

kerchief still in his hand, as if doubting whether to order him away from her. Then he mutely questioned 'Manda Grier with a glance which her glance answered. He shrugged his shoulders, with a puzzled sigh. An expression of pity crossed his face, which he hardened

into one of purely professional interest, and he went on questioning 'Manda Grier in a low tone.

Staira had slipped her hand into Lemuel's, and she held it fast, as if in that clasp she were holding on to her chance of life.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

OLD CHELSEA.



ONE of my earliest London surprises came to me as I walked from Apsley House at Hyde Park corner towards the residence of Charles Reade at Knightsbridge, along the length of Piccadilly, and thence watched and wondered at the traffic of the frequent turbulent streets turning from that thoroughfare down into Chelsea. It was hard to realize that, only fifty years before, Chelsea was a rustic and retired village far from London; even as was Islington when Charles Lamb, pensioned and set free from his desk in the India House, retired to that rural spot with his sister to live "in a cottage, with a spacious garden," as he wrote, with "the New River, rather elderly by this time, running in front (if a moderate walking pace can be so termed)"; even as was Kensington, "the old court suburb pleasantly situated on the great Western Road," just fifty years ago, when wits and statesmen drove between fields to the rival courts of Gore and of Holland House, and N. P. Willis delighted our grandmothers with his gossip, in the "New York Mirror," about his visits to Lady Blessington and the celebrities who bowed before her. To-day all these villages, along with many more remote, are one with London. Yet, more than any of them, has Chelsea kept its old village character, albeit saving but few of its old village features. Of the many magnificent mansions that once gave it the name of the Village of Palaces, five alone still stand,—Blacklands, Gough, Lindsey, Stanley, and Walpole houses. Blacklands is now a private madhouse, Walpole House the infirmary of Chelsea Hospital, and all are greatly altered. In between them, and away beyond them, streets have been cut and new quarters built,—in part of "genteel" villas and rows of respectable residences, but in great part, also, of cheap dwellings, of small and shabby shops. These extremes go to make much of modern Chelsea utterly uninteresting except mayhap to the collector of rents or to the inspector of nuisances. Yet that which is

truly ancient and honorable has been fondly kept untouched, and not ignobly cleaned, as in next-door Kensington. Alongside this artistic squalor we have the curious contrast of artistic splendor in a blazing, brand-new quarter, of which the sacred center is Tite street. Here, amid much that is good and genuine in our modern manner, there is an aggressive affectation of antiquity, in the little houses and studios on the street, in the grandiose piles of mansions on the embankment front; all in raging red brick, and in the so-called Queen Anne style. The original article, deadly dull and decorous as it may be, has yet its own dignity as a real relic. But this painful pretense of ancient quaintness is a right fashionable quarter; mighty swells dwell here, and here pose some famous *farceurs* in art and literature; here, too, work many earnest men and women, in all walks of life.

Planted at intervals on the slope which rises from the river, as we see it in the olden days, stand the great mansions, set in trim gardens. Back from these isolated houses and between them stretch fair fields and fertile meadows and wooded slopes; and along the river bank runs a row of fishermen's thatched cottages. Here and there on the shore are nestled noted taverns and pleasure-gardens, much frequented by town visitors, coming up the river on excursions—like Pepys, "to make merry at the Swan." The low river shore, planted with lime and plane trees, is protected by a slight embankment, broken here and there by carved gateways, giving entrance to the grand houses, and by water staircases, from which a few country lanes—such as Church lane and Lawrence street of our own time—lead from the river front to the King's Road. This road has been first a foot-path, following the windings of the river a little inland,—worn first, perhaps, by the wandering tribes of Trinobantes,—and had gradually enlarged itself as the country around got cultivated. It led from the village of Whitehall, through the woods and fields, across the tidal swamps and the marsh lands west of Westminster—where now stretches graceful St. James's Park, and

where Belgravia is built so bravely — to the slopes of Chelsea, the first good land alongside the river, and rising fairly above it.

This was the secret of the speedy settlement of this secluded suburb. It was high and healthy, and had easy access to town by the safe, swift, silent highway of the river, when few cared to go by this land road, bad enough at its best, unsafe even in daylight by reason of the foot-pads. It was at last made wide and smooth for his coach by Charles II., who used it as the royal route to Hampton Palace, and called it the King's Private Road. But even that name did not serve to make it safe, and long after Chelsea Hospital was built, its guard nightly patrolled, as an escort for honest travelers, from where Buckingham Palace now stands, across Bloody Bridge,— at the edge of present Pimlico,— and through the Five Fields, “where robbers lie in wait,” as the *Tatler* puts it; for Richard Steele often went by this road to Chelsea, where he had a little house. Sometimes his friend Addison was with him; sometimes the latter walked this way alone to his own home, at the farther end of Chelsea, and once on a moonlight night he strolled out here with Colonel Esmond, you may remember. A few years later, this same walk was frequently taken by Mr. Jonathan Swift, from Mrs. Vanhomrigh's house in Suffolk street, Pall Mall,— where he used to leave his “best gown and periwig,” as he tells Stella,—“and so to Chelsea, a little beyond the Church.”

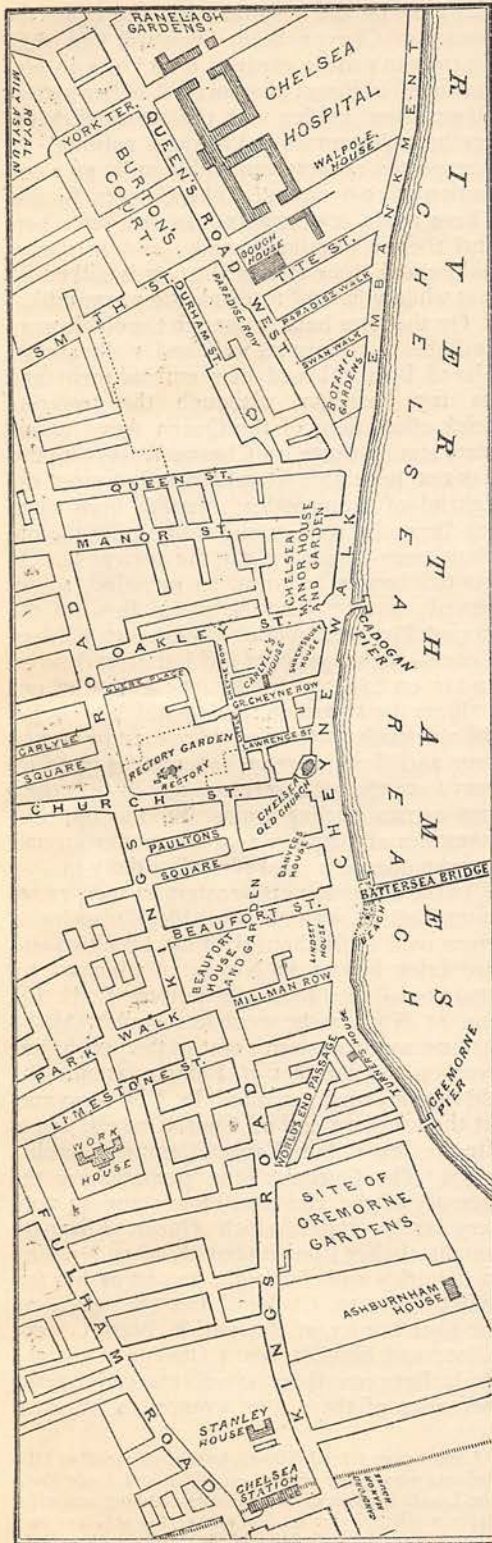
“King's Road,” as we see it to-day, in dingy letters on the old brick or plaster-fronted houses, makes us almost look for the Merry Monarch—as history has misnamed one of her saddest figures—driving past, on his way to Hampton Court, in company with some of those beauties who still lure our senses from out their canvases on the walls of the old palace. As we pass on, here and there a long, low brick house, with old-time porch and square windows and flagged front yard, looks drearily out from behind its rusty railings, as if tired of waiting for its owner to come home from the Dutch wars. Through narrow archways we catch glimpses of trees and of gardens. Turning down a rural lane, we stroll into “The Vale,” and find a clump of cottages, covered with vines, grown about with greenery; flowers blow, cocks crow, an air of country unconcern covers the place. The French gardeners who came here in crowds in 1685, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and set all Chelsea abloom with their nurseries, have left to their heirs but a diminished domain. Yet although Butterfly Alley, sought by sauntering swells, is gone, King's Road is still countrified by its florists: their famous wista-

rias grow on the hospital walls and climb the houses of Cheyne Walk; you still find their fig-trees in private gardens, their vines on old-fashioned trellises; they make Chelsea streets all green and golden with their massed creepers through summer and through autumn. In unexpected corners you will stumble on a collection of cozy cottages, like Camera Square. There are a few rural nooks still left; here and there a woodland walk; and in dairies hid behind stone streets the cow is milked for you while you wait to drink the warm milk.

On the river bank, although the old Roman and the old Norman wall and walk are replaced by the broad new embankment and its trim gardens, although the towering brick affectations of the Queen Anne mania stare stonily down on Cheyne Walk,—all this has not been able to vulgarize that most delightful of promenades. Starting from Chelsea Barracks, we can still walk under the old plane-trees—on our right, the ancient Dutch-fronted houses, so prim, so secluded, so reserved; on our left, the placid flow of the storied Thames, broadened here into Chelsea Reach—to dingy, dear old Battersea Bridge, and so on to Sand's End. At each end of our walk are the two small rivulets which bounded the old parish east and west: one is now arched over and flows unseen beneath the tread of busy feet; the other serves as a railway cutting and carries rattling trains. So the old-time memories of the place now flow under ground or are modernized and part of its daily life.

In the extreme north-eastern corner, as we enter Chelsea, we find Hans Place, a secluded green oval built about with old-time two-storied brick houses, in No. 25 of which—still unaltered—was born the poetess L. E. L.; and at No. 22 she went to school.* At the farthest south-western point of the parish, just over on the borders of Fulham, stands the old house once tenanted by Nell Gwynne. At the northern end of Church street, opposite the Jewish burial-ground, stands a public-house, The Queen's Elm, perpetuating the memory of the elm-tree, there standing until very lately, under which Queen Elizabeth sought shelter from a shower, when strolling in the fields with Burleigh, on one of her frequent visits to Chelsea. On the southern, the river border of the parish, lived George Eliot; and here, at No. 4 Cheyne Walk, she died. Between these spots, marked by the memories of these four women, so far apart

* Among her school-fellows, by the bye, was that Miss Roberts who wrote so well on India, and Lady Caroline Lamb, heroine of the scissors-stabbing scene for Byron's sake. Later we find among the scholars here other famous names: Miss M. R. Mitford, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Lady Bulwer.—B. E. M.



