sense of the passage is evident enough.

† Private marks for the sum,

army. He y<sup>e</sup> said Irish gent. told me, before I saw the woman that was to be married, y<sup>t</sup> it was a poor girl a going to be married to a common soldier; but when I came to marry them I found myself imposed upon; and having a mistrust of some Irish roguery, I took upon me to ask what y<sup>e</sup> gentleman's name was, his age, &c., and likewise the lady's name and age. Answer was made me—What was that to me? D—n me! if I did not immediately marry them he would use me ill. In short, apprehending it to be a conspiracy, I found myself obliged to marry them in *terrorem*.” But the malicious rascal has his revenge: the notice concludes with the words, “*N.B. Some material part was omitted.*”

In other particulars respecting the performance of the ceremony, the Fleet gentry seem to have made it equally their rule, when paid for it, to suit the tastes and wishes of their customers. In one case the parties are married abroad, but registered here; in another, the lady being sick in bed, the marriage is performed in her chamber; in a third, the parties are married twice, the first time by “proxy,” for which they paid “ten and sixpence per total;” and in a fourth, a curious case, a Mrs. Hussey, a Quakeress, who “could not comply with the ceremonies of our church,” was “personated by Beck Mitchell;” whilst at the marriage of John Figg and Rebecca Woodward, in 1743, these men, to satisfy perhaps some religious scruple of the lady, dared, with their hands steeped in infamy, to administer the *sacrament*.

A class of marriages frequently performed here were the parish weddings, as they are called in the Register. “On Saturday last,” says the ‘Daily Post’ of July 4, 1741, “the Churchwardens for a certain parish in the City, in order to remove a load from their own shoulders, gave 40*s.*, and paid the expense of a Fleet marriage, to a miserable blind youth, known by the name of Ambrose Tully, who plays on the violin in Moorfields, in order to make a settlement on the wife and future family in Shoreditch parish. To secure their point they sent a parish officer to see the ceremony performed. One cannot but admire the ungenerous proceedings of this City parish, as well as their unjustifiable abetting and encouraging an irregularity so much and so justly complained of as these Fleet matches. Invited and uninvited, were a great number of poor wretches, in order to spend the bride's future fortune.” But the Overseers only followed the example set them by greater men, the Justices, who were accustomed, when certain cases came before them, to send the parties to be married off hand at the Fleet: the unwilling swain consenting rather than go to prison.

Perhaps the most painfully interesting cases are those of which the Registers furnish the fewest examples; not certainly for their unfrequency, but that they were attended by more than ordinary danger of the cognizance of the law, and were therefore, no doubt, generally omitted or stated in a way that could tell nothing to the uninitiated reader. We allude to the cases of abduction of heiresses and other young ladies of rank or respectability by sharpers, who found the Fleet a wonderful auxiliary to their operations: a moment of hesitation, and the thing was done. We have extracted in a former page the entry of the marriage of a gentleman “in a gold waistcoat like an officer” with “a beautiful young lady,” who were married without declaring their surnames: added to that notice are a few words, which, in all probability, indicate a world of misery: “*N.B.—There was 4 or 5 young Irish fellows seemed to me, after the marriage was over, to have deluded the young wo-*

man." The reader will admire the parson's cautious phraseology as regards himself. In other cases there could not even be a pretence of acquiescence alleged on the part of the lady: sheer brute force was resorted to. Such a case is that mentioned in a newspaper of 1719: "One Mrs. Ann Leigh, an heiress of 200*l.* per annum, and 6000*l.* ready cash, having been decoyed away from her friends in Buckinghamshire, and married at the Fleet Chapel against her consent, we hear that the Lord-Chief-Justice Pratt hath issued out his warrant for apprehending the authors of this contrivance, who have used the young lady so barbarously that she now lies speechless."\* But the worthies of the Fleet did not always content themselves with being merely the agents of the villainy of others; occasionally they got up some profitable affairs of their own. The merit of the following scheme seems to have belonged solely to one of that indefatigable body the plyers:—"On Tuesday, one Oates, a plyer for and clerk to the weddings at the 'Bull and Garter,' by the Fleet gate, was bound over to appear at the next sessions for hiring one John Fennell, a poor boy (for half-a-guinea) that sells fruit on Fleet Bridge, to personate one John Todd, and to marry a woman in his name, which he accordingly did; and, the better to accomplish this piece of villainy, the said Oates provided a blind parson for that purpose."† Whether John Todd or the lady was to be the victim of this ingenious arrangement does not appear very clear; but we may be sure the plyer knew what he was about when he laid out half-a-guinea in the affair. A more dashing and brilliant exploit is described in an interesting letter in the same newspaper of a later year, written by a lady, who having observed that a relation of hers had already fallen a victim to some of the villainous practices of the Fleet, proceeds to point out the adventure of a lady of her acquaintance. She "had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the old Playhouse in Drury Lane; but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach for the City. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it and jumps in after her. 'Madam,' says he, 'this coach was called for me, but since the weather is so bad, and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company: I am going into the City, and will set you down wherever you please.' The lady begged to be excused; but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. Deluded with the assurance of having his sister's company, the poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow in a black coat and black wig appeared. 'Madam, you are come in good time, the Doctor was just a going.' 'The Doctor!' says she, horribly frightened, fearing it was a madhouse, 'what has the Doctor to do with me?' To marry you to that gentleman: the Doctor has waited for you three hours, *and will be payed by you* or that gentleman before you go.' 'That gentleman,' says she, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine,' and begged hard to be gone. But Doctor Wryneck swore she should be married, or, if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage for that night. The lady, finding she could not

\* Original Weekly Journal, Sept. 26, 1719.

† Grub-Street Journal, Sept. 1732.

escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, 'which,' says she, 'was my mother's gift on her death-bed, enjoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring.' By which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black Doctor and his tawny crew." The cunning, however, might have been spared; the knaves had obtained, no doubt, the kind of success they alone anticipated. Inferior spirits must have looked upon these exploits with envy, and have half grown ashamed of their own little trick of putting back the clocks after the regular hour when a passing sailor and his companion looked more than usually hymeneally inclined, and other manœuvres of the like kind.

From the preceding statement the general character and habits of the clergy of the Fleet will appear in tolerably vivid colours; an immense amount of additional evidence might be adduced to the same effect, showing them before the magistrates, convicted of swearing, of selling liquors, or for some of the drunken practices already described; here we find one marrying in his night-gown, there another hiccupping out the words of the service, while a third ekes out a scanty living by mendicancy: but sufficient has been given to show the operation of the general system, and we, therefore, close our view of the worst evils existing up to the middle of the last century, with a brief notice of some of the individuals who stood out most conspicuously among the actors. Dr. Gaynam, or Gainham, who is said to have been the gentleman emphatically denominated the Bishop of Hell, married here from about 1709 to 1740. He seems to have been proud of his learning, and not at all uneasy as to his vocation; for when, on a trial for bigamy, he was asked if he was not ashamed to come and own a clandestine marriage in the face of a court of justice, he answered, with a polite bow, "*Video meliora, deteriora sequor.*" The extent of his business is vaguely shown in a remark he made on another and similar trial, when it was observed that it was strange he could not remember the prisoners, whom he professed to have married. "Can I remember persons?" was the reply—"I have married 2000 since that time." Next in reputation to him, but after the Doctor's death, was Edward Ashwell, who died within the Rules of the Fleet in 1746, a "notorious rogue and impostor," and an audacious villain, who was really not in orders, but who preached when he could get a pulpit: such at least is the character given him in a letter in the Lansdowne MSS. William Wyatt appears to have practised here from 1713 to 1750. His is a curious case. In one of his pocket-book Registers, under the date 1736, we have the following memoranda of a kind of conversational argument between Mr. Wyatt's conscience and interests:—"Give to every man his due, and learn the way of Truth," says Conscience. Reply: "This advice cannot be taken by those that are concerned in the Fleet Marriages; not so much as y<sup>e</sup> priest can do y<sup>e</sup> thing y<sup>t</sup> is just and right there, unless he designs to starve. For, by lying, bullying, and swearing, to extort money from the silly and unwary people, you advance your business and gets y<sup>e</sup> pelf, which always wastes like snow in sun-shiny day." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," continues Conscience; "the marrying in the Fleet is the beginning of eternal woe." There is no denying the truth of the remark; on the contrary, Conscience's antagonist, giving up the contest, despondingly acknowledges—"If a clerk or plyer tells a lie, you must vouch it

to be as true as the Gospel; and, if disputed, you must affirm, with an oath, to y<sup>e</sup> truth of a downright d— falsehood.” Then, after a scrap of Latin, the whole ends with the prayer—“May God forgive me what is past, and give me grace to forsake such a wicked place, where truth and virtue can’t take place unless you are resolved to starve.” The commentary on this is the fact that business went on so prosperously that, in 1748, we find poor conscience-stricken Wyatt receiving his 57*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* for a single month’s marriages, merely, no doubt, to keep him from “starving;” and that, in the same year, he set up an opposition chapel in May Fair, in the very teeth of the great man of the place, Keith. Among other parsons of the Fleet who may be summarily passed over are, William Dare, who married from 150 to 200 couple per month, and kept a curate to assist him; John Floud, who married not only at the Fleet, but also at the King’s Bench, and the Mint, in Southwark; James Lando, whose advertisement we transcribed verbatim in the commencement of our paper; Shadwell, a blind parson; and a host of others. But the greatest is yet behind; this was the far-famed Alexander Keith, the man who, in a published pamphlet against the Act of 1753, could say with some truth, “If the present Act, in the form it now stands, should (which I deem impossible) be of service to my country, I shall then have the satisfaction of having been *the occasion of it*, because the compilers thereof have done it with a pure design of suppressing my chapel, which makes me the most celebrated man in this kingdom, though,” he adds, with delightful modesty, “not the greatest.” His principal place was in May Fair, where a chapel had been built about 1730, and himself chosen to officiate; and where he added a new feature to the old system of Fleet Marriages, that of making clandestine marriages fashionable.\* He was excommunicated in 1742, and committed to the Fleet in the following year, where, like other great men, he made his very misfortunes, as he, of course, deemed them, redound to his wealth and fame. He opened a little chapel in the Fleet, and commenced a thriving trade there, in addition to his May Fair business, which he kept going on without interruption through the agency of curates. Not the less, however, did he esteem himself a martyr to the cause. His wife died whilst he was in the Fleet, and he had her embalmed, and placed in a kind of funereal state, at an apothecary’s in South Audley-street, in order, as he informed the public, to keep her till he could attend the funeral. Previously, also, one of his sons died here, and the corpse was carried on a bier by two men from the prison to Covent-garden, the procession stopping continually on the way, to enable the public to read the inscription on the coffin, “which referred to the father’s persecution.” We may add, that Keith himself died in the Fleet in 1758.

Of course, the state of things indicated in the foregoing pages did not escape all notice of the Legislature, or of the ecclesiastical authorities. The latter occasionally suspended a parson or two, and the former passed Acts equally inefficient in practice. Among these may be mentioned the Act of 1712, which ordered offenders to be removed to the County Gaol; and which, if energetically carried out, must, one would suppose, have been effectual. But no substantial remedy was made or thought of, apparently, till the growth of that feature of the system already alluded to, its becoming fashionable, alarmed the heads of the

\* See ‘Strawberry Hill,’ vol. iii., p. 110.

aristocracy for the safety of their own sons and daughters. And in 1744 the marriage of the Hon. Henry Fox with the daughter of the Duke of Richmond\* excited a great deal of comment, and a sweeping alteration of the law was talked of. But the immediate cause of the famous Marriage Bill is said, by Horace Walpole, to have been a case which came before Lord Bath, in a Scotch cause, where a man, after a marriage of thirty years, was claimed by another woman, on the ground of a (clandestine) pre-contract. But however that may be, the bill, as it was sent down to Parliament, became a complete battle-ground for party, and gave rise to some of the most curious and interesting of parliamentary debates.

In a letter from Walpole to the Honourable Henry Seymour Conway, dated Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1753, that most delightful of gossipers writes:—“It is well you are married. How would my Lady Aylesbury† have liked to be asked in a parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn the weeds for ever, rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony. What do *you* think? But you will want to know the interpretation of this new preamble. Why, there is a new bill, which, under the notion of Clandestine Marriages, has made such a general rummage and reform in the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe, every dowager and H——, will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented this bill, but had drawn it so ill that the Chancellor (Hardwicke) was forced to draw a new one; and then grew so fond of his own creature, that he has crammed it down the throats of both Houses, though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it.” In his ‘Memoirs of the Reign of George II.,’ Walpole has given a complete history of the progress of this bill, including his own views upon it. It may be interesting at the present day to see what could make such a man so determined an opponent of a bill which in its chief features, as regards the prevention of clandestine marriages, is not only still in force, but so completely acquiesced in as to be unquestioned.

“It was amazing,” he says, “in a country where liberty gives choice, where trade and money confer equality, and where facility of marriage had always produced populousness—it was amazing to see a law promulgated that cramped inclination, that discountenanced matrimony, and that seemed to annex as sacred privileges to birth as could be devised in the proudest, poorest little Italian principality; and as if the artificer had been a Teutonic Margrave, not a little lawyer who had raised himself by his industry from the very lees of the people, and who had matched his own blood with the great house of Kent.‡ The abuse of pre-contracts had occasioned the demand of a remedy; the physician immediately prescribes medicines for every ailment to which the ceremony of marriage was or could be supposed liable. Publication of banns was already an established ordinance, but totally in disuse except amongst the inferior people, who did not blush to obey the law. Persons of quality, who proclaimed every other

\* The eminent statesman Charles James Fox was the offspring of this marriage.

† Conway had married the widow of the Earl of Aylesbury.

‡ It seems Walpole could be as slanderous as anybody when he pleased. Lord Hardwicke’s father was an attorney; yet it is certainly the Chancellor to whom he refers, whose son married the daughter of the Earl of Breadalbane, the last representative of the “great house of Kent.”

step of their conjugation by the most public parade, were ashamed to have the intention of it notified, and were constantly married by special licence. Unsuitable matches, in a country where the passions are not impetuous, and where it is neither easy nor customary to tyrannize over the inclinations of children, were by no means frequent: the most disproportioned alliances, those contracted by age, by dowagers, were without the scope of this Bill. Yet the new Act set out with a falsehood, declaiming against clandestine marriages as if they had been a frequent evil. The greatest abuse were the temporary weddings clapped up in the Fleet, [we began to think the historian had altogether forgotten these,] and by one Keith, who had constructed a very bishopric for revenue in May Fair, by performing that charitable function for a trifling sum, which the poor successors of the Apostles are seldom humble enough to perform out of duty. The new Bill enjoined indispensable publication of banns, yet took away their validity, if parents, nay, if even guardians, signified their dissent where the parties should be under age—a very novel power; but guardians are a limb of Chancery! The Archbishop's (of Canterbury) licence was indeed reserved to him. A more arbitrary spirit was still behind: persons solemnizing marriages without these previous steps were sentenced to transportation, and the marriage was to be effectually null, so close did congenial law clip the wings of the prostrate priesthood. And as if such rigour did not sufficiently describe its fountain and its destination, it was expressly specified, that where a mother or a guardian should be *non compos*, resort might be had to the Chancellor himself for licence. Contracts and pre-contracts, other flowers of ecclesiastical prerogative, were to be totally invalid, and their obligations abolished: and the gentle institution was wound up with the penalty of death for all forgeries in breach of this statute of modern Draco." No consideration of the character and abilities of the writer can prevent one now from smiling at the absurdity of all these invectives against a Bill evidently admirably adapted for curing the evils we have endeavoured to point out, or from feeling something akin to indignation at the gross injustice shown to its author, the great Chancellor Hardwicke, whose very merit, that of probing the mischief to the bottom, and providing a suitable remedy, is here made his crime. But in the House of Commons some of the most distinguished members did not hesitate to give utterance to even wilder opinions upon the necessity or consequence of the measure. "I must look upon this Bill," said Mr. Charles Townshend, "as one of the most cruel enterprises against the fair sex that ever entered into the heart of man; and if I were concerned in promoting it, I should expect to have my eyes torn out by the young women of the first country town I passed through: for against such an enemy I could not surely hope for the protection of the gentlemen of our army." A Captain Saunders gave as his reason for voting against the Bill the case of sailors; which he illustrated by remarking that he had once given forty of his crew leave to go on shore, and the whole returned married! And not sailors only, it was carefully pointed out, would be hindered in their endeavours to obtain the comforts of wedlock, but the whole tribe of sailors, soldiers, waggons, stage-coachmen, pedlars, &c. &c. Mr. Robert Nugent, who spoke with great energy, humour, and some little indecency, observed, "It is certain that proclamation of banns and a public marriage is against the genius and nature

of our people;" and that "it shocks the modesty of a young girl to have it proclaimed through the parish that she is going to be married; and a young fellow does not like to be exposed so long beforehand to the jeers of all his companions." Now there is so much force in this complaint, that the proposed Bill, by admitting of marriage by licence, to be obtained only at a considerable expense, did expose the poor, *and the poor only*, to whatever unpleasantness might be attached to banns: and we need not add that this inequality remains to the present day. One of the objections that the promoters of the Bill seem to have most dreaded was the prevalent belief in the sanctity of the marriage vow, no matter under what circumstances, legal or otherwise, it had been taken, and this plea was made some use of. Another objection was, that the Bill would increase the facilities for seduction, by giving the seducer an ever-ready excuse of the danger that might accrue to him from an immediate marriage; and certainly there is something in the objection. But the grand mischief that was pointed out was the aristocratic tendency of the whole measure. It was looked on by the opposition generally as initiated by and brought in for the especial benefit of the titled classes, enabling them to close their order, almost hermetically, against the approaches of any less privileged persons as wooers of their children—a kind of new game-law to prevent poaching on their preserves. "I may prophesy," says Mr. Nugent, "that if the Bill passes into a law, no commoner will ever marry a rich heiress unless his father be a minister of state, nor will a peer's eldest son marry the daughter of a commoner unless she be a rich heiress." And what was all this about? Simply because the law obliged both the rich heiress and the peer's son to wait till they were of age, when they might, as before, marry whomsoever they pleased! Upon the whole, the discussions on the Marriage Bill seem to us one of the most striking cases on record of the blinding and mischievous effects of party spirit.

Among the opponents in the House of Commons we must not forget to mention the Right Hon. Henry Fox, a member of the Government, and the same gentleman we have before mentioned as availing himself of the Fleet accommodations. His conduct on the present occasion made him so popular, that the mob took the horses from his carriage as he passed to and from the House, and drew it themselves. In the common sense of the term, it could hardly be said to have been party spirit that made him so inveterate; but his speeches furnish the explanation. In the debates he attacked the Chancellor personally, under a thin veil, with the greatest virulence. Some kind of intimation, it is probable, was given him from a very high quarter, that his remarks had given offence; a circumstance that will explain his half apology on the third reading, and the otherwise mysterious allusions in the Chancellor's terrible retaliation. Walpole thus describes the third reading:—"June 4th. The Marriage Bill was read for the last time. Mr. Charles Townshend again opposed it with as much argument as before with wit. Mr. Fox, with still more wit, ridiculed it for an hour and a half. Notwithstanding the Chancellor's obstinacy in maintaining it, and the care he had bestowed upon it, it was still so incorrect and so rigorous that its very body-guards (the Solicitor and Attorney Generals) had been forced to make or to submit to many amendments: these were inserted in Mr. Fox's copy in red ink: the Solicitor-General, who sat near him as he was speaking, said, 'How

bloody it looks!' Fox took this with spirit, and said, 'Yes, but you cannot say I did it: *look what a rent the learned Casca made* (this alluded to the Attorney); *'through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed'*—Mr. Pelham. However, he finished with earnest declarations 'of not having designed to abuse the Chancellor,' and affirming that it was scandalous to pass the bill; but it was passed by 125 votes to 56. On the 6th the bill returned to the Lords, where, after some ineffectual opposition, the Chancellor rose, and after referring to the proper character of the opposition in that House, said, what 'he had to complain of had passed without those walls, and in another place. That as to the young man (Charles Townshend), youth and parts require beauty and riches, flesh and blood inspire such thoughts, and therefore he excused him; but men of riper years and graver, had opposed; that the first (the Speaker) was a good, well-meaning man, but had been abused by words; that another (Fox), dark, gloomy, insidious genius, who was an engine of personality and faction, had been making connexions, and trying to form a party, but his designs had been seen through and defeated. That in this country you must govern by force or law; it was easy to know that person's principles, which were, to govern by arbitrary force. That the King speaks through the Seals, and is represented by the Chancellor and the Judges in the courts, where the majesty of the King resides; that such attacks on the Chancellor and the law were flying in the face of the King; that this behaviour was not liked; that it had been taken up with dignity, and that the incendiary had been properly reprov'd; that this was not the way to popularity or favour, and that he could take upon him to say that person knows so by this time; a beam of light had broken in upon him; [in allusion to Fox's late disclaimer;] but, concluded he, I despise his servility as much as his adulation and retraction.' This philippic over, the bill passed.\* Fox was in Vauxhall Gardens when the particulars of the attack, and the half-hinted threat that he would be turned out of the ministry, reached him; he regretted to those around him that, on account of the close of the Session on the morrow, he could not answer it in a fitting manner.

Out of doors the merits or demerits of the bill had been no less hotly debated. It is tolerably evident the great majority were decidedly opposed to the measure; they had, we presume, become so accustomed to the conveniences of the Fleet, as to have tacitly agreed to overlook its numerous evils. Hand-bills were distributed about the streets both for and against it, and among the pamphleteers who took up the cudgels was Keith himself, who published 'Observations on the Act for preventing Clandestine Marriages,' with a portrait of "the Rev. Mr. Keith, D.D.," prefixed. The whole of his philosophy on the subject of Marriage is in admirable harmony with his life, and may be thus summed up in his own words—"Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing, is an old proverb and a very true one, but we shall have no occasion for it after the 25th day of March, when we are commanded to read it backwards; and from that period (fatal indeed to Old England!) we must date the declension of the numbers of the inhabitants of England." As we have seen, however, not even Keith's eloquence prevailed; and he was obliged to content himself with the consolations of his wit, and the independency which he was accumulating during the interval. "I shall

\* Walpole.

only tell you a *bon-mot* of Keith's, the marriage-broker," says Walpole in a letter to George Montague, Esq., "and conclude. D—— the Bishops! said he (I beg Miss Montague's pardon), so they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and by G—— I'll underbury them all." With regard to the other matter, his independency, we find in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1753, the following paragraph:—"By letters from divers parts we have advice that the reading of the Marriage Act in churches has produced a wonderful effect in the minds of the fair sex. We have been furnished with a catalogue of marriages, of an almost incredible length, and it may not be improper to inform the public that Mr. Keith (against whom the bill was levelled for illegal marriages) is at length so far reconciled to this new law as to confess it a most happy event for supplying him with an independency in a few months; having, in one day, from eight in the morning till eight at night, married 173 couple." The last day of this pleasant state of things was the 24th of March, when nearly 100 couple were married by Keith; and in one of the Fleet registers we find, under the same date, no less than 217 marriages: a fitting conclusion of the Fleet Weddings.



[Right Hon. Henry Fox.]



[Exterior View of the Abbey.]

## LXXX.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

### No. I.—GENERAL HISTORY.

PERHAPS the highest development of art is that which, in its effect on the mind, approaches the nearest to the sublimities of nature. The emotions, for instance, raised on seeing for the first time the sea, that broad expanse of waters which the skies alone seem large enough to encompass, or in gazing once in a lifetime on the hills of the Alps, towering upwards till they are lost in the clouds, and connecting, to the eye of imagination, earth with heaven, are evidently kindred in their nature to the impressions produced on walking under similar novelty of circumstance through the long-drawn aisles of a great cathedral: we have the same sense of wonder, admiration, and awe; the same elevation of spirit above the ordinary level; and the same consciousness how still inadequate are our powers to measure the spiritual heights and depths of the mysterious grandeur before us. And in whatever shape art delights to manifest itself, whether in the poem, the picture, or the oratorio, its loftiest creations may be always tested by the presence and intensity of this power; but to architecture alone is it given to exercise it with almost universal sway. In poetry, painting, and not unfrequently in music, the perception of true sublimity is perhaps, to all but highly instructed minds, the last mental operation of the reader, spectator, or listener; in architecture it is the first. It were absurd to place Prometheus or Lear—the Cartoons or the paintings of the Sistine Chapel—before an uneducated rustic, or, except in peculiar cases, to endeavour to make him appreciate suddenly the music of the Messiah; but take the same man, with no other idea of an abbey than as a something vastly bigger than his own parish church, and place him in the edifice before us, dark indeed must be his soul if, as he looks around, a divine ray does not enter into it; if he feels not, in however imperfect and transitory a manner, the influence of the sublime.

The early history of all these structures bears a strangely harmonious relation to their aspect. What we now look upon almost as miracles of human genius were in the days of their foundation really esteemed as works in or connected with which a higher than human agency was visible; and it is for that very reason perhaps that so little of their glory was attributed to the architects, and that the names of the latter have been allowed—"willingly" for aught that appears—"to die." Their antiquity, again, is so great as to take us back into the period when the boundaries of history and fable were but as yet very imperfectly understood by our historians; although the admitted facts of the former might well have been sufficient to save them from any such additions. The cathedrals of England are the great landmarks of the progress in this country of the grandest scheme of regeneration ever revealed to man; almost every step of which they illustrate. In Canterbury Cathedral you tread upon the foundations of what is maintained by some to be the first Christian church ever erected in this country, whilst the Cathedral itself dates from the time of Augustine, who may be said to have really established Christianity among us; in Worcester you behold the memorial of the extension of the new religion into another of the great kingdoms of the Heptarchy, Mercia, and its reception by the Kings; whilst in Westminster you are reminded of the activity of Dunstan and the period when the different and contentious kingdoms had all been consolidated into one, acknowledging generally the Christian faith.

From the tangled web of fact and fiction which our records of the foundation of Westminster Abbey present, it is hopeless to attempt to learn the simple truth. Sporley, a monk of the Abbey, who lived about 1450, describes it as erected at the period when King Lucius is said to have embraced Christianity, about the year 184. He adds that, in the persecution of the Christians in Britain during the reign of the Roman Emperor Dioclesian (about the beginning of the fourth century), the Church was converted into a Temple of Apollo. But John Flete, the monk of the same Abbey of a much earlier date, from whom Sporley is understood to have derived his materials, seems, in the following passage, to refer the erection of the Temple of Apollo to a later era, to the fifth or, perhaps, the sixth century, when the Saxons poured in their hordes upon the devoted islanders. He says, "The British religion and justice decaying sensibly, there landed in all parts of Britain a prodigious number of Pagan Saxons and Angles, who at length overspreading the whole island, and becoming masters of it, they, according to the custom of their country, erected to their idols fane and altars in several parts of the land, and, overthrowing the Christian churches, drove them from their worship and spread their Pagan rites all around the country. Thus was restored the old abomination wherever the Britons were expelled their place; London worships Diana, and the suburbs of Thorney offer incense to Apollo." Wren, during the rebuilding of St. Paul's, took great pains to investigate the truth of the story as respects that edifice, and ended in being very incredulous concerning both. And as to St. Paul's, his argument, no doubt, is sufficiently forcible, having "changed all the foundations" of the old church, and found no traces of any such temple, whilst satisfied that "the least fragment of cornice or capital would demonstrate their handiwork." But he had not the same opportunity of examining the foundations of Westminster Abbey, and most devoutly it is to be

hoped that no one ever will have, arising, as the opportunity must, from the destruction of the existing edifice. Under these circumstances Wren is hardly justified in taking it for granted that the story of Apollo and the Abbey was merely made up by the monks in rivalry to the traditions of Diana and St. Paul's. The matter is buried in obscurity, and, for any proof that appears, to this hour the foundations of the Pagan shrine may lie below those of the Christian. Flete adds to the statement given, that the temple was overthrown and the purer worship restored by Sebert, with whose name the more undoubted history may be said to commence. Yet even Sebert is so much a matter of question, that, whilst some old writers call him a citizen of London, others say—apparently with truth, from the care taken of his tomb through all the rebuildings—it was Sebert, King of the East Saxons in the beginning of the seventh century, and nephew of Ethelbert. Mellitus was then Bishop of London, and encouraged, if he did not instigate, Sebert to the pious work; which, indeed, has been attributed wholly to him. The place—a “terrible” one, as an old writer calls it—was overrun with thorns, and surrounded by a small branch of the Thames; hence the name Thorney Island. Malcolm, having one day mounted to the top of the northernmost of the two western towers, professes to have been able to trace clearly the old boundaries of the island. Here the Church, or *Minster*, was built, *West* of London, from which circumstance the Abbey and the district now derive their appellation. It was to be dedicated to St. Peter, and the preparations were already made for that august ceremony, when, according to the relation of several writers, whose fidelity we leave our readers to judge of, the Apostle himself appeared on the opposite bank of the Thames, and requested a fisherman to take him over. There he was desired to wait while St. Peter, accompanied with an innumerable host from heaven singing choral hymns, performed the ceremony of dedication to himself; the Church, meanwhile, being lighted up by a supernatural radiance. On the return of St. Peter to the astonished fisherman he quieted the latter's alarm, and announced himself in his proper character; bidding him, at the same time, go to Mellitus at daybreak to inform him of what had passed, and to state that, in corroboration of his story, the Bishop would find marks of the consecration on the walls of the edifice. To satisfy the fisherman he ordered him to cast his nets into the river, and present one of the fish he should take to Mellitus; he also told him that neither he nor his brethren should want fish so long as they presented a tenth to the Church just dedicated; and then suddenly disappeared. The fisherman threw his nets, and, as might have been expected, found a miraculous draught, consisting of the finest salmon. When Mellitus, in pursuance of the Apostle's mandate, went to examine the Church, he found marks of the extinguished tapers and of the chrism. Mellitus in consequence contented himself with the celebration of Mass. We may smile now at such a story; but there is no doubt whatever that for ages it obtained general credibility. Six centuries after a dispute took place between the convent and the parson of Rotherhithe, the former claiming a tenth of all the salmon caught in the latter's parish, on the express ground that St. Peter had given it to them; eventually a compromise was agreed to for a twentieth. Still later, or towards the close of the fourteenth century, it appears fishermen were accustomed to bring salmon to be offered on the high altar, the donor on such occasion having

the privilege of sitting at the convent table to dinner, and demanding ale and bread from the cellarer.

From the time of Sebert to that of the Confessor the history of the Abbey continues still uncertain. There are in existence certain charters which, could they be depended upon, would give us all the information we could reasonably desire. And, although the best authorities seem to think they are not to be so depended upon, yet their arguments apply rather to the property concerned than to any mere historical facts. For when these ingenious monks took the bold step of forging such important documents, supposing them to have done so, they would assuredly take care to be as precise as it was possible to the known incidents connected with the history of their house, and of course they were in possession of the best information. The first of the charters is one granted by King Edgar, 951, directing the reformation of the monastery by Dunstan, which had been previously destroyed or greatly injured by the Danes, and confirming privileges said to have been granted by King Offa, who, after the decay of the church consequent on the death of Sebert, and the partial relapse of the people into heathenism under the rule of his sons, had, says Sulcardus, restored and enlarged the church, collected a parcel of monks, and, having a great reverence for St. Peter, honoured it by depositing there the coronation robes and regalia. Another charter by Edgar, one of the most splendid of supposed Saxon MSS., among a variety of other particulars agreeing with the account we have given, ascribes Sebert's foundation to the year 604. This, and a charter by Dunstan, are preserved among the archives of the Abbey. Dunstan's charter names Alfred among the benefactors to Westminster. According to William of Malmesbury and another writer, the church having at this period been restored, Dunstan brought hither twelve (Benedictine) monks, and made one of his favourites, Wulsinus, a man whom he is said to have shorn a monk with his own hands, Abbot.

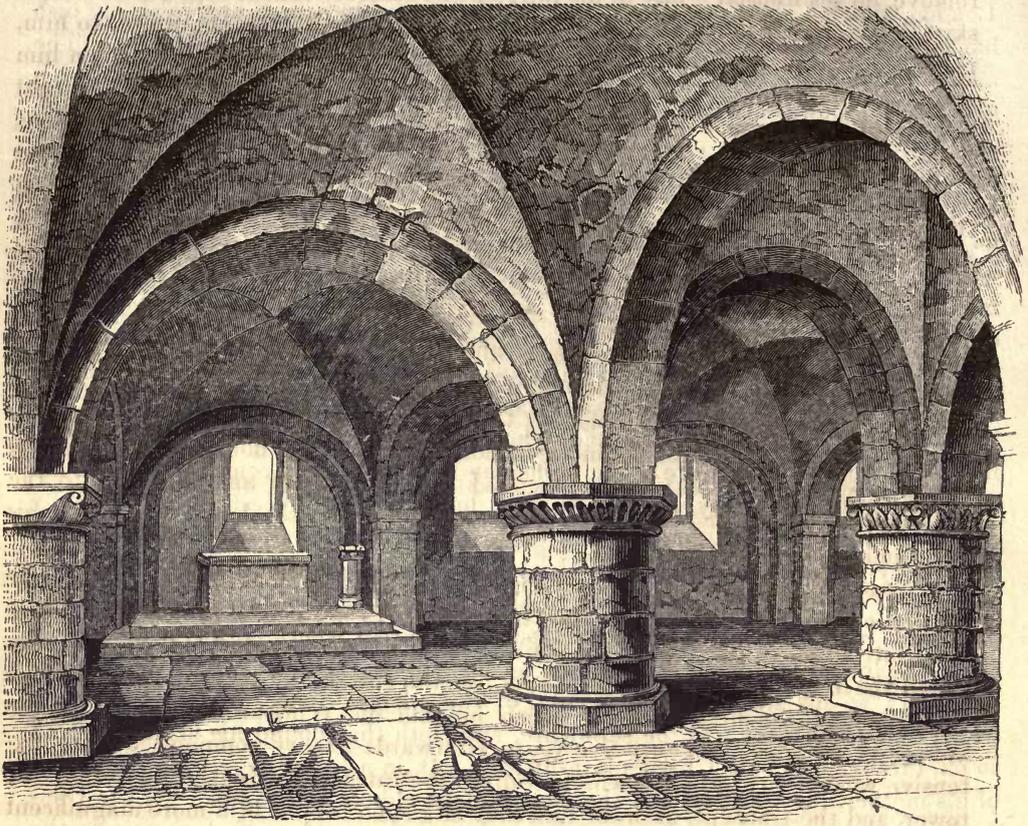
Still the Abbey-church and buildings were but small, and comparatively unworthy of the distinguished honour which St. Peter had so condescendingly conferred; and the monks no doubt pondered over the means by which a more magnificent structure might be obtained. An opportunity at last offered in the reign of the Confessor. Whilst Edward was in exile during the Danish usurpation, he vowed a pilgrimage to Rome, if God should please to restore him to his crown. He was restored; and then, mindful of his vow, assembled his principal nobility soon after his coronation, and declared his purpose. By them he was persuaded, however, to send an embassy to Rome to procure absolution from the vow. The embassy was successful; and the Pope merely enjoined that the King should spend the sums intended for his journey in the foundation or reparation of some religious house dedicated to St. Peter. It was precisely at the time these particulars got abroad that a monk of Westminster Abbey, named Wulsine, a man of great simplicity of manners and sanctity, had a remarkable dream. Whilst asleep one day, St. Peter appeared to him, to bid him acquaint the King that he should restore his (Wulsine's) church: and, with that noticeable minuteness which characterises unfortunately only those stories of our early times which we are most disposed to doubt, we have the very words of the Apostle recorded:—"There is," said he, "a place of mine in the west part of

London, which I chose, and love, and which I formerly consecrated with my own hands, honoured with my presence, and made illustrious by my miracles. The name of the place is Thorney; which, having, for the sins of the people, been given to the power of the barbarians, from rich is become poor, from stately low, and from honourable is made despicable. This let the King, by my command, restore and make a dwelling of monks, stately build, and amply endow: it shall be no less than the house of God and the gates of Heaven."\* The dream was no doubt just the thing for the credulous monarch, who might have been otherwise puzzled where to bestow his benefactions, and he immediately commenced his task in an earnest and magnificent spirit. Instead of confining himself to the expenditure enjoined, he ordered a tenth part of his property of every kind to be set apart for the new abbey; he enlarged the number of monks; a new and no doubt grander style of architecture was adopted—Matthew Paris says it was built *novo compositionis genere*; and, when the whole was finished, bestowed on it a set of relics which were alone sufficient in the eleventh century to make the fortune of any monastery, and which must have rendered Westminster the envy of most of the other religious houses of Britain. They comprised, says Dart, in his history of the Abbey, "part of the place and manger where Christ was born, and also of the frankincense offered to him by the Eastern Magi; of the table of our Lord; of the bread which he blessed; of the seat where he was presented in the Temple; of the wilderness where he fasted; of the gaol where he was imprisoned; of his undivided garment; of the sponge, lance, and scourge with which he was tortured; of the sepulchre, and cloth that bound his head;"†—and so on, through not only Christ's own history, but, in a lesser degree, through that of his mother, his apostles, and the most famous abbots and saints. Of the Confessor's building we have fortunately an interesting and perfect remain in the Pix Office and the adjoining parts against the east cloister and the south transept. As we may here perceive, the architecture is grand in its chief features, but strikingly plain in details, with the exception of the capitals, which are handsomely sculptured. The original edifice was built in the form of a cross, with a high central tower. When the work was finished, Edward designed its consecration under circumstances of unusual splendour. He summoned all his chief nobility and clergy to be present: but, before the time appointed, he fell ill on the evening of Christmas-day. By this time his heart was greatly set upon putting the seal to his goodly work in the manner he had designed; so he hastened his preparations; but on the day appointed, the Festival of the Innocents, he was unable to leave his chamber, consequently Queen Editha presided at the ceremony. He died almost immediately after, and was buried in the church.

From the death of the Confessor to the reign of Henry III. the history of the Abbey is chiefly confined to the lives and characters of its Abbots, of whom our space will allow us to mention only the most noticeable, and those briefly. Ger-vase de Blois, a natural son of King Stephen, who had well-nigh ruined the Monastery by his mal-administration, was Abbot from 1140 to 1160, and was succeeded by Laurentius, who, to a great extent, repaired the mischiefs of De

\* Translation from Ailred of Riveaulx, in Neale's 'Westminster Abbey.'

† Dart's 'Westmonasterium.'



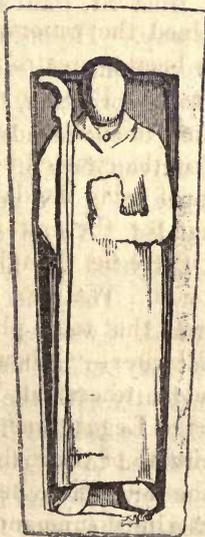
[Remains of the Confessor's Building—(Pix Office).]

Blois' abbacy, and who obtained the canonization of King Edward. He also obtained, what seems to have been a great object of ambition with the Abbots of his period, permission from the Pope to wear the mitre,\* ring, and gloves, which the bishops considered especially the insignia of their superior authority, but died before he could enjoy the coveted honour. His successor, Walter, obtained the additional privilege of using the dalmatica, tunic, and sandals, and was about to exercise his privilege for the first time in a Synod, when the Pope's Nuncio, then in the Abbey, where he thought he had not been received with sufficient respect, interdicted him. Walter's abbacy is remarkable for a curious and somewhat unseemly quarrel that took place in the Abbey, at the sitting of a Synod in 1176. Holinshed writes—"About Mid-Lent the King with his son and the Legate came to London, where, at Westminster, a Convocation of the Clergy was called; but when the Legate was set, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his right hand as Primate of the realm, the Archbishop of York, coming in, and disdaining to sit on the left, where he might seem to give pre-eminence unto the Archbishop of Canterbury (unmannerly enough, indeed), swasht him down, meaning to thrust himself in betwixt the Legate and the Archbishop of Canterbury. And when belike the said Archbishop of Canterbury was loth to

\* Which subsequently entitled the abbots to sit in parliament.

remove, he set himself\* just in his lap; but he scarcely touched the Archbishop's skirt, when the Bishops and other Chaplains, with their servants, stept to him, pulled him away, and threw him to the ground; and, beginning to lay on him with bats and fists, the Archbishop of Canterbury, yielding good for evil, sought to save him from their hands. Thus was verified in him that sage sentence, *Nunquam periclam sine periculo vincitur*. The Archbishop of York, with his rent rochet, got up, and away he went to the King with a great complaint against the Archbishop of Canterbury. But when, upon examination of the matter, the truth was known, he was well laughed at for his labour, and that was all the remedy he got. As he departed so bebuffeted forth of the Convocation-house towards the King, they cried upon him, 'Go, traitor; thou diddest betray that holy man, Thomas: go, get thee hence; thy hands yet stink of blood!' To what particular act of the Archbishop of York against his old enemy, Becket, the monks here allude, we know not; but the malignity of his feelings toward him is evident from various circumstances—among the rest, his notice of the murder. When the news reached him, he ascended the pulpit and announced it to the congregation as an act of Divine vengeance, saying Becket had perished in his guilt and pride like Pharaoh.

We now reach the reign of the King to whom we are indebted for the greater portion of the existing Cathedral, Henry III. From a boy he seems to have been interested in the place; for whilst yet but thirteen years old we find him called the Founder of the Lady Chapel (on the site of the present Henry VII.'s Chapel), and the first stone of which he laid on Whitsun Eve, 1221, in the abbacy of Humez. Twenty-five years afterwards Henry commenced more extensive works; he pulled down, according to Matthew Paris, the east end, the tower, and the transept, in order that they might be rebuilt in a more magnificent



[One of the early Abbots of Westminster, from the Cloisters.]

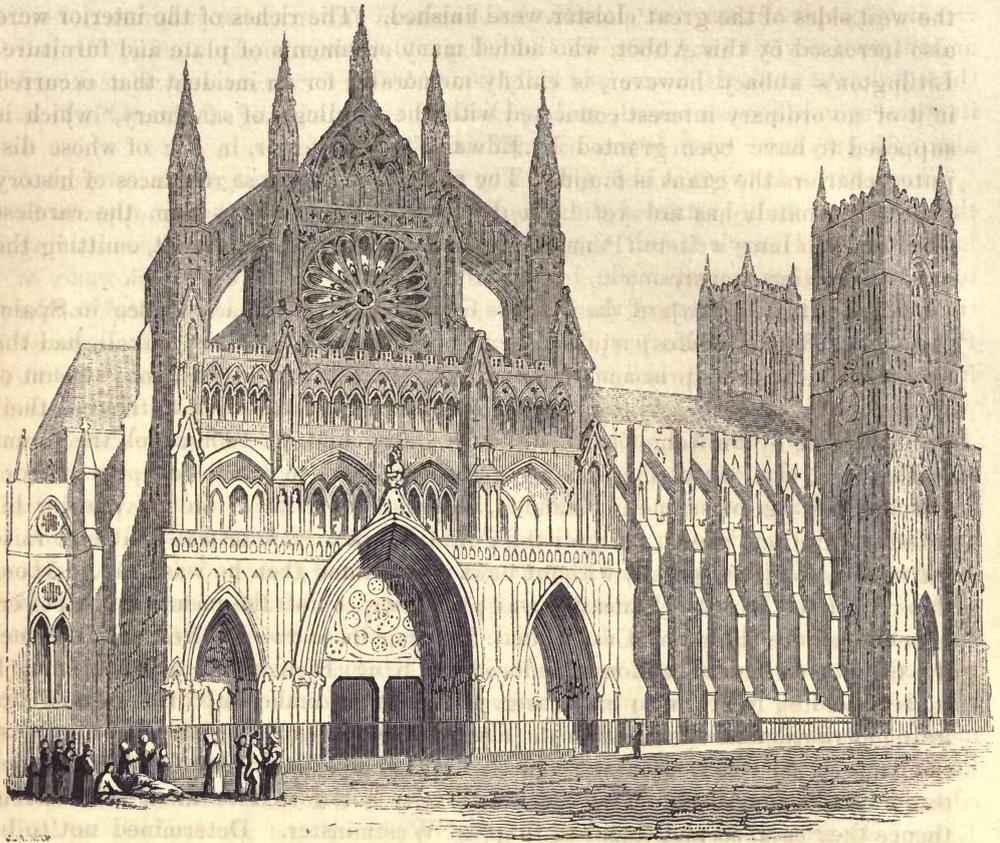
\* We have taken the liberty here to alter plain-speaking Holiushed's phrase.

style. The lightness, beauty, and variety, as well as the grandeur, of pointed architecture, recently introduced, was now to be exchanged for the comparatively cumbrous and simple impressiveness of the Anglo-Norman edifice. Crokesley, at first an Archdeacon only, was made one of the Treasurers, and, probably from his zeal in the prosecution of the King's object, Abbot, on the death of Berking, in 1246. During his abbacy great progress was made. The King, among other benefactions, gave, in 1246, 2591*l.* due from the widow of one David of Oxford, a Jew; and in 1254 the Barons of the Exchequer were directed to pay annually 3000 marks. Rich ornaments also were made by his own goldsmith for the use of the Church. In the twenty-eighth year of his reign he directed Fitz Odo to make a "dragon, in manner of a standard or ensign of red samit, to be embroidered with gold, and his tongue to appear as continually moving, and his eyes of sapphires, or other stones agreeable to him, to be placed in the Church against the King's coming thither." Two years later the Keeper of the Exchequer is ordered to "buy as precious a mitre as could be found in the City of London for the Abbot of Westminster's use; and also one great crown of silver to set wax candles upon in the said Church." In addition to his own direct assistance, and the assistance of his nobles, impelled by his example, the King, no doubt at the suggestion of the Monastery, adopted a curious mode of stimulating the popular excitement on the subject, and we should suppose with the most satisfactory results. In 1247, on St. Edward's Day, he set out with his nobles in splendid procession towards St. Paul's, where he received the precious relique which had been sent for him from Jerusalem by the Masters of the Temple and the Hospitallers, and which he munificently designed to deposit in the Abbey of Westminster: this was no less than a portion of the blood which issued from Christ's wounds at the Crucifixion. It was deposited in a crystalline lens, which Henry himself bore under a canopy, supported with four staves, through the streets of London, from St. Paul's to the Abbey. His arms were supported by two nobles all the way. Holinshed says, that to "describe the whole course and order of the procession and feast kept that day would require a special treatise; but this is not to be forgotten, that the same day the Bishop of Norwich preached before the King in commendation of that relic, pronouncing six years and one hundred and sixteen days of pardon granted by the bishops there to all that came to reverence it." We need hardly add that those who did come were seldom empty-handed. To give still greater distinction to the ceremony, Henry, the same day, knighted his half-brother, William de Valence, and "divers other young bachelors." This was one mode, and, if he had faith in the essentials of the act performed, it was as cheap and efficacious as it was unobjectionable. But we cannot say so of his next act of beneficence to the Abbey. In 1248 he granted, evidently with the same object, a fair of a very extraordinary kind to the Abbot, to be held at Tut or Tot Hill, at St. Edward's tide, when all other fairs were ordered to be closed, and not only them but all the shops of London, during the several days of its continuance. The object was to draw the entire trade of London to the spot for the time; and although the citizens and merchants were much inconvenienced, the fair succeeded so well as to be repeated in 1252; "which thing, by reason of the foul weather chancing at that time, was very grievous unto them (the citizens); albeit there was such

repair of people thither, that London had not been fuller to the judgment of old ancient men never at any time in their days to their remembrance." By all these different methods, a sum of nearly 30,000*l.*—an enormous sum, if reckoned its present value—was raised, and applied to the rebuilding of the Abbey, in about fifteen years: when it was still unfinished.

The quarrels between Abbot Crokesley and the King during the latter part of the abbacy probably retarded the progress of the work. Crokesley appears to have first lost Henry's favour through a somewhat paltry act, the endeavouring to set aside an agreement made by the late Abbot to enlarge the allowance of the monks. In the course of the dispute Crokesley threatened to appeal to the Pope, whilst Henry, on his part, declared the goods of the convent to be separate from those of the Abbot, and actually caused proclamation to be made that no person should lend the Abbot money, nor take his note or seal for security. They gradually, however, became again friendly, and, in 1258, Crokesley set an example to the other religious houses of England, which, by the bye, they declined following, of assisting Henry in his struggles with De Montfort and the barons by entering into an obligation for 2500 marks. Crokesley died in 1258, and was succeeded by Philip de Lewesham, a man of such gross and corpulent body that he declined the abbacy rather than go to Rome, as usual, for confirmation, till the monks promised to send a deputation to get him excused. The deputation was sent, was successful, and returned to find the object of its labours dead. He was succeeded by Ware, who brought from Rome the materials of the beautiful mosaic pavement which lies before the altar in the choir of the Abbey. During his abbacy Henry was constrained to seek a peculiar kind of assistance from the edifice he had so enriched. Two years after the battle of Evesham, when the Earl of Gloucester seemed inclined to play by himself the game which he had helped to spoil in De Montfort's hands, the King borrowed the shrines and other jewels and relics of the Abbey, and pledged them to certain merchants. It was a dangerous act. But the King, who had so often broken faith in political matters, even when the Church had strengthened the engagement by the performance of the most solemn and awful rites, kept faith with the Church itself, and honestly redeemed and replaced the treasure.

It may be useful to see with precision how far the Abbey had now advanced, which we may easily do by an examination of the building. It will then appear that Henry erected the chapel of the Confessor, which forms the rounded end of the choir, and is properly the apsis of the building, the four chapels in the ambulatory which encompasses the latter, the choir to a spot near Newton's monument, the transepts, and probably the Chapter-house. In the reign of Edward I. a portion of the nave was completed. Edward was too busy with his Welsh and Scottish wars, we suppose, to accomplish more, though he exhibited his favour to the Abbey in a marked manner by bringing hither the most precious spoils of his warfare. In 1285, during the abbacy of Wenlock, he gave a large piece of our Saviour's cross which he had met with in Wales; and in 1296, or in 1297 as Stow has it, he offered at St. Edward's shrine the chair, containing the famous stone, sceptre, and crown of gold, of the Scottish sovereigns, which he had brought from the Abbey of Scone. In this reign two events disturbed the even tenor of the monastic life: a fire, which destroyed some of the domestic buildings,



[Front of the Northern Transept.]

in 1298, and the robbery of the King's treasure deposited in the cloisters in the care of the convent in 1303, when the Abbot and forty-eight monks were sent to the Tower, where some of them were kept for two years. In 1349 Simon Langham was elected Abbot—a man who must not be passed without brief mention. Raised by merit alone from a mean station, he enjoyed the highest honours of the State as well as of the Church; in connection with the one having held the offices of Lord Treasurer and Lord Chancellor, and with the other those of Prior and Abbot of Westminster, Bishop of London, and lastly Archbishop of Canterbury. He it was who, when Wickliff was made head of Canterbury Hall in Oxford, removed him, that the institution might be made a college of monks, and thus, it is supposed, gave the energy of personal feeling to the great Church Reformer's inquiries into religious abuses. Langham was an excellent Abbot, for he paid debts contracted by his predecessors to the amount of 2200 marks from his own purse, and in other ways so contributed to the wants and revenues of the convent, that the entire amount of his benefactions was estimated at 9,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* Part of this, we presume, was expended in carrying forward the building of the Abbey, which, in the time of his successor Litlington, received large additions; as the famous Jerusalem Chamber, the Hall of the Abbey (where now dine the boys of the Westminster School), and the Abbot's house; whilst the south and

the west sides of the great cloister were finished. The riches of the interior were also increased by this Abbot, who added many ornaments of plate and furniture. Litlington's abbacy, however, is chiefly memorable for an incident that occurred in it of no ordinary interest connected with the privilege of sanctuary,\* which is supposed to have been granted by Edward the Confessor, in one of whose disputed charters the grant is found. The story is one of those romances of history which fortunately has not yet been disputed, partly perhaps from the careless way in which later writers (Pennant for instance) have mentioned it, omitting the most interesting features.

At the battle of Najara, during the campaign of the Black Prince in Spain, two of Sir John Chandos's squires, Frank de Haule and John Schakell, had the good fortune to take prisoner a Spanish nobleman of distinction, the "Count of Denia," who, according to the custom of the time, was awarded to them as their rightful prize by Sir John Chandos and the Prince himself. They took the Count to England, who, whilst there, being greatly desirous to return to Spain in order to collect the ransom-money demanded, was allowed to do so on his placing his eldest son in their hands. Either the Count forgot his son or was unable to raise the money, for years passed without news of him, and then he was dead. About this period the Duke of Lancaster was promoting, by all the means in his power, his claim to the throne of Castile, and, knowing these two squires held prisoner the Count's son, now the Count, induced the King, Richard II., and his council, to demand him from them; expecting, no doubt, to make important use of him in the advancement of his objects. The squires refused to give him up unless the ransom to which they were justly entitled was paid; and, as the prisoner could not be found, Haule and Schakell were committed to the Tower. From thence they escaped and took sanctuary at Westminster. Determined not to be baffled, John of Gaunt ordered the Constable of the Tower, Sir Alan Boxhull, and one Sir Ralph Ferrers, to pursue them with a band of armed men even into the sacred enclosure. At first they endeavoured to get them into their power by fair promises, and, with regard to Schakell, "used the matter so with him that they drew him forth" and sent him once more to his prison. Haule, however, refused to listen, and would not allow them to come within reach. They then prepared for force, when the brave but devoted squire drew a short sword from his side and kept his enemies at bay, with great address and spirit, even whilst they drove him twice round the choir. At last they got round him, and one of the assailants clove his head by a tremendous blow from behind, when the completion of the murder was easy. At the same time they slew one of the monks who interfered. All this took place in the midst of the performance of high mass. The prisoner, however, was still concealed in spite of all the efforts made to discover the place of his confinement; and partly, perhaps, from that circumstance, and partly from the odium attached to the affair by the violation of sanctuary, the Court eventually agreed to pay Schakell, for his prisoner's ransom, 500 marks in ready money and 100 annually for his life. We give the conclusion in the words of Holinshed: "This is to be noted as very strange and wonderful, that when he should bring forth his prisoner, and deliver him to the King, it was known to be the *very groom that had served him all the time of his trouble as an hired servant,*

\* For an engraving of the Sanctuary Church, a separate building near the Abbey, see vol. iii, p. 9 of this work.

in prison and out of prison, and in danger of life when his other master was murdered. Whereas, if he would have uttered himself, he might have been entertained in such honourable state as for a prisoner of his degree had been requisite; so that the faithful love and assured constancy in this noble gentleman was highly commended and praised, and no less marvelled at of all men." The church was closed for four months in consequence of this profanation, and the subject brought by Litlington before Parliament, which granted a new confirmation of its privilege. Boxhull and Ferrers had to pay each a fine.

We have dwelt somewhat upon the early history of the Abbey, not only because it is the portion the most interesting, but more particularly on account of that harmonious connexion before alluded to which exists between it and the structure. Look at the cathedrals of England, and at the simplicity and comparative inefficiency of the mechanical aids at the disposal of their builders, and then, on the other hand, at our best modern churches, erected under circumstances admitting of every conceivable mechanical advantage; what is the meaning of the melancholy contrast presented? The answer will be found in our previous pages. It is not that we are poorer, or that we want apprehension of architectural grandeur, least of all that our faith is less pure than that of our forefathers; it is that we have less faith in our faith: we are, it must be confessed, more worldly. The miracles, and relics, and processions, and offerings, and privileges, that form so considerable a portion of the early records of Westminster Abbey, are no doubt absurd enough to the eye of reason; but it were still more foolish to think of them as evidences of the credulity only of our ancestors. When the artisan came and offered his day's labour once or twice in every week without remuneration, and his wife parted gladly with her solitary trinket; when the farmer gave his corn and the merchant his rich stuffs; when the noble felled his ancestral oaks, and the King decimated his possessions; when, in short, persons of all classes aided, each in the best way he could, the establishment of the new abbey or minster, and bishops might be seen in the position of the hewers of wood and drawers of water—circumstances all of more or less frequent occurrence in the history of such houses,—was it the mere vague sense of wonder and profitless admiration of miracles, relics, and processions, which moved the universal heart?—or was it not the fervour and entire devotion of men's spirits unto God, of which credulity was then but a natural, indeed inevitable, accompaniment?—Religion in the middle ages was of "imagination all compact;" and, although such a state of things could not, ought not to be permanent, we are experiencing the truth of *his* remark who overthrew it. As Luther propped us on the one side, we have fallen on the other: when shall we obtain the true balance and elevation? We must now pursue more rapidly our narration.

Litlington was succeeded by Colechester, during whose abbacy, which extended through the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V., steady progress was kept up with the west end of the church, as also during the subsequent abbacies of Harweden, Estney, in whose time the roof of the nave and the great west window were completed, and Islip, in whose abbacy the works stopped, on the completion of Henry VII.'s Chapel (the history of which will be noticed elsewhere), although the main and west towers were still unbuilt. The latter Wren supplied in a manner that, to say the least of it, does not add to his reputation;



[Abbot Colchester, from his Tomb in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist.]

the former is wanting to this hour: its square base, just appearing above the body of the building at the intersection of the transepts, provoking an unsatisfactory inquiry. Two highly-interesting incidents mark the history of the Abbey during the rule of Estney and his predecessor, Milling. On the reverse of Edward IV. in 1470, his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, took shelter in the Sanctuary, where, "in great penury, forsaken of all her friends," she gave birth to the unfortunate Edward V. Here, again, on her husband's final success, she received him in all the flush of victory, and presented the child for the first time to his father's arms; and here, lastly, when Edward was dead, took place those melancholy scenes in which the Protector Gloucester endeavoured, and successfully at last, to induce her to give up her children to his care. On one of these occasions More describes her as sitting "alow on the rushes" in her grief, to receive the embassy. The other incident to which we allude is the residence in some part of the Abbey—Stow says in the Chapel of St. Ann's, which was pulled down during the erection of Henry VII.'s building—of the great printer, Caxton, who established here the first English printing-press during the time of Abbot Estney. In his 'Chronicles of England' we read as the place of its production "th' Abbey of Westmynstre." He subsequently moved into the Almonry, that nest of vice, disease, and filth, still allowed to exist close to the chief place of national worship; and an interesting advertisement of his for the sale of some type "god cheap" is still preserved, dated from the "reed pale" there. Bagford says he also had a place in King Street adjoining.

At the Reformation Benson was Abbot, a man who will be remembered for his remark to Sir T. More, if for nothing else. The great Chancellor was placed, for a short time, in his custody, when Benson endeavoured to turn him from his

purpose of preserving a pure conscience, by showing that he must be in error, since the Council of the realm had so determined. This little revelation of the Abbot's mind may explain the favour shown to the Abbey at the period so dangerous to all such institutions. The Abbey was changed into a Cathedral, with a Bishop, Dean, and twelve Prebendaries, and a revenue of at least 586*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*,\* the old revenues amounting to 3977*l.* 6*s.* 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* according to one authority, or 3471*l.* 0*s.* 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* according to another. Benson, the late Abbot, was made Dean, the Prior and five other monks prebendaries, four more brethren became minor canons, four King's students in the universities, and the remainder were dismissed with pensions. Thirlby received the bishopric, which, however, he resigned in 1550, when it was suppressed, and the Cathedral, the following year, was included within the diocese of London.† We have not yet done with the settings-up and pullings-down of the old religion at Westminster. On Mary's accession the Abbey was restored, with Feckenham at its head, who set to work with great zeal in his new vocation. He repaired the shrine of the Confessor, provided a paschal candle, weighing three hundred pounds, which was made with great solemnity in the presence of the master and warden of the Wax-chandlers' Company; he asserted the right of sanctuary, and made the processions as magnificent as ever. It was but for a brief period. Mary died, and Elizabeth restored in effect the Cathedral foundation of her father, with the exception of the bishopric. William Bill was the new Dean. Among his successors have been Lancelot Andrews; Williams, who took so active, and to the court unpalatable, a part in the great Revolution, during which time the Abbey was several times attacked by the mob, and considerable injury done; Atterbury, the literary friend of Pope, and who was so deeply implicated in the conspiracies against George I., and in consequence deprived of his dignities and banished; Pearce, Horsley, &c.

Having devoted the present number of our publication to what we may call the General History of the Abbey, we propose to devote four others, immediately following, to the Coronations and the Burials of our Monarchs, and to the Tombs of our great men generally; in the course of which we shall have ample opportunities of noticing the chief internal features of the edifice, as well as the more remarkable events, not already mentioned, which have taken place within its walls, and which are more fitly deferred to such occasions. In the mean time let us take a short walk round the Abbey.

As we approach from Parliament Street, the exquisitely beautiful and most elaborately panelled and pinnacled architecture of the rounded end of Henry VII.'s Chapel meets the eye over the long line of St. Margaret's Church; into the burial-ground of which we step, in order to pass along the northern side of the Abbey. About the centre we pause to gaze on the blackened exterior of the front of the north transept,‡ in which, however, many of the most delicate beauties of the sculpture, as well as all the bolder outlines of the tracery and the mouldings, are distinctly and happily marked by the light colour of the project-

\* Widmore's 'History of the Abbey:' Strype says 804*l.*

† In the arrangements that now ensued, some portion of the property of the Abbey (St. Peter's) passed to St. Paul's: whence the popular remark—robbing Peter to pay Paul.

‡ See page 74.

ing edges. Time was when this front had its "statues of the twelve Apostles at full length, with a vast number of other saints and martyrs, intermixed with intaglios, devices, and abundance of fretwork," and when it was called for its extreme beauty "Solomon's Porch;" and now, even injured as it is, the whole forms a rich and beautiful façade. The rose window, thirty-two feet in diameter, was rebuilt in 1722. Beyond the transept the new appearance of a part of the exterior of the nave shows how extensive have been the reparations of recent years; and we may add the remainder shows how necessary it is to go on. As we pass round the corner towards the west front, one can hardly resist the fancy that Wren, seeing how badly the Abbey needed its deficient towers, had taken a couple from some of his City churches, and placed them here. And who could for a moment mistake the ornaments of the clock for a part of a genuine Gothic structure? At the right-hand corner of the western front, half concealing the beautiful decorations of its lower part, is the plain-looking exterior of the Jerusalem Chamber, forming, with the Hall, Dean's house, &c., a square, partly resting against the nave on the southern side of the Abbey, partly projecting beyond it. Passing along the exterior of these buildings a gateway leads into the Dean's Yard, a large quadrangle, where the modern houses contrast strangely with the ancient ones, lower portions with upper, large windows with green blinds and small rude ones scarce big enough to put one's head through, painted wooden doorways and arches so old and decayed one scarcely even ventures to guess how old they may be. From the Dean's Yard we can again approach the Abbey, the doorway in the corner at the end of the pavement on our left opening into a vaulted passage leading directly to the cloisters. From the grassy area of the latter you obtain a view, and we believe the only one, of the south transept, or rather of its upper portion. Passing along the south cloister, where the wall on your right is also the wall of the ancient refectory, to which the first doorway led, at the end you have on the right a low vaulted passage, which is considered a part of the Confessor's building, and where, in a small square called the Little Cloisters, stood the Chapel of St. Katherine, in which took place the scene between the Archbishops of York and Canterbury so dramatically described by Holinshed, and on the left the East Cloister, with the low and well-barred door leading into the chamber of the Pix, and the exquisitely beautiful but much-injured entrance to the Chapter-house. To this building, now used for the custody of records, and visited only by express permission from the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, we might devote more pages than we have words to spare: so sumptuous were its architecture and its decorations, and so interesting yet are the remains. The pavement, with its coloured tiles in heraldic and other devices, and the wall almost covered apparently with paintings, deserve even closer investigation than they have yet received. It is also rich in its curiosities; here is, perhaps, the most valuable ancient historical document possessed by any nation in the world, the Domesday Book, in such exquisite preservation, and its calligraphy so perfect, that it scarcely appears as many years old as it is centuries. The large gold seal appended to the treaty between Henry VIII. and Francis is not only interesting for its associations, but for its intrinsic merit. The sculptor was no less than Cellini. Passing through the Chapter-house, and turning round to

look at the exterior of the building we have quitted, the most melancholy-looking part of the Abbey is before us; and it is that which is necessarily the most seen, standing as it does against the entrance to Poets' Corner. The magnificent windows bricked and plastered up, two or three smaller ones being formed instead in the hideous walls which fill them, and the dilapidated, neglected aspect of the whole, are truly humiliating. And what a contrast to the visitor who has just passed Henry VII.'s Chapel! It is fortunate we can so soon forget it, and all other jarring associations: a few steps—and we are in the Abbey, and—out of the world.



[Interior of the Abbey.]



[The Coronation Chair.]

## LXXXI.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

### No. II.—THE CORONATION CHAIR.

IN accompanying a group of visitors to the Abbey, along the usual route of inspection, one may easily see where lies the chief object of attraction. Not in Poets' Corner,—that they have had plenty of time to examine previously;—not in the antique-looking chapels, with their interesting tombs, of the Ambulatory;—not even in the "world's wonder," Henry VII.'s Chapel, for the very extent and multiplicity of its attractions render any attempt to investigate them during the brief period allowed ridiculous;—no; but as we are whirled along from object to object, the victims apparently of some resistless destiny, in the shape of a guide which allows us nowhere to rest, and the mind, at first active, eager, and enthusiastic, endeavouring to understand and appreciate all, has at last ceased to trouble itself about any, and left the enjoyment, such as it is, to the eye, we are suddenly roused by the sight of one object, the Coronation Chair! We are at

once rebellious to our guide, or would be, but that he, with true statesmanlike craft, knows where to yield as well as where to resist: here he even submits to pause while questions are asked and answered, old memories revived, historical facts and fictions canvassed to and fro—till, in short, we achieve in this single instance the object we came for with respect to the entire Abbey. And the few and the many are alike interested: whilst the last have visions of the most gorgeous pomp and dazzling splendour rise before them in connexion with the coronation ceremony, the first are insensibly led to reflect on the varied character and influences of the many different sovereigns who have, in this place, and seated in that chair, had the mighty English sceptre intrusted to their hands. The very contrasts between one occupant and the next, through the greater part of the history of our kings, taken in connexion with their effects on the national destinies, would furnish matter for a goodly kind of biographical history, a book that should be more interesting than ninety-nine out of every hundred works of fiction. Recall but a few of these contrasts: the great warrior and greater statesman, Edward I., and the contemptible, favourite-ridden Edward II.; the conqueror of Cressy, with French and English sovereigns prisoners at his court, and the conquered, without a battle, of Bolingbroke, acknowledging allegiance to his born subject; the pitiful Henry VI. and the pitiless Richard III.; the crafty, but not cruel, Henry VII., and the cruel but scarcely crafty Henry VIII.; the gentle Edward and the bigoted Mary; the masculine-minded Elizabeth, and the effeminate-minded James; the gay irreligious Charles, and his gloomily pious brother: one could really fancy, as we look over the list of sovereigns, that there has been but one principle upon which they have been agreed, and that is, that each of them would be as little as possible like his or her immediate predecessor. If the history of the chair extended no further back than to the first of these monarchs, Edward I., who placed it here, it would be difficult to find another object so utterly uninteresting in itself, which should be so interesting from its associations; but in its history, or at least in that of the stone beneath its seat, Edward I. appears almost a modern. Without pinning our faith upon the traditions which our forefathers found it not at all difficult to believe in—traditions which make this stone the very one that Jacob laid his head upon the memorable night of his dream—or without absolutely admitting with one story, that this is “the fatal marble chair” which Gathelus, son to Cecrops, King of Athens, carried from Egypt into Spain, and which then found its way to Ireland during a Spanish invasion under Simon Brek, son of King Milo; or with another, told by some of the Irish historians, that it was brought into Ireland by a colony of Scythians, and had the property of issuing sounds resembling thunder whenever any of the royal Scythian race seated themselves upon it for inauguration, and that he only was crowned king under whom the stone groaned and spake—without admitting these difficult matters, we may acknowledge the possibility of its having been brought from Ireland to Scotland by Fergus, the first king of the latter country, and his coronation upon it some 330 years before Christ, and the certainty that from a very early period it was used in the coronation of the Scottish kings at Dunstaffnage and Scone. It was carried to Scone by Kenneth II. when he united the territories of the Picts and the Scots in the ninth century, where it remained till the thirteenth. After the weak attempt by or for

Baliol to throw off the English yoke in 1296, Edward poured once more upon the devoted territories an irresistible army of English soldiers, and so overawed the Scottish nobles by the decision and rapidity of his movements, that his progress became rather a triumph than a campaign; the entire country submitting almost without a second blow after the sanguinary defeat by Earl Warrenne. It was at this period Edward committed the worst outrage perhaps it was in his power to commit on the feelings and hopes of the people of the country in the removal of the famous stone, which was strongly connected by superstitious ties with the idea of national independence; it then bore, according to Fordun, the Scottish chronicler, an inscription in Latin to the following effect:—

Except old saws do fail,  
And wizards' wits be blind,  
The Scots in place must reign  
Where they this stone shall find.

In consequence of this belief the Scotch became apparently quite as anxious for the restoration of their stone as for that of their King; indeed between the two, Baliol and the stone, we question whether they would not have willingly sacrificed the former to secure the latter. And when they were again ruled by a Scottish monarch, they did not relax in their exertions to obtain for him the true kingly seat. Special clauses were proposed in treaties, nay, a special conference was on one occasion held between the two Kings, Edward III. and David I., and ultimately mandates issued for its restoration. Some antiquarian misbelievers will have it that the stone was in consequence returned, and that the one before us is an imposture: a piece of gratuitous misgiving which our readers need feel no anxiety about, implying, as it does, imposture without object on the part of the reigning monarch, against the dignity of his own successors; and also that the Scots, when they got it back, were kind enough to destroy it, in order to keep up the respectability of our counterfeit. Failing to recover it, the people of the sister country appear to have very wisely changed or modified their views, and began to regard the prophecy as an earnest that *their* kings would reign over *us*: the accession of James I., though not exactly the kind of event anticipated by the national vanity, was still quite sufficient to establish for ever the prophetic reputation of their favourite "stone of destiny." We need not describe the general features of the chair, as they are shown in the engraving; but we may observe that the wood is very hard and solid, that the back and sides were formerly painted in various colours, and gilt, and that the stone is a kind of rough-looking sandstone, measuring twenty-six inches in length, sixteen inches and three quarters in breadth, and ten and a-half in thickness.

Our earliest records on the subject of coronations refer to the tenth century, when we find the Saxon Kings were generally crowned at Kingston-upon-Thames. Edgar was either crowned at Kingston or Bath; whilst the Confessor was crowned at Winchester: from that time the Abbey at Westminster has been the established place for the performance of the ceremony. From Edward's third charter to the Abbey, dated 1066, it appears that the King had expressly applied to Pope Nicholas on the subject, whose answer is inserted in the form of a rescript, making Westminster Abbey the future place of inauguration. Edward's successors, Harold and the conqueror of Harold, had strong motives to make them respect

this arrangement, each claiming a right to the throne on the strength of a professed declaration of Edward's in his favour, and which, in the Conqueror's case, was his only right. A curious picture of Harold's coronation is given in the Bayeux tapestry (here engraved), from which it appears that neither the story



[Harold's Coronation.]

of the King being crowned by Aldred, Archbishop of York, during the suspension of Stigand in consequence of a quarrel with the court of Rome, nor that of Harold having with his own hands put on the "golden round" in the absence of Stigand, are true; for there is Stigand duly labelled to prevent mistakes. Harold did not long enjoy his honours, and Stigand was again called upon to officiate at the Norman's coronation, but, according to William of Newbury, manfully refused to crown one who was "covered with the blood of men, and the invader of others' rights." Aldred was accordingly nominated. What a day must that have been for our forefathers to behold, when foreign soldiers were seen lining every part of the metropolis with a double row of horse and foot, and a foreign prince rode through them, attended by bands of foreign nobles, to the new church erected by the Confessor! Nor would their feelings be appeased by the consideration that there were men of their own blood ready to take part in the ceremony. On William's entering the church, with his train of warrior chieftains, 260 in number, a host of priests and monks, and a considerable body of recreant English, Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, asked the Normans if they were willing to have the Duke crowned as King of England, and Aldred put a similar question to the English; of course the questions were answered by tumultuous acclamation. What follows shows the jealous, almost feverish anxiety of the Normans in the midst of the Saxon population. The Norman horsemen outside hearing the noise fancied it was the cry of alarm of their friends within, and in their agitation rushed to the neighbouring houses and set fire to

them. Others ran into the church, where they created the alarm they fancied to exist; for those within then noticed the glare of the burning houses, and almost immediately the Abbey was emptied of its previously overflowing inhabitants. William alone, with a few priests, remained; and, although it is said trembling violently, acted with calmness and determination, refusing to postpone the ceremony; and under such circumstances was the inauguration proceeded with. Something akin to a dread of driving the Saxons to utter desperation may have been aroused by this incident, and may have induced William to add to the usual vow of the Saxon Kings the solemn promise that he would treat the English people as well as the best of their Kings had done. The coronation over, William had leisure to examine into the nature of the broil which still continued—the English trying to extinguish the fires, and some at least of the Normans to plunder—and to give directions for putting an end to it.

The coronation of William Rufus presents no features of interest; but that of his successor and brother, Henry I., is noticeable for the solemn condemnation made during the ceremony of Rufus's reign; the King, standing before the altar, promising to annul all the unrighteous acts therein committed. The coronations of Stephen, and of Henry II. and his Queen, may also be passed over, when we arrive at the first coronation of which any particulars have been recorded that can give us an idea of the pageant—the coronation of he of the lion-heart. On the 3rd of September, 1189, the archbishops of Canterbury, Rouen, Trier (in Germany), and Dublin, arrayed in silken copes, and preceded by a body of the clergy bearing the Cross, holy water, censers, and tapers, met Richard at the door of his privy chamber in the adjoining palace, and proceeded with him to the Abbey. In the midst of a numerous body of bishops and other ecclesiastics went four barons, each with a golden candlestick and taper; then in succession—Geoffrey de Lucy, with the royal cap; John, the Marshal, with the royal spurs of gold; and William, Earl of Striguil (and Pembroke), with the golden rod and dove. Then came David, brother to the King of Scotland, here present as Earl of Huntingdon, and Robert, Earl of Leicester, supporting, as we should now say, John, the King's brother; the three bearing upright swords in richly-gilded scabbards. Following them came six barons, bearing a chequered table, upon which were the King's robes and other regalia; and now was seen approaching the central object of the rich picture, Richard himself, under a gorgeous canopy stretched by four lances in the hands of as many nobles, having immediately before him the Earl of Albemarle with the crown, and a prelate on each side. The ground on which he walked was spread with cloth of the Tyrian die. At the foot of the altar Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, administered the oath, by which Richard undertook to bear peace, honour, and reverence to God and holy Church, to exercise right, justice, and law, and to abrogate all wicked laws or perverse customs. He then put off all his garments from the middle upwards, with the exception of his shirt, which was open at the shoulder, and was anointed on the head, breast, and arms, which unctions, it appears, signified glory, fortitude, and wisdom. He then covered his head with a fine linen cloth, and set the cap thereon; he put on the surcoat and the dalmatica; he took the sword of the kingdom from the Archbishop to subdue the enemies of the Church; lastly, he put on the golden sandals and the royal mantle splen-

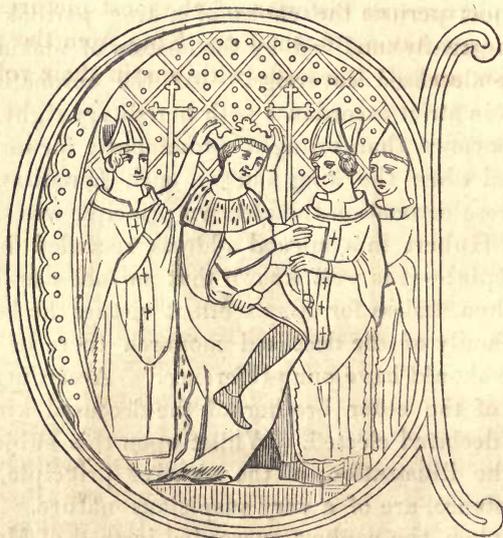
didly embroidered, and was led to the altar, where the Archbishop charged him on God's behalf not to presume to take this dignity upon him unless he were resolved to keep inviolably the vows he had made; to which the King replied that, by God's grace, he would faithfully perform them all. The crown was then handed to the Archbishop by Richard himself, in token that he held it only from God, when the Archbishop placed it on the King's head; he also gave the sceptre into his right hand, and the rod-royal into his left. At the close of this part of the ceremony Richard was led back to his throne, and high mass performed, during which he offered a mark of pure gold at the altar. And then, with another procession, the whole closed. Whilst such were the proceedings within, those without formed a frightful commentary. The day before, Richard, "being," says Holinshed, "of a zealous mind to Christ's religion," and therefore of necessity, according to the notions of the middle ages, abhorring that of the Jews, "and doubting some sorcery by them to be practised, issued a proclamation forbidding Jews and women to be present at Westminster, either within the church when he should receive the crown, or within the hall whilst he was at dinner," afterwards. But some of the proscribed people, venturing to think they had an "Open, Sesame," to the hearts of kings, came, and begged to be permitted to lay rich presents at Richard's feet; their prayer was heard, and all would have gone well, but for an unhappy accident. Some remarkably-zealous Christian raised an outcry against them as one of their number was trying to enter the gates of Westminster Hall among the crowd, and struck the presumptuous Israelite. The courtiers and other attendants of the King soon joined in the quarrel, and drove out the wealthy Jews who had so ingeniously purchased admission. By that time a report began to spread that the King had commanded their destruction, and the people drove them with "staves, bats, and stones to their houses and lodgings." Fresh bands of fanatics now poured forth, who scoured the streets, murdering every Jew they found, and assaulting the houses of those who fled to their homes for safety. And now London might have appeared almost in a state of siege. The Jews, who had a world of painful experience of the extremity to which bigotry will drive men, had many of them strongly-built houses; these they now made still more defensible by barricades, against which the assaults of the rioters availed little. But the fanatics, growing more and more cruel and ferocious, now set fire to the houses, and burned men, women, and children indiscriminately; whilst in other cases, where perhaps it was not convenient or practicable to burn the houses, they broke into the Jews' apartments, and hurled them from the windows, without the slightest respect for age or sex, into the fires kindled in the area below. Oh! the contrasts of the world!—all this while Richard and his nobles were banqueting in Westminster Hall; the rich wine flowing within as the warm blood was shed without; the voice of the minstrel accompanying the groans and shrieks and cries of the murdered, the rapturous applause at the bardic song finding strange echo in the distant shouts of exultation of the murderers over their victims. But the disturbance growing formidable, it became necessary to inform the King, and there was a momentary interruption; but Ranulf de Glanvil, the Justiciary, would soon quell it: he leaves the hall, and once more rises the hum of social converse and enjoyment. But for once the Justiciary has overtaken his powers;

the fiends of bigotry are more easily raised than put down again; the rioters turned upon the King's officers, and drove them back to the hall. There, probably, the Justiciary told the King with a kind of significant shrug that there was no help for it; that, after all, it was only a few Jews; perhaps Glanvil himself had creditors among them, whose prolonged absence would be a very convenient thing—no doubt but the King was so situated: so the matter seems to have been left to its own course: the banquet went on, and so through all that night and part of the next day did the slaughter, the destruction, and the pillage. A day or two after, the King hanged three of the rioters, but that, as the sentence carefully pointed out, was for having burned the houses of Christians; and as Richard now began to perceive that the property of the Jews was disappearing with the owners, he thought fit to issue a proclamation declaring the Jews under his own protection, and prohibiting any further injury. And thus ended the judicial interference in this atrocious case. What a commentary, we repeat, on the oath just taken!

There is one interesting feature of our early coronations—the elective character given to the settlement of the Crown. There can be little doubt that from the very earliest periods the choice of a king partook more or less of this principle, although greatly modified by the custom of making that choice among the family of the deceased sovereign. At the coronation, again, of kings whose position was in strict accordance with hereditary right, the principle would be rather left in abeyance than brought prominently forward, whilst the reverse would be exhibited when the king had no such hereditary claim. Such was John's case; at whose coronation the elective principle was thus broadly asserted by the Archbishop Hubert in a special address, recorded by Matthew Paris:—"Hear, all ye people:—it is well known that no one can have a right to the crown of this kingdom, unless for his excellent virtues he be elected to it. . . . . If, indeed, of the family of the deceased monarch there be one thus super-eminently endowed, he should have our preference." Accordingly, setting aside the son and daughter of the elder brother of the deceased king, John, a younger brother, was then declared elected. Whilst upon this subject, however, it must be observed that the illustrations of the elective principle, though sufficient to show its bare existence, are of a very suspicious nature. It is true that when Henry I. died, Stephen, the nephew, succeeded instead of Matilda, the daughter; that on Stephen's decease, his son was passed over for Matilda's son; that John succeeded Richard I. instead of Arthur; and Bolingbroke Richard II. instead of the next lineal heir; but in all these cases, which had the largest share—the independent working of the elective principle, or the address, ambition, and powers of the individuals who had these irregular successions most at heart? It is highly probable that in some, though scarcely in all, of the cases mentioned, no attempt to disturb the regular course would have been made but for the existence of some such elective principle; on the other hand, that principle alone, or with all the virtues of the respective monarchs to boot, would have done little for Stephen, or John, or Henry IV., if there had not been something much more tangible behind.

Henry III. was twice crowned—at Gloucester in 1216, and in Westminster Abbey in 1220; the first having been precipitated in order to ensure the crown

to him in a time of great danger, the French, under Lewis, being still in the land, and leagued with the more popular of the English barons. Henry, then but ten years old, was crowned with a plain circlet of gold, the proper crown having been lost by John, with the rest of the regalia, in the Wash between Lincolnshire and Norfolk. At the close of Henry's long reign his son Edward was in the Holy Land, from whence he sent orders for the coronation on his return, one passage of which conveys an almost ludicrous idea of the number and appetites of his coronation guests. There were to be provided 380 head of cattle, 430 sheep, 450 pigs, 18 wild boars, 278 fitches of bacon, and nearly 20,000 capons and fowls. He was received on his return with great joy by the citizens of London, who hung their streets with the richest cloths of silk, arras, and tapestry, set the conduits running with white and red wines, whilst the aldermen and burgesses threw handfuls of gold and silver out of their windows among the crowds below—a fitting preliminary to the splendours of the coronation of himself and his queen, Eleanor. It was in this reign that the chair was placed in the



[Coronation of Edward I. From an Initial Letter in the Harleian MSS.]

Abbey, and became the coronation chair of the future kings of England, as it had been previously of those of Scotland. But if Edward could have foreseen the degeneracy of him who should be the first of those kings, we question whether he would not almost have rather left the Scots their treasure than have so disgraced it in the person of his son. The father's death-bed warning had been directed against his son's evil companions and parasites; and more especially had he forbidden him, under the awful penalty of his curse, to recall the chief of them, Piers Gaveston, to England. Yet, at the coronation of that son, next to the king himself, the most conspicuous person in the Abbey, not only for the unusually splendid garb in which he had arrayed himself, but for the position in which he was placed, was the same Piers Gaveston. We may imagine the sentiments of the

haughty English barons, who had before the coronation, according to Walsingham, actually determined to stop the ceremony unless Gaveston was dismissed, but yielded on the King's promising to satisfy them in the next parliament. The coronations of the two succeeding monarchs have each some incidents of interest attached to them, though their general features present little noticeable matter. Prior to Edward the Third's coronation the youthful King was knighted by Henry Earl of Lancaster, his cousin, and then himself knighted other young aspirants. At this coronation commenced the practice of commemorating the event by the proclamation of a general pardon. Richard the Second's inauguration in 1377 was unusually magnificent, and, in consequence, slow and fatiguing to the principal actor, a boy only; who, in consequence, at the conclusion of the ceremony, had to be carried in a litter to his apartment. The physical weakness was but a type—and to the superstitious a foreshowing—of the mental. Richard sank alike beneath the demands of the ceremony and the arduous office to which it inducted him, and had to give place to the bolder genius of Bolingbroke. Froissart has given us an account of this coronation, which took place on the 13th of October, 1399, the anniversary of the day on which Richard had sent him into exile. That picturesque historian of the most picturesque of periods says, the prelates and clergy having fetched the King from the palace, "went to the church in procession, and all the lords with him in their robes of scarlet furred



[Portrait of Richard II. in the Jerusalem Chamber.]

with minever, barred of (on) their shoulders, according to their degrees; and over the King was borne a cloth of estate of blue, with four bells of gold, and it was borne by four burgesses of the port at Dover, and other (of the Cinque Ports.) And on every (each) side of him he had a sword borne, the one the sword of the church, and the other the sword of justice. The sword of the church his son the Prince did bear, and the sword of justice the Earl of Northumberland;\* and the Earl of Westmoreland bore the sceptre. Thus they entered into the church about nine of the clock, and in the midst of the church there was a high scaffold all covered with red, and in the midst thereof there was a chair-royal covered with cloth of gold. Then the King sat down in the chair, and so sate in estate royal, saving he had not on the crown, but sate bareheaded. Then at four corners of the scaffold the Archbishop of Canterbury showed unto the people how God had sent unto them a man to be their king, and demanded if they were content that he should be consecrated and crowned as their king; and they all with one voice said Yea! and held up their hands, promising faith and obedience. Then the King rose and went down to the high altar to be sacred (consecrated), at which consecration there were two archbishops and ten bishops; and before the altar there he was despoiled out of all vestures of estate, and there he was anointed in six places—on the head, the breast, and on the two shoulders behind, and on the hands. Then a bonnet was set on his head, and while he was anointing the clergy sang the litany, and such service as they sing at the hallowing of the font. Then the King was apparelled like a prelate of the church, with a cope of red silk, and a pair of spurs with a point without a rowel; then the sword of justice was drawn out of the sheath and hallowed, and then it was taken to the King, who did put it again into the sheath; then the Archbishop of Canterbury did gird the sword about him; then St. Edward's crown was brought forth (which is close above) and blessed, and then the archbishop did set it on the King's head. After mass the King departed out of the church in the same estate, and went to his palace; and there was a fountain that ran by diverse branches white wine and red." From the Abbey the King passed through the Hall into the palace, and then back into the Hall to the sumptuous entertainment that there awaited him. "At the first table," continues Froissart, "sate the King, at the second the five peers of the realm, at the third the valiant men of London, at the fourth the new-made knights, at the fifth the knights and squires of honour; and by the King stood the Prince, holding the sword of the church, and on the other side the constable with the sword of justice, and a little above, the marshal with the sceptre. And at the King's board sate two archbishops and seventeen bishops; and in the midst of the dinner there came in a knight who was called Dymoke, all armed, upon a good horse, richly apparelled, and had a knight before him bearing his spear, and his sword by his side and his dagger. The knight took the King a label, the which was read; therein was contained, that if there was either knight, squire, or any other gentleman that would say that King Henry was not rightful king, he was there ready to fight with him in that quarrel. That bill was cried by a herald in six places of the Hall, and in the town. There were none that would challenge him. When the

\* To whom Bolingbroke was so much indebted for his success.

King had dined he took wine and spices in the Hall, and then went into his chamber." And where was the unfortunate Richard during all these proceedings? Forgotten in his dungeon at the Tower, and drinking to the dregs the cup of his humiliation, as he felt how completely he had proved a mere

"—— mockery king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke."

The foregoing descriptions of the coronations of Richard I. and of Henry IV. will suffice to present the reader with a sufficient idea of the general arrangements of the ceremony in ancient times, of which those observed to the present day are but an imitation, divested of the picturesque features attached to the old religion, and, we must now add, divested also of the accompanying banquet, with its armed and mounted representative of the family who, for so many centuries, have been accustomed on these occasions to challenge the world in arms to gainsay the rights of their liege sovereigns.\* We shall, therefore, in the remainder of our paper confine our notice to such coronations as were attended by some peculiar or interesting circumstances. In this class may be included the coronation of Richard III. Our antiquaries occasionally discover some curious matters in their gropings among our dusty records; who, for instance, but for them, would have supposed Richard III. to have been a royal exquisite of the first order? yet certainly the accounts preserved of his wardrobe do make him look marvellously like one. Among the Harleian MSS. is a mandate from Richard, then (1483) at York, to the keeper of his wardrobe in London, wherein he specifies with a minute exactness of detail, which implies a strong relish for the subject, the habits he desired to wear for the edification of the people of Yorkshire. If, on such an occasion, he took such a matter into his own hands, we may be pretty sure he had not left the choice of his coronation dress to others. It comprised two complete sets of robes, one of crimson velvet furred with minever, the other of purple velvet furred with ermine; shoes of crimson tissue cloth of gold; hose, shirt, coat, surcoat, mantle, and hood of crimson satin, &c. We have already noticed, in our account of the Tower, that Richard had apparently intended his nephew, the rightful sovereign, to be present at the coronation of the usurper, but altered his determination after issuing the order for the prince's robes. But perhaps the most striking feature of the event is Richard's exhibition of humility—he actually walked *bare-foot* into the Abbey! Altogether he hit the taste of the people in the matter so decidedly that his friends in Yorkshire could not be content without a repetition, so he and the queen, Anne, were crowned there too. Richard had well nigh given his subjects a third coronation, on the death of Anne, by his marriage with the daughter of Edward IV. and Queen Elizabeth Woodville; but his own friends stopped the match on the ground, among others, that it would confirm suspicions of ill usage towards the deceased queen, and, therefore, injure his cause;

\* The processions before the coronations have been already noticed ('Tower,' No. XXXIX.); the banquets given after may be most suitably described in connexion with the hall in which they took place. We have therefore, for the sake of completeness, given a short account of a single banquet (Henry IV.), and then only incidentally mentioned the subject in other parts of our paper. We may here add that the ceremony of the championship fell into disuse after the exceedingly splendid coronation of George IV., whilst the banquet and the procession *on foot* were first omitted at the coronation of her present Majesty.

Richard adopted their advice, and, it is barely possible, thereby lost his crown. The match he declined Richmond was but too glad to accept, and the knowledge that such an arrangement had been made to connect the rival houses must have done much to create a public opinion here in Richmond's favour. His object attained, the instrument was cast aside with contempt, till the complaints of his own subjects made him more prudent at least in his conduct; he married the Princess Elizabeth, and then once more endeavoured to stop: giving her nothing of the Queen but the name. Louder murmurs were soon heard. Henry was too politic not to listen. The man who does not seem to have had nobleness enough in his nature ever to do a good act spontaneously, having no motive but the simple love of the thing, seems to have never left any duty unperformed when—there were state reasons to impel him. So at last the people were gratified with the coronation of the famous heiress of the house of York, and a curious coronation, in one respect, it must have been. Bacon compares it to "an old christening that had stood long for godfathers;" and he, who had so long delayed it, still was not ashamed to be in the Abbey when the ceremony did take place, peeping through the latticed screen of an enclosure erected between the pulpit and the high altar, and covered with rich cloth of arras. It appears to have been the custom from an early time to allow the crowd to cut and carry off the cloth along which the sovereign had passed; on the present occasion the crowd was so great and eager that several persons were killed.



[Henry VII. From the Tomb in his Chapel at Westminster.]

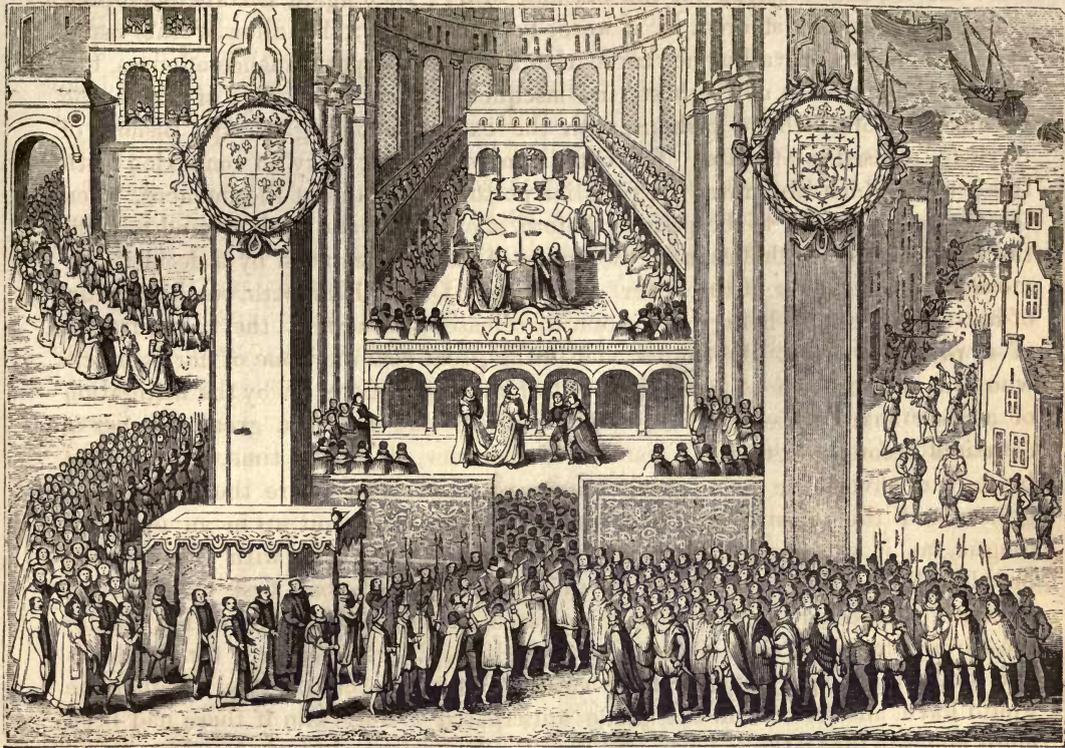
Passing over the inauguration of Henry VIII. and his Queen Catherine, which was as magnificent as taste and boundless expenditure could make it, and that of

Anne Bullen, who was crowned with "as great pomp and solemnity as ever was Queen," and was the last of Henry's queens who received the honour, we reach the coronation of Edward VI., which was generally interesting, and in some respects novel. The proceedings were shortened, partly, according to the programme of the proceedings, "for the tedious length of the same, which should weary and be hurtful to the King's majesty (as in the similar case of Richard II.), being yet of tender age, fully to endure and bide out; and also for that many points of the same were such as by the laws of the realm at this present were not allowed." The allusion in these last few words was, we presume, to the alteration in religious matters consequent upon the Reformation. But the most important alteration was that of reversing the usual order of first administering the coronation oath to the King, and then presenting him to the people for acceptance. In other respects the ceremony presented many minute but interesting points of difference from the usual routine. The way from York Place to the Palace and thence into the choir of the Abbey was covered with blue cloth; in the choir was erected a stage of unusual height, ascended by a flight on one side of twenty-two steps, which with the floor at the top were covered with carpets and the sides hung with cloth of gold. Besides the general rich decorations of the altar, a splendid valance was now hung upon it enriched with precious gems, while the neighbouring tombs were covered with curtains of golden arras. On the stage stood a lofty throne ascended by seven steps. The procession commenced so early as nine in the morning; when the choir of the Abbey in their copes, with crosses borne before and after them, the gentlemen and children of the chapel royal, with surplices and copes all in scarlet, ten mitred bishops in garb of the same colour, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cranmer, received the boy-king at the Palace, and conducted him to the stage in the choir. Here he was placed in a chair of crimson velvet, which two noblemen *carried*, whilst he was properly presented to the people. Then descending to the altar, he was censed and blessed. The anointment was not the least curious part of the ceremony. "Then anon," quotes Malcolm from an authority which he does not mention, "after a goodly care, cloth of red tinsel gold was holden over his head; and my Lord of Canterbury, kneeling on his knees, his Grace lay prostrate before the altar, and anointed his back." The Archbishop then took the crown into his hands, and commenced 'Te Deum.' Whilst the choir sang, and trumpets sounded from above, the Lord Protector Somerset and the Archbishop placed the crown on the youthful head of the King; and subsequently two other crowns were also worn by him. After the enthronization he was re-conducted to the throne, when "the lords in order kneeled down and kissed his Grace's right foot, and after held their hands between his Grace's hands and kissed his Grace's left cheek, and so did their homage a pretty time. Then after this began a goodly mass by my Lord of Canterbury, and goodly singing in the choir, with the organs going. At offering time his Grace offered to the altar a pound of gold, a loaf of bread, and a chalice of wine." The parties to whom the coronation arrangements were intrusted in the sixteenth century must have been sadly puzzled with the continual changes in religious matters, and have had a difficult task to please sovereigns of so many different faiths. As new rites were introduced for the Protestant Edward, so

were the old ones restored for the Catholic Mary; then again Elizabeth adopted neither course, but steered, as it were, between them; she allowed the usual arrangements to prevail at her coronation so far as the performance of mass, but forbade the elevation of the host, in consequence (most probably) of which, the entire body of Catholic bishops, with the exception of Oglethorp, Bishop of Carlisle, refused to officiate. Bacon tells an interesting story in connexion with this event, which illustrates the peculiar posture of affairs at the moment, when the Queen appeared to be pausing before she quite made up her mind to fulfil the fears of the Catholics, and the hopes of the Protestants, by a decided demonstration in favour of the latter. He says, "Queen Elizabeth, on the morrow of her coronation, it being the custom to release prisoners at the inauguration of a prince, went to the chapel, and in the great chamber, one of her courtiers who was well known to her, either out of his own notions or by the instigation of a wiser man, presented her with a petition, and before a great number of courtiers besought her with a loud voice that now, this good time, there might be four or five more principal prisoners released; these were the four Evangelists and the apostle St. Paul, who had been long shut up in an unknown tongue, as it were in prison; so as they could not converse with the common people. The Queen answered very gravely, that it was best first to inquire of themselves whether they would be released or not." An answer that, under the circumstances, Prince Talleyrand himself might have envied, for its adroitness and wit: it left the querist pleased, but unanswered. And whether she would have answered it in the mode anticipated is uncertain if there had been more policy in the Catholic party, or less in the Protestant; but when one professed so much devotion to her interests even whilst she appeared to lean to a considerable degree towards their opponents, and the other returned the favour by declaring, through the mouth of the Pope himself, she was illegitimate, it was not very difficult to decide how the affair would end. Elizabeth soon struck into the path which had been first discovered to her father by the

"Gospel light from Bullen's eyes."

Of James I.'s coronation the most interesting account to our mind is that given in the amusing Dutch print of the period, here copied, which shows us the successive stages of the ceremony in an ingenious if not very artistical manner. The arrangements for this coronation and the preceding procession were intended to be of the most surpassingly splendid nature, but the plague was then raging, and in consequence the people were forbidden to come to Westminster to see the pageant. After this coronation political feelings and events began to mingle with the religious in affecting the successive ceremonies. Charles I. was crowned on the 2nd of February, 1626. His queen, as a Catholic, was neither a sharer in the coronation nor a spectator; and instead of accepting the place they offered to fit up for her in the Abbey, she preferred standing at a window of the palace-gate to look on, whilst, as we have been carefully informed, her foreign attendants were frisking and dancing about the room. Laud was the archbishop, and Buckingham the Lord Constable, who, in ascending the steps of the throne, offered to take the king's right hand with his left, but Charles put it by, smiling, and helped up the duke, saying, "I have as much need to help you as you to



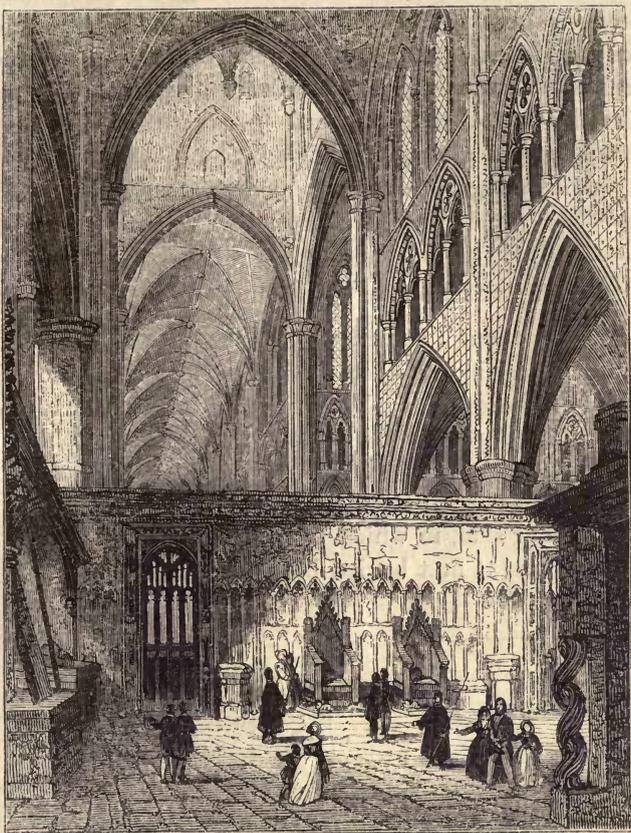
[Coronation of James I.]

assist me." When Laud presented the King to the people, he said in an audible voice, "My masters and friends, I am here come to present unto you your king, King Charles, to whom the crown of his ancestors and predecessors is now devolved by lineal right; and therefore I desire you, by your general acclamation, to testify your consent and willingness thereunto." Strange and unaccountable as it seems, not a voice nor a cheer answered; there was a silence as of the grave. If a kind of sudden revelation, but darkly, and as it were afar off, of the future events of the reign had been suddenly made, there could not have been a more portentous hush. At last the Lord Arundel, Earl Marshal, told the spectators they should cry "God save King Charles!" and then they did so. The end of which this incident appears almost as a kind of beginning, is shown in the inauguration of Cromwell as Protector in the adjoining hall; which was performed with a simple dignity of ceremony more in accordance with Cromwell's tastes than the usual details of a coronation. Subsequent ceremonies present little worthy of remark, except in the instance of James II. and George III. James, seeing that his brother had restored the old monarchy, thought he would try his hand at a restoration of the old religion, and in the attempt lost both. His coronation presents a curious illustration of the difficulties in which he was placed in consequence of his views at the very commencement of his reign. How was he to take the coronation oath, binding him to the preservation of the Anglican church? The Pope was consulted, and a lucky quibble discovered, and

the coronation of James and his queen went on. As the crown was placed on the King's head a circumstance occurred, which we look in vain to find recorded in the splendid and elaborate work published under authority by Sandford to commemorate the ceremony—the crown tottered, and had nearly fallen, and the King was noticed to be altogether ill at ease. The last incident of a coronation ceremony that we shall relate refers to the inauguration of George III. and his queen in 1761, which was at once magnificent and impressive. There was then present, unnoticed, a young man who must have gazed on the whole proceedings with feelings and memories of a strange kind. He was one to whom the silence which greeted Charles the First's presentation to the people, and the ominous tottering of James's crown, were more than mere matters of history. He was one who could say with some show of reason—and there were, doubtless, many present whose hearts would have responded to his words—"My place should have been by that chair; my father should have been in it"—it was the Young Pretender, Charles Stuart.



[Coronation of George III.—The Enthronization and doing Homage.]



[Confessor's Chapel, Screen, &c., with the Choir and Nave of the Abbey beyond.]

## LXXXII.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

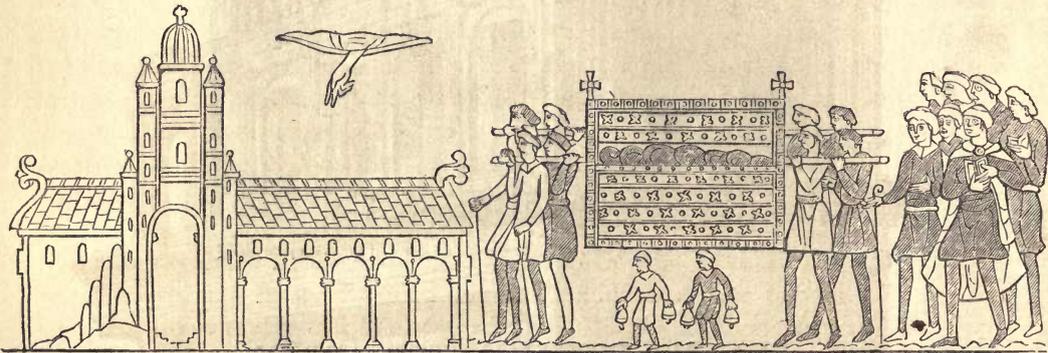
### NO. III. THE REGAL MAUSOLEUMS.

It would be hardly possible to present a more impressive lesson on the mutability of earthly glory than is afforded by the contrast between the two grand ceremonials which connect the history of our sovereigns for so many centuries with that of Westminster Abbey. The few steps upwards unto the throne, and the few downwards into the grave; the airy sweep of the beautiful pointed arches, tier above tier, and the low and narrow vault; the spirit-stirring splendours of one pageant, and the sombre and dread magnificence of the other; the new-born hopes which, binding king and people for the hour in a common sympathy, make the past appear as nothing, the future all,—and, alas! the melancholy comment provoked when all is over as to the necessity for the repetition of the process; these are but the regular and almost unchanging phenomena of the momentous ebbing and flowing of regal life which meet us in the memories of the Abbey. It were a curious question to inquire whether those

who have been the chief actors in such different ceremonials have ever, during the one, thought of the other; whether, among all the monarchs who have passed along in their gorgeous robes, and beneath the silken canopies which the proudest nobles have been most proud to bear, there has been one to whom the secret monitor has whispered, in the words of a writer \* better known as the historian than as the poet of the Cathedral—

“ While thus in state on buried kings you tread,  
And swelling robes sweep spreading o'er the dead;  
While like a god you cast your eyes around,  
Think then, Oh! think, you walk on treacherous ground;  
Though firm the checquer'd pavement seems to be,  
’T will surely open and give way to thee.”

