

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

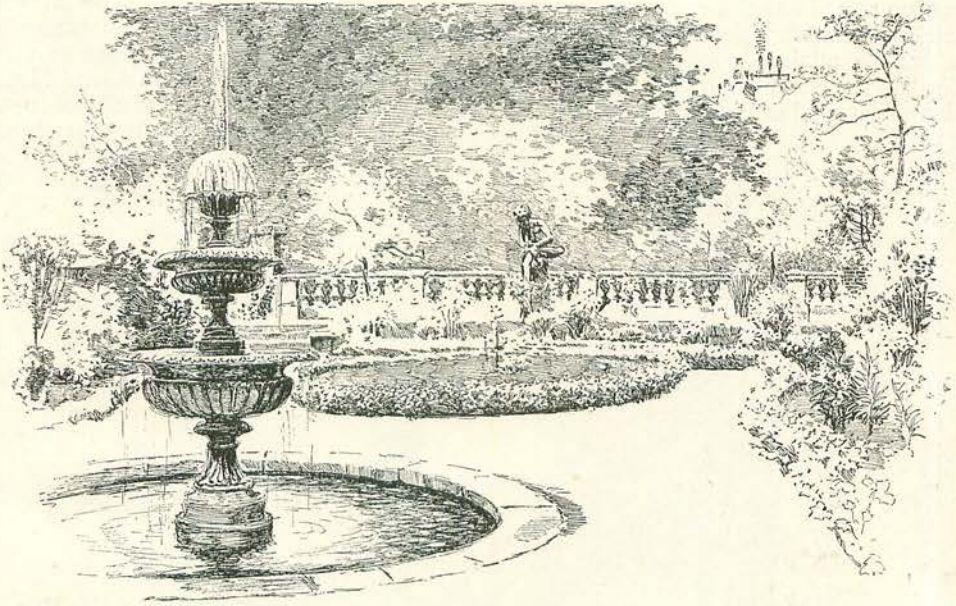
VOL. XXXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

NO. 1.

## THE GUILDS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



THE DRAPERS' GARDEN.

**T**HE city of London is commonly supposed by foreigners to be the vast assemblage of houses extending for some miles on both banks of the Thames in the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, inhabited by a population of four millions, the town residence of the Queen of England, the meeting-place of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the seat of government of the British Empire; but when its citizens speak of the city of London they mean the district about one mile across which extends from Tower Hill to Temple Bar and over which the Lord Mayor presides. Through its streets his stately coach and four may be seen driving any day of the week with a sword sticking out of one window and a golden mace out of the other, and his lordship in all magnificence inside with a gold chain round his neck, a great robe on his shoulders, a cocked hat on his head, and supported by sword-bearer and mace-bearer, reminding every beholder whose childish reading has been judiciously directed of Sir Richard Whittington and Cinderella both at once.

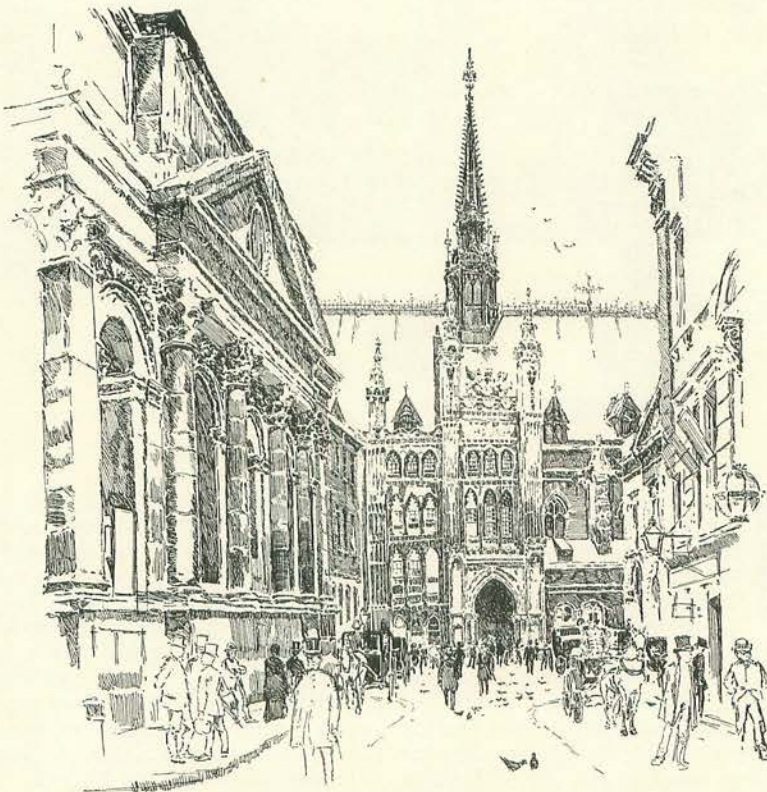
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If Whittington's cat cannot be placed among well-authenticated *Felidæ*, many a man has attained the glory of Lord Mayoralty in ways fully as romantic as those of Whittington in the nursery tale. Stephen Foster was a debtor confined in the jail of Ludgate, which once stood over the gate on the hill, a very little way west of St. Paul's. There was a grate at which every day a prisoner was allowed to sit to collect alms for his fellows, and here one day Foster sat. A wealthy widow passing by gave him money, inquired into his case, and took him into her service. He saved his wages, traded successfully, married the widow, and in due time became Sir Stephen Foster, Lord Mayor of London. In his prosperity he forgot not his days of adversity, and founded a charity for prisoners which was long kept up in the jail of Ludgate and commemorated in his epitaph.

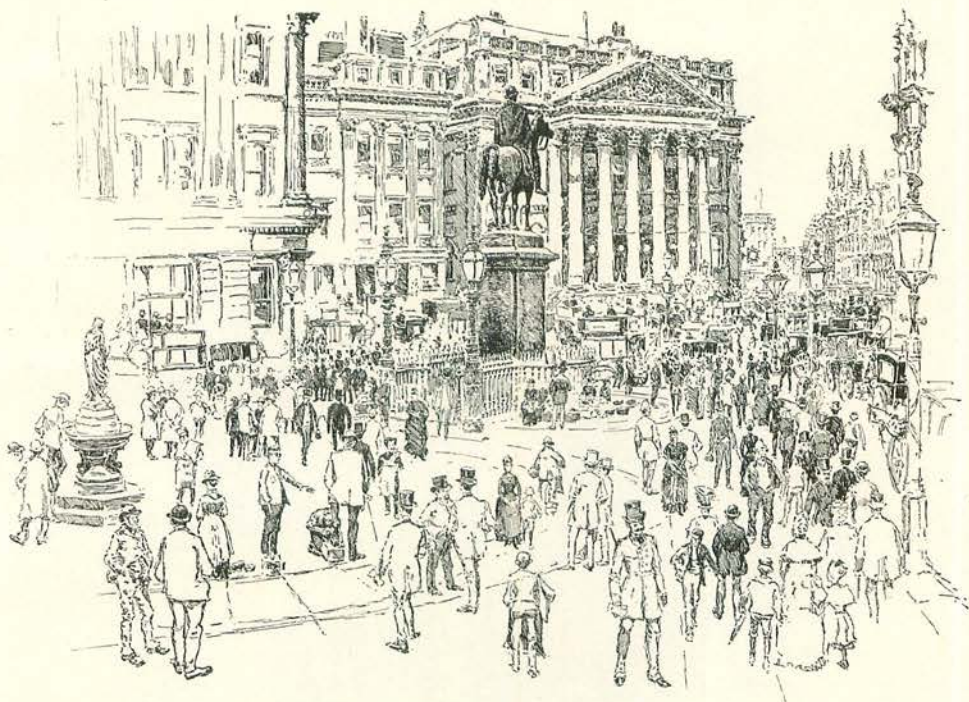
Nor does the grandeur of a Lord Mayor end with coach and four, golden chain, and sword and mace. After laying these aside he has often retired into the country, where alone in an Englishman's notions the height of grandeur can be attained, and founded a family splendid for generations, making alliances with older nobility and in time becoming old nobility itself.

The Lord Mayor is elected from the twenty-six aldermen or heads of the wards into which the city is divided by the votes of the Livery; that is, of the members of the several guilds of the city. He is elected at the Guildhall on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. Few more interesting ceremonies are to be seen in England. A wooden screen is erected outside the Guildhall with many doorways in it. At each is stationed the beadle of a guild, who is expected to know all the liverymen of his company and so to prevent unauthorized persons from entering. The floor of the Guildhall is strewn with sweet herbs, perhaps the last surviving instance of the medieval method of carpeting a hall. The twenty-six aldermen come in, all in scarlet gowns. The recorder, or law-officer of the city, rises, bows to the Lord Mayor and the assembled liverymen, and makes a little speech, declaring how from the time of King John they have had grants of certain rights of election. The Lord Mayor and aldermen then go out; another law-officer, the common sergeant, repeats what the recorder has already said and tells the liverymen that they must name two for the office of Lord Mayor, of whom the Lord Mayor and aldermen will select one. Two names are then chosen, and



THE GUILDHALL.





