

two months after we took the studio, and left me at a day's notice. The amount and kind of moral courage I had to summon up before I could go home alone the first evening after my comrade left me can only be appreciated by those who have undergone some similar torture. It was not like the bracing up a man goes through when he has to face some imminent known danger, but was of a more subtle and complex kind. "There is nothing to fear," I kept saying to myself, and yet I could not shake off a nameless dread. "You are in your right mind and have all your senses," I continually argued, "for you see and hear and reason clearly enough. It is a brief hallucination, and you can conquer the mental weakness which causes it by persistent strength of will. If it be a simulacrum, you as a practical man, with good physical health and sound enough reasoning powers, ought to investigate it to the best of your ability." In this way I endeavored to nerve myself up, and went home late, as usual. The regular incident of the night occurred. I felt keenly the loss of my friend's companionship, and suffered accordingly, but in the morning I was no nearer to the solution of the mystery than I was before.

For five weary, torturing nights did I go up to that room alone, and, with no sound of human proximity to cheer me or to break the wretched feeling of utter solitude, I endured the same experience. At last I could bear it no longer, and determined to have a change of air and

surroundings. I hastily packed a travelling-bag and my color-box, leaving all my extra clothes in the wardrobes and the bureau drawers, told the landlady I should return in a week or two, and paid her for the remainder of the time in advance. The last thing I did was to take my travelling-cap, which hung near the head of my bed. A break in the wall-paper showed that there was a small door here. Pulling the knob which had held my cap, the door was readily opened, and disclosed a small niche in the wall. Leaning against the back of the niche was a small crucifix with a rude figure of Christ, and suspended from the neck of the image by a small cord was a triangular object covered with faded cloth. While I was examining with some interest the hiding-place of these relics, the landlady entered.

"What are these?" I asked.

"Oh, signore!" she said, half sobbing as she spoke. "Those are relics of my poor husband. He was an artist like yourself, signore. He was—he was—ill, very ill—and in mind as well as body, signore. May the Blessed Virgin rest his soul! He hated the crucifix, he hated the scapular, he hated the priests. Signore, he—he died without the sacrament, and cursed the holy water. I have never dared to touch those relics, signore. But he was a good man, and the best of husbands;" and she buried her face in her hands.

I took the first train for Naples, and have never been in Rome since.

A WALK IN TUDOR LONDON.

BY WALTER BESANT.



SIGN OF THE THREE KINGS, BUCKLESBURY.

IT was on the morning of June the 23d, in the year of grace sixteen hundred and three, that I was privileged to behold

John Stow himself in the flesh, and to converse with him, and to walk with him in the streets of the city whose history and origin he knew better than any man of his own age, or of any time that has followed him. It is common enough for a man to live among posterity, to speak to them and counsel them and comfort them; but for a man to visit his forefathers is a thing of rarer occurrence. At another time the way and manner of slipping backwards up the ringing grooves of change may be explained for the benefit of others. For the moment, the important thing is the actual fact.

I found the venerable antiquary in his

lodging. He lived—it was the year before he died—with his old wife, a childless pair, in a house over against the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, in the street called St. Mary Axe. The house itself was modest, containing two or three rooms on the ground-floor and one large room—or solar, as it would have been called in olden time—above. There was a garden at the back, and behind the garden stood the ruins of St. Helen's Nunnery, with the grounds and gardens of that once famous house, now in the possession of the Leather-sellers' Company. This open space afforded freedom and sweetness for the air, which doubtless conduced to the antiquary's length of days. Outside the door I found, sitting in an arm-chair, Mistress Stow, an ancient dame. She had knitting in her lap, and she was fast asleep, the day being fine and warm, with a hot sun in the heavens, and a soft wind from the south. Without waking her, therefore, I passed within, and mounting a steep, narrow stair, found myself in the library and in the presence of John Stow himself. The place was a long room, lofty in the middle, but with sloping sides. It was lit by two dormer-windows; neither carpet nor arras nor hangings of any kind adorned the room, which was filled, so that it was difficult to turn about in it, with books, papers, parchments, and rolls. They lay piled on the floor; they stood in lines and columns against the walls; they were heaped upon the table; they lay at the right hand of the chair ready for use; they were everywhere. I observed, too, that they were not such books as may be seen in a great man's library, bound, after the Italian fashion, with costly leather, gilt letters, golden clasps, and silken strings. Not so. These books were old folios for the most part; the backs were broken; the leaves, when any lay open, were discolored; many of them were in the Gothic black-letter. On the table were paper, pens, and ink, and in the straight-backed arm-chair sat the old man himself, pen in hand, laboriously bending over a huge tome, from which he was making extracts. He wore a black silk cap; his long white hair fell down upon his shoulders. The casements of the windows stood wide open, and through one of them, which looked to the south, the summer sunshine poured warm and bright upon the old scholar's head, and upon the table at which he sat.

When I entered the room he looked up, rose, and bowed courteously. His figure was tall and spare; his shoulders were rounded by much bending over books; his face was scored with the lines and wrinkles of old age; his eyes were clear and keen; his look was kindly; his speech was soft and gentle.

"Sir," he said, "you are welcome. I had never expected or looked to converse in the flesh, or in the spirit—I know not which this visit may be called—with one from after-generations; from our children's grandchildren. May I ask to which generation—"

"I belong to the late nineteenth century."

"It is nearly three hundred years to come. Bones a' me! Wonderful! Ten generations! I take this visit, sir, as an encouragement, even a special mark of favor bestowed upon me by the Lord, to show His servant that his work will not be forgotten."

"Forgotten? Nay, Master Stow, there are not many men of your age whom we would not lose before you are forgotten. Believe me, the *Survey* of John Stow will last as long as the city itself."

"Truly, sir," the old man replied. "My sole pains and care have ever been to write the truth. It is forty years—ah! what a man was I at forty! what labors could I then accomplish between up-rising and down-lying!—forty years, I say, since I wrote the lines,

'Of smooth and feathering speech remember to take heed,
For truth in plain words may be told; of craft
a lie hath need.'

Of craft," he repeated, "a lie hath need. If the world would consider. Well, sir, I am old, and my friends are mostly dead, and men, I find, care little for the past, but still regard the present and push on towards the future, wherein are death and the grave. And for my poor services the King hath granted me letters patent whereby I am licensed to beg. I complain not, though for one who is a London citizen and the son and grandson of reputable citizens, to beg one's bread is to be bankrupt, and of bankrupts this city hath great scorn. Yet I complain not."

"In so long a life," I said, "you must have many memories."

"So many, sir, that they fill my mind. Often, as I sit here, whither cometh no one now to converse with me about the

things of old, my senses are closed to the present, and my thoughts carry me back to the old days. Why"—his eyes looked back as he spoke—"I remember King Harry the Eighth, the like of whom for masterfulness this realm hath never seen. Who but a strong man could by his own will overthrow—yea, and tear up by the very foundations—a religion which seemed made to endure forever?