Arousing ourselves, though reluctantly, from the train of reflection inspired by the place, and the significant juxta-position of the coronation-chair † and the tombs of the chief of those kings who have occupied it, let us look around. We are in the innermost sanctuary of the temple, in a spot made holy by a thousand associations, but, above all, by the devout aspirations of the countless multitudes who have come from all parts, not only of our own but of distant lands, to bend before the shrine by our side, in which still repose the ashes of the canonized Confessor. Edward was at first buried before the high altar, and then removed



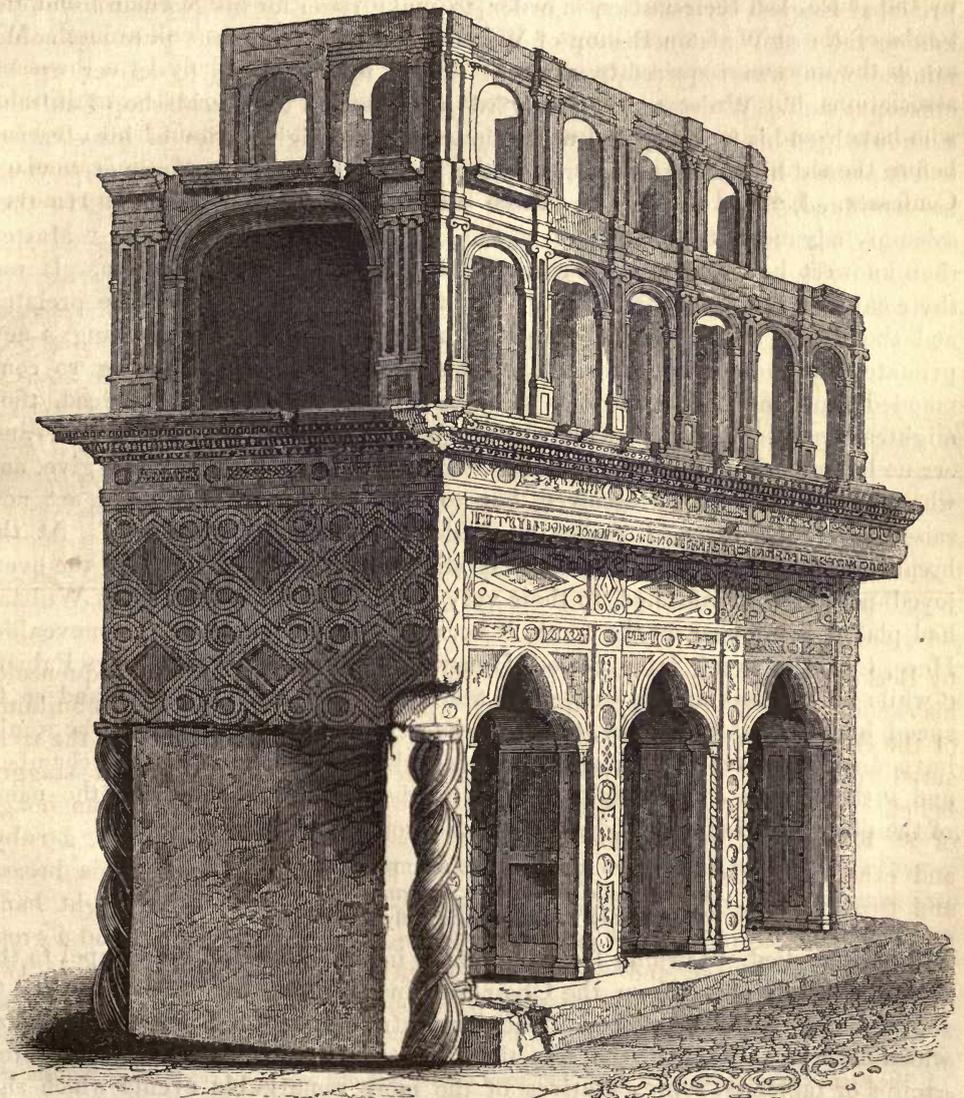
[Funeral of the Confessor.]

by Becket to a richer shrine in its neighbourhood, probably in consequence of his canonization by Pope Alexander III. about 1163; but after the rebuilding of the church by Henry III., that king had a shrine made to receive the treasured remains, of so sumptuous a character, that the details almost stagger belief. Among its ornaments were numerous golden statues, such as an image of St. Edmund, King; wearing a crown set with two large sapphires, a ruby, and other precious stones; an image of a king with a ruby on his breast, and two other small stones; an image of the king, holding in the right hand a flower, with sapphires and emeralds in the middle of the crown, and a great garnet in the breast, and otherwise set with pearls and small stones; two other golden images of kings set with garnets, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires;

\* Dart.

† The second chair (the one to the right) is supposed to have been first used at the coronation of William and Mary.

five golden angels; an image of the Virgin and Child, set with rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and garnets; a golden image of a king holding a shrine in his hand, set with precious stones; also, an image of a king holding in one hand a cameo with two heads, in the other a sceptre, set with rubies, onyx, and pearls; and an image of St. Peter, holding in one hand a church, in the other the keys, and trampling upon Nero, with a large sapphire in his breast. The Patent Rolls mention also a "most fair sapphire," weighing fifty-two pennyweights; one great cameo in a golden case, with a golden chain, valued alone at two hundred pounds of the money of the thirteenth century. There were, in all, fifty-five large cameos. Such parts of the shrine as were not covered with these precious ornaments were inlaid with the richest mosaic. This was the shrine which



[Shrine of the Confessor.]

Henry III. prepared for the Confessor's ashes; and the ceremony of the removal was one of accordant splendour. The coffin was borne by himself, his brother the King of the Romans, and other persons of the highest rank. Nor, for the credulous, were miracles wanting to maintain the Confessor's ancient reputation; an Irishman and an Englishman, according to Matthew Paris, being dispossessed of devils on the occasion. The shrine, we need hardly add, no longer exhibits the blaze of wealth which gladdened the eyes of our forefathers, as satisfying them their revered king was worthily lodged; time, and more mischievous agencies than time, have left it but a wreck of what it was, although a sumptuous-looking piece of antiquity still. The upper portion is a mere wainscot addition, it is supposed, of the sixteenth century: why added, it is impossible to say. In connexion with this and preceding shrines of the Confessor are many interesting memories. When William the Conqueror was busy displacing the principal English ecclesiastics, in order to make room for his Norman followers, among the rest Wulstan Bishop of Worcester, an illiterate but pure and noble-minded man, was required by a synod sitting in the Abbey to deliver up his episcopal staff. Wulstan, in a few words addressed to the Archbishop Lanfranc, acknowledged his inability and unworthiness for the high duties of his vocation, and expressed his willingness to resign the pastoral staff; "Not, however, to you," he continued, "but to him by whose authority I received them." He then solemnly advanced to the shrine of the Confessor, and thus spake: "Master, thou knowest how reluctantly I assumed this charge, at thy instigation. It was thy command that, more than the wish of the people, the voice of the prelates, and the desire of the nobles, compelled me. Now we have a new king, a new primate, and new enactments. Thee they accuse of error in having so commanded, and me of presumption because I obeyed. Formerly, indeed, thou mightest err, because thou wert mortal; but now thou art with God, and canst err no longer. Not to them, therefore, who recall what they did not give, and who may deceive and be deceived, but to thee who gave them, and art now raised above all error, I resign my staff, and surrender my flock." At the breaking up of that synod Wulstan was still Bishop of Worcester, and the overjoyed people were informed, to their very great edification, that, when Wulstan had placed his crozier on the tomb, it became so fixed as to be irremovable. Here, too, at a much later period, Henry IV. "became so sick," says Fabian, "while he was making his prayers to take there his leave (of life), and so to speed him upon his journey, that such as were about him feared that he would have died right there." The attendants took him into the Jerusalem chamber, and "there upon a pallet laid him before the fire," when, inquiring the name of the place, and being told, he said, in the words of Shakspeare—

"It hath been prophesied to me many years  
I should not die but in Jerusalem,  
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:" &c.—

and here he died. Turning from the shrine in the centre of the Chapel to the screen which divides it from the Choir, we find this also has been dedicated to the memory of the Confessor. The very extraordinary and interesting frieze which decorates it contains no less than fourteen small but boldly sculptured groups or tableaux, representatives of the more remarkable events which sig-

nalized his reign. We can only mention a piece of sculpture near the centre, deeply hollowed out, representing a chamber with Edward in bed, and looking on a thief who is kneeling before a chest containing his treasure, and whom, according to the story, he admonishes;\* and two or three others, descriptive of one of the interesting tales in which the people of the middle ages so much delighted. Dart thus relates it, on the authority of an old manuscript:—"Upon a certain time, a beggar asking alms of this Prince, for sake of St. John the Evangelist, he gave him, out of his abundant charity, a ring. Some time after, two pilgrims, Englishmen, being at Jerusalem, met a third, who saluted them; and, inquiring what countrymen, they told him. Whereupon he delivered them a ring, and bade them recommend him to their King (Edward), and tell him he was St. John the Evangelist, to whom he had aforetime at Westminster given a ring; and bade them further tell him, from him, that he should in nine days' time die. The two pilgrims, surprised at such a message, told him that to deliver it in time was impossible. He in answer bade them take no care of that, and took his leave. After they had walked some way, being weary, they fell asleep; and, upon waking, observed a strange alteration of the place. Upon which, seeing some shepherds in a field, they inquired of them where they were, who made answer they were in Kent. Whereat being rejoiced, they made the best of their way to King Edward, to a seat of his in Waltham Forest, then called the Bower, and since Havering in the Bower, and delivered this message to the King, who accordingly died as was told him." How implicitly this story was believed we may see from the pains taken to commemorate it in so many places in and about the Abbey; among the rest, over the old gate going into Dean's Yard,—in the stained glass of one of the eastern windows of the Abbey,—and in the screen before us. If there were a tomb in the world which one would have thought an antiquary would have looked on with awe—ashes which it were sacrilege almost to touch—we should have thought it was the tomb and ashes of the Confessor; around which hung all those associations, so solemnly and deeply interesting, however stripped of their superstitious alloy. Yet Keepe, one of the historians of the Abbey, could write, without a blush upon his cheek, that, when a hole had been broken in the lid of the coffin during the removal of the scaffolding of James II.'s coronation, "On putting my hand into the hole, *and turning the bones which I felt there*, I drew from underneath the shoulder-bones a crucifix, richly adorned and enamelled, and a gold chain twenty-four inches long;" both of which were presented to the King, who ordered in return new planks for the coffin, that "no abuse might be offered to the sacred ashes."

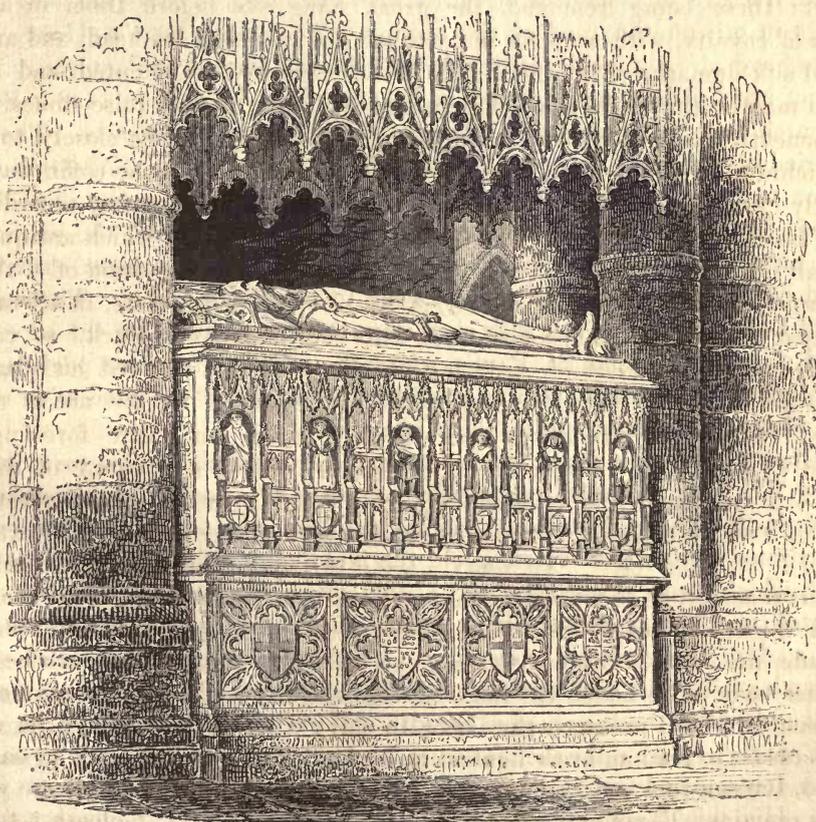
From the time of the burial of the Confessor, in the new Abbey he had built, to that of Henry III., in the structure which owns him for its founder, the Kings of England were mostly buried on the Continent; none of them in the Abbey of Westminster. Henry's tomb, which stands on the left of the paltry entrance into the Chapel from the Ambulatory, bears a striking resemblance to the lower part of that he caused to be erected for the Confessor; and, like that, was originally richly decorated. Two beautiful panels of porphyry still ornament the front and back, and the gilding is in parts also yet bright. The tomb was erected over the place which had been the grave previously of Edward, and where Henry

\* Pennant calls it "the story of his *winking* at the thief who was robbing his treasury."

was now buried; and it was standing upon the edge of that grave that the barons of England, with the Earl of Gloucester at their head, placing their hands upon the royal corpse, swore fealty to Edward I., then in the Holy Land. Some years after the grave was opened, and the heart taken away, by the Abbot Wenlock, and delivered to the Abbess of Font-Evraud, in Normandy, to whom Henry had promised it during his lifetime. What a contrast to Henry's memorial is that of his son on the one side, or, to both monuments, that of his son's wife on the other. The tomb of Edward has an air of rude, almost savage dignity, which harmonises admirably with his character, and seems as though his executors had but fulfilled his own previously expressed wishes, or at least studied what would have been his tastes, when they left the historian to remark that his "exequy was scantily fynysshed." But this applies only to the tomb; the manner in which they decorated his body with false jewels was neither plain and simple, nor rich and befitting kingly dignity. The exhumation of the corpse of the English Justinian (when this circumstance was discovered) is so interesting that we should gladly give a more detailed account than our space will admit. It was in 1744 that certain antiquaries obtained permission of the Dean to examine the body, which was done in his presence. It was enclosed first within a large square mantle of linen cloth well waxed, with a face-cloth of crimson sarcenet: these being removed, the great King was before them in all the ensigns of royalty, with sceptres in each hand, a crown on his head, and arrayed in a red silk damask tunic, white stole most elegantly ornamented, and a rich crimson mantle, the whole somewhat profusely decorated with false stones. The body beneath was covered with a fine linen cere-cloth, adhering closely to every part, including the fingers and face. The examination over, the coffin was most carefully closed again, but not before another of our antiquaries, according to Mr. D'Israeli, had exhibited the want of those sentiments which antiquarians above all others are so apt to pride themselves upon the possession of. Among the spectators "Gough was observed, as Steevens used to relate, in a wrapping great-coat of unusual dimensions; that witty and malicious 'Puck,' so capable himself of inventing mischief, easily suspected others, and divided his glance as much upon the living piece of antiquity as on the elder. In the act of closing up the relics of royalty there was found wanting an entire fore-finger of Edward I., and as the body was perfect when opened, a murmur of dissatisfaction was spreading, when 'Puck' directed their attention to the great antiquary in the watchman's great-coat; from whence, too surely, was extracted Edward I.'s fore-finger." We must add to this notice of Edward's tomb, that Froissart relates that Edward, on his death-bed at Burgh-upon-Sands, near Carlisle, on his way towards Scotland, then again in arms against him, called his son, and made him swear, in the presence of his nobles, that after his death he would cause his body to be boiled till the flesh should be stripped from the bones, and that then he would preserve the latter to carry with him whenever he should have occasion to lead an army against the rebellious Scots. If such an oath was exacted, the son took no further notice of it, but buried his father where we now find his remains. Eleanor lies on the other side of Henry III., beneath a tomb of grey marble, on which is a gilded effigy, of a character that one hardly knows how to speak of with sufficient admiration. A more exquisitely beautiful work

of its kind perhaps does not exist; the indescribable loveliness of the face, the wonderful grace and elegance of the hands, and the general ease, dignity, and refinement of the figure, seem almost miraculous in connexion with the productions of what we are accustomed to call the dark ages. There it lies, not a feature of the face injured, not a finger broken off, perfect in its essentials as on the day it left the studio, whilst all around marks of injury and dilapidation meet you on every side: it is as though its own serene beauty had rendered violence impossible, had even touched the heart of the great destroyer Time himself. Only of late years has the name of the great—however unknown—artist of this work been made known; it was one Master William Torel—English, it is supposed, for Torelli, an Italian artist, to whom we are also indebted for the effigy on Henry III.'s tomb.

Going regularly round the Chapel, from the screen on the west side to the three tombs just mentioned on the north, then to the east, which is occupied by the magnificent monument of Henry V., which we pass for the present, we have lastly, on the south side, Philippa, Queen of Edward III., endeared to all memories by the story of Calais; next, her husband,\* and lastly Richard II. and his Queen. Both Philippa's and Edward's monuments have suffered grievously: of the thirty statues and fret-work niches that formerly ornamented the first,



[Tomb of Edward III.]

\* The second Edward was buried at Gloucester.

there remains but a fragment of the niches. Edward's has been more fortunate, for the outer side, or that seen from the Ambulatory, has yet six small figures in good preservation. By this monument are two objects that almost divide attention with the coronation chair—the sword and shield which were carried before the King in his destructive French wars. Edward died in 1377—some years too late for his fame. It must have been a melancholy spectacle to see such a monarch spending his latter hours with a mistress too worthless even to wait patiently for their close, or to see him who had held powerful and undisputed sway over one great kingdom, and shaken others to their very centre, too weak and friendless to prevent his own attendants from plundering him almost in his sight.

The eye is attracted towards the tomb of Richard II. and his Queen by the rubbed surface of a portion of Richard's effigy, which shows the bright gilding that the dirt elsewhere conceals: this was erected by the King's own order in his lifetime. And here did the pious and generous care of Henry V., the son of his destroyer, soon after his accession, remove the murdered remains from Friars Langley, and place them by the side of the unhappy Richard's Queen. The whole subject of Richard's death has been as yet one of impenetrable mystery, and the examination of his corpse here, if it be his, has not enlightened us. Neither of the skulls within the tomb, on the closest examination, presented any marks of fracture or evidences of murderous violence. Above the effigies are paintings in oil, on the roof of the canopy. To Bolingbroke's (Henry IV.'s) death we have already incidentally referred—he was buried at Canterbury. His son's brief but brilliant reign ended in France, where he died in 1422. Seldom has monarch been more regretted than was Henry V. by his subjects. The body was carried in funereal state to Paris, thence through Rouen, Abbeville, and Boulogne to Calais, where a fleet waited to bear the remains across the Channel to Dover. As the long and melancholy procession approached the metropolis, a great number of bishops, mitred abbots, and the most eminent churchmen, attended by vast multitudes of people, went to meet and join it. Through the streets of London they moved with slow step, the clergy chanting the service for the dead, till they reached St. Paul's, where the solemn rites were performed in the presence of the Parliament of the nation. Then again the procession moved forward to the final resting-place, the Abbey.

The Chantry, beneath which he lies, and towards which we now turn, is, next to Henry VII.'s tomb, the most magnificent piece of mingled architecture and sculpture in the Abbey. In form it is not unlike a great H, the sides forming lofty octagonal towers, connected about the middle, by a broad band, if we may so call it, which forms at once the roof of the arch between the turrets below and the floor of the Chantry above, where masses were formerly said three times a day for the soul of the deceased sovereign. The entire front is one mass of the richest and most florid architectural details, to which the large statues in their respective niches in the towers give breadth and grandeur. On high, at the back of the Chantry, is seen the helmet worn by Henry V., probably at Agincourt; two deep dents in it show at least that he has worn it in no trifling or ignoble contest. His shield and saddle are also preserved here. The headless effigy of Henry (the head was of silver, and therefore carried off by his namesake of church-stripping memory, and not, as the guides tell us, by Cromwell) lies



[Funeral of Henry V.]

within the deep and solemn-looking arch beneath, where you look over the tomb, and through the arch over the Ambulatory, and on through the still darker porch of Henry VII.'s Chapel into that palace of art, whither we next direct our steps: not forgetting to observe by the way that Henry's Queen, Katherine of France, was buried in the old Chapel of the Virgin Mary, and, in consequence, had to be removed when that edifice was pulled down by her grandson, Henry VII. By some unaccountable and most disgraceful neglect, the body, which was in a peculiar but extraordinary state of preservation, was left so exposed for between two and three centuries, that any influential visitor who wished could see it. Of course the eternal sight-seer Pepys was attracted. "Here," he says, "we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois, and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queen, and that this was my birthday, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a Queen." In 1776 the body was buried in St. Nicholas's Chapel.

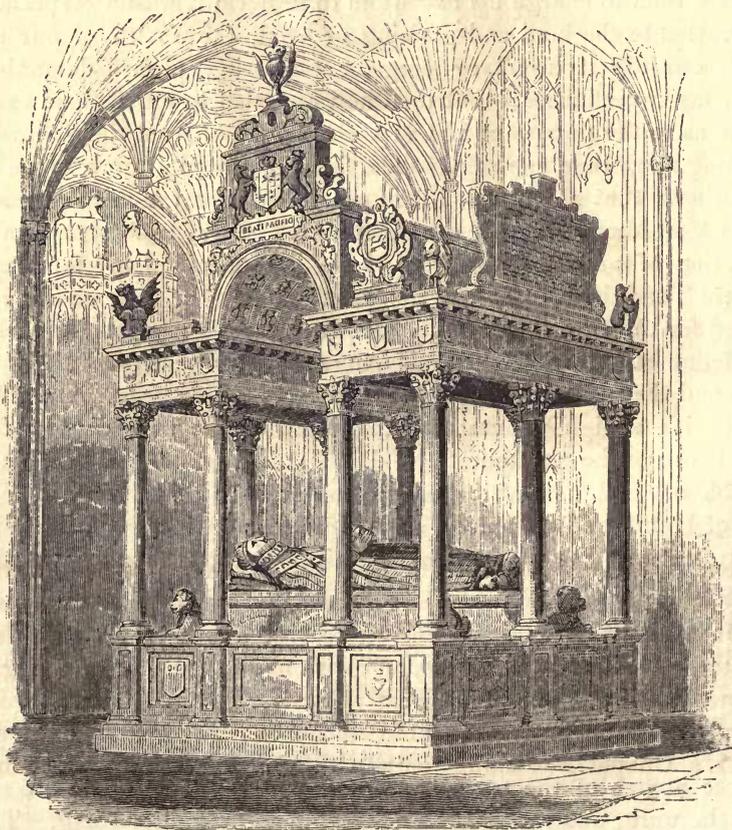
The first entrance into Henry VII.'s Chapel is an event to be remembered for a lifetime: the sight of "such a thing of beauty" becomes, indeed, "a joy for ever." And with what consummate art has the architect enhanced even the effect of his own marvellous production, by the solemn gloom that pervades the porch through which we pass into the interior! One moment we are in what may be almost called darkness; the next—having passed through the brazen open-worked gates—in a blaze of light and decoration. And, as we look around,

what imagination but must own that even its own most brilliant and merely ideal creations are here surpassed in the expression stamped upon these solid stone walls, and windows, and roof. Did ever arches spring upward with such fairy-like grace?—or guide the entranced eye to a more surpassingly beautiful and almost miraculous roof? where, in the words of Washington Irving, “stone seems, by the cunning labours of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.” Then, again, the statues; the innumerable statues of patriarchs, saints, martyrs, confessors, and angels! There must have been, after all, something truly magnificent in the king who could determine on the erection of such a place, select the genius that could erect it, and then give such unlimited scope to the development of its loftiest and most daring imaginings. And the artist, strange to say, is unknown, or at least not known with any certainty. The feverish desire of fame, which is so proverbially a characteristic of high minds, seems to be little felt by the highest. In the breasts of the great men who have bequeathed to this country its most precious architectural wealth we find no traces whatever of its existence. A few words deeply cut on a stone would have made their names immortal, but none of them seem to have thought it worth the trouble, if they thought of the matter at all. So with regard to Henry VII.’s Chapel: which has been attributed to Bishop Fox, Bishop Alcock, Sir Reginald Bray, and to the Prior of St. Bartholomew’s, Smithfield; who, there is the greatest reason to believe, was the man. Henry, in his will, calls him the “master of the works.” But, beautiful as the interior now appears, there was a time when it must have appeared infinitely more so. In its original state the “walls, doors, windows, arches, vaults, and images” were “painted, varnished, and adorned” with the king’s arms, badges, cognizances, &c.; the stained windows displayed similar ornaments, with the addition of greater works, such as “stories,” all in the most brilliant and pristine colours; numerous altars were scattered about, one of them with a large statue of the Virgin, and an immense golden cross, and the whole bearing tall wax tapers, burning constantly; whilst to and fro there was generally to be seen moving some procession of the inhabitants of the Abbey; the monks in their black garments, the incense-bearers in white, the officiating priests in their gemmed and embroidered vests, and the whole wearing the copes of cloth of gold tissue, embroidered with roses, given by Henry VII. to be used in the performance of the different ceremonials instituted by him for the due repose of his soul. And that soul seems to have been a difficult one to deal with; for never, surely, did monarch impose more trouble upon certain portions of his subjects for its due preservation. In this, perhaps, Henry, like many other men whose piety and policy have not exactly gone hand in hand, tried to “circumvent Heaven.” Whilst he was arranging with Abbot Islip for the performance of three daily masses for the welfare of his soul, to continue “*while the world should last*,” for the additional ceremonies which were to take place on holidays and feasts; for the annual procession of the monks, prior, abbot, with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, and other great officers of state, to the high altar by his tomb, where there was to be a hearse with a hundred great tapers burning, and twenty-four almsmen ranged round it with burning torches; whilst he was founding an almshouse within the Abbey, and providing gifts for a large

number of casual poor to be distributed at the altar;—was it to be supposed that in doing all this for the future welfare of his soul he could be expected to take much present care of it? Was he not to be allowed just to finish the policy he had steadily pursued through his reign, when he was showing how heartily he was determined to repent—after he was dead? But, fortunately for us, Henry's prospective piety took a more tangible shape than masses and requiems, and one that it is heartily to be hoped may endure as long as they were to have endured, even "while the world shall last."—The chapel is but another evidence of Henry's care for his soul. This was begun (the Chapel of the Kings, or the Confessor's, being full) on "the twenty-fourth day of January, a quarter after three of the clock," in the year 1503, as Holinshed carefully informs us; at which time the first stone was laid by Abbot Islip, in the presence of numerous distinguished persons. It was still unfinished when Henry died in 1509, who, in his last hours, was very careful to provide funds for its continuance, and to give ample directions in his will on all important points. The entire expense of the work was about 14,000*l.*; but as those figures give no idea to *us* of the cost, we may offer, as an illustration merely, the fact that above 42,000*l.* has been expended in the present century in merely rebuilding the exterior! And this immense sum it seems has furnished but an insufficient restoration, as, from some defect in the stone or the workmanship, decay is said to be already evident. Having safely secured his soul, Henry made suitable provision for his body. He said little of his burial, further than to charge his executors to perform it with a "special respect and consideration to the laud and praising of God, the wealth of our soul, and somewhat to our dignity royal, eviteing (or eschewing) always damnable pomp and outrageous superfluities;" but then he proceeded to set the said executors a bad example as to the pomp and the superfluities, if at least these words are to mean anything more than mere flourishes, for he directed a tomb to be made in a style that shows that he intended it in richness of decoration to surpass everything of the kind known in this country. And he was as fortunate in his executors' selection of an artist for this, as he had been himself for the greater work. Pietro Torrigiano, a Florentine, was the object of their choice, a man as distinguished for the turbulence of his temper as for his genius. In early life he had been a fellow-student with Michael Angelo, and in quarrel broke the bridge of his nose, and thus deformed for life the features of his great rival. He came to England with a high reputation—the tomb before us tells how deserved. Bacon calls it one of the "stateliest and daintiest in Europe." It consists of a pedestal or table of *touch*, a basaltic stone not unlike black marble, on which repose the effigies of Henry and his Queen, sculptured in a style of great simplicity and adherence to nature; the whole adorned with pilasters, relievos, rose-branches (referring to the junction of the rival Houses), and "images," or graven "tabernacles," as Henry calls them in the directions in his will, of the king's Avouries, or patron saints; viz. the Virgin and Saviour and St. Michael, St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, St. George and St. Anthony, all on the south side, and St. Mary Magdalen and St. Barbara, St. Christopher and St. Anne, Edward the Confessor and John, and, lastly, St. Vincent, on the north. These are all of copper, gilt. On the angles of the tomb are seated angels. Torrigiano was six years engaged in the work, and received for it the immense sum of 1500*l.* The brass screen, it is pleasant to have to remember, is the product of English art. It was

formerly adorned with no less than thirty-six statues, of which only six remain. We can only add to this general notice of the Chapel, as a parting illustration of its artistical wealth, that it is said to have possessed, within and without, about three thousand statues; and that the very seats (now only used, we believe, at the installation of the Knights of the Bath, whose banners hang overhead) display on their lower side, as we turn them back on their hinges, an infinite variety of the most exquisite carvings of flowers, fruit, foliage, grotesque animals, groups of Bacchanals, and still more important pictorial subjects, which are frequently of an amusing, sometimes of a licentious, character. One of the seats has for its subject the Evil One carrying off a friar in the central compartment, while a woman wrings her hands at his loss on one side, and an attendant imp expresses *his* feelings by beating a tattoo on the other; such were the monkish satires upon the lives of their wandering brethren.

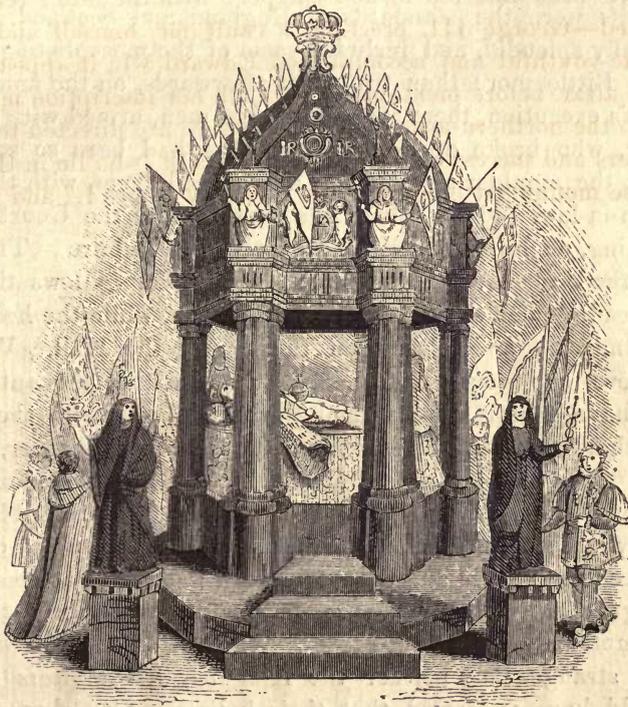
From the time of the burial of Henry VII. to that of George II. most of our sovereigns have been interred in this Chapel; with the latter reign the custom was discontinued—George III. erecting a vault for himself and successors at Windsor. The youthful and accomplished Edward VI., it appears, was buried near the high altar before mentioned; no tomb nor inscription marks the spot. As we walk up the northern aisle of the Chapel, we are directed to the last home of his two sisters and successors, Mary and Elizabeth (who lie in the same tomb), by the immense monument erected to the latter by James I.; and which so much



[Monument of Queen Elizabeth.]

resembles the monument erected by the same king to his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, in the opposite aisle, that one would suppose he wished to keep before the world, in as forcible a manner as possible, the remembrance of events in which *his* conduct, during the period the scaffold was preparing for the unfortunate Mary, is perhaps the only point on which there cannot be a difference of opinion. Elizabeth's memorial is by Maximilian Coulte; Mary's by Cornelius Cure.

At the end of the same aisle, near the sarcophagus of white marble containing the supposed remains of the murdered Edward V. and his brother (the finding of which in the Tower has already been mentioned),\* is a vault in which lie in strange companionship the oppressor and the oppressed, James I. and Arabella Stuart, as well as James's Queen, Anne—and son, Prince Henry. The Lady Arabella, it will be remembered, died in a state of insanity in the Tower, brought on by the infamous persecutions to which she was subjected on account of her



James I. lying in State.—The hearse and decorations designed by Inigo Jones.]

royal descent, and more particularly after the discovery of her marriage with William Seymour. Leaving this melancholy spot, we look in vain for any memorial of James's successor, whose headless corpse was buried at Windsor; or of the Protector, who *was* interred here, and with more than the usual regal pomp. He died on the anniversary of his great victories of Dunbar and Worcester, the 3rd of September, 1658, and was buried on the 22nd of November; when Henry VII.'s Chapel was hung both within and without with hundreds of

\* No. XXXIX., vol. ii., p. 225.

escutcheons, and the framework or enclosure of the hearse exhibited an immense number of embossed shields of different sizes, with crowns, badges, and scrolls, the latter bearing appropriate mottoes. Suspended from the hearse all around were waving pennons, and upon it lay a carved effigy of the Protector, "made to the life, according to the best skill of the artist in that employed, viz. Mr. Symon," the same party, we presume, to whom we are indebted for one of the finest of English coins, Cromwell's crown-piece. The effigy was magnificently arrayed in a laced holland shirt, silk stockings, Spanish leather shoes tied with gold lace, doublet of uncut grey velvet with gold buttons, purple velvet surcoat laced with gold, and over all a royal robe of purple velvet, embossed with gold, and lined with ermine. Beneath the effigy was a bed, consisting first of a quilt, then a cloth of estate, next a holland sheet, and lastly a velvet pall. The head rested on a cushion. On the sides of the figure were disposed the head-piece and plume, the breastplate, and greaves of the deceased warrior; whilst at his feet were his coat, mantle, helmet and crest, sword, target, spurs, and gauntlets. Among the other ornaments were the standards of England and Scotland. The procession was equally splendid, and included some of the most distinguished persons of the realm. Little more than two years afterwards, on the anniversary of the day of Charles's execution, there came a band of men, armed with all due powers from the King, who broke open the grave that had been so solemnly closed, dragged forth the mouldering remains, and placed them, with those of Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, and Bradshaw, the President of the Court that had condemned the King, on hurdles, and dragged them to Tyburn. There the bodies were hung at the three several angles of a triangular gallows till sunset, then cut down, beheaded, and thrown into a pit beneath, while the heads were taken back to Westminster, and placed on the top of the Hall. Whatever their political opinions, one would have hardly supposed that the authorities of the Abbey could have exactly approved of this pitiful war with the dead; so far, however, was that from being the case, that the Dean and Chapter, in the exuberance of their loyalty, obtained a warrant for the further exhumation of the corpses of Cromwell's *mother and daughter*, women of the most blameless purity of lives; of Pym, Cromwell's early coadjutor, who had actually died whilst the struggle between the people and their sovereign was as yet a bloodless one; and of Blake, the great naval hero, whose only crime must have been the fighting too well for his country abroad, without troubling himself as to who was in power at home. It is strange that neither the King nor his advisers in these proceedings should have perceived that their indiscriminate character prevented even the semblance of justice from appertaining to them, and that they therefore could not fail to react to the injury of the doers. Of course no memorial marks the place from whence the bodies were taken.

Crossing to the south aisle, we stand by the vault in which lies the restored King, Charles II., of whose burial and reign the royalist Evelyn gives this brief but significant comment:—"14 Feb. (1685). The King was this night buried very obscurely in a vault under Henry VII.'s Chapel, at Westminster, without any manner of pomp, and *soon forgotten*." There were circumstances, however, attending the death that must have excited much speculation among the spectators of the funeral ceremonies. It was whispered abroad that Charles had

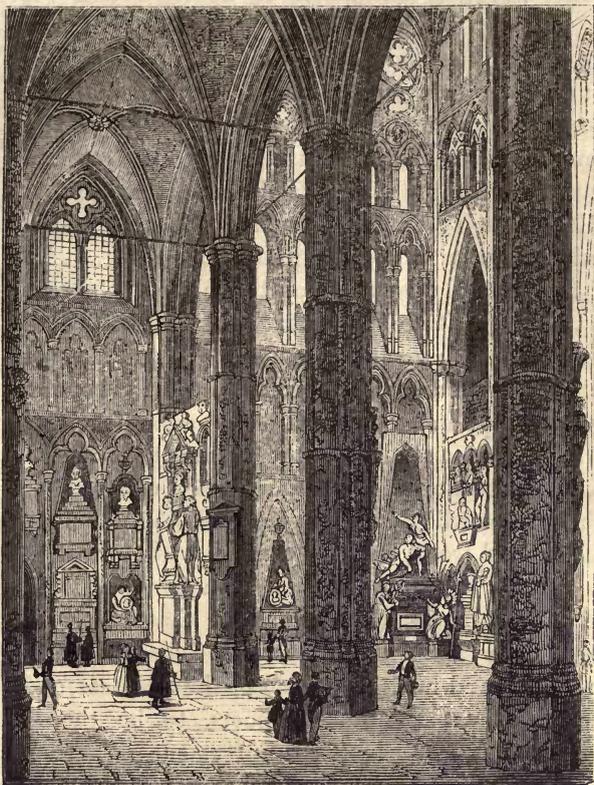
been poisoned by his brother James, the new King; a charge which, though it ultimately found distinct expression from the Duke of Monmouth in his revolutionary attempt, seems to have been without foundation. There was another rumour, which, taken in connexion with the supposed religious views of James, must have deeply interested the nation at large. It was, that Charles, the Protestant Defender of the Faith as by law established, had actually died a Catholic, and that Catholic rites had been secretly performed whilst the chief ecclesiastics of the Church were in the palace. And the fact was afterwards decisively established. Barillon, the French ambassador, says, the Duchess of Portsmouth came to him a little before the King's death, and observed, "Monsieur l'Ambassador, I am going to tell you the greatest secret in the world, and my head would be in danger were it known here. The King, in the bottom of his heart, is a Catholic." She then entreated him to communicate with the Duke of York on the subject; Barillon did so, and the Duke promised to hazard all rather than not do his duty. James immediately went to his brother, and found he had refused to take the Sacrament from the Bishops, who, as if suspicious, hardly left his bed-side for a moment. The same subject was at the hearts of both the brothers, but neither of them, even at that dread hour, had sufficient manliness to avow honestly their sentiments, and take the consequences; at last the Duke, finding no better expedient, stooped down and whispered to the King—what could not be heard;—but Charles replied more than once, and in a loud voice, "With all my heart." The Duke then hurried to Barillon, to desire him to find a priest instantly; and, after some search, there was discovered among the Queen's attendants one Huddleston, who, having saved the life of Charles at Worcester, had been exempted from all the penal laws relating to the Catholics. Huddleston was taken to the door of a back room adjoining the royal chamber, when, all being prepared, the Duke entered and exclaimed, "The King wills that everybody should retire except the Earls of Bath and Feversham." The disguised priest, with the host, was then brought in, James introducing him to his brother, with the remark, "Sire, here is a man who once saved your life, and who is now come to save your soul." The ceremony proceeded, and the Duke subsequently told Barillon that Charles had formally engaged to declare himself a Catholic if he recovered. Whether he spake in full sincerity was not to be shown: he died the next morning, the 6th of February, 1685. We need not look in Henry VII.'s Chapel for any memorial of his successor, whose career is summed up in a few words: he manfully declared his views, and the nation as manfully theirs; and they were the strongest. James died a Catholic, but no King. In the regal mausoleums he has no place. The vault where he should have been interred, the vacant space by his brother's remains he should have occupied, belong to his successful opponent—William III., who lies here with his lamented Queen. Anne and Prince George complete the list of inhabitants of the vault of the southern aisle. Lastly, in the centre of the Chapel repose, in a vault beneath the chequered pavement, George II. and his Queen, with the hero or butcher of Culloden—posterity does not seem to have quite determined whether the English or the Scotch appellation is the most suitable—the Duke of Cumberland.

Among the other tombs scattered about the Chapel are some to the memory

of persons of royal blood, which demand here a word of notice. Such is that to Lord Darnley's mother, a lady who, according to the inscription, "had to her great-grandfather King Edward IV.; to her grandfather King Henry VII.; to her uncle King Henry VIII.; to her cousin-german King Edward VI.; to her brother King James V. of Scotland; to her son (Darnley, husband of Mary) King Henry I. (of Scotland); and to her grandchild King James VI. of Scotland" and I. of England. And such is the tomb of Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., whose effigy of brass is another piece of masterly workmanship from the hands of Torrigiano. This is the lady of whom Camden reports she would often say, "On the condition that princes of Christendom would combine themselves and march against the common enemy, the Turk, she would most willingly attend them, and be their laundress in the camp:" the true spirit of a chivalrous lady of earlier ages, but one little suited for the period of her son, when men did more by craft than the sword, and when the head alike of the church and the state was, as we have seen, too busy in taking care of his own soul to think of the souls of unknown multitudes of Mohammedans. And who that looks round upon this most beautiful of structures but sincerely rejoices in his determination?



[Henry VII.'s Chapel and Tomb.]



[Poets' Corner.]

## LXXXIII.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

### NO. IV.—POETS' CORNER.

“POETS' CORNER!”—We could wish, most heartily, we knew the name of him who first gave this appellation to the south transept of the Abbey, and thus helped, most probably, to make it what it is, the richest little spot the earth possesses in its connexion with the princes of song: such a man ought himself to have a monument among them. And, though he may have never written a line, we could almost venture to assert he must have been a kindred spirit, so exquisitely applicable is his phrase;—so felicitously illustrative of the poet, who, with all his exhaustion of old worlds and creation of new, is generally most deeply attached to some one of the smallest corners of that on which he moves;—so characteristic is it of the personal relation in which we, his readers, stand toward him: not in the pulpit, the senate, or the academy, does he teach us, but in the quiet corner by the winter fire-side, or in the green nook of the summer woods. In a word, we might have sought in vain for any other appellation that would have expressed,

with equal force, the *home-feeling* with which we desire, however unconsciously, to invest this sumptuous abode of our dead poets, or that would have harmonised so finely with our mingled sentiments of affection and reverence for their memory.

But, though we do not know who gave the name, we are at no loss with regard to those whose burial here first suggested it. If, immediately we enter, we turn to the right, and gaze on the monuments on the wall by our side, we perceive one standing out from the rest in hoar antiquity, a fine old Gothic piece of sculpture, that, though in reality not three centuries old, seems at the first glance to be coeval with the building itself; that is the tomb of Chaucer, the first poet buried in the Abbey, and the first true poet England produced. It is, in other respects, one of the most interesting memorials of the place. Caxton, who, among his numerous claims to our gratitude, adds that of having sought out and made permanent by printing the manuscript of the *Canterbury Tales* (one of the editions of which he published under circumstances peculiarly honourable to himself), placed the original inscription here, which he obtained from a learned Milanese. This remained till Brigham, a student in the university of Oxford, took upon him, as a labour of love, the erection of a monument to the illustrious poet's memory. The present tomb was accordingly placed here in 1555. As we pause to gaze on its decayed and blackened front, and to examine, with an interest that finds little to repay it, the remains of the poet's effigy, a kind of melancholy similarity between the fate of Chaucer's reputation and that of his memorial suggests itself: what Spenser calls "black oblivion's rust" has been almost as injurious to the first as to the last, and has caused one of the greatest, and, as far as qualifications are concerned, most popular of poets, to be the most neglected or unknown by the large majority of his countrymen. There is a rust upon his verses, it is true, that mars, upon the whole, their original music (such as we find it breaking out at intervals where time has not played his fantastic tricks with the spelling and pronunciation), and which, for the first few hours of perusal, somewhat dims also the brilliancy of the thoughts,—but that is all; he who devotes one day to *studying* Chaucer will be delighted the next, and on the third will look back with amazement on his ignorance of the writer who, all circumstances of time and position considered, can scarcely be said to have had yet a superior, unless it be Shakspeare. And even he has not equalled, in some respects, the man who at once made England a poetical country; there is nothing in the whole range of literature that can be compared, for instance, to the pathos of the story of *Griselde*. Looked at, again, as a painter of manners, using the word in its largest sense, Fröissart, Chaucer's contemporary, appears by his side a man of but one idea. Chaucer, like Shakspeare, seems to have combined in himself all the qualities which are generally found to belong to different individuals. As the characters of the wonderful prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* throng upon the memory, one is lost in wonder at the extent and variety of the powers that could have created such a diversified assemblage. The gentle veteran knight, the young flute-playing poetical squire, the dainty prioress, the luxurious and respectable monk side by side with the licentious and vagabond friar, the merry and wanton wife of Bath, the poure parson, that sublimest of characters in

the homeliest of shapes, the brawny bagpipe-playing miller, &c., &c.—A restoration of the monument, it appears, is meditated; what a subject for bas-reliefs were these characters of the Canterbury Tales! Chaucer died in 1400, a fact we learn only from the monument; and, like the fabled swan, he may be said to have literally died singing. Among his works we find ‘A ballad made by Geoffrey Chaucer upon his death-bed, *lying in his great anguish*,’ a touching and memorable passage to be prefixed to a poem, and one is naturally anxious to learn the nature of the sentiments that flowed into verse under such circumstances. They are alike worthy of the poet and the occasion, and afford another instance of Chaucer’s versatility: the recurrence of the same line at the end of each verse is peculiarly musical and effective, and is interesting as showing how early this favourite trick (if we may be allowed to use that word in a somewhat higher sense than is now common) of modern song-writers was known and practised. The line in question,

“And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread,”

shows the spirit of the poem. Such was the first poet buried in the Corner. The next was a worthy successor, Spenser, the author of the ‘Fairly Queen.’ If poets, in the words of Shelley, are “cradled into wrong,” or begin the world with suffering—so, alas! too often do they end it. England’s second great poet is said to have died of starvation in the neighbouring King Street, Westminster. Ben Jonson thus briefly records, in his conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden, the frightful circumstances that attended the last days of the poet:—“The Irish having robbed Spenser’s goods, and burnt his house and a little child new born, he and his wife escaped; and, after, he *died for lack of bread* in King Street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, adding, ‘he was sorry he had no time to spend them.’” This story sounds altogether terribly like truth; yet, as doubts have been thrown upon it, we are glad to think it possible that there may be some mistake, or at least exaggeration. This great poet had great patrons: first, Sir Philip Sidney, then Raleigh, and, lastly, Essex. By Raleigh Spenser was introduced to Elizabeth; which circumstance, according to an old story, led to the Queen’s rebuking Lord Burleigh for his parsimony, and desiring that the poet should have reason for his rhyme. In Henslowe the player’s Diary, the story is thus corroborated:—“May 4, 1602. When her Majesty had given order that Mr. Spenser should have a reward for his poems, but Spenser could have nothing, he presented her with these verses:—

‘It pleased your grace upon a time  
To grant me reason for my rhyme;  
But from that time, until this season,  
I heard of neither rhyme nor reason.’”

The answer appears to have been a grant of 50*l.* per annum, which Malone discovered among the records in the Rolls Chapel: so we may hope that the poet who had enriched his country’s literature with that divinest shape of human beauty—

“Heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb”—

was not haunted in his last hours by the presence of a fiend more horrible than his own creations—infernal Pain and tumultuous Strife, who

“The one in hand an iron whip did strain,  
The other brandished a bloody knife,  
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life :”—

Hunger, we may hope, was not by the poet's death-bed. Spenser was buried where he had desired to be, near his great predecessor, Chaucer (but on the other side of the entrance), in 1598-9, at the expense of the Earl of Essex. It has been recorded that several of his poetical brethren attended, who threw epitaphs, and elegies, and panegyrics on his works, into his grave, “with the pens that wrote them.” “Gentle Willy” (Spenser's own designation of Shakspeare) we may be tolerably sure was among these mourners. The present monument is an exact transcript of an older one set up by the Countess of Dorset in 1620, for which that lady paid Nicholas Stone 40*l.* Mason, the poet, was the chief agent of the restoration, which became necessary, in 1778, through the softness of the original stone. We must not pass on without transcribing the short but beautiful inscription :—“Here lies, expecting the second coming of our Saviour Christ Jesus, the body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he left behind him.” This was the second inhabitant of Poets' Corner.

The third was Beaumont: how was it that we cannot add—with whom rests Fletcher? So thoroughly have their lives become incorporated in the incorporation of their writings and fame, that one feels as though Beaumont himself were not all here, entombed thus alone. Most touching and beautiful of friendships! In all the works of these great writers there is no incident half so romantic as their own undivided lives; for, as Aubrey has shown us in his recorded gossip, their literary connexion was but the natural manifestation not merely of kindred tastes and talents, but of an ardent affection for each other, that was as plainly seen in the house where they lived together, and had the same clothes, and most probably a common purse, as in the theatre, where their separate writings were undistinguishable, and where, if one were really greater than the other, they kept the secret to themselves so effectually, that to this hour the best critics have been baffled in their attempts to assign to each his due merit. How great that merit is, may be judged by those not familiar with their works from Schlegel's remark upon them. He says—“They hardly wanted anything but a more profound seriousness of mind, and that sagacity in art which observes a due measure in everything, to deserve a place beside the greatest dramatic poets of all nations.” Beaumont was buried before the entrance into the first of the chapels here (St. Benedict's), immediately beyond Chaucer's monument, where he lies without memorial or inscription.

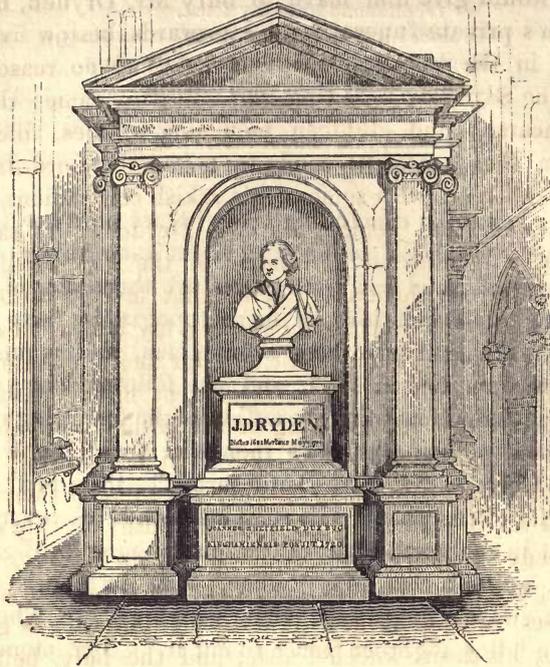
Drayton followed Beaumont, whose monument, close to the entrance on the right side, has an inscription too faded to be read, but too beautiful to be lost. The same lady who erected Spenser's monument (Clifford, Countess of Dorset) erected this also; and Aubrey, who mentions that fact, says that Marshall, the stone-cutter, informed him the inscription was by Quarles, but in Ben Jonson's works it has been printed by his editors as his. It runs thus :—

“Do, pious marble, let thy readers know  
What they and what their children owe

To Drayton's name; whose sacred dust  
 We recommend unto thy trust.  
 Protect his memory and preserve his story,  
 Remain a lasting monument of his glory.  
 And when thy ruins shall disclaim  
 To be the treasury of his name,  
 His name, that cannot fade, shall be  
 An everlasting monument to thee."

Beautiful, however, as is the concluding thought, we fear the inscription "doth protest too much." To cease to be read is the same thing to an author as to cease to be remembered; and how few readers are there now of the *Poly-olbion*! Drayton's involved style and love of mere topography have spoilt, it is to be feared, for ever, what might have been a fine poem, and is unquestionably full of fine poetry. Drayton died in 1637, and was followed six years after by his great contemporary, and—if he were the author of the foregoing inscription—panegyrist, Ben Jonson. Near Spenser's memorial these few words strike every visitor to Poets' Corner—"O rare Ben Jonson!"—inscribed beneath a tablet with a head in relief of the poet. His remains do not, however, rest in this part of the Abbey, but in the north aisle of the nave, near Killigrew's monument, where the quaint epitaph was first "done," says Aubrey, "at the charge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted), who, walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cut it." The stone very unnecessarily was taken away at the late relaying of the pavement. A story is told in the Abbey with regard to the grave, that seems about as deserving of credit as the marvellous relations of cathedral-guides generally. It states that the Dean of Westminster one day rallied Jonson about his burial in the Abbey vaults. "I am too poor for that," was, it is said, the poet's reply; "and no one will lay out funeral charges upon me. No, sir, six feet long by two wide is too much for me: two feet by two will do for all I want." "You shall have it," said the Dean. On the poet's death the riddle was explained by a demand for the space agreed; when a hole eight feet deep was dug, and the coffin set upright in it. The tablet in Poets' Corner is from a design by Gibbs, the architect.

Under the date of 1607, Evelyn writes, "Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral, whose corpse lay at Wallingford House, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses, and all funeral decency, near a hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following; among these all the wits of the town, diverse bishops and clergymen. He was interred next Geoffrey Chaucer, and near Spenser. A goodly monument since erected to his memory." This is an urn wreathed with laurel, and emitting fire, as typical, we presume, of the inspiration that animated Cowley's poetry. The Latin inscription declares Cowley the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of England. The monument was raised by George, Duke of Buckingham, the literary opponent of the great poet next buried here, and whose monument we find adjoining Cowley's, with a noble bust and the simplest of inscriptions, to "J. Dryden." This was not placed here till twenty years after the poet's death; when his friend and patron, Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, reminded, by Pope's intended epitaph on Rowe, of the "nameless stone" that covered the remains, caused it to be erected with the admirable



bust by Scheemakers. If one could desire change in an inscription which is so perfectly refreshing for its simplicity and freedom from panegyric, it would be in order to introduce Pope's couplet :—

“ This Sheffield raised : the sacred dust below  
Was Dryden once ; the rest who does not know ?”

But, after all, the truest taste in such matters would be, we think, to banish everything but the plain name, where that name was such as Dryden's : the longer inscription might then be left for the use of those who feared that the virtues or genius of their deceased friends would not be sufficiently known without. Reflecting on the neglect before alluded to of the Duke towards Dryden's memory, a painful story of a similar nature (indeed, the poet's life was altogether but too full of such neglects and delays) recurs in connexion with his burial. He died in 1700 ; and then the world remembered, as it usually does, what a very great man it had lost, and talked of what very great things ought to be accomplished in honour of his remains. What followed may be best narrated in the words of the writer of a biographical account of Congreve's life, as transcribed by Johnson in his ' Lives of the Poets.' The passage is long, but interesting ; and as there seems really no doubt of its general truth, we cannot persuade ourselves to mutilate it :—“ Mr. Dryden dying on the Wednesday morning, Dr. Thomas Sprat, then Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, sent the next day to the Lady Elizabeth Howard, Mr. Dryden's widow, that he would make a present of the ground, which was forty pounds, with all the other Abbey fees. The Lord Halifax likewise sent to the Lady Elizabeth, and Mr. Charles Dryden, her

son, that if they would give him leave to bury Mr. Dryden, he would inter him with a gentleman's private funeral, and afterwards bestow five hundred pounds on a monument in the Abbey; which, as they had no reason to refuse, they accepted. On the Saturday following the company came; the corpse was put into a velvet hearse; and eighteen mourning-coaches, filled with company, attended. When they were just ready to move, the Lord Jefferies, son of the Lord Chancellor Jefferies, with some of his rakish companions, coming by, asked whose funeral it was: and being told Mr. Dryden's, he said, 'What! shall Dryden, the greatest honour and ornament of the nation, be buried after this private manner? No, gentlemen! Let all that loved Mr. Dryden, and honour his memory, alight and join with me in gaining my lady's consent to let me have the honour of his interment, which shall be after another manner than this; and I will bestow a thousand pounds on a monument in the Abbey for him!' The gentlemen in the coaches, not knowing of the Bishop of Rochester's favour, nor of the Lord Halifax's generous design (they both having, out of respect to the family, enjoined the Lady Elizabeth and her son to keep their favours concealed to the world, and let it pass for their own expense), readily came out of their coaches, and attended Lord Jefferies up to the lady's bedside, who was then sick. He repeated the purport of what he had before said; but she absolutely refusing, he fell on his knees, vowing never to rise till his request was granted. The rest of the company by his desire kneeled also; and the lady, being under a sudden surprise, fainted away. As soon as she recovered her speech, she cried, 'No, no!' 'Enough, gentlemen,' replied he: 'my lady is very good; she says, 'Go, go!' She repeated her former words with all her strength, but in vain, for her feeble voice was lost in their acclamations of joy; and the Lord Jefferies ordered the hearsemen to carry the corpse to Mr. Russel's, an undertaker in Cheapside, and leave it there till he should send orders for the embalment, which, he added, should be after the royal manner. His directions were obeyed, the company dispersed, and Lady Elizabeth and her son remained inconsolable. The next day Mr. Charles Dryden waited on the Lord Halifax and the Bishop, to excuse his mother and himself, by relating the real truth; but neither his Lordship nor the Bishop would admit of any plea; especially the latter, who had the Abbey lighted, the ground opened, the choir attending, an anthem ready set, and himself waiting for some time without any corpse to bury. The undertaker, after three days' expectance of orders for embalment, without receiving any, waited on the Lord Jefferies, who, pretending ignorance of the matter, turned it off with an ill-natured jest, saying that those who observed the orders of a drunken frolic deserved no better; that he remembered nothing at all of it; and that he might do what he pleased with the corpse. Upon this, the undertaker waited upon the Lady Elizabeth and her son, and threatened to bring the corpse home and set it before the door. They desired a day's respite, which was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden wrote a handsome letter to the Lord Jefferies, who returned it with this cool answer—'That he knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it.' He then addressed the Lord Halifax and the Bishop of Rochester, who absolutely refused to do anything in it. In this distress Dr. Garth sent for the corpse to the College of Physicians

and proposed a funeral by subscription, to which himself set a most noble example. At last a day, about three weeks after Mr. Dryden's decease, was appointed for the interment. Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration at the College over the corpse, which was attended to the Abbey by a numerous train of coaches." Of the truth of this story Dr. Johnson could find no other confirmation than a letter of Farquhar's, stating the funeral was "tumultuary and confused;" a somewhat strong one, we should consider, seeing that the ordinary accounts of the funeral, which do not allude to the story, are equally silent as to any such general features as Farquhar mentions. There is to be added also that, though there are discrepancies in the dates, it is certain that a very unusual delay took place between the death and the burial, and that the procession set out from the College after the delivery of an oration, as described by the writer, instead of from the poet's own house: a circumstance utterly unexplainable, it appears to us, except from the occurrence of some unusual event. The funeral was sufficiently splendid when it did take place. After the oration at the College, the ode of Horace, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*, set to "mournful music," was sung, with an accompaniment of trumpets, hautboys, and other instruments. The procession then set out, consisting first of several mourners on horseback, then the band, "who made a very harmonious noise," preceding the corpse, which, lastly, was followed by no less than twenty mourning-coaches, drawn each by six horses, and a multitude of other equipages.

Among the remaining poets buried in the Corner there are three whose memorials attract the attention of the ordinary visitor—those of Rowe, Prior, and Gay. The first and the last are side by side in the corner behind the screen which faces the doorway, whilst Prior's stares you in the face from the screen, as you enter, as if eager to thrust itself upon your notice before your attention is occupied by the greater memorials of the place. Rowe's monument is by Rysbrach, and is chiefly noticeable for a beautiful inscription by Pope, concluding with the following allusion to his widow:—

"To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,  
The childless parent and the widow'd wife  
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,  
That holds their ashes, *and expects her own.*"

To the poet's excessive annoyance, it is said, the widow sympathised so little with the expectations of the monument, that she married again, and thus destroyed at once half the beauty of the thought. Rowe died in 1718. Three years after Prior was buried in "that last piece of human vanity" which was erected at his own desire, and for which he left a bequest of 500*l.* This certainly was a summary way of deciding the amount of his own reputation; but posterity likes to have its own opinion on these matters, and that opinion, we fear, in spite of the showy monument, is not very favourable to Matthew Prior. The memorial, in the shape of a winged boy holding a medallion portrait, of him who, in the words of Pope's inscription, was

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,  
In wit a man, simplicity a child,"

suggests more interesting recollections. The author of the most popular of

English musical pieces, the 'Beggar's Opera,' and of one of the best of English ballads, 'Black-eyed Susan,' the favourite correspondent of Pope and Swift (how touching are the laments of the latter over his death!), and the almost idolised inmate of the eccentric but benevolent Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, rises always to the memory as one of those poets for whom, if we have not any uncomfortable amount of awe and veneration, we have a great deal of genuine love. The worthless couplet—

" Life is a jest, and all things show it ;  
I thought so once, but now I know it"—

the mere expression of a mood of the poet's mind, should never have been placed on the monument, and it were but an act of kindness to Gay's memory to erase it. There remains to fill up the list of the strictly-poetical inhabitants of the Abbey only Denham, the author of 'Cooper's Hill,' who lies buried beneath the pavement in front of Dryden's monument; and Macpherson, the author—as there is now little doubt but he was—of the poems ushered into the world under such peculiar circumstances as the productions of Ossian, whose resting-place is marked by a plain blue stone and brief inscription, near the centre of the transept. As to the memorial to Milton, remarkable for a piece of vile taste, perpetrated by him who erected it, and who in consequence has been pilloried in the 'Dunciad,'

" On poets' tombs see *Benson's* titles writ ;"—

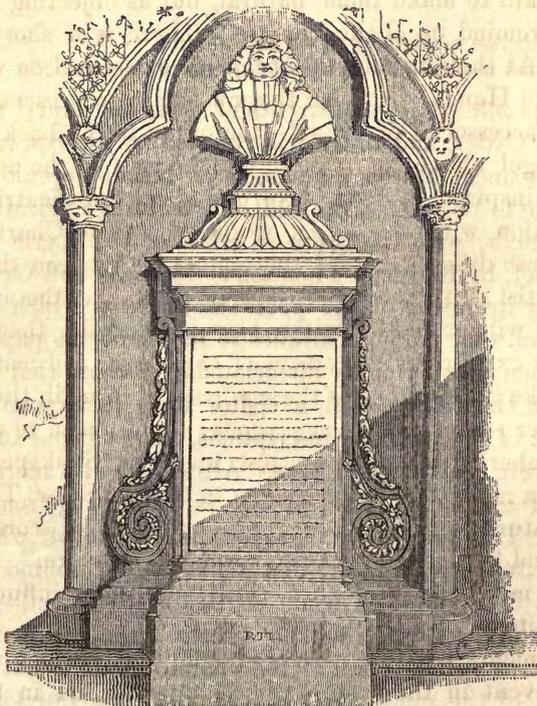
Shakspeare's, to which Milton's lines may be applied with peculiar force, even by those who do not quite agree with the poet in holding any monument unnecessary,

" Dear Son of Memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou *such* weak witness of thy name ?"—

Phillips's, with its profile effigy, and wreath of *apple* and laurel leaves, in illustration of his poem on Cyder, and which was rejected by Dr. Sprat on account of its allusion to Phillips's uncle, Milton, a name, in the bishop's opinion (himself a small poet), too detestable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion;—Butler's bust;—Gray's, with its figure in relief of the Lyric Muse holding a medallion of the poet, by Bacon;—Thomson's, Mason's, and Goldsmith's;—they are all but so many instances of the poets' monuments which have no poets reposing beneath them, that Addison alludes to in one of his papers in the 'Spectator,' and which should be carefully dissociated from those that have. This is so little attended to in the Abbey, that a visitor finds it impossible to determine from the mere sight of the tombs or inscriptions, except in one or two cases, which of the great poets were really buried here. Although but a mere honorary memorial, the one we last mentioned, Goldsmith's, is interesting from the associations connected with it. This great poet, essayist, and novelist, who was in himself sufficient to prove Johnson's theory, that genius is but a mind of large general powers accidentally determined in some particular direction—for, whilst Goldsmith's powers were directed in numerous directions, he excelled in all,—this admirable writer, who wanted but one of the commonest of qualities, prudence, to have been also one of the most admirable of men, was intended to have been

buried in the Abbey, with a magnificent ceremonial, until the knowledge of his numerous unpaid debts caused the withdrawal of the scheme; when the body was interred in the Temple churchyard. A tablet, however, it was decided should be raised to his memory in the Abbey; Reynolds chose the place, immediately over the doorway of the chapel of St. Blaize (adjoining Gay's memorial), and Johnson undertook to prepare the inscription. What followed lives, no doubt, in the memory of most of our readers. Johnson wrote the inscription in Latin, and presented it for the approval of his companions, when they one and all disapproved of it, and subsequently prepared a round robin of names, begging him to celebrate the fame of an English author in the language in which he wrote. Johnson flatly refused, saying he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription: and so we have before us the Latin inscription; unintelligible perhaps to ninety-nine out of every hundred visitors of the Abbey who have enjoyed 'The Deserted Village' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and who are naturally interested in knowing what his friend Johnson would say about him.

The Poets' Corner is not, however, solely confined to poets; divines, philosophers, actors, musicians, dramatists, architects, and critics have found place among them. Barrow, whose life almost justifies the inscription which speaks of "a man almost divine, and truly great, if greatness be comprised in piety, probity, and faith, the deepest learning, equal modesty, and morals in every respect sanctified and sweet,"—Barrow, whom Charles II. used to call an "unfair preacher," inasmuch as that he left nothing for others to say after him on the



topics he handled,—Barrow lies here, with a tablet and bust over his remains : the latter has the appearance of being a faithful likeness.

In another part, beneath the pavement before St. Blaize's Chapel, lie the remains of Johnson, with those of his friend and early associate, when the world was all before them both, and the paths were yet to choose—Garrick, on the one side, and those of Sheridan on the other. Why the monument raised to Johnson's memory should have been placed in St. Paul's, instead of over or near his remains in the Abbey, is one of those mysteries that we may expect to solve when we have learnt why Nelson—whose memorable words at the battle of the Nile, "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" so peculiarly marked out the proper place of his destination—was interred at St. Paul's. With regard to Johnson's monument, however, we are too glad at not seeing in the Abbey the classical monstrosity which is absurdly said to commemorate *him*, to care very much about the cause. Garrick's monument, erected at some distance from his remains, on the opposite wall of the transept, is to us chiefly remarkable from the circumstance that it betrayed one of the most tolerant of spirits into something very like intolerance. When Charles Lamb says he would "not go so far, with some good Catholics abroad, as to shut players out of consecrated ground," he does go far enough to afford fresh fuel to the unjust opinion of the actor's art that has so long prevailed in the countries where Shakspeare and Molière each trod the stage—an opinion as mischievous too as unjust; for, by deprecating the profession, it has in a thousand ways helped to lower the characters of the professors: thus making the evil, of which it can with the greatest show of reason afterwards complain. Again, he speaks of the "theatrical airs and gestures" of the monument, not simply from any deficiency of the sculptor's skill to make them natural, but as objecting evidently to anything that could remind us of the theatre. There is a short way to test the truth of all this. At the left-hand corner of the same wall on which is Garrick's monument is that to Handel, in which the musician is represented surrounded by the materials and accessories of *his* art—the organ in the background, a harp in the hands of an angel above, and an effigy of himself in the act of composition, and as if suddenly inspired, in front. No one speaks of theatrical or orchestral gestures in connexion with this great work. If, then, Charles Lamb did not overlook the immense difference that there must be between the productions of H. Webber, the artist of the one, and those of Roubiliac, the artist of the other, his animadversions will be found strictly to mean that the theatre is, in the abstract, so much less exalted an instrument of enjoyment and instruction than the orchestra, as to make the memory of the one painful to us in the presence of the dead, when the other rouses no such sensations: a conclusion to which we respectfully demur, remembering, what the truest lovers of Shakspeare seem often to forget, how grand a mission has been given to the stage:—"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." If it does not do this, it ought; and may be made—when those who have influence over it raise their own minds to its natural level.

Above the monument just referred to, Handel's, is a tablet which reminds us of an interesting event in the history of the musical art in this country, the

commemorations, which took place within the Abbey walls on several different occasions during the last century, and once during the present. The idea was first suggested in a conversation between some enthusiastic admirers of the great musician in 1783, who, seeing that, in the following year, a century would have elapsed since his birth, and a quarter of a century since his death, resolved to attempt the getting up of a performance, on the most magnificent scale, of Handel's works, by way of commemoration. The directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music not only highly approved of the scheme, but voluntarily undertook the arduous and responsible duty of arranging the performances. The King, George III., also gave his fullest sanction. On the 26th of May the performances began, during the whole of which the Abbey presented a magnificent and unique spectacle. At one end of the nave was seen a kind of throne, with an enclosure fitted up for royalty, and most regally decorated, in the centre, and two other enclosures, one on each side, for the bishops and for the Dean and Chapter. At the other end rose the vast orchestra, with upwards of five hundred performers, and the organ, in a Gothic frame, at the summit. The choral bands were on steps at the sides, rising stage upon stage till they seemed lost to the eyes of the spectators, in their extremest elevation. Lastly, in the area and galleries, in every nook and corner into which it seemed possible for human beings to introduce themselves, were the spectators, three or four thousand in number. The triumph of the architect to whom the arrangements for the fitting up of the Abbey had been confided, Mr. Wyatt, was seen in the harmonious aspect which, we are told, the whole presented; all "so wonderfully corresponded with the style of architecture of this venerable and beautiful structure, that there was nothing visible, either for use or ornament, which did not harmonize with the principal tone of the building." The performances lasted five days, and on the whole produced a deep and most beneficial effect on the permanent interests of the art. For some years the commemorations were repeated annually—at that in 1787 the receipts were 14,042*l.*, a sum considerably exceeding the receipts of the first in 1784—but gradually they were given at longer and longer intervals till 1791, when, although the performers had been increased to the number of 1667 persons, the receipts exhibited a serious decrease, and in consequence the commemorations for the time ceased. Haydn was present during the last-mentioned performances; and, as he was ever ready to acknowledge, derived from them his deep veneration of the mighty genius of Handel. The last commemoration was that of 1834.

The chief remaining memorials of Poets' Corner may, perhaps, be best noticed in the order in which they meet the eye from the entrance door. By the side of Prior's monument is a tablet, by Chantrey, to the great friend of the negroes, Granville Sharp; who was led to make the first attempt towards their emancipation by a little personal incident worth remembering, were it only for the mighty contrast between the end achieved and the beginning. Walking one day through the streets of London, he beheld a poor negro shivering with cold, hunger, and sickness. He was a slave from Virginia, abandoned by his master in this country on account of illness brought on by the change of climate. Sharp caused him to be conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he

recovered, and went to a situation provided for him by his benefactor. Immediately these circumstances reached the master's ears, he had the hardihood to throw poor Somerset, his late slave, into prison as a runaway. The matter was then brought before the chief magistrate of the city of London, who declared the man free. The master, however, violently seized him, and endeavoured to get him on board his ship, which was about to sail. There was no time to be lost. Somerset was brought by *habeas corpus* before the twelve judges, who, after several hearings, declared unanimously, in words for ever memorable, "that as soon as any slave sets his foot upon British ground, he is free." It is only necessary to add, in order to show how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Granville Sharp, that he nearly exhausted his fortune in carrying this case to its important issue; and that he had the gratification of living to see the good work he had commenced progress to the point of the formal abolition by the legislature of the slave-trade in 1807. Near Sharp's memorial is the bust of St. Evremond, the French wit, and that of Shadwell, the hero of Dryden's tremendous satire—MacFlecknoe, and who had his revenge in seeing the great poet turned out of the laureateship on the accession of William and Mary, and himself put in his place. On the column at the end of the screen, a tablet records the memory of the witty author of the 'New Bath Guide,' Christopher Anstey. At the back of the screen, near Shakspeare's monument, is Mrs. Pritchard's, an actress of whom Churchill says, comically enough, considering it forms part of a panegyric on a really great artist, that "her voice" was

"as free from blemish as her fame."

On the other side of Bishop Blaize's Chapel, the sumptuous monument of the great Duke of Argyll, as he is generally called, strikes the eye alike by its size and beauty. It is as allegorical, and therefore almost as unmeaning as usual, in the chief thought; the Duke is dying at the base of a pyramid, with sorrowing figures of History, Minerva, and Eloquence around him. But the execution is most masterly. Canova is said to have remarked of the figure of Eloquence, "That is one of the noblest statues I have seen in England." On the floor between the monuments of Handel and Barrow is the full-length statue (on a circular pedestal) of one whose writings give a peculiar interest to his burial in the Abbey. The visits of the *Spectator* are ever things to be remembered, and here, as he has himself told us, he was frequently to be found. "When I am in a serious humour," says he, in the first of his papers on the subject, "I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable." In another passage he says, "When I see kings lying by those who deposed them,—when I consider *rival wits placed side by side*,—or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes,—I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind." Did Addison, we wonder, think how applicable these remarks might be, but a few years later, to his own case? One feature of his death-bed is well known—his sending for the

young Earl of Warwick to see how a Christian could die; but another, and to our minds more touching incident, was his conduct to Gay, at the same period. He sent for the poet to his bed-side, and begged his forgiveness for an injury which he had done him (what Gay knew not, but supposed Addison referred to some obstruction he had thrown secretly in his path, whilst endeavouring to obtain court favour), and promised him, if he lived, to make amends. He did not live, but Gay, we are sure, with all his heart forgave him; and we can look on the memorials of the "rival wits," here buried beneath the same roof, and reflect with satisfaction that these at least did not wait for the grave to point its usual moral. Addison, we must remark, is not interred beneath Westmacott's statue, but in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel. His body, after lying in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, was buried at night, as Tickell, his friend, thus shows in his elegy:—

" Can I forget the dismal night that gave  
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave!  
 How silent did his old companions tread,  
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead;  
 Through breathing statues, then unheeded things;  
 Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings," &c.

Beneath the pavement, near Addison's statue, the remains of Cumberland, the dramatist, essayist, and excellent classical scholar, are interred; and near him those of Henderson, an actor, who, equally great in 'Falstaff' and 'Hamlet,' might, in Garrick's absence, have reached almost Garrick's reputation. As it was, he was overshadowed by the mightier genius, and consequently few now remember the excellence of John Henderson. Passing on, our eyes again directed upwards, we perceive the memorials of the learned Casaubon, a black and white marble monument erected by Stone, and of Camden, which exhibits a half-length figure, book in hand, of the great antiquary. Camden was master of Westminster School; and looks in his effigy, which has something of a prim, pedagogueish look about it, as though he is still thinking of the school, and wondering whether he has got any of his pupils around him in his new abode. Yes, there is one, and the one who, if tradition be true, it must best please the antiquary's shade to see in such a place—Ben Jonson, the boy whose talents he had so early noticed, and whom he subsequently relieved from the degrading position of a bricklayer's labourer by obtaining for him the office of tutor to Raleigh's son. Crossing now to the wall or screen of the choir we have to the right of the entrance the beautifully sculptured monument of Dr. Busby, master of Westminster School, and its rigid ungraceful-looking rival (both having similar recumbent figures), that of the eminent divine, Dr. South, by its side. In the papers before referred to we find Addison and Sir Roger standing before Busby's memorial; when the knight exclaims, "Dr. Busby! a great man: he whipped my grandfather;—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead;—a very great man!" The poet Congreve, we may here add, is buried in another part of the Abbey: why, it would be difficult to say. Lastly, interred below the pavement, are—the critic of the 'Quarterly,' whose nod was so long fate in the literary world; Chambers, the

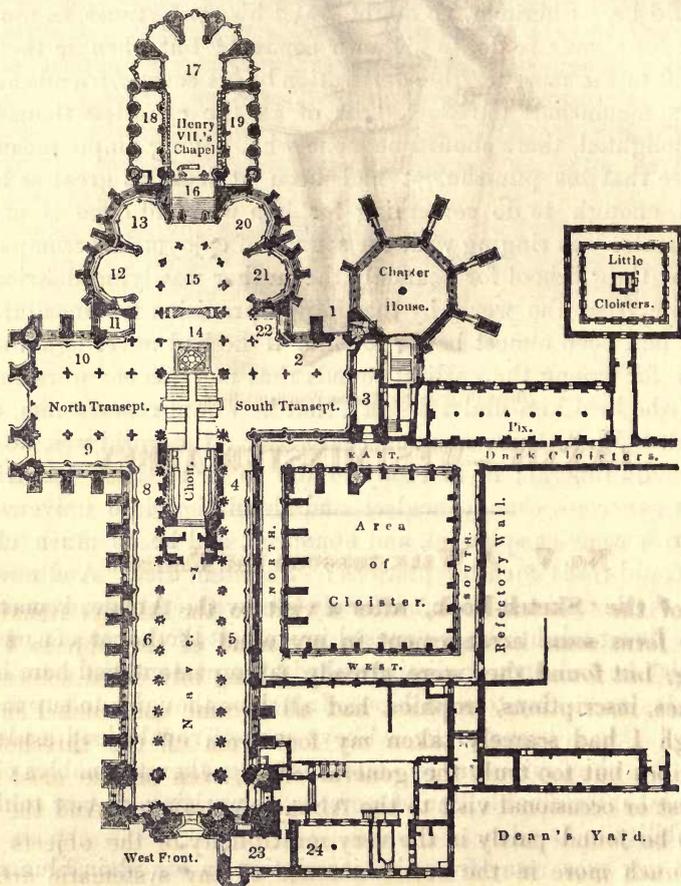
architect of Somerset House; Adam, the builder of the Adelphi, "O rare Sir William Davenant!" Old Parr, half an immortal himself, and therefore, we suppose, among the poets; and Sheridan, whose death and funeral show, even more brilliantly than usual, that kind of antithesis which the world has so long been accustomed to look on but as a necessary part of the history of men of genius, and which if it missed for any length of time, would, we verily believe, make it begin to look about, and button up its pockets carefully, suspicious that all was not as it should be. Sheridan, no doubt, owed his misfortunes, as much as it was well possible for a man to do, to his own conduct; but when in the close of his life he was left to the most terrible destitution by his courtly friends and quondam admirers, it is melancholy to reflect, that of all the countless thousands his fine powers had delighted, there should be none who, having ample means, were just enough to see that his punishment had been at least as great as his offences, and grateful enough to do something for him who had done so much for all. Whilst the theatre was ringing with the sounds of enjoyment accompanying scene after scene of the 'School for Scandal,' the author was lying delirious at home; escaped awhile from the world by that happy provision for unendurable mental anguish. It had been almost better for him if he had never again awakened to consciousness, for among the earliest sounds that met his ear were the threats of an attorney (who held him under arrest), that he would remove him, dying as he was, to a gaol. Well, there was one consolation: the world was, no doubt, preparing a splendid funeral; he had only to die to bring back lost friends, make mean patrons generous, change neglect and desolation into universal care and attendance, to become as splendid, and honoured, and be as much cherished as ever. Who could resist such temptations? Sheridan died. And now the charm was broken; the body must be immediately removed; the dead poet cannot be treated as the living might; he is exposed in state at the house of a member of the senate, of which he had been so distinguished an ornament, and here his admirers came in crowds day by day to visit him.—Injurious thought, to suppose they had forgotten him! He is borne to the Abbey; men of royal blood leading the way as mourners, the chief ministers of state following, then the nobles of the land; lastly, an almost interminable line of persons, comprising, we are told, almost all the rank or ability in London.

As we turn our eyes away from the inscription on the plain blue stone at our feet, which has suggested these melancholy but unavoidable reflections, they fall upon *Dryden's* stately stone instead of bread; then again upon the memorials of the Prince of Poets, with the horrible doubt that belongs to it; on Goldsmith's, who, after all that has been said of his extravagance, perhaps scarcely received for the whole of his works the amount of three years' salary of a minister of state; on Johnson's, whose early struggles in London must be in every one's memory: in short, turn where we will, bounding our vision to the walls of the Abbey, or looking beyond them, we see still the same unnatural disparity between the instruction and enjoyment given, and the reward received; too often little more than "Poets' Corner."

Having now gone through those important portions of the Abbey history which

seemed to require separate notices, our next and concluding paper will be devoted to such a general view of the interior, or rather of its contents, as a visitor, starting from Poets' Corner, and desiring only to have the most essential objects pointed out, may require. In the mean time, it may be useful to present the following

PLAN OF THE ABBEY.



## EXPLANATION.

- |                                  |   |   |
|----------------------------------|---|---|
| 1. General Entrance.             | 10. East Aisle of North Transept.             | 18. North Aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel.   |
| 2. Poets' Corner.                | 11. Islip's Chapel.                           | 19. South ditto.                          |
| 3. St. Blaize's Chapel.          | 12. St. John the Baptist's.                   | 20. St. Nicholas's Chapel.                |
| 4. South Aisle of Choir.         | 13. St. Paul's.                               | 21. St. Edmund's.                         |
| 5. South Aisle of Nave.          | 14. Abbot Ware's Mosaic Pavement.             | 22. St. Benedict's.                       |
| 6. North ditto.                  | 15. Edward the Confessor's Chapel and Shrine. | 23. Jerusalem Chamber.                    |
| 7. New Screen.                   | 16. Porch to Henry VII.'s Chapel.             | 24. College (formerly Abbey) Dining Hall. |
| 8. North Aisle of Choir.         | 17. Henry VII.'s Tomb.                        |   |
| 9. West Aisle of North Transept. |   |   |



[Brass Plate on Sir Thomas Vaughan's Tomb.]

## LXXXIV.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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### NO. V. A WALK THROUGH THE EDIFICE.

THE author of the 'Sketch-Book,' after a visit to the Abbey, remarks, "I endeavoured to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold." This passage describes but too truly the general effect, even on the most intelligent minds, of a first or occasional visit to the Abbey memorials. And the causes, no doubt, are to be found partly in the very multiplicity of the objects that meet the eye, but much more in the entire absence of any systematic arrangement. Indeed, whilst there are two features in particular which invest Westminster Abbey with an interest and a value that belong to no other English structure, the one of universal character,—the burial in it of so many of our great men; the other limited to the lovers of art,—the knowledge that it presents an unbroken series of examples of the history of sculpture for five or six centuries;—these are precisely the features which are the least attended to in the Abbey, and which therefore appear with the least possible effect. The Englishman, proud of his country, comes here to gaze upon the last resting-place of the men whose achievements have given him cause for his pride; but finds not only that remarkable men of every degree of intellectual power, of every variety of occupation and period, are confusedly mingled together, with the addition of a sprinkling of those remarkable only from the circumstance that their remains should be here at all, but that in reality he cannot discover, with anything approaching

to general accuracy, the great men who were really buried in the Abbey from those who have merely had honorary memorials erected to them. The student's case is still more hopeless: what instruction can he possibly derive from the visible history of art, however rich, where the facts or monuments of which it is composed are dispersed throughout a vast building, in such order that, if their respective positions had been decided by lot, they could hardly have presented a greater chaos:—here the colossal statue of Watt, in the beautiful little chapel of St. Paul's, and by the side of the Gothic tomb of Henry V.'s standard-bearer;—there the effigies of some of the ancient abbots, on their altar-tombs, overshadowed by the gigantic pile of masonry erected to an able seaman of the last century, who, we suspect, would have been in no slight degree astonished if he could have foreseen that he would be stuck up here in effigy in the garb of a Roman soldier. The Abbey, too, suffers sadly from these circumstances. We may enjoy the grandeur of its architecture, may gaze, and gaze till we resign ourselves to that feeling which Coleridge so finely describes—unconsciousness of the actualities around, and expansion of the whole being into the infinite,—may listen whilst

“every stone is kiss'd

By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;  
Heart-thrilling strains that cast before the eye  
Of the devout a veil of ecstasy;”—

may, in short, leave the heart and soul to wander where and how they please, whilst we notice nothing individually: but the moment we attempt to luxuriate in the details of the building, which are only less wonderful than the whole, the “actualities” of the Abbey become too much for us. What senses of sublimity and devotion can withstand the sudden appearance of some preposterous effigy, connected generally with some still more preposterous pile, such as you are liable to meet with in almost every part of the Abbey—transepts, ambulatory, chapels, and nave—everywhere but in the choir, and in the chapel of the kings? But it is not such monuments only that injure the grand harmony of the structure; with the exception of Westmacott's Duke de Montpensier, in Henry VII.'s Chapel, we do not remember a single monument placed in the Abbey, for a century or two past, that would not be again removed from it, if the purity of architectural taste which existed when the Abbey was built should be ever thoroughly revived. And the chief cause of such wholesale exclusion may be found, we think, in the very circumstance that sculptors have most congratulated themselves upon—the raising the effigies of the dead from their former recumbent position. But in this, as in many other cases in which we have departed from the practices of our ancestors, we live to find, after a long period of complacent indulgence, that we did so through ignorance of the principles upon which they worked. Let any one walk through the chapel of the kings, or along the ambulatory, and he cannot but notice how the tombs, even the stateliest and most gorgeous, harmonise with, nay enhance, the effect of the Abbey; let him then look upon later monuments, and his most favourable judgment will be that, where they have not an absolutely injurious effect, they have at least a negative one. Is there any secret in this most important difference? Surely not. In the one class you are seldom reminded of anything but the life, or the mere circumstances of its close; in the other you can never forget that the end of all has come, and that king, prelate,

warrior, statesman, and courtier have alike forgotten the vanities of the world, in this kind of beautiful and touching communion with their Maker, which they are contented to share in common with their lowliest fellow-creatures. Their deeds may be recorded on their monuments by grateful hands for *us* to read and think of, but even then we see that *they* think only of God. This it is that makes the old monuments of the Abbey essentially a part of the Abbey: they exhibit the same magnificence, the same repose; they inculcate the same impressive lesson. Would we then banish from churches all monuments that have not recumbent effigies?—That were to be guided by the letter rather than the spirit. We should certainly be glad to see the rule systematically enforced that only monuments of an unmingled and unmistakable devotional character should be received into the Abbey; and if that result can be obtained in better or in more various ways than of old, it is very desirable such modes should be adopted. The sculptors are even more interested than the public in this matter. Their skill in monuments of a different class is in a great measure wasted here, wanting the charm of fitness: the Abbey is as unsuitable for them as they for the Abbey. Lord Mansfield's monument in the chief court of English judicature, Canning's in the halls of parliament, and Watt's in the meeting-place of the



[Statue of James Watt.]

merchant-princes of England, would be so impressive as to raise the art itself at once to a higher level: we should begin as a people to feel, what for centuries as a people we have not felt, the importance of the sculptor's mission. As to the memorials for which no particular public situations are marked out by the characters of the men they commemorate, they might be erected with the happiest

effect (as has recently been observed) in the localities made memorable by their lives; and then what is to prevent us from having our *Walhalla*, as the Germans call their new building, instead of our present imperfect and unsystematic method of honouring the illustrious dead, and in buildings so unsuitable as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey?

Under the circumstances we have indicated, the best mode, perhaps, of examining the Abbey memorials is to steadily adhere, except in peculiar cases, to the principle which guided us in the previous paper—that is, to fix our attention chiefly upon those which relate to the illustrious dead who have been interred here. And for that purpose we shall follow the route marked by the sequence of the figures in the plan (which is, with slight exceptions, the exact reverse of that pursued by the guides in the Abbey), in order that we may, as far as the circumstances permit, pass over the great mass of the modern monuments at the commencement of our walk through the Abbey, and end with the more ancient ones.

Pausing a moment in Poets' Corner to gaze upon what may be called the finest interior view of the Abbey, including as it does the two transepts, with the rich painted rose window in the one opposite to us, the choir, and a portion of the nave; and taking also a brief glance at the interesting paintings in the Chapel of St. Blaize, we move along the southern aisle of the choir towards the nave, observing as we pass Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument, the constant butt of our wits, and the pious and learned Dr. Isaac Watts's, whom Johnson calls "the first of the Dissenters who courted attention by the graces of language," on the left; and Behnes' bust of Dr. Bell, the founder of the Madras system of education, and Thynne's monument, with its bas-relief representing the assassination of that gentleman in Pall Mall, on the right. Among the earliest memorials that attract us in the nave is that to the unfortunate, but certainly not innocent, Major André, whose remains were interred here many years after his death on the scaffold. An interesting bas-relief, showing André as a prisoner in the tent of Washington, with the bearer of a flag of truce come to solicit his pardon, has been the mark of much and very pertinacious ill usage, such as the knocking off the heads of the principal figures: new ones consequently have been several times put on. Charles Lamb could not resist the opportunity that it afforded of a hit at his friend Southey's change of political opinions. Having called the mutilation "the wanton mischief of some schoolboy, fired, perhaps, with raw notions of transatlantic freedom," he adds, most innocently, "the mischief was done about the time that *you* were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?" It is said the circumstance caused a temporary severance of their intimacy. Beyond André's monument, and filling up the breadth of the spaces between three successive windows, are the monuments, by Roubiliac, of Lieut.-General Hargrave, where Time has overthrown Death and broken his dart, and the dead is rising in resurrection; of Major-General Fleming, where the wisdom, prudence, and valour of the dead warrior are represented by the emblems of those virtues which Minerva and Hercules are binding together; and of the well-known Marshal Wade, who signalled himself in the rebellion of 1745, and which, like all Roubiliac's works, shows how that great artist was accustomed to think for himself within the bounds which

the taste of the period marked out, if he did not go to any remarkable degree beyond it. In Wade's monument, Time endeavours to overthrow the soldier's memory, typified by a pillar decorated with trophies of warfare, but is successfully opposed by Fame, who drives him back. In this part of the nave a door opens into the cloisters where lie four of the early Abbots,—Vitalis, Crispinus, De Blois, and Laurentius,—with some distinguished men of a more recent era. Here, for instance, repose Barry, the famous actor; Sir John Hawkins, the historian of music; the lady dramatist of Charles II.'s time, Aphra Behn, whose numerous comedies show the truth of Pope's line—

“The stage how loosely does Astrea tread;”

Mrs. Bracegirdle, Congreve's friend and favourite actress; Lawes, the original writer of the music of 'Comus,' and Milton's friend; with a host more of actors and actresses, as Betterton, of whose interment so interesting an account is given in the 'Tatler;' Foote, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Yates, &c. &c. To the Cloisters also was brought the body of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, after its strange discovery on Primrose Hill, and consequent public exposure in the city. The funeral was remarkable. Seventy-two clergymen marched in the front of the procession, whilst above a thousand persons of rank or distinction followed it. At the service two strong able-bodied divines stood in the pulpit, on the believed, or pretended, necessity of guarding him from the violence of the Papists, who, it was presumed, had committed the murder. Here, lastly, rests “the genius of the graphic art,” to use the words of the poetical inscription, Vertue, the Engraver; and near that monument with the musical score of the “Canon by two-fold augmentation,” Benjamin Cooke, its author, deputy-organist of the Abbey at the age of twelve years, subsequently organist, and one of the true masters in that school of music about which the people of this country almost seem to know the least—the English.

Returning into the nave, we perceive, extending over Dean Wilcock's monument, with its view of the Abbey, Dean Sprat's, the poet, and friend of Cowley and Buckingham (the last he is said to have assisted in the famous 'Rehearsal'), and Sir L. Robinson's, a work by Roubiliac's pupil, Read, which, perhaps, excites more notice than any of the master's own; not, however, for the same cause. Let those who have not seen it imagine an immense mass of sea, with rocks of coral, where a vessel lies jammed for the base; then above, a figure of the Admiral (Tyrrell) ascending towards a great number of white-looking patches, or pancakes, as they have been not inaptly called, which we are to suppose clouds, plastered thickly about the sides and back of the upper surface of the structure, which are blue, we are to presume as representing Heaven. Cherubs, harps, branches of palm, Hope writing on a rock, and other figures equally profitably engaged, complete this work, which is unexampled in the extent of its absurdity, though belonging to a class which makes much of the history of the sculpture of the last century a burlesque upon that which should be its living principle—the ideal. Turn we now to a memorial of a different kind—that to the dramatic writer Congreve, with his bust in high relief, wearing the full-bottomed wig of his time, which here, as in the portraits of Congreve, sits not ungracefully. No doubt, the author of the wittiest comedies in the language achieved the much dearer object of his ambition, and was the fine gentleman he

desired to be thought. The inscription on the tomb records that he lies near the place, and that it was set up by Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, as "a mark how dearly she remembers the happiness she enjoyed in the sincere friendship of so worthy and honest a man," &c. Congreve may be said to have paid ten thousand pounds for this inscription (for he left the Duchess, who did not want his property, the whole, and his ancient and embarrassed family nothing), and no doubt thought it cheap at the money. Voltaire, forsooth! Who would care for the opinions of him, or fifty such mere literati, when a duchess could be found to write thus on one's tomb? Congreve died in 1728. His body, after lying in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, was removed with great pomp into the Abbey, noblemen bearing the pall. Among the noticeable personages buried in this part of the nave, without any memorials, are Dean Atterbury—the place was his own previous choice, as being "as far from kings and Cæsars as the space will admit of," as he tells Pope, in one of his letters in 1722—and Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, who was buried in a very fine Brussels-lace head, a Holland shift with a tucker and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, &c.; circumstances which Pope has made the most of in his lines—

"Odious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke!  
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.)  
 No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
 Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;  
 One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead!  
 And—Betty—give this cheek a little red—"

This was, perhaps, a fair mark; but, generally speaking, we could imagine no more startling commentary than might be made on the works of most satirists by a mere statement of the exact facts they have referred to, whether in praise or condemnation. At the end of the wall of this aisle, for example, is the statue of James Craggs, with an inscription by the author just mentioned, Pope, who speaks of his deceased friend as a statesman

"Who broke no promise, served no private end"—

the said James Craggs being the Secretary of State whose name was down on one of the swindling subscription-lists of the South Sea Scheme for the fictitious sum of 659,000*l.*, as we have already had occasion to observe in a previous number, and who died, it was said, from the small-pox, but really, it was thought, from mental anguish, during the parliamentary examination into the affair. As we now stand by the door of the great western entrance to the Abbey, we perceive that the injury done to the latter by the memorials placed in it has not been confined to the mere incongruities before pointed out. Two beautiful screens stood here, against the base of the west towers; that on the south till 1750, and that on the north down to the present century, when they were pulled down, to make room for the immense military memorials which now occupy their places, recording exploits utterly forgotten, and names that fail to rouse a single interesting association. Half hidden among memorials of this kind that occupy the western end of the northern aisle, to which we now cross, are those to the eminent critical geographer, Major Rennell, who lies buried here; to Tierney, the well-known orator; and to the great painter, greater wit, and most sublime coxcomb, Sir Godfrey Kneller, which has an inscription by Pope, showing that

Nature must have been in a very critical position altogether with regard to him, for—

“ Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie  
Her works ; and dying, fears herself to die.”

One would think the poet had determined to beat the painter even in his own rich vein of extravagance. Kneller lies at Twickenham with Pope, having objected to be buried in the Abbey, because “ they do bury fools there.” Passing along the wall of the aisle eastwards, which, like the one we have just quitted, is covered from end to end with memorials, we need only pause to notice the monument to Mrs. Jane Hill, the one antique work among a wilderness of modern ones ; the monument, nearly above, to Spencer Perceval, with an alto-relievo representing the circumstances of his assassination by Bellingham ; and the scroll, held in the outstretched hands of Time, on which is written a very beautiful Latin inscription by Dr. Friend to a youth, Philip Carteret : the Doctor, we may observe, has, with each of his friends and rivals, Woodward and Mead, an honorary memorial in the nave. Before entering the north aisle of the choir, we must pause a moment to examine the beautiful screen which has been erected here by Mr. Blore. It is in the same “ decorated ” style as the architecture immediately around it, which forms the continuation of Henry III.’s building by his son Edward. On each side of the screen are large monuments, of which the principal is that to Sir Isaac Newton. If this were a much greater work than it is, it would suffer from our remembrance of Roubiliac’s noble statue of the philosopher at Cambridge, where the loftiest speculations are suggested by the simplest and purest means ; but when we add that this, although cut by Rysbrach, is Kent’s design, we need hardly say more. Here, too, we may fitly pause an instant to gaze on the stained glass windows of the western front, with its rows of Jewish patriarchs, glorious in their brilliant dyes of amber and purple, the work of comparatively recent times, and the smaller windows in the towers at the sides, which are ancient, and seem to have lost something of their original splendour. We have said little in the present or in the preceding papers in the way of description of the architecture of the Abbey, for we believe such descriptions are very useless in works of a general character ; the worst engraving or the briefest visit will give a more accurate idea of a building than many pages of letterpress. We therefore leave the architectural wonders of the nave, as of the other parts of the Abbey, undescribed (seeing, too, that previous engravings will have made our readers tolerably familiar with all), merely remarking that it is the loftiest in England, measuring 102 feet,\* and at the same time one of the most graceful. Without entering into the vexed question of the origin of pointed architecture, or overlooking the difficulties that attach to the hypothesis of finding in nature the type of what is but the last of a series of architectural changes and improvements, rather than the first, which no doubt all the chief styles are, it is still, it seems to us, impossible to pace along this centre aisle of the nave,

\* The dimensions of the Abbey, generally, are as follows : Extreme length, including Henry VII.’s Chapel—exterior 530 feet, interior 511 ; extreme breadth (across the transepts), interior, 203 ; height of the western towers, 225. Of the chief parts of the structure we may observe that the extreme breadth of the nave and aisles is 71 feet, the choir 38, the transepts and aisles 84, the extreme length of the nave 166, of the choir 155, of each transept 82. Henry VII.’s Chapel measures in length (the nave) 103 feet, in breadth with aisles 70, in length 60.

and look up, without being reminded of the extraordinary similarity of its expression to that of an over-arching avenue of trees. We have an avenue now in our memory formed of very tall and stately, but not aged trees, where the trunks ascend as regularly and gracefully upwards as these pillars, and where, as their tops meet over the middle space, you can detect the branches running across and interweaving, in a thousand capricious, but all beautiful forms, which the groined roof appears but tamely to imitate. All this may be, as architectural writers tell us, accidental; but certainly the accident is harder to believe than the improbabilities of the opposite opinion.

The north aisle of the choir, or the space extending from the north aisle of the nave to the north transept, contains several matters worthy of notice; some for their amusing character,—as Dame Carteret's, where a dancing figure is, we are told, a Resurrection; and some for their deeper interest, as Wilberforce's memorial by Joseph, which is original enough at all events, and Sir Stamford Raffles's by Chantrey; but this part should be sacred to all lovers of music, as a kind of musicians' corner, for here lies Purcell, with one of the most striking epitaphs ever penned, and which is said to have been by Dryden. It runs thus: "Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." He was interred in November, 1695, and, according to the picturesque old custom, at night, with a magnificence suitable to the burial of the greatest English musician; and, as was most fitting, in the Abbey where he had been appointed organist at the age of eighteen, and where his sublime anthems had been so often heard. His memorial is against one side of a pillar on the right of the aisle; on the other side of the same pillar is the memorial to Samuel Arnold, another organist of the Abbey in which he is interred, and a worthy successor to Purcell. Opposite to these, on the left wall of the aisle, is the memorial of Blow, who, according to the inscription, was the "master of the famous Mr. Henry Purcell," although it is now established that Purcell owed much more to another musician, Captain Cook, than to Blow: the latter, however, had claims of his own to entitle him to respect and commemoration. Beneath Blow's memorial is his pupil's, Dr. Burney, Hawkins's rival historian, with an inscription that does little credit to the taste of his daughter, the authoress of 'Evelina;' whilst, lastly, close by their side is the bust, in all the majesty of full-bottomed wiggism, of Dr. Croft, who in ecclesiastical music is said to have had no superior. He also held the situation of organist to the Abbey; and his death was brought on here (during, we presume, the performance of his duties) at the coronation of George II. He now lies near the most illustrious of his predecessors.

The north transept is rich in great names of another kind, chiefly of those connected with the business or offices of the state. Occupying the entire space between two of the pillars dividing the western aisle of the transept from the centre, is Flaxman's noble monument of Mansfield; taken altogether perhaps the noblest of modern sculpture. The illustrious judge is seen in the judgment-seat elevated to a considerable height, with figures of Wisdom and Justice attending, whilst behind, on the base of the monument, immediately below the circular chair, is the beautifully-sculptured figure of a youth: what he is intended to represent seems to be a matter of some doubt, for Mr. Brayley



[Mansfield's Monument.]

says it "is a personification of Death, which is represented, agreeably to the idea of the ancients, by the figure of a youth, partly prostrate, and leaning upon an extinguished torch;" whilst Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his excellent little 'Hand-Book,' describes it as a "recumbent youth, a criminal, by Wisdom delivered up to Justice." Lord Mansfield is buried beneath his memorial. In the central portion of the transept repose Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, Canning, Wilberforce, and Grattan—a rich and wonderful neighbourhood, to which Byron's lines may apply with a wider application than to the mere graves of Pitt and Fox:—

"a few feet  
Of sullen earth divide each winding-sheet.  
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave  
That hushes all!"

Of their memorials we need only observe that Chatham's lofty pile, by Bacon, representing the statesman at the top in the act of speaking, is against the end of the left-hand wall; Canning's statue, by Chantrey, nearly opposite; Fox's memorial, by Westmacott, showing the orator dying in the arms of Liberty, attended by Peace and a kneeling negro, against the wall of the choir looking towards the transept; and Pitt's over the great western door of the nave; where a work, costing 6300*l.* of the public money, is entirely beyond the reach of public appreciation: it is by Westmacott. Turning from the military and naval memorials,

which here too, as in the nave, thrust themselves forward on all sides (Roubiliac's to Sir Peter Warren and Banks's to Sir Eyre Coote are, however, deserving of the attention they demand), we are attracted by an exquisite piece of sculpture in the western aisle, near Kemble's statue, dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Warren and child: this is also by Westmacott, and perhaps the artist's most beautiful work. Two monuments, differing much in character, but agreeing in having each a beautiful inscription, are also deserving of notice—the one is the sumptuous tomb of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, on which the Duchess thus beautifully speaks of her family:—"Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester: a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous;" and the other a plain tablet, close by, to Grace Scot, who died in 1645, which says—

"He that will give my Grace but what is hers  
Must say her death hath not  
Made only her dear Scot,  
But virtue, worth, and sweetness, widowers."

Was this "dear Scot" the Colonel Scot who was executed on the Restoration for his share in the king's death, and who died so bravely under the revolting atrocities to which he and his companions were exposed during execution? If it was, Grace Scot died not too soon.

The eastern aisle of the transept is shut out from the principal space by the monuments which have closed up the inter-columniations; it was formerly also subdivided into three chapels by screens of a very rich character. Here we find two of the most remarkable works in the Abbey; the first, on the floor, to the right as we enter, consisting of a low basement on which lies Sir Francis Vere's effigy, with four kneeling knights at the four corners supporting a plain canopy or table over the dead warrior, on which are his helmet, breastplate, and other martial accoutrements. Roubiliac, whilst engaged in the erection of the work of which we are about presently to speak, was seen one day, by Gayfere, the Abbey mason, standing with his arms folded, and gazing intently on one of these knights. "Hush!" said he, pointing to the figure as Gayfere approached, "He will speak soon." This is the true spirit of genius; and that Roubiliac was a man of high genius this famous Nightingale monument before us proves. In one respect it may be said to be unique. Roam through the Abbey often as you will, examine every one of the immense variety of works by distinguished men that line its walls, and still there shall be the same sudden startling, as it were, of the heart, when you reach this; the same equally novel and refreshing emotion experienced. It is not the grim monster starting from the depths below, and just about to launch the fatal dart, that affects us, terrible as is the truth of the representation; it is the agonized figure of the husband, clasping his dying wife with the one hand, and endeavouring with the other to ward off the irresistible attack, that at once appeals, as sculpture seldom can appeal, to the feelings of the spectator. The wife, too, so touchingly, droopingly beautiful, is an exquisite performance: "Life," as Allan Cunningham observes, "seems slowly receding from her tapering fingers and her quivering wrist." This was Roubiliac's last work. He died the year after its erection, 1762. In the same aisle is Baily's colossal statue of Telford, the famous engineer, who was buried here; and nu-

merous other interesting works which our space compels us to pass over. Between the end of this aisle and the dark but beautiful little chapel known as Islip's, and which has quaint rebuses of his name carved over it (a man slipping from a tree—*I-slip*, &c.), is the immense monument, by Wilton, to General Wolfe, with a spirited bas-relief on its base of the landing at Quebec. We now reach the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, where, in a corner, lies a tomb with a design on a brass plate to Sir Thomas Vaughan, shown in our first page. Here, too, is the monument to Lord Hunsdon, Queen Elizabeth's Chamberlain, which, as it forms but one of a numerous class spread through the other chapels of the Abbey, we may as well describe, so far at least as a few words will enable us to do so. It consists of a pile built up story upon story, so as almost to reach the ceiling of the chapel (which is of great height), and consists chiefly of recesses, pillars with gilded Corinthian capitals, sculptured obelisks, &c., whilst the lower part is filled by an enormous sarcophagus; the whole of marble, and profusely decorated. With but comparatively unimportant alterations this brief account would apply to a dozen other works of the greatest pretension in the Abbey, and which we may therefore pass over through the remainder of our walk. The ponderous tomb of the Earl of Exeter, in the same chapel, obtains more attention than it deserves, from the story connected with it. By the earl's effigy lies that of his first wife, on one side, whilst the other was left vacant for his second, who, it is said, left express directions in her will that her effigy should not be placed there: the noble blood of Chandos could not brook the left-hand position under any circumstances. Here, too, is the figure of a lady clasping her hands, apparently in great anguish, which has an inscription attached to it that seems to have been undeservedly overlooked. The lady in question is thus described by one whose desire to be buried in the same tomb shows that there was something deeper in the writer's heart than the wish to imitate ordinary panegyric:—"She had great virtues, and as great a desire of concealing them; was of a severe life, but of an easy conversation; courteous to all, yet strictly sincere; humble without meanness, beneficent without ostentation, devout without superstition." The golden mean, it seems, for once was discovered. Casting a last glance around, the eye falls on Colonel Popham's alabaster monument, which was saved at the Restoration only through influential intercessors, and on the condition of erasing the inscription, with its unpleasant reminiscences of the Commonwealth. Between this chapel and the ambulatory—their canopies forming the original screen—are the tombs of Abbots Colchester and Fascet, with Millyng's stone coffin on the latter, brought from some other part. Between these abbots' memorials is a similar one to Bishop Ruthall, whose end is attributed to one of the oddest of circumstances. He had drawn up a book on state affairs, to be laid before Henry VIII., but unfortunately sent instead an *inventory of his treasure*. What a delicious joke must this have appeared to Bluff Hal and his court! With what zest must they have turned over those precious pages! Their sport, however, was death to the unhappy bishop. Shakspeare, it will be remembered, has used this incident in connexion with Wolsey's fall.

It is in the chapel of St. Paul that we meet with the contrast before mentioned—Watt's colossal statue, big enough to lift the roof off, if it should by

any accident stand up; the very incarnation of that principle of active, busy, worldly occupation, to which its owner has given such gigantic impulses; and, half-concealed behind it, the beautiful Gothic monument of Lord Bouchier, Henry V.'s standard-bearer at Agincourt, with its low broad arch opening into the ambulatory; whilst the view of the sumptuous chantry of Lord Bouchier's lord, beyond, is still more completely intercepted. The noble inscription to the philosopher of the steam-engine is by Lord Brougham. Among the other monuments—some of them very large and stately—Sir Giles and Lady Daubeny's, in the centre, should be mentioned for the peculiar decorations of their recumbent effigies, in accordance with the style of the beginning of the sixteenth century; and Sir John and Lady Fullerton's, for the punning inscription:—He died "*fuller* of faith than of fear, *fuller* of resolution than of pains, *fuller* of honour than of days." Hearing mass in this chapel at one time conferred an indulgence for two years and twenty days; and the cloth which held the patron saint's head—that of St. Paul—after his decapitation by Nero, was among the relicts presented to the Abbey by the Confessor, and most probably deposited on an altar in the chapel, as an additional attraction.

