

"I am glad!" emphatically; "and you won't be cross with me ever any more?"

"Why should I?"

"But you won't?"

"Well, I won't then."

"Thank you. Now you may go away, boy. Good-bye!"

She slips her threepenny-bit of a hand into one of his huge ones, and makes her farewell with such a gladdened, altered countenance, that he is smitten with remorse for having vexed such a small innocent thing. So he stoops down and gives her a kiss, with a furtive glance about as if afraid lest a bird on the wing should catch sight of the harmless peace-offering.

"There, run off," he says, lifting her clean over the stile with one sweep of his great strong arms; "go back to Taffy. Or no, look here," his brows knitting again,

"play about first a few minutes. And, I say," holding her still by a great bunch of holland frock and red sash, "never you mind if people are cross now and then. Take my advice and don't care about it. Good-bye!"

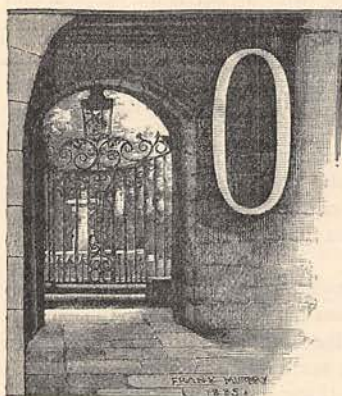
He stops to see her safely traverse Lewis's long garden, and when he has started, turns back once more to watch the dark-haired child passing on through the orchard.

"Poor little thing!" he mutters, though his tone of pity is at variance with the scowl that gathers on his face again; "poor little thing!" and for all the wrath he may be nursing, carries away with him a kindly recollection of the tender-spirited seven-year-old maid, whom, spite of all he was to owe her, he was never in this world to see again.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

LONDON FOR LONDONERS.

BY PROFESSOR J. STUART BLACKIE. IN THREE PAPERS.—FIRST PAPER.



A CORNER IN THE CLOISTERS, WEST-MINSTER.

F all the great towns that I have seen, taken as a whole, the capital of the British Empire is undoubtedly the finest. I say emphatically, *taken as a whole*, because in not a few respects some of the most noted capitals are superior; and unless London be taken as a whole, it may fall readily under the misjudgment

of a hasty observer. The difficulty here is to know it as a whole: it is so vast, and so various, that many persons who have lived there all their lives, not as mere shopmongers, but as intelligent residents, are ignorant of some of the most notable things in it, and are more familiar with an old baronial castle on the Rhine, or a temple of Isis by the roaring cataracts of the Nile, than with an old chapel in the City where the stout Henries and Edwards of our old history may have said their prayers, or the hall where the old burghers convened to resist the inroads of despotic kings into their liberties, and to protest against the luxurious lives of the Churchmen. And yet London is not so difficult to be known as a whole, in a general way, by those who will take the trouble to do it, and who have acquired the useful habit of knowing always where they are, and carefully marking their bearings; for being rather a congeries of towns, that have gradually grown together, than a single town, in the common sense of the word, it is divided by long

streets, originally country roads, running for many miles almost in a straight line, following the natural lie of the country from east to west, which map it out into natural parallels that a free-ranging eye can easily command; and it is with a survey of this kind, taken not from the top of St. Paul's, which merely spreads before the bewildered eye a magnificent confusion, but from actual movement through the great thoroughfares, that I advise the visitor of this great City to start. The means of locomotion here are so ready, so various, and so cheap, that it is a man's own fault if, with the help of a constant look at the sun and a good pocket map, he does not master the various lines and natural divisions of this wonderful forest of human dwellings in a few days. And here, I fancy, I have hit upon the proper term to express its distinctive character as a city. London is a large social *forest*, marked everywhere by the rich straggling freedom, unregulated variety, and indefinite limit which distinguish a forest from an artificial garden or a walled orchard. And like a great forest, also, it has not a few free green places scattered here and there, to let in the light and give currency to the breezes, while the long lines of streets which we have mentioned are like the green walks through a forest, which enable the woodman to use his axe freely, and to transport the fruits of his labour with ease and expedition to their proper destiny.

The opposite style to this rambling character of London may be best seen in Berlin. The magnificent capital of Prussia—or now, rather, of Germany—has more the aspect of a manufacture than a growth. The streets run rank and file, like the battalions of a great army. They are utterly without the freedom, the picturesqueness, and the ever-changing diversity which is the great charm of London—of course, we repeat here, of London taken as a whole. There are parts and whole districts of London which are as bald as

the most prosaic lines of street in Berlin or Mannheim, and as destitute of any distinctive feature as a feeble curate's first sermon, in which the skeleton discourse of some "Preachers' Help" has been tricked up into the customary proprieties of the pulpit. But these long rows of tasteless monotony in London are only parts, which in other cities would make the whole; and are, moreover, largely relieved either by the grand sweep of the adjacent parks or by those frequent green squares of open ground which add a charm to the most prosaic architecture of a town, similar to that conferred by a bending river on the monotony of a wide champaign. As in England, generally, the presence of this fresh and fragrant green—not in strips only here and there, but everywhere, in large interminable sweeps—gives a charm to the landscape, with which neither Italy, nor Germany, nor any fairest Continental country can vie, so in London, the glory of green trees vividly fresh amid the dulness of old brickly courts, and beneath the pall of a frequently cloudy sky, brings the memory, so to speak, and a certain afflatus of the country into the town, just as the arms of the sea on the west coast of the Highlands run with a graceful wilfulness up to the roots of the Bens, bringing the strong breath of ocean along with them. This strange and unexpected combination of contrary things fills the eye with the changes of a pleasurable surprise.

