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LONDON AFRESH

LONDON AFRESH

E.. V. LUCAS

Welcome to London ! Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine !'

2 Henry IV

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	PLAN OF ROMAN LONDON *(From a drawing by Cecil Brown)*	*Endpapers*

By kind permission the endpaper map by Cecil Brown has been based upon the plan of Roman London in the Inventory of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments

Chapter I

INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY

THIS is a new book on the inexhaustible theme of London. Not a sentence in it, except inadvertently, corresponds to any in either *A Wanderer in London, 1906,* and *London Revisited, 1916,* or in *E. V. Lucas's London, 1926,* all now much out of date; and its purpose is to act as a stimulus to the appetite of visitors here, whether they come from the provinces, from the Dominions, from America or from London itself. It is thus an aperitif to a feast which only an immense library could spread or allay.

If any surprise at so much novelty should be felt, I would reply that very much of the London described in those three previous books has vanished; ancient landmarks have gone; demolishers have been busy; builders have been busy ; re-builders have been busy ; houses have become flats; theatres have become cinemas; Picture Galleries have been enlarged and rearranged ; the Geological Museum has left Jermyn Street for South Kensington; while one very comely new building, built during the past decade—the country house just off Gheyne Walk which Sir Edwin Lutyens designed for Lord

Revelstoke's daughter—is already destroyed to make way for flats, of course ' desirable .'

In fact, so often do conditions change that I have resolved to be in future much less at their mercy, and therefore to substitute for retail accuracy a wholesale vagueness, equally indicative but far less exhaustive. At the National Gallery, for instance, I shall not say where Titian's ' Bacchus and Ariadne' hangs : I shall merely say that it is there.

In Mayfair the reader will find many differences. When I first wandered there, for the 1906 book, you could look at facades and be sure that they were those behind which certain illustrious persons had lived their lives. Chesterfield House, for example—you could stand in South Audley Street, outside its gates, and know that it was in an ante-room there that Dr. Johnson cooled his heels. It was interesting, revivifying, to do so. But it does not interest or revivify me to stand there to-day, opposite the block of new flats taking its place (curiously enough, ironically enough, called Chesterfield House), and think any such thing. To me, and I hope to the readers of this book, sites are nearly negligible.

That change should occur everywhere is, perhaps, natural; but change in London has too often been vulgarization. In 1906, residential districts were reserved and distinct; to-day, shops and offices have broken in. I tremble even for Apsley House. When I was preparing the last edition of *A Wanderer in London,* as recently as 1931, a sunk foot-passage joined Berkeley Street and Curzon Street, running between Lansdowne

House and Devonshire House. There is now no longer a Devonshire House, no longer the same Lansdowne House, no longer a sunk passage.

If, except occasionally, I seem to neglect London's past, it will not be, as I hope people understand, because that past is not dear to me, but both because I have said much about it elsewhere, and because *London Afresh* has been planned differently. It has been so written that the visitor to London will, with the assistance of the Index, find a word about almost everything interesting that the capital now offers, but about as little as possible that is transitory. If, in Piccadilly, I say nothing about Old Q,, it is because his house has been transformed into Apartments. If, at Drury Lane, I say nothing about the *Rejected Addresses*, it is because the present theatre is new, nor do I enlarge upon actors or actresses of the past, because they are of the past, nor upon actors and actresses of the present, because they will be of the past too soon. Even upon the house of Garrick at No. 5, Adelphi Terrace, the long-threatened demolisher has fallen, while the Savages, apparently eternally to be associated with Nos. 6 and 7, have fled to safer quarters in Carlton House Terrace, which they will have difficulty in making Bohemian.

On the other hand, I have treated with some fullness London minor museums and attractions which were neglected before ; and where we can stand before a statue or bust that is stable, or approximately stable, such as Garrick's at the Abbey, I shall have more to say ; while there are, of course, the homes as well as the representations

of other illustrious Londoners, such as the Dickens house in Doughty Street, and Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, and Thomas Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, and Charles Lamb's birthplace in Crown Office Row, and the memorial to him outside Christ Church in Newgate Street—none of which is likely to be tampered with for many years to come, if ever.

Apart from such preserved shrines, one of the satisfying new London buildings which is likely to remain is the Egyptian Embassy at 73, South Audley Street.

Although, however, I seldom pause on London's past, and say little about the famous men and women who lived here, I have long made them a study, chiefly in the pages of Cunningham and Wheatley's *London Past and Present* These three volumes, in which streets are alphabetically arranged, and any good companion of the present day, such as Muirhead's *Blue Guide,* will provide information as to whatever hallowed ground we tread. And a map should be carried.

I recommend also the study of a good railway map, for, as traffic difficulties increase and the private car and the taxi-cab and the lorry and the omnibus multiply, the quickest way about London—as about New York and Paris—is by the Underground. To move on the surface is, of course, more amusing ; but it becomes more and more tedious. To consult a handbook of omnibus routes and numbers would not, however, be a bad course. The top of an omnibus is, for the leisurely, an excellent position of vantage from which to note, if not, at the moment, to study.

The principal reasons for the replacement by flats and offices of many of the best mansions, whether in the West End itself or in such a suburban road as Fitzjohn's Avenue, are the reduction of incomes and the arrival of petrol. Not only can idle people no longer afford to keep up the old splendour, but by the new locomotion it has become as easy for the City man to get to his office from the real country, thirty miles out of London, as it used to be for him when he lived within its borders. Hence the greater London houses disappear, the roads become more congested and coroners are busier.

When Fitzjohn's Avenue was built, the rich artists used to live there; slightly less rich artists lived in St. John's Wood ; while the artists with a final e, who were the mainstay of the Music Halls, were to be found chiefly south of the river, at Brixton. But I have no notion where any of them most congregate now. They have dispersed. Certain sections of London are, however, still faithful to their old occupants. Thus, Harley Street and Wimpole Street are still medical; Beaumont Street and neighbourhood still have their nursing homes ; clock-makers are massed in Clerkenwell ; lawyers in and about the Inns of Court and diamond merchants in Hatton Garden. Shipping companies are to be found in Pall Mall and Cockspur Street; and the film trade has captured Wardour Street. And for a long time, I fancy, will these divisions persist.

A further word or two on London compartments might not be out of place. There are,

for example, in the City, no shops for women, except in St. Paul's Churchyard. This is not surprising, since until comparatively recently, when typing came in, there were, in the City, no women. But more surprising is the fact that there are practically no women's shops in Fleet Street or the Strand. Women's shops are in the West End, to the west of Holborn Circus as far as the Marble Arch, and in Regent Street and Bond Street. Bond Street, where you can buy anything from an Old Master to a vanity-case, is still the most expensive thoroughfare.

The characteristics of London on which I want to lay emphasis are those that are unique, those for which she and she alone must be sought. The many parks and open spaces that we have are, for example, matched in other cities. A chair on the grass in Kensington Gardens is very like a chair in the Bois de Boulogne or in Central Park ; there are similar surroundings, and the blue sky is over all. It is a fact that the blue sky of London is usually seen through a thicker air, so that it can take on its own quality of mistiness ; but that is the principal difference. Again, to visit the Louvre or the Metropolitan Museum, is to see, it is true, not precisely the same artistic creations (although Paris and London each has a 'Virgin of the Rocks', attributed to Leonardo da Vinci); but very similar artistic creations akin to those that we find at the National Gallery and the Victoria and Albert Museum are in both cities, and hence, more or less, we are on the same ground. But London is the only city that has the Wren

churches ; no other city has the Temple ; no other city has such a vivacious fleet of motor-buses ; no other city has such fogs. Other cities have cathedrals, but Westminster Abbey stands alone ; other cities have barracks, but only in London can you see every evening a little company of Guards swinging down the road on their way to the Bank of England to keep watch and ward there till the next morning.

Although I am no advocate of international imitation—experiments in which are, I fancy for sound reasons, usually doomed to failure—I am bound to say that as a Londoner I envy Paris her seats on the pavement; her old book-trays on the parapets of her river ; her immunity from newspaper posters and their scare-headings ; her Sunday letters ; her lack of her drink restrictions.

Naturally, in preparing this book, which, while sounding like a guide, is really an *hors d'auvre* to a banquet, I have had one eye on Americans; for, although they are too often pressed for time, they have a large measure of the appreciative sense. In proof of this let me quote some passages from a letter which came to me from Cleveland, Ohio, while I was at work.

When I tell you [the writer says] that I climbed three flights of steep stairs to the top landing of Lamb Building (in the Temple) just to see the door to the Chambers once shared by Pendennis and Warrington, you will know what manner of man I am.

My most amazing experience in London was the correction of that paragon of caretakers at Dr. Johnson's house, who tried to attribute to the Doctor the immortal utterance of his old acquaintance from the country—that he

had tried to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness kept creeping in. She was so embarrassed, I felt certain she wouldn't do it again.

Do you Londoners realize how kind you are to strangers ? I arrived in London, by motor, late one Sunday afternoon, by way of Twickenham, because I wanted to see Strawberry Hill. Shop-keepers and policemen couldn't direct me. Hunting about, here and there, I happened to see a Daimler car pulled up at the curb : chauffeur in the front seat and a fine old English gentleman on the rear seat : just waiting there. So I asked the old boy if he could, by chance, direct me to Strawberry Hill. Said he : ' I suppose there aren't five men in London who could do it, but I am one of the five.' He insisted on walking with me to the narrow little lane that leads to the old mansion, and left me there very happily.

One evening, on my way to dine, I had my cab driven down John Street so that I might gaze sentimentally at a certain old house. I noticed that one tier of windows on the front was bricked up, and by peering around the corner could see that was true of the river facade also. Just then two men happened along, hurrying a little to catch a suburban train ; I asked them if they would stop long enough to explain the bricked-up windows. They stopped ; one of them lighted his pipe in a leisurely way and told me the story—which, of course, you know : the window-tax of the Napoleonic wars. Having told it, he said—* I know why you are interested in that house : Samuel Pepys once lived there.' ' Well, that would be a perfectly good reason,' I replied, ' but as a matter of fact I am interested in it because once David Copperfield and Betsy Trotwood and Mr. Dick lived there.' Instantly responsive, nothing would do but that I go with them to a wine-shop in the next street and have a glass of sherry. So we all piled into my taxi and drove around to the particular wine-shop they fancied, and talked Dickens no end.

Dear chance-born acquaintanceships ! I have forgotten thousands of men, from all over the world, who have called on me in my office, but those two—whose names I never knew and now shall never know—I shall always remember.

—It is for enthusiasts such as the writer of that letter that this book has been prepared.

To decide on a jumping-off spot has been difficult. When I wrote first about London, most visitors arrived here by train and, as they left the various railway stations, mingled with the throng. But now it is probably only the American and Continental and Indian and Dominion visitors who come that way, the majority entering by the many main roads in cars or charabancs or motor-buses, and not a few coming in steadily every hour from the airports. Apsley House in Piccadilly, or No. i, London, as it was called, which once seemed to be naturally a starting-post, has lost significance. There is no No. I, London, any more ; or every house is No. I, London ; and I have therefore decided to follow no rigid course, but, while saying something of every important building and district *en route,* to move erratically, but chiefly from East to West, between two fixed points. These points are the Tower, because it is as early a building as we have, and Westminster Abbey, because it is our most treasurable possession.

Chapter II

THE TOWER AND THE RIVER

The Romans in London—The Saxons and the Danes—The Roman Wall—' London Stone '—All Hallows, Barking—The Plan of Londinium—The Tower of London—A Village in a City—Obsolete Weapons—Historic Armour—The Tower Ravens—Famous Prisoners and Executions—The Smothered Princes—Sir Walter Raleigh—The Thames—Herons—Greenwich Hospital—The Macpherson Naval Collection—London from the Observatory—The Rotunda at Woolwich

ALTHOUGH I mention elsewhere that the traditional originators of London were the giants Gog and Magog, under the Trojans, a thousand years before Christ, the first people to realize the value of its position, and to transform it from a British settlement into a city, were the Romans in the first century A.D. Their idea was that it should be known as Augusta, but the old Cymric name, Lyn Din, meaning the Stockade of the Lake, prevailing, this was Latinized into Londinium. Hence London.

Our city continued to grow under the Romans, who, however, their power and authority decreasing, ceased early in the fifth century to colonize the country and abandoned it. Under the Saxons and the Danes, both too busy as invaders to pay sufficient civic attention, London did not prosper, but after Alfred the Great recovered it,

in 886, it was re-established ; it was aggrandized by Edward the Confessor ; and by the time of William the Conqueror, whose date is now a commonplace, it was on the way to be the London that the world recognizes and respects.

One of the first proceedings of the Romans was to build a wall round London, and although so many years have passed, portions of this wall still remain. You may see them at the General Post Office, at St. Alphage's, in the street still called London Wall, in American Square, at the Minories, and in the Tower; while Roman remains, as we have come to call them, are everywhere.

In the wall of the Church of St. Swithin, in Cannon Street, is the famous London Stone, said to be the central milestone from which all Roman distances were measured; and signs of Roman civilization here, removed for safety, are, I have said, in the museums. But nothing, I think, is so interesting as the Roman boat at Lancaster House, as extracted from the mud of the Thames when our great London County Council Hall opposite Westminster was being built.

But, for those of us who are beginning our rambles in London at the Tower, there is, on the spot, one of the most vivid reminders of the past, and that is the plan of Roman London which may be studied in the undercroft of All Hallows, Barking, the church exactly opposite Mark Lane station. This church, although now very modernly associated with the Great War—an unknown soldier in bronze, who died *Pro Patria,* being one of its possessions—preserves also traces

of a Roman habitation and later of a Norman chapel; and in all London there is no such richly storied little conventicle. Before we leave the upper part of the church, where William Penn, before he became a Quaker, was baptized, I must mention the London window in the south transept, in which much of the past is brought to mind—from Old St. Paul's and Old London Bridge, in the left section, to All Hallows itself in the right. In the middle, over the keep of the Tower, flock various steeples.

To see, in the undercroft of the church, the model of Londinium, on the way to which you actually pass over Roman tesserae, is to understand at a glance the beginnings of our civilization and to make more vital every walk that we shall take within the ancient boundaries ; and that is why I have used a map of Roman London for my endpaper.

The Tower was then a barracks ; at the spot where we now stand was a temple ; on the site of the present Leadenhall Market and part of Cornhill was the Forum ; the theatre was a little to the west, between what are now Lombard Street and Threadneedle Street; other temples are marked, and the hospital and pottery works were at the West end of Cheapside. All along the Wall, at intervals, were watch-towers. The Cemetery was on the site of Goodman Fields, just outside the Wall in the east. The Baths were where the Coal Exchange in Lower Thames Street now is, opposite the famous fish-market.

The principal gates were Aldgate, leading to Colchester or Camulodunum ; Bishopsgate, lead-

ing to the north; Aldersgate, leading to the country and its farms ; Newgate, leading to St. Albans, or Verulam, and Ludgate, leading to Westminster; while for Watling Street, running to Lympne, or Portus Lemanus, and Stane Street to Chichester, or Regni, the old wooden bridge at Billingsgate had to be crossed.

For further light on the Roman and Saxon periods, and for vivid data as to their occupation and ideals, the visitor should go to the British Museum and to the London Museum, where handbooks on these early settlers are to be had.

To all intents and purposes, the Tower of London may be said to be the beginning of our London, the builder of the White Tower, its centre, being William the Conqueror. The castle that we now know (where as recently as the Great War no fewer than twelve spies were executed) contains the structural accretions of many monarchs after William, but it was he who established it. Indeed until Charles the Second our rulers used it as one of their residences.

Not only did kings live here, but wild beasts also. For centuries the Tower was a menagerie, and, such is the lure of the jungle, it is probable that, in the old days, more people went to the Tower to see the lions than for any interest in history or royalty.

As there are regular attendants, who are very difficult to avoid, to lead parties around the Tower and to provide undeflecting information, I do not propose to be minutely descriptive, beyond the statement that' Beefeaters', the word

by which we are pleased to call the old servitors in uniforms of ruddy Tudor splendour whom we find clustered at the entrance and elsewhere, does not, as is so often stated, really mean' buffetiers', or attendants at the buffet, but beef-eaters pure and simple ; an early observer having noticed that these servitors of Bluff King Hal were unusually addicted to the national dish. The Warders of the Tower and the Yeomen of the Guard at St. James's Palace were originally one body, but the Guard at the Tower, a small remnant of the principal company, now acting as guardians, should not be confused with the august body of similarly attired Gentlemen at Arms who take part in Royal ceremonies and whose headquarters are at St. James's Palace.

One of the curious things about the Tower is its isolation and self-containment. It is a little city within a big one. One thinks of it as an historical monument of grey stone, battlemented, with millions of obsolete weapons, some of them very recent, suit after suit of armour and much tragic human tradition. But it is also a rambling village, with, for every medieval cell, a modern or modernized comfortable ' old-world ' residence, with flowers, lawns, children, nursemaids, and home pets about it. There are houses in the Tower that the most fastidious might covet; there are even window-boxes. There are ramping Virginia creepers in which myriad sparrows twitter.

The Tower is the strangest mixture not only of town and country, but of antiquity and to-day. When I was last there, three or four motor-cars

and a taxi were standing outside the military headquarters near the White Tower, and in the room in the White Tower where the battle-axes and maces are preserved, an elderly and much-medalled Beefeater, startling as a survival, was searching an early racing edition for winners. I hope, unlike myself, he found one.

Looking at the maces, one wonders if it would not be an excellent thing, should war go on, for the mace to be the only weapon. It would damage the foe quite enough, and there would be much more fun in wielding it than in pulling any trigger, or pushing any button, or dropping any bomb. Also, it would involve hand-to-hand contests at close quarters ; which is the only decent way to fight. But the Tower armoury is full of discarded lethal objects that might also well be restored : the Horseman's Hammer, for example, which recalls the Zulu's 'Woodpecker' in one of the Rider Haggard stories, could deal as faithfully with an adversary as any bayonet.

The Armoury is far more interesting than the room in another building where the Crown Jewels are kept. The Crown Jewels are almost vulgar and might easily be paste ; but here is the actual suit of armour worn on horseback by Charles the First, and as such worth seeing. It gives us his size, too. I remember how Maurice Hewlett used playfully to infuriate a little Royalist girl (and all little girls are Royalists), by referring to her martyred hero as *a dwarf. Well, although Vandyck, in the huge equestrian portrait at the National Gallery, would make him god-like, you can tell by this suit of armour that at

any rate Charles the First was not a giant, just as, at Windsor Castle, the suit of armour belonging to Henry the Eighth assures you that that monarch possessed some of the girth attributed to him.

The Tower's relics of Henry the Eighth turn principally on his bereavements, for on Tower Green you are shown the spot where the scaffold stood on which Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard were executed. Strange times, now for ever gone ; but not so remote when we estimate a generation at only thirty years. Sir Thomas More, recently canonized as St. Thomas More, was also beheaded here; Raleigh, however, although a captive here, was taken to the scaffold in Palace Yard at Westminster. Guy Fawkes, although undergoing torture here, also served his sentence in Palace Yard ; but Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, who was imprisoned here and tried for High Treason, had his naughty old neck severed on Tower Hill. That was in 1747, and no one in England has officially been beheaded since. Civil criminals are now hanged ; military, shot.

As I stood looking at the tablets, feminine screams filled the air, and for a moment I thought one of these scenes was being re-enacted. But no ! ' It's only one of the ravens pecking at a lady's leg,' said the Beefeater.

One thinks of sculptors as being born rather than made, but after visiting the room in the Beauchamp Tower where many of the inscriptions in the cells have been assembled, one realizes that incarceration can be an excellent apprentice-

ship. Almost all the illustrious prisoners seem to have learnt to cut stone admirably; but popular interest centres in the word Jane, which occurs twice, although the proof that Lady Jane Grey herself incised them is lacking. This part of the Tower is peculiarly associated with her tragedy; for her father and brothers were prisoners, too, and her husband was beheaded on Tower Hill, only just before her own execution on the Green, a few yards from her cell.

But, of course, the real protagonists of the Tower are not Lady Jane Grey or Anne Boleyn, Sir Walter Raleigh, or Guy Fawkes, but the Little Princes, made so appealing by Millais's picture of them. It is the room in which they were suffocated that every one wants to see. You find it upstairs in the Bloody Tower, which in their time had not won its sanguinary name, but was called the Garden Tower. When I was last there the place was so crowded that the company seemed in danger of undergoing a similar fate ; and so I left, and sat for a while on the coping of Raleigh's Walk, the raised passage where the buccaneer and poet, the Historian of the World, the introducer to the British Isles of the potato and tobacco, was allowed to take the air, and even to converse with his friends lined up below. Hard enough to be imprisoned, but doubly hard for Sir Walter Raleigh to be so near the shipping, so close to his ancient element.

The Tower has both a church and a chapel. The chapel, dedicated to St. John, we see as we walk through the buildings, for it is in the White Tower, close to the staircase of the Little Princes—

a very beautiful sanctuary, with some old glass. The church of the Tower, out of doors, is that of St. Peter ad Vincula, where the bodies of those executed here were buried. Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard lie here, Lady Jane Grey and St. Thomas More.

And so we leave, regretting perhaps that the oddest memorial in the Tower is that to the Rev. A. J. Forsyth, who was given a pension for adding by his inventiveness to the deadliness of firearms.

The Tower Embankment is one of the best places to see the Thames where, below London Bridge, it is busy with shipping. London Bridge, which was the first, and, for centuries, the only, bridge over the London river, marks the end of the big-ship traffic. Above that, with the exception of vessels re-fitted, such as H.M.S. *President*, off Temple Avenue, there are only wherries and barges and steam-tugs, and even these often have to lower their smoke-stacks. The one bridge below London Bridge, the mighty Tower Bridge, exactly like a water gate, has bascules rising to let the tall ships through, and falling again for the traffic to pass over. Below that, the river is crossed by tunnels and ferries.

Abbeys, cathedrals, churches, palaces may fall and crumble, or even be pulled down ; but nothing, we feel, can change the Thames. That waterway—' liquid 'istory,' as it was once called —will always be with us. Bridges, no doubt, will be reconstructed, but the stream will run on undismayed. From the sea to London Bridge the Thames is a river of trade, with tributary docks packed with cargo vessels and passenger

vessels, arriving from all parts of the world and bound for all parts of the world. Above London Bridge for a few miles, say to Hammersmith, it has its commercial uses, factories and warehouses lining the banks and strings of barges being constant, while the tall chimneys of the great electric power-houses of Battersea and Chelsea give it a utilitarian majesty; above Hammersmith, and for many, many miles, it is a stream of pleasure. But only above. Near the Houses of Parliament a few motor-boats may be moored; but by private persons the lower Thames has been completely neglected.

I say very little of the upper river because it is not in the scheme of this book; but many accessible volumes have been written about it, and no visitor to London should neglect it. Except for some charming old facades, particularly at Strand-on-the-Green, it is not very attractive until one is well outside our boundaries. There is, however, between Richmond and Kew, opposite Syon House, on the water itself or on the tow-path by the Gardens, one spot where Londoners can witness wildness indeed; and that wildness is communicated by the heron. Many unusual birds in semi-captivity can, of course, be studied in London; from the pelicans and other water fowl in St. James's Park, near the Foreign Office, to the flamingoes and penguins under the Mappin Terraces at the Zoo; but the herons of which I am thinking are wholly free and natural.

If you walk or row opposite Syon House you are all among them. You see them as they stand motionless on the banks, ready to strike; you

see them with the fish wriggling in their bills ; you see them take the air with vast slow wings and legs trailing behind. And all close to London !

I cannot promise that, like the cormorant which occasionally visits the City, staying long enough perched on the Cross of St. Paul's to be photographed and to get into the papers, a heron will be seen perched on the outstretched tail of the historic lion on Syon House ; but I can promise you that as the shades of evening fall, you will see these birds homing to the cedars on which they live, and for a moment or so standing as it were on tiptoe on the topmost branches flapping their great grey wings and yawning before they say good night and sink to sleep.

Londoners can see other herons, but those at Syon are the ones that I like best. Sidmouth Park, Richmond Park and Wanstead Park (whither the Maypole in the Strand went) all have heronries.

So much for the upper river. The jewel of the lower river, the river of shipping, is Greenwich, where, sooner or later, any visitor to London must go, to watch from the promenade in front of the Hospital the vessels large and small—liners, tramps and the coasting boats and barges with the red and brown sails.

Afterwards, or before, you can walk through the galleries of the Hospital itself, which used to be inhabited by Royal Naval pensioners, but is now the Royal Naval College, housing the National Naval and Nautical Museum. It will be remembered that when John Rokesmith (in *Our Mutual Friend)* married Bella Wilfer at the Greenwich

parish church, a pensioner without any legs was the only visible stranger. But since 1869 there have been none of these old fellows, with or without limbs. According to very agreeable tradition, it was through the persuasion of Nell Gwynne that Charles the Second ordained the Hospital ; and I hope it is true. The building was finished by Queen Mary with the assistance of Sir Christopher Wren, who would not take a penny for his work. Wren's internal masterpiece here is the Painted Hall, in King William's Building, where you may see on the ceiling the florid colours and allegorical embellishments of Sir James Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law.

In addition to all the other celebrations of the greatness of the British Navy, there is now here, for ever, the remarkable Macpherson collection of maritime prints, which used to be in Henrietta Street. Day after day, unceasingly, ever since he came upon a print of one of the old clippers and was fascinated by it, Mr. Macpherson amassed pictorial and literary records of ships and sailors, of everything that has to do with ' the mother and lover of men, the sea', and especially the sea as Britannia knows it. Old maps, old atlases, charts and books—he had them all. The collection represented the life-work of one whole-souled enthusiast. There was nothing like it before, and there can be nothing like it again, and it is in the Painted Hall.

The explorer should ascend the grassy slopes of Greenwich Park for a general view of London from the Wolfe monument, or from the adjacent Observatory itself. Still higher, beyond the

gates of this beautiful park, spreads Blackheath the breezy, where on the edges of the grass some of the old mansions remain. It was down the Old Kent Road and across Blackheath and over Shooter's Hill that the coach between London and Dover used to run, with the driver and guard wary for highwaymen.

To few museums can the term cheery be applied ; but I should guess that there is not another in the world quite so forlorn as the Rotunda at Woolwich, the next riverside town to Greenwich, where the Navy gives place to the Army. Nor is the prevailing gloom of the Rotunda collections dispelled by the notice, repeated a thousand times, ' Do not touch .' What kind of visitor wants to touch the cold metal of ordnance, I cannot imagine, nor what damage could any finger-tip inflict ; but there the notices are, in dreary iteration.

Among the exhibits that I refrained from touching was a bombard from Bodiam Castle, with a model bombardier touching it off; a petard of the time of Edward I ; a mantrap from Deal Castle (see how thorough this museum is) ; an axe wielded by the Chartists at Manchester in 1836, and a wooden cannon for firing buckshot, used by the Canadian rebels in 1837. There is also a piece of ordnance that took a return ticket; for the two brass howitzers on a carriage given by George the Third to the Emperor of China in 1792, were, when found in a Peking palace during the war of 1860, brought back again to Woolwich. An odd symmetrical adventure.

The Rotunda has been a traveller, too. It was built not to illustrate on Woolwich Common the rapidity with which lethal weapons are superseded by weapons still more lethal, but as one of the pavilions in St. James's Park when, in 1814, the Prince Regent entertained the allied Sovereigns and felicitated with them on the downfall of Napoleon, then, apparently, safely locked up on the Island of Elba. In addition to the Rotunda and other structures built for that occasion, there was a Chinese bridge across the lake with a pagoda in the middle of it for the display of fireworks. This bridge, designed by John Nash, remained till 1825 and was then destroyed ; the Rotunda was removed to Woolwich, I know not when ; but when you stand in it and are too much affected by the prevailing gloom, you may derive comfort from the reflection that where you stand stood once the First Gentleman of Europe in the company of fellow-monarchs.

None the less, such an assemblage of evidence of the pains taken by man to kill man cannot but provoke thought, the range extending from flint arrow-heads and bronze spear-heads, through swords and rapiers and catapults and blunderbusses, to the famous French ' 75 ' which did so much damage in the Great War—both as a gun, at the Front, and (for one was named after it) as a cocktail in Paris.

Perhaps the strangest of all the Rotunda's devices for removing the divine gift of life, is Mallet's mortar, made to discharge a thirty-six-inch shell, one of which is on view : a sphere as

large as the ball that performing elephants push about. The inventor, Robert Mallet, was a man of extraordinary ingenuity, normally an iron-founder, but multiplying his interests in every direction. He designed bridges; he supplied Dublin with water from the Dodder ; he built the Fastnet Rock Lighthouse ; he surveyed for railways ; he wrote hundreds of scientific papers, many books, and edited the *Practical Mechanics' Journal.* When the Crimean War was threatening, he made two gigantic mortars to take a shell containing from twenty-one to twenty-six hundredweight of explosives, with which to blow the Russians to shreds and tatters, but in 1856, before the mortars could be used for that purpose, the end came. On July 28th, 1858, however, one was pacifically fired, the shell travelling 2,759 yards. How tame beside Big Bertha, the secret gun which, in the spring of 1918, from a distance of seventy miles, dropped shells into Paris ! As against Mallet's twenty-odd hundredweight, Bertha's shells weighed only 264 pounds.

Chapter III

THE DOCKS

Sir Edwin Lutyens—Trinity House—The Royal Mint—Tower Hill Oratory—Quicksilver—Ivory—Wool—Isinglass—The Wine Docks—The Laureate Bold—The Cutler Street Warehouse—More Ivory—Sarsaparilla—Custom House Officers

BETWEEN the Tower and the great white building of the Port of London Authority, where there is some very beautiful modern wainscoting, stands the memorial, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, for those members of the Naval Marine Service who died in the War, with every name incised on the bronze.

There is something at once noble and tender about all the work of this architect, who has done so much for London, but I like this example of it as much as any. You will find him everywhere : sometimes in commercial structures, such as Britannic House, the Anglo-Iranian Oil offices in Finsbury Circus, or the Midland Bank, next to St. James's church, in Piccadilly ; sometimes in institutions, such as the superb British Medical Association in Tavistock Square and the Y.W.C.A. headquarters in Great Russell Street; sometimes in memorials, such as the delicate fountain, at the Admiralty corner of Horse Guards' Parade, to those who died in the Royal

Naval Division, and in the Cenotaph in Whitehall. This touching monolith, although I think it superb in its simplicity, would have been better still if the flame which the artist intended to be always burning on the top (as over the grave at the Arc de Triomphe in Paris) had been permitted.

Any one may wander into the Port of London Authority building, and any one may try to read the names in the Naval Marine memorial, but leave has to be obtained to look at the maritime trophies at Trinity House in Trinity Square, close by. This is the headquarters of the 'Guild, Fraternity or Brotherhood of the Most Glorious and Undivided Trinity', a confederacy of Elder Brethren and Younger Brethren, bound together to supervise navigation, lighthouses, and so forth, and to relieve poor Jack when he falls on evil days—as you will find them doing at their serene almshouses in the Mile End Road.

Permission must also be obtained to see the Royal Mint, just north of the Tower, where our coinage is constructed. Here you will find not only precious metal in bulk, but machines of such sensitiveness that they reject instandy, for new minting, a half-crown or a threepenny bit that is not perfect. To the happy rustle and crinkle of bank-notes, however, you will not listen here, for they are made in the valley of the Test in Hampshire.

The oratory of the Tower Hill demagogues, socialists and theologians is free as air, and you may always study and rejoice in, freely, Sir Christopher Wren's tower of St. Dunstan's-in-the-

East. Billingsgate Market is free, too, but it is at its liveliest only in almost impossibly early hours, and since the day when license invaded fiction and the stage, enfranchising speech generally, no longer has Billingsgate offered its old attractive monopoly of strong language.

For interesting sauntering I recommend the streets east of the Tower—Thames Street, Wrapping and the Docks, and the wanderer will be lucky if he is provided with an order for the wine vaults, where, in caverns measureless to man, casks in bond are stored, and a kind word can be rewarded.

To visit the Docks is swiftly to realize our dependent place in the Empire and in the world, for one sees in a flash what we should have to dispense with, were there no ships coming this way. And how fragrant much of it is !

One of the early excitements of my life, as I have written elsewhere, came from playing with the quicksilver which, on special occasions, the dame who kept my first school used to pour out of a bottle so that it might form into little gleaming balls and run about on a green baize cloth. First, there was the surprise caused by the heaviness of the bottle, and then by the curious consistency of this strange substance, liquid and yet dry, separating so easily into small drops and instantly reuniting into the mass. And the other day I found myself playing with quicksilver again, at the Docks, where one of the most popular exhibits is a great bowl of mercury, too weighty for an ordinary person to lift, into which you may plunge your hands, and on the surface of which lumps of iron swim like corks in the sea. A very

mysterious fluid, this quicksilver, and but for at least two of its functions we should not (unless, like Narcissus, we bent our heads over pools), have any idea of what we look like or whether to-morrow will be fine or wet.

A visit to the Port of London brings the world into very small compass. In the course of an hour one can be switched east and west, north and south ; to Australia, by the myriad bales of wool; to Japan, by jars of peppermint; to the East Indies, by the cases of cinnamon ; to Brazil, by the sacks of isinglass ; and to Africa, by the tusks of elephants ; and it is a sad thought that before these East End floors could be heaped up with ivory, its noble original possessors must have died ; not necessarily by the bullet—indeed the percentage of elephants killed by hunters is very small—but in the course of nature. The wool growing on a sheep's back, and the wool packed in these great bales, are not so unlike each other ; but the tusks brandished by elephants on the plains and in the valleys of Kenya, as, massive, placid but irresistible, they make their way through the forests, are with difficulty to be reconciled to the tusks displayed here.

A sale being imminent, I found one day experts examining the stock, whether in the rough, exactly as removed from the gigantic skulls, or in sections and fragments. There is not a piece, however small, that cannot be used for something, from the trophy on a rich man's wall to the tiny dot on a pipe-stem. Scoring-board pegs, drawer-knobs, knife-handles, paper-knives, cigarette-holders, hairbrush backs, shoehorns—but for

the deaths of elephants in Africa what should we in Europe do for these ? Yet the most interesting of the mammoths' reincarnations is as billiard balls, and I was shown piles of tusk ends from which two sets of three can be turned. A strange evolution ; nor will anyone familiar with the caprices and intractabilities of the game be surprised to hear that it is from the female tusks that the best sets are turned.

To the uninitiated, wool is wool ; but to those, like myself, who now know, wool is diverse : wool for upper clothes, wool for underclothes, wool for shoddy, wool for medical dressings, and wool for lanolin ; but before it can reach the machinery invented to deal with it, it has to pass through the Port of London's administrative maternal hands. How many million sheep, we wonder, were represented in these bales ?

There is nothing particularly meritorious about the discovery that ivory can be useful for the purposes I have been mentioning. One has but to look at an elephant to realize that the red, the white, and the spot are lying perdu in its tusk, to say nothing of the piano keys, pawns and bishops also hidden there. But to discern that the swimming bladder, or floater, of a sturgeon could, when dried and treated, become the best clarifier of wines and beers—that was a far more subtle achievement. Who first hit on this secret, I cannot say : nor had I given isinglass a thought —except as winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby in 1892—until I stood among the many sacks of it on a top floor of the Docks, and regretted that, by climbing the stairs, I had

exchanged the atmosphere of the spices for one so very much less agreeable. A useful fish, the sturgeon ; first providing all gourmets (except Generals) with its roe, and then its floater for the good of the vintages ; while even its flesh, though coarse, has its devotees. And the fact that of all trades that of the dealer in isinglass is the least congested, may be of value to parents in doubt as to what to do with their sons.

For the ordinary sensual man the word Docks connotes, I fear, only the juice of the grape ; and truly at the London Wine Docks one can get an overwhelming idea of the activities of that clustered fruit. I forget how many acres of meadow land I was told were absorbed when these ramifying caverns through which I was led, lantern in hand, were built; for with every step memory grew less distinct. But it is a vast subterranean territory wholly devoted to the storage of barrels : barrels as far as the eye can reach, in corridors beneath arched roofs upon which a delicate fungus dark with age spreads itself; barrels filled chiefly with the products of Portugal and Spain, for the other wines are elsewhere. Sherry dominated the section in which I spent most of my visit; and I felt sorry for the Laureate bold, as he reflects upon the foolish impulsiveness of that predecessor who surrendered the butt of sherry (to keep him merry) and took common coin instead.

Meanwhile, a word of caution which was once uttered to me, I pass on : if you propose to travel farther, to the Surrey Docks, to the cold-storage departments, take an extra covering.

But the Docks are not all. There are also the Port of London's warehouses in Cutler Street to visit, if you would see what the skill and ingenuity of the carvers of the East can do with ivory. The carvers of the West are apparently satisfied to be merely useful, but when a Chinese or Japanese or Indian carver gets possession of a tusk, whether elephant's or walrus's, he instantly becomes a creator, and to our world of men and women, full-sized and alive, adds a miniature populace. The curio department at Cutler Street, when a sale is in preparation, is dominated by these little white people, and if I had the brains and pen of that later melancholy Dane, but fanciful withal, Hans Christian Andersen, I would tell you what happens there when the clock strikes midnight. What a racket there must be as they come to life—the fishermen, and the gardeners, and the dancing girls, and the little, shy, sly Oriental children-in-arms !

And not only would their shrill voices fill the air, but what about the animals and the birds ? Of the many and various dainty devices that the East sends us, periodically spread out in Cutler Street, I think I like the birds the best : all in their own colours, whether the bright and burning kingfisher or the neat and sober swallow. But no matter what the figure is, priest with scroll, farmer with axe, warrior with spear, conjurer with monkey, Soo Wu as a shepherd after retirement from official life, Chiang Ling picking up a shoe for an old man, tiger advancing on its prey, ducks, nicely graduated, crossing a bridge, peacock, pheasant, a party of happy gods on the

river, or the Joan of Arc of China, Wu Lang, A.D. 592-654, saviour of her country—no matter what it is, an elephant or a walrus had to die before the carver could set to work.

