

PLATE 1.

OLD LONDON.

SEE PAGE 19.

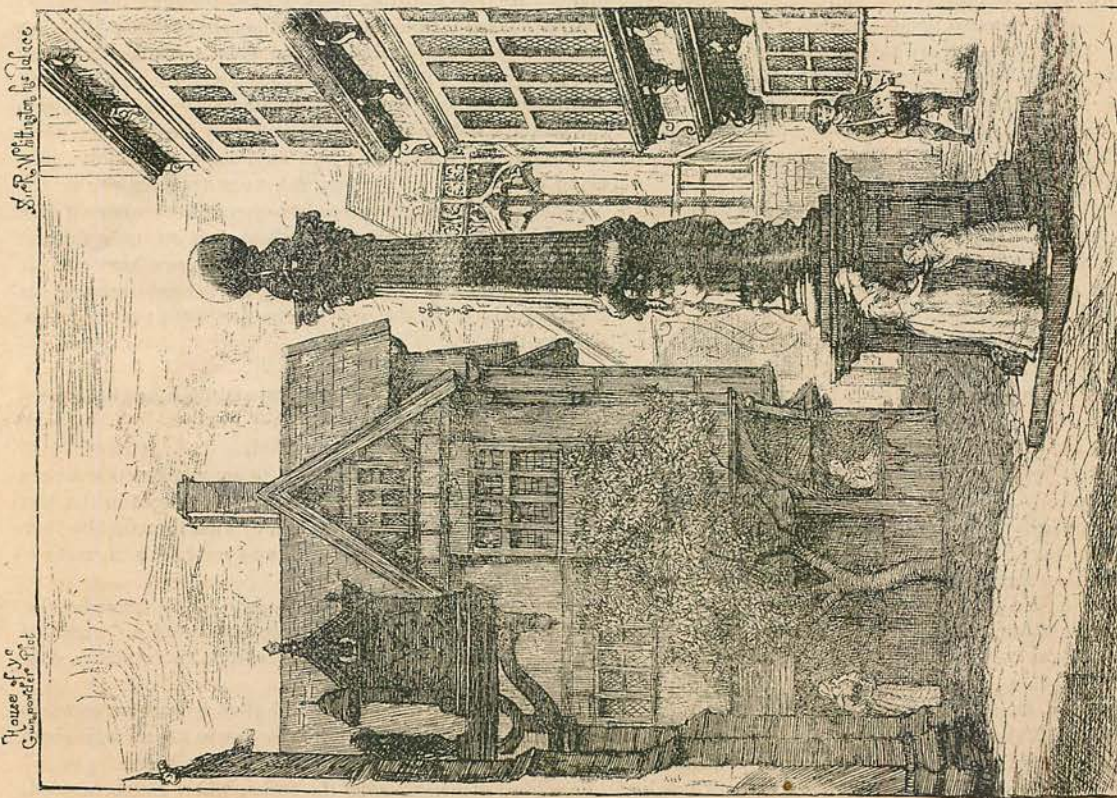


PLATE 2.

OLD LONDON.

SEE PAGE 19.

London in July.

N all the world there is only one London, and to go abroad without seeing it is to visit America without seeing Niagara or the Yosemite. Not that it can be taken in by any tourist in the few days or weeks devoted to seeing its sights and traversing its mighty distances. However, some of its four millions of inhabitants know even less of it in some respects than many tourists and mere visitors, who make a business of seeing its wonders and getting some approximate idea of its size and characteristics; just as people living in great cities will know intimately those who live miles apart from them but not be acquainted with the names, possibly, of their next-door neighbors.

The first impression produced upon the mind of the stranger is one of vastness and quantity, and the individual feels lost in the mere contemplation of an immensity which passes his power of computation. London is not a city, but a nest of cities within cities, like the groups of Chinese boxes or afternoon tea-tables. Wherever you go, or whatever you do, there is a crowd doing the same thing, or bent in the same direction.