"Sir," he continued, "you are here, whether in the flesh or in the spirit I know not. Come with me. Let me show you my city and my people. In three hundred years there will be many changes and the sweeping away of many old landmarks, I doubt not. There must be many changes in customs and usages and in fashions of dress. Come with me. You shall behold what is—to you—the past."

He put on his cloak—a shabby cloak it was, and too short for his tall figure—and led the way down the narrow stair into the street. He stepped out of the house, and looked up and down the street, sniffing the air with the greatest satisfaction, as if it had been laden with the perfumes of Araby the Blest, instead of the smell of a glue-making shop hard by.

"Ha!" he said, "the air of London is wholesome. We have had no plague since the sweating sickness, fifty years ago." (There was to be another the year after, but this he could not know, and it was not for me to tell him.) "Yet at Iseldon, hard by, fevers are again very prevalent, and the falling-sickness is reported from Westminster. This, sir, is the street of St. Mary Axe. It is not one of our great streets, yet many worshipful men live here. Opposite is the house of one who is worth four thousand pounds at least; not a Gresham or a Staple, yet a man of substance." The house was four stories high, the front of brick and timber, the windows filled above and below with rich carvings, and having a high gable. "The wealth of private citizens hath much increased. In my youth there were few such houses; now there are a dozen where formerly there was but one. If you go into that house, sir, you will find the table plentiful and the wine good; you will see arras hanging in every chamber—a painted cloth with proverbs at least; sweet herbs or flowers are strewn in every room; the house is warmed with fires; the sideboards are loaded with plate, or are bright with Murano glass. There

are coffers of ivory and wood to hold the good man's treasure; and in an upper chamber you shall see hanging up the cloaks and doublets, the gowns and petticoats, of this worthy and worshipful merchant and his family, in silk and velvet, precious and costly. Fifty years ago there would have been none of these things, but treen platters; of arras none; and but one poor silver mazer for all his plate. But we are not ashamed to see the tenements of the craftsmen side by side with the great houses of the rich. For we are all brothers in this city; one family are we, rich and poor together; we are united in our companies and in our work; our prentices are taught their trade; to our maids we give marriage portions; we suffer no stranger among us; our sick and aged are kept from want and suffering."

"But you have many noblemen among you. Surely they are not of your family."

"Sir, the time was when it was a happy circumstance for the city to have the nobles within her walls. That time is past. They are leaving our bounds. One or two alone remain, and I lament not their departure. There is no longer any danger that the city will be separate in mind from the country, and it is true that the rufflers who follow in a noble lord's train are ever ready to turn a silly girl's head, or to lead a prentice into dissolute ways. Happily they are gone.

"Yonder ruin at the north end was St. Augustine on the Wall; here of old times was the house of the old and sick priests, called the Papey. King Henry turned them out, and who took in the poor old men I know not. 'Twas a troubled time. Yonder was the church—its church-yard yet remaineth—of St. Mary Axe, dedicated not only to the Virgin whom now we have ceased to worship, yet still reverence, but also to St. Ursula, whom we regard no more, and to the eleven thousand virgins, at whose pretended miracle we scoff. And opposite is the goodly church of St. Andrew Undershaft. Of churches we have fewer than of old. I remember," he went on, gazing at the church as if he loved the very stones—"I remember the May-pole when it hung upon hooks along the south wall of the church. I never saw it erected, because Evil May-day, before I was born, when the prentices rose against the aliens, was the last time that it was put up. It was

destroyed in King Edward's time, when one Sir Stephen, curate of Katherine Cree, preached at Paul's Cross that the Maypole was an idol. So the people brought axes and cut it up—the goodliest Maypole that the world has ever seen, and taller than the steeple of the church. The same Sir Stephen wanted to change the names of the churches, and the names of the week-days, and the time of Lent—all for the sake of idolatry. And the same Sir Stephen caused the death of the most honest man that ever lived for seditious words. Well, 'tis fifty years ago."

With this reminiscence we passed into Leadenhall Street, a broad and open place. "Now," said Stow, "we are in the very heart of the city. Here hath been, for time out of mind, a corn market. And here are pillory and stocks; but," said Stow, "this pillory is for false dealing only. The greater pillory is in Cheapside. Here we have the Tun Prison"—in shape the building somewhat resembled a tun—"for street offenders and the like. It has been a city prison for three hundred years and more. Beside it is the conduit. Here are two churches—St. Peter's, which falsely pretends to be the most ancient of any in the city, and St. Michael's. But the chief glory of Cornhill is the Royal Exchange. Let us look in."

The entrance and principal front of the Royal Exchange were on the south side. We looked in. The place was crowded with merchants, grave and sober men, walking within in pairs, or gathered in little groups. Among them were foreigners from Germany, France, Venice, Genoa, Antwerp, and even Russia, conspicuous by their dress. "Before the building of this place," said Stow, "our merchants had no place to meet, and were forced to seek out each other; nor was there any place where the latest news might be brought, however much the interest of the city might be affected. Now all is changed, and every morning our worshipful merchants meet to hear the news, and to discuss their business. Come, we must not linger, for we have much to see; else there would be many things to tell. Believe me, sir, I could discourse all day long upon the trade of London, and yet not make an end."

He led me past the Royal Exchange, past two churches, one on the north side and one on the south, into a broad and

open street, which I knew must be Cheapside.

"Here," said he, "is the beauty of London. This, good sir, is Chepe."

The street was at least double the width of its modern successor. The houses, which were the fairest, taken all together, in the whole of the city, were nearly all five stories high, each story projecting above the one below, with high-pitched gable facing the street. The fronts were of brick and timber, and some of them were curiously and richly carved. In some the third story was provided with a balcony shaded from the sun. The ground-floor contained the shop, watched and kept by at least one prentice. A sign hung in front of every house. In the middle was Queen Eleanor's Cross, the figure of the Virgin and Holy Infant, defaced by zealous Protestants. Near the cross was the conduit. The shops on the south side were of grocers, haberdashers, and upholsterers. Farther west the goldsmiths stood together, and then the mercers. The street was filled with people, some riding, some walking. There were gallants, followed by servants carrying their swords; there were grave city merchants and fine city madams; there were working-men and craftsmen; there were the prentices in every shop, bawling their wares.

