

GARDEN OF NO. 4 CROSBY SQUARE.

OLD CITY HOUSES.

Written and Illustrated by PHILIP NORMAN.

WHILE no district in England of equal size is so hallowed by old and glorious associations as the City of London, perhaps there is no district which, from the artistic point of view, has suffered such irreparable losses during the last few years. This is in part owing to the fact that it has ceased to be a place of residence for well-to-do people at least; in part owing to the enormously increased value of the land. Then the railways have wrought wholesale destruction, and the piercing of new streets has improved away many time-honoured landmarks. I am afraid, too, we are apt nowadays to treat things altogether from the commercial standpoint. When any question arises with regard to the removal or possible repair of an old building, however beautiful, however sacred its memories may be, what is asked is, not whether it can be saved, but how much can be made by pulling it down! The same spirit has governed the treatment of open spaces. Not to speak of churches and churchyards swept away wholesale, the gardens formerly so common, have been ruthlessly covered with bricks and mortar. Where private persons owned the land this was almost inevitable, but surely the great City Companies, already "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," might have stayed their hands.

When therefore, I took up the study of those old mansions where centuries ago eminent citizens not only carried on business but lived their lives, I did it with misgiving, but I knew that no time could be lost, for every month brought fresh destruction with it. I have been agreeably surprised to find so much left which is interesting, that within the limits of an article the difficulty is to know, not what to put in, but what to leave out. One or two fine specimens which I shall describe must now be numbered with the things of the past, others are threatened, but this makes it all the more important that some record of them should be preserved.

In the early days of the City, Royalty itself and mighty nobles had dwellings there,



OLD STAIRCASE, 32, BOTOLPH LANE.

and various place-names still surviving attest the fact. By Charles II.'s time, however, most of the great people had moved west, leaving the business part of town to the merchants and traders from whose ranks so many of our present aristocracy can trace their descent. Of the appearance of London before the Great Fire, we can form a very good idea from views and descriptions and the few houses which have survived. As a rule they had their gables towards the streets, and were of timber or half timbered construction, many of them beautifully carved or decorated with fine plaster work. Stow records the existence of stone houses, but as if it were something remarkable and uncommon. The first brick houses in London appear to have been built about the year 1618, Lincoln's Inn gateway however dates from a century earlier. After the Great Fire, brick became the almost exclusive material for

houses; and that eminently practical genius, Wren, while building St. Paul's and his great series of City churches, though not allowed to carry out his scheme for reconstructing the streets, also clearly set the fashion in domestic architecture. He was in truth the father of the style now called by the name of Queen Anne, though it began before her reign and, with gradual modifications, continued long afterwards. Most of the houses to which I shall refer are more or less in this style; I have, however, found some fine examples of earlier work.

In the home of the City merchant as rebuilt after the Fire there was no attempt to vie with the sumptuous palaces which had risen in the land during the dawning days of the Renaissance, but it had the supreme merit of being thoroughly suitable for its purpose. Outside there was little display, though cut brick, a charming material, was often used with effect; the chief ornament was concentrated on that part which would be most seen, namely the doorway. Within, the offices were as a rule on the ground floor. A well proportioned staircase with turned and often twisted balusters led to the chief reception rooms, and here the architect worked with a loving care—the mantelpiece, the panelling, the cornice, the mahogany doors, the carved architraves and overdoors—were each in its way beautiful, and each formed part of a harmonious whole. I shall