At the Victoria Docks we see the essences and fragrant oils ; at the Cutler Street depot one finds the raw materials of healing. Courteous and informative officials are so ready with the facts that there is no time for conjecture ; but it would be amusing to have to guess what these strange products are going to be when ranged in jars and bottles in the chemist's shop. When, many years ago, I lived in Westminster there used to stand, every morning, opposite the entrance of Dean's Yard, a gaily painted wagon from which glasses of a certain tonic herb were served by a man in white. I never partook of it; but the word on this van attracting me in its reverse form, I added it to my vocabulary, thinking of it as an excellent name for a character in an Arabian Night story, should I ever write one : Allirap Asras. I thought again of this early project, when at Cutler Street I was shown huge masses of tangled red roots and was told that that was how sarsaparilla reaches this country. Close by were bales of tiny black twigs, as though a forest of birch brooms had been clipped to pieces by self-protective forewarned children, and these turned out to be, in the rough, ipecacuanha. Shapeless bundles of a hard black pitch, done up in the skins of monkeys shot, for that purpose, in Zanzibar, are destined in their final evolution to be 'worth a guinea a box .' See what the world is doing for us!

What else does one see? Well, for one thing, ostrich plumes and, for another, the skins of lizards for shoes or cigarette-cases; and there seem to be many miles of carpets and rugs from India, China, and Persia. One sniffs with disgust the repellent product of the civet cat, some day to be re-born as a fragrant scent, and there are countless bales of skeins of silk in the raw, like ringlets of Fairy Queens.

It is this department which teaches how difficult it is to be a Customs House officer. Those inquisitive, suspicious men in uniform, the only Customs House officers that anyone normally sees, who refuse to take our word when we land at harbours, and are so vindictive when they find we are not truthful, are mere triflers compared with the highly specialized assayers who in Cutler Street work with a spirit of fairness that, in a rough-and-ready world, seems almost like pedantry. Lest a penny too much should be charged on them, these skeins of raw silk are placed in drying machines so that all moisture is extracted, and are then weighed on scales which register the hundredth part of an ounce.

Chapter IV

THE EAST END

Foreign London—The Trinity Almshouses—A Stepney Legend—The Bethnal Green Museum—Old Topography—The Dixon Pictures—Dolls' Houses and Toys—Queen Victoria's Children—The Geffrye Museum—The English Alfred Stevens—John Wesley's Chapel—John Wesley's House—Personal Relics—Bunhill Fields—Neglected Graves—London Cemeteries—Highgate—Kensal Green—Thackeray's Grave—The Honourable Artillery Company—Cricket in London in the Early Days—Cricket in London To-day—Eastbury Manor and Old Barking—Captain Cook and Elizabeth Fry—Escape to Greenwich

THE East End of London, which begins at Aldgate Pump, is being left largely to the fancy of individual explorers. Some may neglect it altogether ; some may like to wander in the Whitechapel Road, Mile End Road, and Commercial Road, watch the inhabitants, who are so foreign, and read the names of Polish and German Jews over the shops, chiefly connected with clothing and food ; some may despondently search for the Chinese quarter where the opium dens are alleged to be ; some may go on Sunday mornings to see the bustle and finery of Middlesex Street, which used to be called Petticoat Lane, and be all among the Jews on part holiday—their Sunday having been the day before.

Others may visit the old parish churches, such

as Poplar and Stepney ; while others will want to see such comely survivals of the past as the eighteenth-century, red-brick Trinity Almshouses in the Mile End Road (where, at 88, Captain Cook lived), with the statue of Captain Richard Maples before them ; or merely, as an adventure, to drive through on the way to that leafy London pleasaunce, Epping Forest.

The churches in these districts are not too interesting, but Stepney, the parish to which all children who were born at sea of English parents used to be accredited, has one monument that amuses me—or, at any rate, one monument with an absurd entertaining local legend. Of Dame Rebecca Berry, another of those poor girls raised to wealth who are always so dear to the Londoner's heart, it is told that the knight, Sir John Berry, passing a farmhouse, heard the sounds of a woman giving birth to a child, and in some odd way realized that this child, who was, of course, Rebecca, was, some day, much against his will, to be his wife. Having done all that he could to make away with her, he took her to the coast to drown her, but, relenting, threw his ring into the waves, forbidding her ever to see him again unless she could produce it. The end is simple : Rebecca became a cook, and, one day finding the ring in a cod she was preparing for dinner, she claimed Sir John. I can offer no proof that the story is true, but it used to be believed in the neighbourhood, where Billingsgate is so near.

There are certain permanent places of public interest in the East End that deserve attention.

There is, for example, the Whitechapel Art Gallery in the High Street, where periodical exhibitions are held that are always of value ; and the Bethnal Green Museum is also here.

Just as the Tate is a subsidiary branch of the National Gallery, so is the Bethnal Green Museum a branch of the Victoria and Albert. Much that is to be seen at Bethnal Green is to be found also in South Kensington, but there are exhibits peculiar to it, such as the work of the local silk-weavers when Spitalfields was the centre of the industry, and the topographical drawings given by the Hon. Arthur Villiers. All London, as I have already said in this book and probably shall say often again, suffered, and is suffering, and will suffer, from the rebuilder and developer ; but not all London can see its irrecoverable past so well arranged as it is at Bethnal Green, both on the walls and in drawers. Some of the work is very beautiful, for in the days before photography the best artists were employed to make drawings for the engravers. Bethnal Green has no monopoly of old London prints, which you find also at the Guildhall and the London Museum and in many local Free Libraries ; but this collection is a very important one.

Bethnal Green, in addition to pictures assembled singly, has the water-colours left by Joshua Dixon, which comprise some of the most characteristic work of Birket Foster, James Holland, William Turner, Peter De Wint and Thorne Waite, and thus supplement the historical chronological collection of water-colours at the Victoria and Albert. They indicate also the very English sympathies

of this simple collector, who, in the old-fashioned way, bought nothing that could either perplex his eyes or impair with his serenity.

In other respects, too, the Bethnal Green Museum is a worthy offspring, while in the matter of ancient dolls' houses it is superior both to its parent and to the London Museum. I did not find at Bethnal Green so splendid a butcher's shop, with butcher, as there is at South Kensington, nor so many penny articles as there are at Lancaster House : but I found a richer profusion of old toys ; and this is not to be wondered at since the taste of children has always been specially considered.

Among the many dolls' houses at Bethnal Green belonging to various periods is one furnished entirely by Queen Mary herself. Anything less like the Windsor Castle marvel, which may be visited by all for a fee of sixpence, I never witnessed ; for frugality and a severe simplicity have been the law. Another historic doll's house here is * Caroline Cottage ', a comfortable structure erected by the gardener at Aberfeldie Castle, in Aberdeenshire, in 1831. ' Caroline Cottage ' has one parlour, one kitchen, two bedrooms, and a dressing-room. Also a hall and—what every dolls' house cannot boast—a staircase. The peculiar interest of ' Caroline Cottage' is that when Queen Victoria rented Aberfeldie Castle in the eighteen-forties, her children played with it. And now the little Bethnal Green children press their noses against its glass case and long to play with it, too. I hope that to compensate them for such tantalizing glimpses of the Promised Land, they have

occasionally the chance of playing with a real accessible abode.

Following what I say at the Victoria and Albert Museum concerning the best furniture and the best-decorated rooms, I should mention the Geffrye Museum in the Kingsland Road, Shoreditch, opened in 1914 as a permanent East End Exhibition of furniture, panelling and iron work. I have spent happy hours in this charming place, tinged, however, with regret for the irrecoverable past, and not least when, in Gallery V, I stood before the deal doorway from 31, Essex Street, with its fluted columns and delicate fanlight, and meditated on how different it is from the doorway of No. 36 in the same street, where this book is published.

You may also see here the library which Alfred Stevens, architect, sculptor, craftsman and painter, designed for his own use; and, apart from the actual balusters and rail by which James Boswell used to help himself to bed, you should see the oak staircase designed by Sir Christopher Wren for the church of St. Augustus and St. Faith, in Watling Street, from which it was removed when religion was crowded out.

Although the City Road lies to the north of the East End proper, on the other side of the Great Eastern Railway, which cuts this district in two, we might wander that way now, in order to examine Bunhill Fields and neighbourhood. John Wesley's house in the City Road, opposite Bunhill Fields, must receive special attention ; for Wesley has a great following.

The Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, before which

is Wesley's statue, is one of those comfortable rooms devoted to worship in which the City is rich, with coloured pictorial windows, rather than stained-glass windows in the ordinary sense, and pews that are nearer reposeful chairs than ordinary ecclesiastical furniture ; while Wesley's own pulpit of polished mahogany is still there, with two curved railings and seven carpeted steep stairs.

Of the two pictorial windows on the north wall of the chapel, one celebrates the career of the Rev. John Waterhouse, a mighty worker among the heathen of all races, whose last words, in 1842, were ' Missionaries, missionaries, missionaries '; and the other, in honour of the conversion of Charles Wesley, on May 23rd, 1738, has a lively representation of this divine composing the hymn written on that occasion : ' Where shall my wondering soul begin .' Charles Wesley, I learn, wrote, in all, 6,500 hymns. It was three days later that John Wesley was converted, also by Peter Bohler, to a new realization of faith, and it was then that the two brothers laid the foundation-stones of independent Methodism.

John Wesley's house is well kept, a perfect memorial to a remarkable man, with every kind of personal relic. The rooms that are shown are his study, his bedroom, his praying-room, the morning-room, the reception-room and the museum-room, all with white pine walls. There are busts, including the coloured Staffordshire presentment that must have been issued in millions, for you find it everywhere. There are many pictures, his book-case with its ' dumpy twelves ',

and a case of faded letters. Wesley's preaching gown and linen neck-bands may be seen, his hat, his riding-boots and, although he used to read while on horseback, his spurs. You see the huge tea-pot that Josiah Wedgwood gave him and the portrait that Frank Salisbury reconstructed from the Enoch Wood bust; you see Wesley's spectacles, his tallboy, his chair, his electrical machine, a lock of his hair, his muffler, his visiting-card ('Mr. John Wesley') and, for recreation, his playing-cards. Specimens of the original wall-paper are shown, and there is even a section of the ash-tree under which, at Winchelsea, he preached his last sermon in the open air. The pious pilgrim could not ask more.

From the upper front windows on a fine day the view of Bunhill Fields cemetery is almost blinding—a crowded wilderness of tombstones once very white, and still white enough in spite of the ravages of Old Father Time and Old Mother Soot.

The place, although dedicated to great Nonconformists, is a wilderness of illegibility and neglect. The main foot thoroughfare, crossing between Bunhill Road and the City Road, is much used ; but on the tributary paths of the burial ground there are few to tread. The space, however, can never be built over : the last resting-place of John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe, Izaak Walton and William Blake, Charles Wesley and Thomas Stothard, to name no others, would have to be respected. Or would it ?

Illegibility is not perhaps wholly correct, for there are a few inscriptions that have not been

entirely grimed away. You can be sure that one tomb, for instance, is that of Isaac Watts, D.D., whose hymns are probably better known than those of Charles Wesley. You know that the figure on its back on the top of another tomb is that of John Bunyan, and that the obelisk near the centre was erected as a memorial to Defoe ; but what the most striking tomb of all, next it—a derivative of the flying spire of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East—commemorates, there is no indication. Farther away I came on another memorial which is legible, erected by ' Lovers of Hart's Hymns'—Hart, I find, being an independent divine named Joseph Hart, who died in 1768 and wrote many hymns of a Calvinistic tendency. Having read a great number, I am bound to say that it is odd that they were ' loved ' ; but the gloomy hymnist must have had magnetism, for there were twenty thousand people at his funeral.

If you would sec where that other great Nonconformist, George Fox, lies, you must go to the Friends' Burial Ground in Roscoe Street, close to Bunhill Row.

I have been to all the most famous London cemeteries, usually with a fixed purpose. I have been to Highgate to see the grave of F. W. Lillywhite, the ' Nonpareil' ; I have been to Kensal Green, to see where Hood and Thackeray lie. Having stood by Goldsmith's tomb in the Temple, how natural, I thought, to see that of his follower and eulogist, who lived afterwards in the same building in Brick Court and extolled ' Little Goldie ' in his Lectures on the English Humorists.

Kensal Green is a vast city of the dead, and I

had to explore unaided, except by the friendly, but necessarily too concise, *Muirhead;* and thus in time I came to the slab, surrounded by ivy, which covers the remains of the author of *Vanity Fair.* Next him, with one tomb intervening, lies his schoolfellow, friend and colleague, John Leech, and it was with a shock that I realized how young they were when they passed over : a shock because one thinks of both as mature if not elderly. Thackeray died at fifty-two and Leech at forty-seven. Picking my way deviously among the gravestones, too many of which are crooked and too many are with inscriptions nearly obliterated, I chanced, suddenly, a long way from Thackeray, upon the stone commemorating the Brookfields, his dear friends, and the Ritchies, a family into which his daughter, the novelist, married. Pure loiterer's luck. And I found the gigantic bust of Thomas Hood, which I am sure that modest man would resent; and the florid Egyptian temple decreed by Ducrow, the circus potentate, for his eternal rest; and the Greek temple set apart for the descendants of Imre Kiralfy, another entertainment king. But much that would have been even more interesting was out of reach. I even wandered a little in that wilderness of stone awry and rank grass called Unconsecrated Ground ; but it was too melancholy.

While still enacting the part of Old Mortality I would say that at Golder's Green, on the road towards Finchley, is the London Crematorium, on the tablets of whose cloisters, facing the lawn and gardens, many illustrious names may be read.

On the east of Bunhill Fields is the City Road ; on the north and west factories rise ; but on the south, behind the castellated headquarters of the Territorials, are the house and grounds of the famous Honourable Artillery Company, a cheering sight after so many neglected memorials. In the Trained Bands of the H.A.C., which were founded in 1537, were drilled many worthy London gentlemen, whose names for many years are exquisitely inscribed by master calligraphers in the vellum book of the Regiment.

But the exciting realization, to me, is that on the very turf of this H.A.C. Ground, first-class cricket was first played in London. The earliest date of a recorded match is 1726 ; but, later, various heroes of the Hambledon Club helped to perfect the incomparable game. The first London match to be mentioned in *Lillywhite* was played here in 1746—Kent v. All England —two years after the Laws of Cricket had been first drawn up. *Lillywhite* gives nothing at all regularly until 1772, when there was a single cricket match here with John Small (who first used the straight bat), Thomas Sueter, George Leer, Thomas Brett, J. Boorman, MinshuU and Richard Nyren, captain of the Hambledon Club, all in it. By this time, although Hambledon led, the game was popular all over Surrey, Hampshire, Kent and Sussex.

In 1773, the H.A.C. withdrew from their ground the privilege of matches, and it was not until 1846 that, under the counsel of the Prince Consort, cricket was allowed again, with stringent rules. But the points to remember, when we are

on the green grass off Moorgate Street, all among offices, are, first, that it was on the Honourable Artillery Company's ground that spectacular cricket began, and, secondly, that all through the season there are still excellent matches here (one with the Lords and Commons and one with the M.C.C.), played on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

After the H.A.C. ground was closed, White Conduit Fields became, for a short time, the headquarters of the game ; and then, in 1787, the best cricketers followed their groundsman, Thomas Lord, from White Conduit Fields to Dorset Square, which is now residential, and called themselves the M.C.C. and in 1788 revised the Laws ; in 1811 (taking the same turf) they moved to Lord's new ground, farther north ; and in 1814, still with the same turf, to the Lord's that we now know.

Since I am speaking here of Lord's, I might say that a group of statuary, representing St. George and the Dragon, has recently been set up in front of St. John's Wood Church as a Marylebone War Memorial. The sculptor of this commanding monument, C. L. Hartwell, R.A., has not made the mistake of Boehm, in his design on the old gold sovereign, of giving St. George a dagger so short that it could not have inflicted on the Dragon a deathly wound at all, but has provided the liberating Cappadocian with a spear which goes well down the monster's throat. Ruskin, who was so contemptuous of Boehm's effort, would be pleased.

At the south-east corner of the M.C.C. ground is a relief of sport; the central gates of the ground

commemorate the name and fame of W. G. Grace ; while the garden behind the Pavilion was laid out in honour of Lord Harris. Here, in May, the tulips are very beautiful, and here, in July, it becomes horticulturally tactful as it prepares for the University Match with light-blue delphiniums and dark-blue lobelias. The Pavilion itself has a very fine collection of books and prints relating to cricket, but it is accessible only to members and their friends.

Cricket, which has become our national summer game, is now played much in London, but the first-class variety has only two homes, Lord's and the Oval—Lord's for Test matches, Gentlemen and Players, Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Harrow, Middlesex matches and M.C.C. matches ; the Oval for Test matches and for Surrey. Good games, of not such a high order, but often more lively, may be watched at Burton Court in Royal Hospital Road, between soldiers, and in Vincent Square, close to the Vauxhall Bridge Road, where the boys of Westminster School meet their foes.

Football is not played at Lord's or the Oval, but on the various Clubs' premises, while the final match for the Association cup, at the end of the season, is at Wembley and is watched by thousands. For the best Rugby you must go to Twickenham. There is no London racecourse, the nearest being at Alexandra Palace and at Sandown Park, Kempton Park and Hurst Park, and at Northolt Park, for ponies. The Derby is run at Epsom.

Polo, during the season, is played at Ranelagh, Roehampton and Hurlingham. There is some

Baseball here and there, but it has not become an English game. The capital of the Lawn Tennis world is Wimbledon ; there are three or four courts for Real Tennis, but they are private. A lower form of sport for gamblers, in which greyhounds pursue a stuffed hare, is practised at many stadiums within easy reach ; and there are, I am told, dirt-tracks.

The best Billiards and Snooker in the world are played at the two chief London saloons.

In addition to the advertisements in the papers, telling us about so many London entertainments, indoors and out, plays, concerts, picture shows and so forth, the visitor or idler should consult ' Arrangements for To-day' also in the papers.

And now, to return to the East End, another excursion up the Commercial Road to Barking, a long journey with continuous tramlines and grimed houses, ending, however, at last, on the farther side of Barking, in the Tudor gravity and comeliness of Eastbury Manor, surrounded by its lawns. One has been thinking little of anything as gracious as that; but there it is, all among tidy new roads : a massive square mansion of red brick, sitting comfortably on the ground and now and for ever securely in the care of the National Art Collections Fund, who have made a Museum of it.

So far as inquirers can discover, Eastbury Manor was built in the sixteenth century on a site belonging to the Abbey of Barking which had been dissolved by Henry the Eighth. The builder was probably one Clement Sysley, who left it to his son Thomas. Before the year 1608,

Thomas Sysley sold it, and it then changed hands again and again, Sir Thomas Vyner, Lord Mayor of London in 1653-4, for instance, owning it and probably using it as his country seat. In the nineteenth century it was a farm, and its demolition was practically assured when the National Art Collections Fund, with help from the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings (both admirable institutions), stepped in and secured it for ever.

Among the Barking relics which I hope will be permanent are some initialled bricks from the chimney of the old Court House at Barking, built in 1567 ; a painting of the privateer *Essex*, which sailed from Barking in the last century, when Barking was a seaport; the grog locker of the *Essex*, with one of its generous 12-bottle containers in it; and a grappling iron covered with pelagic deposit, which was trawled up from the site of the Battle of Camperdown in 1797, when the Dutch were defeated. Inverted, this grappling iron is now, by the vicissitudes of chance, an electric reading-lamp. (Imperial Caesar!) And all these interesting exhibits have been arranged with excellent taste, sparsely, in the old spacious rooms, where the fireplaces are as they were, and as much of the woodwork as could be, retained, and here and there the vestiges of a fresco ; while in the dining-hall is a buttery hatch all ready for Sir Andrew Aguecheek to take his dry hand thither.

If you want to appreciate Barking's old amphibious character you must go through the ancient gate-tower to the comfortable spreading

church, for there you will find a window in memory of the town when it was a fishing centre, before the northern East Anglians captured the trade. The window depicts, in one light, the port, a few hundred yards distant from the church, with a red-sailed yawl, no doubt full of the morning's catch, and, in the other, a fisherman selling his wares to a housewife on the quay; while figures of denizens of the deep which appeal to the stained-glass designer, such as lobsters and sea-horses, are scattered about. And on a screen close to this window, which is in the south aisle, are charming little figures of fishermen, sacred and profane, carved in wood and coloured, the one nearest the window being an old salt in a sou'wester and a fringe of white whiskers, who flaunts a huge plaice or turbot ; while, of the others, there are the Apostle John and the Apostle James, each with the fishing-net that he spread punctually in Galilee, and—not so piscatorial—St. Ethelburga, and St. Nicholas with three children at his knee ; and then we come again to the laity in the persons of Elizabeth Fry, stately and benignant, who was buried at Barking, and of Captain Cook, with a spy-glass and a map, who was married here.

And then I went down to the water and found it was muddy and forlorn. Barking Creek, I learn, is formed by the widening of the mouth of the River Roding, flowing down from rural Essex, where it gives its name to various small villages. But at the Creek there is no cheerfulness any more ; no yawls with red or brown sails, no traffic in the finny race. The glory has departed.

I conclude this rambling chapter by saying that the open spaces of the East End, chiefly churchyards, are not many ; but Victoria Park is wide and very populous. It adjoins the People's Palace, which came into being through the infectious energy and enthusiasm of Walter Besant, whose dream for the amelioration of the East-ender was outlined in his novel, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men.*

Wherever you go, you must remember that the East End is for vigorous explorers, for the distances are great and the atmosphere is not too cheering. When you are tired, it is not a bad thing to ride through the Blackwall Tunnel, which unites Poplar and Greenwich, and take refuge on the south side of the Thames.

Chapter V

THE CITY, GUILDHALL AND EMBANKMENT

The City, Day and Night—The Lord Mayor and his Coachman—Medieval Pageantry—The Attraction of Noise—Gog and Magog—The Guildhall Picture Gallery—Old Academies—The Historical City—St. Dunstan's-in-the-East—London's Steeples—John Constable—William Dyce—J. E. Millais—Sir Joshua—James Northcote—The Guildhall Reading Room—The Guildhall Library—Dick Whittington—Clocks and Watches—The Museum—The Royal Exchange—Beadles—Lloyd's—The City Companies—Queen Victoria Street—The College of Arms—St. Bennetts—Paul's Pier Wharf—St. Andrew of the Wardrobe—' The Times '—Water Lane and Apothecaries' Hall—Riverside Buildings—The Embankment Gardens and Statuary—'King's Reach '—H.M.S. 'President'—' The Seven Seas'—Waterloo Bridge—Adelphi Terrace

THE City, as we call the commercial part of London between Gray's Inn Road, the Griffin and Approach Road in the west, and Aldgate Pump in the east, of which Cheapside, Lombard Street and Bishopsgate Street are the principal thoroughfares, is alive only by day. Before and after business hours it is dead, and all Sunday it is dead, too. Fleet Street and Tudor Street, on the City's western borders, where the journalists swarm, are full of activity, even in the smallest hours; St. Martin's le Grand, the G.P.O., in the north-west, and Billingsgate, the fish-market, in

the east, are alive, too; but the City sleeps. Yet in its business hours what a hive of industry this City is ! Every road, street, alley, court, lane and passage quivers with life—money-making life.

But even in the City, so hard and grasping, nature bursts out. There are the many churchyards, in which there are no more burials, but seats and flower-beds and a lawn, of which Postman's Park, adjoining the General Post Office, is one of the best known, and at ' the corner of Wood Street', in Cheapside, there is still the plane tree of which, in ' Poor Susan', Wordsworth sang—sadly pollarded but existent. London's greenery everywhere is indeed a perpetual delight, and never so surprising as in the Spring, when the least likely of front gardens and back gardens and even yards suddenly sport an almond tree with its magical assuring pink, a peach or cherry tree, a bush of lilac or laburnum, even a magnolia—all so much earlier than in the cooler country.

There are guide-books to almost all the historic buildings and collections mentioned in these pages, which one should procure and examine before visiting them ; and not the least admirable of these guides is that to the Guildhall of the City of London. It is in this rambling building that the administrative work of the City proper is arranged, as apart from the activities of the London County Council ; and it is here that the Lord Mayor, although he lives officially in the Mansion House, carries out many of his duties ; and it is in the Great Hall here that his annual Banquet is held. The Lord Mayor,

picked from the roll of Sheriffs, the Chief Magistrate of the City of London, reigns for one year only, but during that year he is, in his own territory, supreme.

I have watched him arriving at the Guildhall for one of the many meetings there ; and the event is a remarkable relic of the Middle Ages which must be seen to be believed. The last time I saw it was only the other day, when the cortege consisted of three carriages, two with four horses each and the other with two, and plump-faced coachmen with curling white wigs. The carriages were packed with the resplendencies of the City, each in a different shape of fur hat. Carefully extricated and received ceremonially by other resplendencies, supported by retainers in green and gold livery, they disappeared glitteringly from view in the direction of lunch—and, no doubt, what a lunch !

You may sometimes also see them on their way to a Levee at Buckingham Palace, when there is the addition of a rider in a scarlet uniform on a frisky horse. It is all a sheer Cinderella survival; and no wonder we stand and gape. But London wayfarers can always gape ; they have hours to spare whenever anything in the least untoward is proceeding. Once upon a time they assembled at their thickest around fallen horses ; to-day, when horses fall no more, they seem to be most attracted by the navvies who break up the roads with electric drills, although the noise thus caused is one from which any sensible person would flee. For those who like it, however, the excitement is practi-

cally continuous throughout the year, as in London one road or another is always being broken up, and during every August many.

The Londoner's delight in forming one of a crowd is indeed constant, and it has been said that a man has but to stand still and look steadily up, to become quickly the nucleus of a mob. It is doubtful, however, if any peaceful scene is so popular as that in which the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Lord Mayor's coachman, play their part.

You will find at the Guildhall—the best view of which, closing the vista, is up King Street—in more exact perfection than in Trafalgar Square, some of the standard lengths as fixed by the Astronomer Royal in 1878 ; but the glory of the Hall is its commemorative statuary and banners, and its stained glass, and on no account must Gog and Magog, up there in the gallery, be missed. The symmetrical London explorer is bound to look at these great effigies in carved wood, for, as I have said, they are traditionally the first conquering settlers here, and the founders, for the Trojans, for whom they fought, of Troy-novaunt, or the New Troy, the first city of Albion and the original London. Although the carver gave them Roman costumes, their doughty deeds belong to a period before Rome; indeed a thousand years before the birth of Christ, and nearly a thousand before the first Roman landed here.

Before Gog and Magog were carved, in 1708, and set in place to overlook the Lord Mayor's guests on every Ninth of November, wickerwork

simulacra of them were carried in His Worship's procession, a tribute to their importance in the City's life. Whether or no there is any truth in the legend, I cannot say ; but there they stand, 14 feet 6 inches high, with laurel wreaths on their heads, and those who like to revere such ancestors, may.

Much of the Guildhall Picture Gallery, like the Chantrey Bequest rooms at the Tate, recalls old academicians no longer too much esteemed, such as Frederick Goodall and Alma Tadema and Thomas Sidney Cooper, but there are a few good pictures and some really excellent records of important events in the City and in history. You may see the City's volunteers being welcomed home from South Africa in 1900 ; you may see George the Fifth and Queen Mary at the Guildhall in 1911 ; and Lord Rodney beating the French fleet in 1782 ; and Lord Heathfield (an enormous canvas by Copley) prevailing at Gibraltar ; and the Lord Mayor holding his Show on the river in 1789.

More interesting to me are the many pictures of old London, several of them by Samuel Scott, that fine painter of the London of his day, who lived from 1710 to 1772 and was even known as 'The English Canaletto'. There is also a vivid 'Burning of Drury Lane', in 1809, by Abraham Pether, who specialized in scenes of fire. Best of all is a little Daniel Turner, of the frozen Thames in 1795, with a spectre-like St. Dunstan's-in-the-East in the distance, this lovely piece of Wren's stonework being seen again in 'The Demolition of St. Olave's' by Vicat Cole ; **but**

if you want a scene of steeples, you must look at 'The Heart of the Empire', by Lund, where there are scores gathered about St. Paul's.

Of the paintings proper, I draw attention to a fine large Constable, in the manner of the glorious 'Hadleigh Castle' at the National Gallery, called 'Fording the River', full of his 'sparkle', wind and showers. This is the first of our many pictures by John Constable (1775-1835) that you are to see; others await you not only at the National Gallery, but at Burlington House, at the Victoria and Albert Museum and at the Tate, and you may come, as I do, to associate London inseparably with him.

The visitor should look also for 'George Herbert at Bemerton', and 'Henry VI during the Battle of Towton', both by William Dyce, and both good examples of Pre-Raphaelism. The best Dyce of all that we shall see, will be the 'Pegwell Bay' at the National Gallery, where the comet of 1858 plays the same part that the sickle moon does in this 'Henry VI .' The Guildhall also has three canvases by Sir John Everett Millais: two in his later sugary manner, 'Her First Sermon' and 'Her Second Sermon', and one painted when he was a severe Pre-Raphaelite associate of Dyce. Look also for some flowers by Fantin-Latour, a little Spanish John Phillips, a dealer's Corot (by which I mean a soft feathery landscape, with lake, painted less to please himself than to sell; but vastly better than most other work), and a seapiece by E. W. Cooke, whose pictures are too seldom seen.

The portrait of Thomas Tompkins, by Sir

Joshua Reynolds, introduces us to another great painter whom we shall meet again and again as we pass about London, from the Guildhall to Ken Wood, by way of the National Gallery and the Wallace Gallery, and a host of smaller collections.

For the student of London there are also the two sets of water-colours, one capturing and preserving various buildings of the recent past, by William Alistair Macdonald, and the other, the Wren spires and steeples, by H. E. Tidmarsh. I should add that the work of Sir John Gilbert, that valiant illustrator, and Albert Goodwin, who saw and painted a world of misty beauty, is also specially well represented here.

Downstairs, in the passage, are other historical scenes, such as a record of Louis Philippe receiving an address from the Lord Mayor in 1844; the 'Death of Wat Tyler', by James Northcote, the famous old painter whom we know best by his conversations with that observant trenchant Londoner, William Hazlitt; and George the Third stopping at Temple Bar in 1787, which should be examined by the London explorer in order that he may realize how Temple Bar used to stand—bar, I fear, meaning barrier. Here also are many busts of the great in their own time, including Cecil Rhodes, whom we think of as very little associated with the Guildhall or City, and Joseph Chamberlain with a marble monocle rim.

When the Guildhall began to take note of the origins and growth of London, it had the field to itself: there was no London Museum. To-day

the student must visit both, for, although they work on parallel lines, each has much that the other has not. We find the Guildhall Museum by passing through the Newspaper Room—too much crowded, I fear, by unemployed persons searching the advertisements for work—and leaving the Library and Reading Room on our left. This Library, I should say, which also is open to all, had in the fifteenth century a benefactor named Richard Whityngton, who was no other than one of the friends of our childhood : the lad who, on Highgate Hill, accompanied by his cat, was instructed by Bow Bells to turn again and become thrice Lord Mayor. Odd that this very serious City Father should now be known chiefly as a hero of pantomime, named Dick, played by a young woman with anything but meagre contours. Such is fame. Yet in his day —he died in 1423—he was real enough, and this fine Library in part proves it.

As for the Museum itself, it confines itself strictly to the City of London, from Roman times to the Middle Ages, with a few more recent additions, such as signboards from demolished inns, including two sets of Three Kings, and figures from demolished facades. You may see here exactly how the citizens used to dress : how their shoes were shaped, and their caps ; you may see what their drinking jugs were like, and, as a special diversion, you may see the very sword that the French Admiral surrendered to Nelson at the Battle of the Nile.

The Guildhall also has a priceless little room where old clocks and watches may be studied,

including one that belonged to Sir Isaac Newton himself. You will find clocks and watches in greater profusion at the Science Museum in Exhibition Road, but the charm of this little room will not be injured by any of its rivals.

If you would see other pictorial representations of the most remarkable London incidents through the ages, you must go to the Royal Exchange, opposite the Bank of England, where, round the walls, are mural paintings by British artists, usually R.A.s. On the benches beneath, at lunch-time, is a stolid row of clerks of both sexes, munching in silence and perhaps saving crumbs for the pigeons outside, whose voracity knows no limit, while up and down a sumptuous beadle continually stalks. You find this cock-hatted sign of the past also at the Bank, where visitors without any dark financial purposes are permitted to see the garden. The abode of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street (who has been sculptured in the pediment) has recently been rebuilt, to the design of Sir Herbert Baker, R.A.

The Royal Exchange, which was founded by the great city magnate Sir Thomas Gresham, is an Exchange no longer, so that the group of commerce and merchants on the fagade is out of date, while its motto ' The Earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof has lost its application. It is now merely the office of an insurance company and various other concerns ; but it has a set of bells which at fixed hours discourse familiar music. On its west side is a War memorial and a statue of the Iron Duke ; on the east is a statue of George Peabody, the philanthropist,

and a fountain by that graceful French sculptor Dalou.

The Stock Exchange, which must not be—but so often is—confused with the Royal Exchange, is in Capel Court, but it is not accessible to any but those who 'broke .' Into Lloyd's, however, now in Leadenhall Street, you may, if you like, wander and see the Nelson relics, and the historic H.M.S. *Lutine* bell, or you may insure yourself against most things that we do not want, even twins, although I understand that in Canada quintuplets are a sound investment.

If you are sufficiently a gourmand for London you will want also to peep in at the Halls of the various City Companies and admire their solidarity—and silver. Lineage having taken so many devious courses, it is rare to find among the Worshipful Merchant Taylors a 'snip', or among the Worshipful Carpenters a 'chip', or among the Worshipful Paper Stainers a paper-stainer; while the Worshipful Girdlers are, of course, obsolete; but their Halls, richly dight, persist, and permission can be obtained to see them. Better still to be asked to a banquet, and, if it is a Ladies' night, to receive a gift, for these companies are extremely wealthy and generous.

If possible, the wonderful Persian carpet hanging on the walls of the Girdlers' Hall, in Basinghall Street, should be seen; and the Goldsmiths' Hall, at the corner of Gresham Street and Foster Lane, possesses some special plate. A portrait of Sir Hugh Myddelton, who brought the waters of the New River from Hertfordshire to Islington,

for London to drink, is also here ; and you may see vestiges of a Roman altar found during the rebuilding.

We might pave the way to another chapter, which is devoted to Sir Christopher Wren, his churches and his cathedral, by descending Queen Victoria Street from Cannon Street station, for it has two Wren churches and offers an unusual and very fine view of St. Paul's. On this way to Blackfriars Bridge, to the magnificent block of Unilever House, with its mettlesome sculptured steeds, and to the statue of Queen Victoria in the middle of the roadway, we should come, first, on the right, to the College of Arms, with its courtyard and its red brick, all so unlike London. This is the place to which you go for a pedigree and crest. Opposite this retired building you find, all among Salvation Army soldiers, Bennet Hill, where stands the little square red-brick church called St. Bennet's, built by Wren for the Establishment, but now used by the pious Welsh. It has little Jacobean bricks, with some charming festoons on it.

If you cross Upper Thames Street just below St. Bennet's, and go down Paul's Pier Wharf to its steps, you will come to the very river itself, with a stirring scene of barges and tugs right at your feet, and, across the water, Banksidc ; while on your way back you will have the dome of St. Paul's high above you and the Cross piercing the sky.

Recrossing Queen Victoria Street, you come next to the great white headquarters of the British and Foreign Bible Society, where the

Good Book is issued in myriad different languages and dialects. In the Library upstairs, passing the bronze bust of the Earl of Shaftesbury who is memorialized by the Eros fountain in Piccadilly Circus, are countless editions. In the show-cases are various remarkable and valuable curiosities, such as the latest translations, one being the Bible in Slovak and one the New Testament in Luchazi-Portuguese; Tindale's New Testament, 1525, in facsimile ; Coverdale's Bible, 1535 ; Coverdale's Great Bible, 1539 ; the Geneva Bible, 1560 ; the Bishop's Bible, 1568 ; the first Authorized Version, 1611, and the first Revised Version, 1885 ; illuminated MS. of a Latin Bible, 1300 ; Melancthon's Bible of the twelfth century, and Wycliffe's of the fifteenth ; the oldest version of St. John's Gospel, on fibre, in Coptic ; the first German Bible, 1446; Luther's New Testament, 1552 ; the first French New Testament, 1474 ; a piece of the tree under which Stanley presumed that he met Dr. Livingstone ; a prayer book belonging to George the Fifth in 1910, and another belonging to Queen Victoria and inscribed by her, on March 8th, 1887, ' On earth peace, goodwill towards men'.

Next to the white headquarters of the Bible Society, you will find, nineteen steps up, on the bank, the red church of St. Andrew-of-the-Wardrobe, by Wren, and finally, just before the railway bridge, you are at the office of *The Times,* the best newspaper in the world.

Next it is Water Lane, a tributary running upwards to St. Paul's : an old-fashioned winding thoroughfare, with shops of all kinds and a

notice that the Blackfriars Dominican Monastery, which underlies these parts, was built here in 1278. Water Lane has old fagades, old doors and old roofs and windows, really very like a country street in London, and is so well hidden that the rebuilder may never find it. The principal building is Apothecaries' Hall, with a courtyard of its own and full-length portraits of Charles the First and James the First and other patrons; and coats-of-arms in the windows ; and a bust of Gideon Delaune, the founder ; and a very noble chest made of wood saved from the Great Fire; and the banners of the barges in which the Apothecaries used to be rowed on the Thames. Elsewhere is a Court Room, with a portrait of Gideon Delaune, a portrait of James the First, a portrait, unfinished, of the great John Hunter by Sir Joshua, and a Queen Anne round table which furniture-experts desire. But, by many visitors, most interest will be shown in the portrait of John Keats, which is here because that doomed youth of genius was an apothecary's assistant as well as a poet. At Apothecaries' Hall examinations are still regularly held, in great numbers, and dispensers are granted the right to carry on their mystery.

If, after Water Lane, you cross the road to the Victoria Embankment, for a little of the river's air and the gay sight of barges and tugs and restless water, you would have a very pleasant walk, beside King's Reach, to the Houses of Parliament, between the Thames and Gardens. One thinks naturally of the Thames and the Embankment as running due east and west from

Blackfriars to St. Stephen's; but this mistake is very quickly corrected, for a surprising turn to the south comes very soon. As a matter of fact, Westminster Bridge is at right-angles to London Bridge.

On the right after Unilever House is the City of London School, and, up the street, the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. Next the School is the John Carpenter Club, and next that, at the corner, the City of London School Contingent Officers' Training Corps (junior division), and on the west side of John Carpenter Street is Sion College and Library, a club and research-room for the London clergy, while the next important building is Reuter's. At the east corner of Temple Avenue is the office of the Accountants of the G.P.O. (with letter-boxes opposite still marked 'V.R.'), on the top of which is a spirited replica of John of Bologna's Mercury.