We have incidentally, in an early part of this paper, mentioned Westmacott's statue of the Duke de Montpensier, brother of the present King of France: if, on entering Henry VII.'s Chapel, to see who have been admitted here into dead companionship with our kings, we pass directly forward to the centre window, with its rich storied panes, we perceive in the chapel there beneath, a recumbent coroneted figure on a low couch, the face turned toward us: that is the one monument of modern times which we have said assimilates with the structure. The old and touching gesture, it is true, is wanting here, but there is a something so serenely beautiful in the expression of both face and form, such a consciousness, one might fancy, of the "watch and ward" those angels which extend above him all round the chapel keep throughout the beautiful and holy place, that it would be difficult to say there is not a very high devotional feeling exhibited in it. What a contrast is this work, in its simplicity, grace, and elevation, to that gigantic medley of great black obelisks, heathen deities, and strapping virtues which surround the effigies of James's Steenie, the Duke of Buckingham, and his duchess, in the chapel on the one side; or to that quadrangular structure, on the other, where Fame is mounted aloft on an open-worked canopy, which Faith, Hope, Charity, and Prudence are supporting, while it sounds the merits of the deceased Duke and Duchess of Richmond below; or, lastly, to the ducal poet's monument in a third chapel, Sheffield's (Dryden's patron), with its Roman duke, and English duchess down to her sandals, where she too becomes Roman. The monuments in the aisles are some of them of a higher character, though the one mentioned in a former paper, that of Henry VII.'s mother, which is in the south aisle, is worth all the rest, mere altar-tomb though it be. The finest of the others undoubtedly is the one erected by James I. to his unhappy mother, a truly sumptuous specimen of the "cinque cento" style. In the same aisle lie the remains of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who was buried here, Charles himself personally attending the funeral, which was one of extraordinary magnificence. Walpole says, referring to the body's lying in state, that "forty gentlemen of good families submitted to wait as mutes, with their backs against the wall of the chamber

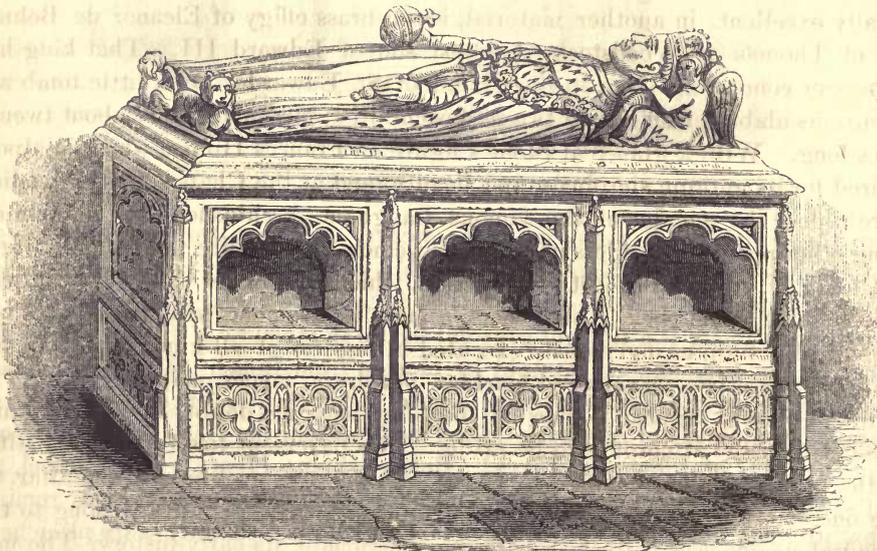


[Mary Queen of Scots' Monument.]

where the body lay in state, for three weeks, waiting alternately twenty each day." His monument, by Kent, represents Monk standing by some preposterous-looking emblematical pillar—difficult, but fortunately not at all necessary, to be understood. There is a tall but graceful figure in memory of Horace Walpole's mother, in the same chapel, brought by Horace from Rome. The most interesting memorial in the northern aisle, where Addison lies buried, is the great pyramidal monument of Addison's friend and patron, the Earl of Halifax, and one of the poets of Johnson's 'Lives.' Before leaving Henry VII.'s Chapel, the sight of the banners and arms of the Knights of the Bath, hung on high, reminds us that we must notice the splendid ceremony which occasionally takes place here,—the installation of the members of that famous order. The institution is supposed to have been first called into existence to grace the coronation of Henry IV.; and, in consequence, from that period the creation of a number of Knights of the Bath became a usual preliminary of such ceremonies. After Charles II.'s coronation, the order was discontinued for some time; and then subsequently revived by George I., when full directions with regard to badges, decorations, dress, attendants, &c., were issued. By George IV., whilst Prince Regent, the order was remodelled; when three classes of members were constituted,—Knights Grand Crosses, Knights Companions, and Knights,—instead of the one general class of Knights Companions previously existing. The ceremony of installation is pic-

turesque and interesting. When George I. revived the order, he revived also the bath and the vigil; and the precautions he caused to be taken for the health of his infant grandson, on knighting him, are amusing. The bathing-tub was covered with tapestry, and before it was a warm mat, on which to place the tiny Chevalier whilst he was dried and clothed "very warm, in consideration he was to watch that whole night."

Returning into the ambulatory, let us stand awhile in front of the archway beneath Henry V.'s chantry, and gaze upon its decorations. Though unnoticed by a large proportion of the visitors to the Abbey, the sculpture of this arch is among the most precious of our artistical remains. It is "adorned," says Flaxman, with upwards of fifty statues; on the north face is the coronation of Henry V., with his nobles attending, represented in lines of figures on each side. On the south face of the arch the central object is the king on horseback, armed cap-à-pie, riding at full speed, attended by the companions of his expedition. The sculpture is bold and characteristic; the equestrian group is furious and warlike; the standing figures have a natural sentiment in their actions, and simple grandeur in their draperies, such as we admire in the paintings of Raphael and Masaccio." It would be hardly possible to bestow higher praise than this. The tomb was no doubt by the same artist.



[Tomb of Henry V., with the head restored.]

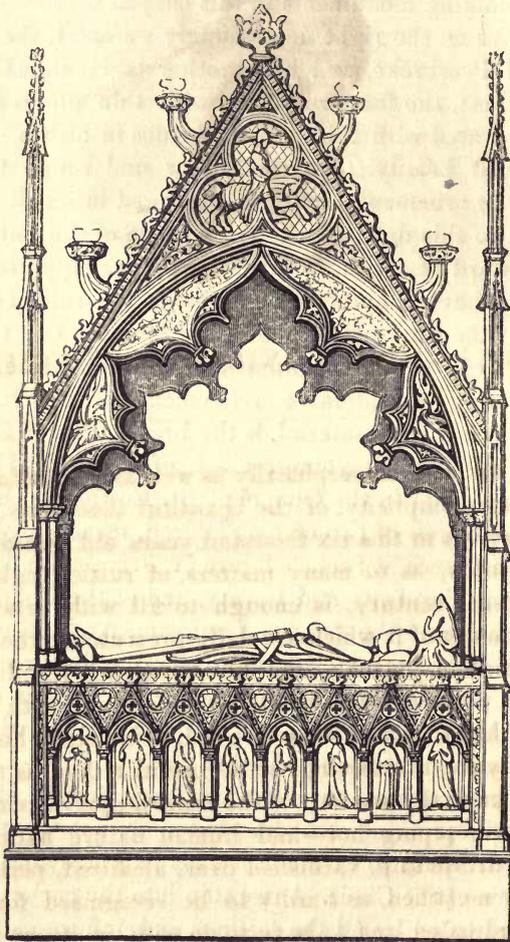
Three other chapels yet remain: those of St. Nicholas, with its large, open stone screen; St. Edmund's, with its wooden one; and St. Benedict's, behind Dryden's monument in Poets' Corner. The most painful object in the Abbey is that which first greets you on entering the chapel of St. Nicholas—a very beautiful Gothic recess facing you—where has once been the brass effigies of Dudley, Bishop of Durham, who died in 1483, but which is now occupied by the effigy of a lady in that most hideous of costumes, the long, tapering waist, and extravagantly broad hips, which is stuck up on one side against the wall at the back,

in so ludicrous a position, that, if some wit had been desirous to play off a practical satire on the general arrangement of the Abbey memorials, he could not have made a better hit. The fine effigies of the father and mother of James's favourite, Buckingham, on a lofty table-monument in the centre—the admirably-preserved effigies in brass, on the floor, of Sir Humphrey Stanley—and the old freestone tomb and effigy of Philippa Duchess of York, wife of Edmund Langley, fifth son of Edward III.,—are the least showy, but most interesting, of the remaining monuments in this chapel.

In the next we have on the right, immediately we enter, the tomb of William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and half-brother to Henry III., with an oaken effigy on an oaken chest, the former covered with thin plates of copper, and the latter originally decorated with thirty small statues in niches. This must have been a work of great beauty. On the pillow and round the belt there yet remain portions of the ornamental surface, arranged in small delicate patterns, the colours brilliant to this day. On the other side of the entrance lies John of Eltham, son of Edward II., with an alabaster effigy, supported at the head by guardian angels, and having numerous statues, or the ruins of them, around his tomb. To judge of the workmanship of these statues, one should stoop down in the corner at the end of the monument, where there are one or two nearly perfect, and exhibiting considerable refinement of expression in the face. Equally excellent, in another material, is the brass effigy of Eleanor de Bohun, wife of Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III. That king has still nearer connexions lying in the Chapel of St. Edward. On a little tomb are the curious alabaster effigies of two of his children, measuring only about twenty inches long. With a glance at Stone's figure of Frances Holles, which Walpole admired for its antique simplicity and beauty, and at the Chapel of St. Benedict, where repose the remains of the famous Langham, Archbishop of Canterbury, among other personages of less importance, we now, finally, direct our steps towards the Choir. Here is an object of attraction, which we wonder does not form part of the show in the Abbey, Abbot Ware's mosaic pavement, with its ingeniously enigmatical design, as ingeniously executed in tesserae of all kinds of shapes, and all sorts of materials, as coloured marbles, porphyry, jasper, alabaster, &c. The colours at present appear somewhat dim, but may, no doubt, be revived; and we understand the attempt is to be made. This pavement lies between the altar and the public portion of the Choir. As we step into the enclosure of the altar, we seem once more surrounded by all the feelings and influences that belong to the Cathedral, as one sees it fresh from the recollections of its early history. The monuments of recent centuries, nay, the centuries themselves, are forgotten here, where all things wear the aspect of solemn, unchanging beauty. The glorious roof still spans in airy grandeur the temple where our forefathers have so long worshipped; the breathing sculpture beneath these lofty canopies, coeval almost with the edifice, still lift their hands in eloquent supplication; the ashes of the founder are yet by our side: through all changes, through all lapses of time, Sebert still guards the place.

In conclusion, we would desire the reader to look back for a few moments over the engravings of the preceding pages. He will perceive that, with the exception of Sir Thomas Vaughan's memorial in the first page, which belongs to a position

between the tombs of Mary Queen of Scots and Henry V., the whole of the designs are arranged in a reversed chronological order. By the scanty materials thus borrowed from the Abbey, perhaps some faint notion may be obtained of the visible history of art to which we alluded, and of which the entire Abbey memorials might form but one grand exposition.



[Monument of Aymer de Valence, in the Choir, 1325.]



[Mull'd Sack.]

## LXXXV.—OLD LONDON ROGUERIES.

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It is profoundly interesting, philosophically as well as philanthropically, to think of the quantity of sheer simplicity, of the beautiful innocence and ignorance of infancy, that still survives in this six thousand years old world. Above all, the unsophisticated condition, as to many matters, of rustic England, in this noon, almost, of the nineteenth century, is enough to fill with veneration whosoever will consider the evidences of it which are daily presented in that most instructive department of the public journals, the London Police Intelligence. A police reporter, indeed (or penny-a-liner, as he is sometimes, with too much levity, styled), is the truest historian of his age. And, as no other histories are half so true, so few are nearly so entertaining, or so useful either, as those which he indites: there only we have the manners of the time caught "living as they rise"—served up, as it were, piping hot—and human nature naturally delineated; everywhere else it is dressed up, varnished over, idealized, perhaps, or otherwise so metamorphosed or mystified, as hardly to be recognised for the same thing that one is accustomed to see and to have to do with in its original condition of flesh and blood. Nay, your penny-a-liner is not the greatest of historians merely, but the most penetrating of philosophers, going to the root of the matter, and the most instructive of poets and dramatists, not only "high actions and high passions best describing," but low ones quite as well. All this he is by reason of the matter-of-fact spirit in which he works. For this is his distinction, that (to the shame of literature it must be confessed) he is the only description of man of letters who is not in some sort, as such, a systematic liar. All other writers set themselves to embellish, elevate, refine truth and nature—some have gone the length of maintaining that this falsification, this lying, is the very soul and indispensable essence of the poetical, in all its forms; he alone takes down and communicates what he hears and sees simply as he hears and

sees it—"among the faithless, faithful only he." Sometimes, indeed, the penny-a-liner has not a proper understanding or feeling of this his high function; with a wholly vain and mistaken ambition he toils and tortures himself and his readers in attempting to give his police intelligence a poetical air; and then there ensues the wildest work. One of the fraternity unhappily labouring under this distemper some short time ago had got on one of the morning papers—or possibly it was an old hand whom the lunacy had suddenly seized; and if one of the most interesting columns in the sheet had been every day printed from *pie*, as it is called, that is to say from the types thrown by some accident into complete disorder and confusion, it would not have been worse. There, where one looked, and where alone one could look, for the plain, unperverted truth of things, lay spread out and sprawling the most misbegotten mixture of jest and earnest, neither fish nor flesh, neither fact nor fiction, neither one thing nor another. It was as absurd a proceeding as if the writer had sought to impart pungency to his reports by shaking a little cayenne pepper over each of them after he had written it out. Happily, the stock he had laid in of wit or slang, of second-hand similes, immemorial puns, proverbs, quotations, and other such stray intellectual treasure, did not last long; and the police intelligence recovered its old trustworthy sobriety, greatly to the relief of all students of that most important as well as attractive department of modern literature. It is really not a field for the antics of ultra-vivacity. If a man be a genius, or think himself such, rather let him be set to report the debates in Parliament, where frequently a little additional animation would not do much harm.

But we were remarking that there is nothing of which this London Police Intelligence conveys a stronger impression than it does of the primitive simplicity and guilelessness, or gullibility, that still lingers, and indeed seems to be general, in the country parts of this kingdom, not excepting even those nearest to the metropolis. It appears, too, to be utterly unteachable. Pockets are carefully buttoned up, and the finest practitioner could scarcely hope to rival Mull'd Sack, the bold and handsome chimney-sweep, who contrived to rob Lady Fairfax, Oliver Cromwell, and Charles II.; but week after week comes the same unvarying history of some great gaping innocent of a farmer from Kent or Surrey accosted on the streets of the roaring Babel by another rustic, looking as honest and as stupid as himself, who perhaps persuades him that he belongs to the same parish, or is one of his nearest relations (though he never heard of him before), and, at any rate, by this or some equally ingenious representation, easily seduces him into the next public-house. He may now consider himself as enacting before heaven and earth the interesting part of the mouse fairly within the trap, and enjoying the toasted cheese. As the two sit over their tankard, a third, to all appearance equally a stranger to both, in the most natural way in the world drops in and joins them, and soon, in the fulness of his heart, unbosoming himself to his two new friends, informs them what a happy fellow he is in having just come into possession of a handsome little independence—his only uneasiness at the moment being occasioned by not knowing where to find a proper channel by which he may convey a small donation to the poor out of his new-found wealth, by way of showing his gratitude to Providence. What better can he do than entrust his charity to this honest farmer for the behoof of the parish to

which he belongs? The other man from the country strongly, and quite disinterestedly, recommends this arrangement; the farmer himself, stirred by benevolence, vanity, and beer, modestly puts in his word in favour of it; it appears to be clearly a very advisable way of accomplishing the desired object. All that is necessary is that the farmer, to prove his respectability, should exhibit property of his own to the amount of the sum the generous stranger is about to confide to his care: straightway the ten, or fifteen, or twenty pounds is put down on the table by each party, by the one in Bank of England notes or sovereigns, by the other probably in the equally well engraved notes of the Bank of Elegance. Nothing, of course, could be more satisfactory; but let the good farmer learn to secure his cash more artificially against the dangers of the town; his two friends will wrap up the whole for him in the way the thing should be done, and assist him to place it in his fob: does he not feel that, with it so folded and rammed down, he may laugh at all the pickpockets in London? And so he may, in good sooth, and sing too, upon Juvenal's principle—

“Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator”—

for his pocket is no longer worth picking—it has been picked already—he is now what this old Latin poet facetiously calls *a vacant wayfarer*—and vacant enough he looks on making that discovery; but, unfortunately, he is not *coram latrone*, or in the presence of the thieves, for in no long time after the solemnity of replacing the money they both (having done their work) took themselves off—first the one disappearing, and then the other going to see what was become of him—and left the self-satisfied benefactor of his parish “alone with his glory.”

In this, or some such way as this, the process is now commonly managed: the thing aimed at is to get into actual contact with the man's cash; to induce him to unbutton his pocket, and make visible and palpable manifestation of its contents; which object achieved, there is no further difficulty; he is as certainly plucked as ever was Mrs. Glass's goose after due performance of the initiatory measure of the catching. Sometimes a very simple expedient is successfully employed. On merely being taunted with not being rich enough to produce a certain sum, the unsuspecting subject of the experiment triumphantly draws forth his hidden wealth, and has it of course extracted from his fingers in a moment by the gentlest of operations. This seems to be the very height and perfection of an ingenuous nature, and to be paralleled by nothing except the conduct of the fascinated bird in flying into the invitingly open mouth of the rattlesnake, if even that can match it. Yet, as we have said, instances of full-grown men being deluded in some such manner as this are of every-day occurrence. And here Old Experience has been able to do nothing, any more than if he had undertaken the instruction of any of the inferior generations which, the philosophers tell us, are distinguished from the human animal chiefly by the want of the progressive tendency; he might as well have kept a school for birds or Bourbons (the only humanities that are made an exception to this rule of the philosophers). The process of deplumation we have been describing has been a standing London trick for some hundreds of years; and, if anything, it seems to be usually performed now-a-days less artistically and with more facility than in former times, as if the rustic visitors of the metropolis, of the class suited for

being thus practised upon, by a singular privilege grew more and more innocent the farther the rest of the world shot a-head of the manners of the age of gold. The original slang name of this stratagem was Coney-catching. The readers of Shakspeare will recollect Slender's angry complaint to Falstaff in the beginning of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor': "Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket." These last words, found in the quarto edition of the play, though omitted in the subsequent folio, exactly describe the particular mode of victimizing to which this term was appropriated. But both the name and the thing itself were at this time of very recent introduction, if we may trust what is both the most complete and the earliest information we have on the subject, that given by Robert Greene, the famous dramatist, poet, and miscellaneous pamphleteer, in his 'Notable Discovery of Cozenage,' published in 1591. In the Preface to this tract (the first of three which he wrote on the same subject, and the forerunner of many more by other popular pens of the day), Greene speaks of coney-catching as a new art, "never heard of in any age before." His description has all the elaboration and formality of a scientific treatise. "There be requisite," he begins, "effectually to act the art of coney-catching, three several parties; the Setter, the Verser, and the Barnacle. The nature of the Setter is to draw any person familiarly to drink with him, which person they call the Coney; and their method is according to the man they aim at. . . . The poor country farmer, or yeoman, is the mark they most of all shoot at, who they know comes not empty to the town. . . . The coney-catchers, apparelled like honest civil gentlemen, or good fellows, with a smooth face, as if butter would not melt in their mouths, after dinner, when the clients are come from Westminster Hall, and are at leisure to walk up and down Paul's, Fleet-street, Holborn, the Strond, and such common haunted places, where these cozening companions attend only to spy out a prey; who, as soon as they see a plain country-fellow well and cleanly apparelled, either in a coat of homespun russet, or of frieze, as the time requires, and a side pouch at his side, 'There is a Coney,' saith one." The Setter then makes up to the man, and, entering into conversation with him, easily contrives to learn the part of the country he comes from, his name, and other particulars. This information, if he cannot himself prevail upon the countryman to go to drink with him, the Setter carries to his confederate, the Verser; who thereupon going off, crosses the Coney at some turning, and, meeting him full in the face, salutes him by his name, and inquires for all friends in the country. He is the near kinsman of some neighbour of the farmer's, in whose house he has been several times, though the amazed Coney, whose memory is surely none of the best, has entirely forgotten having ever before set eye upon him. But, at any rate, he is very well acquainted with his good neighbour, the cousin or uncle of the stranger. For his sake, the latter proposes that they should drink before they part. "Haply," continues the account, "the man thanks him, and to the wine or ale they go. Then, ere they part, they make him a Coney, and so ferret-claw him at cards, that they leave him as bare of money as an ape of a tail." For at this time, it seems, coney-catching was universally managed by the assistance of a pack, or, as the phrase was, a pair of cards.

Greene defines it, in his Preface, to be "a deceit at cards;" seizing the occasion to run off into a strange disquisition about the invention of cards and dice by the people of Thebes, once upon a time when they were beleaguered and shut up in their town by the Lacedæmonians. But sometimes it will happen that the attempts of both Setter and Verser fail; that "the poor countryman will not stoop unto either of their lures. In that case, continues our author, "one, either the Verser or the Setter, or some of their crew, for there is a general fraternity betwixt them, steppeth before the Coney as he goeth, and letteth drop twelvpence in the highway, that of force the Coney must see it. The countryman, spying the shilling, maketh not dainty, but stoopeth very mannerly, and taketh it up; then one of the coney-catchers behind crieth, 'Half part,' and so challengeth half of his finding. The countryman, content, offereth to change the money. 'Nay, faith, friend,' saith the Verser, 'tis ill luck to keep found money; we'll go spend it in a pottle of wine, or in a breakfast, dinner, or supper,' as the time of day requires." Other stratagems are still in reserve if this should fail; but for these we must refer the reader to our author's own pages. In one way or another the countryman can hardly escape falling into the snare. In no long time after the two have got him into the tavern cards are called for, or produced by one of them, and he soon begins to take an interest in certain tricks in which he is initiated, especially in a new game called Mum-chance, at which, by his connivance (secured while they were left alone together for a few minutes), the one sharper cheats and plunders the other (who is, of course, as much a stranger to him as to the farmer) in most triumphant style. Then, "as thus they sit tipping, comes the Barnacle, and thrusts open the door, looking into the room where they are, and, as one bashful, steppeth back again, and saith, 'I cry you mercy, gentlemen, I thought a friend of mine had been here; pardon my boldness.'" Invited by the Verser to come in and drink a cup of wine, he proposes to play a game at cards till his friend arrives. "Why, sir," saith the Verser, "if you will sit down you shall be taken up for a quart of wine." "With all my heart," saith the Barnacle. "What will you play at? At primero, primo visto, sant, one-and-thirty, new cut, or what shall be the game?" The Verser's proposal of mum-chance is readily assented to; as before, the countryman lends his assistance to trick and fleece the new-comer; the play runs higher and higher; "this flesheth the coney, the sweetness of gain maketh him frolic;" he is easily induced to exchange his subordinate and auxiliary part for that of a principal in the game. The natural result soon follows; he first loses all his money, then he pawns "his rings (if he have any), his sword, his cloak, or what else he hath about him;" and, in the end, he finds himself stripped of everything, except, perhaps, the indispensable habiliments that cover him.

"This enormity," says Greene, "is not only in London, but now generally dispersed through all England, in every shire, city, and town of any receipt." As "a cloak for the rain," or "a shadow for their villany," it seems, the practitioners of this species of knavery were accustomed to speak of it by the name of the coney-catching *art*, or the coney-catching *law*: the latter mode of expression in particular appears to have carried a high relish with it to these scornors of the law which other people were fools enough to be frightened at and to obey, but which they only laughed at while they rendered it a mock reverence,

and professed not to transgress its requirements. They had also, Greene tells us, other laws: as, for instance, high law, which meant highway robbery; cheating law, which meant playing with false dice; versing law, which was the passing of false gold; figging law, or the cutting of purses and picking of pockets; Barnard's law, which he defines "a drunken cozenage by cards." This last, in truth, seems to have been only a species of coney-catching; and from Greene's own account of the matter it may be doubted if the novelty which he claims for the latter art, the principal subject of his pamphlet, is not, after all, a mere trick of book-making—a pretension put forth to excite the more curiosity and interest in his readers, and to enhance in their estimation the importance of his exposures. In his Preface he makes the following statement:—"There was before this, many years ago, a practice put in use by such shifting companions, which was called Barnard's law, wherein, as in the art of coney-catching, four persons were required to perform their cozening commodity: the Taker-up, the Verser, the Barnard, and the Rutter; and the manner of it, indeed, was thus:—The Taker-up seemeth a skilful man in all things, who hath by long travel learned without book a thousand policies to insinuate himself into a man's acquaintance. Talk of matters of law, he hath plenty of cases at his fingers' ends, and he hath seen, and tried, and ruled in the King's courts; speak of grazing and husbandry, no man knoweth more shires than he, nor better which way to raise a gainful commodity, and how the abuses and overture of prices can be redressed. Finally, enter into what discourse they list, were it into a broreman's faculty, he knoweth what gains they have for old boots and shoes; yea, and it shall escape him hardly, but that, ere your talk break off, he will be your countryman at least, and peradventure either of kin, ally, or some stale rib to you, if your reach far surmount not his. In case he bring to pass that you be glad of his acquaintance, then doth he carry you to the tavern; and with him goes the Verser, a man of more worship than the Taker-up, and he hath the countenance of a landed man. As they are set, comes in the Barnard, stumbling into your company, like some aged farmer of the country, a stranger unto you all, that had been at some market-town thereabout, buying and selling, and there tippled so much malmesey that he hath never a ready word in his mouth, and is so careless of his money that out he throweth some forty angels on the board's end, and, standing somewhat aloof, calleth for a pint of wine, and sayeth, 'Masters, I am somewhat bold with you; I pray you be not grieved if I drink my wine by you;' and thus ministers such idle drunken talk that the Verser, who counterfeited the landed man, comes and draws more near to the plain honest-dealing man, and prayeth him to call the Barnard more near to laugh at his folly. Between them two the matter shall be so workmanly conveyed, and finely argued, that out cometh an old pair of cards, whereat the Barnard teacheth the Verser a new game, that, he says, cost him for the learning two pots of ale not two hours ago: the first wager is drink; the next, twopence, or a groat; and lastly, to be brief, they use the matter so, that he that were an hundred years old, and never played in his life for a penny, cannot refuse to be the Verser's half; and consequently at one game of cards he loseth all they play for, be it a hundred pounds. And if, perhaps, when the money is lost (to use their word of art), the poor countryman begins to *smoke* them, and swears the drunken knave shall not get his money so, then

standeth the Rutter at the door, and draweth his sword, and picketh a quarrel at his own shadow, if he lack an hostler or a tapster, or some other to brabble with, that, while the street and company gather to the fray, as the manner is, the Barnard steels away with all the coin, and gets him to one blind tavern or other, where these cozeners had appointed to meet." This, whatever distinctive name it might be called by, evidently was a mere variety of coney-catching, even if, with Greene, we take the employment of cards to be a part of the definition of that art. The whole mystery of this sort of roguery probably assumed a more scientific shape and aspect in the hands of this pamphleteer, and its other expounders whom his example called forth, than naturally or really belonged to it. The writer of a tract entitled 'Greene's Ghost haunting Coney-catchers,' which appeared in 1602, ten years after Greene's death, seems to insinuate that the names at least given to the different performers by the original unfolders of the art of coney-catching were, to a great extent, of his own invention. This writer, however, who calls himself S. R., and was probably Samuel Rowlands, the author of a profusion of more prose and verse, has an object to serve in casting a slight upon the authority of his predecessor; for he has many hitherto unheard of curiosities of art of his own collecting to set before his readers. His new nomenclature of coney-catching will be most distinctly given in his own words. "Marry," he says, "in effect there is the like underhand traffic daily used and experienced among some few start-up gallants dispersed about the suburbs of London; who term him that draws the fish to the bait the Beater, and not the Setter; the tavern where they go, the Bush; and the fowl so caught, the Bird. As for coney-catching, they cleap [call] it Bat-fowling; the wine, the strap; and the cards, the limetwigs; and he whom he [Greene] makes Verser, the Retriver, and the Barnacle, the Pothunter." This difference between them as to names, he admits at the same time "breaks no squares," seeing that they concur as to things. But Greene, he thinks, might have improved his book by expatiating on various cheats which he has not noticed; for instance, the brewers' putting in willow leaves and brown buds into their wort instead of hops (the primitive or ruder form of the quassia and cocculus indicus adulteration)—or "Mother Bunch mixing lime with her ale to make it mighty"—which is perhaps what Steevens was thinking of when he asserted that our ancestors made their sack sparkle by putting lime in the glass, in his note on the controverted passage in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' where "mine host of the Garter" says to Bardolph, according to one reading, "Let me see thee froth and live;" but, according to another, "Let me see thee froth and lime." We do not know whether the authority of this old pamphlet may be accepted as lending some support to the latter reading. "There might have also been compiled a delectable and pleasant treatise," continues our author, "of the abuse committed by such as sell bottle-ale, who, to make it fly up to the top of the house at the first opening, do put gunpowder into the bottles while the ale is new; then, by stopping it close, make the people believe it is the strength of the ale, when, being truly sifted, it is nothing indeed but the strength of the gunpowder that worketh the effect, to the great heart-burning of the parties that drink the same." This truly strange and marvellous artifice must, we apprehend, be reckoned among the lost inventions. We wonder if these cunning retailers of the olden time ever mixed shot as well as

powder with their bottled ale—which doubtless would have greatly increased the effect. The coney-catchers, this writer says, “having lost a collop of their living” by Greene’s exposures, had invented a number of new tricks since his time. Some did “nothing but walk up and down Paul’s, or come to shops to buy wares with budgets of writings under their arms,” offering to recover bad debts. “Not unlike to these,” the enumeration proceeds, “are they that, coming to ordinaries about the Exchange, where merchants do table for the most part [a phrase sounding like an echo of Shylock’s—“Even there where merchants most do congregate,”—as if Shakspeare’s line, then new, had impressed its cadence on the public ear], will say they have two or three ships of coals late come from Newcastle, and wish they could light on a good chapman that would deal for them altogether”—on which, tempted by a low price, some one present will at last put perhaps forty shillings into the hand of the pretended merchant to secure the bargain. And then there follow many other rogueries, upon which we cannot attempt to enter—including “a sly trick of cozenage lately done in Cheapside,” in the matter of a chop-chain—a story of “how a man was cozened in the evening by buying a gilt spoon” in Silver Street—“the art of carrying stones,” which is interpreted to mean “leaving an alewife in the lurch”—a relation how “a country gentleman of some credit, walking in Paul’s, as termers are wont that wait on their lawyers, had his purse cut by a new kind of conveyance”—“a notable exploit performed by a lift” (that is, a thief)—the frauds of apprentices, &c., &c. There is some rare reading in this tract by Master Rowlands (if it be really of his penning)—though he has not Greene’s dramatic talent, or sharp, graphic style, but is in truth rather a heavy, lumbering writer, and, to speak it reverently, not a little of a blockhead.

We may here stop for a moment to notice the subject of the cant language in which the lawless population of those days conversed among themselves, as their successors still do. The names, as above given, for the different members of the cozening or swindling fraternity, and a few other terms that have been quoted, may be considered as belonging to this peculiar speech. Its origin, however, we believe, is not generally known. The earliest account we have found of it is in the very curious treatise entitled ‘A Caveat or Warning for Common Cursetors, vulgarly called Vagabonds, set forth by Thomas Harman, Esq<sup>re</sup>.,’ which was first printed in 1566. Harman, whose book is dedicated to Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, was a country gentleman of Kent—a poor gentleman, as he describes himself, who had kept house for twenty years before he drew up and published this treatise “for the utility and profit of his native country;” and, although not uninfected by the pedantry of his time, of which his preference of the new and learned word *Cursetors* or *Cursitors* to the vulgar *vagabonds* is a small specimen, he is a person of much penetration and sound sense, and he had taken great pains to collect his facts, as well as enjoyed very favourable opportunities of acquiring information not easily to be come at. It will be found that his treatise, which was reprinted at least three times within seven years after its first appearance, continued to supply the greater and most valuable portion of their materials to most of the pamphleteers who wrote on the same subject for half a century after, some of whom pilfer not merely his facts and the substance of his statements, but his language itself, without the least acknowledgment. As the

'Caveat' is not known to have been reprinted after 1573, till the modern impression (consisting only of a hundred copies) was brought out in 1814, it is probable that it had come to be generally forgotten in the next generation. Harman distinctly asserts that the cant language of the thieves and beggars was the deliberate invention of an individual in the early part of the sixteenth century. "As far," he says, "as I can learn or understand by the examination of a number of them, their language, which they term Pedlers' French, or canting, began but within these thirty years, or little above, and that the first inventor thereof was hanged *all save the head*" (the meaning of these last words we do not profess to understand). In another place he states that they had "begun of late to devise some new terms for certain things;" and he observes that no doubt they would in time change the words they then used for others; yet we believe nearly all the words of more frequent employment that composed the speech on its first introduction will be found still to belong to it after the wear and tear of more than three hundred years. This may be ascertained by comparing the old vocabularies with those appended to several modern publications, such as the 'Life of Bamfylde Moore Carew,' the autobiographical 'Memoirs of David Haggart,' &c. The earliest, probably, is that given by Harman at the end of his treatise, which he heads—"Here followeth their pelting speech; here I set before thee, good reader, the leud, lousy language of those leutering lusks and lazy losels," &c. Harman's vocabulary, with indeed nearly all the rest of his book, and with scarcely any new matter, is reprinted in a peculiarly impudent piece of plagiarism entitled 'The Groundwork of Coney-catching,' which appeared in 1592, introduced by an address to the reader, declaring that the things there set down never yet were disclosed in any book on the same subject. This fraud is noticed in another pamphlet, entitled 'Martin Mark-All, Beadle of Bridewell, his Defence and Answer to the Bell-man of London; discovering the long-concealed originate and regiment of Rogues,' &c., which was published in 1610, and was doubtless the production of Rowlands, whose initials, S. R., are prefixed to it. "They" (the rogues), says this writer, "have a language among themselves, composed of omnium gatherum; a glimmering whereof one of late days hath endeavoured to manifest, as far as his author is pleased to be an intelligencer; the substance whereof he leaveth for those that will debate thereof; enough for him to have the praise, other the pains; notwithstanding Harman's ghost continually clogging his conscience with *sic vos non vobis*." Rowlands (or S. R.) gives us a vocabulary, or dictionary, of cant words of his own, which he describes as enlarged from that of Harman. It has the addition of some curious cant rhymes. In his account of the origin of the thieves' language, Rowlands agrees with Harman, but is somewhat more specific, as if he had obtained his information in part from independent sources. He distinctly describes it as an artificial invention, and states that it was introduced in the time of a certain head or king of the beggars called Cock Lorrell, whose rule terminated in the year 1533. The words, he observes, are chiefly of Latin, English, and Dutch derivation, mixed with a few drawn from the French and Spanish. Martin Mark-All's Defence is an answer to a production by a much more famous writer, Thomas Decker, poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous pamphleteer, entitled 'The Bellman of London, bringing to light the most notorious villanies that are now practised in the kingdom,' &c., which

was first published in 1608, and long continued a popular favourite, as may appear from the circumstance of a new edition of it, described as "the fifth impression," having been brought out so late as in 1640. It is, however, in great part borrowed without acknowledgment from Harman's 'Caveat,' and from Greene's 'Notable Discovery of Cozenage.' At the end is what is called 'A Short Discourse of Canting,' which contains nothing new; nor is there much more than what had long ago been stated by Harman, in a chapter headed "Of Canting—how long it hath been a language—how it is derived," &c., with which Decker commences another pamphlet, published in 1612, under the title of 'Lanthorne and Candle-Light, or the Bellman's Second Night's Walk; in which he brings to light a brood of more strange villanies than ever were till this year discovered.' Notwithstanding this profession, many things in this second pamphlet also are stolen from Harman, though it also contains much curious matter which appears to be new. In treating of the cant language Decker says, "Within less than fourscore years now past not a word of this language was known," thus fixing its introduction to the same date assigned by Harman, the rest of whose account, indeed, he straightway goes on to abstract, with some alterations, for the most part merely colourable to disguise the theft.

It is a common misconception to confound this cant phraseology of our ordinary thieves and beggars, consisting of a few peculiar terms and modes of expression mixed with and engrafted upon the language of the country, to the grammatical forms of which it is entirely accommodated, with the wholly distinct and foreign speech of the Gypsy people. The latter is another language altogether, having as little connexion with the English as the Hindostanee has, to which indeed, or to its fountain-head, the Sanscrit, the Gypsy tongue appears to be nearly allied. The notion of the identity of the Gypsy and the cant tongues has been fostered not only by such works as the 'Life of Bamfylde Moore Carew,' where the list of cant words at the end is designated a 'Gypsy Dictionary,' but by the higher authority of writers like Walter Scott, who, in his 'Guy Mannering,' has throughout represented 'Meg Merrilies' and his other Gypsy characters as conversing among themselves in the cant language, which he calls the language of their tribe. It is remarkable, by the bye, that Harman speaks of the Gypsies as utterly extirpated in England in his day. "I hope," he writes, "their sin (that is, the sin of his native English cursitors) is now at the highest, and that as short and as speedy redress will be for these as hath been of late years for the wretched, wily, wandering, vagabonds calling and naming themselves Egyptians, deeply dissembling and long hiding and covering their deep, deceitful practices, feeding the rude common people wholly addicted and given to novelties, toys, and new inventions, delighting them with the strangeness of the attire of their heads, and practising palmistry to such as would know their fortunes," &c. "And now," he adds, "thanks be to God, through wholesome laws and the due execution thereof, all be dispersed, banished, and the memory of them clean extinguished, and, when they be once named hereafter, our children will much marvel what kind of people they were." This, as we have seen, was in 1566. About half a century afterwards, however, Rowlands (or whoever was the author of 'Martin Mark-All'), in stealing Harman's description of the Gypsies in England, omits all that his predecessor says

about their disappearance, and indeed expressly speaks of them as still existing in the country. He says they came in in the time of the same King Cock Lorrell, in whose days the cant speech was invented. Other accounts concur in making the Gypsies to have made their first appearance in England in the early part of the sixteenth century.

Harman's cursitors, or vagabonds, are mostly haunters of the villages, farms, and country parts; though often having intimate connexions, too, with London, and in some cases, as it would appear, their head-quarters there. He is very full and luminous on the Ruffler (or sturdy beggar), the Upright Man (a sort of chief or ruler in the begging and thieving community), the Prigger of Prances (horse-stealer), the Abraham Man (who pretended to have been insane, and to have suffered confinement in Bedlam, or some other house for lunatics), the Fresh-water Mariner, or Whipjack (pretending to be a shipwrecked sailor), the Dummerer (feigner of dumbness), and many other varieties of the genus, old and young, male and female. But the Counterfeit Crank, or counterfeiter of the epilepsy, or falling evil, is almost the only one of his characters whom he brings forward upon the metropolitan scene. To this personage his eleventh chapter is devoted, and it contains, among other things, a long and amusing story of a Counterfeit Crank, who, early in the morning of All-Hallow-Day, 1566, while the first edition of the book was still in the press, and was not yet half printed, made his appearance under our author's "lodging at the White Friars, within the Cloysters, in a little yard or court, whereabouts lay two or three great ladies, being within the liberties of London, whereby he hoped for the greater gain." Harman, watching his proceedings, soon became convinced that he was an impostor, and, indeed, after some questioning, reduced him almost to confession; but, having taken to his heels, it was not without great difficulty and a long pursuit that he was at last overtaken, and fairly pinned in the house of an honest Kent yeoman, a good many miles from town. And, after all, though he was stripped to the skin, and merely an old cloak thrown over him, he quickly found an opportunity of again making his escape, and, naked as he was, scampered across the fields, and got snug into cover somewhere in the vast impenetrable jungle of London. Nothing was heard of him for about a couple of months, but then, with matchless impudence, trusting to a new disguise, on the morning of New Year's Day, he presented himself a second time in White Friars. But Harman's practised eye was too sharp for him; it was soon made apparent that he was the same rogue who had but so lately got out of the clutches of justice; on which he bolted off again at Ludgate; but this time he ran no farther than Fleet Bridge before he was caught. Being now sent to Bridewell, he was put in the pillory at Cheapside, "and after that," concludes the narration, "went in the mill while his ugly picture was a-drawing, and then was whipt at a cart's-tail through London, and his displayed banner carried before him unto his own door (in Maister Hill's Rents), and so back to Bridewell again, and there remained for a time, and at length let at liberty on that condition he would prove an honest man, and labour truly to get his living. And his picture remaineth in Bridewell for a monument." An engraving of this picture, which, we presume, was the "displayed banner" that was carried before its original in his procession at the cart's-tail, is given by Harman, as an embellishment to this history of the

Counterfeit Crank, whose name, it seems, was Nicholas Genings; and it is accompanied by another of Nicholas Blunt, an Upright Man, whose trim and comfortable attire and bold bearing present a striking contrast to the rags, and dirt, and feigned decrepitude of his companion. We insert copies of both.



[Genings and Blunt.]

The chief lodging-houses resorted to by the thieves and wandering beggars of the London district in Harman's day are stated to have been "Saint Quinten's, Three Cranes in the Vintry, Saint Tybbe's, and Knapsberg." "These four," he adds, "be within one mile compass near unto London. Then have you four more in Middlesex: Draw the Pudding out of the Fire, in Harrow-on-the-Hill parish; the Cross Keys, in Crayford parish; St. Julien's, in Thistleworth (Isleworth) parish; the House of Pity, in North-hall parish. These are their chief houses near above London, where commonly they resort unto for lodging, and may repair thither freely at all times . . . . The Upright Men have given all these nicknames to the places above-said. Yet have we two notable places in Kent, not far from London; the one is between Deptford and Rothered (Rotherhithe), called the King's Barn, standing alone, that they have commonly; the other is Kesbrook, standing by Blackheath, half a mile from any house." Harman has even preserved, in a long list, the names of the principal Upright Men, and other descriptions of rogues, who then haunted the counties of Middlesex, Essex, Sussex, Surrey, and Kent. Among the common beggars of this district were, he tells us, about a hundred Irish men and women, who had come over within the preceding two years. "They say," he adds, "they have been burned and spoiled by the Earl of Desmond, and report well of the Earl of Ormond." Many of these Irish, it is mentioned in another place, went about with counterfeit or forged begging-licences. Of the common beggars, called Paliards, or Clapperdoggers, and also of the Dummerers, many, too, it seems from other passages, were Welsh. Southwark, Kent-street, and Barmesey (Bermondsey)

street, are mentioned as the chief places of residence of the London tinkers, and the quarters in which property stolen by the vagrants who strolled the neighbouring country districts was most likely to be found.

The old adage, that there is nothing new under the sun, would probably receive as ample illustration from the history of the rogueries of London, if we had the means of fully tracing it, as from any other region of human experience. It is wonderful how little inventive genius appears to have been called into action, as far as records go, in the contrivance of new tricks or ways of cheating during some hundreds of years. But, on the other hand, it must be confessed that very little has been required; no matter how long or how often any particular decoy or bait may have been used, it continues to catch the gudgeons as well as at first:—

“Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.”

Doubtless, if not exactly the pleasure, at least the disposition or capacity

“is as great  
Of being cheated as to cheat.”

The two tendencies are evidently made for each other. It is a mistake to regard them as naturally hostile. They are what the logicians call antagonistic, or opposite but not contrary—that is to say, they press indeed in opposite directions, but it is so as to support each other, like the two sets of rafters that form the roof of a house. We do not absolutely affirm that the coney-catcher is as indispensable to the coney as the coney is to the coney-catcher; but still we cannot help thinking that either would feel somewhat at a loss without the other—or, at any rate, that the beautiful balance and harmony of parts in the moral system would be considerably impaired by such an abstraction. It is difficult to conceive for what use or end the cheatable portion of the species could have been created if there were none to cheat them. Would they not be superfluities—incumbrances—violating and outraging by their very existence the first and most beautiful principle of all cosmogonical philosophy, that nature does nothing in vain? But, besides, these cheats are, after all, perhaps, not of so opposite a disposition or character, in any sense, to the rogues as is commonly taken for granted. The difference between the two is one of circumstances and position, or, at most, of mere ability and opportunity, rather than of anything more essential. A fool and a knave are not so unlike one another. On the one hand, your knave is, on a large or high view, always a fool; on the other, your great fool would often be a great knave, if he only had the wit. Observe how the fool is for the most part cozened and cheated—not through his folly alone, but through that and his dishonesty together—not through his stupidity so much as his cupidity:—it is the latter commonly that bites at the hook which the cheat cunningly baits for him. If he were merely a fool, he would be comparatively difficult to catch—fools, it is truly said, are taken care of by heaven—pure folly and simplicity is armed and protected by its very want of any obtruding faculty or passion on which designing villany can take hold; it is a smooth-skinned eel which slips out of the hand that tries to grasp it. But such guilelessness is rare. How is the countryman entrapped in Greene’s illustrations of coney-cathing? Not, assuredly, by any aversion or scruple he has to join in cheating another person, however indisposed

to have that operation performed on himself, and however he may, as he imagines, have all his senses and faculties awake and on the stretch for his own protection. If he had thought only of taking care of himself, bumpkin as he is, he might have been safe—he had capacity, or instinct, enough for self-preservation, if he had confined his ambition to that; what suspended his vigilance, and betrayed him, was his eagerness to draw another into the snare from which he thought he had himself escaped, and to share the dishonest gains of the coney-catcher in addition to getting scatheless out of his hands. And in all cases this is the propensity in his victim upon which the cheat counts most; it is the fool's own inclination to knavery, the wish without the wit, that principally makes him the knave's victim. Take another common London trick—that of money-dropping or ring-dropping. We have seen that Greene mentions this as one of the lures employed by the Setter or the Verser to seduce the countryman into the public-house, in his 'Notable Discovery of Cozenage,' written in 1591. The author of a little volume, entitled 'The Country Gentleman's Vade Mecum, or his Companion for the Town,' in a series of letters, published in 1699, is, therefore, in error in telling us (in his 14th Letter) that guinea-dropping, as he calls it, or sweetening, was a paltry little cheat that was recommended to the world about thirty years before by a memorable gentleman that had since had the misfortune to be taken off, that is to say, hanged, for a misdemeanor on the highway. At this date the trick, it would appear, was commonly practised on country gentlemen, as it now is on servant girls from the country. Some half a century, perhaps, later, as we may gather from 'The Countryman's Guide to London, or Villany detected,' which has no date, but in which many things are copied from the preceding authority with certain alterations in accommodation to the change of times, we find the country gentleman transformed into a plain countryman or farmer. And here is the description of the trick given by the famous blind magistrate, Sir John Fielding, in a little tract entitled 'Some proper Cautions to the

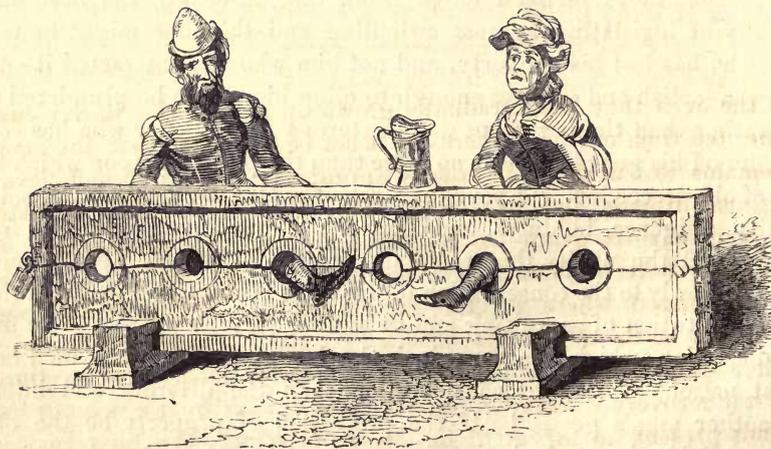


[Sir John Fielding.]

Merchants, Tradesmen, and Shop-keepers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Porters, Errand-boys, Book-keepers, and Innkeepers; also very necessary for any person going to London, either on business or pleasure,' which is found at the end of 'A Brief Description of the Cities of London and Westminster,' printed in

1776 :—“ The next class (of gamblers or cheats) are those who find a paper full of gold rings, which they take care to pick up in the sight of a proper object, whose opinion they ask. This set appear very mean, which gives them an opportunity of saying they had rather have found a good piece of bread and cheese, for that he had not broken his fast for a whole day; then wishes the gentleman would give him something for them, that he might buy himself a pair of shoes, a coat, &c. The cull immediately bites, and, thinking to make a cheap purchase of an ignorant fellow, gives him twenty shillings for four or five brass rings washed over. Or, what is more frequent, and yet more successful, is the picking up a shilling or a half-crown before the face of a countryman, whose opinion of it is immediately asked whether it be silver or not, and he is invited to share the finder’s good luck in a glass of wine or pot of ale. The harmless countryman, pleased at such an invitation in a strange place, is carried to an alehouse, where the sharper’s friends are waiting for him, and where cutting or playing at cards is soon proposed, and the countryman most certainly tricked out of all his money, watch, and everything valuable he has about him.” Thus, we see, if harmless countrymen, and other honest and respectable persons, were somewhat less keen in catching at advantages to which they are not entitled, less fond of a good bargain (to the extent of occasionally appropriating what does not belong to them), less disposed to indulge in pots of wine or ale at the expense of other people, a little more solicitous than they commonly are to restore any article of value or apparent value they may pick up to its proper owner, they would fall into fewer scrapes and mischances. They would seldomer burn their fingers if they did not so often thrust them into the fire—more especially to snatch their neighbours’ chestnuts. This consideration, along with others, has sometimes inclined us to think that, after all, the best and most effective way of legislating against swindling and thieving might be to punish the party who has lost his property, and not him who has abstracted it—the man who has been foolish and careless enough to allow himself to be plundered or overreached, rather than the ingenious and dexterous practitioner who has contrived to throw him off his guard. This is no more than the principle upon which the wise Spartans of old proceeded. “Lycurgus,” remarks Montaigne, “considered in theft the vivacity, diligence, boldness, and dexterity of purloining anything from our neighbours, and the utility that redounded to the public, that every one might look more narrowly to the conservation of what was his own, and believed that from his double institution of assaulting and defending, advantage was to be made for military discipline (which was the principal science and virtue to which he would inure that nation) of greater consideration than the disorder and injustice of taking another man’s goods.” If the protection of property be the object, it may be reasonably doubted whether it would not be attained under this system, at least quite as successfully as under that now in use. And even on grounds of natural propriety and justice, considered liberally and without prejudice, would there be anything so very objectionable in thus rewarding ingenuity and leaving negligence and thoughtlessness to their natural punishment? Is not clever knavery entitled to this much of protection and encouragement according to all the fundamental principles of the Rights of Man? To whom does anything whatever rightfully belong, if not to him whom superior art, courage, or perse-

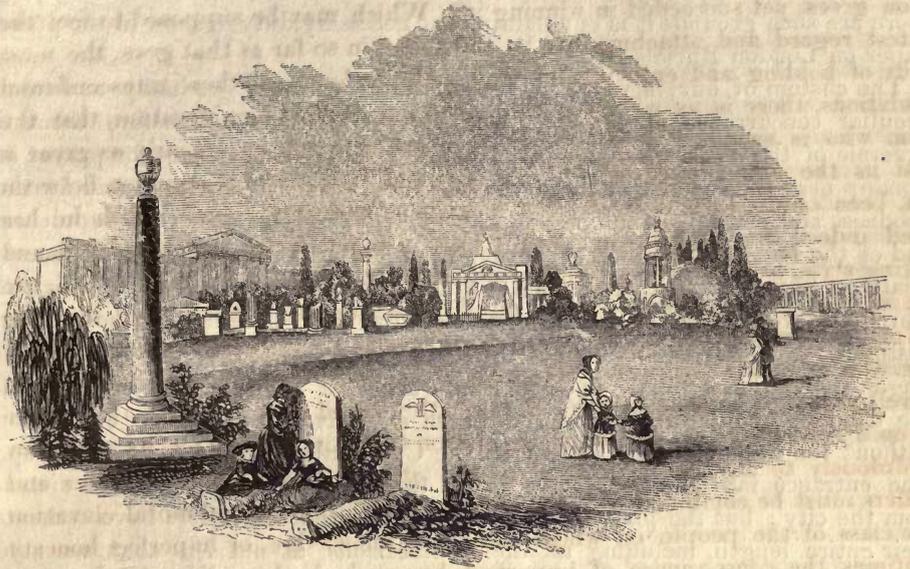
verance has put in possession of it, and enabled to snatch it from another less highly endowed with these qualities? Which of the two is likely either to preserve it most carefully, or to make the best use of it—he who could not keep it when he had it, or he who, without the original advantage which actual possession gives, yet succeeded in winning it? Which may be supposed to feel the greatest regard and attachment to it, and to be, in so far as that goes, the most worthy of holding and enjoying it? But, independently of these transcendental speculations, there is, as we have said, the more homely consideration that the person who is swindled or plundered is often at heart very nearly as great a rascal as the abler rogue who cheats him, and has, in the transaction between them, been only a loser instead of a winner at the same game, which he has played indeed less openly and boldly, and altogether in a more pitiful and sneaking style, as well as less skilfully and successfully, than the other. No, the cheat in these cases is not the only public nuisance, the only offender that the state ought to endeavour to put down or extirpate; the cheatee, his natural prey and victim, is also a description of person of the most detrimental character in any well-governed commonwealth; if the latter could be got rid of, the former too would soon die out; and sound legislation therefore will direct its attention as sedulously to the one object as to the other. Laws against thieves and swindlers must be combined with the enlightenment and general moral elevation of the class of the people on whose imperfect knowledge, or imperfect honesty (oftentimes the consequence of imperfect knowledge), these depredators trade and live. And herein the press too may lend a useful helping hand, even by such details and exposures as we have just been giving.



[Man and woman in stocks.]

“ A stocks to staye sure and safely detain  
 Lazy, lewd leuterers that lawes do offend.”

*Harman's 'Caveat,' &c.*



[Cemetery, Kensal Green.]

## LXXXVI.—LONDON BURIALS.

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WHATEVER the evils that have gradually grown up around the burial customs we have inherited from our forefathers, let it not be forgotten that the essential *principle* remains to this hour peculiarly appropriate, beautiful, and elevating. In burying our friends and relatives in the precincts of their accustomed church, we seem but—in death—to set the seal to that spiritual union which in life they have there so often and so reverently sought; whilst, at the same time, they are placed where we, the objects of their love, and the sharers in their faith, may be the most frequently and regularly reminded of them;—not to add to the anguish of the loss, but, on the contrary, to confirm and to stimulate the hope of the recovery. There is another point of view from which our church burial-grounds present an aspect of impressive interest. We hear complaints sometimes made of the indiscriminate character of the burials in them; we hear regrets expressed that men of erring, or violent, or criminal lives, should at their last need enjoy the shelter, the neighbourhood, the communion they have done so little previously to deserve. Are we wrong in thinking this very circumstance one of their most touching features? Such places are to the heart and mind what the old sanctuaries were to the body, only divested of all their evils, and a

thousand times more numerous : they are places of refuge for the "heavily laden," whose very flight hither should satisfy *us* at least of their right to "rest." With these views, the imperative divorce of our places of worship and of burial from each other, that seems likely to take place at a very early period in our great cities, can only appear justifiable on grounds of the strongest necessity : that there are such grounds it is our painful but necessary duty to show in the present paper on London Burials.

The custom of burying in and around churches arose gradually, and from a peculiar concurrence of causes. The early Christians had before them the example of the Jews, who were accustomed to build synagogues for prayer and worship near the remains of those who had been eminently distinguished for their goodness and piety ; of the Greeks, who offered sacrifices near their sepulchres ; and of the Romans, who had their chapels and altars erected over their deceased relatives, to propitiate their manes. But it was the persecutions to which the Christians were exposed that appear to have first determined their funeral customs. Not only the living but the dead were subjected to the insults of the Pagan population around ; and, in consequence, a secure place of deposit for the dead became highly desirable. Those extensive subterranean excavations, without the walls of Rome, known as the Catacombs, seemed to be such a spot. The entrance into the Catacombs is on the Via Appia, only a short distance from the city ; but the place itself is so extensive, that travellers have estimated their entire length, including all the ramifications, at not less than six miles, whilst the guides say twenty. The long winding galleries of which they are chiefly composed are, in general, about eight feet high and five wide ; along the sides are ranged the cells or graves, in tiers, generally three in number ; at intervals large vaulted chambers are found, of a very church-like aspect ; in different parts altars, paintings, and inscriptions, of Christian origin, meet the eye. It is in these catacombs, thus full of interesting memorials, that we believe we must look for the true commencement of our present burial system. When the Christians, under circumstances of the greatest secrecy, had brought their dead hither, among which, of course, would be some of their most distinguished martyrs, they would not only desire to pray near to them, in accordance with all previous feelings or customs, but the privacy of the place would appear no less favourable to their own meetings for mutual advice, comfort, and for the performance of their religious rites. Hence the erection of the altars and the formation of the churches in the catacombs. After the complete establishment of the Christian religion, by the conversion of Constantine, and the consequent removal of the difficulties which had attended the burial and worship of the disciples of the faith, we learn from St. Jerome in what affectionate reverence the place was still held, in spite of its natural horrors. He tells us that he visited them every Sunday ; and observes, "When I found myself in that profound obscurity, I thought the expression of the Psalmist verified, 'Descendit in infernum vivens.'" The churches being thus at first erected over the place of the dead, the next step was to reverse the process, and to bury the dead where convenience and growing prosperity caused the erection of the churches. Constantine's burial seems to have been an innovation of this kind. He was interred in the vestibule of the Temple

of the Holy Apostles (which he had built), at Constantinople, as the highest mark of gratitude the church could bestow. From this time progress in the same path was easy. Princes who, like Constantine, had peculiarly distinguished themselves as patrons of Christianity, great benefactors, men illustrious for their piety among the bishops, began to obtain similar privileges. In England St. Austin (or Augustine), Bede tells us, was thus buried under the portico of Canterbury Cathedral, and the history of the same edifice shows us the farther advance of the dead into the church itself. The succeeding prelates to Augustine were all buried in the same spot (the north porch) till the space was occupied, when they were removed into the interior. Such practices once commenced in the cases of the few, were sure to extend to the burials of the many; to all those at least whose wealth or rank, or intellectual, moral, or religious qualifications, would enable them to exercise influence for such objects. For even when the superstitious belief held by the early Christians, that the emanations from the bodies of saints exercised a peculiar virtue upon all those who lay near them, had died away, there still remained the more permanent influences that we have alluded to in the commencement of these remarks, and which, there is no doubt, have perpetuated the existence of the custom down to the present time, in spite of the heaviest and most manifold disadvantages.

It was on the 8th of March, 1842, that the Committee of the House of Commons was appointed, to which we are indebted for the discovery of a state of things in London which is truly described by one witness as "sickening" and "horrible," and which exhibits England, through its capital (in the words of the Committee's Report), as an "instance of the most wealthy, moral, and civilised community in the world, tolerating a practice and an abuse which has been corrected for years by nearly all other civilised nations in every part of the globe." And, casting our eyes casually over the large amount of evidence collected, we cannot but be convinced that these words convey an unexaggerated statement. We read of one burial-ground in the Dover Road, still used for numerous interments, although, nineteen years ago, a witness (a clergyman) thought it scandalous to go on burying there; of another (St. Margaret's, Westminster), which was reported, by the Commissioners for the improvement of Westminster, to Parliament, in 1814, as unfit to be used much longer, but which is still in active operation; and of a third (Spa Fields), that there is "no more space, but that you can always get a grave there,"—nay, graves for not less than thirty or forty persons weekly, that being frequently the number of interments. The age of miracles seems to have revived with regard to many of these burial-grounds. Martin's, in the Borough, measuring about 295 feet by 379, is supposed to have received within ten years 14,000 bodies; in St. Mary's, Vinegar Yard, belonging to the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand, "better than half an acre" in size, 20,000 bodies are computed to have been interred within the last half-century; whilst in a vault below a Methodist chapel, built as a speculation by Messrs. Hoole and Martin, in the New Kent Road, from 1600 to 2000 bodies are to be found, not buried, but heaped up in coffins, nearly all of wood, in a space 40 yards long, 25 wide, and 20 high. But all the marvels of the churchyard must give place to those performed in connexion with Enon Chapel. This building

is in Clement's Lane, in the Strand, and was built by the minister himself (a Dissenter) as a speculation. The upper part, opened for public worship in 1823, is separated from the lower by a boarded floor merely; and in this space (about 60 feet by 29, and 6 deep) 12,000 bodies are estimated to have been interred! The expanding pavilion of the Fairy Tales was nothing to this; and it must be admitted that such a chapel formed a very necessary provision for a neighbourhood where a witness has no doubt that three times as many persons die immediately around the building in question as in any other part of the parish. But the means!—One naturally feels anxious to know how these things were accomplished, seeing that the simplest process of reckoning shows them, to ordinary senses of apprehension, as impossible. We must premise, then, that there is no doubt that the late minister was one of whom it might be said, as it was of the illustrious sexton of St. Anne's, Soho, Fox, by one of his satellite gravediggers, in words that show how the admiration of the daring genius of the master overpowered, for the moment, all other considerations:—"the man that is dead has done most wonderful things in the vaults!" As with many other of Nature's greatest marvels, however, these "wonderful things" are apt to lose something of their romance and grandeur in the light of common day. It appears, then, that up to a certain period a drain ran obliquely across the place, and that the Commissioners of Sewers suddenly took it into their heads to compel the minister to arch it over. This was no doubt awkward; but, adapting himself admirably to circumstances, the opportunity was taken of conveying away some *sixty* loads of mingled earth and human remains, which were shot the other side of Waterloo Bridge, where a pathway was then forming. It may suffice to illustrate the nature of the soil removed, to observe that a few baskets-full having been thoughtlessly given away by the men employed to some labourers executing a slight street repair, a crowd were presently found round a human hand. After the stoppage of the conveniences already indicated, a new method would be required at Enon Chapel. There is little or no doubt as to what that was. Many inquiries were made of the witnesses who appeared before the Committee, as to what would be the feelings of the people regarding the use of quick-lime. The minister of Enon Chapel managed matters very differently. "I know," says Mr. Walker, speaking of this place, "that lime has been inserted in enormous quantities, and that the bodies have been consumed in less than a twelvemonth:" but then the minister made no fuss about it. But what was done with the coffins?—the economy of such systems could not certainly afford to wait till good sound elm should decay. Here is the explanation: "I understood it was a regular thing for them to burn them in their own house, which was adjoining the chapel."\* And, although this witness speaks from hearsay, we find sufficient corroborative testimony. Mr. Whittaker, an undertaker, speaking of Spa Fields, says, "They have got a small bricked place, I observed the last time I was there, in the ground, similar to a washhouse or an outhouse of that description, and I saw a fire and smoke coming out of it. I cannot tell what was burning." Being asked

\* Pitt's Evidence, Question 165.

if he suspects it was coffins, he replies, "I cannot say, because the window was *blocked* up and the door *fastened*, and I could not see." If there still be any doubt, Thomas Munn's evidence will remove it. He, a resident in Drury Lane, opposite the burial-ground there, states expressly, "I have seen the man and his wife burn them; it is quite a common thing."

The removal of decayed bodies seems to be a generally recognised mode of making room, even in what one would suppose were the most respectable London burial-places. Thus during the repair of St. Martin's, Ludgate, Mr. Anderton, member of the Common Council of the City, saw numerous cart-loads of matter, consisting of decayed coffins, bones, and ashes, taken away, the labourers mixing the whole up with rubbish to prevent the passengers from perceiving their occupation. In St. Anne's, Soho, St. Clement's, Portugal Street, St. Martin's in the Fields, &c., &c., similar removals have taken place. Lastly, we may add to this general explanation of the remarkable capacity of our metropolitan burial-grounds, the facts,—that the greater part of them are materially elevated above their original level; thus St. Andrew's Undershaft is two feet higher, St. Mary-le-Strand four feet, and the ground belonging to St. Martin's in the Fields, in Drury Lane, no less than five feet;—and, that in numerous cases they bury to within a foot or two of the surface. With regard to the last-mentioned custom, it seems sextons are particularly jealous of any interference, for, when a witness who appeared before the Committee took the trouble one day to probe the ground in Portugal Street, the sexton told his assistant, if he ever came into the ground again, to "run the man through with the searcher."

But we must now look a little closer into the details of the "wonderful" proceedings of the guardians of our grave-yards; even though, in so doing, we meet with much that is disgusting, much truly appalling, for, alas! all is but too true; and too important in its truth, to the health, morals, and character of our countrymen, to be passed lightly over, whilst we can say such things still are. Foremost in horror are the proceedings thus described in the evidence of W. Chamberlain, who says, "In the year 1831 I was first employed by Mr. Watkins, the head gravedigger of St. Clement's churchyard; from that time till the year 1838 I never opened a grave without coming into other coffins of children, grown persons, and what we term odd sizes, which we have been obliged to cut away, the ground being so excessively full that we could not make a grave without doing it. It was done by the order of Mr. Watkins and Mr. Fitch, the sexton of the parish, that these coffins should be chopped up, and the wood placed against the walls and the palings of the ground. We have come to bodies quite perfect, and we have cut part away with choppers and pickaxes. We have opened the lids of the coffins, and the bodies have been so perfect that we could distinguish males from females; and all those have been chopped and cut up. . . . During the time I was at this work the flesh has been cut up in pieces and thrown up behind the boards which are placed to keep the ground up where the mourners are standing, . . . and when the mourners are gone this flesh has been thrown in and jammed down, and the coffins have been taken away and burnt." Further questions elicit further explanation as to the mode of cutting up such bodies, but the details are too horrible for us to recapitulate. We must,

however, add the background to the picture here shown. Chamberlain continues—"The sound of cutting away the wood was so terrible that mobs used to be round the railings and looking; we could not throw a piece of wood or a piece of a body up without being seen; the people actually cried 'shame' out of the windows at the backs of the houses on account of it." The men who give this evidence state over and over again that they were reluctant to do such things, but that the sextons have made them by threats of depriving them of their employment if they did not. One of these men, whilst engaged one day with others, saw his companions chopping off the head of a coffin, and happening to look at it, saw that it was his own father's! "I told them to stop, and they laughed," he says. However, as he was firm, they yielded to what no doubt they thought his absurd scruples. These almost incredible practices, it appears, have taken place at Enon Chapel, the Globe Fields, St. Andrew's Undershaft, St. Anne's, Soho (where the wonderful man Fox did not mind cutting through a body buried but three weeks), St. Clement's churchyard, St. Clement Danes, St. Martin's in the Fields (Drury Lane), St. Mary's, Vinegar Yard—in short, at so many places that it is far from improbable that the greater part of London grave-yards have witnessed similar scenes. Among the minor practices of the grave-yard gentry, may be mentioned the interring bodies at insufficient depth when they happened to be in an idle mood, and then, when it became necessary to turn the spot to the best advantage, of digging the coffins up, and re-burying them at the suitable depth. From a similar motive, when a deep grave has been dug, it appears that it is sometimes allowed to remain open till it is filled, boards and earth being merely placed over the top. At the grave-yard in Drury Lane they gradually waxed so confident in this habit, that even when the unhappy relatives said they did not like to go away without seeing the grave filled up, they pertinaciously refused. Men who could do the things we have described, were scarcely likely to leave undone any petty crime that lay in their path. Fox stripped the lead off the coffins in the vaults of St. Anne's, Soho, also the handles and nails of the commoner coffins in the burial-ground, and sold them,—and his is evidently by no means a solitary case.

Apart from that fearful kind of interest we naturally feel in such an occupation as grave-digging,—that ransacking among the awful secrets of the grave, from which humanity generally so instinctively shrinks,—the audacity of the metropolitan portion of the fraternity, and the circumstances under which they carry on their calling, give new and startling features to their lives. Their climate, sports, the incidents that disturb the even tenor of their way, their drunkenness, dangers, and premature deaths, are all in keeping, are all peculiarly their own. Our summer, it seems, is often their winter; our winter, their summer. "The deeper I go, it gets so warm that it is enough to melt one; it is just the same as if you were in a fire when you go down so far; in the coldest day it will be warmer there than on a fine summer's day; even if you go down to the water, the water will be as warm as possible in cold weather, and in warm weather it will be quite as cold; in a frosty morning you can see the steam come up, just as you would out of a dung-hole."\* Then for their sports. Is the grave-

\* B. Lyons' Examination, Question 1130.

digger inclined to unbend among his assistants and be merry?—the materials of sport are always at hand; a few tall bones are collected and set up, these are their skittles; a round goodly-looking skull forms the ball, and, now all prepared, they begin, and merrily goes the game. There wants but a Mephistophiles to make the sexton's reality rival the poet's wildest fictions. As to the incidents which occasionally add a new horror even to those who have supped full of horrors their lives through, we need but one example. Lyons says, "I was trying the length of a grave to see if it was long enough and wide enough, so that I should not have to go down again; and while I was there the ground gave way, and a body turned right over, and the two arms came and clasped me round the neck." The drunkenness, dangers, and premature deaths to which these men are exposed, belong to another department of our subject—the consequences to the living of the state of things described, in connexion with the dead. To this we now address ourselves.

Passing over rapidly the less important phenomena of their calling, the smell, frequently "dreadful beyond all smells"—to which that of a cesspool, it seems, is as rosewater in comparison, and which leaves in the mouth a coppery taste as if you had been "chewing a penny-piece"—let us pause for a moment upon the narration of Valentine Haycock, which has a certain simple pathos in it, that should find the way to all hearts, and strengthen the determination of those who have influence, to get rid of such unnatural as well as intolerable sufferings. He is asked, "When you have been digging yourself, have you felt yourself affected immediately?—Yes; I have been obliged to get up in the best way I could, and I have been in such a tremble that I did not know whether I was going to die myself or not; I have gone in-doors, and have sat a little time to recover myself; I have had something from the doctor to bring me round again." Again:—"With regard to the sensations you have experienced when you were opening a grave, did you feel a taste in your mouth or a sensation in your throat?—In my throat; it was completely dried up with the stench, it is so sharp upon you; so that I have got up and heaved, and actually brought blood up." We need not wonder that he adds, "I have been obliged to go in-doors and get a little brandy," or that he should have to acknowledge that gravediggers are not generally a sober set of men: we should wonder if they were. As another of the class expresses it, they are made drunkards "by force." It will be hardly necessary to say that these sensations cannot be often felt without incurring serious dangers; but as dangers they are among the slightest of the vocation. One poor fellow happened to cut his finger one morning at breakfast, but so superficially that he did not think it worth while to bind up the wound. He had a child's grave to dig that day in St. George's, Southwark. During his work some of the soil got to the cut, presently the finger swelled, his arm began to ache, he went home, never again to quit it alive. Another, Chamberlain, not only lost the use of his limbs, but his wife caught the infection, and was similarly diseased. That this man's statement to the Committee was true enough, we may judge from the corroborative testimony of Dr. Copland, who mentions the cases of a gentleman and his wife; the first died of a malignant fever through inhaling the vapours of a vault, and the second from the infection. Chamberlain's case is but a fair com-

mentary on the lives of the whole fraternity. It is certain that the gravediggers of London are generally unhealthy, and that their lives are prematurely shortened. But it would be some relief to them if they could be sure that even this doom were the worst; but, by a kind of retributive vengeance, from the very graves they so unnaturally disturb, Death will sometimes suddenly appear, and re-assert, with his own terrible power, the sanctity of his violated domains. A step down into a newly-opened vault, a single blow of a pickaxe into an uncovered coffin, and the intruder has fallen, as if shot, beneath the breath of the dread king of terrors. The cases of the two men at Aldgate in 1838, and of the one at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1840 (the last marked by the additional feature that the surgeon who attended him, and the surgeon's domestic servant, both died of infection), are here in point. An incident of a similar nature, but less known, is mentioned in Mr. Walker's book.\* At a burial in the church of Notre Dame, at Montpelier, in France, Peter Balsalgette, a street porter, was employed as gravedigger. He had scarcely descended into the grave when he became convulsed, and fell. Joseph Sarrau immediately stepped forth, and descended, holding a rope, to save him. Just as he reached the bottom he became insensible, and was drawn up half dead. But there were noble hearts congregated round that grave. John Molinier next descended, but feeling himself suffocating, could do no more than give the signal to be drawn up again; when his brother, Robert Molinier, a strong and robust man, took his place, and fell dead at the bottom. Lastly, the brother of the first victim, Charles Balsalgette, ventured into the fatal pit, succeeded in partially arranging the body of Robert Molinier, before he was forced to get out; then a second time descended with a handkerchief dipped in Hungary water between his teeth, but finding himself unable to stay, was about to ascend, when he too dropped back lifeless, and thus terminated the tragical scene. Of the five men, John Molinier and Sarrau only recovered; and the latter was for a long time afterwards so pale and emaciated as to give peculiar significance to the appellation he received, the *Resuscitated*. We cannot but append to this melancholy and interesting case Mr. Walker's note, with its ingenious hypothesis. "In the effect of these exhalations," he says, "we may obtain an explanation of certain phenomena which some authors have considered as miraculous. Gregory of Tours relates that a robber, having dared to enter the tomb of St. Helius, this prelate retained him and prevented him from getting out. The same author informs us that a poor man, not having a stone to cover the place in which one of his children had been buried, took away one which closed the opening of an old tomb, in which rested without doubt, says Gregory of Tours, the remains of some holy personage. The unhappy father was immediately and simultaneously struck dumb, blind, and deaf. These facts may be attributed to mephitic vapours." †

We now reach the last and most important department of our subject—the effects of our metropolitan system of burial on the public health. Of the sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which Sir Benjamin Brodie says is evolved from bodies

\* 'Gatherings from Grave-Yards;' a work to which the public are directly and indirectly much indebted for the present state of opinion on the subject it discusses.

† Page 95.

in a state of decomposition, it appears that *a single part to five hundred of atmospheric air is fatal*. Yet that such gases are constantly issuing from the crowded burial-grounds of London we have an overwhelming amount of evidence to prove, derived both from the unerring warnings of the senses, and the illnesses and deaths which follow where such warnings are unheeded. Persons attending divine service have been taken ill, no doubt frequently without knowing the cause, for of course matters do not generally proceed to such a very decisive point as in Enon Chapel, where, we learn, members of the congregation were taken out fainting nearly every Sunday. Relatives following the dead to the grave have been smitten by the insidious poison, leaving the undertaker to record the brief history, "Dear me, the poor creature followed a friend here last Sunday, and I am come to bury him this." Clergymen have resigned their office, as at St. Andrew's Undershaft, in order to take a much less valuable living in the country, where they could at least breathe the pure air of heaven; whilst others have been obliged to stay a certain distance from the grave in open grounds, or to stand at the top of the stairs of a vault to read the burial service, as at St. George's Church, Southwark; where for many years the clergyman dared not venture into the vault, and where the undertakers were compelled to use the most indecent haste in taking the mourners down and bringing them up again to prevent danger. Medical men have found it necessary to advise patients to remove from the neighbourhood of such places, who were rich enough to be able to do so, or have had the pain of seeing them sink gradually when they were too poor; cholera and fever have been found most violent, as at Leeds, in the attacks on the living, where the congregation of the dead has been the most dense. To what extent the effluvia ascending from so many graves into the air may injure the general health of London, is not easy to determine. That it must be very serious is evident from all the foregoing evidence. Sir Benjamin Brodie says he has always considered this one cause of fever and disease in the metropolis; and Dr. Copland, the censor of the College of Physicians, states his belief that of the four or five particular circumstances which influence the health of large towns, "the first, and probably the most important, is the burial of the dead. We have to consider not only the exhalations of the gases and the emanations of the dead into the air, but the effect that it has on the subsoil or the water drunk by the inhabitants." We may form some notion of the latter effect from a single but most significant fact; they had some years ago to shut up a pump close to St. Clement's churchyard, the water being found unfit for use.

With an interesting story, illustrating in a forcible manner the evils attending the gratification of the desire to which we alluded in the commencement of our paper, we pass on to the more agreeable subject of the remedies. At a certain place in Germany a very corpulent lady died during the last century, and was buried according to her desire in the parochial church. "The weather at the time was very hot, and a great drought prevailed. The succeeding Sunday, a week after the body had been buried, the Protestant clergyman had a very full congregation, upwards of nine hundred persons attending, that being the day for administering the Holy Sacrament. It is the custom in Germany that when people wish to receive the Sacrament, they neither eat nor drink until the cere-

mony is over. The clergyman consecrates the bread and wine, which is uncovered during the ceremony. There were about one hundred and eighty communicants. A quarter of an hour after the ceremony, before they had quitted the church, more than sixty of the communicants were taken ill: several died in the most violent agonies, others of a more vigorous constitution survived by the help of medical assistance; a most violent consternation prevailed among the whole congregation, and throughout the town, and it was concluded that the wine had been poisoned. The Sacristan, and several others belonging to the vestry, were put in irons. The persons arrested underwent very great hardships: during the space of a week they were confined in a dungeon, and some of them were put to the torture; but they persisted in their innocence. On the Sunday following the magistrate ordered that a chalice of wine, uncovered, should be placed for the space of an hour upon the altar: the hour had scarcely elapsed when they beheld the wine filled with myriads of insects. By tracing whence they came, it was perceived by the rays of the sun that they issued from the grave of the lady who had been buried the preceding fortnight. The people not belonging to the vestry were dismissed, and four men were employed to open the vault and the coffin; in doing this two of them dropped down and expired on the spot, the other two were only saved by the utmost exertions of medical talent.\*

We have before quoted the words of the Report, in which our practice with regard to burials is contrasted with that of "nearly all other civilized nations;" and remarked, that however startling the statement, it is perfectly true. Seek the abodes of the dead in France, Spain, Germany, or in the principal States of America, and in place of the hideous burial-grounds described in these pages, we find open and airy places, always decent, frequently beautiful. Instead of sending away in disgust the few whom sad necessity has made their visitors, they often form the favourite places of resort to the neighbouring population. France has honourably distinguished herself in this matter. Not content with stopping the old custom, and prescribing the strictest sanitary laws for the future, she purified her metropolis of the evils already in existence, by the Herculean task of removing the enormous masses of human remains which had been congregated there: hence the famous Catacombs, where now lie the bones of at least three millions of people. But our practices have been put to shame even by our own provincial towns; Liverpool and Manchester have had their cemeteries years before London seems to have paid the slightest attention to them. In the 'Penny Magazine' we find the credit of originating the first movement here, attributed to Mr. G. F. Carden, who, it appears, unceasingly agitated the question for several years. In 1832 his exertions were crowned with success, by the passing of the act for the formation of the cemetery since known as that of Kensal Green. Though less picturesquely situated than some of the other and more recent cemeteries, it has a peculiar interest, from being the first. Let us, therefore, take a short walk through it, if it be only to enjoy the contrast with the burial-grounds we have left behind in the city.

After a pleasant walk of between two and three miles along the Harrow road,

\* 'New York Gazette of Health,' as transcribed by Mr. Walker.

the handsome, substantial-looking Doric gateway meets the eye on the left, standing a little back; we pass through, and the grounds of Kensal Green Cemetery are before us. These are extensive, comprising about forty-six acres, and are surrounded with a lofty wall on either side of the gateway, now almost covered by a rich belt of young forest-trees, evergreens, and shrubs; whilst the opposite boundary is left partially open to the eye, so as to admit of fine prospects, from different parts, over the country round, Shepherd's Bush, Hammersmith, Notting Hill, and Bayswater. In the interior the grounds are divided by broad winding and straight walks, the rest being laid out in grassy lawns, relieved by parterres of flowers, clumps of trees and shrubs, and, above all, by the glitteringly white monuments of every possible outline, style, and size, from the simple flat stone, up to places large enough for their owners to reside in whilst living. The chief buildings are the two chapels and the colonnade. The chapel for the Dissenters on the left, in the unconsecrated ground (divided from the consecrated by a clearly marked boundary), is, with the exception of its front, where the Doric pillars give something like dignity of expression, markedly plain; the chapel for the use of members of the Church of England, on the right, is, on the contrary, both noble and handsome, and the interior, with its solemn gloom, and single painted-glass window, rich though simple. The only furniture of the place are the seats at the sides for the mourners, and that dark-looking table in the centre where lies the being mourned. This, by means of machinery, at the proper period descends down to the very floor of the catacombs below; which consist of a main passage extending in the direction of the length of the chapel, and crossed by five others. The walls of the latter are formed into a series of deep and broad arches, each of them divided off so as to suit the convenience of purchasers. There is in these vaults alone room for five thousand persons. We need hardly add that all bodies received in the catacombs must be placed in lead. The memorials of those buried here are placed in the colonnade above; which, with the chapel, forms three sides of a square. A monument by Sievier in one of the corners deserves notice. A female figure reclines on the base, or table, entirely covered with a shroud, whilst above are two other figures representing an angel bearing off the soul of the deceased. There is something peculiarly beautiful, it seems to us, in the novel part of this idea, the shroud. Not only is the awkwardness of the old arrangement thus got rid of, where, instead of understanding the sculptor's refinements of the one figure representing the body, and the other the soul, you only wondered how the deceased managed to be in effigy in two places at once; but the idea itself now becomes fine. You not only see from whence the joyful spirit has departed, but are impressed with a keener sense of the glorious immortality it has put on, from the apprehension of the veiled mortality it has put off. Before quitting the chapel and the catacombs, we must not omit to notice that a true benefactor of his kind rests here, Dr. Birkbeck. The colonnade shown in a previous page is distinct from the chapel colonnade; like that, it is erected over catacombs, and has its walls pretty well covered with the memorials of those who have been interred in them. Sir William Knighton's is distinguished by its admirable bust in relief. A scroll, with several names inscribed on the unrolled part, whilst in the rolled remainder you see how much room yet remains, is some-

thing more than a pleasant conceit; for it accomplishes, though in a quaint way, what should be the end and aim of all funeral sculpture—it suggests what we often manage to forget, even in cemeteries, that we too are mortal. Memorials like this and the one before mentioned, with some others scattered about the grounds, make us hope that such burial-places will do with us what they are said to have done in foreign countries,—improve the public taste. “The funeral monuments,” says Dr. Bowring, in his evidence before the Committee, “which have been erected in many parts of Europe, and which are very superior in character to those which had existed before the present generation, are evidence of this.” But then, both the sculptors and their patrons must get rid of the ideas which have placed so many melancholy mistakes in these same grounds. They must not think that largeness of structure is synonymous with grandeur, or that a style of architecture unlike anything the world ever saw, necessarily meets our views of originality, or that a really good idea cannot be sufficiently appreciated without endless repetitions of it. The stately Corinthian column, broken midway in its height, is a noble type of man cut down in his prime; but, what if, instead of imitating the work, the artists of the cemetery would imitate him who designed it, that is, think for themselves?

The tombs of the greatest pretension at Kensal Green are mostly ranged at the sides of the central walk leading to and from the chapel. Here are, Dr. Valpy’s, in the form of a Roman temple; the Rashleigh family’s, of Mendabilly, consisting merely of flat and head stones, but of such gigantic size and rude structure, that one involuntarily thinks of primeval ages, and men like gods; whilst, opposite each other, at the junction of four principal walks, the most conspicuous objects in the most conspicuous part of the cemetery, stand St. John Long’s, with a figure of the goddess of health raised on high within an open Grecian temple, and the prince of horsemen’s, Ducrow’s, in the shape of a large Egyptian building, with bronze sphynxes each side of the door, and surrounded by a garden with flowering evergreens, standard roses, and sweet-smelling stocks, with gravelled walks and bronze railings. Scattered about in other parts are many objects of interest or curiosity. Among the former may be included the memorials of the daughter of Sir Walter Scott; of Boaden, “a gentleman distinguished for his literary attainments;” and of the late Editor of the ‘Times:’ among the latter those of Julia S. Lamb, which has a lamb lying bound and helpless on the top (where the pun by no means enhances the pathos); and the gigantic monument of the Hygeist, as he delighted to be called, Morison, the alchemist of the pill-box, who found there what the elder simpletons looked for in the crucible; but, strange to say, did not find, what might have been more reasonably looked for from him; alas! for posterity, the Hygeist does not live for ever. There are some touching inscriptions and incidents, if we may so call them, to be found here. The words “I shall go to her, but she shall not return unto me,” inscribed on the upper part of a stone, and, in more recent characters, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,” on the lower, describe a common but moving history better than more laboured attempts; and the inscription on an infant, who died at the age of eight months, commences with a fine line—

“’Twi’x two inviting worlds he stood”—

The best of the incidents to which we alluded is the care exhibited in the monument of Elizabeth Filipowitz, the celebrated violinist, and certain children of Polish refugees, where the fresh wreaths of everlasting flowers show the dead are not forgotten. Our space will only allow us to mention one other memorial, the lofty and elegant sarcophagus in the Gothic style, on the left of the walk leading to the Dissenters' Chapel, which is built in memory of a sculptor, and is as truly beautiful as artist's monument should be. Altogether the effect of the grounds is highly pleasing and satisfactory; one feels that they form what the word cemetery in the Greek implies—a place of *rest* or *sleep*.

Upwards of six thousand persons have been interred here since the opening—a circumstance that in itself shows how great was the want of such a place. Not one of its least advantages is, that every private grave is secured from disturbance, forming indeed a freehold which may be bequeathed by its owner. The system of mapping out the ground is ingenious and satisfactory. The whole is divided into squares of 150 feet by 100, for each of which a leaf of a very large massive-looking and iron-bound volume is set apart; here every grave in the square is numbered, and the occupied ones marked. This book, and printed plans of the squares, are always accessible to the parties concerned, so that mistakes and deceptions are alike guarded against. There are some points in which improvement may be made. When the cemetery companies obtained their respective acts of parliament, the dangers of burying near the surface, and of burying several bodies in the same grave, one above another, were not so well known as they have been since the publication of the Report of the Committee. Now, however, it appears many of the best informed men consider there should be no grave within five feet of the surface, whilst at Kensal Green, and no doubt at the other cemeteries, they bury within four feet.

Since the formation of Kensal Green, other cemeteries have rapidly followed;



[Norwood Cemetery.]

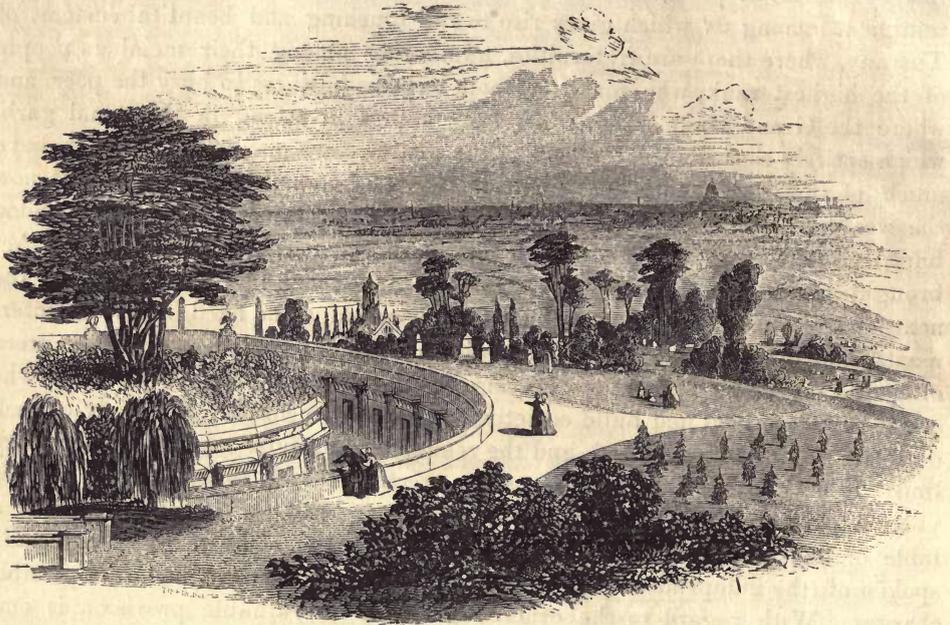
until they are to be found in pretty nearly all directions. Thus we have one at Norwood, another near Peckham Rye, a third at Brompton, a fourth at Stoke Newington, a fifth at Highgate, and a sixth at Mile End, each having its own peculiar advantages and claims to public support. Among these, Highgate is peculiarly fortunate in its position—the slope of a picturesque hill, with the beautiful parish church just above, appearing to form a part of it, and below, at a little distance, the mighty metropolis outspread. The cemetery at Stoke Newington, known as Abney Park, has some peculiarities which demand a brief notice. It is (using the words of the proprietors) “a General Cemetery for the City of London, and its eastern and north-eastern suburbs, which shall be open to all classes of the community, and to all denominations of Christians, without restraint in forms.” There is no separating line, in this cemetery, between the parts appropriated to members of the Church of England and to Dissenters. Abney Park is associated with the memory of Dr. Watts. Here he lived many years in the mansion of his friend Sir Thomas Abney; and here he died. There is a tradition that the remains of Oliver Cromwell are buried in this spot; that he was not interred in Westminster Abbey, nor torn from his royal resting-place by impotent revenge; that Fleetwood, who lived here, secretly gave the body of the mighty man a resting-place in his own grounds. As a cemetery, this place has some natural features of great beauty and interest. It is remarkable for its fine old trees, amongst which there is a splendid cedar of Lebanon, of two centuries’ growth. It has also a beautiful Arboretum, formed with great taste. The buildings are bold and effective, though of limited extent; and what is wanting in costliness has been more than compensated by the skill of the architect, Mr. W. Hosking, who has here shown how much may be effected by “that true simplicity which results from a few carefully-studied and well-finished features.”

Since, then, all these places have sprung up at the bidding of private enterprise and intelligence, whence the necessity for the sitting of the Committee or the anticipated interference of the Legislature? Who, it may be asked, will much longer continue to bury in such places as Enon Chapel, or the grounds of Portugal Street or Drury Lane? The answer must be—the poor. Not that their sensibilities are more blunted than those of any other class, but that they are unable to do justice to them. Whilst the bad places are cheap and the good dear, it is idle to expect them to change. Even at present, it is painful in one sense, but most gratifying in another, to read of the difficulties and the anxieties they are constantly subjected to in their desire to commit their kindred decently to the earth. What, then, must be the case if the expenses were doubled or trebled, as they would be by burial in the present cemeteries? At Enon Chapel, for instance, from 12*s.* to 15*s.* included every expense, whilst at Kensal Green the cheapest grave costs (with use of chapel) 30*s.*;\* and then there is the additional expense attending the distance, which is alone calculated at 20*s.*

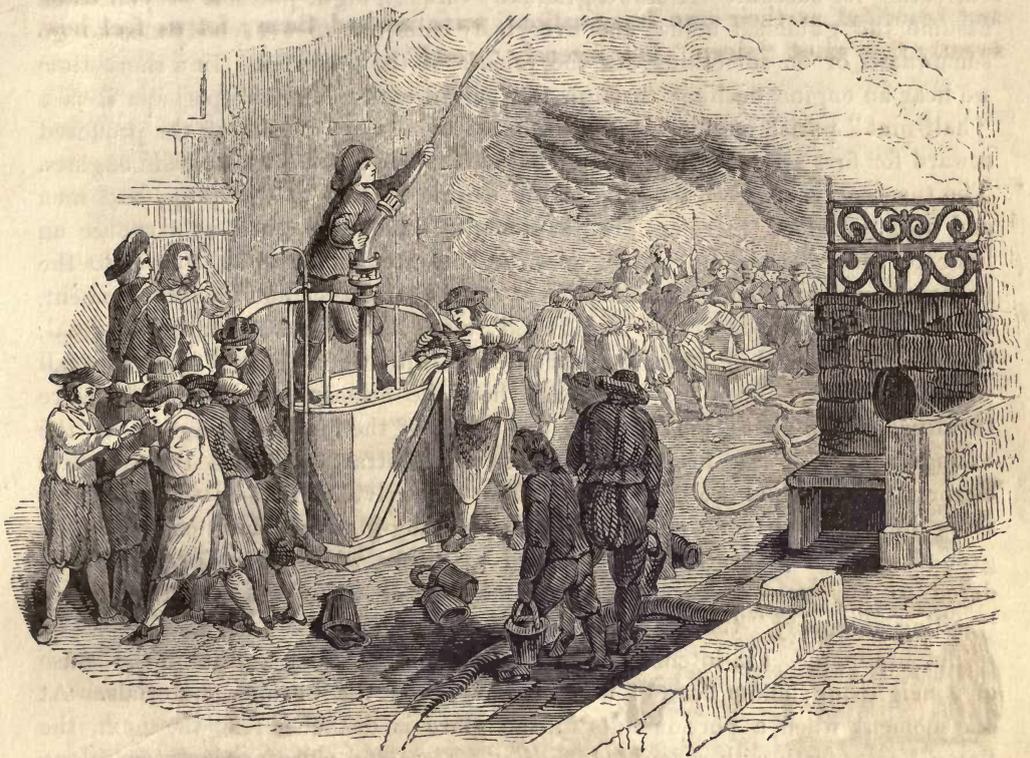
\* This is not the case at all the cemeteries now established. We learn that the charge for a common interment at Abney Park (Stoke Newington) and at Mile End cemeteries is but ten shillings, including every expense; and it may be remarked that a commodious one-horse carriage adapted as a hearse and mourning-coach is coming into use, induced probably by the suburban cemeteries.

Hence a sufficient necessity for public cemeteries, were there no other. The rich may defend themselves from monopolies; the poor cannot. The mere promulgation of an abstractedly just and necessary law, prohibiting burials within our great towns, will not suffice. Better than that were it to adopt the Neapolitan system, and have a vault for each day in the year, to be opened in regular rotation for the bodies presented for burial, and consumed by the use of quicklime before the revolving year brings the same vault again into use. This method would at least secure the public health; and although somewhat revolting to our English notions, could hardly be more so than the appeal to the parish, which the other would too often necessitate. But it is pleasant to see what care has been taken of this in the Act at present before Parliament. We may not have much of that sentiment among us which gives rise to the touching and beautiful customs of Tuscany, where there are fraternities, numbering among their members people of the highest rank, who make it their express business to bury the poor, and where the Grand Duke himself has been known to attend in the usual garb, which entirely conceals the features of the wearer,—we may not, we repeat, have much of this sentiment, but it will be at least something to show that now the wealthier classes have escaped from the disgusting scenes of our London burial-grounds, they are anxious to enable the poor to do the same. The Act brought in by Mr. Mackinnon last session, and which now stands over to the next for consideration, provides that, after a period to be fixed, no future interments shall take place in churches, or within cities of a certain size. Committees of health are to be appointed in every parish, or by a union of parishes, who are to purchase land and build cemeteries, properly enclosed. Part only of each cemetery is to be consecrated, and the remainder carefully marked by boundary lines: in both divisions chapels are to be erected. With regard to the pauper poor, a portion of the ground is to be set apart, and for all other persons a table of fees is to be formed, in which, of course, the class we have especially spoken of (the independent poor) will be cared for by the most moderate possible charges. With regard to the other regulations, a valuable provision is embodied, to prevent the dead being kept too long unburied, and it is enjoined that graves are not to be opened twice within four years. The question of compensation seems to be skilfully got rid of, or made trifling; chiefly by the proviso that the rectors or incumbents, with the clerks and sextons, of parishes may elect to perform the duties of the cemetery in connexion with them, and receive the same fees as before, or such lower ones as they may find it advisable to fix. Lastly, we may notice a very agreeable portion of the Act, which promises in time to make the old burial-grounds as great an ornament, and of as great value to the metropolis, as they are at present the reverse. The churchwardens of the different parishes are empowered, after a certain time, to plant them with shrubs and trees, or to turn them to such other purpose as they may determine, providing the ground be not disturbed above a foot in depth for twenty years. Let us hope the builders are not then to come in. The places where so many generations of our forefathers have been buried ought not to be disturbed on any pretence short of the most absolute necessity, whilst here the necessities are all on the opposite side. We want more open spaces—let us not lose the few we have. And what

men are there lying in some of these grave-yards? Who would lightly break up such places as St. Saviour's, where Massinger lies buried, or Bunhill Fields, with its John Bunyan? Let us rather, as regards their aspect, transform those places too into cemeteries. Let green leaves and sweet-smelling flowers, fresh and beautiful as their own imaginations, wave around them; let us feel how sweetly they must "sleep," how serenely "rest!"



[Highgate Cemetery.]



[First Fire-engine.]

## LXXXVII.—LONDON FIRES.

OF all the rallying words whereby multitudes are gathered together, and their energies impelled forcibly to one point, that of "*Fire!*" is, perhaps, the most startling and the most irresistible. It levels all distinctions; it sets at nought sleep, and meals, and occupations, and amusements; it turns night into day, and Sunday into a "working-day;" it gives double strength to those who are blessed with any energy, and paralyses those who have none; it brings into prominent notice, and converts into objects of sympathy, those who were before little thought of, or who were perhaps despised; it gives to the dwellers in a whole huge neighbourhood the unity of one family.

There are probably but few inhabitants of London who have not, at some time or other, witnessed a "fire," or experienced the awful emotions attendant on it. The wild cry which breaks the stillness of sleep, and arouses young and old in the dead of the night, is perhaps as terrible as the scene which the eye is afterwards called upon to witness; the uncertainty as to the locality of the catastrophe, and the probable suffering of those who are near and dear to us, gives to the first waking moment an undefined, but intense, terror. When we

gain the spot, perhaps only a few houses removed from us, we may see the glimmerings of light in an upper window, and perhaps a poor startled inmate entreating for succour. A crowd gradually collects, night-patrols or policemen assume the guidance below, and everybody calls out to everybody else to go somewhere, or do something, for the release of the sufferers. In a short time we hear an engine dashing through the neighbouring streets: perhaps it is a "half-pint" parish engine, eagerly urged on as a means of gaining the proffered reward for first arrival; but more probably it is one of the Fire-Brigade engines. The turncock is aroused, the hose of the engine applied to the plug, and men and boys (of whom there are always plenty at a fire) are hired at sixpence an hour to work the engine. Then does the bold fireman force an entry into the hapless house, and combat his fiery foe at close quarters—a notable improvement, by the bye, introduced by Mr. Braidwood; more hazardous, but more effectual, than the old method of pouring a stream from without through a window to fall whither it may. Then may we mark how the firemen, neglecting the mere furniture of the house, look first to the safety of the inmates, and then to the extinguishment of the fire itself; and we may contrast with this the senseless terror which prompts the in-dwellers, before the arrival of firemen, to turn everything literally "out of window;" to hurl looking-glasses, tables, chairs, to the ground, where they are of course dashed to pieces, without service being rendered to any one—unless, indeed, it may be of that kind which is called "spiting an enemy," the fire being considered as such.

The fire increases in intensity; the roused inmates find an asylum in the house of a neighbour; and a flood of water is poured on the burning materials. At one moment, when a portion falls in, the glare is deadened; at the next, the flame bursts forth with redoubled energy. More and more engines tear along to the lurid spot; more and more spectators assemble; every one asks, and no one can answer, how the fire arose? Are they all saved? Are they insured? As time progresses, so do the terrible apprehensions of the neighbours, each adjoining house becoming in turn the object of solicitude. As the bulk of ignited material increases, so does the distance at which the conflagration is visible, and so also the field of terror and solicitude.

There is a singular difference in the manner in which fires are regarded by the populace in different countries. Without alluding to the fatalism of the Turks, which lamentably damps their energies at such a time, we may notice a difference in this matter between the Londoners and the Parisians. Some few years ago the London correspondent of the French newspaper '*Le Temps*' gave the following paragraph:—"There is something imposing in the spectacle of a fire in this metropolis. The English people, commonly so phlegmatic, so slow, so morbid, seem, in the twinkling of an eye, wholly to change character. What self-possession, what order, under circumstances so painful and difficult! Accustomed as I have been to similar scenes in Paris, I could previously form no idea of the astonishing promptitude with which assistance the most efficacious was at once organized. I compared our wretched little engines, dragged with difficulty over the pavement of Paris by our brave *pompiers*, already half dead with that fatigue before the real occasion for their exertion begins—I compared those with the powerful pump-engines brought to the spot by four powerful horses at

full gallop, and the firemen sitting at their ease on the engines. I thought of, the wild confusion of our chains—of the cries of all the workmen—of our leathern buckets brought empty to the engine,—while I saw before me the water pouring, the streets inundated, and the pipes, like brilliant *jets d'eau*, lit up by countless torches, and rising above the crowd as a symbol of safety to man in the midst of dangers from fire. With us every passer-by is stopped to work the engine; here, the difficulty is to prevent the people from so doing." Improvements have been made in the fire establishment at Paris since the above remarks were written.

The statistics of London fires are by no means devoid of interest, and the time may come when they will form an index to the social advancement of the people; for in proportion as houses are built more and more fire-proof, and habits of carefulness become more and more diffused, the number of destructive fires will assuredly lessen. That improved modes of building and regulating chimneys will lessen the liability to fires may be shown from the fact that in many recent years one-sixth of all the destructive fires have had their source in chimneys and flues; while the startling number of fires occasioned by the heedless use of a candle near bed-curtains show how much evil results from sheer negligence. From a few details with which we have been kindly furnished by Mr. Braidwood, the Superintendent of the London Fire Establishment, it appears that in the nine years from 1833 to 1841, both inclusive, there were 6587 fires and "alarms" of fire in the metropolis, for which the engines had to be called out; of these, nearly 1600 were chimney fires and "false alarms," and 5000 were real fires, yielding an average of 556 per annum, or about three in two days; out of every three, about two are entered as productive of "slight damage," leaving an average of one serious fire in every two days. It is only on an average of several years that a just estimate can be taken; for at particular times the devastation has been unusually great. Thus in 'The Times' of Aug. 21, 1835, there occurs the following paragraph:—"On a careful review made yesterday of the returns made from the twelve metropolitan stations to the head office since the 31st of July, a period of twenty days, they exhibit an astounding list, after omitting mere fires in chimneys and such minor accidents, of no less than 108 distinct houses or warehouses in London or its immediate environs that have been on fire, in the full sense of the word, within this brief period. Of these, no less than 39 were destroyed; 26 greatly damaged, many of these requiring large outlay before they can be made again habitable; and 43 that have been slightly damaged. The value of the property sacrificed must be immense; perhaps a quarter of a million sterling would be a moderate estimate."

It has been found, from an average of years, that, besides private houses, the number of conflagrations in buildings occupied by licensed victuallers, salesmen, bakers, and carpenters, has been greater than among any other classes. How far different months of the year, days of the week, or hours of the day, may be associated with the occurrence of fires, is an inquiry which may one day throw some light on the economical arrangements of the inhabitants of a great city; at present it has been ascertained, by comparing a few years together, that more fires have occurred in December, and fewer in April, than in the other months; more have occurred on Friday, and fewer on Saturday, than on the other days of

the week ; more have broken out at about ten in the evening, and fewer at about seven in the morning, than at any other hour of the day. The number of years from which these averages have been struck is too small to justify any immediate deductions therefrom ; but the very minute details now collected and recorded every year by the London Fire Establishment will by degrees increase the value of such averages.

It is a subject for melancholy reflection that many lives are yearly lost at these fires ; and every one must be aware how great have been the efforts lately made to lessen the number, by providing " escapes " for the inhabitants of a burning house. If we take the five years ending with 1837, during which there were fifty-seven persons burned to death in London, as a fair average, we obtain about eleven per annum as the number for whom provision has to be made.

The fire-escapes constructed within the last few years, and submitted to public inspection, are almost innumerable ; some being calculated to be used by the individual himself in escaping, and others by the assistance of persons from without. Many pieces of apparatus have been contrived in which the unfortunate person is expected to buckle and strap himself to complicated appendages, at a moment when he is ill fitted, by agitation and fear, for the observance of rules of conduct. The Society of Arts has given numerous premiums to ingenious persons for the construction of machines having the desired object in view. Sometimes the machine consisted of a series of ladders, sliding—telescope fashion—into one another, and supported by a platform beneath ; sometimes a car, in which the person was to take his seat, and was to be lowered down a ladder by means of pulleys ; sometimes a chair or settee was so constructed that, when a person got into it from a window, the chair would gently descend to the ground. In one case a premium was paid for a kind of rope-ladder, of which the rounds were so made as to be fitted to each other longitudinally, and elevated from the street in the form of a long straight rod, but without being detached from the ropes forming the two sides of the ladder ; two hooks at the top of the apparatus were to be fastened to the window-sill ; while a jerk at the bottom unfixed all the rounds from their vertical position, and allowed them to fall into their proper places.

But it is surprising—or rather perhaps it is *not* surprising—how few lives have been saved by any of these contrivances. The truth is, that most such require too much adjustment at the critical moment when their services are required ; either they are in the hands and under the management of those who are too much agitated to do them justice, or they have to be brought from a distance, and to undergo a long process of adjustment. Many benevolent persons have formed themselves into a society for the preservation of life from fire, by providing, at different parts of London, machines intended to act as fire-escapes. Many may have seen, in front of the Foundling Hospital, and in other convenient localities, machines of rather a ponderous construction, destined to act as fire-escapes in time of peril ; and the governing authorities in many of the parishes have provided machines for a similar object. Another kind of " escape," one of which is carried by most of the fire-engines, consists of ladders six or seven feet long, all of which are made exactly alike, the upper end being smaller than the lower : each end is furnished with a pair of iron loops or sheaths so contrived that

the top of each ladder can be inserted into the loops at the bottom of another, and thus several can be joined end to end. A lengthened apparatus can be thus put together in a very short time, and hoisted to the window of a burning house.

Mr. Leigh Hunt, in one of the papers in his 'Companion,' strongly urges the propriety of every one—who has aught to care for but himself alone—to provide some simple contrivance in a house, whereby its inmates might be lowered from a window in case of peril. He says, "a basket and a double rope are sufficient; or two or three would be better. It is the sudden sense of the height at which people sleep, and the despair of escape which consequently seizes them, for want of some such provision, that disables them from thinking of any other resource. Houses, it is true, generally have trap-doors to the roof, but these are not kept in readiness for use; a ladder is wanting, or the door is hard to be got up; the passage to it is difficult, or involved in the fire; and the roof may not be a safe one to walk on; children cannot act for themselves; terror affects the older people; and therefore, on all these accounts, nothing is more desirable than that the means of escape should be at hand, should be facile, and capable of being used in concert with the multitude below. People out of doors are ever ready and anxious to assist." True, but would the inmate always have nerve enough to manage the rope safely during the descent of the basket?

The arrangements for extinguishing a fire are much more extensive, and have been more successful, than those relating to the safety of the inmates: the house cannot help itself—the inmates may. In looking back at some of the devastating fires which have visited London in past ages, we must not fail to remember that the employment of bulky masses of timber in the construction of houses must inevitably have engendered a greater risk of conflagration than now exists. Every iron beam or bar, used as a substitute for one of wood, must lessen liability to destruction; and hence we may easily account for one cause of extensive fires in times when iron was rarely employed in house-building.

How our ancestors endeavoured to extinguish fires we can only guess from the nature of things. Buckets of water would be brought and thrown upon the flaming materials by the bystanders, or the thatch of a cottage would be pulled down, or one group of houses would be allowed to burn itself out, and others would be tended for. After a time, when the ingenuity of machinists enabled men to use some more effective means than mere buckets of water, a kind of syringe or squirt was employed, which seems to have been the first rudiment of a fire-engine known in England. Numbers of these were kept by the parochial authorities, as the small fire-engines now are. Their construction was very simple. Each squirt was about three feet in length, with an aperture at the lower end about half an inch in diameter, and a capacity of about half a gallon. It had a handle on each side, and was worked by three men, thus:—two men held the squirt by the handles and the nozzle, while a third worked a piston within it in the manner of a syringe; the aperture was held downwards in a vessel of water while the squirt was being filled; and when filled the nozzle was directed upwards, and the stream of water directed on the burning materials by the working of the piston. Whoever has seen a common schoolboy's "squirt" will easily understand the nature of the apparatus.

There is an allusion in Dryden's 'Annus Mirabilis' which might at first sight seem to apply to a common fire-engine; but it may, perhaps, considering the date of the 'Annus' (1666), relate to these large syringes, which, we are elsewhere told, were greatly increased in number after the Great Fire, but were shortly afterwards superseded by fire-engines. Dryden's stanza, descriptive of the customary usages at a fire in his day, runs thus:—

“ Now streets grow throng'd, and busy as by day :  
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire ;  
Some cut the pipes, and some the *engines* play,  
And some, more bold, mount ladders to the fire.”

It is to Germany that we owe the construction of the fire-engine, popularly so called. One Hautsch, a Nuremberger, constructed, in 1657, a machine, consisting of a water-cistern seven or eight feet long, drawn on a kind of sledge. It had arms or levers worked by twenty or thirty men, whose exertions propelled from the machine a stream of water an inch in diameter, and, as it is said, to a height of eighty feet. Hautsch distributed engravings of his new machine in different parts of Germany, and offered to make such engines for sale.

By the year 1672 the engines had received considerable improvements, chiefly through the ingenuity of two brothers, Van der Heyden. These persons, as Beckmann\* informs us, were inspectors of apparatus for extinguishing fires at Amsterdam, and invented the flexible hose or pipes, which have ever since formed part of the fittings of a fire-engine. These flexible pipes enabled the stream of water to be carried in various directions, and thus brought to bear on parts of the burning mass which could not otherwise be reached. The inventors obtained an exclusive privilege for making and using these machines for twenty-five years; and they also published a work descriptive of their new engine, in which seven plates represent fires at Amsterdam at which the old engines (of Hautsch, probably) were employed, and twelve at which Van der Heydens' new engines were used.