A great contribution to this delightful intermixture of town and country is formed by what were once the suburbs of London, but what are now essential parts of the City; for it is a rule, with few exceptions, that men who do business in the City proper—that is, the district of which St. Paul's is the centre, with the Tower and the Strand as the two wings—reside not in the City, but decamp regularly, about four or five o'clock, into those comparatively open circumjacent districts, which are either separate small towns, or open green commons surrounded with villas.

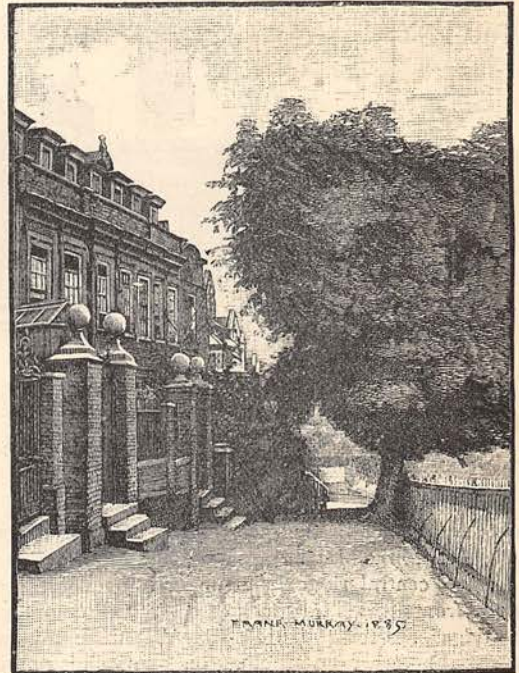
It is difficult to imagine anything more pleasant or more healthful in the way of town residence than the variety of bright, breezy, and leafy situations presented by Kensington, Hampstead, Clapham Common, Wimbledon, or Worcester Park.

No doubt, even in these green and grassy regions, especially in the season when the east wind dominates, the man who has been habituated to the clear blue of Continental skies will feel a certain want. But the want is amply compensated by the perpetual verdure of the surroundings, by the unconstrained freedom of movement, and by the air of wealth, taste, and comfort which clothes the country as with a garment. And these beautiful suburbs are as different from one another as they are from the wonderful City which they enclose. In Hampstead, as in Clapham, the most different tastes may be gratified, and lungs of the most diverse sensibility inhale the ventilation that is suitable for them. To live within half an hour's drive of the largest capital in the world, and day by day, after the din of the street and the fog of the Thames, to find yourself on the edge of a broad heath, as wild as a Highland moor, and with an atmosphere

as keen and breezy as sweeps across the purple shoulders of a Highland Ben: this, surely, is a luxury in the way of urban residence which in some of the most favoured cities of the world no amount of gold can purchase; while persons of less muscular fibre, and lungs of more gentle play, find in the green commons of Clapham, Tooting, and Streatham a field where the foot can ramble with an easy freedom, as light as sheep on the downs of Sussex, and as alert as the golf-players on the breezy links of St. Andrew's.

If Clapham Common in this open freedom is not without a certain tinge of the democratic element, Kensington, with its army of sweet green homes and private gardens, stamped with the names of Argyle, Bute, and Airlic, shows a decidedly aristocratic front. Here the wise ducal orator or the cultured earl may be found sitting in the bosom of his family beneath a spreading tree in Arcadian fashion, conscious of the multitudinous din of the adjacent City only as of the quiet roll of thunder on the distant hills, or the soft break of waves on a sandy shore.

At Worcester Park, again—beyond Wimbledon, to the south—while the elevating associations of noble ancestry may be few, the rich succession of tasteful villas embosomed in graceful greenery and festooned with flowers, impresses the stranger pleasantly with the type of a country where colossal accumulations of wealth in the hands of a few are skirted round with a rich display of luxury and wealth in the middle and sub-middle classes of society. What I have heard certain Germans say, that there is no middle class in England, finds its best contradiction in these suburbs. It is not that there is no middle class in England, but



OLD HOUSES, HIGHGATE HILL.

that our middle class is so well appointed as to assume the appearance of an upper class to the inhabitants of less wealthy communities.

Among the elements which go to give character to a large town, the situation is unquestionably the most important; and situation as affecting the beauty of a city is of two kinds: the situation on which it stands, and from which, as a statue on a pedestal, it shows itself; and the situation into which it leads, which it overlooks, and which delights the eye with freshness, and stirs the imagination by the beauty of contrast. In both these respects there is, perhaps, no city superior to Edinburgh, and none inferior to Berlin. No pomp of architecture and no parade of native or artificial greenery can redeem from a certain aspect of weariness and commonplace a city that is built on a dead flat, where nature has done nothing, and what art does has no vantage-ground from which to act on the spectator. The growth of bulky magnificence in such cases will be like the increase of wealth in the hands of a person who knows not how to use it. The striking picturesqueness of Edinburgh, as a whole, and especially in its principal street, most familiar to strangers, depends on the fact that it is built on the line of three parallel ridges, with hollow valleys between, which

hills which overhang the city on the east, or to the adjacent Pentlands on the south, or the heights of Fife on the other side of the Frith of Forth. It is this wonderful situation which caused Mr. Ruskin, when lecturing on architecture at Edinburgh some twenty years ago, to make the sarcastic remark that he was always thankful when he came to the corners of the cross-streets in the new town, whence he might look out on the works of God in nature, and relieve his eye from the painful contemplation of the most prosaic masonry that ever was converted into the form of human dwellings. This witness is true: at least, in reference to the original condition of the three long streets in the new town, as they gradually took form after the building of the North Bridge, in the year 1765—streets which had no more pretensions to beauty than the London houses in Harley Street and Wimpole Street, and not a few other erections, both inside and outside of London, built at a time before the æsthetical conscience of the country had been awakened from the lethargy into which it fell during the dulness of the age which elapsed between the fall of the Stuarts and the strong stimulant of the French Revolution: an event which sounded a note of change, and flung a leaven of fermentation into Europe which could not fail



CHARING CROSS.

look one another in the face, and in this way show themselves to the best advantage; while, at the same time, the central ridge bolts up with one of those abrupt fronts which trap-rock is so fond of assuming. The ridges, moreover, are so high that there are few parts of the town from which a grand outlook is not to be enjoyed, either towards the closely adjacent volcanic

to show itself, not only in the political world, to which it properly belonged, but in the kindred domains of literature and art.