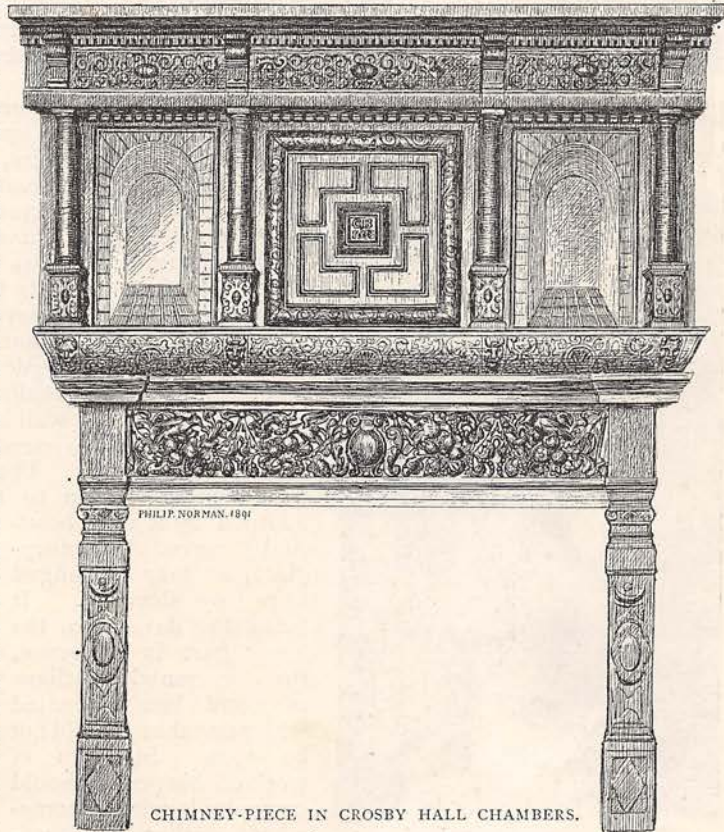


DOORWAY OF NO. 2, GREAT ST HELEN'S.

now try with pen and pencil to picture to my readers a few of the old mansions, and incidentally shall tell something about those who dwelt in them. Without following any strict rule, I shall begin at the east end and try to work my way gradually west.

In the Minorities there is a house, not architecturally of much interest, but worth referring to from its associations. It was built in 1765 by Mr. Benjamin Kenton, who beginning as the humble apprentice of a publican in Whitechapel, gradually rose in the social scale. Here he made a large fortune as a wine merchant, his monogram is still to be seen over the door. His successors have ever since carried on the business in the same building, and the present representatives of the firm make it their home, being perhaps the only merchants now living permanently in the City. In Seething Lane, once the home of Pepys, there is nothing that dates from his time ; but Catherine Court,

built in 1725, which extends from here to Tower Hill, has some handsome iron-work and other decorative features. Hard by is Mark Lane, where, standing back on the west side, a stately old red brick mansion still survives. It is four storied with engaged pilasters. On the keys of the windows are what appear to be heraldic decorations, in cut brick or terra cotta, now somewhat defaced. The very handsome doorway adorned with fruits and figures seems to date from the beginning of the eighteenth century. A fine staircase in a wing at the back might be a little more modern. On the landing is a window with recessed seat, notable on account of its very pretty inlaid wood-work.



CHIMNEY-PIECE IN CROSBY HALL CHAMBERS.

Not far off one of the best examples of a rich citizen's dwelling of the time of Charles II. is to be found in that amphibious region between Lower Thames Street and Little Tower Street, where it has been used since 1859 for the Billingsgate and Tower Ward School. It stands in a quiet courtyard opening into Botolph Lane. The front is plain but well proportioned ; the doorway is approached by a double flight of steps beneath which an opening has been left, once used as a dog kennel, to judge from the little hollow for water scooped out in front. Entering a hall which extends right through the house and is paved with alternate chequers of black and white marble, one finds in front a massive staircase which I have drawn, the date 1670 is to be seen on the plaster. Up stairs the house has been mutilated, the greater part of the landings on the first and second floors being included in the schoolrooms, but a marble chimney-piece, fine cornices and plaster-work, evince the taste of former possessors. Perhaps the most interesting part of the house is a small room immediately to the left of the main entrance. It is panelled throughout, and painted from ceiling to floor with strange designs, among which one can dimly discern the figures of Indians, a rhinoceros, antelopes, palm trees, and other signs of tropical life as it presented itself to the imagination or memory of the artist. According to some the

history of the tobacco plant is here depicted, but of this I could see no sign. The paintings were perhaps in the first instance brightly coloured, the pervading tone is now a rich mahogany, due partly to time and varnish, partly to the fact that years ago damp Brazil nuts were stored in the basement which became heated and the fumes forced themselves into the room above. Fortunately we know the name of the painter of this curious series of pictures, one of the panels being signed "R. Robinson 1696." Perhaps this was his masterpiece for no other record of him has come down to us. The other decorations of the room are a carved mantel, and a panelled cupboard. This house is described very eloquently in the pathetic novel *Mitre Court*. Here Mr.

