

## A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

## I.—IN THE STRAND.



Two were talking of the ghosts of the past by whom London is haunted, and one of us said, "Let us write a series of articles, and tell in them all we have read or can recollect about the famous women who have visited or have had a home in the great metropolis."

The idea seemed a good one, so we thought it out. Clearly there was no scarcity of material. Almost every street invited attention, and promised such a store of characters and incidents,

that it was evident that to get our series within proper limits we should have often to do violence to our feelings by practising the art of rejection on a large scale.

There appeared no lack of variety either. We saw we should have to treat of famous friendships and famous enmities, of marriages, adventures, oddities, and extravagances; to pass in review queens and princesses, artists and authoresses, players and singers, upstarts and adventures; to take note sometimes of the tenderness and heroism and self-sacrifice of women, and sometimes of their selfishness and pride. The glorious fortunes of some, and the sad reverses of others, and how some have grown famous, and others have sunk into obscurity, are topics which suggested endless novelty; whilst we observed that many an incident which filled us with joy and thankfulness happened only a door or two away from another that could not be told without a tear.

It was a subject, too, that promised to be of interest for everybody. London is the heart of the world, and a familiar city even to those who have never trod its pavements. There is no corner, however remote or uncivilised, in which its famous associations fail to charm. We may love best some provincial town or village, or even some Sleepy Hollow, as the burgher of Peebles did who, after visiting the capital, gave it as his opinion that "London, a' things considered, is a wonderful place, but still, Peebles for pleasure." But, when all is said, London—which is every one's property—is the only city in the kingdom about which it is possible to rouse a universal enthusiasm. To live in it may not agree with our health, or suit our convenience, but those who know it best are most convinced that "those who are tired of London are tired of existence."

We saw, besides, that the subject would be worth our pains in other ways. It would do us good by making us take an interest in other people, and withdrawing our attention from the littleness of ourselves. Then, in considering the incidents that befell others, we might read many a useful lesson, seeing how success

was gained by great industry and good character, and how, when any came to a low ebb of fortune it was, as a general rule, their own fault. We would see too the wealth and originality of human nature, enlarge our ideas of the vastness of the world, and gain acquaintance with people of other times and with other manners than our own. Having considered all these things, we decided to put our idea in execution at once.

It makes a good beginning for a ramble through "haunted London" to start at Charing Cross. From that well-known centre one can conveniently go north, south, east, or west. We chose then to go east, and joined the stream of human life that flows along the Strand. Our first outing thus took us from Charing Cross to Temple Bar.

Charing Cross recalls the memory of one who was a king's daughter, and had a king for a husband; and who, far better than that, was a loving wife and virtuous woman. A cross that once stood here was erected (1291—1294) by Edward I. to mark the last stage at which the body of Eleanor, his queen, rested on its way from Lincolnshire, where she died, to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. There were eight other crosses set up at different places on the road, but this was the finest of them all.

Some say that Charing is a corruption of *chère reine* (dear queen), and even if that is not the case, the derivation is a pleasant one to keep in mind. To Edward she was, indeed, a dear queen. Every one has heard of her accompanying him when he went on a crusade to the Holy Land, and of her risking her own life there that she might save his, by sucking a wound which he had received from a poisoned arrow.

As a devoted self-sacrificing woman she certainly deserved to be kept in mind; but in Cromwell's time the Long Parliament pulled the cross down—it was in 1647, two years before Charles I. had his head taken off at Whitehall. Some of the stones went for paving-stones, other were polished and made into knife-handles. A handsome copy of the cross was, however, erected in 1863, opposite the Charing Cross railway station, and justice was thus again done to Eleanor's memory.

Northumberland House, the town residence of the Duke of Northumberland, stood close to Charing Cross till 1874, when it was demolished to make room for a new thoroughfare to the Embankment. This mansion was once owned by Lady Elizabeth Percy, a celebrated heiress, who was married three times before she was seventeen years old. Her first husband died a natural death, her second was barbarously murdered, her third—he was the "proud" Duke of Somerset—survived her.

The duke and she lived here in "great state and magnificence." After her death, in 1722, his grace married again, and his second wife does not seem to have been so fond as her predecessor of the formality of high life. One day the duke had just arrived at Northumberland House in his coach and six, from his country seat at Petworth, in Sussex. The duchess entered the room, and was about to welcome him with a kiss, but his grace drew himself up, and severely reprimanded her, casting in her teeth, that even his first wife, the noble heiress of the Percies, would never have dreamt of taking such a liberty.

Just where the bank of Coutts & Co. stands,

on the south side of the Strand, there used to be a favourite ladies' haunt known as the New Exchange. It was a sort of bazaar, lined with little shops, where all kinds of fancy articles—gloves, fans, perfumery, and suchlike—were sold. The best days of the New Exchange were at the time of the Restoration, when Covent Garden, only a few streets away, had become the fashionable quarter of the town. After that period customers gradually fell off, and it was taken down in 1737.

Here, in the early part of the seventeenth century, a woman whose maiden name was Anne Clarges had a shop in a small way. She sold wash-balls, powder, and gloves, and taught girls plain needlework. She was married to a man called Ratford, but in 1649 she and her husband "fell out and parted." Her father was a blacksmith, a few minutes' walk nearer Temple Bar, and her mother took in washing.

Anne used to carry linen, after it had been washed by her mother and mended by herself, to General Monk when that famous English general was imprisoned in the Tower. Monk took a fancy to her, and married her—some say during her first husband's lifetime—and Nan Clarges, the washer-woman's daughter, rose at last by her husband's elevation to be Duchess of Albemarle.

She had considerable ability, and knew how to manage Monk, who was rather afraid of her, but she remained a vulgar person all her days. She was no beauty either. Pepys, in his "Diary," calls her "a plain, homely dowdy," and in another place speaks of her as "a very ill-looking woman." On the 4th of April, 1667, he dined with the Duke of Albemarle, and wrote down when he returned home:—"Dirty dishes, and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner."

Clarendon, the historian, gives an equally unfavourable account. He describes the duchess as a person "of the lowest extraction, without either wit or beauty."

Some go up in the world, but quite as many go down, and the New Exchange furnishes a contrast to the elevation of Anne Clarges, so striking, that one might think it had been invented on purpose. At the Revolution, in 1668, a lady took her place at a stall here, and maintained herself by the sale of trifling articles of haberdashery. She sat dressed all in white, and wearing a white mask, which she never took off, and the name given to her by the frequenters of the Exchange, who naturally enough looked at her with interest and curiosity, was "the White Widow."

She was no less a person in rank than Frances Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnel, whose husband had been Lord Deputy of Ireland under James II. In early life she had been celebrated as "La Belle Jennings," and universally allowed to be one of the loveliest figures in the gay court of Charles II. For a time she was the mistress of Dublin Castle, and the first lady in Ireland, but the changes of the Revolution reduced her to absolute poverty. Fortunately, friends soon came to the rescue, and she left the New Exchange, but existence was henceforth a struggle, and she died at last in Dublin, in the Convent of the Poor Clares.

The bank of Coutts and Co., which occupies part of the site of the New Exchange, is interesting for its connection with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a lady who has used her wealth and employed her extensive influence

for the benefit of her less fortunate fellow-creatures. Till recently, she had a considerable interest in the business carried on here.

It was in the time of her grandfather, Mr. Thomas Coutts, an enterprising Scotchman, that the bank first came to the Strand. Mr. Thomas Coutts was an original and independent character, as may be seen from his dealings in the matrimonial market. His first wife was a domestic servant, named Elizabeth Starkey, the daughter of a small Lancashire farmer. In spite of their difference in station, the union proved a source of great happiness.

The first wife died, and in his old age, to the consternation of his family and expectant friends, Mr. Coutts gave his hand to an actress, Miss Harriet Mellon. This marriage gave rise to a great deal of talk, and proved a fertile subject for wit, sarcasm, and malice. All sorts of tales were told: among other absurdities it was rumoured that "Mrs. Coutts was forced to maintain two stout men well armed, who slept in an adjoining room, to protect her from the enmity of Mr. Coutts's family."

This ridicule, however, remarks Mr. Frederick Martin, in his "Stories of Banks and Bankers," had no other effect than that of strengthening the confidence of the husband in the wife. This confidence was displayed in a remarkable manner in the will made by Mr. Coutts before his death. By this will he left the whole of his fortune, amounting to about £900,000, to his widow, for her sole use and benefit, and at her absolute disposal, without the deduction of a single legacy to any other person.

Mrs. Coutts married again, her second choice being the Duke of St. Albans, but under her marriage settlement she wisely reserved to herself the control of the immense fortune left to her by Mr. Coutts. She died in 1837, leaving a will by which all the property passed to the favourite grandchild of her first husband—Angelina Georgina Burdett—a daughter of one of the daughters of his first wife. Miss Burdett assumed the name of Coutts by Royal Licence; and was raised to the peerage, under the title of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of Highgate and Brookfield, in 1871.

In Adelphi Terrace, to be reached by walking down Adam Street, Mrs. Garrick lived, the wife of the famous actor. She had removed there with her husband seven years before his death.

Boswell has told us of a delightful day spent with Johnson and others at this house, the first time Mrs. Garrick reopened it after Garrick's death. "She looked well," he says, "talked of her husband with complacency, and, while she cast her eyes at his portrait, which hung over the chimney-piece, said that 'death was now the most agreeable object to her.'"

"It was no dishonour to her," says the kindly Leigh Hunt, referring to this passage, "that her constitution was too good for her melancholy. She spoke enthusiastically of her husband to the last, and used to decide on theatrical subjects by right of being his representative."

Mrs. Garrick had been a dancer in her youth; she died a venerable old lady at over ninety years of age.

Returning to the Strand, we proceed a little farther east and then go to the right, to see the Chapel of the Savoy. Here Anne Killigrew lies buried, who died in 1685, in her twenty-fifth year, "a Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit." She was the daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, one of the masters of the Savoy, and was maid of honour to the Duchess of York. She was an accomplished scholar, an excellent painter, and the author of a number of poetical compositions, but she is

best known as the subject of a celebrated ode by Dryden.

The following lines, however, prove that this young lady did not rest her expectations on other people, but hoped for immortality through the medium of her own poetry. It is an epitaph written by herself:

"When I am dead, few friends attend my hearse,  
And for a monument I leave my verse."

Somerset House, on the south side of the Strand, occupies the site of a princely mansion which was successively in the possession of Queen Elizabeth and of the queens of James I., Charles I., and Charles II.

When it was occupied by James's Queen, Anne of Denmark, a constant masquerade, we are told, went on here, the queen and her ladies, "like so many sea-nymphs or nereids," appearing in various dresses "to the ravishment of the beholders."

Pepys, a great gossip, tells us of his being one day in the presence-chamber in this house, and seeing there the widowed queen of Charles I. and the queen of Charles II. It was not long after the Restoration. He had never seen the young queen before. "Though she be not very charming," he says, "yet she hath a good, modest and innocent look which is pleasing."

When Pepys first saw the youthful Catharine of Braganza, all promised well for her future happiness. But the liking which the king then entertained for her soon died out, and for whole twenty-three years she lived the most miserable woman in all her Court. Charles realised, too late, how ill he had used her. When he was on his death-bed, the queen, whose grief drove her to distraction, sent to ask his pardon, if by any chance she had ever offended him.

"Alas! poor woman," he exclaimed, "she beg my pardon! I beg hers with all my heart."

Catharine survived the Revolution and lived in Somerset House till she returned to Portugal in the reign of William III.

The present church of St. Mary-le-Strand covers the spot where there used to be a famous May-pole. It was a permanent erection, overlooking the Strand every day of the year, and round about it the lads and lasses, milkmaids and chimney-sweeps, used to dance to welcome in the spring. It was originally set up in 1661 by John Clarges, the blacksmith, whom we have already mentioned as the father of Anne, who became Duchess of Albemarle, and most likely he erected it out of joy at the surprising elevation of his daughter. It stood till 1713, when a new pole was erected opposite Somerset House; but the days of May-poles were about over then, and it was removed in 1718.

The sites of what are now Arundel, Norfolk, Surrey, and Howard-streets, between the Strand and the river, were once occupied by a house and grounds owned by several great families. Whilst tenanted by the Howards, Earls of Arundel, it was the scene (according to some authorities) of the death of a Countess of Nottingham—it was the Countess Catherine, she who is said to have kept back from Queen Elizabeth a ring forwarded to her by the Earl of Essex shortly before he perished on the scaffold.

It seems—and the story though romantic is not impossible—that in the days when Essex stood high in her favour, the Queen gave him a ring, with the promise that it would secure protection for him if he only sent it to her when he was in any trouble. He did send it, but the ring was carried by mistake to the Countess of Nottingham. She showed it to her husband, who was an enemy of the Earl of Essex, and he insisted on his wife locking it up in her own jewel case.

When lying dying in Arundel House, the countess wrote to the queen asking to see her "that she might reveal something to her Majesty without the discovery of which she could not die in peace."

Elizabeth came, and the countess told about her intercepting the ring. She then begged for forgiveness. "God may forgive you," answered her Majesty, "but I never can," and she left the room with deep emotion. From that time, we are told, till the day of her death—which happened only three days after the funeral of the countess—Elizabeth never went to bed, but lay on the floor with cushions about her, and absorbed in the deepest melancholy. It has been held that "her chief reason for suffering the earl to be executed was his supposed obstinacy in not applying to her for mercy."

In Howard-street Mrs. Bracegirdle, the actress—who was born in 1663, and died in 1748—lived in the house of a Mrs. Dorothy Brown. This fascinating woman made a great sensation in her day, and won as much praise for her good deeds as for her good looks. She is described as "of a lovely height, with dark brown hair and eyebrows, black, sparkling eyes, and a fresh, blushing complexion." Her charitable disposition often led her to Clare Market, on the north side of the Strand, to distribute money among the poor basket-women there who were out of employment.

At the south-west corner of Norfolk-street, Dr. Birch, a painstaking literary antiquary of the first half of the eighteenth century, lived at one time. We mention his name that we may introduce what Leigh Hunt describes as "a charming billet, written to him by his first wife, almost in the article of death." Mrs. Birch died within a year after their marriage.

"This day I return you, my dearest life, my sincere hearty thanks for every favour bestowed on your most faithful and obedient wife,  
"HANNAH BIRCH."

"July 31st, 1729."

An inn known as the "Angel," at the Strand end of Wych-street, appears in 1769 in an advertisement which recalls a traffic now happily one of the nightmares of the past:—"To be sold a Black Girl, eleven years of age; extremely handy; works at her needle tolerably, and speaks English well. Inquire of Mr. Owen at the 'Angel' Inn, behind St. Clement's Church in the Strand."

We quote this from the *Public Advertiser* of March 28th, 1769. Three years later—on the 22nd of June, 1772—by a decision of the Court of King's Bench, it was established that slavery could not exist in Great Britain.

Essex-street, on the south side of the Strand, has derived its name from the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favourite—he who sent the ring to her, as we have just told. His town house stood here and was often visited by Queen Elizabeth in the days when he and she were friends.

"The late Lord Cholmondeley, who died in 1770, and who was not unknown as an antiquary," Mr. Edward Walford records, "used to say that one day when visiting a house in Essex-street, he found scratched, to all appearance with a diamond, on a weather-stained piece of glass the following letters: 'I. C. U. S. X. & E. R.,' which he interpreted, 'I see you Essex and Elizabeth Regina.' If he was right in his interpretation, it would seem probable that some inquisitive occupant of this room overlooking Essex House had seen the queen, when visiting the earl, and, like Captain Cuttle, had on the spot 'made a note of it.'"

The Earl's temper was none of the sweetest, and neither was the Queen's. On one occasion—perhaps when walking up and down the garden of this very house—they had a dispute about an assistant in the affairs of Ireland to which Essex was going as lord-

deputy. The Earl at last turned his back on the Queen, and she, as a striking addition to her argument, gave him a box on the ear, with the encouraging words: "Go and be hanged."

Essex laid his hand on his sword and swore that he would not have put up with the insult from her father. It is thought that he never forgave it, and the incident may be reckoned as the beginning of his fall.

Flora Macdonald—so well known for her devotion to Prince Charlie during his wanderings in the Highlands after the battle of Culloden—has given additional romance to Essex-street. The Scottish heroine found a temporary home here after her release from the mild imprisonment to which she had been subjected by the government.

Flora seems to have been a simple, modest, and unassuming girl, whose merit arose from her having courage and fidelity to defend her fugitive prince when he was in distress and danger. Boswell, who saw her when he visited Skye in 1773, in company with Dr. Johnson, describes her as "a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred."

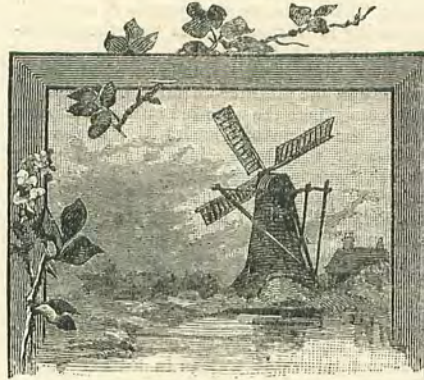
She stayed in Essex-street at the house of Lady Primrose, a distinguished Jacobite, and was much made of by all whose sympathies lay with the House of Stuart. The presents she got were overwhelming, and the flattering attention paid to her might have turned the heads of ninety-nine out of a hundred young ladies. But, we are told, "she conducted herself with

admirable propriety, never failing to express surprise at the curiosity which had been excited regarding her conduct—conduct which, she used to say, never appeared extraordinary to herself, till she saw the notice taken of it by the rest of the world."

After returning to Skye, she married a Mr. MacDonald, of Kingsburgh. She went with her husband to America, but came back to Skye, and died there at a good old age, a firm Jacobite to the last.

Now we have arrived at Temple Bar Memorial, with its comical griffin—from which anyone may see that humour has not yet taken flight from the City. And here we shall rest for the present.

(To be continued.)



## SAUNTERS IN A GARDEN.



**B**OOKS and gardens are man's silent friends and companions, and he loves them in proportion to his acquaintance with them. The more intimate we are with our gardens and our books, the more we love them, for, like all true friends, they only open out to their intimates; they are dull and lifeless to strangers. The few pots of geraniums that grace the window-sill of some room in a Whitechapel court are to their owner more than the whole collection of plants at Kew, and that for two reasons—he has his, he feels the pride of possession, and he knows them, and therefore they are his friends. He could give you their history, their biography; since they were puny cuttings he has watched each leaf unfold itself, each flower-stem raise itself above the leaves, each bud swell until the red tip at the end

shows that not many hours will elapse before a flower will light up the plant, and, if it be the first flower, what an ecstasy of delight! what a thrill of pleasure will he feel as he looks upon the red disc! That poor sickly geranium is to its owner as dear as the costliest orchid that ever graced the conservatory of a millionaire—ay, dearer and nearer; for has he not tended the geranium himself, while the owner of the orchid perchance knows nothing about it save that it is one of his collection. Rich men often do not enjoy their gardens, notwithstanding their extent, wealth of bloom and costliness, nearly as much as a poor man who has only a few yards to cultivate and only his pair of hands to do everything. But there's the rub. Doing everything for himself makes him acquainted with every leaf and flower in the garden. I recollect as a boy growing some convulvuli in pots outside my bedroom window. How anxiously I waited for the seeds to show themselves above ground, and then when the time came for them to be strung, how I looked at them every morning to see how much higher they had twined around the string; and when the buds began to show themselves, how anxiously I looked every morning to see if any had burst into flower; and then when the flowers came, each morning it was quite an excitement counting them. Ay, I believe those pots of convulvuli yielded me more enjoyment than looking at the choicest collection of plants belonging to another. And well do I recollect the grief I was thrown into when a kitten sprang on to the sill one day, and began playing with the string, as kittens will, and finally pulled up two of my best plants; and the next morning, when I looked out to see my flowers, I saw the lifeless plants dangling in the air; for they had grown to the top of the window, where they had a piece of string stretched across whereon to climb before they met with their degrading end. Well for that kitten that

I did not see it at that moment. It was surprising how my convulvuli (I was going to write convolvulus) used to thrive and blossom right in the heart of London. At least, as I see them again in the mind's eye after the lapse of some years, they still seem to me to be as fine as any I have since seen, but it may be that

The past does win  
A glory by its being far;  
And orb into the perfect star,  
Which we saw not when we moved therein.

One must work in a garden to get an interest in it, and an interest is the sure precursor of love. One cannot love a garden without being on very intimate terms with it. A mere casual acquaintance is not enough. One must have ample leisure in a garden to discover its beauties, and the best way to get this leisure is to work in it. Even if the garden does not belong to you, you will be surprised how your interest is awakened in it if you spend a few days in planting, weeding, pruning, and otherwise assisting in the actual gardening work. You get much more knowledge and real enjoyment out of a garden, small though it be, in which you have worked than a walk through the most magnificent grounds filled with the choicest flowers. The beauties of a garden must have time to impress themselves upon us before we get the real enjoyment out of it; and, therefore, a walk through a garden is frequently rather wearying than refreshing. The beauties succeed each other too quickly for the eye to take in or the mind retain the effect of the various groups of plants, and the subtle combinations of colours and glorious contrasts only to be seen successfully in flowers; and when we come away we cannot recall one individual flower or plant, but only a confused sense of magnificence too vague to be long retained in the mind. It is like walking through a gallery

stition, Miss Fairfax, so far as to believe a snake to be an ill omen? I assure you my unfortunate reptiles are only 'deaf adders,'" he concluded, pointedly.

I was glad that the children had already run into the next room, and did not hear their father speak so rudely. Margaret coloured deeply at his manner, but coolly ignored the irony of his remark. "I beg your lordship not to think me ungrateful, but I could not possibly receive such presents, in my opinion, unsuited to my circumstances. I am sure you will allow this," she said, with a sudden melting of the cold civility of her little speech, as she lifted her eyes to his and leant forwards with an appealing movement of her hands.