THE MANSION HOUSE, HOME OF THE LORD MAYOR.

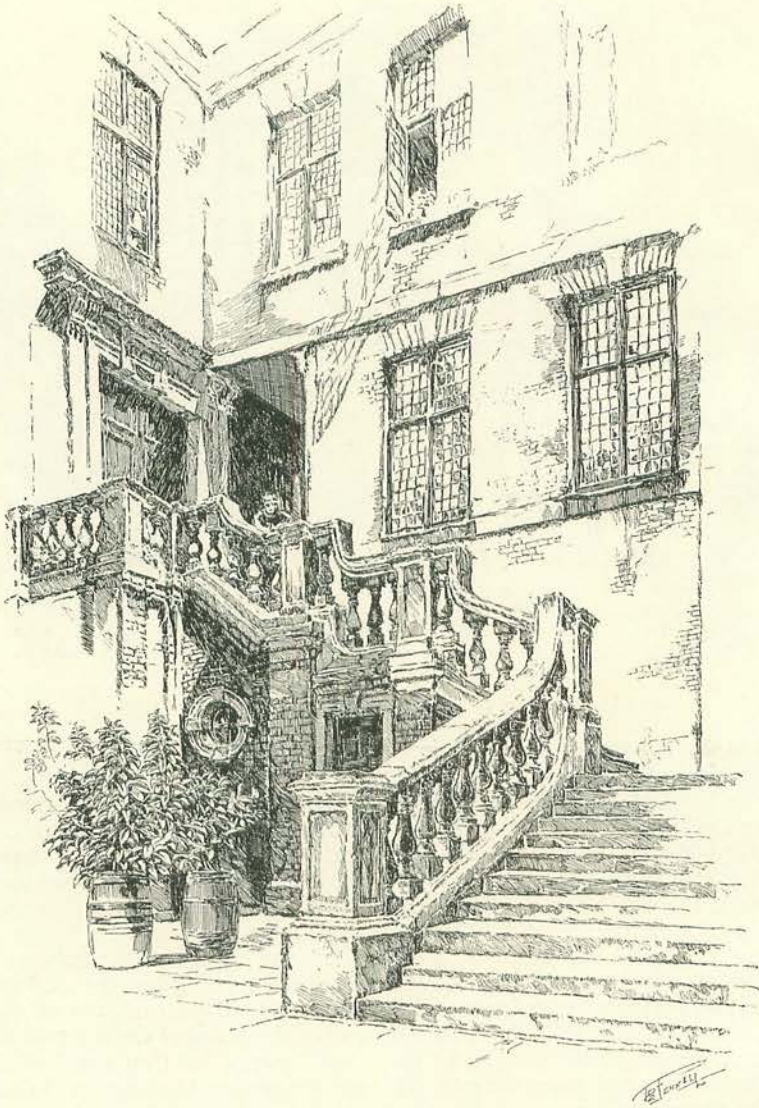
are carried to the aldermen by the heads of some of the chief guilds. One is selected, and thereupon the Lord Mayor and the aldermen return to the Guildhall and sit down, the chosen future Lord Mayor sitting on the left of the actual Lord Mayor. The recorder again rises and reads the two names and the one selected, and asks the liverymen if it is their free election, "Yea or No." They shout "Yea," and the sword-bearer thereupon takes off the fur tippet of the Lord Mayor to be, and puts a chain around his neck. On the 8th of November there is another meeting in the Guildhall. The old Lord Mayor rises and gives the new one his seat. The chamberlain of the city then approaches with three solemn bows, and hands to the new Lord Mayor a jeweled scepter, the common seal of the city, and an ancient purse. The sword-bearer next advances, and bowing three times, each time with increasing reverence, gives the Lord Mayor elect the great two-handed sword of state, which symbolizes justice and legal supremacy. The crier, with bows equal in number and profundity to those of the sword-bearer, next approaches, and presents the mace. The aldermen and sheriffs then congratulate their new chief, who proceeds to sign certain documents, and among them a receipt for the city plate. Last of all, he is presented with the keys of the standard weights and measures, deposited in his custody. The meeting then breaks up, and the old Lord

Mayor goes back to the Mansion House, his official residence, for the last time.

The next day, the 9th of November, is known in London as Lord Mayor's Day, because on that morning the new Lord Mayor takes office in the Guildhall. He drives thence through the ward of which he is alderman and proceeds in gaudy procession to the courts of law within the bounds of Westminster. Before his coach are running footmen, and there is a long procession of the carriages of the aldermen and of the heads of the several guilds and the main body of his own guild, all in their best official gowns. The banners of the guilds, their beadles, and pageants which vary according to each Lord Mayor's taste, make up a wonderful show, which as it winds in and out the narrow streets of the city enlivens them with brilliant color. Though often decried because it obstructs business for one day, should the progress of modern times abolish the custom it would be regretted by all who have witnessed it.

The Lord Mayor is presented to the Lord Chief Justice of England, takes an oath of fidelity, and calls on the judges of the several divisions of the High Court of Justice and invites them to dinner. The judges always reply somewhat haughtily that some of them will attend, and the Lord Mayor then returns to the city, in which for a year he is to be the greatest person, obliged to give place only when the Queen herself comes.





ENTRANCE TO BREWERS' HALL.

That evening he presides at a splendid feast in the Guildhall, at which he entertains many of the great people of England. There are judges in scarlet and ermine, foreign ambassadors covered with orders, Knights of the Garter in blue ribbons and Knights of the Bath in red ribbons and stars, old admirals in blue, old generals in scarlet, and perhaps some Oriental potentates, subjects of the Empress of India, blazing with pearls and diamonds. The company is seated in the fine old common hall of the city of London, and at the end of it are Gog and Magog, the successors of a long line of city giants in old times carried in the Lord Mayor's procession, but now perched

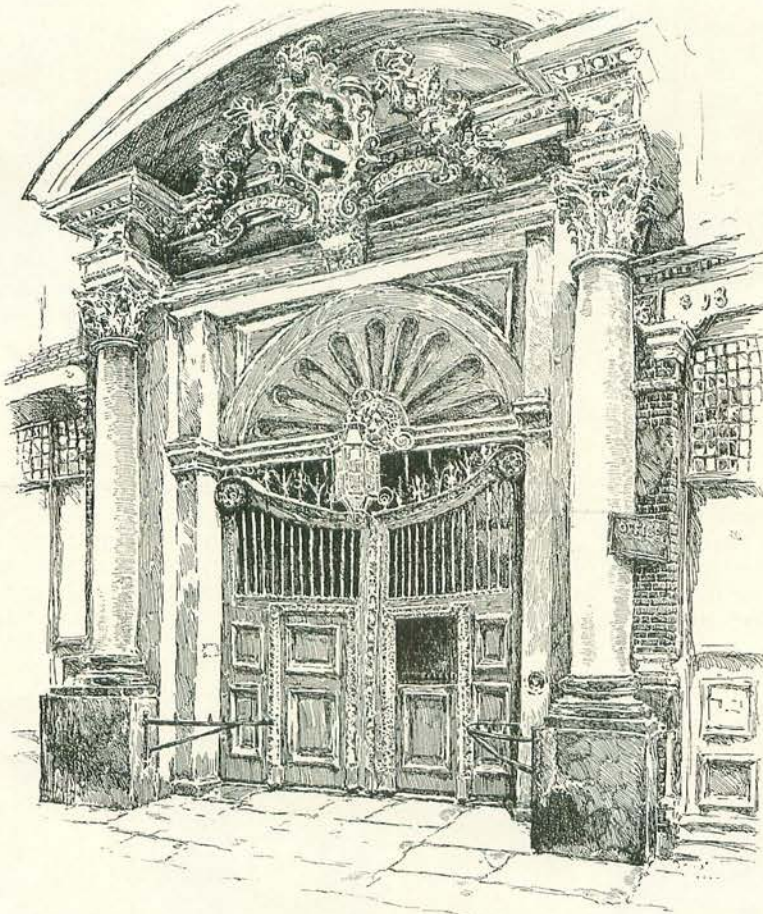
on great brackets at the end of the hall and never moved. Before Geoffrey of Monmouth was superseded by Hume and Freeman and Green, the citizens of London, on the faith of his account, believed themselves descended from the ancient Trojans; and these figures represented two heroes, Corinæus and Gotmagot, whose exploits formed part of the imaginary wars of the Trojans and the aborigines of Britain.