On the river side, indeed in the river itself, as you may note by the ship's rising and falling with the tide, is H.M.S. *President*, now the London headquarters of the R.N.V.R., with memorials on the wall to the men of this body who lost their lives in the Great War. Next, on one of the piers, is a bronze relief in memory of the Officers and Men of the Royal Navy who were drowned in submarines. Opposite are the Gardens of the Temple, where, in the summer, barristers leap and prance at lawn-tennis and nursemaids wheel their little charges about the grass. Just by the lofty library of the Middle Templars, who have some eccentric and amusing gargoyles to gaze upon, is a footpath leading to the Essex Street

gateway steps. The beautiful little modern palace, opposite the Middle Temple Library, with a glorious golden ship weather-vane on the roof, is now the headquarters of the Society of Incorporated Accountants, but was built as an office and a residence for the first Lord Astor and is one of the most substantial and satisfying of recent London structures.

The footpath to the sacred enclosure of the Temple, which is gained through a wrought-iron gate in this lane, closed during Law vacations, is not, I may say, intended for the public ; but the public, looking as legal as it can, uses it.

And now for King's Reach, which I mentioned very casually just now, but which is one of the latest additions to London and one of our forms of commemorating the Silver Jubilee of King George the Fifth. For this is the new name, just given by the Port of London, to the stretch of the Thames between London Bridge and Westminster Bridge, as the inscription on the very charming sea-green stone on the Embankment Wall, opposite the foot of Essex Street, relates : King's Reach.

It is at the point where the private Temple Gardens end, that the public Embankment Gardens begin, with their seats and beds and trees and bandstands, and a very odd assemblage of statuary so unlike the assertive marble splendours of the Continent. This first Garden, for instance, is bounded on the east by copies of two bronze wrestlers which once were at Herculaneum, and on the west by the figure of Brunei the engineer, on the stone seat beneath

whom you will usually find a sleeping tramp—sleeping tramps being noticeable objects all along the Embankment. Between these extremes you will find a statue of John Stuart Mill, a fountain in memory of Lady Henry Somerset, the Temperance advocate, and a statue of William Edward, or ' Buckshot', Forster, once a Secretary for Ireland. Opposite the City end of the Gardens, on the Embankment Wall near the journalist quarter, is a bas-relief of W. T. Stead, the editor and reformer.

Somewhere by the Stead tablet you should look down the river to catch, over Cannon Street station, a glimpse of the Monument and, over the railway, a glimpse of the pinnacles of the Tower Bridge ; just as on the Embankment below Charing Cross you should look for St. Paul's gleaming high. The minaret on the opposite side of the river is a shot tower ; but the mystery of how shot is made I have never solved.

Moving steadily towards St. Stephen's, we now have on our right the long stone front of Somerset House, which was once washed by the Thames, and in front of us, on the left, the place where, until the other day, Rennie's Waterloo Bridge so confidently spanned the river but now does so no more.

On the Embankment Wall at this point is the memorial to Sir Walter Besant, which we ought to seek because he was one of the greatest of Londoners in the post-Dickens and Sala days, and, as I have said, in *All Sorts and Conditions of Men,* the originator of the People's Palace which Queen Victoria, who gave her name to this

Embankment, opened in 1887. But even more interesting to us should be the fact that Besant planned a new ' Survey of London' in the manner of John Stow. In fact, from 1892 his descriptive London books, several issued after his death, numbered as many as fourteen.

The red-brick building between the Savoy Hotel and Savoy Hill is the headquarters of the Electrical Engineers, very properly fitted with flood-lighting apparatus ; the very white building on the west side of the Savoy Hotel, with one of London's too few, and too badly distributed, clocks, on the top, is the Shell Mex Building, covering the place where the Hotel Cecil used to stand, and, by means of an electric glow, transformed at night into a fairy castle.

In the Savoy and Adelphi Gardens, you will find a further mixture of statuary—a bust of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who wrote light opera, a statue of Robert Raikes, who founded Sunday Schools, and a drinking fountain with a relief of Henry Fawcett, the blind statesman.

On the Embankment side of these gardens, opposite Cleopatra's Needle, you will see the bronze group presented to this country by Belgium in honour of our hospitality to Belgian refugees during the War, with a female figure who is evidently urging a youth towards a Parliamentary career at Westminster. The wounds in the bodies of the sphinxes attendant on Cleopatra's Needle, the Egyptian monolith which was brought here in 1878, were inflicted by German bombs from the air and are carefully not mended.

The neighbouring public Gardens, where there

are many chairs and a bandstand and a tea-room, used to be dominated by the beautiful Adelphi Terrace, begun by the Adam brothers in 1769 ; but it has now gone. 'Is nothing sacred in London?' you ask. Almost nothing.

The sombre old York House Water Gate, however, still for the moment remains, and, on the right of it, to the east of Buckingham Street, is the white facade of Watergate House, a worthy new building which I hope will not soon be replaced. York Gate is the only survival of the palace of the great Duke of Buckingham, which once spread hereabouts, as the names of the streets indicate. Taken in the order of his style, they are *George* Court, *Villiers* Street, *Duke* Street, *Of* Alley and *Buckingham* Street, and all still exist.

Among those who lodged in this neighbourhood were Pepys, Peter the Great, J. J. Rousseau, Henry Fielding, Etty the painter and William Black the novelist. The York Water Gate, I might add, should be looked for again as you walk along the Strand and glance down Buckingham Street.

In the gardens are some more odd marble fellows: Robert Burns, who now and then exceeded ; Sir Wilfred Lawson, who never did ; and Lord Cheylesmore, 'soldier, administrator, philanthropist and steadfast friend'. There is also a tiny War Memorial to Officers and Men of the Imperial Camel Corps.

Just to the east of Charing Cross Bridge is the *Seven Seas,* which also, like H.M.S. *President,* rises and falls with the tide, sometimes being

almost invisible from the road. The *Seven Seas* is a ship that was once active in the War but is now a nautical club. On the Embankment Wall is the memorial to W. S. Gilbert. Beyond are still more Gardens in front of the National Liberal Club and Whitehall Gardens, with more statues, the three famous men being Sir James Outram, the soldier, Sir Bartle Frere, the administrator, and William Tyndale, the first translator of the New Testament into English, of whom we saw relics at the Bible Society ; while on the opposite side is the monument, ' Per Ardua ', to those of the Air Force who, in the War of 1914-18, lost their lives. On the railings of the Gardens themselves is a memorial to Samuel Plimsoll, who set his ' line ' on cargo-boats.

Beyond are private gardens soon to be covered with new Government buildings ; and so we reach New Scotland Yard, but the office where those who leave things in cabs used to go to describe them, and (if they were lucky) reclaim them and pay the price, is now in the Lambeth Road at the corner of Pratt Street.

And here are the Houses of Parliament and their thousand windows and ornaments, their towers and spires and Big Ben.

Chapter VI

TABLETS AND STATUARY

Official Publications—William Hazlitt—The Corporation of the City of London—Dan Chaucer—Samuel Pepys—John Keats—Shakespeare—Alexander Pope—Thomas Chatter ton—William Blake—The Fire of London—Lost Churches—Old Monasteries—Lamb and Coleridge—The Best London Statue—English Sculpture

IN a previous book I gave a list, of the greatest interest to the student of London and the pilgrim in London, of the tablets erected on our facades to the memory of illustrious inhabitants. As I hope that this book will be current for some years, I am giving now no such list, subject as it would be to change and addition ; but I am mentioning instead that a visit to the London County Council's publishers, P. S. King & Son, Orchard House, Great Smith Street, Westminster, is important, for inquiries can be made there as to their publications. There, among a vast number of other valuable and pertinent matters, will be found such a list, with marks indicating ' House demolished and tablet removed ; House demolished and tablet re-erected on new premises, with supplementary tablet; Supplementary tablet erected together with the old Society of Arts tablet; and House demolished and new tablet erected on new premises.'

But apart from those of the County Council, there can be efforts at commemoration. At 5, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, for example, a little way down from Fleet Street, on the right, I noticed one day a tablet erected by the Corporation of the City of London stating that in a house lost beneath new buildings William Hazlitt once lived ; and not long afterwards, as I passed the new Midland Bank in the Poultry, I noticed that in a house, also submerged, there, Thomas Hood had been born in 1798 ; and in Fleet Street, on another day, I found a tablet at 37, Fleet Street, now Hoare's Bank, marking the site of the Mermaid Inn, but this, it must be borne in mind, is not the Mermaid at which Ben Jonson and Shakespeare revelled. The site of that was in Cheapside, between Friday Street and Bread Street. I now learn that the pious commemorative labours of the Corporation, supplementary to those of the London County Council and the Society of Arts, with their circular tablets, have led to the scientific erection of more than a hundred glazed stoneware reminders of the past, so that anyone acquiring the official list and exploring the City can continually be instructed as to the London which existed there before this hectic mutable London of our own came into being.

The first building to be thus distinguished, in June, 1923, was the Aldgate Post Office, and very suitably old Dan Chaucer was the beginner : Father of English Poetry and Father of stoneware glazed tablets alike. How many people buying stamps and despatching telegrams there before June, 1923, guessed the proximity of the author

of the *Canterbury Tales*? None, I suspect. But they know now, and I should like to think that a chained copy of the great and glorious work is kept at one of the desks. Waiting for the telephone box to be vacant would be a joy if one might read 'The Miller's Tale'.

The next house to be blazoned was the 'White Swan' inn in Salisbury Court, because it was on the site of it that Samuel Pepys was born. You should drink there. The next was the G.P.O. building at 5, Knightrider Street (these illustrious men seemed to like the idea of post offices), because on its site was born Thomas Linacre, the physician. Another physician, but only in chrysalis stage, formed the subject of the Corporation's fourth memorial—John Keats, who was born in a house on the site of the 'Moorgate' inn, in Moorfields, then a livery-stable. Keats's name may, in the words on his tomb in Rome, have been writ in water; but it is writ also in stoneware glaze in the district which qualified him to be abused by the *Blackwood* group as a Cockney.

The fifth tablet, raised also in June. 1923, brings us to a greater poet even than Chaucer or Keats: Shakespeare, who, in 1604, lived in a house on the site of 'The Cooper's Arms' in Silver Street; and it would be difficult to think of five more human shrines for the Corporation to begin with, or for the devout pilgrim to visit.

But the City's association with Parnassus is not yet all told. Another tablet, set up, on March 31st, 1930, at 32, Lombard Street, com-

memorates the birth there, in 1688, of Alexander Pope. It would be very difficult for a poet to be born in Lombard Street to-day. No. 39, Brooke Street, Holborn, marks the site of the house where the ill-fated Thomas Chatterton died, by his own hand, in 1770—a representation of which you may see if you go to the Tate Gallery and look at the picture by Henry Wallis, the Pre-Raphaelite : a picture made more interesting by the circumstance that the model who sat for the luckless poet was George Meredith.

So far we have been dealing only with the ghosts of residences ; but we come to solid brick and mortar at 17, South Molton Street, which is outside the normal scope of the Corporation's activities, being in the West district, but which they have distinguished by a tablet announcing that here, in this actual house, lived and worked, wrote and drew, saw visions and dreamed dreams, one of the most remarkable geniuses that this country has produced—William Blake.

Out of the many tablets the majority deal not with poets or other great men, but as indications of the position of churches destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666—and to read through the list is to realize again what a terrible ravager that conflagration was. The odd thing is that, in spite of the zeal of Sir Christopher Wren, so few of them were rebuilt. Where, for instance, St. Mary Cole Church stood, are now business premises, 36 and 37, Old Jewry ; the ruins of St. Andrew Hubbard's are covered by 16, East Cheap ; those of St. Leonard's by New Buildings, Foster Lane ; those of St. Gabriel's, by 33, Fenchurch Street;

St. Nicholas Olave's by 75B, Queen Victoria Street; St. Thomas the Apostle's, by 28, Queen Street; St. Mary Magdalene's by 1, Milk Street Buildings ; and so on.

Among other and more genial buildings now no more, which have been marked and brought by the Corporation back to momentary life, is the Whitefriars Theatre of 1576 to 1614, which stood where the premises of the *News Chronicle,* in Magpie Alley, are to-day ; while where *The Times* office stands once might have been seen, all those years ago, queues of people waiting to get into the old Blackfriars Playhouses, the first lasting from 1576 to 1584, and the second from 1596 to 1655, and where the *Punch* office now stands in Bouverie Street was once the site of the holy house of the Whitefriars.

The Newgate Street Post Office rises from the site of a Grcyfriars monastery, which was turned into Christ's Hospital in 1552, so that just as in the Aldgate Post Office you may sweeten delays by thinking of Chaucer, here you may reflect that Lamb and Coleridge once walked together. No. 64, Queen Street, was built on the site of the Duke of Buckingham's mansion ; while a palace of Edward the Sixth stood where 3, Bridewell Place now is, the offices of the London City Mission. Indeed, to guess what was on any site before the structure that now takes its place, would be an impossible, if not unamusing, task. What depositor at the Westminster Bank, 1, Threadneedle Street, would suppose that if he were on the same spot in the thirteenth century he would be a patient or visitor at the Hospital

of St. Anthony? How many guests of the Great Eastern Hotel in Liverpool Street would behave any differently if they knew that the first Bethlehem Hospital, or Bedlam, stood there from 1247 to 1676?

In addition to the tablets, I once made and published what I hoped was a complete list of London's statues. But for reasons that already have been given, I shall attempt it no more. Probably there is a guide-book to them, but every few minutes it goes out of date. A new edition certainly will be called for when George the Fifth is commemorated in London.

Among our statuary to which particular references will from time to time be made, I would personally single out Hamo Thornycroft's Gordon in Trafalgar Square, as a very beautiful and convincing thing, caressing to the eye from every angle. And I personally think that Gilbert's group in bronze, in honour of Queen Alexandra, and gently illuminated at night, is a touching and adequate tribute. But sculpture is not an English long suit.

Chapter VII

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AND CITY CHURCHES

The Monument and the Great Fire of London—St. Margaret Pattens—Samuel Pepys—St. Olave's—Sir Christopher Wren—A Universal Genius—The Rebuilder of the City—Other Buildings—St. Lawrence, Jewry—The Lord Mayor and Corporation—Grinling Gibbons and his Woodwork—St. Mary Abchurch—St. Peter's, Cornhill—The Bread Shelf—St. Michael's, Cornhill—A pre-Fire Spire—A Roman Fort—Father Smith's Organs—A Perfect Vestry—Spagnoletto's Gridiron—Bow Church and Cockneys—St. Stephen's, Walbrook—A Musical Programme—Wren's Many Steeples—St. Dunstan's-in-the-East—Churches not Burnt—St. Helen's—St. Ethelburga—John Stow—St. Bartholomew's-the-Great

PERHAPS before we wander in the City of London it would be wise to climb either the Monument, or the dome of St. Paul's, and look down on the district to be explored. There is good reason for the choice, for the Monument was erected to indicate the spot at which began the Great Fire which destroyed so much of the London of 1666, and St. Paul's was the principal edifice which emerged from that conflagration. Moreover, both the Monument and new St. Paul's were the work of Sir Christopher Wren, whose minor churches, taking the place of those that had perished, numbered over fifty, most of which

are depicted in the Guildhall in water-colour and may be seen from our two lofty points of vantage.

Pye Corner, where the Fire ended, we shall find almost unmarked, but close to Pudding Lane, where it began, Sir Christopher Wren's mighty Monument rises, with a gallery just under the top, to which anyone with threepence and strong legs may climb. As most of us look upon the bas-relief at the foot on the west side as something of a mystery, let me say that it purports to represent Charles the Second and his brother, the Duke of York, doing their allegorical best to cheer up the unfortunate City. Wind and rain have not been kind to it.

The reader who does not want to be untimely killed is warned that there are subways under the roadway at the Mansion House, the Monument, at Blackfriars, at Piccadilly Circus and elsewhere. But the precautionary provision of a subway does not necessarily mean, among us strange Londoners, that safety is ensured, for we have an objection to going underground even to save our lives. Witness the tunnel joining the two pavements of Parliament Street, by Parliament Square, which almost no one will use.

If London Bridge were to be renamed, I cannot guess what it would be called ; but as for a very long time it was the only link between the north and south banks of the Thames, its style was right: it was London Bridge. It now has many companions.

The view to the west side of London Bridge, with the sombre Fishmongers' Hall at the City

end and Southwark Cathedral at the other, is chiefly commercial and dull. But looking east you have the Tower Bridge in the middle distance, a splendid creation, just like a true Watergate to London, and beneath you the big steamers and little steamers and tugs and barges, and stevedores and cranes at work, and all the restless river life. On the City side are Adelaide House and the facades of Billingsgate Market and the white Custom House with its columns ; and above rises the lovely evanescent spire of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, which is never so beautiful as when the sun is now and then obscured by cloud. Beyond is the Tower.

If you do not object to atmosphere impregnated by fish, you should descend the steps at the City end of London Bridge to Lower Thames Street, and pass under the strong Wren tower of St. Magnus-the-Martyr, which, once so noticeable a landmark and rivermark, has been almost crowded out by surrounding masonry. It was here, according to one of the Corporation of London tablets, to which I have just referred, that the footpath to old London Bridge, for those descending Fish Street Hill, used to run. Miles Coverdale, copies of whose Bibles we have seen in the Bible Society's Library, was once Rector here and is buried here. There is a legend that Billingsgate is named after a Roman architect named Belinus, the maker of Stane Street, which ran from Chichester to London—Belinus's Gate—while Billingshurst, on Stane Street in Sussex, is said to be derived from Belinus's hurst or wood.

On my last visit to these parts I tried hard to

be allowed into the hall of the Custom House, but a liveried guardian was inexorably against it. From here, if you like, you may go eastward to the Tower ; or you may climb the hill for a nearer view of my—and its designer's—favourite spire of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East; or you divert your steps only a little to St. Margaret Pattens, in Rood Lane, the church which that designer, Sir Christopher, attended, and you may even sit in his own canopied pew, where his initials may be seen on the pew's ceiling. This St. Margaret's took its name from the pattens—large shoes on an iron ring—which were made hereabouts, and which fine ladies used to wear over their proper shoes to keep them clean. Or did it ? For Mr. E. Stewart Fay, in his fascinating book *Why, Piccadilly,* says that the name comes from a family named Paten. Anyway, a pair of pattens is kept in a glass case in the church.

There are various accounts of the Fire, but the best is by Pepys ; and this reminds me that Wren's church of St. Olave, in Hart Street, close by, should be visited for its monument to Pepys and the bust of Prue, his wife. For Pepys, a true Londoner, has become a national possession. Not a big man in himself, even as Boswell was not, both Pepys and Boswell were raised to immortality by the faithfulness with which they wrote of their subjects—Pepys of the dailiness of his London, and Boswell of his Johnson.

Samuel Pepys, but for whose Diary we should know only half of what we know about the London of Charles the Second and James the Second and William and Mary, was born in

1632/3, the son of a London tailor. He was educated at St. Paul's School in London (then in the City but now at Hammersmith), and, on leaving Magdalen College, Cambridge, where his memory as a man and a music-lover is kept very green, he settled in London and, after one or two appointments, became a clerk to the Navy, which brought him a post close to the King and the Court. That was in 1660, and on January 1st of that year he began the Diary. Thenceforward he was bustling and observant and so informative that no historian of his times can do without him. He lived until 1703.

Pepys's great contemporary, Sir Christopher Wren, has such London importance that at this point an outline of his career is also essential. The son of the rector of East Knoyle, in Wiltshire, Wren was born in 1632 and educated first by a mathematical uncle and then at Westminster School (which still stands where it did, adjoining the Abbey) and Wadham College. Before he became an architect, when he designed Pembroke College, Oxford, and the Sheldonian Theatre, he had astonished his contemporaries by his wide range of knowledge ; as an astronomer, as a mathematician, as a philosopher, as a scientific inquirer generally.

It was, however, the Fire of London, which occurred when Wren was thirty-four, that impelled him to his real life-work, the rebuilding of the City. In 1673 his first designs for the new St. Paul's were submitted to Charles the Second, and, after various adaptations, the Cathedral was begun in 1675. It was not, however, finished

until three reigns later, in 1710, under Queen Anne, whose statue stands before it. Wren built also more than fifty churches in London, and the spires of several others, while he designed as well much that is noble and majestic, such as the Monument, the Library at Trinity College, Cambridge, the tower at Christchurch, Oxford, the pedestal of the equestrian statue of Charles the First at Charing Cross, Greenwich Hospital, the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, and additions to Kensington Palace and Hampton Court. He also founded the Royal Society. Sir Christopher was indeed a universal genius of commanding attainments, whom ' in a corrupt age ', as one of his biographers says, ' all testimony leaves spotless .'

The Wren churches, apart from their spires, are much of a pattern. They are all rather like aggrandized rooms, with fewer suggestions of God than of somnolence. There is little glass in the windows, and that garish. There is much woodwork, very substantial, with occasional fine carvings by Grinling Gibbons, usually railings, pulpits and sounding-boards. Some architectural feature, outside or in, is always worth notice ; while to the wanderer in this beehive of a city, where money is made instead of honey, Wren's churches are true havens of rest.

Since we cannot visit all these edifices—nor indeed are all sufficiently important—I think we certainly should concentrate on one, and if St. Lawrence Jewry, by the Guildhall, is my choice, the reasons are that it is a very fine example outside ; that it is a very fine example inside ; and that the Lord Mayor of London **and**

his Sheriffs have made it their own, worshipping there on ceremonial occasions very sumptuously in the great square-cushioned enclosure which Sir Christopher set apart for them.

St. Lawrence not only has the evangelical comfort which Wren believed in, but it has worthy accessories by the friend and colleague who so often put finishing touches to Wren's works —the wood-carver, Grinling Gibbons. This craftsman of genius did so much to add splendour to the inside of Wren's churches, that he must be coupled with him as a true Londoner, even though he was of Dutch origin. We know little of his early life, but he seems to have settled in La Belle Sauvage Yard, on Ludgate Hill, and to have been introduced to Charles the Second, to Wren and to Pepys, by John Evelyn, the other Stuart diarist. The young artificer, whose first work in wood was a version of Tintoretto's 'Crucifixion', quickly obtained commissions, both from Wren and from all the kings from Charles the Second to George the First. He lived in Bow Street, died in 1720 and was buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, where so many artists lie.

Grinling Gibbons did not, however, as most people think, confine himself to wood. The marble statue of James the Second, in Roman costume, under the western wall of the new Admiralty, was by him, while he also was the sculptor of the figure of Charles the Second in the courtyard of Wren's Chelsea Hospital—the statue which is wreathed with oak on Oak Apple Day, May 29th, the day on which the

founder, the Monarch who was preparing to be merry, escaped at Boscobel.

All over the City you find Grinling Gibbons at work, usually in conjunction with Wren, and as far afield as Hampton Court, also with Wren ; but he is at his best at St. Lawrence Jewry, where you will see his hand in the altar rails, in the rich pulpit and sounding-board, and in the decorations of that perfect ecclesiastical office, the vestry. It is, indeed, not a little because of the presence of such admirable support by Gibbons to Wren, all intended for the spiritual well-being of the City Fathers, that I have chosen this church.

Reverting for a moment to the vestry, where you may seat yourself, with gracious permission, exactly where Charles the Second once did, I may say that its other proud possession is the picture of the patron Saint on his Gridiron, by Spagnoletto : so vividly in flames that it might have started the Fire of London from which it was rescued.

Another of the churches in which Grinling Gibbons did good work is St. Mary Abchurch, off Abchurch Lane, where one of those old cleaning women who, in these desolate conventicles, spring silently from nowhere and offer information, after turning on the light to exhibit some poor paintings by Sir James Thornhill in the dome, displayed the carved pulpit, and as she did so, drew attention to a pea-pod closed and a pea-pod open as sign-manuals of the true Grinling: a statement which I pass on for verification.

We meet him again at St. Peter's in Cornhill, where you should look at the carved bread-shelf in the vestibule ; which would be perfect now for first editions. Beneath this church and its neighbour, St. Michael's, where Wren is said to have reproduced exactly the spire as it was before the Fire, are further indications of Rome, in the remains of a Roman fort. According to the legend, St. Peter's was the first Christian church to be built in London, dating, on the authority of an inscription, from the second century, when Lucius, the first Christian king in the land, was on one of the thrones of Britain. At any rate, St. Peter's is among the churches to be enriched by an organ by Father Bernard Schmidt, or Smith, an Anglicized Dutchman, organ builder to Charles the Second, whose London masterpiece was made for the Temple. The previous keyboard of St. Peter's, on which (it is alleged) Mendelssohn once played, is preserved ; and, although out of place, I might mention that there is a memorial of Mendelssohn in Ruskin Park.

Another very important Wren church—outside—is that of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, with the ascending spire, which, after that of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, I think the most beautiful structure in London. Its white stone, mounting upwards, has an almost ethereal air. Not only is this spire so remarkable, but the old legend about true Londoners belongs to it and to its peal. Only those of us, according to the saying, who are born within sound of Bow Bells, are the real Cockneys. That the sound could be heard at a surprisingly long range is indicated by the story that it was

these bells to which Dick Whittington listened on Highgate Hill. One can, of course, after being born far far away, become a good Londoner, as indeed Johnson was, born at Lichfield, and Dickens, born at Portsmouth, and Sir Christopher himself, born at East Knoyle, and Grinling Gibbons, in Holland ; but you will not be a Cockney unless born within the magic sound—not even if you drop your aitches.

Cockney or not, every one should see this church, without and within, for it is all interesting, from the golden dragon on the very top, emblematical of the City, to the Norman crypt, with Saxon windows, incorporating Roman rubble, at its foot.

Although a large part of the City churches' usefulness is over, they have their lunch-time activity, and one can then hear admirable music, secular as well as religious, played on the organ by professional hands. At St. Stephen's, Walbrook, for instance, the Wren church close to the Mansion House where the Lord Mayor's chaplain officiates, I listened to a programme, beginning at 1.10, which was made up thus :

1. Concerto No. 4 (first two movements) Handel.
2. Nocturne (' Midsummer Night's Dream') Mendelssohn.
3. Rhapsody on Old French Carols Faulkes.
4. Theme with Variations Faulkes.
5. Andante in G Major Smart.
Rector's Three Minutes.
6. Marche Triomphale Guilmant.

And so I bid farewell to Wren's churches, which, since they cannot be given a whole **book**

to themselves, as they deserve, must be left to personal discovery and investigation. The discoverer is to be envied. But I must just add that as more than one of these structures is in danger of being crowded out by needs that, in the City, have become more urgent than those of Heaven, there is reason for haste. In some cases the churches have already gone ; in one or two cases the towers alone stand ; in many cases the churchyards are lost under commercial blocks. But where these remain, converted into green oases among the grey, they are exceedingly welcome. And now and then even those gardens have something to show, such as the memorial, at St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, close to the General Post Office, to John Hemminge and Henry Condell, who acted with Shakespeare and edited the First Folio.

London also has its churches which the Fire did not harm, chief among them, in the eastern part of the City, being St. Helen's, or the 'Westminster Abbey of the City', in St. Helen's Place, off Bishopsgate Street. It was there that the earlier City Fathers were buried, notably Sir Thomas Gresham, a Lord Mayor of London who founded the Royal Exchange, and Sir John Crosby, whose Tudor residence, 'Crosby Hall', which used to be close by, was not very long ago taken down and re-erected at Chelsea. The present St. Helen's, the church of the Benedictine Priory for nuns which once used to be here, took its name from the early Christian, St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, who is said to have built the original fane in her honour ;

but this is very doubtful. Anyway, St. Helen's has probably the longest lineage of the London churches, if not of London crypts; but St. Ethelburga's, in Bishopsgate Street itself, a little grey building, curiously out of place here among new offices and banks and the incessant drive of commerce, looks older. This, too, escaped the Fire, and among other churches which the Great Fire did not harm, I have already mentioned All Hallows, Barking, in the east.

There is also St. Giles, Cripplegate, where Milton was buried and Oliver Cromwell married. Milton's statue will be found within. And there is St. Andrew Undershaft, in St. Mary Axe, which should be visited by the symmetrically minded, and certainly by me, because of the monument there to John Stow (1525-1605), the author of the first *Survey of London.*

In the west is St. Bartholomew the Great, at Smithfield, adjoining Bart's Hospital. As an ancient ecclesiastical treasury I should place this church next to the Abbey ; but in its remote Norman seclusion, it is of course quieter. The tomb of Rahere, the monk and jester, patron also of the Hospital, who is said to have built it early in the twelfth century, is within the church, where you must see also Prior Bolton's window. At the entrance is an Elizabethan domestic facade which a bomb, in 1915, laid bare : one of the rare benefits of war.

Long before Smithfield was a meat market it was important in English history as a place of execution. Wallace, the Scottish hero, was beheaded here ; Wat Tyler, the rebel, was killed

here under the eyes of Richard the Second, and in Mary's reign the Smithfield martyrs were burned here, as a tablet on the wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital testifies. But the dread spot itself is now a miniature London park.

Within the ancient gateway of Bart's Hospital, on the south-east side of Smithfield, which has the statue of Henry the Eighth over it, you will, if you are fortunate, be allowed to see two pictures by Hogarth; and in the adjacent street called Cloth Fair you will find other architectural relics of Old London.

Chapter VIII

ST. PAUL'S

St. Paul's Cathedral—Real Domination—St. Peter's in Rome—The Lincoln Memorial—A Chilly Interior—Lord Kitchener's Chapel—Tombs of the Mighty—Wren's Epitaph—Dead Artists—Francis Bird—The Geological Museum—Carter Lane and the Choristers—Amen Court—' Thomas Ingoldsby '—The Rev. Sydney Smith—Mulberries

WE have seen at St. Peter's in Cornhill that the Christian faith, which Roman missionaries had sporadically introduced, was practised very early ; but not until the seventh century was it more generally accepted by England, the first recognized London place of worship being the first St. Paul's. Beside the present altar you may see the banner of Mellitus, one of London's early Bishops. The old St. Paul's that Shakespeare knew, and of which John Donne was Dean, and of which Harrison Ainsworth wrote a romance with the crazy Solomon Eagle running through it, was burned down in the Great Fire in 1666. You will find two excellent models of it at the London Museum, one quiescent and sacred, one in flames.

Concerning the present St. Paul's, the first Protestant Cathedral in London, in which, although it was still far from complete, the **first** service was held in 1697, there are periodically

frightening rumours as to perils of subsidence, so much weight having been posed on the shifting sand of the riverside ; but it is probable that St. Paul's will continue superbly to dominate London long beyond our time.

Whatever may be said of a certain formality in the west facade, which is seen best as you ascend Ludgate Hill, and howsoever a certain chilliness in the interior of the Cathedral may dissuade, the fact remains that no city in the world has any central soaring edifice so magnificent and impressive as this. St. Peter's in Rome, as one sees it rising from the great colonnaded space in front, may be thought finer ; but St. Peter's does not sit, as St. Paul's does, on a hill brooding over Rome ; St. Peter's is on low ground, and the fact that its dome can be seen from so far is due to the imagination of Michelangelo's conception. The Lincoln Memorial at Washington, which I always think of as a sublime modern structure, is also on low ground. The Sacre Goeur in Paris is, it is true, higher than St. Paul's, but Paris having more mountains than one, the effect is dissipated. Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece is on a single eminence, in itself lofty, and it makes that eminence still higher, still more central and commanding.

When one is very near St. Paul's, one can lose it, except for glimpses along the neighbouring streets; but from more distant points it is immense and imposing ; from the bridges ; from Greenwich Park ; from Hampstead Heath.

I know St. Paul's well. I am one of the few persons who have climbed up the vertical iron

ladder into the very Cross and watched the busy throng in the streets below diminished to bees. But I find myself with nothing new to say. Each visitor must worship alone.

This, however, I feel: that compared with Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's lacks friendliness. In that Norman sanctuary (always forgetting the western towers) I find something more companionable, less austere, than beneath Wren's Palladian dome ; and when we consider the stained glass, all the marks go to the Abbey. But the Kitchener Chapel, or All Souls', at St. Paul's, with the great lonely General, in marble, on the tomb, is very solemn and beautiful; Wellington's tomb, by Alfred Stevens, altogether too tall to be thus enclosed, is one of our English triumphs ; and the mere size of St. Paul's has a quality that cannot be resisted.

Although, when the mighty dead are mentioned, the tombs in the Abbey always have prominence, St. Paul's can lay claim to greatly honoured dust. To St. Paul's you must go to see the tomb of Nelson (a renaissance design originally intended for Cardinal Wolsey) ; it is here that Lord Roberts and many another great soldier lies. And within a few days of Kipling's burial in Poets' Corner at the Abbey, a memorial to Lawrence of Arabia was added to those in the Crypt here. In the Crypt, I should say, is the grave of Sir Christopher Wren; while in the North Transept you will find his famous phrase, ' Si monumentum requiris, circumspice', which means, ' I want no other monument than that which you see as you look around \

Whereas the Abbey preserves the dust of our poets and writers, it is in St. Paul's Cathedral that our most famous painters have been buried. There is even a ' Painters' Corner' in the Crypt, where Turner, Millais, Leighton and many others lie, their monuments being above. Here also are memorials to lesser men whom we admire and often love, such as Randolph Caldecott and E. A. Abbey, W. E. Henley (with Rodin's bust), and Walter Besant.

The great figure of St. Paul above the west pediment, and the surrounding apostles, were executed by Francis Bird, a friend of Wren. This is too high for any demerits to be visible ; but that Bird was not a good sculptor can be learned at Westminster Abbey, to which he contributed several bad monuments.

The dramatic scene in the pediment, representing the Conversion of Saul, is also, I suppose, the work of Francis Bird, who was the sculptor of the statue of Queen Anne (the original figure, now replaced) in front of the Cathedral. For a vivid idea of the effect of wind and rain on Bird's work, I recommend you, when visiting the Geological Museum in Exhibition Road, to look at the weather-beaten head of one of the apostles which, for safety's sake, had to be removed from the facade.

The Chapter House, on the north of the Churchyard, also attributed to Wren, is now a Bank and a Club. ' Paul's Cross ', in the Churchyard, is another replacement ; but there are authentic vestiges of the old Church marked within the precincts.

On the south of St. Paul's Churchyard the big wholesale drapery firms are to be found, and on the north, in the lunch-hour, the female employees of the offices congregate. It is the only open-air district in this monastery, the City, where the other sex may be seen.

Farther towards the river are countless lanes and courts, one of the most interesting being Carter Lane, just beside the Dean's house, where the choristers of the Cathedral have their school, and where the high notes of sweet ecclesiastical music mingle with the wheels of vans.

Before we leave St. Paul's, let me add that the Canons of the Cathedral are lodged in a quiet little colony, which may also have been designed by Sir Christopher Wren, called Amen Court, just off Ave Maria Lane, on the edge of that liturgical district of which Ave Maria Lane is the high road : liturgical, so far as names go, but given up now to the publishing trade, the books being by no means restricted to works of theology.

As for the architecture, you must go there in winter to appreciate that, for in summer it is lost beneath Niagaras of Virginia Creeper. At No. I died, in 1845, the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, known to the world less for canonical activities than as the author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, whose London congregation was at St. Augustine's, a Wren church at the corner of Watling Street. Another of St. Paul's less serious canons, the Rev. Sydney Smith, when, in 1831, he came down from his parish in Yorkshire to officiate in London, was amused by the change in his address. The house, he wrote in one of his

letters, is ' in Amen Corner—an awkward name on a card and an awkward annunciation to the coachman on leaving a fashionable mansion'. Amen Court is not too easy, also, of attainment, especially in these days of heavy traffic ; but once within its gates the community should be very contented, for they occupy an oasis of peace and safety. A great sundial tells them, approximately, the hour, and in September they can, if they like them, subsist on mulberries. Mulberries !

Chapter IX

NEWGATE AND CHARLES DICKENS

Stationers' Hall—The Charles Lamb Memorial—The Charterhouse—St. John's Gate—Newgate Prison—St. Sepulchre's—A Memorial to Mr. Squeers—The Great Fire of London—St. Andrew's, Holborn—Ely Place—Ely Chapel—The Doughty Street House and Charles Dickens—The Greatest of Londoners—Shakespeare in London—St. George's in Hart Street—St. Giles' s-in-the-Fields

AT Stationers' Hall, close by, with various portraits and relics, you find another of those London trees in which at evening ten thousand sparrows shrill. This tree marks the spot where seditious books were once burned. Books are now and then still burned by magistrates ; but no one who has ever tried to burn a book can imagine how it is done.

It is against the railings of Christ Church, just off Newgate Street, gained by a foot-passage, that the memorial to one of the best of Londoners, Charles Lamb, has been placed, facing the little green enclosure. The church is, to me, of interest chiefly because Lamb and Coleridge, as Bluecoat boys, attended there regularly for several years in the seventeen-eighties. The school itself, known as Christ's Hospital, is now near Horsham.

As we look at the Charles Lamb Memorial, by Sir William Reynolds-Stephens, we might think a little more about its subject and his love of this City, which is continuously revealed in his works. Indeed, almost his first essay was called ' The Londoner '. In the Temple we shall see where he was born and lived ; remaining a Londoner until 1823, when he and his sister moved to Colebrook Row, Islington, which was his home until, in 1825, he was emancipated from the East India House with a pension.

To the north-east of us is the Charterhouse, lying all retired in the gated Charterhouse Square, on the borders of Smithfield and its million carcases. In one minute from that bustling carnivorous mart you find peace and a world that might again be, as it was in the beginning, vegetarian. The Charterhouse Public School was also moved, some years before Christ's Hospital, to southern open air, just as, later, the Merchant Taylors' School, immediately adjoining the present Charterhouse, was reinstated at Moor Park.

The adjacent Carthusian Priory was long ago transformed into one of the most adequate and imaginative of almshouses for a select company of Brothers. The tablets commemorating the schooldays of Thackeray and Leech are on the Chapel cloister wall; next them is that of Henry Silver, who not only was their companion at school but their companion on the staff of *Punch*, and whose diary contains much valuable information concerning both men. All London's old churches have calm and silence, but I should think that these qualities are found in their quint-

essence in the Chapel of the Charterhouse. Thackeray's Colonel Newcome, it will be remembered, was a Brother here.