When, or how, or by whom the fire-engines were introduced into England has not been clearly traced; but it seems probable that we may date the introduction shortly before the conclusion of the seventeenth century. In France, too, the same date may perhaps be assumed; for we find that, in the year 1699, Louis XIV. gave an exclusive right to Dumourier Duperrier to construct certain machines called *pompes portatives*, and he was engaged, at a fixed salary, to keep in repair seventeen of them, purchased for the city of Paris, and to procure and to pay the necessary workmen. In the year 1722 the number of these engines was increased to thirty, which were distributed in different quarters of the city; and at that time the contractors received annually twenty thousand livres.

By what steps the fire-engines of the seventeenth century assumed the form presented by those of the nineteenth, and on what principles of science their action depends, are matters which must here be passed over very briefly. It was some time ere the engines possessed what is termed an “air-chamber,” that is, a space containing a certain quantity of air, which became compressed into a smaller space when water was contained in the engine: this compression increased the elasticity of the air, and this elasticity was, in its turn, made to

\* 'History of Inventions.'

contribute to the forcible ejection of the water through the hose or pipe of the engine. The men who with such alacrity lend their services at a fire, and work two long arms or levers, are doing neither more nor less than working a pump, the valves of which are so arranged as to draw water into the engine from the reservoir, pool, or plug, thence into the air-chamber, and thence force it with considerable velocity towards the burning materials.

But it may now be asked, to whom have these engines belonged, and on what system has the fire-engine establishment been regulated? That the whole are now in the hands of Insurance Companies (with the exception of the small parish engines, and those possessed by private persons) is pretty well known; but we must look back to the period immediately subsequent to the Great Fire for the origin of the system. In an order of the Corporation of London,\* the City was divided into four quarters, in respect of the suppression of fires; and the regulations enacted throw considerable light on the fire-police system of the times.

*Item.* That every of the said quarters shall be furnished and provided, at or before the feast of our Lord God next ensuing, of eight hundred leathern buckets, fifty ladders, viz. ten forty-two foot long, ten thirty foot long, ten twenty foot long, ten sixteen foot long, and ten twelve foot long; as also of so many *hand-squirts* of brass as will furnish two for every parish, four-and-twenty pick-axe sledges, and forty shod-shovels.

*Item.* That every one of the twelve companies provide and keep in readiness thirty buckets, one engine, six pickaxe-sledges, three ladders, and two hand-squirts of brass.

*Item.* That all the other inferior companies provide and keep in readiness buckets and engines proportionable to their abilities, of which those least able, to provide portable engines to carry up-stairs into any rooms or tops of houses; the number of which buckets and engines to be from time to time prescribed and allotted by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen's direction.

*Item.* That every alderman who hath passed the office of shrievalty provide four-and-twenty buckets and one hand-squirt of brass; and all those who have not been sheriffs, twelve buckets and one hand-squirt of brass, to be kept at their respective dwellings; and all other principal citizens and inhabitants, and every other person being a subsidy-man, or of the degree of a subsidy-man, shall provide and keep in their houses a certain number of buckets, according to their quality."

It will thus be seen that the provisions here made were, so far as extent is concerned, by no means trifling. The buckets and the ladders are most plentifully patronized, while some kind of "engine" seems to have been employed, but whether analogous to the modern fire-engine we have no means of knowing. Besides all this, however, the corporation made an extraordinary series of regulations—so extraordinary, indeed, that we may readily doubt whether they were ever acted on. For instance, it was ordered that every householder, upon cry of "Fire," was to place a "sufficient man" at his door, well armed, and hang out a light at his door; that every householder was to have a vessel of water at his door, in case of fire; that the several companies of carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, painters, masons, smiths, plumbers, and paviours, should each

\* 'An Act for preventing and suppressing of Fires within the city of London, and liberties thereof.' 1668.

provide thirty persons to attend on the Lord Mayor whenever a fire might occur ; that all the porters and meters within the City should similarly attend ; that all persons, during a fire, should keep within their own houses, unless expressly sent for by the Lord Mayor ; that all the brokers on the Exchange should attend, to guard the goods and merchandise ; together with other and more practical arrangements, such as the ringing of a bell at the occurrence of a fire, the patrolling of the streets by night, injunctions to the inhabitants to observe care in the management of combustible ingredients, &c.

As time wore on, and the recollection of the great devastation of 1666 became deadened, it is probable that many of these arrangements fell into disuse, and that the principal ones really maintained were those relating to the provision of fire-engines in every parish, and in the halls of the companies. When, however, the insurance companies (respecting which we shall say a few words in a future page) came into prominent notice, they wrought great improvements in fire-extinguishing machinery. In a parish such matters were, to use a common phrase, "everybody's business, and therefore nobody's business ;" but the pecuniary success of the insurance companies was directly involved in the speedy extinction of fires, since the farther the fires spread the greater was the liability of the companies.

The various insurance companies had their own fire-engines, and maintained an establishment of firemen, independent of each other, until within the last few years. From a paper by Mr. Rawson,\* we learn that so far back as the year 1808 Sir Frederick Morton Eden, the Chairman of the Globe Insurance Office, impressed with the inefficiency and expensive character of the separate engine establishments, entered into communication with the several offices for the purpose of inducing them to co-operate in the formation of a general fire-engine establishment. His proposition was, that each office joining the association should depute one or two members to form an engine committee, who should have control over the direction and expenditure of the establishment, but that no engine-houses or stables should be purchased or built without the concurrence of all the offices interested. Each office was, at the outset, to furnish a gang of twenty firemen, of whom ten were to be first-class men, who should receive allowances for all fires they attended ; and ten second-class men, who were to be paid only when specially authorised to attend. Each office was to pay an equal contribution towards the expenses of the establishment. Only one office, however, entered into the views of Sir F. Eden, and the plan accordingly fell to the ground.

Seventeen years afterwards three of the offices, viz. the Sun, the Union, and the Royal Exchange, united their fire-engine establishments ; the whole of their engines and men being placed under the charge of a superintendent. The Atlas and the Phoenix Companies subsequently joined this body.

At length, in the year 1833, most of the insurance companies, seeing the benefit of mutual co-operation, and the effectual working of a system which had been put in force in Edinburgh, joined in the formation of the present "London Fire-Engine Establishment." The companies were ten in number, viz. the Alliance, Atlas, Globe, Imperial, London Assurance, Protector, Royal Exchange, Sun, Union, and Westminster. Subsequently five others, the British,

\* 'Journal of the Statistical Society of London,' vol. i., p. 283.

Guardian, Hand-in-Hand, Norwich Union, and Phoenix, joined the establishment; as did also two or three recently-formed companies; and there are now only two fire-offices in London not belonging to it.

The affairs of the new Association were placed under the management of a committee, consisting of a Director from each of the associated insurance companies, which subscribe towards its support in certain agreed proportions. London was divided into five districts, which may be briefly indicated thus:—1st. Eastward of Aldersgate Street and St. Paul's; 2nd. Thence westward to Tottenham Court Road and St. Martin's Lane; 3rd. All westward of the 2nd; 4th. South of the river, and east of Southwark Bridge; 5th. South of the river, and west of Southwark Bridge. In these five districts were established engine-stations, averaging about three to each district; at each of which was one, two, or three engines, according to the importance of the station.

Such were the general arrangements as to distribution.

Since the year 1833 various minor changes have been made, according as experience pointed out the necessity for them; and at the present time (November, 1842) the arrangements are nearly as follow: The establishment belongs to eighteen fire-insurance companies. There are fourteen stations, of which the most eastern is at Ratcliff, and the most western near Portman Square. At these stations are kept thirty-five engines, for whose management about ninety men are employed. The men are clothed in a uniform, and are selected with especial reference to their expertness and courage at fires; they are collectively known as the "Fire Brigade," and are all under the orders and direction of Mr. Braidwood, the superintendent of the establishment. A certain number of these men are ready at all hours of the day and night, and the engines are also always ready to depart at a minute's warning in case of fire. As a rule for general guidance, it is arranged that, when a fire occurs in any district, all the men and engines in that district shall repair to the spot, together with two-thirds of the men and engines from each of the two districts next adjoining to it, and one-third from each of those most removed from it; but this arrangement is liable to modification, according to the extent of a fire, or the number which may be burning at one time.

The general economy of the establishment, and the fearlessness of the brigaden, have won a large measure of praise from nearly all classes in the metropolis. If self-interest were the chief motive which led the insurance companies to the establishment of a system likely to reduce their own losses, there is anything but selfishness in the risks which the men encounter in saving lives and property, the poor as well as the rich, the uninsured as well as the insured.

It has been often supposed that there are observatories on the roofs of the insurance offices or engine-houses, where watchmen are posted at all hours of the night to detect the appearance of fire, and to give notice to those below. This, if ever acted on, is not observed by the Fire-engine Establishment. There is an arrangement made by the Police commissioners, that a policeman, on observing a fire, communicates instantly to the nearest engine-station; and for so doing the Association gives him a gratuity of ten shillings. This, and a smaller gratuity to other persons who "call an engine," is found sufficient to command prompt information on the occurrence of a fire. It is true that the lovers of mischief so

far show their silliness as to give "false alarms," to an average extent of some sixty or seventy per annum; and that the brigade-men are sometimes tantalized by atmospherical phenomena. It has often happened, in reference to the latter point, that an *aurora borealis* has so deceived the beholders as to lead to the impression that a great conflagration has broken out; in such case the engines are sent for precipitately, and all is in commotion. Two remarkable instances of this occurred about six years ago. On the first of these, twelve engines and seventy-four brigade-men were kept in constant motion from eleven in the evening till six the next morning, in endeavouring to search out what appeared to be a large conflagration; some of the engines reached Hampstead, and others Kilburn, before it was found that the glare was the effect of the "northern lights." On the other occasion, a crimson glare of light arose at the north-east part of the horizon, at about eight o'clock in the evening, seemingly caused by a fierce conflagration; and the resemblance was increased by what appeared to be clouds of smoke rising up after the glare, and breaking and rolling away beneath it. Thirteen engines and a large body of men went in search of the supposed fire, and did not detect their error till they had proceeded far to the north-east. Subsequent accounts showed that the military and fire-patrols at Dublin, Leyden, Utrecht, Strasburg, Troyes, Rennes, and Nantes, had been similarly deceived by the atmospherical phenomena on the same night.

When, however, it is really a conflagration to which the attention of the brigade is called, there is an admirable coolness and system displayed in the whole proceedings. The water companies, by clauses in the Acts of Parliament regulating their foundation, are bound to furnish water freely in case of fire; and the hose or suction-pipe of every engine is speedily placed in connexion with the temporary pool of water derived from the street-plug. Then is observable a singular instance of the confidence which the firemen have that they shall obtain the aid of bystanders, for the firemen belonging to each engine are wholly insufficient to work it. The director or captain of each engine is empowered by the companies to pay—we believe at the rate of one shilling for the first hour, and sixpence per hour afterwards, together with a supply of "creature-comforts"—for the services of as many strangers as he may need. It requires from twenty to thirty men to work each engine; and so extensive is the service thus rendered, that, at one of the large fires a few years ago, more than five hundred temporary servants were thus engaged.

While the supernumeraries are thus engaged with the engines, the brigade-men are directing the stream of water on the destructive element which they have to combat. Clothed in a neat and compact dress, with a stout leathern helmet to protect the head, they face the fiercest heat, alternately drenched with water from the pipes of the various engines, and half scorched by the flaming materials. Over and under, through and around the burning house, they direct their energies, braving alike the fire itself and the dangers attendant on falling ruins. It is lamentable to think that men, while thus engaged in a work of humanity, should lose their own lives; but such is the case, although, on account of the judicious arrangements of the corps, not very frequently.

Many of the most serious dangers attendant on a fire arise from the suffocating influence of the vast body of smoke which usually accompanies it. It has been



[Smoke-proof Dress.]

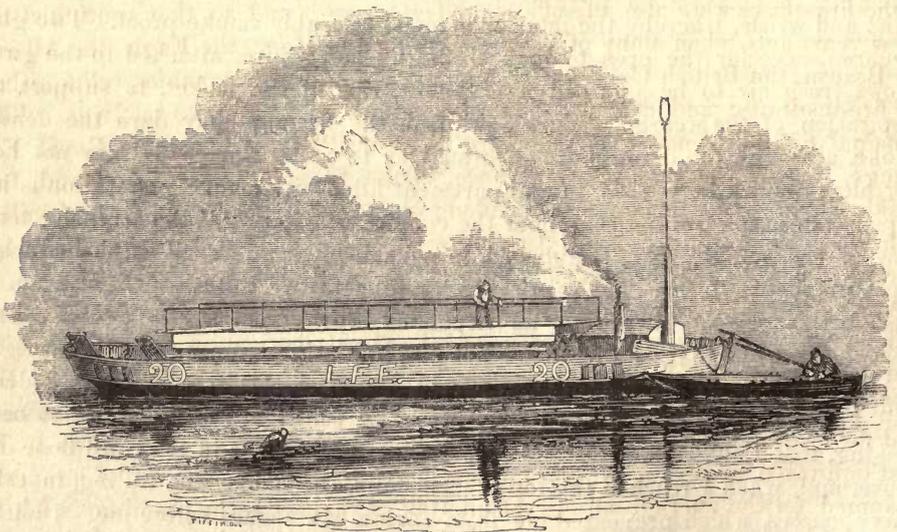
[Dress of the Fire Brigade.]

thought, by those well qualified to form an opinion, that the calamity of being "burnt to death" rarely, if ever, occurs, in the strict sense of the expression; that the real cause of death is suffocation from smoke, the burning and charring of the corpse being an after effect. To rescue individuals enveloped in smoke is thus a matter of anxious solicitude, and, to facilitate the exertions of the firemen to this end, they are provided with a very ingeniously-constructed smoke-proof dress. This dress is nearly analogous in principle to that of Mr. Deane, the diver. It consists of a leathern jacket and head-covering, fastened at the waist and wrists, whereby the interior is made tolerably smoke-proof. Two glass windows serve for the eyes to look through; and a pipe attached to the girdle allows fresh air to be pumped into the interior of the jacket, to support the respiration of the wearer. Thus equipped, the fireman may dare the densest smoke, although the dress is not so formed as to resist flame. It may not be a worthless remark here, that, in an apartment filled with smoke, respiration is less impeded near the ground than near the ceiling, on account of the ascensive tendency of the smoke. Mr. Braidwood, in a small work which he published while superintendent of the Edinburgh fire establishment, states,—“A stratum of fresh air is almost always to be depended upon from six to twelve inches from the floor, so that, if the air be not respirable to a person standing upright, he should instantly lie down. I have often observed this fact, which is, indeed, well known; but I once saw an example of it which appeared to me to be so striking, that I shall here relate it. A fire had broken out in the third floor of a house, and, when I reached the top of the stairs, the smoke was rolling in thick heavy masses, which prevented me from seeing six inches before me. I immediately got down on the floor, above which, for the space of about eight inches, the air seemed to be remarkably clear and bright. I could distinctly see the feet of the tables and other furniture in the apartment; the flames in this space burn-

ing as vivid and distinct as the flame of a candle, while all above the smoke was so thick that the eye could not penetrate it."\*

Besides the thirty or forty engines thus managed by the Fire-Brigade, the small engines kept in repair (or out of repair, as the case may be) by the several parishes, and those owned by private individuals, there are two powerful engines always floating on the Thames, and belonging to the London Fire Establishment. These are stationed near Rotherhithe and near Southwark Bridge respectively. They are so large as to require more than a hundred men each for working, and, when in full energy, pour forth a volume of two tuns of water per minute. They were intended for use in water-side fires, and have often rendered essential services. The steam fire-engines, of which one or two attracted public notice a few years ago, have not been retained in this country; they were purchased by the Prussian government.

In order not to break the continuity of the details, we have left untouched till now the subject of *fire insurance*, and the main object for which fire-offices were established. The great principle in all insurance is, the diffusion of a loss among a large number of persons, whereby the liability of each shall be trifling. The system of life insurance consists in the subscription of a large fund or stock, out of which advances are made, or lives insured, or annuities granted, based on the supposition that the favourable ventures may at least equal the unfavourable. So in marine insurance, the insurer or "underwriter," estimating from past experience the probable average number of wrecks among a given number of ships, ventures to insure any ship at a certain per centage. So likewise in fire insurance a company agrees to bear the burden of all losses by fire, on the payment of a certain premium, relying on the hope that the sum which will have to be paid to a few parties will be less than that received from the



[Floating Fire-Engine on the Thames.]

\* 'On Fire-Engines and Apparatus,' p. 82. Edin. 1830.

many. In such a case the real operation is this, that all persons who are insured, but whose houses are *not* burned, pay for the rebuilding of those few which are; the company being merely the agents through whom the affair is managed, and who receive a remuneration for the agency.

This species of insurance has been practised in Great Britain more or less for a century and a half, and is now, notwithstanding the heavy duty imposed upon it, of very general use in our cities and large towns. In no other country of Europe is fire insurance so extensively practised as in England; indeed, not only are almost all descriptions of property at home and in the colonies insured, but foreign fire insurance has become a most important item in the transactions of some of the principal London establishments, a very considerable portion of their premiums being derived from insurances effected in foreign countries. Witness the late notable conflagrations at Hamburg, and the enormous liabilities which accrued thereon in respect of two or three London companies.

The curious subject of Probabilities is involved, to a certain extent, in all the three kinds of insurance; that is, if we know no reason why events should not continue to occur as they have hitherto occurred, we form an estimate of the future by measuring the past, and we speak of the greater or less "probability" of an event according to its frequency of occurrence under similar circumstances in past times. It is thus, perhaps, that fire and life insurance became undertaken by the same offices. Mr. M'Culloch states,—“Insurance against fire and upon lives is of much later origin than insurance against the perils of the sea. The former, however, has been known and carried on, to some extent at least, for nearly a century and a half. The Amicable Society, for insurance upon lives, was established by charter of Queen Anne, in 1706; the Royal Exchange and London Assurance Companies began to make insurances upon lives in the reign of George I.; and the Equitable Society was established in 1762.” Most of the fire-offices were also life-offices, and *vice versá*, and so they continued till a few years ago, when many of them, including the Hope, the Eagle, the Albion, the Beacon, the British Commercial, and the Palladium Companies, relinquished the fire-insurance, and confined their transactions to insurances on lives. The principal fire-offices now in London are the Sun, Phoenix, Protector, Royal Exchange, British, County, Atlas, Alliance, Globe, Guardian, Hand in Hand, Imperial, Union, Westminster, and London; and those persons who are familiar with the busy thoroughfares of London will not fail to have remarked the magnificent structures which form the offices of many of these companies.

Among the metropolitan fire-offices some insure at their own risk and for their own profit, while there are others, called “Contribution Societies,” in which every person insured becomes a member or proprietor, and participates in the profit or loss of the concern. The principles on which the ratio of premiums paid for insurance is determined are simply those which experience shows to be most equitable, according to the number of fires and the amount of property consumed on the average of a great number of years. If the premium is felt to be too high, the competition between different companies will generally bring it down to a proper level. The offices are accustomed to divide insurances into “common,” “hazardous,” and “doubly hazardous,” according to the presumed

liability of fires in the buildings insured, and the rate of payment varies accordingly. The extent to which the system of insurance is carried is quite astonishing, and may be illustrated thus:—A duty of 3s. per cent. has been payable on all the property insured, which, in 1832, produced a revenue of more than 800,000*l.* sterling, thus indicating that the property insured is valued at more than 500,000,000*l.* sterling! One office alone, viz. the Sun, has frequently paid to Government more than 120,000*l.* per annum. Yet, notwithstanding this immense amount, Mr. M'Culloch thinks that almost as great a revenue would accrue from a 1s. duty as from one of 3s., by a vast increase in the number and value of insurances. From a calculation made by Mr. Rawson it appears that, in the fires which occurred in London in 1836 and 1837, insurances had been effected on 11 per cent. of the houses, on 32 per cent. of the houses with the contained goods, on 17 per cent. in respect of the goods only, while 40 per cent. of the houses, amounting to two-fifths of the whole, were entirely uninsured.

It needs scarcely a word to show why the insurance companies keep up an engine-establishment. The smaller the number of serious fires, the smaller the sum drawn from the funds of the company; hence, as a mere pecuniary question, a considerable outlay for engines, firemen, &c., will effect a great saving in the end.

As improved social habits, by lengthening the average duration of human life, would gradually effect changes in the tables, the premiums, and the general calculations of life-insurance; so would improvements in the mode of constructing houses, fireplaces, chimneys, gas-apparatus, as well as improved habits of carefulness on the part of the people, work similar revolutions in fire-insurance. Hence those matters which bear on this subject form a notable feature in the subject of London Fires.

If we look back to early times, before fire-engines or insurance were known, we find that the *curfew* was deemed the most important preventive measure against fire. This curfew was the general name for a law made by William the Conqueror, and enforced by severe penalties, that at the ringing of a bell at eight o'clock in the evening, all persons should put out their lights, cover or rake up their fires, and go to bed. The name probably arose from the French "*couvre-feu*"—cover-fire, or fire-cover. Many writers have chosen to accept this as a symbol of the tyranny of William; among others Thomson, who says—

"The shiv'ring wretches, at the curfew sound,  
Dejected sank into their sordid beds,  
And, through the mournful gloom of ancient times,  
Mus'd sad or dreamt of better."

But others have taken a different view of the matter, and have argued, like Voltaire, that "the law, far from being tyrannical, was only an ancient police, established in almost all the towns of the north, and which had been long preserved in the convents." Voltaire assigns this reason for the law—"that the houses were all built of wood, and the fear of fire was one of the most important measures of police."

The term "*curfew*," like many others, has had several significations given to it. Thus, as above noticed, the law enacted by William has been termed the curfew.

Then, again, the instrument by which the fires were extinguished has been similarly named; and it happens that there are the means in existence to ascertain the precise nature of this contrivance. Mr. Grose some years ago communicated to the 'Antiquarian Repertory' a drawing and description of an ancient curfew, or *couvre-feu*, in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Gosling. It was shaped something like a Dutch oven, being formed of pieces of copper riveted together. The dimensions were ten inches high, sixteen wide, and nine deep. Let the reader imagine the use of fire-hearths, before stoves and grates were known, and the raking together of the embers of a fire into a small group; let this curfew be laid on such a group, and it is not difficult to conceive that the fire would be soon extinguished.

There is yet another application of the term curfew, illustrated by the line—

“ The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.”

When the custom of ringing the curfew-bell at a certain hour in the evening ceased, many towns and large buildings were provided with a fire-bell, or curfew-bell, or curfew (for it was known by all these names); that is, a bell which, being rung only on the occurrence of a fire, constituted a signal unfaillingly attended to by all within hearing. Vestiges of this custom still exist, as in the Fire-bell Gate at Barking, in Essex. A curfew-bell was, not many years ago, in existence at Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire; but its use had degenerated to that of a signal-bell on the morning of “pancake-day.”

Many persons may still remember that, in the volunteering days of the last generation, the volunteers were wont to be roused up by beat of drum, on the occurrence of a large fire, in order that they might guard the scene of conflagration from tumult and depredation. Now, both curfew and volunteers are gone, and we safely depend, with more confidence than ever our ancestors could have done, on the vigilant police of our large towns. Still, however, this relates only to the detection of a fire when actually existing, and leaves untouched the means of prevention. These means have been proposed in great number within the last half-century, and consist chiefly in the use of materials less combustible than wood in the building of houses, or in the interposition of incombustible materials where practicable. For instance, seventy or eighty years ago a Mr. Hartley proposed to nail thin iron plates in many parts of the joisting and flooring of a house, as a check to the communication of flame. The Earl Stanhope of that period also proposed a method; but this consisted in coating various parts of a house with a thick layer of a peculiar cement, impervious to flame.

The present century has witnessed similar plans in abundance, of which we may allude to one proposed by Mr. Loudon, in his 'Encyclopædia of Cottage Architecture':—"In rendering houses fire-proof, the next important object to using fire-proof materials is that of having all the walls and partitions, and even the steps of wooden staircases, filled in with such materials as will render them in effect solid. On examining into the causes of the rapidity of the spread of the flames in London houses when on fire, it will almost invariably be found that, whatever may have occasioned the fire to break out, the rapidity of its progress has been in proportion to the greater or less extent of the lath and plaster parti-

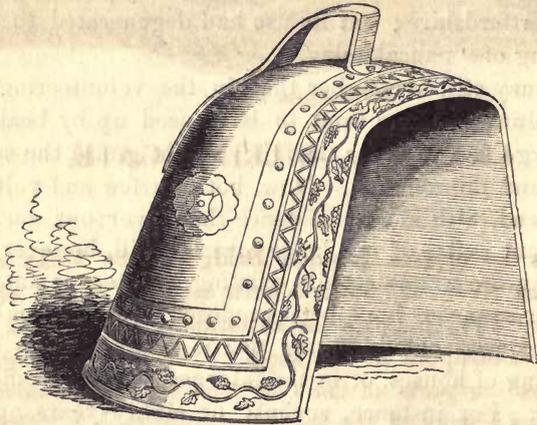
tions, the hollow wooden floors, and the wooden staircases." His proposition is to fill up all the vacuities behind such places with powdered earth or sand.

The recent legislative enactments respecting the construction of buildings and chimneys may be one step towards the diminution of destructive fires, and humanity may, perchance, be less and less frequently shocked with such scenes as Dryden thus depicts :—

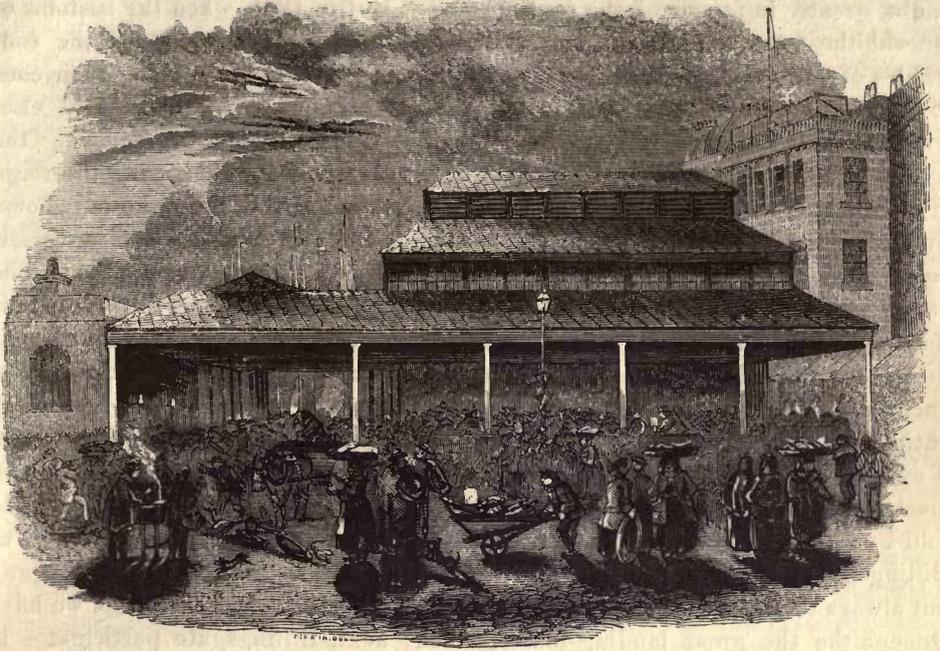
“ Those who have homes, when home they do repair,  
To a last lodging call their wandering friends ;  
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,  
To look how near their own destruction tends.

“ Those who have none, sit round where once it was,  
And with full eyes each wonted room require ;  
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,  
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

“ The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,  
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor ;  
And while their babes in sleep their sorrow drown,  
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.”



[Couvre-feu.]



[Billingsgate Market.]

## LXXXVIII.—BILLINGSGATE.

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THE passenger, as he crosses London Bridge, if he looks eastward, on the northern bank of the river, will notice a little copse of masts at the west-end of the Custom House. They indicate the situation of Billingsgate, the only wholesale market in the metropolis for the supply of fish. Billingsgate has been one of the "water-gates" or ports of the City from time immemorial. Geoffrey of Monmouth's fabulous history of the spot acquaints us that "Belin, a king of the Britons, about four hundred years before Christ's nativity, built this gate, and named it Belin's gate, after his own calling; and that, when he was dead, his body being burnt, the ashes, in a vessel of brass, were set on a high pinnacle of stone over the same gate." Stow very sensibly suggests that the name was derived from some later owner, "happily named Beling or Biling, as Somar's Key, Smart's Wharf, and others thereby took their names of their owners." When he was engaged in collecting materials for his 'Survey,' Billingsgate was "a large water-gate, port, or harbrough for ships and boats commonly arriving there with fish, both fresh and salt, shell-fishes, salt, oranges, onions, and other fruits and roots, wheat, rye, and grain of divers sorts, for service of the City and the parts of this realm adjoining." Queenhithe, anciently the more important landing-place, had yielded its pretensions to its rival. Each gives its name to one of the City wards. We must here briefly notice Queenhithe, for the water-gate at which fish was landed had considerable influence in determining the

localities in which the fishmongers anciently carried on their trade. Between Billingsgate and Queenhithe the bridge intervened. This circumstance was, no doubt, greatly in favour of the former place. But in 1225, when the customs of Queenhithe were a perquisite of the Queen, Henry III. commanded the constables of the Tower to compel the ships of the Cinque Ports to bring their corn to Queenhithe only. Two years afterwards he ordered that all fish sold elsewhere than at the same place should be seized. With a view of rendering the receipt of customs as large as possible, an inquisition was held during the reign of Henry III. touching the ancient payments and customs of Queenhithe. Some time afterwards the bailiff of the Hithe complained that fourteen foreign vessels laden with fish had come to Billingsgate instead of to the Queenhithe. The penalty for this offence was in future to be forty shillings; but Stow says that the ships of the citizens of London were to arrive where the owners would appoint them. In 1464 the Queenhithe was still a favoured landing-place, though its ancient supremacy was affected by a regulation under which Billingsgate was entitled to enjoy some of the advantages of the rival key. It was ordered that, if only one vessel came at a time with herrings, sprats, eels, whiting, plaice, cod, mackerel, &c., then it should discharge at Queenhithe, and the cargo there to be sold by retail. If two vessels arrived, then one was permitted to discharge at Billingsgate; if three, two were to come to Queenhithe and one to Billingsgate, but always the larger number to Queenhithe. In one period, therefore, we have Queenhithe the great landing-place for fish; next, Billingsgate participates in this advantage, and afterwards Queenhithe decays, and Billingsgate attains the pre-eminence.

One of the peculiarities of old London, of which Stow gives many illustrations, consisted in different trades having their distinct localities, as we may see now in many large country markets. Keeping the market would better express the ancient practice of the old traders and craftsmen than the modern one of keeping shop. Partly, then, as a consequence of Queenhithe being the landing-place for fish, the fishmongers congregated in the streets leading from it, and were found in Old Fish Street and Old Fish Street Hill. Stow tells us that in this Old Fish Street is one row of small houses placed along in the midst of Knightriders Street or Old Fish Street, as he indifferently calls the place. "These houses," he says, "now possessed by fishmongers, were at the first but moveable boards or stalls, set out on market-days, to strew their fish there to be sold; but, procuring licence to set up sheds, they grew to shops, and by little and little to tall houses, of three or four stories in height, and now are called Fish Street. Walter Tuck, fishmonger, Mayor 1349, had two shops in Old Fish Street, over against St. Nicholas Church; the one rented five shillings the year, the other four shillings." On the northern side of this church there was of late built, says Stow, "a convenient cistern of stone and lead, for receipt of Thames water, conveyed in pipes of lead to that place, for the ease and commodity of the fishmongers and other inhabitants in and about Old Fish Street." Friday Street, adjacent, was so called, according to Stow, from fishmongers dwelling there, and serving Friday's market. Mr. Herbert, in his 'History of the Twelve Great Livery Companies,' says that "the old fish-market occupied a plot of ground extending lengthwise, or east and west, along Old Fish Street from Bread Street

to the church of St. Mary Magdalen at the Old Change; and breadthwise, north and south, from the ends of these two streets to the opposite south side of Old Fish Street, on which we still observe the street to have a much greater width than at any other part. Jurors return it to have been 'a void space' in 1413, as it was when the centre only was filled up with fish-stalls. In this state there would have been an open communication with Queenhithe, from which the fish could be brought up the hill to the middle of the market, next St. Nicholas Cold Abbey, where is now the narrow way of Old Fish Street Hill; whilst the north side of the market, connecting itself with the bakers of Bread Street, the fishmongers of Friday Street, and the king-minters in Shere Moniers Lane, or the Old Change; and then these again reaching to the goldsmiths, mercers, and other tradesmen of West Cheap, must have made the whole nearly one large open market. When tall houses began to supersede the original stalls in all these spots, the district became narrowed into streets, like other open parts of the city." In 1426 an inquisition was held to inquire upon oath, of free men, "where fish was sold of old time," and they return that from [in] ancient times it had been sold in the way of Old Fish Street, and not in other places adjoining or in the neighbourhood; but they found that the ancient place for the sale of shell-fish, and where alone it ought to be sold, was from the way of London Bridge towards the west, as far as the Church of St. Magdalen. The period here alluded to was probably earlier than the fourteenth century, for the Stocks Market, on the site now occupied by the Mansion House, was appointed a fish as well as a flesh-market about 1282, by Henry Wales, mayor, who built several houses on a vacant piece of ground there, where a pair of stocks had long previously been fixed. In 1322 this market produced a rental of 46*l.* In 1543 twenty-five fishmongers, who had boards or stalls in the market, paid 34*l.* rent, and eighteen butchers 41*l.*; but over the shops of the latter were chambers, which, altogether, were let for nearly 6*l.* In the reign of Edward II. (1307-27) some of the principal fishmongers appear to have established themselves in Bridge Street, which ran northward from the bridge, Fish Street Hill, a continuation of it, leading into Grass Church Market, so called from the herb market held there. Bridge Street is generally spoken of as New Fish Street. Stow says, "In New Fish Street be fishmongers, and fair taverns on Fish Street Hill, and Grass Street, men of divers trades, grocers, and haberdashers." The fishmongers in this quarter chiefly frequented Billingsgate, which was the nearest market for them. The rental paid by two of the New Fish Street dealers, in the reign of Edward II., is stated in one case to have been 14*s.*, and in another 12*s.* per annum. In 1399 we ascertain the situation in which the stock-fishmongers carried on their business. They had shops or stalls in a part of Thames Street, afterwards called Stock-Fishmongers' Row, which was halfway between the foot of the bridge westward and a water-gate called Ebgate formerly, and in Stow's time Eb Lane, now the spot known as the Old Swan Stairs.

Some of the regulations concerning the "mystery" of the fishmongers in old times are sufficiently interesting for a brief notice. In the reign of Edward I. the prices of fish were fixed—for the best soles 3*d.* per dozen; the best turbot 6*d.* each; the best mackerel 1*d.* each; the best pickled herrings 1*d.* the score; fresh oysters 2*d.* the gallon; the best eels 2*d.* per quarter of a hundred. In a

statute of Edward I. it was forbidden to offer for sale any fish except salt fish after the second day. By the City assize of fish the profit of the London fishmongers was fixed at one penny in twelve. They were not to sell their fish secretly within-doors, but "in plain market-place." Fish were not to be watered oftener than twice a-day, or to be sold when in an improper state for food; and for the third breach of any of these regulations the fishmonger was to be "jugyd to a payr of stockys openlie in the market-place." In 1320 a combination was formed against the fishmongers of Fish Wharf, to prevent them selling by retail, but Edward II. ordered the mayor and sheriffs to interfere, and the opposition was unsuccessful. The mayor issued his orders to these fishmongers of Bridge Street and of Old Fish Street to permit their brethren in the trade "to stand at stall, to merchandise with them, and freely obtain their shares of merchandise, as was fit and just, and as the freedom of the City required." In 1363 some of the fishmongers again endeavoured to effect a monopoly, but it was ordered that the "billestres," or poor persons who cried and sold fish in the streets, provided they buy of free fishmongers, and do not keep a stall or make a stay in the streets, shall not be hindered; and also that persons and women coming from the uplands with fish caught by them or their servants in the water of Thames or other neighbouring streams were to be allowed to frequent the markets. With these exceptions, none but members of the Fishmongers' Company were allowed to sell fish in the City, lest the commodity might be made dear by persons dealing in it who were unskilful in the mystery. Buyers for the King and the Lords (a polite name for purveyors) were to be served at first price, and no fish was to be sold until they had made their choice.

In the fourteenth century the Fishmongers' Company was one of the wealthiest and most powerful of the City companies. It ranked next after the Goldsmiths', Grocers', and Drapers'; and, in some instances, surpassed them in wealth and liberality. In 1341 a great affray took place between the Fishmongers and Skinners in Cheapside for precedency, and several of the ringleaders were afterwards executed. Disputes of this nature were settled by the Court of Aldermen. Stow censures the Fishmongers' Company of his day as "men ignorant of their antiquities, not able to show a reason why or when they were joined in amity with the Goldsmiths." He does not explain the circumstance himself, but Mr. Herbert, in his 'History of the Livery Companies,' shows that it was in consequence of one of these decisions of the Aldermen, who, for the purpose of reconciling the two Companies, directed them to take precedence alternately, and *dine together*, &c. In 1509 the precedency of the Stock Fishmongers was settled by ordering that, in processions, they should go before the Dyers and after the Vintners; and that their places in St. Paul's should be next to the Grocers, "toward the image of our Lady of Grace." Mr. Herbert tells us that the Goldsmiths and Fishmongers of the present day do not commemorate their ancient amity, but the Skinners and Fishmongers, forgetful of former feuds, pledge each other at their respective halls when members of the other company are present. The Fishmongers were formed into a guild at a very early period. In 1290 the guild was fined five hundred marks for forestalling the markets. In 1298 Stow says that the Fishmongers, hearing of the victory of Edward I. over the Scots, "made a triumphant and solemn show through the city, with divers pa-

geants, and more than one thousand horsemen," &c. Their earliest charter of incorporation extant is of the date of 1364. It confirms a privilege, of which they are said to have been immemorially possessed, of choosing certain persons amongst themselves to govern their mystery. From 1350 to 1374 civic honours were thickly showered upon members of the Company. Stow speaks of "these Fishmongers having been jolly citizens." Six of them filled the office of Mayor in the above twenty-four years, one of whom, William Walworth (Mayor in 1370), has become historically famous, and is styled by Stow "the glory of their Company." There is a statue of him on the staircase of Fishmongers' Hall, in which he is represented in the act of striking Wat Tyler with the dagger; and on the pedestal is the following inscription.—

Brave Walworth, knight, Lord Maior, y' slew  
 Rebellious Tyler in his alarms,  
 The king therefore did give in lieu  
 The dagger to the Citye's arms.

In the fourth year of Richard II., Anno Domini 1381.

On this point Stow had another fling at the "ignorance of antiquity" which the worshipful Company displayed. He disproved the common notion that the dagger was added to the City arms in consequence of Walworth's affair with Tyler. They also represented Walworth as having slain Jack Straw, and it appears that on Walworth's monument in St. Michael's Church, in Crooked Lane, the error was perpetuated.

In 1382 the privileges of the Company were attacked, and, through the interference of John Northampton, draper, who was mayor at the time, it was ordained that no fishmonger should be admitted Mayor of London. Stow says that the fishmongers "were greatly troubled, hindered of their liberties, and almost destroyed by congregations made against them." The case came before the Parliament, and Nicholas Exton, speaker for the fishmongers, prayed the King "to receive him, and his Company, into his protection, for fear of corporal hurt; whereupon it was commanded either part to keep the peace on pain of losing all they had." One of the fishmongers then rose and explained that the proceedings against them were in consequence of their having caused some of the exhibitors of the petition to be imprisoned for their misdemeanors in the previous reign, when the fishmongers filled some of the principal City offices. The conduct of John Northampton was investigated by the nobles assembled at Reading, and, being convicted of "seditious stirs," he was committed to perpetual imprisonment, and his goods were seized. Several others were condemned to the same penalty, "for certain congregations by them made against the fishmongers;" but they were afterwards pardoned. The fishmongers were restored to their full privileges. In 1433 they received a new charter, in which, for general purposes, the stock fishmongers and other branches of the trade were united into one body. In 1506 the stock fishmongers were dissociated from the general body, but in 1536 they were finally reunited. The two Companies had one hall each in Old Fish Street, New Fish Street, and in Thames Street.

The old churches of London in the immediate vicinity of the fish markets contained numerous monuments to fishmongers. This was the case with St. Nicholas Cold Abbey, in Old Fish Street; St. Nicholas Olave, Bread Street

Hill; St. Mary Mounthaw, on Old Fish Street Hill; St. Magnus, near the Bridge; St. Botolph, Billingsgate; St. Mary-at-Hill, on the hill leading from Billingsgate; St. George, Botolph Lane; St. Michael, Crooked Lane; and St. Peter, Cornhill. St. Michael's was the favourite burial-place of the stock fishmongers, and St. Peter's, Cornhill, for the "wet" fishmongers, as Stow calls the others by way of contradistinction. Lovekin and Walworth were both interred at St. Michael's. Lovekin was four times mayor, and rebuilt the church; while Walworth, who had once been his servant, enlarged it by a new choir and side chapel, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Sebastian. Lovekin also founded an hospital at Kingston-on-Thames. The fishmongers anciently maintained three priests, one more than the other companies, to officiate at the funeral ceremonies of members of their craft, and to pray for their souls on their obit days. The Company have at present a rich funeral pall, worked not long before the old religious ceremonies were disused. It is in good preservation, and a very interesting relic.

That the stock fishmongers, or dealers in dried or salted fish, should have formed so important a portion of the trade is deserving of notice as a peculiarity of the times. Lovekin and Walworth, who both acquired wealth, were stock fishmongers. The nature of the commodity was such as to render the dealers in it a superior class to the other fishmongers. A great store might be accumulated, and more capital was required than by the other fishmongers, who only purchased from hand to mouth. The fairs of Stourbridge, St. Ives, and Ely, described in a statute of 1533 as "the most notable fairs within this realm for provision of fish," were busy scenes of traffic in this article. The town of Lynn, in Norfolk, endeavoured to obtain a share of the advantages which these fairs conferred; and in 1537 letters patent were obtained for establishing a fair there, but the privilege was withdrawn in 1541, as a punishment for some irregular practices which were regarded, according to the prevailing notions of the day, as an unfair use of their new rights. In a statute of the above year they are accused of buying up "salt-fish, as ling, loob, cod, salt salmon, stock-fish, and herring, to the great loss and hindrance of many of the king's subjects that yearly have repaired and come to Stourbridge fair, Ely fair, and other markets and fairs in the counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon, and other shires, for the provision of salt-fish and herring for their households, and for the provision of divers other shires." The provisioning of a household with a store of salt-fish was an important object in these times. The alternative of diet was not from salt-fish to fresh meat, for in winter the latter was not commonly to be obtained, but meat, if eaten at all, was consumed in a salted state. Tusser, who, however, lived in the eastern counties, suggests a more thrifty practice than that of resorting to the fish-fairs. His recommendation to the husbandman is—

"When August is ended, take shipping or ride,  
Ling, salt-fish, or herring, for Lent to provide;  
To buy it at first, as it cometh to road,  
Shall pay for thy charges, as thou spendest abroad.

Choose skilfully salt-fish, not burnt at the stone,  
But such as be food, or else let it alone.  
Get home that is bought, and go stack it up dry,  
With pease-straw between it the safer to lie."

The use of fish was also an obligation sanctioned by the Church, as well as a necessary part of the domestic economy of the times. In 'February's Husbandry' Tusser says,

“ Now timely for Lent stuff thy money disburse,  
The longer ye tarry for profit the worse ;  
If one penny vantage be therein to save,  
Of coastman or Fleming be suer to have.”

The management of the store required some housewifely thrift, and he gives the following directions:—

“ Spend herring first, save salt-fish last,  
For salt-fish is good when Lent is past.”

It cannot be doubted therefore that the London dealers in this article of necessary provision had reasonable chances of acquiring wealth. In 1314, from Michaelmas to Michaelmas, the consumption in the household of Thomas Earl of Lancaster was 6800 stock-fish, consisting of ling, haberdine, &c., besides six barrels of sturgeon, the whole costing 60*l*. The case was greatly altered after the Reformation, and several statutes were soon afterwards passed in order to keep up the consumption of fish and encourage the fisheries as a nursery for seamen. In 1548 we have “ The Act for the Abstinence of Flesh,” which imposed penalties on persons who ate flesh on fish-days. In an “ Act for the Maintenance of the Navy,” passed in 1562, the penalties were greatly increased. In 1593 John Erswick published ‘ A Brief Note of the Benefits that grow to this Realm by the Observance of Fish-Days.’ At this period fish, in a great measure, had ceased to be one of the staple articles in the daily diet of the people. Erswick attributed the diminished consumption to “ the contempt which in eating of fish is conceived.”

Leaving these times, we come to the more modern history of Billingsgate, which we may date from 1699, when an act passed for making it “ a free market for the sale of fish,” although the very commencement of the preamble alludes to Billingsgate having been “ time out of mind a free market for all manner of floating and salt fish, as also for all manner of floating and shell-fish.” The necessity of a new act had arisen, as the preamble continues, from various abuses, one of which was, that the fishmongers would not permit the street-hawkers of fish to buy of the fishermen, by which means, as it is alleged, the fishmongers buy at their own prices. Another practice of the fishmongers of that day is specifically pointed out. They are charged with “ employing one or two persons at the most to buy up all or the greatest part of the fish brought to the said market, and afterwards dividing the same amongst themselves by lots;” a practice which also unfairly oppressed the fishermen who supplied the market. Fish, one or two sorts excepted, caught by foreigners, was prohibited, except, indeed, it had been caught by “ Protestant strangers.” The extraordinary dream of making the country wealthy, and draining the ocean of its riches, by means of fisheries, had for above a century been one of the fondest illusions of the English people; and about the time when the above act was passed, “ ways to consume more fish” were once more attracting the popular attention. Houghton, a Fellow of the Royal Society, in a periodical work which he published in 1703, suggested a plan for supplying fish to inland towns. “ This,” he observes, “ may be done with

salt fish at any time, and with fresh fish to most parts of England, if a gang of horses were appointed at divers fisher-ports to carry those fish, as soon as landed, to their several markets, as is done from Hythe, Hastings, Chichester, and other places to London." Mr. Houghton thought that the London fishmongers might at least supply all the considerable towns within twenty miles of the metropolis; but if they were not disposed to do so, the inhabitants of Hertford and St. Albans, and other places of similar size within about the same distance from London, might form associations for introducing a supply of fish; and the carriages might perhaps be employed in carrying various commodities on their return to London, as a means of lessening the expense. Then he had another project, for preserving fish without salting them. "In this manner," he says, "we may serve the inland counties with small flat-fish, and, for aught I know, with halibut and turbot." In 1749 an act was passed for making a free market for the sale of fish in Westminster: we shall have to report further concerning it. Mr. Houghton's plans were never carried into effect, but that did not prevent others of a similar character from being brought forward; and about sixty years afterwards we have 'A Plan for the better supplying this Metropolis with plenty of Fish from distant Seaports and Rivers by Land-carriage.' The price of fish at the time was said to be beyond the reach of the poor, and even of the middling classes; and for many days together the quantity received at Billingsgate was very inconsiderable. To remedy these evils, carriages were to be constructed to be drawn by two post-horses, and capable of containing from eight to ten cwt. of fish, which it was intended to bring from all the coasts of England, with the exception of that part between Harwich and the South Foreland, with which the patriotic projectors would not interfere. The fish-carriages were to travel at the rate of sixty or seventy miles in ten or twelve hours; and it was calculated that fish might be brought this distance at a cost of less than one penny per lb.; twice that distance for less than twopence; and even a distance of two hundred and sixteen miles in thirty-six hours at less than threepence per lb. The stables, warehouses, and yards which had belonged to a large inn between London and Westminster bridges, were taken as a depôt for sorting the fish before sending it into the market, which would never be done before nine o'clock in the morning, and the prices would always be placed over the stalls. The Society of Arts either advanced or promised a sum of 2000*l.* in furtherance of the above objects. But some thirty years ago we find the old complaints again current; and in 1813 a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen was held at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's, at which one of the royal family presided, when a Fish Association was formed, the object of which was to ensure a better supply of fish to the metropolis. They commenced operations here under the belief that the increased use of fish in London would be a good example to other places. The association strongly denounced Billingsgate, on account of its small size and inconvenient situation. The object of the act establishing a fish-market at Westminster had never been accomplished. The impediments to the greater consumption of fish are attributed partly to the difficulty of circulating the commodity when it is plentiful, which rendered the fishermen cautious and checked the supply. The Association proposed "to assure to the fishermen certainty of sale, to a limited amount, and at a low price, of certain kinds of fish consumed by

the working classes, and which may be preserved by salt or vinegar ;” and when the supply was large, it was recommended that notice should be given to the different parts of the town. This was the last of a long series of projects of the kind, and it is easy to perceive that it was unlikely ever to be long in operation. In 1830 the attempt to establish a wholesale fish-market for Westminster was made at Hungerford Market, but it has totally failed, partly because the dues were very heavy, and partly because, when the dealers once get into their carts, they may as easily go to the best market as to one less amply supplied. If the business at Billingsgate should increase, the market may then require enlargement, but under the present regulations it is sufficiently large for every purpose. There is much truth in the reason advanced in 1360 against the increase of places for the sale of fish : “Forasmuch as great abundance of fish might be seen, to the end that better market in it might be.”

Not many years ago Billingsgate Market commenced at three o'clock in summer and five in winter, but the time is now five o'clock throughout the year. No great exertion is necessary in order to reach the spot before the market opens, at any rate in summer. The novelty of the quiet streets, and the bracing freshness of the morning air, soon dispel sleepiness from the eyelids, even if the earliness of the hour be so unusual to some. We feel, on reaching some favourable point for obtaining a view of the city, how accurately Wordsworth has described the appearance of London in the early summer morning :—

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

If the stranger visits Billingsgate in summer, many objects will engage his attention, but in a winter's morning the market alone. How solitary are the streets ! and yet London is never entirely buried in sleep. At the most untimely hours the avocations of some classes of its busy population call upon them to be astir. The pause seems deepest from two to three o'clock. Riot, Profligacy, Want, and Misery have retired, and Labour is scarcely risen. As we approach Billingsgate the profound silence of the night is now and then broken by the wheels of the fishmonger's light-cart, who is proceeding to the same destination. The whole area of the market, brilliantly lighted with streaming flames of gas, comes into view. One might fancy that the place was arranged for a feast of rude plenty. The tables of the salesmen, which are ranged from one side of the covered area to the other, afford ample space for clustering throngs of buyers around each. Each range appears to form one table, but the portion assigned to each salesman is nine feet by six. Each salesman sits with his back

to another, and between them is a wooden board, so that they are apparently enclosed in a recess; but by this arrangement their pockets escape the pick-pocket, which was not the case when they were not separated from the crowd. There are about sixty fish-salesmen in London, and probably fifty have stalls in this market, for which they pay a comparatively trifling rent. Proceeding to the bottom of the market, we perceive the masts of the fishing-boats rising out of the fog which casts its gloom upon the river. The boats lie considerably below the level of the market, and the descent is by several ladders to a floating wharf, which rises and falls with the tide, and is therefore always on the same level as the boats. About twenty are moored alongside each other. The oyster-boats are berthed by themselves. The buyer goes on board the latter to make his purchase, as oysters are not sold in the ordinary market-place. The fishermen and porters are busily engaged in arranging their cargoes for quick delivery as soon as the market commences. Two or three minutes before five the salesmen take their seats in their enclosed recesses. At the lower end of the market, nearest the boats, porters stand with baskets of fish on their heads. Not one of them is allowed to have the advantage over his fellows by an unfair start, or to overstep a line marked out by the clerk of the market. The instant the clock strikes the race commences, and each porter rushes at his utmost speed to the respective salesman to whom his burthen is consigned. The largest cod are brought in baskets which contain four; those somewhat smaller are brought in sixes; and smaller sizes in dozens, and in still larger numbers, but always in baskets. All fish are sold by the tale except salmon, which is sold by weight, and oysters and shell-fish by measure. The baskets are instantly emptied on the tables, and the porters hasten for a fresh supply. It is the fisherman's interest to bring his whole cargo into the market as soon as possible, for, if the quantity brought to market be large, prices will fall the more quickly, and, if they are high, buyers purchase less freely, and he may miss the sale. The following case has often been quoted:—In May, 1807, the first Brighton boat-load of mackerel sold at Billingsgate for forty guineas per hundred—seven shillings each, reckoning six score to a hundred; while the next boat-load produced but thirteen guineas per hundred. Another reason for despatch is that supplies conveyed inland often arrive after the opening of the market, and, for some kinds of fish especially, a sudden fluctuation in price may be occasioned by a van from Hastings or Dover, or some other part of the coast. So the porters keep up an incessant run between the boats and the salesmen's stalls until they have brought forth their whole stock. Some of the heaps of fish would enchant a Dutch painter. The soles, just taken from the well-boat, gasp in their last agony on the stall, and the next moment are purchased and hurried off to the dealer's cart. The rich turbot, with its blushing fins, which in a few hours will be the cause of a thousand amenities, is treated with no more ceremony or respect than a maid or a plaice. It is chiefly the west-end fishmongers who buy up turbot, but in this market any person who chooses may buy just in the same way as the dealers themselves. All the sales are by Dutch auction, a mode which allows little time for either flourishing or disparaging phrases. The seller, according to this plan, puts up the commodity at his own price, choosing, one may be sure, a sum sufficiently high to begin with, and if he does not sell he soon mentions a lower sum. The buyer also

offers his price, and if a bargain be closed, it is usually by meeting each other, *i. e.* the buyer advancing and the seller coming down in price. Other purchasers surround the stall—perhaps they think they may do better elsewhere, and move off to some other salesman, and by making the round of the market the range of prices is soon tolerably well ascertained. The buyers are as good judges as the salesmen. Price alone engrosses attention. This system ought to give those who witness its daily operation a good lesson or two in political economy. Here, in the open market, competition places the buyer and seller on equal terms. No combination exists to obstruct these advantages. Such an artificial basis would speedily be demolished in the bustle and animation which characterize the proceedings. The buyers shift rapidly from one salesman to another, demanding only one thing—price; and this running about the market is striking to the eye, and interesting from its object, which is sure of being obtained. The money in the outstretched hand of one dealer, with a dozen other dealers around, quickly indicates to the salesman the price at which sales can be effected, and that it would be useless to stickle for higher ones. If the buyers were to give too high a price one day, their sales would fall off, they would buy less the next, and prices would fall. Simple as is the mode of sale, it does not follow that judgment and skill, and a ready wit, are not needed. The salesman who possesses these qualities in the highest degree will clear his stalls much more rapidly, and at the same time more advantageously, than one who possesses a smaller share of these gifts. There is not one of the markets of London which is so little exposed to the chances of collusion or any underhand conduct as that of Billingsgate. The proceedings of the retail dealers in their respective localities, where they are removed from the influences of the open market, may have nothing whatever to do with the principle on which it is certain the wholesale part of the trade is regulated. In one district the retail dealer gives long credit, often incurs losses, and he must therefore charge a high price. In another there may happen to be little competition, or, what is usually the same thing, a small demand, and price will here again be high, that is, comparing it with that which prevails at Billingsgate. It was recently the practice of a fishmonger in Lombard Street not only to advertise the prices of fish daily in the papers, and exhibit them in his shop, but also to employ men to carry placards with this information. It is the revival of a practice two thousand years old. The fishmongers of Athens were compelled to affix the prices in their shops. The uncertainty of the price is probably one very powerful reason why fish is purchased so seldom by many housekeepers. They cannot tell the price beforehand, as for beef and mutton. But in these discussions we are forgetting our real object, which is to attempt to give the reader some idea of the market. Does the visitor expect to witness scenes of coarseness and brutality? Nothing of the kind will meet his eyes. Why should they? When the market opens, the majority of the persons present are either the dealers themselves or their trustworthy servants. Soon after six there is a greater mixture of classes. The hawkers come to make their purchases, and Billingsgate has something of the appearance which it had previously assumed in our imagination, but there is nothing to disgust either in language or behaviour. The manners of Billingsgate have improved, and yet the standard phrase for abuse

either of the tongue or pen will probably never be altered, so that after-generations may forget that here once flourished that racy eloquence which was characterised by its warmth of style, its rude force, and coarse but telling points. Ned Ward, in his 'London Spy,' published at the close of the seventeenth century, describes the vulgar humours of Billingsgate, and it is only necessary to read them to feel convinced how much the place is improved. Ward mentions a place called the Dark House (not a house for insane persons), the frequenters of which seem to have combined the peculiarities of Wapping and Billingsgate. The site on which it stood is now called Dark House Lane. One feature of Billingsgate has been destroyed by the introduction of steam-boats. Before they existed, passengers embarked here for Gravesend and other places on the river, and there was a greater mixture of sailors with the dealers in fish, perhaps not much to the improvement of manners. The boats sailed only when the tide served, and the necessity of being ready at the most untimely hours rendered many taverns necessary for the accommodation of passengers. The opening of the market formerly at so early an hour as three o'clock was demoralizing and exhausting. Two hours are now gained, and the hours of rest are not unnaturally broken in upon. The refreshment now chiefly taken by persons who attend the market is coffee instead of spirits, and this circumstance alone has had a most favourable influence. The wholesale market is over about nine o'clock, and the only dealers who remain after that hour are a few retailers who have stalls, who are called in the market "bomarees," a word whose etymology we do not profess to have discovered.

Stow tells us that before 1569 the City ditch without the wall of the City, which then lay open, "contained great store of very good fish, of divers sorts, as many yet living, who have taken and tasted them, can well witness, but now (he says) no such matter." Sir John Hawkins, in his edition of Walton's 'Angler,' published in 1760, mentions that, about thirty years before, the City anglers were accustomed to enjoy their sport by the starlings of Old London Bridge. "In the memory of a person not long since living, a waterman that plied at Essex Stairs, his name John Reeves, got a comfortable living by attending anglers with his boat: his method was to watch when the shoals of roach came down from the country, and, when he had found them, to go round to his customers and give them notice. Sometimes they (the fish) settled opposite the Temple; at others at Blackfriars or Queenhithe; but most frequently about the chalk-hills [the deposits of chalk rubble] near London Bridge. His hire was two shillings a tide. A certain number of persons who were accustomed thus to employ him raised a sum sufficient to buy him a waterman's coat and silver badge, the impress whereof was 'Himself, with an angler in his boat,' and he had annually a new coat to the time of his death, which might be about the year 1730." Mr. Goldham, the clerk of Billingsgate Market, stated before a Parliamentary Committee that thirty years ago, four hundred fishermen, each of whom was the owner of a boat, and employed a boy, obtained a good livelihood by the exercise of their craft between Deptford and London, taking roach, plaice, smelts, flounders, salmon, shad, eels, gudgeon, dace, dabs, &c. Mr. Goldham said that about 1810 he had known instances of as many as ten salmon and three thousand smelts being taken at one haul up the river towards Wandsworth,

and fifty thousand smelts were brought daily to Billingsgate, and not fewer than three thousand Thames salmon in the season. Some of the boats earned 6*l.* a week, and salmon was sold at 3*s.* and 4*s.* the pound. The fishery was nearly destroyed at the time when this evidence was given, in 1828. The masters of the Dutch eel-ships stated before the same Committee that a few years before they could bring their live-eels in "wells" as far as Gallions' Reach, below Woolwich; but now (1828) they were obliged to stop at Erith, and they had sustained serious losses from the deleterious quality of the water, which killed the fish. The increase of gas-works and of manufactories of various kinds, and of filth disgorge by the sewers, will sufficiently account for this circumstance. The number of Dutch eel-vessels which bring supplies to Billingsgate varies from sixty to eighty annually. They bring about fifteen cwt. of fish each, and pay a duty of 13*l.*

A recent Parliamentary paper gives the number of sailing vessels registered at the different ports in England of above fifty and under fifty tons, and the greater proportion of the latter indicates those ports where fishing is extensively pursued. Thus at Faversham there are 218 sailing vessels registered under fifty tons, and only 42 above that burthen. The former average about 21 tons each. At the following ports, from which the chief supply of fish for the London market is furnished, the number of vessels under fifty tons is 1686, and, including 590 for London, there are 2276. At Yarmouth the number registered under fifty tons is 321; Faversham, 218; Southampton, 131; Maldon, 105; Rochester, 256; Colchester, 203; Dover, 91; Rye, 55; Ramsgate, 80; Dartmouth, 256. The operations of these fishing-boats, and of the fishermen and their families on shore, are very interesting to the visitor on the coast. When brought ashore the fish are laid in heaps and sold by Dutch auction. Such a scene is well described in the following extract:—"In the offing are some eight or nine good, stout, round-made fishing-boats—'hog-boats,' as they are called—which have been trawling during the night, and have now brought their catches to shore; between which and them ply a dozen or more boats, which receive the cargo from the vessels and bring it to the beach. It is a pretty sight enough, after a good catch, to see these boats hurrying to and fro. Directly they touch the beach they are surrounded by an eager crowd, who explore the contents and help to arrange it in heaps ready for sale on the beach. There cannot be less than four hundred or five hundred persons—men, women, and children—principally of the fishing class, and bearing on their arms the baskets with which they will soon set out to drive bargains with thrifty housewives all over the town. Up to six o'clock the work of landing, and arranging, and inspecting goes busily on. Fish of every description are thrown about as if they were worth nothing; but at last they are disposed into some order—some in heaps on the beach, others in baskets, and others upon tables. There is now a pause for a moment or two, for it is upon the strike of six. The salesmen look at the different lots around them, and the women with their baskets crowd around them. Jokes pass, and compliments are exchanged. Ten to one there is some wit of established repute, whose *bon mot* is sure to pass current, and the victim of whose satire must put up with the ridicule of his companions as he best may. The sale begins. Then ensues, perhaps, what is popularly called 'chaffing' between the suc-

cessful salesman and some less lucky neighbour—perhaps a fisherman selling on his own account, who has been slowly and reluctantly dropping his prices, as if every shilling was a drop of blood from his heart. ‘Holloa, Bill! can’t you sell ‘em?’ Bill gives a surly negative, and goes on with his bidding—‘25s. for this lot—24s. for this lot—23s. for this lot.’ ‘Why, Bill, they won’t have ‘em at no price. Why don’t you give ‘em to ‘em?’ ‘Leave Bill alone,’ says some compassionate damsel, who has a design upon the fish of the unfortunate salesman, ‘leave Bill alone; he’ll sell by and by.’ ‘22s. for this lot;’ and, no customer responding, Bill vents his impatience in a quiet, fish-like oath. ‘Don’t be in a hurry, Bill,’ cries his tormentor; ‘don’t you see that everybody else has only just finished? When they’re all gone, you’ll sell ‘em fast enough.’ A loud roar of laughter rewards the wit of the speaker, and adds to Bill’s discomfiture, who, however, proceeds with his unvaried cry—‘20s. for this lot—19s. for this lot,’ casting about him at every reduced price most despairing looks. At last he has got low enough, and finds a purchaser in the compassionate young woman who took his part against the facetious salesman, and now takes possession of her bargain with a glee that discloses to the seller the extent of the loss he has suffered. Dozens of these scenes are passing around, and others of a more amusing nature, and most characteristic of the class assembled on the spot; and all in the midst of a tremendous bustle—new boats, perhaps, arriving, heaps of baskets packing up for the London market, purchasers making off with their loaded baskets, and others engaged in sorting and dividing their lots, which are spread in every direction over the beach, and which one expects to see at every moment trodden under foot by the numbers who are moving about. Men in huge boots, the crews of the mackerel-boats, from Hastings perhaps, stand about in their not unpicturesque dress that reminds one of the smugglers of olden days.”\*

What the exertions of patriotic persons failed in accomplishing, seems not unlikely to be effected by the railways. Fish is now received at Billingsgate from Liverpool, Bristol, Hartlepool, in Durham, and from other quarters, which were precluded from profitable communication with it when the means of transit were not sufficiently rapid for so perishable an article. The railways from London to the southern coast, especially, will increase the facility of supply, though some time may elapse before they are rendered fully available, as, when we visited Billingsgate on Saturday morning the 19th of November, 1842, two *coaches* arrived soon after the market opened, one from Dover and the other from Hastings. On the other hand, if a larger supply be received, the quantity taken off by the railways will be quite as great. The circle from which the dealers attend with their carts comprises Windsor, St. Albans, Hertford, Romford, and other places within a distance of twenty-five miles; but even now Billingsgate may be regarded as the best market for the supply of a much wider district.

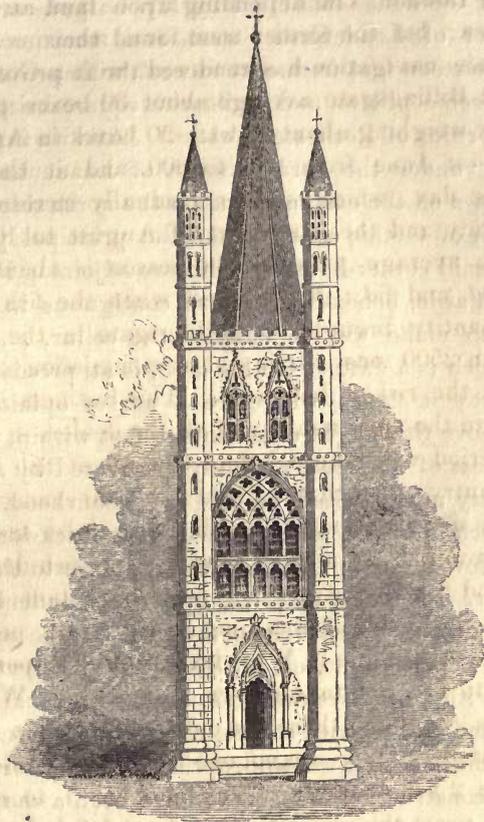
The very extraordinary change which has taken place in the supply of salmon for Billingsgate market since it has been brought by steam-vessels from Scotland in forty-eight hours may to some extent indicate the effect which the railways will have in extending the consumption of fish of all kinds in those parts of the country where hitherto it has been scarce and dear. Perhaps as many as ten salmon

\* Brighton Herald, August 27, 1842.

are now taken in a year in the Thames; and Sir Humphry Davy, in his 'Salmonia,' says that a skilful angler may take about one in a week at Christchurch. If the supply from Scotland were stopped, salmon, instead of being three or four shillings the pound, as they were when three thousand were taken in a year in the Thames, would be as dear as turtle. A commission agent for the sale of salmon at Billingsgate, who was examined before a Parliamentary Committee in 1800, and who had been in the trade ever since 1750, said "There have been several changes in the mode of doing business in my time. We brought salmon on horseback about thirty years ago; since that, in light carts and other carriages; and now, by water, packed in ice." Previous to the last change the supply was inconsiderable, and a large proportion of it was derived from the rivers in England. The fish were then packed in straw. Pennant, in his 'British Zoology,' written seventy-five years ago, gives the following account of the salmon-trade at Berwick: "Most of the salmon taken before April, or to the setting in of the warm weather, is sent fresh to London in baskets, unless now and then the vessel is disappointed by contrary winds of sailing immediately. In that case the fish is brought ashore again to the cooper's offices, and boiled, pickled, and kitted, and sent to the London markets by the same ship, and fresh salmon put in the baskets in lieu of the stale ones. At the beginning of the season, when a ship is on the point of sailing, a fresh clean salmon will sell from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per lb.; and most of the time that this part of the trade is carried on, the prices are from 5s. to 9s. per stone of 18 lbs., the value rising and falling according to the plenty of fish, or the prospect of a fair or foul wind. The price of fresh fish in the month of July, when they are most plentiful, has been known to be as low as 8d. per stone; but last year (1768) never less than 1s. 4d., and from that to 2s. 6d." The trade in fresh salmon ceased by the end of April, as the increasing temperature of the season rendered it impossible to bring the fish to market in a proper state. In case the voyage from Berwick to London proved longer than usual, the vessel was run into the nearest port, and the cargo, which would have been spoiled had it been brought to London, was disposed of. The trade had nearly ceased at the time when it is now the most active, as the heat of the water spoiled the fish during a long voyage. In the Correspondence of the late Sir George Sinclair there is a letter from Mr. George Dempster, which relates the following history of the present mode of packing salmon in ice:—"One day, about the year 1784 or 1785, Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, a faithful servant to the East India Company, and I were shown into one of the waiting-rooms of the East India House. During our stay there, among other interesting matters respecting his voyages, Mr. Dalrymple told me the coasts of China abounded with snow-houses; that the fishers of China carried snow in their boats, and, by means thereof, were able in the heat of summer to convey fresh fish into the very interior parts of China. I took pen and ink, and on the spot wrote an account of this conversation to Mr. Richardson, who, as well as others, has been in the practice of conveying salmon in ice from the river Tay to London, and from Aberdeen, Montrose, and Inverness, places of five, six, and seven hundred miles. In Mr. Richardson I found a very grateful correspondent, for soon afterwards I received, on a New Year's Day, a letter from him, containing a draft on his banker for 200*l.* to purchase a piece of plate for Mrs. Dempster." Packed in boxes as soon as caught, and covered with pounded ice which froze into

a solid mass, salmon could be preserved in excellent state for six days, and the smacks were exclusively freighted with them. There were previously two branches of salmon traders in London, one depending upon land-carriage, and the other on the supplies by sea; but the former soon found their occupation gone after this discovery. Steam navigation has rendered the improvement perfect. The arrivals of salmon at Billingsgate average about 30 boxes per day in February and March, each box weighing about 1 cwt.; 50 boxes in April; from 80 to 100 in May; beginning of June from 200 to 300, and at the latter end of the month 500 boxes per day; which number gradually increases until it amounts during the end of July and the early part of August to 1000 boxes, and frequently more. The average price for the season is about 10*d.*, and is occasionally as low as 5*d.* and 6*d.*: it is lowest when the fish is in the greatest perfection. The quantity brought to Billingsgate in the season of 1842 was probably not less than 2500 tons. It is sent on commission to agents, who charge 5 per cent. and take the risk of bad debts. This business is in few hands, and those engaged in it are the most wealthy of all the dealers in fish.

A considerable period will elapse before the use of fish becomes general in those parts of the country to which the facility of conveyance has only recently introduced it. There are thousands of families who never tasted any fish except a red herring. The number of persons employed as fish-dealers show that in many parts of England fish constitutes a very unimportant article of diet. In the metropolis, where the means of obtaining it are nearly perfect, there is one fish-dealer to four butchers, while in Warwickshire the proportion is as 1 to 27; in Staffordshire as 1 to 44; and taking even a large town, Wolverhampton, the proportion in 1831 was 1 in 46, for there was only one dealer in the place. In West Bromwich, with 36 butchers, there was not one fish-dealer, while in the borough of Southwark there were 2 fish-dealers to 7 butchers, or 1 to each 1500 persons. In the counties on the coast the proportion is about 1 fish-dealer to 10 butchers. It may be that in some of the inland counties there is not so great a paucity of fishmongers as the returns under the census imply, as with many persons it only makes a part, and that the least important, of their calling, the other being of so irregular a nature. Great facilities for obtaining food will not long exist without being made available, and producing dealers. Fish from Liverpool cannot long pass through Warwickshire and Staffordshire to London without the discovery being made that there are intermediate places which it may be profitable to supply. In Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham, during the summer of 1842, the supplies of fish, chiefly by the railways, were occasionally immense.



[Tower of St. Michael's, Cornhill.]

## LXXXIX.—SOMETHING ABOUT LONDON CHURCHES AT THE CLOSE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

ANY one who repairs on a clear day to Waterloo Bridge, and turns his eye towards the City, will be struck with the close juxtaposition into which the church spires are huddled together in that direction. If, after taking this view, he turn his steps to the east, and begin to thread the narrow and tortuous thoroughfares within the circle on which the walls of London once stood, he will be reminded that the existing churches are only a portion of those which existed before the Great Fire. The numerous little grave-yards, with their couples of trees, feeble attempts at green-sward, and a few old dusky monuments which meet him at every corner, are “roses in the wilderness” of trafficking London, “left on their stalks to mark where once churches have been.”

The train of thought thus suggested may move our imaginary Rambler, if he be one who loves at times to saunter on without any more definite aim than to see what food for thought or fancy he may stumble upon, to allow his imaginings

to pierce below the soil, and there detect buried churches of a yet older time. "The remains of the parochial church of St. Michael," says Maitland, "are still to be seen under the house inhabited by Mr. Gilpin, an eminent chemist, at the south-east corner of Leadenhall Street, and measure thirty-six feet from north to south, and sixteen feet from east to west, with a Gothic arched roof supported by two handsome pillars, and built with square bricks, chalk, and stone, in the manner of the ruins of Rochester Castle." And we further learn, from the same author, that "under the corner house of Leadenhall and Bishopsgate Streets, and two houses on the east, and one on the north side thereof, was situate a very ancient church of Gothic construction, the principal part of which is still remaining under the said corner-house and the two adjoining in Leadenhall Street; but part of the north aisle, beneath the house contiguous in Bishopsgate Street, was lately obliged to make way to enlarge the cellar. . . . The roof of this ancient structure, which is a flattish Gothic arch, is at present only ten feet nine inches above the present floor; wherefore I am of opinion that this church originally was not above the height of seventeen feet within, which, together with three feet, the thickness of the arch, as lately discovered by a perforation, shows that the ground is very much raised in this neighbourhood. The walls of this church being so much decayed and patched with brickwork, I could discover neither door nor window therein; however, the entrance to the chief part thereof (A.D. 1738) is at Mr. Jones's, a distiller, opposite Leadenhall Gate. At the distance of twelve feet from this church northwards, is to be seen, under the house late Mr. Macadam's, a peruke-maker, in Bishopsgate Street, a stone building. . . . It is covered with a semicircular arch, built with small pieces of chalk in the form of bricks, and ribbed with stones, resembling those of the arches of a bridge. What this edifice at first was appropriated to was very uncertain, though by the manner of its construction it seems to have been a chapel."

*The City* is now a place of mercantile business. The heads that conduct, the fingers that write, the brawny backs and arms that guide waggons, work cranes, and perform the toilsome tasks of portage, seem to have it all to themselves. The genius of trade reigns paramount, and occupies the whole minds of men so long as they are within the walls. In former days wealthy merchants and shopkeepers, to say nothing of those they employed, had their dwellings in the City: but now the very Bank clerks have their residences in the suburbs; the waggons and porters inhabit the precincts of the Tower, and the monotonous level of close-packed small houses between the Minories and the East India Docks, through which the line of the Blackwall Railway has been excavated, giving rich men an opportunity (which they rarely use) of seeing how poor men live. Human beings still toil in the City, but they scarcely have the appearance of living in the City. There is nothing there but shops and counting-houses. The airy courts and stately structures of City magnates of the days of Queen Anne are inhabited, not by men, but by firms—"Goosequill, Ledger, & Co." That unsubstantial abstraction "Co." possesses it entirely. At night the specious vacuum would tenant the City alone, but for the watchmen who patrol the streets; and during the day his human serfs who repair to the tenements he occupies are inspired by him alone—their thoughts are exclusively of pounds, shillings, pence, dry goods, bonds, debentures, and stocks.

One is almost tempted to ask the frequent churches what they do there. They are said to be opened on Sundays and sometimes during the week, yet there is a thick coating of dust upon them which almost appears to belie the report. They are scarcely more life-like than the vacant grave-yards, which, to the mind's eye, are filled by the ghosts of old churches, as Banquo's chair was by his unreal spectre, or than the old church of St. Michael's, or the nameless church and chapel of Leadenhall Street, buried themselves, instead of marking a spot where the more frail and transitory frames of men are buried. To one under the influence of such fancies existing churches appear as unreal as those which have passed away, and those which have been destroyed as real as those which survive. All London's churches, past and present, are visible to the imagination, and the city of traders and brokers is transmuted into the city of churches.

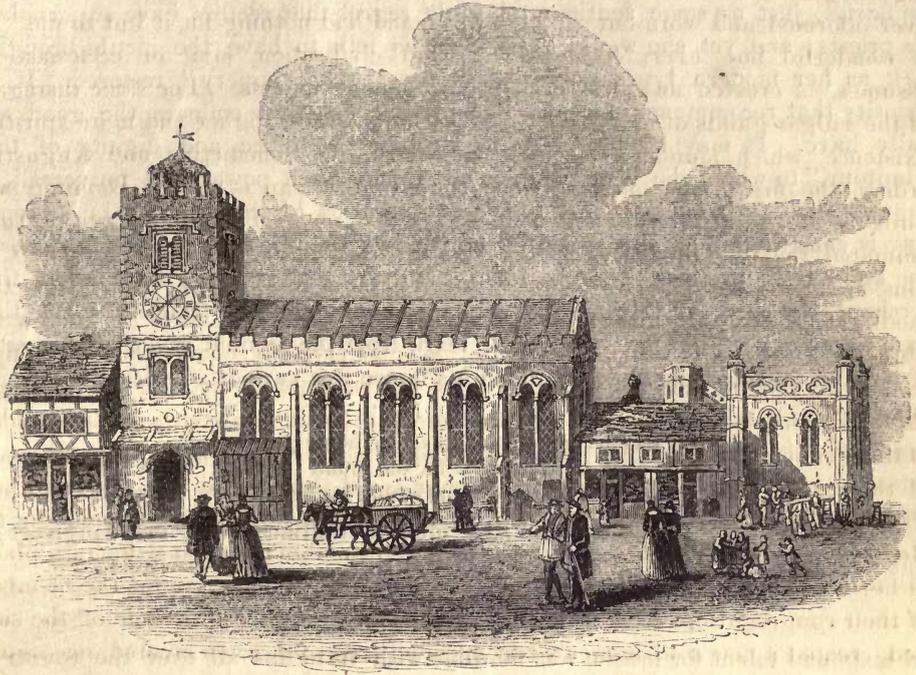
There is a strange jostling among these architectural spectres, as they rise one after another on "the mind's eye:" it looks like a hubbub, though all is silent. Not only churches rise where churches no longer stand, but old St. Paul's occupies the same place as new St. Paul's, and sometimes two churches of the olden time plant their corners on part of the area occupied by one of our own day. There must be a good and efficient police in the world of dreams: you could scarcely at any great spectacle—the Lord Mayor's procession, or the execution of a Fauntleroy, or the liberation of an Alice Lowe—persuade any two people of flesh and bones to occupy the same space, though thereby double the number could be comfortably accommodated, and yet these unintelligent works of man's head or hands do it at once without a murmur.

When the churches of eight or nine centuries are thus assembled together, it is clear that, like human beings, they stand in the relationship of ancestors and descendants to each other. The present St. Paul's is the lawful son and heir of Bishop Maurice's St. Paul's. Some families of churches (like that we have just named) have come in course of time to own and occupy broader lands than their forefathers did, exactly as the case is with human mortals. Other families, again, die out (as has been the lot of St. Paul's old neighbour, St. Gregory), and their property falls into the hands of strangers. These stone walls have their genealogical trees as well as the creatures who build them; some bourgeoning gaily, and with many branches growing broader as they rise (large parishes subdivided, and the portions settled as dowries upon filial churches and *ci-devant* chapels of ease); some going off in a leafless point, like a Scotch fir killed by a blight, or choked by the overshadowing of a lustier tree (as in the case of the aforesaid St. Gregory and the churches not rebuilt after the fire).

Great though the show made by the churches within the City wall be at present, it is nevertheless evident, from the remarks already made, that their numbers have fallen off from what they once were. The Great Fire thinned their ranks: many a stately spire toppled down in the midst of it, never to be rebuilt. And more than a century before that event the Reformation had wrought sad havoc in their ranks. If we were called upon to fix the time when churches most did flourish in the City—when the greatest number of contemporary churches were to be found within its wall—the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century is the period we should select. The church-building Church had then reached the highest development and culture it was destined to attain

in this country. It had raised the population from a state of savage life to a high degree of culture, spiritual and intellectual: like the soul of man, it had over-informed and worn-out its tenement, and had nothing for it but to die. It is wonderful how every form which social civilisation, civil or ecclesiastical, assumes, is created and destroyed by the same elements. The same disregard of the vulgar gauds of this world, and yearning after a higher and more spiritual existence, which animated the first monks of the Benedictine and Augustine orders, the first friars of the brotherhoods of St. Francis and St. Dominic, who built up the Romish Church as it existed at the close of the fourteenth century, animated the Wickliffes, Jeromes of Prague and Johns of Huss, Luthers, Calvins, and Knoxes, to whom it was given to destroy it, and rear their respective modifications of Protestantism on its ruins. Brother Jack himself (to borrow the phraseology of the 'Tale of a Tub') did not tear the tags, tassels, and embroidery from his coat with more reckless disregard of the rents he made in the texture of the good cloth upon which they had been sowed, than did his precursors the founders of the mendicant orders. And Hildebrand himself did not set his feet upon the neck of the civil power with a prouder or firmer tread than did at a later period, and within a narrower circle, Pope Calvin of Geneva. The forms and ceremonies of the Romish Church—the studies to which those ambitious of occupying the high places in her hierarchy were prompted—the morals and faith they taught the members of their congregations from the high-altar, the pulpit, or by the side of the sick-bed, created a new soul in men's bosoms; and that soul, when created, necessarily burst from within the scaffolding which had been employed in raising it, shattering mere forms in its onward and spiritual flight. It was not because they were bad that the forms of the old faith were trampled down, but because they had made men independent of themselves: the crutch of the invalid was an incumbrance to the healthy man. It was not because the ministers of the old faith had become less pure than their predecessors that a new race of teachers superseded them, but because, like Captain Bobadil, they had made every one of their pupils as good or nearly as good as themselves in spiritual fence, and more advanced teachers were required.

About the close of the fourteenth century (at least in England) the Romish Church was in the full flush of its power and usefulness. It had, aided by co-operating influences to which it is not at present necessary to advert, raised and improved men from what they had been, but not so far as to enable them to dispense with its services. It was incorporated with the domestic as well as with the public life of society; its influence was seen and felt everywhere. Its bodily presence was seen in church, chapel, and altarage, abbey, convent, and hospital: its spiritual presence was felt in the numerous links of guilds and confessorships, which bound every individual to his church and its ministers, making the national religion a part of his daily occupations. The market was held before the church-door, and the public fountains were placed near the church, that the water might be blessed. St. Giles Cripplegate had its "boss of clere water;" and St. Michael le Quern, at the west end of Cheapside, its conduit. Chaucer has put into the mouth of his Wife of Bath a playful picture of the omnipresence of the Church: it may have been meant as a sarcasm (for Chaucer lies under the suspicion of Lollardism), yet is it conceived in no harsh spirit, and is exactly the



[St. Michael le Quern.]

ludicrous manner in which a bold, spirited person would express her sense of a power which she could not help reverencing, though she did not feel herself much bettered by it :—

“ In old days of the King Artour,  
 Of which that Britons speaken great honour,  
 All was this land full filled of faerie :  
 The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,  
 Danced full oft in many a green mead.  
 This was the old opinion as I read ;  
 I speak of many hundred years ago ;  
 But now can no man see none elves mo,  
 For now the great charity and prayers  
 Of limitours and other holy freres,  
 That searchen every land and every stream,  
 As thick as mottés in the sunny beam,  
 Blessing halls, chambers, kitchens, and bowers,  
 Cities and boroughs, castles high and towers,  
 Thorps and barns, sheepcotes and dairies,  
 This maketh that there be no faeries ;  
 For there where wont to walken was an elf,  
 There walketh now the Limitour himself,  
 In the afternoons and in the morwenings,  
 And saith his matins and his holy things,  
 As he goeth in his limitation,  
 Women may now go' safely up and down.  
 In every bush and under every tree,  
 There is no other incubus but he,  
 And he will do them no dishonour.”

The good lady appears to regret that the father confessors have superseded the fairies, just as some sentimental souls regret that rectors have superseded the priests; and yet she would have been as loth to have the incubi brought back as her modern types would be to see "black popery" restored. It is curiosity that recommends the past, but present use that endears the good we really have. It may be necessary to explain the office and dignity of the "limitour," to whom the Wife of Bath attributes such power and universality. Chaucer shall do it for us. The poet's enumeration of the pilgrims in his company is constructed on the principle of placing the highest in rank foremost. The knight, the prioress, and the monk come first; after them, and before the merchant, the clerk of Oxford, the serjeant at law, and the franklin, comes the friar, who was a "limitour." This, we learn from the account given of him, was a friar who collected the alms by which his house was supported within a certain district—

" He was the best beggar in all his house ;  
And gave a certain farm for the grant.  
None of his brethren came within his haunt."

He was a licentiate of his order, had "much of dalliance and fair language," went well dressed,

" Somewhat he lisped for his wantonness,  
To make his English sweet upon his tongue ;"

had taste and talent for music, was familiar with franklins all over the country, and had influence over the wives of the better class of citizens. He could unbend in jolly company—

" In his harping, when that he had sung,  
His eyen twinkled in his head aright  
As do the starres in a frosty night ;"

and yet he never in his merriment compromised his dignity; for mine host of the 'Tabard,' who suited his address to every man's bearing, speaks to him with respect—"mine own master dear." This is a sarcastic, but scarcely unfair, picture of a choice spirit of the four powerful orders of mendicant friars.

At the close of the fourteenth century London was tolerably well stored with this class of ministers of religion. There were the Black Friars in the south-west angle of the city, whose church, built in 1726, by Robert Kilmarley, archbishop of Canterbury, occupied the area of the Castle of Mountfichet and two lanes adjoining. Where Christchurch Hospital now stands was the pleasant site of the Grey Friars. From John Iwyn, citizen of London, they had all his lands and houses in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles; the Mayor and commonalty gave them more; in 1225 the wealthy citizens clubbed to build them a house and church; in 1306 the consort of Edward I. began a stately and spacious church for them, which was twenty-one years a-building; and in 1421 Sir Richard Whittington built them a library, and laid out four hundred pounds in furnishing it with books. Not far from Blackfriars, although outside of the City walls, between the Temple and Salisbury Court, were the White Friars, who in the fifteenth century held a reputation for learning above any of the mendicant orders in England. At the south-east corner of Hart Street, in Aldgate Ward, was the house of the Crutched or Crossed Friars. The Friars Eremites of the order of St. Augustine, also mendicants, had a house, the site of which is still

kept in remembrance by Austin Friars in Broad Street. The poor brethren of St. Augustine Papey, at the north end of St. Mary Axe Street, the brotherhood of the threescore priests skilled in singing dirges, and others who attended solemn funerals, may fairly be classed with the mendicants. All England was their diocese, but doubtless so rich a field of it as London would not be left untilled—at all events it was the hive to which these busy bees duly brought home their gathered honey at certain seasons.

The monks, it would appear from Chaucer, were a more aristocratical race. The company which trudged to Canterbury, “the holy blissful martyr for to seek,” was composed of the middle classes: but then, as now, these middle classes died, by insensible degrees, into the nobles at one end, and into the labourers at another. Chaucer’s knight was a warrior to stand at a king’s right hand; and Chaucer’s monk was a fair companion for the knight. The limitour was good company for the jolly franklin; but the monk and knight, though it was no derogation to them to associate with him, belonged to a higher circle. A noble fellow was that monk. A scholar he was, after the fashion of his day, though his taste lay towards the belles-lettres, not to crabbed science. When his turn comes to tell a tale, he begins, like James or Bulwer in our day, with a preface intended to show his learning. He astonishes his hearers by telling how many books he has in his cell, and condescendingly explains that “tragedies”—

“ ——— ben versified comunely,  
Of six feet which men clepeth hexamitron.”

And then he launches into a high-flown moral illustration, in which Lucifer, Sampson, Holofernes, Nero, Count Ugolino, and Julius Cæsar figure—so sublime, and long-winded, and “allicoly,” that Harry Bailey is obliged to stop him. Somewhat worldly-minded, our monk is as rich and dignified as the best of the clergy; and the gauds and vanities of time have more hold on his affections than is befitting in a man whose business it is to point the way to eternity. But he is at bottom of good principles, a sound counsellor at need, and decorous in his conduct. He is painted by Chaucer with the rich power of a Titian or a Rubens:—

“ I saw his sleeves purfild at the hand  
With gris, and that the finest of the land;  
And for to fasten his hood under his chin,  
He had of gold ywrought a curious pin:  
A love-knot in the greater end there was;  
His head was bald, and shone as any glass;  
And eke his face as it had been anoint.  
He was a lord full fat and in good point.  
His eyen steep and rolling in his head,  
That steamed as the furnace of a lade.”

And then the state in which this jolly churchman rides!—

“ When he rode, men might his bridle hear,  
Gingling in a whistling wind as clear,  
And eke as loud, as doth the chapel bell  
There where this lord was keeper of the cell.

There is a dash of the voluptuous in the characters both of the friar and the monk; and yet how marked is the difference between them! There is a dignity

and *retenu* about the "steep eyen" of the "fair prelate," forming as strong a contrast to the eyes of the limitour, twinkling like stars in a frosty night, as could be wished, to distinguish the rich priest, who had "greyhounds as swift as fowl in flight," and who set his heart upon "pricking and hunting for the hare," from the plausible gentleman beggar, whose

" Tippet was aye farsed full of knives  
And pins to give to fayre wives."

London was quite as well supplied with these stately pillars of the monastic order as with their more popular brethren. The priory of St. Bartholomew, next door to the Grey Friars, was founded by Rahere, "a witty gentleman, belonging to Henry I., about the year 1102," who was himself the first prior, and the establishment retained its courtly character to the last. What is now Sion College was a college of regular canons of the order of St. Augustin. East of East Smithfield was a Cistercian abbey, founded by Edward III., called the Abbey of the Graces, subject to the monastery of Beaulieu. The hermitage at the corner of Monkwell Street, called St. James's Chapel, or the Hermitage in the Wall, belonged to the Cistercian convent of Gerendon, in Leicestershire, who kept two of their monks stationed there; and many of the principal monasteries in England had similar permanent agencies in the capital. The Carthusian Monastery in Smithfield was founded in 1371. The power and pride of the Knights Hospitallers rendering them especially obnoxious to the populace, their magnificent house of St. John of Jerusalem was burned by the insurgents of Kent and Essex in 1381, but speedily rebuilt more splendid than before.

But of all these monastic princes none, in point of local dignity and importance, came near the Prior of the Holy Trinity at Aldgate. The origin of Portsoken (or the franchise at the gate) is lost in the meagre traditions of Saxon antiquity. A legend there is of its being won, by some stout Saxon warriors, in the days of King Edgar by knightly service in fenced lists, during a long summer day. The tale has a strong family resemblance to many other legends of chivalry, and has just as much or as little title to be believed as most of them. William the Conqueror and Henry I. are said to have confirmed the liberties of the heirs of these knights by special charters. Matilda, the Saxon wife of Henry I., founded the Priory of the Holy Trinity, within Aldgate, in 1108: it is said to have been the first house of regular canons established in England. In 1115 according to some, or 1125 according to others, the barons of London, who held the English Cnichten-gild, which lay without the walls of the City at Aldgate, and extended to the Thames, bestowed it upon the Church of the Holy Trinity, and took themselves the habit of the order. The parishes of St. Michael, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Catherine, and the Blessed Trinity, were incorporated into one; and the Church of the Priory was made the parish church. The Prior, powerful through the tithes of his large parish, powerful through his broad lands, was still more powerful from his being, as proprietor of Cnichten-gild or Portsoken, an Alderman of London. He sat and rode among the Aldermen of London in the same livery, only the prior's habit was in shape that of a spiritual person. Stow, who records the fact, mentions that he had himself, when a child, seen the Prior of the Holy Trinity in this array.

We pass over the nunneries, though the image of Madame Eglantine rises

up to detain us. Doubtless they, too, had Prioresses (at times) with foreheads "almost a span broad;" with "nose tretis and eyen grey as glass;" with French "after the schole of Stratford atte Bow;" with ladylike manners, and a brooch on which was "Amor vincit omnia;" and who, like that most elegant of devotion's handmaidens,

" Pained them to counterfeiten cheer  
Of court, and ben estatelich of manner,  
And to ben holden digne of reverence."

And pleasant it would be to gossip of them, as the old chroniclers furnish occasion; but at present we have other game in view. They are here mentioned simply lest they should be left out from the estimate of the clerical element in London about and before A.D. 1400. The Black Friars backed by the White Friars, and the Grey Friars backed by the Priory of St. Bartholomew, with the minor stations of the Hermitage in the Wall, and Elsing Spital, may seem a tolerable ecclesiastical garrison for the west-end of the City of London of those days. But this was only a small part of the fortalices of the Church which bristled on the Capitoline hill of the spiritualities of Lud's Town. Almost the whole space between the Grey Friars and the Hermitage was occupied by the wealthy and independent collegiate church of St. Martin, with its surrounding sanctuary. And centrally placed within the ring formed by St. Martin's, the Grey Friars, and the Black Friars, was the metropolitan Church of St. Paul, with a body-guard of smaller churches rising round it. The Cathedral and its cemetery were encompassed with a wall by Richard, Bishop of London, in 1109. The wall extended from the north-east corner of Ave Maria Lane, along Paternoster Row, to the north end of the old Exchange in Cheapside; thence it ran southwards to Carter Lane; and, passing on the north side of that thoroughfare, it turned up to its great western gateway in Ludgate Street. About the beginning of the fourteenth century this wall became dilapidated, and to prevent irregularities, which took place in consequence, a grant was obtained in 1317 from Edward II. "to fortify the same in such a manner as effectually to put a stop to these wicked practices." At the south-west angle of the Cathedral was the parish church of St. Gregory; the vault under the choir was used as the parish church of St. Faith. Near the north-east angle was the church of St. Augustin; east of the Episcopal Palace, which occupied the north-west angle of the enclosure, was the Chapel of Pardon Church Haw; adjoining to Canon Alley, in the east, was the Charnel Chapel; nearly in front of it, in the middle of the churchyard, was the Cross where sermons were preached weekly. When one calls to mind that St. Martin's Ludgate, and St. Ewen's (near the north-east corner of Warwick Lane), were stuck in between the churches of the Black Friars and the Grey Friars; that St. Andrew's Holborn and St. Pulchre's kept up the line of communication between the White Friars and St. Bartholomew's; that there was a nest of churches, of two of which only the churchyards remain, immediately east of St. Martin's le Grand; and that all the churches now remaining between St. Paul's Churchyard and Ludgate Street and Hill on the north, and the Thames on the south, with a few more, as St. Anne's Blackfriars, were there in the fourteenth century, one is puzzled to imagine how any room could be left for any dwelling-houses on that sacred hill, except those which are known to have been inhabited

by the Bishop, Dean, Canons Residentiary and Canons Minor, and the members of the various religious orders.

The difficulty is not much lessened when one turns to look at the rest of the space within and immediately around the City walls. In order to show the full difficulty of conceiving how the dwelling-houses of the citizens could get wedged in among so many churches, we must recall to mind the appearance which London in those days presented. The great fen, in winter a lake, which Fitz-Stephen describes as lying in his time immediately north of the City, had undergone little alteration. It remained a marshy depression till the bones were emptied upon it from the Charnel-house at the Reformation, and the level of the soil raised and dried, that the archers might be enabled to walk over it dry-shod, that a mad-house might next be erected there, and that in due time the edifices of Grub Street might find a firm foundation. A small stream, rising on the east side of Smithfield, ran down into this marsh, crossing the line of the present Whitecross Street. The surplus water of the marsh was drained off by Walbrook, which ran down to the Thames nearly in the line of Princes' Street, Walbrook, and Dowgate. Near Aldgate rose another brook, or burn, which ran at first westward along Fenchurch and Lombard Streets, and then turning to the south before it reached the site of the Mansion House, ran down to the Thames parallel to Walbrook. The little valleys in which Walbrook and Langburn (or Sherburn) flowed were sunk considerably below the eminences which bounded them, although the building, destroying, and rebuilding of more than four centuries have almost raised them to the same level. At the western base of the eminence on which St. Paul's stands was the deep valley of the Fleet, in that part of its course parallel with Walbrook. The part of the City contained within the walls is well known; Fore Street, or London Wall Street, and two lines connecting their extremities, with the Tower on one hand and the junction of the Fleet and Thames on the other, mark its limits with sufficient exactness. But it must be remembered that all the ground within them was far from being built up. Large spaces were allotted to the houses and gardens of the nobility: the mansion subsequently called Devonshire House, where the square of that name now stands; Crosby Hall; the possessions of the Arundel family, where now is Tokenhouse Yard; Baynard's Castle took up a great deal of room; and so did the Tower Royal, and the factory of the Hanseatic merchants. The City had not spread itself over the Minories and the fields beyond them; the swamp above alluded to hemmed its progress in the direction of the north; Smithfield was still a free space for tilts and tournaments without the wall, as Cheapside was within it; only between the Temple and Chancery Lane, Holborn, the Fleet, and the Thames, a City without the walls appears to have grown up nearly as populous as the City within them—which does not, however, imply crowding houses or a dense population. Here the palaces of the bishops and their gardens occupied no inconsiderable space.

And now, keeping these things in mind, let us turn our attention to the number of parish churches and chapels which sprung up in this double City, in addition to the monasteries, the cathedrals, and the collegiate churches, during the latter part of the fourteenth century. A catalogue of them all would be a sad infliction on the reader's patience; and, after he had read it (or skipped it), he would scarcely have a more exact idea of the real state of matters than he can gain by

being told that in the comparatively little and straggling London we have been attempting to describe, there were quite as many churches, monastic establishments, hermitages, and some odd chapelries not included, as there were in London immediately before the Great Fire, and at least one-third more than are to be found within the same area at present. Some of these dated from the Saxon ages. St. Botolph's, St. Edmund's, and St. Ewen aforesaid, by their very names betray their origin. St. Alban's (north side of Love Lane, and east side of Wood Street) is said by Matthew of Paris to have been the chapel of King Offa; and a square tower, which was still standing near it in 1632, was imagined by some of our word-torturing antiquaries, who derived Addle Street from Ethel (noble) Street, to have been part of Athelstane's palace. St. Gregory's was in existence in 1010, when it gave shelter for three years to the remains of King Edward the Martyr, which were removed thither while the Danes were ravaging East Anglia. But by far the greater part of the churches of London are of a more recent date than the Conquest; and of the majority of them written contemporary records go no further back than the fourteenth century, while of many it is known with certainty that they were built in that century. It was a busy time in London, what with rearing new churches and furbishing up the old.

But something may be done to help to form a picture of the appearance and distribution of London ecclesiastical buildings as they then stood without running over the whole bead-roll of them. The clerical citadel on the hill of St. Paul's Cathedral has been portrayed above. To what has been said of the new town (such it was then) which overhung the Fleet on its west bank between Oldborne and the Thames, it is only necessary to add the churches of St. Bride (which had three rectors before 1362), St. Dunstan's in the West (the advowson of which was transferred from the crown to the Bishop of London in that year), and of the Temple. On the extremity of the ridge of ground which, stretching southward from Highbury, and forming the eastern bound of the great swamp below the north city wall, gave rise to the stream which ran where Fenchurch is on its west side, and to several rills which lost themselves in the marshes of Ratcliffe, were the Abbey of our Lady of Graces, the first approached by mariners ascending the Thames, built by Edward III. after he had encountered a tempest at sea; the Church and Hospital of St. Katherine's, near the Tower; the Abbey of the nuns of St. Clare, called the Minories; the House of the Crossed or Crutched Friars; the Church of St. Botolph's before Aldgate; the Priory of the Holy Trinity; the Hospital of St. Mary Spital. Along the eminence between the Thames and the upper course of Langburn, which extended from St. Katherine's near the Tower to the mouth of that rivulet, were the churches of St. Peter in the Tower, Allhallows Barking, St. Dunstan's in the East, and St. Magnus on the Bridge. On the side of the same rising ground, which sloped northwards to Langburn, were St. Katherine's Coleman, Allhallows Staining, St. Bennet Gracechurch, St. Michael's Cornhill, St. Gabriel's, &c. Parallel to this eminence was the high ground between the marsh below the wall and the shallow valley drained by Langburn. On it, proceeding westward from the Priory of the Holy Trinity, were the churches of St. Katherine Cree, St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Dionis Backchurch, Allhallows Lombard Street, St. Helen's Church and Monastery, the churches of St. Ethelburga, St. Martin's Abchurch, St. Peter's, St. Bennet Finck,

St. Bartholomew Exchange, Allhallows on the Wall, and St. Christopher. On the tongue of land which stretched down from this ridge to the Thames between Langburn and Walbrook, were St. Mary's Woolchurch and St. Mary's Woolnoth, St. Mary Abchurch, St. Clement's Eastcheap, St. Martin Ongars, St. Stephen Walbrook, St. Swithin, Allhallows the Great, Allhallows the Less, and St. Lawrence Pountney. On the three declivities of the hill crowned by the Cathedral, towards the brook which crossed the line of Whitecross Street on its way to the marsh, to Walbrook and to the Thames, stood churches which it would be waste of time to recapitulate: St. Giles Cripplegate, St. Alphage on the Wall, St. Mary's Aldermanbury and Aldermary, St. Mary de Arcubus, or Bow Church, the great centre of Cockney-land, St. Martin's in the Vintry, and many more.

Having thus mapped out the local position of some of the leading churches, and indicated their relative positions, two things more are requisite to convey a just notion of their appearance, as their neighbourly spires towered up above the surrounding fields, in close juxtaposition, emulous each of rising nearer to heaven than its neighbours.. First, the straggling, semi-rural appearance of London in that age must be kept in mind. The brooks which channelled its surface were not embanked, much less vaulted over. Here and there was a wharf or bridge to be seen on the banks of the Thames, where the King's customs were collected, where the Hanseatic ships or Genoese galleys lay, but for the most part they were much as the washing of the river had shaped them, deformed rather than ornamented by human cutting and carving. The lanes or roads twisted and winded in the most unaccountable manner; few, if any of them, were paved, and all sorts of slatternliness lay ankle-deep in them, after the fashion of which we read in the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie.' Straggling groups of houses arose here and there within the area, with garden-grounds around and between them, overhung with trees, some tolerably cultivated, but all sufficiently slovenly. The houses of the nobility, the royal castles and towers, the sanctuary of St. Martin's, the precincts of the Cathedral, and most of the monastic houses, were walled and battlemented, and fit to stand a vigorous siege. The City wall gave a factitious unity to the section of the City which lay within it, but where it was not seen the area had more the appearance of a number of villages and fortalices crowding together than of a town such as modern notions picture it.

The next thing to be minded is to guard against imagining that all the churches we have named or hinted at were lofty, imposing, or even respectable specimens of architecture. Wren's report upon the construction of Westminster Abbey and old Paul's shows that, though the artistical taste of that age was tolerably developed, its mechanical skill was not great. The multiplication of churches was owing, in no small degree, to men's anxiety to have a church of their own—one dedicated to their favourite saint, one frequented by the inmates of the special cluster of houses in which they dwelt, or by the guild to which they belonged. A church would be often run up in haste in this manner without much forecast as to how itself or its ministers were to be kept upright and alive for the future. It would be small and unshapely, with no greater permanent fund than the scanty tithes of the little district the bishop was persuaded to allot to it and the inhabitants thereof. The zeal of its founders would be apt to cool, or at least their children would care less about it than they had cared. But the priest who was

placed in it, and his successors, would have an interest in keeping up the fabric. This is not said in the mere material or worldly sense of interest. Devotion to his saint, love for his flock, an allowable pride in keeping his church in good order or improving its appearance, the amiable vanity of keeping his congregation together, and laying down the law to it and amending it, would be so many spurs to such priests as are still to be found among the rude peasantry of Ireland (suggarth aroon!) to identify themselves with their church. It is amusing and something better at the same time to note, in turning over the old records of these edifices, the shifts to which the good fathers were often driven to keep up the foundation and to make ends meet with themselves. In one year we read of the parson of Allhallows, Bread Street, obtaining licence, in May, 1349, to receive a gift for himself and his successors of a piece of ground adjoining the chancel in Watling Street, of the length of twenty-seven feet and breadth of twelve; and in February, 1350, of his successor in office being permitted to appropriate a spot of ground, twenty feet long and eleven broad, for the building of a chapel contiguous to the church. Thus scantlings of land crept by degrees together and formed a tolerable field.

It was mainly by the foundation of chapelries and altarges that the parsons of those small parishes were enabled to subsist. And it was these altarges and the voluntary guilds of the citizens that so completely identified the Church with the whole domestic life of the citizens of London. The wealthy citizens of Chaucer are all members of a guild:—

“ An Haberdasher, and a Carpenter,  
 A Weaver, Dyer, and a Tapiser,  
 Were all yclothed in one livery  
 Of a solemn and great fraternity.  
 Full fresh and new their gear ypiked was,  
 Their knives were ychafed, not with brass,  
 But all with silver wrought full clean and well;  
 Their girdles and their pouches every deal  
 Well seemed each of them a fair burgess,  
 To sit in a Guildhall upon the dais.  
 Every, for the wisdom that he can,  
 Was shapely for to be an Alderman.  
 For chattels hadden they enough and rent,  
 And eke their wives would it well assent:  
 And eke certainly they were to blame,  
 It is full fair to be ycleped Madame,  
 And for to go to vigils all before,  
 And have a mantle royally ybore.”

Such personal ornament, it may be thought, is inconsistent with the homely picture we have drawn of the London town of Chaucer's time; but without going so far as Persia or Turkey, where men expend all their money on gay apparel, and dwell within bare walls of no costly structure, we would remind our readers of what may be seen every Sunday in the moorlands of the low country north of the Tweed. There the cottages are still built of unhewn rag-stone, or of “wattle and daub,” and thatched, it may be, with heather. The chimney is four upright posts, tied round with straw ropes; and more smoke finds its way out by the door and the broken windows than by the legitimate opening for its exit. The floor is trodden clay; the rafters, unconcealed by lathing and plaster, have derived

from the perennial smoke-cloud which enwreathes them a glossy jet-black hue equal to any japan. Before the window is a dunghill; before the door a pool containing its drainings; and against the gable of the hut a peat-stack. Here one would scarcely look for personal cleanliness, nor is it to be found on week-days; but on each recurring Sabbath the maidens of these unsightly dwellings issue from them, in apparel washed in the clear brook which murmurs near, and bleached on the flowery lea, pure and spotless as those in glistening raiment whom Bunyan saw in his vision.

The nature of the religious guilds, or "solemn and great fraternities," may be gathered from the regulations of the "fraternity of good men" begun in the year 1375 in the church of St. James Garlickhithe, "in worship of God Almighty our creator, and his mother St. Mary, and Allhallows, and St. James Apostle." The object of the association is declared to be "for amendment of their lives and their souls, and to nourish more love among the brethren and sistren of the brotherhood." The party admitted a member must "love God and holy Church, and his neighbours as holy Church maketh mention;" and "shall nothing of godless conditions and bearing." Members are to pay 6s. 8d. entry money; 2s. quarterly; and "every brother and sister, if he be of power, shall give somewhat in maintenance of the fraternity—what him liketh." Wardens are appointed to collect the contributions, and account yearly. "The brethren and sistren every year shall be clothed in suit, and every man pay for that he hath." Loose livers are to be expelled. Such as have been seven years members, and are overtaken by incurable disease, shall be allowed 14d. weekly for life. Such as are "imprisoned falsely by false conspiracy" shall have 13d. a-week during their imprisonment. "Also the brethren and sistren, at one assent, in suit before said, shall every year hold together, for to nourish more knowledge and love, a feast; which feast shall be the Sunday after the day of St. James Apostle, and every pay their 20d."