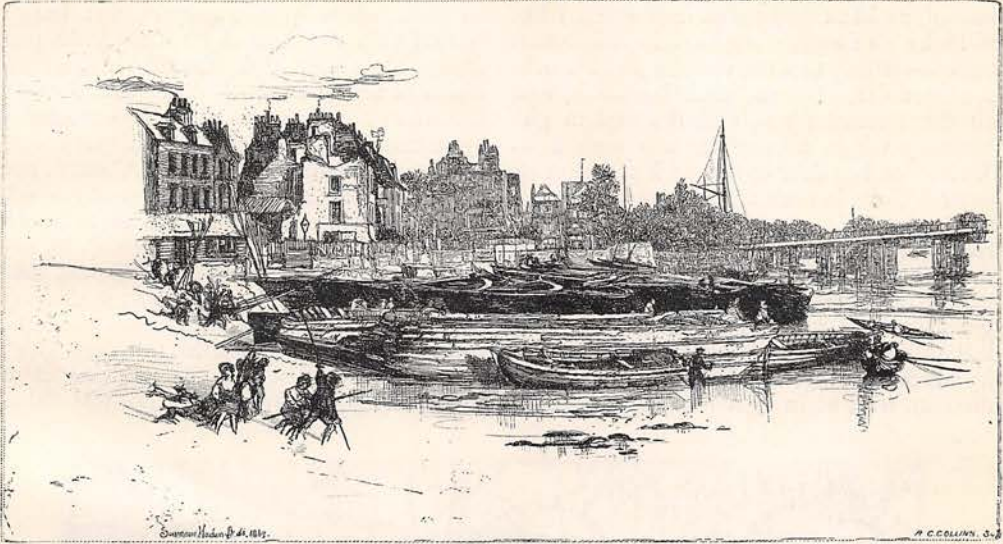
THE RIVER FRONT OF CHELSEA.

in time, rank, and character, how much of history and romance do we traverse!

In taking you for a stroll to-day through Old Chelsea, we will not stop to puzzle over the etymology of the name, whether it came from the Saxon *Chelchythe*, or from *Chesel*, meaning gravel, and *ea*, meaning a bank; nor trace it back to its earliest appearance in Saxon chronicles, in 745, as the Hundred of Ossulston, Middlesex. You may see, if you choose, in the British Museum, the Charter of Edward the Confessor giving the "Manor of Chelsey to the Abbot and Brothers of the Ministers of the West," and by them it was rented for four pounds yearly. But it will not interest us in our stroll to-day to learn that when it was a residence of Offa, King of the Mercians, "there was a 'Geflitfullic' held here"; nor that they had "a contentious synod." We do not partake of the joy of one Maitland, sounding up and down the river, and at last finding, on the eighteenth of September, 1732, the very ford between Chelsea and Battersea traversed by Caesar's army in pursuit of the flying Britons.

Among the archives of Chelsea there is the will, dated in 1369, of the Earl of Warwick; and we know that long before that year he had come here with the prestige of his prowess at Poitiers, his courage at Cressy, and built himself a house — the first great nobleman's house erected here. But we do not know where it stood, nor anything more of it than that it was afterwards leased by Richard III. to the widowed Duchess of Norfolk for the yearly rental of one red rose.

Sir Thomas More's house is the first, as well as the fullest of human interest, of which there is any authentic record in Chelsea; and it was he who laid the foundations of the prosperity of the place. He built it for himself in 1520, glad to go from narrow Bucklersbury in the city to sweet sights and sounds and air for his young children. For more than two centuries his house stood there, tenanted by many illustrious families, until it was pulled down in 1740. It is not a difficult labor of love to reconstruct it, as Bowack saw it: "this house is between two hundred and three hundred feet in length, has a stately ancient front towards the Thames, also two spacious courtyards, and behind it are *very fine gardens*. It is so pleasantly situated that the late Queen Mary had a great desire to purchase it before King William built Kensington Palace, but was prevented by some secret obstacles." An old view signed "L. Knyff del: 1699," which I have seen, shows us a projecting porch in the center, a dozen or more generous windows on each floor, four of them oriel, with many gables,



A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA REACH. AFTER THE ETCHING BY PERMISSION OF SEYMOUR HAYDEN.

turrets, and a small tower. The back view crowds together in picturesque confusion a mass of casements, jutting pent-houses, crowded gables. Such was "this pore howse in Chelchith," as More dated one of his letters; and Erasmus wrote of it that it was "neither mean nor invidiously grand, and so subject to envy." It stood on the slope a little back from the river, half-way up to the King's Road, about where Beaufort street now runs up; a spacious garden lay in front, wherein the great chancellor was wont to walk, as well as on the gate-house, "which was flatt on the top, leaded, from whence is a most pleasant prospect of the Thames and the fields beyond," in the words of Aubrey. Sometimes he walked with his guest Holbein, sometimes with his friend Ellis Heywood, poet and playwright, who wrote warmly about "this enchanting spot"; sometimes with his king, Henry VIII., who, still posing as a good Catholic and defender of the Faith, used to come up the river, drop in to dinner, and walk afterwards in the garden, his arm about More's neck; More's son-in-law, Roper, records it with delight, "never having seen the King so familiar with any one else, except Wolsey." More knew just what all this was worth, and that his head would count, with the king, for nothing against a French city or citadel, say. But Wolsey's fate, the fate of so many others, warned none of the rest; else could they not have forgotten that to every neck on which had hung that royal ruffian's arm the ax soon came; and that to be his friend was only a little less dangerous than to be his wife.

In this garden were the stocks for heretics and the "Jesus tree," or tree of troth, whereat they were flogged; for More was fond of suppressing heresy, and failing that, he used to suppress the heretics by flinging them into prison. The resolute old Catholic denied that he had ever laid hands on a heretic, but it is certain that some one did so by his orders. Near his house he had built the "newe buildinge" "for the entertainment of distressed old men and women"; and therein was a small chapel, where he spent much time, praying and scourging himself with a knotted cord. The hair shirt which he wore next his skin is still preserved in the convent of Spilsberg. He was fond of assisting in the service at the old church, carrying the cross in the procession, and doing divers duties, "like a parish clerk." One day the Duke of Norfolk, coming out to dine with him, "fortuned to finde him in the quier with a surprisse on his backe, singinge"; at the sight of which servile service the good worldly duke was moved to wrathful remonstrance. Yet this rigidity in religion was but the natural stand of a strong character against the drift of the times and the current that was carrying crowds down with the king, and it narrowed not at all this man's broad spirit, nor touched for the worse his quaint, gentle humor, his fine wit, his sweet and wholesome nature. It was he who had said, in better-balanced days, that "a man might live for the next world, yet be merry withal"; and it is of him that Erasmus writes these beautiful words: "There was not any man living who was so affectionate to his children as he; and he loveth his old wife as

well as if she were a young maid." His was, indeed, an ideal household, into which I like to look: all dwelling together in affectionate amity,—father, mother, the son and his wife, the three daughters and their husbands, with all the grandchildren, and the orphan girl, Margery Giggs, adopted as a daughter by More, "and as dear to him as if she were his own." There is work for all, and "idleness is never seen," Erasmus tells us. All the female folk study too,—a rare thing then, for More was centuries ahead of his time in his larger views of woman's education, as he—the greatest minister of humanism—was in political and in mightier matters. Pithily he put it: "It mattereth not, in harvest time, whether the corn were sown by a man or a woman."

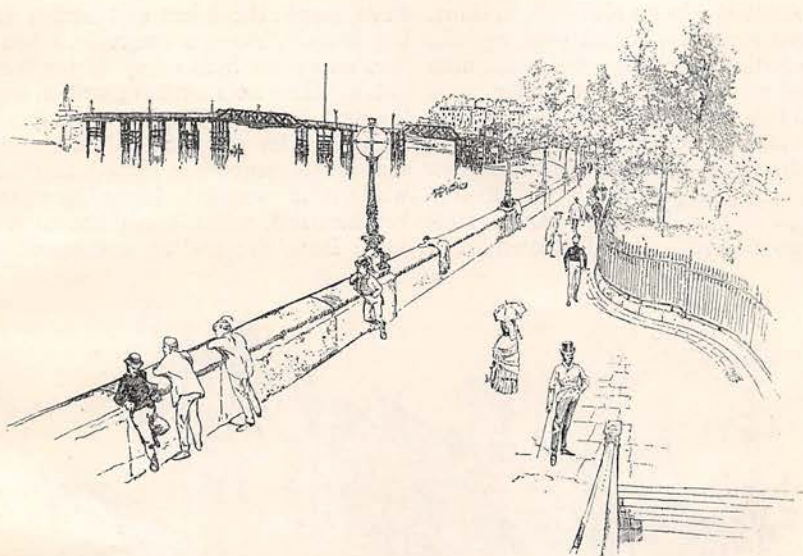
high and lucrative office. Here he bothered no more about public matters, but busied himself with the care of his household, preparing his family and himself for the end which he saw coming. It came soon enough, and when he refused to violate his conscience by acknowledging Henry's supremacy over that of the Pope as head of the Church, and by taking the oath of succession (by which Anne Boleyn's children were to be acknowledged the lawful heirs to the crown), he was carried down the river to the Tower, and there imprisoned for a whole year, in the very cell, it is said, wherein he had sat as grand inquisitor racking heretics. "Very nigh heaven," he said it was. At nine o'clock of the morning of July 16, 1535, he was led to



THE CHELSEA RECTORY.

Around their table met the "best society" of England, and famous foreign guests. Perhaps it was here that Erasmus visited him; and Linacre, Tunstal, Grocyn, Dean Colet—he who founded St. Paul's School, and to listen to whom was to hear Plato talk, said Erasmus—were all frequent guests of More. From this home he was taken to a prison by his good king. He had refused to debase his great office by countenancing the king's divorce, and had stepped down from it on May 16, 1533, with even greater joy than he had stepped up to it, on Wolsey's disgrace, four years previously, and retired to this Chelsea mansion with but one hundred pounds a year income left to him, after so many years of

the block on Tower Hill and there beheaded. His courage and his constancy had never once failed him, save when taken back to his cell after his trial in Westminster Hall, when his favorite daughter, Margaret Roper, waiting among the crowd on Tower Wharf,—learning his sentence by the token of the blade of the headsman's ax turned towards him,—broke through the guards and clung to his neck, kissing him and sobbing, "Oh, my father!" with no other words uttered. Then for a moment the father in him was unmanned, as he moaned "My Meg," and kissed her for the last time. On the last morning he was cheerful and even jocular. "I pray you, master lieutenant," said he, at the scaffold-



THE EMBANKMENT.

steps, "see me safe up, and for my coming down I can shift for myself." He put aside his beard out of the ax's reach, "for *it* has never committed treason"; and so he laid his reverend head on the block—too noble a head to drop in so worthless a cause.

"A dauntless soul erect, who smiled at death," is Thomson's fitting phrase. And Erasmus wrote: "How many souls hath that ax wounded which cut off More's head!"

His burial-place was long a matter of conjecture. In a record, printed in 1726, his great-grandson says: "His trunk was interred in Chelsey Church, near the middle of the south wall"; but other records tell us that the body was buried in the Tower Chapel, and it is certain that no one really knows the truth about this. We do know, however, that his head was exposed on a spike above London Bridge, "where as traytors' heads are sett upon poles; having remained some moneths there, being to be cast into the Thames, because roome should be made for diverse others, who in plentiful sorte suffered martyrdom for the same supremacie"; it was taken away by Margaret Roper, by bribery or stealth, and by her buried "where she thought fittest." This was found to be, in 1835, after just three centuries of doubt, in the vault of the Roper family in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury; and there it remains to-day, "in a leaden box something in the shape of a beehive, open in the front, and with an iron grating before it."