The most interesting corner of London in the vicinity of the Charterhouse is that handsome survival of the past, St. John's Gate, which to any one coming from Smithfield is the surprising entrance to Clerkenwell, where the watch-makers dwell. The Priory of St. John of Jerusalem was established here in the twelfth century ; the Gate was built early in the sixteenth. It leads now only to an open space and to the abodes of the horologists, but that open space, between the Church of St. John and the Gate, was once a populous religious house. Although the priory has gone, the Knights Hospitallers of the Order continue their beneficent activities, among which is the organization of Ambulance and First Aid units all over the world and the maintenance of the Ophthalmic Hospital at Jerusalem. The little museum is stocked with records. As for the church, the old proportions of which are indicated on the neighbouring pavements and roadway, no one should fail to visit it.

The terrible Newgate Prison, which once stood at the corner of Newgate Street and the Old Bailey, gave place in 1905 to the Central Criminal Court, which at certain times may be visited. The benign statue of Elizabeth Fry, the tireless worker for prison reform, whom we saw very small, in wood, in Barking Church, should be seen. In fact, it cannot be missed.

St. Sepulchre's, in Newgate Street, opposite the top of the Old Bailey, was one of the last churches

attacked by the Great Fire, which finished at Pye Corner, close by. It was at St. Sepulchre's that the bell was kept (you may see it in its retirement in a glass case) which was rung outside the condemned cell at Newgate on the night before execution, while certain grisly lines were recited ; and, by way of ineffective amends, it was at St. Sepulchre's that, the next morning, a nosegay was handed to the criminal on his way to Tyburn. Tyburn you will find later, at the Marble Arch ; but there is no scaffold there any more : only a tablet in the roadway saying where it stood.

Tyburn was the place of execution for criminals until, in 1783, a scaffold in Newgate Prison itself was substituted ; and there, for many years, the grisly proceedings were carried on for all (who were lucky enough) to see. Both Dickens and Thackeray did their best directly—and 'Thomas Ingoldsby' indirectly—to get such publicity abolished, but not until after 1868 were their efforts successful. Since then executions have been private. Some of Tyburn's most spectacular malefactors were Claude Duval, Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild and the 'Beau Brocade' of Austin Dobson's ballad.

Just round the corner from St. Sepulchre's is Snow Hill, where the coaching inn, the' Saracen's Head ', once stood. The successor of it, indeed, is still there : although it is no longer a hostelry, but offices. It was here, it will be remembered by the devout, that Mr. Squeers was wont to leave for Dotheboys Hall, Yorkshire, with a new batch of pupils ; and that is why on each side of the door is a Doulton plaque, one representing

the historic departure of the schoolmaster and company, and the other, a scene at Dotheboys Hall, where you will find the indignant usher, Nicholas Nickleby, very elegant and slim, preparing for the fray.

Rebuilding has changed Pye Corner, but the gilt figure of the boy which used to mark the spot is still to be seen, in its new position. The inscription states that the Great Fire was caused by 'the Sin of Gluttony', but this has been said to mean no more than that both its places of beginning and of ending have association with food.

Leaving St. Sepulchre's and passing westward along Holborn, where the shops, I may say, are curiously dull, we come, first to its pretentious Viaduct, and then, on the left, to another Wren church, St. Andrew's, standing low down behind a little garden. It was here that Charles Lamb's mother was buried ; it was here that, in 1809, Mary Lamb acted as a bridesmaid at Hazlitt's wedding ; and it was here, a few years later, that Benjamin Disraeli became a Christian. The equestrian statue in the middle of the road turns out to be, to every one's surprise, that of the Prince Consort, with his cocked hat eternally doffed either to Negretti or Zambra, who have an adjacent shop, or to both.

To the north is Hatton Garden, where burglars make an industry of abstracting diamonds, and a little to the east of it, off Charterhouse Street, is Ely Place, where the Bishops of Ely once had their London palace (rented from Sir Christopher Hatton); but the district is now unfrocked and more intimately associated with Commerce and the Law.

From certain vicissitudes Ely Chapel has emerged with more credit, or, at any rate, with more symmetry, than other Houses of God. For at the Reformation, like all the temples of the Old Persuasion, it was anglicized and for a long while was undenominational. The crypt was in turn a larder, a drinking-booth, and even a Welsh conventicle, until, coming into the market in 1874, it was bought by the Roman Catholics and restored to its original style. The crypt, which contains some genuine Roman work, is now used for mass and confession ; the chapel above is more ornate, with a richly decorative east window and, in the west, one in honour of St. Thomas More and St. John Fisher, the Tudor Bishop.

Passing westward again, along Holborn, we see on the left the unexpectedly ancient timbered houses over the entrance to Staple Inn, and in the middle of the road the War Memorial to the Royal Fusiliers, a modern reminder indeed.

Resisting, at the moment, the very strong temptation to pass through the entrance of the gabled row to Staple Inn—where there is yet another of those trees to which London's birds resort in the evenings—we will turn up the Gray's Inn Road to the Inn itself, cross the quiet space to Verulam Buildings, enter Bloomsbury, where Georgian facades are still to be found, and in Doughty Street come to the house of Charles Dickens.

I have taken my quotation for the title-page of this book from Shakespeare, but it should have come really from Dickens, who was the best Londoner of all. And there would have been no

difficulty in finding one, for his million pages are saturated with love and knowledge of our capital; which is perhaps a little surprising when we recall the fact that Dickens was without early childish impressions of London at all. It is these impressions which usually form the basis and background ; yet Dickens did not reach London until, in 1823, he was eleven. Such, however, was his gift of observation and his sense of locality—his genius, in short—that he quickly made it his own. London became his.

The boy lived first in Southsea ; then in Chatham ; and then at Camden Town, where he had the career of a drudge for several years, learning a little, packing parcels in a blacking factory, and waiting on his father, who had become a prisoner in the Marshalsea.

Then, after four years more, and some better schooling, Dickens was a solicitor's clerk, and then, having learned shorthand, he became a most capable reporter in the Law Courts and the House of Commons, and for his newspaper wherever, in England, important meetings were held.

Dickens's first piece of inventive writing (which is a very poor acorn to have produced such an oak) was published in 1833 5 ;in 1834 he assumed the name of 'Boz' ; in 1836 he accepted the commission to write *Pickwick* and in the same year married ; and it was then that he settled in the house in Doughty Street, after which to follow any longer his astonishing career would be absurd in such a book as this ; it is common property.

Dickens moved later to Devonshire Terrace; **then** to Tavistock Place, remaining a Londoner

until 1860, when he lived at Gad's Hill Place, near Rochester, an old manor house which, when a boy at Chatham, he had often seen, from the outside, on walks with his father, and vowed one day to possess.

He died in 1870 and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where, in the pavement of Poets' Corner, we shall find his engraved slab.

Now known as Dickens House, No. 48, Doughty Street is a permanent museum. To a certain extent all London is a Dickens museum, as indeed is made manifest by Mr. Kent's excellent book *London for Dickens Lovers*; but there are certain points of concentration, and this is one. Another is the Dyce and Forster Room at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where there are several of the novels in MS. ; another is the house at 1, Devonshire Terrace, where Dickens lived from 1839 to 1851 and where he wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit, The Old Curiosity Shop, Dombey and Son* and *David Copperfield ;* but the re-builder may have his eye on this. And there are many Dickens relics in the house at Portsmouth where he was born in 1812 ; and at Gad's Hill Place ; and at the Leather Bottcl at Cobham ; and at the Rochester Museum. In fact he covers the ground, we may say.

But the Dickens House in Doughty Street is an accepted centre and must be visited. Whatever else happens to Doughty Street, this House is likely to remain, and is likely to continue the headquarters of *The Dickensian,* that remarkable quarterly which, although founded in 1905, is still, four times a year, an illustrated miscellany of new information. It always seems to me that

there is no such proof as this of Dickens's vitality and inexhaustibility.

It is needless to say much about the contents of 48, Doughty Street; but I may mention that the writing-desk is here from the chalet at Gad's Hill—the chalet, a gift from Fechter, which was once in the wood across the road (through the tunnel) where the novelist found repose ; and here is the desk at which he used to stand when he gave his public readings. But if you would see the couch on which he died, you must go to Portsmouth ; and if you would see the room with his facetious false book-titles, where much of his later work was done, you must go to Gad's Hill. At Doughty Street you will also find the holograph page of *Pickwick* which Count de Suzanne, that great Dickensian, recently gave. This page is said to be one of the most valuable in the world, as only a few others exist.

The London of Shakespeare's day was, of course, a much smaller city, and Shakespeare was never a Londoner in the way that Dickens was—neither here so much, nor with the same interest in types and sports and strange buildings —but he made it sufficiently a background to his dramas for Mr. Kent to write also a *London for Shakespeare Lovers.* Every one loitering in this city, as I am supposing my readers to be able to do, and to wish to do, should consult both of Mr. Kent's books.

Leaving the exploration of the British Museum, which, if you are thorough, will occupy weeks, for a later time, you can gain Oxford Street by Theobald's Road and Hart Street, where the church

of St. George is the principal lion. In the ordinary way, the figure surmounting the spire would be sacred ; but in this case it is that of George the First.

Another church in this neighbourhood, better worth studying, is that of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, in the south, for St. Giles's is not only impressive by reason of its isolated position and its white stone, but it gave its name to this humble district, in contra-distinction to the splendour of St. James's. People no longer talk of St. Giles's and St. James's as opposing regions ; but once they did. Certain men of eminence were buried here, among them the translator of Homer upon whom Keats based a deathless sonnet—George Chapman—and Andrew Marvell, who, so long ago, wrote what is still our best poem about a garden.

Chapter X

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

London's Museums—The Bloomsbury Riches and Variety—Picture Postcards—Bloomsbury transformed—An Educational Centre—Friends' House—St. Pancras Church—Lutyens again—The Jewish Museum—Rabbis and Bruisers—The Foundlings—The B.B.C.—Portland Place—The Valley of the Shadow of Death—The Wallace Collection—Bayswater Road—Laurence Sterne

JUST as London has, take them for all in all, the best Picture Galleries in the world, so has she the best Museums. No one probably would dispute the statement that the British Museum stands first in any country ; but pre-eminence belongs also to the Victoria and Albert Museum, which is devoted not to universal knowledge, as the British Museum is, but to applied art. If I personally were delightfully doomed to spend a week in the general rooms either at the Bloomsbury or the South Kensington treasure-house, I should choose the Victoria and Albert Museum ; but that would be the result merely of idiosyncrasy. A far greater number of people, less interested than I am in art, would, I am sure, choose the British Museum. I say ' general rooms ' in order to exclude the British Museum Reading Room, which to me would, of course, have the strongest attraction of all. For several

years, in the 1890's and 1900's, I was there every day, and I should welcome a repetition of such toil.

The British Museum also has a Print Room, where, at his desk, the student may examine the pencil or water-colour work of almost every known painter ; while the adjacent White Gallery is always occupied by an exhibition of certain of the Museum's art treasures. The Museum also has a Room where MSS will be brought to the student's desk.

This history of the world under a single roof (as it might be called) is just off the extreme east of New Oxford Street, one street to the north : a grey, pillared facade behind heavy railings, with a dark pediment full of pigeons. On the right wall behind those pillars is a memorial to the members of the British Museum staff who died in the War, with some lines from a noble and touching poem by Laurence Binyon, once the Keeper of the Prints here.

British Museum is, in a way, a misnomer. In belonging to us the Museum is British ; but once you have crossed the courtyard and have vanished behind those sombre columns, you are in an Assyrian Museum, an Egyptian Museum, a Graeco-Roman Museum, a Museum which takes note of every nation and almost every tribe. To be instructive is its first wish ; but it can encourage beauty too, and you must go to Bloomsbury for the figures from the Parthenon, for various lovely single statues, and for the bronze head of Hypnos, as well as for the Rosetta stone ; while the range extends from autographs and

illuminated MSS. on the ground floor, through coins and gems, to water-colours by Turner at the top. On one day recently, on my way to see again his 'Vale of Ashburnham' and his 'Vale of Heathfield', I passed up a staircase enriched by carvings from Indian temples, through a room of terra-cotta figurines. And if you are a collector of postage stamps, it is to Bloomsbury that you must go to see the best. With such variety, how can any one, in a single chapter, do it justice? One cannot.

This perhaps is the best place to draw attention to the spread of the picture-postcard and departmental handbook; for although all the Museums and Galleries now issue such valuable reminders, the British Museum's are, I think, the best. How many picture postcards, many in colour, London public institutions have put forth, I cannot say: but I am sure that if there is a collector of such interesting souvenirs he must already have thousands. For reproductions of pictures only, you go principally to the National Gallery, the Tate and the Wallace; but for miscellaneous records, to the British Museum first, since it naturally has the most mixed assortment. All its varied treasures have been levied upon, including its statuary and Greek vases, its Chinese and Japanese prints and early missals, its Egyptian coffins and mummies, its Mogul paintings, its Chinese porcelain, its Staffordshire pottery, its bookbindings and wall paintings, its water-colours and Etruscan figures, its miniatures and masks from Java and Ceylon. The complete collection would make literally a British Museum at home.

Next I should place the Victoria and Albert Museum, with its booklets as well as postcards, and, among the most successful reproductions, that of Constable's ' Brighton Beach .'

Everywhere there is something : at the Science Museum you can buy for twopence a postcard of the ' Rocket' or of James Watt's work-room ; at the Natural History Museum are prehistoric scenes with gambolling mammoths ; even at the Imperial Institute are many series covering the Industries of the Empire, such as the Sisal Industry of East Africa and the Rubber Industry of Malaya.

The National Portrait Gallery goes farther, as many of the eminent persons depicted there are represented on postcards with epigrammatic summaries of their achievements and character, by modern critics.

As for handbooks, they are multitudinous too, and the wise visitor to London will lay in a supply, both as preparation and reminder. Where publications are so numerous and so carefully compiled, it is invidious to select, but I cannot refrain from specially mentioning the London Museum's catalogues, *London and the Romans, London and the Saxons* and *Costume,* all liberally illustrated.

North and north-east of the new London University Buildings lie other spacious Bloomsbury rectangles, each with its garden, and some with statues. Bloomsbury Square itself, to the east of the British Museum, for instance, has Charles James Fox ; Russell Square has the fifth Duke of Bedford ; Tavistock Square has Dame

Louisa Aldrich-Blake, the surgeon. This district, once residential, has now few private houses, having passed into the hands of hotel proprietors, private-hotel proprietors, lodging-house keepers for Indian and other students, and hostels for co-educationalists. Also there are many institutes. At the northern extreme, in the Euston Road, is Friends' House, the new headquarters of English Quakers, who for so long held their Yearly Meeting in Bishopsgate Street. Here you may consult old devotional and peaceable works or buy new ones ; and there is a charming garden, exactly opposite the statue of George Stephenson at Euston Station, where you may collect your thoughts. Here, also, in a small Meeting-House, you may attend worship on First Days and Fifth Days, with bass hassocks at your feet, just as at Jordan's.

Among other noticeable structures in this neighbourhood is the strange church of St. Pancras, at the corner of Upper Woburn Place and the Euston Road, not very far west of the towers of St. Pancras terminus. Modern churches are not within the scheme of this book, but now and then an exception must be made, and here is one : a Greek temple designed for London Christians a hundred and more years ago, but far later than either Wren or James Gibbs. The body of the building, behind the metal doors within the imposing pillared portico, reproduces the Erectheum at Athens ; the tower recalls the Temple of the Winds, and on each side, at the east end, are Porches of the Maidens with solemn caryatides. For the rest, St. Pancras has the

dark pews and pictorial windows to which we are accustomed, but the alabaster and mosaic font is a novelty.

A little way south, in Tavistock Square, we come to something in red brick which is far more human—the headquarters of the British Medical Society, with delicate wrought-iron gates, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens : one of London's best new buildings. Just south of this, in Tavistock Place (where Ruskin was born) is the Mary Ward Settlement, where plans for the amelioration of the lot of poor London children are continually fostered; and just opposite the British Medical Association is the Jewish College, where the curious will find a Jewish Museum, so thorough that it displays not only scrolls of the Law, splendid liturgical vases in silver, seven-branched candlesticks, ram's horn trumpets for the New Year, the rings and vestments of rabbis and instruments of circumcision, but also full-length portraits of Baron Nathan Meyer Rothschild, who was the first Jewish peer, old Sir Moses Montefiore, a print of Braham the singer, and a jug commemorating one of the fights of Daniel Mendoza.

The children who used to inhabit the Foundling Hospital, at the end of Lamb's Conduit Street, in Bloomsbury, between the greenery of Mecklenburgh Square in the east and of Brunswick Square in the west, have gone ; but the fountain opposite the Foundling Hospital is still there, and the charming entrance buildings, painted a creamy white, are still there. The Foundlings themselves have fled to Berkhamsted and their

site, now known as Coram's Fields, is an open space.

But the Governors, very wisely, have planned both an Infant Welfare centre, to the north of Coram's Fields, and, at No. 40, Brunswick Square, a Gallery where the Hogarths, and other of the paintings bestowed upon the Hospital by his associates, can be seen. Hogarth's portrait of Captain Thomas Coram, the Founder, is here ; his 'March to Finchley' and his picture of Pharaoh's daughter (as, I assume, the Hospital) finding the infant Moses (personifying, I assume, all children needing maternal care). There are also circular views of other London institutions, of which Gainsborough's is the best. And here arc two cases of the tokens that, between 1740 and 1761, after which time a new rule came in, the unhappy parents used to pin to their abandoned mites, in the hope that, in later years, they would serve as a means of recognition,

In Gower Street is University College, where there is a superb collection of drawings by John Flaxman ; and in Gordon Square is the Dr. Williams's Library, with its frescoes, by Edward Armitagc, of the many friends of Crabb Robinson, which include Charles and Mary Lamb.

In the London University, which has been so long a-building, the Courtauld Institute and Sir Robert Witt's collection of photographs of pictures are to be housed.

Between Gower Street and Great Portland Street is a district where foreigners now congregate but which once was thick with artists—

especially in Newman Street, Berners Street and Charlotte Street (where Constable had his London studio), and then we reach Great Portland Street, which has become a motor-car centre.

From Great Portland Street it is an easy transition, still advancing towards the setting sun, to the broad and comely Portland Place, where the B.B.C. has made its headquarters, behind symbolic reliefs by Eric Gill. When I first began to discover London and write about it, seeing was more important than hearing; but later, with the arrival of radio sets, the eyes no longer had it. Apart from the fact that talkies have superseded silent films, the whole world listens more and more; and it is from B.B.C. House that all London communications, whether speech, play, song, service, music, or S.O.S. messages, are sent over the air. What of the future under television? Time will show.

As for Portland Place itself, where one or two Adam houses remain, such as No. 28, at which there is a Domestic Science Museum, and where the new R.I.B.A. headquarters rises splendidly, with its sculpture and bronze doors, it is the only road in London fit for Napoleon and Baron Haussmann, who both planned greatly, to set their feet in. From time to time, all our other streets have had to be widened, or need widening, but Portland Place has the right proportions.

The statuary is again mixed; Quintin Hogg, of the Polytechnic Institute, a philanthropist; Sir George White, a Boer War general, whose site is opposite the home of Lord Roberts; and Lister, the surgeon who invented antiseptics.

West of Portland Place is the medical area of London : Harley Street, Welbeck Street and New Cavendish Street, where doctors and surgeons and dentists congregate and in the shop windows you see forceps and artificial limbs. A more human note, however, is found in Marylebone High Street, which leads north to the Marylebone Road, where you will find such different establishments as the Royal Academy of Music and Madame Tussaud's Waxworks. There are two Marylebone churches, old and new. The old Marylebone church, in High Street, has interesting memories, not the least the marriage of Sheridan to Miss Linley and the baptism of Lord Byron. In the new church, in the Marylebone Road, Robert Browning was married. Passing, trembling, across the Valley of the Shadow of Death, as Harley Street has been called, you may regain poise in the security of Hertford House in Manchester Square.

The Wallace Collection at Hertford House is different from the National Gallery in representing the taste of one man, or at most two. At the National Gallery every school of painting is represented as worthily as may be : but at Hertford House you see only what pleased the fourth Marquis of Hertford and his son and heir, Sir Richard Wallace, both of whom lived in Paris. The prevailing taste is more French than English, but the taste is of the finest, and the example of what a single fortune in the hands of two men could do, is unrivalled.

It was not until the Marquis of Hertford's death in Paris, that his son settled in London, in

1872, and the glories of Hertford House began. There seem to have been no bounds to the acquisitiveness of either collector, so long as the articles were fine. Pictures, china, furniture, armour, snuff-boxes, watches, bronzes, statuary, wax—all were bought, but it is, of course, the pictures that are the chief magnet. Every kind of connoisseur must, however, go there, too.

The *galant* or *fete champetre* masters are the most numerously represented, and especially Boucher, whose work is hardly to be seen elsewhere in London. Boucher is not much in fashion in England, nor are his companions, Lancret and Pater, or even Watteau, except as a draughtsman. But Fragonard comes nearer home. Paintings by all, and in profusion, are here, the most brilliant being perhaps Fragonard's ' Swing', very French, and one of the same painter's most charming works, the gay little ' Schoolmistress'.

It is odd that numerically our own English painter, Richard Parkes Bonington, should come next to Boucher, and the fact illustrates the Catholicism of this collection. If I were asked to name the best pictures in the gallery, I should certainly include some of Bonington's, such as, in oil, the ' Sea Piece', the ' Coast of Picardy ', the ' Landscape with the Timber Wagon' and ' The Seine near Mantes', and in water-colour the ' Sunrise in the Pays de Caux', ' Rouen' and ' The Church of Sant' Ambrogio .' There are also many of the historical drawings, rich in colour, that Bonington, whose home was in Paris, made in rivalry or in harmony with his friend

Delacroix, the ' Child at Prayer' being one of the richest.

It is interesting to note that Bonington won a Gold Medal at the Salon in 1824, the Year in which Constable, by exhibiting the ' Hay Wain ', also received the Medal, and that both were an influence in French art; but whereas Constable was then forty-nine and lived on to paint far more and with increasing strength, Bonington died in 1828, at the early age of twenty-six. The Wallace Collection is his shrine.

Of the French romantic school, which Constable and Bonington did so much to foster, there are only a few examples, but Rousseau's ' Glade in the Forest of Fontainebleau ' is very fine, while two little misty studies by Diaz do much to make one wish that the superb Meissonier, lavishly represented here, could, amid all his perfection, shed now and then a tear.

Since the portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds and by Thomas Gainsborough that we find at the Wallace Collection are the first important examples in our itinerary, they should be noted more fully. Both rivals are at their best, Sir Joshua's ' Nelly O'Brien' and Gainsborough's ' Perdita Robinson' being perhaps the most perfect. But these are far from all, and the rest, which include one or two of Sir Joshua's [1] Mother Pictures', such as the ' Mrs. Richard Hoare with her Son', and ' Miss Bowles', and the mousy ' Strawberry Girl', and Gainsborough's little ' Miss Haverficld ', should also be sought.

Reverting to the task of naming other fine Wallace pictures, I should choose ' The Lady

with a Fan' by Velasquez ; ' The Laughing Cavalier', who does not really laugh but craftily smiles, by Franz Hals ; the ' Italian Landscape ' by Claude ; the ' Dutch Lady ' by Mierevelt; Jan Steen's ' Harpsichord Lesson ' ; Rembrandt's ' Landscape with a Coach ' and his big c Portrait of a Boy', and the two Pellicornes, husband and wife ; Netscher's ' Lace-maker ' ; Brouwer's ' Boor Asleep '; Terborch's ' Lady reading a Letter '; Cuyp's ' River Scene ' and ' Ferry Boat' ; Guardi's ' Santa Maria della Salute' ; Foppa's fresco of the little boy reading a book which, for some hidden reason, is called Cicero ; the Rubens landscape with a rainbow; the superb Van Dycks ; and the ' Ecclesiastic ' by Champaigne. I name these as the most remarkable and not to be missed, but a secondary list could be made, and a third, and a fourth, all excellent. In fact, there is nothing bad here, although I feel that there might be fewer Decamps and fewer Greuzcs, the best of which is the ' Boy with a Dog'. Let me add that three tiny domestic pictures should be searched for, one by Prud'hon and two by Lcpicie.

But here, as in all the London galleries, the visitor should make his own discoveries; and he might even never leave the artificial French School at all.

He might also have far less interest in painting than in other forms of art—in marquetry, in tapestry and in tiny figures in bronze, in ivory and in wood—such as the box-wood statuettes of Hercules with his club and of Venus leaving the bath : two little masterpieces. Or he may prefer

the painted terra-cotta bust of a * Boy as the Child Jesus .' Something, at any rate, that pleased Lord Hertford and Sir Richard Wallace is bound to please him.

Downstairs, I like to add, are the offices of the National Art Collections Fund, whose gifts have enriched so many Galleries all over the country.

Should you, after leaving the Wallace Collection, long again for open spaces, you should remember that you are very near the Marble Arch and Hyde Park. The Bayswater Road, I may say here, has a view, over the Hyde Park trees, to the roofs of Knightsbridge and Kensington, to the spire of the Albert Memorial and the huge rounded crown of the Albert Hall, right to the campanile of the Imperial Institute.

A quarter of a mile from the Marble Arch you come to the red and white Chapel of the Ascension, standing back, behind which is an open space, once the graveyard of St. George's, Hanover Square, where you will find the tomb of the Rev. Laurence Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy.* The place once was crowded with stones, but is now, like so many of ᶜ God's Acres' in London, level and green. The members of the Toxophilite Society shoot their arrows here.

Chapter XI

FLEET STREET AND COVENT GARDEN

Ludgate Circus—A Choice of Routes—George Augustus Sala—St, Bride's—Dr, Johnson's House in Gough Square—Mr, Cecil Harmsworlh—Johnson as a Great Londoner—Covent Garden—Flowers in London—St. Paul's in Covent Garden—Ellen Terry—St. Dunstarts~in-the~West—A Famous Clock—The (Punch ' Office and Table—The Record Office and its Treasures—Famous Signatures— The Griffin—Temple Bar

LEAVING St. Paul's by Ludgate Hill and passing to St. Martin's, Wren's church half-way down on the right, which has its facade flush with the street and a sharp delicate black spire, you will come to Ludgate Circus. This is a very busy spot, where, while considering what to do next, you should turn round for another look at St. Paul's. Of the Circus's two obelisks, the one on the northern side was erected in honour of an unimportant City Father named Robert Waithman, but the other commemorates no less a personage than the outspoken John Wilkes.

Ludgate Circus is a good but perilous place in which to wonder what to do next: to speculate even on the zeal of our executors. The south leads to Blackfriars Bridge and the river ; the north to Farringdon Street, continuing under the Holborn Viaduct to the Farringdon Road, where

the second-hand book barrows are, and to the purlieus of Smithfield Market. Straight ahead is Fleet Street, with the quietude of the Temple at hand. Or if you take the street running north-west, you will come, as we recently did, to Ely Place and to the old timbered houses in front of Staple Inn, which the Prudential tends so carefully : the oldest houses in London.

Let us now take a walk up Fleet Street—a phrase which one great Londoner, George Augustus Sala, author of *Twice Round the Clock,* invented for another great Londoner who had preceded him : Dr. Johnson. ' " Sir," he made Dr. Johnson say, " let us take a walk up Fleet Street." ' Or was it ' down ' ? I am not sure ; but in our case it will be towards the Strand, and on our way we shall visit the Doctor's very home ; but before we do so, let me say that one of Wren's most daring experiments as a church-builder is just off Fleet Street to the south—St. Bride's (or St. Bridget's), upon which he set the famous steeple which rises to a great height in diminishing circular stages, and which can be seen as a whole from very few places. It was indeed originally so high that eight feet of the top had to be removed. St. Bride's inside is again very like Wren : with plain windows, barely ecclesiastical, and one in the east in colour, and far too comfortable enclosed pews. The principal tomb is that of the Father of the English novel, the author of *Pamela,* painted illustrations to which, by Joseph Highmore, we shall see both at the Tate and the Victoria and Albert Museum.

St. Bride's Institute, I may remark, is a very

enterprising concern, where you may even learn tap-dancing. But for old English and folk dancing, the centre is, of course, Cecil Sharp House, off Regent's Park.

The house which, between 1748 and 1758, Dr. Johnson left daily, to walk up or down Fleet Street, you will find, not without difficulty, in Gough Square, which is gained through alleys on the north side ; but find it you must, for it is a piece of authentic eighteenth-century London. The house is practically as the Doctor (who, however, was not an LL.D. when he lived there) knew it, with the attic where he supervised the making of his dictionary still to be seen, and even to take tea in. Various relics of the Grand Cham of Literature, including teapots that provided him with his favourite beverage (seventeen cups), and pictures and prints, combine to make it a very memorable shrine, and I am proud to have been appointed by Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, the donor, as one of its Trustees.

Dr. Johnson, who became perhaps the second greatest Londoner of all (for I shall always place Dickens first), was born at Lichfield in 1709, the son of a bookseller there, but he did not, after various vicissitudes, and marriage to a woman twenty years older than himself, settle in London until the late thirties, never leaving it again. In 1747 he began the *Dictionary.* Mrs. Johnson died in 1752, and thereafter her husband, who was beginning to be known and feared as a formidable intellect, became more clubbable and more powerful. It was not, however, until 1765

that he became an LL.D. Dying in 1784, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. It was he who said that ' when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can offer \

Although the house in Gough Square, where he was from 1748 to 1758, is known as Johnson's, he lodged or lived also in Castle Street, now East Street, the Strand, Boswell Court, Holborn, Fetter Lane, Staple Inn, Gray's Inn, Inner Temple Lane (now Johnson's Buildings), Johnson's Court and Bolt Court. In later years he was much at the Thrales' house at Streatham.

I am leaving to the visitor to London as he wanders in this district—' The Street of Ink ', as it has been called—the amusing task of making his own discoveries and identifying the newspaper offices that provide his favourite reading. For they are all hereabouts. And if you do not mind losing a night's sleep, you should return to these parts in the small hours, when the newspapers, hot from the presses, are being despatched to the four quarters of the land.

And then, to freshen and restore your mind, you might loiter in Covent Garden, in the fruit and flower and vegetable market, attending the arrival of the lorries from the distant fields and gardens, and watching the sun come up. For, by a curious chance, no matter how rainy the day will be, the sun nearly always comes up.

I should like to say here, no matter how out of place, that one of the first things which the observant stranger in London notices is its wealth of flowers, growing and cut. The Parks **are**

always doing their best, both in the beds and among the grass ; but what is chiefly surprising is the multitude of florists' shops, stalls and baskets, and—more remarkable—their cheapness. When one compares the flower prices of New York and Paris with ours, the result is amazing. In February, for example, just as nearly all hope of another Spring has died, the London streets begin to be made gay by millions of tulips, yellow and scarlet, pink and purple, at only a shilling a bunch—and all come from or through Covent Garden.

Although the rural minded will expect Covent Garden to be a garden, just as from the promising names Ludgate Circus, Piccadilly Circus and Oxford Circus, children hope for more entertainment than they get, they will be disappointed ; but to the west of the great vegetable and flower market there is a garden indeed, this being no other than the converted burial-ground of St. Paul's, the church here, designed by Inigo Jones before the days of Wren, where so many British artists lie, including Thomas Girtin, and where you will find the ashes of one with whom the word ashes should have no association—Ellen Terry.

But we are going too fast, for I ought to have mentioned that had we, after St. Bride's, not crossed the road (where *The Daily Telegraph* office tells us the time so splendidly), but continued up the south side of Fleet Street, we should have come to Bouverie Street, where Hazlitt once lived, and where, on the facade of the *News Chronicle* office, you may see, among the heads,

those of Oliver Goldsmith and Charles Dickens, and where, on the west side, the *Punch* office stands, with a figure of Mr. Punch, by Sir Bernard Partridge, the cartoonist, in a niche high on the neo-Georgian front. The table with the initials of contributors cut into it—dominated by Thackeray and Leech, Kcene, Du Maurier and Phil May—is within, and will perhaps be shown; while on the walls arc portraits of Mark Lemon and Sir John Tenniel.

Bouverie Street is on the very edge of the journalistic quarter; after that, still proceeding west, you come first to the quiet cul-de-sac of Furnival's Inn, with a tablet to Delane of *The Times* on one of the houses, and then to the Temple.

One of the most recent and admirable additions to London that I am able to record is the clock at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, under the charming open-work tower, with the attendant negro hammer-bearers. But I should rather say replacement, for this clock had been for many years a feature of Fleet Street until, in 1831, when the old church was demolished, it was taken to St. Dunstan's Lodge in Regent's Park, the residence of the Marquis of Hertford. Charles Lamb, who, when he lived in the Temple, had seen it every day for many years, is said to have wept at the loss.

But in 1935, the clock, refurbished and made splendid, was set up again, at the charge of Lord Rothermere, the bust of whose brother, Lord Northcliffe, is also here. The clock is not as it used to be, standing out from the facade of

the old church, visible to all Fleet Street ; but it will serve. Beside St. Dunstan's, I should say, over the School entrance, is a contemporary statue of Queen Elizabeth which once decorated Ludgate. In the church is a window in honour of Izaak Walton, who told us how to angle compleatly.

As to that other clock with the figures of Gog and Magog, over Sir John Bennett's shop, which not so many years ago those of us who walked through Cheapside used to gaze at—I am told that, after removal from the City, it has been set up at Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Michigan.

On the facade of the building at the west corner of Fleet Street and Chancery Lane, No. 93, Fleet Street, is a charming youthful figure of Dick Whittington.

The handsome pinnacled building with its own lawn, on the right of Chancery Lane, is the Record Office, the depository of State Papers, under the control of the Master of the Rolls. Its museum should certainly be visited both by all students of our history and also by those curious persons who want to see how illegible illustrious handwriting could be. There are many MSS. always on view at the British Museum ; but those chiefly are of authors. At the Record Office, although it possesses a treasure in Shakespeare's veritable signature, you find chiefly the penmanship of kings and statesmen. Queen Elizabeth, you will notice, wrote her name like a plan of a sea fight. The *Domesday Book* is here ; the letter foreshadowing the Gunpowder Plot is here ; and the declaration of

Guido Fawkes himself is here. Titus Oates' declaration is here. The last letter of Sir Philip Sidney is here.

Shakespeare's signature is appended to his evidence in a legal dispute, written in 1612 ; Chaucer's signature is as Clerk of the King's Works, in 1389. Not the least interesting possession in these National Archives is the correspondence relating to trouble in Pisa in 1822, in which Byron, Trelawny and Shelley were involved.

The Record Office Museum having been converted from the old Chapel of the Rolls, there are some stately monuments here, too.

Had you not left Fleet Street, you would have come, opposite the Law Courts, to the boundary between the City of London and the City of Westminster, which is marked by the Griffin in the middle of the road. For how many more years it will be permitted to stay here, I cannot say ; but threatened men live long. I mention possible removal because for many years the Temple Bar, as designed by Wren, stood here : the Temple Bar that we saw in the picture of George the Third at the Guildhall. If you want now to see this beautiful sombre gateway you must go to Theobald's Park, at Waltham Cross, where it was re-erected precisely as it had been, the numbered bricks being set in place again one by one. The splendid old City structure looks strange among the greenery ; but it should be seen. Some day it may be brought back to its own London again.

Chapter XII

THE LAW

George Edmund Street—The Law Courts—London's Stone Under Soot—The Great Hall of the Law Courts—The Temple Church —Ancient Crusaders—Goldsmith Lamb and Thackeray—Inner Temple Lane—A Noble Fagade—Lincoln's Inn Fields—Anatomical Relics—Sir John Soane and his Collections—William Hogarth— A Great Londoner—Gray's Inn—Francis Bacon—Staple Court and ' Edwin Drood '—Clifford's Inn and George Dyer—Dr. Johnson in Church—The Roman Bath—Modern Bathers—Ye Olde Watch House—Essex Street and the Water Gates—St. Mary-le-Strand and the Parents of Charles Dickens—The Savoy Chapel and Savoy Operas—The Adam Brothers—The Adelphi—The Eleanor Crosses

THE most remarkable building now in these parts is the Law Courts, which most people think is in Fleet Street, but which really, as the Griffin indicates, is in the Strand, in Westminster. An amazing mass of white stone greying under London's grime, they display sufficient ingenuity, and intricacy of Gothic and Renaissance design, to make the fortunes of a thousand architects— yet it was all the creation of one man, the late George Edmund Street (1824-81). The construction took from 1874 to 1882, and Street died in the effort. Whatever may be said of the internal arrangements—and I have heard their unsuitability and insanitariness severely attacked —the exterior is fascinating and impressive, while the slender *fleche* rising above all is perfect.

The central hall of the Law Courts should be entered even by those who are not interested in trials, because, with the exception of Westminster Hall, there is nothing in London finer. It is immense both in length and in loftiness, with delicate white windows and as little fussiness on the walls as could be imagined. The statue of Street, who designed this city within a city, is just inside, with a frieze of toilers by H. H. Armitstcad. A painting of the opening, by Queen Victoria in 1883, is near by, and the other statues arc those of that illustrious commentator on the law, Sir William Blackstone, and that great administrator of the law, Lord Russell of Killowen.

Street's stone dates from the 1870's; the stone used by Wren for the church of St. Clement Danes, in the middle of the road, close by, is two centuries older, and therefore two centuries dirtier. But let no one wish London clean. No other city has such grave beauty as London soot can impart to Portland stone.

When all is said, perhaps the two most satisfying possessions of London are Westminster Abbey and the Temple. To the Abbey we shall come ; here, between Fleet Street and the Thames, opposite the Law Courts, is the Temple, so called not because the law implies holiness, but because the headquarters of the Knights Templar were here, an order instituted for the protection of pilgrims travelling to the East. You may see some of their tombs in the lovely Temple Church, the circle of which, based on that of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, dates from the twelfth century.

After the suppression of the Templars, their property was acquired by the Law, and the Temple as we know it, that serene backwater in the midst of London, where fever and fret are not, or are invisible and inaudible, came into being. Of its quiet courts, with their plane trees and their painted window-frames and their dark brick facades, one never tires.

If it were possible to point to a Sainte Chapclle in London, the Temple Church would be it. There are certain resemblances, particularly the windows and the proportions ; but the Temple Church is more real, with its bronze Crusaders on the floor, and its other monuments, including those to famous lawyers, such as John Selden and Richard Hooker. It would be impossible to devise a little church more distinguished than this, where great age is worn almost as a modern adornment.

The neighbouring Georgian house called Lamb Building must not be associated with Charles Lamb, in spite of his Temple residence and his Temple writings, but with Agnus Dei—the Lamb with the Flag that symbolizes the Temple ; but Dr. Johnson's Buildings and Goldsmith's Buildings refer to those two authors.