In the Charnel Chapel, on the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard, were two brotherhoods, one of which, the Fraternity of All Souls, was founded in 1379. "This fraternity," says Maitland, "on the eve of All Souls, met together in the chapel over the Charnel-house, and there Placebo and Dirge were said, with other orisons, for the souls of all the faithful departed. On the day of All Souls, at morning prayer, when the bell rung at seven o'clock, they came together to the church of the Holy Trinity, near Aldgate; and so from that place, with a slow pace, they walked to the aforesaid chapel, muttering their prayers as they went along, and their secret orisons, pouring them out *vultu cordiali*, with a serious countenance, for the living and the dead. And when they had finished that journey, they attended one mass for the dead, most devoutly, at which mass the brothers and sisters honourably performed oblations, and so returned home."

The influence of such unions for the exercise of benevolence, and for mutual defence against oppression, animated by the mystic enthusiasm of devotional feelings, may easily be imagined. The eagerness shown by kings and nobles to be received into them indicates the power of the fraternities. But it is with their influence on the citizens we have to do. It was they that made the burgess feel himself a limb of the church—that brought the church to sit by his fireside, and made it a partner in all his enterprises. This was the unheeded root of which

the visible stems were the chapels dedicated by mariners, the churches round which markets and fairs were held, the consecration of the great acts of the community. The "folk-mote" of the citizens of London was held in the churchyard of St. Paul's. In time of war, the banner-bearer of the City came, with his personal "following," and his own banner displayed, to the great west door of St. Paul's, where he was met by the Mayor and aldermen, of whom the Prior of the Holy Trinity was one. There he received from the Mayor a horse, and money for his expenses, and the banner of St. Paul. The banner-bearer then directed the Mayor to choose a marshal for the host, and the Mayor and burgesses to warn the commons, and, taking in his hand the banner of St. Paul, he bore it to Aldgate, where the Mayor and he intrusted it to whom they thought proper. And when the banner and the host marched against an enemy, the Lord of the Banner named two sage persons out of every ward to look to the keeping of the City during their absence. These solemnities were imposing; but it was in the religious guilds that men were trained to feel and act thus on great occasions.

It was in this school, too, that the predilection for pilgrimages, if not contracted, was fostered. The pilgrimage made to Canterbury by the haberdasher and his guild-brethren was the necessary consequence of the tastes they acquired in their fraternity. There were many follies about these pilgrimages. The Wife of Bath, and still more the Cook of London, were not made much better by them—but were they made any worse? And the Knights' high-soaring thoughts had their wings strengthened, and the Franklin heard much edifying discourse, and Chaucer collected matter for his deathless poem.

So with regard to the clerical establishments of London, it is not meant to attribute to them any Utopian perfection. Chaucer glances at those clergymen who

"Set their benefice to hire,  
And left their sheep accumbered in the mire,  
And ran unto London, unto St. Paul's,  
To seek them out a chantry for souls."

Nay, he has left us a picture of a cheat as well as a muckworm wearing the garb of a canon. And we learn from Maitland that when Robert de Braybrooke was appointed Bishop of London in 1381, he found that "a very bad and scandalous practice had for many years prevailed in this church, by the residentiaries not admitting a brother canon to residence unless he agreed to expend in the first year after his admission, in junketing and other excesses, at least seven hundred marks. This epicurean practice the Bishop had frequently attempted to remove, but without success; till at last he and the residentiaries agreed to refer the affair in dispute to the King's arbitration, who awarded that for the future the residence of the church of St. Paul should be regulated according to the statutes and customs of the church of Sarum." But these sad stories of the personal profligacy of priests, are mere illustrations of the truth that the flesh is weaker than the spirit which seeks to give law to it. But for the teaching of the priests the multitude would never have known that there was anything improper in such conduct as has been counted to them for a crime. Though *members of the Church* were guilty, *the Church* taught all men how to become virtuous, and made them more virtuous than they would otherwise have been. *The Church* is not to blame because, through occasional mistakes, rotten and unsound materials were





[Interior of Bow Street Police Office about 1816.]

## XC.—SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF CRIME AND POLICE IN LONDON.

WE observed in a former paper on sharps and flats,\* that, dexterous and accomplished as are the followers of the several varieties of illegal industry in London, perhaps above those of any other community in the world, their genius had not, at least in modern times, shone with any remarkable lustre in the inventive line. Their favourite modes of entrapping their prey seem to be nearly the same in the present day as they were two or three hundred years ago; coney are still caught, if not with all the scientific formality and display described by Greene in the end of the sixteenth century, yet substantially by the same process; impostors of many aspects then, as now, cheated charity with their artificial infirmities; sweeteners and ring-droppers, and other artists of that class, may have lost some of their old designations, but have forgotten none of their ingenious stratagems; pocket-picking in all its forms was practised as cleverly, and taught as elaborately, in the London of the times of Elizabeth and James as by the

\* No. LXXXV., Old London Rogueries.

Jew Fagin and his boys in the novelist's striking revelation of the hidden real life of our own day.\* But probably the reason of this is really the excellence of these old tricks and wiles—their perfect serviceableness for their purpose, and nice accordance with the principles of human nature, as proved by the wonderful success with which they continue to be employed after having been in use for so long a series of years. Innovation is not to be needlessly ventured upon in pocket-picking any more than in politics (which, indeed, with its income-taxes and other ingenious contrivances, may be said to be in the main only a more respectable kind of pocket-picking). Time, however, is continually innovating, in spite of us, in all things; and if we look back over a few generations, we shall find that, while all other things have been moving, sometimes forward, sometimes, perhaps, backward, the character of London roguery and crime has also undergone important changes, of which some may have merely followed the general progress or varying circumstances of society, but the most marked have been brought about by the improved methods that have been adopted for the repression of particular offences.

The police of a state is, in reference to the lawless part of the population, what the army is against foreign enemies. In the case of both—in this and, probably, in all other countries—the old plan was to call upon every member of the community to take his turn in the service, which consequently had to be so regulated as that it should interfere as little as possible with each man's ordinary occupations. Thus, the landed proprietor took the field with his tenantry and their labourers after the seed was put into the ground, and might remain for a few months while the grain was germinating and ripening; but when it was ready to be cut down, the army necessarily broke up. Whatever conveniences or advantages in other respects this system may have had, it was very unfavourable to

\* The readers of 'Oliver Twist' will recognise something like the seminary kept in the darkened old house near Field Lane, in the following account of a School for Thieves, discovered in 1585 by Fleetwood, the recorder, and reported by him to the Lord Treasurer:—"Among the rest they found out one Wotton, a gentleman born, and sometime a merchant of good credit, but fallen by time into decay. This man kept an alehouse at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate, and after, for some misdemeanor, put down, he reared up a new trade of life; and in the same house he procured all the cut-purses about the City to repair to his house. There was a school-house set up to learn young boys to cut purses. Two devices were hung up; one was a pocket, and another was a purse: the pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawk's-bells, and over the top did hang a little scaring-bell: the purse had silver in it; and he that could take out a counter without any noise was allowed to be a public Foyster; and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without noise of any of the bells was adjudged a judicial Nypper, according to their terms of art. A Foyster was a pick-pocket; a Nypper was a pick-purse or cut-purse."—Maidland's London, i. 269, from Stow's Survey. Or, take this curious sketch of the villainies of the eighteenth century from the Chronicle of the 'Annual Register' for 1765:—"March 25th. At an examination of four boys, detected at picking pockets, before the Lord Mayor, one of them, admitted as evidence, gave the following account. A man, who kept a public-house near Fleet Market, had a club of boys, whom he instructed in picking pockets and other iniquitous practices. He began by teaching them to pick a handkerchief out of his own pocket, and next his watch, by which means the evidence at last became so great an adept, that he got the publican's watch four times in one evening, when the master swore that his scholar was as perfect as one of twenty years' practice. The pilfering out of shops was the next art. In this, his instructions to his pupils were, that at such chandlers' or other shops as had hatches, one boy should knock for admittance for some trifle, whilst another was lying on his belly close to the hatch, who, when the first boy came out, the hatch remaining on jar, and the owner being withdrawn, was to crawl in on all fours, and take the tills or anything else he could meet with, and to retire in the same manner. Breaking into shops by night was the third article; which was to be effected thus. As brick walls under shop windows are generally very thin, two of them were to lie under a shop window as destitute beggars, asleep in appearance, to passers by; but, when alone, were with pickers to pick the mortar out of the bricks, and so on, till they had opened a hole big enough to go in, when one was to lie, as if asleep, before the breach, till the other accomplished his purpose."

the efficiency of a military force, and accordingly it early gave place to the practice of having armies composed of soldiers who had no other business or profession, and lived upon the pay they received for their services. In the department of police this improvement was everywhere much longer in being adopted. In its most extended meaning the police of a country may comprehend the entire establishment for the administration and execution of the laws—from the parish constable up to the Lord Chancellor inclusive. In ancient times, in our own and every other country, the functionaries employed in this work were, with scarcely an exception, persons who were chiefly engaged in other occupations, or whose proper profession was not that of the law; the Chancellor and other superior judges were sometimes clergymen, sometimes soldiers; the inferior magistrates were, as for the most part they still are, country gentlemen, merchants, and others, having generally no particular qualification, beyond a little leisure, for the discharge of their magisterial functions; the constables were, and continued in most places to be till very lately, anybody who could be got to serve the office. Whatever reasons not apparent upon the surface there may be (and we do not assert that there are not such) for leaving the ordinary administration of the law in rural districts in the hands to which it has been long confided, it is certain that a most objectionable state of things was engendered in the altogether different circumstances of large towns by this arrangement. Fielding has given us, in his 'Tom Jones,' a glimpse of the country magistrate of his day, the middle of the last century, in the chapter in which Mrs. Honour is brought before Squire Western by his sister to have "justiceship executed" on her for her unguarded words in the dialogue with her fellow-chambermaid. When the squire, on the suggestion of his clerk, and his recollection of the unpleasant consequences of some former decisions, declined to send the girl to Bridewell "only for ill-breeding," Mrs. Western, we are told, disputing his law, "named a certain justice of the peace in London who, she said, would commit a servant to Bridewell at any time when a master or mistress desired it." "Like enough," the squire is made to rejoin; "it may be so in London, but the law is different in the country." The situation of the dispenser of the law, at least, was entirely different. In London, where there was no game to protect, and little local influence to be acquired or maintained, the commission of the peace was without its chief natural or usual attractions; and the work of an acting magistrate was at the same time so much more laborious than in the country, that few were likely to undertake the office on any mere amateur principle. In these circumstances it could only follow that men would seek it in order to make a living out of it; and if that could not be done in one way it would be done in another. Hence the Basket Justices and Trading Justices of those times. The basket justices appear to have actually received presents or bribes from the parties who came before them; game, poultry, and other contributions, were dropped into the baskets from which they took their name, or perhaps were brought to the court, decently covered over we may suppose, in such receptacles by the generous and disinterested donors. However the matter was managed, this was perhaps no worse a substitute for a salary than the other mode that succeeded it, of making a revenue out of the fees. To some of the fees the magistrate may have been legally entitled; but of those also that of right belonged to the clerk, by an arrangement between them, with

which of course nobody had any business to interfere, a share, and that probably in many cases the lion's share, might easily be made to find its way into the pockets of his worship on the bench. The London trading justice has been drawn by Fielding at full length in his 'Amelia.' Jonathan Thrasher, Esq., one of the Justices of the Peace for the liberty of Westminster, before whom the watchmen brought Booth and their other prisoners, was utterly without legal knowledge, but, "if he was ignorant of the laws of England, was yet well versed in the laws of nature"—that is to say, he made his own interest, wherever it was possible, the guiding principle of his decisions, and "was never indifferent in a cause, but when he could get nothing on either side." In the preface to his last work, his 'Voyage to Lisbon,' Fielding, who had himself, before his health broke down, officiated for a few years as a London police magistrate, says that one of his predecessors used to boast that he had made a thousand a-year of the place; but how this was done Fielding does not profess to understand. The prisoners that Mr. Thrasher had to deal with on that April morning being, as it would seem, every man and woman of them penniless and friendless, were all despatched to prison; after which "the justice and the constable adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse to take their morning repast"—in the hope, no doubt, that the afternoon might produce a better harvest. But, wherever it could be done, the plan of the trading justice was to make the party charged find bail: this bailing was the main stay and instrument of his trade. Among the witnesses examined by the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the state of the police of the metropolis in 1816 was the famous Bow-street officer, John Townsend; and his evidence is full of curious information, as well as richly characteristic. Townsend had then been an officer at Bow Street for above five and thirty years;\* his acquaintance with the police system, therefore, went back to the year 1780, at which date the trading justices still flourished. "In those days," says Townsend, "before the Police-bill took place at all, it was a trading business; and there was a Justice this and Justice that. Justice Welsh, in Litchfield Street, was a great man in those days; and old Justice Hyde, and Justice Girdler, and Justice Blackborough, a trading justice at Clerkenwell Green, and an old ironmonger. The plan used to be to issue out warrants, and take up all the poor devils in the streets, and then there was the bailing them, 2s. 4d., which the magistrates had; and taking up a hundred girls, that would make, at 2s. 4d., 11l. 13s. 4d. They sent none to jail, for the bailing them was so much better." The system, therefore, had been improved upon, and, we may say, carried to perfection, since Fielding's day. Yet it had not gone on without endeavours having been made to check it and put it down. The Police-bill that Townsend speaks of was the great measure of 1792, which established seven new public offices for the different districts of the metropolis, each with three magistrates; namely, those of Queen Square, Great Marlborough Street, Hatton Garden, Worship Street, Lambeth Street, Shadwell, and Union Street; forming the basis of the system that still exists. But daily petty sessions had been held at Bow Street under the superintendence of paid magistrates for a good many years before this. Henry Fielding had no salary; but his half-brother, Sir John Fielding,

\* He says himself, "I think somewhere about four and thirty years; rather better;" but, as we shall find, he afterwards speaks of knowing the office at Bow Street in the time of Sir John Fielding, who died in 1780.

(he was knighted in 1761,) who succeeded him, we believe, had.\* Sir John, who, although blind, was a most active and useful magistrate, presided at Bow Street till his death in 1780. "When I first knew it," says Townsend, "there were three justices at Bow Street,—Sir John Fielding and two others." Among the measures that were taken to give respectability to this bench was the following device, as recorded in the Chronicle of the 'Annual Register' for 1765:—"The magistrates for the city and liberty of Westminster, for the better securing of their persons, and to procure a more ready obedience to the laws, have lately been honoured with his Majesty's most gracious permission to distinguish themselves by wearing the arms of Westminster, with the emblems of magistracy, on a gold shield, fastened to a riband hanging down the breast."

What effect this decoration had, or whether it had any, in diminishing crime, we have not found recorded. But although the absolute quantity of crime appears to have been little affected by any of the improvements which the system of police underwent in the course of the last century, some of the changes in the laws, or in the means and modes of carrying them into execution, which were adopted from time to time, operated at least to alter the character of the prevailing description of offences. Thus, the trade in the restoration of stolen property, carried on from about the year 1712 by the famous Jonathan Wild, through a clandestine confederacy with all the regular thieves, burglars, and highwaymen of the metropolis, whose depredations he prompted and directed, received some check by an Act of Parliament passed in 1717, by which persons convicted of receiving or buying goods knowing them to have been stolen were made liable to transportation for fourteen years; and by another clause of which it was enacted, with a particular view to Wild's proceedings, that, whereas there were several persons who had secret acquaintance with felons, and who made it their business to help persons to their stolen goods, and by that means gained money from them, which was divided between them and the felons, whereby they greatly encouraged such offenders, any person taking money or reward under pretence or upon account of recovering goods that had been stolen, without apprehending the felon, and causing him to be brought to trial and giving evidence against him, should be guilty of felony; and, although Wild's ingenuity and audacity enabled him for some years longer to elude this new law, his conviction upon the last-mentioned clause, and execution in consequence at Tyburn on the 24th of May, 1725, appears to have effectually broken up and put an end to the iniquitous system which he had invented, and carried on for a time with such remarkable ability and success. Jonathan Wild really in one sense merited the surname of the Great, bestowed upon him by Fielding, in whose History of him, although the incidents are fictitious, there is no exaggeration of his talents and courage, any more than of his unscrupulousness and destitution of all kind of moral principle. Publicly, or to the world in general, it is to be understood, Wild professed to be the most zealous of thief-catchers; to ordinary observation the good man's life

\* Townsend indeed asserts that Sir John Fielding was paid by the fees of office; but he does not appear to have had a clear recollection of the matter. When afterwards asked if Sir John had any salary, he replied, "Very trifling, if any; the chief magistrate used every Monday morning to settle with the clerk the account of those fees." We apprehend the three Bow Street Magistrates had salaries, though they may have also been partly paid by fees.



[Jonathan Wild.]

and strength appeared to be spent in the pursuit and apprehension of felons, and his zeal for the punishment and extirpation of all kinds of lawlessness to be quite insatiable. At his trial he had a printed paper handed to the jury, entitled "A List of Persons discovered, apprehended, and convicted of several robberies on the highway, and also for burglary and housebreaking, and also for returning from transportation, by Jonathan Wild;" and containing the names of thirty-five robbers, twenty-two housebreakers, and ten returned convicts, whom he had been instrumental in getting hanged. And this statement was probably true enough: in the accounts of the trials at the Old Bailey for many years before it came to his own turn, he repeatedly appears as giving evidence on the side of the prosecution, and in many cases as having taken a leading part in the apprehension of the prisoner. Here, for instance, is a portion of his evidence on the trial of Butler Fox, indicted for a highway robbery in December, 1721:—"Upon the information of Hawkins [an accomplice, who turned King's evidence] I went o' Sunday to the prisoner's house, and found him at home, with his two brothers and two other men. I knew him by his black eye, and by the buttons on his breeches, which Hawkins had described to me, and told me that they were the same they took from Sir Edward Lawrence [the prosecutor]. The prisoner, at first, was very obstropolous, and swore he would not go with me; but I pulled out a pistol, and swore as fast as he, that if they made any more resistance I'd fire among them; and with that he grew as quiet as a lamb." The records of these trials are at once the most authentic memorials we have of Wild, and the relics that afford us the most lively picture of his insolent, domineering, dare-devil character. In another case—that of the trial of John James, *alias* Eaton, *alias* John the Grinder, and two others, for a highway robbery—which came on in March, 1722, he said, "Upon Worrel's information I got a warrant against the Grinder for another robbery. I went to a house he frequented in Crown Court, in St. Giles's. Tom Eaves happening to see me before I got in, he thrust the door to, and stood against it. I swore, if they would not open it, I'd fire through, and clear the way directly. Upon this I was let in; and, searching the house, I found the Grinder under the bed, and so secured him and Eaves." After some dialogue, Eaves

(who, after all, was probably in league with Wild, and had been accessory to his own apprehension) observed that he could make himself an evidence. 'Can you so?' Wild says he replied, 'Very well!' And then he goes on:—"So I took care of my two chaps; and next day I went in quest of the other two, Picket and Avery, whom I knew to be old snatch-pockets, and it was not long before I met 'em in the street. 'So,' says I, 'where are you two gentlemen a-going?' They said they had heard the Grinder was taken, and they were going to inquire how he came off. 'Came off!' says I: 'he is not come on yet; but you shall go and see—I'll carry you to him.' No, they said: they were satisfied with what I had told them. 'But,' says I, 'he'll take it ill if you don't go; and why should you be against it?' 'Because,' says Picket, 'as we have sometimes been in his company, and drank with him, maybe he may swear some robbery upon us.' 'Maybe so too,' says I, 'and for that very reason I must take you with me.'" In these and other similar instances Wild is understood to have taken the course he did, either because the prisoner was not one of his regular troop, or had broken loose from his allegiance, and attempted to do business on his own account; or sometimes probably because, on a consideration of all the circumstances, it was deemed politic to let the gallows have the man merely to preserve appearances. Of course, in carrying on this trade of blood, he was occasionally turned upon by his betrayed, maddened, and desperate victim; but, whenever this happened, his matchless effrontery bore down everything before it, as effectually as his energy, determination, and fearlessness had done in the previous stages of the affair. In another trial—that of three persons indicted for several robberies in January, 1723—he gave the following account of his proceedings:—"Some coming (I suppose from the prosecutors) to me about the robbery, I made it my business to search after the prisoners, for I had heard that they used to rob about Hampstead; and I went about it the more willingly because I had heard they had threatened to shoot me through the head. I offered 10*l.* a-head for any person who would discover them, upon which a woman came and told me that the prisoners had been with her husband, to entice him to turn out with them; and, if I would promise he should come and go safely, he would give me some intelligence. I gave her my promise, and her husband came accordingly, and told me that Levee and Blake were at that time cleaning their pistols at a house in Fleet Lane. I went thither, and seized them both." The husband of the woman, it appears, had actually been a party in one of the robberies, though he now came forward to convict his associates, having been no doubt all along in league with Wild; and Blake (more famous under his other cognomen of Blueskin) also figured as King's evidence on this occasion, and frankly admitted that he had been out with the prisoners. They, the three unlucky parties, who found themselves placed in the dock, while their associates were thus preferred to the witness-box, "all," says the account of the trial, "vehemently exclaimed against Jonathan Wild;" but they were all found guilty, and swung in company, "upon Tyburn tree," a few days after. Jonathan, however, to do him justice, did not to their last moment altogether desert even those of his friends whom, in his bold and comprehensive views of the true policy of trade, he thus occasionally found it expedient to sacrifice for the general good of the concern. It came to Blueskin's turn to be tried for his life, convicted, and hanged, within two years after this.

Wild was to have been an evidence against him; but a day or two before the trial, when he went to pay a visit to his intended victim in the bail-dock, Blueskin suddenly drew a clasped penknife, and, falling upon Jonathan, cut his throat, though the blade was too blunt to do the work effectually. When the verdict was given, Blueskin addressed the Court as follows:—"On Wednesday morning last, Jonathan Wild said to Simon Jacobs [another prisoner, soon after transported], 'I believe you will not bring 40*l.* this time. I wish Joe (meaning me) was in your case; but I'll do my endeavour to bring you off as a single felon.\*' And then, turning to me, he said, 'I believe you must die. *I'll send you a good book or two, and provide you a coffin, and you shall not be anatomized.*'" This is the most characteristic anecdote we know of Jonathan Wild: it conveys the whole man. The sublime of cool assurance, and the mixture of the ludicrous and the horrible, were never carried farther.

The reward of 40*l.* which Wild could not manage to make Jacobs bring "this time" was part of a system established by various Acts of Parliament, which assigned certain money payments to be made to persons apprehending and prosecuting to conviction highway-robbers, coiners, and various other sorts of delinquents. It amounted obviously to offering a premium for such evidence as would hang a man; and there can be no doubt that it operated in many cases to procure such evidence against persons not really guilty of the crimes with which they were charged. A great sensation was produced in 1755 by the detection of the practices of a confederacy of miscreants, who it was discovered had for nearly twenty years been making a regular trade of charging innocent parties with crimes and prosecuting them to conviction and execution for the sake of the rewards. Four of the gang, Berry, Salmon, Macdonald, and Gahagan, *alias* Egan, were tried and found guilty of the facts charged in the indictment; but on the special verdict of the jury being brought before the twelve judges, it was the unanimous opinion of their lordships that the said crimes did not fall within any statute by which they could be capitally punished—and the conviction consequently fell to the ground. The prisoners, however, were immediately indicted anew on a charge of conspiracy, and being found guilty were sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate for the term of seven years, to be each of them during that time set twice in the pillory, and on being let out of jail to find sureties for their good behaviour for three years. But the popular sense of justice was not altogether defrauded of its prey: when, on the 5th of March, Macdonald and Berry were exposed in the pillory for the first time in Holborn, near Hatton Garden, they were so severely handled by the mob that they with difficulty escaped with their lives; and when, three days after, the other two were brought out to make a similar exhibition in the middle of Smithfield Rounds, "they were instantly," says the history, "assaulted with showers of oyster-shells, stones, &c., and had not stood above half an hour before Gahagan was struck dead; and Salmon was so dangerously wounded in the head, that it was thought impossible he should recover. Thus, though the law could not find a punishment adequate to the horrid nature of their crimes, yet they met with their deserts from the rage of the people." It appeared that the plan usually followed by these villains was for one of them to entice two

\* Crimes punishable only by transportation, whipping, imprisonment, &c., were denominated single felonies.

persons to join him in robbing an accomplice; a second accomplice then, taking care that the first should escape, apprehended the two dupes, and, having his evidence supported by another of the gang who had managed to purchase some of the articles of which their confederate had allowed himself to be robbed, found no difficulty in convicting them and securing the reward. But in some cases they appear to have gone the length of getting up a story of a highway-robbery or burglary which had never taken place even in appearance, and swearing away the lives of parties who were entirely innocent—if even that was really a more atrocious proceeding than first to seduce an unhappy wretch to commit a crime and then to get him sent to the gallows for it. When they received their money, it seems, it was divided at an entertainment which went among them by the significant name of the *Blood-feast*. Incredible as it may be thought, it is insinuated that some magistrates, for the sake of the grist in the shape of fees which the bloody trade brought also to *their* mill, knowingly patronised and encouraged these execrable proceedings; but what is unquestionable, and hardly less strange, is, that the mistaken legislation, which was found to be pregnant with so much mischief and iniquity, was allowed to remain unchanged, and in constant action, till another fearful revelation in our own day of the practices which it gave birth to and fostered again excited the public indignation and horror. In 1816, sixty years after the trial of the former thief-takers, Vaughan, the police-officer, and seven others were found guilty of the same offence, of inducing persons to commit burglaries that they might obtain the blood-money for their conviction. How long they had carried on this system, or how much farther they had gone than was actually proved—how many victims they had first drawn into crime and then handed over to transportation or the scaffold—to what extent they had screened and promoted the commission of minor delinquencies by parties whom they had, as it were, in training for felonies that would yield the Parliamentary reward—whether they had not in some cases sworn away wholly innocent lives—all this remains in darkness; but, having done what they did, we may be well assured that there was no inhuman wickedness they shrunk from upon which they thought they could venture with safety. Vaughan and his confederates were sentenced to five years' imprisonment in Newgate—for the law, armed as it was with so many death penalties against every-day offences, was still powerless to punish more severely such rare and enormous crimes as theirs; but soon after the whole of this system of rewards was repealed and swept away. If this step had not been taken by Parliament, it would have been difficult to have obtained the conviction of any person charged with a felony where the principal evidence, as often must be the case, was that of the officers of police by whom he had been apprehended. Juries would have smelt blood whenever such a witness presented himself. It is remarkable, however, how completely the former case of the same kind appears to have been forgotten while the public mind was occupied with that of Vaughan and his associates. There is no allusion to it either in the report presented next year (1817) by the Committee of the House of Commons on the Police of the Metropolis, the half of which is occupied with "the consideration of the subject of parliamentary rewards," nor, we believe, throughout the voluminous body of evidence thereto appended. Among the witnesses examined by the Committee

was the late Sir Richard (then Mr.) Birnie, the well-known Bow Street magistrate: upon being asked if he thought the case proved against Vaughan was of common occurrence, Mr. Birnie answered, "I think it is a very uncommon case; I never knew of any other;" and being further pressed to say if he did not think it probable that the same thing must have happened in many other instances which had escaped detection, he replied again, with the same resolute ignorance or dignity, "I must still say I think it was a new offence." Most people nevertheless will probably agree with the homely philosophy of sharp, unceremonious John Townsend, who, in his evidence before the Committee of the preceding session (1816), said on this subject, "I have, with every attention that man could bestow, watched the conduct of various persons who have given evidence against their fellow-creatures for life or death, not only at the Old Bailey, but on the circuits;...they (officers) are dangerous creatures; they have it frequently in their power (no question about it) to turn that scale, when the beam is level, on the other side—I mean against the poor, wretched man at the bar. Why? This thing called nature says profit is in the scale; and, melancholy to relate, but I cannot help being perfectly satisfied that frequently that has been the means of convicting many and many a man.... However we may be, in whatsoever state we are placed, nothing can be so dangerous as a public officer, where he is liable to be tempted; for, God knows, nature is at all times frail, and money is a very tempting thing; and you see frequently that much higher characters than police officers and thief-takers, as they are called, have slipped on one side and kicked over places."

This, then, is another offence which, it may be said, has been done away with by a change in the law. It was indeed one which the law may be fairly charged with having produced—which would not have existed but for the law. The same thing may be said of the train of offences that attended upon the State Lottery. Among other things there was a large trade driven in the insurance of tickets, which was for the most part illegal, and to a great extent one of sheer fraud and robbery. Writing of the manner in which this trade was carried on in 1796, Dr. Colquhoun says, "The offices are numerous all over the metropolis, and are supposed to exceed four hundred of all descriptions; to many of which there are persons attached, called *Morocco men*, who go about from house to house among their former customers, and attend in the back parlours of public-houses, where they are met by customers who make insurances. It is calculated that at these offices (exclusive of what is done at the licensed offices) premiums for insurance are received to the amount of 800,000*l.* during the Irish Lottery, and above 1,000,000*l.* during the English; upon which it is calculated that they make from 15 to 25 per cent. profit. This infamous confederacy was estimated, during the English Lottery of the year 1796, to support about 2000 agents and clerks, and nearly 2500 Morocco men, including a considerable number of hired armed ruffians and bludgeon-men: these were paid by a general association of the principal proprietors of these fraudulent establishments, who regularly met in committee, in a well-known public-house in Oxford Market, twice or thrice a-week, during the drawing of the lottery, for the purpose of concerting measures to defeat the exertions of the magistrates by alarming and terrifying, and even forcibly resist-

ing, the officers of justice in all instances where they would not be bribed by pecuniary gratuities; to effect which last purpose neither money nor pains were spared; and the wretched agents of these unprincipled miscreants were, in many cases, prepared to commit murder had attempts been made to execute the warrants of magistrates, as can be proved by incontestable evidence." Many attempts were made to put down this practice of insurance; but it survived as long as the state lottery itself did, in defiance of the law. It was one of the subjects inquired into by the Police Committee of 1816. Sir Nathaniel Conant, chief magistrate at Bow Street, stated to that committee that there were persons who had made forty or fifty thousand pounds by that traffic; and it appears from the evidence then received that, in addition to the evils described by Dr. Colquhoun, there had by this time arisen out of the practice an extensive system of trading in informations, from which a numerous class of persons derived a regular livelihood, in great part, it is not to be doubted, by perjury. A considerable reward, something between three and five pounds, was received, it seems, upon each information. All this, of course, was put an end to, along with much more immorality, when the lottery was discontinued—when the state declined any longer to raise a miserable twenty or thirty thousand pounds a-year by a process the same in principle with the thimble-rigging of our fairs and racing-grounds, only infinitely more mischievous.

We will notice only one other crime, formerly exceedingly prevalent, which an improvement in the police arrangements of the metropolis has also almost completely put down—that of highway-robbery. Here again we must have recourse to Townsend, who is very great upon this subject:—"There is one thing which appears to me most extraordinary, when I remember in very likely a week there would be from ten to fifteen highway-robberies. We have not had a man com-



[Townsend.]

mitted for a highway-robbery lately; I speak of persons on horseback: formerly there were two, three, or four highwaymen, some on Hounslow Heath, some on Wimbledon Common, some on Finchley Common, some on the Romford Road. I have actually come to Bow Street in the morning, and, while I have been leaning over the desk, had three or four people come in and say, 'I was robbed by two highwaymen in such a place;—I was robbed by a single highwayman in such a place.' People travel now safely by means of the horse-patrol that Sir Richard Ford planned. Where are these highway-robberies now?—as I was observing to the Chancellor at the time I was up at his house on the Corn Bill. He said, 'Townsend, I knew you very well so many years ago.' I said, 'Yes, my lord, I remember you first coming to the bar, first in your plain gown, and then as king's counsel, and now Chancellor. Now your lordship sits as Chancellor, and directs the executions on the recorder's report;—but where are the highway-robberies now?' And his lordship said, 'Yes, I am astonished. There are no footpad-robberies or road-robberies now, but merely jostling you in the streets. They used to be ready to pop at a man as soon as he let down his glass;—that was by banditties.'" But the cruelty with which highway-robberies used to be accompanied had decreased nearly as much, according to Townsend, as their frequency. In his early days the plan followed was to attempt to put down the ferocity of the highwayman by an application of the penalties of the law, still more unsparing and merciless. Townsend relates that Lord Chief Justice Eyre once went the Home Circuit, beginning at Hertford and finishing at Kingston, when crimes were so desperate, that in his charge to the grand jury at Hertford he told them to be careful what bills they found, for he had made up his mind, whatever persons were convicted throughout the circuit for capital offences, to hang them all. And he kept his word; he saved neither man nor woman. In one case seven people, four men and three women, were convicted of robbing a pedlar in a house in Kent Street. "They were all convicted," says Townsend, "and all hanged in Kent Street, opposite the door; and, I think, on Kennington Common eight more, making fifteen; all that were convicted were hung." And, generally, he observes in another part of his evidence, "With respect to the present time and the early part of my time, such as 1781—2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, where there is one person convicted now, I may say I am positively convinced there were five then: we never had an execution wherein we did not grace that unfortunate gibbet with ten, twelve, to thirteen, sixteen, and twenty; and forty I once saw at twice—I have them all down at home." But this wholesale slaughter seems to have done no good at all; the more hanging, there were only the more, and the more hardened and desperate, criminals to catch and hang: crimes of violence only decreased when the law began to restrain its own violence—as if the law and its administration were scarcely more operative in suppressing or checking crime than in giving to it its peculiar character and temper.

Still, what a standing reproof and opprobrium to our boasted civilization seems that one fact, the war between Law and Crime, that has gone on in every land without pause since the commencement of society, and that still rages with as little sure or distinct prospect of termination as ever! Be it observed, that

this is not a war in any figurative sense merely, but in the plainest and most substantial meaning of the word. It is a contest carried on by force of arms, and, to as great an extent as any other war, by all sorts of bodily inflictions and agonies, including the plentiful effusion of blood and destruction of life. It has all the characteristics of what have been called the worst of wars—it is a civil war, a war of classes, a war of principles. It is a rebellion subsisting in the heart of every community, which will not be put down. The utmost, judging by all experience, that can be done, is to keep it from making head, to preserve law and order from being absolutely overborne and submerged by the angry tide that is constantly beating against their bulwarks. These bulwarks, police institutions for the prevention and detection of crime, prisons, hulks, convict colonies, stripes, treadmills, pillories, gibbets, solitary systems, silent systems, and all other penal contrivances that have yet been thought of, seem to have no more power to diminish crime than the dykes of Holland have to drink up the German Ocean.

If crime has been, or is to be, diminished at all, it must be, apparently, through quite other means and influences. There is a notion which has got possession of many people's heads, that the proper use of our prisons and other places to which criminals are consigned is to serve as schools of reformation—that the primary or main end of punishment, in other words, is to reform the individual who is punished. The short-sightedness and confusion of thought which this notion involves might be shown in many different ways; but it may be enough here to remark, that, even if we could effectually reform all the criminals we can catch, we should do very little, if anything at all, by that proceeding alone, to diminish the amount of crime. If we could convert all our actual criminals into well-behaved ladies and gentlemen by animal magnetism or a harlequin's wand, we should not thereby extinguish crime, nor even lower its swelling surges for more than a moment. The springs of that *mare magnum* would not be dried up merely by the waters which they had discharged being thus pumped off; effectual draining, draining to any purpose, whether in agriculture or in social economics, is another sort of operation altogether. Make our prisons simply so many conduits for distilling or running off vice into virtue, the only effect would be to cause the fountains of crime to flow the faster in order to supply the draught thus kept up, just as the production of corn is promoted by other kinds of distilling.

Not, God forbid! that we would check or chill the philanthropy which seeks to train and reform, whether the inmates of our prisons or the blackguardism and profligacy of our streets. Assuredly there is no ignorance or debasement that cries louder upon our pity than that which exists among the lawless and criminal part of the community—than that which is at once the mother and, in great part also, the offspring of crime. None can have a stronger claim upon our best exertions to rescue and preserve them than those whom any cause, be it what it may, has reduced to be the outcasts of society, or has placed under the ban and iron heel of the law—whether what appears to us to be their own inherent viciousness, or the unfortunate circumstances amid which they have been thrown. If they are to be compassionated who are only helpless and desti-

tute, how much more they who are all this, and demoralized and covered with disgrace besides—abandoned in all senses of the word? Let there be no doubt or hesitation therefore about the duty of taking up any such case of degradation and wretchedness when the opportunity presents itself, or even of endeavouring to apply a systematic moral and intellectual training as part of the discipline of our prisons and penitentiaries. We are at least bound to take care that those who may be consigned to these places of punishment shall not come out more depraved than they went in—that our prisons shall not be schools of vice and crime, normal seminaries or colleges, as it were, where the best education in the worst knowledge is provided at the expense of the state—where degrees are taken in the arts of dishonesty and plunder—whence a constant supply is kept up for town and country of the most accomplished practitioners and teachers of pocket-picking, swindling, and housebreaking. Perhaps the best way of preventing a prison from becoming all this, from being a school of crime and profligacy, is to make it a school of industry and virtuous instruction. But still we must not forget that, primarily and principally, a prison is not a school of any kind, but a place of restraint and punishment—an establishment devised and maintained for the purpose of deterring the breaker of the laws through the apprehension of something much more dreadful than the pains of learning to read and write. It may be advisable to provide criminals when in durance with the means of acquiring these accomplishments, just as it is expedient or necessary to provide them, on a moderate scale, with meat and drink; but a prison is not on that account to be regarded as mainly or properly a school, any more than it is to be regarded as an inn.

Alas! if, as some teach, the virtue of our actions lay always in their consequences, short-sighted humanity might better, in general, fold its arms and go to sleep than attempt to do good. An angelic intelligence might possibly manage to act upon this beautiful theory of consequences, but not the measure of faculty wherewith we have been gifted. Take what is perhaps the saddest of all the sights that deform our civilization, the fallen womanhood and beauty, for the most part not more steeped in sin than in sorrow, that nightly prowls along our streets, gliding like a long glittering serpent through the common crowd of passengers, by whom the touch or gaze of the noxious thing is deemed to be insult and contamination: is there any depth of wretchedness from which the heart would yearn more to deliver a fellow-creature than from this? Yet should we in this way do anything to diminish the evil? Is it not possible that every individual saved and reformed would only by her removal make room for a successor?—that the blind benevolence which rescues her may at the same time occasion the fall of another into the same state? It is indeed pretty evident that it must be so, seeing that it never has been pretended that all the exertions of philanthropy, public and private, in this way have in the least reduced the numbers of the unhappy class in question. But are these exertions, for all that, either mischievous or useless, and as such to be denounced and refrained from? It is impossible to believe that the promptings of our highest and purest feelings are so false and misleading. It were better, in that case, for ourselves and for all around us that we had been made calculating machines than men. Being constituted as we are,

our part seems to be, in such matters, to take up the case that is before us—to do good as we have opportunity—and not to regard consequences farther than we can clearly foresee them. Otherwise, in truth, we should not be capable of acting at all, for there is no movement we can make, of which the consequences are not infinite in number, in variety, in the time and space over which they extend, and in the interests which they affect—while all we can discern, or even by any force of speculation conjecture about them, is but as the little circle which a farthing candle might illuminate in the waste of universal night. Not being able to take in the whole range of these remote possibilities, what should we gain by attempting to regulate our conduct in reference to the insignificant portion of them which we think (but are never sure) that we do perceive and comprehend? How should we be safer proceeding thus than by turning away from that region of unfathomable amplitude and mystery altogether, and acting at once as the crying circumstances of the case before us, and the sympathies of the human hearts within us, call upon us to do? It is a leap in the dark (if you will have it so) in the one way as well as in the other. You may be as much misled, may be drawn in to act as detrimentally, by an imperfect consideration of possible consequences as by no consideration of them at all. But, in truth, this “thinking too precisely on the event,” in the business and duties of life, is not only “vain wisdom all and false philosophy;” it is at bottom “a craven scruple—a thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom, and ever three parts coward.” It is this in those who really feel it and act upon it, or rather who allow themselves to be deterred by it from acting: in others, it is a mere stupid theory; in others, perhaps, a convenient though dishonest profession. But it neither misguides nor perplexes any right-minded, earnest, courageous man or woman. To recur to the case with which we set out, who is there, with a heart in its right place, who, having the opportunity and feeling otherwise called upon to endeavour to rescue some poor outcast of the pavement from infamy and destruction, ever would be withheld from moving in the matter even by the apprehension that his humane act might possibly, operating both directly and in the way of example, contribute remotely, in the mysterious concatenation of all things, to the downfall of fifty or of five hundred other such victims? Be it so; better it should be even so, than that the virtuous action should not have been performed—the consequences of which in an opposite direction, we may be sure, will still overbalance this and all other incidental evil; if, at least, good and not evil be the life and governing power of the universe,—and that is a truth devoutly to be believed in by all who would believe anything.

From no part of the economy of our world, indeed, does this truth receive stronger illustration than from a right view of the great social phenomenon of which we have been speaking. At first sight it may seem that crime ought to be effectually put down under a proper constitution and administration of the law—that the law, if it put forth all its strength, ought to be able to prevent there being any such thing as crime. But the real wonder is, not that crime should continue to exist, but that law should ever have existed—not that the law should fail in completely vanquishing and extirpating crime, but that it should be at all able to keep crime under, and to hinder knavery and violence from

being the masters of the world. How is it that the sharp intellect and the strong hand have not everywhere asserted what appears to be their natural prerogative of lording it over the weaker and more timid part of mankind? It is, no doubt, a wise policy which has substituted the rule of law and equity for this natural dominion of force and violence; but the substitution surely has been brought about and is maintained by something more divine than policy and calculation. It has the appearance of being much more the result of a sentiment or instinct of justice inherent in mankind, than of any cunning perception of its expediency or deliberate balancing of its good and evil. Of that, in any such case, masses of men are, and have ever been, nearly as incapable as the waters of the ocean would be of determining at any time by their own will and choice in what direction they should flow. But influences from heaven lead and guide both; and so human society is sustained in life and power throughout its whole organization by a wisdom higher than its own, even as the tide is rolled to and fro by a force not within itself—a force that is seen only in its effects, and that is as irresistible as it is invisible.



[East Window, from the Choir.]

## XCI.—OLD ST. PAUL'S.

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IN our account of Westminster Abbey we had occasion to notice the intimate connexion that exists between the history of some of our chief cathedrals and the history of the growth in England of the faith and the worship to which they were devoted. Foremost among such structures stands old St. Paul's. Here is a scene which there is every reason to believe took place in it, after the apparently complete establishment of Christianity in and around the metropolis by the erection of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey : Sebert, the founder of Westminster Abbey, was now dead. "He," says Bede, "departing to the everlasting kingdom of Heaven, left his three sons, who were yet Pagans, heirs of his temporal kingdom on earth. Immediately on their father's decease they began openly to practise idolatry (though whilst he lived they had somewhat refrained), and also gave free licence to their subjects to worship idols. At a certain time these princes, seeing the Bishop [of London, Mellitus] administering the Sacrament to the people in the church, after the celebration of mass, and being puffed

up with rude and barbarous folly, 'spake, as the common report is, thus unto him:—' Why dost thou not give us, also, some of that white bread which thou didst give unto our father Saba [Sebert], and which thou dost not yet cease to give to the people in the church?' He answered, ' If ye will be washed in that wholesome font wherein your father was, ye may likewise eat of this blessed bread whereof he was a partaker; but if ye contemn the lavatory of life, ye can in no wise taste the bread of life.' ' We will not,' they rejoined, ' enter into this font of water, for we know we have no need to do so; but we will eat of that bread nevertheless.' And when they had been often and earnestly warned by the bishop that it could not be, and that no man could partake of this most holy oblation without purification and cleansing by baptism, they at length, in the height of their rage, said to him, ' Well, if thou wilt not comply with us in the small matter we ask, thou shalt no longer abide in our province and dominions;' and straightway they expelled him, commanding that he and all his company should quit their realm." The church in which this remarkable scene is presumed to have taken place had been erected by Ethelbert, King of Kent, only some six years before, or, according to Bede, at the joint expense of that king and of Sebert, his nephew, the governor of this part of England under Ethelbert; and by whom it was dedicated to St. Paul, the apostle and doctor of the Gentiles. How many churches there may not have been prior to this one it is impossible to say, but in all probability there had been at least two or three, and the traditions and speculations concerning them are of no ordinary character.

Although Wren, as we have seen in the account of Westminster Abbey, was incredulous both as to the Temple of Apollo at Thorney (Westminster), and that of Diana on the site of the present St. Paul's, it appears he found no difficulty in believing a circumstance much more interesting, but, we must add also, infinitely more difficult. He observes, in the 'Parentalia,' " The Christian faith, without doubt, was very early received in Britain, and, without having recourse to the monkish tale of Joseph of Arimathea and other legendary fictions, there is authentic testimony of a Christian church planted here by the apostles themselves, and, in particular, very probably *by St. Paul*." He does not, in words, state that the earliest metropolitan church was thus founded, but the inference is natural, and no doubt he meant it to be drawn. The evidences he adduces are not very forcible, consisting, first, of the well-known fact that the apostle spent several years " in preaching in divers places, but more especially in the Western countries," and, secondly, of the lines from Vanutius Fortunatus's poem on the life of St. Martin—

" Transit et oceanum, vel qua facit insula portum,  
Quasque Britannus habet terras ultima Thule;"\*—

circumstances too slight to be worthy of much consideration, when we consider how nearly the sacred writings enable us to follow the route taken by St. Paul on each of his principal journeys; and yet that we find there no indications of such a visit. The true period of the foundation of the first Christian church in London, and perhaps the first in England, and which there is little doubt was on

\* And he crosses the ocean, wherever the island has a harbour or a Briton has lands, to farthest Thule.

the site of the present St. Paul's, seems to us to be pointed out by the story, partly fabulous and partly true, which the early monastic writers give of the introduction of Christianity among us. According to them, there was a King Lucius, sovereign of the whole island, who, having been baptized at the solicitation of the reigning Emperor of Rome, became so zealous a convert as to send to Eleutherius, Bishop of Rome, desiring spiritual assistance for himself and his people. Here we are among the fables. That no one king reigned over the whole island at the period alluded to, we may be tolerably sure from the tenor of all the records we possess; but, on the other hand, that some British prince may have been converted (perhaps, as it has been suggested, by fugitives from the Roman persecutions), and may have sought such assistance, is sufficiently credible, and may prevent our rejecting the circumstantial statements that follow. We are told that, about the year 185, Pope Eleutherius sent two "eminent doctors," Faganus and Damianus, to instruct the people of this country in Christianity, and to consecrate such churches as had been dedicated to divers false gods to the service of the true God. The island was in consequence divided into three parts, and placed under the jurisdiction of the sees of London, York, and Caerlon. Both direct and indirect testimony tend to corroborate the truth of this part of the story. Tertullian, writing about the year 209, remarks "that even those places in Britain hitherto inaccessible to the Roman arms have been subdued by the gospel of Christ;" and in 326 we find, among the ecclesiastical dignitaries met in council at Arles in France, Restitutus, Bishop of London. We may consider, then, the latter part of the second century as the period of the erection of the first great church in the city of London. This edifice is supposed to have been destroyed during the persecution of the Christians under the Emperor Dioclesian, then restored or rebuilt on the return of prosperity, to be subjected, in the fifth or sixth century, to a worse fate than destruction at the hands of the pagan Saxons and Angles, who were overrunning the country; for, according to the remarkable words of the ancient monk of Westminster,\* Flete, then "*restored* the old abomination, wherever the Britons were expelled their place: London worships Diana, and the suburbs of Thorney offer incense to Apollo." And this brings us to the tradition which Sir Christopher Wren so summarily dismisses, because he did not find any decisive indication of the said temple when he turned over the ground in preparing the foundations of his structure. In the paper on the Abbey before mentioned, we expressed, incidentally, a concurrence in his view, which farther examination does not warrant. His argument is simply a negative one. He found no remains of sacrifices—no fragments of cornices or capitals that might reveal the Roman handiwork—nothing to tell of a temple to Diana. To this it might be answered, that the repeated pullings down and buildings up which had taken place on the site, before he had anything to do with it, may have swept away the vestiges he sought. But did he discover nothing? What were those foundations, consisting of "Kentish rubble-stone, artfully worked, and consolidated with exceeding hard mortar, in the Roman manner"? His answer is to be found in his expressed belief that they were the

\* See p. 66 of this volume.

foundations of the first Christian church, the one we have referred to as destroyed during the Dioclesian persecution; but, as to the grounds of this belief, he leaves us entirely in the dark. He is satisfied these foundations are Roman, that they are anterior to the reign of Constantine (when he presumes they were again built upon), and yet he finds nothing to countenance the belief that there was a Roman temple of Diana ever standing here; whilst at the same time it is well known that circular erections, and more particularly for temples of the very kind in question, were common among the Romans, both as parts of or as forming entire structures! What, then, did stand upon these massive walls?—Why, we are to suppose a Christian church built by Roman hands, with a semicircular chancel, in imitation of the Roman basilicæ, a century or two before we hear of any such buildings even in the imperial city itself, and in the face of the fact that the merit (if it may be so called) of building the first of these Christian basilicæ is expressly assigned to Constantine. Let us now see what another writer, who is justly placed at the head of English antiquaries, and what his editor, say of the tradition. In Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden there is a peculiarly rich and romantic passage on this subject, which also opens to us other speculations connected with the early history of St. Paul's, that will be new to most of our readers:—"Some have fancied that the Temple of Diana formerly stood here; and there are circumstances that strengthen the conjecture,—as the old adjacent buildings being called in their records *Dianæ Camera* (*i. e.* the Chamber of Diana); the digging up in the churchyard, in Edward I.'s reign (as we find by our annals), an incredible number of ox-heads, which the common people at that time, not without great admiration, looked upon to have been Gentile sacrifices; and the learned know that the Tauropolia were celebrated in honour of Diana. . . . . But much rather should I found this opinion of a Temple of Diana upon the witty conceit of Mr. Selden, who, upon occasion of some ox-heads, sacred also to Diana, that were discovered in digging the foundations of a new chapel on the south side of St. Paul's (1316), would insinuate that the name of London imported no more than Llan Dien, *i. e.* *Templum Dianæ*. And against the foregoing conjecture it is urged, that as for the tenements called Camera Dianæ, they stood not so near the church as some would have us think, but on St. Paul's Wharf Hill, near Doctors' Commons;\* and they seem to have taken their denomination from a spacious building, full of intricate turnings, wherein King Henry II. (as he did at Woodstock) kept his heart's delight, whom he there called Fair Rosamond, and here Diana. Of these winding vaults there remained some parts in Mr. Stow's time, as also of a passage underground from Baynard's Castle to it, which possibly might be the King's way to his Camera Dianæ, or secret apartment of his beautiful mistress." In conclusion, it is observed the opinion ought not "to be altogether rejected, since it receives confirmation from those pieces of antiquity dug up hereabouts, not only in ancient times, but also of late years; for in making the foundation of this new fabric, among other things they cast up the teeth of boars and of other beasts, and a piece of a buck's horn, with

\* The writer must have been thinking of the modern rather than the ancient limits of the Cathedral buildings and walls, as will be seen in another page.

several fragments of vessels, which, by the figure, one would imagine to have been used in their sacrifices.”\* Upon the whole, it appears to us that, putting aside the consideration of what Sir Christopher did not discover, and remembering what his predecessors did—weighing the corroborative testimony of the tradition, which can be traced to a very distant period, and of the undoubted fact that it was not only a custom with the early Christians to convert the heathen temples into Christian churches, but that the very men, Faganus and Damianus, to whom we are probably indebted for the foundation of the earliest church here, were, as we have seen, especially sent to consecrate such buildings to the service of the true faith—we are surely justified in thinking it highly probable that the tradition is true enough, after all.

With Mellitus had fled also Justus, Bishop of Rochester; and Laurentius, Archbishop of Canterbury, Augustine's faithful disciple, was about to follow them, when, according to Bede, a miracle was vouchsafed to prevent so great a calamity to the worshippers of Christ in England. On the night previous to Laurentius' intended departure, he slept in a church, where, at midnight, one of the apostles appeared to him, and, after reproaching him for his lack of zeal, gave him a severe flagellation. In the morning Laurentius went to Ethelbert's son and successor, Eadbald, who had relapsed into idolatry, and, throwing off his cloak, displayed his bloody shoulders. The *ruse* succeeded, and Eadbald recalled the exiled bishops. To return to the cathedral; it appears that, though it was erected in the beginning of the sixth century, the disturbed state of the country, and the unsettled standing of the faith itself, did not at first permit much expenditure of time or money in its adornment. Erkenwald, the son of King Offa, the fourth bishop from Mellitus, was the first to supply the deficiencies. He not only procured privileges from the reigning kings of England, and from the Pope, but spent a considerable portion of his own estate in adding to the funds provided for the improvement of the fabric. Among other and subsequent benefactors may be enumerated Kenred, King of the Mercians, who ordained that it should be in all things as free as he himself desired to be in the day of judgment; † Athelstan, who endowed it with numerous lordships; Edgar and his Queen, Æthelred, Canute, and the pious Confessor. Then came the Conquest; and during the short struggle that preceded William's coronation as King of England, rude hands laid hold of some of its possessions; but the politic Norman had not come to war with the Church; so St. Paul's had everything restored, and received at the same time a charter from the hands of the King, dated the very day of his coronation, conferring the whole of its property to it in perpetuity. The Conqueror added his benedictions to all who should augment the revenues, and his curses on those who should diminish them.

During this reign the church was burnt, and a new one commenced by Bishop Maurice towards the close of the eleventh century. We need hardly observe that, since the erection of the previous edifice, architecture had made a great advance. Westminster Abbey (the Confessor's building) had just been erected;

\* Edition folio, 1722, vol. i., p. 331.

† A similar passage occurs in one of the Conqueror's charters.

Lincoln was now in progress of erection by the able and indefatigable Remigius. The eminent ecclesiastics of that day appear to have been inspired with a noble spirit of emulation, each striving to outstrip his fellows in raising those architectural wonders which we gaze on with admiration and awe, but seem unable to rival, or even finely to imitate. Let us not be understood to mean that we attribute any considerable portion of the grandeur or beauty of those edifices to the rivalry, however honourable, of their builders. Never, in the history of the world, have there been works which speak more eloquently or unmistakably of the loftiness of the hearts and minds of their authors. For, if even the profusion with which rich men lavished their wealth, able men their skill, and poor men their labour, be liable to misconstruction as regards motives, there can be no possibility of mistake as to the influences that produced sublimity out of stone and marble, that made ranges of arches, tier upon tier, appear even to the dullest eye, when informed by faith, as

“ the spirit’s ladder,  
That from this gross and visible world of dust  
Even to the starry world”

was prepared to lift them up. Indeed, were it possible to imagine all records of Christianity to have perished, except our cathedrals, from them alone how much of the faith might not be recovered! Bishop Maurice now felt in all its power the responsibility which the opportunity offered imposed upon him. His zeal is said to have been quickened also by the consideration of some injury he had earlier in life done to the church, for which he now desired to atone. In the same fire that burnt St. Paul’s, the castle known as the Palatine Tower had suffered. In consequence, the materials were placed at Maurice’s disposal. He now laid out his plan and began the foundations, which were designed for so extensive and magnificent a structure, that the good bishop could have hardly hoped to live to see the whole finished. But, in the language of Wordsworth—

“ They dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build.”

So Maurice went patiently and courageously on for the twenty years he lived, and then left the completion as a noble bequest to his successors. William of Malmesbury about this time describes the church as being “so stately and beautiful that it was worthily numbered among the most famous buildings.” Maurice was succeeded by Richard de Beaumeis, of whose character it may be sufficient to adduce one illustration: he bestowed the entire revenues of his bishopric on the edifice, and maintained himself and family by other means. His share of the work seems to have been the completion of the walls, enlarging the exterior space by the purchase and pulling down of houses that encumbered the pile, and the erection of a strong wall of enclosure, which extended as far as Paternoster Row and Ave Maria Lane on one side, and to Old Change, Carter Lane, and Creed Lane, on the other. Scarcely, however, does the entire edifice seem to have been completed before architecture had again made such progress, that a work a century old was no longer able to satisfy our magnificent-minded churchmen. As we find Henry III., through a considerable portion of his reign,

pulling down and rebuilding the Confessor's erection at Westminster, so do we find his subjects in various places imitating his example, and more particularly at St. Paul's. In 1221 a new steeple was finished, and in 1240 a new choir. This was dedicated in the presence of Henry, attended by Otto, the Pope's legate, and the most eminent of the English ecclesiastics. The mode in which the money was obtained for these works is an interesting part of the history of Old St. Paul's. The prime mover in and skilful designer of the whole business was Bishop Roger, surnamed Niger. Having no king or other great benefactor to depend upon, he formed the determination of obtaining what he wanted from the people of England and Ireland. Accordingly he induced the general body of British bishops to issue letters to the clergy and others under their jurisdiction, granting indulgences for a certain number of days to all those who, having penance to perform, and, being penitent, should assist the new work. Dugdale speaks of seeing a multitude of such letters written at the period and for the edifice in question. How cheerfully the people answered this and similar appeals we perceive in the completion, not only of the works mentioned, but of the addition of an entirely new portion to the east end, including the subterranean church of St. Faith, which was begun, in 1256, by Fulco Basset, the then bishop. Nor was this all. The adornment of the interior of a cathedral in the middle ages, with pictures, shrines, books, ecclesiastical habiliments, all more or less blazoned with gold, silver, and precious stones, was a work scarcely less necessary to the prevalent ideas, and little less costly, than the erection of the edifice itself. How these matters had been cared for, we shall see in the glimpse of Old St. Paul's in



[St. Faith's.]

its greatest splendour that we shall now endeavour to obtain. The period we have in view is the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Let the reader imagine himself passing up the hill from the moderately broad and rapid Fleet River, with its numerous vessels riding quietly at anchor, then through Lud gate, and so to the entrance into the cathedral enclosure. The place is crowded with people, chiefly of the poorer classes, who are being fed by the ecclesiastical officers. It is evidently a day of high festival—no less, indeed, than the festival of the Conversion of the patron saint, Paul. Before we pass through the sumptuous western gates of the cathedral, let us cast a momentary glance at the Bishop's palace in the right-hand corner—a fit home for the prelate who has St. Paul's for his church. Here it was that Edward III. and his Queen were lodged after the great tournament in Smithfield; and, as Froissart tells us, “there was goodly dancing in the Queen's lodging, in presence of the King and his uncles, and other barons of England, and ladies, and damoiselles, till it was day, which was time for every person to draw to their lodgings, except the King and Queen, who lay there in the Bishop's palace.” But we must pass on into the cathedral before the great business of the day begins. We enter, and are at once fixed in amazement at the scene of enchantment suddenly visible. An apparently endless perspective of lofty arches, lost in the distance in a luminous mist—a confused blaze of many-coloured streams of light—great numbers of persons, in all kinds of dresses, moving to and fro—sublime sounds—at once press upon and bewilder the attention. As we gaze more steadily, that wonderful perspective becomes gradually clear, until at last, for nearly *seven hundred feet*, we can follow the range—unbroken, from the tessellated marble pavement below, to the roof with its gilded groins above—of arches upon arches, and of the dim but richly-coloured painted windows at the top. The only, and that very slight, interruption is the low screen which crosses the pavement there, far down, probably about the centre of the pile. The glorious vista is terminated by a rose window of great size, but appearing from hence scarcely larger than the flower from which it borrows its name; whilst its colours, though revelling in the intensest of dyes, appear mingled into one glowing but nameless hue. As the eye wanders from this, the first impressive feature of the place, it falls upon the huge lighted tapers on the different altars that we see scattered about the nave and aisles, then to the kneeling people before them—here a large group, there a solitary individual. As we pace along the nave, and the transepts open on either hand, magnificent shrines lining the walls, tall crosses with tapers before them, and gorgeous pictures, are seen at every step. There seems no end to the wealth that has been lavished upon the place. Gold, silver, rubies, emeralds, pearls, begin even to lose their value from their profusion. A kind of low confused hum pervades the church, above which may be continually distinguished the voices of the priests, who are performing the duties of their respective chantries, scattered along the entire length of the nave, aisles, and transepts, seventy or eighty in number; whilst, grandly towering over all, we hear the chant and responses of the choral multitude. The cathedral is now rapidly becoming full. Noblemen, warriors, citizens, and labourers, arrayed in all kinds of materials—satin, damask, cloth of gold and silver, and the plain but good old English broad-cloth of wool of different colours—

their dresses exhibiting every variety of fashion, as little hoods, long gowns, short coats, long piked shoes, particoloured hose—and ornamented in so many cases with costly gems and embroidery, that, as Knighton observes, “it is impossible to distinguish the rich from the poor, the high from the low.” Nor are the ladies generally less fantastically or less sumptuously arrayed, though, with the tact which seems seldom to desert them, they have taken care not to obscure their native gracefulness of form. Here is a group that is seen for a moment by



our side. Master Knighton's words are of course to be taken with a little allowance. There is no mistaking the very poor in any time, place, or country. It is pleasant, however, to see that their poverty is forgotten here by all—ay, even by themselves. The preparations for the coming festivity are now begun. Noiseless figures are gliding to and fro, setting up additional tapers in every part of the church where there is room and convenience for placing them; but a short time elapses, and hundreds of such lights are burning in every direction. Hark! the sound of horns blown more loudly than skilfully reverberates through the pile; and, as if it were some wizard's signal, there is a general cessation of the devotional business of the place. The devotee starts from his knees, the penitent sinner wipes the tears from his cheeks, the grave become gay, the gloomy look cheerful, as all eagerly press forward, and line the intercolumniations of the nave, first in a single row, then a second behind that, then a third, till both aisles are filled, and little more than a lane is left for the passage of the coming procession down the central part of the nave. The officers with their gilded staves have to bestir themselves even to keep that clear. Again and again blow the horns, the western doors are thrown back, and a strange procession enters, consisting of a group of horn-blowers, then a body of ruddy-cheeked yeomen and others, bearing, on a kind of frame raised aloft, the doe, which the family of Baud are bound yearly to offer in procession at the high altar on this day, in

addition to a buck on the summer feast called the Commemoration of St. Paul—both being in lieu of certain lands granted to Sir William Baud, in the third year of Edward I., by the Church, to be enclosed within his park of Toringham in Essex. Immediately before the doe-bearers marches proudly the keeper, or huntsman—a man who might have sat to the author of the ‘*Canterbury Tales*’ for the portrait in the prologue:—

“ And he was clad in coat and hood of green,  
 A sheaf of peacock arrows bright and keen  
 Under his belt he bare full thriftily.  
 Well could he dress his takel yeomanly ;  
 His arrows drooped not with feathers low,  
 And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.  
 A nut-head had he, with a brown viságe ;  
 Of wood-craft could he well all the uságe.  
 Upon his arm he bare a gay bracér,  
 And by his side a sword and a bucklér ;  
 And on that other side a gay daggére,  
 Harnessed well, and sharp as point of spear ;  
 A Christopher on his breast, of silver sheen.  
 An horn he bare, the baudrick was of green :  
 A forester soothly was he I guess.”

On moves the procession towards the choir, which it enters, and so unto the steps of the high altar at its extremity. There it is met by the dean and chapter, arrayed in rich copes and robes, jewelled and embroidered, and wearing garlands of roses on their heads. The head of the doe is now divided from the body, and, whilst the body is at once sent off to be baked, the head is fixed on a spear, and borne before the cross in the usual daily procession, which now starts towards the western door. This reached, the keeper makes the whole neighbourhood ring again with his lusty horn, and, before the sound has well died away, it is answered from different quarters of the city by similar instruments. All the parties are now dismissed, with a small present in money, to their dinners, provided by the dean and chapter, whilst the keeper will also have to receive his customary five shillings and his loaf of bread, bearing the image of St. Paul, before he returns to his parks and chase. So ends this portion of the business of the day ; but the most splendid is yet to come : the commemoration of St. Erkenwald’s burial in the cathedral, where, we are told, his “ glorious merits did shine forth miraculously.” It will be only sufficient to mention, by way of testimony of the truth of this statement, that it is believed the very litter in which he was borne about during his last sickness continued for ages to cure feverish persons who merely touched it, and, when broken up, every chip became an infallible physician. Again, through the western door comes a procession, winding from the bishop’s palace ; this time the bishop himself at its head, preceded by two beautiful children bearing tapers, having the dean on his right hand, other distinguished officers of the church on his left, and followed by nearly all the clergy of his diocese ; with all the customary paraphernalia of the Church processions during such high solemnities. The sumptuousness of their appearance beggars description. The bishop wears a long, snow-white robe, almost concealing his feet ;

above which is another of ruby-coloured silk reaching a little below the knees, open at the sides, embroidered all over in the most exquisite manner with representations of animals, birds, and flowers, and having a deep border, which consists chiefly of rows of interlaced pearls. From the low, upright collar of this upper robe, down the centre of the front, to the bottom, extends a band formed of one entire mass of precious stones, of different colours, and arranged in a variety of close patterns. The golden mitre on his head, and the golden pastoral staff in his hand, are each similarly ornamented. Towards the shrine of St. Erkenwald slowly moves the procession, amidst the fragrant perfumes shed around by the incense-bearers from their silver censers; now up the nave, thence through one of the aisles, and so round to the shrine at the back of the high altar. This is the most gorgeous piece of combined architecture, sculpture, and decoration even in a cathedral so rich in such works. Rising from behind a kind of table covered with jewels and precious stones of all kinds, including small shrines, rings, and silver girdles, the gifts of the pious, appears a lofty, pyramidal, Gothic structure, in the purest and most exquisitely decorated style; the outlines formed by pinnacles rising one above another towards a single pinnacle in the centre at the top, and the central portion consisting of three slender windows side by side, and an exceedingly elegant one filling the triangular space above. A railing encloses the whole for the preservation of the invaluable treasures lying on the table within, or that have been used in the adornment of the shrine. Among the former we may find the sapphire stone which Richard de Preston, citizen and grocer of London, gave to be placed here for the curing of infirmities in the eyes, appointing at the same time that proclamation should be made of its virtues. Solemn masses for the repose of the dead are now said; the indulgences granted to all who visit the shrine, and to those who bring oblations, are explained. The words fall upon no dull or unheeding ears. They come pressing forward, rich and poor, lay and ecclesiastic, depositing their gifts of money or jewels, or whatever else the tastes or means of the owners instigate; the very poorest having at least a taper for their favourite shrine.

All is still at last. Prelates, clergy, choristers, have gone; the lights, save those which burn perpetually before the different chantries, shrines, and altars, are extinguished; the rich western window, lit up by a sudden burst of sunshine, seems to glow with preternatural radiance and splendour, and throws its warm light far along the pavement, and, catching the edge of the gilded crucifix raised aloft in the centre of the nave, makes it appear even more brilliant than the beams of the taper burning by its side.

Occasionally other processions occupied the public attention. In the reign of Edward III. the wondering spectators were surprised by the appearance of the Flagellants, who, spreading themselves all over Europe, arrived in London from Italy, to the number of about one hundred and twenty. "Each day," says Lingard,\* "at the appointed hour, they assembled, ranged themselves in two lines, and moved slowly through the streets, scourging their naked shoulders, and chanting a hymn. At a known signal, all, with the exception of the last, threw themselves flat on the ground: he, as he passed by his companions, gave

\* Hist. England, vol. iii. chap. 18.

each a lash, and then also lay down. The others followed in succession, till every individual in his turn had received a stroke from the whole brotherhood. The citizens gazed and marvelled, pitied and commended; but they ventured no further. Their faith was too weak, or their feelings were too acute; and they allowed the strangers to monopolise to themselves this novel and extraordinary grace. The missionaries made not a single proselyte, and were compelled to return home with the barren satisfaction of having done their duty in the face of an unbelieving generation."

At the close of these exciting exhibitions, some few persons may yet linger in the church—Wickliffites perhaps, who have looked impatiently upon the scenes we have described, and therefore stay to enjoy the natural influences of the place; with a mixture of the idle, who have yet an hour or two to spare; and of strangers from the country, who may be known by their gait, or costume, or at least by the busy air with which they walk round from chantry to chantry, tomb to tomb, to gaze on the wonders of which they have heard so much. We cannot do better than imitate their example. First, then, we have here on the right of the nave, as we approach the choir, the sculptured image of Our Lady, with its lamp constantly burning, and where the officers of the church are extinguishing the numerous small tapers which have been placed there by the pious during the day, claiming the remnant as their perquisite. The iron box for oblations under the feet of the statue seems to be nearly full of coins. Behind this statue is the low tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, one of the founders of the Order of the Garter, and a son of the renowned Guy Earl of Warwick. His effigy, in complete armour, lies on the top, and beautifully painted and sculptured shields decorate the front of the tomb below. A few steps farther, and we stand below the tower of the church, supported on four arches, that seem to spring as lightly upward as though they bore nothing, instead of a tower and steeple of almost incredible height. First, the square tower soars upwards for two hundred and sixty feet; then begins the spire (of wood covered with lead), which mounts two hundred and seventy-four more; or, in all, five hundred and thirty-four feet! In the south aisle, at the end against the chapel of St. Dunstan, which forms the extreme south-east corner of the building, are, side by side, the low tombs sunk in the wall, with a range of slender pillars supporting beautiful arches in front, and the effigies of Eustace de Fauconberge, Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of John, and Henry de Wingham, Chancellor to Henry III.—both Bishops of London. In St. Dunstan's Chapel is the tomb of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, a great benefactor to the cathedral, but better known to history as Edward I.'s able lieutenant in his Scottish expeditions. As a work of art this is perhaps the finest thing in the place. The effigy is evidently a portrait, and a most masterly one, of the simple, unadorned, but dignified warrior. The sides and ends of the tomb below are one mass of beautiful decoration consisting of a great number of figures in niches with Gothic canopies. The centre of the extremity of the church at this end we find occupied by Our Lady's Chapel, on the floor of which lies an exquisitely wrought representation of Bishop Braybrooke. But the chief object is the altar of Our Lady, with the seven tapers weighing each two pounds, which are lighted during all celebrations in the chapel, with the

ponderous silver chalice, and with the rich vestments for the officiating priests. A female is kneeling before it, come, no doubt, to avail herself of the forty days' indulgence granted to all penitents who here say a Pater Noster, or an Ave, or give anything to the altar. We cross now to the north aisle, where the first monument that attracts us is the one to the memory of Ralph de Hengham, Judge of the King's Bench in the reign of Edward I.; and next to whom is the monument of the distinguished knight, Sir Simon Burley. The melancholy fate of this accomplished man must not be passed over without a word. He was the friend of Edward III. and of the Black Prince, the guardian and tutor of Richard II., who, with his queen, Anne of Bohemia, held him in especial love and honour. During the intrigues and contentions for power between the King (acting secretly through his partisans) and his powerful uncle, Thomas Duke of Gloucester, younger brother of John of Gaunt, the Duke, in 1388, obtained a decisive triumph, and immediately sent to the scaffold several of Richard's chief advisers. Among these was Sir Simon Burley. Richard spoke warmly in his favour, but was told his crown depended upon the execution taking place. He was but twenty-one years of age, it should be observed, at the time. The Queen still more earnestly interceded in his favour, soliciting Sir Simon's life on her knees, but in vain. Even Henry of Bolingbroke, who had aided Gloucester in all the transactions referred to (possibly even then thinking of the crown that might be won in the confusion that seemed likely to ensue), was equally unsuccessful in his pleading. For this, indeed, the future King is said to have never forgiven his uncle. Further on in the same aisle we find the two most ancient memorials of St. Paul's, the tombs of two kings, Sebba and Ethelred, which tell in their very aspect of the rude age to which they belong. Sebba, we learn from the tablet close at hand, was King of the East Saxons, and converted by Erkenwald A. D. 677. His neighbour monarch in death is Ethelred the Unready, son of Edgar and the infamous Elfrida, Edgar's second wife, who prepared the way for her son to the throne by the murder of his elder brother, the rightful heir, Edward the Martyr. Ethelred's reign was in accordance with the commencement. He has the honour of having systematised a lucrative branch of trade for our neighbours the Danes, that of landing on our territory whenever they were unusually poor or more than commonly covetous, and rewarding them for their pillages, and burnings, and slaughter, by a good round acknowledgment in the shape, the first time, of some ten thousand pounds of silver, before they went home again. Of course, when they did take the trouble to return hither, Ethelred could not but meet such attention to him and his people by increased rewards, so that the 10,000 became 16,000, on a third occasion 24,000, a fourth 36,000, a fifth 48,000. But the Danes, it must be acknowledged, were as ungrateful as foolish; like the boy in the fable, they could not be content without cutting up the source of their wealth; so Sweyn, their king, must be our king, and Ethelred becomes an exile. On Sweyn's death Ethelred is recalled, promises to be somewhat more of a hero, and Canute, Sweyn's son, for the time bends before the storm raised against his countrymen by the English. Scarcely a year, however, elapses, when Ethelred, sick in bed in London, hears of Canute's arrival at the very gates; and—dies. In the same tomb probably lie the remains of Ethelred's

grandson, Edward the Atheling, or the Outlaw, as he was called, son of Edmund Ironside, who redeemed the national honour which his father had degraded, and became one of the great popular heroes of Saxon England. Edward, who had lost the kingdom by the arrangement between his father and Canute, that whoever lived longest should succeed to the other's share of the divided kingdom, might probably have regained it, had his namesake, the Confessor, favoured his cause. He did send for him from his exile, to the great gratification of the people, but when he came would not see him. Whilst in this peculiar state of suspense, waiting to see whether he was to return to a joyless banishment, or stay to mount the throne of mighty England, he died in London—poisoned, it was thought, by Harold, though on no heavier grounds than suspicion. He was buried in St. Paul's.

Turning the corner from the aisle, we stand before the beautifully-decorated screen of the choir, and, ascending the lofty flight of steps, enter. Facing us, at the farther end, is the high altar, railed off by a broad and massive carved and gilded balustrade. The altar itself is a splendid piece of workmanship, and, like most of the other objects of interest and value that surround us, owes its chief features to private beneficence. That sumptuous tablet, covered with decorations in enamel, "variously adorned with many precious stones" and statues, the whole within a carved canopy of oak, and richly set out with curious pictures, was the gift of one Richard Pikerell, a citizen of Edward II.'s reign. Among the countless riches of gold, silver, and jewels on the altar, the four basons of gold offered by the French King John appear conspicuous.\* Silver phials, silver candlesticks, lofty silver-gilt cups with covers, silver crosses, golden cups, illuminated missals, &c., are among the other contents of the altar.† To the right of the altar another and more pretending work of art challenges the attention. This is a great picture of St. Paul, richly painted, and placed in a beautiful "tabernacle" of wood, costing no less than 12*l.* 16*s.* of the money of the fourteenth century. On the left side of the choir are three monuments, all remarkable for their beauty or grandeur, and one of them also as belonging to a most remarkable man. The first is the shrine of the Bishop, Roger Niger, before mentioned; the second, the oratory of Roger de Waltham, a canon of the cathedral, of the time of the second Edward. This was founded by himself in honour of God, Our Lady, St. Lawrence, and All Saints, and adorned, as we now see, "with the images or statues of our Blessed Saviour, St. John Baptist, St. Lawrence, and St. Mary Magdalen; so likewise with the pictures (or paintings) of the celestial hierarchy, the joys of the Blessed Virgin, and others, both in the roof about the altar and other places within and without." The same tasteful canon erected that "glorious tabernacle" which we see in the opposite wall (in the southern aisle), and which contains the image of the said Blessed Virgin,

\* This visit took place in 1360, and it appears that, besides an oblation of twelve nobles at St. Erkenwald's shrine and the bason of gold at the high altar, at his first approach to it, he laid down at the Annunciation twelve nobles; at the crucifix near the north door, twenty-six florin nobles; at the hearing of mass, after the offertory, to the dean then officiating, five florin nobles; and lastly, to the chapter-house, for distribution among the officers of the church, fifty florin nobles.—*Dugdale*.

† The mere enumeration of the wealth of the cathedral in such and similar articles of still greater value occupies twenty-eight pages of the last folio edition of *Dugdale*.

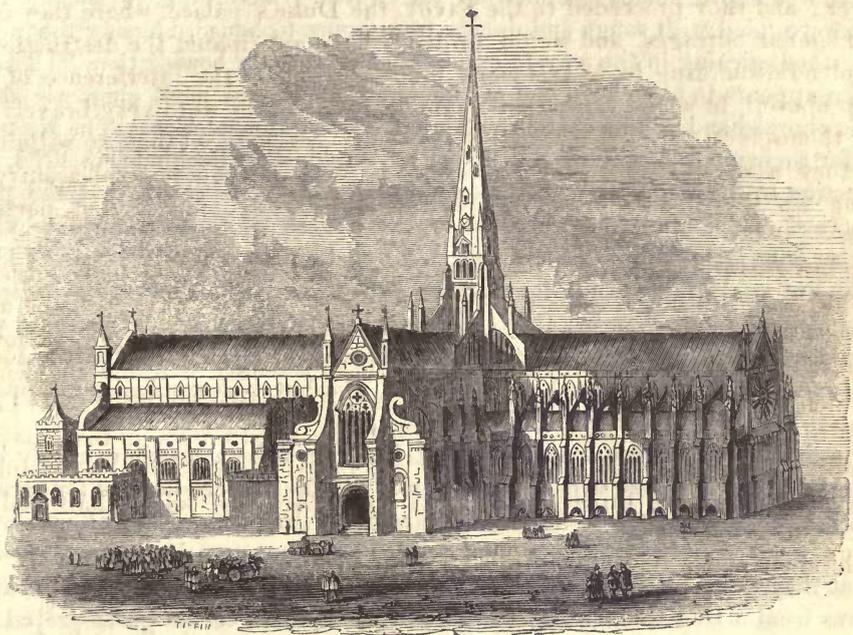
“sitting as it were in childbed; as also of our Saviour in swaddling clothes, lying between the ox and the ass; and St. Joseph at her feet:” above which is “another image of her, standing, with the Child in her arms. And on the beam thwarting from the upper end of the oratory (across the aisle) to the before-specified childbed” are seen “crowned images of our Saviour and his mother, sitting in one tabernacle; as also the images of St. Katherine and St. Margaret, virgins and martyrs.” Lastly, we may observe that Roger de Waltham especially provided that no part of the oratory, not even its roof, should be without “comely pictures and images, to the end that the memory of our blessed Saviour and his saints, and especially of the glorious Virgin his mother, might be always the more famous; in which oratory he designed that his sepulture should be.” He also founded a chantry in the oratory on the same magnificent scale, at which the dean and chapter were to officiate, coming in solemn procession, and arrayed as at all the great festivals. The other monument to which we referred is John of Gaunt's; interesting in itself, as a truly magnificent piece of Gothic sculpture—still more so from its connexion with the man, whose effigy, with that of Blanche his wife (the subject of Chaucer's grateful muse), lies beneath that exquisitely fretted canopy. Athwart the slender octagonal pillars hangs his tilting-spear, with his ducal cap of state, and his shield. But the great warrior, all-powerful noble, father, brother, and uncle of kings—nay, himself claiming to be a king (of Castile)—has a title still nobler as the friend and patron of the two greatest men of his age, Wickliffe and Chaucer.

St. Paul's witnessed a memorable scene in connexion with John of Gaunt's patronage of the Church reformer. On the 19th of February, 1377, Wickliffe was cited to appear before his ecclesiastical superiors, sitting in solemn convocation at St. Paul's, to answer certain charges of innovation and heresy. To the surprise of all parties not previously aware of what was intended, on the day appointed Wickliffe came with a magnificent train, comprising no less personages than John of Gaunt, the Earl Marshal—Percy, and numerous other persons, their friends or retainers. The Archbishop Sudbury presided, and Courteney, Bishop of London, conducted the prosecution; but this prelate, irritated at the arrival of such visitors, which augured ill for the success of his endeavours against Wickliffe, seems to have been in an irritable mood; nor did the opposite party fail to give him cause for irritation. An undignified but interesting and characteristic squabble took place, and the meeting broke up in confusion. But the business of the day unfortunately does not end here. Rumours had been circulated by the party opposed at once to the Duke in political intrigue, and to Wickliffe in religion, that a proposition had been just brought before Parliament by Thomas of Woodstock, the Duke's brother, and the Earl Marshal, to annul the institution of a mayoralty for the city of London, and to place the civic government in the hands of a captain under the Earl Marshal's direction. The credulous mob were further exasperated by the story told of a threat uttered by the Duke, that he would drag the Bishop out of the cathedral by the hair of his head. A meeting of the citizens, on the subject of their liberties, is said to have been called on the day after the citation; and while these were deliberating, the mob cut the matter short, in their usual decisive mode of arguing, by proceeding

in a body to the house of the Earl Marshal, where they forced the gates, set a prisoner at liberty, and searched the house for Lord Percy. He was not found, however; and they proceeded to the Savoy, the Duke's palace, where they committed similar outrages, and would probably have anticipated the destruction of that splendid building by Wat Tyler's followers, but for the interference of the Bishop himself, in whose cause they no doubt fancied they were very bravely exerting themselves. Courteney, by his remonstrances, induced them to withdraw, when they went and amused themselves by the more innocent pleasantries of hanging up the Duke's arms, reversed, traitor fashion, in different parts of London.

The last feature of the cathedral that we can notice in this hurried glimpse is a tablet hung up in the choir, on which is written in large characters the measurements of the edifice, as taken accurately in 1315; when the length was found to contain 690 feet, the breadth 130, the height of the nave 102, and the length of the same 150. The ball on the top of the spire (520 feet high) was large enough to contain ten bushels of corn, and had a cross on the top of that, making the entire height 534 feet. The space of ground occupied by the building was found to measure three acres and a half, one rood and a half, and six perches.

Such, in its palmy days, was Old St. Paul's.



[Old St. Paul's, before the destruction of the Steeple.]

## XCII.—OLD ST. PAUL'S. No. II.

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To the glimpse of the metropolitan church, on St. Paul's Day in the fifteenth century, given in the preceding paper, we must now add a notice of two or three extraordinary customs that prevailed in it, in connexion with other periods of the year. Of these, foremost in importance was St. Nicholas's Day, the 6th of December, when a boy was elected from among the children of the choir by themselves; the mitre of silver and gilt, with precious stones, placed upon his head, rings of similar materials on his hands, the alb, cope, and tunic upon his body, and behold the youthful bishop! armed with the amplest authority from that time forwards till Innocent's Day, the 28th of December. His companions, at the same time, put on the garb of priests, and, between them, during the whole period mentioned, performed all the ceremonies of the Cathedral, excepting only the Mass. Nay, it is even said that the boy-bishop's power was so complete, that he had the right of disposing of any prebends that happened to fall vacant during his rule, and if he died within the same period, was buried with episcopal honours and a monument erected to him in the Cathedral. Among the other duties of their position which the boy-bishops were ambitious enough to attempt, was the preaching in regular course to the auditory. Even so late as 1518, Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, directs "that all these children shall, every Childermas Day, come to Paul's Church and hear the Child-bishop

sermon; and after, be at the High Mass, and each of them offer a penny to the Child-bishop, and with them the masters and surveyors of the school." Their sphere was by no means confined to the church. According to Bishop Hall,\* they were "led with songs and dances from house to house, blessing the people, who stood gironing in the way to expect that ridiculous benediction." The boy-chosen appears to have been one of the handsomest and most elegantly-shaped of the choral band. The custom extended also to Monasteries. The Nunneries had for their mock-dignitary a little girl. Archbishop Peckham, in 1278, in an injunction to the Nunnery of Godstow, in Oxfordshire, directed that the public prayers should not any more be said in the church of that monastery by little girls on Innocents' Day. The custom was put down by a proclamation of Henry VIII., but again revived in Mary's reign, when the boy-bishop sang before the Queen, in her privy-chamber at St. James's, and, in the course of his song, panegyricized his royal mistress on her devotions, comparing her to Judith, Esther, the Queen of Sheba, and the Virgin Mary. The boy-bishops finally disappeared from St. Paul's in the reign of Elizabeth.

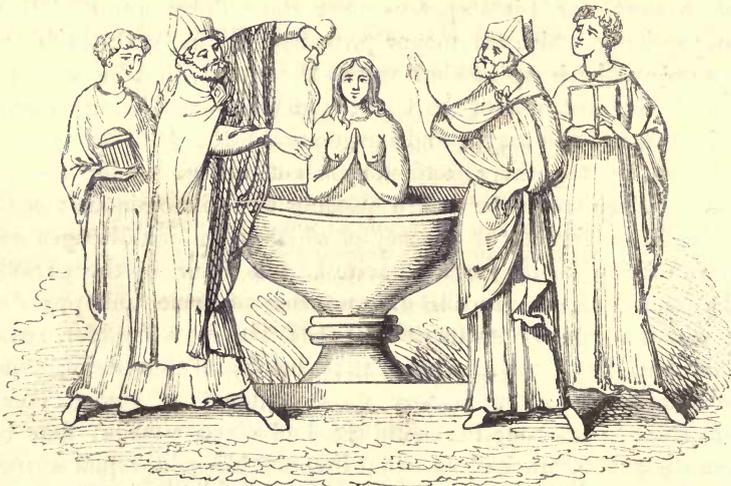
The theatrical representations of Old St. Paul's form another highly interesting feature. Pennant says, "The boys of St. Paul's were famous for acting of the Mysteries, or holy plays, and even regular dramas. They often had the honour of performing before our monarchs. Their preparations were expensive, so that they petitioned Richard II. to prohibit some ignorant and unexperienced persons from acting the History of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the clergy of the church." The idea of a cathedral turned into a theatre—the Bible into a play—seems somewhat strange in our days; and the manner of much of the performances is no less startling than the place or the matter. The stage in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries generally consisted of three platforms, one rising above and behind another, on the highest of which appeared a representation of God surrounded by his angels; the second presented bands of saints and blessed martyrs; the third was filled by those who performed the mere mortal characters intended to be exhibited. By the side of this platform opened the mouth of Hell, from which ascended fire and smoke, and the terrible cries of the damned. But our ancestors liked even their devils to be merry devils, so every now and then came bounding forth troops of the most jocund spirits that one could desire, bandying to and fro the jest, the repartee, and the practical joke. We are afraid that even the unfortunate sinners who fell into their hands were not half so much alarmed as they ought to have been at the sight of their future tormentors. What a strange medley of feelings must have possessed the bosoms not merely of the auditors at such spectacles, but of the clergy under whose auspices these representations were invariably got up in such places as St. Paul's! If the roars of laughter thus produced, and resounding through the pile long after the exit of the demons, are little calculated to find an echo with us, we can, perhaps, still less sympathise with the silence and reverent admiration that greeted the exhibition of the favourite *coup-de-théâtre* of Old St. Paul's—the descent of a white pigeon through a hole in the roof, to represent the third person of the Trinity, followed by a censer, which was swung to and fro the entire space of the choir, filling the air with its fragrant vapours.

\* 'Triumphs of Rome.'

The presentation of the banner of St. Paul to Robert Fitzwalter, the Castellan of the City in the event of threatened attack by enemies, has been elsewhere referred to; we need, therefore, only transcribe the characteristic passage drawn up by one of the family, and presented in 1303 to the Lord Mayor, which introduces St. Paul's as the central object of the ceremony. "The said Robert ought to come, he being (by descent) the twentieth man-of-arms, on horseback, covered with cloth or armour, unto the great west door of St. Paul with his banner displayed before him, of his arms. And when he is come to the said door, mounted and apparelled as before is said, the mayor, with his aldermen and sheriffs, armed in their arms, shall come out of the said Church of St. Paul unto the said door, with a banner in his hand, all on foot: which banner shall be gules, the image of St. Paul, gold; the face, hands, feet, and sword, of silver: and as soon as the said Robert shall see the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs come on foot out of the church armed with a banner, he shall alight from his horse and salute the mayor, and say to him, 'Sir Mayor, I am come to do my service, which I owe to the City.' And the mayor and aldermen shall answer, 'We give to you, as to our bannerer of fee in this City, this banner of this City to bear and govern, to the honour and profit of the City, to our power.' And the said Robert, and his heirs, shall receive the banner in his hands, and shall go on foot out of the gate, with the banner in his hands; and the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs shall follow to the door, and shall bring a horse to the said Robert, worth 20*l.*, which horse shall be saddled with a saddle of the arms of the said Robert, and shall be covered with sindals\* of the said arms. Also, they shall present to him 20*l.* sterling money, and deliver it to the chamberlain of the said Robert, for his expenses that day. Then the said Robert shall mount upon the horse which the mayor presented to him, with the banner in his hand, and as soon as he is up he shall say to the mayor, that he cause a marshall to be chosen for the host, one of the City; which marshall being chosen, the said Robert shall command the mayor and burgesses of the City to warn the commoners to assemble together; and they shall all go under the banner of St. Paul," &c. Then would be heard pealing forth its ominous voice the great bell of St. Paul's—a signal the potency of which in the middle ages we can only judge of by the feelings such sounds excite to this hour in the great towns of Spain, or by imagining ourselves in the position of some unhappy Jew of the metropolis, who never heard its terrible sounds without a shudder, remembering how often it had been heard above the shrieks of his dying countrymen. During a century or two of our history, no assemblage of armed men such as that bell was wont to call together could be looked on without fear by a Jew. Royalist or anti-royalist, all had an equal love of his gold, equal hatred of him, and an equally unscrupulous method of exhibiting both passions. When De Montfort, for instance, in 1264 called the Londoners together at the sound of St. Paul's bell to march against Henry III., they seem to have been unable to go forth till they had alike replenished their purses and satisfied their consciences by the plunder and massacre of some five hundred men, women, and children of the detested faith. Such was patriotism and Christianity in the thirteenth century!

\* Probably *sendal*, a light woollen or silk stuff, worked with the arms.

Let us now briefly glance at the exterior of Old St. Paul's in the fifteenth century. The goodly dial on the tower, made "with all splendour that might be," with its angel pointing to the hour "both of the day and night,"\* need not detain us, nor the bishop's palace before mentioned,† in the north-west corner of the inclosure, from the chapel of which we hear the voices of the priests chanting the masses for the souls of deceased bishops. We are approaching a more interesting place, Pardon-Church-Haugh, the name given to that venerable-looking chapel and surrounding cloister, founded in the reign of Stephen by Gilbert Becket, portreeve of London, father to the famous archbishop, and the subject of one of the most delightful stories or legends in English history. Gilbert, it appears, whilst following the fortunes of his lord in the Crusades, was taken prisoner by a Saracen emir, and thrown into a dungeon. The emir's daughter beheld the captive, pitied him, loved him, and at last freed him. Escaped from his dungeon by her means, Gilbert soon reached his own country. Wretched at his absence, love at last suggested what only love could suggest under such circumstances—the determination to seek him through the world, knowing only the name—Gilbert, the place—London. Hastening to the nearest port, she found one at least of those talismanic words understood, and she embarked in a vessel for England. In "London" at last, she wandered from street to street, with no friend to aid, knowing but one word of the language, "Gilbert," "Gilbert,"—and, oh! the world of wisdom often contained within such simple faith!—they met at last. With tears of joy was the stout yeoman seen hurrying away his beautiful infidel to be baptized in his own faith, preparatory to their immediate



[Baptism of the Mother of (Thomas à) Becket.]

marriage. The extraordinary nature of the circumstance, taken in connexion with the foundation of the chapel before us, where he lies, and no doubt his bride also, make it more than probable, supposing the story to be true, that the baptism took place in St. Paul's. After Becket's time the chapel and cloister

\* This is curious, if it means, as it appears to do, that the dial was illuminated at night.

† By an oversight in the previous article the Palace is placed on the right of the top of Ludgate Hill.

appear to have become favourite places with the wealthy and the pious,—the one for the repose of their bodies, the other for securing the repose of their souls. The cloister is rich with monuments, but we must pass on to the picture we see there on the eastern wall, with the verses beneath, and the strange title, ‘Death leading away all estates.’ An inscription informs us that the whole was done at the charge of Jenkyn Carpenter, citizen of London, in imitation of the one in the cloisters adjoining St. Innocents’ churchyard, Paris; whilst the verses are headed, “The Dance of Machabree; wherein is lively expressed and showed the state of Man, and how he is called at uncertain times by Death, and when he thinketh least thereon. Made by Dan John Lydgate, Monk of S. Edmunds Bury.” An awful dance, indeed! A double line of figures, commencing in the left of the foreground, and continued away on the right till the apparently endless procession is lost in the distance; the one line led by a pope with his triple crown on his head, behind him an emperor, next a king, then cardinal, duke, archbishop, patriarch, baron, princess, bishop, squire, and so on regularly downwards through every condition of life; whilst the other line presents one dread but sublime uniformity—emperor and labourer, duke and citizen, monk and minstrel, are each led on by the same ghastly partner, a skeleton Death. Wonderful as is the conception of the picture, the execution is equal. The variety of expression given to the skeleton forms, in spite of the continual repetition—above all, the unearthly submissiveness with which the terrible procession of the highest and lowliest of the earth move on together, as though in a deep and awful dream which deprived all alike of the power of resisting—seem to us among the greatest triumphs of the art. In the verses, which extend to great length, we have the conversation which may be supposed to preface the dance; Death’s invitation to each, and the answer, beginning with the pope and ending with the hermit. We transcribe a passage or two:

*Death speaketh to the Emperour.*

“Syr Emperour, lord of all the ground,  
Sovereine prince and highest of noblesse,  
Ye mot forsake of gold your apple round,  
Sceptre and swerd, and all your high prowésse;  
Behind letten your treasour and your richés,  
And with other to my daunce obey;  
Against my might is worth none hardinesse,  
Adam’s children all they musté deye.”

*The Emperour maketh answer.*

“I note\* to whom that I may appeal  
Touching Death which doth me so constrein,  
There is no gin † to helyen ‡ my queréll,  
But spade and pickoys my gravé to atteyne;  
A simple sheet, there is no more to seyn,  
To wrappen in my body and viságe,  
Whereupon sore I me compleyne,  
That great Lordes have little avantáge.”

Machabree, the author of the original verses, was a German physician, who is supposed to have written them from the sight of the picture, which was found in

\* Know not.

† Wile.

‡ Heal.

many of the continental edifices about the latter part of the fourteenth century. The picture itself was probably first suggested by the wide-sweeping ravages of the plague, as we know that it was subsequently painted on the walls of churches to commemorate such occasions: as at Basle, after the plague which carried off so many persons during the fifteen years' sitting of the General Council which met in 1431; and, we may add, as in the cloister of St. Paul's, for the very name shows that this cloister and chapel had been in some way used for similar purposes with the Pardon Churchyard, Clerkenwell, where Sir Walter Manny bought ground for the interment of the victims of the pestilence. Lydgate is a somewhat free translator of Machabree's verses, we observe; for, among the other passages, we see that "Death speaketh to

"Master John Rikil, whilom Tregetour  
Of noble Henry, King of Englonde,\*  
And of France the mighty conqueror;  
For all the sleights and turning of thine hond,  
Thou must come near, my dance to understand:  
Nought may avail all thy conclusions,  
For Death shortly nother on sea ne lond  
Is not deceived by none illusions."

*The Tregetour maketh answer.*

"What may availe magike naturall,  
Or any craft shewed by appearance  
Or course of stars above celestiall,  
Or of the heavens all the influence  
Againste Death to stonde at defence?  
Legerdemain now helpeth me right nought:  
Farewell my craft and such sapience,  
For Death mo maistries † hath ywrought."

The moral of the whole is summed up toward the conclusion by

*The King eaten of Worms.*

"Ye folke that look upon this portrature,  
Beholding here all estatés daunce,  
Seeth what ye have been, and what is your nature—  
Meat unto worms: nought elsé in substance.  
And have this mirror aye in rémembrance,  
How I lie here, whilom crowned king,  
To all estatés a true résemblance  
That wormes food is the fine of your living."

Among the other noticeable features of the exterior of St. Paul's on the north side are the library over the cloister and the chapel near the door leading into the north transept of the cathedral: the first furnished with books at a great cost, and the second built by Walter Shiryngton, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—a man of whom it is recorded he had in ready money at his death no less than the sum of 3233*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, kept in an iron chest in the vestry of the church, whereof 319*l.* were in groats, and the rest in gold. The charnel-house and chapel, a place of resort to pilgrims, is here also; and, above all, the famous St. Paul's Cross, near the eastern extremity. ‡ The Bell Tower on the east, with

\* Pronounced apparently as a trisyllable.

† Mysteries.

‡ The subject of No. III. of this publication.

its great bells used in old times to summon the people to the folkmote, with its tall spire and image of St. Paul on the summit, and the sumptuous chapter-house, and cloisters surrounding it, on the western side of the southern transept, are the only other objects demanding notice.

With the exception of an accident now and then, such as the injury done by lightning to the spire in 1444, which took a long time to repair, there is nothing of moment in the history of the edifice from the period of its completion down to that when the Reformation began to perplex hierarchies with fears of change even more than monarchs. From that time St. Paul's is a troubled history for the next one hundred and fifty years. We can only deal with the more salient points; and, first, here is a quiet little bit of correspondence going on between the authorities of the cathedral and Queen Anne Boleyn's Vice-Chamberlain. As yet, proceedings of the nature indicated had to be done very decorously; and our readers will own that the writer (Dr. John Smythe, canon-residentiary) was the very man so to do them:—"After my right hearty recommendations: whereas the King's grace, by instruction, hath in knowledge of a precious little cross, with a crucifix, all of pure gold, with a rich ruby in the side, and garnished with four great diamonds, four great emeralds, and four large ballasses, with twelve great orient pearls, &c., which cross is in our church among other jewels; and upon the King's high affection and pleasure of the sight of the same [Who does not see bluff King Hal standing before it with his mouth watering?], I, with others of my brethren residentiaries, had yesterday in commandment, by the mouth of Mr. Secretary, in the King's name, to be with his Grace with the same cross tomorrow. I *secretly* asserten you, and my loving master and trusty friend, that, by mine especial instruction, conveyance, and labours, his Grace shall have high pleasure therein, to the accomplishment of his affection in and of the same, of our *free gift*, trusting only in his charitable goodness always to be shewed to our church of S. Paul, and to the ministers of the same, in their just and reasonable causes and suits." And is this all?—By no means. The crafty canon-residentiary knows well enough that those who receive such kind of service are not unprepared to repay it in kind: so he goes on to point out that his "unkind brother, Mr. Incente," long time, as he understands, hath made secret labours to supplant him of some house he holds, and to obtain certain authority; and so a good word with the Queen's Grace is desired both for the house and the authority, backed by this persuasive piece of eloquence to Sir Edward Baynton, the Vice-Chancellor's own ears:—"If ye can speed with me," he says, "I shall give you two years' farm rent of my prebend of Alkennings, *and so forth, as I shall find your goodness unto me.*"

Turn we now to a somewhat more gratifying evidence of the progress of the Reformation—the sudden apparition, in or about most of the principal English churches, for the first time, of such a spectacle as this: Englishmen reading the Bible in their own language. The first announcement of the King's purpose was made known by his direction, in 1536, for a translation to be made. Coverdale had, the year before, completed his translation, which was now placed in the King's hands; and, as the translator himself told his audience one day at St. Paul's Cross, various opinions having been expressed as to its value, "Henry ordered divers bishops to peruse it. After they had had it long in their hands,



he asked their judgment of it: they said there were many faults in it. But he asked upon that if there were any heresies in it: they said they found none. ‘Then,’ said the King, ‘in God’s name, let it go abroad among my people.’” Cromwell accordingly directed a copy of Coverdale’s Bible to be chained to a pillar or desk in the choir of every parish church. As soon as the new translation was completed in 1539, similar directions were issued with regard to that; and again in 1541, showing that the earlier orders had been but indifferently obeyed. Bonner was now Bishop of London; and, in obedience to the proclamation, he caused six Bibles to be set up in different parts of the Church, with a brief admonition attached, that they should be read humbly, meekly, reverently, and obediently; that no persons should read them with loud voices, or during divine service; and, more particularly, that the laity were not to dispute of the mysteries contained therein. But the awakening mind of man was preparing to accomplish mightier things than breaking through a bishop’s injunction. Many a group might be seen about these chained Bibles, now listening in deep silence to the voice of one who read, now arguing hotly upon some disputed passage or point of faith it involved. Bonner was the last man to submit to this in peace. He threatened publicly to remove the Bibles if these abuses continued; whilst in private, he, with the other chief heads of the clergy, who viewed with alarm the growing schism, strained every nerve to undo what had been done, but with little or no effect.

The next evidence of the change going on, that we meet with in the history of St. Paul’s, is the dissolution of the chantries in the first year of the reign of Edward VI.—an act which at once struck off fifty-four priests from the foundation, that being the number still employed in the daily performance of the celebrations at the different chantries, then reduced to thirty-five. This blow was followed, six years later, by another—the stripping the church of the long list of valuables which we have before referred to, leaving only, as if by way of mockery,

two or three chalices, basins, and a silver pot, a few cushions, towels, dresses, &c. Ruder hands were now laid upon the venerable structure. "In the time of King Edward VI.," says Dugdale, "and beginning of Queen Elizabeth, such pretenders were some to zeal for a thorough reformation in religion, that, under colour of pulling down those images here, which had been superstitiously worshipped by the people, as then was said, the beautiful and costly portraitures of brass, fixed in several marbles in sundry churches of this realm, and so consequently in this, escaping not their sacrilegious hands, were torn away, and for a small matter sold to coppersmiths and tinkers."\* In the place of the images or statues thus removed, various texts of Scripture were affixed against the wall, condemnatory, or thought to be so, of the former practice. A curious passage in Strype's 'Ecclesiastical Memorial' shows us the state of feeling among the clergy of the cathedral. In 1549 Bonner had received an indirect reprimand from the King's Council on account of the performance of masses, said to be still kept up in some of the chapels of St. Paul's. It was directed that the Communion, under colour of which the masses had been said, should be said at the high altar only. Some months after that, when Ridley was bishop, the Communion was still celebrated with such superstition as though it were a mass. In consequence, the Council sent, on the 11th of October, 1550, three or four "honest gentlemen in London" to observe the usage at St. Paul's, who reported that the Communion was "used as the very mass." We may judge how joyously these parties must have received the news of Mary's accession to the throne. The continuator of Fabian tells us, "on St. Katherine's Day, after even song, began the choir of Paul's to go about the steeple singing, after the old custom;" whilst, on "St. Andrew's Day began the procession in Latin—the bishop, curates, parsons, and the whole choir of Paul's, with the mayor and divers aldermen, and the prebends in their grey ammes;† and thus continued *three days* following." And although Mary, for political reasons, issued almost immediately a declaration that she would constrain nobody in religious matters, her intentions were well known to the Catholic party; and too soon, unhappily, to every one else. It was a blessed thing for England that one of its "most terrible reigns should have been also one of the shortest."

The most important point in the history of St. Paul's during the reign of Elizabeth is the destruction of the tall steeple, in 1561. In the accounts published at the time, the damage was attributed to lightning during a tempest, "for divers persons, in time of the said tempest, being in the fields near adjoining to the city, affirmed that they saw a long and a spear-pointed flame of fire (as it were) run through the top of the broche or shaft of Paul's steeple from the east westward;" but a later writer, Dr. Heylin (1674), says, that a plumber had since confessed that it happened through his negligence in leaving a pan of coals and other fuel in the steeple when he went to dinner; and which, taking hold of the dry wood in the spire, had become so dangerous before he returned, that he kept his secret. The damage done was immense. Not only the entire steeple was destroyed, but the roof of the church and aisles. Many pious per-

\* Sir H. Ellis's edition, 1818, p. 31; to which we may once for all express our acknowledgments for the chief materials of the present papers.

† Amices—the cloth worn by the priests in front under the albs.

sons no doubt were totally at a loss to understand the calamity; for in the cross there had been long deposited the relics of certain saints, placed there originally by Gilbert de Segrave, Bishop of London about 1315, for the express purpose of defending the steeple from all danger of tempests; but they were satisfied at last when they discovered that the evil was owing to the Reformation. A preacher at Paul's Cross thought it necessary to answer this hypothesis in a careful and learned manner. All parties, however, exerted themselves to remedy the mischance. By 1566 the roof was repaired; but it now began to be perceived that a general repair of the edifice was needed, and there was still the steeple to build. James I., on one occasion, came in splendid procession to give éclat to a new attempt to raise subscriptions. A commission also was issued, but nothing further done till Charles's reign, when, in 1633, Laud, then Bishop of London, laid the first stone, and Inigo Jones, the architect, the fourth. It would have been well for this great architect's fame if his connexion with St. Paul's could be altogether forgotten. After looking upon the elegant tracery and beautifully-pointed architecture of the old cathedral, and then on the monstrous additions made by him, such as Corinthian porticos, round-headed windows, balustrades ornamented with round stone balls along the top, one needs to remember the Banqueting House, Whitehall, to prevent something like a feeling of contempt for this fine artist. Strange that men like Inigo Jones and Wren, both able to do so much honour to their country by developing their own tastes and principles, should have been willing to meddle with works founded upon the tastes and principles of others, with whom evidently they had nothing in common. If the notion had ever crossed their minds that some restorer of the Gothic would one day be busily employed repairing St. Paul's or the Banqueting House on his own peculiar views, we suspect their equanimity would have been somewhat disturbed.

Many honourable instances of private zeal in the restoration of the cathedral have been recorded. Charles himself set the example by erecting, at his own expense, the portico on the west, whilst Sir Paul Pindar restored the beautiful screen at the entrance into the choir (the one single work that seems to have been done in the right spirit), and gave no less than 4000*l.* to the repair of the south transept. And thus, by 1643, the whole was finished except the steeple, at an expense of about 100,000*l.*, when the Civil War broke out; and men, in their struggle to prevent or to accomplish a reform of all the evils which political or religious institutions are heir to, became too much engrossed to attend any longer to the state of St. Paul's. In order that we may finally dismiss this part of our subject, we may observe that on the abolition of bishops, deans, and chapters, in 1642, the revenues and buildings attached to St. Paul's were seized, and much injury done to the interior of the cathedral by the quartering of horse-soldiers in the nave, and the erection of a wall between the nave and choir, in order to partition the latter off for divine service. Charles II. began the work of repair and restoration in 1633, but before any great advance was made came the Great Fire.