On the walls of the hall are costly marble monuments to Nelson and Wellington and Chatham and Pitt, heroes and statesmen admired by the city and entertained in that hall when at the height of their fame. A fine ham-



mer-beam wooden roof rests upon the solid old walls and gives warmth to their cold, gray hue. The Lord Mayor with his most illustrious guests comes into the hall where the general company is already seated, and, after walking all round with blasts of trumpets, takes his seat, and the banquet begins. Seated at the tables

of the guilds whose members elected the Lord Mayor, whose banners ornamented his procession, and to one of which he himself must belong. He often belongs to more than one, and, when elected Lord Mayor, if not already a member of one of the twelve great companies, sometimes becomes one. These twelve great com



THE BREWERS' DOORWAY.

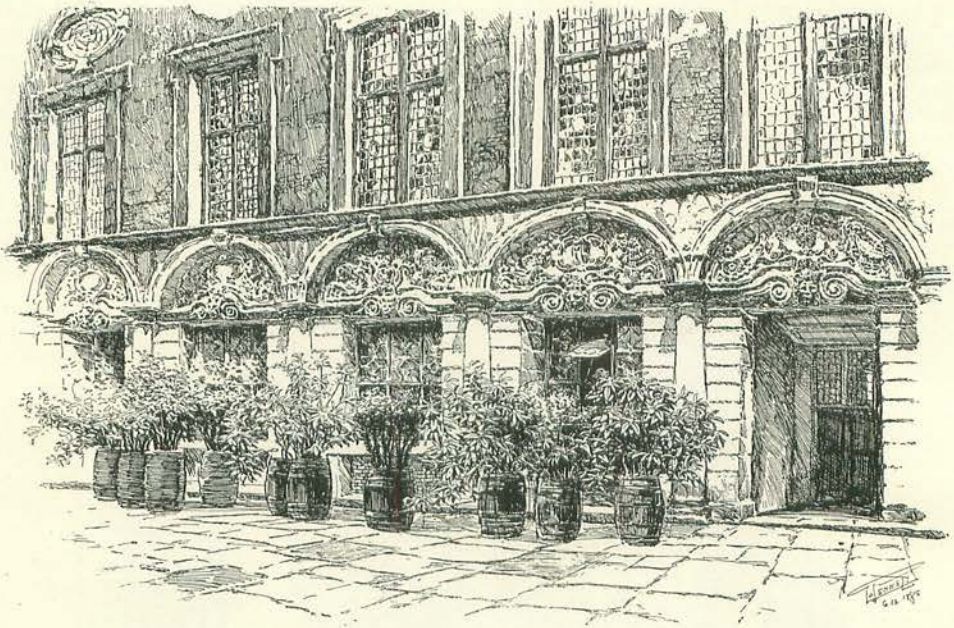
may be seen many men in gowns edged with fur and wearing golden chain-like collars ending in front in great jeweled badges. Foreigners, unlearned in the manners and customs of the city of London, often think that these splendid individuals, whose aspect is always one of grave dignity suitable to their costly ornamentation, are great English nobles wearing the decorations of orders of knighthood. It is easy to say who they are, but those who have tried know that there are few tasks more difficult than to explain their status and functions to an inquiring Frenchman. They are the masters and wardens of the London companies,

panies are the Mercers, the Grocers, the Drapers, the Fishmongers, the Goldsmiths, the Skinners, the Merchant Tailors, the Haberdashers, the Salters, the Ironmongers, the Vintners, and the Clothworkers. Each of them has a hall in the city, vast estates, curious usages, ancient royal charters, various public duties, and fixed days for feasts.

Besides the 12 great companies, there are 80 smaller ones, 36 of which have no hall.

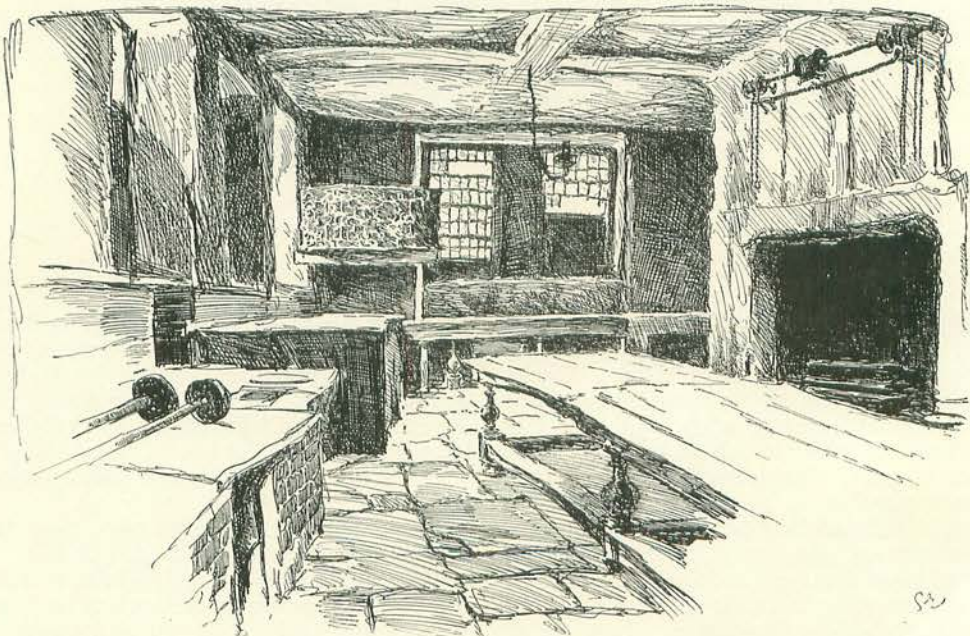
There are thus more than fifty halls, in every one of which something curious is to be seen; but they are hard to find and do not seek to entice the curious. The front door of the hall





FAÇADE, BREWERS' HALL.

is often indistinguishable from the doors of offices or warehouses near it. No label proclaims what the building is, even when the door is adorned with sculpture and is in the midst of a great mass of carved stonework. You might look at the hall of the mercers in Cheapside—the first of the great companies —from Bucklersbury and wonder why the great figure of Charity as a woman looking after chubby stone children was placed there; but no traveler, however experienced, could guess that those great closed doors, with smaller iron gates always locked before them, led into the hall and other buildings of a guild of ex-

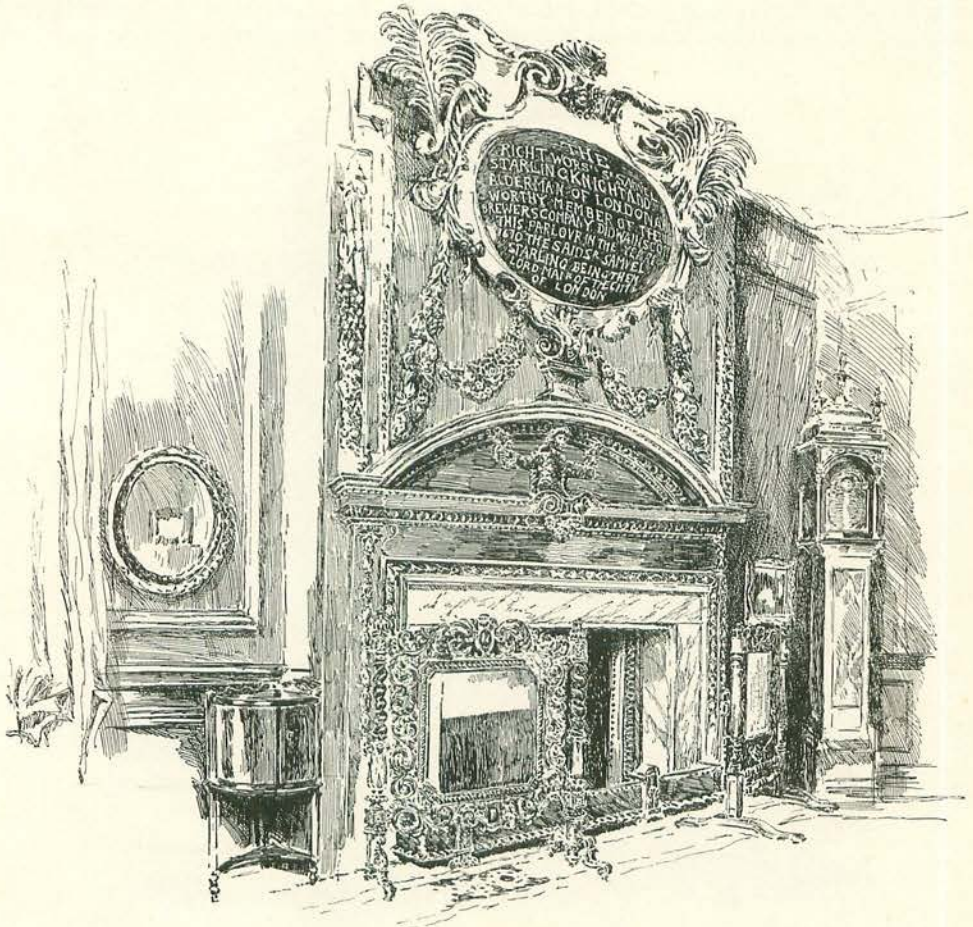


KITCHEN, BREWERS' HALL.