And, amid all the thronging shadows which people Chelsea's shore, there walks no more vivid personality than his, as it moves before

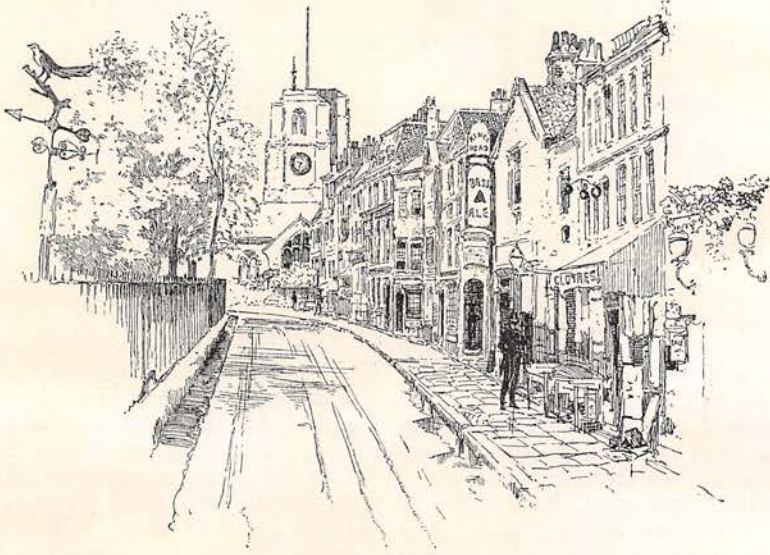
us through all his characteristic career: from the day he was taken from his school in Threadneedle street, and made page-boy to Cardinal Morten, who said of him, seeing already his promise of brains and of wit, "This child here waiting at table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvelous man"; then to Oxford, with his scanty allowance; thence to New Inn and Lincoln's Inn, studying law for his father's sake, albeit he longed for the pulpit; then law-reader of Furnival's Inn, whence he was called to the bar, lived in the old Charter House, patiently practicing his profession, taking "no fees of poor folks, widows, or pupils," becoming known for his capacity, learning, integrity; elected to the House of Commons when only twenty-three, and soon made Speaker; finally rising to the highest place in the realm, that of Lord High Chancellor; and then, as he passed daily to his place on the woosack, he would stop always before his aged father, who sat as judge of the Court of the King's Bench in William Rufus's Hall at Westminster, and, "reverently kneeling down in the sight of all, ask his blessing."

In the Gallery of Old Masters at Brussels, I found last year, after long searching, a diminutive dark canvas set in a small black frame, six by eight inches, on each side a small gilt column. On its tiny tablet is the inscription: "Holbein le jeune, 1497-1543. Thomas Morus." This most attractive canvas shows a table on which lies a small dog peering at his master, who sits behind; in his right hand, one finger between the leaves, he holds a book; his left hand grips his dark gown at

the neck; a flat cap is on his head; a short, curling beard, steadfast, honest eyes, a plain, resolute, shrewd, strong face,—this is the man “in his habit as he lived” in the later years of his good life.

This portrait, as well as the more famous group of More and his family, now in Nostell Priory, was painted by Hans Holbein,* while the painter was living with More. Holbein had become tired of his dissipated life in

have bought the house and estate; and here her brother, Thomas Sackville, often visited her, and from here many of his letters are dated. Here he may have written his “Gorboduc,” the first English tragedy. It was Sackville who was sent to tell Queen Mary that her sentence was signed, and he it was who saw it executed. Lady Dacre, surviving her husband, willed the place to the great Lord Burleigh; and so it came to his son,



CHEYNE WALK.

Basle and of his wife, and came to England with a letter of introduction to More from Erasmus, whose portrait Holbein had just finished in Basle; and More was so pleased with the man that he gave him a home with him. Here were passed three of the happiest years of the great painter's life, during which he did much good work. His stay here ended only with the murder of his good friend and patron. He then entered the king's service, and there remained until his own death, in 1543.

After More's execution and the confiscation of his property—which is a tautological way of speaking of any of Henry's murders—the house passed through many hands, noble and base, clean and dirty; and while everything is of interest concerning walls which, in Cicero's words, “could give such good reasons for their fame,” it would be but dry detail to follow their forlorn fortunes fully. Of the noblemen and courtiers who dwelt here, few are worthy of notice; but as early as 1586 we find that Lord and Lady Dacre

Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, who rebuilt the house and improved the place in 1619, so that even then it was “the greatest house in Chelsea.”—so great that, later, James I. found it just the place he wanted for his favorite “Steenie,” first Duke of Buckingham, giving its owner, then Craufield, Earl of Middlesex, snug lodgings in the Tower in exchange. Charles I., as much infatuated with the duke as his royal father had been, gave the estate out and out to him, in 1627; and his it remained until the commonwealth seized on it.

His son, George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, a man worthy of, and worse even than his sire, regained the property on the Restoration; but in 1664 it was sold, along with all the other estates of this poor and profligate scoundrel, the lowest and last of the Villiers.

In 1682 the Marquis of Worcester, afterwards Duke of Beaufort, became its owner, and from him it was named Beaufort House

* The painting in the National Portrait Gallery is a copy, by an unknown, with a skillful hand, of Holbein's crayon sketch, now in Windsor Castle. Its

most striking feature is More's mouth; these lips seem to speak to us at once with sweetness and with sternness.—B. E. M.



DON SALTERO'S, CHEYNE WALK.

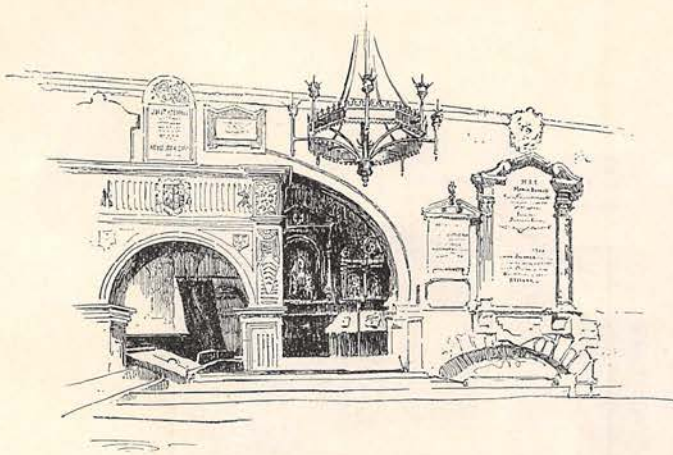
and thereafter always called so. He selected this place that he might live, says Strype, "in an air he thought much healthier, and near enough to the town for business." In 1738 Sir Hans Sloane bought the house and soon after pulled it down, giving the famous Inigo Jones gateway to the Earl of Burlington, who removed it to his gardens at Chiswick, where it stands to-day. It was on meeting its disjointed stones, as they were carted down, that Alexander Pope wrote his well-known lines upon them:

"I was brought from Chelsea last year,
 Batter'd with wind and weather;
 Inigo Jones put me together;
 Sir Hans Sloane
 Let me alone;
 Burlington brought me hither."

But this gateway is not the only relic of More's mansion; and the persevering prowler may find still another, well worth the search. Where King's Road curves about to Millman Row,—known in the old days as the Lover's Walk, on the old maps a "Way to Little Chelsea,"—an ancient gateway gave entrance to More's back garden and stables, and through it we now pass into the Moravian burial-ground. Here, in the most peaceful spot in all London, lie in rows, men and women on op-

posite sides, our Moravian brothers and sisters, "departed," as their little headstones tell us, in their touching simplicity. Grass grows above them, great trees guard them—trees perhaps planted by More himself. For this was part of the "very fine gardens" which Bowack speaks of; and the massive wall at the farther end was built in the century which saw the Armada. In among the gardens of the houses beyond may be found other bits of wall, all built of very narrow bricks, such as we trace in More's chapel in Chelsea Old Church—bricks made only then, peculiar to that period, not seen since. This largest piece we are looking at is still solid enough, though bulging here and there with its weight of over three hundred years, its bricks black with age and smoke. There are traces of beams set in it, here is a bit of an archway, there the remains of a fireplace. Thomas More's arm rested on this wall; it is part of him, and he mutely bequeaths it to our care. It is well that we should claim salvage for this bit of him thrown upon the beach of Time, with his mark upon it.

The little brick cottage of the keeper of the graveyard is overrun with vines, and answers to the assurance of antiquity of all within the inclosure. The long, low building of one room, formerly serving as the Moravian chapel,



A VIEW IN CHELSEA OLD CHURCH.

is now used for a Sunday-school. As I glance through the windows in this Sunday sunset, I see boys wriggling on board benches, struggling with big Bible names, mad for the fresh air and the freedom outside; one belated boy trying at the locked gate does not look unhappy at being refused entrance. There are memorial tablets on the chapel walls, two of them bearing the names of the son and daughter of the great Zinzendorf. To tell how these came here I must give you the story of another great Chelsea mansion, Lindsey House.

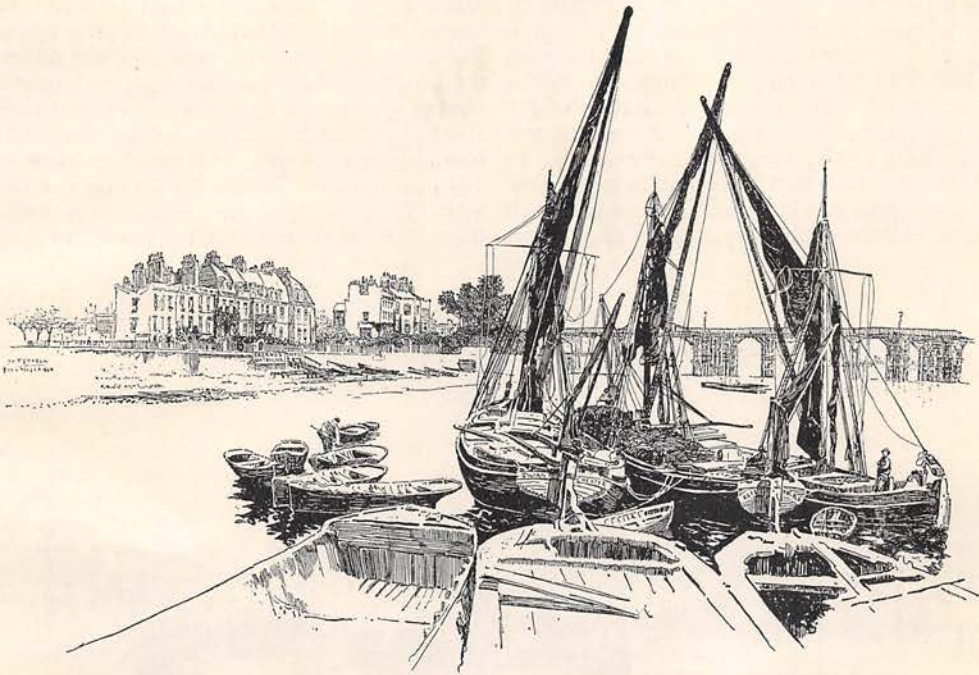
It still stands diagonally to the river road, just west of the quaint group of houses on the corner of Cheyne Walk and Beaufort street. Its front has been stuccoed and it has been otherwise modernized, but it has not been entirely robbed of its old-fashioned stateliness. The five separate dwellings into which it was long ago divided have harbored some famous tenants,—Martin the painter lived in the center one, which still inherits the old name of Lindsey House; here, too, lived Brunel, the great engineer; Bramah, famous for his locks, in another. It was the Earl of Lindsey who, about 1674, built this grand new mansion on the site of a former house—between Beaufort House, you see, and the river. It remained in his family until 1750, when it was bought by Count Zinzendorf as a residence for himself and the Moravian Brethren, of which he was the head; and at the same time he bought from Sir Hans Sloane the stables of More's mansion, to be used as a chapel, and the garden for a graveyard. Zinzendorf was a man of a rare nature, lifted above all that is petty and paltry in ordinary life; a spiritual knight, he had founded in his youth, at Halle, a sort of knighthood, "The Slaves of Virtue," and also the "Order of the Grain of Mustard

Seed," teaching his disciples there, teaching the Dutchmen in Holland, and the negroes in Pennsylvania, later,—teaching and preaching, all his life, the brotherhood of man, the essential unity of all forms of religion. A true Catholic, his aim in life was to unite all sects. As head and guardian of his little body of Herrnhutters, he had used his own fortune to buy one hundred thousand acres of land in North Carolina from Lord Granville, in 1749, and in the following year he bought this property at Chelsea. But no part of it now belongs to

the Moravians, except this burial-ground,—still in use, as we have seen, having been exempted by special provision from the Act of 1855, which closed the intermural graveyards of London, by reason of their burying but one body in each grave, and that so deeply.