For the proper appreciation of the pedimented house which forms the entrance to Inner Temple Lane, it is necessary to stand on the opposite pavement in the Strand. But if it was designed by Wren, as is often stated, its facade must have been renewed, for the present date is 1748.

No. 17, Fleet Street, just here, is, I should point out, the gabled timbered house which the

London County Council maintains as a **relic** of old London, and which has what is known as Prince Henry's Room in it, with a very fine ceiling. The Prince Henry in question was the brother of Charles the First.

To-day there are two Temples, the Inner and the Middle, and it was at 2, Crown Office Row, looking over the Inner Temple Gardens, that, in 1775, Charles Lamb was born, and in the gardens themselves is a memorial to him. An earlier resident of the Temple, not unlike Lamb in accomplishment, was Oliver Goldsmith, who died at No. 2, Brick Court, and is buried in the Temple Church. A tablet with his head in relief will be seen high up on the facade. 'Here lies Oliver Goldsmith', says the slab outside the church, to the north, but there is doubt as to whether the little man's body is just there.

Another tenant of chambers at No. 2, Brick Court, many years later, was the author of the *Roundabout Papers*, whose choice of residence may have been more a matter of design than chance. Be that as it may, the fact remains that England's three most human essayists were all of this lawyers' stronghold.

The richness and variety of the Temple buildings are almost unbelievable. Courts, lanes, alleys, halls, common-rooms, the Master's country house in London (where every one has at one time or another longed to live), red brick, grey stone, stained glass, and little shops for wigs—all are here, and all, after a certain hour, are private. The gardens, gay with flowers, may be enjoyed only by those who live in the Temple or can

from some one extract an order. The pictures and documents and books may be consulted only through privilege. But, before the gates are locked, there is no more public retired spot; and opposite the fountain in Fountain Court there are seats. And everywhere is either the badge of the Lamb with the halo, the pennon and the cross, or the Winged Horse.

Of the two Halls, Inner and Middle, the Middle is the more interesting to me, because Shakespeare is known to have acted there ; but both should be seen.

The Law indeed has secured some of the very best of London. If, on leaving the Temple, you go up Chancery Lane, you will find on the left a red gateway, on which Ben Jonson, before he took to play-writing, is said to have worked ; but this again is wrong, because by the year 1617, when the bricks were laid, Ben Jonson had long since given up his early trade and was a successful dramatist. The site of the Devil Tavern, where he ruled the roost, is now covered by Child's Bank, just by the Griffin.

Passing through the red gateway, you will come to Lincoln's Inn, so called because an Earl of Lincoln had his home here. There are no such signs of age as at the Temple, for the chapel dates only from the seventeenth century and was built by Inigo Jones, but the same retirement is here; and the gardens and the Hall make us wonder why we are not all at the Bar. In the Great War a bomb fell on it.

Passing out again by the West Gate, you are in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where, in the surrounding

houses, lawyers again congregate, and in the midst children play, and young men and maidens plight their troth.

On the south side is the Royal College of Surgeons, with some very interesting relics, in bottles and out of them, assembled by the great John Hunter, and often augmented. Among the curiosities are the skeleton of Jonathan Wild and the skull of Eugene Aram ; but more worthy is the bronze bust of Sir Richard Owen, the anatomist, by Sir Alfred Gilbert. Permission to examine the museum has to be obtained.

Sir John Soane, the architect, who lived in the house on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields which now contains his collections, was born in 1753 and died in 1837, leaving his property to the nation. In these days of rebuilding it would probably be unwise to refer to any of his work, more especially as much that he did for the Bank of England has been superseded by Sir Herbert Baker's new structure ; but he was very busy in his time and, although he was so good a Londoner, I always think with peculiar pleasure of a little bridge of his near Newport Pagnell, spanning the Outfe.

Although, however, new ideas and new requirements may have set in and so much of Soane's work has been lost, his Museum remains untouched ; and there are certain things in it which are important and unique. That his range was extensive will be proved by the statement that the alabaster sarcophagus of Seti I, as early as 1370 B.C., is there; and you must go there to see Hogarth's ' Rake's Progress' and his four

' Election' scenes. Seti's tomb, it may be recalled, was one of the chief discoveries of the giant Italian, Belzoni, in 1817, and was offered first to the Trustees of the British Museum. As, however, they had insufficient funds, it fell in course of time to the owner of this house. It is probably the most important Egyptian relic, outside the British Museum, in Europe.

Other very different but valuable acquisitions of the omnivorous Soane are the Roman cinerary urns, the First Folio of Shakespeare, the Flaxman statuary, sketch books of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a MS. by Margaret Lucas, who was called mad but whom Lamb loved to read. In fact, the collector's temperament can here be studied at ease and the decision come to as to which is the better course : to own rarities or, relieved of acquisitiveness and responsibility, to see them in the houses of others.

To my own taste, Sir John Soanc's pictures come first, and not only the pictures but the ingenuity displayed by their possessor in eking out his narrow space, so that these little walls, unfolding and unfolding, approximate to a large Gallery. Apart from the Hogarths, there are some beautiful things; but the two series by our greatest dramatic painter and one of the chief of Londoners, come first. We shall find him again and again ; but a word or so here would not be amiss by way of preparation.

William Hogarth was born in Bartholomew Close, West Smithfield, in 1697, the son of a schoolmaster. Beginning his art career as the apprentice to an engraver, he soon became an

expert engraver himself. After illustrating *Hudibras,* he took to painting in oil in a small way, usually 'conversation pieces' containing portraits. In 1729 he married Jane Thornhill, daughter of Sir James Thornhill, the Court mural painter, and very shortly afterwards began the work by which he is chiefly known—the satirical series, 'A Harlot's Progress', 'A Rake's Progress' and those scenes of the life of his day, high and low, which gave him a character apart. 'Other prints', wrote Lamb, his best critic, 'we look at; his prints we read.' Painted for the engraver, usually himself, to work from, Hogarth thought little of them as pictures; but we can see here, at Sir John Soane's, how masterly he was and of what exquisite passages of colour and delicacy he was capable.

Hogarth lived in Leicester Square, on the east side. The house was long since pulled down, but his bust, like that of Reynolds, is in the gardens. Later he moved to Chiswick, and, dying in 1762, was buried in Chiswick churchyard, where Whistler also lies.

But this digression, forced on us by Sir John Soane's choice of Lincoln's Inn Fields as a place of residence, must not divert us completely from the pleasant purlieus of the Law. Had you continued up Chancery Lane and then crossed Holborn, you would have come, a little way towards the east, to Gray's Inn, so called from the Grays who once owned the property; and there, in South Square, you would find the statue of the greatest lawyer of all, Francis Bacon, in front of a Hall dating from the reign of Elizabeth;

and in the north, in the spacious Gray's Inn Square, more sombre clusters of chambers.

And still the Law should lure us, for to the west of Gray's Inn, beneath whose trees Bacon used to walk, is Bedford Row, another treasury of old facades and fanlights, behind most of which you may arrange for a mortgage or sign your will, while on the other side of Holborn, to the east, behind ancient gables, is Staple Inn, to which I have already referred, and of which Dickens made excellent fun in *Edwin Drood*, and, a little beyond, the inner court where stands the ancient Hall. Lawyers may still occupy the houses, but the Hall has passed to the Society of Actuaries, whatever they may be.

Returning to Fleet Street by Chancery Lane, you would come, just south of the Record Office, on the left, to Clifford's Inn, which also no longer belongs to the Law, but once did, and where, among other residents, lived George Dyer, the friend and butt of Lamb.

On emerging once more into the noisy crowded Street of Ink, and seeing St. Clement Dane's so near, with the meagre little statue of Dr. Johnson behind it, we can get again into touch with the lexicographer, for in the gallery of this church (with his back comfortably against a pillar) he used every Sunday to sit. Sitting there, too, with your back to the same pillar, you can feel yourself to be very near to that great tolerant, intolerant, understanding man. And, to heighten the realism, there is, just behind the pew, a window depicting the Doctor with some of his most constant associates, such as

Boswell, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Garrick and Goldsmith.

Opposite the doorway of St. Clement Danes, whose bells ring so merrily when there is a wedding, is a statue of Gladstone. Why it was placed here, I cannot say ; but here it is, far from the G.O.M.'s true London sphere.

The name and fame of the great Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's one-time favourite, are preserved by Devereux Court, a lane leading to the Temple, and by Essex Street, a cul-de-sac for vehicles, but not for pedestrians, running down to the Embankment by St. Clement Danes. It was here that Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, had his palace. Essex Street, which is the most easterly street in the West Central 2 district, the adjoining Temple beginning E.C.4, still has some eighteenth-century facades. The gateway, at the foot, which stops vehicles, was built in 1697, but did not lead direct to the water, as the Somerset House Gate and York Gate used to do.

Passing along the Strand, you may turn, just before St. Mary's, down Strand Lane, to see the Roman bath, that very curious relic of the days when London was Londinium, and now one of the more valued possessions of the parish we are in. The bath, which is some fifteen feet long, and nine wide, and of considerable depth, was, there is very little doubt, the adjunct of a patrician villa near this spot, and was then lined with marble. Its water, which is of an intense coldness, comes from a spring at Highgate **and** reaches Strand Lane by deep and secret ways,

and, in the Middle Ages, fed the Holy Well of St. Clement's that gave its name to Holywell Street, now lost in the widening of the Strand. Tradition has it that Queen Elizabeth bathed here in the time of her infatuation for Essex ; but more probably Essex, in his neighbouring palace, had a bath of his own, fed from the same source. What is definitely known is that George Borrow used the Roman bath, and that Dickens used it, and that even now gentlemen from the Temple often plunge into it to cool brows fevered by the perusal of briefs.

The Roman bath, however, is not the only unique building in Strand Lane, which, by the way, has no longer any entry to the Embankment, as it used to have. Next door to the Roman bath is one of the least metropolitan of the houses of London : a white and green cottage, with a veranda, facing the Thames ; just such a tiny residence as you might look for at Lyme Regis. This ' bijou residence', known as ' Ye Olde Watch House of St. Clement Danes ', and once corresponding to that official description, is now let to a private tenant, who, except for the distance from taxi-cabs on a wet night, should have a very enviable time.

We might look into the other church in the middle of the Strand roadway—St. Mary-le-Strand—which was built not by Wren but by James Gibbs (whose masterpiece is St. Martin-in-the-Fields), just because it was there that John Dickens, father of the greatest Londoner of them all, was married on June 13th, 1809, to Elizabeth Barrow; and I hope that when you

reach Chelsea you will look into St. Luke's, otherwise not an exciting structure, because it was there on April 2nd, 1836, just after *Pick' wick* began, that Charles Dickens married Mary Hogarth.

And so we pass along the Strand, with Somerset House on our left, where there is nothing that is really aged except the little Savoy Chapel, down the hill after the Waterloo Bridge approach—all that remains of the old Savoy Palace. This pretty little grey-stone building, amid greenery, now almost lost among its surroundings, is principally interesting to me because Peter de Wint, who loved and painted England so well, was buried here. A window appropriately commemorates D'Oyly Carte, of Savoy Opera fame ; while the Sullivan bust, as I have said, is in the Gardens in front of the Savoy Hotel.

Of the three Savoyards, Gilbert has the most elaborate memorial, with charming figures of Comedy and Tragedy by Sir George Frampton, built into the river wall just by Charing Cross Bridge.

In these pages there is no room to mention theatres, but I may say that at the foot of Wellington Street, running northwards from the Strand, opposite the approach to Waterloo Bridge, is the old Lyceum, where Irving and Ellen Terry acted but which is now the home of melodrama and pantomime ; while Drury Lane is reached by extending your excursion a little farther north and turning to the right in Long Acre, after passing the Covent Garden Opera House. A bust of Augustus Harris, the lavish entrepreneur,

has been placed here, outside, while inside the lobby is a bust of Dan Leno, and still farther inside are some of the great dramatists.

The new buildings of the Savoy Hotel submerged a deal of the old Strand, some of which is noted on the facade. Turning down the next street on the left—Adam Street—we come to the Adelphi, the estate reclaimed and, in the i77o's, covered, with new streets and houses by the four brothers Adam—the 'Adelphi', in short—who came from Scotland for that purpose and never looked back : Robert, James, John and William, each of whom had a street named after him, while the Adelphi Terrace, overlooking the Thames, crowned all. Robert, who was buried in Westminster Abbey, and James were the principal architects, but all the brethren united their gifts, and Adam chimney-pieces and Adam furniture resulted. Certain of their houses in Portland Place and Stratford Place remain, and certain clubs, such as Brooks's, and, of course, the screen with the sea-horses before the old Admiralty; but probably the only inviolate Adam fagade is that of the Society of Arts in John Street, a modern reconstructed northern aspect of which you see as you look down the Court just past the Tivoli—the Tivoli, once a music-hall and now a cinema theatre !

The Society of Arts, which was founded in 1754, still carries on its good work as the patron of inventors and other ameliorators of life, and the annual awarder of a coveted Gold Medal. On the walls of the lecture theatre will be found bad mural paintings by James Barry, R.A.

At the corner of the Strand and Agar Street is the building, formerly connected with medical journalism, for which Jacob Epstein designed the obstetrical statuary that, like so much of the work of this artist, led to trouble, and even to the resignation of an R.A. The house is now divided between Southern Rhodesia and a news reel cinema ; but the figures remain.

And so we come to Charing Cross ; but the Cross that stands there is not the original, marking the penultimate resting-place, in 1291, of the body of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward the First, but a modern copy. Nor is this the actual site of the original Cross, which stood north of Whitehall, where the equestrian statue of Charles the First now is.

Chapter XIII

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Other Picture Galleries—The Best Picture—Angerstein and Sir George Beaumont—Turners, Finished and Unfinished—British Landscape—Constable—The Best British Pictures—Frenchy Old and Modern—The German School—Italian Pictures—Bellini, Giorgione and Crivelli—The Great Venetians—' Bacchus and Ariadne '—Canaletto and Guardi—The Flemings—The Dutch—The Spaniards

I CAN think of no more pleasant occupation for the Londoner who can find the time, or for the visitor to London, from the provinces or from abroad, who naturally has certain hours for the purpose, than to loiter among our pictures. And he will be privileged, too, for our Galleries are not surpassed anywhere, and the National collection in Trafalgar Square is, take it all round, the best in the world. Various countries may have better examples : Amsterdam and The Hague, for instance, have better Rembrandts and better Vermeers ; the Louvre has better Watteaus, better Chardins and several Fouquets ; Rome and Florence have better Raphaels ; Venice has better Bellinis, and so forth ; but it is doubtful if either Venice or Madrid, with all their Titians, have anything as fine as our ' Bacchus and Ariadne .'

As a Londoner I have of course special advan-

tages, and therefore my advice to the visitor, to be at the National Gallery as far as possible for a short time often, rather than for a long time seldom, may be taken as a counsel of perfection. But so it is. We should make a habit of the National Gallery, not a duty. And it is so central and so easy of attainment that there should be no difficulty.

If this were a guide-book to London, instead of being an incentive, I should please myself by enumerating most of the National Gallery pictures ; but as it is, I shall merely make a list of my own preferences, after stating that the Gallery was begun in 1832, to house the original thirty-eight pictures from the Angerstein Collection, and that it has been growing ever since. An indication of its humble beginnings is that for several years, from 1824 to 1834, visitors had to go to Angerstein's house in Pall Mall to see the pictures; then to another house in Pall Mall; and not here until 1838. Various other collectors left works, one of the first being Sir George Beaumont, Wordsworth's friend, who gave the lovely little Claude which he called 'The Hagar' (No. 61), and carried with him always in his travelling chaise. Later, in 1856, came the Turner Bequest of thousands of his own works, now divided between the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the British Museum, and various Galleries in the provinces and the Dominions ; and, in 1910, George Salting further enriched both the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery with very catholic examples. But gifts and bequests and purchases are constant.

The National Gallery may not be the most splendid building outside—in fact, it is squat and dreary ; the niches have never been filled ; and its fig trees are barren. But let us go in and be welcomed by the bronze figure of Fame. For, inside, it is all that it should be.

What are the best pictures of all ? The answer must be conditioned by our mood ; but I personally never expect, or even hope, to look at any painting more beautiful than Turner's * Evening Star \ The fact that it was left unfinished by the artist and was discovered on a roll of canvas in the basement, is nothing against it, for Turner when unfinished was often at his most moving. Take, for examples, his * Petworth Park', ' Chichester Canal', ' Chain Pier at Brighton' and ' Hastings', all at the Tate.

' The Evening Star' is a study of sand, sea and sky. The only living things in it are a shrimper and a little prancing dog. In the midst of the sky the artist set a spot of white lead ; in the water and wet sand he indicated its reflection : hence the title imposed upon it. If there is a picture with a deeper hush in it and a more complete simplicity, I have never found it, although I have searched near and far.

Next to this, in a wistful mood, I think I should put the same painter's ' Sun Rising through Vapour', a scene of Hastings beach which, by the artist's own instructions, hangs, together with his ' Dido building Carthage', in rivalry with two of Claude's ; and not far behind are the ' Frosty Morning', ' Crossing the Brook' and ' The Fighting Temeraire', all going to show that

the eye can find in Turner the utmost satisfaction. No one should miss his very modern ' Yacht Racing in the Solent \

James Mallord William Turner was the son of a barber in Maiden Lane, and was born there in 1775. The street is still to be seen, between Bedford Street and Southampton Street, close to Covent Garden, but, walking through it, one rarely thinks of great landscape-painters. Rather of actors and acting. It has stage doors to two of the Strand theatres, and it was outside that of the Adelphi that in 1897 William Terriss was stabbed.

At an early age the boy Turner showed such talent for drawing that his father abandoned the idea of making him a barber, and sent him, in 1786, to the Soho Academy, where floral decoration was taught; and afterwards to Humphrey Repton, a landscape-gardener on a large imaginative scale; and to other proficients, including Thomas Walton, an early water-colourist; while in 1789 he entered the Academy Schools. But it was his companionship with Thomas Girtin, a pupil of Dayes, and the encouragement of Dr. Monro, in Adelphi Terrace (in a house recently destroyed), that really stirred his ambition. At Dr. Monro's all the promising young draughtsmen were received hospitably, set to copy the best available pictures by Paul Sandby and John Robert Cozens (who, Turner said, had taught him most of all), to examine Old Masters, to receive half a crown and to eat supper.

It was Turner's first tour in Yorkshire, in 1797, that produced the famous ' Norham Castle',

which started him on his true career as an inspired landscape-artist. Thenceforward he toiled unrestingly to conquer the visible world, and at the time of his death, in 1851, he had made countless pictures, water-colour drawings and sketches, of which he left to the nation three hundred and sixty-two in the first class, one hundred and thirty-five in the second and one thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven in the third—all beautiful. His financial harvest for his lifetime was £140,000, but if his works could come to the hammer again to-day, they would bring in millions.

In addition to these bequests, Turner left £20,000 to the Royal Academy, and money to form a charity for decayed artists, which, however, was deflected by law.

In old age Turner, always a mysterious man unwishful to take others into his confidence, disappeared from his regular haunts, and it was discovered that he was living in a riverside house at Chelsea (not far from the present Tate Gallery) under the name of ' Puggy Booth ' ; and here he died, worshipping the sun as seen from his top windows, in 1851. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

To the pictures by Turner that I have mentioned, I should add, as perfect specimens of the British School at the National Gallery, Old Crome's golden ' Mousehold Heath ', his ' Windmill ', his ' Moonrise on the Yare ' and ' Poringland Oak ' with its liquid light ; Gainsborough's portrait of his two daughters, No. 1811, wherein one of these lucid, almost transparent, little creatures chases a butterfly; the same painter's

famous 'Mrs. Siddons' and 'Miss Elizabeth Singleton'[1] Hogarth's 'Shrimp Girl', of which I say more in another chapter, and other of his works, with their own passages of liveliness; 'Two Gentlemen', and 'Lady Anne Lennox', magnificent although fading, by Sir Joshua; a little view of the Wye, No. 1064, by Richard Wilson. These I always make a point of seeing again; but there is no compulsion. Other tastes, other choices.

The four greatest British painters are, by general consent, Reynolds and Gainsborough, Turner and Constable, and all of them were Londoners—all living and working much in London and all dying here. Of Turner I have spoken. The great Sir Joshua was a native of Devonshire, who came to London in 1740, when he was seventeen, to be apprenticed to Thomas Hudson, the portrait-painter, but did not begin his career proper until, in 1749, he went in Admiral Keppel's vessel to Italy for three years, studied the Old Masters, copied them (it was while he was copying Raphael in the Vatican that he caught the cold that made him permanently deaf), and met many important persons, all to be useful to him later. In 1753 he settled in London, living finally, after 1760, in Leicester Fields, now called Leicester Square, on the west side, where Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, the auctioneers of books and MSS., are. Every year his fame increased, the portrait of Admiral Keppel, now in the Tate Gallery, probably being the turning-point, and he was soon

[1] **A reproduction of this picture formed the poster of the Exhibition of English Art in Amsterdam in 1936.**

making £6,000 a year—a great sum for a portrait-painter in those days. He had other tastes as well as painting : he played whist steadily and he loved society, especially that of men. In 1764 he founded the Literary Club (now known as The Club), in order, it was said, to give his friend Dr. Johnson absolute freedom as a conversationalist, and, I might add, his friend Oliver Goldsmith ample opportunity to be frivolous. Reynolds was a member also of the Dilettante Society, which now meets at the St. James's Club in Piccadilly and for which he made the very amusing caricatures that hang there. In 1768 the Royal Academy was founded and Reynolds was made the first P.R.A. Johnson was elected Professor of Ancient Literature and Goldsmith of Ancient History. In 1769 he became Sir Joshua.

Reynolds was for a while in love with Angelica Kaufmann, one of the original R.A.s, but the romance was interrupted and he never married. He died in 1792 and was buried with pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral.

His pictures, which are everywhere, invariably have their characteristics of splendour or dignity, or both. If he made all his sitters a little better than they were—it was not because he was a scheming flatterer, but because it was in his nature.

Thomas Gainsborough, Sir Joshua's closest rival and very nearly his coeval, having been born four years later and dying four years earlier, was a Suffolk youth, who did not come to London permanently until 1774. Until then, from

1760, he had been established in Bath, whither every season all fashionable Londoners journeyed, most of whom he painted. Although one of the original R.A.s, Gainsborough was not on good terms with the President, possibly on account of their steady competition and possibly because of their followers' way of comparing them, each to the detriment of the other. Followers are like that, as Dickens and Thackeray only too well knew. But the two great painters were reconciled at last, when, on his death-bed, Gainsborough whispered to Reynolds, ' We are all going to Heaven, and Van Dyck '—concerning whose gifts there had been differences of opinion—* is of the party '. The respective merits of Gainsborough and Reynolds I must leave to the reader to decide ; both artists can be studied here to perfection, and they are also at the Wallace Collection, at Ken Wood, and at Dulwich. I personally can be equally delighted with either; in fact, I have preferred them both.

None the less, Sir Joshua could never have painted anything so ethereal and entrancing as No. 1811.

Of the Constables, the most glorious is c Hadleigh Castle '; the most boisterous, ' Weymouth Bay'; the most placid, ' Malvern Hall', and the most brilliantly daring, ' The Bishop's Garden ', No. 2651. You should look also at ' Flatford Mill' for this glorious painter's own authentic ' sparkle ' in the trees.

John Constable, I should say here, was born in 1776 and was the son of a Suffolk miller at East Bergholt. For a while he was himself a

miller, and it was when he was watching for the wind and studying the clouds and weather, that he mapped out his career as a landscape-painter, and particularly a capturer of sky and light and shade. According to the French, he is the best landscape-painter that we have ever had ; and, with a saving respect and admiration for Turner, I am in agreement with them. It was when he was nineteen that John Constable began seriously to take to art, copying Girtins and Claudes which were lent to him by Sir George Beaumont; while it was Beaumont who persuaded the youth's parents to allow him to go to London to study. In 1799 he was admitted to the Royal Academy schools, living first in Cecil Street and then in Rathbone Place, and making a small income by painting portraits and other not too congenial things, including two or three altar pieces, and very gradually finding his true course. It was not till he was forty that he was able sufficiently to overcome prejudice and marry his old love, Maria Bicknell, whose portrait, one of his best, is in the National Gallery. He then settled in Fitzroy Street, and then, while retaining the London studio, in Well Walk, Hampstead, where he made the Heath his happy hunting-ground. Full recognition among those who knew, chiefly the French, came to him in 1824, when his ' Hay Wain ' was exhibited at the Paris Salon ; while in 1825, when his ' White Horse ' was exhibited at Lille, he won new Continental fame. It is extraordinary to think that although Constable was be-medalled in France and had enormous influence there, England still disregarded

him. He had but few buyers, and, indeed, at the time of his death, in 1837, he was still viewed with suspicion. But now everything is changed ; and for his 'Hadleigh Castle' the National Gallery trustees had to pay five figures.

When I state that there are over twenty Constables on the National Gallery walls, varying from the large 'Hay Wain' to the tiny windmill seen over the shoulder of a poppy field, you will understand something of what the National Gallery can mean to me.

It used to be said that the British knew what to paint but could not paint it, whereas the French knew how to paint but not what to paint. Both sarcasms seem to me to be wrong here. These British knew how to paint and what to paint, although certain examples are rather noticeably formal. Never, however, in the case of Constable or Turner. One may not be too fond of Sir Thomas Lawrence, but the stuff of his 'Queen Charlotte's' dress is masterly and the eyes of his 'Mrs. Siddons' have their own light; while we should not miss his portrait of John Julius Angerstein, because this was the man the pick of whose collection formed the nucleus of this very Gallery.

For the great Raeburn at his best you must go to Edinburgh and elsewhere. For Romney you must go elsewhere and, incidentally, to the Wallace Collection ; but we have here, among what might again be called 'Mother's Pictures', his 'Lady and Child', and also Sir Joshua's 'Heads of Angels' and 'Age of Innocence'. We have also a great comfortable woolly Morland, the

' Interior of a Stable'; Bonington, so strong at the Wallace Collection, is radiant in his one example here ; David Cox gives us a really ' Windy Day ' ; and there is a beautiful picture, ' Wherries on the Yare ', by Cotman, who, although one would not think it, taught Rossetti.

Of the later British painters of the nineteenth century, I should pick out as the best, Whistler's ' Blue and Silver Nocturne', Dyce's ' Pegwell Bay', Alfred Stevens' ' Mrs. Collmann', and Frank HolPs ' Samuel Cousins '. But Rossetti's c Ecce Ancilla Domini', Millais' ' Ophelia ' and Frith's ' Derby Day ' have many admirers. The c Derby Day ' I will admit has the fascination of realism. But for trifling vagaries of costume, it is eternal. Change the carriages to motor-cars and the rooks to aeroplanes, make the jockeys stand in the stirrups, and it is Derby Day now and for ever.

Among the eighteenth-century French pictures Claude's are the finest, and those hanging in rivalry with the Turners should not be missed. Although, personally, I think Turner wins, they are magnificent. Next to Claude and his radiant distances, such as that in No. 19, also once in the possession of Sir George Beaumont, I should put Nicolas Poussin, with his rustic mythology and patches of deep blue sky—of a blueness of which no other painter had the secret. A dark blueness.

There are also some very interesting examples of early French work, notably the tiny ' Louis X I ' , the ' Duchesse d'Angouleme ' with its lovely greys, the ' Portrait of a Lady', No. 3582, and the

minutely painted ' Meeting of Joachim and Anna' by the Master of Moulins; but it is a very inadequate collection and makes one think wistfully of the Fouquets at the Louvre.

Among the later French painters you will find some exquisite work by Chardin ; the delicious ' Happy Mother ' by Fragonard, whose very name is a poem ; little pictures by both the Le Nains; a challenging lifelike portrait by Tocque; a' Study of Flowers ' by Fantin-Latour ; forest scenes by Diaz and Rousseau, and Corot in all his manners, from his rather stiff clarity when in Rome, to the languorous cloudiness of his ' Horseman in a Wood' and c Portrait of a Woman', making it so difficult for us to believe that the same hand produced all.

Corot's favourite painter of skies, Boudin, is also here, with a smiling ' Trouville Harbour', but you will find better Degas' at the Tate, and certainly one better Millet at the Ionides. There is, however, a fine portrait by Delacroix, the rebel; but the most remarkable French painting is the soldier cut from Manet's great Maximilian picture and bought by the National Gallery from the Degas Collection. A recent portrait of a Madame Moitessur by Ingres should not be missed by those who like perfection in paint; but it is, I fear, perfection without emotion.

In French pictures the National Gallery is not rich enough ; in German pictures it is poor indeed. But it has the ' Duchess of Milan' by Hans Holbein the Younger, that lovely portrait, and the same painter's sumptuous ' Ambassadors ' ; and it has Durer's father, by his son Albrecht, a symphony in brown ; and it has Lucas

Cranach's ' Charity '. The Conversion of St. Hubert', by the Master of Werden, should be looked at carefully, just for fun ; and there is a rich decorative piece by Lochner, where there is much gold and no trace of human experience.

Perhaps the most valuable small room is that where the Italian pictures of the sixteenth century are hung—for here you will find two Michelangelos, neither finished but both masterly; several Raphaels, from the sweet calmness of the large c Ansidei Madonna' altar-piece to the gay little ' Vision of Scipio Africanus' ; Correggio's large and rich ' Venus, Mercury and Cupid' and his tiny ' Vierge au Pavier ' ; Bronzino's ' Venus, Cupid, Folly and Time ', so clear and brilliant as to be almost like a blow ; Andrea del Sarto's ' Holy Family' and ' Portrait of a Sculptor ', with their ineffable serenity, and Ghirlandaio's ' Giralamo Benivieni .'

Of the earlier Florentines, the holy Fra Angelico (1387-1455) is, I suppose, chief, but I personally prefer to his sweetness the harsh vigour of the ' Crucifixion ' by Andrea dal Castagno (1410-57). The details in Gozzoli's ' Virgin and Child ' are worth study, and the Wilton Diptych deserves the closest attention, no matter who painted it. Earlier still are the Sienese, but these I leave to the connoisseur and pietist.

In the Florentine School of the fifteenth century the Gallery is wealthy. For the most part these masters served religion, but Piero di Cosimo is here with ' The Death of Procris', that poignant piece of romance. Botticelli also is here, with his ' Mars and Venus ', so marvellously drawn ; but

otherwise we are among the saints, not only Botticelli's, but Fra Lippo Lippi's and Filippino Lippi's, and Lorenzo di Credi's and Pesallino's. I personally am always enchanted by the movement in the ' Raphael and Tobias', a picture once Verrocchio's, but now given only to his School. Elsewhere, however, you will find a ' Madonna and Child with Angels ', No. 296, where Andrew of the True Eye gets all the credit.

More important than anything in the little rooms are the pictures by the Tuscan and Umbrian Schools which greet you in the large entrance hall, where, over the doors, you see, reading from left to right, the heads of Rubens, Titian and Raphael. Here you will find the famous battle piece by Paolo Ucello (1397-1475)3 where the perspective may be poor but the decoration is superb ; an almost saccharine triptych by Perugino, a later painter ; a ' Madonna and Child ' by Masaccio, one of the earliest; the enormous ' Martyrdom of St. Sebastian ' by Pollaiuolo, one of the fine anatomical draughtsmen ; and ' The Circumcision ' by Luca Signorelli, who was both artist and antiquary. But best of all are the two New Testament scenes by Piero della Francesca—the ' Nativity ', one of the most beautiful pictures in the world, and the ' Baptism ', where the painter must have so enjoyed undressing the waiting neophyte. I would just add that cherubs with instruments discoursing music so amiably in the Bertucci altar-piece, No. 282, are very sweet if not very masterly, and that in a neighbouring room the little Pintoricchio ' Madonna and Child ', No. 703, given by Queen

Victoria in fulfilment of the wishes of Albert the Good, has its own charm, especially to the maternal eye.

The best picture among the Venetians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is, in my opinion, Antonello da Messina's ' Crucifixion ', a tragedy indeed, and a jewel of paint, and the next is ' The Blood of the Redeemer' by Giovanni Bellini. It was Antonello da Messina, we should remember, who revealed the mystery of oil to those great Flemings, the brothers Van Eyck, and it was Bellini who taught Titian and Giorgione. Other fine Giovanni Bellini's here are ' The Agony in the Garden' and the ' Doge Leonardo Loredano '. ' The Death of St. Peter Martyr ' is now given only to his studio, but is a remarkable work for that early time—over four hundred years ago, when England had no artists at all. The other Bellini, Gentile, has here his famous portrait of the Sultan Mohammed I I , painted in the Oriental style, as becoming these constant originators and experimentalists. ' The Madonna of the Meadow', No. 599, which used to be given to Basaiti, and has some of the same light blue as Lorenzo di Credi's ' Madonna and Child', No. 593, is now said to be ' from the studio of Giovanni Bellini'. I wonder.

As for Giorgione, he is allowed only the ' Adoration of the Magi', No. 1160 (once given to Bonifazio di Pitati), his ' Man in Armour' and ' The Golden Age' having gone to others. Who shall decide ? Not I; but I always glow before his work, whether real or spurious. As Directors of the National Gallery come and go,

ascriptions come and go. I can remember when Giorgione had credit for work since ascribed to his School, to his copyists and to Titian. I can remember when Leonardo's name stood alone beneath the lovely glamorous 'Virgin of the Rocks', but it is now coupled with that of his pupil, Ambrogio da Predi.

But there is one painter, a Venetian owning more to Mantegna than to his own School, who could never be ' attributable ', and that is Carlo Crivelli (1430-96), for he signed and dated everything. His pictures may not be more than antiquarian assemblages—they have no * values ' —but they will repay study, and particularly ' The Annunciation', with the aperture in the masonry of the Virgin's house, scrupulously and forseeingly designed by the architect, through which the Holy Ghost would enter ; with the minute details within and without, and the little inquisitive girl on the balcony.

Among the lesser Venetians, there is not much else that is outstanding, but you should look at the great bland 'Warrior Adoring the Infant Christ', by Catena, for its sunset light, and the uncompromising ' Agony in the Garden ' with the profound slumbers of two of the disciples, by that stern realist, Mantegna.

If I had to enumerate only three of the Venetian pictures of the sumptuous following period, I should choose Titian's ' Bacchus and Ariadne', Tintoretto's ' Origin of the Milky Way', and Paolo Veronese's ' Vision of St. Catherine ' ; but the work that I should be sacrificing is superb, too—the other Titians, and particularly the

'Madonna and Child' with its bold azure, the 'Christ and the Madonna' (once Giorgione's and possibly his still), the 'Holy Family', and his portraits small and immense; the other Tintorettos; the other Veroneses, so vast, one or two, that we are bewildered by the creativeness and courage of the man in thus mingling splendour with Holy Writ; the portraits by Moroni, which belong to all time, and by Moretto. But I have no doubt whatever that the pictures which I first mentioned are the best, and the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' is the best of all.

It is odd that in Venice, an Italian Republic of the East, the rigours and piety of the contiguous Florentines and Sienese should be so foreign. But whereas the Tuscans painted chiefly for the Church, the Venetians painted chiefly for the Palace. Tintoretto could go to the Bible for his themes; Titian could paint the Virgin and Christ; Giorgione made the famous altarpiece at Castelfranco; but the supreme Titian that we return to again and again in the National Gallery is mythological; the Tintoretto is 'The Origin of the Milky Way', so splendid and aggressive, but pagan, too; and whereas Giorgione is not well represented here, he lavished his genius and colour most freely on romantic subjects. The link, in Trafalgar Square, between the two Italies is Piero di Cosimo's 'Death of Procris.'

When we come to the later Venetians we are strong only in Canalettos. There is no better Canaletto than his 'Bucentaur', and certain details of the Maundy Thursday procession are perfect; while we are very glad to have the

glowing ' Eton College ', painted during his English sojourn. There may be better Guardis at the Wallace Collection, but two of our own examples are almost as good, and I always find myself returning to that wily old Doge Tron.

The other Italian pictures of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries do not, I fear, move me. The only ones that I look twice at are Piazzetta's 'Abbe' and the 'Self-Portrait' by Salvator Rosa. The Mond Bequest, hung in a single room, is not, I also think, worthy of the National Gallery : but there is a charming ' Virgin and Child', sweet rather than strong, attributed to Titian.

In the room given to the Flemish and Dutch painters, almost without exception religious, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it is no exaggeration to say that there is nothing that is not first-rate, while not a few pictures there are masterpieces. The 'Jan Arnolfini', for instance, by Jan Van Eyck, calls connoisseurs to London from all over the world. It was the Van Eycks who brought to the Netherlands the Italian influence so evident in this room, which was grafted on to northern realism and a national preference for small works and detailed. Why the south should have seen subjects so big, and the north so little, I cannot explain ; but so it was. Large sumptuousness has gone ; but in its place we find an equal passion for the beautiful, yet seen through the other end of the telescope. Later, when the Dutch are at their best but religion has been superseded by dailiness, we shall find an even minuter delicacy.

Where there is so much perfection it is not easy to particularize ; but there are three realistic pictures here that would make any Gallery remarkable—the ' Christ Crowned with Thorns ' by Hieronymos Bosch, the ' Adoration of the Kings' by Pieter Brueghel and the ' Christ Nailed on the Cross' by Gerhard David, who elsewhere is seen only as a tender painter. Their effort has been to tell us, almost for the first time, that the Holy Land had normal inhabitants and that the Life of Christ had its very ugly moments. A different striving after realism is that of Dirk Bouts in the ' Entombment', which I always think one of the most beautiful pictures in the whole great collection.

Two pictures which have a special charm in depicting Flemish towns of the past seen through the windows, are David's ' Adoration of the Kings ' and Jan Prevost's ' Virgin and Child .' The most Italian representation here is Quinten Massys' ' Virgin and Child ', all misty and kind. Other painters that should have close attention are Rogier Van der Weyden, Robert Campion, Hans Memling and Mabuse.

In examples of the great but more recent Flemish painters we are numerically weak : yet our specimens of Rubens and Van Dyck are very fine, and although the new landscape by Rubens, from the Duke of Buccleuch's, is inferior to this abundant vigorous artist's ' Chateau de Steen' it is a real acquisition, and it has further interest in being probably the first landscape ever painted. Rubens at his robust and fleshy is of course to be seen; and at his most discerning, in the portrait

of Susanne Fourment, the features of which Reynolds must have admired. Nowhere is there a more commanding Van Dyck than the equestrian Charles the First; nowhere a more beautiful male portrait than that of 'Cornelius van der Geest', while the Italian marquis and his lady prove this master's skill and understanding. But the 'Cornelius van der Geest' stands alone.