traordinary wealth and great antiquity. In a few cases a small and insignificant brass plate near a bell-handle bears the word "Beadle," or sometimes even lifts the veil of mystery a little higher and records a name, as "Weav-

Aladdin when the palace appeared. You enter a great paneled hall decorated with armorial bearings, with portraits, and with banners. You are in the very heart of the city of London, where land is worth £100,000 or more an



FIREPLACE IN COURT-ROOM OF BREWERS' HALL.

ers' Hall." To ring the bell requires nearly as much courage as that of Jack the Giant-killer when he blew the horn that hung at the giant's gate. The beadle, or more often the sub-beadle,—for the beadle himself is too great to be lightly disturbed,—appears. You feel instantly that you are intruding, that you had no right to ring, and that you are in much the position of a man who has impertinently rung at the door of a private house and asked to see the drawing-room. If you have an introduction,—above all, if you know any one on the court of the company, as its governing body is called,—the beadle unbends a little and you are admitted. It is only by frequent allusion to childish fairy tales that the results of explorations of the city can be illustrated. You feel like

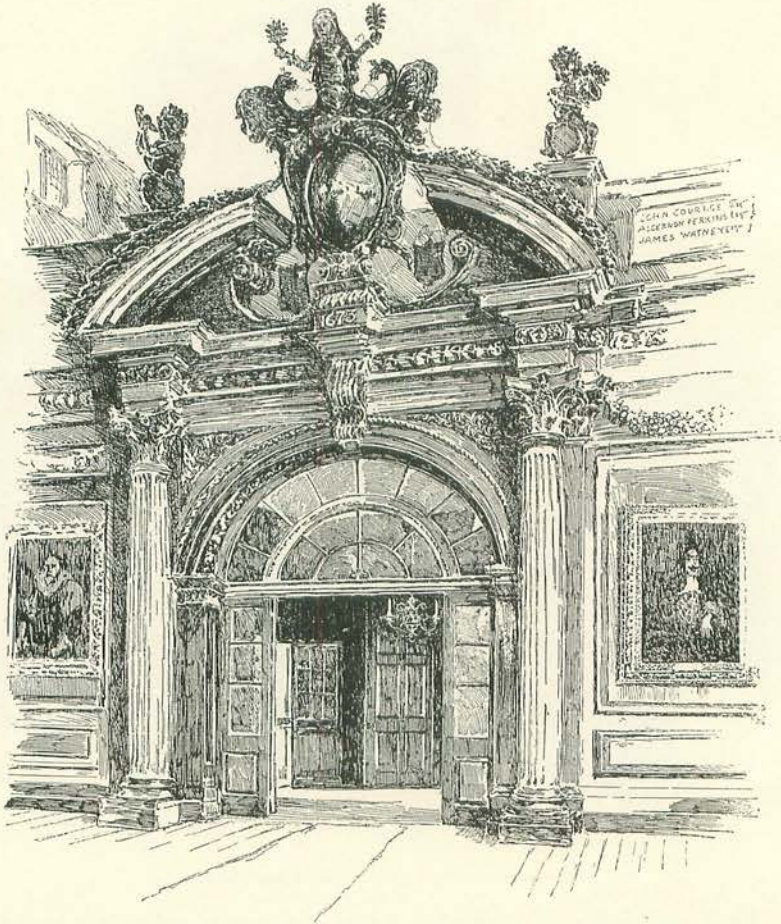
acre, yet there is a delicious garden, a courtyard recalling Italy, a splashing fountain, or a noble old tree. This element of surprise, of contrast between the rushing crowd in the street outside and the perfect fourteenth-century stillness within the halls of these ancient guilds, adds much to the pleasure of seeing curious things at which you are not asked to look. You feel in a few minutes how great a thing it is to be a merchant tailor or a cloth-worker or a grocer, superlative and unattainable, and you walk round the hall with the beadle in a deferential, humble frame of mind only comparable to the sensation of a pilgrim who is just about to kiss or has just finished kissing the toe of his holiness the Pope.

The halls of nearly all the companies were



consumed in the great fire, so that most of their buildings date from the last years of the house of Stuart, and in later times some have been rebuilt in a style of profuse magnificence. Nevertheless there is hardly one which does not contain some picturesque bit of architecture or wood-carving, curious portrait, quaintly carved figure, beautifully illuminated charter,

of grocers, a vintner of vintners. One or two good histories of particular companies have been written by members, but all the general accounts are deficient in thoroughness. It must be remembered too that these ancient corporations suffered a terrible shock at the hands of the law-officers of Charles II., who forced open their muniment chests, asked why



DOORWAY OF BANQUETING HALL, BREWERS' COMPANY.

or splendid piece of plate. The wood-carving in many is superb,—in none finer than in the Brewers' Hall,—and the combination of the dark color of old oak with the bright tinctures of painted armorial bearings occurs in endless and always picturesque variety. The quiet self-content and the half-private character of the guilds have prevented a thorough investigation of their history. They themselves feel, as any one who with the feeling of ownership dines often in such halls as theirs must come to feel, that no one but one of themselves could do them justice; that a haberdasher alone could write of haberdashers, a grocer

and wherefore about everything, and demanded their money or their lives. The *quo warranto* was hardly forgotten when more modern attacks began: royal commissions were threatened, and the guilds which had never done harm, and thought that merit enough, were perpetually asked why they did not do good, and those who obviously did good, why they did not do more, by endless practicers of cheap virtue and easy benevolence, and by more reputable and respectable persons who thought their position anomalous and wished to make it less so.

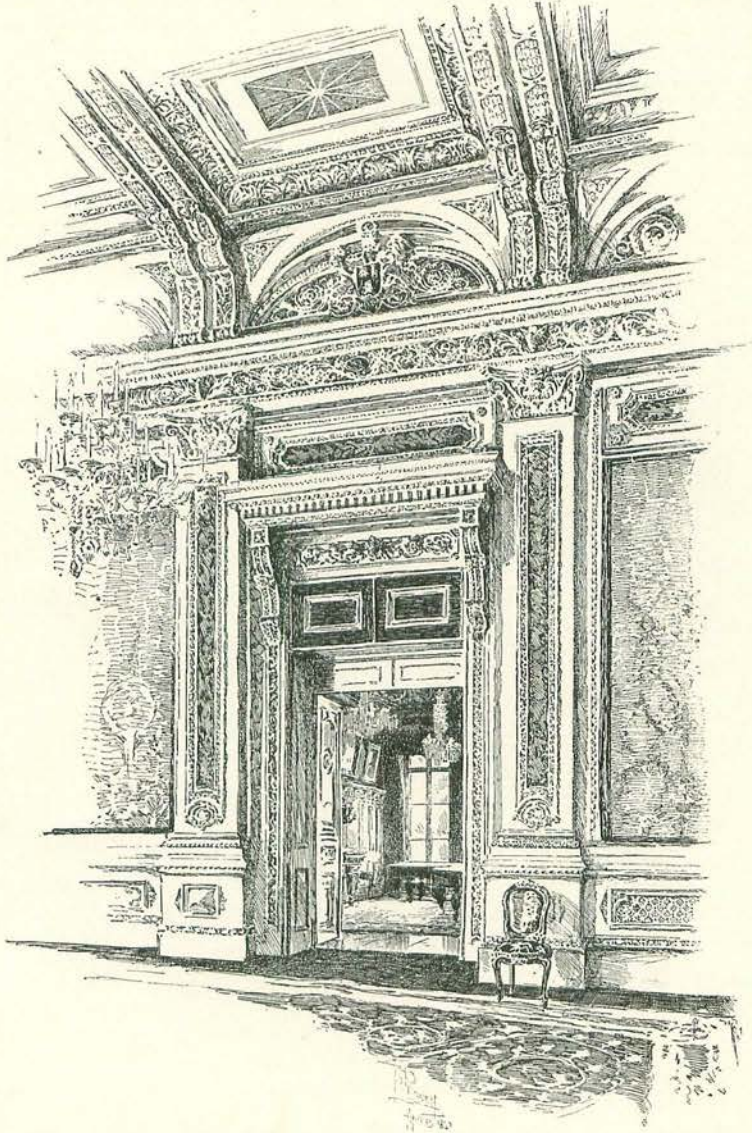
Thus assailed from time to time, but so far



surviving assault, no wonder that the companies are a little suspicious of strangers and not too anxious to admit criticising historians.