How much Edinburgh owes to this peculiar plantation on lofty parallel ridges, may be most easily understood by comparing it with Athens or with Dublin. For the classical Athens, however many points of

topographical feature it may possess in common with the Scottish Athens, taken as a whole, can in nowise boast either of that wonderful aptitude of self-display, or of the frequent outlook into the country from the centre of the city, which is the charm of the Scottish metropolis.

In this all-important matter of situation, London, though certainly not to be compared with Edinburgh,

the enjoyment of the great mass of the people; while the river, so far from being destroyed by the ever-increasing population of the Titanic metropolis, has in these latter days received tasteful embellishments, such as the banks of few other urban rivers can surpass. A great river is always a grand feature in a town; and were it not for the adjacent Frith, the Scottish capital would feel much more acutely than



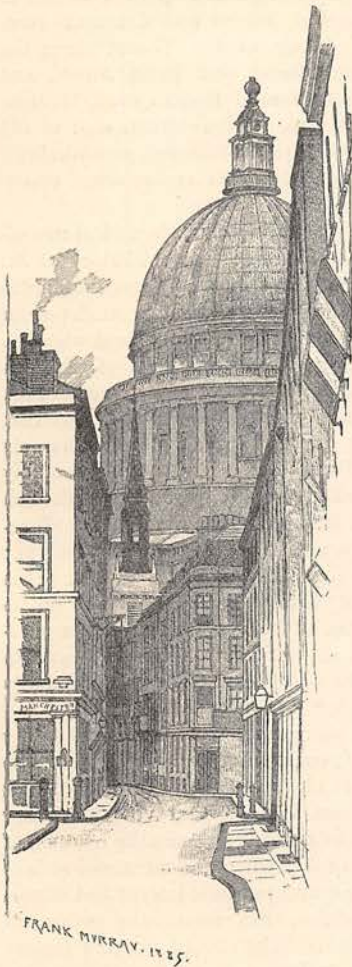
IN A LONDON SQUARE—LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

or Rome, or Naples, or Stockholm, or in its peculiar way with Venice, is by no means destitute of attractions. Originally, when in ante-Roman times the old Celtic fort or dun occupied the site of the ground where St. Paul's now stands, the prominence of the position was more notable than it can be now. Still the ascent from Lower Thames Street, and all along the river up to Blackfriars Bridge, is marked enough to redeem the situation from the absolute insipidity which is entailed on such situations as those of Dublin and Berlin. Seen from the river, the original old London, now crowned by the weighty dome—the masterpiece of Wren—towers up with a quiet grandeur wonderfully impressive; and not only in this central quarter, but all along through High Holborn to Bayswater and Notting Hill, London stands on an elevation that, by the happy intervention of a long line of parks—fully three miles from Westminster to Kensington Palace—gives it an opportunity of displaying itself which no other city possesses in an equal degree. Abolish the parks and abolish the river, and London would lose as much as Edinburgh by the sinking of her castled ridge, or the drying-up of her islanded estuary. But, happily, none of these contingencies are possible. The parks are one of those beneficial legacies which, by happy chance or wise disposition, have been transferred from the lordship of the few to

she does the want of such a picturesque and inspiring adjunct. No doubt it is better to have no river at all in the middle of a town than a hollow filled with water creeping sluggishly along, half dead and half alive, as in the Liffey, in Dublin, or the Spree in Berlin. Such rivers suggest the idea of degenerating into the inferior genus of a ditch; and all ideas of degeneracy and decadence are disagreeable. But a real river that flows and swells is one of the greatest beauties that a great city can possess, and, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Why? obviously, because a river brings the country, which is the garden of God, and the best part of the country, with exhaustless energy into the town—the part of the country which is most suggestive of freshness, and vigour, and vitality, and which not only suggests freshness, but creates it, wherever it appears, as any man may learn experimentally who will go from Westminster Bridge to the Mansion House by the Underground Railway, and return, not underground, but above water, in the Thames steamboat for the small sum of one penny; and not only a penny, but an additional sixpence or a shilling would be well bestowed for such a refreshing restorative to lungs faint and flaccid with the super-foetation of carbonic acid gas which the Underground Railway suffers under in the month of July.

LONDON FOR LONDONERS.

BY PROFESSOR J. STUART BLACKIE. IN THREE PAPERS.—SECOND PAPER.



A PEEP AT ST. PAUL'S FROM A BY-STREET.

I HAVE said that the embellishments of the Thames in these latter years have contributed in a high degree to its natural attractions as a first-class river. Of course I alluded to the Victoria Embankment, accompanying the whole course of the left bank of the river for nearly two miles, from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars, forming a green grassy border, with beautiful trees, graceful shrubs, and blooming flower-beds, and appealing to the higher sense of those who take a short rest there from the rattle of the Strand and the roar of the Underground Railway, by the statues of great men, who in