That mystery in the world of art—the Dutch School, which attained perfection during so few years, say from 1625 to 1670, and then declined again to nothingness—is peculiarly well represented in the National Gallery, the reason being, I suppose, that we were sufficiently like the Dutch to like their pictures. There may be more spectacular Rembrandts, but there are none with more of his genius than our 'Woman Bathing', 'The Philosopher', which convinces me that Vermeer was once his pupil, the 'Portrait of a Woman', red and smiling, and 'Tobit and His Wife' (in which we see where Gerard Dou learned). There are better Vermeers at Amsterdam and The Hague, but our two have lovely passages. I doubt if there is a better Pieter de Hooch than our 'Interior of a Dutch House', or a better Segers than our 'Mountain Landscape.' You should look also for the wide and sombre prospects by Philips Koninck and Jacob von Ruisdael; the 'Man in Fur Cap and Cuirass' by Fabritius, the master of Vermeer; the calm golden Dutch scenes by Albert Cuyp,—and not least, to a lover of windmills, No. 960, which may be, the catalogue tells me, by another, but fills me with the authentic pleasure. You should

look for the four strong heads by Franz Hals, so large and free in manner; for the minutely finished figures of Terborch ; for the ' Skittle Players ' and ' The Oyster Feast' by Jan Steen, where you can see how occasionally charming this coarse old toper could be ; for the trustworthy adroitness of Metsu ; and lastly for the almost incredible peacefulness of Van Goyen.

And these are not all. I am saying nothing of the portrait, No. 1937, by Van der Heist, and ' The Card Players ' by Nicholas Maes, and the ' Village with Watermills' and ' The Avenue at Middelharnis' by Hobbema, the darling of Old Crome ; or of the two cattle pieces by Paul Potter ; or of a cool church interior by Saenredam.

The best Dutch pictures are upstairs, but the Director has recently opened two rooms downstairs where still other examples hang—very much as they did in Holland when they were painted —and here you will find examples of Gerard Dou (' The Pocket Rembrandt') ; of Schalcken, who made a specialty of scoured and polished metal ; of Ochtervelt and Netscher, who mastered the folds and texture of silk ; of Van der Heyden, who painted vividly streets and bricks ; of Van der Cappelle, the Van de Veldes, and Dubbels, who had never seen a ripple on the ocean : of Van Huysum, whose flowers carry trembling dew-drops ; of Dirk Hals and Duyster, who liked distinguished revellers, and of Ostade and Adrian Brouwer and Jan Steen, who liked them common : in fact all the miraculous Dutch reproducers of recognizable life. And all the pictures are in

the condition that proceeds from care and the best colours.

Lastly (for I am disregarding certain large altar-pieces and other religious paintings in the rooms that branch from the centre), the Spanish school, where we find Goya at his best, in the dashing ' Dona Isabel Cobos de Porcel', so real and challenging, and in the grey quietude of 'Dr. Peral .' Here also is Velasquez, to whom has now been given with confidence the c Boar Hunt' landscape, as well as the ' Rokeby Venus ', which I, however, do not esteem so highly as his c Christ at the Column', and far less than his ' Admiral Pulido-Pareja ' and his ' Philip IV '. Murillo is here in both styles, the clerical and rapt, with a Madonna, and the realistic, with a Spanish ' Boy Drinking'. There is a comely Zurbaran, and El Greco has three or four of the arrangements which those who find sincerity allied to myopia so attractive, will adore ; but the unknown ' St. Paul Reading ' may be thought better than any of them.

Penultimately let me say that for the serious student there are lecturers at work every day ; and a lecture-room in which, after displaying the pictures upstairs, they complete their remarks ; and, for home consumption, there are hundreds of picture postcards and the *Illustrated Guide* by Sir Charles Holmes.

And ultimately let me say that the pictures to which I have drawn attention form only a small fraction of what can be seen, most of which may, very rightly, please the reader of these pages far more than any of my own preferences.

In any case I shall not demur, for my one wish is that he will be happy.

As a matter of fact, on every visit to the National Gallery I find something new and glorious, which, but for conditions of space, I should be glad to praise. As at the Wallace Collection, as at the National Portrait Gallery, as at the Tate, as at the Victoria and Albert Museum and as at Dulwich—so, at the National Gallery, I do not presume to do more than express an enjoyment which even if, in every particular, it is not shared, will lead to a kindred individual adventurousness. We have something for every taste.

Chapter XIV

PICCADILLY

The National Portrait Gallery—The Irving Statue—Leicester Square—Piccadilly Circus—St. James's—Albany—The Royal Academy—The Diploma Gallery—Albemarle Street—Shepherd Market—The Porters* Rest—Books on Piccadilly—Lord Byron —Hyde Park Corner—Fagger, Derwent Wood and Alfred Gilbert —Rotten Row and the Country in London—Tattersall's—St. James's Street—St. James's Palace—Charles the First—Mariborough House and the Alexandra Memorial

BEHIND the National Gallery and opposite the Edith Cavell memorial is the National Portrait Gallery, where will be found representations of all British men and British women of eminence in our long roll of fame—that is to say, all who have passed the test and have died more than ten years ago. Although every picture has won its place as a desirable and worthy representation, some happen to be also of the highest competence, such as, for example, many by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Romney, Van Dyck and Sir Godfrey Kneller (who painted the famous head of the dead Monmouth). Among fine modern examples are Sargent's 'Coventry Patmore' and 'Henry James' (who was nationalized only just in time to be here), Bastien Lepage's 'Henry Irving', certain of the G. F. Watts pictures, and Rich-

mond's 'Andrew Lang'. To many persons the Royal rooms will be of the greatest interest. The net thrown is very wide : there is even a pen and ink head of Dan Leno by himself.

Here, as at the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum, ' Recent Acquisitions' should always be asked for ; and it is not a bad thing to buy a box of picture postcards, and, carrying it home, re-study Valhalla in one's own armchair.

Inside the National Portrait Gallery we saw a portrait of Sir Henry Irving ; and outside is his statue by Onslow Ford, a standing version of the one, seated, which is preserved at the Guildhall. Whether it is right to call Irving exactly a great Londoner, I am doubtful, but there is no question that, by his acting at the Lyceum, usually with Ellen Terry, he made London a more memorable and exciting place for thousands and thousands of people.

If we followed the gaze, in bronze, of Sir Henry Irving, we should find our way up Charing Cross Road, where the old-book shops are, to Cambridge Circus, a theatrical centre, and so straight to St. Giles' Circus and the north. But by turning to the left we come to Leicester Square, where Hogarth and Sir Joshua and Hunter, the surgeon, once lived, and where the centre of the billiard world now is. In the Garden here are seats around the statue of Shakespeare, who stands in the midst, in uffish thought, as a poet should. At the corners are busts of the three residents that I have named and one other, Sir Isaac Newton, who lived just to the south.

From Leicester Square it is only a step to Piccadilly Circus, which must always be one of the focuses of the world. It is, however, not as important as it was, while Charing Cross Station (which, as a meeting-place, Kipling coupled with Shepheard's Hotel at Cairo) has probably now given way to Victoria.

The memorial to the philanthropical and pious Lord Shaftesbury (which we now call simply 'Eros' or 'Gilbert's Eros'), again, after a long absence, dominates Piccadilly Circus, although the splashing fountain which the sculptor designed and wished is not allowed us Under the upper basin are some impudent little water sprites who invite us to laugh back.

Among London's many vistas, that from Piccadilly Circus down Lower Regent Street is one of the best, with, against an evening sky, the back of the Duke of York in sharp silhouette.

In Piccadilly the rebuilder has been busy, but he is not likely soon to get his hands on the red-brick church which stands back a little on the left as you walk into the west—St. James's, the traditional converse of St. Giles's. Here we have yet another edifice designed by Wren and decorated by Grinling Gibbons. It is strange that among those buried here are both the Willem van de Veldes, the Dutch painters of the peaceful sea. Gillray, the savage cartoonist, also lies here, and the great Lord Chesterfield, who wrote letters to his son, was baptized here. There is an open-air pulpit giving on to Piccadilly on the north side of this comely church, but I have never heard of any Man of God fulminating therefrom.

Next door is the charming little Midland Bank by Sir Edwin Lutyens, a jewel of architecture, and off Jermyn Street, parallel with Piccadilly, is the churchyard of St. James's, from which you can see that the Bank has been given a large window in keeping with those designed by Wren.

The grey stone building to the west of this bank is the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and the artists whose busts fill the niches of the facade are Paul Sandby, J. R. Cozens, Girtin, Turner, David Cox, Peter de Wint, Thomas Barrett and William Hunt. On the opposite side is the court leading to that enclosed street, but not throughfare, of retired eremitical abodes, known as 'The Albany', which more rightly would be called 'Albany'. Its records should be looked up, for almost every room has an historical association. Enough to say here that, first, Byron, and then Bulwer Lytton, lived at Block H6 and that Sir Squire Bancroft was for many years the picturesque tenant of IA, where he died.

Sackville Street, I ought to have mentioned, is no longer without lamp-posts, as for so long it was proud to be, for it now has two.

The courtyard next to Albany's leads to Burlington House, the headquarters of the Royal Academy and of various other bodies, while at the back, in Burlington Gardens, competitors for Civil Service posts endeavour to provide their examiners with satisfactory replies. On the south facade of Burlington House are statues of artists and sculptors, including Pheidias, Flaxman, Sir Christopher Wren, Leonardo, Raphael and Titian.

On the fagade in Burlington Gardens are statues of Galileo, Goethe, La Place, Hunter, Hume, Davy, Leibnitz, Cuvier, Linnaeus, Adam Smith, Locke, Bacon, Galen, Cicero, Aristotle, Plato, Archimedes, Justinian, Newton, Bentham, Milton, Harvey : each and all of whom should be very stimulating to the youths about to be examined. While, on the southern borders of the tailors' domain, we are gazing at this learned fasade and endeavouring to identify its highbrows, we shall, if it is the right time, hear the bells of a certain Bond Street perfumer gaily chiming.

The Royal Academy of Arts, which received its charter in 1768 but has been here only since 1869-70, holds an exhibition of current painting between the first Mondays in May and August, and in winter an exhibition of a more general character. Although the winter exhibitions are far more serious and valuable, the summer exhibition is the greater attraction. There one can come to the annual realization of how much the industry of painting is practised in this country, and how little genius emerges.

Upstairs, in the Diploma Gallery, work by R.A.s ever since the start may be seen. In addition there are the Constable sketches and a crayon ' Virgin and Child ', a lovely thing, by Leonardo da Vinci. Elsewhere you should look for a marble tondo, the ' Virgin and Child ', by Michelangelo. A rather affected statue of the first President, the great Sir Joshua, is in the courtyard.

Among the very learned bodies that have their headquarters in the quadrangle of Burlington

House, are the Royal Society, the Linnaean Society, the Chemical Society, the Society of Antiquaries and the Astronomical Society. Of these, the most illustrious is that which grants the coveted letters F.R.S. and certain desirable medals. Among the distinguished F.R.S.s whose portraits may be seen, are, Sir Christopher Wren, the Founder of the Society, Sir Isaac Newton, Pepys and Sir Hans Sloane.

This is not a book in which shops are mentioned by name ; but there is always an exception, and in my case that exception is Fortnum and Mason's, opposite the Royal Academy, whose establishment for gourmets is old enough to have won special privilege, and whose green clock very usefully tells Piccadilly the time.

Next to Burlington House's courtyard is the Burlington Arcade, that narrow enclosed thoroughfare of shops where you may buy without rain, and after this nothing old remains, almost everything having been rebuilt to be now either an hotel, a motor-shop, a club or flats. At Hatchett's, however, at the corner of Dover Street, I should remark that in the summer you may still see the four-in-hand coach which, for those who like survivals, plies between this spot and Virginia Water. But the meets of the Coaching Club in Hyde Park are more spectacular. A hansom or two still remains in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus at night, for the benefit, I surmise, of elderly provincials or colonials who, leaving the theatre, hope to recapture some of the raptures of their youth.

The next street debouching to the north is Old Bond Street, leading to New Bond Street, where our best or most expensive shops are, notably jewellers and picture-dealers, and where many illustrious people used to lodge, but lodge no more. It is a marvellous place for the collector; but since Bond Street dealers have passed everything through a sieve before they offer it, adventurous bargain-hunters, hoping to make their own discoveries, should try the Caledonian Market, on Fridays or Tuesdays, where all the medium-valued junk of London is assembled to tempt the picker-up of unconsidered trifles as he—and more noticeably as she—passes from stall to stall, hoping to get the better of the bargain. This is not often done, but one has heard of such phenomena.

At 158, Bond Street, there is a Building Centre with a Museum and periodical exhibitions; but I have not examined it. At the moment I find builders not too attractive.

About half-way up on the right, where the old Dore Gallery used to be—which may still be remembered—are Sotheby's auction rooms, known to every connoisseur of books and prints, all the world over.

Next is Albemarle Street, where the Royal Institution of Great Britain, a dark pillared building, is situated. Here many famous lectures have been given, including those by Carlyle on 'Heroes and Hero-worship', and, every Christmas, there are talks to children by eminent men of science which are illustrated by experiments. At No. 50, the great house of Murray, which

once published Byron and the *Quarterly,* still flourishes under new conditions.

Next we come to Dover Street, and to Berkeley Street which once was the approach to the aristocratic Berkeley Square but is now a congested street of shops and hotels, far too narrow for its work, where the visitor with a short memory will look in vain for Devonshire House. Berkeley Square also is not what it was, but between Farm Street Church and South Audley Street, just south of Mount Street, is a retired garden where some of the more distressing changes that modernity has forced upon us may be forgotten.

Returning to Piccadilly, still walking west, we come to the district where club gentlemen have their bedrooms : to Stratton Street, Bolton Street, Clarges Street, Half Moon Street, White Horse Street, Brick Street, Down Street, Park Lane and Hamilton Place. Between Half Moon Street and White Horse Street you are opposite the decorative iron gates moved from Devonshire House. They stand now at the head of the grass avenue declining towards the Victoria Memorial, which completes the vista. Looking south from Half Moon Street you see the Green Park through the gates ; looking north you see the florid exterior of one of London's churches of Christ Scientist.

The ' In and Out', or Naval and Military Club, at No. 94—with a courtyard—still occupies the authentic old mansion in which Palmerston was born. And at No. 101 the St. James's Club has an ancient house where there is work by Angelica Kaufmann. If you take the lane by the side of the Junior Naval and Military Club

you will come to Shepherd Market, a small teeming district of narrow streets, with busy shops and inns for the supply of the needs of Mayfair and its servants, which still has a Hogarthian flavour. By those who do not observe, it is called Shepherd's Market.

On the pavement on the Green Park side of Piccadilly, not far from here, is the slab on uprights which has puzzled so many visitors to London—yes, and Londoners too—but which is easily explained. In 1861 a benevolently disposed person, noticing that at this point in the street porters were wont to find their burdens particularly heavy, obtained leave to erect what is nothing more or less than a ' Porters' rest'; and, although it is never used, it has, unlike most historic things, persisted.

If you would know more of Piccadilly and its tributaries, you must again bear in mind Cunningham and Wheatley's *London, Past and Present* (the 'present' also being the 'past'), to which you might add Mr. G. S. Street's *Ghosts of Piccadilly.* One of the most illustrious and romantic of the not-so-distant residences, for instance, was Lord Byron's at No. 139, which, with 138, is now absorbed in apartment buildings, the Lyceum Club, not so long ago here, having moved to Chesterfield Gardens.

The aristocracy is still true to Mayfair, although many of the large houses have been converted, and many of the Mews now contain ' charming bijou residences' which are well worth study. The curious might make South Street a centre.

Although most of Park Lane has fallen to the

enemy, certain relics remain, such as, in the road, the Fountain of Fame, with the heads of Shakespeare, Chaucer and Milton on it, and in Hamilton Gardens, just across the road, the figure of an unusually pensive Byron, seated ; and, in Hyde Park itself, at the beginning of Rotten Row, the Achilles Statue, erected, in 1822, by the Women of England, in honour of the Iron Duke. This was a well-chosen site, for the Duke's home was hard by, at Apsley House. These remain, but where is Grosvenor House ? Where is Dorchester House ? The triple arch-way known as Hyde Park Corner, which was erected in 1828, is, however, here still, and the equestrian statue of the Iron Duke is still opposite it, companion to one at the Royal Exchange.

On the island in the midst of circuitous traffic you will find the Royal Artillery Memorial by C. S. Jagger and Lionel Pearson, a masterly mass of realism, and behind that the graceful David by Derwent Wood, in the manner of Donatello, to record the deeds in the Great War of the Machine Gun Corps. But I do not dare to say more of any of the neighbouring buildings than to express the hope that when St. George's Hospital is rebuilt, Alfred Gilbert's fine bust of John Hunter, the surgeon, will still be visible.

The gateway at the top end of Constitution Hill is surmounted by a quadriga by Adrian Jones, in which, as in the ' Boadicea' on Westminster Bridge, driving seems to be a matter for the equilibrist. The middle gate is opened only for Royalty. On the strip of grass between

the gateway and Buckingham Place some of London's best daffodils light up the month of April.

The Row, as I say, starts at the Achilles Statue, and, although times have changed, there are still, for the unathletic, few London pleasures more engaging than, on a fine day, to sit here and watch the horses and their riders. It may not be exactly the spring or summer of the true English country that you will enjoy ; but it will be the spring or summer of London : different but unique.

A walk beside the north side of the Row, where cars are not allowed, into the west, will bring you, by two very pretty fountains among flower-beds, just inside the railings, to the enclosed Japanese garden where fat rabbits luxuriate in safety ; and so to the Serpentine and Kensington Gardens, of which I write later.

Thinking of the Row and its riders, I am reminded that Tattersall's, the famous auction-rooms for hacks and hunters and polo ponies, is only a few yards away, at Knightsbridge. The horse sales are on Mondays, and the view-days are Saturdays, when those who know may still be seen, not quite such centaurs as before the rise of motor-cars but with hints of the stable about them. In the intervening days Tattersall's is now used for small dog shows; but the capital of the amazing show-dog breeding industry, the size of which may be computed by a glance at the Christmas number of *Our Dogs* (or only by feeling the weight of it), is, of course, the Agricultural Hall at Islington.

But we have been advancing towards the setting sun too quickly. Looking down St. James's Street you are once again at a bound translated into the past, for although in the most modern environment of shop and hotel, the red-brick gateway that you see at the foot, now known as St. James's Palace, was built by Henry the Eighth, who had a Hunting Lodge here. A Hunting Lodge ! Afterwards it became one of the Royal abodes. Charles the First, who made it his home and was devoted to it, slept here on the night before his execution, walking from the Palace to the scaffold in Whitehall on that memorable day in 1649.

Latterly it was the home of the Prince of Wales, who left it only to take up kingly quarters in Buckingham Palace. Important conferences are now held here, and it is at the west end of St. James's Palace that the Lord Chamberlain has his office, where you will be told whether or not your play is too modern to pass the Censor.

St. James's Palace is one of London's havens, but sentries and police are alike resentful of strangers. Every effort should, however, be made to obtain entry to its quiet red-brick security. On Sunday mornings the Chapel Royal, famous for its choral service, is open. Among our monarchs who were married here were Victoria and George the Fifth.

Pall Mall runs away to the east, the first residence, with a courtyard, being Marlborough House, where Queen Mary settled after the death of George the Fifth, and where Queen Alexandra had settled before her. Alfred Gilbert's memorial

to Queen Alexandra, with the words, 'Faith, Hope and Love', is appropriately built into the Marlborough House wall, next to the Chapel. George the Fifth was born in Marlborough House in 1865.

Chapter XV

WHITEHALL AND PARLIAMENT

Trafalgar Square—The Nelson Column—London Statuary, Mostly Bad—The Royal United Service Museum—The Vivid Diorama—Napoleon's Charger—Whitehall Palace—London's Losses—Changing the Guard—The Cenotaph—Parliament Square—Westminster Hall—The Houses of Parliament—Florid Architecture—Historical Frescoes—Dean's Yard—The Palestine Museum—The Royal Library for the Blind—Flower Shows—The Victoria Tower—A Huge Flag—The LCI.—Scientists in Stone—The Marvels of Chemistry—Westminster Bridge—London from her Bridges—The London County Council Building—St. Thomas's Hospital—Lambeth Palace—Sir Richard Lovelace—Geraldine Mary Harmsworth—The War Museum

LONDON'S many square miles may be frightening, but, for the visitor, the essential London is really so compact that most of it is contained in a small circle, of which Trafalgar Square is the centre, and the circumference embraces, or the diameters end at, the British Museum, the Wallace Collection, the Tate, Exhibition Road, St. Paul's and the Tower.

On the north confines of the Square itself are the National Gallery and the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, which, seen through the frame formed by the portico of the National Gallery, is at its most graceful, and, in the sunshine, at its whitest. St. Martin-in-the-Fields, so named

officially but generally called St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, built in the I720's, is not a Wren church, but the masterpiece of a later architect, James Gibbs, who also built St. Mary-le-Strand. No other facade or spire takes the afternoon light more softly or sweetly, and one of the best views of its radiance is from the foot of Craven Street; which, by the way, you should walk up to see where Heine lodged at No. 32. Like St. Margaret's at Westminster, this church is much used for memorial services and weddings. Inside, there is a bust of the architect, and such different persons of eminence were buried here as Nell Gwynne, the favourite of Charles the Second, in 1689, and Thomas Chippendale, who made so much coveted furniture, in 1779.

St. Martin-in-the-Fields being named after the Saint who shared his cloak with a beggar, all the lamp-posts in this parish bear a representation of the event.

In the Square is the Nelson Column, with its four guardian lions by Landseer (really only one, repeated), and on its summit the figure of the most illustrious of admirals. Dotted about the Square are various statues, of which, as I say elsewhere, the Gordon is by far the best, and George the Fourth, riding without stirrups, the worst. It may not be generally known that the George the Fourth was the work of the sculptor, Sir Francis Chantrey, who bequeathed money to the Royal Academy for the annual purchase of new British pictures. It was originally intended to stand on the Marble Arch.

The poor little George Washington, on the

opposite side of the road, in front of the National Gallery, is a copy of the figure by Houdon, and was given to us by the State of Virginia. It ought to be indoors, or, at any rate, moved to a spot where it does not compete with colossi, among which, I fear, we must number Nurse Gavell.

Trafalgar Square has two fountains in which, in very hot weather, urchins paddle, and in the north wall, brass standard measures and a colony of swollen London pigeons preying on the generosity of visitors. From time to time efforts are made to decrease the flocks of these birds, but they seem to grow both in number and size. I have mentioned other of their haunts, such as the British Museum and the Guildhall, but Trafalgar Square is their capital, and at any time of day you may see them being fed and, perched on the proud arm or even on the head of its caterer, being photographed. So far, however, the pigeon is found only in our squares and courtyards ; he has not yet captured a pavement, as in Paris he has succeeded in doing, at the point where the Boulevard de Gourcelles joins the Malesherbes. No doubt that, the bird being, for all the efforts of the professional trapper, as sacred as the ibis, he will. Meanwhile, if you would see him at his fattest—or, isolated, as he seems to be—you should go to the Oval.

The Nelson Column is decorated every year for Trafalgar Day, but now only at the base, where the bronze reliefs are. In the not-too-distant past, however, it was amusing, as October 21 st drew near, to watch the activities of the

steeplejack arranging his festoons from the very top. The metal work at the summit derives from cannon reclaimed from the sunken 'Royal George', of which Cowper wrote. The four reliefs at the base, between the lions, represent Nelson at St. Vincent, at the Nile, at Copenhagen, and at Trafalgar, where he was killed.

After the figure of Nelson, the most interesting statue here is that of Charles the First, looking down Whitehall, where he met his fate. Just as Nelson has his laurels, so, once a year, on January 30th, do Legitimists lay flowers here.

One may leave Trafalgar Square by any route, but our way at the moment is down Whitehall. Later we will pass through Admiralty Arch, the entrance to the Mall, which was built in 1911 as the eastern completion of the Victoria Memorial, and as the gateway to St. James's Park.

A little way down Whitehall on the left, you come to Craig's Court, which is worth exploring for the facade, still preserved, of Harrington House, a fine English building. It was in this Court that Romney had his first London studio.

The next Court on the left is Old Scotland Yard, where the kings of Scotland once had a London residence, and where, later, the London police were head-quartered. But they have now moved farther west, to the great building in New Scotland Yard, or 'The Yard' as writers of detective stories familiarly call it, on a site which, oddly enough, was begun as an opera house.

The first important building on the right is the Old Admiralty, behind a stone screen designed by Robert and James Adam, with sea-horses on

the top. Adjoining it is the New Admiralty, where the position of every ship in the British Navy, in whatever sea, can be followed.

In the middle of the road, between the Old Admiralty (which I hope will never go) and the War Office opposite, is the equestrian statue of the last Duke of Cambridge, uncle of Queen Victoria, who is here by virtue of holding the office of Commander-in-Chief. Next to the Old Admiralty is another venerable mansion of stone, the office of the Paymaster-General (for we are now in the midst of the machinery of Government), and next is the Horse Guards.

Not the least attractive part of the Royal United Service Museum, opposite the Horse Guards, beside an old uncouth figure-head and near the statue of the eighth Duke of Devonshire, better known as the sleepy Marquess of Harrington, is the opportunity (common, in fact, to most museums) afforded of comparing the past with the present. Upstairs, for example, where Nelson dominates the naval section, the Battle of Trafalgar is reconstructed, with every ship in its place, sails fully set. Downstairs you may re-fight the Battle of Jutland. But it is the series of battlefield dioramas, designed by G. Ivester Lloyd, which most vividly mark the evolution of arms. At Hastings there were lances, battle-axes, and bows and arrows. At Agincourt, 1415, there were bows and arrows, but a soldier is seen lighting a mortar. At Barnet, 1471, there were spears, swords, and matchlock guns. The Armada tableau, 1588, is more pacific, the moment chosen being that when Elizabeth reviewed the troops

at Tilbury—the Queen with an almost scarlet coiffure sitting on a snowy charger : thus bringing to perfect realization the old saying (nearly forgotten in this age of motor-cars) that whenever you see a white horse you will see a red-haired woman, and vice versa.

The next tableau shows Wolfe and his party at the foot of the Heights of Abraham, 1759. And then the more modern battles : Waterloo, 1815, where the cavalry are charging with swords drawn ; Balaclava, 1854, with swords and spears and Cardigan the fearless leading the Light Brigade ; the Indian Mutiny, 1857, rifles and bayonets and revolvers ; and the Somme, 1916, with the reappearance of armour, after an absence covering four centuries, in the shape of trench helmets.

Before leaving the Banqueting Hall it is important for a moment to clear one's mind of warfare, by land or sea, and realize where one stands. For this is the very room through which Charles the First walked on the morning of January 30th, 1649, on his way to the scaffold, which was erected outside one of its windows, as the memorial tablet, visible from Whitehall, indicates. If you would visualize the occasion, there is a model of old Whitehall to assist you.

And having reflected sufficiently upon this stupendous event in our rough island story, it is worth while to examine the model to see what London lost when all these palatial buildings, except the Banqueting Hall, were destroyed and the district was town-planned. Parallel with Parliament Street, a few yards to the west, is

King Street, running between the two turreted gates: Holbein's Gate at the northern end, situated more or less where No. 10, Downing Street now is, and King's Gate at the southern end, standing somewhere near the Westminster Hospital. For Whitehall Palace, you must understand, which, like Hampton Court, was lifted by Henry the Eighth from Wolsey, was for many years the Royal residence—from, in fact, Henry the Eighth to James the Second. Except for a small street for the public, called King Street, joining Charing Cross and Westminster, the Palace covered all the ground from the Thames to St. James's Park, the private links between the Palace and the Park, or Whitehall Gardens, being the two gateways, Holbein Gate and King's Gate, spanning the public thoroughfare. All this you may see in the model.

Later, Whitehall Gardens were much beautified and made public by Charles the Second, who, in his democratic way, strolled here continually and (long before the pomp of Carlton House Terrace) might often be seen standing by the wall of Nell Gwynne's garden in Pall Mall, looking up and laughing with her.

All that now remains of these buildings, and of the famous Palace of Whitehall, is the Banqueting Hall in which we stand. But the history of the Palace is fascinating and should be consulted. It was in 1691 that fire destroyed the building and the Royal residence was moved to St. James's.

Inigo Jones, whose masterpiece was this relic of Whitehall Palace, was, although never a

Christopher Wren, a very fine architect and beautifier of London. Wren was born in 1652 ; Inigo Jones died in 1652. In addition to the Banqueting Hall, he gave London the York Water Gate.

On the top of the Banqueting Hall may still be seen the weather-cock which the wretched James the Second used to consult so anxiously for signs of a wind favourable to the sailing of William of Orange to this country.

The model shows also that where New Scotland Yard now is, was the bowling green, and where the Treasury now is, was a tennis court. Farther west, diagonally, was an octagonal building called the Cockpit, the position of which is marked to-day by Cockpit Steps, running out of Queen Anne's Gate. Fine and imposing structures may now occupy the old sites, but there was a bland comeliness about this Stuart and Tudor pleasance that has passed for ever.

And the other exhibits ? There are so many that memory reels. But the bare articulated bones of Napoleon's steed ' Marengo ' stand forlornly out. And I recall a washing-stand that Nelson had in the *Victory.* And Wolfe's travelling canteen. And a prayer-book in use on Pitcairn Island every day by John Adams, one of the mutineers of the *Bounty* ; and Sir Henry Lawrence's ink-bottle during the siege of Lucknow ; and a piece of the wedding-dress of Elizabeth Cook (nee Batts) when she was married, in Barking Church on December 21st, 1762, to Captain James Cook, the circumnavigator.

Finally, I peeped into the little room on the

ground floor which illustrates ' Savage Warfare ', by which phrase is meant not warfare peculiar in its brutality, but warfare as practised by those who have not yet acquired sufficient civilization to kill scientifically.

Opposite the Royal United Service Museum, in one window of which there is each week displayed a different trophy, is the entrance to the Horse Guards' Parade, guarded by the two mounted soldiers in the sentry boxes who to many visitors to London are more important than St. Paul's or the Abbey. Not to see them at all, as they sit on duty, is to have been negligent indeed ; whereas to watch the guard actually ' changed' at eleven o'clock is to have qualified for a metropolitan degree.

This building, which, for old sake's sake, I hope will be permitted long to stand, even if it has been a little outmoded, is younger than the Old Admiralty, having been built about 1750. Its foot-passage through the arch under the clock-tower leads to Horse Guards[5] Parade, where the Colour is trooped on the King's Birthday, June 23rd, and, across it, to St. James's Park and the waterfowl. The uninspired statue straight ahead is the Guards' Memorial. On our right is a statue of Lord Wolseley and on our left of Lord Roberts. Farther to the left, just by the Prime Minister's garden in Downing Street, is a statue of Lord Kitchener. I have already referred to the charming fountain by Sir Edwin Lutyens at the corner of the Parade in the north-west.

The only Government office which preserves

articles of interest to the ordinary visitor to London is the India Office, where a large library is continually being extended. Here you may see a portrait of Charles Lamb, who for many years was in John Company's service, in Leadenhall Street ; and works by Zoffany, who painted in India for a while, and by Reynolds and Romney, to whom, in London, sitters had to come. The statue at the west end of the avenue, looking over St. James's Park, is, very appropriately, that of Clive.

I have referred elsewhere to the Cenotaph, which is in the centre of the road here, close to Downing Street and all among the Government buildings : but I may add that whereas there are always wreaths at its base, this pathetic isolated stone, with the fluttering flags, rises every Armistice Day, November nth, from a veritable mass of tributes. It is then that a national service is held here, in which, for two minutes, the world seems petrified. The only words on the Cenotaph are ' The Glorious Dead '. This commemorates all our losses ; the * Unknown Warrior's ' grave, in the Abbey near by, commemorates one pitiful one.

The Treasury and other Government offices are hereabouts, and there are soon to be more, when the space between the noble Gwydyr House and Richmond Terrace, south of the Cenotaph, has been built upon. Opposite the Cenotaph on the north is the opening of Downing Street, where at No. 10 the Prime Minister of the moment dwells, in a modest residence.

And so to Parliament Square itself, to the

Houses of Parliament, so imposing and decorative, to St. Margaret's and to Westminster Abbey.

To the Abbey we shall return, but I may say here that in Parliament Square congregate statues of statesmen which are more welcome to nesting sparrows than to most of us. Canning, Peel, Derby, Palmerston and Beaconsfield are here; Abraham Lincoln (with chair) by St. Gaudens, the American sculptor; and, looking far from secure, the Gothic memorial to Thomas Fowell Buxton and other abolitionists. The finest of all is the Oliver Cromwell outside Westminster Hall.

Westminster Hall, so perfect in proportions that you neglect its size, is the famous building between the Square and the House of Commons, where kings lie in state, and where, as one brass tablet in the centre informs you, Warren Hastings stood for his impeachment, and another, that Strafford was there condemned to death. It was there, as another tablet states, that Charles the First was tried. But, previous to the solemn occasion at the beginning of 1936, which we all remember so vividly, the Hall's history, which began as early as 1097, includes many other events, the installation of Cromwell as Protector, in 1653, being perhaps the most pertinent. During the fire of 1834, which destroyed so much of the Parliamentary premises, Westminster Hall escaped ; but its famous roof is new. Privileged persons are shown, within, a picture of the calamity by Constable.

In order rightly to understand where we are, I should explain that the present Houses of Parliament were built on the ruins of Westminster

Palace, which, already much damaged, was destroyed by fire in 1834, when nothing but Westminster Hall and the St. Stephen's cloisters and crypt escaped. Originally, Westminster Palace was the principal Royal residence in London, although the Tower was occasionally used. The kings who lived here extended from William the Conqueror to Henry the Eighth, who began the new regime, in 1529, by adding to Wolsey's mansion at Whitehall and settling there : hence Whitehall Palace.

The Lords had met in Westminster Palace, just off Palace Yard, for years, and the Commons at Westminster Abbey ; but after Royalty left Westminster Palace, the Commons crossed the road. This then, as conveniently as could be arranged, was the centre of Parliament until after the fire of 1834, when the present highly-decorated buildings slowly rose.

The Houses of Parliament may be penetrated for a small distance by the unprivileged public ; and I suppose that any one looking like a legislator and succeeding in avoiding the very vigilant police could get farther ; but I do not advise the attempt, especially if one wears a slouch hat, has a pointed beard, and carries a lantern and a slow match.

Whatever anticipations of the glories of the House of Commons may be caused by the floridity and size of the exterior, one of the visitor's first impressions is of the smallness and comparative insignificance of the interior of the House itself, where our too many laws are made. And if, when it is empty, he feels like that, he must be

even more surprised when it is at work and he is able to survey it from the Gallery, and to observe how restless everybody is, and how noisy, and how pedestrianism is even more constant than in a police court. But M.P.s apparently soon learn not to mind.

There are many statues in these intensely Gothic halls and passages. Even if we think that Sir Charles Barry (1795-1860), the architect, who is seen here, seated between busts of Palmerston and Peel, was ungenerous with space, we cannot withhold admiration from his million windows and tracery. Gladstone and Bright are here ; and gay frescoes, in the vermilion manner of E. A. Abbey, from the lives of kings, are on the walls, such as the children of Henry the Seventh being visited by Erasmus and More, and Henry the Eighth and Catherine of Aragon at Blackfriars. If he is fortunate, the ordinary visitor may witness, at two forty-five, the Speaker's procession on the way to prayers : an impressive survival of medievalism ; but for * Tea on the Terrace', the most coveted experience of all, when the sun shines and strawberries are in season, there must be an invitation.

Other views of the Houses of Parliament which should be obtained are from Westminster Bridge, from the Lambeth side of the Thames and from the water itself. The long facade, you will observe, both on the river and elsewhere, is decorated by rows and rows of our monarchs, but they are not easy to identify.

Much of the present structure of the pretty little church of St. Margaret—not really little,

but made by its neighbours to look so—dates from the eighteenth century ; but its predecessor was the original parish church of Westminster, the Abbey being a separate foundation. Among those buried here are Sir Walter Raleigh, who was executed in Palace Yard, close by, and William Caxton, the early printer, whose work may be seen at the British Museum and in the Bible Society's Library.

The glass, most of it modern, in St. Margaret's is very interesting, commemorating as it does many illustrious persons, including Raleigh and Caxton, the Venerable Bede and Erasmus, Queen Victoria's Jubilee, John Milton (whose second wife was buried here) and Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was assassinated in Dublin in 1882. But the most famous window is that over the altar, which twice has had to be removed for safety—once during the Civil War, when the Roundheads were after it, and again in the Great War, when Germans dropped bombs.

There is talk, as I write, of the buildings behind the statue of Canning in Parliament Square being cleared away, thus extending the gardens and opening up the view of the Middlesex Guildhall, that pleasant building with coloured carvings which stands next to Westminster Hospital and opposite the opening to Dean's Yard, across what is known as the Sanctuary. The Gothic column which you will see at the west end of the Abbey is a reminder that through Dean's Yard you come to Westminster School, for it was erected in honour of Old Westminsters who fell in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. Among famous

Old Westminsters, as boys who have left are called, were Ben Jonson, Gowper, Sir Christopher Wren, Edward Gibbon and Warren Hastings.

Church House in Dean's Yard is open to those who are interested in ecclesiastical matters or in modern architecture, or in both. At No. 9, Tufton Street, close by, is the Palestine and Bible Lands Exhibition, which in effect forms a vivid gloss to Scripture. Here you may see, in actual relics and in models, indications of the activity of the Bible Society. The Gates of Jerusalem are here, Solomon's Temple and the Tabernacle, faithfully reproduced in miniature. Christianity of course prevails, but there are generous references to the religions that preceded it, among the bronze figures being a statuette of Osiris, fashioned as long ago as 1500 B.C. and excavated at Luxor.

Near by, in Tufton Street and in Great Smith Street, is the Royal Library for the Blind, in Braille and Moon, where there are many thousands of volumes of the works of writers old and new (with, I was delighted to learn, no fewer than forty-seven of my own) which are steadily in circulation in whatever Public Libraries have special sections for the blind. It would be difficult to think of work more admirable than that which this institution performs.

It was, however, not here, but at the National Institute for the Blind, in Great Portland Street, that I made my investigations into the strange case of the unsighted.