The oldest of the companies began life, as they assert, as an association of saddle-makers with a common meeting-place in Cheapside

In their early days there were tilts in Cheapside, and the King of England used to sit in a gallery near the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow to watch them. The present beautiful tower of the church was built by Wren after the fire; but to commemorate the old days of tilting



DOORWAY, HALL OF THE DRAPERS.

not far from the wall of a college of secular priests dedicated to St. Martin. The College of St. Martin flourished from the days of Edward the Confessor to those of Henry VIII., and its site is still called St. Martin's-le-Grand. It is the General Post-office; and not far from it, still in Cheapside, from the days of the last Saxon king to those of Queen Victoria, have dwelt the Company of Saddlers.

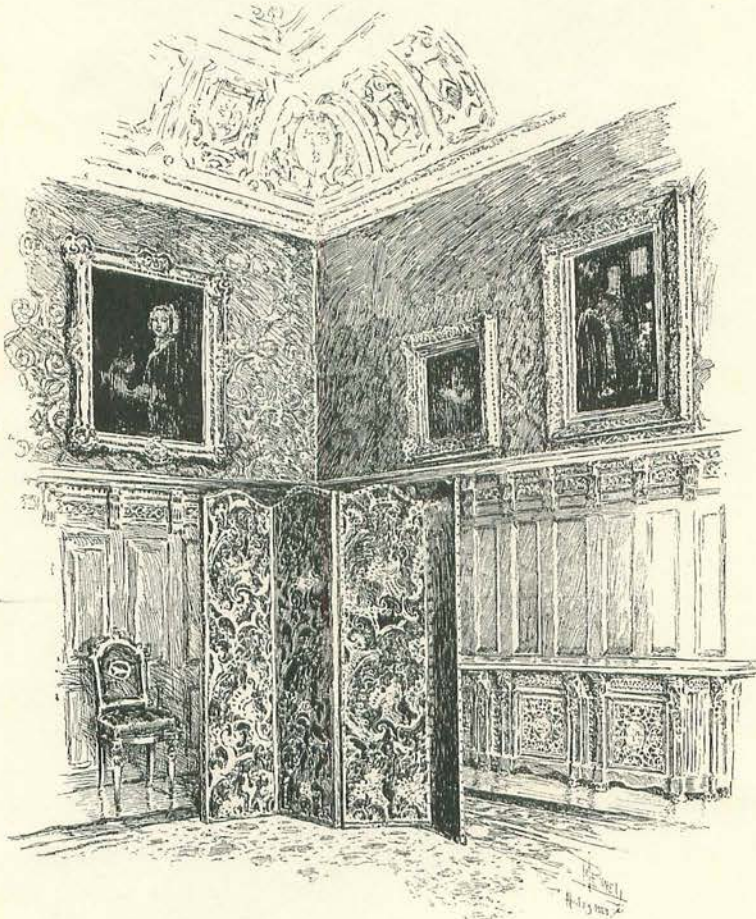
and the royal gallery, he placed a little railed balcony in the tower on the part looking into Cheapside. With what eyes of connoisseurs must the saddlers have looked on as Sir Roland's shock flung Sir Oliver from the saddle, which remained unstirred; and when a foreign knight's girths burst and he fell vanquished, they must have approved and said, "Not one of our saddles, that!"



Farther down on the same side of Cheapside, beyond the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, is a block of stone buildings with an ornate modern door decorated in the middle with sculpture. It lies between Ironmonger lane and Old Jewry. This is the property of the mercers, one of the richest of the great companies, and here is their hall on the site, as very old London tradition says, of the house of Gilbert, father of Thomas à Becket, for so many centuries the pride of the citizens of London as St.

of the days when Kent had a king of its own. At the end of the court is the magnificent hall of the Grocers' Company. Their records escaped the fire, and few companies have such full means of explaining their history in detail.

On June 12, 1345, a number of pepperers, as the grocers were then styled, met together at dinner by agreement at the town mansion of the Abbot of Bury in St. Mary Axe. They talked their common affairs over and agreed to form themselves into a voluntary associa-



ROOM IN DRAPERS' HALL.

Thomas of Canterbury. Queen Elizabeth's grandfather's grandfather, Sir Geoffrey Bullen, was a Lord Mayor of this company. Dukes of Newcastle and Somerset, Earls of Salisbury, of Coventry, of Wiltshire, and of Denbigh, and Viscounts Camden have all sprung from prosperous mercers.

Somewhat farther down, where Cheapside becomes the Poultry, is St. Mildred's Court, near which till a few years ago stood the Church of St. Mildred—a holy Kentish lady

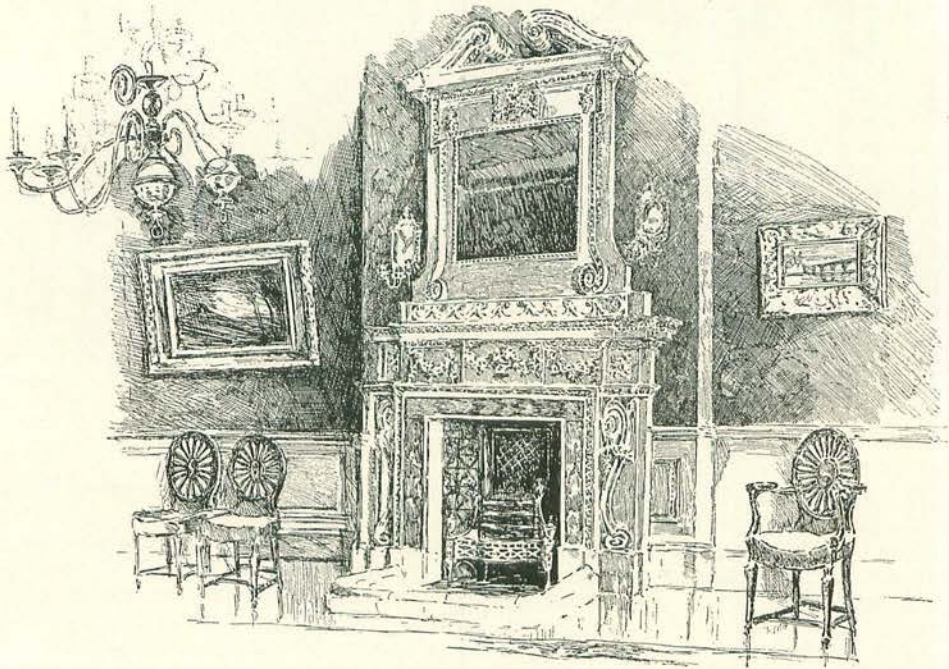
tion to settle trade disputes, to help poor members, and to say prayers for the souls of the departed members. They took St. Anthony for their patron, elected two wardens to preside over them and a chaplain to pray for them. Ever since, they have met each year on St. Anthony's day and dined together, electing new wardens and crowning them with garlands. In 1427 they bought some land in Old Jewry, a street leading out of Cheapside, there built a hall, and there



remain to this day. After their association had been in existence eighty-four years the grocers obtained a charter from the king, in the year 1429, and soon after were given the public duty of inspecting and cleansing all the spices sold in London. King Charles II. became their master, and they always dine on the day of his birth, the 29th of May. At the end of his reign, in 1685, they were nearly destroyed by the tyrannical proceedings under which the king tried to seize their charters and abolish their privileges and those of London and other cities. They just managed to survive the horrors of the *quo warranto*, as this proceeding was called, and joyfully elected William III. master when he came to the

trade, was nearly destroyed by Charles II., and has since steadily increased in riches which by the changes in the nature of commerce have worn away all its medieval functions except the happy one of promoting good-fellowship among men.

