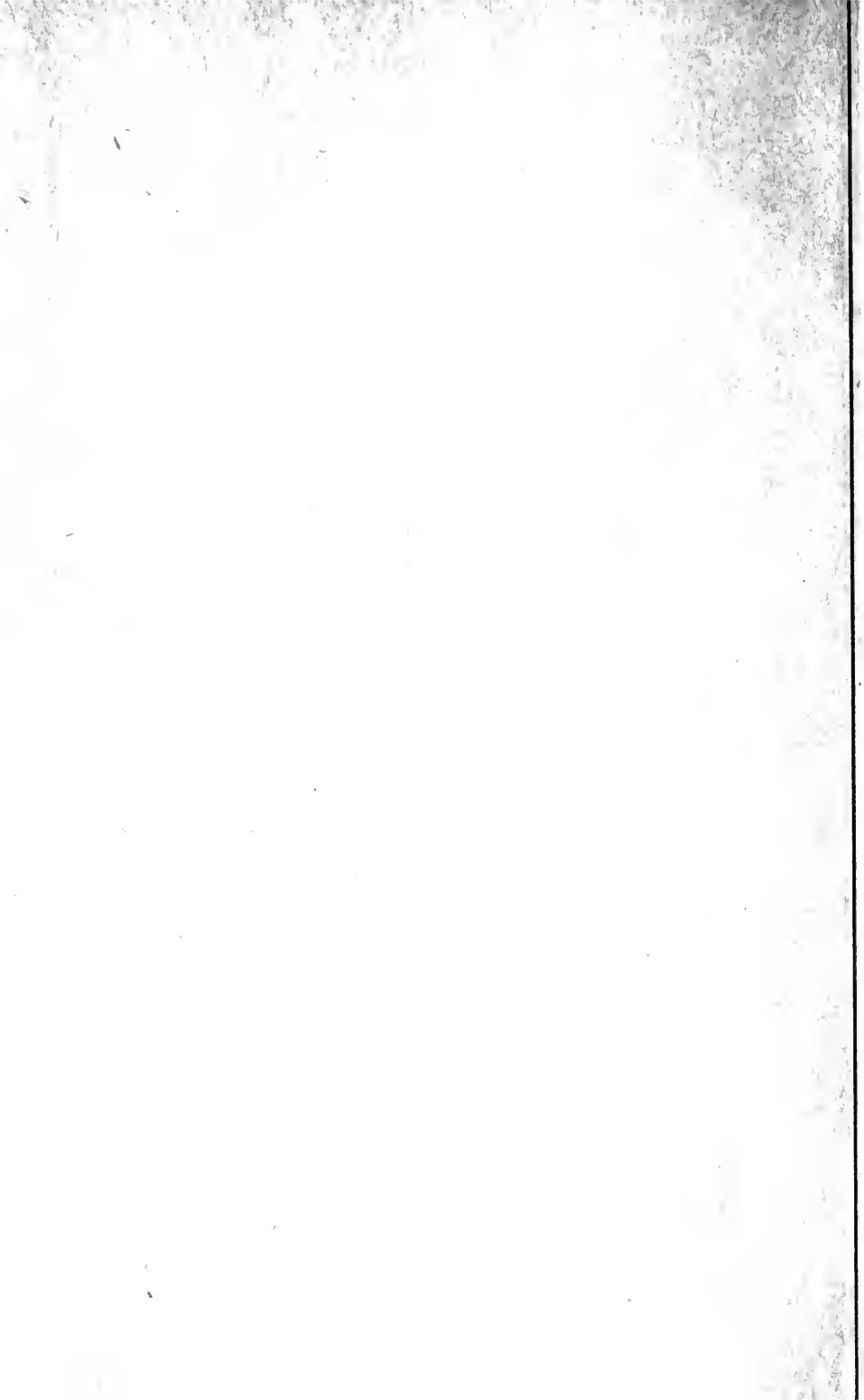


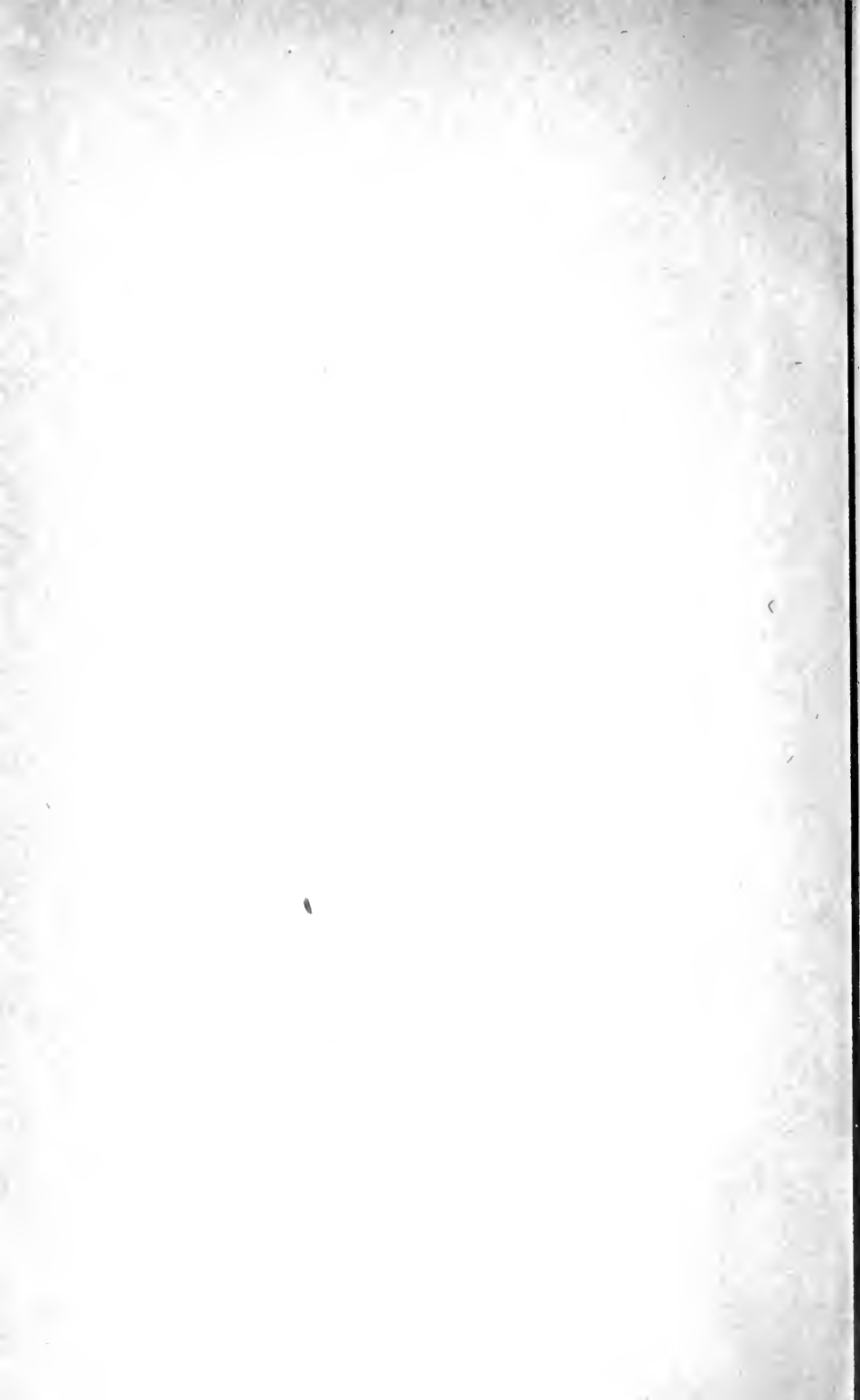


UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES









THE LITERARY HISTORY
OF THE ADELPHI AND
ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

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Allen & Son, New York, 1857.

*The Terrace, New Buildings, 1896.
From a water colour by J. Richards 1857.*

THE LITERARY HIS- TORY OF THE ADELPHI AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

By AUSTIN BRERETON

WITH A NEW INTRODUCTION



NEW YORK :

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1909

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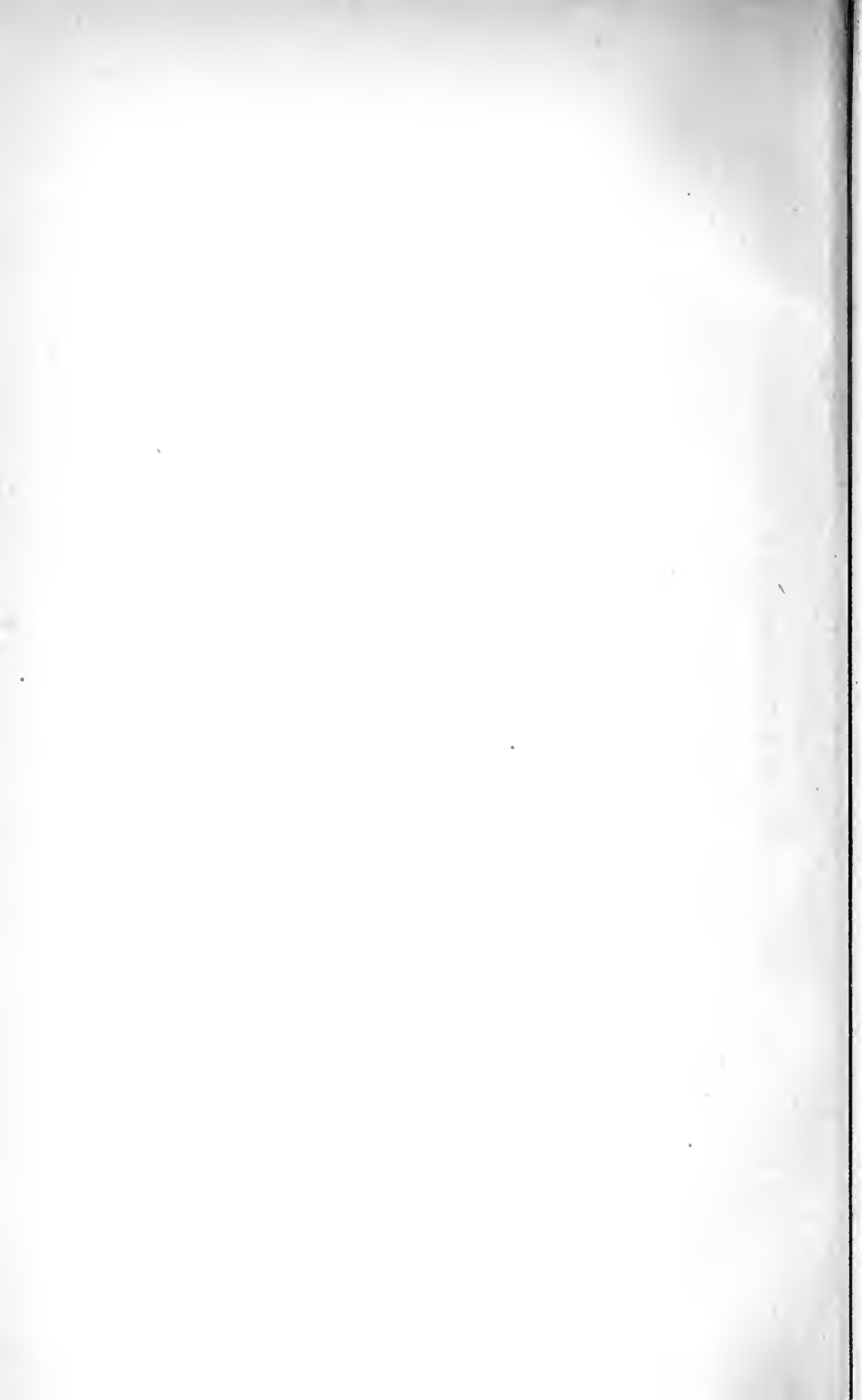
Note

This book is intended for the general reader, as well as for the antiquarian and the lover of London. To this end, the history of the Adelphi and its immediate neighbourhood to the west and on the south side of the Strand has been related in—as far as possible—narrative form. At the same time, it need hardly be said, every care has been taken to present the multitude of details correctly and as a truthful picture of one of the most interesting parts of the great metropolis. I should be ungrateful if I did not take this opportunity of again—as in the case of my chronicle of the Lyceum and Henry Irving—thanking Mr E. Gardner for so courteously placing at my disposal his unique and invaluable collection of London records and engravings. The majority of the illustrations were kindly lent by him; others were copied from prints in the British Museum. I have also to thank the officials of St Martin's Library for their ready help in enabling me to consult, at my leisure, some scarce books connected with the literature of historical London.

A. B.

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INTRODUCTION

"THE Literary History of the Adelphi" has journeyed from one side of the neighbourhood to the other, from west to east. That is to say, its publication has been acquired by Mr. Fisher Unwin, hence the removal of the book from York Buildings to Adelphi—originally called "Royal," and still so marked on the old plans—Terrace. This peregrination gives me the opportunity of supplementing the original work with some interesting particulars which have just come into my possession. Who would think that within a short distance of the Strand, if not actually within the proverbial stone's throw, there are "cottages," and cottages, too, with trees and flowers and lawns, and a mighty river, for prospect? Yet such is the case, although it is no wonder that the rate collector who is new to this part of London has much ado to find "Adelphi cottages." They belong to that mysterious region which lies underneath the Strand level of the Adelphi and is vaguely known as the "arches." If the reader will glance at the illustration which faces page 32—"The Buildings called the Adelphi"—he will see, at the top of the arches and under the terrace, some fifteen semi-circular recesses. These are really capacious rooms, and from the windows thereof the view of the Embankment Gardens and the Thames is considerable compensation for the tediousness and deviousness of the approach. The "cottages" were originally attached to the houses on the terrace above, and, until recent years, they were

inhabited. Now, however, the majority of them are let separately and are used as stores or workshops. One of them, however, is still occupied as a dwelling-place, and, whatever else it may be, this habitation is certainly unique.

Underneath the "Adelphi cottages," and extending below the houses of the terrace, and John, Robert, and Adam Streets, are the famous arches, which few people, either Londoners, who know nothing of their own city, or Americans, who are versed in the lore of our ancient streets, have ever visited. Truth to tell, the expedition to the Adelphi arches is not to be undertaken with too light a heart. The gloomy recesses do not conduce to joy, and, although the foot-pad has scant opportunity for indulging in his nefarious practices, he would be a venturesome person, a stranger to these parts, who would wander alone in this underground world after the sun, which never enters these passages, had ceased to illumine the earth above. This very darkness and dismalness has its advantages at times. When Messrs. Coutts, for instance, moved from their old premises in the Strand, there was much speculation as to the manner in which they transferred their immense stock of securities, deeds, and other valuables from one side of the road to the other. There was great talk at the time of armies of detectives and the use of the early hours of Sundays, and other vague suggestions were allowed to be promulgated. It was assumed that the transference would take place from one side of the road to the other, and it was thought that there might be some audacious attempts at robbery. In reality, the matter was quite simple and there was not the slightest danger of any attack upon the priceless possessions. Far removed from the noisy Strand—in regard to atmosphere and surroundings—there is an arch, dark indeed, and shut off from the outer world by huge gates,

which are some distance away. Here, many feet below the surface of the streets, is a secret entrance to the premises of the old bank. And here, in absolute security, never dreamt of by the enterprising thief, the carts were loaded with their treasures.

The actual removal of these valuables was effected with great ease. The carts wended their innocent way through the dreary arches, in front of the "cottages," and passed out by a "right of way" underneath the Hotel Cecil, towards Blackfriars. Thus, the would-be thief was deluded of his prey. This "right of way" marks the bottom of Ivy Lane, which is still in existence. It runs from the Strand and denotes the boundary of the Duchy of Lancaster and the City of Westminster. Formerly, it was an open thoroughfare, but there is now, at the Strand entrance as well as at the bottom, a gate. At the river end, there was, in olden times, a bridge, or pier, called Ivy Bridge. But I think that there must have been, not only a bridge in the Strand, but that there was a stream which ran hence into the Thames. John Stow, in his "Survey of London," first published in 1598, speaks of "Ivy Bridge, in the High Street, which had a way under it leading to the Thames, the like as sometime had the Strand Bridge." Now, the Strand Bridge was over the stream of St. Clement's Well, and Strand Lane, like Ivy Lane, ran down to the river, and, like it, there was a pier at the end. I am the more certain that there must have been a river of sorts at the junction of Ivy Lane and the Strand, because to this day, as I found in the course of a recent investigation, a stream trickles under John Street and renders useless a large cellar. Nothing can stop it. It percolates now, just as it has done ever since the excavations made by the Brothers Adam in 1768. It is drained away, but it is just sufficient to create a damp atmosphere which is detrimental to the storing of wine.

Hundreds of thousands of bottles of wine—chiefly port, claret, and burgundy—are in bins here, and a most admirable place for the purpose it is. The underground Adelphi is absolutely dry—save for the one spot mentioned—and the temperature does not vary five degrees in the course of a year. Here, also, are many hundreds of cases of champagne, and here the jaded Londoner—if he be sufficiently favoured—might come and feast his eyes on some few dozens of bottles of “white port”—a wine which is not in fashion in these degenerate days, but which, I rejoiced to learn, is still sent hence to a certain royal household. Strange as it may seem, there is a strong air of royalty about these dimly-lit vaults. What between the secret entrance to the old premises of the great bankers—Messrs. Coutts are the bankers for his Majesty and for the Queen¹—and the “white port” which gives its benefit to illustrious persons of royal lineage, there is a distinct feeling that one is moving on an exalted plane when, paradoxical as it may seem, we are in this subterranean place. The distinctly regal air which pervades these caves of silence may have given rise to a certain statement that hereabouts—half a dozen yards from the royal stock of “white port”—Lady Jane Grey was cast into a dungeon deep and carried thence to the dreaded Tower, there to be beheaded. But the “Nine Days’ Queen” knew only her gardens and her flowers when she lived in Durham House—the predecessor of the Adelphi. Here, in May, 1553, the Duke of Northumberland married his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane, in pursuance of his design for altering the succession from the Tudor to the Dudley family. The unfortunate girl of scarce seventeen summers certainly left Durham House for the Tower—but it was with great pomp and circumstance, in order to be proclaimed Queen. Her execution followed hard upon, but she knew not

¹ See page 212.

i imprisonment in what is now the Adelphi. On the other hand, the haunt of a wretched woman is still to be seen in this gloomy spot. "Jenny's Holes" figure on the plan to this day, and are not likely to be obliterated therefrom. Into one or other of these places—recesses by the main arches—the outcast came to sleep and, finally, to die; some say, indeed, that she was murdered here. "Jenny" has no history, but the vague tradition of her misery still haunts these "dark arches." Nor is the story at all improbable. The "dark arches" are forbidding enough now, and, even in the day-time, the sparse gas jets only serve to make darkness visible. So recently as the early seventies, when Mr. George Drummond came into the property, cows were kept in the underground passages of the Adelphi.

Adelphi Terrace, Adam Street to the east, and John Street, which is parallel with the terrace and the Strand, and in between, still retain much of their old-world appearance. But at the western side of the Adelphi changes are afoot. There is a new building, facing the river, but stunted and barred from its proper height by that bugbear of the modern builder, "ancient lights." Then, again, the Caledonian Hotel, in Robert Street, has taken to itself a new storey, and has been transmogrified into modern flats with—oh, shade of Adam!—bath-rooms. The searcher after the picturesque in London architecture might do worse than descend from the Strand, past the Tivoli. He will then be on the site of one of the gateways of Old Durham House, and, turning to the right, he will see a bridge of beautiful design. It was built, in order to connect the Strand and Adelphi premises of the bank, by Thomas Coutts, who procured a special Act of Parliament for the purpose.

The entire Adelphi estate occupies a little over three acres and a quarter, divided as follows:—

	Superficial feet.
Houses (only)	78,400
Roadways, terrace, and areas	45,400
Foreground	19,200
	143,000

The names of two more noted inhabitants of the Adelphi have to be included in this "History." The learned Vicesimus Knox (1752-1821), who is best known to fame as the compiler of "Elegant Extracts" (1789), lived at No. 1, Adam Street. The first floor of the same house was the place of retirement, for a score of years, of George Blamire, barrister-at-law, "of very eccentric habits, but sound mind." John Timbs, in his "Curiosities of London," states that "no person was allowed to enter his chamber, his meals and all communications being left by his housekeeper at the door of his ante-room. He was found dead in an arm-chair, in which he had been accustomed to sleep for twenty years. He died of exhaustion, from low fever and neglect; at which time his rooms were filled with furniture, books, plate, paintings, and other valuable property." The eccentric habits are evident; but the "sound mind" is a little doubtful.

Finally, I may state that I have followed the fortunes of my book, and, after a brief excursion into the noisy part of the world on the other side of Charing Cross, have returned to the quiet and comparative solitude of the Adelphi, where tubes do not trouble and motor buses do not annoy. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life." And I think that there is no part of London of which a man can be in less apprehension of tiring than the Adelphi. It is of London, yet away from it; in the heart of the world, yet secluded. To know it is to love it.

AUSTIN BRERETON.

September, 1908.