The name of Pennsylvania, just mentioned, comes to us again as we walk a little farther west, for its famous founder, William Penn, is, oddly enough, associated with the notorious Cremorne Gardens, which lay just here. The very name of this haunt, by a peculiar irony, was derived from the Viscount Cremorne, its former owner, "this most excellent man," known, even as plain Thomas Dawson, before his peerage, as a model of all that was steady and sedate. His second wife was the granddaughter of William Penn, named Philadelphia, from the city of her birth—a good woman, whose "character it was difficult to delineate," her funeral sermon assures us. She, becoming Lady Cremorne, and outliving her husband, inherited this charming villa and grounds, called Chelsea farm, and left it at her death, in 1825, to her nephew, Granville Penn, "one of the Hereditary Governors and Proprietaries of the late Province of Pennsylvania." He soon sold it, and it became a place of drinking and dancing.

Past the prim and proper brick cottages, past the innocent nursery garden, which cover wickered old Cremorne, through new streets and crescents built on the site of the famous Ashburnham estate, out beyond a high brick wall, studded with reserve and respectability, concealing old Stanley House,—once visited by Queen Elizabeth,—we come to the westernmost edge of Chelsea. Standing on the little bridge which carries King's Road across this deep railway cutting into Sand's End, Fulham, we look over to an old plaster-fronted



CHELSEA BRIDGE AND LINDSEY HOUSE.

house, once known as Sandford Manor House. This was one of the many residences of Nell Gwynne, and in it, a hundred years later, lived Joseph Addison. It has been newly plastered, the sloping roof raised a little, and the wings long since torn down, but it has been very slightly modernized, and Mr. McMinn, its occupant, with rare and real reverence has preserved its antique features, the more marked as they stand out against the great gasometers beyond. Within, its square hall retains the old wainscoting, and the staircase remains as when Charles II. rode up on his pony, in a freak. The delightful little back garden is perhaps hardly altered since those days, but the four walnut-trees which Charles is said to have planted in the front garden have gone to decay and have recently been uprooted. At its foot, where now the railway cuts through, once ran "the creek with barges gliding deep, beside the long grass," on the banks of which Addison went bird-nesting for eggs for the young Earl of Warwick. This was when he was thinking of marrying the lad's mother, and the letters—still in existence—which he wrote from here to the little ten-year-old earl are as genuine and charming as anything we have from his pen. One of them begins, "The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music which I have found out in the neighboring wood." I wish space allowed me to quote more of these letters. Although they

are dated simply at Sand's End, none other than Sandford House has ever stood which can fill the description of that country place, "whereto Mr. Addison often retires in summer."

On the corner of the little turning which leads to this house there stands a tavern called "The Nell Gwynne"; this, at the extreme western end of the parish, is matched by another of the same name on its easternmost edge, and between these two public-houses we may track many other foot-prints of this fair lady, "with whom, for all her frailties, the English people can never be angry," as Peter Cunningham well says. She has left her trace on Chelsea, as she left it in her time on the light-minded monarch,—both shown even yet in Chelsea Hospital, according to tradition and popular belief, which credit her with its founding. It is true that Louis XIV. had probably given the notion to the king by his foundation, a few years before, of the *Invalides* as a retreat for French veterans. It is true that as early as 1666 Evelyn had sent to Pepys, as Clerk of Admiralty, a scheme for an infirmary for disabled English sailors; and, in his diary, 1681-82, he says, "This evening Sir Stephen Fox acquainted me again with his Majesty's resolution of proceeding in the erection of a Royal Hospital for emerited soldiers." This may well be, but it is at least plausible and certainly pleasant

to believe that this good-hearted woman, by a judicious and timely movement, brought about a sudden solution of the question which had been only in suspension in the king's mind. The general destitution of the discharged soldiers after the Restoration was a scandal to the king and the country. In olden times such men had found bread and ale and a night's rest in monastic houses; but all this had been done away with by their disso-

albeit his is a memorable figure, gallant in battle, ardent in love, devoted in science. When he laid down the rapier for the retort, the broadsword for the blowpipe, he pursued chemistry even as he had pursued the flying Roundheads at Edge Hill. Later, the buildings, falling to pieces, were used as early as 1653 as a prison for the Dutch taken in the war. John Evelyn, one of the four commissioners in charge of all prisoners of war,



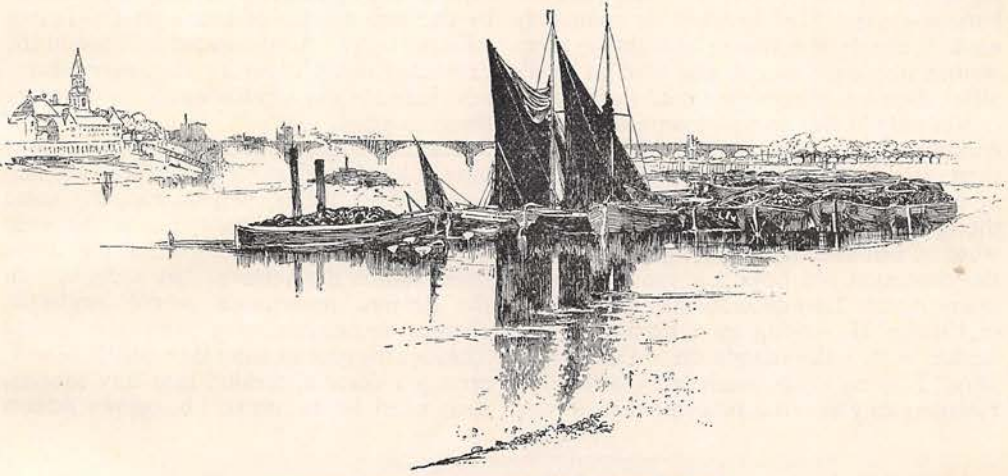
CHELSEA HOSPITAL, RIVER FRONT.

lution. Nell Gwynne had been poor herself, yet, strangely enough, in her prosperity she was always prone to pity poverty. They say that one day a shabby soldier just escaped from Tangiers—probably an impostor—begged at her carriage door, and she drove home and urged the king to do something for these disabled servants of the state.

There was already a building on the ground, then nearly in ruins, and the foundation walls of which may still be seen in the cellar of the chaplain's house. This was King James's college of polemic divinity—"A College of Divines and other Learned Men at Chelsea." It was a failure, for nobody would subscribe, and only one-eighth of the plan was ever built. The Royal Society used the building for a while; in one of its outhouses Prince Rupert invented the drops, which, in Macaulay's words, "have long amused children and puzzled philosophers"; and by which, absurdly enough, his name is still kept alive;

visits his charges on Ash Wednesday, 1665, and writes: "They only complained that their bread was too fine!"

This was the site fixed on for the new infirmary; and in the "Monthly Recorder" of February 17, 1682, you may read: "His Majesty went to Chelsey Colledge to lay the first stone, with several of the nobility, which is a place designed to be built and endowed by His Majesty for the relief of Indigent officers, and Incouragement to serve His Majesty." William and Mary finished the edifice; and it stands—an impressive monument of that union of proportion and fitness by which Christopher Wren gave beauty to the plainest designs—in stately solidity in the midst of its thirty acres of ground. It is handsomely supported, not only by government aid, but by valuable donations. There are nearly eighty thousand out-pensioners and over five hundred inmates, who are divided into companies and do mimic garrison duty

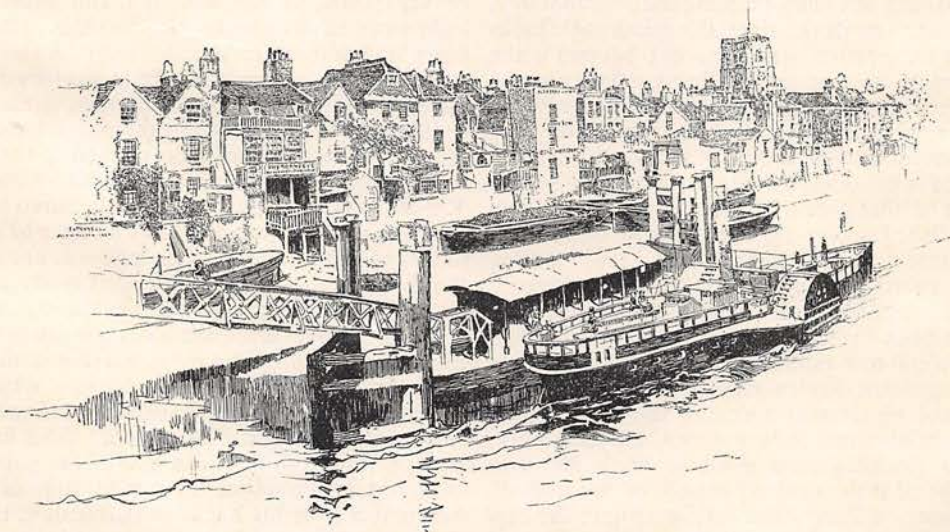


BATTERSEA BRIDGE AND CHURCH, FROM TURNER'S HOUSE.

in memory of their active days. Prints of their popular commanders hang all round the walls of the great hall west of the grand entrance, once a dining-room, now used for reading and smoking. In glass cases are the war medals left by veterans dying with no surviving relatives to claim them. In this hall the body of the great duke lay in state amid the memorials of his victories, guarded by his own veterans, successors of those other veterans, exultant over the news of Waterloo, whom Wilkie had painted, years before, for the duke himself.

Framed on the wall is a record of the battles, sieges, marches of the Coldstream Guards, which tells us that this famous body is the sole surviving representative of the force which

placed Charles II. on the throne, and thus became the nucleus of the standing army of England. The regiment had been formed in 1650 by General George Monk, by drafts of picked men from the various Cromwellian regiments, and made that famous march on the first day of the year 1660 from Coldstream to London, which saved the monarchy and gave the guard its historic name. In the chapel under the tattered battle-flags, drooping, faded, and forlorn, you may see on any Sunday Hubert Herkomer's picture, in life. It is a touching scene, this entry of the veterans into their chapel, preceded by their fife and drum; still more touching, the funeral of one of their dead, as they march painfully from the infirmary, the solitary drummer and fifer play-



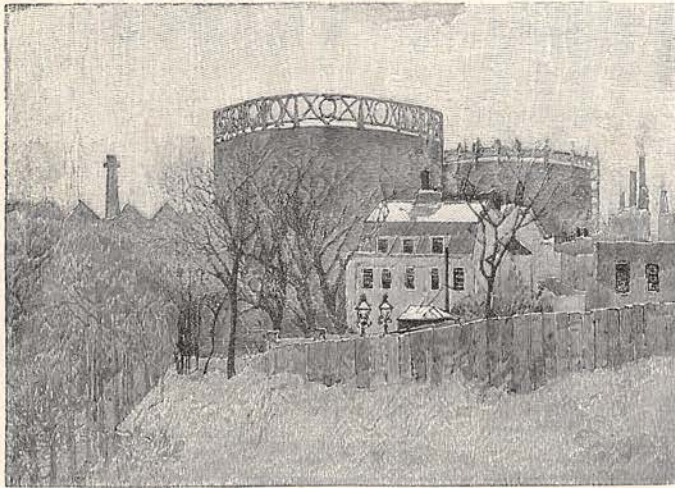
STEAMBOAT PIER, OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE, TWENTY YEARS AGO.

ing the Dead March in Saul. In the quiet old burying-ground hard by they lie compactly enough, the dead soldiers; and among them women who have fought and died in men's attire, their sex unsuspected until their burial.