"When I was a prentice," said Stow, "the boys were made to wear blue cloaks in summer and blue gowns in winter, with breeches and stockings of white broadcloth, and flat caps. They attended their master at night with a lantern and clubs, and they fetched the water in the morning, unless they were mercers, who were excused. But all good manners are changed. Now they dress as they please, and except that they carry the club and break each other's pates withal, they are no longer like the old prentice. Also formerly ten pounds would suffice to bind a lad and make him free of the city, now a hundred is wanted. Well, sir, here you have Chepe. Rich it is with goodly houses and its ancient churches; I say not stately churches, because our forefathers loved better to beautify the religious houses than their parish churches, yet many goodly monuments are erected in them to the memories of dead worthies. Much of the carved work and the painting has been destroyed or defaced by the zeal of reformers, who have broken the painted windows so that false

doctrine should no longer be preached by those dumb orators. Truly, when I think upon the churches as they were, with all their monuments and chapels and holy roods carved and beautified by the cunning of the sculptor and limner, and look upon them as they are hacked and hewn, I am fain to weep for sorrow. Yet, again, when I remember the swarms of monks and priests from whom we are free, and our holy martyrs who perished in the flames, I confess that the destruction was needful." He stepped aside to make room for a gentlewoman who walked proudly along the street, followed by a servant.

"Ay," he murmured, "thy good man is a respectable merchant on Change; his father before him, citizen and armorer, was also respected. But his profits will not long suffice to meet thine extravagance, my fine city madam."

She was of the middle height, and about thirty years of age; her hair was a bright red. "A week ago it was brown," said my guide. It was knotted and raised above her forehead; on her head she wore a hood of muslin, under which one could see gold threads in her hair, and open peascods with pearls for pease; her face was smeared all over with paint; a heavy gold chain hung round her neck; her ruff was of enormous size, and her waist was extravagantly long; her gown was of rich velvet, looped back to show her petticoat of flowered satin; she had a love-lock under her left ear, tied with a freshly cut rose; she was so stuffed out with hoops that she covered as much space as should have served for six women; in one hand she carried a fan, and in the other a pomander-box, at which she snuffed perpetually.

"She moves like a painted galley," said Stow. "No barge on the river finer to look at. All the argosies of the East would be swallowed up by such a woman."

"Yonder," he went on, "is the chief pillory, the whipping-place, of the city. Chepe is not only a place of trade and fine clothes. Here have I seen many things done that would be cruel but for the common weal. Once I saw a comely maiden lose her ears and have her forehead branded for trying to poison her mistress. Once I saw a school-master flogged for cruelly beating a boy. It was rare to see the boys shouting and clapping their hands as the poor wretch screamed. Some have I seen pilloried for cheating,

some for seditious words, some for disorder. Pillory is a potent physician. The mere sight of those round holes and that post doth act like a medicine upon old and young. It is in Smithfield, not in Chepe, that we chiefly hold our executions. Men and women have been burned there for other things besides heresy—for poisoning, for false coining, for murdering. Many are hanged every year in that Ruffian's Field. But to-day we shall not see executions. Let us talk of more mirthful things. And see, here comes a wedding train."

The music came first, a noise of crowds, and clarions playing merrily. Next came damsels bearing bride cakes and gilded loaves. After them a young man carried the silver bride cup filled with hippocras, and garnished with rosemary, which stands for constancy. Then came the bride herself, a very beauteous lady, dressed all in white, decorated with long chains of gold, pearls, and precious stones. On her head was a white lace cap. She was led by two boys in green and gold. After her walked her parents and other members of the family.

"Ha!" he said, "there will be rare feasting to-day, with masks and mumming and dancing. We marry but once in our lives. 'Twere pity if we could not once rejoice. Yet there are some who would turn every feast into a fast, and make even a wedding the occasion for a sermon. See! after a wedding, a funeral. I am glad the bride met not this. 'Tis bad luck for a bride to meet a burying."

Then there came slowly marching down the street, while the people stepped aside and took off their hats, a funeral procession.

"Who hath died?" asked Stow. "This it is to be old and to live retired. I have not heard. Yet, considering the length of the procession, one would say a prince in Israel. Neighbor," he asked a bystander, "whose funeral is this? Ha! So he is dead! A worthy man; a knight; once sheriff, citizen, and mercer. You will see, my friend, that we still know how to mourn our dead worthies, though we lack the singing clerks and priests who formerly went first, chanting all the way."

The procession drew nearer. "Now," he said, "I take it that you will not know the order of the march, wherefore I will interpret. First, therefore, walk the chil-

dren of Christ's Hospital, two by two; he was therefore a benefactor or governor of the school. Then follow the yeomen conductors, two by two, in black coats with black staves; the poor men of the parish, two by two; then the poor women, in like order; the choir of the church and the preacher—he has crape over his cassock. Then a gentleman in hood and gown, bearing the standard. Next three gentlewomen in black gowns. There are the aldermen, in violet. Those two grave persons are the executors of the deceased. There is the pennon, borne by a gentleman in hood and gown; the helm and crest, borne by a pursuivant; the coat of arms, borne by a herald, Clarence king-at-arms."

After this long procession came the coffin itself, borne by six yeomen in black coats. It was covered with a black velvet pall. On either side walked two gentlemen in hoods and gowns carrying pennons. One of them bore the arms of the deceased, a gentleman of good family; one bore the arms of the city; one those of the Mercers' Company; and one those of the Merchant Adventurers.

Then came the rest of the procession, and my guide began again: "There follows the chief mourner, the eldest son of the deceased; then four other mourners, two by two; then the chamberlain and town clerk of the city; the sword-bearer; the Lord Mayor, in black; the aldermen, having no blacks." I confess that I understood not the distinction or what followed. "The estates of women, having blacks; aldermen's wives, having no blacks; the city companies, represented by their wardens or clerks; the masters of the hospitals, having green staves." I could have asked why they chose this color, but had no time. "Lastly, the neighbors and parishioners, carrying evergreens, bay, and rosemary."

So it was finished. A procession well-nigh a quarter of a mile in length.

"Come; you have seen the merchants in the Royal Exchange, and you have seen the shops of Chepe. We will now, before the hour of dinner, visit Paul's Church-yard and Paul's Walk."

At the western end of Cheapside was the church of St. Michael le Quern, a small building sixty feet long, with a square tower fifty feet high, and a clock on the south face. At the back of the church was the little conduit. The houses

north and south were here exactly alike, uniform in size and construction. On the south side a broad archway, with a single room above and a gabled roof, opened into Paul's Church-yard. "There are six gates," said Stow, "round the church-yard. This is called Paul's Gate, or by some the Little Gate."

The area included was crowded with buildings and planted with trees. On the north side were many shops of stationers, each with its sign—the White Greyhound, the Flower de Luce, the Angel, the Spread-Eagle, and others. In the middle rose the church, towering high, its venerable stones black with age and the smoke of London.

"There is St. Paul's Cross," said the antiquary. He pointed to an edifice at the northeast angle of the transept.

I looked with curiosity at this historical edifice, which was smaller, as all historical things are, than one expected. It was made of timber mounted upon steps of stone, and covered with lead. There was room in it for three or four persons. A low wall was built round it. A venerable man was preaching to a small congregation, who sat on wooden benches to listen.