Contents

CHAPTER I

PAGES

Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham—The Papal Legate and the Oxford Clergy—Henry III. and the Earl of Leicester—Prince Henry—The Author of <i>Philobiblon</i> —Edward III.—Thomas Hatfield—Henry VIII.—Cuthbert Tunstall—Cranmer at Durham House—Anne Boleyn—Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleves feast at Durham House—Dudley, Duke of Northumberland—Lady Jane Grey—Queen Mary—Queen Elizabeth—Philip Sidney—Sir Walter Raleigh—Elizabeth Throgmorton—Glanville <i>v.</i> Courtney—Thomas Egerton—Fire at Durham House—Raleigh and his Pipe	1-20
---	------

CHAPTER II

The New Exchange—The Earl of Salisbury proprietor—Opened by James I.—Popular Allusions—The First Edition of <i>Othello</i> published Here—Samuel Pepys a Frequent Visitor—Henry Herringham—Otway—Etherege—Wycherley—Dryden—Addison—Durham House in Decay—Acquired by the Earl of Pembroke—Various Public Offices in Durham Yard—Charles II. helps to extinguish a Fire Here—Archbishop Le Tellier—Godfrey Kneller—David Garrick, wine merchant—Dr Johnson—Voltaire—Murder in the New Exchange	21-48
---	-------

CHAPTER III

The Romantic Story of the White Milliner, otherwise the Beautiful Frances Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnel—Her Youthful Escapade—Her Connection with the New Exchange the subject of a Play by Douglas Jerrold—Its Failure and the Author's Disappointment—"Nan" Clarges, afterwards Duchess of Albemarle, sells Wash-balls in the	
--	--

CONTENTS

PAGES

New Exchange—Her Burial in Westminster Abbey—Sir William Read, the Quack, cures "Wry Necks" in Durham Yard—Demolition of the New Exchange—A Noted Book-shop—Ambassadors reside Here 49-74

CHAPTER IV

Enter the Brothers Adam—Their Marvellous Transformation of the Ruins of Durham House and Yard into the Present Adelphi—The Magnitude of the Project—Opposition of the City—Defeated by Special Act of Parliament—The Adelphi Buildings only completed by Aid of a Lottery—The Adams explain their Position—Robert Adam : His History—His Death—James Adam—Some Poor Wit, including Walpole's, at the Expense of the Architects 75-99

CHAPTER V

The Society of Arts—Its Foundation—Its Removal to the Adelphi in 1774—James Barry and his Famous Paintings—Visited in John Street by Burke and Johnson—The Latter's opinion of his Genius—Description of his Pictures for the Society—The Work of the Society—"Spot" Ward, the Inventor of "Friar's Balsam"—Johnson speaks in the Great Room—Forsaken by his "Flowers of Oratory" 100-122

CHAPTER VI

David Garrick—His Residence in the Adelphi—Founds the Drury Lane Fund—His Last Appearance on the Stage—Honoured by Parliament—The Friendship of Mr and Mrs Garrick for Hannah More—Their Correspondence—Garrick helps the Production of *Percy*—Presents his Buckles to Hannah More—The Production of *Percy*—Garrick's Prologue gives Offence—Garrick brings Hannah More's Dinner from the Adelphi to the "Turk's Head"—The Literary Club—His Last Illness and Death 123-144

CHAPTER VII

Garrick's Funeral from the Adelphi—Johnson's Opinion of Garrick : "A Liberal Man"—His Death "Eclipsed the Gaiety of Nations"—Topham Beauclerk and Johnson—Mrs Garrick's famous Dinner Party—Johnson and other Celebrities Present—Described by Hannah More and Boswell—Johnson's Morning Visit to Adelphi Terrace—Hannah More's Life Here—Another Dinner Party—Death of Mrs Garrick—Shakespeare's Gloves sent to Mrs Siddons from the Adelphi—Goldsmith writes from a Sponging-House to Garrick in the Adelphi—Becket, the Bookseller 145-171

CONTENTS

CHAPTER VIII

PAGES

The celebrated Quack, Dr Graham—His Temple of Health in the Adelphi—Satirised by Colman and Bannister—"Vestina, the Rosy Goddess of Health"—Emma Lyon, Lady Hamilton—Osborn's Hotel—The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands—Their Death in the Adelphi—Isaac d'Israeli—The Earl of Beaconsfield—Thomas Hill, the Original of Paul Pry—Thomas Hood and Charles Dickens—*David Copperfield* and *Pickwick*—Ivy Lane—The Fox-under-the-Hill—The Adelphi "Dark Arches" 172-191

CHAPTER IX

The First Bankers—Middleton & Campbell, predecessors of Coutts & Co., "at The Three Crowns in the Strand"—Patrick and John Coutts—Patrick and Thomas Coutts in London—Death of James Coutts—Enter Thomas Coutts—Letter by Him—His Stern Character—Married to Harriot Mellon—Susan Starkie and "The Three Graces"—Sir Francis Burdett—Angela Georgina Burdett—The Duchess of St Albans—Anecdotes of Thomas Coutts—His Personal Appearance—Interior of the Bank—The Chinese Wall-Paper—The Adelphi Chapel—Illustrious Customers of Messrs Coutts—Partners in the Firm—The Wills of Thomas Coutts and the Duchess of St Albans—The Savage Club—Thomas Hardy—E. L. Blanchard 192-217

CHAPTER X

York House—Francis Bacon—The Great Seal taken from Him—Lord Keeper Egerton—The Duke of Buckingham, King James' "Steenie"—Magnificence of his Entertainments—Contemporary Descriptions—Bishop Goodman's Praise—The Second Duke—Dryden's Revenge—The "Superstitious Pictures" of York House—Buckingham's Marriage—Spanish, Russian, and French Ambassadors Here—Visits by Pepys and Evelyn—Duke of Buckingham sells York House—His Curious Condition of Sale—The Duke's *Litany* 218-234

CHAPTER XI

The York Water-Gate—Inigo Jones' Beautiful Work—Built for the Duke of Buckingham—The Proposal for its Removal—Satires on the Subject—The Gate Neglected—Its Restoration—The Water Tower—The West-end supplied with Water from Here—The Steam Engine—Samuel Pepys resides in Buckingham Street—William Etty and Clarkson Stanfield—Peter the Great Lodges Here—His Love of Strong Drink—The Witty Earl of Dorset—David Hume and Jean Jacques Rousseau—Moore writes to his Publisher Here—The Father of Modern Geology—A Great Actor dies Here—The Original

CONTENTS

PAGES

of Smollett's Hugh Strap—David Copperfield's Chambers—Evelyn lives in Villiers Street—Sir Richard Steele—Zara acted Here—Mrs Cibber—Misstatement by "Anthony Pasquin"	235-248
---	---------

CHAPTER XII

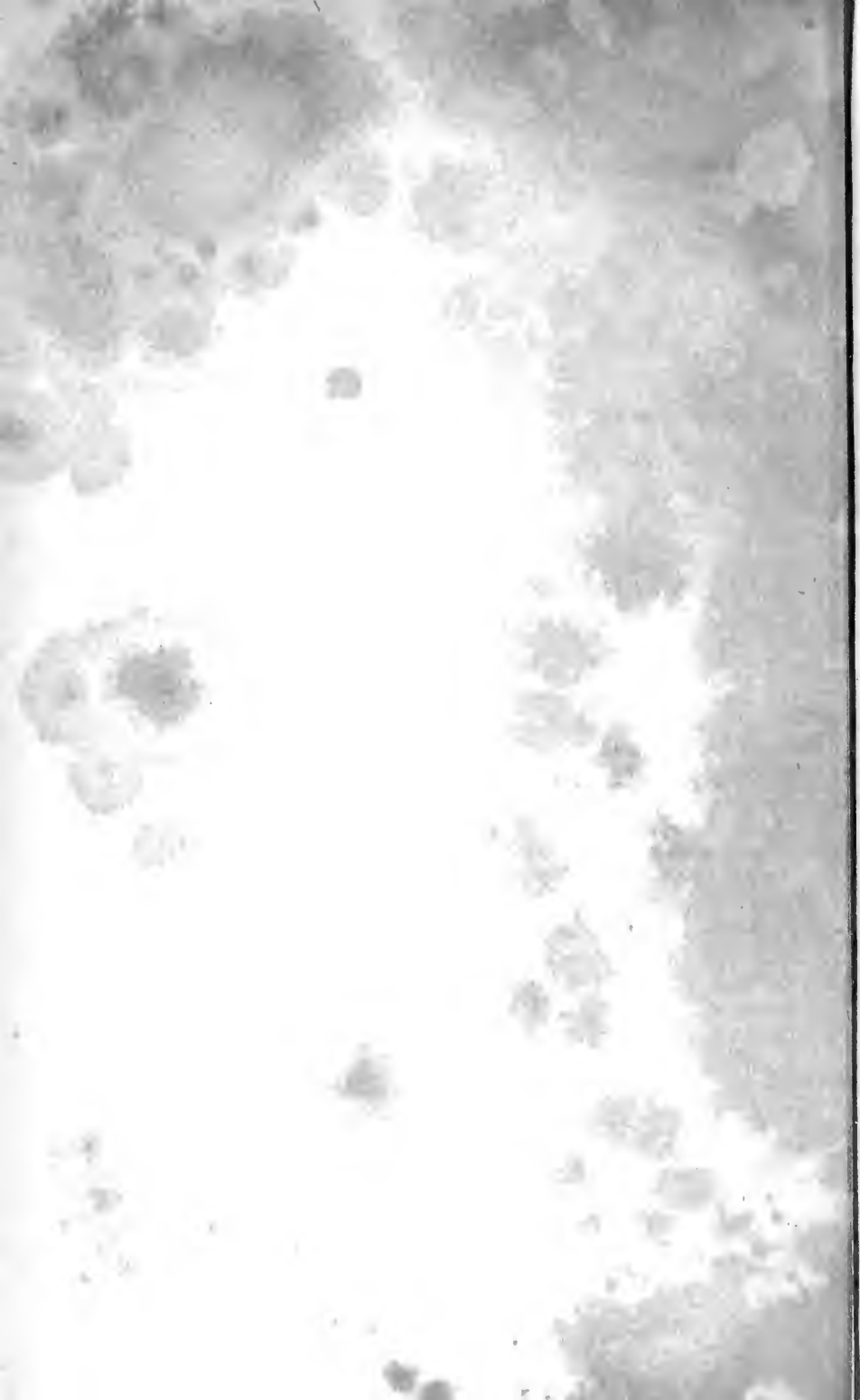
The Strand in 1353—St Mary Rounceval—Northampton House—Earl of Surrey, the Poet—Suffolk House—Suckling's <i>Ballade upon a Wedding</i> —Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland—The Restoration planned at Northumberland House—Lady Elizabeth Percy—Her Romantic Marriages—Murder of "Tom of Ten Thousand"—The "Proud" Duke of Somerset— <i>Edwin and Angelina</i> —Goldsmith at Northumberland House—Fire Here—Dr Percy's Library saved—The Famous Lion—Demolition of the House—The Duke's Lament—Northumberland Avenue—Craven Street—Benjamin Franklin—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Heinrich Heine—The Author of <i>Rejected Addresses</i> —J. S. Clarke	249-272
---	---------

APPENDIX

SAMUEL PEPYS AND THE ADELPHI	273-284
HANNAH MORE AND GARRICK'S FUNERAL	284-285
INDEX	286-294

List of Illustrations

The Terrace, York Buildings, Adelphi	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	TO FACE PAGE
The Adelphi (Durham Yard and the New Exchange) and Charing Cross in 1755	8
Durham House. Salisbury House. Worcester House	16
The New Exchange, Strand	24
"The Buildings called the Adelphi," 1777	32
The Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi	40
Garrick's House, 5 Adelphi Terrace	56
Adam Street, Adelphi	64
Adelphi Terrace in Garrick's Time	72
The Thames, from the Water Works, York Buildings, Adelphi	80
York Stairs and the Water Tower	88
The Society of Arts distributing its Awards	96
The Strand Entrance to Durham Yard	104
Ivy Lane, Strand (the boundary of the Duchy of Lancaster and the City of Westminster)	112
Entrance to the Adelphi Arches	120
The Fox-under-the-Hill	128
York House, York Stairs, and Durham House	136
York Stairs and Water Works	152
Pepys' Library, Buckingham Street, Adelphi	160
St Mary Rounceval, the Original Site of Northumberland House	168
Suffolk (subsequently Northumberland) House	176
The Strand Front of Northumberland House in 1752	184
Northumberland House, from the Gardens	208
The Ball-room, Northumberland House	224
The Drawing-room, Northumberland House	240
Charing Cross, before the building of Northumberland Avenue	256
The Lion, Northumberland House	272







AN ADAM DOOR.

The Literary History of the Adelphi and its Neighbourhood

CHAPTER I

Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham—The Papal Legate and the Oxford Clergy—Henry III. and the Earl of Leicester—Prince Henry—The Author of *Philobiblon*—Edward III.—Thomas Hatfield—Henry VIII.—Cuthbert Tunstall—Cranmer at Durham House—Anne Boleyn—Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleves feast at Durham House—Dudley, Duke of Northumberland—Lady Jane Grey—Queen Mary—Queen Elizabeth—Philip Sidney—Sir Walter Raleigh—Elizabeth Throgmorton—Glanville *v.* Courtney—Thomas Egerton—Fire at Durham House—Raleigh and his Pipe.

It is my pleasant duty to relate in these pages the romantic story of kings and queens, of prelates and princes, of book-writers and book-sellers, of artists, architects, and actors, and of other players on life's fitful stage who, for six centuries and a half, have contributed to one of the most interesting chapters in the history of London. Within that small space which has been known as the Adelphi since 1772, a district so confined that it is contained within five hundred square yards, came, in its earlier

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

years, several bishops and other clerical dignitaries, then that prince who was afterwards the fifth King Henry of England, anon, amid much pomp and pageantry, King Henry VIII. Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were familiar with it, and here lived, for twenty years, Sir Walter Raleigh, who inhabited one of the towers which is seen in Hollar's engraving of Durham House. Lady Jane Grey went hence to the Tower and thence to the scaffold. Dryden alluded to it in one of his plays. Voltaire drank wine here, and its memory is hallowed by Dr Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a host of other celebrities. Here David Garrick began his career, and here, curiously enough, he ended it, the funeral procession of the "poor player" reaching from the Adelphi to Westminster Abbey, those who followed him to the grave numbering many men of rank and genius, including Johnson, and a large concourse of the general public who grieved for the loss of the great actor.

The history of the world-famous banking firm of Coutts & Co. is indelibly associated with the Adelphi. Dickens, when a boy, prowled about its dark arches—until lately, one of the most degraded spots in London—and last, though not least, the brothers Adam, to whom London owes several architectural triumphs, in addition to the Adelphi, claim our attention. It is said that at

DURHAM HOUSE

a public dinner, at the beginning of the last century, a worthy alderman whose knowledge of Greek was very vague, was much struck by the toast, in reference to two royal brothers—George IV. and the Duke of York—of “the Adelphi.”¹ When it came to the alderman’s turn to speak, he said that, as they were on the subject of streets, he would “beg leave to propose ‘Finsbury Square.’” In somewhat similar manner, before we get to the Adelphi, we must go back to its origin, and this takes us to the thirteenth century.

Durham House, which, with its grounds, formerly occupied the entire site of the Adelphi, was the town residence of Anthony Bek (otherwise Anthony de Beck or Bec), Bishop of Durham in the reign of Edward I. So it is affirmed by Pennant, and there is no reason to doubt the assertion. Some mistakes have arisen on this point, in consequence, as it appears to me, of there having been two men of the same name, both of whom were bishops. Their ancestor, Walter Bek, came to England with William the Conqueror, and from his three sons sprang three great Lincolnshire families: Bek of Eresby, Bek of Luceby, and Bek of Botheby. Now, Bishop Antony Bek the second (1279–1343), son of

¹ From the builders of the Adelphi, the *brothers Adam*, who adopted the meaning of the Greek word, ἀδελφοί, for their great work. Prior to this, however, Robert and James Adam had signed their architectural drawings “Adelphi.”

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Walter Bek of Luceby, constable of Lincoln Castle, was at one time Bishop of Lincoln, and, in 1337, Bishop of Norwich. But Antony Bek, son of Walter Bek, baron of Eresby, was appointed to the see of Durham in 1283. He was intimately associated with Edward I., being one of his chief advisers during the negotiations regarding Baliol, and of great assistance to him in his Scottish expeditions of 1296 and 1298. Owing to a dispute with the prior of the convent of Durham, he was deprived of certain of his rights by the king (but regained them on application to the Pope). As this, however, occurred in the year 1300, it may safely be assumed that Antony Bek had occupied Durham House before that event.

But there was a Durham House even earlier than this of Antony Bek's, if we are to credit an account given by Thomas Fuller. Here, in 1238, the papal legate, Otho, was staying, and hither he summoned the English bishops in order to debate as to what "further steps should be taken respecting the churches and schools of Oxford, which he had laid under interdict on account of the scholars having, when the legate was staying at Oseney, killed his brother and clerk of the kitchen in an affray,"¹ the legate himself being obliged to fly from the city. At the intercession of the bishops, the legate assented to pardon the university on con-

¹ *London Past and Present*, vol. i., p. 540.

HENRY III.

dition of the clergy and scholars making their "solemn submission" to him. As a result, the offenders "went from St Paul's in London to Durham House in the Strand, no short Italian, but an English long, mile, all on foot; the bishops of England, for the more state of the business, accompanying them, as partly accessory to their fault, for pleading on their behalf. When they came to the Bishop of Carlisle's house, the scholars went the rest of the way barefoot, *sine capis et mantulis*, which some understand, 'without capes or cloaks.' And thus the great legate at last was really reconciled to them."¹

Some of these old chronicles are not always to be relied upon in the matter of dates: "This howse called Durham, or Dunelme Howse, was buylded in the time of Henry 3, by one Antonye Becke, B. of Durham. It is a howse of 300 years antiquitie; the hall whereof is statelie and high, supported with lofty marble pillars. It standeth on the Thamise veriy pleasantlie." So wrote one historian in 1593. But Henry III. died in 1272, eleven years before Bek was made Bishop of Durham. That there was a Durham House of sorts before Bek's time is pretty certain, although it was not the one that is attributed to that bishop. The story has often been told of Henry III., in 1258, being caught in a thunderstorm on his way

¹ Thomas Fuller, *Church History*, B. III., cent. xiii., p. 20.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

down the Thames on his barge. At that time, the Earl of Leicester was the head of the barons who were opposed to the king, and it is said that he was then in occupation of Durham House (we have already seen that the papal legate was installed there twenty years earlier). Be this as it may, the king sought shelter from the storm, and, as the royal barge approached the shore, the Earl of Leicester went forth and endeavoured to allay any fears that the king might have felt, saying, "Your Majesty need not be afraid, for the tempest is nearly over." But the king, being moved to wrath, fiercely exclaimed, "Above measure, I dread thunder and lightning, but, by the head of God, I am more in terror of thee than of all the thunder and lightning in the world." Though this story may be doubted, one early royal memory of Durham House is that of Prince Henry (Henry V.), who, in 1411, "lay at the bysshoppes inne of Darham for the seid day of his comming to towne unto the Moneday nest after the feste of Septem fraturn." ¹

That most correct of London historians, John Stow, sets down the fourteenth century as the date of Durham House. "On the south side of which street" (meaning the Strand, which had no name in Stow's time), he says, "in the liberties of Westminster (beginning at Ivy Bridge), first is

¹ Nicolas, *Chronicle of London*, p. 94.

THE PAPAL LEGATE

Durham House, built by Thomas Hatfield, Bishop of Durham, who was made bishop of that see in 1345, and sat bishop there thirty-six years." But we have already seen from Fuller, whose *Church History of Britain*—from which the quotation in regard to the papal legate, Otho, is taken—was written in 1655, fifty years after Stow's death, that there was a Durham House in 1238.

And this brings me to a curious point. Thomas Pennant, whose *Account of London* affords much entertaining reading, has an amusing disquisition on the word "palace." He writes: "That the word is only applicable to the habitations of princes, or princely persons, and that it is with all the impropriety of vanity bestowed on the houses of those who have luckily acquired money enough to pile on one another a greater quantity of stones and bricks than their neighbours. How many imaginary *Parks* have been formed within precincts where deer were never seen! and how many houses misnamed *Halls* which never had attached to them the privilege of a manor!" Leigh Hunt took the "lively Pennant," as he dubs him, to task on this point: "Unless the words *palazzo* and *piazza* are traceable to the same root, *palatium* (as perhaps they are), place does not of necessity mean palace; and palace certainly does not mean exclusively the habitation of princes and princely persons (that is to say, supposing princeliness to exclude

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

riches), for in Italy, whence it comes, any large mansion may be called a palace; and many old palaces there were built by merchants."¹ But the disquisition does not really alter the fact that the proper name, that is to say, the original one, should be Durham House; we have the excellent authority of Stow and Fuller on this head. The residences in London of the bishops were almost invariably called "House"—certainly not "palace." Thus, Worcester House, which is now marked by the Savoy, originally belonged to the see of Carlisle, and is "the Bishop of Carlisle's House" which is alluded to in the extract from Fuller. York House, which stood to the west of Durham House, was originally the town inn or residence of the Bishop of Norwich, and, subsequently, in Queen Mary's reign, of Heath, Archbishop of York. In the Aggas map of London in 1563, which is the frontispiece to Pennant's "Account," Duresme Place and York Place are given, but that the name in its earlier years was Durham House there is no doubt. The London County Council has lately (1906) perpetuated the name by changing Durham Street to Durham House Street.

One of the earliest of the literary inhabitants of Durham House was the learned Richard de Bury (1281-1345), son of Sir Richard Aungerville. He was tutor to Edward III., when Prince of Wales,

¹ *The Town*, ed. 1859, p. 177.