Not less magnificent than the grocers' is the hall of the drapers in Throgmorton street. The hall was rebuilt in 1881, and, with the great staircase leading to it and the smaller dependent rooms, is in a style of profuse splendor of carving, molding, and gilding, combined with a sort of costly solidity, which without much real artistic beauty produces a picturesque grandeur not unsuited to a society of wealthy merchants and the elaborate and hos-



FIREPLACE, DRAPERS' HALL.

throne and made civil liberty once more secure. From his day to our own they have grown richer, while their functions as cleansers and inspectors of spices have slowly become obsolete. Now with much good-fellowship and cheerful hospitality they administer charities, do good in other ways and harm to no one; so that all citizens may heartily join in their grace, "God preserve the Church, the Queen, and the worshipful Company of Grocers! Root and branch, may it flourish forever!"

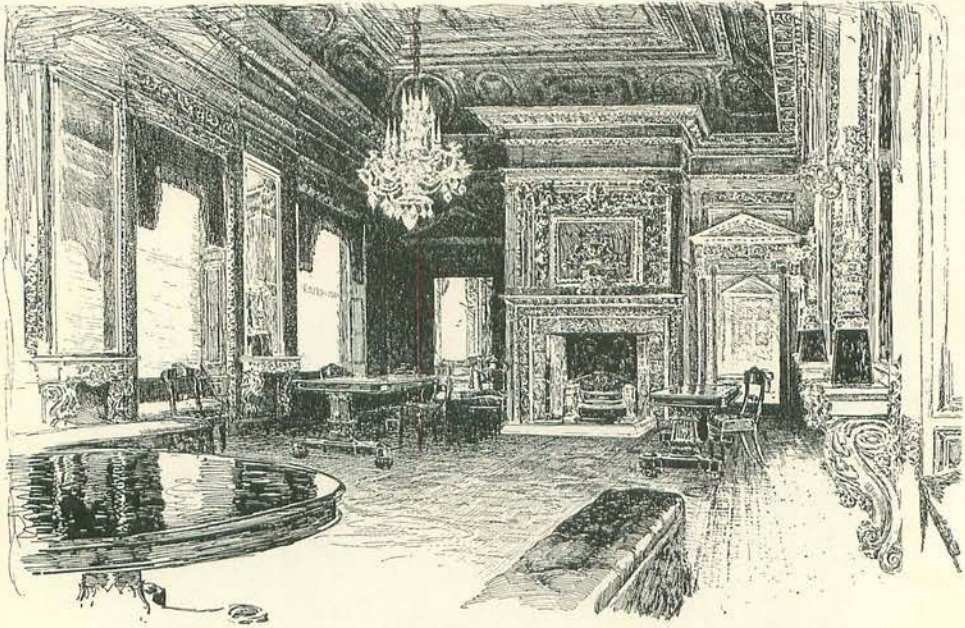
Such, with slight variations in detail, has been the history of the companies. Each began as a voluntary association, received in the fourteenth century or later a charter from the crown, exercised control over its especial

pitiable feasts that it celebrates. The street in front is filled all day with people making bargains, and on the opposite side is the Stock Exchange, overflowing with shouting, business-doing stock-brokers. What a contrast between the interiors into which those opposite doors lead! On the Stock Exchange side, business going on at its fastest pace, rushing and crowding; on the grocers' side, within the door a quiet quadrangle such as you would expect to see in a palace at Florence, a gorgeous staircase on one side leading to carved and gilded spacious rooms, empty and deserted most of the daytime, or used by a few worshipful gentlemen quietly transacting charitable affairs, lively only on a feast-day; and beyond this court



a delightful garden with a fountain. The drapers say that Henry Fitz Elwin, first Mayor of London, was a member of their company; and famous as he was, there have since been so many great and famous drapers, that if antiquaries, as they threaten, prove Henry Fitz Elwin not to have been one, the glory of the company will still be brilliant. It was certainly

affected by the fire, and near them a staircase leads to the cellars stored with wine. In one subterranean chamber is the plate—silver dishes as large as sponge-baths, others like foot-baths, endless cups and tankards, goblets and salvers and salt-cellars and hundreds of silver forks and spoons. A delightful old man, neat and courteous as a cathedral's dean, was



THE CEDAR ROOM, SKINNERS' HALL.

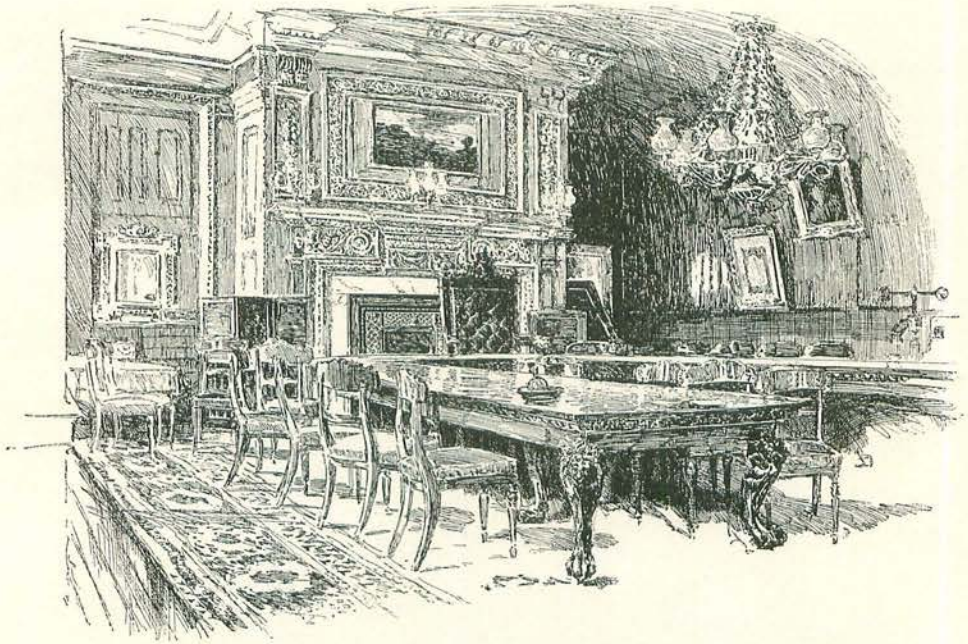
one of their members, Sir Thomas Adams, who was sent on the part of the city of London to invite King Charles II. to return to the throne of his ancestors. Private munificence has often been a characteristic of the high officers of these guilds. Many have founded colleges and schools and benefited the poor of their birth-places in other ways. Sir Thomas Adams founded the professorship of Arabic at Cambridge and a good school in his native town. Not far from Throgmorton street, and in the Threadneedle street which they had a chief share in naming, is the hall of the merchant tailors. Outside, it looks like a modern office, but on entering, the visitor comes into a spacious quadrangle, round which are ranged the halls and the library and the meeting-rooms of the company. In one of these are two beautiful pieces of embroidery,—palls which were used to cover the coffins of members of the guild when carried to the grave accompanied by the surviving members singing the dirge, for this was one of the duties of every good liveryman. The kitchen has some ancient masonry with pointed arches, too solid to be

for many years butler of this company. When he showed the plate, he used always to open with pride a particular cabinet in this plate-room. It was filled with small pepper-pots and represented one of the achievements of his life. "Would you believe it, sir, when I became butler the company had but one small pepper-pot; the waiters used to carry one in their pockets for the livery." The deficiency is now supplied: the liverymen have nearly a pepper-pot each. *Abi viator!* reckon up thy days and deeds; canst thou rival what this butler has done—hast thou multiplied pepper-pots from one to infinity and made a destitute livery happy and luxurious?

A little farther south, in Fenchurch street, is the hall of the ironmongers. Izaak Walton was their master, and there are his arms to this day decorating the paneled hall; while on the staircase, in the hall, indeed everywhere, are to be seen rampant lizards or salamanders, the crest and supporters of the armorial achievement of the company.

Leaving the ironmongers with regret and walking down Fenchurch street to the end,





SKINNERS' COURT-ROOM.

you come in view of the graceful cupola of the Church of St. Magnus, one of Wren's most successful designs. Just opposite to it, on the west side of London Bridge, is the Fishmongers' Hall, a building of gray stone with a pediment towards the river. Billingsgate market is hard by, and the fishmongers have the power of seizing and destroying putrid fish. Their hall covers the site of the riverside house of Sir William Walworth, the stout Lord Mayor who slew Wat Tyler.

Farther up the river is Dowgate, a very ancient landing-place, and near it and Dowgate Hill, is the Skinners' Hall. How long it has been there is shown by the fact that the street opposite is called Budge Row from the budge, or dressed lambskin, which the craft used of old to hang out for sale in the row. Happy the man who is entertained by the Guild of the Body of Christ of the Skinners of London, as the company style themselves in all official documents. A beadle receives him with lofty courtesy, and calls out his name as he ascends a handsome staircase. At the top the guest suddenly finds himself in the august presence of the master and wardens. They shake hands with him and bid him welcome as if he was the one guest who, long invited and never coming, had at last appeared and satisfied a lifelong wish on their part to see him.