The "season" in London differs from ours in New York, in occupying the spring and early summer, rather than the winter months, and its closing weeks are in July, when *fêtes* and exhibitions, garden parties and receptions, tennis tournaments, and college ball and cricket matches are all in full tide, and draw their hundreds and thousands in every direction. The usual sight-seer in London divides up his week or ten days into visits to the Tower, the Crystal Palace, Hampton Court Palace, Kew, the British Museum, St. Paul's, Westminster, and the like. These the majority of our party had seen on previous visits, so did not care to expend unnecessary time upon. We were also fortunate in being domiciled with American friends long resident in London, who know what is most desirable, and have the *entrée* to much that is socially and artistically worthy of study, besides being highly enjoyable. Strength and activity, the power to get through with much in a short or given time, is necessary to obtain even a glimpse of the inner life of a city, which is truly one of magnificent distances, to those who sleep and breakfast north of Regent's Park, do their shopping in Regent Street, lunch in South Kensington, attend an out-door *fête* at Putney, drop in on returning at a reception in May-Fair, dine where they breakfast, and ride five miles to the theater in the evening. This, or something like it, varying the programme with "Inventions Exhibition" instead of shopping, and gallery or cricket-match, Windsor or Chelsea, instead of *fête* and reception, and a lunch at the old "Cheshire Cheese" instead of the charming home of a Kensington artist, would fairly outline the business and pleasures of our London days.

In New York, we hear from this distance only of crimes and casualties, of croakings and discontent, of misery and its attendants, gloom and despondency. These, of course, exist in a densely populated community, but they only hold their relative proportion; they hide in corners in London as everywhere, and what we see is energy, enterprise, thrift, activity, industry, achievement—all on the broadest scale known in the universe, because nowhere else exists so great a mass of human beings who must do something or starve. Naturally, too, among four millions, there is a great leisure class—a very large number who live on small or large incomes, uninfluenced by the fluctuations in stocks or prices, and as large a number whose calling, in church or state, gives them the command of much of their time. There is, therefore, always an audience for everything that is attractive enough to draw an audience—at all times and seasons. In order to present a photographic picture of the little of London that we saw, let me sketch in barest outline a few of

the things that stand out like white-caps on the sea of our London experience.

"You must go to 'Lord's,'" said our friend immediately upon our arrival. "You have lost the fine concert I had in store for this afternoon by being an hour behindtime, but 'Lords' is a thing to do, and if you are not tired—and New Yorkers never are tired when there is anything going on—why we will utilize the time and see a little of the Oxford and Cambridge cricket-match." Of course we were delighted. "Lord's" grounds are club-grounds in the north-western part of London, which are rather exclusively held (much more so than formerly) for club purposes. All around the inclosure where the match takes place stands are erected, which form circular tiers of seats, with protective covers for members and their friends. In the intervals drags are drawn up laden with fashionably attired men and women, and materials for lunch. It was a fine day, and about thirty drags were out on the afternoon of our visit, and the outside public had, therefore, little opportunity of witnessing the game. The scene was, however, a very brilliant and animated one. Besides the club-stands and their occupants, the drags and those who were mounted upon them, there were probably ten thousand promenaders, who spent their time in walking the circuit of the grounds, in seeing what they could, in being seen, and watching, whenever it was practicable, the progress of the game. The light colors, and the variety of color in the dress, the pretty cottons and coarse straw bonnets, with the usual trimming of thin muslin and feathers, or lace and flowers, of the young girls; the white and light blue and dark blue of the cricketing costumes—colors often repeated by the ladies of different parties—or arranged suggestively by the young women; and the universal use of flowers, combined to form a picture of out-door life and movement not rivaled elsewhere in the world. Germany has the out-door life but not the wealth of color, and its women fail in the brightness of hair and the rich red and white of complexion that render an out-of-door assemblage of Englishwomen so attractive in the mass, whatever they may be individually. Two of the dresses worn on this occasion were exceptionally delicate and charming. One was of fine cream India muslin, trimmed with black Chantilly lace, in a pattern of ferns and small star-like flowers. The large hat and hose were of the finest black lace and silk open-work, and gloves and slippers (strapped) were also black. The second dress, worn by a very young girl seated upon the same drag, was of the finest cream wool, and was all white, laid in the minutest tucks and folds. The only approach to drapery was a deep band laid in fine folds forming a short, straight, close tablier, at the back of which the skirt fell straight, and above which a cream satin belt encircled the waist.

On the evening of that same day our carriage stood in line over an hour to obtain an entrance to the Annual *Fête* at the Botanic Gardens, which is usually distinguished by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and for which tickets must be secured months in advance, even by members of the institute. The scene in the gardens is one highly characteristic and never to be forgotten. The miles of beautifully cultivated grounds, enriched by conservatories of palms, orchids, roses, and other special plants and flowers, are encircled by four rows of electric lights. Through the center is a covered way lined with vines and fragrant blooming shrubs and dwarf trees, with two rows of electric lights on each side, and extending from one entrance to another on the opposite side of the gardens. This forms a grand promenade; but if the evening is fine, as it was, fortunately, this year, the velvet turf swarms everywhere with groups and couples in full evening dress—for the *Fête* is very exclusive; the tickets to outsiders are one guinea, and it has long been considered one of the things that must be done by those who would get even a glimpse of "social" London. Indeed, nowhere is

the difference between dress and habits in London and New York more marked.