"Indeed, you have been very kind to me, and I rely on your goodness not to think me ungracious now—please do not."

Corfu's clouded brow cleared all at once, and he carelessly dismissed the unplesant subject. "All right," he said, half impatiently, half good-temperedly. "If you won't you won't. I thought a bauble would please you, as it would most women, but you—Well, if you won't be pleased, I can't help it. A fig for gratitude and all the humbug. I don't see what you have to be grateful for, I am sure." And with a short laugh, he left the room.

I was intensely relieved at the happy conclusion of the affair, and admired more than ever the tact displayed by my friend on such a trying occasion. For

though I felt sure that only a kind intention prompted the donor, I was equally on her side in her refusal of the gift. Women have such a far finer and more instinctive perception of what will "do" than men.

Margaret was pale, and laughed nervously as I turned towards her.

"How very strange—" I began, but the words died away on my lips, as we heard the well-known quick tread returning. I cannot tell you, Magdalen, why my heart sank as it did. I felt miserably uncomfortable, and Margaret looked so white and scared, that it frightened me. Before either of us had time to speak, Corfu's head appeared round the door.

(To be continued.)

## A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

### ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

#### II.—FLEET STREET.



HEN Boswell was walking with Dr. Johnson in Greenwich-park one evening, Johnson exclaimed, "Is not this very fine!"

"Yes, sir," answered Boswell, "but not equal to Fleet-street."

"You are right, sir," said Johnson.

In the spirit of these two representatives of town life and manners, we resume our pilgrimage, and, passing Temple Bar Memorial, make our way Citywards.

The first house on the City side of Temple Bar, and on the south side of Fleet-street, is Child's Banking House. This bank was once saved from suspending payment by a lady well known in history. In 1689 the stability of the firm was threatened by a rumour that there was to be a run upon it. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, then Lady Churchill, hearing what was said, immediately collected all the gold she could raise among her friends and brought it down to the bank just in time to meet the difficulty. Hogarth made a sketch at the time of the duchess's coach stopping at Temple Bar, and another sketch of her grace entering the bank, followed by porters carrying the welcome bags of gold.

A still more romantic story is told regarding this old banking establishment. One May-day, about a hundred years ago, John, tenth Earl of Westmoreland, was dining with the Mr. Child of that time at Temple Bar. He was the ardent admirer of Miss Sarah Anne Child, but anticipated the opposition of her father, who was not likely to be favourably impressed by the state at the bank of his lordship's balance.

"Child," said his lordship in the course of the conversation, "give me your opinion on this case. Suppose you were in love with a girl and had no hope of getting her father's consent to your marrying her, what would you do?"

"Do! why run away with her, to be sure," replied the unsuspecting banker.

A night or two afterwards, Lord Westmoreland followed this advice, and eloped with Miss Sarah Anne Child in a post-chaise and four. Mr. Child at once started in pursuit,

followed them on the North road, and managed to gain on the runaways. It was not, however, till Northumberland was reached that the second post-chaise came within sight of the first. Lord Westmoreland then stood up in his carriage and shot one of the leading horses of Mr. Child's vehicle, which was capsized in consequence. By this bold proceeding the lovers gained time to cross the border, and got securely tied together by the Gretna Green blacksmith.

Part of the site of Child's bank was once occupied by the Devil Tavern, where "Rare" Ben Jonson reigned as the king of wits and good fellows. It was a tavern with a good reputation down to 1788, when it was levelled to the ground. On a spring evening in 1751 a memorable supper-party was held here to celebrate the appearance of the first novel of Mrs. Lennox, a lady whom Dr. Johnson held in high esteem; he thought that her intellectual abilities were equal, if not, indeed, superior, to those of Hannah More, or even his favourite, Fanny Burney. About twenty friends came to meet Mrs. Lennox and her husband, Dr. Johnson, of course, being the central figure of the party. Johnson had prepared a crown of laurel with which he encircled the brow of the authoress, and with pleasant conversation and harmless mirth the night passed away. The company sat till day began to dawn. "This phenomenon," says Sir John Hawkins, who was one of the company, "began to put us in mind of our reckoning, but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before a bill could be had, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal of our departure."

Opposite Child's Bank once stood Shire-lane, afterwards known as Lower Serle's-place. In this lane the meetings were first held of the famous Kit-Kat Club, which consisted of noblemen and gentlemen, at first banded together for political objects, but afterwards for no other end than intellectual intercourse and enjoyment.

This aristocratic club elected some reigning beauty every year as a toast, and in connection with this custom there is a pleasing anecdote told of the childhood of Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu, the celebrated letter-writer. One day, at a meeting of the Kit-Kat Club to

choose toasts for the year, Lady Mary's father, the Duke of Kingston, took it into his head to nominate her as a candidate, alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. His little girl was not eight years old then.

The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to select a beauty whom they had never seen. "Then you shall see her," cried the duke, and in the gaiety of the moment he sent orders to have Lady Mary finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern.

She was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by everyone present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. "The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet or patriot or statesman to the arms of another: was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations—they amounted to ecstasy. Never again throughout her whole future life did she pass so happy a day."

On the same side of Fleet-street as Child's Bank, and only a few steps farther east, is the entrance to Middle Temple lane. It was at Middle Temple-gate that John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, and his wife, the beautiful Bessie Surtées, with whom he had run away, were attacked by the mob during the Gordon Riots of 1780. Amidst the shouts of "Kill the lawyers" from the rioters, Scott got his wife safe within the Temple, and, as she stood in the centre of a crowd of excited and admiring barristers, her head bare and her ringlets falling loose over her shoulders, "The scoundrels have got your hat, Bessie," he whispered, "but never mind—they have left you your hair."

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, whom we mentioned in connection with Child's Bank, used often to be seen in the Temple consulting "Silver-tongued Murray," who afterwards became Lord Mansfield. "Her Grace," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "began by sending the rising advocate a general retainer, with a fee of a thousand guineas, of which sum he accepted only the two-hundredth part, explaining to the astonished duchess that 'the professional fee

with a general retainer could not be less nor more than five guineas."

"If Murray had accepted the whole sum he would not have been overpaid for his trouble, for her grace persecuted him with calls at most unreasonable hours. On one occasion, returning to his chambers, after 'drinking champagne with the wits,' he found the duchess's carriage and attendants in King's Bench Walk. A numerous crowd of footmen and link-bearers surrounded the coach, and when the barrister entered his chambers he encountered the mistress of that army of lackeys. 'Young man,' exclaimed the grand lady, eyeing the future Lord Mansfield with a look of displeasure, 'if you mean to rise in the world you must not sup out!'"

"On a subsequent night, Sarah of Marlborough called without appointment at his chambers, and waited till past midnight in the hope that she would see the lawyer ere she went to bed. But Murray, being at an unusually late supper-party, did not return till her grace had departed in an overpowering rage. 'I could not make out, sir, who she was,' said Murray's clerk, describing her grace's appearance and manner, 'for she would not tell me her name; but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality.'"

Dr. Johnson had his giant's den at No. 1, Inner Temple lane—where "Dr. Johnson's Buildings" now stand. He lived here from 1760 to 1765. Beauclerc, in a passage which has been often quoted, gives a graphic picture of the uncouth lexicographer at the Templegate handing a French lady who had called on him into her coach. "His dress was a rusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by his singular appearance."

The house on the south side of Fleet-street, opposite Chancery-lane, which professes to be "the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey," at one time held the famous wax-work exhibition of Mrs. Salmon. That was in the days of Queen Anne. Mrs. Salmon was originally at St. Martin's-le-Grand, but she removed to Fleet-street, on the ground that it was "a more convenient place for the coaches of the quality to stand unmolested." Not a reason certainly that would be given nowadays.

By way of fishing for custom she hung out a salmon as a sign. At the door the visitor was welcomed by a figure on crutches, and when he had seen all the show and was returning to the street a mechanical Old Mother Shipton gave him a kick by way of a parting salute.

At No. 32, a few doors farther east, we come to the shop in which the famous publishing house of John Murray began business. "Mrs. Rundell's Domestic Cookery" was first brought out here in the beginning of this century; we have a copy in our library described as a "new edition," and dated 1807.

This well-known, useful book was compiled by the wife of one of the partners of an eminent firm of jewellers. She was a person of common sense, and had no extravagant ideas about the mission of her sex. "To attend," she says, "to the nursing and at least early instruction of children, and to rear a healthy progeny in the ways of piety and usefulness; to preside over the family and regulate the income allotted to its maintenance; to make home the sweet refuge of a husband fatigued by intercourse with a jarring world; to be his enlightened companion, and the chosen friend of his heart; these, these are woman's duties, and delightful ones they are, if haply she be married to a man whose soul can duly estimate her worth, and who will

bring his share to the common stock of felicity. Of such a woman one may truly say, 'Happy the man who can call her his wife; blessed are the children who call her mother.'"

Mrs. Rundell's modest views regarding the profits of authorship led her to expect no return from her work; but, according to Allibone, she was agreeably surprised by drawing from it no less than two thousand pounds. By 1841 the sale had reached the two hundred and seventy-sixth thousand, and a modern Domestic Cookery, based on Mrs. Rundell's volume, is still in extensive demand.

The south end of Fetter-lane—the end nearest Fleet-street—was the scene of a curious incident in the life of Levett, the poor apothecary, who in the latter part of his career formed one of Dr. Johnson's household. At a small coal-shed on the west side of the lane, Levett met a woman who duped him into marriage. "The simple-hearted, benevolent man," says Walter Thornbury in his "Old and New London," "was persuaded by the proprietress of the coal-shed that she had been defrauded of her birthright by her kinsman, a man of fortune. Levett, then nearly sixty, married her; and four months after a writ was issued against him for debts contracted by his wife, and he had to lie close to avoid the gaol. Not long afterwards his amiable wife ran away from him, and, being taken up for picking pockets, was tried at the Old Bailey, where she defended herself, and was acquitted. Dr. Johnson then, touched by Levett's misfortunes and goodness, took him to his own home."

We have to go but a short distance along Fleet-street to reach a court associated with the hero of a matrimonial affair of a very different character from that of poor Levett. At Bolt-court we meet with William Cobbett, a man who held high rank among the forces that made such a commotion in England before the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. It was here that Cobbett published what was known as his "twopenny trash."

The story of Cobbett's courtship, as told by himself, is well worth reading. It exhibits both Cobbett and the girl whom he married in quite a picturesque light, and, more than that, is calculated to teach us a few not unimportant lessons.

"When I first saw my wife," he says, speaking of the time when he was a soldier, "she was thirteen years old and I was within a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a sergeant of Artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life.

"It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill, at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me!' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. . . .

"At the end of about six months my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of a hundred miles up the river of St. John; and, what was worse, the Artillery was expected to go off to Eng-

land a year or two before our regiment. The Artillery went, and she along with them. And now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like besides that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred and fifty guineas—the earnings of my early hours in writing for the paymaster, the quarter-master, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed, and wrote to her, to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people, and at any rate not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes and to live without hard work until I arrived in England."

Cobbett did not get home so soon as he expected, but "at the end of four years," he says, "home I came, and got my discharge from the army. I found my little girl a *servant of all work* (and hard work it was), at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!"

"Need I tell the reader what my feelings were? . . . Admiration of her conduct and self-congratulation on this indubitable proof of the soundness of my own judgment were now added to my love of her beautiful person."

It was in Bolt-court that the famous Dr. Johnson lived from 1776 till 1784, when he died. Speaking of his residence here, Miss Reynolds, the sister of the famous Sir Joshua, tells us, "He particularly piqued himself upon his nice observance of ceremonious punctilios towards ladies. A remarkable instance of this was his never suffering any lady to walk from his house to her carriage through Bolt-court unattended by himself to hand her into it; and if any obstacle prevented it from driving off, there he would stand by the door of it, and gather a mob around him; indeed, they would begin to gather the moment he appeared handing the lady down the steps into Fleet-street. Sometimes he exhibited himself at the distance of eight or ten doors from Bolt-court to get at the carriage, to the no small diversion of the populace."

Johnson's strange household of almsfolk at Bolt-court made anything but a happy family, and his home seems to have been rendered very uncomfortable by "the perpetual jarring of those whom he charitably accommodated under his roof." Levett, the poor apothecary, and the three women—the blind Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins, and Miss Carmichael—were all ill-disposed to one another. Johnson, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, thus depicts the situation:—"Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll (Miss Carmichael) loves none of them."

"The inventor of the English novel"—Samuel Richardson—had his printing office at the north-west corner of Salisbury-square, communicating with the court, No. 76, Fleet-street. In a house in the centre of Salisbury-square, or Salisbury-court as it was then called, he spent the greater part of his town life, and wrote his earliest work, "Pamela." He was a kind, benevolent character, encouraging his men to be industrious, sometimes by putting half-a-crown among the types as a prize to him who came first in the morning, at other times by sending fruit for the same purpose from the country. But his manners with regard to his family were strict and formal. His daughters wrote to him as "Honoured Sir," and designated themselves as "ever dutiful" children.

In his novels, "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Sir Charles Grandison," he had always a moral end in view. According to Pope, "Pamela" is more valuable than a score of volumes of sermons, and Dr. Sherlock gravely recommended it from the pulpit.

He wrote more for women than men; indeed, he was all his life the patron and protector of the fair sex. At the age of thirteen he used to write love-letters to their sweethearts for three young women in his neighbourhood, who made him their confidant. Such were his early lessons in the reading of the human heart, and very good ones they were, too, for a novelist. His private correspondents in later years were almost all women, and women were always about him, both in town and country; indeed, according to Mrs. Barbauld, he "lived in a kind of flower-garden of ladies." "This," remarks Leigh Hunt, "has been grudged him and thought effeminate, but we must make allowance for early circumstance and recollect what the garden produced for us. Richardson did not pretend to be able to do without female society."

So far as plot is concerned, his novels are decidedly tedious. On someone remarking this to Dr. Johnson, "Why, sir," said Johnson, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so great that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment."

That the story, however, can secure the attention and excite the enthusiasm of those who are uncorrupted by the thrilling sensational narratives of the present day, we may see from the following anecdote, told by Sir F. W. Herschel, of the village of Slough, in Buckinghamshire. "The blacksmith of the village had got hold of Richardson's novel of 'Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded,' and used to read it aloud in the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and he never failed to have a large and attentive audience. It was a pretty long-winded book, but their patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived which brings the hero and heroine together, and describes them as living long and happily according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and, procuring the church keys, they actually set the parish bells a-ringing."

Richardson lies buried in St. Bride's Church, Fleet-street, a stone's throw from his printing establishment. He lies about the middle of the centre aisle.

At the west end of St. Bride's Church, Richard Lovelace, one of the most brilliant of the cavaliers of Charles I.'s time, found his last resting place. For his beauty and his misfortunes all women will think kindly of him. In his student days at Oxford he was "accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that eyes ever beheld," but he fell a victim to the political troubles of the day, "became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places." In love he was equally unfortunate. Lucy Sacheverell, for whom he entertained a deep affection, heard and believed a report that he had been killed at Dunkirk, and straightway married another suitor.

Everyone knows Lovelace's exquisite verses, written when in prison in 1642 for carrying up the Kentish petition to the House of Commons:—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage.

If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone that soar above  
Enjoy such liberty."

His verses to Lucy Sacheverell, occasioned by his departing for the wars, are equally beautiful. "True," he says, "I fly from you and seem to have found a new mistress.

"Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more."

We are now not far from the site of Dorset House, in which the Marquis, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, and his eccentric literary wife, Margaret, lived at the time of the Restoration. The duchess had an unbounded passion for scribbling, and had no hesitation in saying so. In one of her last productions she writes with commendable frankness: "I imagine all those who have read my former books will say I have writ enough, unless they were better; but say what you will, it pleaseth me, and since my delights are harmless I will satisfy my humour.

"For had my brain as many fancies in't  
To fill the world, I'd put them all in print;  
No matter whether they be well or ill  
express,  
My will is done, and that pleases my own  
best."

She was such an enthusiast that she kept young ladies about her whom she roused in the night to commit to paper any thoughts that came into her head. She wrote poems, plays, letters, philosophical observations, and biography, and her complete works fill no fewer than ten folio volumes.

(To be continued.)

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### GENERAL.

PARMA VIOLET.—You cannot apply for a vacancy in any Government office; you must go in for a competitive examination. Your handwriting is legible, but stretches over far too much paper for a clerk's work. Draw it together, and see how many words you can get into a line in a compact roundhand.

DICKENS'S MARCHIONESS.—No prospectus regarding the working of Holloway College has yet been issued, so far as we have heard.

F. E. POWER.—We should advise you to procure that excellent little manual published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., called, "The Guide to Female Employment in the Government Offices," 1s. There are examination papers and answers in it.

AN IRISH STUDENT.—The Christian Women's Education Union might answer your purpose. Address Miss Petrie, Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, W. (secretary of the Students' Branch).

PERPLEXED.—Secretaryships are very rare and difficult of attainment, and your handwriting would not suit the office. For clerkships under Government you would have to go through a competitive examination, for particulars of which, age, etc., you should apply to the secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, S.W. Is it possible that you contemplate jilting a man to whom you are engaged? If possessing insufficient means to marry, you should not have engaged yourself. Besides, even were he rich, you ought not to burden him with your family, although you might give presents out of your own private pocket.

POPPY.—"Sick Nursing at Home" is exactly the manual you require (1s. 3d., bound. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.). It is practical and easy of comprehension. Your letter has but just turned up to view amidst a heap of others, or we should have replied sooner.

JANE W.—We recommend the "Universal Geography," by Milner, revised by Keith Johnston, published by us at our office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.; study a good map of each locality as you read.

FRONAGHAL will require a few lessons for the pronunciation of French. All instruction books can be obtained very cheap second-hand.

ANNIE ROBINSON should read the article on "How Girls may Improve Their Education," pages 637 and 794, vol. ii. She should also join a correspondence class, such as that of Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay.

FLORIE.—"Three poets in three distant ages born" is the first line of an epigram written by Dryden, "Under Mr. Milton's Picture," in which he is understood to praise Homer (Greece) for his loftiness of thought, and Virgil for his majesty (Italy), whilst Milton is said to possess both.

"The force of nature could no further go;

To make a third, she joined the other two."

There are some excellent remarks on this epigram in "Guesses at Truth." Perhaps Dryden's poem is adapted from one by Selvaggi, in Latin, an epigram also to Milton.

KEW.—The name "h-bone" of beef is a misnomer. It is really the "edge-bone," meaning simply the bone of the rump, which in dressed beef presents itself edgewise to view. It is also improperly called "aitch-bone."

EDINA.—The children are perhaps best amused and kept quiet by a pleasant book being read aloud to them at such times.

### ART.

PANSY.—If a greasy mark appears round your card when employing oil paint, you are either using too much oil or medium, and should paint with dryer colours, or your cardboard is not that prepared for oils.

LANDSCAPES, A KENTISH GIRL.—We should think that pianoforte fronts if very well painted would sell; but you would have to find your own market for them, and the hand-painted cards too, as no one can help you there.

MOLLY BAWN.—We cannot help thinking from your own account that your brushes are neglected and not properly attended to. They should be washed out in spirits of wine and soapsuds after each painting, and the palette cleaned, and all colours kept free from dust. These precautions are especially needful in china-painting.

ARTISTE.—Barbotine colours can be used for tile-painting, and are particularly good, as they fire in with great depth and brilliancy. Barbotine is really easier than china painting. It requires no oils, softeners, nor other vehicles—only the simple medium to fix it to the pottery. All the colours fire darker than when painted, so that the worker is not troubled to remember which colour must be painted lighter or darker. The firm of Mr. Fred. Miller, 44, Devonshire-street, W., is the introducer into England.

E. M. W.—To transfer a design drawn on paper to a textile, place the latter on a sheet of plain glass, a sheet of blue carbonised tracing-paper on the textile, and the design on the top of all. With a fine knitting-needle trace out every line of the pattern, pressing the needle firmly down. A clear outline will thus be transferred to the linen. If the blue carbonised cloth paper is quite new, rub it over with bread-crumbs before using it.

AN HONEST, ALTHO' DESIGNING WOMAN.—With regard to your first and second questions upon the law of copyright, we could hardly give an exact opinion without seeing the designs; but we would recommend extreme caution, as it is not strictly honest to sell the same idea, however disguised, twice over. 3. Certainly, you can offer the rejected designs to another publisher.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

NANCY LEE.—You may say "With pleasure." On leaving the room at night it would be more seemly if you merely made a very slight inclination of the head, and a smile, and said "Good night" when near the door.

D. E. S. S.—If you cannot remove mud spots from your mackintosh by careful brushing, we know of no other method.

FRANCES.—On no account make inquiries at a man's house of business respecting the fact of his being married or single. It would be both intrusive and indelicate on the part of a girl. Ask your father or brother if you have any good reason for wishing to be certain about it, on your own or your friend's account.

ROSEBUD.—Address a letter to him to the General Post Office, Cape of Good Hope, and another to the Postmaster, requesting him to do you the favour of placing your letter in public view at the office, in the wire case, if there be one, and either your friend may see it, or some acquaintance of his may inform him of its arrival.

LUCILIA.—The aphorism, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," is said to have originated in the Koran. The volumes of the G. O. P. are all to be obtained from the office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—When two persons of differing creeds marry, it is a matter of arrangement how the children are brought up. Sometimes the boys follow the father's and the girls the mother's faith.

AN UNPRACTICAL CHILD should read Sir John Lubbock's book on "Sensitive Flowers." Many flowers and plants feel; and, if recent observations be correct, they do many things that astonish one.

PRACTICAL.—A wife is entitled to a third of her husband's property, the rest going to his child or children.

VERETRIA FLOWER.—The tortoise will live on the animalculæ in the water, and if there be aquatic plants in it so much the better.

How joyfu'ly do we look back,  
When from some height we view  
With our mind's eye the path we've trod,  
And all that we've passed through!

There what was dark and trying once  
Seems easy now and clear;  
The clouds of trouble and of care  
Behind seem bright and clear.