Brisco suffered and Abigail Weir passed her innocent girlhood. Their joys and sorrows are true—to human nature at least; truer I fear than Mrs. Riddell's assertion that Sir Christopher Wren was its architect and first inhabitant, though the design is not unworthy of him.

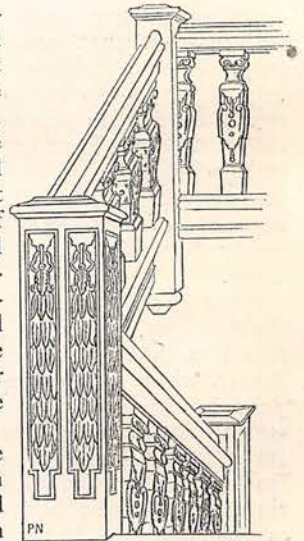
We will now turn our steps to Bishopsgate Street, where we enter upon a region only in part touched by the Great Fire, and therefore still lately rich in buildings of great historic interest. At No. 25 Bishopsgate Street Within there stands a house, condemned to immediate demolition, which has been known for years as Crosby Hall Chambers. The front towards the street has no mark of antiquity but two carved festoons of flowers much blocked up by paint between the first-floor windows. The north side appears more or less in its original state externally. Its base is composed of rustic work, the wall is relieved by pilasters, but the passage is so narrow that the architectural effect cannot be seen. There is a room on the first floor looking out on to this passage, which is adorned by a very beautiful carved chimney-piece, as may be judged from my drawing. It bears the date 1633, the lower part is of stone, the overmantel I believe of wood, but so coated with paint that I could not be sure. Students of work of this period should compare it with a somewhat earlier chimney-piece now in the Guildhall



NO. 10, GREAT ST. HELEN'S.

Museum, which was removed from an old mansion in Lime Street some years ago. A fragment of original plaster decoration also remains on a ceiling at No. 25 Bishopsgate Street.

Within a stone's throw is Crosby Square, built about the year 1678 on the site of the offices of Crosby Hall, which had been destroyed by fire. No. 3 was till lately a good specimen of a house of that date. It has been recased with brick, the handsome doorway is preserved. No. 4 has a fine staircase, but its chief distinction is a charming garden at the back, with its fig-trees, its thorns, and pretty fountain—a veritable oasis in this wilderness of bricks and mortar. Fortunately it is in the hands of those who appreciate it; may it long be a source of pleasure and refreshment to them. Dr. Nathan Adler, chief rabbi, lived here for some years, from 1847 onwards; the garden and basin are marked distinctly in Strype's map of 1720. From Crosby Square a passage leads to Great St. Helen's, which, when first I knew it, was



STAIRCASE, NO. 9, GREAT ST. HELEN'S.

remarkably picturesque. At the corner, No. 10, of which I give a sketch, is a fine old house of wood and plaster with projecting stories, built years before the Great Fire. Beyond it one sees the south porch of the church of Great St. Helen's, bearing the date 1633, and a very good specimen of its kind. Round to the left Nos. 8 and 9 are modern subdivisions of a particularly interesting mansion. It is of brick, having engaged pilasters of the same material, which are furnished with stone capitals. In front are the initials $\frac{I}{AI}$ and the date 1646; the projecting sills to the second floor windows are a remarkable feature. No. 9 has a good seventeenth century chimney-piece, and a beautiful staircase, quite Elizabethan in style, as may be seen from the accompanying sketch;

so it is not improbable that the house was refronted. The façade has been attributed to Inigo Jones, but it has not his classic symmetry, and looks like the work of a less instructed native genius. Besides Inigo Jones, born in 1572, a royalist and Catholic, was taken prisoner in 1645, at the siege of Basing — at least so says Carlyle, and he would hardly, the following year, have been building a house in the Puritan City. No. 2 Great St. Helen's is a well proportioned house with a pretty doorway and staircase, said by Hare and others to date from the time of Charles I.; to me they seem early Georgian, but my readers can judge from the accompanying illustration. The present occupants have a vast cellar under part of Crosby Hall. Between this and No. 8, several old plastered houses have been pulled