"Full" dress in London always means some form of bare or open neck and short or transparent sleeves; and the chilliness of the air after the sun has gone down compels the use of warm, rich cloaks and wraps. At the Botanic *Fête* white, pale pink, and dull gold satins, tulle, and silk-embroidered muslin dresses were half covered by long cloaks of ruby or old-gold plush, or by lace cloaks lined with satin. There were capes of grebe, or natural beaver fur, worn by the young girls, with tulle and surahs, and fur-lined cloaks with dresses of lace and satin. Generally it was long cloaks or capes, and they were not worn in such a way as to conceal the front of the dress, the jewels, or the neck and arms completely. They hung by ribbons or cords and tassels from the shoulders, and were of such materials as to give warmth without great weight. Bonnets, of course, were not to be seen any more than in a ball-room. Jewels were as fine and in as great profusion, but they are more varied than with us—they are not so uniformly diamonds; but rubies, emeralds, amethysts, pearls, and diamonds, or artistic stones, cut and set in diamonds, or wrought metal-work.

It was a very different scene that was presented on the evening of the "Conversazione," or Reception, given by the Art Society of the South Kensington Museum in connection with the London Inventions Exhibition. This was a purely invitation affair, and though twenty thousand of these were issued, and it was "professional" rather than "fashionable," in the London society sense, it was attended by more noted people than the *fête*, at least more of those we read about out of "society" papers. On this occasion there was no restriction in regard to dress; people wore what they pleased, and costuming was, therefore, less rich, darker in color, and more like that which is worn for street or day visiting. There were, of course, exceptions to this rule—some light, some white, some lovely embroidered and rich lace costumes; but bonnets and dark dresses were the rule, the lighter, the exception. The site of the Inventions Exhibition is the same as that of the "Fisheries" last year, but takes in more space, and the grounds, illuminated to the tops of the tallest trees with electric lights, were so extensive that eleven of the finest orchestras in the world, including Strauss; the Hungarian, the Royal Chinese band, and the band of the Coldstream Guards, were all playing in them at the same time without interfering, or even being in hearing distance one of the other. In the Conservatories were half a dozen different concerts and musical recitals in progress, and at seven different points refreshments were served, consisting of strawberries, ices, sandwiches, cake, lemonade, and coffee, to the whole vast assemblage without charge and in any quantity desired. This was a reception upon a scale which could

only be seen upon a national occasion outside of London. The London Inventions Exhibition is remarkable in many ways. It is one of a series which may lay the foundation of a permanent exhibition of inventions and industries—a working exhibition, which will show the means and power employed in operation and the methods by which the result is accomplished.

The most interesting feature of the Inventions this year, and of the Fisheries last year, is the "olde" London street, built to perfectly reproduce a London street in mediæval times—the shops, the workmen, in the dress of the period, at work at their several trades. In a daylight visit to the "Inventions" we staid longest at "ye shop in ye olde