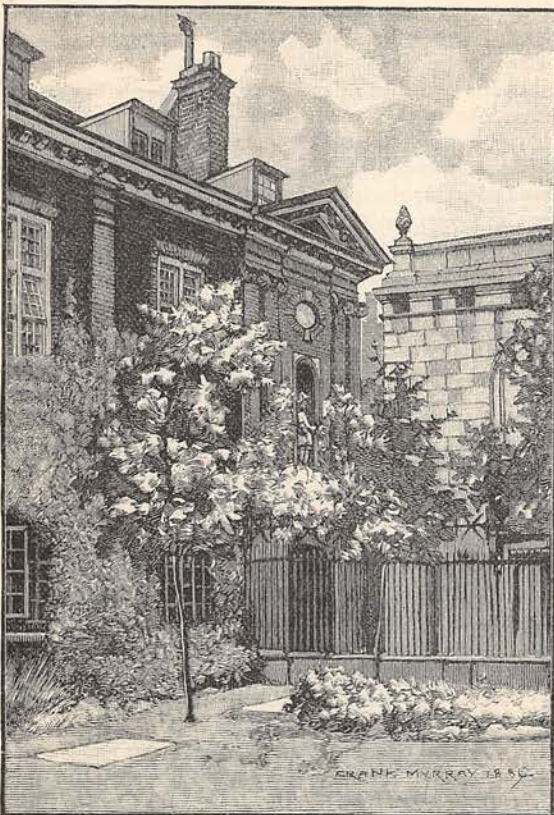
various departments of social activity have laid the people of England under a lasting debt of gratitude. Here the spectator recognises with pleasure John Stuart Mill, as the typical representative of philosophical democracy; Robert Burns, whose genius impressed with a classical stamp the popular poetry of the Scotch; Robert Raikes, who, as the founder of Sunday Schools, was one of the earliest apostles of that aggressive Christianity which the growth of the neglected classes in our large towns has rendered so necessary; Brunel, the adventurous excavator of the bed of the river on whose green selvage he now so significantly stands; and Tyndale, the first to present to the mass of the English people the free use of the precious Book out of whose strong root every influence has grown up that may yet save our highly-civilised Britain from the Nemesis which overtook alike the coarse robustness of Rome and the sensuous refinement of Greece.

Next to situation, architecture claims a prominent place in the character of a town; and where the situation, being a dead flat, as in Berlin, is null, magnificence and splendour of style in the buildings is the only effective element that can be made to tell; and this, of course, can always be done where there is wealth to pile the materials, taste to dispose of them, and large open spaces to compensate in some degree for the lack of picturesque advantage which inequality of ground supplies. Architecture, in the first place, is essentially a useful art, and may perform all its functions adequately, without a single æsthetical feature; but then, it is not a fine art: it is mere masonry. A high stone wall, with square holes in it, well compacted, so as to keep out water and let in light, is a useful creation, but, as having no element either of beauty or grandeur in its effect, is not architecture as distinguished from masonry. A fine building is a stone poem, and a great architect is a poet working in stone; but how little the buildings erected during the last century had to do with poetry, long rows of featureless streets in London, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dublin, Limerick, and other notable towns, largely show. We may say indeed, safely, that many a wigwam of an Indian savage shows more taste in architecture than the houses in Harley Street, Wimpole Street, and some of the bricky tenements of the Temple.

If the ornamentation of a building—as Fergusson gives the rule—should always grow out of the construction, there is scarcely a street in any of our great cities that does not display a glaring neglect of this fundamental principle—a neglect, in nine cases out of ten, arising from the wish to achieve a bastard originality by topping the simple form of a Greek temple with some addition that has as little to do with its structure as a rose would have if engrafted into the sheath of a lily, or again by clapping a Greek gabled front on the face of a long frontage, where no gable would naturally be, and by rearing rows of huge bulging pillars where pillars were not indicated, and where they had no adequate weight to support. These enormities, happily, if not gone altogether, are everywhere giving way; and instead of crudely varied or incongruously composed imitations of the Greek, we see in our most pretentious buildings a preference shown to the Romanesque style, with line upon line of light arches, while in our private dwellings an emphatic reaction is visible in favour of the old English red brick style, with gabled frontage. The peculiar character of this style, especially when it is enriched by the green leafage so characteristic of the London suburbs, is nowhere better seen than in Hampstead, where the stiff formality of the Bayswater and Southwest London style had never found entrance; but even in the South Kensington district, as in Harrington Road, it is interesting to observe how the revived English style has boldly asserted itself alongside of the

cold stately respectabilities of the adjacent buildings : beholding whose proud baldness and look of lofty discomfort, one cannot but feel a pitiful sorrow that structures of such weighty pretensions, since the fashions have changed, should meet with so little consideration.

But there is another element which may vie even with situation and architecture in giving interest to a town ; and that London possesses in the highest degree. I mean its history. As the hero of a hundred fights is always a more interesting character to meet than the youngling who has put on his red coat for the first time, and smelt gunpowder only on parade, so towns with a long and significant history are more attractive than the sudden growth of a century or a generation, however magnificent or however startling, as in New York or Galashiels. Even Berlin, though, compared with London, the creation of yesterday, excites a more than ordinary interest by the succession of notable historical changes which it has passed through in a short time ; and in such a town it is always pleasant to see the history of the past stereotyped in the sculptured forms of the creators of that history which meet you at every prominent turn. But the history of London is, like the history of Rome, told not in a few statues of modern date, but in the whole structure and tissue of a rich urban growth of notable human dwellings, extending through a period of nearly two thousand years.



A CITY CORNER—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

Notwithstanding the ravages of the Great Fire, that in the time of Charles II. consumed the heart and trunk of the City, there are districts in the very middle of modern London in which every street and every petty lane, or alley, or court point with their names to the story of a singularly varied and dramatic past. From Westminster Abbey to the Tower, along the whole course of the Strand and Fleet Street, and behind St. Paul's, down the old Roman road, Watling Street, to the Tower Hill, in the extreme east of old London, the memory of the intelligent perambulator revels in the resuscitated march of historical splendours.