- 23. The Hope yard.
- 24. Kingsland Alley.
- 25. Feathers Alley.
- 26. Bell yard.
- 27. Gault Alley.
- 28. Key Alley.
- 29. Pipe makers Alley.
- 30. John Hart yard.
- 31. Bayford Alley.
- 32. Dogfens Alley.
- 33. Moors yard.
- 34. St. Martins Church.
- 35. Hunts Court.
- 36. Woodstock Court.
- 37. Chequer Inn.
- 38. Sheer Inn.
- 39. Kings head In.

A Table of
References
to this Mapp.

THE ADELPHI COURHAM YARD AND THE NEW EXCHANGE AND CHARING CROSS, IN 1755.



THOMAS HATFIELD

and, subsequently, was of the king's household. He was Dean of Wells and Bishop of Durham in 1333, lord chancellor from September 1334 to July 1335, and lord high treasurer in 1337. He was employed by the king in Paris and in Hainault in 1336, and, in 1337 and 1342, in Scotland. It is pleasant to think that he wrote his *Philobiblon* during his residence by the Thames. At any rate, we may be sure that so learned and so useful a man, one who had the confidence of the king for so long, was visited here by Edward III.

Another name of note associated with Durham House is that of Thomas Hatfield, already alluded to by Stow as having built that structure. He probably added to it, or he may have rebuilt it. He was a great prelate, and, in addition to the bishopric of Durham, which he held from 1345 until his death in 1381, he was made keeper of the Privy Seal in 1343, and, in 1346 and 1355, he accompanied Edward III. to France. In Durham, he built part of the south side of the cathedral choir and the hall of the castle, hence, possibly, the credit given to him by Stow of building the Thames-side Durham House. His learned *Survey of Durham* was edited by the Rev. William Greenwell in 1856.

It is a far cry from the joyous days of Prince Henry to the turbulent times of Henry VIII., but the old chronicles do not contain any mention

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

of Durham House during that lengthy period. In the reign of the latter king, the then Bishop of Durham "conveyed the house to the King in fee"; in other words, the noble Henry appropriated the property to his own uses. He had the saving grace, however, to give to the see of Durham, in exchange, some houses in Cold Harbour (now marked by Upper Thames Street), and elsewhere. The exact date of the transfer is unknown. The history of this bishop, who was made to surrender Durham House to King Henry, is curious. Cuthbert Tunstall, or Tonstall, was Master of the Rolls, and bishop successively of London and Durham. Extolled by Erasmus, and the friend of Sir Thomas More, he was learned in Greek, Hebrew, mathematics, and civil law. Harrow-on-the-Hill had him for rector in 1511, he was prebendary of Lincoln in 1514, archdeacon of Chester in the year following, ambassador to the Prince of Castile at Brussels, 1515-1516, Master of the Rolls in 1516, prebendary of York in 1519, and ambassador to Charles V. in 1519, and again in 1525. He was Bishop of London from 1522-1530, keeper of the privy seal in 1523, and Bishop of Durham in 1530. It must have been after the latter year that he transferred Durham House to Henry VIII. Accused of inciting to rebellion, 1550, he was deprived of his bishopric of Durham by Edward VI., in 1552. Queen Mary, however, restored

CRANMER

him immediately on her accession, and he remained in possession of Durham House—which Mary had also restored to the see—until, in the year of his death, 1559, he was again deprived by Queen Elizabeth, to whom he had refused the oath of supremacy.

A very interesting chapter in the history of Durham House came into existence, thanks to its acquisition by Henry VIII., who granted it to the Earl of Wiltshire (1477–1539), Thomas Boleyn, father of Queen Anne Boleyn. It is not impossible that the Earl of Wiltshire was in occupation of Durham House during the childhood of his daughter: at any rate, it is certain that Anne's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen, resided here.

Through Henry VIII. we get a glimpse of Cranmer at Durham House, for that worthy wrote to the Earl of Wiltshire bidding him "let Doctor Cranmer have entertainment in your house at Durham Place for a time, to the intent he may bee there quiet to accomplish my request, and let him lack neither bookes, ne anything requisite for his studies."¹ Cranmer attended the Earl of Wiltshire as ambassador to Charles V. in 1530, and it is probable that he lodged in Durham House in 1533, for in that year he returned to England, gave formal sentence of the invalidity of the

¹ Fox, ed. 1597, p. 1689.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

king's marriage with Catharine of Aragon, and pronounced King Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn to be lawful. So that it is easy to imagine that the king's "request" occupied Cranmer's thoughts at Durham House, and that Henry came here in order to confer with him.

That Henry VIII. was familiar with Durham House there is no room for doubt, for, as the pious chronicler, Stow, quaintly puts it, "in the year of Christ 1540," that being the thirty-second year of Henry's reign, "on May-day, a great and triumphant jousting was holden at Westminster, which had been formerly proclaimed in France, Flanders, Scotland, and Spain, for all comers that would undertake the challengers of England; which were, Sir John Dudley, Sir Thomas Seymour, Sir Thomas Ponings, and Sir George Carew, knights, and Anthony Kingston and Richard Cromwell, esquires; all which came into the lists that day richly appavelled, and their horses trapped all in white velvet. There came against them the said day forty-six defendants or undertakers—viz., the Earl of Surrey, foremost, Lord William Howard, Lord Clinton, and Lord Cromwell, son and heir to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and chamberlain of England, with other; and that day, after the jousts performed, the challengers rode unto this Durham House, where they kept open household, and feasted the King and Queen, with her ladies,

12

HENRY VIII.

and all the court. The second day Anthony Kingston and Richard Cromwell were made knights there. The third day of May the said challengers did tourney on horseback with swords, and against them came forty-nine defendants—Sir John Dudley and the Earl of Surrey running first, which at the first course lost their gauntlets; and that day Sir Richard Cromwell overthrew Master Palmer and his horse in the field, to the great honour of the challengers. The fifth of May the challengers fought on foot at the barriers, and against them came fifty defendants, which fought valiantly; but Sir Richard Cromwell overthrew that day at the barriers Master Culpepper in the field; and the sixth day the challengers brake up their household. In this time of their housekeeping they had not only feasted the king, queen, ladies, and all the court, as it is afore showed, but also they cheered all the knights and burgesses of the common house in the parliament, and entertained the Mayor of London, with the aldermen and their wives, at a dinner, etc. The king gave to every of the said challengers and their heirs for ever, in reward of their valiant activity, one hundred marks and a house to dwell in, of yearly revenue, out of the lands pertaining to the hospital of St John of Jerusalem, which he had confiscated.”

From the merry-makings of “bluff King Hal” we turn to the more sober employment of Durham

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

House. Here, in 1550, were lodged the French ambassador to Edward VI., Mons de Chastillon, and his colleagues, the house being “furnished with hangings of the kings for the nonce.” In this year, also, Edward VI. granted Durham House for life, or until she was otherwise advanced, to the Lady Elizabeth, afterwards Queen Elizabeth; but, “in some way, it passed from the Princess to Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and was the principal London house when Edward VI. died.” I do not think that it is very difficult to account for the transition. During the short reign of Edward VI., we find it stated in Pennant that “the mint was established in this house, under the management of Sir William Sharrington, and the influence of the aspiring Thomas Seymour, lord admiral. Here he proposed to have money enough coined to accomplish his designs on the throne. His practices were detected, and he suffered death. His tool was also condemned; but, sacrificing his master to his own safety, received a pardon, and was again employed under the administration of John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland.”

This, I must confess, is a trifle vague. Sir William Sharrington, or Sherington—Pennant’s Sharrington—vice-treasurer of the mint at Bristol, assisted in the plots of Thomas Seymour, baron Seymour of Sudeley, and was arrested and attainted, but subsequently pardoned. He was sheriff of

14

LADY JANE GREY

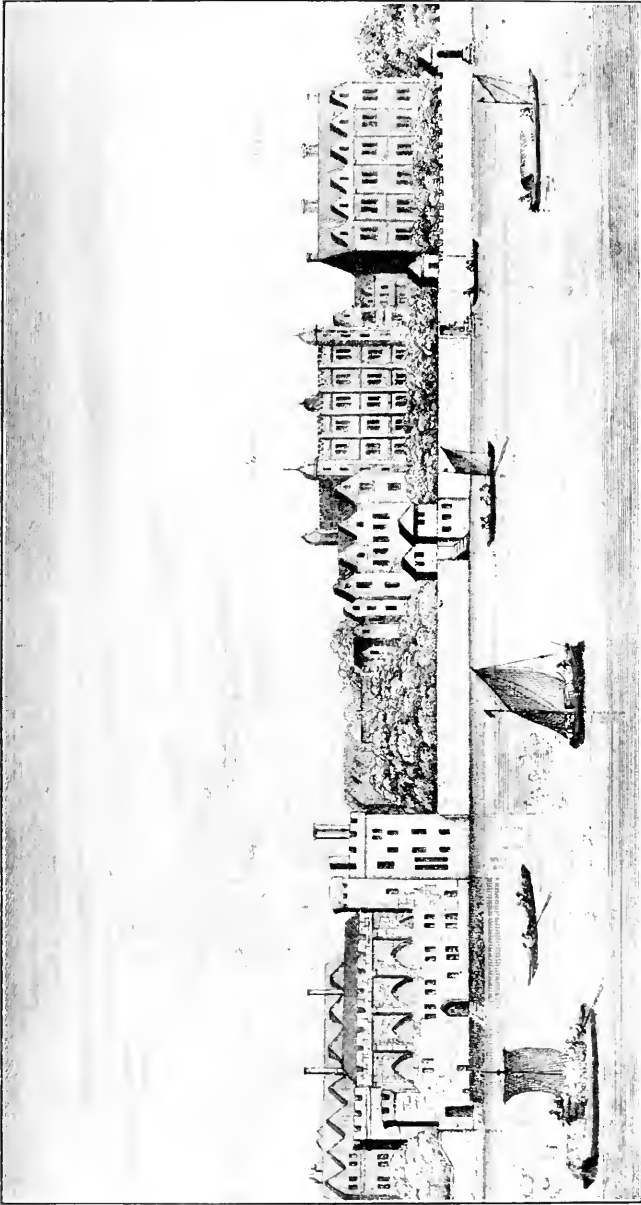
Wiltshire in 1552, and he died in 1553. Seymour was found guilty of treason and executed in 1549, the second year of King Edward VI. Is it not possible that the Duke of Northumberland received Durham House in reward for his discovery there of the illegal mint? Be this as it may, it certainly was the residence of John Dudley in May, 1553—the year of Edward's death. To quote once more from Pennant: the Duke of Northumberland, in the month mentioned, “in this palace, caused to be solemnised, with great magnificence, three marriages—his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, with the amiable Lady Jane Grey; Lord Herbert, heir to the Earl of Pembroke, with Catherine, younger sister of Lady Jane; and Lord Hastings, heir to the Earl of Huntingdon, with his youngest daughter, Lady Catherine Dudley. From hence he dragged the reluctant victim, his daughter-in-law, to the Tower, there to be invested with regal dignity. In eight short months his ambition led the sweet innocent to the nuptial bed, the throne, and the scaffold.” It is, indeed, sad to think of the marriage rejoicings of Durham House turned so speedily and so sadly into the sojourn in the dreaded Tower and the execution of the bride-queen of seventeen summers.

On the accession of Mary, Durham House was restored to Bishop Tunstall, but Queen Elizabeth acquired it in 1559, the year of Tunstall's death.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

“The queen,” said Bishop Goodman (1583–1656), in his *Court of James I.*, “did not spare Cuthbert Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, though some will not stick to say that he was her god-father; which, if he were not, it is most certain that he was then present and did officiate at her christening. But I think he was her god-father, because I am certain he gave her Durham House in the Strand to dwell in, which she kept during her life, and did not restore it to his successors, but suffered Sir Walter Raleigh to live there. I remember when the Bishop of Durham in the queen’s time came up to Parliament, he was fain to hire my schoolmaster’s house” (Camden’s) “in Westminster to lodge in.” It is a pity that we cannot agree with Goodman on this point, but, at the time of Elizabeth’s christening, 1533, Tunstall was faithful to the Catholic dogma. It is also to be noted that Shakespeare makes the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cranmer, pronounce the blessing on the infant Elizabeth in *King Henry VIII.*

From Queen Elizabeth we obtain a picture of two of the most distinguished of the literary occupants of Durham House—Philip Sidney and Walter Raleigh. In March, 1567–1568, Sir Henry Sidney writes from it to Archbishop Parker for permission to eat meat in Lent for “my boy Philip Sidney, who is somewhat subject to sickness.” The future soldier, statesman, and poet was then but a



Hollcutt

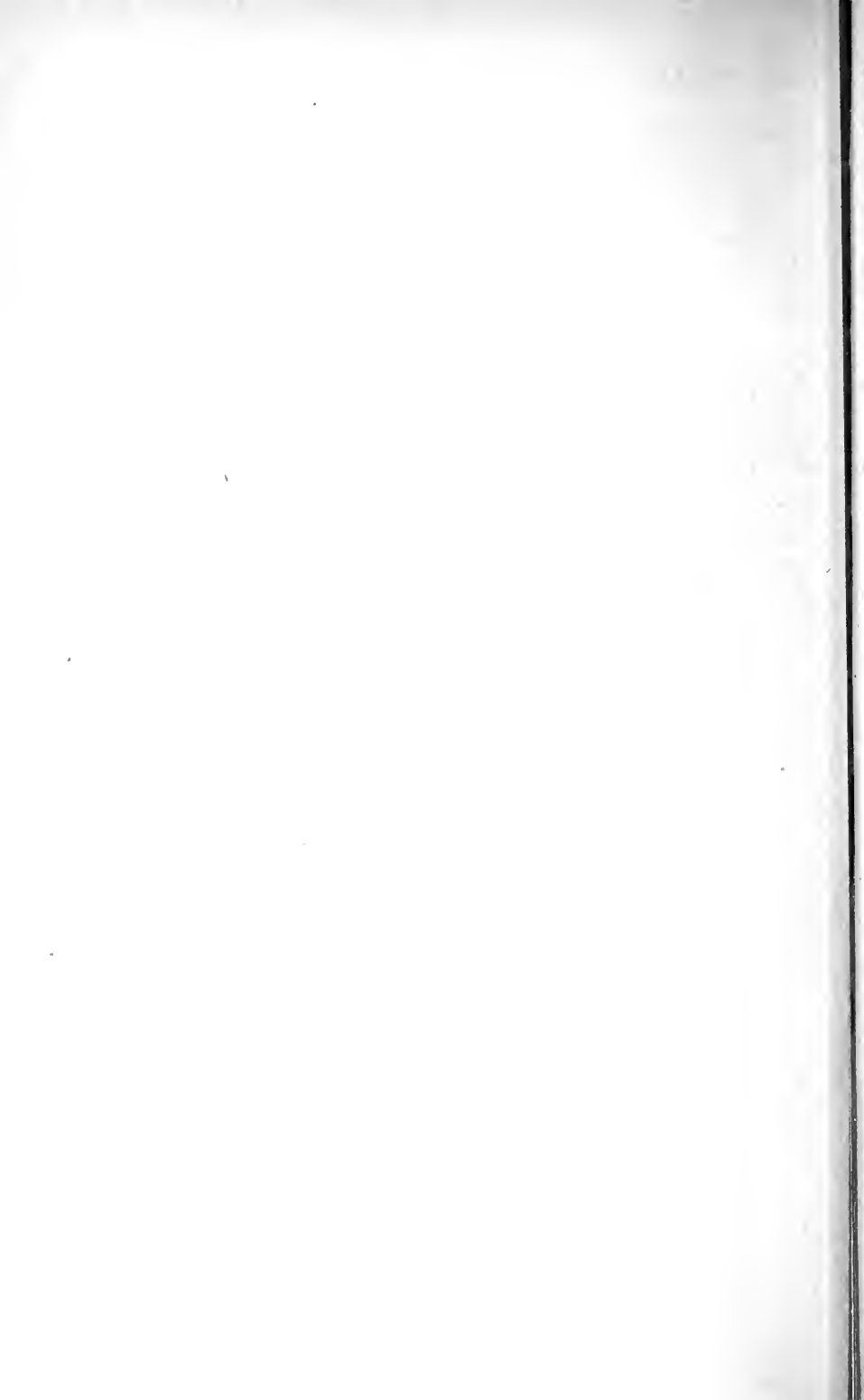
DURHAM HOUSE.

SALISBURY HOUSE.

WORCESTER HOUSE.

[1630.]

[To face p. 10.]



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

child of thirteen, and his presence there is one of the treasured memories of Durham House.

Sir Walter Raleigh was given the use of Durham House in 1583, and he held it until his fall from favour in 1603. A picturesque glimpse of him is afforded by Aubrey, the antiquary, who, although he was not born until eight years after Raleigh's death, knew the Durham House of that period. It was "a noble palace," he says. "After he" (Raleigh) "came to his greatness, he lived there, or in some apartment of it. I well remember his study, which was on a little turret that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect which is as pleasant perhaps as any in the world."¹ Many a time and oft did the young favourite of the queen set out from Durham House, by water, for the court of Elizabeth, and it is not inconceivable that Elizabeth, in her royal barge, should have journeyed on more than one occasion from her palace at Westminster to Raleigh's residence on the Thames. For, during his early years here, Raleigh was in high favour. Then there came the influence of the new favourite, Essex, Raleigh's intrigue with Elizabeth Throgmorton, the queen's jealousy, and his commitment to the Tower. He then settled at Sherbonne, and in 1595, 1596, and 1597, he was abroad on various expeditions. But he appears to have retained possession of Durham House until the end

¹ Aubrey, vol. iii., p. 513.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

of Elizabeth's reign—1603. In that year Tobias Mathew, the then Bishop of Durham, set forth the claim of his see to the place, and Raleigh, in a letter of remonstrance, states that he had been in possession of the house for about twenty years, and that he had expended some two thousand pounds upon it, out of his own purse. But James I. and the Council, on May 25 of that year, recognised the right of the see of Durham, and restored the house to the successors of Bishop Hatfield.

Raleigh's letter, directed "to the Right Honorabell my verie good Lords, the Lorde Keeper of the Great Seale and my Lorde Chiefe Justice of England, and to my verie good friende, His Majesties Atturney Generall," is as follows:—"I received a warrant from your lordships, my Lorde Keeper and my Lorde Chiefe Justice, and signed also by Mr Atturney Generall, requiringe me to deliver the possession of Deram House to the Byshoppe of Deram or to his Atturney before the xxiiiith day of June next insuing, and that the stabells and gardens should be presentlie putt into his hands. . . . This letter seemeth to me verie strange, seeinge I have had the possession of the house almost xx yeares, and have bestowed well neare 2000 L. upon the same out of myne owne purse. I am of opinion that if the King's Majesty had recovered this house, or the like, from the meanest gentleman and sarvannt hee had in Ing-

18

BARON ELLESMERE

lande, that His Majestye would have geven six monenthys tyme for the avoydance, and I doo not know but the poorest artificer in London hath a quarter's warninge geven him by his landlord. I have made provision for 40 persons in the springe . . . and now to cast out my hay and oates into the streates att an hour's warninge, and to remove my famyly and staff in 14 dayes after, is such a seveare expulsion as hath not bynn offered to any man before this daye."

It is more than likely that Raleigh wrote several of his poems in Durham House. His *Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of the Azores* (1591), and his *Discovery of the Empire of Guiana* (1596), were published during his tenure of Durham House. Raleigh was Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and, as such, many cases were brought before him here, the most celebrated of them being that of *Glanville v. Courtney*, which was heard at divers stages in 1591 and subsequent years, Thomas Egerton (afterwards Baron Ellesmere), and Viscount Brackley, lord chancellor, being counsel on one occasion. In 1600, when Raleigh was away in Jersey, where he had been appointed governor, some of the out-buildings of Durham House were destroyed by fire, and this was the beginning of the end of the magnificence which had for so long attended this palace on Thames-side.

Oldys, in his *Life of Raleigh*, has described the

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

“stalwart, sour-faced” statesman during his residence at Durham House, as attired in a suit of clothes surmounted by jewels to the value of six thousand six hundred gold pieces. The well-known story of Raleigh’s first pipe applies—if there is any truth in the legend—to the time when he resided here. In 1586, Drake brought tobacco to England from Virginia. It is said that one day Raleigh’s servant, carrying a tankard of spiced ale to Raleigh in his study in the turret, found his master on fire, as he thought, and, dropping the vessel, rushed for assistance, shouting that his master “would be burnt to ashes if they did not run to his assistance.” Another version is that the clown dashed the ale over his master’s head. Be this as it may, the early use of tobacco is intimately associated with Durham House, for, as is well known, Raleigh smoked as he worked.

CHAPTER II

The New Exchange—The Earl of Salisbury proprietor—Opened by James I.—Popular Allusions—The First Edition of *Othello* published Here—Samuel Pepys a Frequent Visitor—Henry Herringman—Otway—Etherege—Wycherley—Dryden—Addison—Durham House in Decay—Acquired by the Earl of Pembroke—Various Public Offices in Durham Yard—Charles II. helps to extinguish a Fire Here—Archbishop Le Tellier—Godfrey Kneller—David Garrick, wine merchant—Dr Johnson—Voltaire—Murder in the New Exchange.

LEAVING for a moment Sir Walter Raleigh in his vain endeavour to uphold his claim to Durham House, let us glance at the Strand portion of the establishment. It teems with romance and literary interest. The stabling, which looked upon the Strand, had fallen into decay, and, early in the reign of James I., it was converted by Robert, Lord Salisbury, into the New Exchange. Its frontage extended from the present George Court to Durham House Street. The foundation stone was laid on June 10, 1608, and, in the following July, as we find from the State Papers, "The New Burse proceeds apace."