At the very beginning of the Civil War an eminent antiquary conceived and executed a scheme of no ordinary importance or toil, which he has thus described in the preface to his work on St. Paul's:—"The said Mr. Dugdale, therefore,

receiving encouragement from Sir Christopher Hatton, before mentioned, then a member of that House of Commons (who timely foresaw the near approaching storm) in summer, anno 1641, taking with him one Mr. William Sedgewick (a skilful arms painter), repaired first to the cathedral of St. Paul in the City of London, and next to the abbey church of Westminster, and there made exact draughts of all the monuments in each of them, copied the epitaphs according to the very letter, as also of all arms in the windows or cut in stone; and having so done, rode to Peterborough in Northamptonshire, Ely, Norwich, Lincoln, Newark-upon-Trent, Beverley, Southwell, Kingston-upon-Hull, York, Selby, Chester, Litchfield, Tamworth, Warwick, and did the like in all those cathedral, collegiate, conventual, and divers other parochial churches, wherein any tombs or monuments were to be found, to the end that the memory of them, in the case of that ruin then imminent, might be preserved for future and better times." A more interesting passage, or a more gallant deed than this, we shall nowhere find in the annals of antiquarianism. And whatever the amount of the danger apprehended and the mischief done to our cathedrals during the Civil War, one event of infinitely greater moment, that he could not anticipate, the Great Fire, has left us almost entirely dependent upon what Dugdale did at this period for our knowledge of Old St. Paul's. In the vaults beneath the present cathedral are the remains of some half-dozen monuments dug up out of the ruins of the former edifice, and this is nearly all we should have known of the sumptuous structures already described, but for his labours. The amount of destruction wrought in our great religious edifices during the Civil War, we believe, has been much exaggerated, and the error has probably arisen from overlooking the handiwork of the first reformers themselves during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth. Henry, at one cast of the dice, knocked down the Bell Tower before mentioned, with its goodly spire and bells, or at least his fellow-gamster Sir Miles Partridge, who was the winner of the throw, did for him. Then as to Edward's and Elizabeth's reigns, we have already transcribed a passage from Dugdale showing that the "images," forming nearly the whole of the beautiful sculpture, and many of the beautiful and costly portraitures of brass, chiefly of bishops, of whom no less than twenty-four had been buried in the cathedral, were then destroyed. But in Edward's reign private rapacity did greater injury even than any yet specified. The Protector Somerset, then busy erecting Somerset House in the Strand, swept away the chapel and cloisters of Pardon Church Haugh, with the Dance of Death, and all the beautiful monuments; also Shiryngton's Chapel, and the Charnel-House and Chapel, in order that he might have the materials. Let us now see what were the principal memorials among those which remained when Dugdale set to work, and which have not been already described in the preceding paper. Among the tablets were one to Linaere, the great physician and founder of the College of Physicians, who was buried here; another to Sir Philip Sidney, with an inscription, beginning—

"England, Netherlands, the Heavens, and the Arts,  
The soldiers, and the world, have made six parts  
Of noble Sidney;"

who was interred in St. Paul's, in January, 1586; amidst so deep and universal a

grief as has seldom greeted the remains of poet or warrior; indeed for months afterwards it was considered an infringement of decency for a gentleman to appear at court or in public except in mourning. Among the monuments were plenty of those cumbrous, tasteless pieces of magnificence which choke up the aisles and chapels of Westminster Abbey to this day. Such, for instance, were the monuments of the noticeable triad of men—Sir Christopher Hatton, Elizabeth's favourite Chancellor, with a long inscription in verse attached, detailing his descent and history at large,—Sir Francis Walsingham, her eminent Secretary, who, Pennant says, "died so poor that his friends were obliged to steal his remains into the grave, for fear lest they should be arrested"—and lastly, Sir Nicholas Bacon, her Keeper of the Seals, the father of the great Chancellor, and himself a distinguished and excellent man. "He was," says his son, "a plain man, direct and constant, without all finesse and doubleness, and one that was of a mind that a man in his private proceedings and estate, and in the proceedings of State, should rest upon the soundness and strength of his own courses, and not upon practice to circumvent others." His solidity of character was by no means inconsistent with the lighter graces of the intellect. When Elizabeth came to visit him at Gorhambury, the size and magnificence of the place seem to have drawn from the Queen, who evidently had a jealousy of the power of her nobles, the satirical remark, that "his house was too little for him." "Not so, Madam," was the happy answer, "but your Majesty has made me too great for my house." The Earl of Pembroke's monument was also a work of great size and magnificence in this style. Lastly, there was here a large memorial of the founder of the school, Dean Colet, with a skeleton reclining at full length on a mat under a canopy, and a bust of the Dean in a niche at the top. The poet Donne's effigy, still preserved, we reserve for mention in our account of the existing structure. In St. Faith's, also, were many monuments and inscriptions. Perhaps the most memorable of them is that which stated—

"Lo, Thomas Mind, esquire by birth, doth under turned lie,  
To show that men, by nature's law, are born to live and die!"

The imagination starts back in awe as it asks, what would have been the consequences had this gentleman been unwilling to be made such an example of?

Apart from the history of the Cathedral itself, using the word in its strictest sense, there are a variety of events which belong to that history as having taken place within its walls. The Church and the State have each for many centuries used it occasionally for peculiar purposes—the one, for instance, for great ecclesiastical assemblies, proclamations, and trials of heretics—the other for pageants on occasions of public prayer or thanksgiving. Lastly, the people themselves managed, as we shall see, to turn Old St. Paul's to a variety of uses, none of them very consistent with the objects of the building. To begin with one of its miscellaneous religious or ecclesiastical memories. Here, in 1213, John's acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Pope was publicly read, in consequence of which acknowledgment the Church suddenly changed sides in the contest between the king and his barons, and wanted the latter to do the same. The event

next to be mentioned was of vast importance, no less than the degradation of the first English martyr, William Sawtre, from the priestly order, by stripping him, in regular succession, of all the distinctive articles of his dress, preparatory to sentencing him to the stake at Smithfield, where he was burnt in March, 1401. This terrible act took place under the primacy of Arundel, and was performed with the view of putting down Lollardism at once and for ever. If, as in some systems of theology, the shades of the authors of this fatal proceeding could but have been allowed to revisit the earth, and watch for the next one hundred and fifty years the progress of the principle they had established in St. Paul's—have summed up the amount of misery and agony inflicted, and the amount of success obtained, they would have received a punishment adequate even to such a crime. The name of the Lollards' Tower, applied to one of the turrets of the western front, and below which was the parish church of St. Gregory (at the S. W. corner of the pile), shows that Sawtre's case is not the only one, perhaps by hundreds, of the early Church Reformers, whose persecutions were carried on within the walls of the Cathedral. The Lollards' Tower here, as at Lambeth, was the bishop's usual place of confinement for the heterodox, but enjoys a pre-eminence of guilt to which the other cannot pretend. Its walls were reported to be stained with the blood from many a midnight murder, and one case that has come down to us prepares us to believe any tale of horror in connexion with it. In 1514, Richard Hunne, a merchant tailor of London, had a dispute with the parson of a country parish in Middlesex, who demanded a bearing-sheet as a mortuary privilege accruing through the death of an infant child of Hunne's in his parish. Hunne objected, it is supposed, through his inclination to the new doctrines, and was sued in the Spiritual Court, when, by the advice of his counsel, he adopted a daring course, that of taking out a writ of premunire against the parson for bringing the King's subjects before a foreign jurisdiction—a Spiritual Court sitting under the authority of the Pope's Legate. The clergy were in a state of frenzy at such bold questioning of their power, and, as the speediest method of reaching him, charged him with heresy. He was arrested and thrown into the Lollards' Tower. Hunne was frightened, and whilst acknowledging the partial truth of the charges brought against him, recanted in due form. But he would not give up his writ against the parson. Instead, therefore, of being discharged, as he was entitled to demand he should be, he was sent back to his prison; two days after he was found dead, hanging suspended from a hook in the ceiling. Of course he had hung himself, according to the officers of the prison, but, unfortunately for them, a coroner's inquest came to a different conclusion. Burnet says, "they found him hanging so loose, and in a silk girdle, that they clearly perceived he was killed; they also found his neck had been broken, as they judged with an iron chain, for the skin was all fretted and cut; they saw some streams of blood about his body, besides several other evidences, which made it clear that he had not murdered himself: whereupon they did acquit the dead body, and laid the murder on the officers that had the charge of that prison; and, by other proofs, they found the bishop's sumner (summoner) and the bell-ringer guilty of it; and, by the deposition of the sumner himself, it did appear that the chancellor, and he, and the bell-ringer, did murder

him, and then hung him up. It seems scarcely credible that, with the suspicion of such an atrocity hanging over them, the bishop and his clergy should have begun a new process of heresy against the dead body; yet they did so, and actually caused it to be burnt at Smithfield. Even this boldness, however, could not conceal the motive—it was too transparent; their show of conscious innocence availed nothing. Finally, after strong endeavours to stop the course of justice, Chancellor Horsey succeeded in escaping direct punishment, but not the odium which was universally raised against him. Parliament interfered in favour of Hunne's children, and compelled the restitution of his property, which had been seized on the conviction of his dead body for heresy. But even this act of atrocity was not worse than many performed with all due form and ceremonies in the same cathedral:—here is one related by Stow as to the fate of some poor people of Holland, who had taken into their heads they had a mission to reform the state of religious belief, and came to this country to make the experiment. In May, 1535, there were examined in St. Paul's nineteen men and six women born in Holland, whose opinions were that in Christ is not three natures; that Christ took neither flesh nor blood of the Virgin Mary; that children born of infidels shall be saved; that baptism of children is of no effect; that the sacrament of Christ's body is but bread only; that he who after his baptism sinneth wittingly, sinneth deadly, and cannot be saved. Fourteen of them were condemned: one man and woman burnt in Smithfield, the other twelve sent to different parts of the country to receive the same punishment. Such was the treatment of reformers under the rule of a reformer; when they did not happen to wait his good time, and make their opinions square exactly with his.

The state pageants or exhibitions here might well furnish interesting matter for many pages: we must dismiss them in a few lines. The taking possession of the English throne under peculiar circumstances seems to have been accompanied in old times by a splendid procession to St. Paul's. Thus when Louis of France came into London in 1216, amidst the greetings of the barons and citizens, who were ready to welcome any one so long as they got rid of the tyrant John, he was conducted with great pomp and ceremony to St. Paul's, where all those present swore fealty to him. Henry VI. and Edward IV. each came here after particular successes. At other times events of this nature were marked by a different kind of exhibition, showing who had lost, instead of those who had gained kingdoms. Richard II.'s body was exhibited at St. Paul's, and, says Stow, "had service, where King Henry was present." Henry VI. before mentioned, and the great King-maker, were also publicly shown here after their death. Henry's corpse is said to have bled on the occasion. One very sumptuous state pageant that took place in St. Paul's was the marriage of Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., to Catherine of Arragon, afterwards the unhappy wife of Arthur's brother Henry. They were lodged for the time in the bishop's palace. Among the prayers and thanksgivings before alluded to, the most remarkable are those offered in 1555 for the preservation of Mary and *her infant*, the Queen having made an awkward mistake; and those in 1588 for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

The words "Paul's Walk" at once revive recollections of the uses to which

the public were accustomed to turn the nave and aisles of the Cathedral. "No place has been more abused than Paul's has been," says the author of a tract on the burning of the steeple in 1561, "nor more against the receiving of Christ's Gospel: wherefore it is more marvel that God spared it so long, rather than that he overthrew it now. From the top of the steeple down within the ground no place has been free. From the top of the spire at coronations, or other solemn triumphs, some for vainglory used to throw themselves down by a rope, and so killed themselves vainly to please other men's eyes. At the battlements of the steeple sundry times were used their Popish anthems, to call upon their gods with torch and taper in the evenings . . . . . The south alley for usury and popery, the north for simony, and the horse-fair in the midst for all kind of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murthers, conspiracies; and the font for ordinary payments of money, are so well known to men as the beggar knows his dish." It is curious how early the traffic in benefices at St. Paul's has been noticed. Chaucer's Parson is described as one who

" — sette not his benefice to hire  
 And lefte his sheep accombered in the mire  
 And ran unto Londón, unto St. Poul's  
 To seeken him a chanterie for souls," &c.

Whilst Bishop Hall corroborates the author before quoted, not only as to the fact, but the part of the Cathedral where such business was transacted :

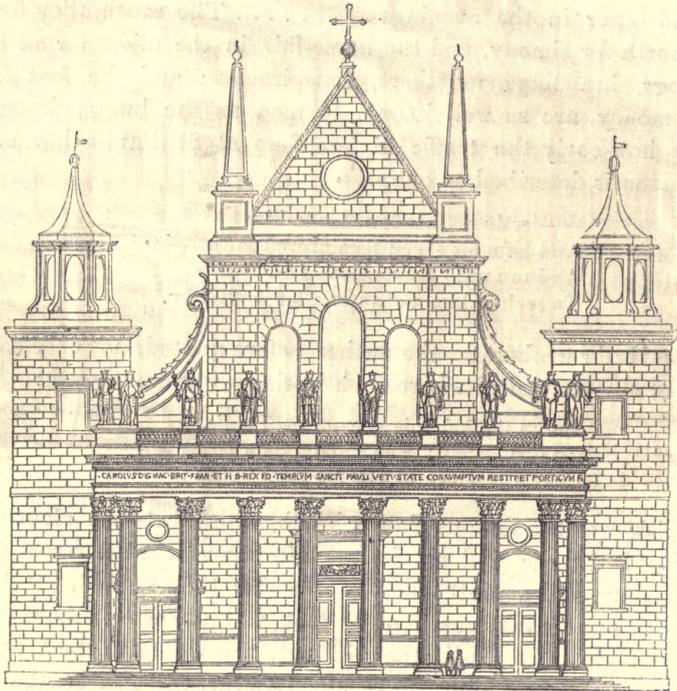
" Come to the left side alley of St. Poul's,  
 Thou servile fool: why couldst thou not repair  
 To buy a benefice at Steeple-fair?"

The middle aisle was the famous Paul's Walk, which between eleven and twelve in the morning, and three and six in the afternoon, was the resort of persons of all ranks of society, and a pretty medley it seems they formed. "At one time in one and the same rank, yea, foot by foot, and elbow by elbow, shall you see walking the Knight, the Gull, the Gallant, the Upstart, the Gentleman, the Clown, the Captain, the Appel-squire, the Lawyer, the Usurer, the Citizen, the Bankrout, the Scholar, the Beggar, the Doctor, the Ideot, the Ruffian, the Cheater, the Puritan, the Cut-throat, the High-men, the Low-men, the True man and the Thief: of all trades and professions some: of all countries some. Thus whilst Devotion kneels at her prayers, doth Profanation walk under her nose in contempt of religion."\* We mentioned in our former paper the monument of Sir John Beauchamp; it was this it appears that, being mistaken for the monument of good Duke Humphrey, buried at St. Albans, led to the popular phrase among the poor idlers, who here whiled away their time, of dining with Duke Humphrey, when they knew of no better host.

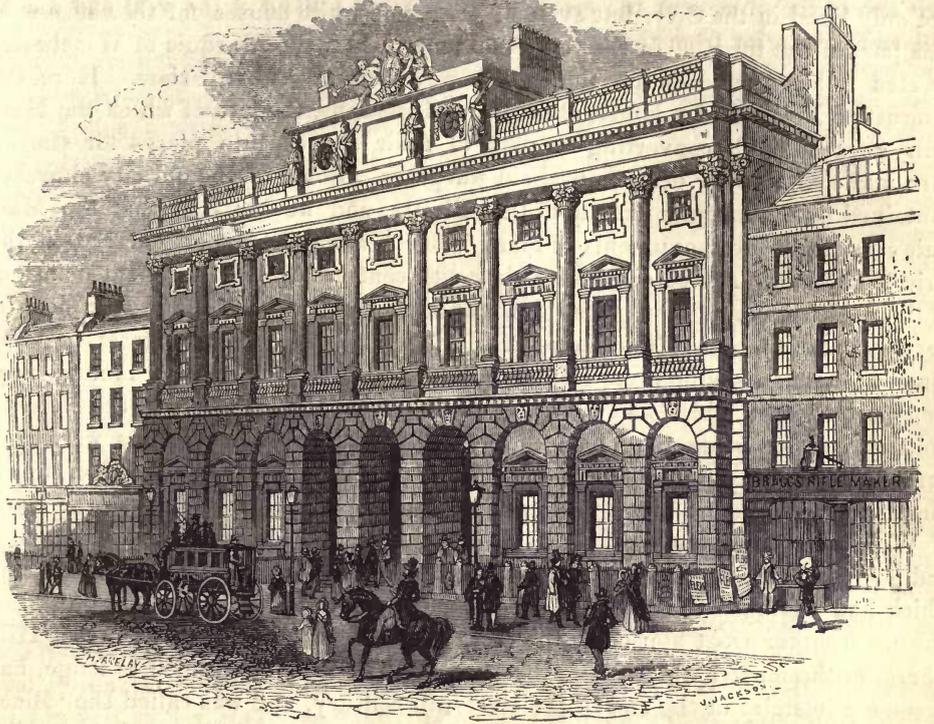
The exterior was an equally popular place for various public proceedings. The first lottery of which we have any record was drawn before the western doors in 1569. It included 10,000 lots, at 10s. each lot; the prizes consisting of plate. It began on the 11th of January, and continued, Stow says, "day and night" till the 6th of May. What a picture of national passion for gambling is

\* Dekker's 'Dead Tearme, or Westminster's Speech to London,' 1607.

given in those few words! The profits of the lottery were applied to the repair of the havens of England. Another lottery was drawn in 1586, when the prizes consisted of rich and beautiful armour; and, for the convenience of all parties, a wooden house was erected against the great door of the Cathedral. We may add that one of the objects of the erection of the great portico at the west end was to relieve the interior from the nuisances pointed out.



[Luigi Jones's Portico, St. Paul's.]



[Somerset House, Strand Front.]

### XCIH.—SOMERSET HOUSE.

IF the splendour of royalty only now illumines the City at rare and uncertain intervals, there was once a time when the citizens were more familiar with regal movements and processions, and when the numerous city mansions of the nobility attested the empire of the court over its narrow and crowded streets. The Tower, as the eastern seat of royalty, held the palatial pride of Westminster in check. In the fifteenth century, when the great nobles visited London, they came not to their mansions with the unobtrusiveness of private citizens. In 1485 the Earl of Salisbury rode with five hundred horsemen, all wearing his livery, to his house in the Herber, or Erber. And where was the mansion fit for the reception of so ostentatious and princely a retinue? The exclusive who affects ignorance of the locality of Bloomsbury Square will blush to hear that it was "a great old house" by Dowgate. It was successively held by John Neville, Lord of Raby, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, then by Neville, the Earl of Salisbury above mentioned, and afterwards passed into the possession of George, Duke of Clarence, by gift from Edward IV. When Stow wrote, the old mansion had been recently pulled down, and the house erected on

its site was the residence of Sir Francis Drake. In the same year of 1485 Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, rode with six hundred men in his livery to his house in Warwick Lane. Strange sights these would be for the citizens of the present day. Up to the commencement of the sixteenth century the nobility not only lived in the City, but even at that time built houses for themselves in this part of the town. In the reign of Henry VIII. the Marquis of Winchester erected a large mansion on the spot now known as Austin Friars. Here the Augustine Friars had a house, cloisters, and gardens, the site of which the Marquis appropriated, converting a part of their church into places for storing corn and coal, and for other household purposes. Some of the old city churches contained numerous monuments of the nobility, and we are told that the Marquis's heir sold the monuments of many noblemen who had been interred in the Friars' Church. At the end of the sixteenth century the more ancient mansions of the nobility were either pulled down or in a state of decay, and occupied by very different tenants. The house of Earl Ferrers, in Lombard Street, had become a common hostelry, called the 'George.' Northumberland House, near Fenchurch Street, which had been a town residence of the Percies in the fifteenth century, had for some time been deserted by them, and its gardens were converted into bowling-alleys, and other parts into dining-houses, "common to all comers for their money, there to bowl and hazard." The town-house of the Earls of Worcester, in Vintry ward, was in Stow's time divided into many tenements; and a great house built of stone, called Ormond Place, in Knightriders Street, and which had belonged to the Earls of Ormond, had, he tells us, lately been pulled down. Another great house, for the most part built of stone, on Fish Street Hill, where, in the fourteenth century, the Black Prince was accustomed to lodge, had become a hostelry at the end of the sixteenth century, and was called the 'Black Bell.' The history of the 'Pope's Head' tavern on Cornhill puzzled our city antiquary. The place, with other houses adjoining, strongly built of stone, had evidently formed one tenement at some remote period. The royal arms, as they were quartered before the reign of Edward III., showed that it was erected before the fourteenth century. "Some say," remarks Stow, "this was King John's house, which might so be;" but he could find no proof of the fact. The nobility gradually removed from the City to the west end of the town. Northumberland House, at the western extremity of the Strand, is the only noble mansion which now stands so far eastward. It possesses a different character from most of the houses of the nobility, and its *porte-cocher* and solid front give it something of the appearance of a mansion of the olden time. But even in Evelyn's time, now nearly two centuries ago, when manufactories were less numerous along the banks of the river, it was often wrapped in a murky veil of smoke. "I have," he says, "strangely wondered, and not without some just indignation, when the south wind has been gently breathing, to have sometimes beheld that stately house and garden, belonging to my Lord of Northumberland, even as far as Whitehall and Westminster Abbey, wrapped in a horrid cloud of smoke issuing from a brew-house or two contiguous to that noble palace, so as, coming up the river, that part of the city has appeared a sea where no part of land was within ken."

Besides the royal residence at the Tower of London, the Kings of England had other places, in the heart of the city, at which they were accustomed to

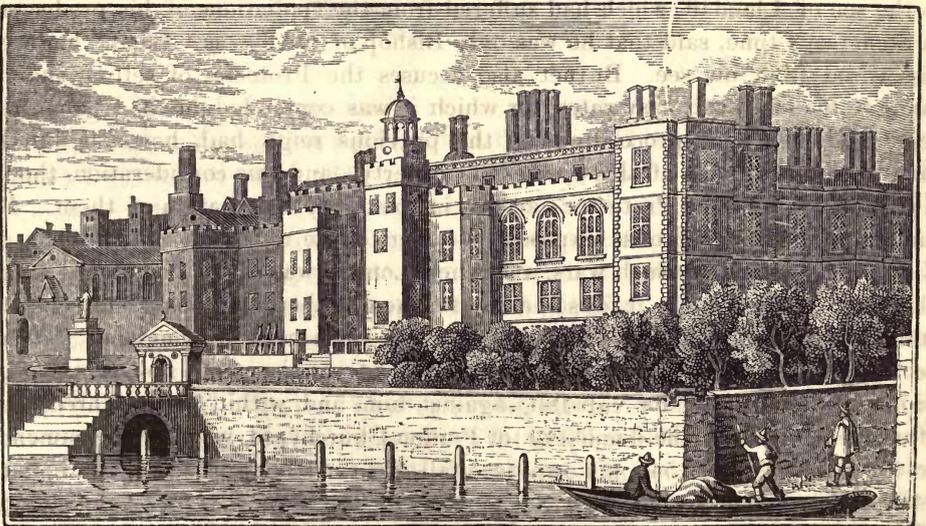
lodge occasionally, or to take up their temporary abode. One of these places was Baynard's Castle, a very ancient edifice, which gives its name to one of the City wards. It was repaired in 1501 by Henry VII., or rather he rebuilt it, "not embattled, or so strongly fortified castle-like, but far more beautiful and commodious, for the entertainment of any prince or great estate." During his reign he frequently lodged there. He received at this place the ambassadors from the King of the Romans; and the King of Castile lodged here while on a visit to this country. The council at which it was resolved to proclaim Queen Mary, during the brief reign of Lady Jane Grey, was held at Baynard's Castle. Tower Royal, in Vintry ward, was another royal residence, and at an earlier period. During his contests with the Empress Maude, King Stephen lodged here, "as in the heart of the city, for his more safety." In the reign of Richard II. this place was called the Queen's Wardrobe. During Wat Tyler's rebellion Richard's mother fled hither from the Tower, so that it must have been a place of some strength. As soon as the heat of the rebels was quenched, he visited his mother, who had been in a state of alarm during three days and two nights, and bid her thank God, "for," said he, "I have this day recovered mine heritage, and the realm of England, which I had near hand lost." In Stow's time this place was converted into separate tenements. In the fifteenth century Henry VI. had an ancient mansion which he styled his "principal palace in the Old Jewry," and which a century afterwards was known by the name of the Old Wardrobe. It was a large stone building, very ancient, and when Stow wrote the outer stone walls had been gradually taken down and good houses built upon the site. No notice occurs of its having been used as a royal residence. The Palace of Bridewell, just without the city walls, the site of which is well known, was occasionally much used by Henry VIII., especially during the discussions respecting his divorce from his first wife, which were carried on at the Black Friars. In the next reign this palace was converted into a House of Correction. In its further migration westward, royalty rested for a time at Somerset House, of which place we will now give a brief history.

In 1536 the rising fortunes of Edward Seymour were crowned by the marriage of his sister to Henry VIII. He was immediately created a peer by the title of Viscount Beauchamp. On his sister giving birth to a prince in the following year, Seymour was elevated to the earldom of Hertford; and, four years afterwards, was elected a Knight of the Garter, and next appointed Lord Chamberlain for life. The attainders in former reigns had so thinned the ranks of the nobility, that, a little before his death, Henry proposed creating new peers and elevating in rank those who were already in his favour. On this occasion the Earl of Hertford was nominated for a dukedom, and the extinct titles of Somerset, Exeter, or Hertford, were offered for his choice; but the King died before the new patent could be made out, and he left instructions in his will for carrying his intentions into effect, so far at least as the Earl of Hertford was concerned. On the 1st of February, 1546, four days after the King's death, he was elected by the Privy Council Governor of the young King Edward VI., his nephew, and Protector of his realms, until he should attain the age of eighteen. On the 10th of February he was appointed Lord High Treasurer; on the 16th created Duke of Somerset; and on the 17th he was made Earl Marshal. It seems probable

that he already possessed property on the site of Somerset House. The whole of Covent Garden and its neighbourhood, and Long Acre, comprising seven acres of valuable ground, belonged to him. The desire to possess a residence suitable to his high station was natural, and he determined to build a palace on the site of the present Somerset House. To obtain space and building materials he was guilty of some infringements of public and private rights, which were urged against him in the hour of his adversity. An inn of Chancery, called Strand Inn or Chester's Inn, the Episcopal houses of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and of the Bishops of Worcester and Llandaff, and the church and churchyard of St. Mary-le-Strand, were demolished for the site of his new house. The common mode of building was still with timber and rubble, bricks not being generally used, and only the mansions of the nobility were built of stone, which was necessarily brought by sea, so that the most expeditious plan of obtaining the materials for new buildings of stone was to pull down old ones. With this object he caused the charnel-house of Old St. Paul's, and the chapel over it, to be demolished; also a large cloister on the north of St. Paul's, called Pardon Churchyard, which contained a greater number and more curious monuments than the church itself. The 'Dance of Machabray,' or 'Dance of Death,' commonly called, says Stow, the 'Dance of Paul's,' was painted in a part of this cloister. Nothing was left of it but a bare plot of ground. He also pulled down the steeple and part of the church of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem. Burnet, alluding to the Protector's rapacity, admits that "many bishops and cathedrals had resigned many manors to him for obtaining his favour;" though he adds, "this was not done without leave obtained from the King." Bishop Babington, appointed in 1591 to the see of Llandaff, which had suffered from the spoliations of his predecessor in Somerset's time, said that he was only Bishop of "Aff," as "Land" had been dissevered from his see. Burnet also accuses the Protector of selling chantry lands to his friends at easy rates, for which it was concluded he had great presents. The flagrant proceedings of the previous reign had, however, blinded men to the sacredness of this species of property; and this consideration, though it does not excuse the Protector's acts, is in some sort a palliation of them. But the rise of Somerset House exposed its owner to the reflection, "that when the King was engaged in such wars, and when London was much disordered by the plague that had been in it for some months, he was then bringing architects from Italy, and designing such a palace as had not been seen in England." While he was thus pursuing these false means of aggrandisement, now sending his brother to the block for caballing against him, and, within two or three weeks afterwards, ordering the demolition of Pardon Churchyard, which was commenced on the 10th of April, 1549, his own downfall was rapidly approaching, and, on the 14th of October following, he was committed to the Tower. One of the grounds of dissatisfaction exhibited against him was his ambition and seeking of his own glory, "as appeared by his building of most sumptuous and costly buildings, and specially in the time of the King's wars, and the King's soldiers unpaid." He did not fall with much dignity; and his private appeal to Warwick, his great rival, to save him, was treated with neglect. Warwick, though without the title, succeeded to the real power of the Protectorate, and Somerset was reduced to such insignificance that he was released from the Tower, and even allowed to sit at the

Council. Whether he attempted to regain his former position, or Warwick, now become Duke of Northumberland, felt uneasy so long as Somerset lived, does not appear; but, in December, 1551, the ex-Protector was again placed in confinement in the Tower on treasonable charges, and in January, 1552, he was beheaded. The marriage of his daughter to Warwick's eldest son did not save him. His nephew, Edward VI., mentions his uncle's death in the following laconic manner in his Diary:—"Jan. 22. The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Tower Hill between eight and nine o'clock in the morning." The people who witnessed the execution were more accessible to feelings of pity. A circumstance occurred during the preparations which led them to believe that Edward had granted his uncle a pardon, and a general shout arose of "Pardon! Pardon!" and "God save the King!" many persons throwing up their caps. They were exempt from the feelings of ambitious rivalry which had hurried him to the scaffold.

It is very probable that Somerset House was never inhabited by the Protector. He commenced the building in March, 1546-7, and in October, 1549, up to which period it was in constant progress, his political life may be said to have terminated. According to the scale of a print in Strype's 'Stow,' the site occupied an area of six hundred feet from east to west by five hundred north and south. The principal architect is believed to have been John of Padua, an Italian, who was appointed "Deviser of his Majesty's buildings" in 1544. Old Somerset House was the first building of Italian architecture executed in this country. The engraving shows the general appearance of the river front of the old edifice.



[Old Somerset House.]

On the death of Somerset his palace came into the possession of the Crown, and Edward appears to have assigned it to his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, for her use when she visited the court. It is spoken of at this period as "her place, called Somerset Place, beyond Strand Bridge." When she came to the throne she seems always to have given the preference to Whitehall and St. James's: In

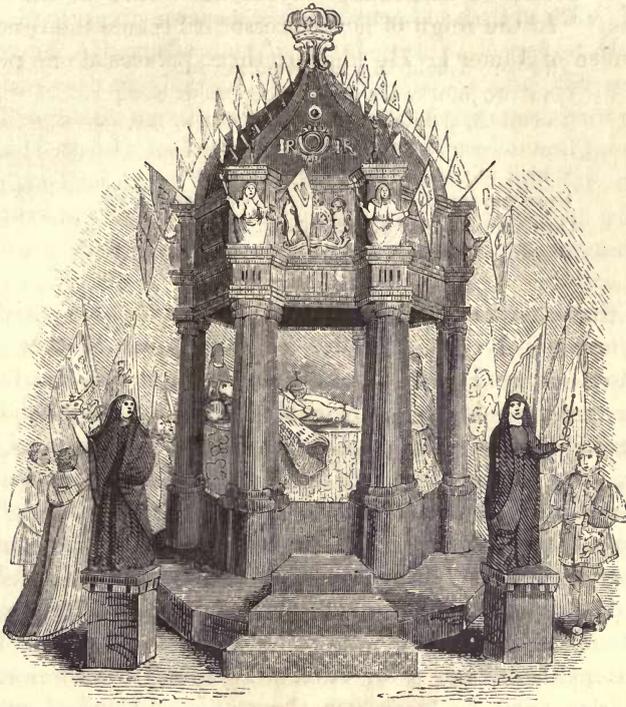
the first year of her reign some partial restoration of Somerset's property was probably made, as the Dowager Duchess lived in Somerset House. When the Queen visited the new Bourse in 1570, and gave it the name of the Royal Exchange, she is described as coming "from her house at the Strand, called Somerset House." In the reign of her successor it became the residence of Anne of Denmark, queen of James I. He kept up three palaces at one period—White-



[Anne of Denmark.]

hall for himself, Somerset House for the Queen, and St. James's for his son, Prince Henry; and each on an expensive scale. In 1606, when the Queen's brother, Christian IV. of Denmark, visited England, her Majesty expended a considerable sum in preparing her residence for his reception, and after his return she affected to call it Denmark House, under which name it is frequently alluded to about this time. James was so lavish in his expenditure during the visit of his brother-in-law, that he expended in feasting and entertainments nearly the whole of a subsidy of 453,000*l.* granted by Parliament for the necessary and urgent demands of his household. The royal Dane was so well pleased with his visit, that he repeated it rather unexpectedly in 1614, and this time about 50,000*l.* was squandered in feasting and riotous living. Both kings were addicted to intemperance, and even drunkenness; and in his cups Christian acted with gross indignity to some of the ladies of the court, one of whom, the Countess of Nottingham, addressed the Danish ambassador on the subject. Her letter to him may be seen in Harris's 'Life of King James.' Anne of Denmark died in 1618, and her body laid in state for some time at "Denmark House," which she is stated to have "beautified, repaired, and improved," by "new buildings and enlargements," for which Inigo Jones furnished the designs. The principal state apartments were in the central part of the edifice. She also caused a supply of water to be brought to it

from Hyde Park. James I. died in 1625, and his body laid in state at Somerset House from the 23rd of April to the 17th of May.



[James I. lying in State. The Canopy, &c., from a Design by Inigo Jones.]

Denmark House, or, as we shall now call it, Somerset House, was settled for life on Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., and was fitted up for the reception of herself and household in 1626. According to the terms of her marriage-settlement, she was allowed pretty nearly the free exercise of her own religion, and soon formed a little ecclesiastical establishment within the walls of the Palace, and built a chapel for herself from designs by Inigo Jones. The subsequent events of her husband's reign drove her out of England for a time. During the Protectorate an Act was passed for selling "several tenements in the Strand, parcel of the possessions of Charles Stuart and Henrietta Maria, late King and Queen of England, belonging unto Somerset House," the money being wanted for the payment of the army. The Restoration brought Queen Henrietta to England again. She was now Queen Dowager, or Queen Mother, as she was then called. Granger says that on re-entering her Palace, she exclaimed that if she had known the temper of the English some years ago as well as she now did, she need never to have left that house. Her marriage-jointure was 30,000*l.* a-year, to which her son, now Charles II., added an equal yearly sum. Much as she had formerly disliked the country, she now began to enjoy herself in England. One of her first objects was to put her palace in a state of repair. Cowley wrote some verses "On the Queen's repairing Somerset House," from which we take the following lines:—

“ Before my gate a street’s broad channel goes,  
 Which still with waves of crowding people flows ;  
 And every day there passes by my side,  
 Up to its western reach, the London tide,  
 The spring-tides of the term. My front looks down  
 On all the pride and business of the town.

\* \* \* \* \*

And here behold, in a long bending row,  
 How two joint cities make one glorious bow ;  
 The midst, the noblest place, possess by me,  
 Best to be seen by all, and all o’ersee :  
 Which way soe’er I turn my joyful eye,  
 Here the great court, there the rich town I spy.  
 On either side dwells safety and delight,  
 Wealth on the left, and power upon the right.”

The rest are a continuation of the conceit (the Palace *loquitur*), with courtly compliments to Henrietta. Evelyn mentions that the Queen Mother made considerable additions to Somerset House, and here she brought into use, for the first time in England, the mode of inlaying floors with different coloured woods. Pepys, the contemporary gossip of the time, frequently mentions Henrietta’s Court. On the 7th September, 1662, he was taken into her Majesty’s Presence Chamber, and here he saw for the first time the Queen Consort, Catherine of Braganza, of whom he says, “ though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look which is pleasing.” “ Madam” Castlemain, the King’s mistress, and Mr. Crofts, one of his illegitimate children, were present. By and bye the King arrived. He tells the Queen Mother that his wife is with child, which she denies. The only English words that Pepys heard her utter were, “ You lie,” in answer to his Majesty’s badinage. Charles tried to teach her the words, “ Confess and be hanged,” which she would not repeat. Such were the humours of the “ Merry Monarch.” In December of the same year, Pepys met with “ a little, proud, ugly, talking body,” who, he says, “ was much crying up the Queen Mother’s Court at Somerset House above our own Queen’s, there being before her no allowance of laughing and the mirth that is at the other’s ;” and Pepys adds, “ Indeed it is observed that the greatest Court now-a-days is there.” In February, 1663-4, he hears that “ the Queen Mother hath outrun herself in her expenses, and is now come to pay very ill or run in debt, the money being spent that she received for leases.” On the 24th, being Ash-Wednesday, he makes the following notes in his Diary :—“ To the Queen’s Chapel, where I staid and saw their mass, till a man came and bade me go out or kneel down ; so I did go out. And thence to Somerset House, and there into the Chapel, where Monsieur d’Espagne, a Frenchman, used to preach. But now it is made very fine, and was ten times more crowded than the Queen’s Chapel at St. James’s, which I wonder at. Thence down to the garden of Somerset House, and up and down the new buildings, which, in every respect, will be mighty magnificent and costly.” In October he again visited Somerset House, and saw the Queen’s new rooms, “ which are most stately, and nobly furnished.” In January following (1664-5) he was again there, and was shown the Queen Mother’s chamber and closet, “ most beautiful places for furniture and pictures ;” from thence he “ went down the great stone stairs to the garden, and tried the brave echo upon the stairs,

which continues a voice so long as the singing three notes, concords, one after another, they all three shall sound in concert together a good while most pleasantly." In June both the Court at Whitehall and Somerset House were preparing to leave town in consequence of the plague. Queen Henrietta went to France, and did not again return to this country, but died in 1669. In 1670 the body of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, laid in great state at Somerset House for several weeks. On the death of Charles II. in 1685, it became the sole residence of Catherine of Braganza, now Queen Dowager, and she lived here until her return to Portugal in 1692. It had previously belonged to her as Queen Consort, and during the ultra-Protestant furor, which exhibited itself for some years prior to the Revolution, attempts were made to implicate her household in the pretended Popish plot of the time, and to connect the mysterious murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey in 1678 with persons in her service. In September, Titus Oates had made depositions concerning his 'Plot' to Sir Edmondbury, who was an active justice of the peace. He deposed that the Pope had taken measures for assuming the ecclesiastical sovereignty of these kingdoms; that Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, had engaged to poison the King, the Queen being privy to the design. Many persons suffered imprisonment and death through the accusations of Oates; and though it is now placed beyond a doubt that the plot which he pretended to reveal was an infamous fabrication, yet events contributed to its apparent corroboration. One of these was the sudden and violent death of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, the magistrate who had taken Oates's depositions. The general conviction at the time was, that he had been murdered by the Catholic party out of revenge, and partly to aid the escape of the conspirators. The body was discovered on the sixth day after he had been missing, in a ditch near old St. Pancras Church: it was pierced through and through with his own sword, but there was a mark around his neck showing that he had been strangled. His shoes were clean, as if he had not walked to that country spot, and his money was in his pocket. The funeral was attended by seventy-two Protestant divines, and medals were struck to commemorate the murder. A Catholic and silversmith named Prance, who, it was alleged, had absented himself about the time of the murder, was apprehended and charged with being privy to it, though it was proved that he had gone from home a week before. It is said that he was put to the torture, and in a few days he confessed his knowledge of the murder, and charged three obscure persons employed about the Queen's chapel at Somerset House with being accomplices. He stated that Sir Edmondbury had been decoyed into Somerset House and there strangled, and his body was afterwards taken at night to the place where it was found. As a writer of the time, Ralph, observes, "A strong faith in the plot was the test of all political merit; not to believe, was to be a political reprobate; and according to the zeal was the cruelty of the times." The consequence was, that the three pretended accomplices were executed at Tyburn, and died with solemn asseverations of their innocence. Cruelly neglected by her husband, and an object of the popular prejudice in one of its worst moods, the childless Catherine of Braganza must have left behind her few endearing ties in a country in which she had occupied so high a station for more than thirty years.

From the period of Catherine's departure, Somerset House ceases to possess any interest in its palatial character. It still continued to be an appurtenance of successive queens, until, on the 10th of April, 1775, Parliament was recommended, in a message from the Crown, to settle upon Queen Charlotte the house in which she then resided, formerly called Buckingham House, but then known by the name of the Queen's House, in which case, Somerset House, already settled upon her, should be given up and appropriated "to such uses as shall be found most useful to the public." The demolition of the old buildings was commenced as soon as an act could be passed to carry into effect the royal message. Soon afterwards the street aspect of the old house is alluded to in the following terms:—"There are many who recollect the venerable aspect of the court-way from the Strand, as well as the dark and winding steps which led down to the garden, for years suffered to run to decay, and where the ancient and lofty trees spread a melancholy aspect over the neglected boundary, by no means unpleasing to the visitor, who, in a few moments, could turn from noise and tumult to stillness and repose." Sir William Chambers was appointed architect of the new building, and in 1779 one of the fronts was completed. From a Parliamentary return printed in 1790, it appears that a sum of 334,703*l.* had been then expended, and a further sum of 33,500*l.* was still required. The site occupies an area of eight hundred feet by five hundred, being a few feet less than the area of Russell Square. The front towards the Strand consists of a rustic basement of nine arches supporting Corinthian columns, and an attic in the centre with a balustrade at each extremity. Emblematic figures of Ocean and the eight principal rivers of England in alto-relievo adorn the key-stones of the arches. Over the three central windows of the first floor were once medallions in basso-relievo of George III., Queen Charlotte, and the Prince of Wales. Statues of Justice, Truth, Valour, and Moderation, divide the attic into separate portions; the summit being crowned by the British arms supported by Fame and the Genius of England. Opposite the entrance, in the court, is a bronze statue of George III., and at the foot of the pedestal a bronze figure emblematic of the Thames, by Bacon. The terrace towards the river is raised on rustic arches, and again we have an emblematic figure of the Thames, of colossal size. The view from this terrace is perhaps the finest on the banks of the river, the grand features being St. Paul's and Blackfriars Bridge, on one hand, and, on the other, Waterloo Bridge and the Abbey; and over the opposite bank may be seen the Surrey Hills. The scenery of the river itself is full of interest and animation, and the eye is gratified with variety of motion. The crowded steamers pass rapidly up and down the stream in quick succession, the light wherry skimming the water, and the cumbrous river-barge moving sluggishly along; and there are keels from the up-country, and even from the Humber and places on the coast, which hoist their sails to catch the favouring breeze. It is rather a matter of surprise that so few noble mansions, and not one royal palace, overlook the broad stream which is one of the principal sources of London's greatness. From either Blackfriars or Waterloo Bridge, but particularly from the latter, Somerset House is seen to great advantage, and appears truly a magnificent pile.

One of the earliest purposes to which the present Somerset House was appropriated was for the annual exhibition of paintings by the Royal Academy. The

first Somerset House Exhibition was opened on the 1st of May, 1780, and continued annually until the erection of the National Gallery. The use of apartments for the meetings of the Royal Society was also granted in the same year, and the Fellows met here for the first time on the 30th of November. The Society of Antiquaries, having obtained a similar privilege, met for the first time at Somerset House in January, 1781. Two other learned bodies, the Royal Astronomical and the Geological Societies, have also had apartments assigned to them: a great public building could scarcely be appropriated to a better purpose. The entrance on the western side of the vestibule leads to the apartments used by the Board constituting the University of London; and by the same staircase we ascend to the rooms appropriated to the School of Design, instituted by the Government within the last few years, for elementary instruction in drawing, modelling from the antique and from nature, and in the use of oil and water colours. Another section of the course comprises instruction in the historical principles and practice of ornamental art, embracing the antique styles, the styles of the middle ages, and of modern times. There is also an important division of instruction which is intended to improve the arts of design as applied to manufactures. In this department the student has the opportunity of studying practically the processes of several branches of manufacture, as silk and carpet weaving, calico-printing, paper-staining, &c. The morning school is open five hours daily, for a payment of only four shillings a month; and the evening school for about half this time for a fee of two shillings a month. In connection with the School of Design there is a female drawing-school under the same superintendence, one chief object of which is to instruct females in drawing and designing patterns for those branches of manufacture which seem best adapted to their tastes and pursuits, as the lace manufacture, embroidery, &c. Drawing on wood and wood engraving, lithography, porcelain-painting, the manufacture of artificial flowers, with other descriptions of ornamental work, are also taught. The merit of first suggesting popular schools of instruction in this country in the art of design, particularly as applied to manufactures, seems to be due to the Bishop of St. Asaph, who strongly recommended them to be established, in a note to a sermon which he preached in 1741. The whole of the left wing of Somerset House was left incomplete by Sir W. Chambers: but in 1829 this part of the edifice was completed from the designs of Sir R. Smirke, and it now forms King's College. About three hundred students in medicine, natural philosophy, and general literature attend the courses of instruction, and in the junior school nearly five hundred pupils are instructed. The collegian's cap and gown, seen within sound of the traffic of the Strand, may fail to inspire the place with the air of study and retirement, but they indicate in some measure that in our time the highest attainments are cultivated for the active business of life.

We have only at present pointed out the parts of Somerset House which are appropriated to science, learning, and the arts. Next come the uses to which it is applied for several departments of the Government. Passing by the offices belonging to the Duchy of Cornwall, there are those connected with the Navy, which are subordinate to the central Board of Admiralty in Whitehall. First is the Admiralty Civil Department, the Transport Office, the Victualling Office,

and the Sick and Maimed Seamen's Office. In one of these departments is the Model Room, where most of the articles used in the naval service are kept for inspection by those who undertake the naval contracts. The Audit Office for the Public Accounts and the Civil List Audit Office are also at Somerset House. The only Board of Revenue which has its seat here is that of Stamps and Taxes. Its offices are chiefly in the southern front. The probate and legacy duties, the land tax and assessed taxes, and now the income tax, are collected under the management of this Board. Seven hundred persons are employed in this branch of the public service, and the amount of revenue collected in 1841 was nearly 12,000,000*l.*, or between a fourth and fifth of the total public revenue. The land and assessed taxes produced 4,715,000*l.*, and the stamp and stage carriage duties 7,270,000*l.* Of the latter sum the probate and legacy duties amounted to more than 2,000,000*l.*, collected on a capital exceeding 41,000,000*l.* The other principal items of this department of revenue produced in Great Britain in 1841 the following sums:—Bills of exchange, 549,000*l.*; receipts, 171,000*l.*; bankers' notes, 110,000*l.*; fire insurances, 965,930*l.*; marine insurances, 286,000*l.*; newspapers, 227,000*l.*; advertisements, 121,900*l.*; gold and silver plate, 91,000*l.*; medicines, 30,000*l.*; stage carriages, 460,000*l.*; hackney carriages, 50,000*l.*; licences and certificates, 222,000*l.*; deeds not included under the foregoing heads, 1,580,000*l.* In several of these cases, as in advertisements, the revenue is not obtained by the use of a stamp being enforced. The salaries of officers on the establishment do not amount to 60,000*l.* a-year, and less than 50,000*l.* is paid as poundage to the stamp-distributors in the country. No other branch of the revenue is collected at so small a per centage, being only 2*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, while the Excise costs 6*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* There is little or no opportunity for fraud and collusion, though in the Customs and Excise there can be little doubt that large sums are lost to the revenue by these practices. The assessed taxes are not of course so cheaply collected, but they are obtained at a cost not exceeding 4*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* per cent. The salaries to the officers of this department are 60,000*l.* a-year; 86,000*l.* is allowed as poundage to the collectors; and in 1841, the sum of 20,000*l.* was charged for travelling expenses. The two great items of receipt in this branch are, the land tax, 1,214,000*l.*, and the window tax, 1,664,000*l.* The remainder is chiefly collected on servants, carriages, horses, dogs, and game certificates. The hair-powder still contributes a sum amounting to nearly 5500*l.* a-year. The number of persons charged with this duty in 1820 was 29,199, and in 1839 only 5329. The business of each of the different departments of the Stamp Office is transacted in separate rooms. Thus there is the Hair-Powder Office, the Medicine Licence and Stamp Office, the Pawnbrokers' Licence Office, the Stage Coach Duty Office, the Receipt Stamp Office, the Dice Stamp Office, the Hawkers' and Pedlars' Office, the Allowance Office for Spoiled Stamps, the Attorneys' Certificate Office, &c. &c.; and each is frequented by a distinct class of persons. Some of these rooms are two stories below the level of the court, and here the mechanical operations are conducted. The legal and commercial stamps are impressed by hand-presses, and the newspaper stamps by hand without any mechanical aid. In 1827, when the stamp was four-pence, the number of sheets stamped for newspapers in England and Wales was under twenty-six millions; and in 1841, with the penny stamp, nearly fifty millions. The inking-box is close to the right hand, in which the operator holds

the stamp, and his left is employed in turning up the corner of each sheet as soon as it has received an impression. The movement of the hand from the ink to the paper is a simple operation, performed with great rapidity, and a single person can stamp six or seven thousand sheets a-day. The name of each newspaper has been inserted in the die, in moveable type, since the reduction of duty in 1836, and by this means a register is obtained of the circulation of every newspaper in the kingdom. In the basement story are presses moved by steam, one of which is employed in printing medicine labels, another for printing the stamp on country bank-notes, and four or five are employed in stamping the embossed medallion of the Queen on the postage envelopes. The two former are compound presses—that is, they produce an impression in different coloured inks. The plate is engraved as if it were intended only to receive one colour, and that part of the plate which is to give an impression in a second colour is then cut out. When the press is in operation, each receives its particular colour from a separate inking apparatus; and, this being done, the one is brought by the action of the machine into that part of the plate from which it had been cut out, and when thus placed on a level, so as again to appear one plate, the impression is taken. Of course great ingenuity is required to produce these complicated operations, and to render them rapid and successful. But by far the most interesting display of the beauties of mechanism is to be seen in the machinery for stamping the postage envelopes. The space occupied by a single press is not more than two feet square, and the manner in which it performs the operations assigned to it is so elegant and perfect, that it seems almost possible to forget that we are watching an inanimate body, but seem impelled to the idea that its exquisite performance is the result of its own intelligence. The inventor is Mr. Edwin Hill, one of that class of minds to whom this country is indebted for its superiority in automatic machinery. Somewhat similar to the machinery for coining at the Mint, these presses nevertheless differ from them in consequence of the necessity of providing for the working of an inking-table before a coloured impression can be taken, and the power exerted is, of course, much less. The paper for the intended envelope has a thin thread running through it, introduced during the manufacture at the mill, and the contractor sends it already cut up into a diagonal form, a certain number of sheets being assorted together. These are counted over in a room adjoining the presses. The boy who counts the sheets spreads them in a fan-like form, and, holding them up to the light to see that they are separate from each other, he tells them rapidly off into parcels, containing each a uniform number. These parcels are then taken to the press-room, and delivered to a boy who feeds the press, another boy, on the other side of the press, taking them off the instant the impression is given. The working of the press is so regular that no hurried movements are required from those who attend upon it, but merely vigilance and quickness, and yet the number of impressions is fifty-two per minute. When the experiment was first tried, not so many as twenty were produced. The sheets are made up into envelopes by the contractor on his own premises.

In another part of this mass of public offices are three departments which have been organised within the last few years, and whose functions are of a very important character. These are the Poor Law Commission, the Registrar-General's

office, and the Tithe Commission. Three centuries ago the gates of bountiful men in London were thronged with poor persons, and those who were charitably disposed fed them out of their abundance. Stow mentions the names of several of the nobility who, in his youth, were accustomed to observe the "ancient and charitable custom of liberal relief of the poor at their gates." The late Earl of Derby, he says, fed above sixty aged persons twice a-day, and all comers thrice a-week; and every Good Friday he gave meat, drink, and money to two thousand seven hundred persons. At the gate of Thomas Lord Cromwell, Earl of Essex, he had often seen two hundred persons fed twice a-day, "with bread, meat, and drink sufficient." The Marquis of Winchester gave "great relief at his gate." In 1532 the Bishop of Ely "daily gave at his gates, besides bread and drink, warm meat to two hundred poor people." Such were the means practised in London and elsewhere in the sixteenth century for diminishing the sufferings of poverty. Unhappily the growth of pauperism and its attendant evils soon became too great to be relieved by the hand of charity, and then compulsory alms-giving was enforced, and each parish was compelled to provide for its own poor. The evils which grew up under this system at length became so intolerable, that all parties united in promoting measures for diminishing them, and, with this view, the Poor Law Commission was appointed in 1834 as a Central Board for regulating the mode of administering relief to the poor. Local administrative boards of representatives were created in place of irresponsible and generally inefficient bodies. "The Central Board may be described as an agency necessary for consolidating and preserving the local administration, by communicating to each board the principles deducible from the experience of the whole; and, in cases where its intervention is sought, acting so as to protect the administration being torn by disputes between the members of the same local board, between a part or a minority of the inhabitants and the board, and between one local board and another, and in numerous other cases affording an appeal to a distant and locally disinterested, yet highly responsible authority, which may interpose to prevent the local administrative functions being torn or injured by local dissensions."\*

Adjoining the offices of the Poor Law Commission is the Registrar-General's office, a department created in 1836 by the passing of an act for registering all births, marriages, and deaths in England and Wales, after the 30th of June, 1837. In the year ending 30th June, 1840, there were registered 501,589 births, 350,101 deaths, and 124,329 marriages; altogether 976,019 cases. It is the business of the Registrar-General to see that every arrangement connected with the business of registration is strictly carried into effect by the different persons on whom it devolves. The whole of England and Wales is divided into convenient districts, over which there is a Superintendent Registrar, to whom the clergy of the Establishment and other ministers of religion, and the subordinate registrars, transmit quarterly returns of all the births, marriages, and deaths which have occurred during the preceding three months. These returns are collected from upwards of 14,000 persons, and are finally transmitted to the central office at Somerset House. Here they are examined and arranged, and indexes are formed of the names. Erasures, interpolations, informalities, omissions, errors, or defects of any kind are detected, and the person who registered the defective

\* Evidence of Edwin Chadwick, Esq., before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, 1838.

entry is immediately referred to, and his explanatory letter is filed for reference in connection with such entry. Separate alphabetical indexes are made for reference to the births, marriages, and deaths of each quarter, being twelve separate indexes for each year. To each entry there is a reference to the district from which the certified copy was made. Various other means are adopted to render the registration complete and easy of reference. Already these indexes contain the names of nearly three million persons who have been born, married, or have died, since June, 1837. The information collected by the Registration Office will throw light on a variety of questions relating to public health and the social condition of the people, and will be the means of preventing much future litigation. Cases have occurred where the register of a birth, marriage, or burial being required for legal purposes, it has been impossible to ascertain, first, whether the registration had ever been made, and, next, in which of the parishes of England it was to be found. It has happened that, after hunting through ten thousand registers, the search has been given up in despair. At the Registration Office a few minutes only would be required to find the name sought after. Parish registers were first ordered to be kept in 1538, on the dissolution of monasteries. Cromwell's injunction to the clergy to this effect created great excitement at the time, as it was surmised that the registry was preliminary to a new levy of taxes. The ancestor of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe "serybelyd in hast" to Cromwell, telling him that the king's subjects in Cornwall and Devonshire "be in greate feer and mystrust, what the Kyngg's hyghness and his Conseyll schulde meane, to give in comandement to the Parsons and Vycars off every parisse, that they schulde make a book, and surely to be kept, wherein to be specifyyd the namys off as many as be weddyd, and the namys off them that be buryd, and off all those that be crystnyd." Mr. Rickman\* says that one-half of the registers anterior to A.D. 1600 have disappeared. Previous to the Census of 1801 there existed no official returns of the population of this country; and the only plan of obtaining the movement of the population was by ascertaining the difference between the births and deaths. But as many persons neglected to avail themselves of the system of voluntary registration, the data thus obtained were imperfect. Instead of conjecture we now possess full information as to the ages and number of the population, its annual rate of increase, the influence of occupations and local causes upon the rate of mortality; and a number of important facts are indicated which cannot be passed over with neglect, as might have been the case when all these points were undetermined. The Registration Office may be regarded as an instrument which enables the statesman to take a wide survey of the condition of the great mass of interests whose welfare it is his duty to promote. The Population Returns under the Census of 1841 are now preparing for publication at this office.

The Tithe Commission has its offices in the same line of building as the Registration Office, and it likewise has been created to work out a valuable legislative improvement, which has placed property in tithes on an unobjectionable basis. The process which the Tithe Commissioners were appointed to superintend is the commutation of tithe into a rent-charge, fluctuating in value with the

\* Preface to Population Returns, 1831.

septennial price of wheat, barley, and oats. For example, if the tithe of a parish be settled by agreement or award at 300*l.* a-year, the mode of ascertaining its subsequent annual value is by supposing one-third of this sum invested in wheat, one-third in barley, and one-third in oats, at the prices of these commodities for the preceding seven years, and the result gives the amount due in money to the titheowner. By this means, the objection which Paley urged—that the titheowner stepped in to participate in profits realised by the outlay of capital he had never advanced—is completely obviated. The Commission has completed about one-half of its work.



[Medal struck to commemorate the Murder of Sir E. Godfrey.]



## XCIV.—THE OLD BAILEY.

ONE of the most essential of the reforms so long demanded by our eminent law-reformers—*speedy justice*—has certainly been obtained at last at the Court which forms the subject of the present paper. Whilst justice through the country generally continues to hold the even tenor of its way—sitting in due course, at long intervals, to try prisoners, many of whom, even if guilty, may have already suffered a greater punishment than their crimes deserved, and if innocent, have endured irreparable wrong and misery,—whilst thus justice, in mockery of its own name, moves sluggishly on out of London, we find in London a striking contrast. One may pass many times through the Old Bailey without discovering that the greatest of English criminal courts is ever shut. Month after month invariably presents the same scene,—the narrow street, covered with straw to deaden the noise of the vehicles (till the recent introduction of the wooden pavement), having on the one side the solid granite walls of Newgate, divided only

from the lofty building (with that gigantic ventilator on the top) containing the famous courts of justice, by the open area through which prisoners pass from confinement in the former to their trial in the latter, and on the other side, waggon-yards, public-houses, and eating-houses, filled with a heterogeneous assemblage similar to that in the street before us. Merchants and professional men, fretting at the loss of their valuable time and the uncertainty of the period when they may be wanted; country farmers looking anxious and puzzled, and gaping rustics appearing even more foolish than ever; small tradesmen, whose Sunday's coats are evidently donned for the occasion, and the many varieties of that extensive and peculiarly London genus, the costermonger, who, acting on the poet's precept, "beauty unadorned," &c., pay as little respect to dress as to many other social conventionalisms; these, with a plentiful admixture of policemen in their neat blue clothes; females, chiefly of the poorer classes; thieves of every gradation, from the member of the aristocratic swell mob down to the area sneak, curious to know how matters are going with their friends and associates, and with a small spice of curiosity as to any little revelations that may come out affecting themselves; and, lastly, the frequent apparition of a bustling, sharp-faced attorney, of Old Bailey notoriety, gliding like an eel through the press, or of that much more imposing-looking member of the law who delights in flowing gown and powdered wig, the barrister: such are the ordinary staple of an Old Bailey crowd on court days. And how much insight into men may not one derive here from half an hour's silent but attentive examination! Mark the meeting of that policeman and that dashing youth with the long-flowing hair, the fashionable loose coat, so carefully velveteed—collar, wrists, and pocket-holes—and the large diamond in his gay stock; see how exactly they understand each other in that exchange of most significant glances: the face of the one a little flushed, but gay and assured—the policeman knows him, but has just now no case against him; and of the other—quiet, penetrative, and full of meaning: "I shall have something to say to you some day, my fine fellow, depend upon it:" and so for the present they part. Look again at that group of miserable women surrounding one who is passionately telling, for the twentieth time, the story of her boy apprehended and condemned, to her surprise and horror, for some petty felony, and who, she now declares, in a voice almost choked with emotion, is sure to leave his prison at the twelvemonth's end a confirmed thief. In the corner there, apart from the crowd, you may read a history in the attitude, gestures, and faces of those two men; it is a prosecutor and his chief witness preparing for the crucifying cross-examination which they well know awaits them. Move a few yards and it is a fair chance you meet with the fellow of the picture—witnesses fortifying themselves to swear very hard for the defence: yet with their courage oozing out, not, like Acres', at the fingers' ends only, but at every pore of their body, as they think of that unpleasant feature of the law, prosecutions for perjury: "They would do much for Jem, but—" One group more and we have done. See where, opposite the entrance into the chief court, a body of policemen are handing out of a coach a tottering, most venerable-looking old man, with his silver hair falling about his shoulders. What does he here? Why at such a period of life is he brought from the quiet privacy of his fire-side in a remote agricultural county? Alas! he comes to-day to find a long-lost brother

in the felon's dock, and to mitigate, if he can, his punishment by speaking as to his former character.

Frequent, however, as are the trials at the Old Bailey, there is a pause. Justice, probably, must nod sometimes, and therefore it is as well to provide for fitting repose elsewhere than on the judgment-seat. The sittings of the Central Criminal Court are held monthly, but as the whole of the month is not occupied in the trial of the list of prisoners on the calendar, the spare time forms a vacation, and such are the only vacations at the Old Bailey. In consequence, trials frequently take place which illustrate with a kind of practical epigrammatic force the advantages of that speedy justice to which we have referred; such, for instance, as the apprehension of a prisoner for theft one day, his committal by a magistrate on the second, and his trial, conviction, and sentence at the Old Bailey on the third or the fourth. This state of things dates from 1834, when the Act was passed for the establishment of a Central Criminal Court, for the trial of offences in the City of London, the County of Middlesex, and those parts of the adjoining counties which lie within a certain distance of the metropolis: Woodford, in Essex; Woolwich, in Kent; and Richmond, in Surrey, are all within the jurisdiction of the New Court. It will thus be seen that no inconsiderable portion of the entire population of England enjoys the benefit it has conferred. Under the general title—Central Criminal Court, are joined two courts of trial, both sitting at the same time for the greater despatch of business, the one the scene of most of the events which readers of the Newgate Calendar delight in, as well as of events which give a deeper and purer interest to the history of the Old Bailey; whilst the other, called the New Court, has been used only of recent years. Crimes of every kind, from treason down to the pettiest larceny, are tried by the tribunal in question; even offences committed on the high seas, formerly tried at special sessions by the judges of the Admiralty Court, are now submitted to its judgment. The judges of the Central Criminal Court are, the Lord Mayor, the Lord Chancellor (such is the order in the Act), the judges, the aldermen, Recorder, and Common Serjeant of London, and such others as the sovereign may please to appoint by way of assistants. Of these, the Recorder and the Common Serjeant are, in reality, the presiding judges at an immense proportion of the cases brought hither for trial, a judge of the law only assisting occasionally—when, for instance, unusual points of law are involved, or when conviction affects the life of the prisoner. As to the juries, they are summoned indiscriminately from London, and from the neighbouring counties over which the sphere of the Court extends. Let us now take a glance at the interior. The Old Court will be, in every point of view, the most interesting, that being the one to which the well-known words “Old Bailey” were so long exclusively applied. The name, we may observe in passing, is supposed, according to Maitland, to be “a corruption of Bail hill, *i. e.* the place of trial for prisoners (by the bailiff); as now we retain the name of the Bail Dock for a certain part of this court, in which the malefactors are confined till called up for trial;”\* whilst, in the ‘Penny Cyclopædia’ (article ‘Ballium’), we find the phrase derived from the Ballium, or outer walled court, supposed to have existed here in connection with the old city wall, which ran along at the back of

\* ‘History of London,’ vol. ii., p. 989.

the present street, where traces of it are yet to be found. To which source we are to attribute the name, therefore, is unknown, both being so likely; but it is highly probable there was a ballium at this part of the wall, and that that was also used from a very early period as a place of trial: at all events the judicial sittings here are of such antiquity, that we have lost all records of their commencement. Passing through a door in the wall which encloses the area between Newgate and the courts, we find a flight of steps on our right leading up into the old court; this is used chiefly for prosecutors and witnesses. Farther on in the area, another flight of steps leads through a long passage into a corridor at the back of the court, with two doors opening into the latter, by one of which the judges and sheriffs reach the bench, and by the other, the barristers their place in the centre at the bottom. Both doors also lead to seats reserved for visitors. We enter, pause, and look round. The first sentiment is one of disappointment. The great moral power and pre-eminence of the Court makes one, however idly or unconsciously, anticipate a grander physical exhibition. What does meet our gaze is no more than a square hall of sufficient length, and breadth, and height, lighted up by three large square windows on the opposite wall, showing the top of the gloomy walls of Newgate, having on the left a gallery close to the ceiling, with projecting boxes, and on the right the bench extending the whole length of the wall, with desks at intervals for the use of the judges, whilst in the body of the Court are, first, a dock for the prisoners below the gallery, with stairs descending to the covered passage by which prisoners are conveyed to and from the prison, then just in advance of the left-hand corner of the dock, the circular witness-box, and in a similarly relative position to the witness-box, the jury-box, below the windows of the Court; an arrangement that enables the jury to see clearly, and without turning, the faces of the witnesses and of the prisoners, that enables the witness to identify the prisoner, and, lastly, that enables the judges on the bench and the counsel in the centre of the Court below, to keep jury, witnesses, and prisoners all at once within the same or nearly the same line of view. We need only add to these features of the place, the formidable row of law-books which occupies the centre of the green-baized table around which are the counsel, reminding us of the passage in the 'Beggars' Opera'—

“The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,  
The judges all rang'd, a terrible show.”

the double line of reporters occupying the two seats below us; the sheriff in attendance for the day, looking so spruce in his court suit, stepping noiselessly in and out; and lastly, the goodly personage in the blue and furred robes and gold chain, who sits in the centre on the chief seat, with the gilded sword of justice suspended over his head against the crimson-lined wall. Some abstruse document, apparently, just now engages his attention, for he appears utterly absorbed in it, bending over his desk. It must surely be the Lord Chancellor come to try some great case, thinks many an innocent spectator; but he rises, and we perceive it is only an ex-Lord Mayor reading the newspaper of the day. But we forget: Hazlitt said that a city apprentice who did not esteem the Lord Mayor the greatest man in the world would come some day to be hanged; and here everybody apparently is of the same opinion. Who, then, is the judge? one naturally asks; when, looking more attentively, we perceive, for the first

time, beyond the representative of civic majesty, which thus asserts its rights, some one writing, taking frequent but brief glances at the prisoners or the witnesses, but never turning his head in any other direction, speaking to no one on the bench, unspoken to—that is a judge of the land, quietly doing the whole business of the court. We are fortunate: there must be some case of more than ordinary import. As we listen, and begin to understand what passes, we find that it is one which, whilst in a legal sense it is of little general interest, in other points may well deserve attention. And not only is there a judge of the land on the bench, but we perceive the Attorney-General among the counsel conducting the prosecution.

The prisoners at the bar are an aged widow, her son, her son-in-law, and two other persons. The charge against them is thus stated by the Attorney-General. The mother of the widow some years since left 2000*l.*, the interest of which the latter was to receive during her life, and the principal to be divided at her death among her children. Some little time since the mother and her children desired, for purposes of business, to draw out some portion of the capital, which could only be done by all the parties joining in a petition to the Court of Chancery. One of the sons, however, had gone to sea, and had not been heard of for many years. Under these circumstances the son-in-law, anxious for his wife's share, and no doubt in concert with the others, unfortunately allowed himself to be tempted by the idea of getting some one to personate the missing son. This was done, the petition signed and presented, the money obtained. Now it does seem most probable, from the circumstances stated even by the prosecutor himself, that these misguided persons intended no injury to any one by their deception; they may have felt sure the absent man was dead, in which case his share became theirs, and if he were not, enough money remained in Chancery to pay him all that he would be entitled to, on proving that he had not joined in the former petition; at the same time the apparent and possible effect was a fraud upon the Court of Chancery. The mode in which the court obtained cognizance of the case is one of the most curious parts of the trial, and suggests still greater excuses for the prisoners. As the trial proceeds we learn that the solicitor, a gentleman of high respectability, through whom the application to Chancery was made, occasionally employed as clerk a man who had been a hosier. He, it appears, had frequent interviews with the more active of the prisoners (the son-in-law and the two stranger confederates), and acknowledged in his cross-examination that he "*had his suspicions*" even before the money was obtained that there was a personation—"he had his eyes open of course," yet said nothing to any one. This same person further acknowledges that, having determined to write to the proper parties to give information, he called on one of the prisoners two or three days before he did so write, sat down and drank with him for two hours, and that when he left him he called upon another. Such was the case. For the widow's son it was pointed out by counsel that he had never been concerned in any way in the affair, further than being present when the personation took place on the receipt of the money, and that although he did not, for his mother's sake, interfere, he had a right to be there to receive his own unquestioned share; whilst for all the prisoners it was alleged that they had been inveigled, without evil intention, into a criminal act, by the chief witness, the

hosier-clerk, who had only informed against them on their refusing to submit to his extortionate demands for money. This is the compassionate view of the case. The jury, with scarcely a moment's hesitation, found the whole guilty. What a terrible moment to a prisoner must the pause after such an announcement be! Looked to the dock, there is a slight commotion—one of the prisoners faints and falls. It is the widow's son. Sobbing and wringing her hands, the wretched woman assists her companions in raising him, when the court suddenly rings again with the exclamation, "I am innocent!" "I am innocent!" A female cry now bursts from the gallery over head, followed by the dull, heavy sound of a fall: that is the son's wife. But let us close the scene. The sentence subsequently pronounced was transportation against the son-in-law and the personator, and imprisonment against the others. We had forgot to add, among the other noticeable features of the trial, that the principal witnesses against the man who personated the absent son were his own brothers.

Whilst the crier, with sepulchral voice, is calling for the silence which he then most disturbs, our thoughts, reverting to the past, people the dock in rapid succession with the shades of some few of the chief persons who have stood there:—Fautleroy (1824); the Cato Street conspirators (1820); poor Elizabeth Fenning (1815), universally believed to be innocent of the crime for which she suffered; Bellingham, the assassin of the statesman Perceval (1812); Dr. Dodd (1777); Elizabeth Canning, a case of inexplicable mystery (1753); the poet Savage (1727); Jonathan Wild (1725); Jack Sheppard (1724); the infamous Colonel Francis Charteris, on whom was written the famous epitaph commencing "Here lieth the body of Colonel Don Francisco, who, with an inflexible constancy and inimitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmity, in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempting him from the first, and his matchless impudence from the last." Although our space will not admit either of our extending the list, or dwelling upon the trials generally of those we have mentioned, we must make an exception in favour of the hero of so many poems and pantomimes, sermons and satires, farces and farcical essays, in his own day, and who has lately been revived for the similar edification of ours;—what novelist or dramatist but anticipates the name Jack Sheppard? On looking over the 'Annals of Newgate,' by the 'Reverend Mr. Vilette, Ordinary of Newgate, and others,' we find the following story, told to the clerical functionary by a friend in the following words:—"One Sunday evening," says he, "as I was returning home from the other end of the town, I somehow missed my way, and, passing by a porch, I heard the sound of a preacher's voice, upon which I turned back and stepped in. He was pretty near the conclusion of his sermon. What I heard was so small a part, and so remarkable, that I believe I can repeat it almost verbatim. These were his words, or at least to this effect:—'Now, my beloved, what a melancholy consideration it is that men should show so much regard for the preservation of a poor perishing body, that can remain at most for a few years, and at the same time be so unaccountably negligent of a precious soul, which must continue to the ages of eternity! . . . We have a remarkable instance of this in a notorious

malefactor, well known by the name of Jack Sheppard. What amazing difficulties has he overcome, what astonishing things has he performed, for the sake of a stinking, miserable carcass, hardly worth hanging! How dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail! How manfully burst his fetters asunder, climb up the chimney, wrench out an iron bar, break his way through a stone wall, and make the strong door of a dark entry fly before him, till he got upon the leads of the prison; and then, fixing a blanket to the wall with a spike he stole out of the chapel, how intrepidly did he descend to the top of the turner's house, and how cautiously pass down the stairs, and make his escape at the street door! *O that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!* Mistake me not, my brethren: I don't mean in a carnal, but in a spiritual sense; for I purpose to spiritualise these things. . . . Let me exhort you, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope; take from thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair, and all the strongholds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; raise yourself to the leads of divine meditation; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the church; let yourselves down to the turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility: so shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner the devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Surely the accomplished author of 'Jack Sheppard' was unaware how completely his object had been previously achieved in this eloquent passage, which leaves nothing to be desired, either as to the pointing of the moral or the adorning of the tale. An incidental passage in the history of the Old Bailey may here be mentioned. During the sessions of May, 1750, the gaol fever raged so violently in the neighbouring prison, that the effluvia entering the Court were so powerful as to cause the death of Baron Clark, Sir Thomas Abney, Judge of the Common Pleas, and Pennant's "respected kinsman," Sir Samuel Pennant, the Lord Mayor, in addition to various members of the bar, and of the jury and other persons.

It is painful to reflect that any circumstances should bring into the place chiefly notorious for its connection with men of the Sheppard stamp, the actors in the terrible but elevated and noble war of principles which have made the seventeenth century one of the most momentous in English history; yet thus it was: at the Old Bailey were tried, in 1669, immediately after the Restoration, such of Charles I.'s judges as were alive, and, confiding in the promised bill of indemnity, remained in England; and, a quarter of a century later, in the same reign, the nobleman whose name has become as a household word with English patriots—in connection with his illustrious friend Sidney—Lord William Russell.

The trial of the "regicides" commenced on the 9th of October, before thirty-four commissioners, among whom were the Chancellor Clarendon, Monk Duke of Albemarle, and several other noblemen, the Lord Chief Baron, and several other judges, every one of them men who had been engaged in the mighty struggle, which had for the time so completely overwhelmed them, but who now, by a new turn of fortune, were to sit in judgment upon their former opponents. Nay, several of them had actually been engaged on the same side as the prisoners at the bar, after actual war had broken out. Such were Mr. Denzil

Hollis; the Earl of Manchester, whose name is so frequently met with as an active parliamentary general in the civil war; Mr. Annesley, a member of the Parliament itself; Lord Saye and Sele; and Sir Anthony Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, both determined opponents of Charles. Above all, Monk himself, the restorer, had been released from prison by the party to which the prisoners belonged, and employed by Cromwell in the most important matters. The very appearance of such men against such men, told what was to come. After overleaping that difficulty any others would be light. The prisoners were twenty-nine in number, and included Sir Hardress Waller, Major-General Harrison, Colonel Carew, Cook, Hugh Peters, Scott, Harry Marten, Hacker, and Scroop, among other scarcely less noticeable names. Waller was first called, who pleaded guilty, and thus escaped the scaffold. The next was Harrison; and surely no Englishman, whether he may condemn or applaud the political act for which he was brought to the bar, can now read his address to the court without deep sympathy and admiration for the high principle and courage of the man. "My Lords," said he, calmly, "the matter that hath been offered to you, as it was touched, was not a thing done in a corner. I believe the sound of it hath been in most nations. I believe the hearts of some have felt the terrors of that presence of God that was with his servants in those days (however it seemeth good to him to suffer this turn to come on us), and are witnesses that the things were not done in a corner. . . . I do profess that I would not offer, of myself, the least injury to the poorest man or woman that goes upon the earth. What I have humbly to offer is this, to your Lordships—you know what a contest hath been in these nations for many years: divers of those that sit upon the bench were formerly as active"—Here he was interrupted; but the interruption spoke even more significantly than the words he was debarred from utterance. When he was allowed to go on, he said—"I followed not my own judgment; I did what I did as out of conscience to the Lord. For when I found that those that were as the apple of mine eye, to turn aside [he alludes to Cromwell and his supporters], I did loathe them, and suffered imprisonment many years rather than to turn, as many did that did put their hands to this plough; I chose rather to be separated from wife and family than to have compliance with them, though it was said, 'Sit on my right hand,' and such kind of expressions. Thus I have given a little poor testimony that I have not been doing things in a corner or from myself. May be I might be a little mistaken; but I did it all according to the best of my understanding, desiring to make the revealed will of God in his holy Scriptures as a guide to me. I humbly conceive that what was done was done in the name of the Parliament of England,—that what was done was done by their power and authority; and I do humbly conceive it is my duty to offer unto you in the beginning, that this Court, or any court below the high court of Parliament, hath no jurisdiction of their actions." To rightly estimate the heart and mind of the speaker during the utterance of these memorable words, we must not forget that he knew that every sentence took him in all probability a step nearer that frightful death, of which the executioner by his side, *with a halter\** in his hand, was a significant symbol. He was sentenced to death,

\* This seems to have been a new reading, got up for the occasion, of the custom of placing an executioner with an axe by the side of prisoners at the bar for treason.

and retired saying he had no reason to be ashamed of the cause in which he had been engaged. Colonel Carew exhibited equal enthusiasm and courage, and fought with still greater pertinacity when interrupted, as he was continually. At last he said, "I have desired to speak the words of truth and soberness, but have been hindered," and so listened in quiet to the bloody sentence. Colonel Scroop, who had surrendered under the King's proclamation commanding all persons concerned directly or indirectly in the late King's trial to surrender themselves within fourteen days, and had in consequence received the King's pardon, was now convicted and sentenced, for having subsequently said to Major-General Brown, in a private conversation, that there would still be a difference of opinion among men touching the execution of the late King. Harry Marten defended himself essentially in the same spirit as Harrison and Carew, but made even still clearer the violation of all law in the legal proceedings then carrying on against him and his companions. The Solicitor-General having said, "I am sorry to see in you so little repentance," Marten replied, "My Lord, if it were possible for that blood to be in the body again, and every drop that was shed in the late wars, I could wish it with all my heart; but, my Lord, I hope it is lawful to offer in my own defence that which, when I did it, I thought I might do. My Lord, there was the House of Commons as I understood it: perhaps your Lordship thinks it was not a House of Commons, but it was then the supreme authority of England; it was so reputed both at home and abroad. My Lord, I suppose he that gives obedience to the authority in being *de facto* [from the fact], whether *de jure* [from the law] or no, I think he is of a peaceable disposition and far from a traitor. My Lord, I think there was a statute made in Henry the Seventh his time, whereby it was provided that whosoever was in arms for the King *de facto*, he should be indemnified, though that King *de facto* was not so *de jure*; and if the supreme officers *de facto* can justify a war (the most pernicious remedy that was ever adjudged by mankind, be the cause what it will), I presume the supreme authority of England may justify a judicature, though it be but an authority *de facto*. My Lord, if it be said that it was but a third estate, and a small parcel of that, my Lord, *it was all that was then extant*. I have heard lawyers say that if there be commons appurtenant to a tenement, and that tenement be all burnt down except a small stick, the commons belong to that one piece, as it did to the tenement when all standing." But he must have been something more than human who could have convinced the Old Bailey jury and judges of that day. Marten also was condemned. Among the other prisoners, *every one of whom was found guilty*, we can only briefly refer to the cases of Cook and Hugh Peters. Cook was the lawyer who had conducted the prosecution. As he himself observed, he had neither been accuser, witness, jury, judge, nor executioner, but simply counsel; placed in his post by a public order, and could not be said to have acted maliciously, or with a wicked intention, as set forth. Further, that, if it were accounted treason in counsel to plead against the King, it must also be felony to plead against any man that might be unjustly condemned for felony. Cook was not only sentenced, but it was decided that he should be the first to suffer. But, perhaps, the case above all others that shows the animus of the prosecution and the judges—the utter absence of any high guiding principle

—is that of Hugh Peters, the preacher, who was not one of the King's judges, but merely, like some of those who sat on the bench before him, an active, but not, like them, a time-serving partisan of the Commonwealth. The executions began on the 13th of October, and ended for the time on the 18th, the fate of the ten who had suffered in the interim having, there is no doubt, produced an effect that seriously alarmed the more prudent royalists. "The King," says Burnet, "was advised not to proceed further." And no wonder; for, from the first victim to the last, these men (on the abstract character of whose acts we desire to express no opinion) exhibited, in their endurance of the sufferings those acts brought upon them, a heroism which in no age nor country has been surpassed. Harrison, and not Cook, was the first. As he was drawn along towards the place of execution, at Charing Cross (so as to be within sight of Whitehall, where Charles had been executed), some one called out in the crowd, "Where is your good old cause now?" "Here it is," said Harrison, smiling, and placing his hand upon his heart; "and I am going to seal it with my blood." We scarcely dare to shock our readers with the details of the scene on the scaffold, even although it be a scene that Charles II., the merry, good-natured monarch, stood to look on. The brave enthusiast was cut down from the gallows alive, his bowels torn out and thrown into the fire, and the body then quartered. Two days after Carew underwent the same fate, saying that, if what he had done were to do again, he would do it. Cook and Hugh Peters were brought out on the 16th, and the head of Harrison was placed in Cook's hurdle, with the uncovered face turned towards him. As for Peters, the devilish ingenuity of his executioners had devised even a still more awful enhancement of the punishment that awaited him. He was placed within the rails of the scaffold, whilst the whole of the revolting barbarities already described were performed on Cook. It is enough to make one shudder to think that men could witness, much less perform, or cause to be performed, such atrocities. It is strange, but undeniable, that the only gentleness, or sense of humanity, that these proceedings ever exhibit, comes from one or other of the sufferers by them. Thus Peters, perhaps formerly the most violent of Commonwealth-men, seems, on this day, to have completely changed his character. Whilst prepared to endure the double torture allotted him, with such courage and constancy, that he should die at last with a smile upon his face, the spirit of his great Master, in all its meekness and gentleness, was evidently at work with equal vigour. To a man who upbraided him in opprobrious words with the King's death, he said, "Friend, you do not well to trample upon a dying man: you are greatly mistaken; I had nothing to do in the death of the King." Another incident is exquisitely touching and beautiful. On the way to the scaffold he had espied an acquaintance, who being permitted to come to the hurdle, Peters took a piece of gold, bent it, and gave it to him, desiring him to go where his dear daughter lodged, and carry that piece of gold as a token, letting her know that his heart was as full of comfort as it could be; and that, before that piece should come to her hands, he should be with God in glory. Colonel Scott suffered on the last day but one of the executions, and, although prevented by repeated interruptions from speaking freely to the people as the others had done, yet succeeded in making that policy as untenable as the

former. "Surely," said he, as he resigned himself at last to silence and the executioner, "it must be a very bad cause which cannot suffer the words of a dying man." On the following day these ghastly scenes suddenly terminated.

Twenty-three years later (1683) occurred two trials, one of which at least had a close political connection with those we have described. The history of the Ryehouse Plot is so involved in obscurity, that it is impossible to tell with any certainty what were the exact objects of those concerned, or supposed to be concerned, in it. We know that the Duke of Monmouth, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Essex, Lord Russell, and Algernon Sidney, were all opposed to the government, "the designs of the *most moderate* of whom certainly extended to such a change of government as would have amounted to a revolution;"\* what, then, must the others have aimed at? Sidney's last words give a sufficiently decisive answer. He who had fought the battles of the Commonwealth with Harrison and the others, who had sat as one of the King's judges, had subsequently gloried in having so acted, thus wrote in a paper which he delivered to the Sheriff before his execution (the passage forms the conclusion of a prayer):—"Grant that I may die glorifying Thee for all Thy mercies, and that at the last Thou hast permitted me to be singled out as a witness of Thy truth, *and, even by the confession of my very opposers, for that old cause in which I was from my youth engaged.*" But it is with the trial of his friend Lord William Russell, arrested at the same time, and on the same grounds, that we have now to speak. This trial commenced on the 13th of July. As in the case of Harrison and his associates, there is no doubt the jury was packed by the Sheriffs. Russell was charged with conspiring the death of the King, and consulting how to levy war against him. Having desired the postponement of the trial unto the afternoon merely, on account of the non-arrival of some witnesses from the country, and on account of some mistake that had been made in the list of the jury, the Attorney-General, Sir Robert Sawyer, corruptly assuming his guilt as already proved, answered in this brutal manner: "You would not have given the King an hour's notice for saving his life; the trial must proceed." Having obtained pens, ink, and paper, and permission to use certain papers he had brought with him, the prisoner, desiring to have notes of what might pass, asked if he might have assistance. "Yes, a servant," said Sir Robert; and Chief Justice Pemberton added, "Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you." "My Lord," was the answer, "my wife is here to do it." Well may those who were present say a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly when they beheld the prisoner's wife, the daughter of the estimable Earl of Southampton, rise to assist in such a scene. The evidence adduced was not only contradictory in many points, but utterly insufficient. Still there seems no doubt that Lord Russell had attended a meeting where a general rising was spoken of, and the feasibility of seizing the King's guards discussed; but it was not shown that he had approved of either scheme, much less that they had been determined upon. The incident already mentioned was not the only one by which this trial was to be signally commemorated. Whilst the principal witness against Russell, the infamous Lord Howard, whose conduct on the occasion in turning against his

\* 'Penny Cyclopædia,' article 'Sidney.'

associate to save his own life is said to have been the least exceptionable part of his history, was speaking, it was observed that his voice at a certain period began to falter, and the jury said they could not hear him. "There is," said he, in answer, "an unhappy incident which hath sunk my voice: I was but just now acquainted with the fate of my Lord Essex." The news, indeed, had but just reached the Court of the suicide of that nobleman in the Tower, who lay there under the same charge as Russell and Sidney, of whom he was a mutual friend. Who would suppose that the lawyers for the prosecution could be capable of turning such an event to the prejudice of the prisoner? "My Lord Russell," observed Sir Robert Sawyer, "was one of the council for carrying on the plot with the Earl of Essex, who has this morning prevented the hand of justice upon himself." Evelyn expressly says this news was "said to have had no little influence on the jury;" Lord Russell was found guilty and sentenced to death. He was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields. On his way he passed the paternal home of his admirable wife, Southampton House, and the tears were seen to start to his eyes. He died with perfect fortitude.

Quitting the court, and noticing, as we walk along the corridor, the various conveniences for the judges, sheriffs, and others, as robing-rooms and rooms for refreshment, we are reminded of a custom thus described in an amusing passage in the 'Quarterly Review' for 1836:—"If we are not misinformed, the fiat has gone forth already against one class of City dinners, which was altogether peculiar of its kind. We allude to the dinner given by the sheriffs, during the Old Bailey sittings, to the judges and aldermen in attendance, the Recorder, Common Serjeant, City pleaders, and occasionally a few members of the bar. The first course was rather miscellaneous, and varied with the season, though marrow-puddings always formed a part of it; the second never varied, and consisted exclusively of beefsteaks. The custom was to serve two dinners (exact duplicates) a-day, the first at three o'clock, the second at five. As the judges relieved each other, it was impracticable for them to partake of both, but the aldermen often did so, and the chaplain, whose duty it was to preside at the lower end of the table, was never absent from his post. This invaluable public servant persevered from a sheer sense of duty, till he had acquired the habit of eating two dinners a-day, and practised it for nearly ten years without any perceptible injury to his health!" If such a fiat did go forth, it must have been recalled very speedily, for the Old Bailey dinners yet flourish. Probably the time when their fate hung poised in the balance, and many a civic functionary awaited anxiously to see the result, was the same as that when, owing, we are told, to some remarks about the expense which the Bar thought uncalled for, the pleaders, and other favoured barristers, withdrew in offended dignity, and have never returned. One feature of the dinners not mentioned in the above passage is the earliness of the hour at which they break up. Precisely as the clock strikes eight, the Lord Mayor, who presides, remarks, apologetically, "You know the rule, gentlemen"—or some such words; and the hint is immediately acted upon.

Returning into the area before mentioned, additional horrors of the old criminal law throng upon the recollection, in connection with the name of the spot, the "Press Yard." To many of our readers the meaning of these words

will be unknown. The advancing spirit of civilisation has swept away the fearful custom that gave the appellation, along with the torture, the browbeating of witnesses, twisting of law into any shape a government might desire, corrupt judges, and packed juries. The custom to which we allude is that of *Peine forte et dure* (the strong and hard pain), a torture applied to persons who refused to plead when called upon at the bar, with the view of thereby saving their property, which would be forfeited to the crown on conviction for the crimes charged. Our best legal writers differ as to the origin of this custom, some believing it to have been in use before the reign of Edward I., others that it dates from that reign, when it was declared, in the statute usually known as the Statute of Westminster, that "such persons as will not put themselves upon inquests of felonies at the suit of the King shall be put into hard and strong prison, as those which refuse to be at the common law of the land." For a considerable period the punishment appears to have remained of the character here indicated, being simply imprisonment of a "hard" nature; that is, the prisoner was barely kept from perishing of cold and hunger. But a most important alteration had obtained by the reign of Henry IV., when we find from the 'Year Book' that the judgment upon persons standing mute, according to the advice of all the judges, was "that the marshal should put them in low and dark chambers, naked except about their waist; that he should place upon them as much weight of iron as they could bear, *and more*, so that they should be unable to rise; that they should have nothing to eat but the worst bread that could be found, and nothing to drink but water taken from the nearest place to the gaol, except running water; that on the day in which they had bread they should not have water, and *e contrà*; and that they should lie there till they were dead." And this was the custom that continued down to the last century, with the mere alteration, from humane motives, of making the weight sufficient to ensure death speedily, the placing a sharp stone or piece of wood under the back with the same view, and the addition of a preliminary process of tying the thumbs with whipcord, in order to compel the culprit to plead without resorting to the more terrible infliction. By the statute 12 Geo. III., it was provided that persons refusing to plead, when arraigned for felony or piracy, should be convicted of the same. One of the latest cases of the operation of the old law at the Old Bailey appears to have been in 1734. Previous instances at the same place are very numerous. In April, 1721, Mary Andrews refusing to plead, had her thumbs tied with whipcord, but remained so firm under the infliction that three several cords were broken before she would plead. In the same year Nathaniel Hawes suffered in a similar manner, without giving the slightest evidences of a faltering resolution. In consequence, he was placed under the press, where he bore, for seven minutes, the weight of 250lbs. before he submitted. But the most interesting case we have met with is the following:—

In 1659 Major Strangeways was placed at the bar charged with the murder of his brother-in-law, Mr. Fussell. The father of Strangeways left him in possession of a farm, an elder sister of the latter being executrix. Here they lived together, it is said, very happily till the sister formed an acquaintance with Fussell, a respectable lawyer. The brother appears to have been from the first

greatly averse to this connection, and once swore, "if ever she married Mr. Fussell, to be the death of him, either in his study or elsewhere." They parted, and in parting quarrelled about their property. This led to litigation; Fussell, after his marriage with the sister, prosecuting certain suits against Strangeways. One day, whilst the former was in London, engaged in this and similar business, he was suddenly struck, where he sat in his lodgings, by two bullets, and fell dead. Suspicion fell on Strangeways, who was taken into custody. On the day of the inquest he was conveyed by a guard "to the place where Mr. Fussell's body lay, where, before the coroner's jury, he is commanded to take his dead brother-in-law by the hand, and to touch his wounds; a way of discovery which the defenders of *sympathy* highly applaud—on what grounds, here is no place to dispute. But here the *magnetism* fails; and those effusions which, according to their opinion, being part of the *anima media*, tenaciously adhere to the body, till separated by its corruption, being the same that, by united atoms becoming visible, conjure those spectrums that wander about the cenotaphs and dormitories of the dead; and do, when hurried from the actions of vitality by a violent death, as endeavouring to revenge its wrongs, fly in the face of the murderer, and, though in such minute parts as are too subtle for the observation of sense, keep still hovering about him, and when he is brought to touch the murdered body which was its former habitation, by the motion of sympathy, calls from the sally-ports of life some of those parts of her life, which yet remains within it; who, that they may flow forth to meet it, are conveyed in the vehiculum of the blood."\* This sage expedient having failed, the foreman of the jury proposed that all the gunsmiths' shops in London and the adjacent places should be examined, to see what guns had been lent or sold on the day of the murder. The jury mostly thought this proposition impracticable, and one of them, who was a gunmaker, a Mr. Holloway, said decidedly the thing was not to be done from the great number of his profession; adding that he, for one, had lent a gun on the day in question, and no doubt many others. Strange to say, that was the very gun with which the murder had been committed, and by its means Strangeways was discovered to be the murderer. Overcome by the extraordinary nature of the proof, he confessed his connexion with the alleged crime. The day of trial was February 24th, when, on being asked to plead, he said, "that if it might, on his being tried, be admitted him to die by that manner of death by which his brother fell, he would plead; if not, by refusing to plead, he would both preserve an estate to bestow on such friends for whom he had most affection, and withal free himself from the ignominious death of a public gibbet." Persisting in this resolution, he was sentenced by Lord Chief Justice Glynn to be "put into a mean house, stopped from any light, and that he be laid upon his back, with his body bare; that his arms shall be stretched forth with a cord, the one to the one side, the other to the other side of the prison, and in like manner shall his legs be used; and that upon his body shall be laid as much iron and stone as he can bear, and more; and the first day shall he have three morsels of barley-bread, and the next day shall he drink thrice of the water in the next channel to the prison-door, but no spring or fountain

\* From a very curious pamphlet printed in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. iv., giving an account of the trial.

water: and this shall be his punishment till he die." On the Monday following, at eleven in the forenoon, the sheriffs and other officers came to the Press Yard, whither the miserable prisoner was presently brought. He wore a mourning cloak, beneath which he appeared clothed in white from head to foot. By the sheriffs he was conducted to a dungeon, where, after prayers, "his friends placed themselves at the corners of the press, whom he desired, when he gave the word, to lay on the weights." This they did at the signal of "Lord Jesus, receive my soul:" but, finding the weight "too light for sudden execution, many of those standing by added their burthens to disburthen him of his pain." He died in about eight or ten minutes. The press used on this occasion was of a triangular form, and so constructed as to press upon the breast of the sufferer, about the region of the heart, as the speediest mode of relieving him from his agony.

In order to furnish some idea of the extent of the business transacted at the Old Bailey, we append a table extracted from the Parliamentary papers published in 1838 (no later document of the kind has appeared, we believe), showing the number of prisoners convicted, acquitted, or against whom the bills were ignored, from the years 1831 to 1837. The following returns are given from the annual statements published by the governor of Newgate. We may premise that an immense proportion of the cases are larcenies unaccompanied by violence; in the returns for 1835, for instance (in which year the extended jurisdiction of the Criminal Court came into operation), of the 1918 convictions, 1561 are for petty larceny.

YEAR.	CONVICTED.	ACQUITTED.	IGNORED.
1831	1957	514	357
	Of these 217 had been previously convicted, and 478 previously imprisoned.		
1832	2223	542	291
	274 previously convicted, 628 ,, imprisoned.		
1833	1254	383	123
	169 previously convicted, 434 ,, imprisoned.		
1834	1579	435	153
	118 previously convicted, 409 ,, imprisoned.		
1835	1918	627	261
	137 previously convicted, 465 ,, imprisoned.		
1836	2190	594	331
	204 previously convicted, 697 ,, imprisoned.		
1837	2292	564	175
	214 previously convicted, 763 ,, imprisoned.		
1833	2442	559	223
1839	2710	560	153
1840	2566	473	198
1841	2625	501	229

During the last nine years thirteen of the convicts have been executed, a

smaller number than in many a single year not more than a quarter of a century since.

To render the view as complete as possible, we give the statement for 1841 of the classification of crimes, and of the punishments awarded :—

OFFENCES.		SENTENCES.	
Accessory before the fact to felony . . . . .	4	To Death, or Death recorded (2 executed) . . . . .	5
Arson . . . . .	1	Transportation for Life . . . . .	20
Bigamy . . . . .	6	— for 15 years . . . . .	72
Burglary . . . . .	41	— for 14 years . . . . .	46
Cattle Stealing . . . . .	1	— for 10 years . . . . .	217
Coining . . . . .	5	— for 7 years . . . . .	387
Cutting and Wounding, with intent to Murder, &c. . . . .	16	Imprisonment in <i>Newgate</i> and the Houses of Correction :	
Embezzlement . . . . .	70	for 2 years . . . . .	38
Forging and uttering forged Instruments . . . . .	35	for 18 months . . . . .	22
Horse Stealing . . . . .	13	for 1 year . . . . .	203
Housebreaking and Larceny . . . . .	57	for 9 months . . . . .	98
Larceny, Larceny Person and Larceny Servant . . . . .	2010	for 6 months . . . . .	473
Larceny in a Dwelling House above 5 <i>l.</i> . . . .	61	for 4 months . . . . .	90
Letter, Stealing from the Post Office a . . . . .	11	for 3 months . . . . .	497
Letter, sending threatening . . . . .	1	for 2 months . . . . .	93
Manslaughter . . . . .	9	for 6 weeks . . . . .	36
Misdemeanour . . . . .	226	for 1 month and under . . . . .	284
Murder . . . . .	3		— 1834
Perjury . . . . .	1	Whipped and discharged . . . . .	1
Rape . . . . .	2	Judgment respited . . . . .	18
Receiving Stolen Goods . . . . .	26	Fined . . . . .	2
Robbery . . . . .	15	Discharged on Recognizance . . . . .	13
Sheep Stealing . . . . .	7		
Shopbreaking and Larceny . . . . .	2		
Transportation, returning from . . . . .	2		
	2625		
		Total . . . . .	2625



[Gang of prisoners being conveyed to trial; from an original drawing.]



[Coffee Stall.]

## XCV.—PUBLIC REFRESHMENT.

THE spirit of the age is marked in a signal manner by the prevailing customs of London respecting clubs, taverns, coffee-houses, eating-houses, &c. The progress of Metropolitan society, whether for better or for worse, is closely connected with the features which such places present. Whether for the highest or the humblest classes of society, they all have a tendency to render comforts cheap through the principle of co-operative economy.

The description given by Addison, in one of the early numbers of the 'Spectator,' of the origin of clubs, may have been coloured to raise a laugh, but it doubtless affords a clue to the nature of the clubs existing a century and a quarter ago: "Man is said to be a social animal, and as an instance of it we may observe, that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I knew a considerable market-town in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could

make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted of but fifteen persons, weighed above three tons.\*

The Isaac Bickerstaffs and Will Honeycombs of Anne's reign introduce us to many clubs, in which oddity, good fellowship, and eating and drinking seem to have gone hand in hand. Thus the Beef-steak club and the October club convey in their names sufficient indication that the genius of good living was worshipped by the members. The 'Kit-Cat Club' affords a curious instance of the transmission of a name. The members of this club met for the purpose—one among many, we may charitably suppose—of eating mutton-pies; and as the maker of these pies was named Christopher Cat, the club became known by a familiar abbreviation of this name. The club was originally formed in Shire Lane, about the time of the trial of the seven bishops; and in Queen Anne's reign it comprehended above forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank, all friends to the Hanoverian succession. The portraits of all the distinguished members were painted by Kneller, in one uniform size, which has ever since been known among portrait-painters as the 'Kit-cat size.'

When we come down to a later period of the last century, to the days of Johnson, of Goldsmith, of Reynolds, of Burke, and of other bright names in the intellectual world, we find clubs still existing, or starting into existence, among men removed from the humble stations of society; but still widely different from the clubs of our own day. They were clubs, not for exclusive orders of society or exclusive professions, not for breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, but attractive foci or centres, to which orators, poets, statesmen, painters, and composers tended. Of the general nature of such a club we may meet with abundant evidence in Boswell, or in such a paragraph as the following, from Prior's 'Life of Goldsmith': "In order to increase the opportunities of social intercourse between persons formed to delight general society and each other, the 'Literary Club' was formed; a name not assumed by themselves, but given to the association by others, from the talents and celebrity of its individual members. The proposers were Johnson and Reynolds, who selected Burke, Goldsmith, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Nugent (a physician, and father of Mrs. Burke) as associates; to whom, in consequence of the frequent absence of Mr. Beauclerk and Sir John Hawkins, were added Mr. Chamier and Mr. Dyer: the former Under Secretary-at-War and well known in the first circles of London; the latter a man of general erudition, a friend of the Burkes, and formerly a Commissary in the army. They agreed to sup together every Monday evening, afterwards changed to Friday, at the 'Turk's Head,' in Gerrard Street, Soho."

What were the precise steps by which the clubs of the Johnson era gave way to those of the present day, need not be catalogued:—war, commercial enterprise, manufacturing invention, education—all have acted a part in bringing about social changes which have affected clubs as well as other institutions. The clubs of the working men do not come within the scope of the present

\* 'Spectator,' No. ix.

article; they are, in fact, insurance associations, often based on wrong principles, and often held, unfortunately, at places where a temptation to drink is afforded; but still, they are for prospective advantages. The clubs of the West End present features in which the social club of the last century is combined with the hotel of the present. Each club elects its own members by ballot, so that no one can gain admission without the free good-will of a prescribed majority of the members already admitted. Generally speaking, too, the members have, either in opinion or professional avocation, something which serves as a bond of union, and which distinguishes one club from another. Thus the 'Carlton Club' and the 'Conservative Club,' the 'Reform Club,' 'White's' and 'Brookes's,' are governed by an implied unity of political feeling among the members of each. The 'United Service,' the 'Junior United Service,' and the 'Guards,' indicate pretty nearly, by their names, the kind of members who belong to them. The 'University' and the 'Oxford and Cambridge' clubs likewise tell their own tales, while the 'Travellers' and the 'Athenæum,' and some others, are more general in the qualifications of their members. Altogether there are about thirty of these clubs at the Court end of the town, of which two-thirds are located either in St. James's Street or in Pall Mall. There is scarcely any feature in London more remarkable than the growth of magnificent club-houses on the south side of Pall Mall, where the most distinguished are situated, within the last few years. The old houses in Pall Mall have been demolished one by one, or rather group by group, and replaced by elegant and imposing structures.

But it is in reference to their hotel-like regulations that we chiefly notice these clubs here. Every member, when elected by ballot, pays an entrance fee, and afterwards an annual subscription, for which he has the full use of all the advantages afforded by the club-house. Then all the refreshments which he has, whether breakfast, dinner, supper, wine, or any other kind, are furnished to him *at cost price*, all the other expenses of the system being defrayed out of the annual subscriptions. Perhaps we cannot do better than describe the working of this system in the words of the late Mr. Walker, in his 'Original':

"One of the greatest and most important modern changes in society is the present system of clubs. The facilities of living have been wonderfully increased by them in many ways, whilst the expense has been greatly diminished. For a few pounds a-year, advantages are to be enjoyed which no fortunes except the most ample can procure. I can best illustrate this by a particular instance. The only club I belong to is the 'Athenæum,' which consists of twelve hundred members, amongst whom are to be reckoned a large proportion of the most eminent persons in the land, in every line—civil, military, and ecclesiastical, peers spiritual and temporal (ninety-five noblemen and twelve bishops), commoners, men of the learned professions, those connected with science, the arts, and commerce, in all its principal branches, as well as the distinguished who do not belong to any particular class. Many of these are to be met with every day, living with the same freedom as at their own houses. For six guineas a year every member has the command of an excellent library, with maps, the daily papers, English and foreign, the principal periodicals, and every material for writing, with attendance for whatever is wanted. The building is a sort of

palace, and is kept with the same exactness and comfort as a private dwelling. Every member is a master, without any of the trouble of a master. He can come when he pleases, and stay away as long as he pleases, without anything going wrong. He has the command of regular servants, without having to pay or to manage them. He can have whatever meal or refreshment he wants, at all hours, and served up with the cleanliness and comfort of his own house. He orders just what he pleases, having no interest to think of but his own. In short, it is impossible to suppose a greater degree of liberty in living. Clubs, as far as my observation goes, are favourable to economy of time. There is a fixed place to go to; everything is served with comparative expedition, and it is not customary or general, to remain long at table. They are favourable to temperance. It seems that when people can freely please themselves, and when they have an opportunity of living simply, excess is seldom committed. From an account I have, of the expenses at the 'Athenæum' in the year 1832, it appears that 17,323 dinners cost, on the average, 2s. 9½d. each; and that the average quantity of wine for each person was a small fraction more than half a pint.\*

Since Walker wrote the essays which constitute his very clever 'Original,' Pall Mall has been enriched by a club-house surpassing all the others in magnificence and grandeur. This—the 'Reform Club House'—more resembles an Italian palace than any other building in London, with the single exception, perhaps, of the Banqueting House at Whitehall. The area covered by the building is very large; the four parts present façades of great architectural beauty; and the interior fittings are appropriately splendid. But it is to the economy of the establishment, as a place of refreshment, that our attention will be chiefly drawn here. The Club—whose name sufficiently denotes the recent period of its formation, and the political tenets of its members—consists of about sixteen hundred noblemen and gentlemen, who, by entrance fees and annual payments, maintain this magnificent establishment. The payments are now, twenty-five guineas as an entrance-fee, and ten guineas annual subscription. For these payments each member has the use of dining and drawing rooms, billiard-rooms, library, news-rooms, reading-rooms, baths, &c.; and he may, at all hours of the day, have any kind of meal or refreshment.

In all these matters the Reform Club very closely resembles the other distinguished clubs at the West End: but it is by the possession of its famous *kitchen* that this club has gained a peculiar notoriety; a kitchen which baffles the conception of those who are accustomed only to ordinary culinary arrangements. The "genius loci" is M. Alexis Soyer, whose occupation is that of chief cook to the club, and whose invention the general arrangement of the kitchen seems to have been. The gastronomic art, certainly, never before had so many scientific appliances at its disposal. We have seen many large factories, where furnaces and boilers are largely employed; but, with one single exception, we know of none which can rival this kitchen in the arrangements for *economizing heat*. The arrangement is somewhat as follows:—

The kitchen, properly so called, is an apartment of moderate size, surrounded on all four sides by smaller rooms, which form the pastry, the poultry, the

\* 'The Original,' by T. Walker, No. xvii., 1835.

butchery, the scullery, and other subordinate offices. There are doorways, but no doors, between the different rooms; all of which are formed in such a manner that the chief cook, from one particular spot, can command a view of the whole. In the centre of the kitchen is a table and a hot closet, where various knick-knacks are prepared and kept to a desired heat, the closet being brought to any required temperature by admitting steam beneath it. Around the hot closet is a bench or table, fitted with drawers and other conveniences for culinary operations. A passage, going round the four sides of this central table, separates it from the various specimens of cooking apparatus, which involve all that modern ingenuity has brought to bear on this matter. In the first place there are two enormous fire-places for roasting, each of which would, in sober truth, roast a sheep whole. The screens placed before these fires are so arranged as to reflect back almost the entire of the heat which falls upon them, and effectually shield the kitchen from the intense heat which would be otherwise thrown out. Then, again, these screens are so provided with shelves and recesses as to bring into profitable use the radiant heat which would be otherwise wasted. Along two sides of the room are ranges of charcoal-fires for broiling and stewing, and other apparatus for other varieties of cooking, which will easily be conjectured by those who are learned in such matters. These are at a height of about three feet, or three and a half feet, from the ground. The broiling fires are a kind of open pot or pan, throwing upwards a fierce but blazeless heat; behind them is a frame-work by which gridirons may be fixed at any height above the fire, according to the intensity of the heat. Other fires, open only at the top, are adapted for various kinds of pans and vessels; and in some cases a polished tin reflector is so placed as to reflect back to the viands the heat which would otherwise be an inconvenience. Under and behind and over and around are pipes, tanks, and cisterns in abundance, either for containing water to be heated by the heat which would otherwise be wasted, or to be used more directly in the multitudinous processes of cooking. A boiler, adjacent to the kitchen, is expressly appropriated to the supply of steam for cooking various dishes by the method of "steaming," for heating the hot closets, the hot iron plates, and similar apparatus which everywhere abound.

If we go to the adjacent rooms from the central kitchen, we find that—so effectually is heat economized—all are cool, and fitted to the object for which they are intended. In one small room the butchers' meat is kept, chopped, cut, and otherwise prepared for the kitchen. In the pastry all the appliances for making the good things which its name indicates are conveniently arranged around. In another room there are drawers, in the bottoms of which a stratum of ice is laid; above this a light covering; and above this such small articles of undressed food as require to be kept perfectly cool.

To tell how bright the pots and the pans and the cups are, and how scrupulously clean is every part of the range of rooms, and how quietly and systematically everything is conducted, and how neat are all the persons employed therein—is more than we can attempt; but the system of operations between the cooks and the consumers pertains so closely to our present object, that it must be noticed. In one corner of the kitchen is a little compartment or counting-house, at a desk in which sits the "clerk of the kitchen." Every day the chief cook

provides, besides ordinary provisions which are pretty certain to be required, a selected list, which he inserts in his "bill of fare"—a list which is left wholly to his own judgment and skill. Say three or four gentlemen, members of the club, determine to dine there at a given hour; they select from the "bill of fare," or order separately if preferred, or leave altogether to the choice of M. Soyer, the requisite provisions. A little slip of paper, on which is written the names of the dishes and the hour of dining, is hung on a hook in the kitchen on a blank board, where there are a number of hooks devoted to different hours of the day or evening. The cooks proceed with their avocations, and by the time the dinner is ready the clerk of the kitchen has calculated and entered the exact value of every article composing it, which entry is made out in the form of a bill—the cost price being that by which the charge is regulated. Immediately at the elbow of the clerk are bells and speaking-tubes, by which he can communicate with the servants in the other parts of the building. Meanwhile a steam-engine is "serving-up." In one corner of the kitchen is a recess, on opening a door in which we see a small square platform, calculated to hold an ordinary-sized tray. This platform or board is connected with the shaft of a steam-engine, by bands and wheels, so as to be elevated through a kind of vertical trunk leading to the upper floors of the building; and here servants are in waiting to take out whatever may have been placed on the platform. What will the steam-engine be made to do next?