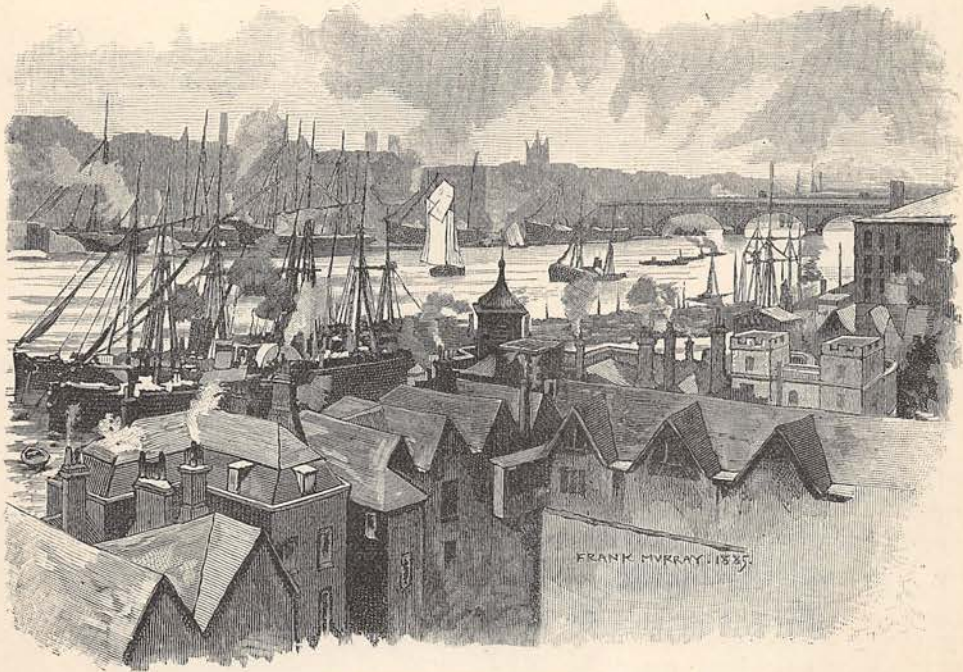
Perhaps the most interesting of all historical memorials in London is the church of the old Priory of St. Bartholomew the Great, in a remote corner of the famous Smithfield, behind Newgate, where the Scottish patriot Wallace was so ignominiously quartered, and where so many good men and women in the days of religious persecution suffered the tortures of a fiery martyrdom, because they could not bring themselves to believe that to confess manifest nonsense was part of a divinely revealed religion. This old chapel, with its lamentably desolate and dejected little churchyard, was built by a pious pilgrim called Rahere, whose monument still remains the principal ornament of the choir, in obedience to a vision made to him in his journey to Rome. It is in the substantial old Norman style, and bears on its front that aspect of hoary mouldiness that sufficiently attests its antiquity. The date 1123, in the reign of the first Henry, stands prominently above the porch.*

Among the more frequented historical sights of London, of course nobody will neglect the Temple, and its elegant round church ; and let no one who sets foot on that venerable floor forget to pry into a dark corner on the left side of the communion-table, where the memorial-slab of the learned, wise, and patriotic lawyer and statesman, John Selden, lies unworthily concealed from public view. Why should not the gentlemen of the Inner Temple bestir themselves, and plant this illustrious man as prominently somewhere about their classical courts and gardens as John Stuart Mill and Brunel have been planted on the Victoria Embankment? But, if the moral charm of the Temple lies in the memory of such men as Selden, its poetical charm unquestionably lies neither in the winged horse nor in the bannered lamb that are made everywhere prominent, but in the Fountain Court. Here let the stranger, weary of the fret of the Strand and the smother of the Underground Railway, take his seat for a half-hour beside the sunny jets of the tinkling water, and underneath the vivid green shade of the plane-trees, enlivened by the twitter of happy birds ;

* We observe from the newspapers that exertions are now being made towards putting this venerable monument of antiquity, with its immediate surroundings, into some state of tasteful restoration, which we warmly hope it may receive without any damage to its venerable aspect and historical character.

here let him recall the playful memory of Charles Lamb and Oliver Goldsmith, two human beings than whom, in their simple gracefulness and wayward loveliness, no more perfect contrast could be conceived to the legal type of the place; here let him sit, and within a stone's-throw of the greatest stream of bustling life in the world cultivate a peace more soothing, perhaps, and certainly much more original, and set

most familiar to the London ear; but in the days of the three first Edwards, what is now the little Royal Chapel, hidden from view in the midst of a crowded array of dingy streets, was the private chapel of the suburban manor of the famous John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, connected with Westminster not so much by a country road, normally in a state of the vilest disrepair, as by the easier passage by the



THE TOWER ROOFS—LONDON BRIDGE.

forth with a more rare quaintness than can be found in the extremest nook of a remote Highland glen, or in some cave of the nymphs or of Trophonius in classical Greece.

Not far from the Temple, and quite close to the noble Waterloo Bridge, built of Aberdeen granite by Rennie, the talented Scottish engineer, is the old Chapel of the Savoy, making no show to the busy world, and passing unnoticed by thousands and hundreds of thousands who daily and hourly stream along the busy Strand, but scarcely less rich than the Temple in quiet poetical beauty and stirring historical suggestions. A few minutes spent in these venerable precincts bring before the eye a march of some of the most familiar figures and the most characteristic scenes in the history of old England in the two eventful centuries immediately preceding the Reformation. In those times there was no busy street called the Strand. So late as the era of the Stuarts, indeed, the ground, now closely thronged with shops and over-charged with huge hotels, was occupied by the palatial residences of secular and ecclesiastical lords, whose memory is now fossilised in the names of streets

river. Here, in this lordly manor, the poet Chaucer sang the splendours of court life, and the green pride of the gardens which so gracefully festooned them; here the great Wycliff, who blew the blast of religious reformation to confused ears two centuries before the time, received that protection from a politic statesman which was denied him by the blind rage of a priest-ridden populace; and here also that same people, goaded to insurrection by the grinding taxation of a thriftless Government, came surging on from Essex one day in the time of the unfortunate Richard II., and overwhelmed the palace of the mighty duke, now become unpopular, with a ruin from which it did not recover till after the lapse of two hundred years, when Henry VII. changed it into a hospital. This hospital seems to have been sadly mismanaged, but continued to exist through the troublous times that followed, in an irregular sort of way, always plunging from bad to worse, till shortly after the death of William III., at the beginning of the last century, it was formally dissolved, and what remained of its neglected buildings was hurried out of existence by the erection of the adjacent Waterloo Bridge. The chapel, which be-