Yet hast thou all things learnt, my child?  
Is all your work quite done?  
Your elder brothers e'en,—have they  
Through all their school-course run?

As long as man on earth abides,  
At school there still is he;  
And happy he who understands  
Submissive there to be.

To the great children-band there speaks  
One Master ever here,  
Through human life, from day to day,  
In tones subdued and clear.

Come, Meta! much remaineth still  
For us to learn and know,  
And so together hand in hand  
We still to school shall go.

The last piece, of which we shall give a translation, is one of her most characteristic poems. It is entitled

THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE.

All hail to you, ye verdant shades,  
Thou wild and earnest rocky vale,  
Ye Alps, and you, ye flowery banks,  
Now bathed in evening sunlight pale.  
O Nature, what thy symbols mean,  
My heart, childlike, inquires of thee;  
Complaining into hymns resolved,  
Its echo sounds from wood and lea.

As rich in flowers and splendid dreams  
My childhood's path once seemed to be,  
There 'neath my trees a house of God  
Had opened wide its door to me.  
Too soon, alas! 'twas closed again,  
Then flat and void was life to me;  
God's word and hand in Nature now  
No longer could I hear or see.

Yet conscious only of the wounds  
Was I, that deeply pierced my breast;  
On earth no healing balm was found,  
Within my heart no peace, no rest.  
The light of morn so clear, appeared  
O'ercast unto my troubled eye,  
The agitated silver wave\*  
Gave back again my mournful cry.

Yet as in wondrous clearness came  
The Friend of Man, and stood before

\* Und die bewegte Silberwelle.

My soul, who us transforms in love,  
The great consoler's Counsellor—  
As He His faithful hand, that once  
For us hath bled, stretched forth to show  
To me the way that leadeth home  
To God, through conflict and death's woe.

And now, sweet peace brought back again,  
The storm allayed with quiet rest,—  
The light shone round me, I once more  
With smile of earth and heaven was blessed.  
Now doth the world transfigured seem,  
My God's own world it stands revealed,  
Thy Father's gracious Word is heard  
By His child's heart in wood and field.

The resurrection's messenger—  
The dawn—with smiles our gaze doth greet,  
The stars e'en as they rise and set  
Prefigure our reunion sweet.  
Then do the rainbow's glories speak,  
Whene'er the storms have passed away,  
Of God's great covenant of peace  
That He hath made with us for aye.

Thou Love, Eternal and Divine,  
That none of us doth e'er forget,  
My life be ever spent for Thee  
Until my sun on earth be set.  
Then blows Thy breath around my hill,  
And decks it with hope's green array.  
Love bears me as on angels' wings  
Unto Thy home in endless day.

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

III.—ST. PAUL'S AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.



THE lofty, dreary-looking walls of what was known as Fleet Prison used to form a conspicuous object near the foot of Ludgate Hill. This celebrated

prison was on the east side of Farringdon Street; on part of its site now stands the Congregational Memorial Hall. It was a "noisome place with a pestilent atmosphere;" and no wonder, for it stood on the banks of the Fleet Ditch—now built over—which here rolled "its large tribute of dead dogs to Thames."

The Fleet had many well-known inmates in its day. Thomas Keys, the serjeant porter of

Queen Elizabeth's court, was sent there for getting married—(it was one evening in August, 1565, "by an old fat priest in a short gown")—to Lady Mary Grey, the sister of Lady Jane Grey. They were an odd couple, Lady Mary being "the smallest woman in the court," and Keys the largest man. Discovery quickly followed the ceremony. "The burly serjeant porter," says Mr. Froude, "was sent to the Fleet to grow thin on discipline and low diet; the Lady Mary went into private confinement; and both were only too eager to release each other and escape from punishment." The bishops had some trouble in undoing the knot, and the incident furnished Elizabeth with "a fresh topic on which to descant in illustration of the iniquities of matrimony."

Dr. John Donne, a poet and divine of the reign of James I., was another whose marriage brought him to confinement in Fleet Prison. His offence was that he had married the daughter of Sir George More without her father's leave. They married, says Izaak Walton, in his charming "Life of Donne," "without the allowance of those friends whose approbation always was and ever will be necessary to make even a virtuous love become lawful." His marriage was the great error of Donne's life, and both he and his wife Anne would no doubt bitterly have repented of it if, says Walton, "God had not blessed them with so mutual and cordial affections, as in the midst of their sufferings made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly than the banquets of dull and low-spirited people."

Everyone has heard of Fleet marriages. Down to the reign of George III. degraded clergymen living within the Rules of the Fleet Prison used to ply the matrimonial trade there in the most unblushing manner. "In walking along the streets in my youth," says Pennant,

"on the side next this prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?'" A sign was in many cases hung outside showing two clasped hands with "Marriages performed within" written underneath. The parson was willing to tie the knot for half-a-crown and a gill of spirits. These marriages were rather unlicensed than clandestine. They were long recognised by all sensible people as a scandal, but it was not till 1753 that a bill was introduced in Parliament declaring such unions to be null and void.

The locality known as *Blackfriars* derives its name from a monastery which once stood near Ludgate. It was at this monastery that the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Arragon was publicly tried before the papal legates, Cardinal Campeggio and Cardinal Wolsey. The court met on the 28th of May, 1529. The queen made her appearance only to protest against the legality of the proceedings; after a solemn address to the king for justice, she appealed to the Pope and withdrew. Justice she did not get, but, like a good woman, when she died seven years after, we find her dictating a touching letter of forgiveness and gentle admonition to him whom she still addressed as her most dear lord and husband.

"The hour of my death now approaching," she says; "I cannot choose, but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever; for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do likewise. . . . Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

Shakespeare had a house in Blackfriars, which he left to his eldest and favourite daughter, Susannah, she who married a physician at Stratford. The deed of conveyance was sold in 1841, and fetched the high price of £165 15s.

Before ascending Ludgate-hill on our way to St. Paul's, we may as well notice the site of Baynard's Castle, which is in this neighbourhood. This fortress on the banks of the Thames, immediately below St. Paul's, was once a royal residence, but to us its most interesting tenant is the celebrated Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset and Montgomery, who had her abode here about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The countess is credited with being one of the most eminent persons of her age for intellectual accomplishments, for spirit, magnificence, and deeds of benevolence. Two hospitals were founded by her, and she repaired or built no fewer than seven churches and six castles. She is also famous as the author of a letter which has been often printed, and which affords a very good illustration of one side, at any rate, of her character.

The Secretary of State to Charles II. had taken the liberty of nominating to her a member for the borough of Appleby. The countess settled the matter thus: "I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man shan't stand."

It was at Baynard's Castle, long before the Countess's time, that the council was held in which it was resolved to proclaim Mary Queen of England. The proclamation was made at once at the Cheapside Cross by sound of trumpet.

We retrace our steps now to the foot of Ludgate-hill, and, only a few paces from Farringdon-road, come to the entrance to La Belle Sauvage-yard. It was here that a well-known inn used to be, whose name—the Belle Sauvage—has occasioned a great deal of discussion. Was it so called, as one writer asserts, from Isabella Savage, who once owned the house? Or is it a compound made up of the name of an old landlord and the sign of a bell which advertised its comfortable accommodation to the outside world? Or was the original *belle sauvage*, as others say, the Indian Princess Pocahontas, who saved the life of Captain Smith when he was about to be dispatched by orders of her father? The derivation is an exercise for the ingenious, and was so, apparently, as far back as the days of *Queen Anne*. "As for the Belle Sauvage," says Addison in the *Spectator*, "which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French; which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was in a wilderness, and is called in the French *la belle Sauvage*, and is everywhere translated by our countrymen the Belle Sauvage."

The old Lud Gate, the sixth and principal gate of London, crossed the street by St. Martin's Church. It was removed in 1760, the year that George III. came to the throne.

At Lud Gate there was a wretched prison for debtors, which in the fifteenth century was the scene of a romantic story. A young man, Stephen Forster, happened to be confined there for debt, and he was engaged one day in begging at the grate from the passers-by. A rich widow heard him, and asked what sum would purchase his liberty. "Twenty pounds!" said he. She paid the money and took him into her service, in which he displayed uncommon zeal and ability. Affection sprung up between them, and they were married, and to complete Forster's prosperity, he came to be Lord Mayor in 1454.

After his death his widow—a "well-dis-

posed, blessed, and devout woman"—in memory of him enlarged the prison and endowed a new chapel in connection with it. This charitable deed was long commemorated on a brass plate let into the wall, the homely rhymes of the inscription being as follows:—

"Devout souls that pass this way,  
For Stephen Forster, late Mayor, heartily  
pray;  
And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God  
consecrate,  
That of pity this house made, for Londoners  
in Ludgate,  
So that for lodging and water prisoners  
here nought pay,  
As their keepers shall all answer at dreadful  
doomsday."

Passing through Stationers' Hall-court, on the north side of Ludgate-hill, we come to Stationers' Hall, and here—though one might not expect it—we are met by recollections of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music—she who by her harmonious strains is said to have charmed an angel from the abodes of bliss down to this work-a-day world. It was at Stationers' Hall that Dryden's Ode, "Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music," was first brought out, in 1697. The words were set to music by Jeremiah Clarke, who was organist of St. Paul's, and who afterwards came to an unhappy end, shooting himself in a fit of love-melancholy. Clarke's music was ill-suited for Dryden's verses, and it was not till 1735 that the Ode had justice done to it. In that year Handel set it to music, which is as great an inspiration in its way as the Ode itself.

The grand chorus with which the Ode concludes is often quoted:

"At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown  
before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He raised a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down."

One of the portraits in Stationers' Hall is that of the wife of Richardson, the novelist, whom we mentioned when speaking of Salisbury-court. She looks prim and particular. Her husband called her his "worthy-hearted wife," but complained that "she used to get her way by seeming to submit and then returning to the point when his heat of objection was over"—not an uncommon artifice. She was strict and formal, like Richardson himself; but there is something fragrant about her memory. We learn from a contemporary, that as soon as she rose in the morning, she and her daughters were accustomed to form a circle in the nursery and read Psalms aloud, verse about. After breakfast, the girls read to her in turn the Psalms and Lessons for the day. In the evening the young people had tea in Mrs. Richardson's parlour, and then "the practice was for one of the young ladies to read while the rest sat with mute attention round a large table and employed themselves in some kind of needlework."

That she understood the management of children may be seen from the following anecdote told by a lady who, when a child, lived much with the Richardsons. The little girl was given permission to walk in the garden whenever she pleased, but her father raised the objection that perhaps she would help herself to the fruit. "No," said Mrs. Richardson, "I have so much confidence in her, that if she is put upon her honour, I am certain that she will not touch so much as a gooseberry." This was a confidence, says the lady who tells the story, "that I dare safely aver I never forfeited, and which has given me

the power of walking in any garden ever since without the smallest desire to touch any fruit, and taught me a lesson upon the restraint of appetite which has been useful to me all my life."

In front of St. Paul's Cathedral stood, till quite recently, a statue of Queen Anne, a poor affair, though it cost the country £1,150, exclusive of the marble, which the queen herself provided. No doubt it looked considerably better when it was new, and a London atmosphere had not begun to work mischief with it. The author of "Robinson Crusoe," who saw it when first put up, says, "it is very masterly done," but he acknowledges, "I cannot say it's extremely like her Majesty."

The old and interesting associations are almost numberless connected both with St. Paul's Cathedral and with the church to the same saint which occupied the same site, previous to the Great Fire in 1666. Fortunately, however, we are only on the outlook for incidents in which women have played a part. The first of these we shall mention is the penance of the Duchess of Gloucester in 1440, when, for witchcraft practised against Henry VI., she was led through the streets wrapped in a sheet, and carrying a lighted taper in her hand. Her sorrowful walk, according to Dean Milman, either began or terminated near the cathedral. "She and certain priests and necromancers had, it was said, melted a wax figure of young King Henry before a slow fire, praying that as that figure melted his life might melt also."

In the reign of Henry VII. the cathedral was the scene of the marriage of Catherine of Arragon to Prince Arthur, a mere boy, who died six months afterwards. The wedding was celebrated with great magnificence: only to mention one particular, the conduits at the west door of the cathedral and at many other places in the City ran all day with red and white wine for the benefit of the holiday-making Londoners.

When Queen Mary passed through the City to her coronation, a cool-headed and daring Dutchman made a sensation at St. Paul's by ascending to the Cross which formed the highest point of the cathedral, and standing there waving a long streamer, and afterwards shifting from foot to foot as he flourished two torches which he held over his head.

Mary's successor, the "Good Queen Bess," was a frequent visitor at St. Paul's. On one occasion the dean, who was preaching, said something that did not please her. Elizabeth's voice was immediately heard coming from the royal closet bidding him very sharply to stick to his text.

On another occasion the same dean—it was Dean Nowell—got into trouble through his placing in her Majesty's closet in the cathedral a Prayer-book richly adorned with German Scriptural illustrations. The queen got into a passion and sent for him.

"Why place this book on my cushion?" said she. "You know I have an aversion to idolatry. The cuts resemble angels and saints—nay, even grosser absurdities."

The frightened dean said he meant no harm, but the zealous queen read him a good lecture, and ended by wishing him better sense for the future.

To return thanks for the victory over the Armada, Elizabeth came to St. Paul's drawn by two white horses and attended by the Privy Council and all the nobility.

All these things happened in connection with old St. Paul's, which perished in the Great Fire. The present cathedral was visited by Queen Anne in solemn procession no fewer than seven times to commemorate victories over France or Spain during her eventful reign.

The last visit in state to St. Paul's was when the Queen went there on the 27th of



February, 1872, the day of thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

Paternoster-row, now the great book market of London, was at one time devoted to a very different sort of business. Before the memorable Fire of London, which began on the 2nd of September, 1666, this street was occupied by eminent mercers, silkmen, and dealers in lace. It often happened that the thoroughfare was so blocked by the coaches of the nobility and gentry who came there to buy finery that there was no passage for people on foot. We read in his "Diary" of Pepys going there with his wife—it was in the year of the Fire—to buy "some green watered moyre for a morning waistcoat." A few years before—May 17th, 1662—the diarist speaks of going to Paternoster-row "to buy a petticoat, against the queen's coming, for my lady, of plain satin."

In 1720 the inhabitants of Paternoster-row were "a mixture of tradespeople and chiefly tirewomen for the sale of commodes, top-knots, and the like dressings for women." Commodes, it may be as well to explain, were the pieces of ribbands and lace disposed in regular and alternate layers, which were once the fashion for a head-dress. They were sometimes called towers, and a more ridiculous freak of personal decoration it would be impossible to imagine. Top-knots were ornamental knots, or bows, worn on the top of the head.

It was in Paternoster-row, in the reign of James I., that Mrs. Anne Turner lived, who was one of the principals in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury. Mrs. Turner richly deserved to be hanged, and hanged she was at Tyburn on the 15th of November, 1615. Her execution excited an immense interest. She had made herself famous in the fashionable world by inventing a yellow starch, and, in allusion to this circumstance, Lord Chief Justice Coke, at her trial declared that "as she was the inventor of yellow starched ruffs and cuffs, so he hoped that she would be the last by whom they would be worn." He therefore gave strict orders that she should be hanged decked in the finery which she had rendered so fashionable.

This addition to the sentence was fully carried out. Mrs. Turner rode in the cart to the gallows-tree at Tyburn, arrayed as if for some festive occasion, with her face rouged and with a ruff stiffened with yellow starch round her neck. The hangman also had his band and cuffs of the same colour. The object contemplated by the Lord Chief Justice was fully attained—no more yellow-starched ruffs were worn from that day.

Interesting memories of the sisters Brontë are connected with the Chapter Coffee House, at the corner of Chapter-House-court. It was to this house that Charlotte and Anne came on their arrival in town in the summer of 1848, to prove their separate identity to the publishers of "Jane Eyre." At eight o'clock one Saturday morning they were set down at the Chapter Coffee House—certainly an odd place for them. "In Mr. Brontë's few and brief visits to town," says Mrs. Gaskell, "during his residence at Cambridge and the period of his curacy in Essex, he had stayed at this house; hither he had brought his daughters when he was conveying them to Brussels, and here they came now from very

ignorance where else to go. It was a place solely frequented by men; I believe there was but one female servant in the house. Few people slept there. Some of the stated meetings of the trade were held in it, as they had been for more than a century; and occasionally country booksellers, with now and then a clergyman, resorted to it; but it was a strange, desolate place for the Misses Brontë to have gone to, from its purely business and masculine character.

"The old 'grey-headed, elderly man' who officiated as waiter seems to have been touched from the very first with the quiet simplicity of the two ladies, and he tried to make them feel comfortable and at home in the long, low, dingy room upstairs, where the meetings of the trade were held." They seem to have taken a liking to the place with its grim dark houses opposite, and the mighty roar of London round them "like the sound of an unseen ocean," and preferred remaining there to accepting an invitation which Mr. Smith, the publisher, and his mother urged upon them. In after years Charlotte says:

"Since those days I have seen the West-end, the parks, the fine squares, but I love the City far better. The City seems so much more in earnest; its business, its rush, its roar, are such serious things, sights, sounds. The City is getting its living—the West-end but enjoying its pleasure. At the West-end you may be amused, but in the City you are deeply excited."

Another interesting feature of Paternoster-row it would be unpardonable to omit. At No. 56 is the office of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. No one, we hope, will ever follow in the track of our pilgrim feet without taking note of that fact.

From the north side of St. Paul's we proceed to the south. Between Knighttrider-street and St. Paul's Churchyard lies Doctors' Commons, an institution of considerable domestic interest. Marriage licences are granted here on personal application by one of the parties about to be married. The licences obtained at Doctors' Commons are available either for London or the country; indeed, this may be looked on as the headquarters of what someone describes as "the grand lottery of life, in which, fortunately, there are far more prizes than blanks."

Several courts used to sit at Doctors' Commons, and amongst the curious cases that have been tried here we may mention one brought by a man at Yarmouth, whose wife had been slandered. "It was supposed," says Dr. Nicholls, "that the suit would be attended with very little expense, but I believe in the end it greatly contributed to ruin the party who instituted it; I think he said his proctor's bill would be £700. It went through several courts, and ultimately, I believe (according to the decision or agreement), each party paid his own costs." It would have been much better to have left the wife's character to take care of itself.

A great Admiralty judge at Doctors' Commons of the early part of this century was Lord Stowell, whose marriage gave infinite amusement to the world of fashion, and brought a good deal of unhappiness on himself. He married the widow of John, Marquis of Sligo. The first time Lord Stowell, then Sir William Scott, saw the marchioness was

in the Old Bailey, where he was presiding at the trial of her son for having lured into his yacht, in Mediterranean waters, two of his Majesty's seamen. The young peer was found guilty, was sentenced to fine and imprisonment, and was compelled, in addition, to listen to a parental address from Sir William Scott on the duties and responsibilities of men of high station.

"Either under the influence of sincere admiration for the judge," says Mr. Jeaffreson in his "Book about Lawyers," "or impelled by desire of vengeance on the man who had presumed to lecture her son in a court of justice, the marchioness wrote a few hasty words of thanks to Sir William Scott for his salutary exhortation to her boy. She even went so far as to say that she wished the erring marquis could always have so wise a counsellor at his side.

"This communication was made upon a slip of paper which the writer sent to the judge by an usher of the court. Sir William read the note as he sat on the bench, and having looked towards the fair scribe, he received from her a glance and a smile that were fruitful of much misery to him.

"Within four months the courteous Sir William Scott was tied fast to a beautiful, shrill, voluble termagant, who exercised marvellous ingenuity in rendering him wretched and contemptible. Reared in a stately school of old-world politeness, the unhappy man was a model of decorum and urbanity. He took reasonable pride in the perfection of his tone and manner, and the marchioness, whose malice did not lack cleverness, was never more happy than when she was gravely expostulating with him, in the presence of numerous auditors, on his lamentable want of style and gentlemanlike bearing.

"It is said that, like Coke and Holt under similar circumstances, Sir William preferred the quietude of his chambers to the society of an unruly wife, and that in the cellar of his inn he sought compensation for the indignities and sufferings which he endured at home."

A little east of Doctors' Commons we come to Heralds' College, which is a proper subject for our observation, as ladies have always had a good deal to do with the encouragement of heraldic display. One of the whimsical anecdotes of Heralds' College is connected with the family of Gibbon's historian. An ancestor of Gibbon's obtained the sanction of the authorities here to change the three harmless scallop shells in his coat-of-arms into three ogresses or female cannibals, with the intention of stigmatising three ladies, his kinswomen, who had provoked him by an unjust lawsuit—a most ingenious revenge.

Amongst the curiosities preserved at Heralds' College is the turquoise ring which Anne of France sent to James IV. of Scotland when she appointed him her chosen knight, and, as her bounden champion, laid it on him to march for her sake three feet into English ground. We all know how the king made a chivalrous response, in spite of the advice of the visionary seer who appeared before him at Linlithgow and warned him to desist from his purpose and abjure the counsel of women. His march into England ended in the disaster of Flodden Field; a battle in which he and the flower of the Scottish nobility unhappily perished.



## A BIRTHDAY LETTER.

(With a perfumed card or sachet.)

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

GONE are the blossoms gay,  
Sunshine and heat;  
Yet will I send to-day  
Sweets to the sweet.

Colour that lives and glows,  
Perfumes that last,  
Snatched from the dying rose,  
Won from the past.

Oh, may thy new year bring  
Old joys once more,  
Scents from the vanished spring,  
Sunbeams of yore!

May the old blessings blend  
Still with the new—  
Love from the long-tried friend,  
New friends as true.

So that thy life shall miss  
Naught that is meet,  
Old peace and new-born bliss—  
Sweets to the sweet!

## A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

## ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

## IV.—FROM ST. PAUL'S TO THE MANSION HOUSE.



WE intend in this article to make our way to the Mansion House and the Royal Exchange, so we leave the dome of St. Paul's behind, and throw ourselves into the life and bustle of Cheapside.