Duke of Sully's House



De Cozyer

Y^e Olde Fountaine
Majorie

Elbar Lane - from y^e West



Oliver Cromwell's House

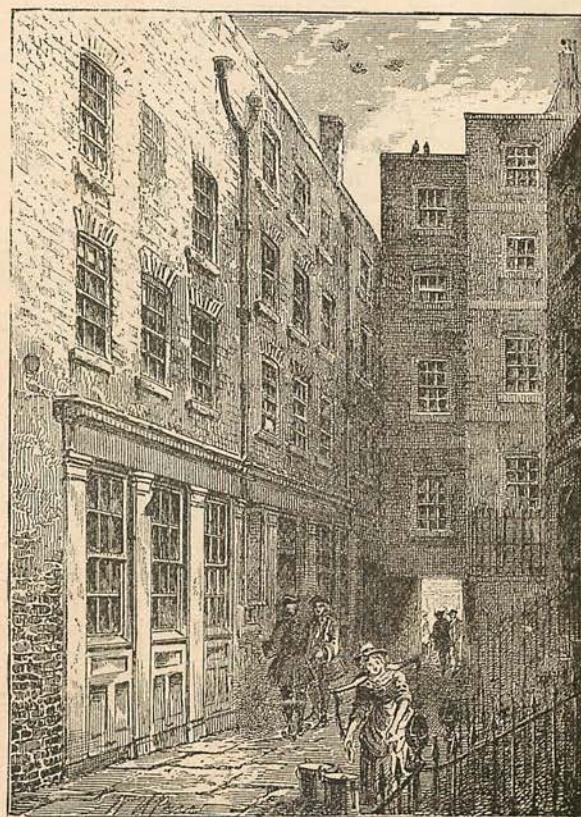
Ye Olde Arched Gateway

London streete," where the etchings of London as it was are made by ancient workmen in leather breeches and jerkin, with round Rembrandtish caps, linen collars, turned down at their throats, and broad leather belts. In this same shop, assisting her father, was a lovely Cromwellian maiden, in gray gown, white cap and kerchief, who was the pride of the streete and quite the attraction of this part of the "Inventions." She was charming in her manners, and as modest as she was pretty. We waited while the set of four etchings of old London were made, and carried them off in triumph. They represent historic ground—Oliver Cromwell's house, All-Hallow's Church, Ye Olde Conduit, Pye Corner, Cornhill, the famous "Hall of Brotherhood," an old gateway, and reproduce the details of the old streets and heavily timbered houses and door-ways, the hanging signs, the leaded windows, the interior galleries, and the decorated fronts of the dwellings.

The exhibition is especially rich in machinery, in electrical apparatus, in novel methods of heating, lighting, and use of motive power. It shows also many complete and exquisitely furnished rooms in different and characteristic styles, and a Japanese village, peopled, the natives at work in Japanese costume, and the houses furnished in Japanese style. This is so successful that a Hindoo village is contemplated, and perhaps may, by this time, have been accomplished.

By the kindness of an American gentleman, resident in London, we made the acquaintance of a genuine old London landmark—the most historical structure of its kind in London, and which still maintains its ancient character and peculiarities. This is "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, where Johnson dined and supped, with Oliver Goldsmith at his left hand, and Boswell, probably, on his right. Bolingbroke, Pope, Congreve, Southey, De Quincy, Coleridge, and Chatterton, were all frequenters of the "Cheshire Cheese," and there is abundant external and internal evidence to show that the "divine" Shakespeare himself was a not unusual visitant. The house, which was re-

built in 1667, the heavily timbered doors and window-frames, the wide, deep-set, small-paned windows, the wooden settles, the wide, open, bricked fire-places, the grates, the "hobs," are all the same as when Johnson took his seat at "the table on the right," in the "left-hand room," where our party also



WINE OFFICE COURT, FLEET STREET.

sat and discussed the hugest, tenderest, sweetest of mutton-chops, followed by the traditional "Welsh rabbit" (rare-bit), in the same little individual square tins in which it has always been served, and attended by the "crusty" loaf, and fresh English water-cress, and the tankard filled, but not with Johnson's ale, to wash it down. How we reveled in Johnson, and drank to his memory in coffee and water, and what he would have doubtless considered very weak liquid indeed. Then we made a pilgrimage, by courtesy of "mine host" and the cook, to the kitchen. We saw the chops on their native gridiron, presided over by a plump, rosy Englishwoman, and waited upon by her maids. We saw the dish, the famous bowl of vast proportions, in which the celebrated beef-steak pudding is made and boiled on the anniversary of Dr. Johnson's birth year after year, and solemnly and yet eagerly partaken of by an assemblage of admirers, either of the pudding, or Dr. Johnson. Beef-steak pudding is also made every week, on Saturday, from October till May, when it is considered too warm for so "hearty" a dish; and on Saturday of every week at least sixty men of various degrees gather for a share in this famous dish. Dickens gives a pretty good receipt for it, from the lips of pretty Ruth Pinch, when she and "Tom" are beginning housekeeping, but I am not sure that she adds the "Cheshire Cheese" touches, the oysters, the mushrooms, the catsup, and the carefully compounded *suet* crust, which last is, however, in England, considered indispensable to the lightness and success of boiled pastry.

Dr. Johnson's house, known by its tablet over the door, is through the old arch, and in the next court to that of the "Cheshire Cheese," so that he did not have far to go when he left it for his home, and, indeed, it is said that the reason why he first began to frequent the "Cheese" was his removal to "Gough" Square, or Court, and his dread of crossing Fleet Street, which he must do to reach his former hostelry, the "Mitre." Goldsmith is buried in the Temple Church-yard, directly across Fleet Street from the "Cheese;" the sarcophagus, to the left of Temple Church, bears the following brief inscription:

HERE LIES
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Born 10th November, 1728,
Died 4th April, 1774.