"What things have not been heard," said Stow, "at Paul's Cross? Here were the folk-motes of old, when the people were called by the great bell to attend their Parliament, and to take counsel together. No Common Council then, my masters, but every man his freedom of speech and his vote. Paul's Cross it was which made the Reformation. Here have I heard Latimer, Ridley, Coverdale, and I know not whom besides. Here I saw with my own eyes the Bexley Rood shown, with all the tricks whereby it was made to open its eyes and lips and seem to speak. All the Reformation was accomplished from this cross. Now there are no more masses; and the chapels are empty and silent, their altars are removed, the paintings are defaced, and the church is given over for worldly things. Come in."

We entered by the north transept.

There was much that astonished me in this walk through London of the year 1603, but nothing so surprising and unexpected as St. Paul's Cathedral. I had pictured a church narrow, long, somewhat low, and dark. I found, on the other hand, that it was in every respect a most noble

church, longer than any other cathedral I had ever seen, loftier also, and well lighted in every part, the style grand and simple. Consider, therefore, my astonishment at finding the church desecrated and abandoned like the common streets for the general uses of the people! The choir alone, where the old screen still stood, was reserved for purposes of worship, for there was a public thoroughfare through the transepts and across the church. Men tramped through, carrying baskets of meat or of bread, sacks of coal, bundles, bags, and parcels of all kinds, walking as in the streets, turning neither to right nor left. Hucksters and peddlers not only walked through, but lingered on their way to sell their wares. Servants stood and sat about a certain pillar to be hired; scribes sat about another pillar, writing letters for those who required their services; clergymen in quest of a curacy or vicarage gathered at another pillar.

"This," said Stow, "is an exchange where almost as much business is done as at Sir Thomas Gresham's Bourse, but of another kind. Here are houses bought and sold; here is money lent on usury; here are conspiracies hatched, villainies resolved upon; here is the honor of women bought and sold; here, if a man wants a handful of desperadoes for the Spanish Main, he may buy them cheap."

The long middle aisle was crowded with a throng of men walking to and fro; some alone, some two or three together; some of them were merchants or retailers; some were countrymen looking about them, and crying out for the loftiness of the roof and grandeur of the church. But many were young gallants, and those were evidently come to show the splendor of their dress and to mark and follow the newest fashions, which, like women, they learned from each other.

"These lads," said Stow, echoing my thoughts, "were better on board a stout ship bound for the West Indies than at home spending their fortunes on their backs, and their time in pranking before the other gallants. Yet they are young. It is now their time. For them the fine fashions; for them the feasting; for them the love-making; for us to look on and to remember. At the mutability of the fashion we may laugh, for there is no sense in it, but only folly. To-day the high Alman fashion; to-morrow the Spanish

guise; the day after, the French. See with what an air they walk; head thrown back, hand on hip, leg advanced. Saw we ever gallants braver or more splendid? No two alike, but each arrayed in his own fashion as seemeth him best, though each would have the highest ruff and the longest rapier. And look at their heads—as many fashions with their hair as with their cloak and doublet. One is polled short; one has curls; another, long locks down to his shoulders. And some shave their chins, some have long beards, and some short beards. Some wear ear-rings and have lovelocks. Why not, good sir? Bones a' me! time to save and hoard when we grow old. The world and the play of the world belong to the young. Let them enjoy the good things while they can."

While we were talking in this manner, the clock struck the hour of eleven. Instantly there was a general movement towards the doors, and before the last stroke had finished ringing and echoing in the roof the church was empty, save for a few who still lingered and looked at each other disconsolately.

"It is the dinner hour," said Stow.

"Then," said I, "lead me to some tavern where we may dine at our ease."

"There are many such taverns close to Paul's," he replied. "The Three Tuns, in Newgate; the Boar's Head, by London Stone; the Ship, at the Exchange; the Mermaid, in Cornhill; or the Mitre, of Chepe. But of late my dinners have been small things, and I know not, what any town gallant could tell you, where to go for the best burned sack or for sound Rhenish."

"The Mitre, then, on the chance."

This tavern, a gabled house, stood at the end of a passage leading from Cheap-side, near the corner of Bread Street. The long room spread for dinner was two steps lower than the street, and not too well lighted. A narrow table ran down the middle; upon it was spread a fair white cloth; a clean napkin lay for every guest, and a knife. The table was already filled. Loaves of bread were placed at intervals; they were of various shapes, round and square; salt was also placed at regular intervals. When we entered, the company stood up politely till we had found seats. Then all sat down again.

We took our seats in a corner, whence we could observe the company. Stow

whispered in my ear that this was a shilling ordinary, and one of the best in London, as was proved by the number of the guests. "Your city gallant," he said, "scents his dinner like a hound, and is never at fault. We shall dine well."

We did dine well. The boys brought us first roast beef with pease and buttered beans. "This," said the old man, "is well—everything in season. At midsummer, beef and beans; at Michaelmas, fresh herrings; at All Saints', pork and souse, sprats and sprulings; in Lent, parsnips and leeks, to soften the saltness of the fish; at Easter, veal and bacon—or at least gammon of bacon—and tansy cake with stained eggs; at Martinmas, salt beef. Let old customs be still maintained. Methinks we are back in the days of bluff King Hal. Well, London was ever a city of plenty. Even the craftsman sits down to his brown bread and bacon and his ale. Harry, bring me a tankard of March beer—and another dish of beef, tell the carver."

After the beef, we were served with roast capons and ducks. The absence of forks was partly made up by the use of bread, and no one scrupled to take the bones and suck them or even crunch them. But there was so much politeness and so many compliments passing from one to the other that those small points passed almost unnoticed, even by my unaccustomed eyes. One quickly learns to think more of the people than of their ways in little things. Apart from their bravery in dress and their habit of compliment, I was struck with the cheerfulness and the confidence, even the extravagance, of their talk. Their manner was that of the soldier—sanguine, confident, and rather loud. Some there were who looked ready to ruffle and to swagger.

The capon was followed by a course of cakes and fruit. Especially the confection known as marchpane, in which the explorer lights upon filberts, almonds, and pistachio nuts buried in sugared cake, hath left a pleasing memory in my mind.

Dinner over, the old man, my guide, offered no opposition to a flask of wine, which was brought in a glass measure with sugar thrown in.

"For choice," he said, "give me malmsey, full and fine, sweetened with sugar. Your French wines are too thin for my old blood. Boy, bring a clean pipe and tobacco."

By this time almost every man in the room was smoking, though some contented themselves with their snuff-boxes. The tables were cleared, the boys ran about setting before every man his cup of wine and taking the reckoning.

Tobacco, the old man said, though introduced so recently, had already spread over the whole country, so that most men and many women took their pipe of tobacco every day with as much regularity as their cup of wine or tankard of ale. So widespread was now the practice that hundreds of people made a livelihood in London alone by the retailing of this herb.