Not only in this burial-ground, but in the quadrangles and courts, and everywhere about, there rests an air of repose, of forgetfulness of the turbulent world without. Here, about the spacious central quadrangle, on massive wooden benches, loaf and smoke and chat the contented old boys, and growl withal in their content. They decorate the marble statue of Charles II., posing as a Roman, in the center, with oak-garlands on "Oak-Apple-Day," May 29th, the anniversary of his restoration; they wear oak branches in their caps,

an enchanting stillness broods, broken only by the rare rumble of trains on the farther railway-bridge. All things are half hid in the exquisite English haze; it softens every sharpness, harmonizes every harshness, rounds every shape to grace.

The old soldiers have their own gardens near at hand, and as we stroll there we shall pass College Fields, perpetuating the name of King James's College, and so on between double rows of lime-trees, gnarled and bent, under which the veterans flirt sedately with the demure nursemaids, whose neglected charges meanwhile play with the sheep. Through the gate we enter their small but well-arranged domain, divided into tiny squares, each tilled by its owner, who grows flowers



SANDFORD MANOR HOUSE.

and eat much plum-pudding at dinner that day. Open towards the river, this quadrangle looks out on gracious gardens; just beyond is the great cross, put up for their comrades in the Sepoy mutiny; "some died in battle, some of wounds, some of disease, *all* in the devoted performance of Duty." A little farther out stands the obelisk commemorating those who fell on that dark and doubtful day at Chillianwallah, January 13, 1849. As we stand here, beside a quiet Quaker cannon, these memorials to the devoted dead in front, the terraced gardens slope to the river beyond, their "carpet-beds" yellow with autumnal flowers; the graceful towers and swaying chains of Chelsea Suspension Bridge rise on the left; over the drooping limes and elms of the embankment the slim spars of lazy sloops slip slowly by; the gleaming river glides beneath, and over beyond it the feathery masses of the trees of Battersea Park stand solidly against the sky. The mellow autumn sun floods the scene, and

or vegetables, as may suit him, and gains a little more tobacco-money by his sales. They seem fond of the flowers which put themselves most in evidence, and their little gardens are all aglow with gorgeous hollyhocks, dahlias, sunflowers, of the most gigantic and highly colored kinds. You will be pleased, I hope, to learn that this little piece of ground is called Ranelagh Gardens, and is the sole surviving remnant of that famous resort so dear to an older generation. Lord Ranelagh was one of the three commissioners appointed in the beginning to manage the new hospital, and so he leases to himself seven acres of its grounds on the east, lying along the river, and there builds a grand mansion in 1691, the gardens of which are "curiously kept and elegantly designed, so esteemed the best in England." This first Earl of Ranelagh has been one of the pupils of a certain school-master named John Milton, probably at his house in Barbican in the city, so recently torn down. The earl becomes

a famous man, in a different line from his school-teacher, and dying in 1712 leaves Ranelagh House and gardens to his son, who sold the place in 1733 to Lacy, Garrick's partner in the Drury Lane theater patent, to be made by him a place of open-air amusement, after the manner of the favorite Vauxhall; but "it quite eclipses Vauxhall," writes Horace Walpole. Of course he has his sneer at the "rival mobs" of the two places; but he did not disdain to show himself a very swell mob's man, in his famous carouse at Ranelagh with Miss Ashe and Lady Caroline Petersham. The manners and morals of this place and this time have never been so pithily presented as in George Selwyn's *mot*, on hearing that one of the waiters had been convicted of robbery: "What a horrid idea he'll give of us to those fellows in Newgate!"

At this distance, however, the fêtes, frolics, fireworks, and all the fashionable frivolity of the place, look bright and attractive. Nor did grave and reverend men disdain to spend their evenings in the gardens, "to give expansion and gay sensation to the mind," as staid old Dr. Johnson asserted it did! Goldsmith found it so, when he came here to forget the misery of his lodging in Green Arbor Court, where now stands the Holborn Viaduct Station. Laurence Sterne, fresh from his Yorkshire parsonage, finding himself the fashion in town, and plunging into all its gayeties, came to Ranelagh more often than was considered seemly. Smollett sometimes emerged from out his Chelsea solitude for a sight of this festive world; and Fielding came here to study the scenes for his "Amelia"; and Addison, who chats about the place in his "Spectator." It is spoken of in the "Connoisseur" and the "Citizen of the World," the poet Bloomfield introduces it, and Fanny Burney places here a scene in her "Evelina." She was then—just one hundred years ago—a little past twenty-six, living with her father, Dr. Burney, recently made organist of the hospital chapel, next door. Ranelagh had then begun to "decline and fall off," in Silas Wegg's immortal phrase. Having been open since 1742, it finally closed at the beginning of this century, its artificial moon paling before the rising radiance of the new Cremorne.

On an old tracing of the hospital boundaries in its archives, I read: "To answer the Earl of Ranelagh's house on the east side of the college, an house was builded in the Earl of Orford's garden on the west side." This was the house into which Sir Robert Walpole moved

from his lodgings near by, where now Walpole street runs: the same lodgings in which the Earl of Sandwich had lived long before—the Edward Montague who, as commander of the fleet, brought Charles II. back to England, was made Earl of Sandwich for this service, and in 1663 he came to live in Chelsea, "to take the ayre."

Crossing through court and quadrangle and gardens to the western side of the hospital, we are allowed to enter the infirmary, and pass into Ward No. 7. Here we stand in Sir Robert Walpole's dining-room, unchanged since he left it, except that the array of fine Italian pictures has gone from the walls, and that decrepit soldiers lie about on cots, coughing and drinking gruel from mugs. But for all this, perhaps by reason of all this, this room, with its heavily molded ceiling, its stately marble mantel—all in severe white—is one of the most impressive relics of by-gone grandeur in all London. The house, grand in its day, grand still, was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, whose architecture—florid and faulty, but with a dignity of its own—was as heavy as his comedies were light, and brought on him Swift's epitaph:

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Hath laid many a heavy load on thee."

The old red-brick mansion has been raised a story, but otherwise stands almost as when Walpole lived here, from 1723 to 1746, and from its chambers ruled England through his subjects George I. and George II., whom he allowed to reign. Here came Bolingbroke on his return from his exile in France, to dine at the invitation of his great rival, whom he hated and envied. It was not a festive dinner for him, and Horace Walpole tells us that "the first morsel he put into his mouth was near choking him, and he was reduced to rise from the table and leave the room for some minutes. I never heard of their meeting more." Here Swift used to stride in to dinner, studying his host for the rôle of Flimnap, in his "Gulliver," which he was then writing. Here Gay, then secretary or steward to Lady Monmouth, a little farther on in Chelsea, swaggered in his fine clothes, and, being snubbed by his cynical host, put him on the stage as Macheath in his "Beggar's Opera." Pope used to drive over in his little trap from Twickenham, before his friend Bolingbroke's return, and entertain Sir Robert with the details of his row about Lady Mary Wortley Montague with that be-rouged fop, Lord Hervey.

OLD CHELSEA. II.



THE WESTERN END OF CHEYNE WALK.



ALL that is now left of Paradise Row, across the road from Ranelagh Gardens, is half a dozen small brick cottages, with tiny gardens in front, and vines climbing above. Once, when all about here was country, these houses must have been really delightful, and have justified the name, as they looked out on pleasant parterres, terraced to the river. Unpretending as they are, they have harbored many historic personages. In Paradise Row — it is now partly Queen's Road West — lived the first Duke of St. Albans, Nell Gwynne's son, not far from the more modest mansion of his venerated grandmother. Here lived the Earls of Pelham and of Sandwich, and the Duchess of Hamilton. At the corner of Robinson's Lane stood Lord Robarte's house, wherein he gave the famous supper to Charles II. on the 4th of September, 1660, and was soon after made Earl of Radnor; whence the street of that name hard by. On April 19, 1665, Pepys visited him here, and "found it to be the prettiest contrived house that ever I saw in my life." A quiet, quaint old public-

house, "The Chelsea Pensioner," stands where Faulkner, the historian of Chelsea, worked with such pains on his driest of records, yet to which we are all glad to go for our facts about Chelsea. This row of poor little plaster-fronted cottages, running to Christchurch Street, is all that is left of old Ormond Row; and the swinging sign over the "Ormond Dairy" is all we have to commemorate old Ormond House, which stood just here, its gardens, in which Walpole's later house was built, sloping to the river-bank.

Let us stop again before the little two-storied house, the easternmost of Paradise Row, standing discreetly back from the street behind a prim plot of grass. Well-wrought iron gates are swung on square gate-posts, atop of each of which is an old-fashioned stone globe, seldom seen nowadays. A queer little sounding-board projects over the small door, and above the little windows we read: "School of Discipline, Instituted A. D. 1825." It is the oldest school of the sort in London, founded by Elizabeth Fry, and in it young girls, forty-two at a time, each staying two years, "are reformed for five shillings a week," and fitted for domestic service. They wear

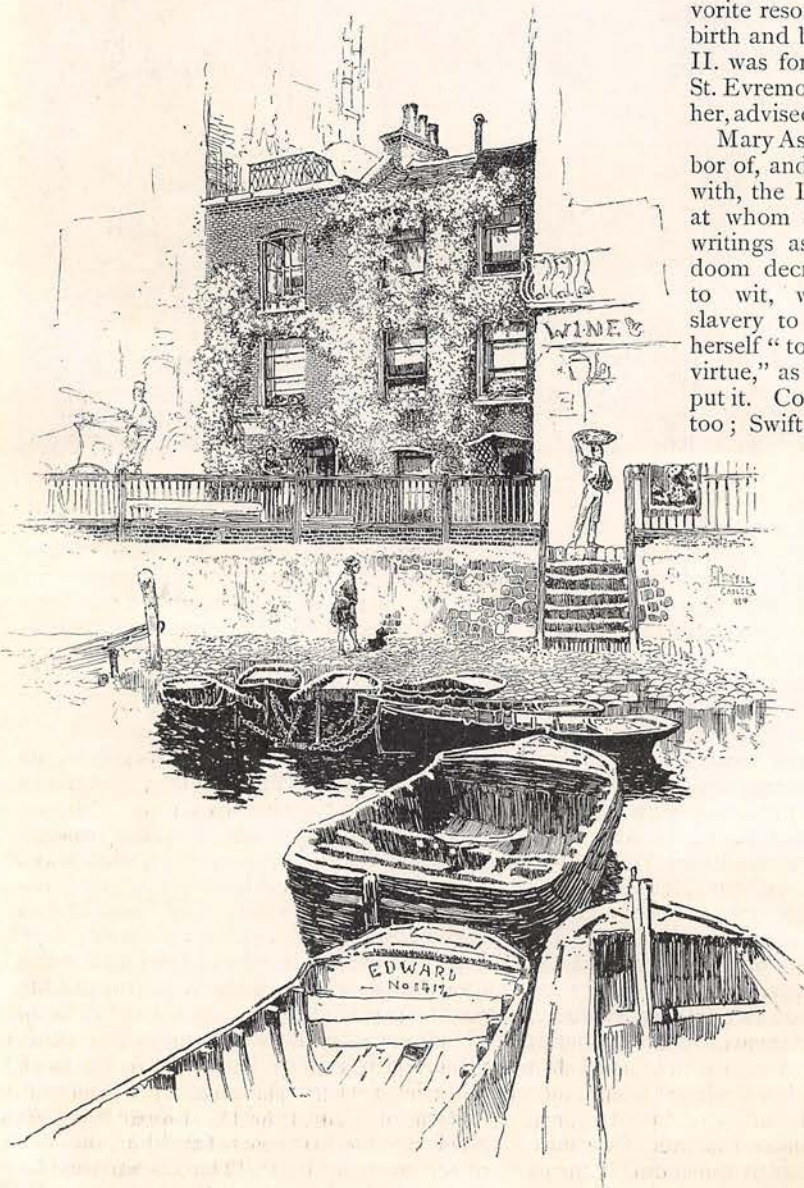
very queer aprons, their hair is plastered properly, and their shoes are clumsy; and no stranger contrast was ever invented than that between them and the perfumed, curled, high-heeled dame who once lived here.