Goldsmith lived and died at 2 Brick Court, Temple, in the same building where Blackstone wrote his *Commentaries*.

Among the worthies who have made the neighborhood famous, in addition to "rare Ben" Johnson, was old Robert Herrick, who began by being a curate in a Devonshire parish, but was too choleric for that meek and humble position. On one occasion it is related of him, in records of the "Cheese," that finding the majority of his hearers asleep, he threw his sermon at their heads in a passion and left the pulpit. It is not surprising after this to hear that he made his way to London and joined the group of literary worthies who were in the habit of assembling in Wine Office Court. It is said to have been at one of these gatherings that he wrote his charming song, "Gather ye roses while ye may." Surely all England has kept his sweet verses in mind, and cultivated roses to his memory. Is there another country where flowers are so universal? Many others there are where they are gathered in larger occasional masses, but none where they are so widely and universally distributed. In city or country every window has its flower-pot, every woman and child a "posy."

Our stay in London being so brief, it was principally devoted to social opportunities, to the galleries, and shopping. Great Britain is the only free trade country in the world, and the prices of first-class gloves, hosiery, made-up laces,



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE, GOUGH SQUARE.

and fabrics of all descriptions is irresistible. Everywhere else there is more or less of a tariff, and in Austria there is a depreciated currency which adds its burdens to the governmental tax; but in England only the cost of distribution is added to that of production except where expert hand labor is employed, and this constantly increases in value, as in competition with machinery it becomes more rare and exceptional. The Liberty shops, famous for their reproductions of artistic stuffs, soft silks, wools, crêpes, and the like, and for their revivals of medieval designs in costume, are among the most curious and interesting to strangers and visitors. Beginning some ten years ago in one little floor on Regent Street, they have gradually taken in building after building, and are recognized not as the representatives of a fleeting whim or caprice, but as the exponents of a period when art in costume had not given way to the practical necessities of the majority of human beings, and when diversity in fashion was confined to the few who could afford to indulge in individual fancies.

The finest business house in London, however, not the largest but the most original and costly, though not the most showy, is that of a young and very well-known American, Mr. Henry Welcome. Mr. Welcome is a cultivated American gentleman of the very best class, whose acquirements and high character are a surprise in so young a man. He is of Maine birth, and his hospitality and exceeding kindness to Americans in London have made him the unofficial representative of the national care and protection. His "office," which requires a whole building on the corner of "Snow Hill," a small square with an historic outlook in the busiest part of London, not in the least suggestive of its name (particularly on a hot day in July), is different from everything else of the kind in the world. The interior has been entirely refitted and furnished with American walnut carved in the Greek, Roman, and Moorish, key, coin, scroll, wheel, and lotus patterns, which appear in the frescoing, the

metal-work, and even in the covering for floors and passages, all of which were made for the place in which they are put. In the upper stories are reception rooms and private offices, fitted, furnished and decorated each in a special and peculiarly beautiful manner, every chair—all antique patterns—and article of furniture having been made according to designs furnished by the owner, as were the decorations for walls and ceilings. To describe the whole in detail would take too much space; the point is the severely simple and purely American style of the entire system of design adopted, blending some of the features of several ancient schools, but so judiciously as not even to strike the eye of an ordinary or superficial observer who would scrape his feet against the etched figure of Fulton's steamboat without noting aught except that some unusually fine work had been expended upon the marble. The only prominent object is one recently placed, a beautiful bronze copy of Bartholdi's Statue of "Liberty," which occupies a conspicuous pedestal and furnishes a key to the whole, to those who can use it.

The American colony in London hailed the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Phelps with great joy on account of the new social life it infused into the colony. Mr. Lowell was not only debarred by the illness of his wife, but disabled by his age and the literary demands upon his time, from the fulfillment of social and representative duties, so that while he succeeded admirably from a newspaper point of view, he was of no account at all to the American resident or tourist who wants a social center, or aid and information—above all things, wants to see the "Minister," just as at home he wants to "see" the President. Mr. Lowell as a social center or Bureau of General Information was a decided failure, and ought to furnish a warning to the Government at home not to send abroad literary men as Ministers; as their idea is to make "points" for themselves, not be useful to others. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps had already made an excellent impression. Very quiet and unassuming in manners, Mrs. Phelps is mistress of all the graceful art of the cultivated hostess, and receives and distributes her hospitalities in the most impartial manner. Both understand how to represent the best American elements at home, for they combine them in their own persons, and spare no pains to prevent the American abroad in London from feeling that he is a stranger in a strange land. On the Fourth of July, though they had hardly finished their moving into the house in Lowndes Square, previously occupied by Mr. Lowell, and had not at all completed their own arrangements for living, they still announced an "At Home," and received most hospitably all Americans who presented themselves on that day.