"And now," he said, when his pipe was reduced to ashes, "let us across the river, and see the play at the Globe. The time serves; we shall be in the house before the second flourish."

There was a theatre, he told me on the way, easier of access, among the ruins of the Dominicans', or Blackfriars', Abbey, but that was closed for the moment. "We shall learn," he added, "the piece that is to be played from the posts of Queenhithe, where we take oars." In fact, we found the posts at that port placarded with small bills announcing the performance of *Troilus and Cressida*.

Bank Side consisted of a single row of houses, built on a dike, or levee, higher both than the river at high tide and the ground behind the bank. Before the building of the bank this must have been a swamp covered with water at every tide; it was now laid out in fields, meadows, and gardens. At one end of Bank Side stood the Clink Prison, Winchester House, and St. Mary Overies Church. At the other end was the Falcon Tavern, with its stairs, and, behind, the Paris Gardens.

The fields were planted with many noble trees, and in every one there was a pond or stagnant ditch which showed the nature of the ground. A little to the west of the Clink and behind the houses stood the Globe Theatre, and close beside it the "Bear-baiting." The theatre, erected in the year 1593, was hexagonal externally. It was open in the middle, but the stage and the galleries within were covered over with a thatched roof. Over the door was the sign of the house—Hercules supporting the globe, with the legend, "*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*"

The interior of the theatre was circular in shape. It contained three galleries, one above the other; the lowest, called the "rooms," for seats in which we paid a shilling each, contained the better sort. At each side of the stage there were boxes, one of which contained the music. The stage itself, a stout construction of timber, projected far into the pit, or, as Stow called it, the "yarde." At the back was another stage, supported on two columns, and giving the players a gallery about ten or twelve feet high, the purpose of which we were very soon to find out. On each side of the stage were seats for those who paid an additional sixpence. Here were a dozen or twenty gallants, either with pipes of tobacco or playing cards or dice before the play began. One of them would get up quickly with a pretence of impatience, and push back his cloak so as to show the richness of his doublet below. The young men, whether at the theatre, or in Paul's Walk, or in Chepe, seemed all intent upon showing their bravery of attire; no girls of our day could be more vain of their dress, or more critical of the dress worn by others. Some of them, however, I perceived among the groundlings—that is, the people in the "yarde"—gazing about the house upon the women in the galleries. Here there were many dressed very finely, like ladies of quality, in satin gowns, lawn aprons, taffeta petticoats, and gold threads in their hair. They seemed to rejoice in being thus observed and gazed upon. When a young man had found a girl to his taste, he went into the gallery, sat beside her, and treated her to pippins, nuts, or wine.

It was already one o'clock when we arrived. As we took our seats the music played its first sounding or flourish. There was a great hubbub in the place; hucksters went about with baskets crying pippins, nuts, and ale; in the "rooms" booksellers' boys hawked about new books; everybody was talking together; everywhere the people were smoking tobacco, playing cards, throwing dice, cheapening books, cracking nuts, and calling for ale. The music played a second sounding. The hubbub continued unabated. Then it played the third and last. Suddenly the tumult ceased. The piece was about to begin.

The stage was decorated with blue hangings of silk between the columns,

showing that the piece was to be—in part, at least—a comedy. Across the raised gallery at the back was stretched a painted canvas representing a royal palace. When the scene was changed, this canvas became the wall of a city, and the actors would walk on the top of the wall; or a street with houses; or a tavern with its red lattice and its sign; or a tented field. When night was intended, the blue hangings were drawn up and exchanged for black.

The hawkers retired and were quiet; the house settled down to listen, and the Prologue began.

Prologue appeared dressed in a long black velvet cloak; he assumed a diffident and most respectful manner; he bowed to the ground.

"In Troy—there lies the scene. From isles of Greece

The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships."

In this way the mind of the audience was prepared for what was to follow. We needed no play-bill. The palace before us could be no other than Priam's Palace. If there was a field with tents, it must be the battle-field and the camp of the Greeks; if there was a wall, it must be the wall of Troy. And though the scenery was rough, it was enough. One wants no more than the unmistakable suggestion; the poet and the actor find the rest. Therefore, though the intrusive gallants lay on the stage, though Troilus was dressed in the armor of Tudor time, and Pandarus wore just such a doublet as old Stow himself, we were actually at Troy. The boy who played Cressida was a lovely maiden. The narrow stage was large enough for the Council of Kings, the wooing of lovers, and the battle-field of heroes. Women unfaithful and perjured, lovers trustful, warriors fierce, the alarms of war, fighting and slaying, the sweet whispers of love drowned by the blare of trumpets; the loss of lover forgotten in the loss of a great captain; and among the warriors and the kings and the lovers, the creeping creatures who live upon the weaknesses and the sins of their betters played their parts upon these narrow boards before a silent and enraptured house. For three hours we were kept out of our senses. There was no need, I say, of better scenery; a quick shifting of the can-

was showed a battle-field and turned the stage into a vast plain covered with armies of Greeks and Trojans. Soldiers innumerable, as thick as motes in the sun, crossed the stage fighting, shouting, challenging each other. While they fought, the trumpets blew and the drums beat, the wounded fell, and the fight continued over these prostrate bodies till they were carried off by their friends. The chiefs rushed to the front, crossed swords, and rushed off again. "Come both, you cogging Greeks," said Troilus, while our cheeks flushed and our lips parted. If the stage had been four times as broad, if the number of men in action had been multiplied by ten, we could not have felt more vividly the rage, the joy, the madness of the battle.

When the play was finished, the ale, the apples, and the nuts were passed round, and the noise began again. Then the clown came in and began to sing, and the music played—but oh, how poor it seemed after the great emotions of the play! The old man plucked me by the sleeve and we went out, and with us most of the better sort.

"The first plays," said the antiquary, "that ever I saw were those that were played on stages put up in the court-yards of inns, where the galleries afforded place for the audience, and the stage was made of boards laid upon trestles. Tarleton used to play at the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate, and at the Cross Keys, Grasse Street. He was reckoned a famous player, yet compared with those we have seen this day, a fustian moulder, no doubt. Rude plays they were, and rude players; but I dare say they moved the spectators as much as this fine theatre."

Not far from the Globe stood another building of circular form, a throng of



DR. SHAW PREACHING AT ST. PAUL'S CROSS.

people pressed about the doors, and a great noise of barking and shouting came from within. "It is the Bear-baiting," said my guide. "But the place is full of rough men whose wrath is easily moved, and then out come knives and there is a tumult. I am too old for such things. Nevertheless, it is a noble sport; and when you come to whipping the blinded bear, who lately broke away and bit a piece out of a man's thigh—it passes all." He lingered as if he would join it once more with a little encouragement. Finding none, he walked slowly away to the river bank.