FLEET STREET.

longed to the hospital, had been used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as their parish church by the parishioners of St. Mary's, Strand, in the immediate neighbourhood, during which period, among other notable names, it rejoiced in the ministry of the pious and witty Thomas Fuller, the author of "The English Worthies," in writing which, like many a great portrait painter, he made himself more immortal

than not a few of those who have enjoyed the benefit of his portraiture.

When the new Church of St. Mary was built—that which now exists—the chapel fell for a season into great discredit and disrepute, the incumbents having taken upon them to join the hands of amorous couples in a fashion of wholesale irregularity, that made the Savoy marriages as famous on the banks of the Thames as

the Gretna Green ones on the shores of the Solway Firth. After the death or banishment of the incumbent—Wilkinson, we believe, was his name—who made money by these unseemly benedictions, the chapel recovered its respectability. George III., by a special patent, made it a Chapel Royal, with certain rights and privileges, and since that time it has rejoiced in all the graces and proprieties and elegant refinements that belong to the Georgian and Victorian ages of English history. As a Scotsman, the present writer had a peculiar pleasure in worshipping there. One of our greatest national poets, Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld and translator of the *Æneid*, lies buried in the centre of the chancel, as the brass plate indicates, and the name of Archibald Cameron of Lochiel, one of the victims of the Highland rising of 1745, in an inscription not far from the same spot, cannot fail to touch a true heart with admiration for the men whose loyalty, chivalrous devotion, and uncorrupted fidelity to their chief, even at this time throws a halo of glory over the manifest absurdity of their attempt.

The visitor who has not made his eye familiar with the principal historical sites in London has

left the great metropolis without seeing that which is best worth seeing in it, even though he has enjoyed free entrance to the best houses in Mayfair or Belgravia. The present writer has spent hours, and days, and weeks in walking through the Vatican and other famous museums in the great cities of Europe, rich in historical materials and patriotic suggestions; but he knows nothing at once more instructive, more suggestive, and more elevating to an intelligent mind than a thoughtful perambulation of WESTMINSTER ABBEY and the chapel adjacent. This is, indeed, the great stone *Iliad* of England, to be ignorant of which should bring to a British school-boy greater shame than not to have heard of the wrath of Achilles or the filial piety of the son of Anchises. The man who cannot learn from the speaking monuments of these richly-peopled aisles something better than the vulgar love of glory, and who cannot see something higher than the romance of history in the patriotic endurance of the sufferers in the TOWER, is made of materials which no appeal of the preacher and no drill of the schoolmaster can prevail to transmute from its native grossness.

AILMENTS ONE GETS LITTLE PITY FOR.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



THAT there are a great many ailments, both little and big, for which no great pity is either felt or shown, everybody knows. I do not, however, purpose in this paper to mention all of them, and, for obvious reasons, must take the little instead of the big.

Sympathy with the sufferings of others is, in my belief, one of the traits of a noble heart, and this sympathy is seldom thrown away. It falls like water on a dry and thirsty soil. "And does good?" do you

ask. "Ay, and does real good," I reply. I could write an essay—not necessarily a short one, either—on the value of pity as a healing agent. Does not pity often engender hope in the patient's heart, and does not hope cure, often more certainly than the best of medicine? Does not pity soothe? And to soothe is to give relief, the very first step that tends to health restored.

It should be remembered, however, that there are some natures so constituted, that pity rather tends to irritate and cast down, because they imagine that the pity tendered proves that the giver thereof can see signs of illness in the sufferer, which he himself cannot perceive—that he is therefore worse than he imagines. Pity should not be overdone; there may be too much of even a good thing.

Be these few words my preface, and now for the practical.

There is an expression you hear almost every day applied to, or having reference to, some sufferer: "Oh! it is nothing deadly." This is to talk heartlessly—unfeelingly. No complaint in the world, perhaps, elicits less sympathy than *tooth-ache*. Many is the time and oft I have heard people laughed at for having it. This was called "trying to laugh them out of it." Sudden mirthful affections of the mind have often, I grant you, scared away a trifling pain, but never the agony of an aching tooth. The most common kind of tooth-ache is probably that caused by a simple inflammation of the pulp of the tooth, which generally is a decayed one. The inflammation itself is the result of cold. Bad enough to bear is this kind of tooth-ache; and it is apt to recur again and again, from just the same causes, in spite of all the pain-killing nostrums that can be applied.

The radical cure for tooth-ache of this sort is so simple that a child can understand its why and its wherefore. Go boldly to a good dentist and have it cleaned and filled. And let me tell you this, that the cleaning is a very essential part of the operation. Go in the interval of pain—and this latter may in all cases be removed by rest, warmth in bed, and an aperient of a cooling kind. Here is something that few people know: saline aperients are most valuable in the treatment of all trifling inflammations; they reduce the general bulk of the blood and remove inflammatory products. The roughest forms of salines

LONDON FOR LONDONERS.

BY PROFESSOR J. STUART BLACKIE. IN THREE PAPERS.—THIRD PAPER.



GREENWICH (FROM THE EAST).