ENTRANCE TO GREAT ST. HELEN'S.

down within my recollection, and a few years since a large piece was filched from the churchyard, with no apparent advantage to the public. As we all know, the church, which is of the highest interest, is now undergoing the ordeal of a costly restoration, may something of its old charm survive. No. 1 is the modern entrance to what remains of Crosby Hall, a Gothic mansion unrivalled in its day, and full of historic memories, but it has been so often described that I will not linger here. Let us glance, however, at an exquisite oriel window on this side which seems more or less in its original condition. The passage from Great St. Helen's into Bishopsgate Street passes under old gabled houses shown in my drawing. The structure on the spectator's right, though unpretentious, has an air of quaintness, with its iron railings, and broad white window frames shining in the sun. It is Sir Andrew Judd's almshouse, founded by him in the



HOUSE IN BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT.

less carved work, is now to be seen in the Museum at South Kensington. One is thankful that it has not perished utterly, but torn from its surroundings it has lost much of the charm that attached to it. The beautifully decorated plaster ceiling from the first floor was also removed to South Kensington, but is not yet visible. Perhaps it is placed with another fine ceiling exactly similar in style, which was secured for the museum some thirteen years ago, when the house next to Sir Paul Pindar's on the south was destroyed, and which has never since seen the light. I hope we shall some day be gratified by a sight of these valuable specimens of an art in which the English so much excelled. I give an old view of the room which contained the ceiling. At this time there was also a fine though somewhat grotesque chimney-piece having on it the date 1600. With other decorative work it was removed early in this century,

sixteenth century, and rebuilt by the Skinners' Company in 1729. He was also the founder of Tonbridge School; his monument is in the church hard by.

Some distance further north, in Bishopsgate Street Without, there was not long since a group of four houses, numbered 81 to 85, which, though vulgarized and defaced, were evidently very old. Three still remain, and I have sketched the most interesting; it is of wood, the highest room opens on to a kind of gallery, once no doubt protected by a rail. The Rev. Thomas Hugo, who examined these houses some thirty years ago, was told that within the memory of man, the date 1590 had been visible on one of the group. The wooden rustication however, suggests to me a later period. Similar work is to be seen on the houses in Fore Street, at the entrance to St. Giles's, Cripplegate, which date from just before the Great Fire. On the opposite side of the way the Great Eastern Railway Company has cleared a space nearly a quarter of a mile in length, which involved the removal of Sir Paul Pindar's house, a beautiful work of art, and a unique specimen of a great City Merchant's residence at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The oak front, with its match-



SIR PAUL PINDAR'S HOUSE.

when the room was made what the then possessors called "a little comfortable." Doubtless the original mansion included the adjoining house, and a good deal more besides. There must have been gardens at the back, and a handsome building usually called "the Lodge," which formerly stood in Half Moon Street, was said by tradition to have been occupied by the gardener. The chief facts in Sir Paul Pindar's life are so well known that it is needless to recapitulate them. He was a good and eminent man; it is worth while to make a pilgrimage to the neighbouring church of St. Botolph, and to read the inscription on his monument.