"This place," said Stow, "hath an ill name, by reason of evil-doers, who were long permitted to live here—a place notorious for three hundred years as the com-



OBSEQUIES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

mon sink of the city. No reputable citizen would have his country house and garden on Bank Side. Why, there are private gardens all round London, as far north as Islington, and as far east as Ratcliffe Cross, but none here. The air is fresh and wholesome coming up the river, the ground fertile: see the trees and hedges how they flourish: yet is there never a private garden in the place. For this reason the bull-baiting is here, and Paris Gardens with its bears: an it were Sunday, I would show you the bears: old Harry Hunks and Sackerson. For this reason was the Globe built here, without the city precincts. Where are the theatres and the baitings, the musicians and the shows, thither must gather together the poets, singers, mummers, and all those who live by min-

istering to the merriment and pleasure of the world. A company of keen wits they are, their tongues readier than most and their talk bolder. Sober merchants, who think more of the matter and less of the manner, like not such company." Here the tinkling of a guitar, followed by a burst of laughter, interrupted the discourse. "I doubt not,"

said Stow, "that we have here—'tis the Falcon Tavern—a company of wits and poets and players. Let us tarry but the drinking of a single flask. It may be, unless their tongues are more free than is seemly, that we shall be rewarded."

The Falcon Inn stood at the western end of Bank Side, at the head of the Falcon stairs. In front a small garden

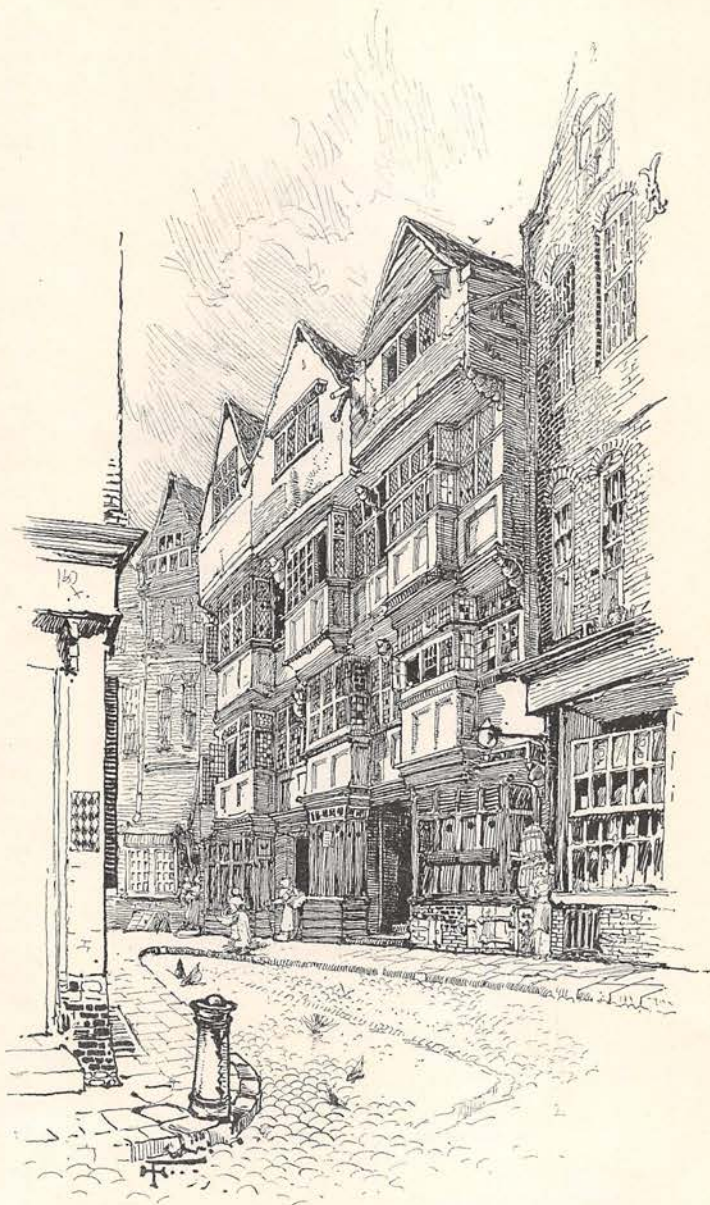


THE MANNER OF BURNING ANNE ASKEW, JOHN LACELS, JOHN ADAMS, AND NICOLAS BELENIAN, WITH CERTAINE OF YE COUNSELL SITTING IN SMITHFIELD.

stretched out toward the river. Part of the garden was an arbor, formed by a vine raised on poles, so as to form a roof of leaves. Here was a table placed, and round the table a company of ten or a dozen. At the head of the table was a young gentleman richly dressed. Behind him stood two servants. At his right sat a man of about thirty, of large frame and already corpulent, his brown hair short and curly, his beard cut short, his eyes singularly bright.

"'Tis Ben Jonson," whispered Stow. "Let us sit here, without the arbor, so that we can drink and listen. Ben is but lately out of prison, where he was cast for writing reflections on the Scottish nation. 'Twas said that he would lose his ears and have his nose slit, but the King showed mercy. He at the head of the table is some young nobleman, patron of poets, but, alas, I live now so retired that I know not his name. On the left of him is William Shakespeare, whom some think a better poet than Ben—a quiet man, who says little. I have seen him here before. 'Twas he wrote the piece we have seen this day. He has a share in the theatre of Blackfriars. Burbage the actor sits next to Shakespeare, and then Alleyn and Hemyng opposite, and Henslowe. And there is John Marston, another poet."

Alleyn it was who held the guitar. At

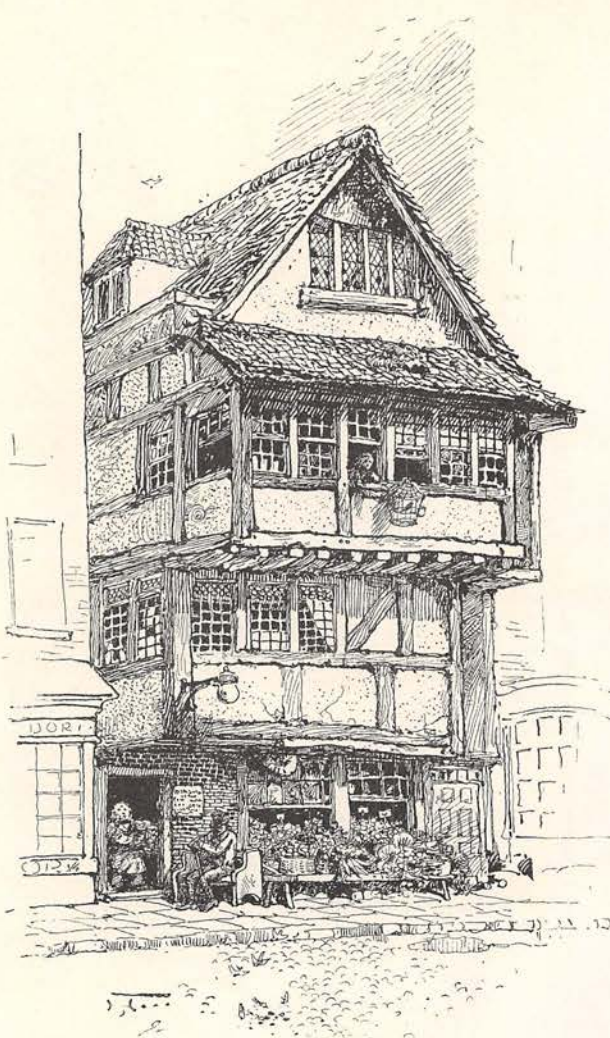


SOUTHWEST VIEW OF AN ANCIENT STRUCTURE IN SHIP-YARD, TEMPLE BAR.