The allusion in the State Papers was due to a

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

letter which the Lord Mayor had written, on June 30, to the Lord Treasurer, enclosing a petition from the shopkeepers of the Royal Exchange “concerning a building in course of erection at Durham House in the Strand,” which they considered was meant to be employed as “a Pawne or Exchange for the sale of things usually uttered in the Royal Exchange, and which, being situated near to Whitehall and in the highway, would be injurious not only to the shopkeepers and citizens at large,” but would tend to the destruction of trade. Another authority says: “The new Bourse at Durham House goes up apace, where the Citizens, and especially the Exchange men, begin to grumble . . . and thereupon have made a petition to the Lord Mayor to provide *ne quid detrimenti republica capiet*.”¹ Scant notice, if any, was taken of this petition from the City, and the building of Britain’s Bourse proceeded without hindrance. The Exchange consisted of four separate places: the Outward Walk below Stairs; the Inner Walk below Stairs; the Outward Walk above Stairs; and the Inner Walk above Stairs. Its opening, on April 11, 1609, was graced by the presence of James I. and his queen, “when,” according to Anthony Munday, the poet and playwright and literary executor of Stow, whose *Survey* he produced in 1618, “it pleased his most excellent

¹ *Court and Times of James I.*, Birch, vol. i., p. 75.

EARL OF SALISBURY

Majesty, because the work wanted a name, to entitle it Britain's Burse."

Stow also says: "Now to speak somewhat of later time concerning this Durham House, it was well knowne and observed, for how many yeers I know not, that the outward part belonging thereto, and standing North from the houses, was but a low row of Stables, old, ruinous, ready to fall, and very unsightly, in so public a passage to the Court at Westminster. Upon which consideration, or some more especial respect in the mind of the right honourable Robert, Earl of Salisbury, Lord High Treasurer of England: it pleased him to take such order in the matter, that (at his owne cost and charges), that deformed row of Stabling was quite altered, by the erection of a very goodly and beautiful building instead thereof, and in the very same place. Some shape of the modelling, though not in all respects alike, was after the fashion of the Royall Exchange in London, with Sellers underneath, a walk fairly paved above it, and Rowes of Shops above, as also one beneath answerable in manner to the other and intended for the like trades and mysteries.

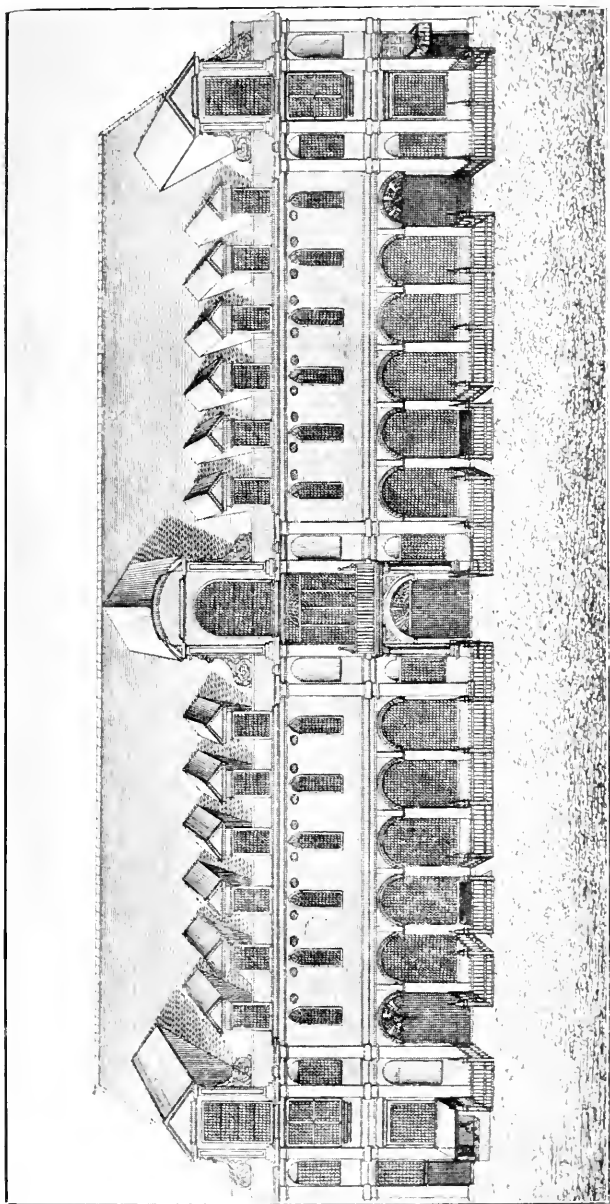
"The work was not long in the taking down, nor in the erection againe: for the first stone was laid on the 10. day of June, 1608, and also was fully finished in the next ensuing November after. Also, on Tuesday, being the 10. day of April

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

following, divers of the upper shops were adorned in rich and beautiful manner, with wares most curious to please the eye; so ordered against his Majesties comming thither, to give a name to so good a building. On the day following, it pleased his highnesse, with the Queene, prince, the Duke of Yorke, and the Lady Elizabeth to come thither, attended on by many great Lords and choise Ladies. Concerning their entertainment there, though I was no eye-witnesse thereof, yet I know the ingenuity and mind of the Nobleman to be such, as nothing should want to welcome so great an expectation. And therefore, what variety of devices, pleasing speeches, rich gifts and presents as then flew bountifully abroad, I will rather referre to your imagination, than any way come short of, by an imperfect narration. Only this I adde, that it then pleased his most excellent Majestie, because the worke wanted a name before, to entitle it *Britaines Bursse*, or *Busse*.”¹

A most interesting description of the Royal visit, on the occasion of the opening of the Exchange, was given by Marc' Antonio Correr, the Venetian Ambassador in England, in a letter of May 6, 1609, to the Doge and Senate of Venice. The original document is preserved in the Venetian archives, and the following is a translation: “Hard by the Court, the Earl of Salisbury has built two

¹ Stow, ed. 1633, pp. 494-5.

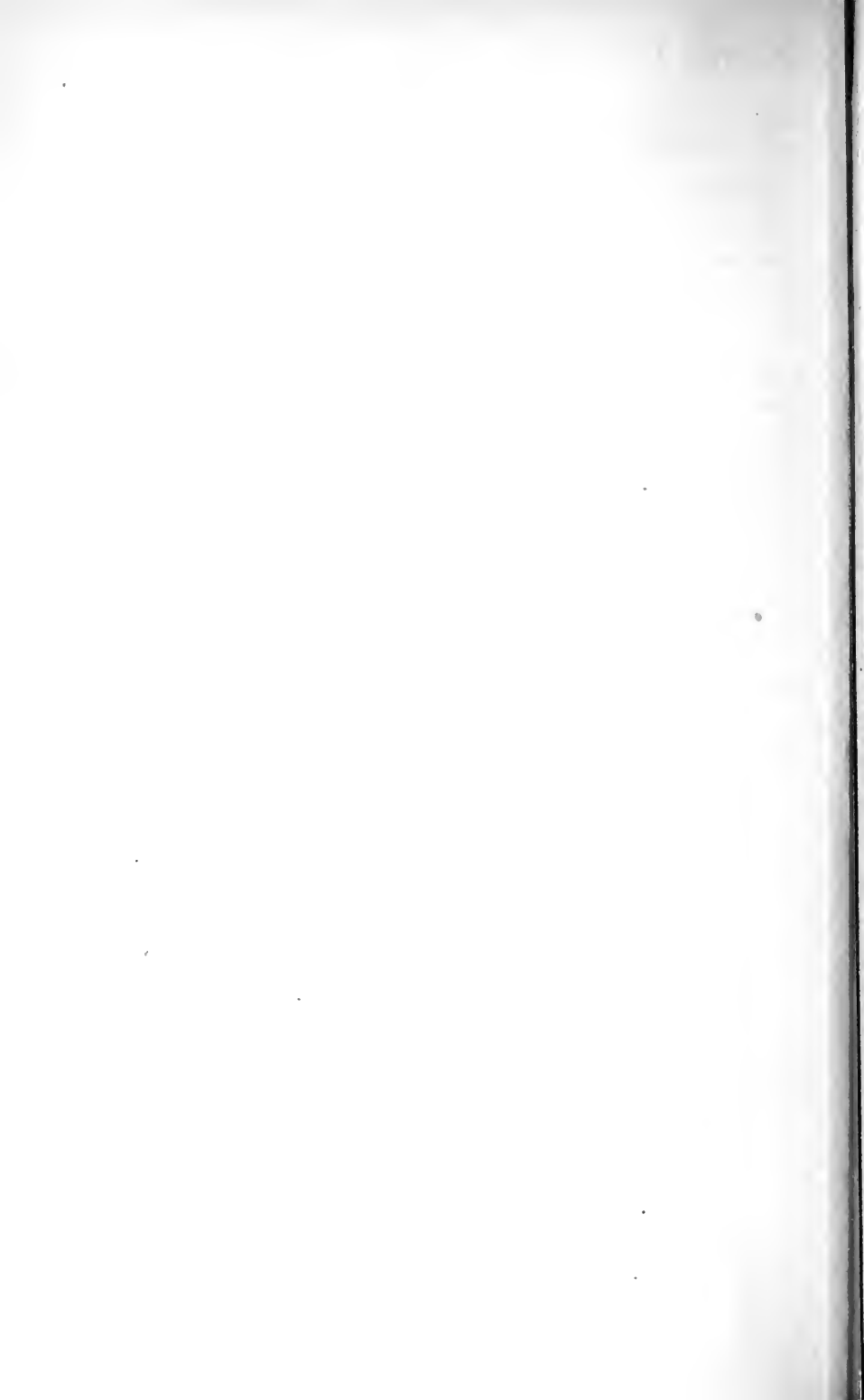


John Herring sculp.

THE NEW EXCHANGE, STRAND.

147

179, June 18, 1844.



JAMES I.

great galleries, decorated, especially outside, with much carving and sculpture. Inside each of these galleries, on either hand, are rows of shops for the sale of all kinds of goods. These will bring in an immense revenue. Last month, he took the King, the Queen, and the Princes to see them. He has fitted up one of the shops very beautifully, and over it ran the motto: 'All other places give for money, here all is given for love.' To the King he gave a Cabinet, to the Queen a silver plaque of the Annunciation, worth, they say, four thousand crowns. To the Prince, he gave a horse's trappings of great value, nor was there any one of the Suite who did not receive at the very least a gold ring."

The Exchange is thus described by Strype: "In the place where certain old stables stood belonging to this house is the New Exchange, being furnished with shops on both sides the walls, both below and above stairs, for milleners, sempstresses, and other trades, that furnish dresses; and is a place of great resort and trade for the nobility and gentry, and such as have occasion for such commodities."¹

The connection of the Earl of Salisbury with the New Exchange, and, incidentally, with the Durham House property, is somewhat curious. As already observed, there had been a fire in part of the

¹ Strype, B. VI., p. 75.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

buildings, in 1600, and, as Salisbury House was adjacent, the neighbouring ruins must have been an unpleasant prospect for the "crook-backed" and thrifty earl. So he bought the Strand part of the ground from Sir Tobie Matthew (1577-1655), who had secured from his father, Bishop Matthew, "an interest in certain outlying portions of Durham House and its purlieus, which was valuable enough to be purchased by Robert Cecil, in the year following the Bishop's translation to York, for the sum of 1200 L." This was in 1607, and, in 1609, he obtained a lease of the courtyard of Durham House, the rest of the property remaining in the possession of the see of Durham until 1630. Cecil, who had been created Earl of Salisbury by James I. in 1605, was in high favour with the King at this period, so that he was able to reply to the petition of the citizens against his building of the Exchange "that Westminster being the place where he was born and of his abode, he sees not but that he may seek to benefit and beautify it" (J. Chamberlain to Dudley Carleton). At the same time, he seems to have behaved fairly enough in another matter, for on September 25, 1609, the then Bishop of Durham, William James, wrote to Thomas Wilson, Lord Salisbury's steward, thanking the Earl for causing stables to be built for him at Durham House, and requesting the delivery of the key to his servant "in order that hay and straw

THOMAS DUFFET

may be provided there, against his coming up to Parliament."

The New Exchange was never a great rival of the old—the Royal—Exchange, and, in 1623, only fourteen years after its opening, there were rumours that it was to be converted into dwelling-houses. "Lady Hatton," it was stated, "is said to have bought Britain's Burse for £6000, and means to make the upper part her dwelling-house; the lower part lets for £320 a year." The rumour was wrong, however, for the place, although it fell into disrepute, existed until nearly the middle of the seventeenth century—until, as a matter of fact, 1737. Its most flourishing period was during the Restoration, when London had doubled in population as compared with the reign of James I., and Covent Garden was the fashionable quarter. There is hardly a dramatist of Charles II.'s time whose works do not contain some reference to it, while one of the playwrights, Thomas Duffet, had been a milliner in this very place before he took to burlesquing Dryden, D'Avenant, and the contemporary writers. The Grand Duke Cosmo gives an accurate picture of the place as it was in Charles II.'s time: "We went to see the New Exchange, which is not far from the place of the Common Garden, in the great street called the Strand. The building has a façade of stone, built after the Gothic style, which has lost its colour from age

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

and become blackish. It contains two long and double galleries, one above the other, in which are distributed, in several rows, great numbers of very rich shops of drapers and mercers filled with goods of every kind, and with manufactures of the most beautiful description. These are for the most part under the care of well-dressed women, who are busily employed in work, although many are served by young men called apprentices.”¹

The stage has a great claim upon the history of the Adelphi, not only by reason of Garrick’s residence here, but because the first edition of *Othello* was published within its precincts. This was in 1622, six years after Shakespeare’s death, and a year before the issue of the first folio. The title-page of this quarto is as follows :

THE
TRAGÆDY OF OTHELLO,
THE MOORE OF VENICE.

As it hath beene diverse times acted at the
Globe, and at the Black Friers, by
His Maiesties Servants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

London,

Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are
to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child,
in Brittans Bursse.

1622.

¹ *Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*, vol. iii., p. 296.

HENRY HERRINGMAN

A player and publisher of plays, Will Cademan, lived at the Pope's Head, in the Lower Walk. Samuel Pepys was a visitor to the New Exchange on several occasions. On June 22, 1668, the diarist went to the King's play-house and saw "an act or two" of Dryden's comedy, *An Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer*, but "liked it not. Calling this day at Herringman's, he tells me Dryden do himself call it but a fifth-rate play." Henry Herringman, who was the principal publisher in London before Jacob Tonson, had his shop "At the Sign of the Blue Anchor" in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. Here, in 1679, was published Horace's *Art of Poetry*, "made English" by the Right Hon. the Earl of Roscommon. Otway, in the character of Mrs Furnish, in *The Atheist, or the Soldier's Fortune*, first acted in 1682, gives a good idea of the cries in the Upper Walk of the New Exchange: "Gloves or ribands, sir? Very good gloves or ribands. Choice of fine essences." The Strand houses near the Exchange were let to "country gentlewomen newly come to town, who loved to lodge in the very centre of fashion." Pert, in Sir George Etherege's comedy, *The Man of Mode* (1676), says: "That place is never without a nest of 'em. They are always, as one goes by, glaring in balconies or staring out of windows." In another play by the same author, *She Would if She Could* (1668), and

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

The Country Wife (1675) of Wycherley, scenes are laid in the New Exchange. Dryden, who was well acquainted with the place, makes Mrs Brain-sick escape from her husband by pretending to call at her tailor's here "to try her stays for a new gown."

Such a place, in such an age, was bound to deteriorate. In Addison's day, the gallants of the town spent much of their time in lounging about the stalls and indulging in ribald talk. "I have long letters," he says in the *Spectator*, "both from the Royal and New Exchange on the" subject of the indecent licenses taken in discourse. "They tell me that a young Fop cannot buy a Pair of Gloves, but he is at the same time straining for some Ingenious Ribaldry to say to the young Woman who helps them on. It is no small Addition to the Calamity, that the Rogues buy as hard as the plainest and modestest Customers they have; besides which, they loll upon their Counters half an Hour longer than they need, to drive away other Customers, who are to share their Impertinencies with the Milliner, or go to another Shop."¹

The rules for the conduct of the New Exchange are very curious. Under the heading of Orders for ye Burse, and dated November, 1609, they are printed in the *State Papers*.² They are as

¹ *The Spectator*, No. 155.

² *Domestic*, James I., vol. xlix., p. 5.

RULES FOR BRITAIN'S BURSE

follows:—"Imprimis no shop to be lett within ye said new building to any art, trade, science, or mistery, other than these following or such as shal bee noe annoyance to ye rest of ye shopkeepers ther, and allowed by writting under ye hand of the right hon^{ble} the Erle of Salisbury lord Treasurer of England, that is to say, Haberdashers of hatts, Haberdashers of smale wares, stockinsellers, Linedrapers, Seamsters, Goldsmiths or Juellers but not to worke with hammer, such as sell china wares, Milliners, Perfumers, Si(1)ck-merciers, Tyremakers or Hoodmakers stationers Booksellers Confectioners, such as sell picktures, mapps or prints, Girdelers &c.

"Item no shopkeeper to open shop on Christenmas day the Purification of the blessed virgin Easter hollidaies Whitson-hollidaies The nativity of S^t Jo. Baptist the feast day of All saints nor upon any sabboth day throughe out ye whole yeare.

"Item from ye 25 day of March till ye 29 of September the dores & windowes to bee opened by 6 in ye morning & to bee shut by 8 att night: & from ye 29 of September till ye 25 of March, ye dores to bee open by seven in ye morning and shutt by seaven att night. These houres to bee duly kept except it bee upon some speciall occasion agreed on by the shopkeepers, or ye greater part of them.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

“ Item my lord to mentione one sufficient man of honest & good report to bee housekeeper to make cleane & sweepe the house as often as shal be needfull & to watch or keepe some to watch in ye nights & to see to the opening and shutting of ye dores, every shopkeeper in ye house allowing him 2^s by ye yeare.

“ Item all ye dores saving one to bee made fast on ye Inner syde & that one to have 3 locks and 3 keyes whereof the howskeeper to have one & the other 2 to bee kept by 2 of the Tenants quarterly & they to see ye shutting in of ye house themselves or in theyr absence to appoint some other.

“ These 2 men to be chosen by ye shopkeepers & they to collect ye forfeitures herafter imposed and mentioned.

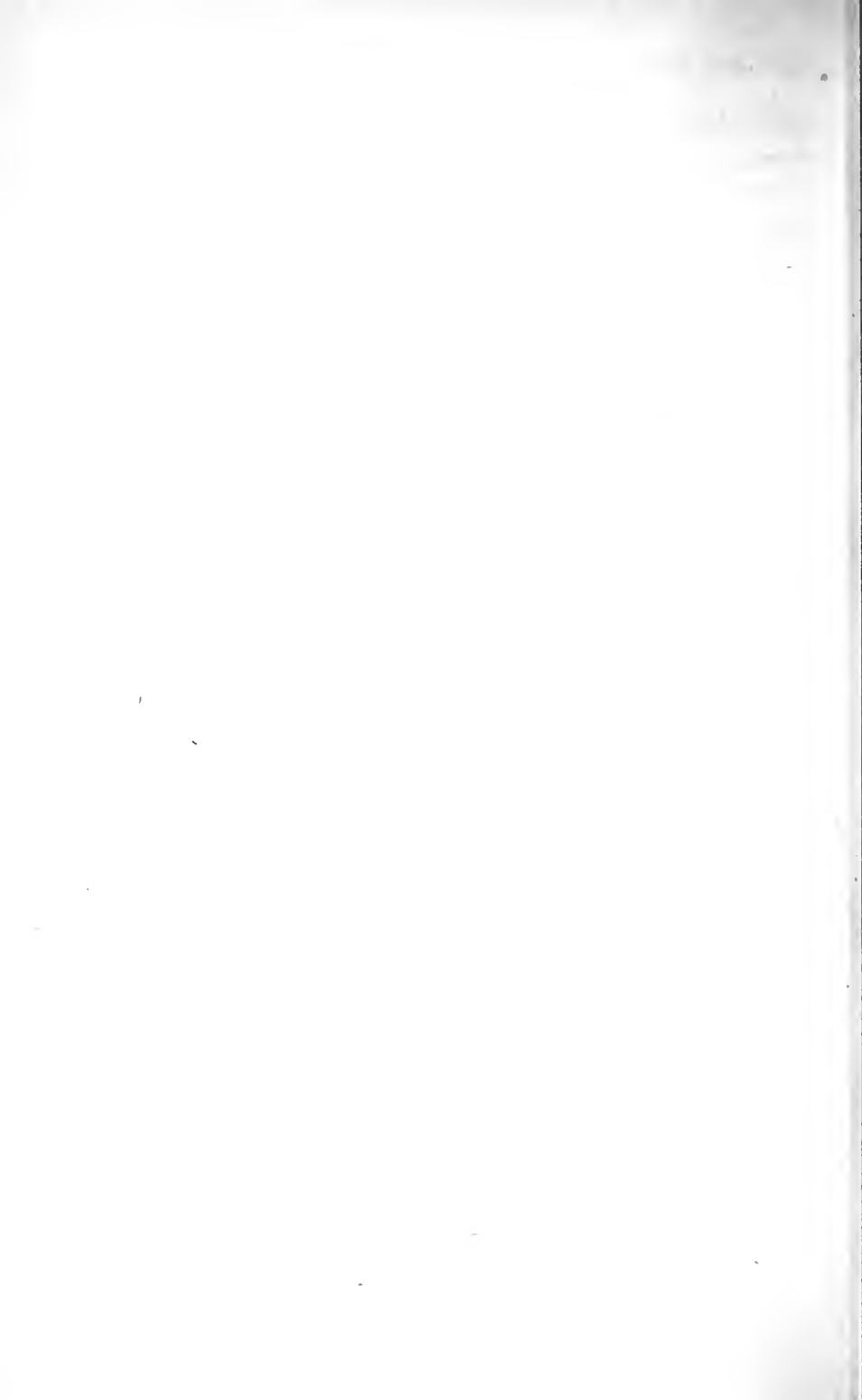
“ Item a bell to bee kept & maintained within the said new building by the said Erle & the same to bee rong by the howskeeper att xj of ye clock before dinner and half an howre before ye shopkeepers are to shutt up their shops att night & att ye ringing thereof in ye evening every one to sweepe forth his shop & then ye houskeeper to sweepe & make cleane ye whole house, upon payne of every one that shall make default to forfait 4^d for every default which shal be employed to ye use of ye pore, where and when ye Tenants of ye house shall think fitt.