SO much for the past ; but the present, no doubt, is the business of the living : and the proper study of mankind is not old stones, but flesh and blood. Well, then, what have we to say of men and women in Lon-

don, and what of that much spoken-of thing called LONDON SOCIETY ? To be "in society" anywhere is supposed, by a certain class of people, to be the *summum bonum* of human life ; and to be in society in London, where everything is Titanic, magnificent, and imperial, must be as near to an earthly paradise as the social imagination can conceive. What is society ? As the

Church in our creed has been defined to be the communion of saints, so society may most fitly be called the communion of souls ; and if this be the true definition of it—as I think there can be little question—I am afraid that those who seek society in that multitudinous vortex of four millions of souls will discover that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to find it there. A rubbing of shoulders, a meeting of faces, a shaking of hands, is easy enough, and may satisfy the desires of a certain class of per-

sons whose palms itch for society falsely so called ; but an encounter of wits must be specially provided, and a communion of souls is difficult in London. The fact is that the place is a great deal too big for the frequent easy interchange of thought and feeling, kind word and fruitful deed, in which the soul of society is manifested ; and, throwing aside altogether that offensive simile of Cobbett, who called it a great social wen on the lovely face of old England, sticking to our own simile, we may say that in this large billowy vortex of human beings one is so tossed and whirled about, that no face can look long enough into another face to discover whether there be any human soul behind worthy of entering into spiritual communion with. The distances in that monstrous aggregate of human dwellings are so great, and the occupations of those that dwell in them are so multifarious and so urgent, that persons with the most loving human hearts and with the most kindred sympathies cannot manage to see one another more than once a month, and that not easily. One shall go sooner from London to Peterborough, and return by the "Flying Scotsman," than pay a visit to many a dear friend in the great metropolis. And in this way London, I have heard it said, is the death of friendship ; society here, to borrow a phrase from Shakespeare, "grown to a pleurisy, dies of its own too much." Social parties take more or less the character

of public exhibitions ; in a crowded reception you are received into the apartments, scarcely into the presence, not at all into the intimacy of the entertainer. Men and women are certainly there in great numbers ; but they buzz about you like fire-flies, or flap you in passing like the branches of a poplar-tree in a breeze. You only know that you have been there, and you may be vain enough to wish to say that you have been there ; but you have nothing human to report of the whole affair, except that the lady entertainer stood at the door of the reception-room, like Patience on a monument, and with a bouquet of artificially arranged flowers in her hand as big as her head ; and that you had been introduced to a celebrated poet, or philosopher, or fool there ; and that you were much disappointed in finding that the poet had red hair, and red eyes, and a snub nose, and nothing at all of the fine type of feature and style of manner which you had expected to find in a person of so great genius.

This witness is true : and yet, with all the faithlessness to the true genius of society which such a state of things implies, it is a necessary evil, which, like other evils, brings a certain good along with it, that we must know how to appropriate. It is something even to have seen for two minutes, and to have exchanged two sentences with a great literary character with red hair and a snub nose ; in spite of his disappointing aspect, he may have dropped a word worth remembering. If he is a cynic—as cynics are said to be not rare in London—he will scarcely fail to have treated you with some pungent prettiness against what other men generally think worthy of reverence. If he is a wise man—and there are many such in that forest of human beings—a single shake of the tree may have brought down a golden apple.

Seriously, the stranger who visits London must in the main content himself with this : if he could be in no worse place for forming intimate friendships, he could be in no better for taking note of a great array of human notabilities ; and—what is no small matter—one great use of London is to shake provincial notions and local self-conceits out of a man, by teaching him what a small part his native village plays in the big world. Whether it be at a crowded "At Home," or at an interesting debate, or during what is called "a scene" in the House of Commons, a man accustomed to study human nature may learn more of the character of the men who guide the fates of this great empire in a few hours, or even in a few minutes, in London, than he could from hours of reading in books or newspaper reports. The man whom we see on an interesting public occasion, or it may be only in a chance social rub, is part of ourselves, as much as the country through which we have travelled, and which we had known previously only through a geography book. Three months spent in London during the season, if consumed in nothing else than in coming face to face with the eminent politicians, statesmen, thinkers, poets, and artists of the day, even though it involved a considerable amount of superficial dissipation, would be anything but lost time, especially to a young man not above thirty ; while to him who is old and wise enough not to be careful about studying in high places with how much or how little wisdom the world is governed, there is open in big London a large array of special little Londons, which he may select according to his inclination, and confine the human outgoings of his heart to them. As students in the Universities wisely avoid the evil of promiscuous reading by restricting themselves to the mastery of a



FRANK MURRAY. 1885.

single great author, so strangers in London, anxious to carry off some permanent good from the rich concurrence of humanising influences by which they are surrounded, may confine themselves to one of those many little worlds of social energy into which London has so liberally outbranched.

Such suburbs as Kensington, Hampstead, and Clapham readily form themselves into little worlds, where friends may see friends with as little trouble as in small towns, like York or Newcastle, Edinburgh or Aberdeen; and the residents in such places, while *in* London, for some purposes, are socially not *of* London, and may be compared to anglers who habitually confine their piscatory operations in the trouting line to the small tributary streams, which flow into the great river of the neighbourhood. The sport may be less majestic there, but for limited capacities it is more attractive and more sure.

In conclusion, on the exhibitions, places of amusement and public entertainments of London, a single word will here suffice. In as far as these are not peculiar to London, but may be found, with little variety of type, in Paris, Berlin, Petersburg, Vienna, or any great European metropolis, they are no matter of note for the intelligent traveller, and certainly can find no place in a paper intended to set forth briefly a few of the most salient points of interest in this wonderful aggregation of busy human beings. "See only what is characteristic," was an advice given to a young traveller, when setting out on his Conti-

every year to the crowds of visitors and residents in the great metropolis, ever open to the stimulus of a gigantic novelty—whether they are called Fish Exhibitions, or Health Exhibitions, or by whatever other name it may be found convenient and attractive to baptise them—possess no interest for the thoughtful traveller: they are, in fact, to be regarded rather as general advertising halls and gigantic extemporised European bazaars for all things, and a few others, than as a special product of the place called London. The only thing characteristic about them, in fact, is their magnitude, their magnificence, and the expense with which they are got up, a certain taste of the gigantic and Titanic, which every public exhibition in London must possess to be in harmony with the scale of the over-grown metropolis into which it is meant to fit; and no doubt in this aspect they ought to be looked at, if not assiduously sought out as one of the distinctive features of the place.