Hortensia Mancini, the daughter of Cardinal Mazarin's sister, had been married while very young to some duke, who took the name of Mazarin on his marriage. A religious fanatic, he soon shut her up in a convent, from which she ran away, and reached England in boy's costume; but, as Rumigny wrote, "she has entered the English court as Armida en-

tered the camp of Godfrey." As the handsomest woman in Europe, her coming caused commotion at the court with her rivals and in the breast of Charles II., on whom during his exile Hortensia Mancini had made an impression. She became the vogue for a while, and lived luxuriously; but this little house was her last residence, and here, although reduced to poverty by her extravagance,—too poor even to pay her butcher and baker,—she continued to give fashionable dinners, for which each guest paid by leaving his money under his napkin, so old Lysons heard. For all that, her house was the favorite resort of men famous by birth and brains; here Charles II. was fond of coming; here St. Evremond wrote poetry for her, advised her, worshiped her.

Mary Astell was a near neighbor of, and a curious contrast with, the Duchess of Mazarin, at whom she pointed in her writings as a warning of the doom decreed to beauty and to wit, when shackled in slavery to man. *She* devoted herself "to the propagation of virtue," as Smollett satirically put it. Congreve satirized her too; Swift stained her with his

sneers as "Madonella"; Addison and Steele made fun of her in their gentler way. Doubtless there was something of *la Précieuse Ridicule* to that generation in the aspect of this most learned lady, who wrote pamphlets and essays, in which, following More's lead, she urged the higher education of her sex. Failing to find among her female friends a college or community for celibacy and study, she induced Lady Elizabeth Hastings and other noble ladies to endow in 1729 a school for the daughters of old



TURNER'S LAST DWELLING-PLACE.

pensioners of the Royal Hospital; and this has grown to the present grand asylum for clothing, educating, and caring for these girls.

Turning from Paradise Row, we pass Gough House, with its two centuries of social history, for which we cannot here pause. The great square mansion is now the Victoria Hospital for Children, doing beneficent work. Passing through Titestreet, we come, in refreshing contrast with its ambitious artificiality, to a bit of genuine nature, the Botanical Gardens, which front just here on the embankment. They remain intact as when in 1673 four acres of Lord Cheyne's domain were made over to the Society of Apothecaries for "the Chelsea Physick Garden," and to build thereon a barge-house and offices for their convenience when they came up the river.

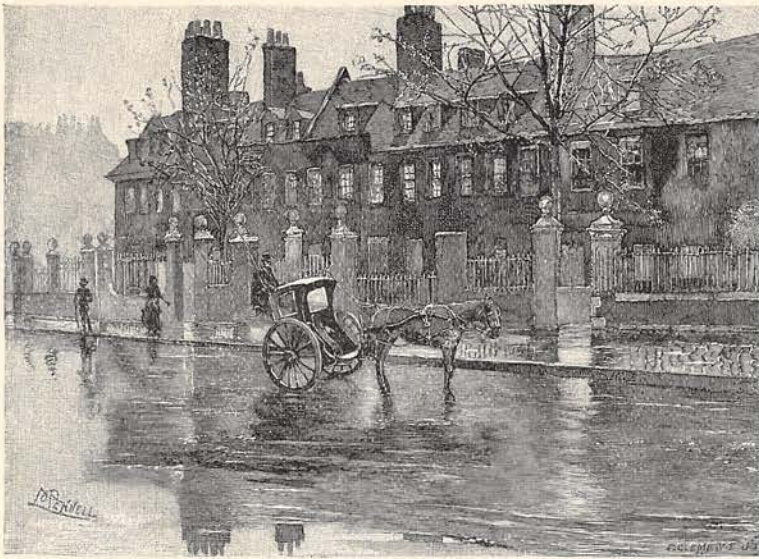
These buildings were demolished in 1853, but the gardens have bravely held out against the vandal hordes of bricklayers and builders; and all the herbs of *materia medica* which can grow in the open air are cultivated to this very day for the instruction of medical students, just as when Dr. Johnson's Polyphilus—the universal genius of a "Rambler"—started to come out here from London streets to see a new plant in flower.

Here Hans Sloane studied, and when he became rich and famous, and bought the manor of Chelsea, he gave the freehold of this garden to the Apothecaries' Company on condition that it should be cultivated forever for the use of medical students. His statue, erected in 1733, stands in the middle of the garden, chipped and stained by wind and weather.



TITE STREET.

Westward a little way stands "Swan House," on the site of the "Old Swan Tavern," which has been gone this fifty years now. It stood right over the river, with projecting wooden balconies, and a land entrance from Queen's Road. It and its predecessor—a little lower down the river—were historic public-houses resorted to by parties pleasuring from town; it was a house of call for watermen with their wherries, as we have so well pictured in Marryat's "Jacob Faithful." Here Pepys turned back on April 9, 1666, having rowed up with a merry party, and "got affright at the Swan," on hearing that the plague had broken out in this suburb. Until the "Old Swan" was torn down, it served as the goal for the annual race rowed even yet by the Thames watermen for the prize instituted by Dogget, a fine low



PARADISE ROW.

comedian of Queen Anne's time,—an orange-colored waterman's coat and a silver medal stamped with the white horse of Hanover.

Just beyond, at Flood Street, begins Cheyne Walk, still, despite embankments and gas and cabs, the most old-fashioned, dignified, and impressive spot in all London. Its modest brick houses have not been spoiled by too many modern improvements; they are prim and respectable, clad in a sedate, secluded sobriety, not at all of this century. Their little front gardens are unpretending and almost sad. Between them and the street are fine specimens of old wrought iron in railways and gates, in last century brackets for lamps before gas came in, in iron extinguishers for the links they used to carry. "Hans Sloane House" is wrought, in open letters, in the gate of No. 17; in others the numbers alone are thus worked in the antique pattern. "Manor House" has an attractive old plaster front. A shining brass plate on another, with "Gothic House" in well-worn letters, is just what we want to find there. In No. 4 died, on the night of the 22d of December, 1880, Mrs. John Walter Cross, more widely known as George Eliot. Maclise, the painter, died in the same house many years before. It has recently been "done up new," and so spoilt for us, I am sorry to say. So, too, has No. 16, the "Rossetti House," a large, double-front bowing out in the middle, the famous drawing-room on the first floor taking the whole width. The hall, staircases, every room, are paneled from entrance to garret, and the place had a dreary and not reverend aspect as I went through it, just before its new occupants took it.

I am told that in the foundations of this house there are to be seen remains of the old Tudor stone-work of Henry VIII.'s palace, and in the adjacent houses heavy nail-studded doors and similar remnants of that palace, built just here by the King, who had learned to like Chelsea in his visits to More. Nothing is left of it save those foundations and the apocryphal bits spoken of, but we can easily trace its grand grounds and gardens, covered with houses and streets as they are. Rossetti's great garden—now almost covered by a new Board school—was undoubtedly part of the palace grounds, other portions of which are found in the back gardens all along this part of Cheyne Walk. In the large garden of Mr. Druse there stand some very ancient trees, and I saw there, not very long ago,—but gone forever now,—a bit of crumbling wall, an arch, and within it remains of the old hinges on which a gate was once hung. That gate gave entrance from the land side by a path leading across the fields from the King's Road to the palace grounds; through it Seymour slipped to his secret visits to Catherine



GATEWAY OF ROSSETTI'S OLD HOUSE.



STATUE OF THOMAS CARLYLE, BY BOEHM.

Parr, as we know by a letter of hers: "I pray you let me have a knowledge over-night at what hour ye will come, that your portress may wait at the gate to the fields for you." She and Seymour had their historic romps under these very trees with the Princess Elizabeth, then a girl of thirteen, at home here.

She had come to live in the manor-house at the age of four, that she might grow up in that healthful air, her father placing, with his customary delicacy, the daughter of Anne Boleyn under the care and tuition and example of his latest wife, the staid and

studious Catherine Parr. To this latter the King had given, on their marriage, the manor-house as her jointure, and there she lived in great state after Henry's death. Already before their marriage, while a wistful widow, she had been bewitched by Seymour, and had meant to marry him, but for being forced to submit to the King's will to make her his queen. Henry died at the end of January, 1547, and in May his widow, but thirty-five years old, secretly married Seymour. He was a turbulent, unscrupulous, handsome rascal, a greedy gambler, an insane intriguer, brother

of the Protector Somerset, maternal uncle of King Edward VII., brother-in-law of the King, and had tried to marry the Princess Elizabeth, then a girl of thirteen or fourteen, even while coquetting with the Queen-dowager, Catherine Parr. The girl, with her Boleyn blood, doubtless delighted in the mystery of the secret visits, which she knew of, and in the secret marriage she surely suspected. The Queen-dowager must have found it a trying and turbulent task to train her, and had more comfort in her other pupil, little Lady Jane Grey, who came here often for a visit and

Hans Sloane had come up to London, a young Irish student of medicine; and, frequenting the Botanical Gardens, just beyond in Chelsea, he must often have looked at, and perhaps longed to live in, the roomy old mansion. After his return from Jamaica, he pursued his studies with such success that he was made President of the Royal Society on the death of Sir Isaac Newton, in 1727. He became a famous physician, was doctor to the Queens, Anne and Caroline, as well as to George I., who made him a baronet in 1716, the first physician so ennobled in England. As

he grew in wealth, he bought much property in Chelsea: first this manor-house, then More's house, then in other quarters. His name is perpetuated in Sloane Square and Hans Place, and his property now forms the estate of the Earl of Cadogan, whose ancestor, the famous General Cadogan, a colonel of the Horse Guards in Marlborough's wars, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Hans Sloane; so that the present Earl of Cadogan is "lord of the manor and Viscount Chelsey."

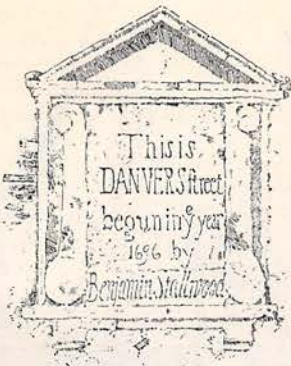
But greater than his riches, better than all his other services, is the fact that Sir Hans Sloane was the founder of the British Museum. The extraordinary collec-



CARLYLE'S HOUSE, GREAT CHEYNE ROW.

tion in natural history, of books and of manuscripts, with which his house in Bloomsbury was filled, and which then overflowed into his Chelsea house, was left by him to the nation, on payment to his estate of only twenty thousand pounds, it having cost him not less than fifty thousand pounds. Parliament passed the appropriation, the purchase was perfected, and this little pond has now grown into the great ocean of the British Museum, on the shores of which we who come to scoop up our small spoonfuls of knowledge are cared for so courteously by its guardians.