“ Item a paire of stocks or some other publique



Benjamin Green

THE BUILDINGS, CALLED THE ADEPHEI, 1777.



RULES FOR BRITAIN'S BURSE

punishment for such as shal be taken pilfering or stealing to be mayntained by the said Erle.

“Item no man to forstall his neighbour eyther by hanging forth any thing or setting forth in his stalle upon payne of forfeiture of 5^s for every default to bee levyd to ye use aforesaid.

“Item no man to call any man that is buying or selling from an other mans stall, or to pull or hale any man as he cometh by to buy or sell as hee is going along by his stall upon payne to forfait for every offence 15^d which shal be likewise levyd & employed to ye use of ye poore.

“Item if any strife or contention shal hapen betwixt any of the Tenants ye same to bee referred to 4 or 6 of ye rest to bee ended & both parties to stand to their award, hee that refuseth to pay for a forfeiture 40^s which shal be likewise employed to ye use afforesaid.

“Item no signe that shal be hanged out to hang furdur out into ye walk then another.

“Item wheras many Maisters are not resident there, by means wherof there is great disorder by servants & apprentizes viz. hunting of doggs with greate noise & howling, playing att foyles & cudgles stricking ye balle (which breaketh ye windowes) buffitting & fighting one with another, to ye greate reproache of ye place & hinderance of traders there, bee it therfore by consent of my lord & every one of us confirmed that if herafter any

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

servant or apprentize in any of the ranges wher shopps bee do comitt any such disorders that then the M^r of such person or personnes so offending shall uppon complaint made by ye 2 houskeepers for the tyme being in some private roome in the Burse appointed for the said purpose correct or beate their said servantes, in ye presence of ye said 2 houskeepers, or ells to pay presently for every offender 12 to the use afforesaide.

“ Item if any shopkeepers eyther Maisters of (or ?) M^{rs} do braule scould or rayle on one an other with reproachfull words or speeches, to the ill example of their servants, amazment of passengers & to the greate disgrace of themselves & thier nieghbors than then both & so many personnes so offending shall pay for every defalt 2^s 6^d ells to have their theyr (*sic*) signe taken downe by the 2 howskeepers for one weeke that such scould or scoulds may not be noted nor the Burse disgraced.

“ Item that if any do throw or powre out into the walk or range or outt att any of the windowes any noysome thing &c. that then that person so offending shall pay for every default xij^d if it bee a servant then to have correction as afforesaid or theyr M^r or M^{rs} to pay 6^d for theyr default.

“ Item that all and every shopkeeper shall subscrib to these orders that for the good of the house they may be performed without partiallity, and that some course may bee to force the breakers

34

THE SEE OF DURHAM

of them to pay theyr fynes wee humbly entreate may be taken.

“Item if any sell or offer to sell any ware in the howse except it bee to a shopkeeper the same party so offending to bee sett in the stockes for 2 howres and to have his wares taken from him to bee kept for a tyme to ye discretion of ye house or to be delivered to ye party offending as they shall thinke good.

“Item my lord to find lights for the stairs and walkes his Executors and assignes.

“Item whosoever of the Tenants shall keepe ye key of ye dores if the key bee not there ready by 6 a clock in ye morning they shall forfeit for every default viij^d to bee employed to ye use afforesaid.

“Those things which ye keeper of ye Burse must have care of appointed by my lord att the erection thereof.

“To suffer none to fetch watter by ye staires or walks or carry coals or other carying by ye watter gate to any of ye neighbours in ye streete but only for the shopkeepers howses save M^r Wilsons.

“To be obeydient to M^r Wilson’s command in all things concerning ye said buisines.”

Returning to Durham House, we recall that, on the death of Queen Elizabeth, the property was restored to the see of Durham and that Lord Salisbury had become possessed of the Strand

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

portion. The history shortly after this period is not particularly clear, for, although on February 16, 1612, we find that the aforesaid William James, Bishop of Durham, wrote to Lord Salisbury thanking him for his "honourable dealings in the purchase of Durham House," on the other hand, John Howson, who was Bishop of Durham from 1628 to the year of his death, 1632, was residing here two years prior to his decease. The "honourable dealings," of course, related to that part of the grounds and stabling of Durham House which had been transferred to Lord Salisbury in 1607 and 1609. Durham House itself fell into decay in the middle of the seventeenth century. It—or a portion of it—was inhabited by Lord-Keeper Coventry, who died here in 1640.

Part of the ground was acquired by Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, in consideration of his payment to the see of Durham of £200 per annum, the grant being confirmed by Act of Parliament in 1640. And, according to Strype, "It was by his son built into tenements or houses, as now they are standing, being a handsome street descending down out of the Strand." This was Durham Yard, which ran down to the river, and is now covered by the buildings on the west side of the Adelphi. In 1667-1668, the office of Commissioners for Accounts was in Durham Yard, and we get an interesting word-picture

SAMUEL PEPYS

of it from the pages of Samuel Pepys. On January 31, "Up," he recorded, "by coach, with W. Griffin with me, and our Contract-books, to Durham Yard, to the Commissioners for Accounts; the first time I ever was there; and staid awhile before I was admitted to them. I did observe a great many people attending about complaints of seamen concerning tickets, and among others Mr Carcasse, and Mr Martin, my purser. And I observe a fellow, one Collins, is there, who is employed by these Commissioners particularly to hold an office in Bishopsgate Street, or somewhere thereabouts, to receive complaints of all people about tickets; and I believe he will have work enough. Presently I was called in, where I found the whole number of Commissioners, and was there received with great respect and kindness; and did give them great satisfaction, making it my endeavour to inform them what it was they were to expect from me, and what was the duty of other people; this being my only way to preserve myself, after all my pains and trouble. They did ask many questions, and demanded other books of me, which I did give them very ready and acceptable answers to; and, upon the whole, I do observe they do go about their business like men resolved to go through with it, and in a very good method, like men of understanding. They have Mr Jessop, their secretary; and it is pretty to see that they

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

are fain to find out an old-fashioned man of Cromwell's to do their business for them, as well as the Parliament to pitch upon such for the most part in the lowest of people that were brought into the House for Commissioners. I went away giving and receiving great satisfaction." Various other public offices were in Durham Yard at this period. In 1664, the Coal Meter's Office was here, and, in 1675, His Majesty's Office for granting wine licenses.

On April 26, 1669, Pepys records: "A great fire happened in Durham Yard last night, burning the house of one Lady Hungerford, who was to come to town to it this night; and so the house is burned, new furnished, by carelessness of the girl sent to take off a candle from a bunch of candles, which she did by burning it off, and left the rest, as it is supposed, on fire. The King and Court were here, it seems, and stopped the fire by blowing up the next house." The Merry Monarch, having stopped the fire in Durham Yard, was up betimes next morning and off to Newmarket.

Several other side-lights on the subject are furnished by Pepys. Thus, on February 1, 1663-1664, he notes that, "I hear how two men last night, justling for the wall about the New Exchange, did kill one another, each thrusting the other through; one of them of the King's Chapel, one Cave, and the other a retayner of my Lord Generall Middleton's." In the year of the Great Fire, 1666, he is

DEAN CROFTS

“ up by five o'clock ” on September 7, “ and, blessed be God! find all well; and by water to Pane's Wharfe. Walked thence, and saw all the towne burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St Fayth's; Paul's school also, Ludgate, and Fleet Street. My father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. So to Creed's lodging, near the New Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed; the house all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire's coming to them. There borrowed a shirt of him, and washed. To Sir W. Coventry, at St James's, who lay without curtains, having removed all his goods; as the King at White Hall, and everybody had done, and was doing.” Three months later, the “ very good newes is just come of our four ships from Smyrna, come safe without convoy even into the Downes, without seeing any enemy; which is the best, and, indeed, only considerable good news to our Exchange since the burning of the City; and it is strange to see how it do cheer up men's hearts. Here I saw shops now come to be in this Exchange; and met little Batelier who sits here but at 3 L. per annum, whereas he sat at the other at 100 L.; which he says he believes will prove as good account to him now as the other did at that rent.”

Dean Crofts of Norwich and various others of some standing were living in Durham Yard in 1675,

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

and in that year some waterworks, which are not to be confused with those of the York Buildings company, were established by Sir Robert Vyner and others. In 1677, Durham Yard had gone to ruin, and was notorious as a place of ill repute. In April of that year Le Tellier, Archbishop and Duke of Rheims, crossed the Channel in order to "treat about a marriage with the Lady Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, with the Dauphin." In some ribald verses by the libellous Anthony Wood (or, as he dubbed himself, Anthony à Wood, 1632-1695) we read that :

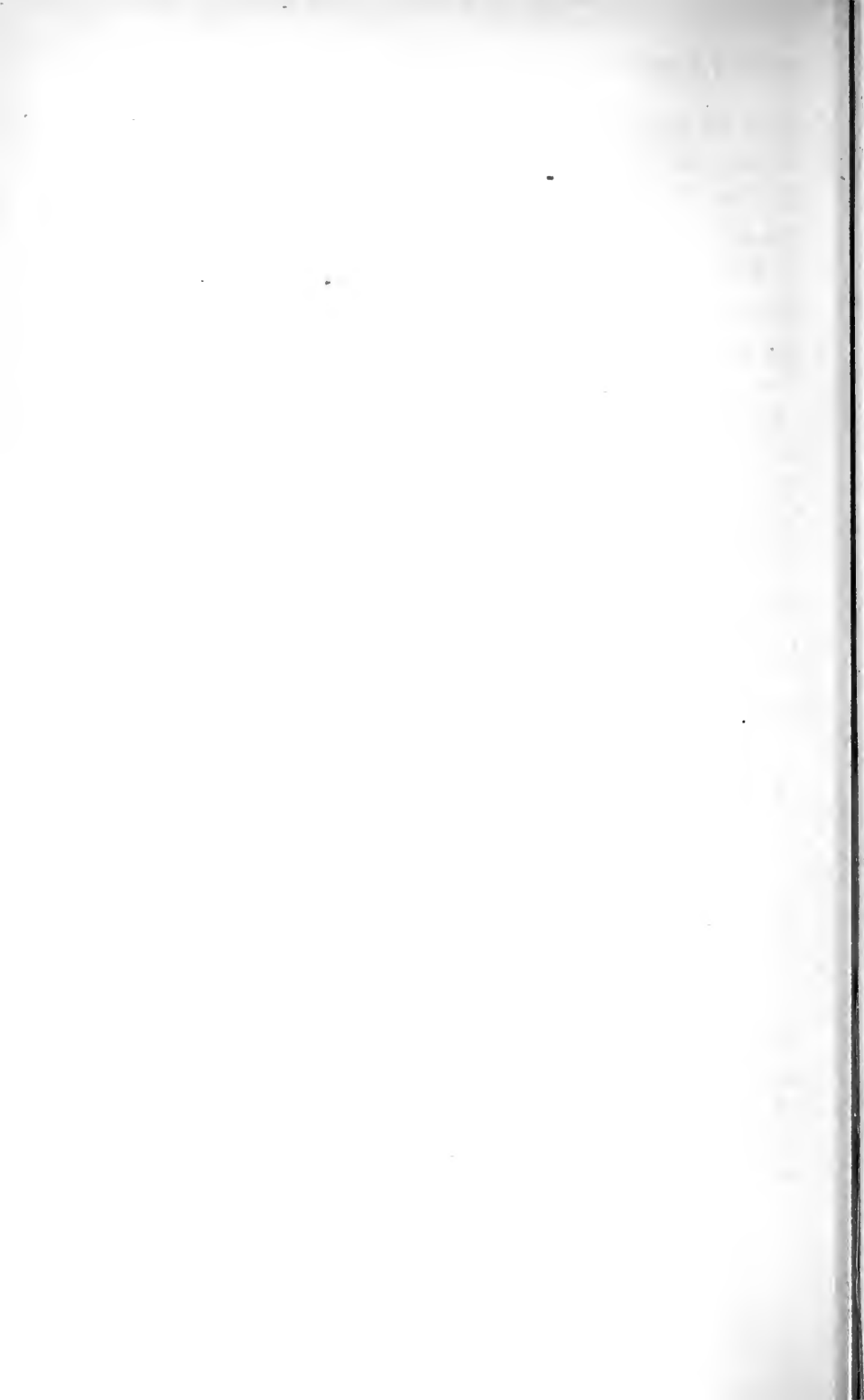
"The Bishop who from France came slowly o'er
Did go to Betty Beaulie's"—

this Betty being a person of notorious character who lived in Durham Yard. Dryden, in his 1667 comedy, *Sir Martin Marrall*, makes Lady Dupe refer to Durham Yard as the customary landing-place for Covent Garden. And *The Tatler* of June 7, 1709, alludes to "a certain lady who left her coach at the New Exchange door in the Strand, and whipt down Durham Yard into a boat with a young gentleman for Fox Hall."

Durham Yard was the first residence in London (1675) of Godfrey Kneller. David Garrick and Samuel Johnson are closely connected with the place. It was here that the volatile Garrick, at the age of twenty-three, was in partnership with his brother, Peter, as a wine-merchant. I do not think



THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI.



VOLTAIRE

that he lived here, but, certainly, the brothers had their wine vaults in Durham Yard. But the union did not last long. "Peter was calm, sedate, and methodical; David was gay, volatile, and impetuous, and, perhaps, not so confined to regularity as his partner could have wished." Therefore, as Garrick's biographer, Thomas Davies, puts it, "to prevent the continuance of fruitless and daily altercation," friends intervened, and the partnership was dissolved amicably. Another most interesting memory of Durham Yard is associated with Garrick's friend, Samuel Johnson, who, at the time of the wine partnership, was living (March, 1741) "at the Black Boy over against Durham Yard"—this is not to be confused with Johnson's "garret," which was in Exeter Street, Strand. Samuel Foote, in his ill-natured way, used to say that he remembered "Davy" in Durham Yard "with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine merchant." Thanks to wine, we have another notable association with Durham Yard. Here was a wine merchant named Brisden, whose shop was frequented by Voltaire. On his return to France, Voltaire wrote to "Dear John," wishing him "good health and a quick sale to your Burgundy." He knew this neighbourhood well, for, during his abode in England, 1726-1729, he constantly visited his friend Congreve, the dramatist, in Surrey Street, Strand. Voltaire lodged in Maiden Lane, a

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

few yards from the Adelphi, over a French barber's shop, which was distinguished by the sign of the White Peruke. He was thoroughly familiar with English, and, on one occasion, a mob of roughs assailed him and twitted him for being—his appearance left no doubt as to his nationality—a “Frenchy.” Voltaire nimbly “mounted an adjacent doorstep and addressed the crowd in good English, extolling the liberty of England and the people. His speech was a success. The mob took on at once, and cheered him; eventually they mounted him on the shoulders of a couple of stout fellows and carried him in triumph to his lodgings. Never after that was he molested in his walks.”¹

Leigh Hunt, in *The Town*, describing Voltaire's visit to England, says that he wrote to Swift from Maiden Lane, in English, but that the language “seems a little too perfect.” There is a second letter to Swift “which looks more authentic. But there is no doubt that Voltaire, while in England, made himself such a master of the language as to be able to write in it with a singular correctness for a foreigner. He was then young. He had been imprisoned in the Bastille for a libel, came over here on his release; procured many subscriptions for the *Henriade*; published in English an essay on epic poetry, and remained some years, during which he became acquainted with

¹ Callow, *Old London Taverns*, p. 281.

VOLTAIRE

the principal men of letters—Pope, Congreve, and Young. He is said to have talked so indecently at Pope's table (probably no more than was thought decent by the belles in France) that the good old lady, the poet's mother, was obliged to retire. Objecting, at Lord Chesterfield's table, to the allegories of Milton, Young is said to have accosted him in the well-known couplet:

'Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou seem'st a Milton, with his Death and Sin.'

But this story has been doubted. Young, though not so thin, was as witty and profligate in his way as Voltaire; for, even when affecting a hermit-like sense of religion, he was a servile flatterer and preferment-hunter. The secret of the gloomy tone in his *Night-Thoughts* was his not having too much, and his missing a bishopric. This is the reason why the *Night-Thoughts* are overdone, and have not stood their ground. Voltaire left England with such a mass of subscriptions for his *Henriade* as laid the foundation of his fortunes, and with great admiration of English talent and genius, particularly that of Newton and Locke, which, with all his insinuations against our poetry, he took warm pains to extend and never gave up. He was fond to the last of showing he had not forgotten his English. Somebody telling him that Johnson had spoken well of his talents, he said, in English, 'He is a clever fellow'; but the gentle-

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

man observing that the doctor did not think well of his religion, he added, 'A superstitious dog.'"

An affair which had a tragic ending occurred in the New Exchange in 1653. The circumstances are fully related in the *State Papers*. In the winter of that year there came to England an ambassador from the King of Portugal, with a very splendid equipage; and in his retinue his brother, Don Pantaleon de Sa, a Knight of Malta, and "a gentleman of a haughty and imperious nature." One day in November, Don Pantaleon was walking with two friends in the Exchange, when a quarrel arose between them and a young English gentleman, named Gerard, who accused the Portuguese of speaking in French disparagingly of England. One of the Portuguese gave Mr Gerard the lie, and then began to jostle him; swords were drawn, and all three fell upon Gerard, and one of them stabbed him with his dagger in the shoulder. A few unarmed Englishmen interfered, separated the combatants, and got the Portuguese out of the Exchange, one of them with a cut upon his cheek.

On the next evening, Don Pantaleon came to take his revenge, accompanied by fifty followers; "two Knights of Malta led on by a Portuguese Captain in buff; all having generally double arms, swords and pistols, and coats of mail; two or three coaches brought ammunition, hand-grenades, and

MURDER IN THE EXCHANGE

bottles, and little barrels of powder and bullets ; and boats were provided ready at the water-side. They had resolved to fall upon every Englishman they should find in or about the Exchange. They entered all with drawn swords ; the people fled for shelter into the shops ; there were few Englishmen present, but of these four were severely wounded by the Portuguese." A Mr Greenaway, of Lincoln's Inn, was walking with his sister and a lady whom he was to have married. These he placed for safety in a shop ; he then went to see what was the matter, when the Portuguese, mistaking Greenaway for Gerard, gave the word, and he was killed by a pistol shot through the head. The crowd grew enraged, and Don Pantaleon and the Portuguese retreated to the house of embassy, caused the gates to be shut, and put all the servants in arms to defend it. Meanwhile the Horse Guard on duty had apprehended some of the Portuguese, and Cromwell sent Colonel Whaley in command, who pursued others to the ambassador's house with his horse, and there demanded that the rest should be given up. The Ambassador insisted upon his privilege, and that by the law of nations his house was a sanctuary for all his countrymen ; but finding the officer resolute, and that he was not strong enough for the encounter, desired time to send to the Lord General Cromwell, which was granted, and he

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

complained of the injury, and desired an audience. Cromwell sent a messenger in reply, to state that a gentleman had been murdered, and several other persons wounded, and that if the criminals were not given up, the soldiers would be withdrawn, and “the people would pull down the house, and execute justice themselves.” Under this threat, Don Pantaleon, three of his retainers, and an English boy, the Don’s servant, were given up; they were confined in the guard-house for the night, and next day sent prisoners to Newgate, whence, in about three weeks, the Don made his escape, but was retaken.

By the intercession of the Portuguese merchants, the trial was delayed till the 6th of July in the following year, when the prisoners were arraigned for the crime of murder. Don Pantaleon at first refused to plead, as he held a commission to act as Ambassador in the event of his brother’s death or absence from England. He was then threatened with “the press,” that horrible form of torture, pressing to death, or *peine forte et dure*, whereupon he pleaded not guilty.¹ A jury of English and

¹ “The press” was administered to prisoners who refused to plead in answer to a charge. The sentence was as follows: “That you be taken back to the prison whence you came, to a low dungeon, into which no light can enter; that you be laid on your back on the bare floor with a cloth round your loins, but elsewhere naked; that there be set upon your body a weight of iron as great as you can bear—and greater; that you

DON PANTALEON DE SA

foreigners brought in a verdict of guilty, and the five prisoners were sentenced to be hanged. Every effort was made to save Don Pantaleon's life; but Cromwell's reply was: "Blood has been shed, and justice must be satisfied." The only mercy shown was a respite of two days, and a reprieve from the disgraceful death of hanging; the Ambassador having craved permission to kill his brother with his own sword, rather than he should be hanged.