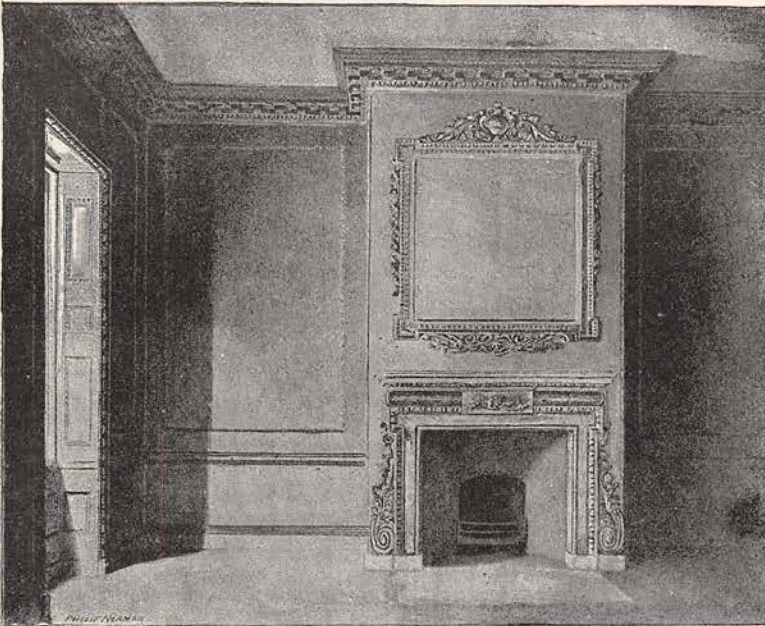
Let us turn our steps to Austin Friars, a quiet region in the heart of the City, which has not yet quite succumbed to the assaults of the modern builder. Passing round what remains of the old Friars' church, for centuries handed over to the Dutch congregation of London, one comes upon a house, No. 10, which is an excellent specimen of Queen Anne architecture. As appears from the date on a rain-pipe, it was, no doubt, built in the year 1704. The porch is approached by steps, ascending which one sees in front a spacious staircase, so typical of the period that it is here portrayed. The staircase is panelled throughout, and especially noticeable from its painted ceiling, which recalls the work of Sir James Thornhill. No. 11 forms part of the same block of buildings. Retracing our



ARMS OF OLMIUS.

steps we see, standing back from the main roadway, a tall, new structure, covering ground occupied a little more than three years ago by another brick mansion, the associations of which were very remarkable. I shall take this opportunity of cor-

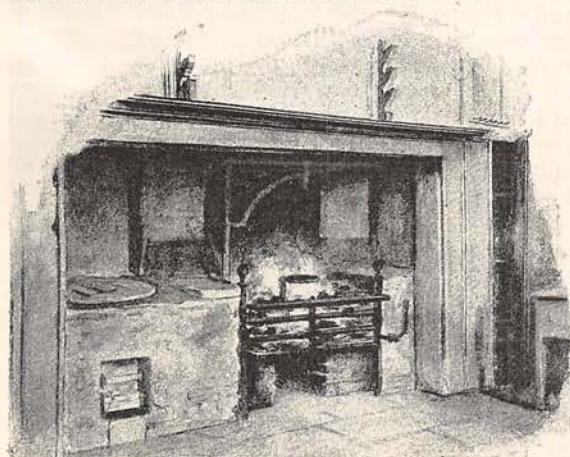
recting a few of the erroneous statements made about it at the time of its destruction. No. 21 Austin Friars had been built towards the end of the seventeenth century. In the year 1705 it came into the hands of Herman Olmius, merchant, whose name occurs in the *Little London Directory* for 1677, where he is described as of "Bishopsgate-without, Angel Alley." He was descended from an ancient family of Arlon in the Duchy of Luxembourg,



ROOM IN 23 GREAT WINCHESTER STREET.

and was naturalized by Act of Parliament, 29 Charles II. He married Judith, daughter of John Drigue, and, having made a large fortune, died in 1718. His will shows that he was a member, not of the Dutch congregation in Austin Friars, but of the French church in Threadneedle Street, to which he left £150 for the benefit of the poor. His eldest son died Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, and his grandson, who for

many years represented Colchester in the House of Commons, was made an Irish peer as Lord Waltham, but the title died out in the next generation. The family possessed much land in Essex, and had a large country seat at Boreham, now used as a convent. At the Saracen's Head Hotel, Chelmsford, their fleeting dignity is still represented by two fine hall chairs, emblazoned with the Olmius crest namely, a demi-Moor in armour between laurel branches, surmounted by a baron's coronet. Herman Olmius had left



KITCHEN RANGE OF 23 GREAT WINCHESTER STREET.