This is the greatest thoroughfare in the City of London, and such it has been from very early times. Silk mercers, linendrapers, and hosiers were long its most conspicuous shopkeepers. As far back as the fifteenth century we find a poet—Lydgate in his "London Lykpenny"—making his hero tell of his experiences in Cheapside, where, he says—

"— much people I saw for to stand;  
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn,  
Another he taketh me by the hand—  
'Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land!'"

It seems, as this passage suggests, to have been the custom in those days for many kinds of tradespeople and their apprentices to solicit custom at the shop doors, just as we still hear butchers doing on Saturday nights.

Of all the linendrapers of Cheapside John Gilpin is the most famous. No other "linendraper bold" has ever equalled the popularity of that "train-band captain" and "citizen of credit and renown." It was from this street, as everyone knows, that his wife and sister-in-law, with the four children, started on their pleasure trip.

"Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk so glad;  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad."

Gilpin's good friend the calender, from whom the horse was borrowed, that led to John's "running such a rig," appears to have been a next-door neighbour.

A beautiful cross used to stand in Cheapside, opposite the entrance to Wood-street. It was one of the nine crosses set up by Edward I. in memory of Eleanor of Castile, his beloved queen. We mentioned another of these crosses when speaking of Charing Cross in our first article. This Cheapside cross was gilt all over on great occasions—for example, when Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn were married, and when James I. visited the City. It fell into disrepair, however, and after getting many of its ornaments knocked off by the Puritans, the House of Commons ordered it to be destroyed. This was in 1643. On the 2nd of May of that year Evelyn says in his diary, "I went to London, where I saw the furious and zealous people demolish that stately cross in Cheapside."

There is a beautiful plane tree at the corner of Wood-street, marking the site of an old churchyard. "Of all trees," says one writer, "that show themselves in unexpected places in the City, this is perhaps the most famous. It is well cared for, the terms of the lease of the adjoining houses forbidding the destruction of the tree or the building of an additional story that might injure it."

In all probability it was this tree, a fragment of green and happy country in a great city, that suggested to Wordsworth his touching poem, "The Reverie of Poor Susan," with which Wood-street will ever be associated.

"At the corner of Wood-street, when daylight appears,  
Hangs a thrush that sings loud: it has sung for three years;  
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

"'Tis a note of enchantment. What ails her? She sees  
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;

Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

"Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail,  
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
The only one dwelling on earth that she loves.

"She looks, and her heart is in heaven;  
but they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes!"

A little way up Wood-street we come to Maiden-lane, so called from a sign of the virgin displayed there in the olden time. In this neighbourhood is the Haberdashers' Hall, belonging to one of the great City companies. Speaking of this hall, Mr. Walter Thornbury, in his "Old and New London," mentions an interesting fact in the history of the shop-keeping industries of the metropolis. "In the reign of Edward VI.," he says, "there were not more than a dozen millinery shops in all London, but in 1580 the dealers in foreign luxuries had so increased as to alarm the frugal and philosophical."

On the south side of Cheapside stands Bow Church, whose bells proclaim the limits of Cockneydom. A cockney is usually defined as one born within hearing of Bow bells, but what the derivation of the name is has never been satisfactorily explained. The most humorous account derives it from the question put by a Londoner once to a countryman. He heard a horse exercising its lungs. "What is that beast doing?" he asked. "The horse neighs," he was told. Then a cock crew. "Does the cock neigh too?" he asked.

True-born Londoners have always been laughed at for their ignorance of country life. We all have heard the story of the cockney woman, who was walking through a field of barley and someone told her that it was woven in a loom. "I knew that already," she said: "anyone can see the ends of the threads still hanging out."

On the site now occupied by Bow Church, Edward III. and his Queen Philippa sat in a wooden gallery to see a tournament, which was held for three days here "with the nobility, valiant men of the realm, and other some strange knights." An accident happened on this occasion; the temporary structure giving way, and many of the richly dressed ladies coming tumbling down on the top of the knights who were underneath. The carpenters were in great danger of being hanged for their bad workmanship; but the queen, we are told, "through her prayers (which she made upon her knees) pacified the king and council, and thereby purchased great love of the people."

The accident led to the construction of a stone gallery, from which royalty could in safety see the City pageants, nearly all of which used to pass through Cheapside. When this part of the City was laid in ashes in the great fire of 1666, Sir Christopher Wren included a pageant gallery in the front of the beautiful steeple of Bow Church, just over the arched entrance.

From this gallery Queen Anne in 1702 saw the last great Lord Mayor's show. It was a costly and stupid affair, contrived by the last City poet, Elkanah Settle, on whom, however, we must not be hard, for he did penance for all his stupidities by being obliged in his old age for a livelihood to roar at Bartholomew Fair in the body of a painted dragon, which he had invented for one of the municipal pageants.

An interesting story connected with this portion of Cheapside, and having for its date the Lord Mayor's show of 1761, is told by Mr. Frederick Martin. "On the occasion," he says, "of the state visit of George III. to the City, on the first Lord Mayor's day after his accession to the throne, there was a considerable tumult, amounting to a riot, in the great thoroughfare from St. Paul's to the Bank. The shouts of the people, added to the dismal noises made by the creaking of the various signs over the shops, caused one of the horses of the king's carriage to become restive, so as to cause imminent danger to the illustrious occupants.

"In this emergency a worthy quaker and linendraper, David Barclay, seeing the royal carriage swaying to and fro in front of his door, just opposite Bow Church, and the king and queen seriously alarmed, stepped forth into the street and addressed George III.—

"Wilt thou alight, George, and thy wife, Charlotte, and come into my house and see the Lord Mayor's show?"

"The king, who had, with many of his family, a strong partiality for quakers, condescended to accept the invitation of the worthy linendraper, and went up into the first floor over the shop to see the Lord Mayor's show.

"David Barclay now introduced the whole of his family to the king and queen. 'George, King of England—Priscilla Barclay, my wife; Priscilla Barclay, my wife—George, King of England,' and so forth."

His homely and good natured majesty kissed the ladies all round, and was greatly amused by one of the little girls telling him that "she loved the king, though she must not love fine things, and that her grandpapa would not allow her to make a curtsy." The queen—whose dress, by the way, was "as rich as gold, silver, and silk could make it," with a train "supported by a little page in

scarlet and silver"—made herself equally agreeable, and took a cup of tea before she went away.

The king was so pleased with his new acquaintances, that he invited David and his eldest son to Court, welcoming them heartily when they came, and interested himself in the advancement of the whole family. The worthy linendraper soon after established two of his sons as bankers, and, aided by royal and aristocratic patronage, they laid the foundation of a large fortune.

The sad stories of two illustrious Englishwomen are brought to mind when, turning up King-street, on the north of Cheapside, we approach the Guildhall. It was here that Anne Askew was tried in 1546. This sufferer for conscience' sake had come to town to sue for a separation from her husband, who had turned her out of doors because she had become a Protestant. Queen Katherine Parr received her kindly, but she was arrested for heresy, and speedily brought to trial.

She nobly stood to her opinions, asserting that she was innocent of crime. She "neither wished death," she elsewhere said, "nor feared its might, and was as merry as one that is bound towards heaven." Sentence of death was passed upon her, and she was afterwards cruelly tortured on the rack to extort evidence against the Court ladies. But Anne told nothing; she preferred to die, and to death she was left. On the 16th of July, 1546, she was burned at Smithfield, treating with scorn the proposals of her persecutors to recant, and wearing, says a spectator, "an angel's countenance and a smiling face."

Seven years afterwards—it was on the 13th of November, 1553—Lady Jane Grey was brought from the Tower to the Guildhall, and there tried, found guilty of treason, and condemned to die. The Twelfth-day queen, as she was called at the time in scornful pity, has by her untimely end excited the pity and secured the affection of all readers of history. Well might John Foxe say, in giving an account of her life—

"What eyes thou read'st with, reader, know I not;

Mine were not dry when I this story wrote."

"She had," says Thomas Fuller, "the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor, for her parent's offences.

"She cared so little about being Queen of England that she lifted not the least finger to put the diadem on herself, but was only contented to sit still whilst others endeavoured to crown her." Of her execution we shall speak when we come to the Tower. In the meantime we shall part from her by repeating this anecdote from Fuller in illustration of that love of learning which so became her.

"Once," he says, "Mr. Roger Ascham, coming to wait on her at Broadgates, in Leicestershire, found her in her chamber reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, with as much delight as some gentlemen would have read a merry tale in Boccaccio, whilst the duke, her father, with the duchess and all their household were hunting in the park. He asked of her how she could lose such pastime? who smiling answered—

"I wist all the sport in the park is but the shadow of what pleasure I find in this book!"

The Mercers' Hall, entered from Ironmonger-lane, one of the northern tributaries of Cheapside, occupies the site of the house of Gilbert à Becket, in which his son Thomas, the archbishop who was murdered, was born in 1119. There is a romantic legend told in

connection with the marriage of the archbishop's parents. It is said that Gilbert à Becket in his youth followed the Crusaders to Palestine, and while in the East was taken prisoner by the Saracens. He regained his freedom, however, by the ingenuity of his captor's daughter, a Mohammedan princess, who had fallen in love with him.

The princess was not wholly disinterested in securing liberty for Gilbert. She made him promise that as soon as he had settled quietly in his own country he would send for and marry her.

No message coming from him for a long time—communication, we may readily suppose, proving impossible—affection urged the love-lorn maiden to proceed to England, and she arrived in this country knowing only two words of English, "London" and "Gilbert." The repetition of the first brought her at last to the metropolis, and once there she went through the streets calling "Gilbert! Gilbert!" till she happily came to Cheapside and found him at last. Before the marriage took place she professed her conversion to Christianity, and was baptised with great solemnity in the old church of St. Paul's.

The legend is almost too romantic to be true, but it has been accepted by several historians of repute, and it is pleasant to believe in it as the triumph of true love and the reward of faithfulness.

In the Poultry was the house of Edward and Charles Dilly, the booksellers, at which Dr. Johnson often visited. On the 15th of April, 1778, he dined there, with Miss Seward, the Lichfield poetess; Mrs. Knowles, a Quaker lady; and two or three others. It was a memorable evening, and a full account of it has been given by Boswell, who was present.

At table several topics of womanly interest were touched upon. The subject of cookery was introduced, and Johnson declared, "I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written. . . . Women can spin very well, but they cannot make a good book of cookery." In this we need hardly say he has been proved to have been mistaken.

Mrs. Knowles affected to complain that men had much more liberty allowed them than women.

"Why, madame," said Johnson, "women have all the liberty they wish to have. We have all the labour and the danger, and the women all the advantage. We go to sea, we build houses; we do everything, in short, to pay our court to the women."

Mrs. Knowles, however, still persisted in saying that it was a hardship that women had not so much indulgence. "It gives," she said, "a superiority to men, to which I do not see how they are entitled."

"It is plain, madame," replied Johnson, "one or other must have the superiority. As Shakespeare says: 'If two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind.'"

We now arrive at the Mansion House, at which the Lady Mayoress is "at home" daily for many months during her husband's year of office. Her duties are by no means easy, and her privileges are not so many as the envious outside world imagine.

It used to be the custom for the sovereign on visiting the Guildhall to kiss the Lady Mayoress. When Queen Anne came to the throne she dropped the affectionate salute; but it was supposed that things would be different on the accession of George I., who, though he did not admire English beauty, was not wanting in gallantry.

Sir William Humphreys was Lord Mayor when George made his first appearance in the City, and Lady Humphreys confidently expected that the old custom would be revived. George, however, gave no sign of altering the new observance established by Queen Anne.

The Princess of Wales, the mayoress thought, might at least have saluted her, but that strong-minded woman, Sophia Dorothea Wilhelmina, steadily looked away from her. She would not do what Queen Anne had not thought worth the doing.

"Lady Humphreys, we are sorry to say," remarks a writer in the *Athenæum*, "stood upon her unstable rights, and displayed a considerable amount of bad temper and worse behaviour. She wore a train of black velvet, then considered one of the privileges of City royalty, and being wronged of one privilege she resolved to make the best of that which she possessed—bawling, as ladies mayoresses and women generally should never do—bawling on her page to hold up her train, and sweeping away therewith before the presence of the amused princess herself.

"The incident altogether seems to have been too much for the irate lady's nerves, and, unable or unwilling when dinner was announced to carry her stupendous bouquet, emblem of joy and welcome, she flung it to a second page who attended on her state, with a scream of, 'Boy, take my bucket!' In her view of things the sun had set on the glory of mayoralty for ever.

"The king was as much amused as the princess had been amazed; and a well-inspired wag at the Court whispered an assurance which increased his perplexity. It was to the effect that the angry lady was only a mock Lady Mayoress whom the unmarried Mayor had hired for the occasion, borrowing for that day only. The assurance was credited for a time, till persons more discreet than the wag convinced the Court party that Lady Humphreys was really no counterfeit. She was no beauty either, and the same party when they withdrew from the festive scene were all of one mind, that she must needs be what she seemed, for if the Lord Mayor had been under the necessity of borrowing, he would have borrowed altogether another sort of woman."

Some curious particulars of the costume of a Lady Mayoress about a century ago are given by Sir James Sunderson, Mayor in 1792-3, who left a minute account of the expenses of his year of office for the edification of his successors:—

"Lady Mayoress, November 30th.—A hoop, £2 16s.; point ruffles, £12 12s.; treble blonde ditto, £7 7s.; a fan, £3 3s.; a cap and lappets,

£7 7s.; a cloak and sundries, £26 17s.; hair ornaments, £34; a cap, £7 18s.; sundries, £37 9s.

"1793. January 26th.—A silk for 9th November, 3½ guineas per yard, £41 6s.; a petticoat (Madame Beauvais), £35 3s. 6d.; a gold chain, £57 15s.; silver silk, £13; clouded silk, £5 10s.; a petticoat for Easter, £29 1s.; millinery for ditto, £27 17s. 6d.; hair-dressing, £13 2s. 3d. July 6th.—A petticoat, £6 16s. 8d.; millinery, £7 8s. 8d.; mantua-maker, in full, £13 14s. 6d.; milliner, in full, £12 6s. 6d. Total, £416 2s."

The worst of being Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress is that their reign is so short. The return to private life must seem to them both for all the world like merely waking from a dream of grandeur and importance. Theodore Hook has wittily described the sensations of a Lord Mayor at the end of his brief season of dignity on going back to his old residence in Budge-row.

"Never in the world," he says, "did pickled herrings or turpentine smell so powerfully as on the night when we re-entered the house. . . . The passage looked so narrow; the drawing-room looked so small; the staircase seemed so dark; our apartments appeared so low.

"In the morning we assembled at breakfast. A note lay upon the table, addressed 'Mrs. Scropps, Budge-row.' The girls, one after the other, took it up, read the superscription, and laid it down again.

"A visitor was announced—a neighbour and kind friend, a man of wealth and importance. What were his first words? 'How are you, Scropps? Done up, eh?'"

"'Scropps!' No obsequiousness, no deference, no respect. No 'My lord, I hope your lordship passed an agreeable night, and how is her ladyship, and her amiable daughter?' Not a bit of it; 'How's Mrs. S. and the gals?'"

"This was quite natural. All as it had been. But how unlike what it was only the day before! The very servants—who, when amidst the strapping, stall-fed, gold-laced lackeys of the Mansion House, transferred with the tables and chairs from one Lord Mayor to another, dared not speak, nor look, nor say their lives were their own—strutted about the house and banged the doors, and spoke of their 'missis' as if she had been an old apple-woman."

The Royal Exchange was founded by the munificence of Sir Thomas Gresham, a princely merchant of the days of Queen Elizabeth. It was opened in 1570 by Queen Bess, who was infinitely pleased with it, and commanded her heralds by sound of trumpet to name it the Royal Exchange, "so to be called perpetually and no otherwise."

On this occasion the queen dined at Gresham's house, and there is a romantic tradition connected with the banquet given by the great merchant. Healths went round, and Sir Thomas drank to Her Majesty in rich wine, into which a precious pearl, previously ground to powder, had been thrown. In reference to this, one of the characters in a play of the period says, in not very elegant verse—

"Here fifteen hundred pounds at one slap goes!

Instead of sugar Gresham drinks this pearl

Unto his Queen and Mistress. Pledge it, Lords."

The pearl, it is said, was one which, solely on account of its value, had been refused by several persons of high rank. The story, however, though in harmony with the wild gallantry of those days, is not at all in keeping with Gresham's steady-going character. He knew many a better use to make of fifteen hundred pounds.

Gresham's Royal Exchange was destroyed in the Great Fire. It was replaced by a building on a larger scale, but on a similar plan. This building was also burned—the fire occurred on the 10th of January, 1838—and in its stead was erected the present stately structure, which was opened by Queen Victoria, October 28, 1844.

When the fire consumed the second Exchange in 1838, an odd thing happened, of which we are told in a letter, written on the following day by a lady who witnessed the conflagration, to Lady Morgan, the well-known Irish authoress. She says, "that the bells chimed their last in the midst of the fire, and strange to say, the last tune they chimed was at twelve o'clock, and that tune was, 'There's nae luck about the house.' It quite affected me," she adds, "to hear it, and it had a choking effect upon us all, for the bells literally dropped one by one as they were playing the tune."

(To be continued.)

## SMUGGLING BY DOGS BETWEEN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

OF all the uses to which man for his own profit has adapted the sagacity of the dog, smuggling is probably the most lucrative. As I think that the extent to which this profession is carried on between Switzerland and Italy, and the mode of it, is not much known, a few particulars which I have gathered entirely from the inhabitants of the district to which I am about to call attention may not be unwelcome to such of your readers as take an interest in dogs and their doings.

The frontier line north of Como constitutes the chief field of the tobacco and cigar smuggler's operations. Notwithstanding the cordon of preventive men stationed at short intervals along the whole line of this hilly and broken country, the work of conveying tobacco and cigars from Switzerland into Italy is pretty evenly divided between dog and man. It may be taken for granted that the peasants of this extensive district are each and all smugglers, more or less, and when once the goods are safely conveyed into the country, they are disposed of in small quantities and dispersed far and wide, in a great measure by the women.

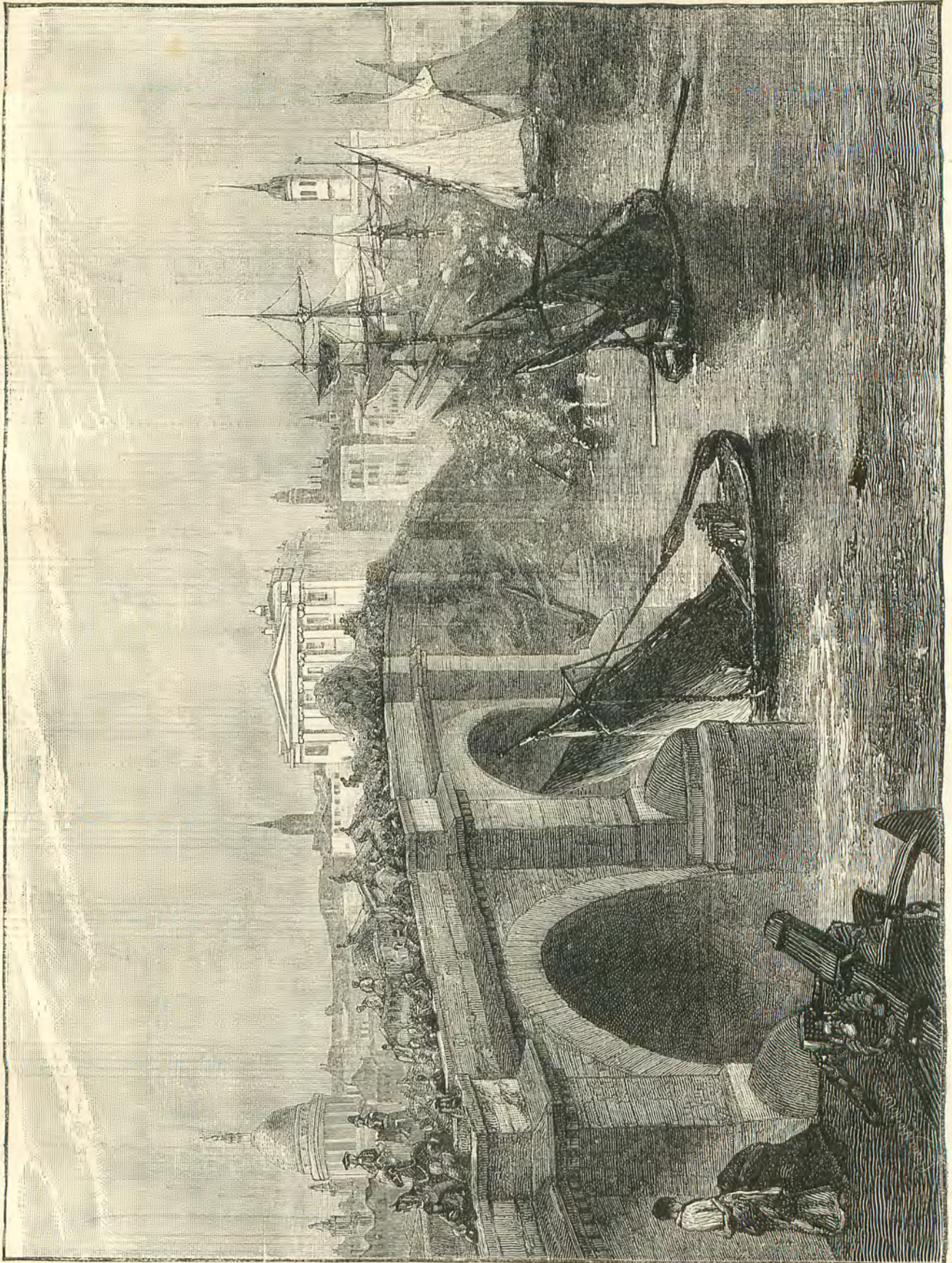
In training the dog to this perilous profession, the first step is to teach him so great an abhorrence of the douanier as to make him flee as for his life at the sight of the uniform. This is achieved in a few lessons by dressing a confederate up in a similar uniform. This man thrashes the poor dog every time he sees him. The animal, having acquired a mortal dread of the aspect of a douanier, while his master, living on the Italian side, endears the dog to himself by good living and caresses, is taken over to see the Swiss friend whose tobacco or cigars he will have to convey across the frontier to his own master. Here he is left in durance vile for some days without food; he is then packed round the body with a belt, resembling a swimming belt, divided into pockets filled with the merchandise, the door is opened, and he is hunted out with threats and menaces. He rushes off, and, guided by instinct, hunger, and love for his master, he flees at an incredible speed by tracks known only to himself, and where the human foot could scarcely follow. It may take him an hour to reach his home, where he

finds his master waiting, and is at once unloaded, fed, and petted for his pains.