The same day was made memorable to our party by several other noteworthy events, each one of which, in its own way, represents a distinct and characteristic phase or feature of London life. The first was an afternoon reception, for which we had received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer, who will be remembered by many Americans who were fortunate enough to meet them when on a trip to America last year. Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer are well known in the literary and social world, and their beautiful and characteristic home at Putney is the resort of many famous people. Mrs. Pfeiffer invented, or at least arranged, for her own use, an adaptation of the Greek dress which some years ago was illustrated and described in the London *Queen*, and a model of which can be obtained at Liberty's in London. Mrs. Pfeiffer has always adhered to this dress, which, in its essentials a straight under-dress and long draped tunic, is so nearly like that ordinarily worn that it does not attract unpleasant attention, and is only conspicuous from the rich hand embroidery upon the exquisite material, and the artistic scarabei, or rococo jewels which she invariably wears. The house is of stone, with round, medieval towers, and we were conducted

on arrival through the vestibule and drawing-rooms to windows opening upon a terrace, and down a flight of stone steps to a broad walk skirting a lovely lawn, and walled, almost as high as one could see, with thick ivy. This walk led to a natural arbor or out-door parlor formed of great aspens, three of which naturally ranged themselves about a semi-circular space, bending their branches towards the interior so as to enclose it without shutting out the air or the sunlight. Across the grounds at the edge of the lawn was a rose-walk covered in with every variety of pink, white, and yellow climbing roses, and from the middle another was cut nearly the length of the grounds forming a cross. Winding walks and densely shaded paths, grottos sacred to some marble divinity, and springs hidden in leafy recesses diversified the lovely grounds, about which visitors dispersed or chatted with the host and hostess, while tall and "neat-handed" maidens dispensed tea and coffee, cake, and thin bread and butter from the daintiest of china. It was a picture not to be forgotten, from the finish as well as the poetic beauty of the objects and their setting.

Returning home we stopped at Lady Wilde's, it being her "day" and one of the young ladies of the party having a great desire to see if "Oscar brought up his mother or his mother brought up Oscar." After seeing Lady Wilde, she made up her mind that "his mother brought up Oscar." Lady Wilde lives in a small house in May-Fair, too small a house for the fame and popularity she enjoys, and which crowds it to such an extent that it is difficult to make entrance or exit. She is very large in person and somewhat pronounced in the style of her dress, but extremely cordial, and has written some excellent things, both in poetry and prose, enough to justify the reputation for literary cleverness she enjoys. To Americans she has always been most kind, and many owe her a debt they were glad to acknowledge in the person of her younger son Oscar. This somewhat celebrated young gentleman seems to have been greatly improved by matrimony. He has quite lost the peculiarities of dress and manner which to many were so objectionable, has grown stout, and would now certainly be called handsome. He is the proud and happy father of a little son, and has wisely forgotten everything in America but the pleasure he enjoyed. His elder brother, "Willie," is even taller than himself, and with their mother make a remarkable-looking trio, all singularly like, yet unlike each other.

We finished our day by going to the Lyceum and seeing Mr. Irving's "Vicar of Wakefield." This is certainly one of his most remarkable portraitures. It will rank with his "Mathias" and "Louis the Eleventh," yet is totally distinct and different from either. It is a simple, saintly old man, white haired, yet upright, without any tremor, without any trace of Mr. Irving's physical peculiarities. The picture is perfect from beginning to end; there is not a flaw in it. Miss Terry was less happy than usual as Olivia; the dress in the first two acts was not becoming to her, and neither she nor Mr. Terriss were in their best moods. In the later acts she was herself again.

One might go on forever recounting the delights of London, the wanderings about old St. Paul's, the luncheon at the atelier of a well-known artist in Cadogan Gardens, the visit with his charming wife and the pretty daughter of an Antwerp artist to the Duke of Westminster's Gallery, the morning at the National Gallery, the afternoon at the British Museum, the day at Windsor and Stoke-Pogis, the "At Homes," and the inevitable leave-taking on the eve of still greater events, a dinner with Robert Browning among them. All these things are written in memory, but they cannot be written elsewhere for they would occupy too much time, and already I fear I have trespassed upon valuable space.

JENNY JUNE.