the Austin Friars property, not to a son, but to the children of his younger daughter, Margaret, married to Adrian Lernoult, who predeceased him. In 1783 Hughes Minet came to live here, and in 1802 he bought a sixth share of the house from descendants of Margaret Lernoult. He was a banker, of Huguenot descent, and his family had long carried on a prosperous business at Dover. The Minets lived in Austin Friars for many years; in 1838 Messrs. Thomas, Son and Lefevre were established here, the last-named being a brother of the late Lord Eversley. The final owner was Mr. John Fleming, by whose courtesy I had the privilege of visiting the house, on almost the

last day that it remained intact. To tell the truth it was by no means a striking specimen of architecture, but having remained from the beginning practically unchanged, there were points about it worthy of record. The counting-house on the ground floor had a Purbeck marble mantelpiece, on the upper line of which appeared, in white marble, the Olmius arms, with very elaborate quarterings, representing the foreign families of Gerverdine, Cappré, Drigue and Reynstein. The lofty kitchen was still furnished with smoke-jack, spit-racks, and iron cauldron-holders, and adjoining the range an oven lined with blue and white tiles, was perhaps a legacy of Herman Olmius. Through a passage one passed to the outer offices, a brewery, wash-house, coachhouse and stables; from these again there was access by a side entrance into the garden, a quiet spot, some half-acre in extent, which no doubt had originally formed part of the Friars' grounds. It was connected by steps with a narrow terrace running along the back of the house. Here in the summer of 1888, I saw fig-trees still flourishing while the work of destruction had already begun.

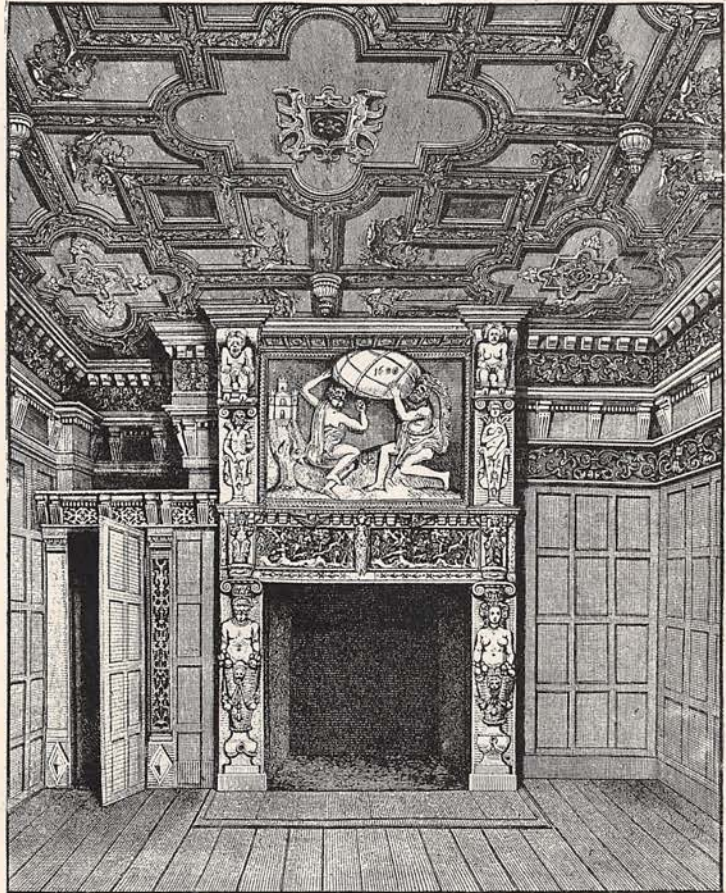


OVERMANTEL AT 2 SUFFOLK LANE.

The boundary at the end of this garden was formed by another interesting house, No. 23 Great Winchester Street, which was improved out of existence in the course of last year. It was approached through a paved yard, with a lodge on each side of

the entrance. Externally its chief characteristics were a somewhat high-pitched roof, and wings projecting forward. Inside the chief reception room was finely proportioned, and the old kitchen range in the basement deserved to be rescued from oblivion. At the dissolution the house and grounds of the Augustine Friars had been bestowed by Henry VIII. on William Paulet, first Marquis of Winchester, who there built his town residence, traces of which existed as late as the year 1844; after this mansion Winchester Street was named. From a date carved on a grotesque bracket formerly to be seen at the north-east corner, it appears that the street was constructed, partly at least, in the year 1656, during the government of Cromwell. Strype says that here was "a great message called the Spanish