The National Institute is not exactly a public resort, but I am sure that those in charge would

welcome a visit from anyone who is interested. You learn here what brave and philosophical and resourceful people the blind are, and how much thought and care and energy are being expended by the sighted to help them to be so and to keep them so. One would never wish to lose the sense of vision—one could never think of that loss but with a kind of black despair—yet after a visit to this establishment dedicated to the removal of the terrors of the dark, the dread diminishes, while in the presence of so much courage one almost is conscious of a feeling of shame in being able to see at all. Amid this inspired activity the old wide gulf between the blind and the sighted becomes narrower. It is possible—one has the uneasy feeling—that these gentle-voiced creatures, with their quick, sensitive fingers and concentrated inner life, are thinking, ' Poor fellow, he can see'.

I had, of course, known about Braille, and among my friends, for many years, have been no fewer than three with private presses who have been giving to the transcription of books the spare time that I have been wasting. But I had not known anything of the extent of the Braille libraries which exist and are constantly being added to. We have already seen the Braille Library in Tufton Street, which is far greater than this, although this has, below the level of the pavement, subterranean rooms containing over four miles of books, all, I believe, the product of amateur Braille writers, and all free on application. The cheapest Braille writing-machine, I discovered, costs less than four pounds, the paper

being supplied by the Institution ; which may be welcome news to some of those who are tired of bridge or midget golf, or who want a change after too much cinema-watching or listening to the wireless. The ranks of Braille writers can never be overcrowded.

Reading, however, is not all; far from it. There are, of course, a few things that the blind, in spite of all their fine, fearless audacity, can never do. They can never be policemen, for instance ; they can never be chauffeurs or waiters. But their range of actual activity is astonishing and often incredible. They are said to be the best masseurs of all, and I saw many in training ; they are excellent musicians, and the Braille music library at the Institute is not less admirable or enterprising than the literary section ; they are taking more and more to gardening. There are blind Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, and when, in camp recently, the tent of the Deaf and Dumb Boy Scouts was blown down, it was the blind Boy Scouts who put it up again.

Returning to Westminster, let me say that the great building with the dome opposite Dean's Yard, across Broad Sanctuary, is known as Central Hall and is the meeting-place of the Wesleyans.

The ancient thoroughfare Great Smith Street becomes in time Marsham Street, by which Horseferry Road is gained, where you will find the Home Office Industrial Museum and see how science can help domesticity. Of all its many exhibits, perhaps those dealing with Safety First and First Aid are at the moment the most sig-

nificant. There has been no horse-ferry for a long while, the road now running to the new Lambeth Bridge.

By continuing along Artillery Row you will see the old facade of the Greycoat School and possibly some of the girls in their uniforms, prim and old fashioned, and then come in time to Vincent Square where the Westminster boys play.

The London head-quarters of the Royal Horticultural Society, whose gardens are at Wisley on the Portsmouth road, are in Vincent Square, where fortnightly exhibitions are held for the display of the latest varieties of the old flowers, which often are no improvement but testify to the indomitable curiosity of nurserymen. It is in the gardens of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea that London's great Flower Show is held, under the same auspices, for three days every May.

If, after Parliament Square, you take the road to the west, beside the river, you come first (leaving Baron Marochetti's equestrian statue of Richard Coeur de Lion on your left, and Poets' Corner on your right), crossing what used to be Old Palace Yard, to the Victoria Tower Gardens beside the Thames. It is between Poets' Corner and Abingdon Street that the London memorial to George the Fifth will be placed. A replica of Rodin's group of the ' Burghers of Calais' is here, in the Victoria Gardens, the sculptor's other version of which is at Calais itself, and also a statue of that irrepressible valiant fighter, Mrs. Pankhurst. From the Gardens you get a splendid view both of the river and of the Victoria Tower, 336 feet high, the flag on which,

incredible as it may seem, is, I have been told, bigger than a lawn-tennis court.

The light over Big Ben, the clock in the Tower of the House of Commons, which is not quite so tall as the Victoria Tower, gleams, I should say, only when the House is sitting. Recalcitrant M.P.s who have gone a little too far are imprisoned in the Clock Tower until they repent, or realize superior power.

Behind Abingdon Street lurks the Jewel Tower, dating from the fourteenth century, which possibly may be made visible in all its medieval charm by clearances for the George the Fifth Memorial.

Just beyond Victoria Tower Gardens is a new bridge joining Lambeth and the giant buildings of Thames House and the I.C.I., or Imperial Chemical Industries, the heads on the outside of which are those of such famous experimentalists as Alfred Nobel, Alfred Mond, Ludwig Mond, Berthelot and Liebig. Inside you will find vast staffs that seem to be able to make by-products become anything they like. I have seen there, at any rate, tea and dinner services which, although to all intents and purposes china, have been contrived from sour milk, and glass vessels and figures which once were coal. And somewhere downstairs in Thames House the niceties of cricket are taught all through the winter months.

Should we turn up Dean Stanley Street, just here, we should come to Smith Square, with the strange church of St. John the Evangelist in its midst, a building which one legend says was

shaped by the outraged architect to resemble an overturned footstool, and another that its four corner towers compensate irregular foundation subsidence. Be that as it may, the church is ugly. But no such word could apply to the neighbouring streets, once squalid but now fashionable, with their mixture of comely old and new facades.

Leaving the Tate to a separate chapter, we might here retrace our steps and cross Westminster Bridge—not the same bridge on which Wordsworth wrote his famous sonnet, but a successor. At the northern end we have, on the right, the House of Commons and the Terrace, and on the left, the Boadicea group of statuary, in which the Queen of the Iceni, in her chariot with scythe blades on the wheels, is certainly a trick driver. The river, in its humbler above-London Bridge manner, is here always alive and alert, with gay views east and west, but you will note that St. Paul's Cathedral is not visible. You should make a point, let me advise here, whenever you are on a bridge in London, of gathering the view. There is, from each, a new prospect. For St. Paul's, Waterloo Bridge is perhaps the best; but from the Charing Cross footbridge the panorama is noble, too, with the long facade of Somerset House also in the picture.

On the Lambeth side of Westminster Bridge is, to the left hand, the great London County Council building. This, to my eyes, is of too yellow a stone, nor do I like the so un-London-like red roof; but it is mellowing well under our beneficent grime and, after the Houses of Parliament, it is

the nearest thing to a riverside palace that we have. Inside are a number of drawings and prints of London, which the visitor may see. At night, when the facade is illuminated by a green glow, the windows glitter with the dancing reflections of the Embankment lamps.

If the modern kindergarten aspect of the buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital should offend, the visitor is advised to go a little way along the road on the south side of the hospital to the ecclesiastical stronghold which is gained by Morton's Tower, the old red-brick gateway of Lambeth Palace, built by Cardinal Morton in 1490. Lambeth Palace, now the London residence and headquarters of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is, in spite of its modern clergy, a true relic of the past. Most of it is private, but the library, in the fine Great Hall, is open to ecclesiastical scholars, and it has some very rare books, such as Caxton's *Chronicle of England,* a Gutenberg *Bible* and Wynken de Worde's *Golden Legend.*

Within the walls is the Lollards' Tower, one of the offenders in which was Sir Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, who was confined here when he wrote the famous lyric ' To Atythea'. ^c Stone walls do not a prison make' he sang. These are the stone walls.

The church outside the walls is that of St. Mary, where our Archbishops once were buried. All of it but the tower is new. The verdant and countrified open space adjoining the Palace is known as Archbishop's Park.

The Imperial War Museum, which used to be at the Imperial Institute, has now been moved to

the old Bethlehem Royal Hospital, known as Bedlam, in the Lambeth Road, in the park which Lord Rothermere presented to London in honour of Geraldine Mary Harmsworth, his mother. It is in her honour also that Lord Rothermere has given to St. Augustine's church at Kilburn, which this remarkable old lady used to attend, three fine religious pieces by Crivelli, Palmezzano and Filippino Lippi.

While the Imperial War Museum takes note of every aspect of the great conflict of 1914-19, its picture gallery is, I suppose, its principal attraction, with, in particular, the many works by Orpen. Among other artists who were commissioned by the Government to depict phases of the struggle were Wilson Steer, John S. Sargent, James MacBey, Augustus John, H. W. Nevinson, Muirhead Bone, Philip Connard and Henry Tonks among painters, and Epstein and Derwent Wood among sculptors.

There are some 500,000 photographs and 60,000 books, as well as reproductions of trenches with the nicknames which that irrepressible humorist, Mr. Thomas Atkins, gave to them, such as ' Piccadilly Circus', and there is even the sign ' Mount of Olives.'

Chapter XVI

THE LONDON MUSEUM

Carlton House Terrace—Bird's eye Views—The Club District—The Origin of Piccadilly—St. James's Square—Christie's—Lancaster House—Old Prisons—Old Carriages—The Romans in London—Dioramas of Old London—Water-colours of Old London—The Children's Room—Birdcage Walk—The Guards' Chapel—Queen Anne's Gate—The Epstein Reliefs—Buckingham Palace—The Victoria Memorial—Westminster Cathedral—Little Chapels—The Crypt—The Brompton Oratory

LEAVING Trafalgar Square by the Admiralty Gate and passing along the Mall, we find on our right a long, lofty, cream-coloured row facing Captain Cook's statue and two memorials of the South African campaign. This is Carlton House Terrace, where Carlton House, the residence of the First Gentleman in Europe, used to stand. All that is now left is its portico, which was transferred to the facade of the National Gallery.

The tall pillar above the steps leading to Waterloo Place was erected in 1833, in honour of the Duke of York, George the Third's son, who had died in 1827 and whose inconspicuous career in the army is over-commemorated by this monument. There is a stairway, but, owing to suicides, no one may now climb it; and as the

Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square is accessible only to steeplejacks, you will get no bird's-eye view of London from any coign of vantage nearer than the campanile of Westminster Cathedral.

In Waterloo Place are the famous clubs, the Athenaeum in the west and the United Services in the east, each of them having by the kerb a mounting block used by the Iron Duke.

There is much statuary here : Edward the Seventh on horseback in the midst; on the west side, Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer who died in 1847 ; and on the east, Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer, who died in 1912. Other statues here, close to the Captain Scott, are those of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, Sir Henry Lawrence, General Burgoyne and, a little way along Carlton House Terrace, at the back, Lord Curzon.

The statuary in Waterloo Place, just across Pall Mall to the north, represents the Crimean War, Sidney Herbert, Secretary for War during that time, and Florence Nightingale, who organized the nursing of our men at Scutari and elsewhere, and whom Lytton Strachey recently transformed from Longfellow's saintly ' Lady of the Lamp ' into a capable strong-minded woman-of-the-world, bent, as Sidney Herbert knew, on having her own way.

The visitor to London pacing westward along Pall Mall (pronounced Pell Mell, although the Mall is called the Mall) will find himself among Clubs, which continue up St. James's Street and into Piccadilly and its off-shoots.

Pall Mall takes its name from the game, paille-maille, which used to be played here ; just as Piccadilly has an earlier meaning, although what it is, is questionable. There was certainly a Pickadilly Hall in 1623 ; a picadil, however, is the round hem of a garment, and it may be that the most westerly inn in London in distant times was called ' The Pickadilly' because it was on the very skirts ; or it may be that the piccadillo, a Spanish dish of hash, was a regular item in c The Pickadilly's ' menu. There is also the peccadillo. But the book *Why Piccadilly ?* to which I have already referred, should be consulted for information about this and other London styles.

Other street names hereabout are less cryptic ; such as the Haymarket, where there once was a market for hay, and Jermyn Street, which commemorates Henry Jermyn, Lord St. Albans, who owned much of this property. Between Pall Mall and Jermyn Street is St. James's Square, which this peer laid out, in the midst of it being the statue of William the Third with the famous long tail, and at the north-west corner the London Library. It was of St. James's Square that Dr. Johnson wrote, in rhyme, that he would be perfectly happy if he could have a house there ; but it was a different place then. Modern requirements have hit this serene quadrangle very hard, and, as a motor park, it now gives up to petrol what was meant for fresh air. Between St. James's Square and St. James's Street is Christie's, which every visitor to London should make a point of dropping into, for nearly all the best pictures that change hands pass through

these sale rooms. North of Christie's are many art-dealers.

Although there are so many Clubs elsewhere, St. James's Street is their centre, and it is there that some of the best of the old facades persist : such as that of Boodle's, on the east side, and Brooks's, opposite it. Some of the old betting books are religiously preserved ; but, of course, unless accompanied by a member, no stranger may enter portals so sacred.

In another chapter I have said something of St. James's Palace, but we ought now to make for it, by way of St. James's Street or one of the little alleys out of King Street, in order to reach the London Museum. If you turn from St. James's Palace along Cleveland Row, pass to the next corner and then turn to the left, you will find in Stable Yard (where, right through the reigns of Edward the Seventh and George the Fifth, the letter-box had V.R. on it) the mansion where the London Museum is now lodged : Lancaster House. Although called the London Museum, it throws—since London is so universal —a net of astonishing width. The basement, it is true, is filled with purely metropolitan trophies, such as Roman remains, including the famous galley found in the London Thames, off Westminster Bridge; wooden Highlanders and Red Indians from tobacconists' doorways ; old shop-fronts ; truncheons; old signs; a cell from Wellclose Prison, with inscriptions on the walls ; gates from Newgate, with locks that even Houdini could not break through ; and broadsides of executions. These are strictly of London, while

the various carriages that are displayed here all passed through London, too, and were often in London mews : such as Lord Rosebery's cabriolet, and Lord Lonsdale's yellow brougham, although it is doubtful if the post-chaise used in Portugal by the Duke of Wellington was metropolitan. Mortlake, where the prehistoric canoe was found, is far from London ; but such exhibits as the Chelsea porcelain and the Bow porcelain and the Lambeth porcelain and the Battersea enamel are proper enough, even if they make us again regret the days that are gone. There is very little London porcelain now, if any ; and de Morgan glazed tiles and Tinworth terra-cotta bas-reliefs are both things of the past.

It is, once again, the diorama that makes this museum so interesting ; for in the basement you will find some astonishing reproductions of the London of our ancestors. In one series we see a flint depository such as is preserved at Grime's Graves to-day ; then the Bronze Age ; the arrival of the Romans ; the arrival of the Saxons ; the arrival of the Vikings, very menacing ; the building of the Tower. In another series you see Bankside, when the Thames was frozen ; old London Bridge ; Cheapside in 1580 ; the Fleet River (which still runs underground at Blackfriars) in 1550; old St. Paul's, quiescent, before the Fire, with a spire 520 feet high ; the great Fire of 1666, with old St. Paul's ruddily alight and smoking ; the Royal Exchange in 1600 ; and Charing Cross as it was in 1620, with the Eleanor Cross in its original place, and the pillory south of it, and in the distance Westminster Palace with

the Holbein Gate, and Suffolk House where **the** railway station now is. Although most of it is so far off, such reconstructions seem to bring it all very near. The gaiety imparted by gables and red roofs has, however, gone for ever.

On the top floor ideas of a more recent London may also be collected, for the walls are covered by hundreds of water-colour drawings by various artists of buildings too often now no more—the London usually of Dickens. Relics of Prime Ministers of the past are also here, with one of Mr. Gladstone's axes among them. Elsewhere I notice George the Third's blotting-pad and ink-eraser ; a costume worn by Garrick ; a clown's dress (with sausages and red-hot poker) worn by Whimsical Walker ; a costume worn by Pavlova ; the Woolsack from the House of Lords that Lord Chancellor Eldon sat on ; and an assemblage of such toys and other articles as you could once buy for a penny from street hawkers, who now, I fancy, charge much more. These are in the Children's Room, where scores of dolls may be seen, and two or three Victorian dolls' houses. And you should never forget that many of the windows admit soothing views of the Green Park or St. James's Park.

Crossing St. James's Park, from St. James's Palace, by the suspension bridge, you come to the Wellington Barracks in Birdcage Walk, so called for the prosaic reason that an aviary and a decoy were once here. Here is the Guards' Chapel, for which you should find a Sunday morning—if only to hear hymns sung with verve and vigour.

Never have I passed these railings without see-

ing a crowd of people, often including boy-messengers, sparing the time to wish they were soldiers, too ; or so I imagine, but they may really be there to scoff. I have not, at any rate, heard of any great increase in recruiting.

In St. James's Park, opposite, the spring comes up very sweetly ; first crocuses and then daffodils mingle with the grass ; in the autumn the dahlias here are peculiarly fine, and the grass once more is enriched, this time by colchicum. On the other side of the water, where the wild ducks swim and above which they fly so powerfully, Carlton House Terrace gleams through the trees.

Next to the Barracks, on the south side of St. James's Park, to the east, we find Queen Anne's Gate, a backwater of serene facades, over one of which a figure of Her Majesty herself presides ; but the monarch must be acquitted of the enormity of designing her adjacent ' Mansions \

On the walls of the Underground Station here (which is turned into a shining spectre every evening by flood-lighting) will be found reliefs by Epstein which have had the effect of perplexing Londoners not a little. Whether more or fewer persons travel by the Underground because of them, is a question for those in control. Strange are the uses of advertisement.

To the west of St. James's Park, on the site of the old Mulberry Gardens, is Buckingham Palace, from which, on fine evenings at sunset, the spires and turrets of Whitehall Court in the east are so romantic and unreal.

Buckingham Palace, set democratically in the open, with nothing but railings and two sentries

to separate the King from his subjects, who often stand there to see him drive in and out, has none of the antiquity of other Royal houses, such as the Tower and St. James's Palace. In fact, the first monarch to reside here was Queen Victoria, whose Memorial rises opposite it: a florid monument with the Queen on the top, much aggrandized, and a sturdy blacksmith among the figures beneath her. I like to remember that once, giving tea to a little girl, Queen Victoria asked her visitor where she lived. ' O, I live close to Harrods,' she said, adding, ' Where do you live ? ' ' I live,' said the Queen, ' close to Gorringe's.'

Within the Palace there are some very good pictures, chiefly Dutch and Flemish, including a lovely Vermeer and two or three Rembrandts, but special permission to see them must be obtained. Behind the Palace is the famous lawn where the annual Garden Party is held, and over all, when the King is in residence, the Royal Standard flies.

The most important building near Buckingham Palace in the west is Westminster Cathedral, that soaring Byzantine fane which was designed by J. F. Bentley as London's headquarters of Roman Catholicism, and was finished in 1903. It has never seemed to me a sympathetic London structure ; but the campanile, even though discordant in colour and foreign in scheme, offers to the strong and active a very wonderful view. Within, the Cathedral has that quality of vastness with emptiness which Roman Catholic churches strive for and esteem. Such preparation for religious feeling as this quality engenders may be experi-

enced ; but I prefer the little chapels, some of which are very beautiful, notably that dedicated to St. Andrew and the Saints of Scotland. In the crypt are the remains of the first Archbishops of Westminster, Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Manning, both brought from Kensal Green ; and here, at St. Edmund's Shrine, immediately beneath the High Altar (before which the slabs of strange stained marble may be seen), is a relic of the early English saint. Relics also of St. Thomas Becket are here, and fragments of the True Cross. No one can say that London has not a worthy Roman Catholic Cathedral, but I could wish it less exotic in form and hue.

In the immensity of this building it is odd to reflect that before it arose, the Roman Catholic Cathedral in London was the little church of Our Lady of Victories, in Kensington High Street. The Church of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, in the Brompton Road, would strike most people as being more suitable, but that has been of a semi-private nature ever since its establishment here, by Cardinal Newman, a bust of whom is on the adjoining wall of Oratory House.

To the north of Victoria terminus, one of the great Southern Railway stations for those who come from the Continent and go to it, whether by rail and water, or, since the Croydon omnibus starts from here, by air, are Grosvenor Gardens, where you will see an equestrian statue of Foch : a perfect example of the understanding between man and horse. This is a fine memorial to the French General; but far more striking is the original (of which this is a replica), placed on

the very summit of the steep hill at Cassel, overlooking the theatre of war. The other memorial here is that to the officers and men of our own Rifle Brigade who fell in the same conflict.

Since we are at the moment in Pimlico, we might take the few necessary steps to Eccleston Square, once more aristocratic than it now is, where, at No. 46, is the Bede Library of the Christian Faith, which offers facilities to students both there and at home.

Chapter XVII

THE TATE GALLERY

A Female Penitentiary and Cube Sugar—British Art—The Best and Most Popular Pictures—Blake—Constable—Turner—Sargent—Pre-Raphaehtes—Ben Marshall—The Chantrey Bequest—Whistler's 'Miss Alexander'—Matthew Marts—Henry Tonks and Wilson Steer—Augustus John—'The White House at Chelsea'—Girtin—French Pictures—Art in London

THE Tate Gallery beside the Thames at Millbank, where a female penitentiary once stood, began as a separate institution to house the sixty-five pictures bought from successful Royal Academicians by Sir Henry Tate, the inventor of sugar cut in cubes. From time to time came other legacies and purchases, including the works bought annually under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest; and it is now an annexe of the National Gallery, with the Millais statue outside as a mark of authority; and, while still principally devoted to the British School of all time, embracing modern Continental art too. Thus you may see here, in addition to the Turner rooms, the G. F. Watts room and the Sargent room and all the English work, pictures by Claude Monet, Mauve, Boudin, Sisley, Degas and Matthew Maris. Both the parent in Trafalgar Square and the child at Millbank have been architecturally enriched

by members of the Duveen family, the art dealers.

As new pictures are constantly arriving at the Tate, either to stay or on loan, I mention only those among the permanent collection which I most delight in, together with a few that have become a tradition and a few that often are not on view. Among such riches there is the usual embarrassment, but if the visitor takes these rooms slowly and easily, he will compile a smaller gallery of his own where (according to his taste) everything is golden. That, in any picture gallery, is the only thing to do. The gold may be largely gilt, but it will authentically please ; and one fact may be accepted as certain, both here and in Trafalgar Square, and that is that nothing is bad. The directors have chosen well.

Of the British oils, the Turners, large numbers of which the Duveen rooms make it possible to hang, Hogarth's ' Marriage a Ia Mode' series, the Constables and the Blakes are the best ; but there are numbers of Turner's water-colours too, some exquisitely beautiful. These alone would make the Tate a superb gallery.

Best of the portraits is 'Admiral Keppel' by Sir Joshua ; and there are also ' Benjamin West' by Gilbert Stuart, a remarkable piece of lucidity ; ' Paul Sandby' by Francis Cotes ;' Lady Georgina Fane' by Lawrence; Opie's mother by Opie; ' William Pitt' by Romney, so rich, and his ' Mr. and Mrs. Lindow ', so frugal; ' Lady Dalrymple ' by Raeburn ; ' Daniel Stringer ' by himself, and a brilliant Etty. The group of George the Third

and the Duke of York, boys together, is attributed to the School of Wilson ; but whoever painted it, knew what he was about.

For tastes more anecdotal than mine there are the Landseers, Haydon's ' Punch and Judy ', Leslie's ' Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman ', ^c Rabbiting' by George Morland, and ' The Infant Samuel' by Sir Joshua. The large Gainsborough—' Musidora Bathing '—does not, I think, do the painter justice, but everyone pauses before his ' Parish Clerk \ E. M. Ward's ' South Sea Bubble ' has its admirers, but I think the best picture here is Copley's ' Death of Major Pierson .' It is a point to remember, as you look at Wilkie's 'John Knox ', ' The Parish Beadle ' and ' The First Earring', that Turner's magnificent work, ' Peace : Burial at Sea', in another room, commemorates their painter's end.

In enumerating some of the examples of the Old British School, I am attempting nothing exhaustive ; and I have said nothing in detail of the roomful of Blakes, where there is some amazing work. His illustrations to the *Inferno,* notably the ' Dante and Virgil', and his ^c Satan Smiting Job ', should be looked for.

In the early rooms the Hogarths and the Constables are chief among the pictures that I urge the visitor not to miss ; and in addition to the ' Marriage a Ia Mode ' series, with their fascinating mixture of adroit painting and lively drama—in the ' Death of the Earl', note, for instance, the lovely girl—I name the other single-minded Hogarths, the great ' Dr. Hoadly', for example, with its riotous brush work. In the Constables,

in a little group, while not the equal of those at the National Gallery or at the Victoria and Albert Museum, we have another proof of this great painter's power of extracting strength and sweetness from Nature wherever he found her. Hampstead Heath and the Stour valley are again his favourite hunting grounds, one of these pictures, ' Trees near Hampstead ', again proving the fascination he exerted over the French. I think that if only one could be mine, I should choose the ' View at Epsom '.

Other fine landscapes are the ' Slate Quarries' by Old Crome ; a hill scene, No. 4196, attributed to Thomas Barker but far better than anything of him that I have seen elsewhere :—in fact, not unlike Girtin ; the little ' River Scene ' by Wilson and the gigantic ' Gordalc Scar' by James Ward, who also astonishes us by his cattle piece at sunset, called ' Regent's Park', which is so dissimilar from that smug London pleasance to-day. But next to the Constables I should put the Peter de Wint, No. 3823, which might easily have inspired Daubigny.

In my National Gallery chapter I have spoken of the genius of Turner ; but although Trafalgar Square has its chosen examples, it is necessary to come here to complete one's education. For at the Tate are three rooms of Turner's oil paintings, from his first known picture to his last; and masses of his studies in pure water-colour and on coloured paper with a body-colour wash; and the many unfinished canvases, which, in addition to those that I have already mentioned in Chapter XIII, include ' A Ship Aground '. In the presence of

such power and beauty I am dumb, or I speak, as enthusiasts for painting have to do, with eyes that are moist and gestures of the hands.

In the Watts room I confess to feeling little enthusiasm ; in the Sargent room I never tire, with an especial leaning to the ' Alfred Wertheimer '. But, whenever I see them again, I admire hardly less the ' Madame Gautreau', ' The Brook', so dazzling in its virtuosity, ' Vernon Lee ', so vital, ' Lord Ribblesdale ', every foot a king of men, ' Mrs. Charles Hunter ' and the hush of ' Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose '. John Singer Sargent, who has this room at the Tate entirely to himself, was born in Florence in 1856. Although the son of a Boston doctor, he became a British R.A. As a portrait painter he was supreme, with a brio hitherto rarely practised in England. He died at his house, 31, Tite Street, Chelsea, in 1925.

The Pre-Raphaelite School is very well represented here, with Millais' ' Christ in the House of His Parents ' as its finest example ; ' Carrying Corn' and a girl's head, No. 4803, by Ford Madox Brown, as its most surprising ; and ' The Triumph of the Innocents ', by Holman Hunt, as its most mannered and least felicitous. In addition to these, there are certain little known painters who may be studied here—such as F. G. Stephens, Arthur Hughes, W. Lindsay Windus, Spencer Stanhope, Arthur Boyd Houghton, and R. B. Martineau. I cannot say that I like their pictures ; but many people do. After ' The Carpenter's Shop ', which Millais' picture has often been called, I should, for its piety and light,

place William Dyce's ' St. John leading the Virgin Mary from the Tomb '.

Among the sporting pictures, the examples of the work of George Stubbs, whose ' Phaeton and Pair' we saw at the National Gallery, should be looked for, and especially the ' White Horse '. An early Romney—' Mr. Morland of Capplethwaite'—shows how coldly a warm painter can begin. The manner of Ben Marshall, who has lately become such a favourite among collectors of horse pictures, can be studied here, and ' A Scene at Abbotsford' by Landseer displays that painter at his best. The dog in ' Sympathy', a Chantrey bequest, by a more modern hand, Briton Riviere, has been known to draw tears.

As regards the Chantrey pictures, it must be understood that the Tate, being the home of the works bought for the nation under the terms of the will of this sculptor, has additions every year, and no chronicle could keep up either with them or with the rearrangement that is continually being enforced upon the Director. As they are spread over three or four rooms, without much regard for date, I am mentioning them in the same way. But the reader should please himself.

Here you will be delighted to find Fred Walker's serene ' Harbour of Refuge' ; two George Masons; such old favourites as Millais' ' Boyhood of Raleigh ' and ' The North-west Passage ' ; Luke Fildes' ' Doctor ' ; Burne-Jones' ' Golden Stairs' and ' Cophetua'; J. J. Shannon's ' Phil May'; Orpen's ' Dame Madge Kendal', Clausen's ' Girl at the Gate ' and ' Brown Eyes ';

W. W. Russell's 'Mr. Minney'; MacWhirter's 'June in the Austrian Tyrol' and the superb Orchardsons. Alma Tadema's uncanny skill with marble is in evidence, even if you prefer 'Dirleton Church' by R. Noble; and 'St. Martin-in-the-Fields' by Logsdail is interesting chiefly for its inclusion of hansoms and its exclusion of Nurse Cavell. Out of place among these Hearts of Oak, but well worth attention, is the remarkable nude study by T. Roussel called 'The Reading Girl', cracking but comely.

To many eyes the glory of the modern British collection will always be Whistler's 'Miss Alexander' or 'Butterfly Girl', with his 'Battersea Bridge'; but Augustus John has his adherents too, and it is by Whistler and by him that the honours are shared. Looking again, very recently, at the 'Butterfly Girl', it seemed to me to have grown in distinction and serene mastership and to make the painter's famous jest, 'Why drag in Velasquez?' a little less arrogant. Velasquez, however, came first: Velasquez and the Japanese; but from them Whistler fashioned a new and subtle technique of his own. There is no canvas of our own time that gives me more satisfaction than this, with its lovely and soothing greys and blacks.

James McNeill Whistler, who did so much to discover and emphasize the more subtle beauty of London, and particularly of the Thames above and below London Bridge, was born in Massachusetts in 1834, eventually becoming a British artist and one of the most remarkable. Although intended at first for the United States Navy, he

settled in Paris in 1855, determined to paint and etch, and did not settle here until i860, from which time he may be said to have been a faithful Londoner until the end. He lived always in Chelsea—in Cheyne Row, at the * White House ' in Tite Street), opposite ' Chelsea Lodge ', which Mrs. E. A. Abbey left to the Royal Academy), in Tite Street again, in the ' Tower House', and finally at 74, Cheyne Walk, where in 1903 he died.

As painter, as etcher, and as lithographer, Whistler found in London and her river almost all that he could desire ; but we must not forget that among his figure subjects are the immortal ' Butterfly Girl', the ' Thomas Carlyle' and the portrait of his mother. Whistler never returned to America and never accepted any academic honour. He is buried in Chiswick churchyard.

I might add here that there is another ' Butterfly Girl' in the same collection, by a contemporary of Whistler's, not unlike him in his devotion to beauty and the sincerity with which he sought and ensnared her, but very unlike him in his attitude to life—for who could imagine a *Gentle Art of Making Enemies* proceeding from the pen of Matthew Maris ? This rare and fastidious artist, a Dutchman—one of the three brothers Maris—left his native land to settle in Paris, where he was caught up in the Franco-Prussian war, forced into uniform and made to carry a gun, which, legend records, he refused to load. Free again, he crossed to England, settled in London, and remained here till his death, some forty years later, seeing visions and dreaming dreams, but

painting very little and leading the life of a hermit. Such was Matthew Maris, one of the most desired of modern painters and one of the least productive, who adds still more distinction to the foreign section of the Tate.

But—incited by the fluttering butterfly—I move too quickly, for there are other modern British painters to enumerate, high among them Henry Tonks and Wilson Steer, both of whom may be found depicted in that remarkable little picture, the next thing to Hogarth, by Tonks, called 'An Evening in the Vale', where the artist has included also the most frequently painted of all his contemporaries, George Moore.

First of the modern Britons, after Whistler, I set Augustus John, who has more examples here than any other living painter, including his 'Smiling Woman', 'Rachel', 'Robin', 'Madame Suggia' and 'Lord David Cecil': all absolutely his own, no matter how they may differ, and all, somewhere or other, gigantic.

You will also find here examples of the genius of Walter (or Richard) Sickert, but I confess to following his wayward brush with some perplexity and wondering when he is going really to begin. Wilson Steer gives me more pleasure, whether in landscape, figure or in his water-colour scenes of shipping; and Ambrose McEvoy, in both his manners, whether the diaphanous or the solid, and even more in his water-colours: while I must mention Charles J. Holmes and D. Y. Cameron and Dod Proctor and William Nicholson (with a portrait of W. E. Henley and a por-

trait of Gertrude Jekyll and a marvellous still-life) and Charles Conder (with 'A Windy Day at Brighton' and 'Springtime'), and 'Thomas Hardy' by R. G. Eves, and 'Drying the Sails' and 'Steyning Church' by Bertram Nicholls.

In fact the Tate has a richness that is always surprising, and not less so when it is remembered that many pictures of equal merit—or nearly so—are kept in reserve. At the time of my last visit, for example, not only was the Sculpture Gallery closed, in view of its enlargement at the expense of Lord Duveen,—meaning that therefore most of the Tate's statuary, as well as its large wall-paintings, could not be seen,—but no modern water-colours were on view. Among the 'Recent Acquisitions' which took their place I found, however, an old English sporting parson by Ben Marshall, Utrillo's 'Porte St. Martin', a portrait of a woman by Renoir, and 'Yachts' by Paul Maze: an assemblage that suggests the catholicity of the collection.

Certain smaller pieces of sculpture, by Epstein and Dobson and Pool and Haseltine and Derwent Wood and Mestrovic, are usually scattered about in the smaller rooms, where you should look for a bust of Lytton Strachey which has been placed near Henry Lamb's famous portrait of him: that epic of limpness, weariness and dreariness. Here, in imperishable bronze, from the moulding hand of Stephen Tomlin, are the large mild melancholy features, the beard and the spectacles of this uncompromising student of his fellow men. It is a realistic work of sculpture, against which, for contrast, one might put the 'Mother and Child'

in white marble by Alfred Gilbert, where the child, a little restless boy, impatient of instruction, personifies all the charm of the Bargello.

The place for water-colours is, as I have said, the Victoria and Albert Museum ; but in addition to those by Turner, the Tate shows a few, notably one of the most beautiful—if not the most beautiful—water-colour in the world, [c] The White House at Chelsea' by Thomas Girtin. This young man—he died in 1802, when he was only twenty-six—was Turner's contemporary and closest rival ; indeed, Turner once said that if Girtin had lived, he, Turner, would have starved ; and they both sat side by side at Dr. Monro's, in Adelphi Terrace, copying the work of the two Cozens, J. R. and Alexander, both of whom are represented here. The ' White House at Chelsea' in Girtin's lovely picture is not Whistler's house of the same name and place, but the centre of a river scene, and whether or not Whistler called his house in Tite Street after it, through admiration of Girtin, I cannot say. But I like to think that the two chief treasures of the Tate are the Girtin and ' The Butterfly Girl'.

The French pictures are so numerous and so admirable that it is almost impossible to choose ; but I am moved to break the tenth commandment by all these : Claude Monet's ' Vetheuil : Sunshine and Snow ' ; Sisley's ' Seine at Sevres ' and ' L'Abreuvoir ' ; Boudin's ' Squall from the West',' Deauville ' and ' La Jetee de Trouville ' ; Utrillo's ' Place de Tertre' ; many Degas', and especially ' La Plage ', the portrait of ' Durante' and the ' Femme Assise ' ; Vuillard's ' Le Toit

Rouge ' and ' The Mantelpiece '; Manet's ' La Musique aux Tuileries' and Pissarro's ' Le Louvre: Matin Neige '. Who, looking at these, can say that Frenchmen did not know what to paint as well as how to paint it?

There are other pictures with their own curious quality which, although they do not fall so graciously on my eye, must be mentioned—a Picasso, a Modigliani, a Gaugin, and two Van Goghs that have parted many old friends.

In addition to Matthew Maris, the Tate has also an example by his brother James ; a strange and unexpected sea-piece by the Belgian Alfred Stevens, as well as one of his charming female figures ; Rosa Bonheur's ' Horse Fair' ; a ' Stormy Landscape ', by Georges Michel; one or two Forains ; a Daumier ; a ' Dutch Church ' by Bosboom, a calm sea piece by Courbet, and a smiling French plain, called ' Noon ', by Corot.

Let me close these remarks on this Gallery, to which I have done nothing approaching justice, by saying that upon those in London who love painting I urge also the study of the advertisements in the daily papers, for, no matter what the time of year, even August, there are always transitory exhibitions, where the progress of art may be watched : its steady stream and its freakish tributaries.

In addition to the permanent pictures in the great Galleries, there are, of course, those in the smaller, many of them semi-public or private. To some of these I have already alluded. There are, for example, the medical pictures at the Royal College of Physicians, which include

Zoffany's ' Life School' ; there are the theatrical pictures at the Garrick Club, which include another Zoffany, his masterpiece, the scene from ' The Clandestine Marriage ' ; and there are, to name no others, the pictures at Apsley House and Bridgewater House. None of these collections is public, but entrance to all can be arranged.

As for portraits, they are everywhere ; and we are amazed at the activity of the limners, both the originals and the copyists. There are still painters—R.A.s for choice—who are continually commemorating persons of eminence ; but photography and reproductions now play their part and, to a very large extent, the camera has beaten the canvas. But in the old days, when institutions wanted pictorial records of peers, M.P.s, organizers and benefactors, a painted portrait was their only channel, with possibly a few line or mezzotint engravings of it for distribution. Hence this amazing plethora. It would indeed be amusing to have an accurate census of the portraits in London, in public galleries; in semi-public galleries ; such as the City Companies'; in the learned societies' halls, legal, medical, and so forth ; at the Society of Arts ; at Trinity House ; at the banks ; and lastly in private collections. There must be hundreds of thousands, and not a small proportion attributed to Reynolds alone. Whether he could really have painted so many, who shall say? We know, on the authority of a French critic, that out of the nine hundred and odd pictures accredited to Rembrandt, two thousand are in America.

Chapter ***XVIII***

THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

A Paradise of Applied Art—Renaissance Sculpture—Period Rooms —Backgrounds for Novelists—David Garrick—Paul Sandby—English Water-colours—John Constable again—Peter de Wint—Alexander lonides—The Barbizon School—John Forster and Charles Dickens—The MS. of ' David Copperfield'—Alexander Dyce and his Theatrical Pictures—Raphael's Cartoons

IT is chiefly for the accessories and trimmings of life, as they can be made beautiful, that we go to the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, where I personally could wander fancy free for week after week. For whatever, surrounding us at home, is comely, such as furniture, silver, domestic articles and ornaments, is here more comely. The Museum has the best applied art that can be seen. It has the best English furniture, the best ironwork, the best steelwork, the best goldsmith's work, English and foreign, the best stained-glass, the best Japanese carvings, the best rugs and carpets and other textiles, the best porcelain. And every week there is displayed in a glass case in the hall some outstanding treasure.

To so much variety and excellence it is impossible to do justice in a book of this or any size.