There was an Irish servant of Sir Hans



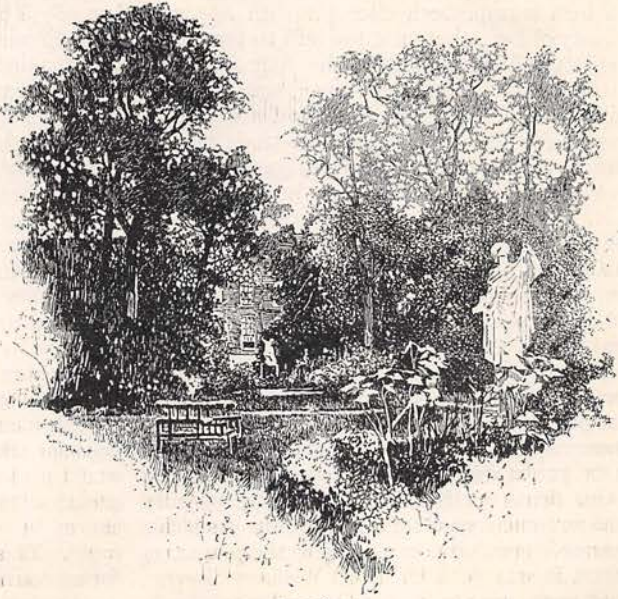
A TABLET FROM A STREET CORNER.

Sloane, one Salter, who established himself in 1695 as a barber in a little house in Cheyne Walk, which stood on the site of the present No. 18,—“six doors beyond Manor Street,” contemporary papers say, and I have no doubt this is the correct site. Salter was a thin little man, with a hungry look, as of one fond of philosophy or of fretting; and Vice-Admiral Munden, just home from years of service on the Spanish coast, dubbed him, in a freak, Don Saltero, which title he carried to his death. He took in all the papers, and had musical instruments lying about,—he himself twanged, Don-like, the guitar,—that his customers might divert themselves while waiting their turns. His master had given him a lot of rubbish for which his house had no more room, as well as duplicates of curiosities of real value in the museum in Bloomsbury. To these he added others of his own invention, until there were “ten thousand gimcracks on the walls and ceiling,” as the “Tatler” put it in a narrative of a voyage to Chelsea; for Don Saltero’s museum, barber’s shop, reading-room, coffee-house, had become quite the vogue, and a favorite lounge for men of quality. Old St. Evremond was probably among the first to be shaved here; Richard Cromwell used to come often and sit silently,—“a little and very neat old man, with a placid countenance, the effect of his innocent and unambitious life.” Steele and Addison and their friends were frequent visitors “to the Coffee House where the Literati sit in council.” And there came here, one day about 1724 or 1725, a young man of

eighteen or twenty years, out for a holiday from the printing-press at which he worked in Bartholomew Close, Benjamin Franklin by name, recently arrived from the loyal colonies of North America, and lodging in Little Britain. He had brought with him to London a purse of asbestos, which Sir Hans Sloane, hearing of, bought at a handsome price, and added it to his museum, to which he gave the young printer an invitation, and told him about Don Saltero’s probably. It was on Franklin’s return from there—the party went by river, of course—that he undressed and leaped into the water. “I swam from near Chelsea the whole way to Blackfriars Bridge, exhibiting during the course a variety of feats of activity and address, both upon the surface of the water, as well as under it. This sight occasioned much astonishment and pleasure to those to whom it was new.”

It is a far cry from Dick Steele to Charles Lamb, yet the latter, too, makes mention of Don Saltero’s in a letter,—saying that he had offered to him, by a fellow-clerk in the India House, all the ornaments of the Don’s smoking-room at the time of the auction sale, when the collection was dispersed. This was in 1807, and the place was then turned into a tavern, its old sign, “Don Saltero’s, 1695,” gold letters on a green board, swinging between beams in front until its demolition only twenty years ago.

A little farther on, just west of Oakley Street, on the outer edge of Cheyne Walk, still stands an old sign at which I often look in delight, unshamed by the mute mockery of the pass-



D. G. ROSSETTI’S GARDEN.



OLD BATTERSEA CHURCH, WHERE BLAKE WAS MARRIED, SHOWING WINDOW FROM WHICH TURNER SKETCHED.

ing Briton, wondering what the sentimental prowler can see to attract him in this rusty relic. It stands in front of the little public-house, "The Magpie and Stump," two solid posts carrying a wide cross-piece, all bristling with spikes, for the impalement of the climbing boy of the period,— "Magpie and Stump, Quoit Grounds," in dingy letters on the outer side, once plain for all rowing men to read from the river; above is an iron magpie on an iron stump, both decrepit with age, and a rusty old weathercock, too stiff to turn even the letter *E*, alone left of the four points of the compass. Between these posts you may still trace the top stone of an old water-staircase, imbedded now in the new-made ground which forms the embankment-garden here; just as you might have seen, only the other day, the water-stairs of Whitehall Palace, which have now been carted away. Up this staircase Queen Elizabeth has often stepped, on her frequent visits to the rich and powerful Earl of Shrewsbury, her devoted subject and friend; for just back of Cheyne Walk here, on the river-slope, stood until the beginning of this century Shrewsbury House, an irregular brick structure, much gabled, built about a quadrangle. Although but one story in height, it was sufficiently spacious, its great room being one hundred and twenty feet in length, and its oratory painted to resemble marble. It was one of the five grand mansions of Chelsea.

We pass the site of another notable mansion,

the ancient palace of the Bishops of Winchester, which stood on the river-bank until within seventy years, just where broad Oakley Street runs up from opposite the Albert Suspension Bridge, concerning the history and the inmates of which there is much of real interest, not to be narrated here. Farther along Cheyne Walk we turn into Lawrence Street, at the upper end of which, at the corner of Justice Walk, you may find in the cellars of "The Prince of Wales" tavern and of the adjoining houses the remains of the ovens and baking-rooms of the famous Chelsea china-factory. For it stood just here during the short forty years it existed, having been established in 1745. Why it failed, and why the factory was torn down, no one seems to know; for it produced extremely fine work, and its best ware — turned out from 1750 to 1765 — was equal to that of Sèvres. Skilled foreign workmen had been brought over, and an extraordinary specimen of unskilled native workman appeared in Dr. Samuel Johnson. The old scholar conceived the idea that he could make china as admirably as he could a dictionary; but he never mastered the secret of mixing it, and each piece of his cracked in the baking! He used to come out here twice a week, with his old housekeeper carrying the basket of food for the day's work, and was free of the whole factory, except the mixing-room. They presented him a full service of their own make, however, which he gave or bequeathed to Mrs. Piozzi, and which, at the

sale of Mrs. Piozzi's effects, was bought by Lord Holland. In Holland House, Kensington, I have seen it, carefully preserved among the other famed curios.

"This is Danvers street, begun in ye yeare 1696," says the quaint old lettering in the corner house of Cheyne Walk; and this street marks the site of Danvers House, which had formed part of More's property—perhaps the "new buildinge" which had gone to his son-in-law Roper. It came afterward to be owned by Sir John Danvers, a gentleman-usher of Charles I., and he made a superb place of it, of which the deep foundations and the fallen columns now lie under Paulton Square, at the upper end of the street. Sir John Danvers was the second husband of a woman notable for her famous family of boys; her first son was that strong and strange original, Lord Herbert of Cherbury; her fifth son was George Herbert, of undying memory. The poet lived here for a while. Donne, the preacher, then at Oxford, used to stop here on his visits to London; and when he became vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, in the Strand, near Isaac Walton's old shop in Chancery Lane, he converted the gentle angler, and these two certainly strolled often out here together. Donne preached Lady Danvers's funeral sermon in the old Chelsea church in 1627—one of his most touching sermons, it is said.

In the embankment gardens we have passed a statue recently placed there: a man seated in a chair, uncouth of figure, with bent brow and rugged face. And in the wall of the corner house behind we stop to look at a small memorial tablet, still more recently placed, a medallion portrait of the same face, and beneath this inscription: "Thomas Carlyle lived at 24 Cheyne Row, 1834-81." For this is not the house in which he lived, and the tablet is fixed here with queer common sense, his own being in Chancery! It is to be found farther up in this little dull street running from Cheyne Walk here, in which there is nothing that is not commonplace, save the little cottage covered with vines, in the wall above which is a stone with odd old-fashioned lettering, "This is Gt. Cheyne Row, 1708." About the middle of the row of small dreary brick houses, the one once numbered 5, now 24, is that in which he dwelt for nearly fifty years, and wherein he wrote his commination service large on all mankind, talking more eloquently, and more loquaciously withal, in praise of silence than any man who ever scolded all through life in honor of the strong arm and the silent tongue. The view across the narrow street from his front windows—"looks out mainly into trees," he wrote to Sir William Hamilton soon after moving here—

shows now nothing but a long, low, dreary wall, above which rises a many-windowed model dwelling-house, and is surely one of the least inspiring in all London; while from the back he could see nothing of interest except the last piece of the old wall of Henry VIII.'s manor-house garden, which still stands here. It gave him a hint in his pamphlet, "Shooting Niagara," wherein, speaking with contempt of modern bricks and bricklayers, he refers to this sixteenth century wall, still so sound and solid.

Long before his day there had lived, almost on this same spot, another "hermit of Chelsea," in the person of Dr. Tobias Smollett, who came here to live in retirement in 1750, fresh from the fame of his "Roderick Random," seeking such seclusion partly on account of his daughter's health and his own, and partly for the sake of his work. Here he wrote "Ferdinand Count Fathom," finished Hume's "History of England," and began his translation of "Don Quixote"; and here took place those Sunday dinners, the delicious description of which, and of the guests, he has put into the mouth of young Jerry Melford in "Humphrey Clinker." Here were spent some of his happiest days with his work and his friends from town, Johnson, Garrick, Sterne, John Wilkes, John Hunter,—the last probably coming from Earl's Court, Kensington, where his place—mansion, museum, and menagerie in one—is still standing. Smollett was as well known in the streets of Chelsea in his day as Carlyle in ours—"a good-sized, strongly made man, graceful, dignified, and pleasant."

It was a fine old place, with extensive grounds, which Smollett took—being the ancient manor-house of the Lawrences, once owned by Henry VIII., as we have seen. The house stood exactly on the site of the block of two-storied brick cottages called "Little Cheyne Row," between Great Cheyne Row and Lawrence Street. Its history has little that need detain us, until, in 1714, it became Monmouth House, from its new owner, the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch, who came here with Gay as her domestic steward or secretary, and who lived to the age of ninety. Faulkner, writing in 1829, says that Monmouth House was then "a melancholy scene of desolation and ruin"; and it was finally torn down and carted away in 1834.

The grounds of Monmouth House must have stretched back to those of the rectory of St. Luke's, a step to the northward. The rectory is an irregular brick building, delightful to the eye, set in an old-fashioned lawn with great trees, its tranquillity assured by a high brick wall. It is a very old house, built

by the Marquis of Winchester, and granted by him to the parish on May 6, 1566, at the request of Queen Elizabeth. Glebe Place, just at hand, shows the sight of the glebe land given in her time in exchange for the older parsonage, which stood still farther west behind Millman's Row.