Ambassador's House, of late inhabited by Sir James Houblon, Knight and Alderman, and other fair houses." Even down to our time it was a remarkably picturesque specimen of an old London street. Now nothing but the name is left to mark its connection with antiquity. Before leaving this part of the City, I must say a few words about a staircase at 41 New Broad Street. One wall and the ceiling are plastered and painted in monochrome with classical figures, buildings, and armorial trophies reminding me somewhat of eighteenth century paintings at the foot of the staircase at Knowle. The floreate carving at the ends of the steps is very effective. The street is supposed to have been built in 1737 and we have here an example of good decorative work of that period.



EAST VIEW OF A ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF SIR PAUL PINDAR'S, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

If my reader cares now to explore with me the lanes within a stone's throw of Cannon Street Station, it will be my pleasure to introduce him to a few capital specimens of old City architecture. At Nos. 1 and 2 Laurence Pountney Hill, there is a pair of very richly carved porches, perhaps the best of their kind in London; one of them bears on it the date 1703. A few yards beyond on the same side of the way, is an ancient crypt which escaped the Great Fire. It has a groined stone roof, and attached shafts, and is now in the occupation of a printer. This was, no doubt, the crypt of a Gothic mansion called the "Manor of the Rose," built originally by Sir John Poultney, Knight, five times Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Edward III. It afterwards belonged to the De la Poles, Dukes of Suffolk, and on the attainder of the last Duke of that family in 1513, was given by Henry VIII. to Charles Brandon, who married his sister, Mary Tudor. It is enshrined in the pages of Shakespeare:—"The Duke being at the Rose within the Parish Saint

Laurence Poultney." This house extended to Suffolk Lane, and in 1561 the Merchant Taylors' Company bought a portion of it which they turned into a school. It was burnt down in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren. Now the school has migrated to the old Charterhouse, and Wren's work in its turn has been destroyed. At No. 7 Laurence Pountney Hill facing the picturesque churchyard, there is a staircase with handsome old wrought iron balusters, the only examples I have found in the city. At No. 2 Suffolk Lane, is some good decoration of a rather late period. The plaster work in a ground floor room though perhaps too florid is certainly

effective; it may be compared with a ceiling of about the same date at the corner of Bishopsgate Street and Houndsditch. There is also a sweet little mantelpiece up stairs with paintings in the style of Angelica Kauffman. The date of this house is about 1760, or perhaps rather earlier.

A little further west is College Hill, once the scene of Whittington's benefactions, and here stands the church of St. Michael's built by Sir Christopher Wren. Here also are two fine gateways with sculptured pediments, which are also doubtless of his design, Elmes at least, mentions them among his works. I have carefully examined these gateways and the ground behind, and have little doubt that they have been the means of entrance and exit for an important mansion, built immediately after the Fire, which stood at the back of a large courtyard. In the early



GATEWAYS ON COLLEGE HILL.

part of the eighteenth century it must have been pulled down, the courtyard divided, and the present houses, numbered 21, and 22, built on the site. The former is a good specimen of a merchant's dwelling of that period, with a handsome staircase, carved overdoors, and a finely panelled room on the first floor. If I am correct the earlier mansion may not unlikely, have belonged to "that life of pleasure and that soul of whim," the second and the last Duke of Buckingham of the Villiers family, who as Strype tells us, lived in this street for some time "upon a particular humour." It is true, he says, that Buckingham House was on the west side of College Hill, and so marks it in his map, but Hatton, an earlier authority, in his *New View*, places it on the east side, and they agree that after the Duke's time Sir John Lethieullier, an eminent merchant, lived there. A suggestive fact has just come to light, No. 21

belonged to the Lethieullier family, probably from the time it was built, till an heiress of that name married a Hulse, as I find from deeds kindly placed at my disposal by the present owner who was born in the house, and whose father and grandfather lived there before him. Until the year 1874, it had a small garden at the back. The cellars, which extend beneath almost the whole of the property, remind one that Stow in describing this Vintry Ward speaks of the many fair and large houses there with "cellars for stowage of wine and lodging of Bordeaux merchants." No. 22 is a less interesting house of the same date, it is to be let on building lease, which will I fear involve the destruction of its beautiful gateway.