Supposed to have been the residence of Elias Ashmole, Esq., the celebrated antiquary.

this time he was in the prime of life, not yet forty, his face full of mobility and quickness. He ran his fingers carelessly over the notes, and then began to sing in a clear, high voice:

"'Twas I that paid for all things;
'Twas others drank the wine.
I cannot now recall things;
Live but a fool to pine.



OLD FOUNTAIN INN IN THE MINORIES.

Taken down in 1793.

'Twas I that beat the bush;
The bird to others flew!
For she, alas! for she, alas! hath left me.
Falero—lero—loo!

"If ever that Dame Nature
(For this false lover's sake)
Another pleasant creature
Like unto her would make,
Let her remember this:
To make the other twice!
For this, alas! for this, alas! hath left me.
Falero—lero—loo!

"No riches now can raise me,
No want make me despair;

No misery amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care.
I have lost a world itself;
My earthly heaven, adieu!
Since she, alas! since she, alas!
hath left me.
Falero—lero—loo!"

"Sir," said the young gentleman, "'tis an excellent song, well sung. I drink your health."

This he did, rising, and very courteously.

Now in the talk that followed I observed that while the players amused by relating anecdotes, Ben Jonson made laughter by what he said, speaking in language which belongs to scholars and to books, and that Shakespeare sat for the most part in silence, yet not in the silence of a blockhead in the presence of wits, and when he spoke it was to the purpose. Also I remarked that the guitar passed from hand to hand, and that everybody could play and sing, and that the boldness of the talk showed the freedom of their minds. Who can repeat the unrestrained conversation of a tavern company? Nay, since some of them were more than merry with the wine, it would be an ill turn to set down what they said. We drank our cups and listened to the talk.

Presently Ben Jonson himself sang one of his own songs, in a rough but not unmelodious voice:

"Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue.
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?"

"At morn or even shades are longest;
At noon they are or short or none.
So men at weakest, they are strongest;
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of the men?"

We came away about sunset, or near half past eight in the evening. Some of the company were by this time merry with their wine, and as we rose, one began to bawl an old tavern ditty, drumming on the wood of the guitar with his knuckles:

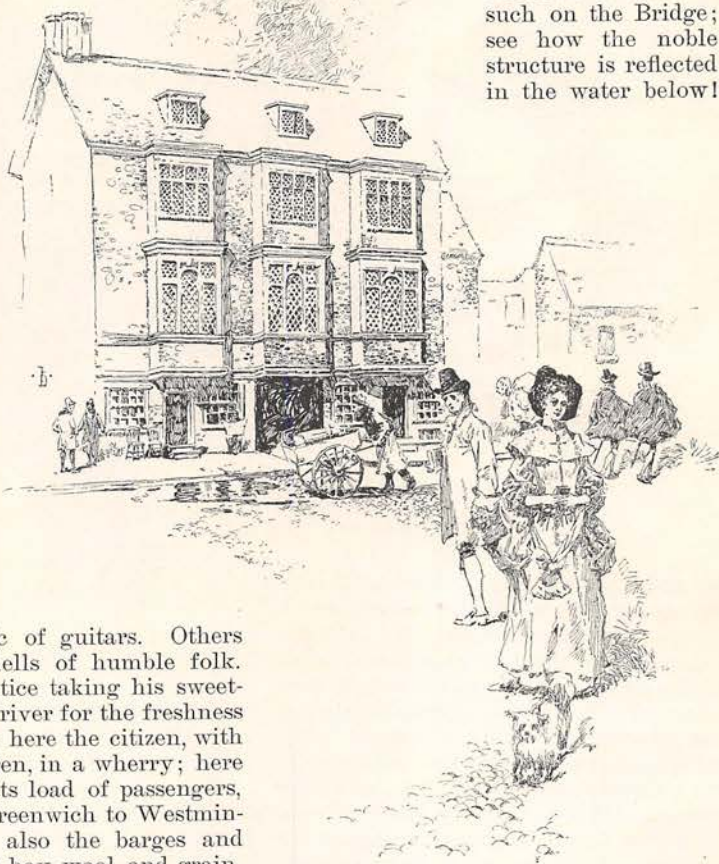
“There was a ewe had three lambs,
And one of them was blacke;
There was a man had three sons,
Jeffrey, James, and Jack.

“The one was hanged,
the other drown’d;
The third was lost
and never found;
The old man he fell
in a sound;—
Come fill us a cup
of sacke.”

It was nearly high tide on the river, which spread itself out full and broad between the banks, reflecting the evening glow in the western sky. Numberless swans floated about the stream. It was also covered with boats. Some were state barges belonging to great people, with awnings and curtains, painted and gilt, filled with ladies, who sang as the boat floated quietly with the current, to the music of guitars. Others were the cockle-shells of humble folk. Here was the prentice taking his sweetheart out upon the river for the freshness of the evening air; here the citizen, with his wife and children, in a wherry; here the tilt-boat, with its load of passengers, coming up from Greenwich to Westminster. There were also the barges and lighters laden with hay, wool, and grain, waiting for the tide to turn in order to unload at Queenhithe or Billingsgate.

“This,” said Stow, “is the best place of any for a prospect of the city. Here we can count the spires and the towers. I know them every one. Look how Paul’s rises above the houses! His walls are a hundred feet high. His tower that

you see is near three hundred feet high, and his spire, which has been burned down these forty years, was two hundred feet more. Alas, that goodly spire! It is only from this bank that you can see the great houses along the river. There are the ruins of White Friars; there those of the Dominicans. Ruins were they not, but splendid buildings, in the days of my youth. Baynard’s Castle, the Steel Yard, Cold Harbor, the Bridge—there they stand. The city of Venice itself cannot show so fair a prospect. See, now the sun lights up the windows of None-such on the Bridge; see how the noble structure is reflected in the water below!