If now we leave clubs, professedly so called, and notice the *taverns* of different periods, we find that they have not altered quite so much in their character; for a tavern at the present day, as well as a century ago, is a place where almost all kind of refreshments may be procured. And yet there is sufficient difference observable at different periods. The taverns were formerly distinguished each for its particular class of visitors; and though no formal subscription seems to have been paid, yet it would appear that a sort of ballot decided the introduction of a new visitor to the social circle. Thus, Colley Cibber says that a sort of interest and introduction was necessary before he could make one among the visitors at Wills's in Covent Garden. Here the acknowledged wits and poets of the day met. The politicians met at the St. James's Coffee House, from which many of the political articles in the 'Tatler' were dated. Many men of education were wont to meet each other at the 'Grecian' in Devereux Court; while young and gay sparks patronised Locket's in Gerard Street, and Pontac's, where they used to dine. At an earlier hour of the day, "chocolate-houses" seem to have been frequented, which were deserted at about three or four o'clock (the fashionable dinner-hour of those times), and the tavern then became the place of rendezvous.

The modern taverns, with some few exceptions, are either downright public-houses, or else they combine the qualities of inns and provide accommodations for the traveller or the temporary visitor to London. Indeed the terms tavern, hotel, and inn, are not easily distinguishable in London. All taken together are about five hundred in number; while the public-houses amount to about seven times as many. Some of the hotels are analogous to furnished apartments, where families or gentlemen may take up their abode temporarily or for a continuance; and where all are admitted whose appearance and purses are adequate.

Such are the aristocratic 'Long's,' and 'Warren's,' and 'Mivart's,' and several others whose names are familiar to the readers of "fashionable arrivals" and "fashionable departures," in the daily newspapers. The two principal qualities of these hotels are, that an inmate can get almost everything he can want, and that he pays handsomely for all that he gets. Others, less noted among the fashionable world, are conducted on the same principles, but at a somewhat lower rate of charge. Others again, such as the 'Gloucester Coffee House,' the 'White Horse Cellar,' the 'Saracen's Head,' &c., comprise almost all the features of inn, hotel, tavern, and coach-office, and some of them those of public-house likewise. The traveller who has just come to London, and who does not intend to remain long enough to render the hire of a furnished apartment desirable, and he who makes it a temporary resting-place ere he trudges to seek his friends, both "put up" here and obtain what refreshments they need. The railway system has started some splendid establishments of this nature. But there was never any want of truly comfortable accommodation in the old hotels, such as the 'Hummums,' the 'Tavistock,' and many others, whose names are familiar to the London visitor.

It is when we descend to the middle and humble classes of society, and to those who reside continuously in London, that the details respecting refreshment-houses become most worthy of note, because such details furnish a more exact index to the social condition of large bodies of men. We may put such a question as this—How do those commercial and working men, who take but few meals at their own homes, procure their breakfast, and dinner, and tea; and into what society are they thrown? The answer to this question takes us at once to the "dining-rooms," the "eating-houses," the "chop-houses," the "ham and beef shops," the "alamode-beef houses," the "oyster-rooms," the "coffee-houses," &c., which form such a notable feature in London trade at the present time.

The allusions to London houses of refreshment, in past times, evidently relate to liquid rather than to solid food—to the "flowing tankard" and the "generous bottle;" yet there are occasionally passages which refer more or less to cooked provisions, vended either in the open street or in shops close at hand. Thus Fitzstephen, who wrote an account of London more than six centuries ago, says:—"The several craftsmen, the several sellers of wares, and workmen for hire, all are distinguished every morning by themselves, in their places as well as trades. Besides, there is in London upon the 'river's bank' a public place of cookery, among the wines to be sold in the ships, and in the wine-cellars. There every day ye may call for any dish of meat, roast, fried, or sodden; fish both small and great; ordinary flesh for the poorer sort, and more dainty for the rich, as venison and fowl. If friends come upon a sudden, wearied with travel, to a citizen's house, and they be loth to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat, let the servants give them water to wash, and bread to stay their stomach, and in the mean time they run to the waterside, where all things that can be desired are at hand. Whatsoever multitude of soldiers, or other strangers, enter into the City at any hour of the day or night, or else are about to depart; they may turn in, bait here, and refresh themselves to their content, and so avoid long fasting, and not go away without their dinner. If any desire to set their dainty tooth, they take a goose; they need not to long for the fowl of Africa; no, not the

rare gadwit of Ionia. This is the public cookery, and very convenient for the state of a city, and belongs to it. Hence it is we read in Plato's 'Gorgias,' that next to the physician's art is the trade of cooks, the image and flattery of the fourth part of a city."

Then again, Lydgate, who wrote his 'London Lyckpenny' in the first half of the fifteenth century, gives two stanzas which may be worth quoting:—

"Then to Westminster gate I presently went,  
When the sun was at high prime;  
Cooks to me they took good intent,  
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,  
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine;  
A fair cloth they 'gan for to spread,  
But, wanting money, I might not be sped."

"Then I hied me unto Eastcheap:  
One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie;  
Pewter pots they clatter'd in a heap;  
There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy;  
Yea, by cock! nay, by cock! some began cry;  
Some sung of Jenkyn and Julyan for their meed,  
But, for lack of money, I might not speed."

The luckless fellow, who, "for lack of money," was thus tantalized with good things which he could not purchase, has not told us whether they were open stalls or shops in which the provisions were sold. "Minstrels" seem to have attended much on the same principle as fiddlers now do at public-houses.

The fortunes of Roderick Random and his companion Strap show that, in Smollett's time, there were *cellars* in London attended as eating-houses, down which many a man was wont to "dive for a dinner." When Roderick and Strap arrived in London, and had taken a cheap and obscure lodging near St. Martin's Lane, they asked their landlord where they could procure a dinner. He told them that there were eating-houses for well-dressed people, and cellars for those whose purses were somewhat of the lightest. Roderick said that the latter would better suit the circumstances of himself and his companion; whereupon the landlord undertook to pilot them to one of these cellars:—"He accordingly carried us to a certain lane, where stopping, he bid us observe him, and do as he did; and, walking a few paces, dived into a cellar, and disappeared in an instant. I followed his example, and descended very successfully, where I found myself in the middle of a cook's-shop, almost suffocated with the steams of boiled beef, and surrounded by a company consisting chiefly of hackney-coachmen, chairmen, draymen, and a few footmen out of place or on board-wages, who sat eating shin-of-beef, tripe, cow-heel, or sausages, at separate boards, covered with cloths which turned my stomach. While I stood in amaze, undetermined whether to sit down or walk upwards again, Strap, in his descent, missing one of the steps, tumbled headlong into this infernal ordinary, and overturned the cook as she was carrying a porringer of soup to one of the guests. In her fall she dashed the whole mess against the legs of a drummer belonging to the foot-guards, who happened to be in her way." How the drummer swore, and the cook rubbed his leg with salt, and Roderick recommended the substitution of oil, and how Strap made his peace

by paying for the soup and treating the drummer, need not be told. The cook's-shop in the cellar is sufficiently depicted.

It is probable that itinerant piemen, such as Hogarth gives to the life, have for centuries formed one class of London characters, and that various other eatables, and drinkables too, have been vended about in a similar manner, time out of mind; but by what steps the modern cook's-shop, or eating-house, has reached its present condition, it is not perhaps easy to say. There are, it appears, about two hundred places in London which can fittingly come under the denomination of eating-houses, occupying a place between the hotels on the one hand and the coffee-rooms on the other. At all of these places joints of meat are dressed every day, depending for variety on the extent of business done, but generally including boiled beef and roast beef, as well as the necessary appendages for the formation of a dinner. In some of these houses the quantity of meat dressed in a week is quite enormous; and it seems pretty evident that the greater the sale the better the quality of the articles sold—or perhaps we may take it in an inverse order, that the excellence of the provisions has led to the extent of the custom.

Some of these dining-rooms are the scenes of bustle during only a few hours of the day; while others, either from the extent of their trade, or the different classes of their visitors, present a never-ceasing picture of eating and drinking. Some, such as a celebrated house in Bishopsgate Street, are frequented almost entirely by commercial men and City clerks, who, during a few hours in the day, flock in by hundreds. Then again others, such as Williams's boiled-beef shop in the Old Bailey, and a few in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, are frequented almost entirely by lawyers' clerks, witnesses, and others engaged in the law or criminal courts. In all such cases there is a "best" room for those whose purses are tolerably supplied; and a more humble room, generally nearer to the street, for such as can afford only a "sixpenny plate." Again, on going farther westward, we find, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden and the Haymarket, dining-rooms in great plenty, the visitants at which are altogether of a different class. Here we may see actors, artists, paragraph-makers, and foreigners, most of whom seem in much less haste than the City diners. In this quarter of the town there are many French restaurateurs, whose rooms present the agreeable variety of ladies dining without any restraint from the observation of the male visitors.

It is observable that in some houses the waiter gives the diner a long detail of the good things which are "just ready," while in others there is a printed bill-of-fare placed before him. The latter is certainly the most systematic method; for, by the time the nimble waiter has got through his speech, we almost forget the first items to which he directed attention. In the "bill of fare" all the dishes customarily prepared at the house are printed in certain groups, and the prices are *written* opposite those which are to be had hot on any particular day, so that a customer can at once see what provisions are ready, and how much he shall have to pay for them. In the opposite case, where the visitor knows nothing of the matter but what the waiter tells him, the routine of proceedings may be thus sketched:—The guest, perhaps a man of business who has but little time to spare for his dinner, enters the room, takes the first seat he can find (the one nearest the fire in cold weather), takes off his hat, and asks for the 'Times' or the

'Chronicle.' While he is glancing his eye rapidly over the daily news, the active, tidy waiter, with a clean napkin on his left arm, comes to his side, and pours into his ear, in a rapid but monotonous tone, some such narrative as the following:—"Roast beef, boiled beef, roast haunch of mutton, boiled pork, roast veal and ham, salmon and shrimp-sauce, pigeon-pie, rump-steak pudding." The visitor is perhaps deep in the perusal of 'Spanish Scrip' or 'Colombian Bonds,' or some other newspaper intelligence, and the waiter is obliged to repeat his catalogue; but, generally speaking, the order is quickly given, and quickly attended to. A plate of roast beef, which may be taken as a standard of comparison, is charged for at these places at prices varying from 4*d.* to 10*d.*, generally from 6*d.* to 8*d.*; and other articles are in a corresponding ratio. When the meat and vegetables have disappeared, the nimble waiter is at your elbow, to ask whether pastry or cheese is wanted; and when the visitor is about to depart, the waiter adds up, with characteristic rapidity, the various items constituting the bill. "Meat 8*d.*, potatoes 1*d.*, bread 1*d.*, cheese 1*d.*," &c., are soon summed up; the money is paid, and the diner departs.

At the alamode-beef houses the routine is still more rapid. Here a visitor takes his seat, and the waiter places before him a knife, a fork, and a spoon; and gives him the choice among sundry lumps of bread kept in an open basket. Meanwhile the visitor asks for a "sixpenny plate;" and it may happen that two other customers ask at the same time, the one for a sixpenny and the other for a fourpenny plate. Out goes the waiter, calling, in a quick tone, for "two sixes and a four;" a brevity which is perfectly well understood by those who are to lade out the soup from the cauldron wherein it is prepared. Presently he returns with a pile of pewter plates, containing the "two sixes and a four," and places them before the diners. There is a house near the theatres where this scene of operation continues almost uninterruptedly from twelve o'clock at noon till an hour or two after the theatres are over in the evening; some taking soup as a luncheon, some as an early dinner, some as a late dinner, some as a substitute for tea, and the remainder as a supper.

There is a lower class of soup-houses, where persons to whom sixpence is even too much for a dinner may obtain wherewithal to dine. Whoever has had to walk through Broad Street, St. Giles's, or down the northern side of Holborn Hill, may have seen shops, in the windows of which a goodly array of blue and white basins is displayed, and from which emanate abundant clouds of odour-giving steam. Around the windows, too, a crowd of hungry mortals assemble on a cold day, and partake (in imagination) of the enticing things within. A poor fellow, all in tatters, with a countenance which speaks strongly of privation, gazes eagerly through the window at what is going on within, and thinks how rich a man must be who can afford to pay twopence or threepence for "a basin of prime soup, potatoes, and a slice of bread;"—for it is at some such charge as this that the viands are sold. As for the quality of the soup, we should, perhaps, only be just in supposing that it is good enough for the price. One thing is certain, that the quantity sold every day at these houses is extremely large.

The "chop-houses" in the City form a class by themselves. They are neither eating-houses nor taverns, nor do they belong to classes hereafter to be noticed. The solid food here to be procured is chiefly in the form of a steak or a chop, with

such small appendages as are necessary to form a meal. There is no hot joint from which a guest may have a "sixpenny" or a "ninepenny" plate; nor are there the various dishes which fill up the bill-of-fare at a dining-room. Every guest knows perfectly well what he can procure there. If a chop or a steak will suffice, he can obtain it; if not, he goes to some house where greater variety is provided. With his chop he can have such liquor as his taste may prefer. There are some of these houses which have been attended by one generation after another of guests, comprising merchants, bankers, and commercial men of every grade. The portrait of the founder, or a favourite waiter, may perhaps be seen over the fireplace in the best room; and the well-rubbed tables, chairs, and benches tell of industry oft repeated. Sometimes the older houses exhibit a waiter who has gone through his daily routine for half a century. There is a dingy house in a court in Fleet Street where the chops and steaks are unrivalled. Who that has tasted there that impossible thing of private cookery—a *hot mutton chop*, a second brought when the first is despatched—has not pleasant recollections of the never-ending call to the cook of "Two muttons to follow?"

At most of the respectable eating and chop houses it is a pretty general custom to give a penny or twopence to the waiter when the "reckoning" is paid. This is a bad system. It would be much better to pay an extra penny for the price of the dinner, and let the waiter be paid by the master; instead of, as is at present the case, the waiter giving the master a *douceur* for permission to hold the situation. But whether such a change would change the characteristics of a waiter, we cannot say; certain it is that a London waiter is quite a character. Here is Mr. Leigh Hunt's picture of one:—"He has no feeling of noise, but as the sound of dining, or of silence, but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf; it is so many 'breads.' His longest speech is the making out of a bill *vivá voce*—'Two beefs—one potatoes—three ales—two wines—six and twopence,'—which he does with an indifferent celerity, amusing to new comers who have been relishing their fare, and not considering it as a mere set of items."

Many houses have what is termed in France a *table-d'hôte*, or in England an *ordinary*; that is, a dinner ready for all comers at a fixed hour in the day, and at a fixed charge. The host determines on the choice of good things to constitute the bill of fare; and the diner partakes of such as may best accord with his palate. Some of these places are attended day after day by nearly the same persons, while others see a constant succession of new faces. There is one such house near or in Billingsgate, celebrated for the excellence of the *fish*, which forms a component part of the cheer; and which is, on this account, much frequented by the connoisseurs in fish. Nay, we have heard that so far does the demand for table-room exceed the supply, that the "knowing ones" have their seat at the table half an hour before the prescribed dinner-time, as the only way to be prepared for the fish by the time the fish is prepared for them. A public-house (really one) in a street near Covent Garden has an ordinary of three courses, which the lovers of economical good eating, who cannot dine without fish and pastry, delight to haunt. But there are few of these. The *ordinaries* of the days of Elizabeth have left few successors.

Besides the dining-rooms and chop-houses, properly so called, there are many places where a man can get a dinner by a sort of indirect arrangement. Not to

mention oyster-rooms, which are frequented rather for suppers than dinners, or pastry-cooks' shops, which are rather for lady-like delicacies than for stout hearty food which will enable a man to buffet through the world, or Garraway's, and one or two similar houses, where a sandwich and a glass of wine or ale may be rapidly swallowed, there are public-houses where a *gridiron* is kept always at hand for cooking a steak or a chop belonging to a customer. If we draw a circle of a few hundred yards radius round the Royal Exchange, we shall find more than one place of which the following is a sketch. A butcher's shop within a door or two of a public-house supplies a purchaser with a steak or a chop at a reasonable price. He carries it into the public-house (or tavern, if the name be preferred) and places it in the hands of a waiter or servant, who speedily dresses it on an enormous gridiron, the bars of which are so constructed as to save a great portion of the fat from the meat. For this service the small sum of *one penny* only is charged, in addition to an equally moderate charge for bread, potatoes, and whatever drink may be called for.

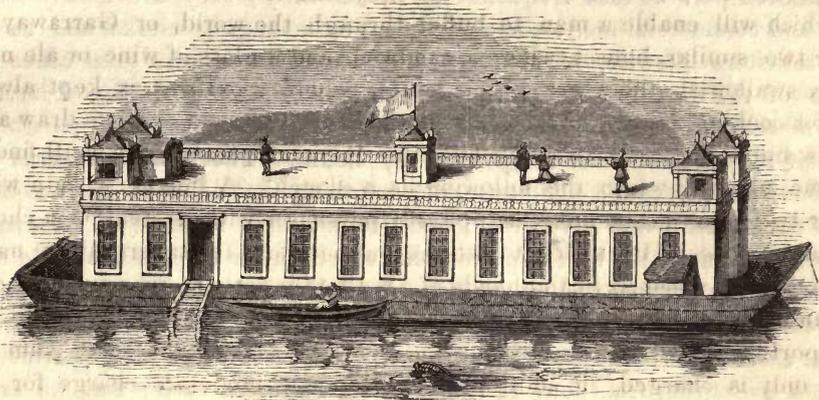
Some of these houses are celebrated for the "fine old cheese," or the "baked potatoes," or the "mutton pies," which they provide for their customers; each place having a reputation for some one or other welcome dish. In humble neighbourhoods, again, all such dainties as "sheeps' trotters," "sheeps' heads," "pigs' faces," "faggots," &c. are to be had hot at certain hours of the day; but these are not supplied by the owners of public-houses; they are procured at shops adjacent, and very often demolished in the tap-rooms of the public-houses.

Let us next direct our attention to the remarkable features presented by the coffee-rooms and coffee-shops of London. These differ from the places hitherto noticed principally in the kind of beverage supplied, but partly in other matters likewise, which present points of considerable interest.

The first coffee-house established in the vicinity of London is said to have been the so-called 'Don Saltero's Coffee-house,' in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Many of those who have lately availed themselves of the little fourpenny steamers have, probably, seen a house still called by this name, near one of the steam-boat piers at Chelsea: this was the identical house. This Don Saltero was a cunning fellow, half barber, half antiquary, named Salter, who having attracted many visitors to his house by virtue of the antiquarian trifles with which it was stuffed, sought to make it a kind of lounge by introducing ready-made coffee as an article of sale. Steele gives a sketch of the man, his curiosities, his fiddle-playing and other characteristics, in one of the early numbers of the 'Tatler.'

In the time of Addison and Steele, besides the coffee-houses and chocolate-houses which were attended by the gay and the rich, there was a "floating coffee-house" near Somerset House, a print of which was engraved at the time. This house was a lounge for idle pleasure-seekers; but the company frequenting it grew, by degrees, so disreputable, that the affair was frowned out of existence.

Throughout the eighteenth century coffee-houses were abundant in London; but they more nearly resembled taverns than the modern coffee-shops: they were beyond the reach of the humbler classes. About thirty or forty years ago, when coffee was, for a temporary period, enormously dear, a beverage called



[Floating Coffee House on the Thames.]

*saloop* was vended both in houses and street-stalls. This saloop was a kind of infusion of sassafras, served hot with milk and sugar in the same manner as coffee, and was sold at from one penny to sixpence per cup, according to the style in which it was served. This beverage has now wholly given way to that which is connected with so many social features at the present day—coffee.

On the 5th of May, 1840, the House of Commons directed a Committee to inquire into the operation of the Import Duties; and in the Report which the Committee made to the House on the 6th of August in the same year many curious details occur respecting coffee-houses, coffee-house keepers, and the class of persons who frequent coffee-houses. The evidence arose out of the consideration of the duty upon coffee; but it involves statistical details of a highly curious character, and closely connected with the subject of our paper.

On one of the days of meeting, five coffee-house keepers, residing in as many different parts of London, gave evidence before the Committee. It was there stated, by Mr. Humphreys, that the gradual increase of coffee-houses in London may be estimated at nearly a hundred per annum; that twenty-five years ago there were not above ten or twelve coffee-houses (of the kind now under consideration) in the metropolis; but that they had since increased to sixteen or eighteen hundred. The following are two of the questions put to Mr. Humphreys, and the answers given to them:—

“Has the charge for coffee, to the consumer, been reduced, in consequence of this competition (between rival coffee-house keepers)?”—“Very materially. About twenty-five years ago there was scarcely a house in London where you could get any coffee under sixpence a cup, or threepence a cup; there are now coffee-houses open at from one penny up to threepence. There are many houses where the charge is one penny, where they have seven or eight hundred persons in a day. There is Mr. Pamphilon, who charges three halfpence per cup; and he has from fifteen to sixteen hundred persons a day.”\*

“It is the particular beverage that you sell which is the great attraction to

\* Report of the Import Duties Committee, p. 209.

the persons that come to your house?"—"Yes; I have, on the average, four to five hundred persons that frequent my house daily; they are mostly lawyers' clerks and commercial men; some of them are managing clerks, and there are many solicitors likewise, highly respectable gentlemen, who take coffee in the middle of the day, in preference to a more stimulating drink. I have often asked myself the question, where all that number of persons could possibly have got their refreshment prior to opening my house. There were taverns in the neighbourhood, but no coffee-house, nor anything that afforded any accommodation of the nature I now give them; and I found that a place of business like mine was so sought for by the public, that shortly after I opened it I was obliged to increase my premises in every way I could; and at the present moment, besides a great number of newspapers every day, I am compelled to take in the highest class of periodicals. For instance, we have eight or nine quarterly publications, averaging from four shillings to six shillings each; and we are constantly asked for every new work that has come out. I find there is an increasing taste for a better class of reading. When I first went into business, many of my customers were content with the lower-priced periodicals; but I find, as time progresses, that the taste is improving, and they look out now for a better class of literature."

There are other places, more generally designated "coffee-shops," where working men mostly congregate; and it is interesting to know that among this class also the growth of a taste for refreshing beverage and sober decency has been by no means slow. Mr. Letchford, one of the witnesses examined before the Committee, keeps a coffee-shop in a densely populated and humble part of the metropolis. When this shop had been established seven years, there were from seven to nine hundred persons visited it per day, most of them hard-working men. He has three rooms, in which the charges for a cup of coffee are respectively 1*d.*, 1½*d.*, and 3*d.*, according to the kind of customers for which they are intended. The cheapest room is that which is most frequented, and which has a constant influx of customers from four in the morning till ten at night. To the question, "Does a man come there and get his breakfast?" Mr. Letchford replied, "Yes; he comes in the morning at four o'clock and has a cup of coffee, and a thin slice of bread and butter, and for that he pays 1½*d.*; and then again at eight, for his breakfast, he has a cup of coffee, a penny loaf, and a pennyworth of butter, which is 3*d.*; and at dinner time, instead of going to a public-house, at one o'clock he comes in again, and has his coffee and his bread, and brings his own meat. I do not cook for any one." It was stated that nine newspapers were provided for these numerous but humble customers.

Another feature strikes the observer, in glancing over the evidence given before this Committee, viz., that the coffee-rooms have in many cases become also *dining*-rooms, and not merely places where breakfast or tea is taken. Mr. Humphreys stated that latterly the coffee-house keepers have been compelled to sell meat ready cooked. Persons became so desirous of having their meals in houses of this description, that they have gradually got into the habit of dining there, as well as of purchasing the beverage for which the houses were originally established. "I now sell," said Mr. Humphreys, "about three cwt. of cold ham and meat every week. I was first compelled to sell it by persons going to a

cook's shop, and buying their meat, and bringing it in and asking me for a plate; and I found it a matter of some little trouble without any profit. It occurred to me that I might as well cook; and I have myself now, in consequence of that, a business during the whole of the day. A number of gentlemen come in and have a plate of beef for 4*d.*, a cup of coffee for 2*d.*, and a loaf of bread; and for 6*d.* or 7*d.* they have what is for them a good breakfast. In fact, a gentleman may come to my house and have as good a breakfast for 8*d.* as he can have in any hotel for 1*s.* 6*d.*" To the same effect was the statement of Mr. Pamphilon. He said that a large middle-day trade had sprung up among coffee-room keepers, in consequence of the pursuance of this system; and that he had often had a hundred people dining in his rooms in the middle of one day, off cold ham, and beef, and coffee. Mr. Hare, also, who keeps a first-class coffee-room in the City, gave evidence corroborative of the same view. He said that bankers' clerks, and mercantile men of a similar description, were constantly in the habit of having steaks and chops at his house, coffee being the beverage: he explained this latter point by saying that men of this class find that they can transact their afternoon's business better after coffee than after malt liquor. The same witness stated that when he commenced business, nine or ten years previously, he did not cook anything; the custom had its origin in the request, as a matter of favour, on the part of some of the gentlemen who took coffee at his house, that he would furnish them with the means of partaking of a chop or a steak without going to a tavern. He did so; and thus arose a custom which has now become very prevalent in the majority of the coffee-houses of London. As an item in the economy of London refreshment, confessedly brought into existence within the last dozen years, this is not unworthy of notice.

The cigar-divans and chess-rooms are modifications of the coffee-room. They are for those who require something more than coffee and reading, and yet at the same time wish to have those luxuries. The owners of these rooms are not so much accustomed to supply meals as evening refreshment. Your true chess-player can sit many hours without eating or drinking largely: his "checking," and "castling," and "mating," absorb nearly all his attention; and he has only time to whiff his cigar and sip his coffee once now and then. At some of the places here indicated the guest pays a shilling on entrance, for which he receives a "fine Havannah" and cup of coffee; while at others he pays for what he may purchase, without paying for admission.

In closing this paper we must not forget the old woman who serves hot coffee to the coachmen and labourers at four in the morning; or the 'Baked tato' man, whose steaming apparatus glistens before us; or the 'Ham-sandwich' man, who encounters us on leaving a theatre. Respecting the first, it may suffice to say, that there are many labouring men abroad in the morning at an hour too early to find coffee-shops open; and for the supply of such customers with an early breakfast, a table is laid out *al fresco*, with sundry huge slices of bread and butter, an array of cups and saucers, and a vessel full of hot coffee—all served, we have no doubt, at a very small charge. The baked-potato dealer is a merchant of modern growth; he sprang up somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. George's Fields, and has since spread his trading operations to every part of London. His apparatus is really a very ingenious and smart-looking affair, and,

when lighted up at night constitutes a locomotive cook-shop, of which the last generation could have had no idea. How the man takes out a steaming potato, cuts it open, seasons it with butter, pepper, and salt, and exchanges it for a half-penny—every apprentice boy in London knows; and it must be owned that this is a ha'p'orth which would comfort many a hungry stomach. As for the ham-sandwich man, he is a nocturnal dealer: he puts on his white apron, lays his sandwiches in a small handbasket, which he holds before him, and takes his post opposite the gallery-doors of the theatres, where, at or near midnight, he attracts the notice of his customers by the cry of "Ham-sandwiches, only a penny!"



[Baked Potatoes.]



[View of St. Paul's from the North-east.]

## XCVI.—NEW ST. PAUL'S. No. I.

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“ IN the beginning of the new works of St. Paul's,” writes Sir Christopher Wren, in the ‘Parentalia,’ “we are told an incident was taken notice of by some people as a memorable omen: when the surveyor in person had set out upon the place the dimensions of the great dome, and fixed upon the centre, a common labourer was ordered to bring a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish (such as should first come to hand) to be laid for a mark and direction to the masons: the stone, which was immediately brought and laid down for that purpose, happened to be a piece of a gravestone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but this single word in large capitals—*Resurgam*” (I shall rise again). How much the architect himself was struck by the circumstance, we see by the decorations of the pediment over the northern portico, where an exquisitely sculptured Phoenix rising from the flames, with the motto “*Resurgam*,” has been placed in accordance with the idea suggested by the incident. And St. Paul's has indeed risen again in consummate beauty and grandeur. Surrounded as it is on all sides with the countless structures which the religion, trade, commerce, amusements, and luxuries of the first capital of the world have required, many of them separately deserving and enjoying our high admiration, who ever thinks for a moment of comparing any of them (Westminster Abbey excepted) with St. Paul's; who ever, indeed, thinks of them at all, when the eye, casually glancing over the mighty panorama of which they form a portion, is so completely occupied by the one sublime object, soaring upwards so far into the skies, the far-famed dome of the Cathedral. The man who was born within the sound of its bell, and can scarcely remember when he overpassed those limits—the stranger from the country on a brief visit, who obtains perhaps but a single view—the foreigner, familiar with the architectural marvels of other climes—the old and the young, the ignorant and the enlightened, alike feel this wondrous pre-eminence, which makes St. Paul's seem

not so much a feature, however great, of London, as an embodied idea of London itself. Can any one fancy London without it? In the absence of this grand central object, toward which, as in a picture, everything around appears to tend, and grow regular and coherent from that very connexion, the British metropolis would certainly look like the "great wen" that Cobbett calls it. For this reason it may be said, somewhat paradoxically, that the finest view of St. Paul's is obtained from a spot where a considerable portion of it cannot be seen, namely, Blackfriars Bridge; for the body of the structure being hidden, the dome, in consequence, with its pilastered basement and colonnaded pedestal, really seems to rest as it were upon the City; and we can imagine nothing more magnificent than the effect. Wren, it must be owned, was most fortunate in the site for his work. It is true that it is sadly shut in on all sides, but we can amend that matter whenever we please; on the other hand, the advantages of the spot are inestimable. It is in the very heart of the metropolis, and so elevated, that—if we may trust the inscription on the curious little piece of sculpture with a naked boy in the neighbouring Panyer Alley:—

" When you have sought the city round,  
Yet still this is the highest ground."

Above all, it stands in the midst of the busiest of London thoroughfares, where thousands daily, as they hurry along with the press, must look upon it; and who shall say how often many of these may not have carried away with them some impression of its beauty, majesty, and power, which may open, however unconsciously, the door to a thousand other refreshing and elevating influences? The chief view of the Cathedral obtained by such passers by—that from Ludgate Hill—was of course an object of great solicitude with Wren; forming too, as he saw it would, the only good view that could be afforded within any calculable period of the building generally. And, certainly, a thing to be remembered is the first ascent of that hill, the first sight of the glorious façade which rises directly before us, with its double range of sumptuous columns, windows and arches rising some ninety feet, then the superb campanile towers at each corner, whose gilded pines at the top are not less than 208 feet from the ground; and lastly, between the two, and over the richly-decorated pediment of the front, with its colossal apostolic figures, the gigantic dome with its lantern, ball, and cross, mounting to the giddy height of between 300 and 400 feet;\* and of which a distinguished critic says, "It may be safely affirmed that for dignity and elegance no church in Europe affords an example worthy of comparison." † Grand as is the aspect of this western front, Wren designed something that would have been still grander, had it been practicable; but he had forgotten, for the moment, that if there are no limits to the power of genius to conceive, there are very decided and narrow ones as to the means by which its conceptions are to be executed. Instead of the existing lower order, with its Corinthian pillars, and an upper with composite, Wren

\* The differences which pervade the published accounts of the dimensions of most of our cathedrals are more than usually striking at St. Paul's. Thus the 'Parentalia' gives the height of the "cupola and lantern" at 330 feet; Maitland the height to the top of the cross at 340; other authorities make the entire altitude 360; whilst the 'Guide' sold in the Cathedral gives the same at 404 feet. Part of this discrepancy seems to arise from the measurement being sometimes made from the pavement of the church, sometimes from the ground-line of the exterior.

† Mr. Gwilt—Britton's 'Public Buildings in London.'

intended to have had but one range of pillars, ascending from the ground without interruption to the height of both the present ranges; but there was no finding blocks of stone large enough to form the cornice to such a portico. So that idea, with many others equally cherished, was abandoned. The decorations of this façade are chiefly by Bird, an artist who occupies a certain position in the history of art during the early part of last century, for we learn from his works how low must have been the state of sculpture among us, when such were its chief fruits. He is the author of the monument to Sir Cloudesley Shovel in Westminster Abbey, a work which has positively grown interesting from the wit and ridicule lavished upon it by Addison, Washington Irving, and others. Yet it is but justice to add that Dr. Busby's monument in the Abbey is also by him, a piece of sculpture so different from his other acknowledged productions as to warrant the suspicion that he had received assistance of some kind. Bird's chief performances at St. Paul's consist of the sculpture in high relief on the pediment of the west front, representing the Conversion of St. Paul, the bas-reliefs over the doors in the portico below, the centre having for its subject St. Paul preaching to the Bereans; and lastly, the statue of Queen Anne in the area before the Cathedral, with the four attendant figures at the corners of the pedestal typifying Britain, France, Ireland, and America. The sculptor of the colossal figures which adorn the top of the pediment and the base of the campanile towers does not appear to be known. The figure on the apex of the pediment is of course St. Paul; St. James is known by his pilgrim habit to the right, and St. Peter by the cock to the left. The figures of the Evangelists at the sides may be similarly recognised. The statue of Queen Anne, of which a lunatic a century ago broke the nose and shattered the sceptre, suggests some interesting recollections. Here, during the brilliant career of Marlborough, was the Queen accustomed to come year after year to return thanks for his successes. The procession on these occasions seems to have been very imposing. Our space will only allow us to mention the visit in January, 1706-7, when there were two individuals present who must have given unusual éclat to the spectacle. After the Members of the House of Commons, headed by their Speaker, the Masters of Chancery, the Judges, and the Peers of the realm, in their curious low coaches (such as we see represented in the prints of the period, illustrating some of these public processions to St. Paul's, and from which the following is extracted), came the Queen in her state equipage, drawn by eight horses, and having



by her side the Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of the conqueror, and her Majesty's early and bosom friend. The streets through which the procession passed were lined by the Westminster militia and the City trained bands; the balconies and windows of the houses were hung with "fine carpets and tapestry," and crowded with spectators. The Queen was received at St. Paul's by the peers, and preceded into the choir by the great warrior himself—Marlborough, carrying the sword of state. Two years later Queen Anne came to St. Paul's again for a similar purpose; and four years after that dismissed the man to whom she owed so much from all his employments, and left him as helpless as it was possible to meet the charges of peculation which his enemies had brought against him. The "dear Mrs. Freeman," as the Queen delighted to call the Duchess (she, herself, assuming the name of Mrs. Morley), was now, also, as much hated as she had been previously loved; though with some reason: there is no doubt the masculine-minded spouse of Marlborough endeavoured to advance his interests and the interests of his party with too high a hand, and in a kind of reckless forgetfulness of her mistress's own very decided political principles. So a new favourite came in: the existing ministry was broken up and another formed, who gave the nation one reason, at all events, for the disgrace of Marlborough: they showed they did not want him, but treated for peace, which they obtained—many thought, at no small sacrifice of honour—by the famous Peace of Utrecht. One of the dissatisfied persons we have alluded to has left his opinions on record in connection with the statue before us; and whatever may be thought of the soundness of his views, there can be no question as to the wit displayed in their exhibition. Thus writes Sir Samuel Garth:—

"Near the vast bulk of that stupendous frame  
Known by the Gentiles' great Apostle's name,  
With grace divine great Anna's seen to rise,  
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes.  
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,  
And with due reverence pay their homage there;  
Britain and Ireland seem to owe her grace,  
And even wild India wears a smiling face.

But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,  
The sad attendant of so good a queen.  
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon  
All that great Anna for thy sake has done:  
When, sworn the kind defender of thy cause,  
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws,  
For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword,  
For thee she broke her general—and her word:  
For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,  
And learn'd to speak like oracles of old.  
For thee, for thee alone,—what could she more?—  
She lost the honour she had gain'd before;  
Lost all the trophies which her arms had won,  
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son);  
Resign'd the glories of a ten years' reign,  
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.  
For thee in annals she's content to shine  
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line."

We must add to these verses, a striking evidence of the effects of the party spirit of the time: Voltaire says, that whilst he was in England, he heard Marlborough called a coward, and Pope a blockhead!

Though not only the dome, but the entire exterior of St. Paul's, has received the highest praise that could be lavished upon it—it has been held, for instance, superior to its mighty rival at Rome—yet, it must be owned, this success has been obtained at some sacrifice. Not only does the real dome, such as it is (as seen from the interior), bear but a small proportion to the apparent one, but the height of the cathedral walls all round is a splendid deception. It consists, like the front, of two stories, of which the lower one only shows the real height of the aisles of the church within, the upper being a mere mask to the roof of the aisles and the buttresses which support the vaulting of the nave and choir. With that exception, the exterior of St. Paul's challenges the warmest admiration. In walking round it we may observe, among many other admirable features, the art with which Wren has repeated the idea of the dome in various parts of the building: thus both the northern and southern porticoes are domed, as well as the upper part of the campanile towers; the effect being a material enhancement of the harmony that pervades the different parts of the structure. The sculptured Phœnix, before mentioned, on the pediment of the south portico, is by Cibber, who received, it appears from Malcolm, 6*l.* for the model and 100*l.* for the work. One may wonder that the author of the two famous statues at the Bethlehem was not more extensively employed at St. Paul's; but Bird, no doubt, was the fashionable sculptor—so whilst he was working away at the highest departments of the art, Cibber, immeasurably his superior, had to be content with the lowest. Before we enter the Cathedral, we may observe there is a building nearly opposite the northern portico, which is seldom noticed, even by curious observers, and which yet recalls the memory of a passage in modern ecclesiastical history, not without interest. That tall, substantial, but somewhat dingy-looking mansion, is the Convocation or Chapter House of the Cathedral, and was repaired by Wren during the rebuilding of St. Paul's. Many of our readers will be aware that a kind of clerical parliament, or Convocation, as it is called, is summoned with every new parliament of the kingdom. The writ of the sovereign is directed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, commanding him to summon the bishops and lesser clergy. When they meet, which is usually in St. Paul's, they form the two Houses, and nominate their Speakers; but—the conclusion is rather ludicrous—the moment they proceed to business, the Convocation is prorogued, to meet no more, except under similar circumstances and for a similar termination. But there was a period when the clergy turned restive under this treatment, and made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to turn their nominal powers into real ones. During the reigns of William and Anne, the clergy of the establishment became divided into two parties—the one looking with the deepest mortification and disgust on the principles of toleration in religious matters which were secured by the Revolution, and not hesitating to extend their hatred to the government of the Revolution itself; the other, holding sentiments as nearly as possible diametrically opposite. One of the modes adopted by the former party in the pursuit of their objects, was an attempt to restore to a state of speech and action their ecclesiastical parliament, which had been muzzled by repeated prorogations from the time of the meeting just after the Revolution, when the King perceived but too clearly their hostile spirit. The last year of William's reign gave them a favourable opportunity. A Tory

ministry came into power, and one of the stipulations attending that event was, that a Convocation should have leave to sit. Accordingly, on the 10th of February, 1701, the day of the opening of parliament, the two Houses of Convocation met in St. Paul's, and then adjourned to the neighbouring building.



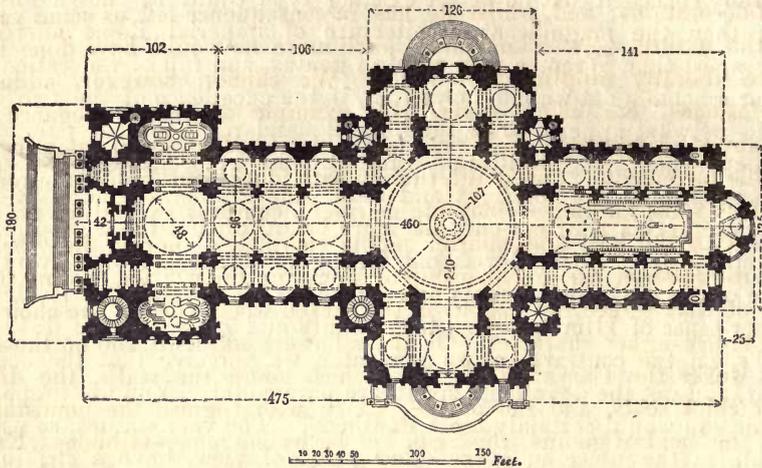
[Convocation or Chapter House, St. Paul's. From a print of 1701.]

And now they went to work in a most vigorous style. Their mortal enemies, the old Commonwealth men, might have been their exemplars. They asserted that they had a right to sit whenever the parliament sat, and could only be prorogued when that was prorogued; and when the Archbishop, on the third day of their sitting, February 25, prorogued them, they continued to sit in defiance of the order, for some time, and then *adjourned themselves* to the day named in the Archbishop's prorogation. At one of their subsequent meetings, they asked for another of the privileges of parliament, and one seldom resorted to even by that potential assembly—a free conference with the Upper House, which did not participate in its violence: the request was, of course, refused. Open war between the Houses now broke out. The Lower House again defied an order of prorogation: severe recrimination took place. One of the bishops, Burnet, was officially attacked for the doctrines he had put forth in his 'Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles,' and the whole business grew daily more and more embroiled, and was, at last, only put an end to for the time by a royal writ directed to the Archbishop, at the period of the dissolution of Parliament. The accession of Anne, with her known Tory principles, made the Lower House, at their subsequent meetings, bolder than ever, and, in consequence, made their pretensions less dangerous from their extravagance. With all the Queen's desire to support them, she was obliged more than once to reprove them in a marked man-

ner, and although the contest continued through several interesting phases for the next few years, it was at last effectually stopped in 1717: from that time the Convocation have never been allowed to proceed to any business. It is to this period, and these divisions in the Church, that we owe the designations—the first of which, at least, is still in vogue—the High and Low Church parties.

With so many cathedrals in the Gothic style existing in this country, the erection of a similar building in a style as much opposed to the Gothic as it could well be was and yet is an interesting experiment. And it will no doubt be generally conceded that no better existing type could be chosen for the new building than the magnificent architecture of imperial Rome afforded,—no worthier artist than Wren, a man of high genius, and full of veneration for that particular school. Yet we must own that, if the excellence of the two styles be measured by what appears to be the highest standard, those old pointed arches and windows, those irregularities of transept and chapel, and massive buttresses, with their continual play of light and shade, the contemned “crinkle-crinkle” of Wren, are to this hour not only the more beautiful, but the more appropriate. In Westminster Abbey the devotional feeling predominates over every other—the sense of the unrivalled beauty and grandeur all around you is absorbed in the higher sense of Him to whom that beauty and grandeur are dedicated: in St. Paul's, on the contrary, as we now enter, we perceive that the beauty and grandeur, and not the devotional spirit, are paramount. You are prepared for a church, or you would certainly see a Pantheon. The very statues, so wretchedly unsuitable to the place in every other point of view, have a strikingly mischievous significance in this. A great mistake, it seems to us, has been made in ecclesiastical architecture since the decline of the Roman Catholic religion. Artists have thought and talked so much about the ritual of the old form of worship, and the adaptation of the Gothic cathedrals to that ritual, as at last to have believed, or at least to have acted as though they believed, that the ritual and the essential sublimity of the style had some indivisible connexion; and, consequently, that in the abolition of the ritual the style must be abolished too. Others probably thought, and with greater truth, that the associations of the Gothic with the Roman Catholic worship had, for the time at least, rendered that style distasteful to Protestants; and this feeling no doubt might have been a permanent one, if the value of our cathedrals had really depended upon their peculiar adaptability to a particular time and form of Christian faith, instead of being, as they are now pretty generally once more acknowledged to be, the grandest, and in all essential respects the most suitable of Christian temples. There is one reflection connected with this subject suggested by the foregoing remarks. Quitting the high ground of principle for expediency, with how many buildings have not architects studded the country, which, if they suggest anything at all, suggest the most remote and discordant associations. Thus, one class of churches reminds us of Greek and Roman temples; another has some indefinable connexion with Egypt and Egyptian theology; a third—but we need not multiply examples already familiar to every one: such has been the success of our architects in avoiding the Gothic, in order to avoid jarring associations. On the other hand, time passes on, the heats of religious contest subside, and Protestant and Catholic alike perceive that the associations of our cathedrals are

after all their most precious wealth: they remember how intimately those buildings were connected with the early history of the faith; when their forefathers, before words of division were known, and, instead of Catholics and Protestants, there were only Christians, worshipped in common together at their fanes: above all they remember, with no unnatural pride, that these wonderful buildings first sprung from Christianity, and have ever been devoted to its service. But, we repeat, the experiment of a new style was and is an interesting one, and even the lovers of the old cannot regret that it was made. The plan of St. Paul's is



[Plan of St. Paul's.]

essentially that of most other cathedrals, a cross, formed one way by the nave and choir, and the other by the transepts. Over the circular space, where the nave, choir, and transepts join, rises the dome, supported by eight great piers, forming as many semicircular arches, disposed in an octagonal form. The view enjoyed by a spectator standing directly below the dome is truly magnificent. The imposing circle of lofty arches, which seems to enclose the charmed gazer, or to open only that his eye may range along the vistas of the nave or choir, and enhance his sense of what he sees by a consciousness of how much still remains to be seen, becomes still more imposing as he looks upward, and sees how grand a duty has been allotted to them—that of bearing, now and for ever, the glorious concave which more peculiarly makes “St. Paul’s” an honoured name through the civilised world; and which, suddenly rising to the mental vision of the far-off traveller, sick and friendless in inhospitable climes, or the tempest-tossed and despairing mariner, must have many and many a time given fresh heart and hope, new impulses and energies, enabling them to reach the home of which that dome would be the most appropriate symbol. Another fine view of the structure is obtained from the western doors, though in St. Paul’s, as at Westminster Abbey, you must pay to see it. From thence you look along the nave, across the circular space below the dome, and, when the doors of the choir are open, through that also, an arched perspective in all of 500 feet, the nave alone measuring 340 feet. In still closer imitation of our Gothic cathedrals than Wren desired, the nave has its side aisles, a measure forced upon him, and, it is sup-

posed, through the influence of the Duke of York, then secretly planning the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion, when the "long-drawn aisles" would have been again in requisition. The architect is said to have shed tears when yielding to a measure which he conceived so objectionable. Although we cannot quite agree with the author of the 'Guide' before mentioned, that the "shields, festoons, chaplets, cherubims, and other devices" give St. Paul's "a richness and grace which are wanting in all buildings of Gothic construction," yet there is no doubt Sir Christopher was sedulously attentive to the important subject of decorations; and, whilst he has in consequence left us some valuable works of this nature, we also know how much more he would have done had he been more liberally supplied with funds. We cannot, however, adduce the "shields, festoons," &c., as any remarkable example of refined elegance in the art, or as any striking proof of Wren's taste; nor need we dwell upon the handsome marble pavement, "paved alternately with dark and light-coloured marbles, the dark slabs forming a complete mariner's compass, exhibiting the thirty-two points with the half and quarter points complete;" nor on the "beautiful screen of wrought-iron, the workmanship of Monsieur Tijou:" for, passing through the gates of that screen, we behold in the carved wood-work of the choir something of a much higher character. On those flowers and fruit, and on those more ambitious works the Caryatidal figures, which adorn the stalls, the different thrones or chief seats, and the organ gallery, we recognise the unmistakable impress of the hand of genius: these can but be by one man—Gibbons. Evelyn's account of his first drawing this fine artist from obscurity, and of the narrow escape he had, for the time at least, of being sent back to it, is very interesting. He found Gibbons in a cottage at Deptford, carving his famous work, the Stoning of St. Stephen, after Tintoretto; and immediately determined to introduce him through his work to the court. "The King," says he, "saw the carving at Sir R. Browne's chamber, and was astonished at the curiosity of it, but was called away, and sent it to the Queen's chamber. There, a French peddling woman, who used to bring baubles out of France for the ladies, began to find fault with several things in it, which she understood no more than an ass or a monkey. So, in a kind of indignation, I caused it to be taken back and sent down to the cottage again." Charles, however, appreciated the skill exhibited, and placed Gibbons in one of the government offices, and, what was better still, employed him in his own way: of course he soon grew famous, and was extensively employed. For his work in the choir of St. Paul's he received the sum of 1333*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.* To all this richness of decoration, and general grandeur of the building decorated, the high altar, which should be the most sumptuous part of the whole, offers a melancholy contrast. It is to be hoped that some liberal and munificent-minded dignitary of the Cathedral may hereafter remember what Wren's intentions were, and endeavour to have them carried into effect. "The painting and gilding of the architecture at the east end of the church over the communion-table was intended only to serve the present occasion, till such time as materials could have been procured for a magnificent design of an altar, consisting of four pillars wreathed, of the richest Greek marbles, supporting a canopy hemispherical, with proper decorations of architecture and sculpture; for which the respective drawings and a model were prepared. Information, and particular

descriptions of certain blocks of marble, were once sent to the right reverend Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, from a Levantine merchant in Holland, and communicated to the surveyor, but, unluckily, the colours and scantlings did not answer his purpose: so it rested in expectance of a fitter opportunity; else probably this curious and stately design had been finished at the same time with the main fabric."\*

Choral service is performed here twice a day (at a quarter to ten in the morning and quarter past three in the afternoon), and few things can be more deliciously soothing to the "o'erwrought spirit" than to step out of the ceaseless turmoil, the petty cares and strifes of the world's daily business, into the holy quiet of this place—a quiet only broken by the divine harmonies which we hear rising every now and then, in tones of solemn and almost unearthly grandeur and beauty. It may be here mentioned that on the north side of the nave, near the western extremity, there is a morning-prayer chapel, where divine service is performed every morning (Sundays excepted) at seven in summer and eight in winter. This chapel, with the Consistory Court on the opposite side of the nave, forms a kind of lesser transept, of the same breadth as, and connected with, the western front, so that from the exterior it hardly looks like a transept. The organ of the choir is justly reputed one of the finest instruments in the country. It was erected by Schmydt about the close of the seventeenth century, who received 2000*l.* for it.

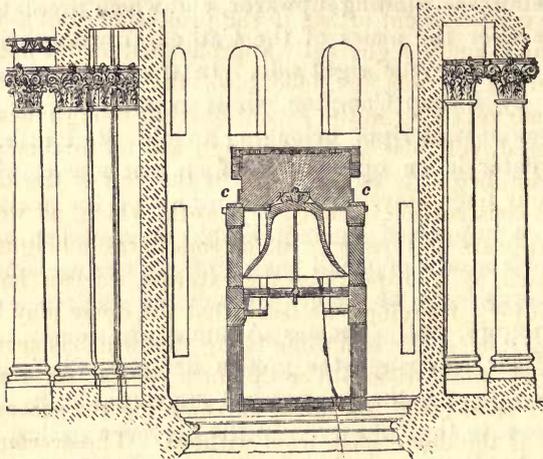
Interesting as St. Paul's is in its general and more essential features to all persons of whatever amount of taste or knowledge, yet it must be owned that a few of its adjuncts enjoy at least their fair share of attention and admiration. Nay, we fear the numbers are somewhat considerable who think a great deal less of the dome than of the ball at the top, into which they themselves have actually ascended—who are much more anxious to appreciate the wonders of the clock-work than of the architecture—whose amazement is more readily called into action by the size of the great bell than by the statement of the dimensions of St. Paul's—who would be infinitely better pleased by being able to distinguish the friendly whisper across the famous gallery, than to listen in awful silence to the voice of their own heart, which such a scene is calculated to call forth, and with the happiest effects. And if we do not participate in such views, there is no doubt all these, with the other curiosities of St. Paul's, are deserving of notice. Before we ascend to the upper portion of the building, where these curiosities are to be found, we may mention two assemblies which annually draw a considerable share of the popular attention to the Cathedral. These are the musical meeting for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy in May, and the meeting of the great body of the charity children of the metropolis (connected with the established church) in June. The origin of the former is thus described. In 1655 the Rev. G. Hall preached a sermon for the relief of the sons of such of the clergy as had been reduced to indigence for their Nonconformist principles. The appeal was so successful, that a similar one was made annually, and during the reign of Charles II. a charter was granted to the promoters of the charity, which then took the form that it still holds, of a charitable establishment for the relief of the widows and orphans of poor clergymen. The house is situated at

\* 'Parentalia.'

St. John's Wood. The performances consist of a miscellaneous selection of sacred music from our great writers, Handel, Boyce, and others. The collections average nearly 1000*l*. The other meeting is one of still greater attraction. The circle beneath the dome is now formed into an amphitheatre of seats for the five or six thousand children present, the members of the choir are placed against the organ, the area in the centre is filled with persons of rank, fashion, and intellectual distinction, whilst the nave accommodates that portion of the public which can obtain tickets of admission. One feature of the day is certainly very touching and beautiful—the sound of so many youthful and infant voices when they join in the choruses and other portions of the service. It may be useful to add, that to these meetings, as well as to the previous rehearsals which take place on each occasion, any one can obtain admittance to the body of the church by making a contribution to the charity, which is expected to be not less than half-a-crown. Let us now ascend. A door in the south aisle, close to the circle, opens to a staircase winding upwards, and which presently conducts us to the long galleries over the aisles of the Cathedral, with their massive timber rafters overhead and along the right side. In the southern gallery we find the Library, founded by Bishop Compton, whose portrait adorns the walls. Here are preserved some manuscripts belonging to old St. Paul's, and on the table facing us as we enter is an open book of ancient music, with square notes, and written on four lines only. The decorations of the room are very beautiful: the gallery is supported by exquisitely carved oaken brackets of great size, and the floor consists of small pieces of variously-coloured oak disposed in geometric patterns. As we glance around the shelves we see that Chrysostom, Cyril, Gregory, and Thomas Aquinas are somewhat more tolerant than usual as to their company—the golden dreamer, Plato, is amongst them. At the end of this gallery is the geometrical staircase, built by Wren, for the convenience of access to the Library. In the northern gallery is the model of the first design for St. Paul's, which, however, is so badly situated, that to judge of the character of the proposed building is almost impossible. Here hang some of the tattered flags which formerly desecrated the dome. Returning to the southern gallery, a very narrow circular staircase in the southern campanile tower leads up to the bell and clock works. A strange mistake has been made with regard to the bell. It is continually said to be the same, only recast, as that which, from the reign of Edward I., hung in the bell-tower in front of Westminster Hall, and which was at first known as Edward of Westminster, and then as the Great Tom. It is true that this bell was given by William III. to St. Paul's, and re-cast by one Wightman, but proved so faulty, that “Sir Christopher employed Mr. Phelps (an honest and able bell-founder, as appeared by several specimens and testimonials) to make a bell proper for the clock, all of new metal; and the agreement was so ordered, that this new bell should be delivered and approved before he was paid anything for it; and that he should accept the bell cast by Wightman, in part of payment towards the new one, so far and at so much as the weight produced at the price of old bell metal; and Wightman's bell was likewise to remain at the Church till the new bell was approved. And there were all other due and necessary cautions used in the agreement with Mr. Phelps, as may be seen by it, at the office of the works at St. Paul's. This new

bell, then, after trial, being found good, and approved of, Wightman's faulty bell was delivered to Mr. Phelps, for the balance of his account.'\* But we do not need a six-centuries' character to enable us to know that the bell of St. Paul's is a truly magnificent instrument: we are not even obliged to believe the story of the soldier, at Windsor, who saved himself from capital punishment by hearing St. Paul's strike thirteen, when it was alleged he was asleep, to teach us how far and wide its voice may be heard as it continues, hour after hour, to record the steps of Time; or when, still more grandly, it announces the death of some distinguished personage—for on such occasions alone is Great Tom called upon to put himself in positive action, the hour being merely struck upon the bell. Its weight is 11,474 lbs., its diameter nine feet. As the mode in which it is hung is considered a good example of the methods adopted for supporting heavy bells, we subjoin a

[Section of the Belfry of St. Paul's.]



c c, gudgeons on which the bell swings.

As to the clock, when we state that the dial on the exterior, the guide of innumerable minor satellites, is 57 feet in circumference, and the minute-hand 8 feet long, it will be tolerably evident the works behind must be of no ordinary calibre. If, in descending the narrow staircase, the visitor should happen to hear the hour struck, as we did, he will not speedily forget it.

Returning towards the Dome and again ascending, we reach the uppermost of the two galleries which encircle it, known as the Whispering Gallery, from the circumstance that a whisper uttered in one spot may be heard right across the vast circle, to the spot directly opposite. The Whispering Gallery had formerly a higher purpose. From hence was enjoyed the best view of the paintings, by Sir James Thornhill, in the cupola above, but which are no longer distinguishable. The space is divided into eight compartments, devoted respectively to subjects illustrative of the different events of the life of St. Paul. Sir James was paid for this work at the rate of forty shillings a square yard. It was whilst engaged in these paintings that he had so narrow an escape from instant destruction. Stepping backwards, one day, painter like, to observe the effect of

\* Wren's Answer to the Tract 'Frauds and Abuses at St. Paul's.'

his finishing touches upon the head of one of the Apostles, he gradually came close to the undefended edge of the scaffold. Fortunately a friend was with him, who, with admirable presence of mind, snatched up a brush and hastily smeared the picture. "Bless my soul," said the artist, rushing forward, "what have you done?" "Only saved your life," was the reply, and there did not need many more words of explanation. Whatever the character of Sir James Thornhill's works may have been, they are, in effect, worthless now (through the damp), and thus another opportunity is afforded of decorating the Dome in the manner designed by Wren, and on which he had evidently set his heart. He says: "The judgment of the surveyor was originally, instead of painting in the manner it is now performed, to have beautified the inside of the cupola with the more durable ornament of mosaic work, as is nobly executed in the cupola of St. Peter's, in Rome, which strikes the eye of the beholder with a most magnificent and splendid appearance; and which, without the least decay of colours, is as lasting as marble or the building itself. For this purpose he had projected to have procured from Italy four of the most eminent artists in the profession; but as this art was a great novelty in England, and not generally apprehended, it did not receive the encouragement it deserved: it was imagined, also, that the expense would prove too great, and the time very long in the execution; but though these and all objections were fully answered, yet this excellent design was no further pursued."

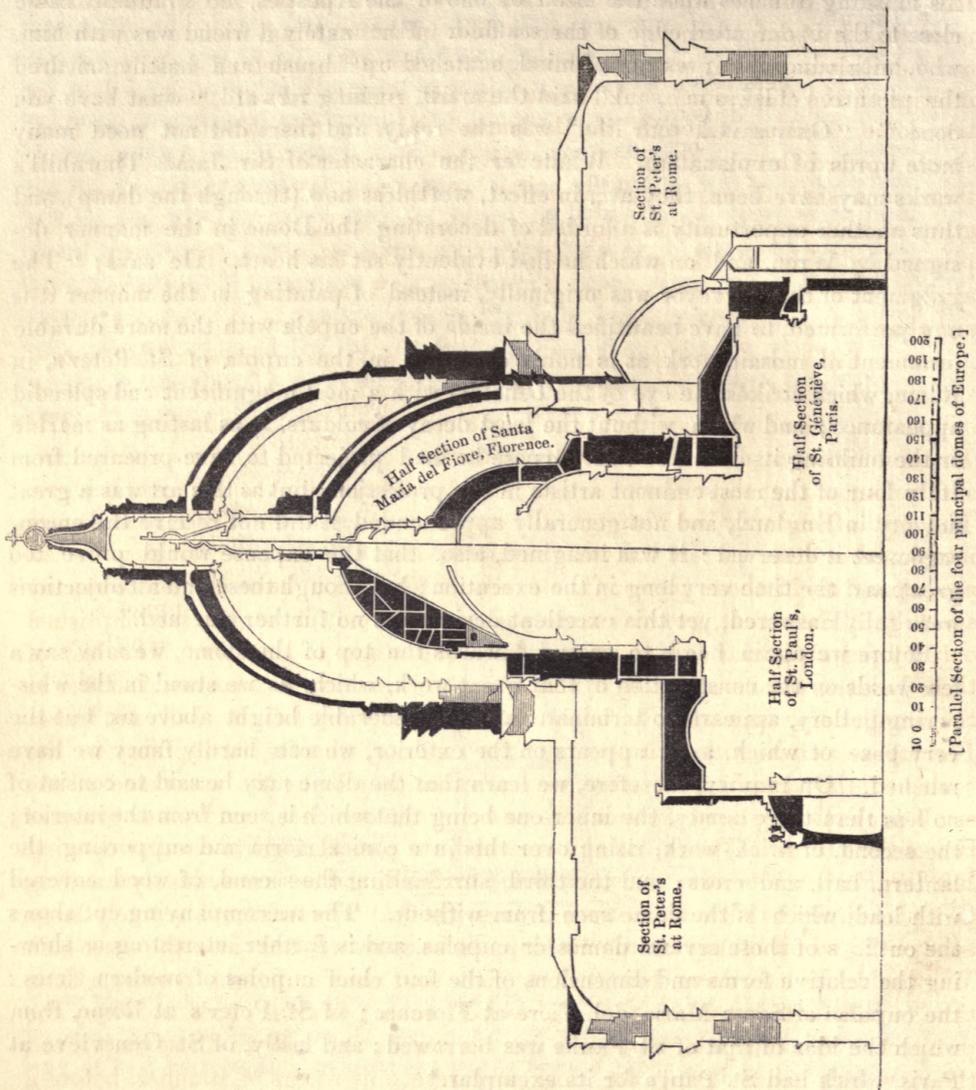
Before we again begin to ascend towards the top of the dome, we may say a few words on the construction of that great work, which, as we stand in the whispering-gallery, appears to terminate at no considerable height above us, but the very base of which, as it appears on the exterior, we can hardly fancy we have reached. On inquiry, therefore, we learn that the dome may be said to consist of no less than three domes, the inner one being that which is seen from the interior; the second, of brick-work, rising over this in a conical form and supporting the lantern, ball, and cross; and the third, surrounding the second, of wood covered with lead, which is the dome seen from without. The accompanying cut shows the outlines of these several domes or cupolas, and is further interesting as showing the relative forms and dimensions of the four chief cupolas of modern times: the cupolas of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence; of St. Peter's at Rome, from which the idea of that of St. Paul's was borrowed; and lastly, of St. Génévieve at Paris, which had St. Paul's for its exemplar.\*

The cone-shaped dome of brick is strengthened with girdles of Portland stone, around the lower part of which is inserted in a channel an immense iron chain, doubled, weighing nearly five tons. We are now once more mounting: the stairs, at first so broad, and so gentle in their elevation, become narrow and steep, and as we step out into the first gallery, the one encircling the base of what we have called the great "colonnaded pedestal" of the dome, we see we are already considerably above the level of the tallest houses around. The

\* Their respective external dimensions and heights are as follows:—

	External Diameter in Feet.	Height from the ground-line.
Santa Maria del Fiore . . . . .	139	310
St. Peter at Rome . . . . .	139	330
St. Paul's . . . . .	112	215
St. Génévieve, or the Pantheon, Paris	67	190

To this we may add that the circular gallery just above the external dome of St. Paul's is 274 feet 9 inches above the pavement of the nave.



figures on the pediment of the western front here appear of the gigantic stature they are, eleven feet, and the beautiful towers display their graceful outlines and decorations in an almost startlingly clear manner. But the wind is blowing with such violence that we can hardly maintain a footing: so after a moment's pause in the enjoyment of the shelter of the doorway, listening with closed eyes to the sound, which seems like that of a tumultuous ocean, we again follow the apparently interminable circle for some time. Another pause; a door is opened, and we are in the second gallery, which, though still below the dome, lifts us above the tops of the lofty campanile towers, as well as of the innumerable surrounding spires. The houses around the base of the pile are with difficulty separately distinguishable; the occupants of the streets begin, like the fishermen in Shakspeare's well-known passage, of which we are instinctively reminded, to "appear

like mice." But we must not lose time. We have as yet accomplished little more than half our journey. A narrow door in the external wall now opens for our admission, and our way lies through the almost impenetrable gloom of the interior of the chief dome. All about us are gigantic ribs of the vast body of the dome, looming through the darkness. Now in this direction, now that, shoots upward through the whole the felt but unseen staircase. At every turn there is a kind of unpleasant suspicion of the possibility of finding some unguarded spot, some accidental opening in the low rails, through which one may plunge suddenly into the unfathomable abyss. But there is no fear. Ah, light again! Another door, and gallery; but how small the circle it makes! yes, we are above the dome. We must look down for the western towers. As to London, it seems little else than one dense mass of house-tops, chimneys, and spires, shutting in the Cathedral on all sides, and extending to beyond the scope of our vision, the whole seen but dimly through the thick atmosphere. The Thames, however, has become a conspicuous object from its form and colour, and we know that those dark lines across at intervals are the different bridges. The rest of our way lies through the upper portion of the brick cone before mentioned, and the elegant lantern it supports. It is well that our fair readers can accompany us in these pages, for we should otherwise have to part company speedily. The ascent, growing more and more difficult, is at last accomplished only by perpendicular ladders rising from one stage to another. The last of these ladders admits us through a little square aperture to a narrow chamber in the small dome immediately below the open support of the ball and cross. Forcing ourselves with difficulty into the circle of slender iron pillars in the centre of the chamber, we must now advance merely by the assistance of the small projections placed against the masonry on one side, and by our grasp of two of the pillars. The top of this reached, we pass through a circular opening just large enough to admit a man of ordinary bulk, and we are suddenly standing in a place open on all sides to the sky from the feet upwards, and scarcely large enough to admit of any companionship. Above us we look into the dark ball. We would fain look down, but such a place and such a height require a little time to habituate ourselves to both, as well as a powerful vision to enjoy the prospect. We may add, also, firm nerves are useful. With these requisites, the view from hence during the clear and serene mornings of summer, before a natural or artificial cloud of any consequence rests on the sky above, or on the sleeping and wonderful world below, must be such that it would be difficult to parallel either in its physical or moral features. Who has not read and enjoyed the description of the mornings spent in this way by the painter of the Diorama now in the Colosseum? Who that has seen that work—as faithful as it is beautiful—but must be struck with the change which the same panorama presents to our view at this season and hour, as, with a foot on each side of the circular aperture below, we turn round in our narrow and gilded cage, and look down—but our head grows dizzy—speculations as to the solidity of these bars which alone hem us in will intrude—we begin half to doubt whether, if one of them were suddenly to fall, we should not yield to that strange fascination which most persons must have felt on looking from some great height, and try a less

tedious mode of descent than the actual one. That consideration is quite enough to quicken our departure. As we descend we suddenly catch the sound of the organ, pealing upwards in tones of inexpressible beauty: it is the afternoon service; we shall yet be in time to be present, and allow the mind to re-assume the feelings which more fitly harmonise with the objects of the structure.



[The Choir.]



[Interior View of St. Paul's—The Dome and Transepts.]

## XCVII.—NEW ST. PAUL'S. No. II.

STANDING the other day before one of the monuments in this Cathedral, and allowing our thoughts to glide insensibly into the train suggested by the "classic" character of the sculpture, we could not help wondering what would be the nature of the impressions made upon the mind of a Grecian sculptor of the age of Praxiteles or Phidias, could his shade be allowed to revisit the earth, and to wander awhile among the monuments of St. Paul's. The fancy seemed a pleasing one; and pursuing it, we fell into a kind of reverie, in which, whilst we gradually lost all consciousness of time and of the gazers moving to and fro, the monuments, on the contrary, seemed to stand out from their alcoves and recesses unusually sharp and distinct both in their general outlines and in their minuteness of decorative detail. Presently we became aware of two figures by our side, who were engaged in an animated conversation. The little of their dialogue we could catch ran to something of the following purport:—

"And what has been the effect on Art of all these marvellous changes you describe in the religion, morals, and manners of the world, during these two or three thousand years; and, more particularly, in my own department, sculpture? Art, to be true to its own first principle—*Truth*—must be an exponent of what it sees of beauty or sublimity in the double world around it,—nature and man.

These materials by its own inherent powers it idealises—making the beauty more beautiful, the sublimity still more sublime. The new work then returns to the people, from whom so much of it was derived: their sympathies—nay, their vanities are excited by the partial reflection of themselves; and thus the artist obtains a vantage-ground to raise them to the contemplation of higher things—to bring them, in a word, nearer to his own level. From their improvement he again derives fresh strength; and thus Art and the enjoyers of Art act and re-act upon one another, to their constant and mutual improvement. In this we see but the beautiful harmonies and reciprocities of Nature generally—the ceaseless circle she so delights in; with the difference—glorious privilege of Man!—that he at the same time goes forward. These considerations render me unable even to guess what new form sculpture can have assumed to be worthy of what you tell me of the greatness of your country. I can only fear *our* works must have faded from your recollection, from the difficulty of making any practical use of them in a state of society so essentially different.”

“Hem! hem! Why, no, we have managed that pretty well. If you look round, you will see that a forgetfulness of either Grecian or Roman sculpture is the last fault with which we can be chargeable. Here, for instance, is the monument to a zealous and intrepid soldier, Major-General Hay, where we have introduced a naked figure of Valour to support the dying man, although he is in his proper military uniform as an officer of the nineteenth century, and the rank of soldiers there, with the short square-tailed jackets, are in theirs. I flatter myself that does not look like forgetfulness.”

“You jest; this medley must be caricature.”

“Jest? If you read the inscription, you will see it was erected at the ‘public expense’ of a people not at all remarkable for levity, more particularly where thousands of pounds are concerned.”

“I must see further before I ask for any explanation of the many difficulties that crowd upon me. Yet there is one question I should be glad to have answered. How do the people—having, as you before explained, lost the faith which with us made these impersonations of Valour and other deities a stirring impulse to the hearts and minds of those who gazed upon them—how do they relish such (to them) cold abstractions; or, rather, how do they know this figure means Valour at all?”

“We tell them so.”

“Ah, that is indeed an answer! You open a melancholy prospect; but go on.”

“Well, here is a monument by a mightier hand. This is by Banks, in memory of a naval hero who fell in one of our great victories, the battle of the Nile; a locality marked, as you perceive, by the sphynxes and palm-trees, and by the river god himself. The hero is falling into the arms of Victory”——

“Who is almost thrown off her balance by the weight, and, instead of keeping him up, seems likely to fall herself, and in a not very dignified or decorous manner. The idea, however, is ingenious—the fall of so great a man overpowers for the moment even Victory; and the sculptor has exhibited considerable tact in choosing the precise moment that shows this, and yet leaves it to be inferred and hoped that the goddess may recover herself. Are these the only kind of monuments that I am to expect?—for, if so, I will not trouble you any further.”

“Pause one moment before this, and then perhaps I may better satisfy you. The ship's prow and other devices on the base show you it is a naval monument. The hero is Captain Faulkner, who fell in maintaining a contest for five hours with a much stronger French frigate.”

“Do your English captains, then, like our athletes of old, go naked into battle?”

“Excuse a smile at your question: they do not. But we consider the costume of our own time too suggestive of a matter-of-fact spirit; and we imitate you—we desire to cultivate the ideal.”

“Imitate us!—the ideal!—is it possible? Why, my friend, this figure is positively revolting to me, from the absence of anything not mischievous that my imagination can take hold of. It is simply and truly a colossal piece of nudity, only the more striking for the paltry strip of drapery that hangs from one shoulder, and from the prim garb in which Victory is arrayed as she presents the sword.”

“I fear you are right; for about the period of its erection it is said that certain parties were so struck by this effect, as to induce them to apply to the artist to add a little to the breadth of the drapery. But come, here at least, in the southern aisle, is a work better calculated to please your somewhat fastidious taste. This is the monument to Lord Collingwood, by Westmacott. I will read you the description of it given in the ‘Guide Book.’ ‘The moment chosen by the sculptor for illustration in this monument is, the arrival of the remains of the Admiral on the British shore. The body, shrouded in the colours torn from the enemy, is represented on the deck of a man-of-war; the sword of the hero, which he used with so much glory to himself, and to a grateful country, is in his hand. In the foreground, attended by the genii of his confluent streams, is Thames, in a cumbent posture, thoughtfully regarding Fame, who from the prow of the ship reclines over the illustrious admiral, proclaiming his heroic achievements.’” &c.

“The pervading principle of Grecian sculpture was simplicity; but then, it is true, we had not the ‘Guide Book.’ How much we had to learn! The general grouping of this work I admire; the separate figures are excellent; that of Thames, when you can manage to forget the associations raised by the babes playing about his knee, has a lofty and severe air, in which I recognise something kindred to the old spirit; yet, with us, the general effect of a work—the sentiment expressed at once by it to the mind of ordinary spectators—was so pre-eminently the object of the sculptor's toil and ambition, that a compliment to any of the lesser points, whilst that was passed by in significant silence, would have been the signal for the artist instantly to break up his work, and re-task his energies for a race where success was indeed glory. What sentiment, at once simple and forcible, does this convey? That exquisite bit of workmanship there on the latter part of the ship is, for this reason, to me, worth all the rest. The delicate continuous scroll enveloping the different phases of the story suggests but to the eye—what the examination of each confirms to the mind—the beauty and completeness of the thought. We do not need your Guide Book here to tell us the meaning of the boyish form gazing upon the movements of the ‘Nautilus’ in one compartment; or of his trusting himself so doubtfully to a frail bark with a flowing streamer, in imitation of the ‘Nautilus’s’ sail in the next, or the rude support for the sail he has raised in a third, whilst looking upwards to the stars

that guide his course ; or of the compass in his hands in the fourth ; or, lastly, of the weapons he finds it necessary to forge for defence in the fifth. In that space of three or four feet long by only a few inches broad, you have a history of Navigation, which Art may be proud of."

" Under the window there, at the farther end of this transept, is another work by the same artist, Sir Ralph Abercromby's memorial."

" Aye, this is truly a step upwards. Here we can understand an entire work without the aid of the ' Guide.' The death-wound given in the moment of conflict—the fall from the horse into the arms of an attendant soldier, and the scene—Egypt—marked by the sphynxes on each side, express at least an interesting fact in a vigorous and truthful manner. But it does more than this. The choice of these Egyptian symbols is truly artistical. Remaining to this hour one of the most characteristic features of that ancient kingdom, the mind at once acknowledges the propriety of their presence, as a means of marking the scene of the event commemorated ; and then gazing upon their passionless yet high and solemn countenances, imbibes an influence felt, but indescribable, which affects the aspect of the whole work : the sculptor, in short, has idealised it by their means. What is that monument which caught my eye to the right of the entrance into the innermost part of the structure ?"

" You mean Flaxman's memorial to Nelson, our great naval hero. There it is."

" I begin now to perceive you *may* have a great English school of sculpture, if your sculptors will but understand their deficiencies. Cut away this feeble moral on the one side, Britannia and the two boys she is bidding to look up to their exemplar, do the same with the still feebler allegorical lion on the other, and you have a truly great work—a representation of your hero as simple and austere as it is grand and expressive. It is very unlike a Grecian hero, it is true—and there lies one of its merits—the artist is not ashamed of his own country, but shows us, as he ought, an English warrior in an English garb. Yet neither this nor the other monuments of merit I see here and there around us speak to me as they ought of the acknowledged genius of your country. You tell me of the superiority of your religion and morals to those we cherished—of our love for physical and yours for mental and moral beauty and grandeur ; surely that superiority should evidence itself in your arts. Yet what is there among these productions, which include, it appears, some by all your best artists, that can possibly be to your posterity, two thousand years hence, what ours, you tell me, are still to you ? You are silent. Well, let us change the subject. I see, from the great number of the monuments to naval and military men, that we must be in a temple dedicated in some way or other to their worship, or, pardon me, to their honour. If I might venture to guess its name, I think I should not be far wrong. There must be some latent idea in the great number of shapes I see representative of the God of Victory—is it not some kind of Temple of Victory ?" With the echoes of a loud burst of laughter ringing, as it seemed, in our ears, the reverie was broken.

The monument before which we had been standing, whilst fancy had been so busy, was Chantrey's striking work to the memory of Major-General Houghton, where the dying General is seen rising for a moment to direct his men in a suc-

cessful charge, but which is deformed by the eternal conceit of a Victory, or some mythological personage, appearing in the field of battle to crown the fallen warrior. But—the consideration is forced on us—what have such works to do with a place of religious worship? There must be something indeed inexpressibly shocking to a pure and devout mind, filled with the spirit of Him who came to preach “Peace on earth, good will among men,” to find the records of deeds of violence and slaughter intruded upon his notice, in the very temples where he might least expect to find such associations. War may be necessary, and, as a consequence, some form of “hero-worship;” but it is truly humiliating to find a Christian country and a Christian government so inconsistent as to make every pier and window and recess in our chief Cathedral repeat the same melancholy story of war—war—still everywhere war. There are now about forty-eight monuments in St. Paul's, of which there are but seven devoted to other than naval and military men. The recklessness with which such monuments have been determined on is no less striking; we have had in half a century forty-one heroes, or we have, in many cases, expended our money and degraded the art in cutting in stone “paragraphs of military gazettes,” to use Flaxman's phrase. And if, as it often happens, there be in the lives of such men some delightful incident which would really render their memory dear to us, that, be sure, is forgotten. Here is a signal instance in this monument by Rossi, where Victory and Fame, seated at the two corners, in a posture as unbecoming as it must be uncomfortable, are placing medallions of Captains Mosse and Riou on the front of the work. The inscription does tell something more, for it records an act of intrepidity of Riou's, in the preservation of a ship under his command, not unworthy of remembrance. But this friend of Nelson's, this seaman of whom Southey, alluding to his death, says, that “except it had been Nelson himself, the British navy could not have suffered a severer loss,” was something better and higher still. Before the fleet left our shores for Denmark in 1801, some Danes in Riou's frigate, the ‘Amazon,’ learning the place of their destination, went to him, and entreated that he would get them exchanged into some other ship not included in the proposed expedition. They assured him they had no wish to quit the British service; but begged most earnestly that they might not be sent to fight against their own country. “There was not,” says Southey, “in our whole navy a man who had a higher and more chivalrous sense of duty than Riou. Tears came into his eyes while the men were speaking. Without making any reply, he instantly ordered his boat, and did not return to the ‘Amazon’ till he could tell them that their wish was effected.”\* During the tremendous battle of Copenhagen, Riou, whilst endeavouring to obey Sir Hyde Parker's signal of retreat, was exposed to a most murderous fire. Although he had been already wounded in the head, he took his place upon a gun to encourage his men. First, his clerk was killed by his side; then several of the seamen, who were hauling in the main brace, were swept away. “Come then, my boys,” was Riou's address to the others, “let us all die together.” The words had scarcely left his mouth, when he fell dead, cut in two by a raking shot. We must dismiss the remaining monuments of the class in question, by merely recalling to the recollection of those who have seen them, or suggesting as worthy of examination to those who have not, the noble

\* ‘Life of Nelson,’ in ‘Family Library,’ p. 228.

figure of Lord Duncan by Westmacott, Chantrey's powerful battle-pieces, the Cadogan and Bowes memorials, and the recently erected statue of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, by the same artist. The more ambitious works we have passed un-noticed speak very loudly for themselves.

Among this host of heroes, seven men of pacific eminence have been condescendingly admitted, and very ingenious and thoughtful seem to have been the arrangements. Thus we have two bishops, Fanshaw Middleton and Heber, a considerate compliment to the church in which the heroes have been so kindly treated; one philosopher, Johnson; one philanthropist, Howard; one artist, Reynolds; one physician, Babington; and as a mere poet would have been, perhaps, too greatly honoured in being chosen, a kind of medley of all the foregoing, added to some poetical reputation, makes up the seventh in Sir William Jones. Of these the memorials of the three first alone demand notice. Johnson's, by Bacon, is often the subject of high praise; and, no doubt, if it were the memorial of some Stoic of the earlier ages of the world, or of some bulky philosopher of the woods, it would be indeed a masterly performance; but—the desire may be a very foolish and inartistical one—we confess we would rather see *Johnson* in a representation of the author of the 'Rambler' than all the Stoics of ancient Greece. Howard's and Reynolds' statues are among the finest works in the whole Cathedral—the first, from the perfect and impressive manner in which the history of a life is told in the simplest manner, by the key in his hand, the chains at his feet, and the dungeon scene in the bas-relief of the base; and the second, for the graceful, serene dignity which so happily represents the original, as well as for the unobtrusive manner in which we are reminded of him who was little less than an object of idolatry with Reynolds, Michael Angelo, by the medallion-portrait on the pedestal, to which our great painter's fingers seem, as they rest on the latter, unconsciously to point. The sculpture is by a kindred spirit, Flaxman.

If, for the reasons before given, the sculpture in St. Paul's be little else than a desecration of the sacred edifice to the devout, and a barbarism from its inapplicability to every man of refinement, there is an incident in the history of the edifice, the mere remembrance of which may well make both classes doubly impatient: the what is is so strikingly contrasted with the what might have been. The reader will remember Wren's intentions (as pointed out in our last number) with regard to the sumptuous altar-piece and the mosaic dome: let him suppose these views carried out, and then the views developed in the following passage from Northcote's 'Life of Reynolds,' and imagine what a scene of splendour St. Paul's would have become: "The Chapel of Old Somerset House, which had been given by His Majesty to the Royal Academy, was mentioned one evening at the meeting [of the members] as a place which offered a good opportunity of convincing the public at large of the advantages that would arise from ornamenting cathedrals and churches with the productions of the pencil: productions which might be useful in their effect, and at the same time not likely to give offence in a Protestant country. The idea was therefore started, that if the members should ornament this chapel, the example might thus afford an opening for the introduction of the art into other places of a similar nature, and which, as it was then stated, would not only present a new and noble scene of action that might become highly ornamental to the kingdom, but would be in some measure

absolutely necessary for the future labour of the numerous students educated under the auspices of the Royal Academy. All the members were struck with the propriety, and even with the probability of success that attended the scheme; but Sir Joshua Reynolds, in particular, immediately took it up on a bolder plan, and offered an amendment, saying, that instead of the chapel, they should fly at once at higher game, and undertake St. Paul's Cathedral. The grandeur and magnificent liberality of this idea immediately gained the suffrages and plaudits of all present, and the President was empowered to make the proper application to the Dean and Chapter: an application which was immediately acceded to on their part. At that time Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, was Dean of St. Paul's, who was a strong advocate in favour of their scheme. A meeting of the Academy then took place, when six artists were chosen for the attempt; these were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. West, the present President, Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kauffman. The Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures also took up the business, and added four artists to the original number. The subject which Sir Joshua proposed to execute was that of the Virgin and Christ in the Manger, or the Nativity. But the whole plan was set aside in consequence of Dr. Terrick, then Bishop of London, having refused his consent." This has been noticed by Barry in one of his letters, where he says, "Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had undertaken the management of this business, informed me last Monday, after his return from Plympton, where he was chosen mayor, that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London had never given any consent to it, and that all thoughts of it must consequently drop." The Dean (Bishop Newton) has also left an account of this splendid offer, and its reception, with some additional particulars. He says, "The Dean [himself], in the fullness of his heart, went to communicate it to the great patron of arts, and readily obtained his royal consent and approbation;" and half intimates that it was from jealousy of his having thus anticipated his ecclesiastical superior that the latter refused his consent, although the plea was—the noise and clamour that would be excited against the measure as an artful introduction of Popery. To some such miserable feeling we certainly owe this great national loss, for Dr. Terrick had himself sanctioned the setting up a picture of the Annunciation, by Cipriani, in his own College Chapel, Clare Hall, Cambridge, and, when pressed to admit only two pictures by way of experiment in St. Paul's, returned an equally ungracious refusal. These two were to have adorned the compartments over the doors leading from the choir into the north and south aisles; the painters named were Reynolds and West, the former having, as before mentioned, the Nativity for his subject, the latter the Giving of the Two Tables to Moses from the Cloud of Glory: "Here," as the Dean remarks, "was the beginning both of the Law and the Gospel." To appreciate the value and self-sacrifice of the artists in this offer, it is only necessary to give a single illustration—Reynolds obtained twelve hundred guineas for the picture with which he had proposed to commence at St. Paul's. Allan Cunningham, alluding apparently to the Royal Academy, says, the rejection of this offer is "considered as an injury deserving annual reprobation." It is pleasant to see such a feeling among our chief artists; but a repetition of the offer from them would be pleasanter still, and might be more successful. What say they? It is but justice to the memory of the warm-

hearted and persevering Dean to state that, having failed one way to introduce the Arts, he tried another. He left, by his will, five hundred pounds for the erection of a monument in the Cathedral; but the ecclesiastical heads were as obdurate as ever. And it was not till 1791 that any relaxation of the severe rule of exclusion took place: Howard's statue was then admitted, and soon after Johnson's. How widely the doors were subsequently thrown open we have already seen.

"Is there no monument here to Wren?" is, no doubt, a question often asked, before that inscription over the entrance into the choir has been noticed, but never after. In the few concluding words—"If you would behold his monument, look around you"—a monument has been raised, which makes the cold frigidities of the greater part of the surrounding sculpture positively painful to contemplate. Let us hasten to a more interesting spot. Wren himself lies below in the Crypt, or vaults, a solemn and mysterious looking place, dimly lighted at intervals by the faint beams which alone penetrate into their depths.



[Tomb of Sir Christopher Wren.]

Tread reverently on these stones as you move forward—great men repose beneath. Mark the names which those half-illegible letters form: Sir Thomas Lawrence, Benjamin West, John Opie, James Barry, Sir Joshua Reynolds—a company that may well make death itself proud—gathered together into those few yards of space. Step a little farther, and you add Fuseli's name to the list. Near the men whose works he had so appreciated, and so enthusiastically striven to introduce into his Cathedral, is the grave of Bishop Newton. And, lastly, in the same aisle, in appropriate juxtaposition, the tombs of Mylne and Rennie, the engineers and architects, both men who have adorned their country with some of her most useful and grandest works. The Blackfriars Bridge of the one, and the Waterloo and Southwark Bridges and the famous Breakwater of the other, promise to both a long period of fame, which men of equal merit in other departments of art and science can scarcely hope to enjoy.

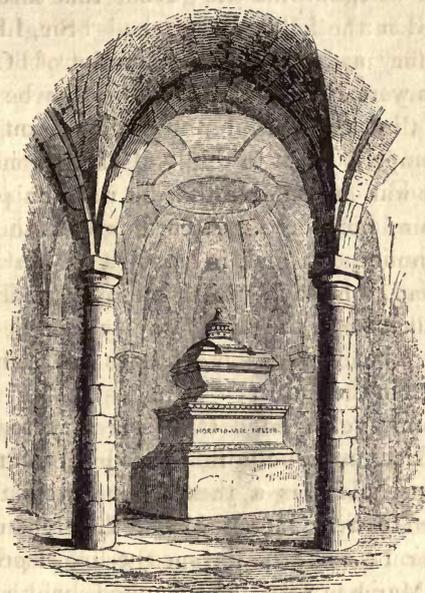
Penetrating still farther into the crypt, along the middle avenue, where the massive character of the piers and arches and pillars constantly remind you that St. Paul's is upon them, the guide lights his lantern, and the grandly picturesque

resting-place of Nelson is before us in the centre of a circle of pillars directly below the dome. The sarcophagus we see was originally prepared by Cardinal Wolsey for his own interment in the chapel at Windsor, but unused on account of his disgrace, and subsequently forgotten. On the top of the sarcophagus are Nelson's coronet and certain knightly emblems; the latter having a suggestive value, which changes what would be otherwise a mere heraldic absurdity into something appropriate and forcible. They seem to remind us that, if the age of chivalry has gone, never perhaps did the spirit of chivalry burn more brightly than in the breast of our great naval commander. There are events in his life as a man which rival some of the most touching stories of the world's history, and which would make his name an honoured one, were it possible that the events of his professional history could be forgotten. Two incidents in particular rise to the recollection, and these are not the only ones of the kind to be found. In the night attack on Teneriffe, where our forces were defeated, he received so severe a wound in his arm, that he must have perished in the boat where he was, but for the assistance rendered him during all the hurry and excitement of the scene; which assistance, of course, was of the rudest kind. The first vessel the retreating boat came across was the Seahorse, commanded by Captain Freemantle, whose newly-married bride was on board. Faint as he was, however, he insisted on being carried to another vessel, saying, "I had rather suffer death than alarm Mrs. Freemantle by letting her see me in this state, when I can give her no tidings whatever of her husband;" and so they went on till another was found. It was that wound which caused the loss of his arm, and three months of intense agony before the amputated limb healed. The other incident occurred during the battle of the Nile, when a piece of langridge-shot laid bare his forehead to the bone, and blinded him. He thought the wound was mortal. As soon as he was brought to the cockpit, the surgeon came running to assist him, not unnaturally forgetting every one else around in the appalling danger of losing his commander. "No," said Nelson, quietly, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows;" and he rigidly kept his determination. Who can wonder at the idolatry of the sailors for such a man, or help sympathising in their delight when "Saint Nelson's" turn did come at last, and the dreaded wound was pronounced superficial? His prayer before the battle of Trafalgar, and the circumstances of his death in it, reveal another phase of his character, still more deserving of honour and imitation. "May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet," &c. That these were no empty words, the sad issue of that battle as regards him reminds us but too painfully. Twice did he order his own men to cease firing into the French ship, the Redoubtable, which was alongside, thinking she had struck; but his humanity towards his enemies had outrun their desire to avail themselves of it: he was mistaken, and from that ship received his death-wound soon after. His last words were, "I thank God, I have done my duty;" and they found solemn response in the anguish with which his countrymen generally of all classes and parties received the news of their bereavement. They could think little of the great victory that had been achieved: it appeared at the best only a fatal success. And as the first effects of the blow wore off, and the funeral rites had to

be paid to the hero's remains, the anxiety of the nation generally to lavish all conceivable honours upon them is almost without parallel. At the Nore the body was shifted from the coffin in which it had been brought home, and placed in another, the history of which forms an interesting episode in Nelson's life. After the battle of the Nile, part of the mainmast of l'Orient, the French ship which blew up with so terrible an explosion during that battle, was picked up by Captain Halliwell of the Swiftsure. Some time after Nelson received the strange present described in the following letter:—"Sir, I have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin made from the mainmast of l'Orient, that, when you have finished your military career in this world, you may be buried in one of your military trophies. But that that period may be far distant is the earnest wish of your sincere friend, *Benjamin Halliwell.*" Nelson not only accepted the coffin in the spirit in which it was offered, but caused it to be placed upright against the bulkhead of his cabin, behind the chair in which he usually sat. He was persuaded, however, to remove it out of sight by a faithful and attached servant, and ultimately it was sent to his upholsterer in London. Before leaving London for the last time, he called on the upholsterer, and desired him to engrave the history of the coffin on its lid, remarking that it was highly probable he might want it on his return.

After lying in state in the Painted Chamber at Greenwich, the body was brought in procession to Whitehall Stairs, the sombre but magnificent pageant comprising, first, four principal barges, then the barges of the King, the Lords of the Admiralty, the Lord Mayor, and each of the civic companies, the whole flanked by gun and other boats keeping clear the line of progress, and moving to the sound of the 'Dead March in Saul,' and the occasional booming of the artillery at the Tower and other places passed. From thence the body was conveyed to the Admiralty for the night. The next day, January 9, 1806, the grand procession to St. Paul's thronged the streets with the densest multitude ever perhaps collected in them. To describe the pageant would occupy many pages. Suffice it, therefore, to say that, from the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York and Clarence downwards, all that was distinguished in rank, as well as all that was illustrious in judicial, legal, or political station, was present. Hardy and a little band of the other dear companions of the dead chief were objects of especial interest. So were those veterans, forty-eight in number, chosen from Nelson's own ship, from among Nelson's own men. The marked attention to these men is one of the most delightful evidences of the spirit in which the funeral was conducted. Around the opening in the pavement beneath the centre of the dome, where the body was to be lowered into the vaults, they took precedence even of the blood of royalty itself, forming a circle round the beloved remains they were soon to behold no more. Beyond them was a starred and gartered multitude, with all the lesser personages of distinction who had shared in the procession; then a clear space, like a broad encircling ring, the outer line of which was formed by the Highland soldiers, who had been with Abercromby in Egypt; and, lastly, a lofty amphitheatre of densely packed human faces, with other ranges, branching off without interruption along the nave to the very entrance doors. As the afternoon came on a magnificent effect was given to the scene by an octagonal lantern, covered with innumerable lamps, suspended from the centre of the dome. But there were

feelings at work that made the moral grandeur of the scene far outstrip the physical, unprecedented as that seems to have been. Could Nelson have been sensible of all that passed, we doubt not he would have felt more deeply the touching incident that marked the lowering of his body into the grave than all the honours of the magnificent ceremonial. Nelson's flag was to have been placed



[Monument over Nelson's body in the Crypt.]

by his side in the grave; but, just as it was about to be lowered for that purpose, the sailors, moved by one impulse, rent it in pieces, keeping each a fragment. Lord Collingwood, in accordance with his own request, lies near Nelson, beneath a plain altar-tomb.

Retracing our steps, we meet with the graves of Dr. Boyce, next to Purcell perhaps the greatest English musician, and of George Dance, the architect, and last survivor of the original forty of the Academy. But what is this dark recess in the eastern wall, where all sorts of grotesque or mutilated figures are dimly descried? "They are the remains of the monuments of Old St. Paul's," we are told; and the guide, ascending the platform of the recess with his lantern, the cause of their grotesque appearance in the gloom is explained. One statue of goodly aspect, and in complete armour, has lost its legs: strange enough to say, that is supposed to be Elizabeth's dancing Lord Chancellor. Two others, male and female, that appeared to be equally deprived of their fair proportions, we now see are in a sitting posture, a third is noseless, a fourth still more extensively mutilated. Among the additional remains which have been recognised are the effigies of Sir Nicholas Bacon, in full armour, bare-headed, and of Dean Colet. Of all the figures here, but one remains perfect, and that is Donne, the poet, whose whole history is a kind of serious but deeply interesting romance, and in which this effigy itself forms not the least unromantic feature. Why this statue is not carefully cleaned, and placed in one of the best parts of the Cath-

dral, it is impossible to say. St. Paul's certainly does not possess any other relic of half its interest—the history of the Cathedral presents no name that is calculated to shed so much lasting honour upon it as the poet-dean's. There is a pride of ancestry which every one can appreciate: such was Donne's, who could point to his descent by the mother's side from the author of the 'Utopia.' His father was a merchant, who bred him so carefully at home, that when, at the age of eleven, he was sent to college, some one gave "this censure of him," says delightful old Izaak Walton: "that this age had brought forth another Pious Mirandola; of whom story says that he was rather born than made wise by study." Donne's parents were Roman Catholics, who were anxious that he should remain in the same faith, but the continual mingling through all his studies with Protestants naturally compelled him to think of the respective merits of the two creeds, and he had the additional motive that he was unable to take honours on account of the oath then administered. Accordingly, at the age of nineteen he set down in earnest to the inquiry, and, in a spirit which demands the warmest admiration, "he proceeded," he says, "with humility and diffidence in himself; and by that which he took to be the safest way—namely, frequent prayer, and an indifferent affection to both parties." It does not seem, however, that his judgment rose satisfied from the inquiry: as no result is given by Walton. After travelling abroad for some years he became secretary to the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, an event which materially influenced all Donne's subsequent life. In the Chancellor's household was a young gentlewoman, niece to the Lady Ellesmere, and daughter to Sir George More, Lieutenant of the Tower, who attracted Donne's attention: an acquaintance was formed which soon ripened into love, and mutual promises were interchanged before probably either was aware of the severity of the opposition that would be offered. Sir George, the moment he received intimations of what was passing, removed her into the country, which seems to have only brought matters to a speedier issue: they were married, and in secret. The rage of Sir George was unbounded, and sought the most unnatural modes of gratification. He would not rest till he obtained Donne's discharge from Lord Ellesmere's service, though the latter, in reluctantly acceding to his wishes, observed, "He parted with a friend, and such a secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a subject." It may give the reader a foretaste of the peculiarities of Donne as an author, to state that in the letter to his wife announcing this melancholy news, he thus subscribed his name:—

"JOHN DONNE, ANNE DONNE, UN-DONE."

Sir George further threw his son-in-law into prison, with the friends who had assisted at his marriage. The imprisonment, however, does not appear to have been protracted. Another misery now awaited him. His wife was kept from him, and only obtained back through the medium of "a long and restless suit in law," which took away nearly the whole of his little patrimony. "Silence and submission," observes Walton, "are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men." Sir George relented in some degree; and, as a first evidence of his altered feelings, endeavoured to obtain his son-in-law's restoration to the secretaryship. Lord Ellesmere's answer was in itself a punishment for all the violence he had exhibited: "That though he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit to discharge and re-

admit servants at the request of passionate petitioners." Most men, under such circumstances, would have endeavoured to do all for Donne and his wife that their own power, at least, enabled them to do: Sir George, however, having given them his paternal blessing, left them to live as they might, and die, apparently, if they could find no mode of living. It is difficult to imagine a more melancholy position than Donne's at this time: his own privations and sufferings were nothing in comparison with those he saw inflicted on his beloved wife, who had been nursed in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to have her lightest wishes anticipated, her lightest troubles made a matter of anxious attention. But there was something about Donne which seems to have won upon every heart that he came in contact with except Sir George's: in the midst of their distress Sir Francis Wolly of Pirford "entreated" them to make his house their home. They did so, and there "remained with much freedom to themselves, and equal content to him, for some years; and as their charge increased—she had yearly a child—so did his love and bounty." Circumstances now began to try searchingly the depths of Donne's character. Dr. Morton, then only a beneficed clergyman, sent for him one day, and told him he had a proposition to make to him, but which he would not declare till Donne had promised him to think it over for three days before giving his answer. The promise was given; and then the good bishop, telling him he was no stranger to his necessities, said, "The King hath yesterday made me Dean of Gloucester, and I am also possessed of a benefice, the profits of which are equal to those of my deanery; I will think my deanery enough for my maintenance—who am, and resolve to die, a single man—and will quit my benefice, and estate you in it—which the patron is willing I shall do—if God shall incline your heart to embrace this motion," &c. Donne received this remarkable offer with a "faint breath and perplexed countenance," showing the inward conflict that at once began, but departed in silence according to his promise. We wish our space admitted of our transcribing his answer in his own words; as it is, we can only observe that, with a heart "full of humility and thanks," he declined the offer, partly on account of "some irregularities" of his early life, which he thought might dishonour the sacred calling, partly that as God's glory should be the first end, and a maintenance only the second motive, to embrace the church, he could not clearly satisfy himself that it would be so with him *in his present condition*, and partly because there were other reasons, which he craved leave to forbear expressing; but which, no doubt, were connected with the undecided nature of his religious tenets. On the death of his noble patron, Sir Francis, he took a house at Mitcham, in Surrey, where his pecuniary difficulties recommenced; nearly his whole dependence being some 80%. a-year, wrung from his father-in-law a little before. A second patron again partially relieved him. This was Sir Robert Drewry, "who assigned him and his wife a useful apartment in his own large house in Drury Lane, and not only rent free, but was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathised with him and his, in all their joys and sorrows." Soon after occurred one of the most interesting passages in Donne's life. Sir Robert, determining to go with Lord Hay on his embassy to France, desired Donne to accompany him. His wife, at the time, near her confinement, ill in health and low in spirits, begged him not to leave her, saying, "Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence:"—the affectionate husband

at once agreed. But Sir Robert again pressed so earnestly, that Donne, in a chivalrous sense of gratitude, again sought his wife's consent. It was given, and they parted. The following verses belong to this period and severance. We omit the commencement :—

—“ Dull sublunary lovers love,  
 Whose soul in sense cannot admit  
 Absence, because it doth remove  
 Those things which elemented it.  
 But we by a love so much refined,  
 That ourselves know not what it is,  
 Inter-assured of the mind,  
 Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.  
 Our two souls, therefore, which are one,  
 Though I must go, endure not yet  
 A breach, but an expansion,  
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.  
 If they be two, they are two so  
 As stiff twin compasses are two :  
 Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show  
 To move ; but doth if the other do.  
 And though it in the centre sit,  
 Yet when the other far doth roam,  
*It leans, and hearkens after it ;*  
 And grows erect when that comes home.  
 Such wilt thou be to me, who must,  
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run :  
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
 And makes me end where I begun.”\*

Whilst in Paris, Donne was one day left alone for a short time in a room where he and Sir Robert and other friends had been dining. “To this place,” according to Izaak Walton's narrative, “Sir Robert returned within half an hour ; and, as he left, so he found Mr. Donne alone ; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him : insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer ; but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, ‘I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you : I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms : this I have seen since I saw you.’ To which Sir Robert replied : ‘Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you ; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake !’ To which Mr. Donne's reply was : ‘I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you ; and am as sure that, at her second appearing, she stopped, and looked me in the face, and vanished.’ A servant was immediately sent off to England to satisfy Donne, who returned on the twelfth day with the intelligence that Mrs. Donne had been delivered of a dead child, after a long and dangerous labour, on the same day and about the same hour of the supposed appearance of the apparition.” At length a more powerful patron took Donne by the hand—no less a personage than the King (James), who was so pleased with the substance of a conversation he chanced to engage the poet in respecting the Oath of Supremacy and Alle-

\* Transcribed from the recent handsome edition of Donne's Works by the Rev. Henry Alford.

giance, as to bid him put his matter into a methodical form. Hence resulted in six weeks Donne's 'Pseudo-Martyr.' James himself now sought to bring him into the ministry, and, all his weightier objections being removed he no longer gave an absolute refusal, but spent three years in preparation. When he did enter preferment was rapid. He was almost immediately made the Royal Chaplain in Ordinary. A delightful instance of his modesty must not be forgotten. His earlier sermons were delivered privately in the neighbouring villages of London, whither he was accustomed to go with some one friend. His biographer's account of his characteristics in the pulpit, given in connection with his first sermon before James at Whitehall, will live as long as the discourses they commemorate. He "showed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to distil into others: a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes *for* his auditory, sometimes *with* them; always preaching to himself, like an angel *from* a cloud, but *in* none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to Heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives: here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it; and a virtue so as to make it beloved, even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace, and an unexpressible addition of comeliness." As an evidence of the general estimation of the beauty and greatness of Donne's character, a circumstance recorded in his biography is very interesting:—In the first year of his ministry he had *fourteen* advowsons of as many benefices offered to him. All the troubles of his earlier years past, a new and greater than all threw an almost impenetrable shadow over his latter ones. His wife, beloved as few wives have been beloved, died and left him with seven children. Walton is evidently guilty of no exaggeration when he says that Donne, having voluntarily assured his children never to bring them under the subjection of a step-mother, buried "with his tears all his earthly joys in his most dear and deserving wife's grave, and betook himself to a most retired and solitary life." The first sermon he preached after this event was at St. Clement's in the Strand, taking for his text, "Lo, I am the man that has seen affliction;" and his whole manner told but too sadly the applicability of the words to his own case. He was made Dean of St. Paul's by James, on the removal of Dr. Carey to the bishopric of Exeter. Among other pleasant reminiscences of his connection with St. Paul's, is that of the hymn composed during one of his illnesses, commencing—

"Wilt thou forgive that sin where I began," &c.

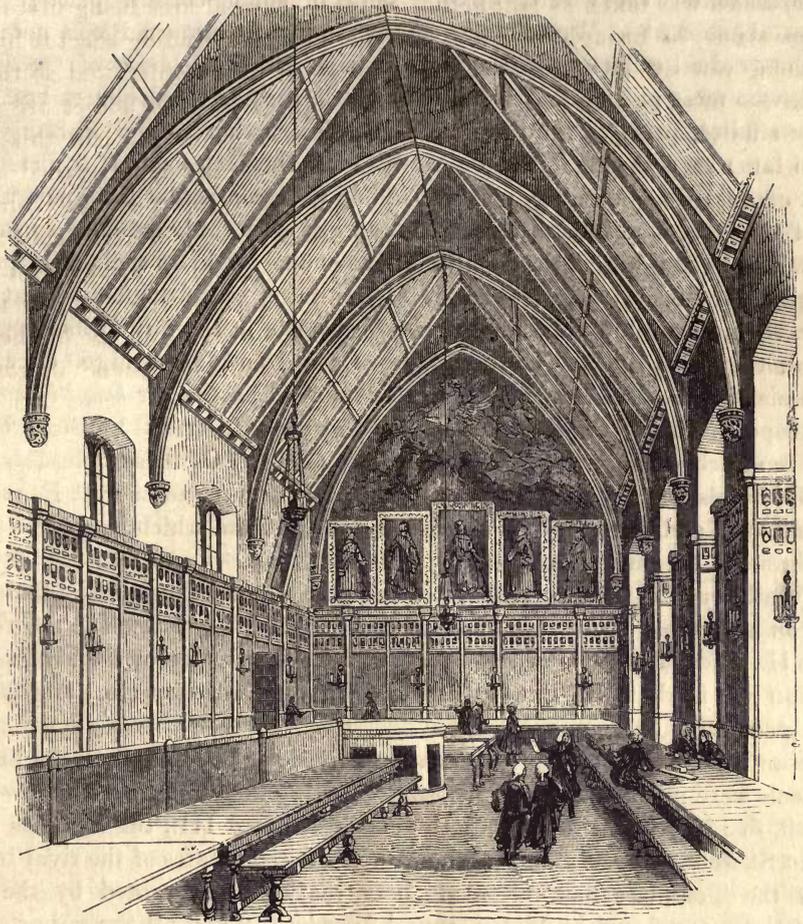
which he caused to be set to "a most grave and solemn tune," and sung frequently by the choristers to the accompaniment of the organ during the evening service. He was wont to say of such occasions, "The words of this hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul in my sickness, when I composed it. And, O! the power of Church music!" His latter days were spent in a state of beatitude such as we read of only in the lives of the saints of the primitive Christian Church. The monument to which we have referred was originated by Donne's intimate friend, Dr. Fox, who persuaded him to have one made. The mode he adopted of carrying his friend's wishes into effect was not a little remarkable. He first sent for a carver to make him an urn.

“ Then without delay a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth. Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus Christ.” He was drawn in this posture ; and the picture became from that time an object of continual contemplation. After his death, the statue seen below was sculptured from it. He died in 1630. With a verse from one of the poems written on his death-bed, a ‘Hymn to God, my God, in my Sickness,’ we conclude :

“ Since I am coming to that holy room  
Where, with the Choir of Saints, for evermore  
I shall be made thy music ; as I come  
I tune my instrument here at the door,  
And what I must do then, think here before.”



[Statue of Donne.]



[Inner Temple Hall.]

## XCVIII.—INNS OF COURT.

### THE INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE.

ON the Continent of Europe, jurisprudence, and even municipal law, which among the Continental nations is almost universally founded on the Roman civil law, is taught in the universities, among which Leyden, Heidelberg, and Jena have long been famed for the learning of their legal professors and teachers. In England, at a very early date, the science was taught in Inns\* of Court, situated in the metropolis, and in the immediate vicinity of the courts of law. The foundation of these *voluntary* bodies may be traced to the promise made by

\* *Inn*, a mansion or place: thus Spenser—

“Now whenas Phœbus with his fiery waine  
Unto his inne began to draw apace.”