Approached by a low archway from the south side of St. Paul's Churchyard is Dean's Court, whither young people intent on matrimony are often to be seen bending their steps; and here stands the Deanery, half hidden by a high wall with massive



DEANERY OF ST. PAUL'S.

gates. Perhaps we may be allowed to go inside for a moment, and look at the porch, which is ornamented with festoons of flowers carved in the style of Grinling Gibbons. I am told also that the staircase is handsome, with balusters like those in "the old Mansion House," No. 73 Cheapside which has been attributed to Wren. The Deanery is unquestionably his work and has been little altered; it was rebuilt after the Great Fire, but, as Dean Milman tells us, "shorn of its pleasant garden stretching towards the river," which was portioned off on building leases to defray the cost of the new structure. Something of a rural air is however still imparted to it by the two plane trees where rooks built their nests not so many years ago, long after that noise, which Lowell compared to the "roaring loom of time," had driven them from the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside. From the neighbouring Carter Lane, a passage leads to the old churchyard of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, overlooked by some quaint eighteenth century houses, with their casement windows still unchanged. On the other side they open into Fleur de Lis Court. From here a short walk will take us to St. Paul's Pier, whence the view down the Thames is most picturesque. In the immediate foreground stands a quiet old building with projecting bay window, squeezed in between two great new warehouses.

This has a special interest, because, as I believe, it is the only private house now surviving in the City, which overlooks the river. Partly beneath this house a subterranean brick tunnel, fourteen feet wide, was discovered not long since, which extended 110 feet in a northerly direction: the ends have been bricked up. A little lower down another pleasant bay window peeps out in my drawing. The house to which it belongs was used partly for a residence, not many years ago, but it is now entirely devoted to business purposes.

I do not wish to travel outside the limits of the old City but there are two houses near



VIEW FROM ST. PAUL'S PIER.

its western boundary about which I should like to say a few words. At No. 17 Fleet Street stands the old Inner Temple Gatehouse, wrongly called the Palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey. It seems likely that this was the office in which the Council for the management of the Duchy of Cornwall estates held their sittings. It was built in the fifth year of James I. The outside is modernized; fine oak pilasters, which can be seen from within, are covered by a plain casing, but between them the feathers of Henry, Prince of Wales, are still visible in front. On the first floor is a room, beautifully panelled with oak, and having a superb plaster ceiling in fine condition. The central ornament consists

of the Prince of Wales's feathers and the initials P. H. In style it resembles the ceiling lately removed from Sir Paul Pindar's. Let us make our way to Fetter Lane, glancing as we pass at the quaint old gabled houses by Saint Dunstan's church, which have escaped the Great Fire, to be condemned by those unsentimental folk, the Commissioners of Sewers. At No. 32 is the chief establishment of the Moravians in London; behind it is their chapel, and a little further on is a narrow passage leading to Neville's Court. Here on the south side stands an interesting old house, which belongs to the Moravian Society. As long ago as 1744 it passed into their hands, when it was described as "the great house in Neville's Alley." It was the home of the Rev. C. J. la Trobe, and of Count Reuss; Charles Joseph la Trobe, first Governor of Victoria, was born here. The earliest account of Moravian missions was issued from this house—then as now No. 10—more than a hundred years ago. There is a quiet dignity about the old place, akin to

that of a high-minded gentleman who has seen better days. I am afraid it will very shortly cease to exist.

My task, a labour of love, is now finished. If for no other reason these old houses, to some minds at any rate, have a peculiar charm, because they have been associated with "the daily lives of our dead ancestors, with their fireside joys and griefs, with all that web of sensation and emotion which we are now experiencing, precisely as they did." In conclusion I earnestly hope that I have interested those who love the great City; may I also venture to hope that I have melted the heart of the owner of some precious relic, who, tempted by Mammon, was meditating its destruction, and induced him to stay his hand?



NO. 10 NEVILLE'S COURT.