The visitor must find time to loiter and allow it to soak in. The Museum spreads a very wide net; it has the fagades of old buildings and it has some of the finest miniatures ever painted ; it has gigantic casts from the antique and it has enamelled snuff-boxes and jewelled watches. It has musical instruments and it has theatrical posters. It has Royal toys and dolls' houses, the Great Bed of Ware and much of the Eumorfopoulos and George Salting china.

That should be enough ; but imagine then our delight when we find that collections of pictures have been added ; an art library with thousands of books; some of the most exquisite sculpture in London, ranging from the Renaissance period to the present time : from Mino da Fiesole and the Delia Robbias to Rodin, Mestrovic and Gilbert; and that it finds space for a whole room dedicated to the genius of Alfred Stevens, the English Michelangelo, who painted, made statues, and was the architect of that superb mansion, Dorchester House, which we have just pulled down and rebuilt as a hotel.

The Renaissance sculpture at the Victoria and Albert includes some of the best statuary to be seen anywhere out of Florence, with examples of Michelangelo, of Donatello, of Verrocchio, of Rossellino and of Desiderio da Setignano, among which I particularly draw attention either to nothing or everything.

Apart from the old wainscoted rooms, entire, from various houses, the Victoria and Albert has a series of period rooms, of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, where you can see

exactly how the well-to-do people of the past lived. The furniture, the ornaments, the fire-places and the pictures proper to each time have been gathered together; so that, having read Jane Austen, your impressions will be strengthened, while the Victorian room of the eighteen-thirties makes Thackeray and Lytton more vivid ; and in the 1740 to 1760 room there actually hangs an illustration to *Pamela* by Highmore.

Every picture and article is authentic. Thus, in the Victorian scene, the upright piano is from Carlton House; the heavy marble chimney-piece is from Carlton Gardens. In the 1770 to 1795 room one picture is by Wilson, another by George Morland, and the portrait is a pastel by Russell—just as they would have been. The beautiful marble inlaid chimney-piece is by Peter Bossi, with charming carved leaves. In the 1785 to 1795 room there are two Angelica Kauffmanns and two Adam Bucks, while the painted armchairs were once in use atWoodhall Park in Hertfordshire.

Among the rooms, period and otherwise, one should look for Garrick's bedroom with its delicate Chinese Chippendale furniture. Since Garrick was, before anything, an actor, we have very little surviving evidence of his genius : but as a man he figures largely in London museums and galleries. His house in the Adelphi has only just gone, but in the Victoria and Albert you will find some ceiling paintings from it, by Angelica Kauffmann. The costumes in the London Museum bring him very near; the portraits at the Garrick Club and a visit to his villa on the riverside near Hampton

Court (where this bedroom furniture came from) complete the picture.

Another fine Victoria and Albert survival is the dining-room from Drakelowe Hall, with a landscape by Paul Sandby on the wall. Paul Sandby (1735-1809) deserves notice everywhere as the 'father of water-colour painting', but especially here, where in the galleries upstairs the whole range of that branch of art may be studied. He was also the first water-colour painter to roam Great Britain, north, south, east and west, in order to provide material on which the topographical engravers could get busy. In fact, he began the work of introducing to the English the beauties of England, which Farington was to carry on with such industry and Turner and Girtin with such distinction.

As to the water-colours upstairs, you may study there in comfort representations of that branch of painting—a branch in which this country has never been excelled—beginning with the early practitioners, and passing through the Cozens' and Hearne to Turner and Girtin, Varley, Bonington and David Cox, Cotman, Prout, and de Wint, Scarlett Davies and J. D. Harding, A. W. Rich and Ambrose McEvoy, Innes and Sargent, down to the latest master of our own day.

Other nations have produced fine individual water-colour artists, such as, in America, Winslow Homer, that great painter of the sea, and in France (the country of Francia, who taught Bonington) Jaques Callot and Harpignies ; but the water-colour genius is and has always been

England's own ; and to see the whole run of nearly three centuries you must go to South Kensington. There are other examples elsewhere ; there are at the Tate the Turners and the 'White House at Chelsea' ; there are the portfolios in the Print Room at the British Museum ; there are the Boningtons at Hertford House ; there are water-colours scattered all over London. But the Victoria and Albert Museum is the place for the systematic chronological study of this branch of art, and this alone makes it a unique resort.

But that is not all. The Victoria and Albert Museum also was chosen as the receptacle of the many unsold Constables owned by the painter's daughter Isabel. In spite of the authenticity of his transcripts from nature which to-day the best judges vie with each other to obtain, Constable, who died in 1834, was able, during his lifetime, to sell very little ; and it is chiefly the works that had to be stacked against the wall in his studio that we see here. How the British connoisseurs could fail to discern this genius, is one of the mysteries. But there it is. For Constable at his most imposing you must go to the National Gallery ; Constable, more or less in undress, is here.

Among the pictures, oil and water-colour, in the Constable room to which I find myself again and again returning, are the 'View at Stoke Neyland '; the ' View near Dedham ' ;' Spring '; ' Study at Hampstead : Evening ' ; ' Brighton Beach with Colliers' ; ' View near Salisbury '; ' View at Hampstead looking towards London ' ;

' Autumnal Sunset' ; ' Study near the Coast at Brighton ' ; ' Evening with Highdown Hill in the West' ; ' The Beach at Brighton ' (with so much of Whistler in it) and the adorable ' Windmill with Sheep', which no one, once seeing, can forget. The presence of this glorious painter's work in such profusion alone makes London a city apart.

Another collection housed in the Victoria and Albert Museum is that of the Sheepshanks pictures, as bought from various studios and Royal Academy exhibitions in the middle of the nineteenth century. Among much that seems to be too old fashioned or Victorian, two large landscapes by de Wint touch perhaps high-water mark, although lovers of Landseer may disagree with me.

These, and those in the Jones Bequest, are chiefly English pictures, not too good ; but another collection to be seen here is that formed by Alexander Ionides, a wealthy member of the Greek colony, and a member of the Burne-Jones circle, whose taste largely was his. In addition to work by Burne-Jones, of which the Museum has other examples (including a peacock which he painted for his grand-daughter on the nursery wall in his Rottingdean house) you find much that is French and tender. There is the best Millet in London, and a very fine ' Wave' by Courbet; there are examples of Corot, Rousseau, Degas, and Matthew Maris ; also of Old Crome. There are many water-colours, and some remarkable caricatures, or odd observed figures, by Daumier.

It is customary to group together the Dyce and Forster bequest as comparatively negligible. But this is sadly wrong. Forster was John Forster (1812-76), the biographer of Dickens, and among the treasures which he left to the nation you will find Dickens's portrait by W. P. Frith ; a number of Dickens MSS. ; and autograph letters by Lamb and others. The pictures include yet another study of Gainsborough's daughters by the artist—making four that we have seen. An examination of the MSS. of the Dickens novels shows how careful this writer was and the pains he took to make the good better. There are almost two novels in each : the first and the second thoughts. In *David Copperjield* I noticed, for example, that when Mr. Micawber left Canterbury on the morning coach after one of his most hopeless nights, he was, in the original, eating sandwiches. Dickens altered this to 'walnuts'—and the new word was an inspiration.

Dyce was the Rev. Alexander Dyce (1798-1869), editor of the Elizabethans and cousin of the William Dyce whose paintings we have admired. Among his bequests are some very important theatrical portraits.

The Victoria and Albert Museum also preserves seven of the cartoons from the Sistine chapel at Rome, designed by Raphael. Now the property of our Crown, these were borrowed by Charles the First for use in the tapestry factory at Mortlake. All are great compositions, but I find myself looking most often at' The Miraculous Draught of Fishes'.

Chapter ***XIX***

EXHIBITION ROAD

The Royal College of Art—The Natural History Museum—The Geological Museum—Education by Diorama—Stones Precious and Semi-Precious—An Apostle from St. PauVs—The Science Museum —Machinery and Watches—More Dioramas—The Growth of Transport—The Growth of Lighting—An Old Kitchen and a New —The Royal Art School of Needlework—The Imperial Institute —More Dioramas—Help for the Colonist—The Royal College of Music—Old Instruments and Scores—The Albert Hall

LEAVING, with reluctance, the Victoria and Albert Museum, by, say, the west doorway, we are at once in the very midst of demonstrations ; for this is Exhibition Road, and its name is no misnomer. Next door to us is the Royal College of Art, where a fraction of those myriad young British painters who do not go to the Royal Academy schools are trained. Exactly opposite, in its own grounds, is the Natural History Museum. Above it, to the north, is, first, the Geological Museum, and then the Science Museum. At the corner of Imperial Institute Road is the Royal School of Art Needlework. In Imperial Institute Road is the Imperial Institute, in Prince Consort Road the Royal College of Music. Could the glutton for museums ask more ?

Apart from its monsters of the past, which

culminate in the model of the extinct reptile, a mere eighty-five feet long but of profound gentleness, called the Diplodocus Carnegii, the Natural History Museum is the paradise of collectors. And when I say collectors, I mean not the amateurs whose artistic acquisitions we have just seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum, but those, in the more common use of the word, who pursue butterflies and moths, birds, birds' eggs and big game.

Stuffed birds and stuffed quadrupeds are not to everybody's taste ; but I defy any one not to be attracted by the cases that illustrate mimicry.

There is probably no point of contact between the Lords of Creation and fauna and flora that is not elaborated here. The whole range of human ability, from its groping beginnings in the Piltdown Man to the perfected intellects of Owen, Huxley and Darwin, whose statues dominate the place, may be observed at the Natural History Museum.

It is, as I said at the beginning, a sign of the times that that old place of assignation, the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, should have been rebuilt as a house of commerce. The geological collections have been moved to premises in Exhibition Road as light and gay and airy as the old museum was not. The new museum is really very beautiful, and even those who had no idea that they were geologically minded will find that time spent here passes very pleasantly. Any one residing, for example, in the weald of Sussex, can see in a moment, by means of a model, what soil is beneath him. If, sailing off

the Needles, you have been struck by the formation of the rocks, or, on land at Alum Bay, have resisted the blandishments of those who sell coloured sands in bottles, you are shown, by means of a diorama, exactly what the visible strata are. Another diorama depicts a prehistoric man on the bank of the Thames, about to kill a goat by throwing a rock at it, while across the water a company of elephants and a rhinoceros are seen. This is a piece of pictorial reconstruction, made more vivid by the remembrance that in the Natural History Museum you saw mammoth bones that had been dug up in Kent.

Another attraction that the Geological Museum has for the average man, and still more the average woman, is in its many cases illustrating stones precious and semi-precious, of which almost every one has at least one specimen, from diamond to agate. All are here, as a remarkable testimony to the soil's richness and beauty ; and not least lovely I think is the despised zircon, with its lustrous rays. Nothing, I imagine, but its comparative commonness, has made the zircon cost shillings where diamonds cost tenners. Among the models, by the way, in the diamond show-case, are those of the Cullinan, the Koh-i-noor, the Stewart, the OrlofT and the Great Mogul. There are many cases; they are indeed sufficiently embracive to include meerschaum, which I had never thought of as proper to this group.

A list of the names is like a chapter of the Bible, where chrysoprase and chalcedony offer

serious obstacles to the unlettered ; which, however, the unlettered always take.

But of all the exhibits, I personally was most interested by one of the fine heads from the fagade of St. Paul's Cathedral, probably by Francis Bird, placed here as an example of the weathering of Portland stone. Note how this magnificent old Apostle has been rained upon and blown upon into something gloriously hollow-eyed and dumb.

To appreciate the light and lofty Science Museum in Exhibition Road you need not for a moment be a scientist—to use an ugly word which, I grieve to say, although it began as convenient journalese, has now been widely adopted. No doubt one who is familiar with the mysteries of machinery and electricity would find himself more at home there than one to whom cylinders and ohms are merely wonders to accept rather than to investigate ; but the Science Museum is so gay and busy and diversified and informative that you quickly fall under its spell, and, even if you are not learning, delude yourself that you are.

But since with every moment a new device is born, what courage even to suggest that this place is complete ! The new is, in science, the constant enemy of the old, as you may realize in a moment by standing there beside the ' Rocket', the locomotive that George and Robert Stephenson perfected in 1829, and which was going to be ' very awkward for the coo ', and at the same time thinking of the engine that just brought you from Bristol to Paddington ; or by comparing

the actual flying machine in which, in 1903, the Wright Brothers astonished the world, with the latest liner of the Imperial Airways at Croydon. One does not say that the latest is necessarily the best; but the latest always has its novelties, and it is the sad lot of the Science Museum to have to keep up with them. A wearing task for the Director ; but meanwhile the visitor can be kept very happy there.

One walks with increasing amazement through its many galleries, occasionally having recourse to the lift for renovation, at every step realizing how wide a gulf can be fixed between those who know all about machinery and those who merely look on. And when we reflect upon what happens here at night we tremble. For you must understand that the machinery is not idle ; it goes. How many clocks there are, for instance, I cannot say, but there are clocks of every shape and size, and they all tick. What a terrifying experience it would be, one imagines, to be locked, after hours, alone in the Science Museum, and hear everything revolving and pulsating and ticking. Far worse than the ordinarily accepted idea of the fearsomeness at night of Madame Tussaud's.

When I say that there are more than sixty galleries, and that each one displays some branch of machine or instrument or method—in short, Science or Technology—you will understand what an extraordinary place it is. No matter what particular kind of instruction is needed—in weather-wisdom, in telescopy, or motor-cars, or X-rays, or sewage-farming, or beer-brewing, or

boring wells, or drilling rocks: the whole mystery can be laid bare while, ' by a bridge from Gallery 29 ', you reach the library.

But those who (like most of us) are very little of a scientist and a good deal of a child, hurry eventually to the Children's Gallery ; and I am glad that I did so. For education by diorama and the cinema is surely the way ; and that is what we have here.

The Children's Gallery will certainly change from time to time, but I cannot believe that the fascinating dioramas now illustrating the progress of transport and of public lighting through the ages will soon be surpassed. I will tell you what I saw. After the woof and texture of the rainbow had been explained, I passed to the growth of transport, as illustrated by two fortunate artists R. T. Roussel and Ernest Whatley, who, I suppose, were paid for their toil but who really owe money for their fun. I saw first of all prehistoric man carrying a dead animal for his dinner ; then I saw him, after he had discovered that a sledge helps, pulling the dead animal ; then a sphinx was being dragged on rollers by myriad Egyptian slaves ; and so forth, through Elizabethan mud to the coaching times of Dickens (by H. Cawood), and finally to the present age of tarmac and express trains and ocean greyhounds and aeroplanes.

That is one series. Another and very telling one showed how street lighting has progressed, from Temple Bar, in 1750, as lit by lanterns, with our ancestors groping over the cobbles ; through Pall Mall, in 1809, as lit by gas ; to

the Royal Exchange under arc lamps, in 1881, and to the Marble Arch of to-day.

The stages of street lighting were displayed by diorama ; interior lighting called in the modeller, who, anonymously, did his work in eight fascinating scenes, beginning with primitive man with his burning brand ; the Roman lamp ; the tallow dip, and so forth, down to the concealed effulgence by which a very modern sculptor is chiselling a hideous figure. The best of these little scenes, I think, is that in which an early Victorian pianist, in an ecstasy of acrobatic virtuosity, is playing, while a lady in green sings, their luminant being gas. All the scenes are imaginary, except that one illustrating colza, in which we see by its dim rays poor Arthur, whose eyes were put out, with his benign gaoler Hubert. It was an imaginative choice which I could not contemplate without being aware, in sympathy, of that warm, thick and not unfriendly odour which used to emerge from the colza bulls'-eye lanterns which we, as boys, carried, and which were so difficult to light and became so very hot to hold.

Other models which I found peculiarly interesting were a Brandon flint-knapper at work, life-size ; and in miniature the two contrasted models, one depicting the kitchen of the past, rather like a Hogarth, and the other the kitchen of the present. No doubt the kitchen of the present, depending on electricity and gas, is more sanitary, with its refrigerator, and everything sterilized, and the presiding genius like a governess, giving instructions from a book, and no cat.

But, I prefer the old style, where the cook, working at the table, is an attractive creature in a cap with a very trim waist and a saucy apron, and a cat sits on the window-sill, and coal is burnt, and sanitation can go to the devil.

But this is not all. The children in this Gallery would also see why windmills grind corn, and why flying machines fly, and how street lights are controlled. There was also a little passage containing a door which, as we approach, uncannily opens ; and I can assure you that we all tested that.

The Royal Art School of Needlework, to which we come next as we walk up Exhibition Road, differs from other London museums by being also a shop. Permanent displays of lovely examples of embroidery and lace are always on view, chiefly intended to enthral the female eye, but no man who would like to pick up a choice piece of furniture, not too old, should avoid this place.

I have mentioned the dioramas of the United Services, the Geological and the Science Museums. Well, at the Imperial Institute you find them again, with electric switches to turn on and off, and these gay miniature scenes should draw the public, old as well as young. After examining all those that illustrate industrial life in Canada and the West Indies (not the least memorable being that one which shows Sir Walter Raleigh, with pipe, discovering Lake Trinidad asphalt), you feel that you have voyaged there in person.

The foundation stone of this imposing building was laid in 1887 by Queen Victoria, the purpose of the Institute being to further the peaceful

activities of the Empire and to bring them vividly before an inquiring public. This it does, both on the spot by lectures, demonstration and the cinema, and elsewhere by means of the Empire Film Library. Should any one want information about the prospects for a living offered by Kenya (coffee), or Ceylon (coconuts), or Nigeria (cotton), or Fiji (sugar), or Jamaica (bananas), this is the place to find out. But you must not expect to enjoy an expansive view from the top of the central tower, for it has never been accessible to the public.

Yet another educational centre in Prince Consort Road, opposite the Prince Consort's statue at the top of the steps leading to the Albert Hall, is the Royal College of Music, the contiguity of which is proclaimed by the conflicting sounds that emerge from it: piano, voice and violin. Somewhere downstairs can be found, by the diligent and patient, the Donaldson Museum of ancient instruments, which ought to be much seen but which is rarely unlocked. Perhaps the exhibits of a similar kind at the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert are thought to suffice; but they should not. Many of the instruments have been superseded, but whether wisely or not, I cannot say. What, for instance, do we have to-day in place of the old viola d'amore? Who now plays the Pommer or the Nail Violin or the Positive Organ or the Harpsichord or the Spinet or the Ivory Oboe or the Bassett Horn or the Cor Anglais or the Archlute, all of which are here? And what would a modern performer do with the Clavicytherium, the earliest form of

upright piano, which seems to have had twenty white keys and sixteen black? I mention only a few of the Donaldson treasures which include also a full-size terra-cotta bust of Gluck by Houdon, a small head of Paganini in wax, a score by Mozart, another by Spohr, a song by J.J. Rousseau and an illuminated Italian Gradual. Italy, you find, was the original home of most of these music-makers.

There is also in London, at 48 Devonshire Street, another centre of ancient music which students may visit. It has the finest collection in England of keyboard instruments.

At the top of Exhibition Road, opposite Alexandra Gate, is the red-brick building where the Royal Geographical Society keep their records and hold their lectures, the statue in the niche being that of Ernest Shackleton. In the courtyard is a bust of Sir Clements Markham.

A little way to the west, all among flats, is the Albert Hall. This is generally thought to be part of Queen Victoria's tribute to her husband, but it is really a commercial affair. Hence its divers uses, as it is sometimes the scene of a prize-fight, sometimes a political arena, and most often the temporary and more placid abode of recitals. It holds eight thousand people, who are emotional according to the performance of the moment.

The building, which has been likened to a cake, with the Albert Memorial opposite, in Kensington Gardens, as its ornament, dates from 1867, and its association with the Prince Consort is merely that, when consulted, he had said that he thought such a place might pay.

It is a very pleasant walk from the Albert Memorial through the rare trees and shrubs and then over the grass to the Round Pond, where toy vessels are sailed—not always by children in years—and nursemaids cluster.

The way from Alexandra Gate going north to Victoria Gate in the Bays water Road, between Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, takes you over the Serpentine with its boats and mixed bathers, and beside the Row. To the right of the Powder Magazine, where the grassy amphitheatre is, you will see a crowd of stationary cars, in which elderly people are taking the air. On the left, before the bridge, is a tea pavilion, which is very popular when the weather permits, and on the opposite side are bowling greens where, for the most part, gentlemen's gentlemen perform. The Victoria Gate flower-beds, I may add, are renowned; and the garden adjoining the Keeper's Lodge is the Dogs' and Cats' Cemetery.

Before leaving the neighbourhood of the Albert Hall and Albert Memorial, I beseech the reader to look at the two charming groups of deer that decorate Queen's Gate.

Chapter XX

CHELSEA

Cheyne Walk—Chelsea Church—The Royal Military Hospital—Old Soldiers—The Recreation Room—Veterans at Billiards—Doctor Burney—A Spiritual Garrison—The Practical Merry Monarch—Nell Gwynne—Thomas Carlyle—The Carlyles' House—The Sage's Books and his Statue

CHEYNE WALK, to which we may find our way along the river from the Tate, is indeed a pleasant abode, whether in the august terrace to the east of the old church or in the smaller houses about it, in most of which a person of eminence, usually an artist, lives or lived. At No. 96, for instance, Whistler learned the beauty of the river mists, and it was at No. 74 that he died. At No. 101 Turner hid under another name, Admiral Booth or Puggy Booth, for the last years of his life, watching the stream and the skies from his top window; but little, I fancy, did he then expect that a Gallery would rise, also beside the Thames, to house so much of his astounding work.

The old church should be visited, for it is in itself fine, and it has fine monuments, the run of them extending from Sir Thomas More, the great man of Chelsea and its own special martyr and saint, to William de Morgan, first a potter and

then a novelist, and to Henry James, who at the end of his life lived in Garlyle Mansions.

In addition to its sunny parade and the comforting facades of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea has its Embankment Gardens, where Carlyle broods, for ever, in bronze ; its Physic Garden, to enter which and to wander among its sovran herbs you will need permission ; and its Royal Hospital Gardens, which, except on Flower Show days, are free to all ; and it has the changing Thames.

Sir Hans Sloane (1660-1753), the physician, who founded the Physic Garden, in the midst of which his statue may be seen, and which the Royal Society of Apothecaries still owns, was one of Chelsea's great men. Hans Place is named after him, and Sloane Street, and his monument is at the Cheyne Walk corner of Chelsea churchyard. He succeeded Newton as the President of the Royal Society, and among his patients was Queen Anne. His collections of natural and medical curiosities helped to found the British Museum.

Although the proper time to visit the Royal Military Hospital is Oak Apple Day, May 29th, it is always to be seen and always a cheering place to see. For they are not to be pitied, these Royal Hospitallers. They have come very comfortably into port at last, and if they are discontented, any of them, they are peevish old men who ought to be made to change places with me. For their lot is to be cared for in this historic building (yet not so historic as to be without central heating) without any anxiety whatever for the morrow, each with his own little apart-

ment and his own pictures (which usually take the form of photographs of grandchildren) and his own wireless. Here they not only sleep at night but take naps during the day—the Royal Hospitaller whom I once unwittingly disturbed, as I peeped in, awaking just long enough to tell me that he had fought at Majuba Hill and then dropping off again. Each, too, has plenty to eat and the privilege every thirteen days of deciding what the *piece de resistance* at to-morrow's dinner shall be ; and there are oddments between the real meals (such mugs of steaming tea as go the rounds in the afternoon, you never saw). They have garden-seats, here and across the road in Burton Court cricket ground, where officers hit boundaries and privates kick goals, to rest upon when it is sunny ; and smooth green lawns for bowls ; and free tobacco ; and pocket-money to spend when (you have seen them proudly advancing in the streets, far too like pillar-boxes) they go out; and a great recreation-room to read in and play games in when it is wet or cold, with flags and portraits all round, to say nothing of a dozen of Napoleon's Eagles on the walls and the actual table on which Wellington lay in state, to remind them of the tempestuous and storied past.

But if any one claims that the battles of our late wars were won on the billiard table (as Waterloo was won on the Eton playing fields) I shall take the liberty of doubting it, for I never saw such long intervals between cannons and hazards, winning or losing, as in the match that was in progress while I was there, the players

mercifully taken with an attack immediately afterwards.

Charles Lamb was buried in Edmonton churchyard, and, in 1847, when his sister died, the grave was opened and she too was laid there. The grave, which has Gary's lines engraved upon the stone, is much visited. In the church is a tablet to the memory of three authors connected with Edmonton : William Cowper (through 'John Gilpin '), Keats, who was at school there, and 'Elia'.

Chapter XXIV

THE ABBEY

London and Rival Cities—A Unique Possession—Edward the Confessor—The Unknown Soldier—The Wax Effigies—Second-Rate Tombs—A Want of Foreknowledge—Charles James Fox in Two Places—The Possibility of Removal—Lady Nightingale and Death—Little Poets' Corner—Lord Plumer's Chapel—A Toung Astronomer—Poets' Corner—Hardy—Kipling and Adam Lindsay Gordon—Burials and Monuments—Henry the Seventh's Chapel—A Perfect Building—Pietro Torrigiano and Alfred Gilbert

LONDON is unique in a thousand ways, but nothing gives it greater distinction than the Abbey and its tombs. Other cities here and there can surpass us. Rome, for instance, has St. Peter's, which is finer than St. Paul's. Paris has the Louvre, which is grander than the National Gallery. Washington has the Lincoln Memorial; Florence, Giotto's Tower; Venice, her canals. But the Abbey is unrivalled.

At the beginning of this book I summarized rapidly the early growth of London, concluding with the building of the White Tower by the Conqueror. But I must say now that between him and Alfred the Great, who rescued London from the Danes and restored it, had come Edward the Confessor, who died in 1066, and who, in 1050, had begun to enlarge Westminster's Abbey

and to build its Palace, both for a tomb and a residence. Part of his handiwork can be traced to-day.

Although there were other royal benefactors, including Henry the Seventh, who built the lovely chapel bearing his name, the Abbey, however humble its origin, was Edward the Confessor's, and from his time, when Winchester was abandoned, it has been the place where our sovereigns, beginning with Harold, have been crowned. You may see the Coronation Stone in the Confessor's chapel, just behind the High Altar. William the Conqueror himself was crowned there. It was also, from Edward the Confessor to George the First, the last resting-place of our sovereigns. Since George the Second they have been buried at Windsor.

As elsewhere in London's institutions and museums, the visitor must follow his own bent; but in the Abbey it would be a sin not to stand beside the body of the Unknown Soldier, and a pity not to see the wax effigies, with the gentle Nelson so near life and Charles the Second so frighteningly real ; and one should explore the cloisters, too, and look at the Abbey Museum, and peep into Westminster School.

Had the authorities known what the Abbey was going to mean to us, they would have been more discriminating as to space. The ashes of Thomas Hardy and Rudyard Kipling were admitted here almost as a favour, the reason that there is no more room for the great being that, without sufficient examination, there have been far too many burials of the little. It was two or

three hundred years ago decided that this last resting-place of Kings and Queens, and as we now contemplate it, of British master-minds generally, should be shared also by the second-rate admiral, soldier and politician, the survivors of whom might claim for their elaborate commemorative masonry far too much room and, I imagine, obtain it without any trouble.

Look, for example, immediately on the right as you enter the north doorway, at the florid soaring monument to Charles Wager, with a relief of the destruction of Spanish ships ; look opposite at the monument, equally imposing, to Charles the Second's Duke of Newcastle. Both could be sufficiently well-served, in this temple, by a tablet; but they were allowed to be thus pompous, and to disturb them now would probably need an Act of Parliament.

Charles James Fox has, it is true, a simple floor tonib between them ; and what could be better ? But when you reach the portion of the Cathedral at the west end which Dean Stanley used to call ' Whig Corner', you will find a gigantic group, with Fox, insufficiently clad, in the midst, while the centre of this chapel (where General Gordon, Joseph Chamberlain and Arnold of Rugby modestly figure) is entirely occupied by a gigantic monument to Viscount Howe of Massachusetts.

There is, indeed, one chapel where the tombs of inconspicuous and forgotten persons are so huge, that they fill the place to the exclusion of any possible addition. This is the single chapel east of the north transept, which now comprises the chapels of St. John the Evangelist, St. Michael

and St. Andrew, where two imitation Renaissance tombs, one to Sir Francis de Vere and one to Lord Norris, may be seen ; at least not exactly seen, for they are obscured and illegible, but noted. It would be absurd to do away with them, but what, in this huddle, can they mean to any one ? Is not transference a possibility ? They, and many others, should become the special attraction of some village church. If I do not recommend the removal of the dramatic piece of sculpture by Roubilliac, also here, representing Death, emerging from the crypt below and thrusting his dart at Lady Nightingale, it is because it is so dramatic ; but, of course, it has no true right to be here.

The adjacent memorials to Wolfe and Kempenfeldt and Sir John Franklin are proper enough ; but no statue should have been permitted to be so big as Thomas Telford's, also here, or even as that of Mrs. Siddons, who, although three#or four feet shorter than the road-maker, is still colossal. The Deans and Chapters of the past were far too lenient.

But adaptations seem to be still possible, and that space under the belfry which Dean Stanley used to call ' Little Poets' Corner', because Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold and Charles Kingsley were honoured there, has been converted into a sanctuary in memory of Field-Marshal Lord Plumer and is now known as ' Warrior's Chapel', a Westminster correlative to Lord Kitchener's chapel at St. Paul's.

The Abbey not only memorializes poets who are not buried there, but administrators, such

as Cromer and Curzon and Milner, and musicians and men of science, among these last being the very unexpected tablet, set up by Dean Stanley, to the marvellous youth, the Rev. Jeremiah Horrocks, who, although dying, in 1641, at the age of twenty-three, had, with the crudest of instruments, achieved enough as a star-gazer for Newton to offer him homage, and for Herschel to call him the ' Pride and Boast of British Astronomy '.

Who first gave Poets' Corner its name, some time in the eighteenth century, is not known ; but the presence of the tombs of Chaucer, the Father of English Poetry, and Spenser, the next great story-teller in rhyme, led to the appellation. Not all the poets celebrated here were buried here ; but the list has few gaps, Byron, Shelley and Swinburne being the most noticeable. Chaucer and Spenser lie here, as I have said, but Shakespeare and Milton have only memorials here ; their graves are elsewhere, Shakespeare's at Stratford, and Milton's at St. Giles, Cripplegate. Henceforward, I believe, there will be nothing but memorials, for the ground is full. The last poets, as I have said, to be buried here —their ashes only—were Thomas Hardy and Rudyard Kipling ; the last poet to be memorialized here was Adam Lindsay Gordon, the lyrist of Australia and the paddock.

The walls are crowded with bust and relief, but you must not look only there. Look down and you will find with a shock of surprise, and even of reluctance, that you are walking on slabs that cover the remains of Dickens, of Tennyson, of Browning. These again are the actual graves;

but Thackeray is only memoralized here, being buried at Kensal Green ; Burns at Dumfries; Gray at Stoke Poges; Coleridge at Highgate School; Scott at Dryburgh ; and Addison in the north aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel in this same sublime building. Dr. Johnson, however, Garrick and Henry Irving, all lie beneath this floor ; and of these three, Johnson is the only one honoured also in St. Paul's, where you may see him in classical drapery.

Although so much sacred dust is here, I think personally of the Abbey chiefly as the building on which Henry the Seventh's Chapel was hung, like a jewel, in 1503-9. It needed that addition of loveliness to make it complete. One might even dare to think that the term Westminster Abbey should be forgotten altogether and that we should call this famous resort ' Henry the Seventh's Chapel with accessories ' and thus make it an even more powerful magnet.

I admit that to describe as ' accessories ' the enthronement chair and stone ; the treasures of the Sanctuary ; the shrine of Edward the Confessor ; the tombs of Henry the Third and Eleanor of Castile, so finely contrived of coloured Purbeck marble with the gilt figures on the top ; the tombs of Edward the Third and Richard the Second ; the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots and of the infant children of James the First, one in his alabaster cradle ; the tomb of Queen Elizabeth, with the Essex ring on it; the famous dead in Poets' Corner—I admit to describe as ' accessories ' such relics as these, apart from the whole historic structure, would be absurd ; but none

the less, I feel that the exquisiteness of Henry the Seventh's Chapel has not been sufficiently appreciated. You visit it for the perfection of its Tudor Gothic proportions ; for its intricate and shining roof; for its carving and statues ; for its stalls and banners of the Knights of the Bath ; and for the bronze tomb of Henry the Seventh and his Queen, designed by Pietro Torrigiano. Torrigiano may not have been as delicate and sensitive as Alfred Gilbert, the designer of the Duke of Clarence's tomb at Windsor—I doubt if he was—but he was a noble fellow and he did it first.

Chapter XXV

THE LAST

AND SO, after travelling north, south, east and west, we have come to an end. I have not, I hope, omitted much; but, because this book is intended not to provide a meal but to excite hunger, I have tried, on the principle of letter-writing laid down by one of the characters of the greatest of Londoners, never to say enough about anything.

Passing along the Edgware Road the other day, I observed a shop with the name of Jolly over the window, and a notice, among pork-pies and veal-and-ham pies and sauces and other commodities, stating that he was an ' Appetite Creator '. That, I thought, is what I should like to be : Jolly, a Creator of Appetite.

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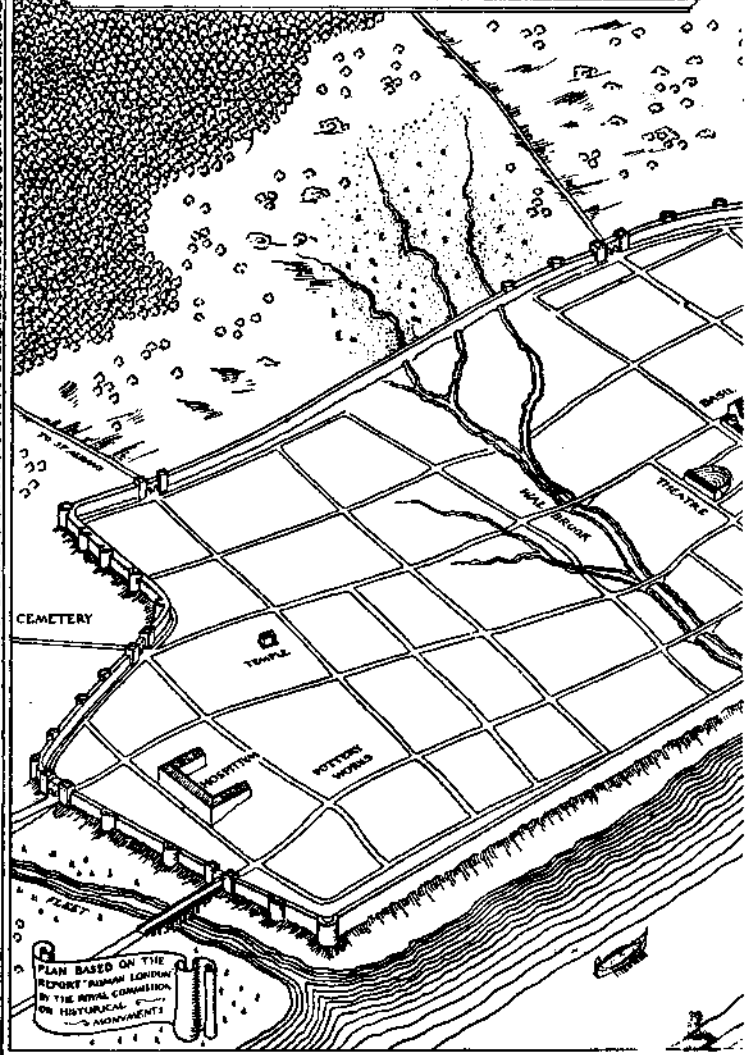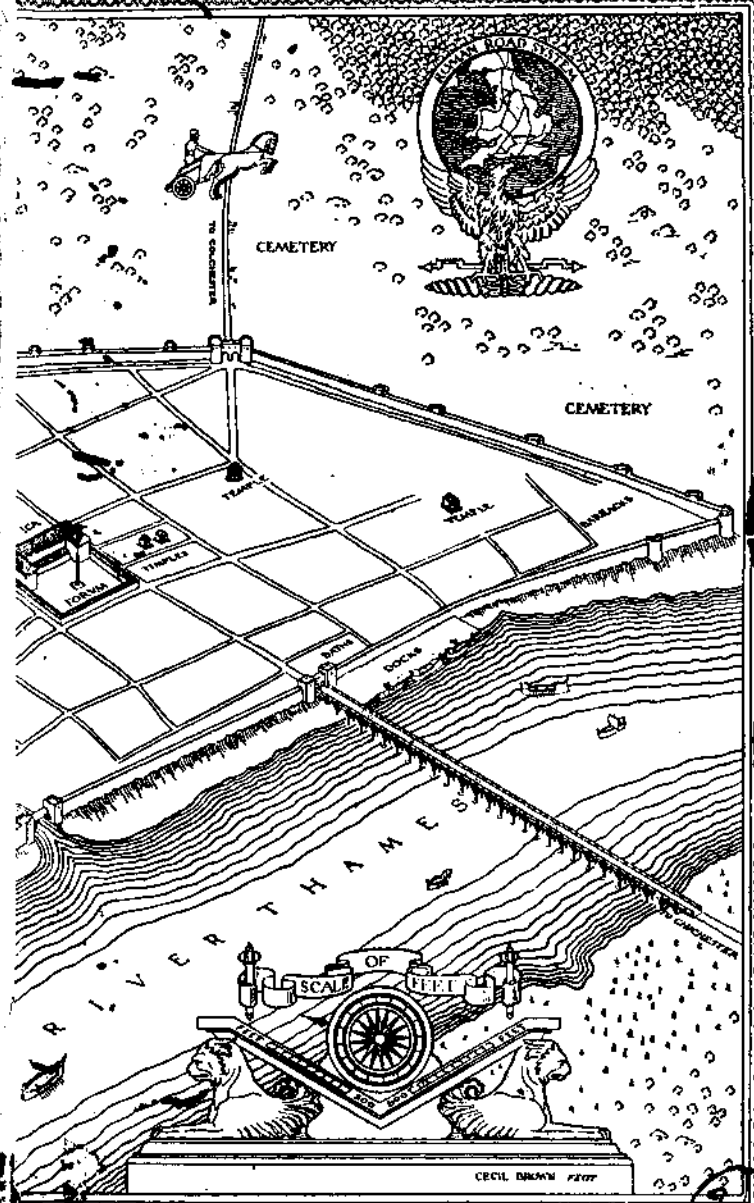
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