A remarkable coincidence concluded this strange story. While Don Pantaleon lay in Newgate, awaiting his trial, Gerard, with whom the quarrel in the Exchange had arisen, got entangled in a plot to assassinate Cromwell, was tried and condemned to be hanged, which, as in the Don's case, was changed to beheading. Both suffered on the same day, on Tower Hill. Don Pantaleon, attended by a number of his brother's suite, was conveyed in a mourning-coach with six horses, from Newgate to Tower Hill, to the same scaffold whereon Gerard had just suffered. The Don, after his devotions, gave his confessor his beads and crucifix, laid his head on the block, and it was chopped off at two

have no substance, save on the first day three morsels of the coarsest bread, on the second day three draughts of stagnant water from the pool nearest to the prison door, on the third day again three morsels of bread as before, and such bread and such water alternately from day to day until you die." This barbarous law remained in force until 1772.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

blows. On the same day, the English boy-servant was hanged at Tyburn. The three retainers were pardoned. Pennant says that Gerard died "with intrepid dignity; the Portuguese with all the pusillanimity of an assassin." Cromwell's stern and haughty justice, and the perfect retribution exacted on this occasion, have been much extolled. His decision tended to render his Government still more respected abroad; and it settled a knotty point as to "the inviolability of ambassadors."¹

¹ *The Romance of London*, Timbs, vol. i., pp. 105-8.

CHAPTER III

The Romantic Story of the White Milliner, otherwise the Beautiful Frances Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnel—Her Youthful Escapade—Her Connection with the New Exchange the subject of a Play by Douglas Jerrold—Its Failure and the Author's Disappointment—"Nan" Clarges, afterwards Duchess of Albemarle, sells Wash-balls in the New Exchange—Her Burial in Westminster Abbey—Sir William Read, the Quack, cures "Wry Necks" in Durham Yard—Demolition of the New Exchange—A Noted Book-shop—Ambassadors reside Here.

THE romantic story of the White Widow, or the White Milliner, otherwise Frances Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife of Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland in the reign of James II., plays a large part in the history of the Adelphi. In the Revolution of 1688 the duchess sold small articles of haberdashery for a few days in the New Exchange. According to Horace Walpole, "She wore a white dress wrapping her whole person, and a white mask, which she never removed, and excited much interest and curiosity." Her case becoming known, "she was provided for." The association of Richard Talbot's widow with the

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Adelphi is very curious. This lady, Frances Jennings, was sister to the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. By her first husband, George, Count Hamilton, a member of the Abercorn family, and a *maréchal de camp* in the French service, she had three daughters: Elizabeth, afterwards the wife of Viscount Ross; Frances, wife of Viscount Dillon; and Mary, wife of Viscount Kingsland. On the death of Count Hamilton, she married Colonel Richard Talbot, Baron of Talbot's Town, Viscount of Baltinglass, and Earl of Tyrconnel. On March 20, 1688, James II. created him Marquess and Duke of Tyrconnel. On his death, in 1691, his widow was left with two daughters, one of whom became Princess of Vintimiglia.¹ Walpole states

¹ "Richard, or Dick Talbot, as he was familiarly called, was descended from an ancient family of English extraction, who had early settled in Ireland. He commenced life as a profligate and ended it as a bigot. Clarendon informs us that he was the person selected to assassinate Cromwell, and that he willingly undertook to execute the deed; at another time, we find him cruelly and impudently insisting on his intimacy with Anne Hyde, in order to prevent her union with the Duke of York. In person he was far above the common stature, and was extremely graceful and well-made. He possessed considerable knowledge of the world, and had early been introduced into the best society. To his friends he is said to have been generous and obliging, and it was much to his credit, that at the Revolution no offers could induce him to desert the King's interests. His conduct in Ireland at that period is a matter of history. He strenuously espoused the cause of James; but, as his capacity was inferior to his zeal, and as he had more personal courage than military genius, his services were of little avail. 'From 50

THE WHITE MILLINER

that the duchess, on her arrival in England in 1688, was reduced to absolute want, and, being unable to procure safe access to her family, she adopted the disguise of the White Milliner as a temporary means of livelihood. Be this as it may, the duchess must have had money in her widowhood, for shortly after the death of her husband, and despite the penal laws against the Roman Catholics, she established a convent for Poor Clares in King Street, Dublin, and in this city, at the ripe old age of ninety-two, she died, according to Horace Walpole, "in consequence of falling out of bed upon the floor on a winter's night. Being too feeble to rise or call for aid, she was found in the morning so numbed by the cold that she lived only a few hours." She was buried in St Patrick's Cathedral on March 9, 1730. Walpole describes her as "Of very low stature, extremely thin, and without the time of the battle of the Boyne,' says the Duke of Berwick, 'he sunk prodigiously, and became as irresolute in his mind as unwieldy in his person.' He died at Limerick, 5th August, 1691. Andrew Marvell says, in his *Advice to a Painter*¹:—

'Next, Talbot must by his great master stand,
Laden with folly, flesh, and ill-got land ;
He's of a size indeed to fill a porch,
But ne'er can make a pillar of the church.
His sword is all his argument, not his book ;
Although no scholar, he can act the cook,
And will cut throats again, if he be paid ;
In the Irish shambles he first learnt the trade.'"

¹ *The Court of England under the Stuarts*, Jesse, ed. 1855, vol. iii., p. 237.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

least trace of in her features of ever having been a beauty."

Whatever she may have been in her old age, she was pretty and graceful in her youth when at the court of Charles II. Count de Grammont states that she was proof against all the wiles of the Merry Monarch, yet her spirits were such that on one occasion she attired herself as an orange-wench in order to have her fortune told in the neighbourhood of St James's.

While the beauty and unusual propriety of the new-comer were still attracting the attention of the Court, the giddy girl was indiscreet enough to embark in a wild frolic, which very nearly had the effect of ruining her hitherto stainless reputation. The adventure in question, which has been chronicled by more than one contemporary writer, is thus recorded by Pepys: "What mad freaks," he says, "the Mayds of Honour at Court have! That Mrs Jennings, one of the Dutchesse's maids, the other day dressed herself like an orange wench, and went up and down and cried oranges; till, falling down, or by some accident, her fine shoes were discovered, and she put to a great deal of shame." The particulars of the adventure are so interesting that they may be related in these pages.

"Lord Rochester, at this time in disgrace at Court, happened to be consoling himself for the King's displeasure by performing, in an obscure

FRANCES JENNINGS

corner of the city, the character of a German empiric and fortune-teller. The success of his celebrated frolic is well known. His fame, which at first had been merely local, had gradually spread itself abroad till at last it reached the ears of the Court. Rochester was of course equally as well acquainted with the scandal of the day as with the persons and characters of those who figured in the licentious Court of his royal master. Accordingly, having recognised one or two of the female attendants of the maids of honour, who had eagerly flocked to consult him, he sent them back so amazed by his superhuman powers as to excite the curiosity of their mistresses. The result fully answered Rochester's expectations. Under the protection of the then fashionable mask, there was more than one giddy maid of honour who made up her mind to dive into the secrets of futurity by means of the German mountebank. Who, indeed, could gravely blame them, when even the Queen herself had set the example of risking her reputation, by indulging in similar masquerading frolics?

“ Among those whose curiosity was thus excited were Miss Jennings and Miss Price, the latter, a young lady of indifferent reputation, who had formerly been a maid of honour to the Duchess of York. Miss Jennings, young and indiscreet, believing that as long as she preserved her virtue

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

it mattered little how she obtained amusement, easily enlisted her friend in her mad schemes. Accordingly, having provided themselves with the dresses of orange-girls (a garb usually worn by the least reputable members of society), they issued from St James's Palace, and, crossing the park on foot, entered a hackney-coach at Whitehall.

“They had nearly reached the theatre, where they knew the Duchess to be in person, when Miss Price had the imprudence to propose their joining the real orange-girls and selling their fruit in the face of the Court. As they entered the theatre, they encountered ‘the handsome Sydney,’ who was just alighting from his carriage. Miss Price offered him her basket; but the dandy, either lost in the contemplation of his own charms, or of those of his mistress, the Duchess of York, took no notice of the masqueraders. Their next adventure was with Killegrew, to whom Miss Jennings timidly held out her basket, while the other, in the cant language of the place, requested him to buy ‘her fine oranges.’ The challenge was met by the libertine in the kind of manner that might have been expected. He even gave proof of his admiration of Miss Jennings by so rude an homage as to bring the blush to her cheek and the fire to her eye. Leaving Killegrew to enjoy a hearty laugh at the preposterous notion of the existence of a virtuous orange-girl, Miss Price hastily dragged

A COURT ADVENTURE

away her friend, whom terror and indignation had rendered nearly powerless.

“Their fright, however, was insufficient to prevent their pursuing the original frolic of the evening. Having entered another hackney-coach, they were on the point of alighting within a few doors of the fortune-teller’s, when, to their consternation, they encountered a far more dangerous person than Killegrew. This was no other than the immoral and licentious Brouncker, who, having been dining with a merchant in the neighbourhood, was on his way homewards, when the novelty of seeing two orange-girls in a hackney-coach attracted his attention. Perceiving themselves to be objects of curiosity to so dangerous a libertine, they desired their coachman to drive on, and to put them down in another part of the street. Brouncker, however, stealthily followed them ; nor was his astonishment diminished, when he perceived that the shoes and stockings, that covered the pretty feet and ankles which alighted from the vehicle, were of a quality strangely at variance with the rest of the costume. Having contrived to obtain a glimpse of their faces, which they vainly endeavoured to conceal from him, he at once recognised the beautiful maid of honour, on whose motives for disguise he naturally put the worst possible construction. Believing that an assignation on the part of the chaste Miss Jennings was at the bottom of the

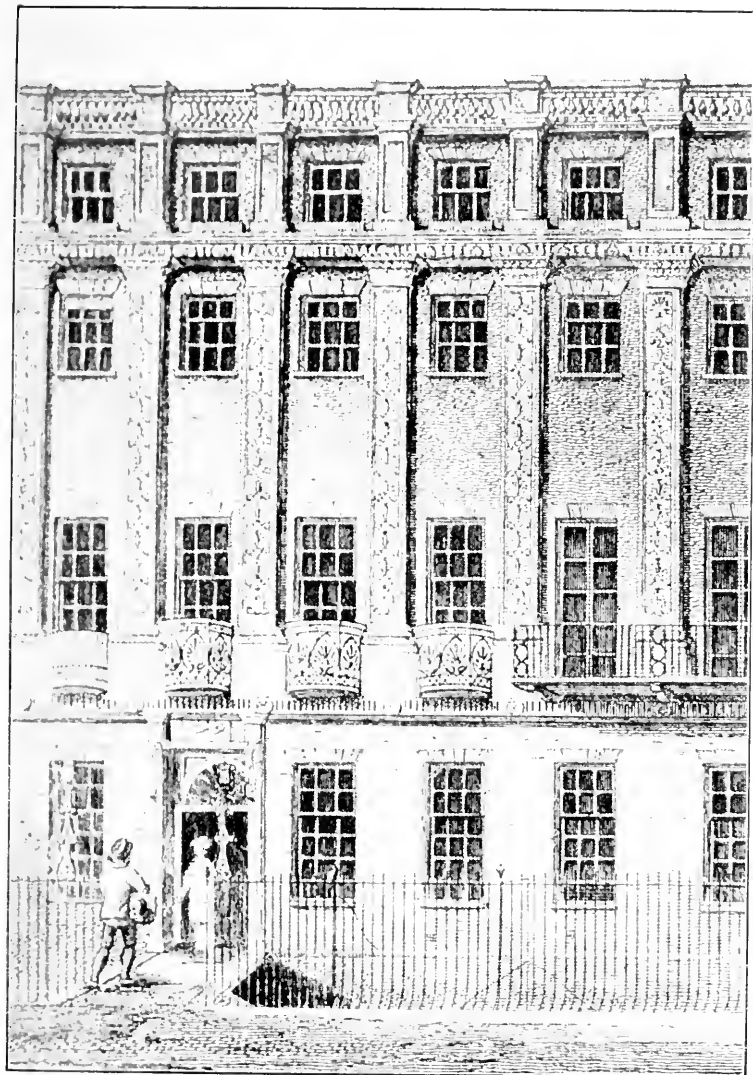
HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

frolic, and delighted with the tale of scandal with which he had it in his power to amuse the Court, he continued to tease the frightened girls for a short time, without betraying that he had recognised them, and then laughingly wished them good-night.

“Unfortunately the disagreeable adventures of the night were not yet at an end. During the time that the two maids of honour had been enduring the impertinences and libertine proposals of Brouncker, a crowd of blackguard boys, not contented with collecting round their coach, had made a violent attack on their orange baskets. The coachman had taken the part of his fare; and, in consequence of his gallantly resisting the attempts of the depredators, a fight had ensued and the street was in an uproar. The fruit, of course, was only too gladly relinquished to the mob, from whom, notwithstanding, the presumed orange-girls received a volley of abuse and ridicule. Finally, though with some difficulty, they contrived to re-enter their coach, and at last arrived, completely frightened and dispirited, at St James’s.”¹

It was to the Duchess of Tyrconnel, as she then was, that James II. had to relate the melancholy story of his defeat at the battle of the Boyne: “Soon after sunset, James, escorted by two hundred cavalry, rode into the Castle [Dublin]. At the threshold he was met by the wife of Tyrconnel,

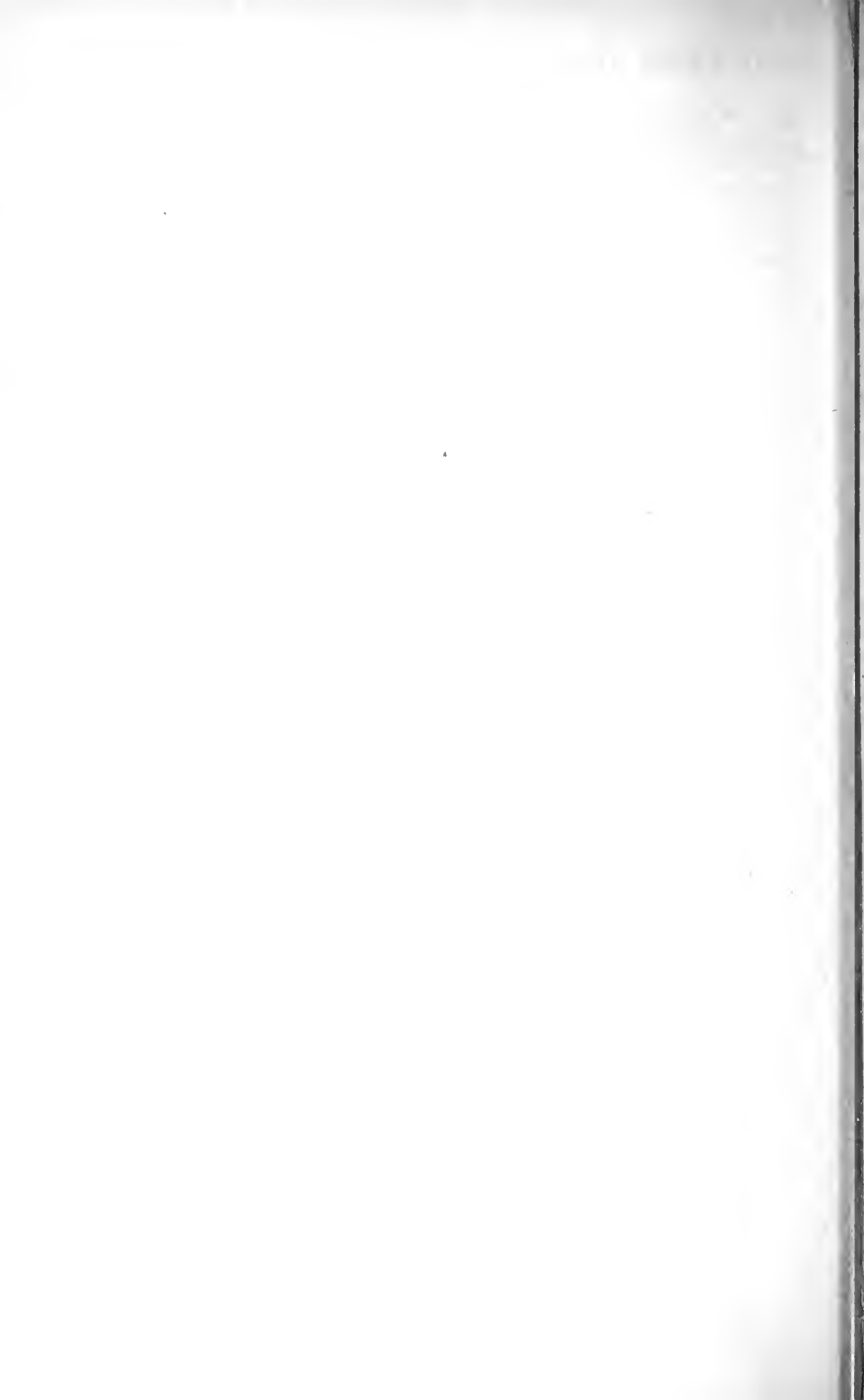
¹ Jesse, vol. iii., pp. 233-236.



J. S. Storer.

GARRICK'S HOUSE, ADELPHI TERRACE.

Vol. I. p. 50.



DOUGLAS JERROLD

once the gay and beautiful Fanny Jennings, the loveliest coquette in the brilliant Whitehall of the Restoration. To her the vanquished King had to relate the ruin of her fortunes and of his own.”¹ Jesse regards the connection of the Duchess of Tyrconnel with the New Exchange as “apocryphal.” But we have the authority of Walpole and Pennant for the anecdote, and I see no reason to doubt its accuracy.

The romance of the White Milliner of the Adelphi afforded Douglas Jerrold material for a two-act comedy, which Madame Vestris produced at Covent Garden on February 9, 1841. The author of *Black-eyed Susan* was apparently suffering from some slight at the hands of the critics, for he takes them to task soundly in his Preface to *The White Milliner*, as his play was called. Having related the incident which gave rise to the piece, he goes on to say: “In our day, the dramatist who keeps aloof from a small faction—which almost avowedly adopts for its motto the dogma of Molière,—

‘Nul n’aura de l’esprit,
Hors nous et nos amis,’—

may look for the most unrelenting opposition from two or three stalwart critics, or, rather, literary vassals. Fortunately, however, the despicable partisanship of these people is now too well known

¹ Macaulay’s *History of England*, ed. 1863, vol. v., p. 272.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

to be hurtful. Whether they chronicle their injustice in bold falsehood, or with an affectation of candour, examine a drama to find in it nothing but what is contemptible, the disinterested motive is equally manifest. However, the abuse of these folks, like certain poisons long exposed to light, does not destroy—it only nauseates.”

The cast of *The White Milliner* was remarkably strong. It contained, in addition to Madame Vestris, who played the heroine, Albina, Charles Mathews, James Vining, Robert Keeley, and William Farren. The opening scene is the “Exterior of England’s Burse.” The last scene of the first act is laid in the interior of the New Exchange. A crowd of milliners, with Doddles, the Beadle of the Burse, in the centre, fill the stage :

“ *Doddles.* Silence! Silence!

Betty. Hear the Beadle!

1st Milliner. Attention for Doddles!

2nd Milliner. Does it concern us all?

Doddles. All: maids, wives, widows, and young women. Silence!

Betty. Now, then; we’re still as mice.

Doddles. Yes—when the cat’s dead. Silence! and no winking.

Betty. La! Make haste.

Doddles. Manners, Betty Furbelow, manners!
When I was in the army——

Betty. We’ve heard all about that.

Doddles. Before sleeping in wet blankets, I gloriously lost my voice in the defence of my country——

THE WHITE MILLINER

Betty. I'm sure your country ought to be much obliged to you. But the rules! the rules!

Milliners. The rules!

Doddles. Silence! Attention! Rear rank, take close order. Stand off! Baggages, do you call smothering a man taking close order? Hear the rules!

Milliners. Silence! the rules!

Doddles. 'Rules for the better regulation of England's Burse. Whereas'—

Betty. Oh, skip that!

Doddles. Skip it!

Betty. Yes. I hate everything with a whereas. Come to the rules.

Doddles. Well, the 'whereas' is long, and—the fortune of war—I've lost my voice. But it means that these new rules are not only for the morals of the Burse, but, above all, for the better transaction of business.

Betty. Now for it! Attention, ladies, this is business.

Doddles (reads). 'Rule the first. Any milliner who shall deal in smuggled goods shall forfeit her stall for ever.'

Milliners. Shame! Shame!

Betty. Are the articles specified? No! Ladies, here's oppression of the fair sex: for mayn't the most innocent of us smuggle a little, and never know it? And then to forfeit, and for ever!

Doddles. Not only eternally, but for ever. 'Rule second. No milliner shall talk'—

Milliners. Ha! ha! ha!

Doddles. 'Or laugh'—

Milliners. Ha! ha! ha!

Doddles. 'Talk or laugh, under pain of—of'—

Betty. Opening her mouth.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Doddles. Silence! Talk or laugh, under—under—my breath!—‘under’—somebody read it—somebody— (*Albina comes down the Burse.*)

Betty. Here comes our white friend, she’ll read it. Here—(*giving Albina paper*)—read—read: they’re new rules made to keep us in order. To put down smuggling and—ha! ha!—talking and laughing, and—ha! ha!—for all I know, all our other little privileges. Read, for Doddles, having lost his voice, they made him beadle. Here: read rule third, for the second’s nonsense.

Albina (reads). ‘Rule third. No milliner shall be allowed to whisper to her customers, or titter, or blush.’