The historic interest of this Chelsea rectory, however, is dwarfed by its personal appeal to all of us, for it was the home of three notable boys, in the order of their ages, Charles, George, and Henry Kingsley. They came here in the year 1836, their father, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, having received the living of St. Luke's, Chelsea, from Lord Cadogan. So their beloved west-country life was exchanged for the prim, parochial prosiness which made such a doleful difference to them all; for these boys were born, it seems to me, with the instant love of life and movement in their blood. Charles has shown it in almost everything he wrote; Henry gave utterance to it in his books, only in a less degree, because it found vent in his years of wandering; while George—better known as "The Doctor"—appears at spasmodic intervals at his home on Highgate Hill for a little while, then plunges into space again, and is vaguely heard of, now yachting in the South Seas, now conversing delightfully in a mining camp of Colorado. Henry, the youngest, was a sensitive, shy lad, delicate in health, and the old dames in this neighborhood tell of his quiet manner and modest bearing. Henry was born in 1830, studied at King's College, London, for a little over two years, 1844-6; his name was entered at Worcester College, Oxford, March 6, 1850, where he kept ten terms, leaving at Easter, 1853, without taking his degree. The Australian "gold-digging fever" was then raging, and he started for that country with two friends. There he did all sorts of things: tried mining, tried herding, became a stockman, was in the mounted police, and after five years of these varied vocations returned to England with no gold in his pockets. It was all in his brain: a precious possession of experience of life and of men, to be coined into the characters and the scenes which have passed current all over the globe. All his Australian stories are admirable, and "Geoffrey Hamlyn"—his first work, produced soon after his return, in 1859—is the best tale of colonial life ever written. His parents had intended that he should take holy orders and perhaps succeed his father in the living of old St. Luke's; but he felt himself unfitted for this profession, as he also found himself unfitted for that of the journalist, which he tried for a while when he came back to England, albeit as a correspondent he displayed dash enough, and after the

surrender of Sedan was the first man to enter within the French lines. He found his proper place as an essayist and a novelist, and in all his works there is to me a strange and nameless charm—a quaint humor, a genuine sentiment, an atmosphere all his own, breezy, buoyant, boyish, seeming to show a personality behind all his creations, that of their creator, a fair, frank, fresh-hearted man. He had true artistic talent, too, inherited from his grandfather, and he may have been just in judging himself capable of gaining far greater reputation as a painter than as a novelist even. His skill in drawing was amazing, and the few water-colors and oils left to his family—and unknown outside of its members—are masterpieces. On his return from Australia he lived with his mother at "The Cottage" at Eversley, never caring for Chelsea after the death of his father. He was married in 1864 by Charles Kingsley and Gerald Blunt, the present rector of Chelsea. On May 24, 1876, "on the vigil of the Ascension," only forty-six years of age, he died at Cuckfield, Sussex, which quiet retreat he had chosen twelve months before.

Henry Kingsley especially appeals to us, just here, for that he has given us, in "The Hillyars and Burtons," so vivid a picture of modern Chelsea: its streets and by-ways, its old houses, and its venerable church, in delightful detail, as he saw them when a boy. The Hillyar family is a romantic reproduction of that ancient Chelsea family, the Lawrences. In the Burtons he gives us his reminiscence of the Wyatt household, living at Wargrave, Henley-on-Thames. The brave girl, Emma Burton, is a portrait of Emma Wyatt. The old home of the Burtons—"the very large house which stood by itself, as it were, fronting the buildings opposite our forge, which contained twenty-five rooms, some of them very large, and which was called by us, indifferently, Church Place, or Queen Elizabeth's Place"—*this* was the only one of the grand mansions of Chelsea left standing when the Kingsleys came there. "It had been in reality the palace of the young Earl of Essex, a very large three-storied house of old brick, with stone-mullioned windows and doorways." You may see a print of it in "kind old Mr. Faulkner's" book, as he found it in 1830, dilapidated then, and let out to many tenants. Later, it sank lower still; and finally the grand old fabric, "which had been trodden often enough by the statesmen and dandies of Queen Elizabeth's court, and most certainly by the mighty woman herself," was demolished between 1840 and 1842.

From this ancient site I often walk down old Church Lane, now Church Street, to where,

at its foot, stands "Chelsea Old Church" — rather a delightful old church, if you sit here of an autumn afternoon, the sun streaming in from the south-west, slanting on the stone effigies, and the breeze breathing in through the little door beside More's monument, shaking the grass outside, and the noble river sparkling beyond the embankment garden. To me it has more of fascination than any church in London. Its entire absence of architectural effect, in its varying styles; its retention to this day of the simplicity of the village church, even as when built; its many monuments and mural tablets, each one a page of English history; its family escutcheons; its tattered battle-flags hung above; the living memories that are built in with every dead stone — all these combine to make it the quaintest, the most impressive, the most lovable of churches. Sir Thomas More's black marble slab, set deep under a plain gray Gothic arch, is placed on the chancel wall, just where he used to stand in his "surplisse"; above it is his crest, a moor's head on a shield; and on it is cut his own long Latin inscription, sent by him to his friend Erasmus, who thought it worth printing in his collection of "Tracts and Letters, Antwerp, 1534." Twice have the characters been recut, and each time has care been taken, for his memory's sake, to leave blank the last word of the line, which describes him as "troublesome to thieves, murderers, and heretics." To the sturdy old Catholic these were all equal — all criminals to be put out of the way. The irony of chance has placed a tablet on the wall close beside his tomb which keeps alive the name of a Tyndale, of the family of that one whose books More burnt, and whose body he would probably have liked to burn also! His two wives are buried here, as well as others of his family; but whether his body lies here, or in a Tower grave, no one knows.

Three of Chelsea's grandest ladies lie under monuments in the church: Lady Dacre and her husband Gregory, with their dogs at their feet; Lady Jane Cheyne and her worthy husband Charles (notably did she benefit this church, towards the rebuilding of which she gave largely); and the great Duchess of Northumberland, mother of Elizabeth's Leicester, grandmother of Sir Philip Sidney.

In the Lawrence chapel we see a strange survival of a common custom of the pre-Reformation times, when a great family was wont to build and own its private chapel in the parish church, using it for worship during life, for burial in death, and deeding or bequeathing it as they did any other real estate. When Sir Thomas Lawrence became lord of the manor, he partly bought and

partly built this chapel; and now, although it forms the entire east end of the north aisle, it has not been modernized, like the rest of the church, but retains its high-backed pews and other ancient peculiarities unchanged since the church was repaired in 1667. Here is the quaint monument, in the Lawrence chapel, where, under a little arch, supported by columns, kneel wife and husband face to face, he in his armor, his three simple-seeming sons in ruffs kneeling behind him; she in her heavy stiff dress, six daughters on their knees in a dutiful row, and two dead babies on the cushion before her. It is still private property, belonging to the family to whom it has descended from the Lawrences, and to them goes the income from its pews.

Outside, the tiny graveyard is filled with slabs and monuments, many of them ugly, some curious, a few fine; from the stately tomb of Sir Hans Sloane and his wife — an urn entwined with Æsculapian serpents, under a marble canopy — to the simple slab of Dr. Chamberlayne and his family, worn with wind and weather — whose daughter Anne, more famous than any of her brothers, "long declining wedlock, and aspiring above her sex and age, fought under her brother with arms and manly attire, in a fire-ship, against the French, on the 30th June, 1690 — a maiden heroine"! She was then but twenty-three, and did not grow in courage with her years, for she soon after consented to marry one Spraggs, and then died! Among many unknown ones buried here are Magdalen Herbert, Shadwell, the poet laureate, Woodfall, the publisher of "Junius," and Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate of Bow Street, half-brother of the novelist.

As we stand here, the broad embankment, with its gay gardens, stretches between us and the river, spanned just above by old Battersea Bridge, the only wooden bridge left to the Thames here since that of Putney has gone. For centuries there had been a ferry just here, granted by James I. to some of his "dear relations" for forty pounds. In 1771 this bridge was built for foot-passengers only at first, enlarged later, and now comes to be used again only by foot-passengers, for it is condemned for carriage traffic, and is soon to be pulled down. Its rude and reverend timbers are already propped up here and there. Stand midway on it with me, while the ceaseless stream of men flows by, caring nothing for that which we are looking at.

On our right, along the southern shore, stretches Battersea Park, fringed with its great masses of cool foliage, where not long ago were marshes and meadows, and the barren, bleak Battersea fields.

Beyond the bridge, back of us, rises the square, squat tower of St. Mary's, Battersea, builded in the best church-warden style, and otherwise notable for that therein was married Blake the madman; that therein Turner loved to sit at the vestry window and sketch; and that therein lie the remains and stand the monuments of St. John Bolingbroke, and of his second wife, niece of Madame de Maintenon—both their epitaphs written by him. Not far from the church, next to the mill, on the river-bank, still stands one wing of Bolingbroke House, in which St. John was born, to which he returned from his stormy exile to pass his remaining days in study, and there to die. Through its many old-time rooms, with famous "sprawling" Verrio's ceiling paintings, I will lead you into the historic cedar-room, on the river-front, Bolingbroke's favorite sitting-room, whose four walls, all of cedar from floor to ceiling, are still as redolent as when Pope, Bolingbroke's guest, began in it his "Essay on Man"; and these two used to sit here with those other two—Chesterfield and Swift—of that brilliant quartette who hated and attacked Walpole. His house—Sir Robert's—forms part of the great mass of Chelsea Hospital, dim in the distance before us; between stretches the old Dutch front of Cheyne Walk, which near at hand resolves itself into most ancient houses, with quaint windows in their sloping roofs, their red tiles, and chocolate-colored bricks dark behind the green of the old lime-trees. Farther beyond the bridge are two buildings which bring the old and the new also close together: the "World's End Tavern," at the end of the passage of that name, famous three centuries ago as a rendezvous for improper parties, introduced in Congreve's "Love for Love" in that connection; and just west of the sedate little "public," "The Aquatic Stores," are two tiny houses set back from the embankment; stone steps lead down to their minute front gardens; on one of them vines clamber up to an iron balcony on the roof. That balcony was put there for his convenience by Turner the painter, and in that house, No. 119 Cheyne Walk, he lived for many years, and in that front room he died, on the 18th December, 1851. To that upper window, no longer able to paint, too feeble to

walk, he was wheeled every morning during his last days, that he might lose no light of the December sun on his beloved Thames. In Battersea church you may sit in the little vestry window wherein he was wont to sketch. The story of his escape from his grand and gloomy mansion in Queen Anne street is well known; he never returned to it, but made his home here with the burly Mrs. Booth. After long hunting, his aged housekeeper, in company with another decrepit dame, found him in hiding only the day before his death. The barber's son of Maiden Lane lies in the great cathedral of St. Paul's, and the evil that he did is buried with him—his eccentricity, his madness if you will; but he lives for all time as the greatest landscape-painter England has known.

The autumn day is waning, and the western sky, flaming with fading fires, floods broad Chelsea Reach with waves of dusky gold. The evening mist rises slowly, as yet hiding nothing, but transforming even commonplace objects in a weird, unwonted way. Those pretentious blocks of new mansions loom almost lordly now; the distant railway bridge is a ghost of graceful glimmering arches; money-making factory chimneys and commercial wharves pretend to picturesque possibilities; clumpish barges, sprawling on the mud, are no longer ugly; and a broad-bottomed coasting schooner, unloading stone at a dock, is just what we would select to see there. And here at the end of the bridge is a fragment of "real old Chelsea," left intact for our delectation: a clump of drooping trees on the bank, an unaccountable boat-house, stone steps leading down to a bit of beach, whereon are skiffs drawn up, and cordage lying about, and sail-wrapped spars. Out in the Reach there is but little movement: the river steamboats are anchored in a dark mass near the shore, and the last one edges up to its mooring beside them for the night; a burly barge drifts slowly under its dusky brown sails, or a "dumb-barge" floats with the tide, its crew of one man busied with his long sculls and his not-dumb blasphemy; a puffing tug with a red light in its nose drags anxiously a long line of tarpaulin-covered canal-boats. And each of these moving objects breaks the burnished waves into a golden gloom.

THE END.

Benjamin Ellis Martin.