The guest seems to have entered into their very hearts, when suddenly he feels that they can smile on him no more, and that the absorb-

ing attention with which they received him is exchanged in an instant for total neglect. It is merely that these high functionaries are receiving another guest, and so another and another till the list is complete and dinner is served. All dinners of all companies are noble feasts, and the tables of the great companies are brilliant with splendid pieces of plate. Among the skinners' plate are some curious flagons made in form of beasts and birds. The skinners like to tell how these are used. On the day of election of master and wardens, the court, or governing body of the guild, is assembled in the hall, and ten blue-coat boys, with the almsmen of the company, the master and wardens, all in procession, preceded by trumpeters blowing blasts, march round the hall. Three great birds of silver are brought in and handed to the master and wardens. The birds' heads are screwed off, and the master and wardens drink wine from these quaint flagons.

Three caps of maintenance are then brought in. The old master puts one on. It will not fit him. He hands it to another, and he to another, and both declare that it does not fit. Then it reaches the skinner who is to be master for the year. Wonderful to relate, it fits him to a nicety. The trumpeters flourish their trumpets, the skinners and their almsmen shout for joy. The wardens next find out whom the cap fits, with the other two caps of maintenance, and so the high authorities of the guild are installed for the year. Their court-room is paneled with red cedar, with deep gilded

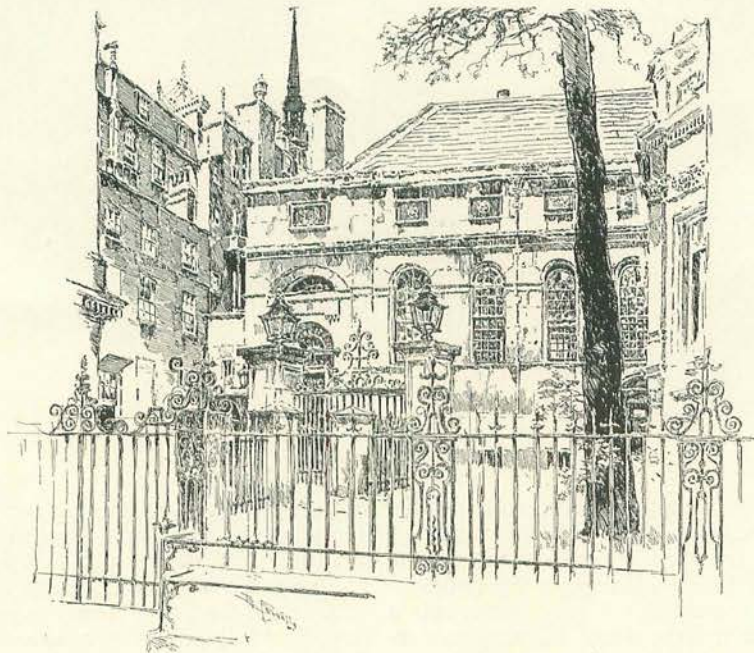


classical moldings, and when lighted of an evening is rich beyond compare to look at and exhales a delicious odor—a true cedar parlor, in which Sir Charles Grandison might well be glad to bow forever over the hand of Miss Harriet Byron.

Close to the Skinners' Hall are those of the

a good broth for it and do it into the foyle of paste and close it up fast, and bake it well and so serve it forth; with the head of one of the birds stuck at the one end of the foyle and a great tail at the other and divers of his long feathers set in cunningly all about him."

St. Paul's ends the noble vista of Cannon



STATIONERS' HALL.

dyers and the tallow-chandlers and the innholders; and that of the Mystery of the Vintners is in the same region of the city. A few yards off, on the other side of Cannon street, in St. Swithin's lane, is the spacious but not very interesting hall of the salters. For arms they bear three salt-cellers, springing (or casting out) salt; and as they all firmly believe themselves to be "salt of the earth, ye virtuous few," so do they often repeat their motto, *Sal sapit omnia* ("Salt savoreth everything"). They have a pie of their own, a most choice pasty, in which their favorite ingredient has many companions. The date of the recipe of this delicious piece of cookery is 1394.

"Take pheasant, hare, and chicken, or capon, of each one with two partridges, two pigeons, and two coneyes and smite them in pieces and pick clean away from all the bones that ye may and therewith do them into a foyle [a case] of good paste, made craftily in the likeness of a bird's body, with the livers and hearts, two kidnies of sheep and forcemeats and eggs made into balls. Cast thereto powder of pepper, salt, spice, eysell, and mushrooms to make

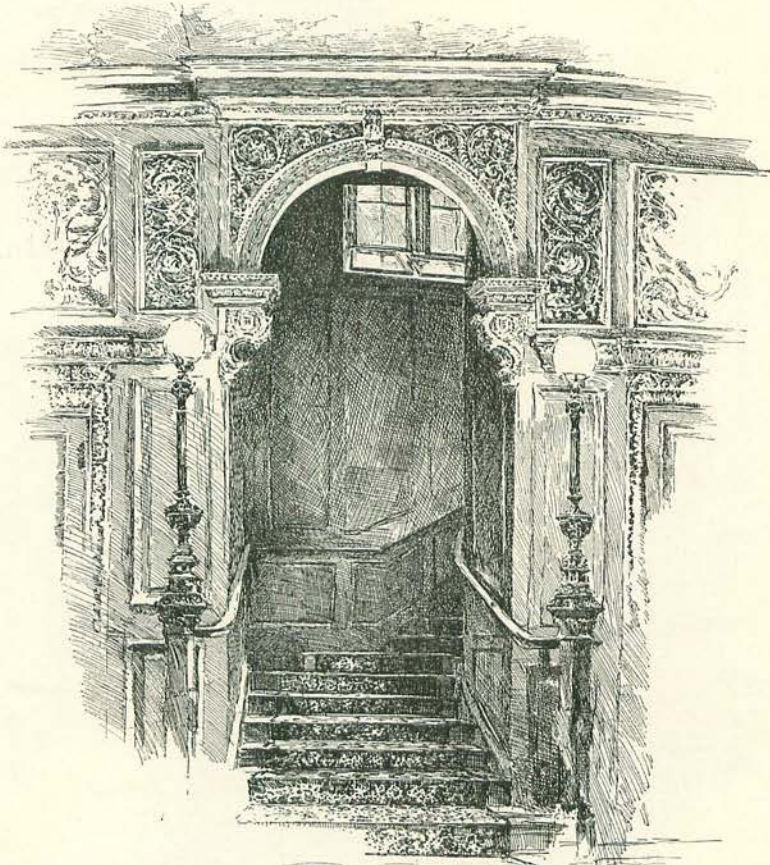
street to the west and affords ample food for reflection as you walk from St. Swithin's lane to Ave Maria lane. The lane called after the angelic salutation is the first turn to the right as you go from the west of St. Paul's down Ludgate Hill. A new building on the left of it bears the inscription, *Verbum Domini manet in æternum*, and this pious expression is the motto of the company of stationers. An archway in the new warehouse bearing the motto leads to their most picturesque hall. It shuts out from the world a quiet garden belonging to the company, at the back of the Church of St. Martin, Ludgate, and adjoining it are the court-room, stock-room, and kitchen of the company. They keep the copyright register for England, and all their members are bookmen; that is, printers or publishers. The hall is of a most collegiate aspect, spacious and lofty, with deeply recessed windows and rich oak carving. A good modern colored window of St. Cecilia, the patroness of the company, a series of banners hanging from the cornice on each side, and numerous painted shields of the chief officers, some very bright, some



toned down by time, give pleasant, harmonious coloring to this well-proportioned hall.

A fireplace in the court-room is a wonderful example of exquisite wood-carving. When the business of the court was tedious, perhaps Mr. Samuel Richardson's mind wandered to the virtue of Pamela, or the villainy of Lovelace. It cannot be asserted as a proved fact of literary

first. Within is the most exquisite of the halls of the guilds—an oblong room lighted above by a cupola, round the interior base of which is carved a great wreath of foliage, a unique design by Inigo Jones. The architect's portrait by Vandyke hangs on the walls, and all the other pictures deserve study. Over the mantelpiece is a most carefully painted Lely, "the



STAIRWAY, HALL OF THE GIRDERS.

history, but it is at least very likely, that some of Clarissa's letters were written in that court-room. Little did the country ladies who wept over them think of them as the compositions of the stout stationer in a wig whose portrait looks down at his successors in the Mystery as they transact their business in the court-room.