Far more interesting to the intelligent stranger than dramas or concerts, or—what everybody will talk about—the Academy Exhibition of Paintings, is the Gallery of National Portraits. This British Walthalla, though of recent origin, dating only from the year 1856, and owing its foundation to Prince Albert and Earl Stanhope, forms already, along with Westminster Hall and St. Paul's, a great national school of heroism, without a familiarity with which the best mathematical education at Cambridge and the best classical at Oxford would leave the mind of the young English-



FACTORIES ON THE LEA, BOW BRIDGE.

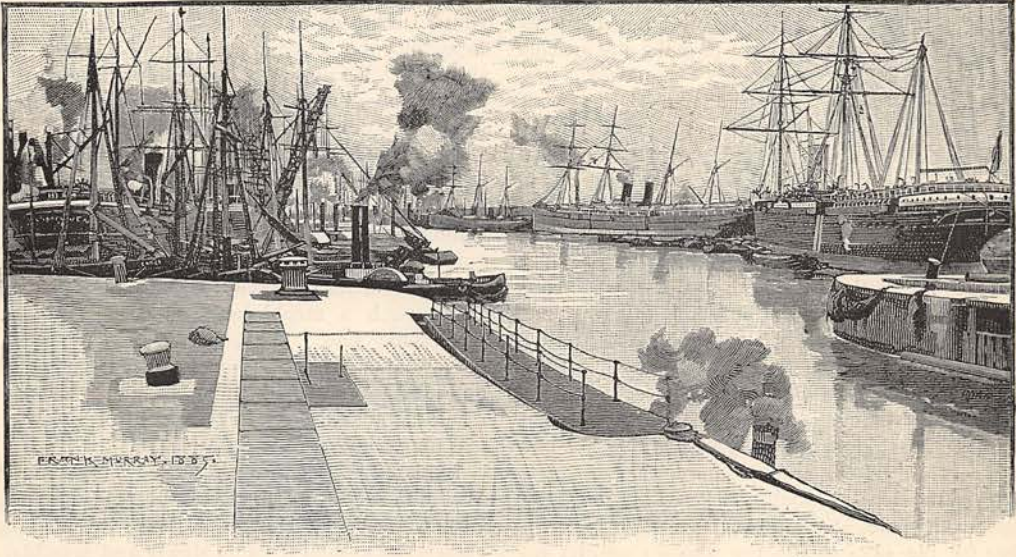
mental tour, by Sir Henry Holland—perhaps the widest, and the wisest, and the most systematic traveller of his day; and certainly the traveller who attempts to do more will in the general case waste his brains and confuse his memory. In this view the great exhibitions which it has lately become the fashion to present

man specially bare of that sort of furniture which most specially belongs to it.

The two most characteristic national shows in London, or in which London takes a noted part, are the Derby Day and the Park. In the annual madness which takes possession of most Londoners on the

Derby Day, from the noble lord who has nothing to do in the House of Lords, and the committee-men in the House of Commons, who have too much to do, down to the costermonger, who sells ginger-beer at the outgoings of Billingsgate for a penny a bottle, and the little pale-faced boy who vends "evening paper!" for a halfpenny—in this grand stream of a multitudinous company of most rich and most ragged dissimilitude the stranger will mark two things, the most significant types of the great English people: the one

will find the poetry of London. "*Wahrlich es ist ein aristokratisches Volk!*"—Truly a noble people!" said a thoughtful German to me, on beholding this streaming fulness of high-conditioned human life. The people that understand horsemanship were never base. It implies health, and strength, and fine tact, and fearless daring: and that is a grand thing in the education of a great people, though the inspectors of schools and manipulators of red tape in the School Boards may take little note of it. Especially in the woman this



THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS.

is the delight in energetic action, and that action intensified by hot competition; the other is the instinctive ease with which the motley congregation submits itself, without any military display, to the guidance of law, in the shape of a small body of extremely peaceful and inoffensive-looking policemen. No doubt, the comparison of the Greek Olympian games, which lies so near, will suggest itself to some: and a mind familiar with the lofty odes of Pindar, in which the gymnastic feats of Jove-born kings are gracefully mingled with the praise of their far-reaching pedigrees, will be apt to think that honourable and right honourable gentlemen would be more nobly employed in riding on their own horses than in betting blindly or cunningly on horses ridden by others; but all men do not read Greek. In the Park and in the equestrian procession of aristocratic and plutocratic notabilities which moves in long lines of ordered splendour, the severest philosophy will find no field for reprehension. There the lover of human beings

habit of bracing equestrianising is of infinite value. Our "Amazons," whom the French so greatly admire, are trained in this school. The queenly port, the fine features, the rosy hue, the well-rounded limbs, the agile step, and graceful gait of our English ladies, are the natural outcome of the bracing habits of their maiden life; and along with the open-air sports, from cricket to deer-stalking, of the other sex, are not the least important factors in the production of a race of men in which the masculine vigour of the Roman is harmoniously combined with the physical beauty of the Greek. Such a race, inoculated, as it is, largely with the highest conception of character in the ideal of Christian ethics, may reasonably hope to reach heights of social advance undreamt of by the most hopeful of the ancients, if they can only keep clear of the three great idolatries which are so apt to beset them: the worship of rank, which is servility; the worship of wealth, which is glitter; and the worship of power, which is faction.