Betty. That’s a hit at you, Sally Sly.

1st Milliner. What do you mean, ma’am? I whisper—I titter—I blush! I scorn you, ma’am!

Doddles. Silence!

Albina (reads). ‘And whereas, divers sober people, purchasers of gloves, have complained of certain pinching of the fingers by certain persons, it is ordered that such unseemly practice be discontinued.’

Betty. And very proper too. I don’t sell gloves.

Albina. ‘Rule fourth. All strong waters, or other intoxicating cordials’—

Betty. Attention, ladies! This may be important.

Albina. ‘Are rigorously prohibited.’

Betty. You see, Miss Bitters, I warned you what ’twould come to.

2nd Milliner. I! I! I defy you, ma’am! What do you mean?

Betty. My meaning’s plain, ma’am: that everybody’s to suffer for one person, ma’am.

THE WHITE MILLINER

2nd Milliner. Do you insinuate? Mr Doddles, does she dare——

Betty. I insinuate nothing; but this I *will* say: bottles are not so dear that people should use tea-cups.

Doddles. Silence! A very proper rule: not that I see any harm in folks having comforts, but then they ought to be corked. Silence!

Albina. Rule fifth. 'Henceforth no milliner shall presume to—to—to'——

Doddles (reads). 'Wear a mask.'

2nd Milliner. A very excellent and moral regulation. Now we shall see who's who.

1st Milliner. If some people never wore anything else, their faces wouldn't be the losers.

Betty. A mask, ma'am, may be good at a pinch—at a pinch, ma'am; but as I've said, ma'am, I don't sell gloves, ma'am.

1st Milliner. Why, you scandalising, wicked——

Doddles. Silence! Silence!

3rd Milliner. Company! Company! To your stalls, ladies. (*All the Milliners station themselves at their stalls. Albina retires among them.*)

Visitors come down the Burse from c. Enter Lord and Lady Ortolan, she masked.

Lord O. My dear Lady Ortolan, you know I have the worst taste. I am a very Vandal—a Hottentot. I know no more about gowns and petticoats than an ancient Briton.

Lady O. Oh, my lord, I will not have you libel your capacity; for, certainly, no one has studied the subject with greater perseverance. I *must* have your judgment on a satin.

Lord O. (aside). She has dragged me here. I had

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

as lieve made a journey on a hurdle. One comfort is, I don't see my enigma in white.

Lady O. (aside). She is not here: yet I'll not stir till I confront them.

Doddles (bringing down Albina). Here 'tis; rule fifth: no masks. So you must conform: therefore, uncover your face and——

Lady O. She's here!

Lord O. Confusion!

Doddles. Rule the fifth, which forbids masks, and——and——

Lady O. Nay, poor girl, I'll answer for't she has good reason for her mystery. Eh, my liege lord? a modest, excellent, worthy maid, no doubt?

Lord O. (aside). When women *do* praise women, what kind creatures!

Albina (aside). Surely there stands my tormentor. Her liege lord! So, so, now for my revenge.

Lady O. Come, we would see your merchandise. His lordship has forced me here to buy a dress.

Albina. And his lordship is such a judge of satin.

Lady O. Indeed?

Albina. Oh, yes, and so good to his mother.

Lord O. (aside). Would I were hanged, now, in a skein of silk!

Albina. Twenty gowns for his honoured parent.

Lord O. Nay, the girl mistakes me for some other customer. She——she——

Lady O. This insult, my lord, passes endurance. (*Unmasking herself*) Tell me, woman——

Albina (aside). Heavens! Olivia! You, *you* his wife!

Lady O. You see Lady Ortolan.

Albina. Happy chance; I have much, indeed, to tell you——much to reveal.

“NAN” CLARGES

Lord O. (aside). Was ever poor married rogue in such a plight ?”

In commenting on the failure of *The White Milliner*, Jerrold's son, Blanchard Jerrold, wrote that the “author was bitterly disappointed that its pointed and tender dialogue, and its brisk action, failed to achieve success; more,—as may be gathered from his own words,—that personal enmity, carried dishonestly into public criticism, sought to put it aside as a thing in all respects worthless.” It was not long, however, before *Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures* gave Jerrold a foremost place as a wit and removed him far beyond the petty spite which had helped towards the failure of *The White Milliner*.

Another personage of greater note, although of lower birth, than the Duchess of Tyrconnel, connected with the history of the New Exchange, is “Nan” Clarges, subsequently Duchess of Albemarle. This remarkable woman was the daughter of John Clarges, a blacksmith and farrier, who lived in Drury Lane, at the Strand end, a spot now obliterated. Her mother was one of five women-barbers of notorious disrepute. A contemporary ballad has the refrain :

“ Did you ever hear the like,
Or ever hear the fame,
Of five women barbers
Who lived in Drury Lane ? ”

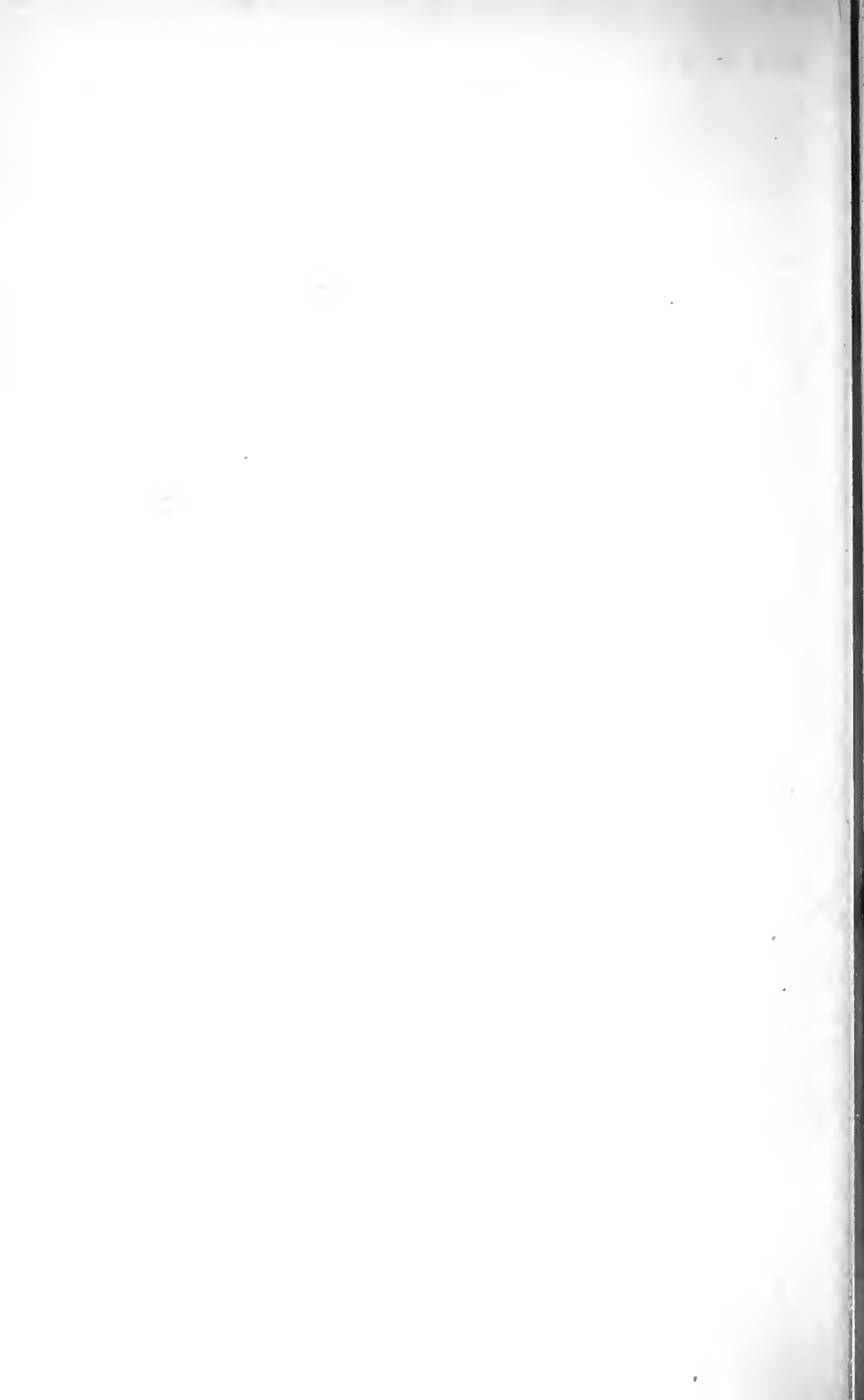
HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

In the *Lives and Adventures of Whitney, John Cottington* alias *Mul-Sack*, and *Thomas Waters* (1753), there is a reference to these women: "They were five noted amazons in Drury Lane, who were called women-shavers, and whose actions were then talked of much about town; till being apprehended for a riot, and one or two of them severely punished, the rest fled to Barbadoes." Such an origin was not very promising; but Anne Clarges, when she was married to General Monk, upheld her position despite her personal disadvantages, for she was ill-favoured in appearance and by no means cleanly in her habits.

Anne Clarges was married, in 1632, to one Thomas Ratford, son to a farrier who resided in the Royal Mews at Bloomsbury. She had a daughter, who was born in 1634, and died four years later. She had been instructed in the trade of a milliner, and this led to her taking up her abode, after her marriage, at the Three Spanish Gipsies, in the New Exchange. Here she sold wash-balls, powder, gloves, and similar articles, and gave lessons to girls in plain needlework. In 1647, being then sempstress to Colonel Monk, she was in the habit of carrying his linen to him. This was the beginning of her intimacy with the famous soldier. Her parents died in 1648, and, in the following year, she quarrelled with her husband, who apparently left her. At any rate, from that



ADAM STREET, ADELPHI.



SIR WILLIAM CLARGES

date nothing more was heard of him. When Monk was a prisoner in the Tower—1644–1646—Anne Ratford became his mistress, and had a child of which he was the father—hence, no doubt, the reason of her separation from her husband.

In an action for trespass, tried in the Court of King's Bench, on November 15, 1700, William Sherwin being the plaintiff and Sir William Clarges, Bart., being the chief defendant, it was proved that Anne Clarges, or Ratford, was, in 1652, married in the Church of St George, Southwark, to General George Monk, and further, that in the course of the following year she was delivered of a son (afterwards the second Duke of Ablemarle), who was suckled by one Honour Mills, a vendor of apples, herbs, and oysters. The point of issue was the right and title to the manor of Sutton in Yorkshire, and other lands—the plaintiff claiming them as heir-at-law and representative to Thomas Monk, elder brother to the first duke of Albemarle, and the defendant as devisee under the will of Christopher, the second duke. The only material point to be decided was, whether Ratford was actually deceased at the period of the marriage of his supposed widow with Monk. On the side of the plaintiff it was sworn by one witness that he had seen Ratford alive about the month of July, 1660, as many as eight years after the second marriage. Another witness affirmed that he had seen him as

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

late as the year 1665, and a second time after the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle were both dead ; and thirdly, a woman swore that she had seen him on the very day that his wife (then called Duchess of Albemarle) was placed in her coffin. On the part of the defendant, and in opposition to this evidence, were alleged the material facts that during the lives of the Duke of Albemarle and his son the matter had never been questioned, and, moreover, that the defendant had already thrice obtained verdicts in his favour in the Court of King's Bench. Some other presumptive evidence was adduced, but of less weight. In summing up, the Lord Chief-Justice told the Jury: "If you are certain that Duke Christopher was born while Thomas Ratford was living, you must find for the plaintiff. If you believe he was born after Ratford was dead, or that nothing appears what became of him after Duke George married his wife, you must find for the defendant." The verdict was in favour of the latter.¹

According to contemporary evidence, the Duchess of Albemarle was a low, foul-mouthed creature, of exceedingly coarse habits. "Monk," says Lord Clarendon in his *History*, "was cursed, after a long familiarity, to marry a woman of the lowest extraction, the least wit, and less beauty. She was a woman *nihil muliebris præter corpus gerens*," one

¹ Jesse, vol. iii., p. 46.

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE

who had nothing feminine but her form. In the opinion of Bishop Burnet, she was a "ravenous, mean, and contemptible creature, who thought of nothing but getting and spending." Pepys could not endure her. On March 8, 1661, he met her in "high company," and put her down as "even a plain, homely dowdy." On December 9, 1665, Pepys and "my Lord Brouncker" dined with the Duke of Albemarle. "At table the duchess, a very ill-looking woman, complaining of her lord's going to sea the next year, said these cursed words: 'If my Lord had been a coward he had gone to sea no more: it may be then he might have been excused, and made an ambassador' (meaning my Lord Sandwich). This made me mad, and I believed she perceived my countenance change, and blushed herself very much. I was in hopes others had not minded it, but my Lord Brouncker, after we were come away, took notice of the words to me with displeasure." In the following year, on November 4, he alludes to the duke as "a drunken sot," who "drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with. Of whom he told me this story; that once the Duke of Albemarle in his drink, taking notice as of a wonder that Nan Hide should ever come to be Duchess of York: 'Nay,' says Troutbecke, 'ne'er wonder at that; for if you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you as great, if

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

not greater, a miracle.' And what was that, but that our dirty Besse (meaning his duchesse) should come to be Duchesse of Albemarle?" Monk, it was said, was more in fear of his wife than of an army, and it was reported that she did not hesitate to thrash him at times, but the latter statement is probably an exaggeration. There is no doubt about her loyalty to the Royalist cause; she exerted great influence over Monk, and urged him immensely in his efforts in bringing about the Restoration. In his *Curiosities of Literature*, D'Israeli cites a passage from a manuscript of Sir Thomas Browne which throws a strange light on Monk's conduct in regard to the Restoration and the part played in it by the blacksmith's daughter: "Monk gave fair promises to the Rump; but at last agreed with the French ambassador to take the government on himself; by whom he had promise from Mazarin of assistance from France. This bargain was struck late at night; but not so secretly but that Monk's wife, who had posted herself conveniently behind the hangings, finding what was resolved upon, sent her brother Clarges away immediately with notice of it to Sir A. A. She had promised to watch her husband, and inform Sir A. how matters stood. Sir A. caused the Council of State, whereof he was a member, to be summoned, and charged Monk that he was playing false. The General insisted that he was true to

68

DUCHESS OF ALBEMARLE

his principles, and firm to what he had promised, and that he was ready to give them all satisfaction. Sir A. told him if he were sincere he would remove all scruples, and would instantly take away their commissions from such and such men in the army, and appoint others, and that before he left the room. Monk consented : a great part of the commissions of his officers were changed ; and Sir Edward Harley, a member of the Council, and then present, was made Governor of Dunkirk, in the room of Sir William Lockhart : the army ceased to be at Monk's devotion : the ambassador was recalled, and broke his heart."

Another authority, Dr Price, one of Monk's chaplains, speaking on the same subject, says : " His wife had in some degree prepared him to appear, when the first opportunity should be offered. For her custom was (when the General's and her own work and the day were ended) to come into the dining-room in her *treason-gown*, as I called it, I telling him that when she had that gown on he should allow her to say anything. And, indeed, her tongue was her own then, and she would not spare it ; insomuch that I, who still chose to give my attendance at those hours, have often shut the dining-room doors, and charged the servants to stand without till they were called in." The same writer also relates a remarkable dream, in which the Duchess of Albemarle foresaw the return of

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

royalty to England. "She saw," says Dr Price, "a great crown of gold on the top of a dunghill, which a numerous company of brave men encompassed, but for a great while none would break the ring. At last there came a tall black man up to the dunghill, took up the crown, and put it upon his head. Upon the relating of this, she asked what manner of man the King was. I told her, that when I was an Eton scholar, I saw at Windsor, sometimes, the Prince of Wales, at the head of a company of boys; that himself was a very lovely black boy, and that I heard that, since, he was grown very tall." Fantastic as this dream story may appear, it is "not impossible," says Jesse, "that England owes the restoration of royalty to this and other similarly trifling circumstances connected with the influence which Anne Clarges exercised over the mind of her uxorious lord. Nothing, indeed, appears more natural, than that an ignorant and uneducated woman should have attached an undue degree of importance to an idle dream. The duchess, moreover, is known to have been a zealous adherent of the House of Stuart; and lastly, it is certain that she exerted all her influence to induce him to restore Charles the Second to the throne."

The Duke of Albemarle died on January 3, 1670, in his sixty-second year. His body, after it had lain in state at Somerset House for several

QUACKS IN THE EXCHANGE

weeks, was interred, with great pomp and ceremony, in Westminster Abbey, on the north side of Henry the Seventh's chapel. His wife survived him only a few days, and was buried by his side. Their only surviving son—Christopher, who was born in 1653—succeeded to his father's titles and enormous wealth. He died in Jamaica, where he was Governor, in 1688, without issue.

But to return to the New Exchange. In Gay's *Trivia; or the Art of Walking the Streets of London* (1716), there is an allusion to it:—

“The sempstress speeds to 'Change with red-tipt nose;
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows;
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly.”¹

The place was on its downward path at this time. Quack doctors and other charlatans flourished, and the most degraded of women frequented its walks. If one may judge from contemporary advertisements, “Sir William Read, Her Majesty's oculist in Durham Yard in the Strand,” did a large trade in the years 1709 and 1710. Thanks to his “long practice and great experience, he has lately found out a medicine that clarifies the eyes from suffusions and cures cataracts.” He also professed to “cure hair lips and wry necks, tho' never so deformed.” Lady Read took in hand the female customers. Their establishment was in “New Exchange Row,

¹ Book II., verse 337.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

near Durham Yard." This William Read was originally a tailor. He became an itinerant quack, and, in 1705, was knighted for "curing" blind sailors and soldiers without charge. Thanks to his appointment as oculist to Queen Anne, he acquired a fortune. This empiric died in 1715. By 1737, the New Exchange had become so disreputable that it was taken down, and a number of dwelling-houses and shops—the site of which is indicated by the existing buildings between George Court and Durham House Street—facing the Strand, were erected.

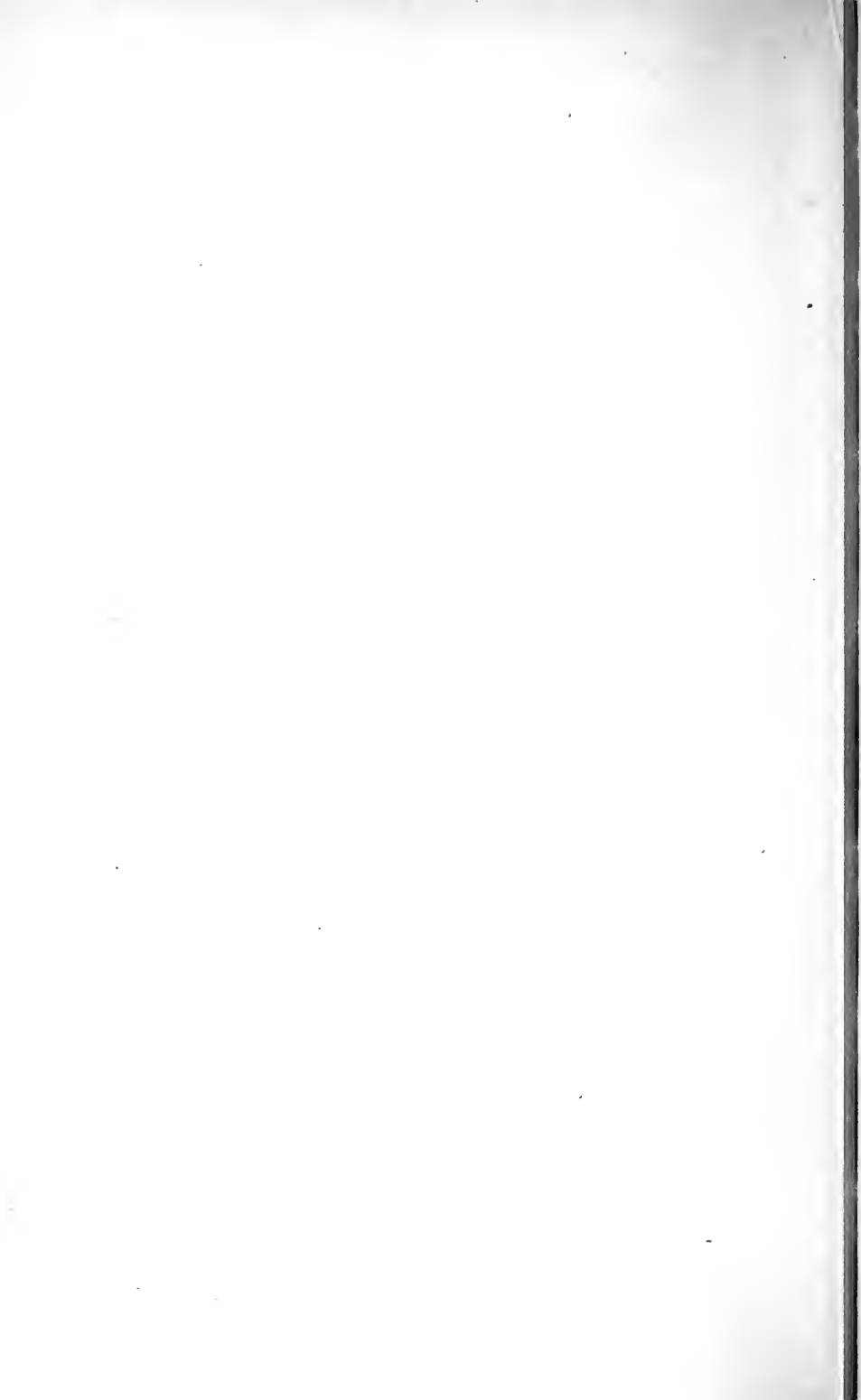
Before leaving this part of the neighbourhood, it should be observed that at Durham Rents, which was at the back of Durham House, there was a book-shop early in the sixteenth century, as we see by the following announcement:—"The Myrroure of Owre Lady, Fynyshed and Imprynted in the Suburbes of the Famous Citye of London, without Temple Barre, by me Richard Fawkes, dwellynge in Durresme Rents, or else in Powles Church Yard, at the Synge of the A.B.C., 1530." On December 9, 1614, Thomas Wilson, traveller, author, and statesman, granted a lease to James Bovy, Serjeant of the Cellar, of "the Sill House, in the Strand, near Durham House." And, on October 1, 1618, there was recorded an indenture of sale from "Sir Thomas Wilson, of Hertford, now residing in St Martin-in-the-Fields, London,

72



ADELPHI TERRACE IN GARRICK'S TIME.