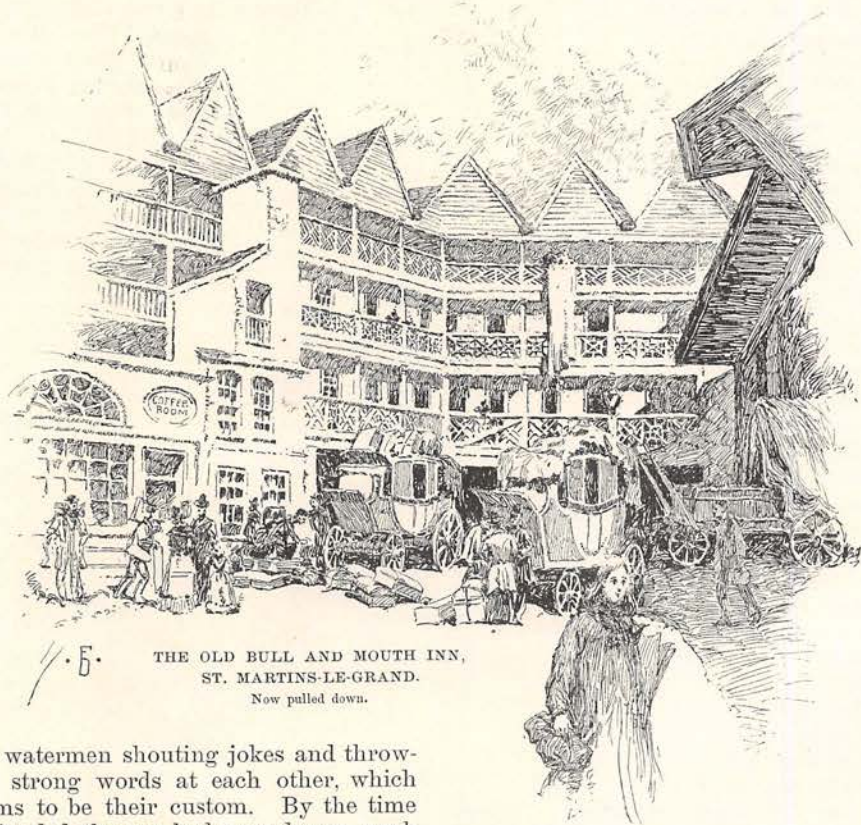
SOUTH VIEW OF FALCON TAVERN, ON THE BANK SIDE, SOUTHWARK, AS IT APPEARED IN 1805.
Celebrated for the daily resort of Shakespeare and his companions.

Good sir”—he turned to me with glowing face and eyes aflame with enthusiasm —“there is no other city in the whole world, believe me, which may compare

with this noble city of London, of which—glory to God!—I have been permitted to become the humble historian.”

We took boat at Falcon stairs—Stow told me there were two thousand boats and three thousand watermen on the river—and we returned to Queenhithe,

grape. “Sir,” he said, “can a man live in London for eighty years and fail to discern good wine from bad? Why, the city drinks up, I believe, all the good wine in the world. Amsterdam is built on piles set in the ooze and mud. London floats on puncheons, pipes, and hogsheads



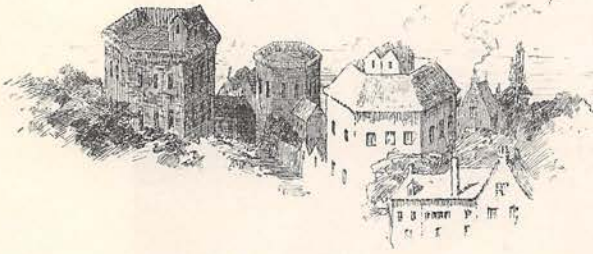
THE OLD BULL AND MOUTH INN,
ST. MARTINS-LE-GRAND.
Now pulled down.

the watermen shouting jokes and throwing strong words at each other, which seems to be their custom. By the time we landed, the sun had gone down; work for the day was over, and the streets were thronged with people. First, however, it was necessary to think of supper. My guide took me to an old inn in Dowgate; you entered it, as at the Mitre, by a long passage. This was the well-known Swan, where we found a goodly company assembled. They seemed to be merchants all; grave men, not given to idle mirth, so that the conversation was more dull (if more seemly) than at the Falcon. For supper they served us roast pullet, with a salad of lettuce, very good, and a flask of right Canary. My ancient guide swore—“Bones a’ me!”—that it contained the very spirit and essence of the Canary

of the best and choicest. This is truly rare Canary. Alas! I am past eighty. I shall drink but little more.”

So he drank and warmed his old heart, and discussed further, but it would be idle to set down all he said, because most of it is in books, and my desire has been to record only what cannot be found by the curious already printed.

After supper we had more wine and tobacco. Some of the company fell to card-playing, some to dice. Then the door opened, and a man came in with two children, boys, who sang with him while he played the guitar. They sang



THE GLOBE, ROSE, AND BEAR-BAITING THEATRES, AS THEY APPEARED ABOUT THE YEAR 1612.

madrigals very sweetly, each his own part truly and with justice. When they finished, the boys went around with a platter and collected pence and farthings. And having paid our reckoning, we went away.

In the streets outside, the women sat at their doors or stood about gossiping with each other. At every corner a bonfire was merrily burning. This was partly because it was the vigil of St. John the Baptist, partly because in the city they always light bonfires in the summer months to purify and cleanse the air. But because of the day every door was shadowed with green branches—birch, long fennel, Saint-John's-wort, orpin, white lilies, and such like—garnished with garlands of beautiful flowers. They had also hung up lamps of colored glass, with oil to burn all the night, so that the streets looked gay and bright with the red light of the bonfires playing on the tall gabled fronts, and the red and green light of the lamps. From all the taverns, as we passed, came the sound of music, singing, and revelry, with the clink of glasses, and the uplifting of voices thick with wine. There was also the sound of music and singing from the private houses. Everywhere singing; everywhere joy and happiness. In the streets the prentices and their sweethearts danced, to the pipe and tabor, those merry dances called the Brawl and the Canary, and better dancing, with greater spirit and more fidelity to the steps, had I never before seen.

At last we stopped once more before the door of John Stow's house.

"Sir," he said, taking my hand, "the time has come to bid you farewell. It has been a great honor for me to con-

verse with one of a generation yet to come, and a great satisfaction to learn that my name will live so long beside those of the poets of this noble age. Many things there are into which I would fain have inquired. This looking into futurity is an idle thing, yet I would fain have asked if you will put a new steeple on Paul's; if you still suffer the desecration of that place; if London will

spread still more beyond her walls; if her trade will still more increase; if the Spaniard will be always permitted to hold the continent of America; if the Pope will still be reigning; with many other things. But you came this day to learn, and I to teach. When next you come, suffer me in turn to put questions. And now, good sir, farewell. Behold!" He raised his hands in admiration. "I have spent a day—a whole day—with a man of the nineteenth century! Bones a' me!"

So he went within and shut the door.



INSIDE OF THE RED BULL PLAYHOUSE.