John and Henry III. in the Magna Charta, that "common pleas should not thenceforth follow the Court, but be held in some certain place;" which, by the establishment at Westminster of the Court of Common Pleas, necessarily led to the gradual collecting in the metropolis of the whole body of "common" lawyers, who most probably then began to settle themselves in places best suited to their studies, practice, and conferences. Instruction in the learning of the common law was also now felt to be needed; for the ecclesiastical bodies, who in general engrossed all learning, and who alone were competent to impart a knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, had an unconquerable aversion to the common law of England, which the nobility of the country held as their most precious birthright. Jealous as the monks were of the newly established court at Westminster, they would fain have thrown every obstacle in the way of its supporters. Rejected, therefore, by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, over which the ecclesiastics ruled supreme, the lawyers founded hostels, or *hospitia curiæ*, in the metropolis, which were so denominated, as we are informed by Stow, because they were attached to, or dependent upon, the Court. Of these "hostels," one, called Johnson's Inn, is said to have been at Dowgate, another at Fewter's or Fetter's Lane, and a third at Paternoster Row;\* from which last we may suppose originated the custom of the serjeants-at-law and "apprentices" sitting in Paul's Walk, each at his own pillar, hearing his client's cause, and taking notes thereof on his knee. A vestige of this ancient custom remained to the reign of Charles II., when, upon the calling of a lawyer to the degree of the coif, a formal procession was made to St. Paul's Cathedral, that the serjeant elect might choose his own peculiar pillar.

At these hostels the gentlemen of the law lived, or rather transacted business, and schools were opened for the purpose of reading and teaching the law; until at length, in 1346, being the twentieth year of Edward III., the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, to whom the forfeited estates of the rival brotherhood of the Templars had, after much entreaty, been granted by the Pope, demised the magnificent buildings, church, gardens, "and all the appurtenances that belonged to the Templars in London," to certain students of the common law, who are traditionally reported to have removed thither from a temporary residence in Thave's Inn in Holborn, in which part of the town the Knights Templars themselves had resided before the erection of their superb palaces on the Thames.

The new Inn of Court at the Temple was most fortunately placed; and, after its establishment, we hear no more of the ancient hostels, whose scholastic establishments had previously been suppressed by a proclamation of Henry III., enjoining the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of the City of London that they "forbid that any one should teach the laws there for the time to come." Thus pleasantly situated, as Fortescue describes the Temple,† "out of the City and the noise thereof, and in the suburbs of London; between the City of Westminster, the place of holding the King's court, and the City of London; for advantage of ready access to the one, and plenty of provisions in the other," the worthy "practisers" of the law lived in peace and quiet, occasionally displaying their

\* Crabbe's 'History of English Law,' p. 215. Dugdale, 'Orig. Juris.'

† 'De Laudibus Legum Angliæ.'

erudition in the capacious intellects of our Cokes, Fitzherberts, and Seldens, and receiving into the bosom of their fraternity many noble scions of the haughtiest families of England, to whom they imparted their learning, encouraging them also to “dance, to sing, to play on instruments on the *ferial* days, and to study divinity on the *festival*, using such exercises as they did who were brought up in the King’s court.” Indeed, in the days of the writer whom we here quote, Fortescue, Chief Justice of England to Henry VI., the Inns of Court were only accessible to men of high rank and fortune, the average expense of a young man’s education at one of them being annually twenty marks, no small sum at that period. “If he had a servant with him,” adds our authority, “his charge is then the greater; so that, by reason of this great expense, the sons of *gentlemen* only do study the law in these Inns, the vulgar sort of people not being able to undergo so great a charge, and merchants are seldom willing to lessen their traffic thereby.” Ferne, formerly a student of the Inner Temple, in his ‘Glory of Generosity,’ also makes honourable mention of the Inns of Court:—“Nobleness of blood, joined with virtue, counteth the person as most meet to the enterprising of any public service; and for that cause it was not for nought that our ancient governors in this land did with especial foresight and wisdom provide that none should be admitted into the Inns of Court, being seminaries sending forth men apt to the government of justice, except he were a gentleman of blood. And that this may seem a truth, I myself have seen a calendar of all those which were together in the society of one of the same houses, about the last year of King Henry V., with the names of their house and family, and marshalled by their names; and I assure you the selfsame monument doth both approve them to be gentlemen of perfect descent, and also the number of them much less than it now is, being at that time in one house scarcely threescore.” In the course of a few years the number of students greatly increased; and Fortescue enumerates four Inns of Court, the same now existing, viz., the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln’s Inn, and Gray’s Inn, each containing two hundred members; and ten Inns of Chancery, only one of which, Clifford’s Inn, remains to this day.

The Inns of Court and Chancery constituted what Stow quaintly styles “a whole University of Students, Practisers or Pleaders, and Judges of the laws of this realm, not living on common stipends, as in the other universities it is for the most part done, but of their owne private maintenance, as being altogether fed either by their places or practice, or otherwise by their proper revenues, or exhibition of parents and friends: for the younger sort are either gentlemen, or sons of gentlemen, or of other most wealthy persons. Of these houses there may be at this day fourteen in all, whereof nine do stand within the liberties of this citie, and five in the suburbs thereof. . . . These Societies are no corporation, nor have any judicial power over their members, but have certain orders among themselves, which by consent have the force of laws. For slight offences they are only *excommunicated*, that is, put out of commons, which is, not to eat with the rest in their halls; and for greater, they lose their chambers, and are expelled the house—and being once expelled, they are not to be admitted by any of the other three societies.

“The gentlemen in these societies may be divided into four ranks—I. Benchers;

II. Utter Barristers; III. Inner Barristers; IV. Students. Benchers are the seniors, to whom the government of the house, and ordering of matters thereof, is committed; and out of these a treasurer is yearly chosen, who receiveth, disburseth, and accounteth for all monies belonging to the house. Utter Barristers are such as from their learning and standing are called by the benchers to implead and argue in the society doubtful cases and questions, which are called *moots*, and whilst they argue the said cases they sit uttermost on the forms of the benchers, which they call *the bar*. Out of these mootmen are chosen Readers for the Inns of *Chancery*, which belong to the Inns of Court of which they are members, where, in term-time and grand vacations, they argue cases in the presence of attornies and clerks. And the rest of the society are accounted Inner Barristers, who, for want of learning or time, are not to argue in these moots; and Students."

These mootings, or discussions on abstruse points of law, took place in the Inn Hall, in the presence of the benchers, one of whose number, styled the Reader, presided and delivered the opinion of the bench on the points mooted. But increased occupation, different modes of life, and the short period now spent by law-students at the Inns of Court, have thrown these mootings into disuse, and there has been no attempt of late years to restore their primitive importance. During his "reading" the Reader always kept a splendid table, entertaining at his own expense the judges, nobility, bishops, ministers of state, and not unfrequently royalty itself, so that it sometimes cost a reader as much as 1000*l.*, a circumstance which, perhaps, had its weight in abolishing these ceremonies.\*

But to return to the Temple, in which we find the "studious lawyers" established

"Where whilome wont the Templar Knights to bide,  
Till they decayed through pride."

From the time that an influential body of lawyers thus acquired a respectable and elegant site for their Inn, they increased rapidly in number and importance, so that, although the Inn suffered greatly, during the short rebellion of Wat Tyler, from the attacks of the mob, who plundered the students and destroyed almost every book and record upon which they could lay hands, it was thought necessary to divide the Inn into two separate bodies, to be called the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, and the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, having separate halls, but making use of the same church, and holding their houses as tenants of the Knights Hospitallers until the general suppression of monasteries and monastic bodies by Henry VIII; and after this event, of the crown by lease.

So strong was the vindictive feeling of the ancient mobs of London against the lawyers, that the Inns of Court were always the first to be singled out as an object for vengeance by the rioters. The complaints of Jack Cade, a fair specimen of this vulgar sentiment, have been graphically portrayed by Shakspeare in his scenes of the mad freaks of that renowned rebel: the outpourings of his heart against the law and its instruments are quickly followed by the command to pull down the Inns of Court.

"*Dick*. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

"*Cade*. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the

\* 'Antiquities of the Inns of Court and Chancery,' by W. Herbert, 8vo., 1804.

skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say it is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. Now go, some, and pull down the Savoy; others to the Inns of Court! down with them all!"\*

Grievously did the misguided followers of this reckless leader put into execution his orders; and the burning of the Temple Libraries, and the cold-blooded murders of all the students and "practisers" who fell into the hands of the infuriated populace, bore dreadful witness to the ascendancy which Cade had gained over the minds of his instruments, and the ill odour in which the gentlemen of the law were then held among the commonalty.

In the sixth year of James I. the whole of the buildings of the two Temples were granted by letters patent, bearing date at Westminster, the 13th day of August, to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Recorder of London, and others, the benchers and treasurers of the Inner and Middle Temple, "to have and to hold the said mansions, with the gardens, &c., unto them and their heirs and assigns for ever, for lodging, reception, and education of the professors and students of the laws of this realm;" and by virtue of these grants do these Inns of the Inner and Middle Temple still continue in the occupation and possession of an incorporated society of the "students and practisers of the laws of England."

From whatever point these beautiful Inns are viewed, the casual observer cannot but be struck by their elegance of appearance and the convenience of their site,—a convenience which increases daily from the immensity of business necessarily flowing in from the greatest and most opulent city in the world. The magnificence, external and internal, of the public buildings, and the commodious, roomy chambers, attract his notice; but how much more interesting does the place appear to the man of taste and of education, in whose mind are raised up associations connected with the troubled lives and chequered fortunes of the first dignitaries of our country, and of the able bulwarks of its liberties, who have at length their earthly "abiding place" where once the haughty soldier's armed heel rang on the pavement, and the red cross was displayed on each resident's mantle. Perhaps he wanders into the garden, where knights, monks, benchers, and children have successively sauntered before him, have marched and countermarched, and, looking around, he feels inclined to believe that Elia might have been right when he asserted of his beloved haunt, that "it is, indeed, the most elegant spot in the metropolis." Its appearance has, however, no less altered since Elia's boyhood, than it had between that date and the seventeenth century. It is a pretty spot, this green oasis, in the midst of the wilderness of houses, with Whitefriars, the Alsatia of Shadwell and Scott, on its one side, and as dense a neighbourhood beyond Essex Street, on the other side. There was a rookery in bygone years, in this Inner Temple Garden, "a colony," as Leigh Hunt tells us,† brought by Sir Edward Northey, a well-known lawyer in

\* Second part of King Henry VI., Act IV., sc. 2 and 7.

† London Journal.

\* 'Antiquities of the Inns of Court and Chancery,' by W. Herbert, 8vo., 1804.

Queen Anne's time, from his grounds at Epsom. It was a pleasant thought, supposing that the colonists had no objection. The rook is a grave legal bird, both in his coat and habits; living in communities, yet to himself, and strongly addicted to discussions of *meum* and *tuum*." Mr. Leigh Hunt adds, that there have been no rooks seen in the garden for many years; thousands of sparrows twitter in their stead on the old trees by the river-side, and on the broad gravel walk which extends from end to end, and remind the visitors of the item in the treasurer's accounts when Daines Barrington filled that office, and which, to the immortal honour of his brother benchers, was disallowed by them:

"*Item.* Disbursed Mr. Allen, the gardener, 20s. for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders."

The Temple Garden does not appear to be so much frequented at present, as it was during the last and the preceding century. Shakspeare makes it the scene of the origin of the factions of York and Lancaster, in the first part of his historical



play of 'Henry the Sixth.' It was a celebrated promenade in the time of Lord Keeper Guilford; and Charles Lamb and Dr. Dibdin have given their recollections of it at the close of the last century. "Towards evening," writes the latter of these gentlemen, "it was the fashion for the leading counsel to promenade, during the summer, in the Temple Gardens. Cocked hats and ruffles, with satin smallclothes and silk stockings, at this time constituted the usual evening dress. Lord Erskine, though a good deal shorter than his brethren, somehow always seemed to take the lead, both in place and in discourse, and shouts of laughter would frequently follow his dicta." The winged horse over the garden gate is the cognizance of the Society of the Inner Temple, as the lamb is of the Middle Temple, and the following epigram is founded on these very different devices:—

“As by the Templar’s haunts you go,  
 The Horse and Lamb display’d,  
 In emblematic figures show  
 The merits of their trade ;  
 That clients may infer from thence  
 How just is their profession,  
 The lamb sets forth their innocence,—  
 The horse their expedition !  
 O, happy Britons, happy isle !  
 Let foreign nations say,  
 Where you get justice without guile,  
 And law without delay !”

“To charge the law’s delay upon the lawyers,” says the editor of a recent amusing work (‘ Law and Lawyers ’), in allusion to the above effusion, “is about as just as it would be to ascribe the rapidity with which some medicines effect a cure to the wisdom and honesty of the physicians.” The following answer to the above lines is quite as witty, if not more so :—

“ Deluded men ! their holds forego,  
 Nor trust such cunning elves ;  
 These artful emblems tend to show  
 Their clients, not themselves.  
 ’Tis all a trick, these all are shams  
 By which they mean to cheat you ;  
 But have a care,—for you ’re the lambs,  
 And they the wolves that eat you !  
 Nor let the thoughts of no delay  
 To these their courts misguide you ;  
 ’Tis you ’re the showy horse—and they  
 The jockeys that will ride you !”

The present Hall of the Inner Temple, which was built on the site of a more ancient structure, supposed by Dugdale, from the form of the windows, to be about the age of Edward III., is a fine room, but comparatively small. It is ornamented with emblematical paintings by Sir James Thornhill, and contains full-length portraits, in oil, of Littleton and his commentator, honest, imperious, malignant, incorruptible Coke, the savage prosecutor of Raleigh, and the bold



[Sir Edward Coke.]

defender of the liberties of his country. No public character of English history has been more vehemently attacked than that of Sir Edward Coke, whose very enemies cannot forget that he alone, of all the judges of England, disdained to succumb to the arbitrary and indecent interference of their pedantic sovereign; and who, in so doing, conferred such lasting benefits on his country, that it is difficult to decide whether even his rival, Bacon, the creator of the new philosophy, has greater claims to the gratitude of posterity. The judges had been long regarded as in some degree bound, by virtue of their offices of royal counsellors, to justify the acts, however arbitrary, of the crown. Coke despised this degrading notion; and, despite the persecutions and cruelty heaped on him in consequence of his upright conduct, laid the foundation of that independence of character which the Bench of England has, for the most part, since preserved inviolate.

In the Hall, dinner is prepared for the members of the Inn, every day during Term time; the Masters of the Bench dining on the *state*, or *dais*, and the Barristers and Students at long tables extending down the hall to the carved screen at the western end. Students keep twenty terms, that is, five years, at the Inns of Court, before they are entitled to be called to the Bar, and they are required to dine in hall at least four times in each term. Graduates of either University are called upon keeping a smaller number of terms.

On the "grand days" the hall is graced not only by the attendance of a large number of the members of the Inner Temple, but occasionally by the presence of the Judges, who dine in succession with each of the four Inns of Court; and on these "grand days" extra commons are served out to the students who are keeping their terms at the Inn. When the room is well illuminated, the scene has an imposing effect. At the *state* sit the Judges of England, surrounded by many of the leading men in the profession, Masters in Chancery, Commissioners in Bankruptcy, equity and common-law lawyers, and occasionally the Attorney or Solicitor General for the time being; and at the tables in the body of the hall sit the men who are to take their places, when they shall have "shuffled off this mortal coil," and shall be "no more than Tully or than Hyde." How many law dignitaries, *in prospectu*, sit unconscious of their future greatness at these long tables!—and how many more, who find that here the race is not always to the swift and the battle to the strong—that the highest talent is not all-powerful—that literature is regarded by the *wise* as an impediment to fortune—and that even the plodder can accomplish little unless he has "a connexion!"

The gentlemen of the Inner Temple were celebrated in former times for their good cheer and sumptuous entertainment, as well as for their individual gallantry and accomplishments. The Christmas of 1561-2 was kept in great splendour at the Inner Temple: many of the Queen's Privy-Council honoured the Inn with their presence, and the Lord of Misrule rode through the city "in complete harness, gilt, with a hundred horse, and gentlemen riding gorgeously with chains of gold, and their horses goodly trapped." On the 18th of January there was a play performed at Westminster "by the gentyll men of the Tempull, after a grett maske, for there was a grett skaffold in the hall, with grett Tryhumphe, as has been sene." The play was 'Ferrex and Porrex,' written by Sackville and Norton, and probably the most ancient tragedy in the English language. The title-page states that "it was shewed before the Queenes most excellent Majestic in her

Highnes' Court of Whitehall, the 18th Jany, 1561 (2), by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple." In 1615, forty gentlemen of the Inns of Court, of whom ten were members of the Inner Temple, were appointed to be *Barriers* at Court, in honour of Prince Charles being created Prince of Wales, which they are reported to have performed in great style, the charge being defrayed by a contribution of 30*s.* from each bencher; every barrister, of seven years' standing, 15*s.*; and all other gentlemen in commons, 10*s.* each. At the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of James I., to the Elector Palatine, the gentlemen of the Inner Temple and of Gray's Inn performed a mask, written by Beaumont and Fletcher; and in the Christmas of 1634 the four Inns performed another mask at court, at their joint charge. At the grand feast kept in the Inner Temple hall during the readership of Sir Heneage Finch, the Solicitor-General in 1661, the Society was honoured by a visit from the King, who came in his barge from Whitehall, accompanied by the Duke of York, and attended by the Lord Chancellor, the ministers, and the great officers of state. At the stairs, where his Majesty disembarked, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas received him, in his state robes and collar of SS. On "each side, as his Majesty passed, stood the Reader's servants in scarlet cloaks and white tabba doublets; and above them, on each side, the Benchers, Barristers, and other gentlemen of the Society, all in their gowns and formalities; the loud music playing from the time of his landing till he entered the Hall, where he was received with *twenty violins*, which continued as long as his Majesty stayed. Dinner was brought up on this occasion by fifty select gentlemen of the Society in their gowns, who waited the whole time, no others appearing in the hall."\* In the succeeding year the Duke of York, the Duke of Buckingham, Prince Rupert, and other noblemen, were admitted Members of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple.

Halloween, Candlemas, and Ascension Day were anciently kept at this Inn in great splendour: the Master of the Revels for the ensuing year was elected at the first of these feasts: his business was to conduct the revels and to arrange the dancing and music, which always constituted the chief entertainment on these days. After the play, which was the usual commencement of the evening, one of the barristers sung *a song* to the judges, serjeants, or masters of the bench, after which the dancing was commenced by the judges and benchers, who, escorted by the master of the revels, or Lord of Misrule, led the dance round the sea-coal fire, and the dances were continued by the younger members of the Inn until the judges or benchers thought fit to retire.

One of these festivals is minutely, but quaintly, described by Gerard Leigh, in his 'Accidence of Armony': the hero of this feast was Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who euphuistically stiled himself on this occasion Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie. Our author's description, somewhat abridged, is as follows: "After I had travelled through the east parts of the unknown world to understand of deeds of arms, and so arriving in the fair river of Thames, I landed within half a league from the city of London, and drawing near the city suddenly heard the shot of double cannons, and demanding of an honest citizen the cause of this great shot, 'It is,' quoth he, 'a warning shot to the Constable-marshal of the Inner Temple to prepare for dinner.' I then demanded what province did that

\* Herbert's 'Inns of Court,' p. 205.

officer govern? He answered me, 'The province was not great in quantity, but ancient in true nobility. A place (said he) privileged by the most excellent princess, the high governor of the whole island, wherein are store of gentlemen of the whole realm that repair thither to learn to rule and obey by law, to yield their fleece to their prince and common weal; as also to use all other exercises of body and mind whereunto nature most aptly serveth to adorn the person of a gentleman.' The next day I thought, for my pastime, to walk to this temple; and entering in at the gates, I found the building nothing costly, but many comely gentlemen of face and person, and thereto very courteous, saw I to pass to and fro; and passing forward, entered into a church of ancient building, wherein were many monuments of noble personages in knightly attire, with their coats depainted in ancient shields, whereat I took pleasure to behold. Anon we heard the noise of drum and fife, and so I was brought into a long gallery that stretcheth itself along the hall near the prince's table, where I saw the prince sit; and at the nether end of the table were placed the ambassadors of sundry princes; and at divers tables sat the lord steward, treasurer, and keeper of Pallas' seal, with divers honourable personages of nobility, and on the other side (of the hall) the lieutenant of the Tower, with divers captains of footbands and shot. The prince so served with tender meats, sweet fruits, and dainty delicates, that it seemed a wonder a world to observe the provision; and at every course the trumpeters blew the courageous blast of deadly war, with noise of drum and fife, with the sweet harmony of violins, sackbuts, recorders, and cornets, with other instruments of music, as it seemed Apollo's harp had tuned their stroke.

"Thus the hall was served after the most ancient order of the island; in commendation whereof I say I have also seen the service of great princes, in solemn seasons and times of triumph, yet the order hereof was not inferior to any.

"But to proceed, the herehaught of Palaphilos, even before the second course came in, standing at the high table, said, in this manner: 'The mighty Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie, high constable, marshal of the Knights Templars, patron of the honourable order of Pegasus!' and therewith cryeth a largess. The prince, praying the herehaught, bountifully rewarded him with a chain to the value of an hundred talents.

"The supper ended and tables taken up, the high constable arose and awhile stood under the place of honour, where his achievement was beautifully embroidered, and devised of sundry matters with the ambassadors of foreign nations, as he thought good, till Palaphilos' king-at-arms came in, his herehaught, marshal, and pursuivant before him, and after followed his messenger and caligate knight, who, putting off his coronal, made his humble obeysance to the prince, by whom he was commanded to draw near and understand his pleasure, saying to him in few words to this effect: that he should, choosing throughout the whole army of Templars then present, select the number of XXIII special gentlemen to appear in the presence of their prince in knightly habit. This done, Palaphilos obeying his prince's commandment with XXIII valiant knights, all apparelled in long white vestures, with each man a scarf of Pallas' colours, who them presented with their names to the prince."

The Christmassings lasted several days, and on each day the ceremony differed;

the dull ceremonious presentation of "special gentlemen" to the Prince of Sophie gave place to more festive and humourous entertainment: each day after dinner the carolls or songs were "very decently performed," and on Christmas-day, after breakfasting on "brawn, mustard, and malmsey," and the presentation of the boar's head at dinner, the gentlemen of the Temple honoured the day by giving a grand feast to their friends and acquaintance, "with minstraylsie."

Hardly a vestige of these hospitable proceedings now remains in the Inns of Court. The Templars have long ceased to boast of any prince, much less of the "renowned Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie," being themselves a pure aristocracy; we have not lately heard of any Master of the Revels exercising his office, nor, though we occasionally pass through the Temple cloisters, and under the ancient Hall, do we remember ever to have heard the "courageous blast of deadly war" braying out the "triumph" of the benchers' "pledge."

After dining in the hall, the benchers retire to their Parliament chamber, in which the business of the society is transacted: one from among the Masters of the Bench is annually elected to fill the office of treasurer: he is the virtual head of the society, carrying into execution all the resolutions of the bench "in Parliament assembled," presiding at dinner in the hall, and receiving and expending all monies on behalf of the whole society.

Pepys's account of the quarrel between the Temple and the City is a striking picture of the yet rude and unpolished manners of the time, when the "young gentlemen" of the Temple so grossly insulted their guest as to force him to leave their hall. "Meeting Mr. Bellwood," says the autobiographer, "did hear how my Lord Mayor being invited this day to dinner at the reader's at the Temple, and endeavouring to carry his sword up, the students did pull it down, and forced him to go and stay all the day in a private councillor's chamber, until the reader himself could get the young gentlemen to dinner, and then my Lord Mayor did retreat out of the Temple by stealth with his sword up. This do make great heat among the students; and my Lord Mayor did send to the king; and also I hear that Sir Richard Browne did causè the drums to beat for the trainbands; but all this is over, only I hear that the students do resolve to *try the charter of the city.*"—*March 3rd, 1668-9.*

"I to the council-chamber, and there heard the great complaint of the city tried against the gentlemen of the Temple for the late riot, as they would have it, when my Lord Mayor was there. But upon hearing of the whole business, the city was certainly to blame to charge them in this manner as with a riot; but the king and council did forbear to determine anything in it till the other business of the title and privilege be decided, which is now under dispute at law between them, whether the Temple be within the liberties of the city or no. But I was sorry to see the city so ill-advised as to complain in a thing where their proofs were so weak."—*April 3rd, 1668-9.*

Crossing the lane which divides the Inner from the Middle Temple, the celebrated hall of the latter Inn presents itself to the view; abutting on the garden towards the west, at the upper end of which the "only fountain in London" throws up its small torrent the whole day, stands this famous hall, in which the lawyers had the honour of representing 'Twelfth Night,' probably for the first time; in which Eldon and Hardwicke have feasted, and Curran has "set the

table in a roar." A communication was formerly made to the Society of the Middle Temple, offering to hold the Chancery Courts in vacation in their hall, a proceeding which offered great advantages by rendering the property round the hall much more valuable than formerly, but the offer was not accepted: the Society did not wish that their hall should be applied to such a purpose, and the Society of Lincoln's Inn ultimately lent their hall, a much smaller one, to the Court of Chancery. The Middle Temple Hall was commenced in the year 1562, and completed in 1572, in the treasurership of Edmund Plowden, the eminent jurist.

In the Cottonian collection of MSS. in the British Museum is one written in the time of Henry VIII., entitled, 'A Description of the Form and Manner, how and by what Orders and Customes the state of the Fellowship of the Middle Temple (one of the Houses of the Court) is maintained, and what ways they have to attaine unto learning.'

The chief grievance mentioned in this document is the want of a hall: in lieu of this necessary appendage to an Inn of Court, the Temple Church was used as a place "to walk in, and talk, and confer their learnings," and it is not difficult to believe that "from this cause the place, all the terme times, hath in it no more quietnesse than the *pervyse of Pawles*, by occasion of the confluence and concourse of such as are suters in the law."

The same authority also informs us, "there is no lands or revenues belonging to the house, whereby any learner or student mought be holpen and encouraged to study, by means of some yearly stipend or salary; which is the occasion that many a good witt, for lack of exhibition, is compelled to give over and forsake study, before he have any perfect knowledge in the lawe, and to fall to practysing, and become a *typler* in the lawe."

This being the case, the Society, by a subscription of all the members, erected the present beautiful building. Entering the hall by one of the doors beneath the music gallery, the *coup d'œil* which presents itself is truly magnificent. The emblazoned arms, the elaborate carvings, Vandyke's paintings, all contribute to render this the most sumptuous, as it is the largest, hall of the Inns of Court, and worthy of a Society reckoning among its members the names of Somers, Hardwicke, Cowper, Thurlow, Dunning, Eldon, Blackstone, Stowell, Tenterden, Curran, and many other legal worthies. The arms of these and of upwards of a hundred others, all of whom received their legal education in this Inn, are emblazoned on the windows on either side of the hall: the great bay-window in the south-west corner alone contains thirty coats of arms, among the most conspicuous appearing the arms of Hardwicke and Somers. In the opposite recess shine the arms of the late Lord Tenterden and Lord Gifford; and of the two Scotts, Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, whose busts in marble also adorn the room. These are the only marble busts which the Middle Temple Hall contains; but round the hall are placed busts of the Twelve Cæsars, in imitation of bronze, and over the "state" are hung portraits of Charles I. and II., James II. when Duke of York, William III., Queen Anne, and George II.: the central portrait by Vandyke, of Charles I. on horseback, is a noble painting, one of three by the same great master, each of which is claimed as the original. It is difficult to decide upon the real claims of Windsor, Warwick, and the Middle

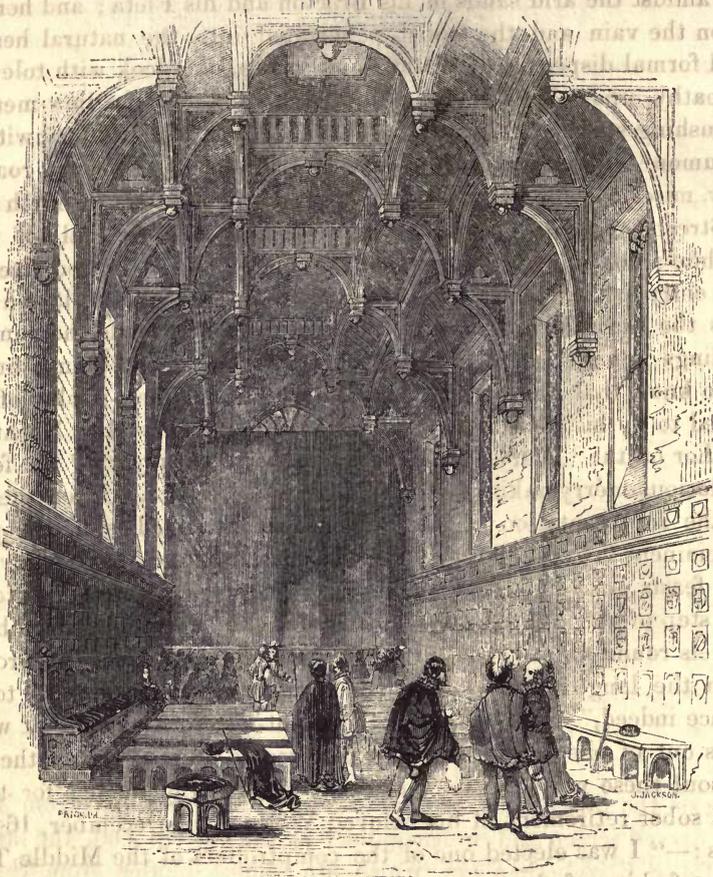
Temple. Each of the pictures is admirable, and no doubt from the same hand.



[Charles I.]

Standing on the raised dais, or "state," let us view the hall from its western end. The carved screen and music-gallery at the eastern end, the armour and weapons of the Elizabethan era, which are almost hidden from the view on entering the hall, form from this position as beautiful an appearance as the pictures, stained glass, elevated dais, and massive furniture give to the room when seen from the screen: the strong oaken tables extend from end to end of the hall, the same tables at which the members dined in the sixteenth century, when the noble spirits, whose arms are now emblazoned on the walls and windows, with many more, their companions, gathered round them, some to speak of decisions by Coke, or Popham, or Bacon, some to laugh at some newly reported anecdote of Will Shakspeare or Burbage, such as we find in the 'Templar's Diary,' preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. This diary appears to have been kept by a member of the Society of the Middle Temple, and extends from Christmas 1601-2, to April 14, 1603-4. The diary contains the following entry:—

"Feb. 1601.—At our fest we had a play called 'Twelfth Night; or, What you will,' much like the comedy of errors, or 'Menechmis' in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called 'Inganni.' A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfaying a letter, as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his appaile, &c.; and then when he came to practise, making him believe they tooke him to be mad."



[Middle Temple Hall.]

The editor of the Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare thus notices this entry in connection with the noble hall:—"There is something to our minds very precious in that memorial of Shakspeare which is preserved in the little Table-book of the Student of the Middle Temple: 'Feb. 2, 1601 [2]. At our feast we had a play called 'Twelfth Night; or, What you will.' What a scene do these few plain words call up before us! The Christmas festivities have lingered on till Candlemas. The Lord of Misrule has resigned his sceptre; the Fox and the Cat have been hunted round the hall; the Masters of the Revels have sung their songs; the drums are silent which lent their noisy chorus to the Marshal's proclamations; and Sir Francis Flatterer and Sir Randle Rackabite have passed

into the ranks of ordinary men. But there is still a feast; and after the dinner a play; and that play Shakspeare's 'Twelfth Night.' And the actual roof under which the happy company of benchers, and barristers, and students first listened to that joyous and exhilarating play, full of the truest and most beautiful humanities, especially fitted for a season of cordial mirthfulness, is still standing; and we may walk into that stately hall and think,—Here Shakspeare's 'Twelfth Night' was acted in the Christmas of 1601; and here its exquisite poetry first fell upon the ear of some secluded scholar, and was to him as a fragrant flower blooming amidst the arid sands of his Bracton and his Fleta; and here its gentle satire upon the vain and the foolish penetrated into the natural heart of some grave and formal dispenser of justice, and made him look with tolerance, if not with sympathy, upon the mistakes of less grave and formal fellow-men; and here its ever-gushing spirit of enjoyment,—of fun without malice, of wit without grossness, of humour without extravagance,—taught the swaggering, roaring, overgrown boy, miscalled student, that there were higher sources of mirth than affrays in Fleet Street or drunkenness in Whitefriars. Venerable Hall of the Middle Temple, thou art to our eyes more stately and more to be admired since we looked upon that entry in the Table-book of John Manningham! The Globe has perished, and so has the Blackfriars. The works of the poet who made the names of these frail buildings immortal need no associations to recommend them; but it is yet pleasant to know that there is one locality remaining where a play of Shakspeare was listened to by his contemporaries; and that play, 'Twelfth Night.'

The author of the 'Diary' gives us no account of any of "the ferial days," and the glorious merrymakings of the lawyers of his age. Even the important event of the representation of one of Shakspeare's comedies in the presence of the most eminent lawyers of England is dismissed in the above entry. Yet the Templars' feasts were not often "done by halves;" and though stately was the measured step of the old benchers as they led the dance, following their Master of the Revels round the sea-coal fire, the younger members of the profession did not fail, in the language of the comedy so peculiarly their own, "to make the welkin dance indeed," and "to rouse the night-owl in a catch that would draw three souls out of one weaver!" We find record but of one of the Templars to whose soul these noisy feasts were uncongenial, who longed for the blissful shades and sober retirement of his beloved Wotton: in December, 1642, Evelyn thus writes:—"I was elected one of the comptrollers of the Middle Temple revellers, as y<sup>e</sup> fashion of the young students and gentlemen was, the Christmas being kept this yeare with great solemnity; but being desirous to passe it in the country, I got leave to resigne my staff of office, and went with my brother Richard to Wotton."

And again in 1668:—"Went to see the Revells at the Middle Temple, which is also an old, but riotous custom, and has relation neither to virtue nor policy."

Truly, were it not the philosophic and amiable Evelyn, we should be inclined to employ the words of 'Twelfth Night' once more, and say—"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" But perhaps old customs had lost their innocence. The times of Evelyn were those of Charles II. But, however they may have been corrupted in a vicious age, our

ancestors showed their wisdom in no small degree in these periodical festivities. Differences between neighbours, which otherwise might have long festered in their hearts, were healed in these revels and joyous Christmassings. They had their good effects, like the ancient custom we have elsewhere mentioned, of going into the fields round the metropolis, to gather the dew in the "merry month of May," thence to bring rosy cheeks and glad hearts to enliven the streets and the firesides of smoky old London!

In kind remembrance, then, of the ancient members of these Inns in the Temple, let us take one more turn on their velvet lawn, and look around us once more at this interesting locality! That old red-brick house in King's Bench Walk is the "Number five" of Pope's 'Ode to Venus,' the house where the poet visited his friend Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield. It is but five years since we could have shown you, gentle reader, the rooms in which Anstey, the witty author of the 'Pleader's Guide,' resided; and we could fill a dozen pages with the names of other spots as interesting, in—

" Fig-Tree, or Fountain-Side, or learned shade  
Of King's Bench Walk, by pleadings vocal made,—  
Thrice hallow'd shades! where slipshod benchers muse,  
Attorneys haunt, and special pleaders cruise!"

But, at least, before we quit the Temple for the other Inns of Court, let us wish all health and happiness to the kind souls who have left us one green spot in the great metropolis! Can we conclude in words more appropriate than those of Charles Lamb?—

"So may the winged horse, your ancient badge and cognizance, still flourish! So may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your Church and chambers! So may the sparrows, in default of more melodious quiristers, unpoisoned hop about your walks! So may the fresh-coloured and cleanly nursery-maid, who, by leave, airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! So may the youngers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration with which the child Elia gazed on the old worthies that solemnized the Parade before you."



[Lincoln's Inn Hall.]

## XCIX.—INNS OF COURT. No. II.

LINCOLN'S INN—GRAY'S INN.

LINCOLN'S INN, the next in importance to the Inner and Middle Temple, is situate on the west side of Chancery Lane, the "New Street" of Stow, and subsequently styled "Chancellor's Lane." Chancery Lane was the birth-place of the celebrated and unfortunate Lord Strafford, who discovered, too late, that he should have "put not his trust in princes," and died the victim of his own credulity and his sovereign's weakness, unlamented even by the party whom he had served—but deserted. In Chancery Lane also, at the wall of the garden of Lincoln's Inn, Ben Jonson is reported, on the authority of Fuller, to have worked, in his capacity of bricklayer, with a trowel in one hand and his Horace in the other. A strange medley of personages, as Mr. Leigh Hunt remarks,

have passed up and down this narrow thoroughfare, a world of vice and virtue, fraud and impudence, truth and chicanery, violence and tranquil wisdom! "Through this lane, the connecting link of all the Inns of Court and Chancery, must have passed all the great and eminent lawyers, from Coke and Hale to Erskine and Romilly; Sir Thomas More with his weighty aspect; Bacon with his eye of intuition; the coarse Thurlow, and the elegant Mansfield!" Many a suitor has impatiently traversed this little street again and again in breathless agitation: the dun, the bailiff, and the hired perjurer may be daily found there, and perhaps more misery, injustice, and rapacity have originated in its neighbourhood than in any other part of London.

But if Chancery Lane affords instances of the foulest practices, of gross immorality and roguish cunning, its outward appearance, at least, does not belie the character which it is said to bear; it is almost invariably dirty under foot in Chancery Lane. In the time of Edward I., John Briton, *custos* of London, had it barred up, to prevent any accidents that might happen, were people allowed to pass that way; and the Bishop of Chichester, avowedly for the same reason, kept the bar up for many years. "Afterwards, however, upon an inquisition being made of the annoyances of London, the inquest presented that John, Bishop of Chichester, ten years past, stopped up a certain lane, called Chancellor's Lane, *levando ibid. duas stapulas cum una barra*, whereby men with carts and other carriages could not pass. And the Bishop answered, that John Briton, while *custos* of London, for that the said lane was so dirty that no man could pass, set up the said staples and bar, *ad viam illam defutand.*; and he granted that what was an annoyance should be taken away; which was done by the sheriff accordingly." The nuisance of an almost impassable and most unwholesome thoroughfare, however, remained until the year 1540, when it was paved with stone at the expense of the Society of Lincoln's Inn.

A considerable part of the west side of this street is occupied by the buildings of Lincoln's Inn, so called from its having been the site of the palace of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln and constable of Chester, who died there in the year 1310, into whose hands the ground passed by virtue of a grant from King Edward I. "of the old friars' house *juxta* Oldbourne:" the friars here mentioned were a house of Black Friars, who subsequently established themselves in the quarter now denominated from them Blackfriars. The Earl of Lincoln assigned the ground formerly occupied by these friars, and his own mansion, Chichester House, to certain professors of the law, who, adding to the space thus obtained the greater part of that belonging to the see of Chichester, built there an Inn of Court for the study of the laws of England. Part of the Inn, namely, the part which belonged to the bishopric, was leased to the Society until the twenty-eighth year of Henry VIII., when the Bishop of Chichester granted the inheritance to Francis Sulyard and his brother Eustace, both students, the survivor of whom, in the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth, sold the fee to the Benchers for 520*l.*

The fine old gateway, or gatehouse tower, so conspicuous a feature of Chancery Lane, was the work of the early part of the sixteenth century, having been completed in the ninth year of Henry VIII., and almost entirely at the charge of Sir Thomas Lovell, the founder of Holywell Nunnery, a member of the



[Lincoln's Inn Gateway.]

Society of Lincoln's Inn, and a knight of the Garter. The arms of this worthy adorn the gatehouse, on which are also placed the escutcheons of the Lacy family, which also were "cast and wrought in lead, on the lower \* of the hall of the house, which was in the three escutcheons, a lion rampant for Lacie, seven masculcs voided for Quincie, and three wheatsheafs for Chester."† These escutcheons, however, had, in the course of repairing and altering the public buildings, disappeared before the close of the sixteenth century, and the only memorials of Sir Thomas Lovell now existing may be seen over the ancient gateway in Chancery Lane. The bricks and tiles used in the building of this gateway and of the hall were made from clay dug from a piece of ground, then called Coneygarth, lying on the west side of the Inn adjoining to Lincoln's Inn Fields; and we are further informed by the indefatigable chronicler of these legal localities, that the cost of sculpturing the arms over the gate, together with the wroughtwork for the chimnies, and forty-three loads of freestone, was 16*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.* The gatehouse and all the buildings facing Chancery Lane are now completely saturated with smoke, but some of the buildings in the interior of the Inn, especially the "Stone Buildings," are both handsome and commodious; the chambers are chiefly occupied by chancery barristers, conveyancers, and persons in attendance on the Court of Chancery, now held in the hall of Lincoln's Inn and in two temporary Vice-Chancellors' courts, which now occupy nearly the whole of the small square, of which the gatehouse forms the eastern side. The gardens, in which Bickerstaff ('Tatler,' No. 100) delighted to walk, being privileged so to do by the Benchers "who had grown old" with him, are extensive. From the garden the spectator may readily distinguish the modern erections from the more ancient buildings of the sixteenth century: the former occupy the

\* Lower, or loover, from the Latin *lobia*, *laubia*, or *lobium*, a gallery (Ducange's Glossarium). Hence also *Lowere*, Gall.

† Stow's Survey.

greatest extent, and consist of the Stone Buildings and New Square, formerly called "Searle's Court," from Henry Searle, Esq., a Bencher of this Inn, whose property this square was about 1697, when it was purchased by the Society. In the centre of the square stood a small Corinthian column, designed by Inigo Jones: at the four corners of the pedestal were infant tritons holding shells, which formerly spouted water; this was intended for a fountain, but, from some mismanagement, it has long ceased to be entitled to that name. The Stone Buildings are from the design of Sir Robert Taylor, and are only part of a noble plan for rebuilding the whole Inn, but which has never yet been carried out. Several plans have been devised at various times for the embellishment of this Inn and its vicinity, among which those of Inigo Jones prove that that great man, however pure and elegant his taste, was never formed for a Gothic architect: the Chapel, his design, is built upon huge pillars and arches, which once formed a promenade beneath, cold and damp in bad weather, and in fine weather too retired: this has been of late years enclosed with an iron railing, and has been used as a place of interment for the Benchers.

From the terrace walk of the garden a fine view is obtained of one of the largest squares in Europe, for the embellishment of which the same architect had formed some grand ideas, intending to have built all the houses in the same style and taste, and to have laid out the garden and formed the inlets to this beautiful square on a most magnificent scale; but unfortunately his designs were never carried out, "because the inhabitants had not taste enough to be of the same mind, or to unite their sentiments for the public ornament and reputation." There are plans entertained of building new courts of justice in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in lieu of the present courts at Westminster, which are thought to be inconveniently far from the Inns of Court, and for building a new hall for Lincoln's Inn, on the western side of the garden of that Inn, near the spot mentioned above as the ancient "Coneygarth."

Lincoln's Inn Hall, which has been repeatedly altered and modernised, was commenced in 1506, and is an exceedingly fine room, though smaller and by no means so handsome as the halls of the Inner and Middle Temple. It is used for the sittings of the Lord Chancellor out of term time, as well as for the usual *commons* of the Society during term. At the end is a picture by Hogarth of 'Paul preaching before Felix;' a lamentable failure of that eminent painter, so great in his own walk. The statue of Thomas Erskine, instead of encumbering Westminster Abbey, is most appropriately placed at the southern end of the Hall, opposite to the chair of the Lord Chancellor.

Erskine was a member of this Inn, and his coat of arms decorates the walls of the Hall, together with the escutcheons of Spencer Perceval, Canning, Lyndhurst, Brougham, and other eminent lawyers; and here also are the arms of the clergymen emblazoned who have filled the office of preacher to the Honourable Society. Among these appear the names of Reginald Heber, William Warburton, and John Tillotson. Erskine's career was a splendid one, though his parts were more shining than solid. At an early age, while in the army, he married a young lady to whom he was much attached, and who accompanied him to Minorca; and this union, foolish and thoughtless as it was considered by his family, was always declared by himself to have been the incitement which



[Statue of Erskine.]

spurred him on to exertion. In the year 1772 he returned to England, and shortly afterwards, conceiving that his talents were hidden in the poor society of marching regiment, he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and immediately commenced his studies at the Bar. Amongst the distinguished characters who assembled at the house of Mrs. Montague, Mr. Erskine was not unfrequently seen. "He talked," says Boswell, "with a vivacity, fluency, and precision so uncommon, that he attracted particular attention." Erskine, a husband and a father, struggled hard with pecuniary difficulties. The time at length arrived when he was at liberty to commence his professional life; but, on rising to speak, though it was but to make a motion of course, he was so overcome with confusion, that he was about to sit down. "At that time," he was accustomed to relate, "I fancied I could feel my little children tugging at my gown, so I made an effort—went on—and succeeded."

Of one famous member of this Inn of Court—Prynne—we have spoken in our Number on "Ely Place," and again in Number LXVIII., and in the former we have given Whitelock's account of the famous masque which the gentlemen of the Inns of Court, with this historian at their head, determined on performing in the most splendid manner, in order to eradicate entirely the bad effects of the "Histriomastix." Lincoln's Inn was never behind the Temple in its masques, revels, Christmasings; nor were the exercises of dancing and singing merely permitted at this Inn, but insisted on: for, by an order, made on the 6th of February, in the 7th of James I., it appears "that the under-barristers were by decimation put out of commons, for example's sake, because the whole Bar were offended by

their not dancing on the Candlemas-day preceding, according to the ancient order of the Society, when the Judges were present," and a threat that if the like fault were repeated, they should be fined or *disbarred*. Instead of the Temple Lord of Misrule, the "King of the Cocknies" ruled over the festivities at Lincoln's Inn, and they also had a "Jack Straw," but "he and all his adherents were utterly banished in the time of Elizabeth," and an order issued that they "should no more be used, upon pain of forfeit for every time five pound, to be levied on every fellow offending against this rule." From the following entry in the register, it would seem that the grand Christmases were not kept regularly: "It is agreed, that if the two Temples do kepe Chrystemas, then Chrystemas to be kept here; and, to know this, the steward of the house ys commanded to get knowledge, and to advertise my masters by the next day at night." The men of this Inn appear, however, to have been rather "topping the mode," so that it was deemed proper in Elizabeth's reign, besides curtailing the grand banquets and limiting the number of assumed characters represented at them, to enact sumptuary laws, prohibiting long hair and lace ruffs, also the introduction into the ball of cloaks, swords, and spurs; while, unmindful of Justice Shallow's chaunt,—

" 'Tis merry in hall  
When beards wag all"—

the Benchers had previously forbidden *beards* at dinner, under pain of paying double commons; the fashion of wearing beards was, nevertheless, found too deeply rooted, and the prohibition was subsequently repealed. Hale, one of the *youngsters* of 1630, was considered a gay young fellow, and, doubtless, parted more readily with his fine of double commons than his beard; and Hale, Denham, and Ellesmere were young once. The gayest young student on record, and he was a Templar, was Samuel Foote! "He came into the room," says Dr. Harrowby, "dressed out in a frock suit of green and silver lace, bag-wig, sword, bouquet, and point ruffles, and immediately joined the critical circle of the upper end of the room. Nobody knew him. He, however, soon boldly entered into conversation, and, by the brilliancy of his wit, the justness of his remarks, and the unembarrassed freedom of his manners, attracted the general notice. The buz of the room went round, 'Who is he?' 'Whence comes he?' To which nobody could answer, until a handsome carriage stopping at the door to take him to the assembly of a lady of fashion, they learned from the servants that his name was Foote, that he was a young gentleman of family and fortune, and a student of the Inner Temple." The scene of this was Nando's coffee-house, the resort of the great leaders of the Bar for many years, where, of later years, Erskine, Gibbs, Garrow, Plumer, Park, and Jekyll—in short, all who were eminent in their profession waited until the full court, to which they belonged, was assembled.

To return to the gay members of Lincoln's Inn and their feasts. In the Christmas of 1661 Pepys writes:—

"The King visited Lincoln's Inn, to see the revells there; there being, according to an old custome, a prince and all his nobles, and other matters of sport and charge."

This must have been a glorious Christmas at Lincoln's Inn, Charles II.'s pre-

sence, the attendance of Clarendon, Ormond, and Shaftesbury, and the performance at the revels of Hale, Ley, and Denham; Prynne standing by, and gloomily regarding the merriment and joyous faces, which he held both profane and unworthy of a pious man: the whole must have presented a curious spectacle, but we have but a crude report of it by Pepys. Yet these representations must have been "meat and drink" to him; and some of the masques presented by these learned societies were written by men of genius, and contain beautiful poetry, as in the 'Circe and Ulysses' by Browne, of which some specimens have been given to the world by Sir Egerton Brydges. Decker, in his satire against Ben Jonson, accuses him of having stolen his jokes from the Christmas Plays of the Templars: "You shall sweare not to bumbast out a new play with the old lyming of jestes stolen from the Temple Revells."

Whether the native talent of the Inns was considered of a high character by this dramatist does not appear: it is more probable that the usual custom was to employ a professional playwright for the purpose of composing the masques at these place. Thus, in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, we have "The Masque of the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn," &c.

Sir Matthew Hale contributed a large collection of Manuscripts to the Library of this Society, which is now situate in Stone Buildings. The formation of this Library was begun in the reign of Henry VII.; and in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth the first building was erected, and the accumulation of books greatly forwarded by an order made in the sixth year of James I., "for the more speedy furnishing of the Library, every one that should thenceforth be called to the Bench in this Society should give xx s. toward the buying of bookes for the same Library; and every one thenceforth called to the bar xiii s. iiii d.: all which summs to be paid to Mr. Matthew Hadde, who, for the better ordering of the said Library, was then made master thereof." The Library is now greatly enlarged, and besides the valuable bequests of Sir Matthew Hale and other members of the Society, contains some thousands of volumes, principally on law and history, to which additions are continually made from the funds of the Society. The books, of course, must not be removed from the Library, but with few other restrictions they are always open to the examination of the curious. The MSS. of Sir Matthew Hale are very valuable, relating chiefly to professional subjects; and by a clause in his will, in which he speaks somewhat egotistically of his own lucubrations, he expressly forbids any lending of his donations, "unless there be any of my posterity that desires to transcribe any book, and gives very good security to restore it again within a prefixed time; then, and not otherwise, only one book at any one time may be lent out to them by the Society;" adding "they are a treasure not fit for every man's view, nor is every man capable of making use of them." Valuable additions have also been made, in pursuance to testamentary orders, out of the private libraries of various deceased members of the Society: several volumes of MS. in Selden's handwriting are here preserved, and a tolerably extensive collection on legal subjects bequeathed by Mr. Sergeant Maynard, Mr. Coxe, and Mr. S. Hill.

Lincoln's Inn, containing at the present day the Chancery Courts, is more occupied by counsel attending the equity bar than by common-law lawyers. Of the latter, the greater number have their chambers in the Temple: Gray's Inn

has also a large number of resident members, but, from its increased distance from legal business, is not so greatly occupied by barristers or attorneys.



[Gray's Inn Hall.]

Gray's Inn, the fourth Inn of Court in importance and in size, derives its name from the Lords Gray of Wilton, whose residence it originally was, and one of whom, Edmund, Lord Gray of Wilton, in August, 1505, by indenture of bargain and sale, passed to Hugh Denny, Esq., his heirs and assigns, "the manor of Portpoole, otherwise called Gray's Inn, four messuages, four gardens, the site of a windmill, eight acres of land, ten shillings of free rent, and the advowson of the chantry of Portpoole." The parties into whose possession this property afterwards came, disposed of it to the prior and convent of East Sheen, in Surrey, a place celebrated for having been the nursery of Cardinal Pole and many other eminent ecclesiastics of the sixteenth century. The convent leased the mansion of Portpoole, as Gray's Inn was then frequently denominated, to certain students of the law, at the annual rent of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, at which rent they continued to hold them until the suppression of the ecclesiastical communities by Henry VIII., when they received a grant from the King, who seized these estates, together with the Temple and all other monastic property, upon which he could lay his

hands; and the Benchers of Gray's Inn were thenceforth entered in the King's books as the fee-farm tenants of the crown, paying annually the same rent as was reserved by their former landlords, the monks of Sheen.

As Chancery Lane bounds Lincoln's Inn on the east, so does Gray's Inn Lane bound Gray's Inn, and if there be a shade of difference between these two streets, certainly the former must be allowed to have the advantage both in cleanliness and respectability. Yet the northern end of Gray's Inn Lane, though not so richly "furnished with fair buildings and many tenements on both the sides," as in the times of Stow, has yet a very neat aspect, and assumes a fresher appearance as the distance increases from Holborn Bars, "leading to the fields towards Highgate and Hampsted." The garden was first planted about the year 1600, at which period Mr. Francis Bacon, afterwards Lord Verulam, in his account as treasurer of the Society, debits the Inn in the sum



[Monument of Bacon.]

of 7*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for the planting of elm trees therein. Gray's Inn at present consists of two large squares, of which that which is entered immediately from the Lane is the handsomer, but the recent restoration of the public buildings of the Society has rendered the square very much more elegant than it formerly was. The Hall and Chapel separate these squares, and occupy the whole of the south-side of the larger; the former was built in Queen Mary's reign, and completed in 1560, costing 863*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*: it is a very handsome chamber, little inferior to Middle Temple Hall, and its carved wainscot and timber roof render it much more magnificent than the Inner Temple or Lincoln's Inn Hall. Its windows also are richly emblazoned with the armorial bearings of Burleigh, Lord Verulam, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Jenkins, and others. The Chapel is of modern erection: it was probably built on the site of the "Chantry of Portpoole," mentioned in the grant to Hugh Denny. In this "chantry" divine service was daily performed, and masses sung for the soul of John, the son of Reginald de

Gray, for which certain lands were then granted to the Prior and Convent of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. And, at the expense of the latter, divine service in succeeding ages was here performed on behalf of the students and other members of this Society, as is evident from a decree made in the Augmentation Court, 10th November, 33 Henry VIII. This decree further expresses that the said Prior and Convent, and their predecessors, were yearly charged with the pension of 7*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for the salary or stipend of the chaplain for this chauntry, and that the said house of St. Bartholomew being then dissolved, this Society, "in recompense thereof, should receive of the King's Highness, for finding of the said chaplain, during the King's pleasure, the sum of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* sterling, yearly, to be paid by the hands of the treasurer of the said Court of Augmentations, at the feasts of the Nativity of St. John Baptist and St. Michael Archangel, by even portions."

The internal economy and manners of this Inn seem to have been very similar to that of the other Inns of Court at the same period: their masques and revels were participated in by the men of Gray's Inn, as we find was the case in the famous masque conducted by Whitelocke, and arranged at Ely Place; but though the "practisers" of Gray's occasionally displayed a gorgeous interlude and held a plenteous Christmasing, the same bad report attaches to them as their brother barristers of Chancery Lane had incurred, by their laxity in the "ferial" days, of which fault the Templars had never been accused. In Michaelmas term, 21 Henry VIII., there was an order made that "whenever there are revells, the fellows of the house shall not depart out of the hall until the said revells shall be ended, under the penalty of 12*d.*"

The famous comedy, which was acted here at Christmas of the year 1527, and was written by John Roos, a student of this Inn, and afterwards Sergeant-at-Law, gave such offence to Cardinal Wolsey, probably by its containing reflections on the pomp and arrogance of the clergy, that its author was degraded and imprisoned. Nor was this the first time that the power of the Chancellor had been felt in the Inns of Court. In the year 1501, Sir Amias Paulet having found it necessary, in his capacity of Justice of the Peace, to put Wolsey, then only parson of Lymington, into the stocks, the Prelate never forgot the insult; and about 1520 Sir Amias was glad to make peace with the haughty Prelate by rebuilding the gatehouse of Middle Temple, which he did, adorning it with the Cardinal's hat and cognizance in a "most glorious manner." On the site of this gatehouse, which was destroyed by fire, was the present erected.

The two most eminent members of whom Gray's Inn can boast are Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and Lord Burleigh, the celebrated minister of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Cecil had entered at Gray's Inn, as he informs us, in his MS. diary, in 1541: "Whether this removal to Gray's Inn," says Dr. Nares, "were for the purpose of his being bred wholly up to the profession of the law, we are not able to say, since it was no unusual thing in those days for young men of family and talents, who had any prospect of becoming members of the legislature, to go through a course of law at some one of our Inns of Court, in order to become better acquainted with the laws and constitution of their country. It was regarded, indeed, as almost a necessary qualification." An anecdote of Burleigh's Gray's-Inn days is related by his old historian, in the quaint language of



[Cecil.]

the age in which he flourished: "A mad companion having enticed him to play, in a short time he lost all his money, bedding, and books to his companion, having never used play before. And being afterwards among his other company, he told them how such a one had misled him, saying he would presently have a device to be even with him. And with a long trouke he made a hole in the wall, near his playfellow's bedhead, and in a fearful voice spake thus through the trouke: 'O mortal man, repent! repent of thy horrible time consumed in play, cozenage, and lewdness, or else thou art damned and canst not be saved!' Which being spoken at midnight, when he was all alone, so amazed him, as drove him into a sweat for fear. Most penitent and heavy, the next day, in presence of the youths, he told with trembling what a fearful voice spake to him at midnight, vowing never to play again; and calling for Mr. Cecil, asked him forgiveness on his knees, and restored him all his money, bedding, and books. So two gamesters were both reclaimed with this merry device, and never played more. Many other the like merry jests (?) I have heard him tell, too long to be here noted.' Who Burleigh's "playfellows" were nowhere appears, but the future statesman himself was a married man during the greater part of his sojourn at Gray's Inn, and ought to have been more steady than to stake his "books and bedding," after losing his "money;" but, from many memoranda of Gray's Inn which have come down to our time, it would seem that the students of this society were rather an unruly set. Pepys writes thus in May, 1667: "Great talk of how the barristers and students of Gray's Inn rose in rebellion against the benchers the other day, who outlawed them, and a great deal to do; but now they are at peace again."

Romilly was a member of Gray's Inn. "I sometimes lose all courage," writes he, despondingly, to a friend, in the year 1783, "and wonder what fond opinion of my talents could ever have induced me to venture on so bold an undertaking: but it often happens (and I fear it has been my case) that men mistake the desire for the ability of acting some distinguished part." Romilly studied diligently and successfully, and, like Erskine, Burke, and Curran, delighted in attending on the debating societies, which among the modern law-students have taken the place of the ancient *mootings* of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Curran's account of his introduction and *début* at one of these societies is most witty and instructive: it is the identical "first appearance" of hundreds. "Upon the first occasion of our assembling, I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honour of being styled 'the learned member that opened the debate,' or 'the *very eloquent* gentleman who has just sat down.' All day the coming scene had been flitting before my fancy and cajoling it; my ear already caught the glorious melody of 'Hear him, hear him!' Already I was practising how to steal a cunning sidelong glance at the tear of generous approbation bubbling in the eyes of my little auditory; never suspecting, alas! that a modern eye may have so little affinity with moisture, that the finest gunpowder may be dried upon it. I stood up—my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter; but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre; but remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded almost as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet was it, to my panic-struck imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb; my friends cried, 'Hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation; but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, upon coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow; or rather like poor Punch, as I once saw him, grimacing a soliloquy, of which his prompter had most indiscreetly neglected to administer the words." Need we add that it was not many months before the sun shone forth in all its splendour, and "stuttering Jack Curran," or "orator Mum," as he was frequently styled, became inappropriate epithets when applied to this gem of the Sister Isle.

In connection with the Inns of Court, and their associations and inhabitants, it will be proper to make some mention of the Inns of Chancery, formerly the nurseries of our great lawyers, but at present attached only by name to the parent Inns of Court. Of these Inns of Chancery, the Inner Temple has three, Clement's, Clifford's, and Lyon's Inn; the Middle Temple, one, New Inn; Lincoln's Inn, two, Thavies' and Furnival's; and Gray's Inn, two, Barnard's and Staples'. Strand Inn, or Stronde Inn, was an Inn of Chancery in the reign of Henry VIII., and probably long before that period, and belonged to the Middle Temple: this, together with the Bishop of Worcester's Inn, and the Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield's house, commonly called Chester Inn, were pulled down by the Duke

of Somerset, in making room for his mansion, Somerset House. The Inns of Chancery are principally inhabited by attorneys; but anciently it was considered indispensable that a student should spend some years at one of these, employing himself in learning the forms of the writs which issued from the High Court of Chancery to the courts of common law. Thus Sir Edward Coke was one year at Clifford's Inn and six at the Inner Temple; and even "Master Robert Shallow, Esquire, justice of the peace and quorum," though doubtless not one of the brightest ornaments of his time, passed some time at Clement's Inn.

In the middle of the garden of Clement's Inn is a sundial, supported by a figure of considerable merit, kneeling (a naked Moor or African), which was presented to the society by Lord Clare, by whom it was brought from Italy. The following verses are said to have been found stuck upon this figure:—

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

The Inns, denominated "Sergeants' Inns," one of which is in Chancery Lane, and the other in Fleet Street, are exclusively appropriated to gentlemen who have been called to the degree of the coif: the Judges are always members of Sergeants' Inn, and have official chambers in Rolls Garden, Chancery Lane, where a great deal of the minor business of a suit at law is transacted. But little of this sort of information needs to be included in a sketch of the Inns of Court and Chancery. The lawyers of London are not, at the present day, so corporate a class of men as at former periods; the Inns of Court are not so much a place of residence as formerly; the habits of the barrister are the habits of any other gentleman. Morning visits are not made in black silk gowns and powdered wigs; and the Chief Justices of our courts have ceased to wear fans, as Sir Edward Coke was in the habit of doing, carrying about one of those "prodigious" fans, which Dugdale mentions, having long handles, with which the *gentlemen* of those times "slasht their daughters when they were perfect women." Society has gained much by the great abandonment of the Inns as places of residence, except for the younger members; and the curtailment of a few hours a-day from professional avocations, since the Masters in Chancery sat at five in the morning, must have acted beneficially on all classes.

It may be desirable to conclude this sketch of some of the peculiarities of the Inns of Court by a notice of the modes of admitting Students, and of calling them to the Bar after the required course of probation.

Each of the Inns of Court is independent. They agree, however, in the observance of certain common regulations. Though without any control over each other, they have all undertaken, voluntarily, by committees of the benchers, the observance of certain general and mutually-advantageous resolutions. No person can keep a term in any of them without being three days in the hall when the grace is said after dinner. None of the societies can call a gentleman to the

bar before he has been five years a member of the society, unless he is a master of arts or a bachelor of laws of any of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin, when three years is the period required. No person in trade or in deacon's orders, and no one who has held the situation of a conveyancer's clerk, can be admitted at all; and solicitors and attorneys must have their names struck off the rolls for two years, and the articles of clerks must be expired or cancelled two years, before they can be admitted. If one of the societies reject an applicant for admission, the circumstance is communicated to all the other inns, and, according to the resolutions by which all the societies are voluntarily bound, none of them can admit him. No one can be called to the bar until his name and description have been put up on the screen in the hall of the society to which he belongs for a fortnight previous to his call, and communicated to all the other societies. Before the call, the oaths of allegiance and supremacy are required. If the applicant gives a wrong description of himself in any one respect, his application will be rejected. Without the approbation of the treasurer or one of the benchers, no gentleman can be admitted.

The mode of admission varies little in the Inns. In stating his wishes to the society, the applicant must describe his age and condition in life, and the abode and condition in life of his father,—set forth the object which he has in view in seeking admission,—and bind himself to abstain from practice as a conveyancer unless he obtains the permission of the benchers. Recommended as a gentleman of respectability by two barristers, with the surety of a householder or a barrister for the payment of his dues, the applicant must give in a paper, containing his application, recommendation, and surety, to the steward of the society, for the approval of a bencher or the treasurer. When his application is approved, the admission takes place on the payment of a sum for the stamp, the bond, the admission-money, and other items, varying in the different Inns from 30*l.* to 40*l.* On his admission, the Student enters into a bond of 100*l.* penalty, along with another member of the Inn, for the payment of his commons or dinners while a student. Before he can keep terms, that is, eat a certain number of dinners in each term, he must deposit 100*l.* (which will be returned without interest on his call to the bar, or when he leaves the society), or produce a certificate of having kept the requisite number of terms at Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin, or of membership of the Faculty of Advocates in Scotland. In all the Inns the Student must keep twelve terms before he can be called.\* Irish Students must keep eight in England, and nine in Dublin, and there is a ceremonial of nine exercises which all Students must undergo, the object of which is to make the benchers acquainted with the persons of the Students. In the Inner Temple this assumes the form of an examination, in order rather to learn how the Student has spent his time than to ascertain his abilities and acquirements.

On the expiring of his terms, his age being more than twenty-one years, and his certificate on commencing his exercises having been approved, the student informs the steward of his inn of his intention, some days previous to the commencement of the term in which he wishes to be called, in order that the necessary preparations may be made. Having obtained the support of one of the benchers to his petition, which he addresses to the benchers at a special council,

\* By an oversight, the number of terms to be kept was stated as twenty, in the preceding Number.

if he obtains their approbation he attends the benchers after dinner, the usual oaths are administered, and he is called to the bar. When this has taken place, new bonds are entered into for the payment of his dues under a penalty of 200*l.*; and the expense, made up of various items, differs in the inns from about 66*l.* (the expense of being called in Gray's Inn) to 93*l.* (the expense in Lincoln's Inn).

There are different degrees among the members of the inns. The barristers were anciently called apprentices of the law, from *apprendre*, to learn. Above them formerly were the *ancients*—this was a degree of precedence bestowed as a mark of honour upon barristers, though enjoyed as a right by the sons of judges. The serjeants are the highest degree at common law, as the doctors are in civil law. The Court of Common Pleas was, until lately, set apart to this order of barristers. Serjeants-at-law are made by the King's writ, directed to the barristers upon whom the honour is conferred, commanding them to take upon them that degree by a certain day. The appointment of a barrister to the office of Queen's Counsel is another mode of conferring rank, technically called giving a silk gown, by which costume the bearers of this honour are distinguished. This honour is sometimes conferred by letters patent of precedence.

The benchers are elected out of barristers at the bar according to seniority. They govern and direct the Society. Their power is discretionary, and cannot be questioned. They may reject an application for admission without even assigning a reason. They possess this power, however, only in common with all voluntary societies. There is no appeal from their decision. The twelve judges are visitors of the inns. It is their province to take cognizance of the conduct of the benchers to the members of the inns; so that, though a person never admitted has no appeal to the judges, the refusal of a call to a member may be subjected to the revision of the visitors. The privilege of conferring upon individuals the right of pleading is enjoyed by the inns only in consequence of the permission of the judges.

The authority of the benchers in the rejection of an applicant for admission was tried in Michaelmas term, 1825, before the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Mr. Thomas Jonathan Wooler. Mr. Wooler applied in Michaelmas term, 1824, for admission as a member of Lincoln's Inn, but received, on the 27th of January following, an official communication of his rejection from the steward, without any reason assigned. He then petitioned the benchers for a statement of the reasons of his rejection, and a hearing in his own behalf; and having received no answer from them, he petitioned the twelve judges for redress. He was informed by the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, that the twelve judges had no power to interfere in the case. Mr. Wooler then applied for a *mandamus*—a *prerogative writ*, used in all cases where the law has established no other mode of redress—on the ground, that if the judges had no jurisdiction in such cases, the powers of the benchers were both grievous and unconstitutional. The judges delivered their opinions *seriatim*, which coincided with the opinion formerly expressed by Lord Mansfield—that the society was a voluntary body, and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of the Court—that no one had an inchoate right to admission, since the Inns of Court were not incorporations, but voluntary societies, enjoying the privilege of calling persons to the bar by the permission of the judges—and that, unless in the case of a member refused a call to the

bar, when, as visitors, they might revise the decision of the benchers, or in case the system of exclusion were carried so far as not to call a sufficient number of persons to the bar to transact the public business conveniently, the twelve judges had no right to interfere with the conduct of the benchers.

The way in which the benchers have exercised their powers may be ascertained, in some degree, from a few facts to be found in the evidence taken before the Common Law Commissioners. It appeared from the examination of Mr. Thomas Lane, steward of Lincoln's Inn, that from ninety to upwards of a hundred gentlemen were admitted members of the society every year, while the average number of calls to the bar was forty-two in the course of a year. He had held the office of steward for forty-one years, and remembered only one rejection of an applicant for admission, and two of persons applying to be called to the bar. Both the gentlemen rejected were afterwards called to the bar. One of them was an editor of a newspaper, and was rejected upon the ground of having been convicted of a libel. Neither Mr. Burrell the treasurer, nor Mr. Griffith the steward of Gray's Inn, were aware of any refusals of admission into the society to which they belong. Mr. Griffith stated that one individual had been refused admission to the bar because he was an uncertificated bankrupt. He appealed to the judges, and was heard by his counsel, Mr. Denman, but the judges sanctioned the refusal of the benchers. Mr. James Gardiner stated that four persons had been refused admission to the Inner Temple since he was under-treasurer. One was refused because he had been in trade, was a bankrupt, and did not intend to be called to the bar; another because he did not intend to be called to the bar, and was a barrister's clerk. Mr. Gardiner mentioned two cases which occurred in his predecessor's time. One of them was a person who had stolen papers from an attorney's office, and the other was this person's brother.

The Irish Inns of Court were established after the model of the English Inns, on the establishment of courts of justice in Dublin. By an old statute, Irish students must keep eight terms in one of the English Inns, as well as nine in the King's Inns, Dublin, before they can be called to the Irish bar. The original intention of this statute was to cultivate English habits and associations, as well as to enable them to observe the working of the law in the courts at Westminster. It is complained of as a grievance. Irish students may keep terms in London and Dublin alternately, or in any other order they think proper. Gray's Inn is the resort of the generality of Irish students, it being by far the most convenient to them, not only on account of the facility of keeping terms there, but also that of admission; for they are not required at this Inn to have their entrance document signed by two barristers, or to procure two housekeepers to enter into a bond. It will suffice if any other student or member of the Inn sign both. There is also no charge made for absent commons, as in Lincoln's Inn.



[Reading Room—British Museum.]

## C.—THE READING ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY JAMES M'TURK, ESQ.

Most of our readers are familiar with the saloons of the British Museum which are opened to the public. They are at present requested to accompany us into a corner of the building frequented by more constant but less numerous visitors. From Montague Place, a short lane, entered by a gate, conducts to the north-east angle of the building. Let us pause a moment in the vestibule, and moralise on the contagious influence of a scientific atmosphere. The very doorkeepers, who take your umbrella and great-coat, evince a taste for reading. That fresh-looking young man, who sits behind the gate in a wooden box that looks like a dog-house, made for a Newfoundland dog accustomed to walk on his hinder legs, has his newspaper; and our stout friend within doors here, has his magazine or review. Those cabalistic strokes which he is drawing upon the piece of paper before him, with a pencil, are for the edification of our legislators. In this age all kinds of information are brought to the test of figures. The average number of daily visitors to the Museum is multiplied by the number of days it is open in a year, and the product is the amount of learning the institution diffuses through the nation. The calculation is laid before Parliament, in order that members may be able to estimate the intelligence of their constituents. But we are obstructing the entrance: move on. An ascent of one pair of stairs brings us into a short passage, or wide doorway, which connects two spacious, lofty rooms,

which, notwithstanding the party-wall, may be described as one hall, contracted in the middle, and bulging out at both ends like a square hour-glass, or a dandy, when dandies existed, and wore stays.

A lane, if we may be allowed to use so bold a figure of speech, runs from one end of this apartment to the other, and on each side of it are rows of parallel tables. The tables are capacious,—twelve in the western room, and ten in the eastern. The walls are clad with presses containing books; a gallery runs round each room at mid-height of the wall. The windows are in the north side, and extend from the gallery to the roof. At the west end of the western apartment is a door, with a kind of low counter across it, through which a glimpse is obtained into a suite of apartments with similar book-clad walls. At the opposite end of the same apartment is, on your right hand as you look to the west, a low table; on the left, a tall double desk, with double rows of folios, like ledgers, ranged along the top of it.

At each of the parallel tables above-mentioned is accommodation for eight persons; and they are generally occupied by their complement of individuals, surrounded by piles of books, writing away busily and in solemn silence. Within the doorway, across which the low counter stretches, is seated an intelligent, civil-looking person, of middle age; at the low table, on the right hand, at the opposite end of that apartment, is seated a venerable, portly gentleman, with hair of silvery white. Ever and anon one of the busy writers at the tables may be seen to rise, approach the double desk, reach down one of the folios, transcribe something from it on a small scrap of paper, and, after handing the note to the gentleman within the doorway, resume his seat. Another may be seen approaching the venerable gentleman, who, after a short whispered conversation, rises, and, proceeding to the double desk, hands down one of the folios, and appears to explain something. A third betakes himself to a single desk against the wall in the twin apartment, transcribes from a range of folios standing there, and hands his note to a burly senior seated at the end of the second table from the desk. Meanwhile two or more persons, similar in age and appearance to him who sits within the doorway, are passing incessantly backwards and forwards from that receipt of custom, where they receive books, to the tables, where they deposit them. The occupants of the tables are both male and female, the ruder sex predominating. A solemn silence pervades the hall; there is no conversation to be heard passing between the studious apparitions immersed among their books and papers, seemingly unconscious of the existence of the neighbours with whom they are rubbing shoulders; those who have occasion to move about flit with tiptoe, slipshod silence, from place to place; you might at any time hear a pin drop from one extremity of the space to the other.

The suite of apartments into which it has been said a glimpse is obtained over the head of the taker of receipts and giver-out of books must not be passed over in silence. There is something extremely imposing in the idea it impresses of an endless succession of book-walled aisles. Once, in days long gone, we were heralded by a meagre slipshod candidate for some of the lower orders of the priesthood through the vaults of two churches in Cologne, lined, one with the skulls of St. Ursula and her ten thousand virgins, the other with the skulls

of a whole legion of Roman soldiers, martyred at once for their faith. It was a grisly sight, all those grim grinning receptacles of busy and working intellects which had long deserted them. These book-clad walls, radiant in the light of day, are the very converse of the picture: here are all the intellects, and more numerous and better intellects, shelled out of their skulls like prawns when beat up into fish-sauce. It is, when on some rare occasion, and by special favour, one gets admitted into this *sanctum sanctorum*, an impressive and elevating feeling to pace those wide and lofty galleries, and imagine that you are breathing an atmosphere impregnated with book-learning. Nor is it unedifying, in the pauses of one's scribbling toils, to look up and catch a glimpse of their inmates—for inmates they have, both permanent and occasional. The permanent are those ministering spirits who convey the books from their snug resting-places to the *employé* whose office it is to distribute them to the neophytes in the double apartment above described—the makers of catalogues and indexes—and the *dii majores* who control and regulate their motions. The occasional are bright visions of fairy faces—looking at this season radiantly from amid thickets of flowers—whom the ever gallant T— may be seen squiring through the Library, and who, as they pass the opening through which we espy them, steal furtive looks of wonderment at the strange assemblage congregated in the apartment to which the reader has just been introduced, and to which we now recall our wandering thoughts.

THIS IS THE READING-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. Those little billets, hastily scrawled at the double desk, are receipts upon the credit of which any of the innumerable volumes which crowd the walls of the mile-long galleries of the Library of this great national institution are delivered to the drawer of that bill on the bank of knowledge, that he may study them. Spells they are of power, these little scraps of scrawled paper, to wake the spirits of the wise, and learned, and imaginative, and fantastic of all ages, and force them to converse with the writer—to pour out to him all their varied stores of racy, instructive, or elevating observation. This is the great national school, to which any one can, on the recommendation of some person known to the curators of the precious dépôt, obtain access day after day, there to pursue his studies free of expense. This is the great national manufactory of books, in which intellectual machines are engaged week after week, month after month throughout the year, and from one year to another, grinding down the matter of old books in order to make new ones. This is the task in which by far the greater part of the busy, silent occupants of the tables are engaged; and those who move about are the ministering servants of this intellectual refectory, who bring to them the raw or manufactured material upon which they are to operate. No disparagement to our industrious brethren—those indefatigable “slaves of the lamp”—we never behold them taking their places of a morning, and waiting till their books are brought to them, but we think of so many chickens in a coop waiting to have their corn thrown down to them.

“Little,” says Lenze, in ‘Götz von Berlichingen,’ while the Imperial troops are beleaguering his master's castle, “little did my father, when he begot me, think what worms should feed upon me, or what fowls of heaven should pick my

bones." When Lord Montagu laid the foundation of his princely abode in the fields now crowded with streets and squares, little did he imagine that the halls upon which the best artists of the day had lavished their powers of adornment should become the abode of a museum and library, and that these lifeless tenants, swelling in bulk and variety, should as it were in time burst the narrow walls, and render it necessary to build a wider crust around them. Nay, little did the first founder or founders of the Museum foresee the appending to it of the Port Esquiline we have been describing, through which its digested stores of intellectual food were to be conveyed backwards, to be spread over the surface of the national mind in order to enrich it.

London has at no time—at least, at no time since the art of printing was fairly established within its walls—been without its literary factories. In earlier times they were private establishments: each enterprising printer or publisher had his own establishment. Fielding, after his graceless fashion, has left us a sketch of one of these book-mills:—

"*Bookwright.* Fie upon it, gentlemen!—what! not at your pens? Do you consider, Mr. Quibble, that it is a fortnight since your 'Letter to a Friend in the Country' was published? Is it not time for an 'Answer' to come out? At this rate, before your 'Answer' is printed, your 'Letter' will be forgot. I love to keep a controversy up warm. I have had authors who have writ a pamphlet in the morning, answered it in the afternoon, and answered that again at night.

"*Quibble.* Sir, I will be as expeditious as possible; but it is harder to write on this side of the question, because it is the wrong side.

"*Book.* Not a jot. So far on the contrary, that I have known some authors choose it as the proprest to show their genius. \* \* \* Well, Mr. Dash, have you done that murder yet?

"*Dash.* Yes, sir, the murder is done: I am only about a few moral reflections to place before it.

"*Book.* Very well: then let me have the ghost finished by this day se'ennight.

"*Dash.* What sort of a ghost would you have this, sir? The last was a pale one.

"*Book.* Then let this be a bloody one. Mr. Quibble, you may lay by that 'Life' which you are about, for I hear the person is recovered, and write me out proposals for delivering five sheets of Mr. Bailey's 'English Dictionary' every week, till the whole be finished. If you do not know the form, you may copy the proposals for printing 'Bayle's Dictionary' in the same manner. The same words will do for both.

\* \* \* \* \*

"*Scarecrow.* I have a translation of Virgil's 'Æneid,' if we can agree about the price.

"*Book.* Why, what price would you have?

"*Scare.* You shall read it first, otherwise how will you know the value?

"*Book.* No, no, sir; I never deal that way: a poem is a poem, and a pamphlet a pamphlet, with me. Give me a good handsome large volume, with a full promising title-page at the head of it, printed on a good paper and letter, the whole well bound and gilt, and I'll warrant its selling. You have the common error of

authors, that people buy books to read. No, no; books are only bought to furnish libraries, as pictures and glasses, and beds and chairs, for other rooms. Look ye, sir, I don't like your title-page: however, to oblige a young beginner, I don't care if I do print it at my own expense.

“*Scare.* But pray, sir, at whose expense shall I eat?”

“*Book.* At whose? Why, at mine, sir, at mine. I am as great a friend to learning as the Dutch are to trade: no one can want bread with me who will earn it; therefore, sir, if you please to take your seat at my table, here will be everything necessary provided for you,—good milk porridge, very often twice a-day; which is good wholesome food, and proper for students. A translator, too, is what I want at present, my last being in Newgate for shoplifting. The rogue had a trick of translating out of the shops as well as the languages.

“*Scare.* But I am afraid I am not qualified for a translator, for I understand no language but my own.

“*Book.* What, and translate Virgil!

“*Scare.* Alas, I translated him out of Dryden.

“*Book.* Lay by your hat, sir; lay by your hat immediately. Not qualified!—thou art as well versed in thy trade as if thou hadst laboured in my garret these ten years.”

From one of the publications of the immaculate Lætitia Pilkington, we learn that Curll sat for the portrait of Bookwright; and the lady gives an account of an interview in which he attempted to recruit her for “my garret.” Fielding was in a savage humour when he wrote the scenes of which the dialogues just quoted are a part. He has scarcely done justice to the garreteers of his day: neither the men nor their books were so contemptible as he represents them. Ralph was one of these garreteers. To many he may only be known by Pope's distich:—

“Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls,  
Making night hideous: answer him, ye owls.”

But Ralph was no fool. In Franklin's Memoirs we read how he came to England with the printer's boy, who was to be the founder of a republic, to push his way as a wit and poet. “Pope drove that out of his head;” and in Bubb Doddington's Memoirs we read how he had made himself necessary to the political leaders of his time by his pamphleteering skill. Ralph's ‘History of England,’ though lightly spoken of by the wits and wittlings of his day, has risen in estimation as time effaced the personal prejudice against the author; and it was a “garret” production. Nay, a greater than Ralph—Samuel Johnson—belonged, for long after his first arrival in town (and, indeed, during the whole of his active literary career), to the “garret” school. His Dictionary is one of that class of works which the ‘Annual,’ ‘Magazine,’ and ‘Minerva Press’ school of literature look down upon as incompatible with *genius*. His ‘Lives of the Poets’ were undertaken for a bookseller's speculation—a collective edition of English poets. He was in great request for prefaces and dedications. What Curll was to Quibble and Scarecrow, Cave was at one time to Samuel Johnson. If our recollection deceive us not, it was Richardson who told how, having praised a paper of the ‘Rambler’ one day while dining with Cave, that publisher said to him

next morning, "You made a man happy by your praise yesterday." "How so?" "Did you not observe that, while we sat at dinner, a plate of victuals was sent to some one behind the screen?—it was the author of the paper we spoke of, who did not like to appear on account of the shabbiness of his dress."

"I have much to say in behalf of that same Falstaff," cries the fat Knight, indignant that his play should be broken off by such a trifle as the Sheriff coming to apprehend him for a robbery. And I have much to say in behalf of that respectable body of book-makers of which it is my boast to be an unworthy member. The history of science and literature has been in general written too much in the spirit in which Sergeant Kite relates the military annals of his country to raw recruits. The distinguished heroes, the drawers of the great prizes, alone are commemorated. The generals are spoken of as if they had fought and won their battles single-handed: the privates and subaltern officers are passed over in solemn silence. Richard Steele understood true worth better, and immortalised in his 'Tatler' the heroic letter of a sergeant in the British army in Flanders—where, according to my Uncle Toby's account of it, they swore terribly. When will another Steele arise, to do justice to the toils and destinies obscure of scholars unknown to fame?

Aristotle, Euclid, Homer, Ptolemy, Gibbon, Voltaire, even Shakspeare, are the names not so much of individual men, as of encyclopædical minds which comprehended and uttered the collective thoughts of themselves, their contemporaries, and predecessors. No one man's strength could have raised them to the pinnacles they attained: the intercommunication of thoughts, by books or oral converse, was necessary to develop their powers. There must be a literary public before a great genius can arise: his works may overshadow all others, but they can only be produced when others have been produced before them, or are producing at the same time. The veriest index-maker has his share in maturing thoughts, the common property of thinkers, in order that they may in time take their places in the masterpieces which genius alone can put together. The co-operative thinking of society is incessantly going on: the little labours of our contributors to reviews and magazines—our compilers of papers for societies literary and scientific—our travellers, experimenters with blowpipes and crucibles, and peepers through telescopes—all who fancy they are doing something very great, while in reality, like Berkeley's "minute philosopher," their labours belong to the category of the infinitely little—are, however trivially, yet honourably, and even usefully, employed. All their small doings will be turned to good account the next time a Newton or a D'Alembert is born. This was the case with the book-vampers of the days of Curll and Lintot; and it is much more true of their successors in our own.

For a wider public, and an improved literary machinery, have elevated the professional book-maker in the scale of society. He is less tied down to one employer; there is a steadier and wider market for his wares. So late as the days of Fielding and Johnson, the poor scholar was found in books by the bookseller for whom he compiled; he was bound to work in the shop of the person who provided him with tools. But now we find our tools in the public libraries, and bargain with the dealers who pay us best. There is steady work for those who will work; there

is competition among employers; and, with patience, industry, and prudence, there is certainty of success for any one of fair average intellect. And even when the boy's dream of rising to the first distinctions of science or poetry has faded—when the ripe man has learned to estimate his real powers and position—there is something humanising and ennobling in the very humblest walks of literary labour. The intellect is cultivated; and wherever that is the case, the spirit of the gentleman is more or less developed.

This is nowhere more strikingly displayed than in the hall into which we have now led the reader. Bating some waifs and strays who occasionally resort hither (of whom more anon), the inmates of the apartment are professional *literati* of all grades. Some “queer enough customers” there are among them, God knows; for literature is not like the legalised and formalised professions of divinity, law, and medicine, to which men are regularly inducted; it is a trade which any man may take up at his own hand. Among the “hommes de lettres,” that professional decorum and etiquette which is required at the hands of the high-priests of the three black graces cannot well be exacted. They are many of them, like Falstaff's recruits, picked up in strange out-of-the-way corners. Hitherward drift in our days great part of those who “cannot dig, and to beg are ashamed.” The briefless barrister, the clergyman who cannot get a living, the doctor whom no patient will trust, the half-pay midshipman, all betake themselves to some branch of book-making; and many yet more eccentric adventurers, who have been strangely kicked and buffeted about this rude world, may be seen seeking in this workshop of letters a haven of repose.

Here may be seen intelligent and ambitious individuals, who, without the advantages of a regular education, have become ambitious of writing as well as reading, or perhaps (for the disease often takes that form) have learned to suspect that mechanical pursuits are beneath them. One such we remember to have had under our eyes many years ago. Bred a bookbinder, he had a soul above calf-skin. He played the fiddle, had picked up a smattering of French, and aspired to indite “good matter in a song.” By means of the undefinably ramified connections between all the mechanical coadjutors of literature, he scraped acquaintance with one of the respectable class of penny-a-liners, and some of his prose, if not of his verse, found its way into print. After reaching this point, he set up at once as a man of letters or artist, it is impossible to say precisely which. He taught himself grammar and composition, in both of which he was utterly deficient, by comparing his published effusions with the original drafts, which he kept for himself. He eked out the scanty returns of his literary labours by playing on the fiddle, and by giving foreigners instructions in English. At last he fought his way to the editorship of a cheap *réchauffé* of tales and essays, undertook to print for himself, and having with all his eccentricities an eye to the main chance, saved some little money and got above the world. As he became prosperous, he learned to calculate more soberly upon appearances. His second-hand frock-coat with frogs, his long greasy locks, and feeble attempt at a moustache, gave way to a plain, tidy, unpretending suit and appearance. The dirty minor-theatrical dandy ripened into an irreproachable commonplace man of business. He minds the shop, and has deserted the reading-room.

Not so one who might often be seen seated beside him, although they did not appear to be acquaintances—at least, did not recognise each other in public. This lorn turtle—bereft of him who in outward show balanced him as admirably as one cabinet picture of Berghem could another—cannot be said to be regular in his attendance. On the contrary, his “apparitions” are as incalculable as those of a comet. Long and shambling, with redundant carrotty locks which might put to the blush those brought to London by Roderick Random, and the whole outer man oscillating between shabby and particularly shabby, he seems only to appear among us when he cannot help it. He stumbles up and down as if the daylight were too strong for him, and he sought to contract himself into invisibility—making more noise than all the rest put together, precisely because he wishes to make less. He is a mystery—no one has been able to trace or conjecture his haunts. But there are rumours that he only comes here when hard pushed, in order to make as much money by copying MSS. as will enable him to start again in his favourite occupation of a night-cabman.

But much more alarming and portentous wild-fowl than these home-grown caricatures, are some foreign birds which have strayed into this grove of the Muses. They aspire to be taken for gentlemen who do business in the patriot line—“*voyageurs pour la maison de Lafayette*,” as we once heard a high-spirited Polish emigrant call them, with a most unequivocal curl of his upper lip. Well might he be indignant, for “Polish exile” is the name assumed by many among them, who, if ever they left Poland, left it only because they thought their itinerant traffic in goose-quills might be carried on to more advantage elsewhere. This class of visitors are birds of passage, and only appear within these precincts during the winter season. In summer, probably, they are akin to the chosen associates of Amiens:—

“Under this greenwood tree  
Who love to lie with me:”

but in winter the reading-room of the Museum is an economical *café*, in which they have coals for nothing; and if they have not succeeded in picking up a stray newspaper (each of them generally brings one in his pocket), why then they can have the fashionable novels to while away their time with; and, with a humane attention to the wants of these unfortunates, which is beyond praise, there has lately been compiled a special catalogue of the more modern novels and romances.

We would not for the world be churlish—far from us be the thought of debarring any student, even of novels and newspapers, from access to the treasures of their favourite lore contained in the Library of the British Museum. But seeing that the hard-working portion of us who haunt the room often find little enough space at the tables, and find difficulty in getting a peep at the catalogues, there is a suggestion to which we would with all due deference and respect implore the attention of the trustees. Could not an apartment—there appear to be some unoccupied in the basement story—be set apart for the exclusive use of the newspaper and novel readers, foreign and domestic, and the space they now occupy in the Reading-room be left free to the professional *littérateurs*? If this hint were acted upon, there are others who might be beneficially relegated

to the new ward—the juvenile students in the Greek and Latin classes of University College, who are in the habit of frequenting the Reading-room in order to con their tasks. Perhaps it were too much to expect that each young collegian should be at the expense of purchasing a Schrevelius's Lexicon, and using it at home; but if the Museum Library is to be accessible to schoolboys of the lower form, as well as to students "of a larger growth," it would be desirable to have a separate class-room for them.

It is in no spirit of wanton or ill-natured merriment that we have made some of the grotesques of the Reading-room thus prominent, but for the sake of enforcing the remark with which we introduced them on the humanising influence of literary pursuits. The admission to the Library is, as it ought to be, all but indiscriminate; and many who haunt it, it may be conjectured from what has been said, are not exactly the most polished or tractable members of society. [Even young walkers of the hospitals are to be found here.] Yet we have never seen among this motley multitude anything but the most guarded politeness. The poorest, threadbare, ungainly scholar (if he be indeed a scholar) is a gentleman in his feelings: Dominic Sampson had a noble and fine spirit of chivalry in him, and the preponderance of this class in the Reading-room rebukes and keeps in check all contrary dispositions among the rest. If we had a son or ward, whom we wished to make a perfect gentleman—one who combined the noiseless courtesy of the diplomatist with the genuine feeling of which his is too often a mere counterfeit—we know of no better school to which we could send him than the Reading-room of the British Museum. The "Gentlemen of the Press"—a designation which, in this land of politicians, has come to be synonymous with reporter—are sometimes, we grieve to say it, anything but gentlemen: the custom of poking and prying into every body's business, and of fighting and scuffling for the best seats on public occasions, gives them unamiable habits; but the purely literary drudge is always a gentleman.

Were we inclined to laugh—as has been the custom since the days of Juvenal—at the loutish manners, threadbare cloak, and clouted shoe of the mere man of letters, nowhere could more excellent subjects be found than here. But the joke is stale, and worse, if it be treated merely as a joke—it is heartless. The emotion we feel, on looking at the most uncouth among them, is rarely the light inclination to laugh. That tall, emaciated figure, wrapt in a half-worn great-coat, with unfathomable skirts—with shoulders destitute of breadth, and boots rivalling those of a Dutch fisherman, each wide enough to contain his narrow shoulders—a human obelisk, tapering upwards from his base—has yet, in his voluminous grey hair and whiskers, in the hat pulled deep over his determined brows, and the grim intentness with which he pores upon the enormous folio before him, a homely dignity which commands respect, and repels levity. On the other hand, that little man, with a remarkably commonplace countenance, who seems incapable of sitting still or fixing his attention for five minutes consecutively, who is now beckoning with "wreathed smiles" to an acquaintance he has recognised for the first time to-day, anon slipping to the farthest end of the apartment to proffer a pinch to one of the assistants in the library, and again bending over a friend's shoulder to communicate some important nothing to him in a whisper—there is a

*bonhomme* about him that can only be liked. He is, with all his fidgetiness, in no man's way : for he moves about noiselessly, he never intrudes when you are busy, nor approaches till he has asked and obtained leave by looks ; and his restlessness is the pure effusion of an excessive craving for friendly, social intercourse.

These are our bookmen, a modest, unpretending race. We know that our place is "below the salt" at the great table of literature, and demean ourselves accordingly. Not so the dealers with MSS. The mere copyists—an indefatigable class—are well enough ; but they who take upon them to blazon forth what has been passed over with neglect by all the world are more aspiring. One could almost fancy that, on the strength of the compositions which they from time to time usher into the world having never been printed before, they believed themselves entitled to the full honours of original authorship. So have we seen a portly chaperon at a rout as proud of a young *débutante*, nowise related to her, as if the pretty creature had been her own flesh and blood : thus have we seen the hen which had hatched a brood of ducklings, puff out her feathers, and cluck and strut, as if she had laid every egg from which the broad-footed waddlers had emerged. They are a strange set, these discoverers and editors of old MSS. ; testy and wayward with all—continually squabbling among themselves—the "choleric boys" of our otherwise peaceable establishment, not one of them can by any chance see the slightest merit in another's discoveries, and yet they critically inspect them all, and watch with fidgety eagerness the process of extracting them from musty and mouldering rolls. If a controversy chance to get up between two of them, it is odds but each can tell how many days each has had in hand the volume which contains the MS. about which they are debating, and how many hours and minutes of each day.

If we were to go farther, and attempt to penetrate below the mere surface—if we were, in fancy, as Sterne has taken a captive in his dungeon—to follow some of the more striking of these figures to their humble homes, what revelations of the secret workings of human nature might we not receive ! The diversity of the haunts from which so many repair daily to this place as to a common centre of activity can scarcely be less than that which characterises the frequenters of any other of busy London's marts. The chapters of accidents, of which many have been the heroes before they settled here, might be called the romance of real life, had not that word got into the Annuals, and become hackneyed and unmeaning. The high-minded exile, from less-favoured lands, may be seen here, drawing as much upon his own observation of real life as upon the books piled up before him, while he narrates the revolutionary struggles of the last half-century. He who has in vain sought to better his condition in our colonies may be seen seated beside him who has rambled without definite purpose through many lands, "gathering, like all rolling stones, no moss"—

"——— an idler in the land,

Contented if he might enjoy

The things which others understand."

The ardent boy, fresh from the University, who yet dreams that all the honours of society may be earned by a bold and aspiring spirit, and who regards the

drudgery of literature as a rough but brief apprenticeship through which he must pass to fame, is here beside him who has already passed the culminating point of his life, whose day-dreams have faded, and who, if he would not feel his heart wither up, must anchor it upon the young, who are starting on the same career of glad and vague delusion which he has run through. From every clime, from all professions, you will find some who have drifted down here. Were they, in confidence, to exchange confessions, the scenes through which they have passed would be found varied in the extreme, the characters of those who have passed through them uniform to monotony. "Tush! nothing could have brought a man to this pass but his unkind daughters:" there is but one cause that brings a man to become an *habitué* of the Reading-room—his unfitness for any active profession. The ballad-singer is the type of the whole literary tribe: they amuse the holders of the world's wealth, and have some of the superfluity flung to them for their pains. No man will betake himself to such a trade unless he has an irresistible propensity to dream away good part of his time. Such a one may make convulsive efforts and desperate resolves to settle to some honest trade, but nature proves too strong for him, and he is sure to come here, or to some similar resort at last. Burns's picture of the musings of his class is exaggerated, but founded in fact:—

"Had I to good advice but harkit,  
I might ere this have led a market,  
Or strutted in a bank and clerkit  
My cash account;  
But now, half-clad, half-fed, half-sarkit  
Is a' the amount."

"His unkind daughters:" the allusion reminds us of an omission—the fair visitants of the Reading-room. They are not numerous, but they are ominous of a social revolution. It has been the fashion with women of genius to complain of their sex being held in subjection—to assert their right to an entire fellowship and equality with the male monsters. It may be questioned whether they would gain by the exchange. The graceful courtesy and deference paid to woman has its root in the belief of her weakness and necessarily subject condition. If, by any change in the opinions and arrangements of society, women were able to assert an entire equality, it is difficult to see how this gallantry could maintain its ground. If women are to co-operate with and rival men in the schools, in the senate, and on the mart, they will be treated like men. The Britomarts of chivalry received the homage due to their sex, after they had just been thwacking their worshippers, because they were exceptions; but the Amazons of classical time got buffet for buffet, because they were the rule. But be this as it may, it cannot be denied that the tendency of society is towards a greater independence in the position of women, and that the change has its advantages. We have that confidence in human nature, and its Creator, that we believe the transition will be effected by degrees, to the benefit of all parties, without one sacrifice of what is beautiful and amiable in the relations of the sexes. And it is in the pursuits of art and literature that we think we recognise one of the means for asserting the independence of woman, without any sacrifice of the gentler graces of her sex. It is beyond

question that the habit of seeing ladies publicly engaged in literary pursuits is familiarising the minds of a portion of society to the coming revolution, as the independent habits of thought and action, produced in them by a remunerative profession, is bringing it about. And there can be little doubt that the general polished tone that pervades the inmates of the room is heightened by their presence. It would savour of the school-boy style of composition to attach a romantic or sentimental story to every owner of a pretty face (and pretty faces, and modest ones too, are to be met here as well as elsewhere) that may be seen reading or drawing in the Museum. And our allegiance and fair fealty to all womankind forbids us to take the liberty of smiling at some, with respect to whom less Quixotic persons than ourselves might not be so scrupulous. In the shadowy piece of antiquated virginity, immersed amid Greek MSS. in the corner, we respect the romantic young lady of fifty years ago: she is the incarnation of Narcissa's aunt in 'Roderick Random,' who was a genuine lady, with all her foibles. In her more ancient neighbour, whose cap is even yet worn under an air of pretension, and whose clear carnated complexion is, to say the least, very suspicious, we admire the triumph of imagination over reality. It is any odds that the folio before her is Sidney's 'Arcadia,' or one of Scudoni's romances, and that she is reading it with all the faith, interest, and self-application of fifteen.

Casting a look backwards to see if no other omissions have been made, it appears that we have unpardonably overlooked a class of monomaniacs who occasionally stray hitherward. There is a comely gentleman sitting opposite us, with a smooth open brow: somewhat bald he is, and what hair he has is white. His blue coat and clear metal buttons, and, in short, all his attire, is irreproachably neat and clean. There is a deferential civility in all his movements. His complexion is clear to boyishness; the only symptom of the encroaching feebleness of age is a slight, barely perceptible paralytic tremour in his hands. He sits amid a pile of parchments—volumes and rolls—all heraldic. He has spent his life in a government office, and might have retired upon a pension years ago, but he could not live without his accustomed occupation, and it would be difficult to supply his place with one so completely fitted for it by nature and experience. He has but one taste beyond the range of his official duties, and that is heraldic genealogy. He has long practised as an amateur, for the gratification of others, dressing up pedigrees for such of his friends as were ambitious of them. But the disease rarely stops at that stage: he imagines that he has stumbled upon a discovery which will lead to the revival of a dormant peerage in the person of a distant relation, and establish a claim to a landed estate in an English county in his own. With much solicitation he has obtained a fortnight's leave of absence from his office, to pursue his search among the MSS. of the Museum—with much solicitation, for his superiors had a difficult card to play: the old man's heart would have broke had leave been refused, and it is odds but too ready compliance with his request, seeming to imply his services might be dispensed with, would have produced the same effect. And there he sits placid and happy, buoyed up with the consciousness that he is indispensable in his office, inspired with the anticipation of some unimaginable happiness he is to derive from becoming rich, and escaping from the routine of an office out of which he

could not live ; shaping out visions of the future, as if he were just starting in life, instead of drawing near its close.

There are many as arrant dreamers among us : some shaping out colonial constitutions, others squaring the circle. Sometimes a speculative ex-landowner may be detected, who, having improved away his own acres, is devising methods by which others may follow his example. But for none of these do we entertain such an entire affection—do we contemplate with such unmixed pleasure as our heraldic friend.

It is difficult to decide how we ought to classify another sort of gentlemen who may sometimes be found labouring among us. On the eve of an important parliamentary debate, some of the “ collective wisdom ” may occasionally be seen gathering here like gulls on an inland meadow before a coming storm. That dapper personage, half hidden behind a colossal pile of folios, is not only a Member of the Lower House, but the lucky holder of one of the non-Cabinet appointments. He is busy “ cramming ” for the great debate on India affairs which is to come on in a week or so, and has been emancipated from his desk, where he does no harm, to prepare for the Senate, where the satirically-minded might say he will do no good. He is not the only getter up of a display “ for that night only ” by a goodly many, though, in general, the cramming practice is gone through in private. May Providence endow the doomed listeners (when the rival wits come to vomit their undigested facts, figures, and arguments against each other) with patience and powers of endurance adequate to the arduous occasion ! That is no concern of ours, for he will be clever who can catch us hazarding the trial. Our only concern with the “ crammers ” is, whether to class them with the dreamers above described (and their airy visions of their own importance would almost entitle us to do so), or with the “ practical men,” who secure their share of the good things of life—and that, after all, is their proper place.

A few words are due to the magnificent collection of books—the honeyed hive which attracts so many busy bees. It is easy to cavil, and objections have sometimes been urged, both to the Library and its management, but it is more easy to find fault than improve. Access can easily be obtained to it by all who really wish to use it ; and a library is no attractive lounge for sight-seers, and ought not to be wasted upon them if it were. After a considerable experience, we can bear testimony to the unwearying activity and unvarying civility of the officials who attend upon the readers. If any thing remains to be wished for, it is that some *lacunæ* in the collection might be filled up, and arrangements made for the progressive addition of all new continental works of merit as they appear. The Library, though valuable from its immense extent, has the appearance of having accumulated by accident rather than of having been systematically collected. There are in it some departments of literature unrivalled for completeness ; there are others which are pitifully deficient. The department of Mathematical Science, for example, is very incomplete ; so is that of History. Jurisprudence—both domestic and foreign, both civil and international—is below contempt. But for these defects—not the managers of the Museum or Library—the nation, or the statesmen who take upon them to speak and act in its name, are responsible. An outlay which to this nation would be trifling would suffice to put the Library

in a condition of completeness, and to keep it advancing with the advances of literature and science. It is the noblest intellectual monument a great State can erect of its own power and worth. A great national library is the most efficient of universities. The Library of the British Museum has been improved to a degree that will stamp both the people and their rulers with childish vacillation and inconsequence of purpose, if it be not yet further improved. It is the fashion among our public men to talk about national education, and the diffusion of knowledge; the neglect which this institution has experienced at the hands both of ministers and members of Parliament is little calculated to make such professions regarded as anything more than empty words. Once a year during the sitting of Parliament, a minister may take occasion, when the annual estimate for the Museum is submitted to the House, to brag about the Library, or an opposition member to cavil at the management of it. Both speak with equally imperfect knowledge of the subject; and after they have said their little say, the theme is shelved again till the same time next year. There is no minister to whose department the Museum and Library properly belong. Had we in this country a Minister of Public Instruction, something might be hoped; but there is little prospect of John Bull either asking for or consenting to such an un-English novelty.

*Paulo minora canamus*: this is a flight beyond our commission—we return to the little things of our own familiar sphere. It may seem a monotonous life, repairing hither day after day, reading and writing, preparing “copy” and correcting proofs. But nothing in this world is smooth, philosophers will tell you, unless looked at from a distance or without a microscope. A proper magnifying glass will show a thousand roughnesses on our smooth-seeming surface. A book is wanted in order to complete an article, and the gentleman or (more hopeless case still) the lady, your *vis-à-vis*, has got hold of it: or a fact or a date is wanting to complete a paper upon which you have been long labouring, and you can neither find nor conjecture any book which contains the information you want; and all the while some merciless publisher, or editor, or sub-editor, or printer’s devil is dunning you for copy with imperturbable civility, but unintermitting pertinacity. And, worst of all, a treacherous conscience takes occasion to remind you that if you had been an immaculate steady-going piece of clock-work, you need never have got into the dilemma. Oh how at such a moment the “perturbed spirit” opens and shuts catalogues, and collects around him books he has no time to consult, and sweats intellectual sweat!—Job was no labourer in the Reading-room of the British Museum, or Satan would soon have had him at his mercy!

There are trials worse than these in reality, though, perhaps, not so hard to bear, seeing that when they beset a man he can throw the blame off his own shoulders and sit in the conscious dignity of a martyr to an unkind fate. In all countries, we believe, of the habitable globe, the word mist or fog is more or less understood; but nowhere, except perhaps in Amsterdam, does the dark fog-king so love to take up his abode as in London. He swathes this his own regal seat in winter in his very “dunniest pall.” Now when he has thickened the air the city merchant can shut his shutters and light his lamp, the cabman can lead his horse with one hand and hold a link with the other; but no lights can be allowed in the

rich library of the British Museum for fear of untoward accidents. Almost every other branch of industry can make a shift in these dark days, but the luckless author is extinguished—fog-bound. There may be some still alive who remember the great annular eclipse which was visible over great part of these islands three or four years ago; and they can scarcely have forgotten the consternation and annoyance excited among the feathered creation by that phenomenon—how rooks, pigeons, poultry, and skylarks, as the day grew darker and darker, hurried to their roosts, like Cinderella belated at the ball, wondering in their little hearts what could have made the day appear so short. Such and more melancholy yet is the aspect of the Reading-room when fog sheds its “dim eclipse,” its “disastrous twilight,” over and through it. First, as the darkness begins to grow palpable, there is a general uneasy flutter, a looking upwards to the windows, an occasional lifting up of a volume closer to the eye: then some of those whose visions require most sunlight stop, fold their arms, and appear to consider what is now to be done: then, after an interval, some hasty spirits collect and return their books and take their departure. The more hopeful flatter themselves that the dark hour may soon pass over; unwilling to lose a whole day, they linger on. As the room thins the lingerers gather into knots, and a rustling sound of whispered conversations is heard from many quarters. This and the appearance of clustering masses dimly seen through the embrowned air is soon the only indication of life in the room. By and by, all have departed, and the library assistants are left to solitude and their own meditations. Much sympathy has been thrown away upon poor gardeners and watermen “frozen out:” they have, at least, what Ajax prayed for when Jupiter sent a fog over the Greeks—they have broad daylight whereby to see their coming fate. But whoever would witness the extreme of human dejectedness, let him contemplate unfortunate authors

FOGGED OUT.

It is a strange thing, Conscience. As we write with a goodly collection of folios most hypocritically gathered around us, not one of our neighbours can suspect that “a chiel’s among them takin’ notes;” and yet it seems as if the writers at the same table were edging away their chairs—and as if that black-eyed brunette, copying a flower, were drawing her bonnet deeper over her brow—and the gallant Assistant, whose habitual attentions to the fair frequenters of the Reading-room qualify him to be called “the Squire of Dames,” were more than half inclined to step this way, and ask us “what we are about.” So, in good time, the hand of the clock points to the last minute on the dial at which readers are allowed to remain. For some quarter of an hour or more, one or another of our fellow-labourers has been throwing down his pen, gathering his manuscript together, returning his books, and taking his departure. The assistants in the interior—the fetchers and carriers of books—have been gathering round the opening, through which we catch a glimpse of that region, like sailors in the galley, when their task is completed. In the centre of their front line is a tall figure, slightly bent with a gentle touch of years, clad in a courtly suit of black, the leader and controller of the band. They are gazing listlessly at the scribblers, who yet linger, scrawling with redoubled speed as the last minute of their

limited stay approaches. It, has come, and the tall senior giving the signal to him who sits behind the counter within the doorway, that Lablache of the establishment sings aloud, in his deep, mellow bass, with the cadence of a night-watchman of the old school, "All out!" Whereat most of the loitering writers start and hurriedly scramble their books together. One or two attempt to finish another line, but the repetition of "All out!" in quicker time and with a sharper accent, forces even them to pause, and in a minute the room is empty; all its busy occupants "fled, like a dream, until the morrow day."



[A Public Reading-room in 1616.]









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