The douaniers, if they catch sight of him at all during his transit, never capture him, and rarely succeed in hitting him with a bullet; for the hour chosen for this business is after dusk, and the dogs know their danger, and on occasions at the sight of the douanier have been known to keep in hiding till the coast was clear. These dogs know the boundary line perfectly well, and leap over it like hares.

It is sad, however, to have to relate that occasionally the preventive men take advantage of a weakness that costs the poor canine smuggler his liberty, if not his life. They rely on the influence of the female sex, and employ a Chloé or a Dulcinea to decoy him from the path of duty and to cast discipline to the winds. Thus demoralised, the dog will allow himself to be led inside the very door of the guardhouse, and, his pack being unfastened and confiscated, he may think himself lucky if he is mercifully sent adrift with his life and the chance of resuming his contraband career.

M. H. C.



LONDON BRIDGE.

## A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

## V.—FROM THE BANK TO THE TOWER.



WE start from the headquarters of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle-street." This has long been a popular name for the Bank of England, but its origin, like that of a great many similar names, is obscure.

According to Dr. Brewer, the Bank was so called by William Cobbett because, like Dame Partington, the directors tried with their brooms to keep back the Atlantic waves of popular

progress. "The White Lady of Threadneedle-street" refers to another matter, and reveals one of the romantic stories connected with this national banking-house. Many years ago there was a clerk here who lived in Finsbury with a sister to whom he was much attached. In an evil hour the young man found himself pressed for money, and to get out of his difficulties he forged the signature to a transfer-warrant. Justice overtook him, and he was tried and hanged, as was the law in those days.

This was too heavy a blow for his sister, and her reason gave way. For the rest of her life she dressed in white, and came every day to the Bank at twelve o'clock. On entering the building she asked the clerks at the pay-counter—

"Has my brother come yet?"

"No, miss," they would say; "not yet."

"When he comes," she would reply, "give him my love and say I shall call again tomorrow."

The first forger of bank-notes was a Staffordshire linendraper called Vaughan, who, about the middle of the eighteenth century, manufactured twenty of them as an episode in his courtship. His object was to persuade the lady whose affections he wished to gain that he was a man of means; and, with that in view, he deposited with her a small parcel of counterfeit notes. The effect was not what the foolish fellow anticipated; there was a speedy end put both to his love making and his life, for he was hanged on the 1st of May, 1758.

Proceeding by King William-street, we reach the Monument, erected to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666, by which so much of old London was destroyed. The top of the Monument is now caged in, but it was not so originally. It was only inclosed after a girl named Jane Cooper, a servant at Hoxton, had committed suicide by diving head foremost from that great height—over two hundred feet—in August, 1842. Why she did so is not known. Three years before, another young woman, Margaret Meyer, the daughter of a baker, had made an end of herself in the same way. She had had her troubles, poor girl! Her mother was dead, her father was bedridden, and it had become necessary that to seek a livelihood she should go out into the world, of which she had a nervous dread.

No one can visit London Bridge without remembering "Old Moll," the ferryman's

daughter, whose generosity first put on a satisfactory footing the means of communication between the north and south sides of the river. A ferryboat originally plied here, but "At length," says Stow, "the ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the same ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary, which, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits rising from the said ferry, builded an house of sisters in place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overy's Church, above the quire, where she was buried, unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry."

The house of sisters became in time a college of priests, who improved upon the ferry by erecting a timber bridge, and after a while "by the aid of citizens and others, a bridge was builded with stone."

In the sixteenth century it was built over with houses; indeed, there were stately and beautiful tenements on either side, making the bridge like a continuous street.

One of these houses was inhabited by William Hewet, a well-to-do clothworker. When Hewet's daughter Anne was only a few years old, she was playing with her nurse at a window that looked out on the river Thames. The nurse had her in her arms, and by accident let the child fall into the river.

A young lad, an apprentice called Osborne, saw what had happened, immediately leaped into the river, and by good fortune saved the life of the little girl.

Anne grew up, and her father, now knighted and with an income estimated at £6,000 a year, was made Lord Mayor of London. Suitors for the hand of the rich heiress came in plenty, amongst them the Earl of Shrewsbury, and many others distinguished in the world of fashion. They were all refused. The successful suitor for Sir William's only daughter was the apprentice who had fished her out of the Thames.

"Osborne saved her," said the father, "and Osborne shall have her."

They were married, and Osborne came in his turn to be Lord Mayor in 1583. He was the direct ancestor of the first Duke of Leeds.

During the late days of old London Bridge, the houses on the bridge were chiefly inhabited by pinmakers, and it was a fashionable amusement with the ladies of the period to drive there to buy their pins.

We reach the most easterly point of our pilgrimage when, leaving London Bridge and passing along Lower Thames-street, we arrive at the Tower. This, of all buildings in the metropolis, is the one which shelters the greatest crowd of thrilling recollections.

So many of the tragedies of English history have had an ending here that the mention of the Tower seems at first to suggest little more than treason and imprisonment, with the scaffold in the background, and the executioner's axe—"that sharp remedy for all diseases." The Tower, however, was for many a day used as a palace where our monarchs "kept open house and frank resort," and where the royal court and even parliaments were held. From the Tower all processions and pageants generally proceeded, whether it was to a tournament or to a coronation; indeed, with the exception of Charles I., all the sovereigns of England, from Richard II. to James II., went from the Tower to Westminster to be crowned.

One of the most splendid of the coronation pageants that started from the Tower was that of Elizabeth. She had been brought there a prisoner not many years before, during the reign of her predecessor, Mary, who had suspected her of treason. On that occasion she entered by the Traitor's Gate on the river side. As she stepped on shore, we are told, she cried out indignantly, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before Thee O God I speak it, having no other friend but Thee."

Proceeding up the steps she suddenly seated herself, and being pressed by the lieutenant to rise, she answered, "Better sit here than in a worse place; for God knoweth, and not I, whither you will bring me."

When, in happier times, on the death of Mary, Elizabeth came here before her coronation, she alighted from her palfray at the Middle Gate of the fortress that had once been her prison, and, falling on her knees, offered up to Almighty God, who had delivered her from a danger so imminent, a solemn and devout thanksgiving for an "escape as miraculous," as she herself expressed it, "as that of Daniel out of the mouth of the lions."

Henry VIII. brought his wife, Catherine of Arragon, to the Tower after her coronation, and in 1530, being tired of Catherine, he brought to the same place a younger and fairer bride in the person of Anne Boleyn. The pomp of Anne's reception has seldom been surpassed. She came there by water on the 29th of May, 1533, and was received by the king at the postern of the Tower. The lord mayor and his civic train, arrayed in scarlet with large gold chains about their necks, had escorted her in their gay barges from Greenwich, and she stepped on shore "amidst the great melody of trumpets and divers instruments, and a mighty peal of guns." On the following day she proceeded from the Tower to Westminster arrayed in silver tissue, and a mantle of the same lined with ermine, her dark tresses flowing down her shoulders, and her head encircled with precious rubies.

Anne was destined to suffer death at the hands of the executioner amidst the scenes which had witnessed her former splendour. Whether she was guilty or innocent of the charges brought against her, no one now can say. All traces of evidence have vanished, and the judgments of historians, it has been well observed, "seem influenced pretty much by the bias of the individual writers."

She was executed on the 19th of May, 1536, on the green outside the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, in the inner ward of the Tower. "The queen was beheaded with a sword, according to the French manner, by an executioner brought specially from Calais. With her own hands she took the coils from her head and gave them to her ladies; then, putting on a little cap of linen to cover her hair withal, she said, 'Alas! poor head, in a very brief space thou wilt roll in the dust on the scaffold!' She addressed a few words to the spectators and to her ladies, and then knelt down.

"And thus, without more to say or do, was her head stricken off, she making no confession of her fault and only saying, 'O Lord God, have pity on my soul!' Suddenly the hangman of Calais smote off her head at one

stroke with a sword. Her body, with the head, was buried (in a common chest of elm made to keep arrows in) in the choir of the chapel in the Tower."

The scene at the execution is thus graphically described by Mr. Froude:—"A little before noon on the 19th of May, Anne Boleyn, Queen of England, was led down to the green, where the young grass and the white daisies of summer were freshly bursting in the sunshine. A little cannon stood loaded on the battlements; the motionless cannoner was ready with smoking lintstick at his side, and when the crawling hand upon the dial of the great Tower clock touched the mid-day hour, that cannon would tell to London that all was over. The yeomen of the guard were there and a crowd of citizens, the Lord Mayor, too, and the deputies of the guilds, and the sheriffs and the aldermen; they were come to see a spectacle which England had never seen before—a head which had worn the crown falling under the sword of the executioner."

In the Brick Tower Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned. From the window of this tower before she was herself taken to the scaffold, she saw the lifeless body of her husband pass by in a cart from Tower-hill, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Guildford, Guildford! the ante-past is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble. It is nothing compared with that feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven."

When she got to the scaffold the executioner was going to assist her, but she desired him to let her alone, and turned to her two gentlewomen, who took off the necessary attire. He then asked her to stand on the straw, which she did, saying—

"I pray you despatch me quickly."

As she knelt she asked, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?"

"No, madam," said the executioner.

"Then," says Holinshed, "she tied the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block, she said, 'Where is it? Where is it?' One of the standers-by guided her thereunto, and she laid down her head upon the block and stretched forth her body and said, 'Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

The aged Countess of Salisbury, the last lineal descendant of the Plantagenets, was brought to the scaffold here in the reign of Henry VIII. Her demeanour was very different from that of the gentle Lady Jane. She flatly refused to lay her head on the block, and rushed round and round the platform, her white hair streaming in the wind, till she was hewn down by the executioner.

During the same reign, but a little earlier in point of time, an affecting scene was witnessed at one of the entrances to the Tower when Sir Thomas More was brought back after the trial at which he was condemned to death. His devoted daughter, Margaret, who had been watching unrecognised amid the crowd, burst through the guards, and flinging herself on his neck, besought his blessing.

She was forced away from him, but a second time she made her way to him and threw her arms about him with cries of "Oh my father, my father!" the very guards being melted to tears.

Sir Thomas, "remitting nothing of his steady gravity, gave her his solemn blessing, and besought her to resign herself to God's blessed pleasure, and to bear her loss with patience."

After his execution the head of Sir Thomas More was, in conformity with the sentence, exposed for fourteen days on London Bridge, and would have been cast into the Thames had it not been purchased by this devoted daughter. On Margaret's death the head of her unfortunate parent was, say some, interred

lying in her arms; according to others it was placed in a leaden box and laid on her coffin.

It was in the Tower that Lady Arabella Stuart died, the victim of grief; thus closing a life which "presents a series of romantic incidents and disasters scarcely surpassed even by the career of her celebrated relative, Mary, Queen of Scots." She had excited the jealousy and wrath of Queen Elizabeth, and fell under the displeasure of her successor, James, for no other crime than that of marrying the man she loved, William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp.

For his presumption in allying himself with a member of the royal family, Seymour was committed to the Tower, whilst his wife was detained a prisoner in the house of Sir Thomas Parry, in Lambeth. The two managed to escape, and Seymour made his way into Flanders. The vessel conveying the luckless Arabella was, however, overtaken off Calais Harbour, and she was conveyed back to London and lodged in the Tower, and there she remained to the end of her days.

She met with no favour in confinement; it seems that she was even deprived of necessary comforts. In a letter to Viscount Fenton she entreats him to tell the king of her "most uncomfortable and distressed state," and in another part of the letter, which she had afterwards cancelled, she complains that she cannot get anything but ordinary diet, and that unfit for a person suffering under sickness, as she was.

It was in vain that she presented memorials to the king and sought the good offices of the queen and of such of the nobility as she imagined had influence with his majesty. James I. was not the one to forgive either man or woman who had thwarted his will. The lowly character of Lady Arabella's entreaties may be seen from a fragment of one of her letters, preserved in the Harleian MSS. :—

"In all humility," she says, "the most wretched and unfortunate creature that ever lived prostrates itself at the feet of the most merciful king that ever was, desiring nothing but mercy and favour; not being more afflicted for anything than for the loss of that which hath been this long time the only comfort it had in this world; and which, if it were to do again, I would not adventure the loss of for any other worldly comfort. Mercy it is I desire, and that for God's sake."

A romantic incident in the history of the Tower is the escape from captivity of the Earl of Nithsdale. He was one of the unfortunate people condemned to death for attempting to place the Pretender on the throne in 1715. His wife was a heroic woman, and it was by her aid that he managed to get free.

The countess had done everything she could in his behalf by petitions to the king and appeals to her friends at court to use their influence. All her efforts proving unsuccessful, she resolved on a bold stroke, and contrived a plan by which her husband was to escape the vigilance of his gaolers.

By bribery she gained admittance. She persuaded Lord Nithsdale to dress in woman's clothes, which she had provided, and disguised him to the best of her ability. Then she led him past the guards.

"I went out," she says, in an interesting account she has left of how the plan was executed, "I went out, leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans who had ruined me by her delay."

Evans was a confidential servant, who, the countess pretended, should have come to her some time before.

"Then," said I, "my dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if ever

you made despatch in your life do it at present, for I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the doors and I went downstairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his gait, but I still continued to press him to make all the haste he possibly could. At the bottom of the steps I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him."

The countess then returned to her husband's room.

"When I was in the room," she continues, "I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door and stood half in it, but held it so closely that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell for that night, and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifle."

Lord Nithsdale got safely away to France. The voyage to Calais was short and prosperous, and it has been recorded as remarkable that during the passage the captain exclaimed "that if his passengers were flying for their lives the ship could not have sailed quicker," little thinking that that was really the case. The countess, after passing through several adventures, rejoined her husband at Rome, and spent life there happily by his side for thirty-three years. She died in 1749, and her husband did not survive her loss more than five years.

As everyone knows, the Crown jewels are kept in the Tower, the regalia forming one of the most popular sights for every visitor to the great metropolis. In the reign of Charles II. the cool notion of stealing the crown of England came into the head of a Colonel Blood, and this is how he set about it :—

The Crown jewels were then under the care of a worthy old man called Talbot Edwards, and with Edwards and his family Blood contrived, as a first step, to become exceedingly friendly. When everything seemed on a good footing Blood proposed a marriage between Miss Edwards, an attractive girl, and a pretended nephew of his, and his account of the nephew and his prospects was so satisfactory that the Edwardses were eager for the young people to be introduced to each other.

It was arranged that the introduction was to be on a May morning in 1671; seven o'clock was the time fixed, for these were early-rising days compared with the present. Blood said he would not only bring his nephew, but two friends who had expressed a great desire to see the regalia, and to whom it would be a convenience to be admitted at that early hour, as they intended to leave town that day.

The morning dawned. The daughter got up betimes and put on her best dress to receive the young man, whilst the father went down to meet Blood and his companions. Blood arrived at the jewel-house with three more, "all armed with rapier blades in their canes, and every one of them with a dagger and a pair of pocket-pistols." Two of his companions entered with him, the third stayed at the door to keep watch.

Blood suggested that it would save time if they saw the regalia before paying their respects to the young lady, and no sooner was the door shut upon them, in accordance with the usual practice, than they laid hands on old Edwards and threatened to take his life if he made the slightest noise.

Edwards, however, bawled out "Help! treason! murder! thieves!" as loud as ever he could, so they struck him with a wooden mallet, and he fell stunned to the ground. On recovering consciousness a few minutes later, he heard them say they believed him to be dead, so, making up his mind that discretion was now the better part of valour, he remained quiet.

The three men set deliberately to work. Blood placed the crown under his arm so that it might be concealed by his cloak; one of his companions pocketed the orb and the most valuable jewel of the sceptre, and the other began filing the sceptre in two so that it might go into a bag they had thoughtfully provided.

But "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." Just as the three were busily occupied a son of Mr. Edwards fortunately arrived, accompanied by his brother-in-

law, a Captain Beckman. They exchanged a word with the man who watched at the door, and then proceeded upstairs.

Blood and his companions thus interrupted rushed out of the jewel-house, bearing with them the crown and the orb; but the sceptre, which was not filed quite through, they had to leave behind.

Old Edwards now struggled to his feet shouting more vigorously than before, "Help! Treason! Murder!" The daughter, in her best dress, rushed into the court and cried out, "They have stolen the crown!" Her brother and his companion ran as hard as they could after the robbers, and the whole Tower was soon in commotion.

The robbers reached the drawbridge without hindrance; there the warden interrupted them, but he was got the better of. They then hurried on till they reached the wharf, and were making for St. Katherine's Gate, when

Captain Beckman made up on them. A pistol was discharged at the Captain's head, but he escaped injury by stooping, and immediately laid hands on Blood, who struggled desperately. In the scuffle a few of the jewels fell from the crown, but all that were of any value were recovered and restored to their places. Blood and the man who had put the orb in his pocket were secured and lodged in the White Tower.

Blood, curiously enough, escaped punishment for this and other serious offences. It is said that he afterwards proved of considerable value to the Government in the mean capacity of spy and informer. Evelyn, not long after the date of the attempt on the crown, speaks of meeting him, and remarks on "his villainous, unmerciful look: a false countenance, but very well-spoken and dangerously insinuating."

(To be concluded.)

## ELIZABETH OF SIBERIA; OR, PRASCOVIE LOPOULOFF.\*

"Abbandonate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate."  
All hope abandon, ye who enter here.



SUCH was the sentence Dante saw inscribed above the sombre portal in his immortal vision of the Inferno. Such might be the greeting fitly uttered to

the unhappy Russian convict who crosses the frontier into the vast unvaried plain of Siberia.

Long, long has been his journey from all his heart holds dear; and now those monotonous levels, with the Ural Mountains rising grimly behind him like a giant barrier, must be the area of his uncongenial work, the scene of his unpitied death.

Few, indeed, escape from banishment, but one who did so about forty years ago, Rufin Piotrowski, has thus described a gang of outward-bound exiles:—

"The convoys I saw extended in some instances over several verst† along the road. An armed Cossack preceded the melancholy procession; then came the prisoners chained in couples by the hands or feet; then single

prisoners, with their feet chained together; behind these ten or more were secured to a long iron bar by their wrists; others followed in irons. The whole convoy was surrounded by soldiers, while mounted Cossacks guarded them on either side. Perfect silence generally reigned, interrupted only by the clanking of the fetters. Deep misery or utter despair was on every face, and tears rolled down the cheeks of many of the prisoners, who wept as they dragged themselves along."

Near the close of the last century, under the reign of the Emperor Paul Petrovitch, thousands of political exiles were sent to Siberia, and in such a convoy there might have been seen an officer named Lopouloff, his wife, and infant child. His birth, which was noble, probably exempted him from performing the journey on foot, a rough carriage, called a *kabitka*, serving as conveyance for the more privileged offenders. He would also have been considered fortunate by many unhappy wretches, inasmuch as he was not condemned to the horrors of the mines, or even to hard labour, and had his wife and child to share his doom. But Lopouloff had distinguished himself in the Ottoman campaign, and had expected promotion from his sovereign rather than disgrace. The decree of his banishment came upon him like a thunderbolt, and the cause, probably some unfounded suspicion, is even now unknown.

The village of Ischim, near the frontiers of Tobolsk, was the destination of this unhappy man; and with his wife and child he occupied a hut in the colony of prisoners there. A sum of ten kopecks a day, equalling about twopence of English money, was assigned to them by the Government as their daily allowance for food, and Lopouloff supplemented it by labouring in the fields during the four fertile months of the year, or performing such work as he could get in the village, while as his little girl grew up she earned a trifle by helping the washerwomen or farmers.

Ischim lies low on the banks of a river, and is often flooded. Situated in the depression of a vast tableland, it offers little attraction of natural beauty, and to the officer and his wife, accustomed to the luxury of life in St. Petersburg and association with the rich and great, their wretched cottage and the life of drudgery seemed almost intolerable. They gazed with breaking hearts at their daughter, for whom they had dreamed of a far different lot, and whose

delicate hands seemed unfitted for the hard toil of a peasant life; but the little Prascovie, remembering no other home, was cheerful and contented. Her mother, as time went on, settled down into quiet resignation, but Lopouloff could not reconcile himself to the loss of his profession, and the separation from friends and comfort, with nothing around him but misery and squalor. He petitioned the Czar for a remission of his sentence, and with the sickness of hope deferred, looked ever in vain for an answer.

As Prascovie grew older, she began to notice and to wonder at the heavy cloud that brooded upon her father's spirit. One day she came suddenly back from the fields where she had been working, and discovered her parents giving way to an outburst of grief, which was only intensified at her appearance. In a passion of despair Lopouloff lamented that he had ever had a daughter, since he must needs see her degraded to a serf. Then, in reply to her anxious questioning, he told her, for the first time, all his sad story.

The girl was now fifteen, and must have possessed an unusual amount of courage, for the idea straightway took possession of her that she would go to St. Petersburg, and seek an interview with the Czar to implore her father's freedom.