Walking from Stationers' Hall down Warwick lane, once the abode of the King-maker, you come into Newgate street and so, crossing by Christ's Hospital, reach Aldersgate, from which a few yards bring you to Monkwell street, where is Barbers' Hall. A doorway in a great warehouse and a board with the words "Barbers' Hall" are all that you see at

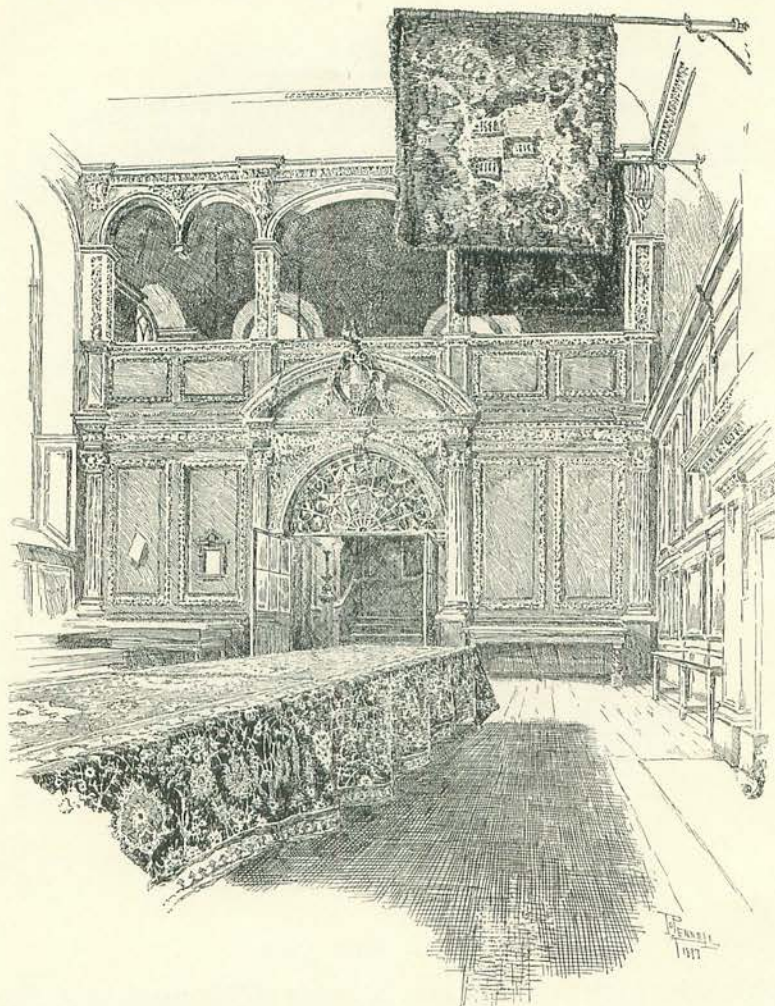
Countess of Richmond as St. Agnes," given to the company by the founder of the Bank of England. Opposite this is a famous Holbein of Henry VIII. presenting an act to the barbers, or, as they then were, the barber-surgeons, while his physicians kneel on his right hand. King Henry united the surgeons, then unable to live as a separate guild, to the barbers, and it was not till 1745 that they were separated. The surgeons left behind them all the records of their craft in early days, several splendid pictures, and much plate. The barbers still drink out of a silver-gilt cup of exquisite renaissance work given to them by Henry VIII., and out of another silver cup, adorned with



oak leaves and having bells shaped like acorns, given to them by Charles II. At the principal feasts the wardens wear silver-gilt crowns, and as they enjoy the splendor of their plate, to which also Queen Anne made an addition, declare that no company has so many royal gifts of silver. The draught is kept from the worshipful mystery of barbers while

the secrets of the guild and that he would sooner die than reveal it. It is called a marrow pudding, but the "marrow" is "Mary," an allusion to Our Lady, and marrow there is none in this delicious, mysterious confection.

Addle street, where the brewers dwell, is not far from Monkwell street. The Brewers' Hall is one of the finest examples of architectural



BANQUETING HALL OF THE GIRDLERS.

they dine by a beautiful old screen of painted leather, and outside the door of the hall is the shell of a great turtle with their arms painted on it, and given to them by the Merry Monarch. A quaint little staircase with fine old chandelier of brass-work leads to their parlor, whither they adjourn after feasts for coffee. If the salters have a pie, the barbers have a pudding of their own, but the recipe will not be known till doomsday; for the master, when asked of what this pudding consisted, declared that the recipe was one of

work and interior decoration of the period succeeding the great fire of London. The hall is entered by a prominent gate with the brewers' arms above, which leads into a court-yard, round which are the buildings of the company. The staircase, the hall, and the court-room are equally fine. Near the Brewers' is the Weavers' Hall, and not far off, in Basinghall street, dwell the girdlers. They have a marble staircase and an oak-paneled hall worthy of Italy, and in the very heart of London a mulberry garden where they can pick ripe mul-



berries from the tree and enjoy as delicious a repose as if they dwelt in some city like Bruges, whence commerce has long since fled, while traces of civic grandeur survive, instead of in London, where commerce is at its height and the moss of decay has not yet begun to grow.

A little way from Basinghall street the goldsmiths have a magnificent hall, in which the purity of all the gold and silver plate-work of England is attested by the guild and stamped with its mark. Nearly opposite the goldsmiths the haberdashers have dwelt for four hundred and ten years, under the patronage of St. Catharine of Alexandria.

Near the halls of most of the guilds are the churches in which for many centuries the masters and wardens have attended service, and in them are to be seen many monuments of past generations of masters and wardens. Sir Andrew Judd, a great skinner, who died in 1588, kneels in armor with his four sons, his wife, and daughter at perpetual prayer in the

Church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. In the same church Sir John Spencer, the great cloth-worker, who died in 1609, reclines bearded and in state armor, with Dame Spencer at his side and their daughter dutifully kneeling in prayer at her parents' feet. Sir Hugh Hammersley, knight and haberdasher, who died in 1636, kneels with his wife in St. Andrew's undershaft; and there, sitting in an alcove in gown and ruff, with a book before him, is carved the effigy of John Stow, the historian of London, a man proud of her glories, learned in the history of everything within her walls, and acquainted with every church and every guild. He wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but whoever wishes at this day to study London city will do well to make Stow the companion of his walks.

In spite of the ravages of the great fire and the still greater demolitions of later times, the parish churches and the halls of the ancient guilds of London open a view of past times such as is to be seen in few cities of Europe.

*Norman Moore.*



UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON  
TO SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE.



PROFESSOR J. R. SEELEY, in his recently published "Short History of Napoleon I.," has said that "the heroism of Nelson has always been duly recognized, but the immense greatness of his work seems to have been generally overlooked. He reconquered the Mediterranean for England; he dissolved, at a blow, all Napoleon's dream of Oriental conquest; he broke up the armed neutrality."

It is to the latter achievement that the following letters of Lord Nelson refer. They treat exclusively of the expedition to the Baltic, and range from the beginning of March, 1801, until the end of May in the same year; the first letter having been written before the fleet left Spithead, the last after Nelson had left Revel. The series comprises his own account of a time which, although it eventually turned to his glory, yet, as these letters too plainly and sadly show, was embittered by an undercurrent of suffering, partly from ill health, and partly from the injustice done to his genius and his patriotism. When the moment of emergency came, it was inevitable that Nelson should take the lead and win the battle, which, as is so well

known, he did in defiance of the orders of the admiral under whom he had been placed. Perhaps some additional light may be shed on the details of the expedition to the Baltic by the publication of these letters, which were addressed by Nelson to his long-tryed friend and companion in arms, Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge. In the collection of Nelson's letters printed by Sir Harris Nicolas in 1844 are some written to this officer in earlier days; but the present series of twenty-four has never hitherto seen the light, having been carefully put by and treasured up by his descendants for three generations.<sup>1</sup> They are here given without alteration; every word is fresh, strong, and natural as it fell from the pen of Nelson, inditing his thoughts to his intimate friend. The letters are on quarto paper, in good black ink; the writing vigorous, peculiar, clearly to be read in the main, and written necessarily with the left hand.

The naval officer to whom they are addressed was the first Sir Thomas Troubridge; and a brief reference to his character and career will be requisite to explain how the correspondence came about, and to show what qualities they were which gained for him the confidence of Nelson. Their friend-

<sup>1</sup> They now belong to Sir Thomas Troubridge, fourth Baronet.