To appreciate the seeming madness of such a project it should be remembered that sixteen hundred miles of road, crossing the Ural Mountains, lay between Ischim and St. Petersburg. Towns and villages were thinly scattered on the way, and military posts were stationed to intercept fugitives. Prascovie had no means of conveyance, and no money to procure any; during a great part of the year travelling for a lonely pedestrian would be impossible by reason of the snow and fierce cold. And these were only a few of the obstacles that attended any such scheme, for how should a poor peasant girl, without money or patrons, gain admission to the dread presence of the Czar of all the Russias?

But Joan of Arc and Prascovie were alike in one point: having resolved upon a course of unselfish action, to all appearance wild and impracticable, neither ridicule nor expostulation could divert them from their purpose; alike also in this: that religious zeal gave earnestness and enthusiasm to the process of maturing the design. Prascovie implored Heaven that she might succeed, and, like Joan of Arc, though in far different scenes,

\* "Prascovie" is more generally known as Elizabeth of Siberia, after the heroine of Madame Cottin's romance, "Elisabeth, ou les exilés de Sibérie." That story does not, however, profess to be a record of actual adventures, although the central incident is founded on fact. Count Xavier de Maistre, in "La Jeune Sibérienne" has told the story of Prascovie as it really happened, with much pathos and simplicity.

† A verst is five-eighths of a mile.



ample of promptitude, zeal, and self-reliance, as one worthy of imitation; but we will anticipate some of the questions that may occur to our readers.

Why had the Jewish law no provision for orphan girls who had no brothers? God loves the orphan, and He knew how bitter to many of them must be dependence upon men who were enjoying their father's property.

And then, again, when the privileges they asked for were ceded to them as rights, why was the law so incomplete that it must be mended, as otherwise there might spring out of it tribal injustices?

The law had not to be mended. It was made with reserve, and the addition to it in no way altered it.

He who knows the end from the beginning could have provided against every risk; but that His help is never given to make us independent of the wits and energies He has im-

parted to us, and of our own reasoning powers.

We are better, nobler, and more complete for having every faculty brought into exercise. Much trial, much difficulty is permitted, much injustice even, to polish and develop us. Only as we put forth our best efforts ought we to assume that God will add His blessing and His help.

He heard the plea of the five orphans, and He heard that of the fathers in Manassch. The thing was settled beautifully, for the interests of the tribe were secured and the orphans lost nothing.

We may see, too, from the story, that the heart should go with the hand in marriage, and yet the right of choice have its limitations. These exist still. People bring a great deal of misery on themselves by being regardless of such considerations as "a like faith," with equality in social status and in education.

And how contrary it is to God's ordinance for a man to marry for the sake of money, or a woman for the sake of rank, and for parents to push their children into alliances to which they are averse. A broken heart and a married life are no light weight to carry on the conscience.

All the girls who read this paper are heiresses. They are called to a better inheritance than ever Judah had in the earthly Canaan. Are they trying to make sure of it?

Do they esteem it better than riches, or the pleasures of the world, learning, or even the rarer gifts of genius?

No one can take this inheritance from us. However poor we may be, we are rich in the anticipation of it. Let us put in our claim, and never be forgetful of the fact that the "fashion of this world passeth away;" but the city that is made without hands abideth eternal in the heavens.

## A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

### ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

#### VI.—FROM THE TOWER TO SMITHFIELD.

IN this article we propose making our way from the Tower to Smithfield, from a neighbourhood associated with political tragedy to one lastingly connected with religious martyrdom. Our route, however, will not be of the straightest, for "as the crow flies" is never a safe course in dealing with what is picturesque and interesting.

We go up Mark-lane, first of all, the street of streets for those who deal in corn, and turning to the right along Hart-street, come to the church of St. Olave's. Here the wife of Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist, lies interred beside her husband. Everyone has heard, or at any rate ought to have heard, of Pepys, the Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., who has left us in his diary the most amusing exhibition of garrulous egotism the world has ever seen.

Mrs. Elizabeth Pepys, to whom her husband, in spite of sundry quarrels, mostly about trifles, was much attached, died in 1669, after an illness of only a few days. The two were married in 1655, when Mrs. Elizabeth was only fifteen years old, and "extreme handsome." A few particulars concerning her, drawn from the diary of the Secretary, may prove interesting as giving some insight into ladies' life and ladies' fashions at a remarkable period in the history of England.

There are many references in the "Diary" to her good looks. On the 10th of July, 1660, for instance, she and her husband were at a wedding. "But of all the beauties there," says Pepys, "my wife was thought the greatest." Shortly after this date she tried to heighten the effect by wearing black patches, then coming into fashion. On the 4th of November the diarist writes: "My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I have given her leave to wear a black patch." When he saw the Princess Henrietta, the daughter of Charles I., in the close of the same year, he says, "The Princess Henrietta is very pretty . . . but my wife, standing near her, with two or three black patches on and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." He took a pride in seeing her nicely decked out. One Sunday, in the summer of 1661, she gave him special satisfaction. "This day," he says, "my wife put

on her black silk gown, which is now laced all over with black gimp lace, as the fashion is, in which she is very pretty."

She was a notable housewife, and, like a good husband, Pepys did full justice to her in her own sphere. The following entries exhibit her busy with both needle and baking-board:—

"1660. November 13th.—Found my wife making of pies and tarts to try her oven with; but, not knowing the nature of it, did heat it too much, and so did a little overbake her things, but knows how to do better another time."

"1666. January 12th.—Returned to my poor wife, who works all day at home like a horse at the making of her hangings for our chamber and the bed."

We have the result of these exertions set down on the 26th of January.

"Pleased mightily," writes Pepys, "with what my poor wife hath been doing these eight or ten days with her own hands, like a drudge, in fitting the new hangings of our bed-chamber of blue and putting the old red ones in my dressing-room."

To Samuel Pepys' economical mind, his wife contrasted favourably with other women. When, in 1667, he gave her as his valentine a turquoise ring set with diamonds, though he was to pay five pounds for it, he says, "I am not much troubled, she costing me but little compared with other wives, and I have not many occasions to spend money on her."

A few evenings after this, his wife "with great pleasure" showed him her stock of jewels. "She reckons," he writes, "that she hath over a hundred and fifty pounds worth of jewels of one kind or another; and," he adds, philosophically, "I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."

Pepys and his wife unfortunately had to pass through occasional pretty stiff breezes of domestic quarrelling. He was unreasonable; she was jealous; he had a temper; so had she. They had "a great fray" about her learning painting, on the 4th of May, 1666, and the Secretary to the Admiralty makes a determined entry in his "Diary." "Very angry we were, and I resolved all into having my will done without disputing, be the reason what it will; and so I will have it."

Her learning dancing was another cause of trouble.

"12th of May, 1663.—A little angry with my wife for minding nothing now but the dancing-master, having him come twice a day, which is folly."

Then Pepys disturbed the peace by objecting to his wife's long-winded stories.

"I find my wife troubled," he writes on the 12th of May, 1666, "at my checking her last night in a coach in her long stories out of 'Grand Cyrus'—a much-read book of the period—"which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in any good manner. This she took unkindly, and I think I was to blame indeed."

On another day in the same year he records that he had another quarrel with his wife about her buying a lace handkerchief without leave. They came to high words, and went to bed angry, and the next morning Pepys says, "Up without being friends with my wife, nor great enemies either, being both quiet and silent."

Quiet and silent enough they are both now, and their squabbles in life appear very insignificant as we think of the two taking their rest together under the roof of this old church.

Before leaving St. Olave's we may notice a brass, to commemorate Ellen Orgone and her husband John, bearing the following often-quoted inscription:—

"As I was, so be ye;  
As I am, you shall be;  
That I gave, that I have;  
That I spent, that I had;  
Thus I end—all my cost,  
That I left, that I lost."

Ladenhall-street is the next thoroughfare in which we find a site of interest. On the south side of this street stood the house of Nathaniel Bentley, who has obtained notoriety under the name of "Dirty Dick." He was a hardware dealer, who lived here and carried on business under the most extraordinary circumstances of dust and disorder.

In his house there was a room which had remained locked up without being ever opened for a great many years. This mysterious chamber is said to have had its origin in the following circumstance. Bentley was engaged to be married to a young lady, and

previous to the performance of the ceremony, he invited her and several of her relatives to partake of a sumptuous entertainment. Having prepared everything for their reception, he anxiously awaited in this apartment the arrival of his intended bride, when a messenger entered, bringing the melancholy intelligence of her sudden death. This unexpected event had such an effect upon him that he closed up the room, with the resolution that it should never again be opened.

This incident, no doubt, disordered his intellect; from being a man of fashion—in fact, at one time, he was called the “beau of Leadenhall-street”—he became indifferent to neatness in dress or anything else. His warehouse in the beginning of this century was one of the eyesores of the neighbourhood. Its outside perfectly corresponded with the interior, and both with the figure of the extraordinary inhabitant. The windows were literally as black and covered as thickly with dirt and smoke as the back of a chimney which has not been swept for many years. Of the windows scarcely a pane was left whole, to remedy which several of the window shutters long remained unopened, and the other vacancies were repaired with japanned waiters and tea trays, which Bentley always took good care to chain to the window frames.”

Cornhill is a continuation of Leadenhall-street to the west. In Cornhill, at what is now No. 65, the publishing house of Smith, Elder, and Co., now at the West-end, once had its headquarters. It was here that Charlotte and Anne Brontë came in 1848 to prove their separate identity to the publishers who had written to Haworth to say that doubts had been raised as to whether they were not really one and the same person. The publishers did not know they were coming; they were not, in fact, aware whether the “Bells” were men or women, but had always written to them as men.

“On reaching Mr. Smith’s,” says Mrs. Gaskell, in her “Life of Charlotte Brontë,” “Charlotte put his own letter into his hands . . . ‘Where did you get this?’ said he, as if he could not believe that the two young ladies dressed in black, of slight figure and diminutive stature, looking pleased yet agitated, could be the embodied Currer and Acton Bell for whom curiosity had been hunting eagerly in vain.” An explanation ensued, though the public remained in the dark for some time longer, till, indeed, a shrewd Yorkshireman, who knew Haworth, divined the secret, and published his discovery.

During this visit the sisters stayed at the Chapter Coffee House, as we mentioned when speaking of Paternoster-row.

We now retrace our steps and pass northwards along Bishopsgate-street. In this street, on the east side, is Crosby Hall, many of the events connected with which are of interest. Richard, Duke of Gloucester and Lord Protector, who afterwards became king of England under the title of Richard III., once stayed in this house and here “drew the Court to him.” Here he schemed the death of his nephews, and this is made by Shakespeare to be the place where he induced Anne of Warwick to await his return from the funeral of her father-in-law, the murdered Henry VI. Many will remember Shakespeare’s famous scene of the funeral procession, when Gloucester excuses his wickedness to Anne by saying, “But ’twas thy beauty that provoked me.” He sees her softened by his profound dissimulation, and adds—

‘And if thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Theu dost confirm his happiness for ever.  
Anne. What is it?  
Gloucester. That it may please you leave  
these sad designs

To him that hath most cause to be a  
mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby House,”

where he promises to come to her whenever he has solemnly interred the king and wet his grave with his “repentant”—he should have said “crocodile”—tears.

Sir Thomas More lived for some years in Crosby Hall, and after him his devoted daughter, Margaret, and her husband, William Roper, resided here. We spoke of Margaret Roper in connection with her father’s execution when we were dealing with the Tower. She was one of the remarkable women of her day, well-skilled in Greek, Latin, and other languages; a proficient in the arts and sciences as then known; and distinguished for her great determination and strength of character. “A tradition,” says one writer, “preserved in the Roper family, records that Queen Elizabeth offered her a ducal coronet, which she refused, lest it should be considered as a compromise for what she regarded as the judicial murder of her father.”

A rich Mayor of London, a citizen, indeed, of enormous wealth, Sir John Spencer, lived in Crosby-place in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He had an only daughter, who, as the richest heiress in England, and a great beauty into the bargain, had an innumerable number of suitors. Amongst them was a slenderly endowed young nobleman, Lord Compton, and for him the daughter displayed a marked preference; the father, however, did not think much of him, and forbade him to continue his suit.

One day when going downstairs Sir John met the baker’s boy, as he supposed, with his covered barrow, and as he seemed a good and obliging lad, he said, “If you are industrious, my man, you’ll rise in the world yet,” and gave him a sixpence. Now, the baker’s boy was Lord Compton in disguise, and in the covered barrow he was carrying off Sir John’s handsome daughter.

On discovering how he had been taken in, Sir John vowed that the young man had received the only sixpence he would ever get from him, and refused to be reconciled to his daughter.

Next year, however, Queen Elizabeth effected a reconciliation by a pleasant stratagem. She sent for the knight, and after expressing to him her sentiments—just like his own, too—as to the ingratitude of Miss Spencer, she invited him to join her in standing as sponsor to a newly-born baby in which she took a great interest.

He could hardly refuse, and on the ceremony coming to be performed Sir John assured the queen that having discarded his own daughter he would adopt the child as his son. The parents being introduced, the knight, to his great surprise, discovered that he had adopted his own grandchild. On the death of Sir John his wealth passed to his daughter and her husband, and the husband erected a magnificent tomb to his well-deserving father-in-law, and on the tomb the disobedient daughter is seen kneeling in a tremendous hoop at her father’s feet.

In Crosby Hall the Countess of Pembroke, sister to Sir Philip Sidney, once lived; she who is immortalized in Ben Jonson’s epitaph:—

“Underneath this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother:  
Death! ere thou hast slain another  
Fair, and learned, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”

It was for her that Sir Philip Sidney wrote his “Arcadia.” She is described by Spenser as

“. . . most resembling both in shape and  
spirit  
Her brother dear.”

A short walk eastwards brings us to Finsbury Circus, where we may pause to recall the legend told to account for the name of this quarter of London. Tradition and an old ballad record that the name Finsbury was first given by two ladies, daughters of a gallant knight who, in the times of the Crusades, went to fight the battles of the Cross,

“And charged both his daughters  
Unmarried to remain,  
Till he from blessed Palestine  
Returned back again,  
And then two loving husbands  
For them he would attain.”

The elder daughter, on the father’s departure, became a nun of Bethlehem, and devoted night and day to prayers for his safety,

“And in the name of Jesus Christ  
A holy cross did build,  
Which some have seen at Bedlam-gate,  
Adjoining to Moorfield.”

The younger devoted herself to works of charity and opened a well

“Where wives and maidens daily came  
To wash from far and near.”

So the sisters lived on

“Till time had changed their beauteous  
cheeks  
And made them wrinkled old.”

At last the King of England returned from the Crusades; but their father never came, for he had met a warrior’s death, fighting against the Saracen foe. His comrades in arms brought back his heart, by the dying man’s instructions, to his loving daughters. This they solemnly buried, and they gave the name of their father, Sir John Fines, to its last resting-place, which thus came to be called Fines-bury or Finsbury.

Close to Finsbury-square lies the great Dissenting burial-ground of Bunhill Fields—“the Campo Santo of the Dissenters,” as Southey calls it. A girl’s pilgrimage may well include a visit here to the graves of John Bunyan, of the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and Daniel Defoe, who wrote the famous “Robinson Crusoe.” But of special womanly interest is the headstone to Susannah Wesley, mother of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists, and of Charles Wesley, the first person who was called a Methodist.

The death of this remarkable and exemplary woman happened in 1742. She was then in a good old age, ready and willing to depart. John Wesley had arrived in London from one of his circuits, and found her “on the borders of eternity; but she had no doubt or fear, nor any desire but, as soon as God should call, to depart and to be with Christ.” On the third day after his arrival he saw that her change was near, and the account *he gives of the end* is too striking to be omitted.

“I sat down,” he says, “on the bedside. She was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but, I believe, quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was losing and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech—‘Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.’”

He performed the funeral service at Bunhill Fields himself, and thus feelingly describes it: “Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon I committed to the earth the body of my

mother to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterwards spoke was, 'I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.' It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity."

"Mrs. Wesley," says Southey, in his life of the most famous of her sons, "had had her share of sorrow. During her husband's life she had struggled with narrow circumstances, and at his death she was left dependent upon her children. Of nineteen children she had wept over the early graves of far the greater number. She had survived her son Samuel, and she had the keener anguish of seeing two of her daughters unhappy, and, perhaps, of foreseeing the unhappiness of the third; an unhappiness the more to be deplored because it was not altogether undeserved."

St. Giles, Cripplegate, is in Fore-street, not far from Finsbury-circus. In this church is the tomb of Constance Whitney, the grand-daughter of Shakespeare's Sir Thomas Lucy, whose deer the great dramatist in his youth is said to have stolen. Constance is shown rising in her shroud from her tomb at the resurrection, and this has given rise to a tradition that "she was buried alive and roused from her trance by the sexton, who opened the coffin to steal one of her rings."

The parish register of St. Giles, Cripplegate, records the marriage of Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Bourchier, on the 20th of August, 1620. The bride was the daughter of Sir James Bourchier, a man of some wealth. After thirty-three years of married life a succession of remarkable events landed her husband in the highest station in the land—as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. She was Lady Protectress from 1653 to 1658, when Cromwell died. She survived him fourteen years, and died in the house of her son-in-law, Claypole, in Northamptonshire, on the 8th of October, 1672.

Amongst the royalists she had, naturally, every man and woman for an enemy, and at the time the vilest scurrility did duty for loyalty and wit, but we hear no evil report of Elizabeth Cromwell. She was not good-looking, and her ways were rather stingy, but she was a virtuous wife and mother, and a notable housekeeper. "She was an excellent housewife," says a historian not at all well disposed to the Commonwealth party, "as capable of descending to the kitchen with propriety, as she was of acting in her exalted station with dignity; certain it is she acted a much more prudent part as Protectress than Henrietta did as queen. She educated her children with ability and governed her family with address."

The relations between Cromwell and his wife may be inferred from the following short letter sent by the former from Dunbar on the 4th of September, 1650:—"For my beloved wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, . . . My dearest, —I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be un-mindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other side much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice. . . . My love to all dear friends.—I rest thine, Oliver Cromwell.

And here is an epistle from Elizabeth Cromwell to her husband, written from London on the 27th December of the same year, an epistle quite unique in its way—"the only letter extant of this heroine," says Carlyle, "and not unworthy of a glance from us." In the original it is frightfully spelt, but spelling was not a strong point with ladies in those days.

"The Lady Elizabeth Cromwell to her husband, the Lord General at Edinburgh. My dearest,—I wonder you should blame me for writing no oftener, when I have sent three for one; I cannot but think they are miscarried. Truly, if I know my own heart, I should as soon neglect myself as to omit the least thought towards you, when, in doing it, I must do it to myself. But when I do write, my dear, I seldom have any satisfactory answer; which makes me think my writing is slighted, as well it may; but I cannot but

think your love covers my weakness and infirmities.

"I should rejoice to hear your desire in seeing me; but I desire to submit to the Providence of God—hoping the Lord who hath separated us, and hath often brought us together again, will in His good time bring us again, to the praise of His name. Truly my life is but half a life in your absence, did not the Lord make it up in Himself, which I must acknowledge to the praise of His grace. . . . Yours in all faithfulness, Elizabeth Cromwell."

Women were frequently, in the olden time, employed in the very unsuitable occupation of gravediggers, and there was a woman gravedigger at St. Giles, Cripplegate, who used to exhibit the skeleton of Milton the poet, who had been interred in this church, for twopence or threepence a head.

Milton once lived quite near this, in Jewin-street, which we may move on to visit, out of regard for his memory. He was living here when he married his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Minshul, in 1664, the year before the Great Plague. She was "a genteel person, of a peaceful and agreeable humour." There was a great difference between her age and the poet's, and she survived him for no fewer than fifty-two years, dying in Cheshire in 1727.

One picturesque feature in the third Mrs. Milton was her beautiful golden hair. Milton intended a compliment to her in his description of Eve in "Paradise Lost," just as he drew the portrait of Adam "not without regard to his own person, of which he had no mean opinion." The "sweet, attractive grace" of Eve is heightened in the poem by her golden hair,

"She as a veil, down to the slender waist  
Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore  
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved  
As the vine curls her tendrils."

Leaving Jewin-street and crossing Aldersgate-street, we are not long of reaching Smithfield, and with what is connected with that interesting locality we shall begin our next article.

(To be continued.)

## ARCHITECTURE ; OR, THE ART AND HISTORY OF BUILDINGS.

By H. W. BREWER.

### VII.—THE "RENAISSANCE."



HERE is no age about which it is more difficult to write fairly than the sixteenth century. Preconceived ideas, prejudices, and national feelings make it next to impossible for

anyone to take an un-biased view of the great questions which then exercised men's minds. That the art of the period should reflect in some measure the momentous changes, the religious and political struggles and vicissitudes, the fearful anxiety and uncertainty for the future, the disruption of ancient ties and the fear and timidity at adopting new and untried ones, is

by no means to be wondered at; nor is it strange, under the circumstances, that we should find in the art of the time extraordinary contradictions. There is, however, one feature about the art of the sixteenth century which certainly, at first sight, seems to be such a glaring contradiction to all we know of the history of the time, that it appears quite irreconcilable and unintelligible. It is that, just at the very moment when the influence of Rome in religious and political matters is at the very lowest, when the authority of the Pope is being disputed all over Europe, and when Italy is alternately a prey to France and Germany; when even the city of Rome is sacked by the soldiers of the emperor, its galleries destroyed, libraries burnt, its churches sacked and palaces pillaged—that at this very time Roman art should be carrying everything before it; that the old Gothic style should everywhere in Europe—as well in Protestant as in Catholic countries—be giving way before the new style of architecture, sculpture, and painting introduced from Rome. It is not easy to account for this remarkable phenomenon; it is one of those historical contra-

dictions which cannot be explained or even thoroughly understood. We will, however, give what seem to us to be some of the leading circumstances which may have brought it about.

As we have previously pointed out, down to the tenth century all western church architecture seems to have come directly from Rome or Constantinople; but by degrees the northern and western countries of Europe developed the style which we now (for want of a better name) call Gothic, and this style was, as we have shown, so popular, that Italy—nay, even Rome itself—adopted its ornamental features, and it became distinctly "the church architecture of the west." But in Italy Gothic architecture was at best an exotic, and never took deep root; so that, when in the fifteenth century, with the revival of classical learning (forwarded greatly, no doubt, by the introduction of printing) men began to study the monuments of antiquity, these great works seemed to them to be more dignified and congruous in style than their own architecture. Now just at this time, moreover, there arose in Italy two really

## THE TREES.

(From the German of Louise Hensel.)

By the Rev. JOHN KELLY, Translator of "Hymns of the Present Century."

ALL my Master's works are fair—  
No flaw in them is seen;  
And yet the dear trees best of all  
I love to see, I ween.

They many wholesome lessons teach  
For this our pilgrim way,  
And upwards often drawing thoughts  
To Heaven's bright cloudless day.

"Be strong and brave, O heart of man!"  
The old Oak to me cries;  
"In faith stand firm and waver not,  
Look upward to the skies!"

The Lime says, "Be of gentle mind—  
Be peaceful, free from harm,  
Extend to every weary one  
Thy kind and sheltering arm."

The Apple tree doth warning give—  
"Thy faith be no vain show;  
Let not the gardener come for fruit,  
And empty-handed go!"

The Fir tree whispereth, "O soul!  
Be true in joy and woe;  
Be thou the same in gentle May,  
The same in storm and snow!"

Yet Birch, thou art my favourite tree,  
In bridal beauty clad;  
When I see thee in roomy place  
My heart in me is glad.

In robe of white and crown of green,  
O tree, thou standest here!  
O Lord, may I before Thy throne  
In like array appear!



## A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

## ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

## VII.—FROM SMITHFIELD TO HOLBORN.

THE recollections connected with Smithfield are an odd mixture of tragedy and comedy. We may here sigh over the fate of martyrs who at Smithfield made exit from a wicked world, or we may laugh at the recollection of the fun and frolic of Bartholomew Fair, which was held in this open space from the reign of Henry I. down to 1855.

It was at Smithfield that Anne Askew was burned in 1546, as we mentioned when speaking of the Guildhall, where she was tried. Three others suffered at the same time. Before the fire was kindled, says Foxe, "the lord chancellor sent to Anne Askew offering her the king's pardon if she would recant; a letter, said to be written by the king, was put into her hand; but she, refusing to look upon it, made answer, 'I come not hither to deny my Lord and Master.' Then were letters offered to the others, who in like manner refused even to look on them; continuing to cheer and exhort each other by the hope of the glory they were about to enter; whereon the lord mayor, commanding fire to be put to them, cried, with a loud voice, '*Fiat justitia.*' Then were these blessed martyrs compassed in with flames of fire, as holy sacrifices to God and His truth."

That happened in the reign of Henry VIII., and in the reign of his successor, Edward VI., Smithfield witnessed the burning of Jean

Bocher, a pious, worthy Kentish woman, whose sole crime was an erroneous opinion on the nature of the incarnation. Jean had been a friend of Anne Askew's. The day before her execution Ridley went to reason with her, but all the effect he produced was to draw from her a sarcasm at the weathercock opinions of the times. "It is not so long ago," she remarked, "since you burned Anne Askew for a piece of bread, yet came yourselves to believe the doctrine for which you burned her; and now you will burn me for a piece of flesh, and in the end you will believe this also." She was, remarks Mr. Froude, "one of the very few victims of the ancient hatred of heresy with which the Reformed Church of England has to charge itself."

In the reign of Queen Mary, when times were changed again, fanaticism sent many Protestants to the stake at Smithfield. Bloody Mary signed the death warrant of no fewer than two hundred and seventy-seven "heretics." The spot generally used in her reign for the burning of Protestants was just opposite the entrance to the gate of St. Bartholomew's Priory. The stake was placed so that the martyr's face was turned towards the east and to the great gate of the priory.

Smithfield was the place for the public execution of criminals convicted of murder, robbery, and such like crimes until the reign of Henry IV., when Tyburn was chosen for

the same purpose. A singular and severe punishment was inflicted, in 1541, on a young woman called Mary Davie. She was found guilty of poisoning, and for that crime was boiled to death.

A more cheerful subject is Bartholomew Fair, which was held in Smithfield, and came to an end in 1855, after an existence of seven centuries and a half. It had a business origin, but in later times the features of the fair were eating, drinking, and amusement. Whilst it lasted, Smithfield was crowded with theatrical booths, puppet shows, menageries, swings, refreshment stalls, and exhibitions in caravans of giants and dwarfs, living skeletons, pig-faced ladies, learned horses and cats, and "amazing pigs of knowledge."

The famous Miss Biffin, who, though she had neither hands nor arms, painted miniature portraits with considerable ability, was one of the wonders of Bartholomew Fair in the beginning of this century. She was discovered in the fair by the Earl of Morton, who sat to her for his likeness, always taking away the unfinished picture when he left that he might make sure there was no deception, and that the portrait was really the work of Miss Biffin's shoulder. When it was done, the earl laid it before George III., and was so far successful in interesting royalty in the artist that Miss Biffin not only enjoyed the favour of George III. and of his successor, George IV.,

but received a small pension from William IV., with which, at the earl's request, she retired from a caravan life.

A strong woman made her appearance at the fair in 1752. In that year there was, to quote the advertisement, "At the Greyhound, in West Smithfield, the famous Italian Female Samson, who has been applauded in Courts of Europe, and in England at last Bristol Fair. She walks barefoot on a bar of red-hot iron. A block of marble two or three thousand pounds' weight on her person she will throw to a distance of six feet without using her hands."

In 1814 another woman who made a sensation in the fair in the same line of business was the Fireproof Lady, Madam Giradelli, who "put melted lead into her mouth and spat it out marked with her teeth, passed red-hot iron over her body and limbs, her tongue and her hair, thrust her arm into fire, and washed her hands not only in boiling lead, but in boiling oil and aquafortis."

What professed to be a mermaid was exhibited at Bartholomew Fair in 1825. It was only a penny show, but three years before it had attracted fashionable crowds in Piccadilly at the charge of half a crown each person. The imposture was a hideous combination of a dried monkey's head and body and the tail of a fish.

The narrow lane in West Smithfield known as Cock-lane was in 1762 the scene of a celebrated imposture known as the "Cock-lane Ghost." The story is an odd one. A girl of eleven or twelve years old, the daughter of a man named Parsons, the clerk of the neighbouring church of St. Sepulchre's, complained of being disturbed at night by the knocking and scratching of some invisible agent in whatever room she happened to be. The father circulated a report that this spirit-rapping was caused by the uneasy ghost of a young gentlewoman of respectable family buried in the vaults of the church of St. John, Clerkenwell. He invented a conversation code for communicating with the ghost, and in this way learned—or, at least, gave out that he learned—that the spirit charged her husband with poisoning her with a glass of deleterious punch.

The story spread, and the house in Cock-lane was visited by thousands of people, many of them of high rank, and public opinion was divided as to whether the sounds were caused by trickery or really by a visitant from the other world. The floor and wainscot were ripped up, but nothing could be discovered.

The ghost at last promised that she would convince unbelievers by giving raps on the coffin in the vault of St. John's Church. But the inquirers who went there—and Dr. Samuel Johnson was one of them—were disappointed. The spirit was solemnly required to perform her promise, but she was not a woman of her word; there was nothing but silence.

Sensible people became convinced that, as Dr. Johnson puts it, Parsons' daughter "had some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there was no agency of any higher cause." A few months after the scene in the vault, those who took an active part in the imposture were tried at Guildhall and convicted of a conspiracy against the life and character of the husband of the dead woman whose ghost was credited with making such a disturbance. Some of them were fined and others were imprisoned. The father of the girl was set three several times in the pillory and imprisoned for two years. He appears to have had a spite against the husband of the pretended ghost, in consequence of some money transactions.

The girl ultimately confessed as much as that the trick had been carried on by means of ventriloquism—a faculty then little understood. She died in 1807, having been twice married.

One of the original people connected with Clerkenwell, which lies to the north of Smithfield, was the widow of Christopher Monk, the second Duke of Albemarle. She died at Newcastle House, Clerkenwell, in 1738. At the duke's death she was left an immense fortune, and riches appear to have turned her crazy. She vowed that if she married again it would be to no other than a sovereign prince. Her second husband was actually the first Duke of Montague, but he gained her hand by making her believe that he was the Emperor of China! As might be expected from such a beginning, it was anything but a happy union; but the Duke of Montague died, and the mad duchess survived him for thirty years. She kept up the idea of royal magnificence to the last, and insisted on being always served on bended knee.

Going southwards from Smithfield we make our next halt in Newgate-street, and looking through the rails at Christ's Hospital remember how the monastery of Grey Friars, which used to occupy the site of the hospital, was a favourite burying-place of the Queens of England, and other illustrious ladies. Amongst these were Margaret, the second wife of Edward I.; Isabel, the wife of Edward II.; Joan of the Tower, her daughter, who married David II., King of Scots; and Isabel, Baroness Fitzwarren, Queen of the Isle of Man.

The prison of Newgate will ever be famous in the records of philanthropy on account of the labours within its gloomy walls of Mrs. Fry, a true heroine, the aim of whose life was to transform criminals and outcasts into God-fearing men and women. The state of Newgate when she first visited the female prisoners there, in 1813, was almost beyond belief. In two wards and two cells, of which the extent did not exceed a hundred and ninety square yards, no fewer than three hundred women and children were confined. Some of the women were tried, others were still unconvicted, but all lived together and fared alike: they lived, cooked, and washed in these four rooms. Their bed was on the floor, some of the boards of which, raised for the purpose, served for a pillow. Such clothing as they had was in rags. Nothing was given them to do, and they fought, drank, and gambled without restraint. The governor of Newgate always entered this portion of the prison reluctantly, and to reform the reckless crew seemed one of the most hopeless things in the world.

But Mrs. Fry tried it. Writing on the 16th of February, 1813, she thus speaks of her third visit:—"Yesterday we were some hours at Newgate with the poor female felons, attending to their outward necessities; we had been twice previously. Before we went away dear Anna Buxton uttered a few words in supplication, and, very unexpectedly to myself, I did also. I heard weeping, and I thought they appeared much tendered. A very solemn quiet was observed. It was a striking scene—the poor people on their knees around us in their deplorable condition."

In April, 1817, Mrs. Fry, in company with the wife of a clergyman and eleven members of the Society of Friends, formed "An Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate." Its object was declared to be "to provide for the clothing, the instruction, and the employment of the women, to introduce them to a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and to form in them, as much as possible, those habits of order, sobriety, and industry which may render them docile and peaceable whilst in prison, and respectable when they leave it."

Mrs. Fry and her friends worked hard—"they literally lived among the prisoners"—and the effect of their self-denying labours was soon apparent. The inmates of the prison, from being like wild beasts, soon ap-

peared harmless and kind. The improvement which the Association effected even in the short space of a fortnight was wonderful. A gentleman who then visited Newgate thus describes what he saw:—

"I went, and requested permission to see Mrs. Fry, which was shortly obtained, and I was conducted by a turnkey to the entrance of the women's wards. On my approach, no loud or dissonant sounds or angry voices indicated that I was about to enter a place which, I was credibly assured, had long had for one of its titles that of 'Hell above ground.' The courtyard into which I was admitted, instead of being peopled with beings scarcely human—blaspheming, fighting, tearing each other's hair, or gaming with a filthy pack of cards for the very clothes they wore, which often did not suffice even for decency—presented a scene where stillness and propriety reigned.

"I was conducted by a decently-dressed person, the newly-appointed yard's-woman, to the door of a ward, where, at the head of a long table, sat a lady belonging to the Society of Friends. She was reading aloud to about sixteen women, prisoners, who were engaged in needlework around it. Each wore a clean-looking blue apron and bib, with a ticket, having a number on it, suspended from her neck by a red tape. They all rose on my entrance, curtsied respectfully, and then, at a signal given, resumed their seats and employments. Instead of a scowl, leer, or ill-suppressed laugh, I observed on their countenances an air of self-respect and gravity, a sort of consciousness of their improved character and the altered position in which they were placed. I afterwards visited the other wards, which were the counterparts of the first."

When the women convicts left for Botany Bay—these were the days of Botany Bay—Mrs. Fry and her companion made it a rule to accompany them to Deptford, see them on board, give them Bibles, establish a school for the children, and provide them with work for the voyage. One who chanced to meet Mrs. Fry as she returned from a convict ship records the indescribable charm that seemed to accompany all the actions of "this beautiful, persuasive, and heavenly-minded woman." "To see her," he adds, "was to love her; to hear her was to feel as if a guardian angel had bade you follow that teaching which could alone subdue the temptations and evils of this life and secure a Redeemer's love in eternity."

It is pleasing to be able to add that Mrs. Fry's philanthropic labours were never allowed by her to interfere with what ought to be the first care of every wife and mother—duty to her own family. She was as good a wife and mother as she was a prisoner's friend. Her offspring was numerous, and she herself records that when the King of Prussia paid her a visit at her residence in Upton-lane, she presented to him seven of her sons and sons-in-law, eight of her daughters and daughters-in-law, and twenty-five of her grandchildren.

In the churchyard of St. Sepulchre's, within a stone's throw of Newgate, lies buried Captain John Smith, a famous soldier of fortune, with whose name will ever be associated that of the Indian princess, Pocahontas, who once saved his life. Smith, during the early settlement of Virginia, had fallen into the hands of the Indians, and had been sentenced to death. His execution, however, was not immediate, and whilst awaiting his end he calmly amused himself in stringing beads, which he gave to Pocahontas, the daughter of the chief, Powhatan, a girl of twelve years of age. She was an engaging child; her beauty of face and form and her noble spirit, combined with gentleness, gave her a place so far in advance of the other maidens of her people that she was known as "the nonpareil of the country."

At last the day of Captain Smith's doom was fixed; he was to die under the blows of the tomahawk. He bowed his neck to receive the fatal stroke; the tomahawk was lifted; but just at that moment Pocahontas, obeying an impulse of mercy, sprang to his side, threw her arms about him, and, laying her head upon his, interposed between him and death. Her devotion and entreaties spared his life, and the Indians resolved to treat him as a friend. He was shortly afterwards permitted to return to his own people, and his captivity ultimately proved of great service to the colony, for he was able to establish a peaceful intercourse between the English and the tribes who acknowledged the sway of the father of Pocahontas.

The great City improvement of the Holborn Viaduct swept away a street called Skinner-street, which used to run by the south side of St. Sepulchre's. In Skinner-street William Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," had a shop for several years, and we mention him that we may allude to the chief event of his life, his marriage with the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft. It was an original union. Both being of opinion that it is possible for two persons to be too uniformly in each other's society, Godwin took an apartment about twenty doors from the house they occupied in Somers Town, and there for the greater part of every day he pursued his studies and literary occupations.

"We also agreed," he says, "in condemning the notion that a man and his wife cannot visit in mixed society but in company with each other, and we rather sought occasions of deviating from than of complying with this rule. By these means, though for the most part we spent the latter part of each day in one another's society, yet we were in no danger of satiety. We seemed to combine, in a considerable degree, the novelty and lively sensation of a visit with the more delicious and heartfelt pleasures of domestic life." It was a marriage that provided a haven of rest for Mary Wollstonecraft after the storms of her early career; but it only lasted about eighteen months, when she died in giving birth to a child, who grew to womanhood, and became the wife of the poet Shelley, and the author of "Frankenstein."

Two marriages of interest are connected with the church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, the first church of England after St. Sepulchre's that we come to going west. On the 3rd of July, 1638, Colonel Hutchinson was married here to Lucy Apsley, the second daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, who till the time of his death, in 1630, was Lieutenant of the Tower. Mrs. Hutchinson is well-known through her "Memoirs" of the life of her husband, a charming book by a noble woman.

There have been many instances of love at first sight, but in Colonel Hutchinson's case it was love before first sight. The way it happened was this:—He had gone to Richmond to stay for a short time with his music-master, a man who stood high in his profession, and in the musician's house was a younger daughter of Sir Allen Apsley. She was boarding there for the practice of the lute, and till the return of her mother, who had gone into Wiltshire to complete a treaty, in which some progress had been made, about the marriage of her elder daughter, Lucy.

"This young girl," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "that was left in the house with Mr. Hutchinson was a very child, her elder sister at that time being scarcely past it, but a child of such pleasantness and vivacity of spirit that Mr. Hutchinson took pleasure in hearing her practise, and would fall in a discourse with her.

"She, having the keys of her mother's house, some half a mile distant, would sometimes ask Mr. Hutchinson, when she went over, to walk along with her. One day when he was there, looking upon an odd by-shelf in her sister's closet, he found a few Latin books. Asking whose they were, he was told they were her elder sister's; whereupon, inquiring more after her, he began to be sorry she was gone before he had seen her, and gone upon such an account he was not likely to see her.

"Then he grew to love to hear mention of her, and the other gentlewomen who had been her companions used to talk much to him of her, telling him how reserved and studious she was, and other things which they esteemed no advantage; but it so much inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her that he began to wonder that his heart, which had ever had such an indifferency for the most excellent of womankind, should have so strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw; and, certainly, it was of the Lord (though he perceived it not) who had ordained him, through so many providences, to be yolked with her, in whom he found so much satisfaction." Such a hold had the phantom Miss Lucy taken of him that when one day the news arrived as they sat at table that led all the company to declare that she was actually married, he turned pale as death, and had to retire from the room to hide his agitation.

But the company was mistaken; Miss Lucy came back unmarried. Mr. Hutchinson found his expectations more than realised, and as for the young lady, in the quaint words of the "Memoirs," "she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul" when she first cast eyes on him.

They soon became engaged, but, unfortunately, the day before the friends on both sides met to celebrate the marriage, she fell ill of the small-pox. "First her life was almost in desperate hazard, and then the disease, for the present, made her the most deformed person that could be seen for a great while after she recovered. Yet Mr. Hutchinson was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered, as well as before."

The parish registry of St. Andrew's, Holborn, contains the entry of a marriage that turned out very differently—the ill-starred union between Lady Hatton (the wealthy widow of Sir William Hatton) and Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer, which took place in 1598. There never was much love lost on either side, and from the very beginning Lady Hatton affected great contempt for her husband, who, by the way, was old enough to have been her father. She was imperious, officious, and vindictive, and her second instalment of matrimonial life was marked by some most amusing squabbles.

The honeymoon was not long over when Lady Hatton forbade her spouse to enter her Holborn house (which stood not far from St. Andrew's Church) except by a back door. For many years the stern lawyer submitted to be henpecked in silence. At length, however, he was driven to have recourse to law, for while he was professionally engaged in London his wife was in the country dismantling his house at Stoke. She collected all his plate and other valuable movables, and carried them off to one of the residences which had been left her by her first husband.

Unfortunately for him, Sir Edward had not the patience to wait for the decision of the Courts. He took the law in his own hands, and forcibly entered Lady Hatton's houses in search of his property, and in recovering it carried off some of hers.

This gave rise to an action on her part—"Stop," she said to the Court, "his high, tyrannical courses; for I have suffered beyond the measure of any wife, mother, nay, of any ordinary woman in this kingdom, without respect to my father, my birth, my fortunes, with which I have so highly raised him."

Sir Edward might at first have been in the right, but he had acted so as to put himself in the wrong. Judgment was given in favour of Lady Hatton, and a reconciliation took place, Sir Edward expressing himself as hopeful that "she would still prove a very good wife."

The following year, however, there was another dispute, and the subject of it was their only child, a girl about fourteen years of age. Sir Edward wished her to marry Sir John Villiers (brother of Buckingham, the favourite of King James), and neither the girl nor her mother was willing.

He told them one night that he was determined that the marriage should come off, and on waking next morning found that Lady Hatton and her daughter had left the house at midnight. After several days he learned that they were concealed at Oatlands, a house rented by a cousin of Lady Hatton's.

Sir Edward then got together a dozen strong men, all well armed, and, without taking any trouble about a warrant, posted down to Oatlands, and after two hours' resistance took the house by assault and battery. He carried off his daughter in triumph to Stoke, locked her up in an upper room, and put the key in his pocket.

Lady Hatton made an attempt to recover her daughter by force, but it was unsuccessful, and landed her in prison, much to her husband's delight. With his wife in prison and his daughter under lock and key, he, to use his own words, "had got upon his wings again."

Both wife and daughter now promised a legal consent to the marriage, which took place at Hampton Court, in 1617, in the presence of the king and queen and all the leading nobility of England. Lady Hatton, however, was prudently kept in confinement till it was over.

The domestic broils of Sir Edward came to an end only with his life. Lady Hatton pursued him with rancorous hatred, and openly avowed her impatience for his death. He died on the 3rd of September, 1634, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

(To be continued.)



His mother was dead; of that he was assured, but these friends of his father, who were they? At least they were respectable, he thought, for the letter was well written and correctly spelt, though the writing appeared disguised.

"What does it matter?" he resolved at last, rousing himself. "Padre! Madre! I used to celebrate my *jour de fête* by feeding the hungry. What shall I do to-day?"

"Go and do likewise," returned Mr. Prettyman.

And he did likewise, for in the evening he and his foster-parents went to the ragged-school in which he had taught as child and youth. Miss Heath excused herself on the plea of headache, and retired to her room at Mr. Prettyman's orders. Sampson and the other domestics had done wonders, for knowing the family proclivities, and being aided by kindly schoolmasters and school-mistresses well used to "treats," an *ad libitum* supply of food had been secured, and, as if by magic, guests had been bidden to a feast. When George sought his old and favourite haunt, he found the yard already full of ragged urchins waiting for admission, and no sooner did they find out who he was than they began to cheer with might and main, not ceasing until they were admitted into the big ragged church at the top of the building and began to scramble into their seats. Formerly he had been the hero of the fife and drum band, now he was the hero of colours rescued at an Indian fort and life saved in an African desert. His fame had preceded him, and no sooner did Sampson inform the teachers in whose honour the feast was given than the news spread, and several friends from the neighbourhood, voluntary instructors of the ignorant, arrived to greet him. Old pupils, too, whom he had helped up the steep ladder of poverty, were there, and in the hearty grip of their hands and the "God bless you" of their hearts, he and his foster-parents found more satisfaction than they could have found by any other means. As to Patrick and Biddy, they were both lost in amazement.

"Them's the slums you mentioned," said Pat. "Ould Ireland and London may shake hands," says I.

George's eyes were as clear and honest, his smile as winning, his manner as frank and true on that, his twenty-first birthday, as they had been in his boyhood, and as he waited on the children and promised the teachers to be at the school, as had been his custom, the following Sunday afternoon, he won the hearts of old and young, teachers and taught, clothed and ragged. No wonder his *madre* blessed him, and congratulated herself that she had no rival in that happy estate of motherhood.

When they cheered him again and welcomed him home and thanked him for the treat, he said, as he had often done before, "You owe all of it, as I do, to these generous benefactors; nothing to me," which oiled the throats of the youngsters for more hurrahs in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman, names well known in that over-crowded locality.

"I have had a very happy birthday," said George to Miss Heath, when they returned to the house.

He found her alone in the drawing-room, and seated himself at her side. Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman were making arrangements with the Irish *fiancés* for their intended wedding.

"I am very glad. I wish Mimica had been here," said Miss Heath with her usual quietude.

"Is Mimi much altered? I have not seen her since we were at Summerlands six or seven years ago."

"She is scarcely changed at all; but you are grown out of knowledge. You look older than you are, she younger."

"Is she happy? Is Mr. Le Roy good to her? Why did you leave her, Miss Heath?"

"Mr. Le Roy dismissed me. I was in his way."

"Poor Mimi! My Mimi! She has had a lonely life. I have not heard from her for some time; but I have written regularly. My last letter, just before I left the Cape, was about poor Horace Leste."

"Horace Leste? What of him?"

"Have you not heard? How strange! He is dead."

Miss Heath sprang up with a sharp cry of, "Dead!" For this sudden intelligence startled her terribly. George took her hand and held it, as if to reassure her, and either the sad news or the tender action opened the locked heart, and she began to cry copiously.

"I should not have been so hasty; but it is old to me, this sad event so new to you. I wrote to Mr. Leste, and the captain wrote, and ere this the letters must have reached. It was not long before we left the Cape, and I was with him. I went on board his ship to bid him good-bye, and found him in the horrible African fever. I was able to remain with him a day and night, and to receive all his last messages, and to take possession of his little property and remembrances for home. Oh, Miss Heath! it was a melancholy time; but not half so melancholy as to see comrades full around you in battle, and not be able to offer a word of consolation or to watch them breathe their last. So fell my own father; but Horace was surrounded by friends who all loved him—for was he not brave and gentle? And he was quite ready. I was to tell his father that all his lessons were remembered, and that he trusted alone for salvation in his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

"Poor Mrs. Leste! Were you able—?" sobbed Miss Heath.

"Yes; he died, his hand in mine. I followed him as chief mourner, for they buried him on land; and I promised him to see his friends as soon as I came to England. I must go to-morrow. What will *madre* say?"

Mrs. Prettyman came in just as he was asking the question, and looked at first in amusement then in surprise at the pair on the sofa. George still held Miss Heath's hand, and she was still weeping. He communicated to her what he had told Miss Heath. She was all sympathy in a moment, and when almost immediately Mr. Prettyman entered, his kind heart was equally moved.

"The eldest son! the apple of their eye. God bless them," he exclaimed. "Of course you must go to-morrow, George, and his brother shall go with you. He will be a comfort to them, but he has not heard of it, I am sure."

"Horace asked the captain not to announce his death by telegram, lest the shock should kill his mother," said George; "therefore the news may only just have reached them. I trust they may be prepared by letters, and that I may not be the first to break it to them. I do not think I could bear it; Mimi, too! They were—"

Here George paused, while a flush of colour overspread his face.

"They were like brother and sister; Mimica will feel it as much as anyone. I wish she were here," put in Miss Heath.

The melancholy conversation was interrupted by Sampson, who came to ask George to wish their Irish guests good-night. The little party went into the hall, and were soon transferred from "grave to gay."

"Ye'll come to our weddin', Masther George?" said Pat, while the comely milk-woman, Biddy, took George's hand and gazed lovingly into his face.

"That I will," returned George. "And one or other of you must write to me regularly and tell me all that happens to you. I shall never forget when I came away from Ireland."

"If you had stopped there you would have been a prize-fighter instead of—well! What's the difference? You are a prize-fighter as it is," laughed Mr. Prettyman, while George looked grave.

"We will pay for the wedding and the passage home, and help you to set up in life," said Mrs. Prettyman.

"Biddy a' saved a lot o' money. 'Tis the womens as is the wonders of the world," remarked Pat. "I niver saved a penny in my life, but I found her all the same. Good-night, and God bless yer honours for iver and for iver."

(To be continued.)

## A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

### ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

#### VIII.—FROM HOLBORN TO CHARING-CROSS.

WE now start, girls, on our last ramble, for the present, through London streets. The point at which we paused in the preceding article was the east end of Holborn. We have now to go westwards to Regent-circus, then southwards down Regent-street, and then westwards again along Piccadilly, after which we shall set our faces eastwards by Constitution-hill, the Mall, and Pall-Mall, till we reach Charing-cross, where we shall bid each other farewell.

Castle-street, on the south side of Holborn, leads to Cursitor-street, where Lord Chancellor Eldon lived in his young days with his pretty wife, Bessie Surtees, with whom he ran away from Newcastle. This first London perch of theirs was a humble little house, but Bessie contrived to make it bright and cheerful. Lord Eldon, we are told by Mr. Jeaffreson, had in after life to regret his wife's peculiarities, her stinginess, and her nervous repugnance to society; but he remained devoted in his attachment. "Poor Bessie!" he said, in his old age, after she was dead, "if

ever there was an angel on earth, she was one. The only reparation which one man can make to another for running away with his daughter is to be exemplary in his conduct towards her."

For observing the fashions, one of the best places in London in the days of Charles II. was the Gardens of Gray's Inn, entered from Holborn by Fulwood's Rents, then a very different sort of locality to what it is now. The ladies and gentlemen of Charles II.'s time used to promenade in these gardens on summer evenings and on Sundays after church.

Pepys, the diarist, often went there, sometimes alone and sometimes with his wife. Mrs. Pepys kept her eye on the costumes, but it was otherwise with Mr. Pepys, and his wife seems to have had her jealousy occasionally roused by his outspoken admiration of the handsome faces.

There are several recollections of Queen Elizabeth linked with Gray's Inn. The members of this inn were always treated by her Majesty with marked distinction, and to this day at all festal occasions the only toast proposed by the benchers is the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of good Queen Bess.

Little Queen-street, Holborn, will always be remembered in connection with Charles Lamb and his sister Mary. It was in poor lodgings here that the insanity of Mary Lamb broke out into violent madness, in a fit of which she killed her mother. This took place on the 23rd of September, 1796, when Charles was about twenty-one years old and Mary about thirty-one. On that day, just before dinner, Mary seized a case-knife which was lying on the table, pursued a little girl round the room, hurled about the dinner-forks, wounding her father in the forehead with one of them, and finally, in a fit of uncontrollable frenzy, stabbed her mother to the heart. Charles was at hand only in time to snatch the knife out of her grasp before further harm could be done.

After the inquest she was placed in a lunatic asylum, where in a short time she recovered her serenity. She was, however, throughout life subject to frequent returns of the same disease, and her brother on one occasion writes, "I consider her as perpetually on the brink of madness."

To her comfort and protection Charles Lamb sacrificed everything; to save his sister—a gentle woman who had watched like a mother over his own infancy—the whole length of his life was devoted. "What he endured," says Barry Cornwall, "through the space of nearly forty years from the incessant fear and frequent recurrence of his sister's insanity, can now only be conjectured. In this constant and uncomplaining endurance, and in his steady adherence to a great principle of conduct, his life was heroic."

The whole north side of Bloomsbury-square, off Holborn, was once occupied by Southampton House. Here Lady Rachel Russell—whose husband, Lord William Russell, was executed in 1683—died in 1723. She is one of the famous women of history—pious, reflecting, firm, and courageous; alike exemplary in prosperity and adversity, when observed by multitudes or hidden in retirement. "Her name," it has been well remarked, "tells its own touching story; it recalls her as her own contemporaries beheld her, sitting by her husband and taking notes during his trial; consoling him in his prison, and wearing a calm almost cheerful mien at the very time her heart was breaking with love and grief. When was a great sorrow so deeply felt, yet so simply borne, as during the last silent parting witnessed by Burnet; and which, when she had left him, made Lord William Russell exclaim, 'The bitterness of death is past!'"

In Oxford-street we are reminded of a curious story thus told by Mr. Edward Walford in "Old and New London":—"Amidst all its bustle and business, Oxford-street has, nevertheless, had a touch of 'the romantic,' if a peculiar eccentricity, brought about by disappointment in love affairs, can be called a romance. At all events we read how a certain Miss Mary Lucine, a maiden of small fortune, who resided in this street, who died in 1778, having met with a disappointment in matrimony in early life, vowed that she would never see the light of the sun! Accordingly the windows of her apartments

were closely shut up for years, and she kept her resolution to her dying-day."

The famous collection of pictures in needlework by Miss Mary Linwood, of Leicester, was first exhibited in London at the Pantheon, in Oxford-street. It was subsequently removed to Leicester-square.

No needlework of ancient or modern times seems to have surpassed the productions of Miss Linwood. Her pictures were executed with fine crewels, dyed under her own superintendence, and worked on a thick tammy, woven expressly for her use. All the work was done by herself, the only assistance she received, if such it could be called, being in the threading of the needles. She was an industrious needlewoman; her first picture was executed when she was thirteen years old; her last when she was seventy-eight. She died in 1845, at the age of ninety.

Most of the needlework pictures in her collection—and in the end there were sixty-four of them—were large or gallery size, and copies from paintings by great masters. The best of them all was "Salvator Mundi," after Carlo Dolce; three thousand guineas were offered for it and refused, and it was left by Miss Linwood at her death to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Berners-street, Oxford-street, was the scene of the famous Berners-street hoax, which made such a sensation in 1809. This was a hoax played off by Theodore Hook, and one or two of his friends, on a lady living at No. 54, against whom they had conceived a grudge. They despatched thousands of letters to all sorts and conditions of men, asking them to call on a certain day and at a particular hour at this lady's house.

"So successful was the trick," says Dr. Robert Chambers, "that nearly all obeyed the summons. Coal-wagons heavily laden, carts of upholstery, vans with pianos and other articles, wedding and funeral coaches, all rumbled through and filled up the adjoining streets and lanes; sweeps assembled with the implements of their trade, tailors with clothes that had been ordered, pastrycooks with wedding-cakes, undertakers with coffins, fishmongers with codfish, and butchers with legs of mutton.

"There were surgeons with their instruments, lawyers with their papers and parchments, and clergymen with their books of devotion. Such a babel was never heard before in London, and, to complete the business, who should drive up but the lord mayor in his state carriage, the governor of the Bank of England, the chairman of the East India Company, and even a scion of royalty itself in the person of the Duke of Gloucester.

"Hook and his confederates were meanwhile enjoying the fun from a window in the neighbourhood, but the consternation occasioned to the lady who had been made the victim of the jest was nearly becoming too serious a matter. Hook never avowed himself as the originator of the trick, though there is no doubt of his being the prime actor in it."

At the head of Regent-street we are in the immediate neighbourhood of Hanover-square, the name of which is well-known in connection with St. George's Church, the scene of so many fashionable marriages. It was at this church that the Duke of Wellington gave so many brides away.

Passing down the cheerful thoroughfare of Regent-street, we make our way, with what speed the tempting shop windows will allow, to Piccadilly-circus.

Running westwards, parallel with Piccadilly, is Jermyn-street, which got its name from Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, who is said to have married Henrietta Maria, after the execution of her first husband, Charles I. According to Pennant, "she ruled her first

husband, a king, but her second husband, a subject, ruled her."

In this street, close to St. James's Church, there live, in the days of Queen Anne, a Mrs. Howe, whose husband once disappeared in an extraordinary manner. The story is told by Dr. W. King in his "Anecdotes of His Own Time." The Howes were well-to-do people, Mr. Howe having a fortune of £700 or £800 a year. One day, seven or eight years after he was married, he left his wife and his two children, for apparently no reason in the world, and for seventeen years there was nothing heard of him. At the end of that time, her two children having died, Mrs. Howe removed from Jermyn-street to a smaller house off Golden-square.

Now it appears that during the whole seventeen years Mr. Howe had gone no further away than Westminster, where he lived, disguised in dress and under another name. He even saw his wife at church every Sunday at St. James's, Piccadilly, and used to frequent a coffee house, from the windows of which he could watch her at her meals. Oddly enough, the keeper of the coffee house, taking Mr. Howe for a bachelor, used to point to the lady over the way and say, "There is a widow who would make a very good wife for you."

When the seventeen years had expired, Mrs. Howe received an anonymous letter asking her to come the following night to Birdcage-walk, as the writer had something particular to communicate. She went, and there found her truant husband, and, in the words of the story-books, "they lived happily together ever afterwards." His whim of running away, and staying away so long, was never explained.

In Arlington-street, Piccadilly, Lady Mary Wortley Montague lived, before her marriage, in the house of her father, who afterwards became the Duke of Kingston. Lady Mary eloped with Mr. Wortley Montague, but the father, after a certain interval of course, received them, notwithstanding their contempt of his authority, into some sort of favour and countenance. They had probably, it has been suggested, saved him money by their irregularity, and economical frailties are rarely judged severely by men of fashion who are benefited by them.

Whatever her faults, and she had a good number, Lady Mary deserves to be remembered for her charming "Letters," and for her having brought home from the East, where she had resided with her husband, the notion of inoculation as a means of warding off the ordinary attack of small-pox. She did her best to render this malignant disease as comparatively harmless in her own country as she had found it to be in Turkey.

She did not get much thanks at the time, and, like most improvers, was very roughly spoken to. The medical profession rose against her almost to a man, predicting the most awful consequences. The clergy, too, denounced it as wicked to have a disease which Providence did not think fit to send, and the common people were taught to regard Lady Mary with abhorrence, and to hoot at her as an unnatural mother who, in trying inoculation on her own boy and girl, had risked her children's lives.

Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, deserves notice by us on account of its having been the residence of the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. She was one of the most distinguished ladies of high rank whom the eighteenth century produced. Her personal charms constituted her smallest pretension to universal admiration, and her beauty did not consist in regularity of features and faultless formation of limbs and shape; "it lay rather in the graces of her deportment, in her irresistible manner, and the seduction of her society."

She took great interest in public affairs,



and played an active part in securing the return of Mr. Fox for Westminster in 1784 these were the eventful days of the struggle between Pitt and Fox. It was in connection with her exertions at this time that the following lines were written by one of her admirers:—

“Arrayed in matchless beauty, Devon’s fair  
In Fox’s favour takes a zealous part;  
But, oh! whene’er the pilferer comes—  
beware!  
She supplicates a vote and steals a heart.”

Many compliments were paid to the beautiful duchess, but she used to say that of all flattering speeches the one she valued most was that of the drunken Irishman who asked to light his pipe by the fire of her eyes.

At the corner of Stratton-street and Piccadilly is the residence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of whose wealth and benevolence nothing need be said, for they are known to everybody. The house was previously occupied by Mrs. Coutts, the widow of Thomas Coutts, the banker. Mrs. Coutts was originally Harriet Mellon, the actress, and ended in becoming the Duchess of St. Albans. We spoke about her when going through the Strand.

Before turning eastwards we may as well prolong our ramble a little farther, and visit Kensington Palace, which is interesting as the home, during her early life, of Queen Victoria. It was here that she was born, at a quarter past four on the morning of the 24th of May, 1819. On the 24th of June she was christened in the grand saloon of the palace by the name of Alexandrina Victoria.

It was at Kensington that Her Majesty first heard of her accession to the throne on the 20th of June, 1837, when she was just eighteen years of age. There is a description given by Miss Wynn, which has been often quoted, and will bear quoting again, of the way in which the young sovereign received the news.

King William IV. died in Windsor Castle at twenty minutes past two on the morning of the 20th of June, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the Lord Chamberlain, who was the Marquis of Conyngham, at once left Windsor for Kensington Palace. They reached Kensington at about five in the morning.

“They knocked,” says Miss Wynn, “they rang, they thumped, for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform Her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, ‘We are come on business of state to the Queen, and even sleep must give way to that.’ It did, and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.”

The Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, was at once sent for, and the Privy Council was summoned to meet at Kensington Palace at eleven o’clock, when the Lord Chancellor administered the usual oaths to the Queen, and Her Majesty received in return the oaths of allegiance of the cabinet ministers and other privy councillors present.

At this trying ceremony, says Mr. Greville, “she seemed rather bewildered at the number of men who were sworn, and who came one

after another to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the ministers and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating.”

We return now to Hyde Park Corner, and, leaving the line of Piccadilly, proceed by Constitution-hill towards Buckingham Palace. On Constitution-hill an attempt on Her Majesty’s life was made on the 10th of June, 1840, by a youth about seventeen years of age, named Oxford. The Queen and the Prince Consort (Her Majesty had then been exactly four months married) were setting out on their usual afternoon drive, and were proceeding slowly up Constitution-hill, when Oxford fired two pistol-shots very deliberately at her.

The Queen and the Prince were fortunately both uninjured, and displayed the utmost self-possession. As for the would-be assassin, he was at once arrested. He proved to be “an absurd creature, half crazy, with a longing to consider himself a political prisoner and to be talked of.” On being tried he was declared insane and sentenced to incarceration for life.

The sentence was not, however, carried out to the letter, for in 1867 he received a free pardon and release, subject only to the very proper provision that he should leave the country and never return.

A similar attempt was made two years later on the very spot where Oxford fired his pistol shots. The man in this case was a machinist in Drury Lane. He was tried and sentenced to death for high treason, but the sentence was commuted to one of transportation for life.

A third adventure her Majesty had on Constitution Hill was the firing of a pistol at her by an Irish bricklayer. This was in 1849. The pistol, it appears, was charged only with powder, but the man who fired it was sentenced to seven years’ transportation.

Buckingham Palace, which has been called the ugliest royal residence in Europe, is where Queen Victoria took up her abode in 1837. It is here that the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales were born, and it has also been the birthplace of most of the other children of her Majesty.

There is a modern air about all the recollections connected with Buckingham Palace—it was only built from 1825 to 1837—but it is otherwise with the old palace of St. James’s, the next object of our attention. “Bloody Mary” died at St. James’s Palace on the 17th of November, 1558. We all know how her end was hastened by grief at the capture of Calais by the French, a town that had been held by the English for two hundred and ten years. “It is said,” remarks an old historian, “that in the beginning of her sickness her friends, supposing the absence of her husband, King Philip, afflicted her, endeavoured by all means to divert her melancholy. But all proved in vain, and the queen, abandoning herself to despair, told them she should die, though as yet they were strangers to the cause of her death; but if they would know it hereafter, they must dissect her, and they would find Calais at her heart: intimating that the loss of that place was her death-wound.”

In the Chapel Royal, St. James’s, there have been some interesting marriages. Here Prince George of Denmark married the Princess Anne, and a later Anne, the eldest daughter of George II. and Queen Caroline, married the Prince of Orange. In the case of

the second Anne the bridegroom was anything but handsome, but the princess’s love of power made her eager for the alliance. When her parents reminded her of her intended’s ungainly (one might almost say hideous) appearance, “I would marry him,” replied Anne, “even if he were a baboon.” The marriage, however, seems to have turned out a happy one.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were married in the Chapel Royal. This event took place on the 10th of February, 1840, at one o’clock. At half past twelve the Queen left Buckingham Palace for St. James’s, her mother and the Duchess of Sutherland being in the same carriage with her. Her Majesty wore a dress of rich white satin, trimmed with orange flower blossoms. On her head she had a wreath of the same blossoms, over which, but so as not to conceal the face, a beautiful veil of Honiton lace was thrown. The bridesmaids were in white with roses.

The wedding breakfast at the palace followed the ceremony in the chapel, and in the afternoon the Queen and Prince left for Windsor Castle. “Our reception,” the Queen relates in her Journal, “was most enthusiastic, hearty, and gratifying in every way; the people quite deafening with their cheers.”

An insane woman, called Margaret Nicholson, made an attempt on the life of George III. one day in the autumn of 1786, as he was alighting from his carriage at the private entrance communicating between St. James’s Park and the garden of St. James’s Palace. She attacked him with a knife. “The bystanders were proceeding to wreak summary vengeance on her when the King generously interfered on her behalf. ‘The poor creature,’ he exclaimed, ‘is mad; do not hurt her; she has not hurt me.’ He then stepped forward and showed himself to the populace, assuring them that he was safe and uninjured.”

Marlborough House, St. James’s, interesting to us now-a-days as the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, has had many famous characters connected with it. The great Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, died here. It was she who used to speak of her “neighbour George,” meaning the King at St. James’s Palace.

This was one of the houses assigned for her residence as Queen Dowager to Adelaide, the exemplary wife of William IV. To keep up her establishment here and at Bushey-park she was allowed the magnificent sum of £100,000 a year. A large portion of this—it is said upwards of £20,000 a year—she spent in charity; she was especially munificent towards institutions connected with the navy, to which her husband, the late king, had belonged.

Between Marlborough House and Charing Cross we might speak of many an interesting incident and many a notable character. The longest day, however, has an end, and considerations of space must be allowed to influence even the most enthusiastic. With the mention of an estimable queen, we close, then, these notes on the womanly recollection of the great metropolis. What countless tales we have left untold, everyone with a little research may discover for herself both in the streets we have visited, and in those through which we have never been. From the lions at Trafalgar Square we set out, and under their shadow, with all friendly wishes for those who have accompanied us on our pilgrimage, we now must take our leave.