[To face p. 7--



SIR THOMAS WILSON

of a dwelling-house, garden, etc., in St Martin's-in-the-Fields, between Durham House, Britain's Burse, York House, and the River, to Wm. Roo, of London, for £374." Wilson, who was knighted in this year, was employed in obtaining admissions, that were sufficient to condemn him, from Sir Walter Raleigh, then a prisoner in the Tower. Twenty-eight days after the date of the indenture of sale of Wilson's property, near Durham House, Raleigh was executed. A year later, Sir Thomas Wilson, in a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, writes from "my house in Duresme Yard," and sends a list of ambassadors and other people residing there. Wilson, who was a man of considerable learning, and a traveller, translated from the Spanish the *Diana* of George de Montemayor (the Portugese poet and romance writer, 1520-1562), the source to which Shakespeare went for several of the incidents in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. He entered the service of Robert Cecil in 1605. He was the keeper of the records at Whitehall from 1606 to the year of his death, 1629. He is the Wilson referred as "ye keeper of ye burse," quoted in the rules for the New Exchange in the preceding chapter.

The overcrowding of the New Exchange was a source of much annoyance to the inhabitants of Durham Yard, who made formal complaint of their grievances. As a result, an Order in Council,

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

dated May 4, 1638, was made by the Inner Star Chamber, as follows:—"The Lords being made acquainted that, over the New Exchange, called Britain's Burse, there are divers families inhabiting as inmates, and that adjoining the wall of the Court of Durham House, there are sheds employed as eating rooms and for other uses, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants, and danger of infection. It was ordered that the Lord Privy Seal and Lord Newburgh, Chancellor of the Duchy, should call before them the inhabitants of the said places, and take order for their removal, and if they find any of the said persons obstinate should certify their names."

CHAPTER IV

Enter the Brothers Adam—Their Marvellous Transformation of the Ruins of Durham House and Yard into the Present Adelphi—The Magnitude of the Project—Opposition of the City—Defeated by Special Act of Parliament—The Adelphi Buildings only completed by Aid of a Lottery—The Adams explain their Position—Robert Adam: His History—His Death—James Adam—Some Poor Wit, including Walpole's, at the Expense of the Architects.

ON a certain night in September, in the year 1768, "the Queen's Head Alehouse, near Durham Yard in the Strand, fell down, but the family being alarmed, happily no lives were lost." To such a neglected state had Durham Yard and its surroundings become when, most opportunely, two Scotch architects, the brothers Adam, arrived on the scene of decay. All that was left of the former grandeur of Durham House consisted of "a number of small low-lying houses, coal-sheds and lay-stalls, washed by the muddy deposits of the Thames." The property was then in the possession of the Duke of St Albans, from whom the brothers Adam obtained a ninety-nine years' lease, dating from Lady-day, 1768.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

The Duke, it seems, was in a parlous condition when he parted with this property, for the small sum, be it said, of £1200 a year. For, in a public print of January 13, 1770, it is stated that “the Duke of St Albans, who is now confined for debt at Brussels, disposed some time ago of the ground in Durham Yard in which the new square is now building; but, before the money was remitted him, he created so many fresh debts, that it is imagined he will remain there for life.”

The architects effected a marvellous change over the district. By allowing the wharves to remain, and throwing a series of arches over the entire declivity, they “connected the river with the Strand by a spacious archway, and over these extensive vaultings erected a series of well-built streets, a noble terrace towards the river, and a house with a convenient suite of rooms for the then recently established Society of Arts.” So said Peter Cunningham. Older authorities were even more enthusiastic. That fine architectural draughtsman, Thomas Malton, the younger (1748–1804), who was an eye-witness of the vast change effected, praised the brothers highly, in his *Picturesque Tour through London and Westminster*, in 1792: “To their researches among the vestiges of antiquity,” he says, “we are indebted for many improvements in ornamental architecture, and for a style of decoration unrivalled for elegance and gaiety, which,

76

THE ADELPHI

in spite of innovations of fashion, will prevail as long as good taste prevails in the nation. This judgment of the Messrs Adam, in the management of their plans, and their care in conducting the executive part, deserves great praise; and it must be mentioned to their honour, that no accident happened in the progress of the work, nor has any failure been since observed—an instance of good fortune which few architects have experienced when struggling with similar difficulties. This remark will make a very little impression on the careless observer who rattles along the streets in his carriage, unconscious that below him are the streets, in which carts and drays, and other vehicles of business, are constantly employed in conveying coals, and various kinds of merchandise, from the river to the consumer, or to the warehouses and avenues inaccessible to the light of day; but he who will take the trouble to explore these depths will feel its force; and when he perceives that all the buildings which compose the Adelphi are in front but one building, and that the upper streets are no more than open passages, connecting the different parts of the superstructure, he will acknowledge that the architects are entitled to more than common praise.

“The terrace is happily situated in the heart of the Metropolis, upon a bend of the river, which presents to the right and left every eminent object

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

which characterises and adorns the cities of London and Westminster; while its elevation lifts the eye above the wharfs and warehouses on the opposite side of the river, and charms it with a prospect of the adjacent country. Each of these views is so grand, so rich, and so various, that it is difficult to determine which deserves the preference.

“The manner of decorating the fronts of the shops and houses in Adam Street is equally singular and beautiful. It may be proper here to remark, what some future writer may dwell on with pleasure, that in the streets of the Adelphi the brothers have contrived to preserve their respective Christian names as well as their family name; while by giving the general appellation of The Adelphi to this assemblage of streets and buildings, they have converted the whole into a lasting memorial of their friendship and fraternal co-operation.

“The building of the Adelphi was a project of such magnitude, and attracted so much attention, that it must have been a period of the utmost importance in the lives of the architects. In this work they displayed to the public eye that practical knowledge and skill, and that ingenuity and taste, which till then had been in a great measure confined to private edifices, and known only by the voice of fame to the majority of those who feel an interest in the art of building. The extreme depth of the foundations, the massy piers of brickwork, and the spacious

78

OPPOSITION OF THE CITY

subterraneous vaults and arcades, excited the wonder of the ignorant and the applause of the skilful; while the regularity of the streets in the superstructure, and the elegance and novelty of the decorations, equally astonished and delighted all sorts and conditions of people." The brothers had to contend with many difficulties ere they accomplished their great work. In order to embank the river, it was necessary to obtain a special Act of Parliament (12 Geo. III., c. 34, 1771). But, the Court and the City being then at variance, the authorities of the latter vented their spite by opposing the bill, the Lord Mayor, as conservator of the Thames, claiming the right to the soil of the river on behalf of the citizens. The opposition was very strong, but it was finally defeated, thanks, in large measure, so Walpole states, to the influence of the Crown. Much acrimony was displayed, and the newspaper press contained many arguments, mostly in favour of the project. A curious and interesting letter on the subject appeared in the *Morning Advertiser* in May 1771:—

"Sir," it said, "I never was more astonished than upon reading in your Paper the Petition of the City of London to His Majesty against his giving the Royal Assent to the Bill for embanking the River Thames at *Durham-Yard*, that there was not one Word in this dull Performance against the Propriety or Utility of the Embankment. This

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

was the only Ground on which the City had any Title to interfere in this Business by Virtue of their Right of Conservancy: But I find that though this was what they originally let out upon in their Opposition. The Proof turned out so strong against them, and the public Utility of the Embankment, as well as of the Wharfs at that Part of the Town, was so clearly demonstrated both to the Lords and Commons, that the City in this last Stage of their Opposition think proper to pass over this very material Circumstance in Silence, and are drove to rest their Complaints upon two Circumstances totally new and different from what they originally opposed it upon.

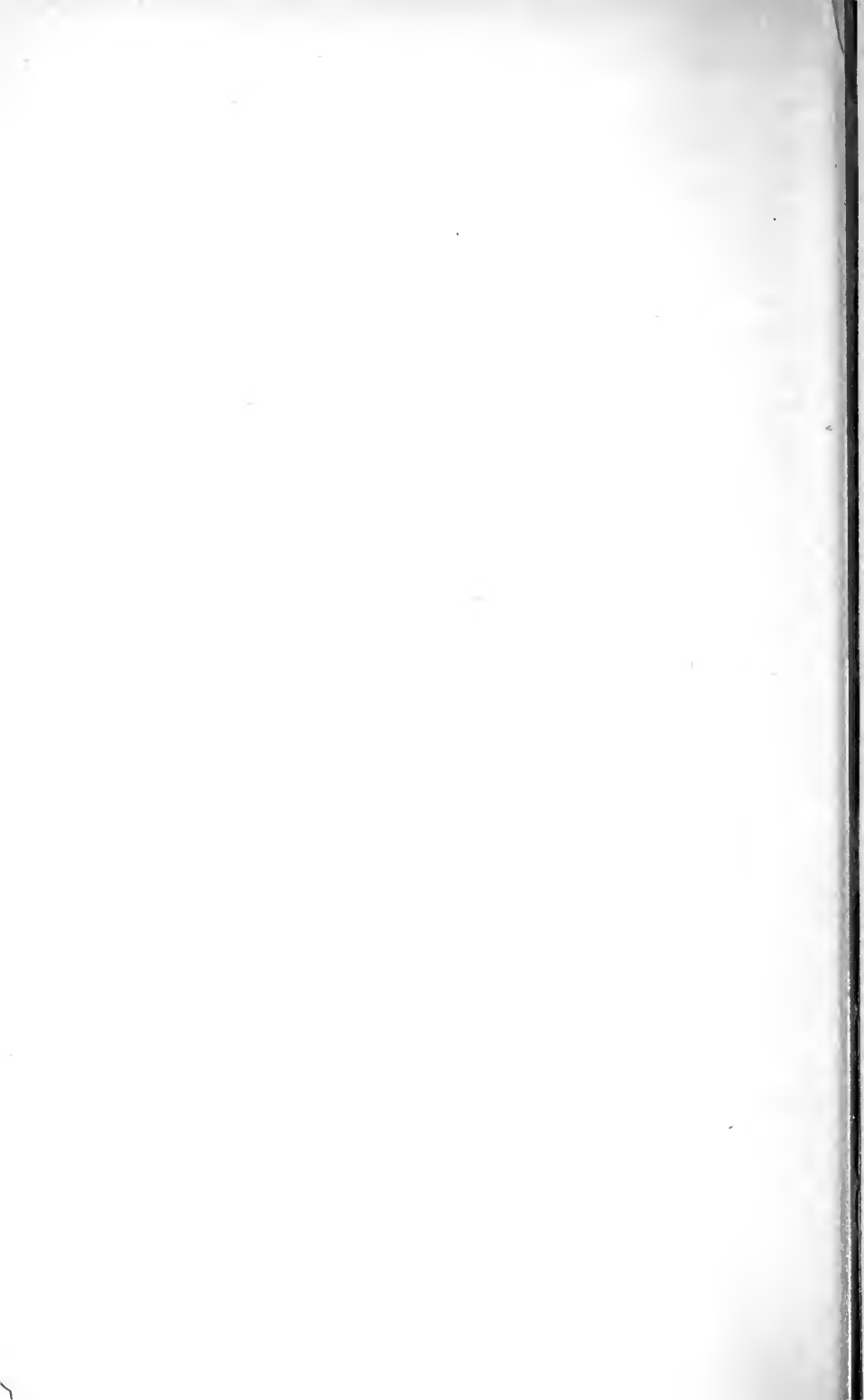
“First, They allege that this Bill appears to be destructive of the ancient and valuable Rights and Properties of the City of London, enjoyed without Interruption through a Succession of many Ages; insinuating at the same Time that they are denied an Appeal to that Law which knows no Partialities, but strictly gives to every Man his Due.

“Now, Sir, this Representation, if I were inclined to use as gross and as harsh Epithets as the City of London do, might with very great Truth be termed extremely false; for I myself heard Mr Lee the Council for the City of London, fairly acknowledge at the Bar of the House of Lords that the City knew nothing of their Right to the Soil of the River till within these three



Del. J. G. G. G.

THE THAMES, FROM THE WATER WORKS, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI.



THE PETITION FAILS

Weeks; for this amazing Discovery was fallen upon after this Bill had made a considerable Progress in the House of Commons; and this valuable Property had passed unnoticed by all the Magistrates of the City, as well as their Lawyers since the Age of Henry VII. though now asserted to be enjoyed by them without interruption since that Period: A very bold Assertion indeed after so direct and so satisfactory a Proof of the contrary had been within these few Days laid before the House of Lords: Yet this Assertion is not more extraordinary than the Insinuation mentioned above; for all the World may be convinced how groundless the latter is by having Recourse to the Bill, in which they will find an express Clause, reserving to the City a Liberty to try their Right at Law, and the Value to be ascertained by a Jury: So very tender have Parliament been in paying Attention to their Claim of Right, however frivolous and weak it might appear to them.

“A few Words in the saving Clause is the Foundation of the second weighty Complaint in the City’s Petition to the King, it being there asserted that the City insist that the Persons who apply for Liberty to embank ought to make Satisfaction for the same; and this Allegation is stigmatised with the severe Terms of groundless, false and contradictory to the City public Declarations in both Houses of Parliament. Whether

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

the City have not been rash in making these bold Assertions, we leave the candid Public to decide, after reading the following Extracts:—

“Extract from the Report of the New Bridge Committee, to whom the Petition for Leave to embank Durham-Yard, &c., was refer'd; which Report is signed by Sir Robert Ladbroke, and many others of the most respectable Citizens of London, who, reported in Favour thereof, provided that a Clause be obtained, ‘subjecting the Ground taken out of the River with the yearly Payment of a Farthing, a Square superficial Foot, redeemable on Payment of twenty years Purchase, and for appropriating the Quit Rent and Purchase Money to the Fund created by Parliament for repairing, lighting, and watching the Bridge.’

“Extract from the Case of the City of London printed by them, and handed about to the Members of the House of Commons. At the second reading of the Embanking Bill, which concludes thus: ‘However a Bill is now brought in to embank the River, and to vest in the Owners of the adjoining Houses the Soil to be embanked not only against the Representation of the City of London, the Conservators of the River, but without any Regard to their Claim or Right to the Soil to be embanked, and a Property of immense Value to be taken from the Public without any Consideration’: And this was the general Language held by the few

82

THE CITY CENSURED

Advocates for the City in the House of Commons, until a new Doctrine was broached by Mr Dunning, who discovered that this valuable Property could not be estimated by any Jury at above Five Shillings Value; and to this last Doctrine the Party have since adhered; for Lord Camden, in his Speech to the Lords, declared, that no Jury could value the Soil embanked at one Farthing; and these great Lawyers are entirely right; for by the Usage of the River, the Proprietor of every Wharf has an exclusive Right of Frontage or Water-way to Low-water Mark. Therefore whether the King or the City are the Proprietors of the Soil, neither the one or the other could have embanked to the Exclusion of the Proprietors of the adjoining Wharfs; for in this Event no Wharf upon the River Thames would be of the smallest Value; consequently no Persons whatever could have made any advantage of this Embankment but the Parties to the Bill. If this requires any Confirmation, the Bill obtained by the City for the Embankment at Blackfriars establishes it beyond a Doubt, for that Bill vests the Ground obtained off the River in the Proprietors of the adjoining Wharfs and Houses.

“When this is thoroughly understood, how ridiculous must the City appear, and how much do they degrade themselves, by carrying a Petition to the Throne, after having squandered their

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Treasure in an Opposition, the Object of which is to acquire a Property not worth one Farthing to them; setting up an ostentatious Parade of an Infringement of that Property which they knew they have no Right to, and if they had ought undoubtedly to be given a public Use, upon having a proper Compensation allowed them for it, which is done every Day in Cases of Roads, Navigations, and other Improvements of public Utility, even where private Individuals are to be the principal Benefactors.

“A great City ought not to act the Part of the Dog in the Manger, but should encourage every Scheme of public Advantage. These formerly have been the Sentiments of the City of London, when that City was under the Guidance of grave, respectable and wise Magistrates, not heated by Party, or misguided by violent or factious Views.” The storm raised by the projected building drew from Granville Sharp, the philanthropist, a curious, but extremely dry, pamphlet entitled *Remarks Concerning the Encroachments of the River Thames near Durham Yard*. It was dated from the Old Jewry, August 10, 1771, but it was too late to be of any service, for the Act allowing the embankment of the river had been passed.

Even then misfortune dogged the footsteps of the courageous brothers, for they became involved

AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT

in financial difficulties, and eventually had to complete their buildings by raising money by means of a public lottery. Some of these difficulties were alluded to by sympathetic friends in the press. "The Adelphi buildings," one of them hears, "were mortgaged for a loan of £70,000 previous to the late unhappy failures of the banks, and it is said that the Messrs Adam had laid out as much more upon them; so that, in the course of five years, these gentlemen expended £140,000 to raise palaces upon an offensive heap of mud, and circulated an immense sum to make a palpable nuisance a principal ornament to the metropolis." Another defender wrote in a similar strain: "Within a space of time, incredibly short for so magnificent an undertaking, they have raised a pile of elegant buildings, noble, convenient, and splendid, on a spot which was, two or three years since, a mere dunghill, a receptacle for filth, obscenity, and wretchedness, a scandal to a well-governed city and a disgrace to one of the noblest rivers in Europe."

Thanks, perhaps, to the publicity thus afforded them in the public press, the brothers Adam obtained the necessary Act of Parliament (13 Geo. III., cap. 75, 1773) for the disposal of the property by lottery. It was as follows:—"An Act for enabling John, Robert, James and William Adam to dispose of several houses and buildings in the

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

parishes of St Martin-in-the-Fields and St Mary-le-Bow, in the county of Middlesex, and other their effects by way of chance in such manner as may be most for the benefit of themselves and creditors.”

There were 4370 tickets at £50, making £218,500. The prizes numbered 108, and were thus arranged:—

1	£50,080
1	39,950
1	29,980
1	19,980
1	9,960
1	4,960
100 of different values from £100 to £760	33,500
The first drawn ticket was entitled to	5,000
The last drawn to	25,090
	<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black; margin: 0;"/> £218,500

The above facts are taken from a rare pamphlet, entitled *Particulars composing the Prizes in the Adelphi Lottery*, published by the Adams on January 18, 1774, in which it is stated that, “as the Messrs Adam engaged in this undertaking, more from an enthusiasm of their own art than from a view of profit; at the same time being eager to point out a way to public utility, though even at an extraordinary expence; they will be perfectly satisfied if they should only draw, from this lottery, the money laid out by them on a

86

THE ADELPHI LOTTERY

work which, they readily confess, they have found to be too great for their private fortunes. . . . The Messrs Adam have thought it unnecessary to give so particular a description of the houses in the Adelphi as they have done of the houses in Queen Anne Street and Mansfield Street, as these buildings are so generally known by persons who reside in town; but for the information of those who live in the country, it may be satisfactory to say, that they are remarkably strong and substantial and finished in the most elegant and complete manner, much beyond the common stile of London houses: they have all a double tier of offices, which gives an uncommon convenience for the servants of the family. . . . The inhabitants of the Adelphi buildings express the greatest satisfaction, not only with regard to their houses, but with their situation, which is remarkably dry, healthy and well-aired.

“The principal houses in the Adelphi possess not only a superior degree of convenience, in water laid in, from the top to the bottom of each house, but the whole buildings have also an additional safety against fire, much beyond any other houses in London. For, besides the use of fire engines, which they have in common with other houses, there is a water tower erected by the Messrs Adam, which communicates with the river Thames; and the pipes are so constructed, that

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

upon a minute's notice, three engines, constantly supplied with water, can be played upon any house in the buildings."

In addition to the house property enumerated, pictures and drawings by Teniers, P. Veronese, and Guercino, together with several statues, were enumerated in the lottery paper, so that it appears that the Adams had been compelled to put nearly everything they possessed into the fund for the building of the Adelphi. Fortunately they were in such favour at Court that they were able to obtain the necessary permission for the lottery, otherwise they would have been ruined financially over the speculation.

On Thursday, March 3, 1774, the drawing up of the lottery began at the great room, formerly Jonathan's Coffee House, in Exchange Alley, when No. 3599 was drawn a blank, but being the first drawn ticket it was entitled to £5000. Nine other prizes were drawn on Friday, and at this rate the drawing continued for some time. The newspapers of the period were full of information and advertisements respecting the lottery; and the art of advertising appears to have been very thoroughly mastered at that time. Tickets were sold in all parts of the town, as well as at the Messrs Adams' office in Robert Street; intending purchasers were told that there was a great demand and that early application was necessary—

88



Samuel Scott.

YORK STAIRS AND THE WATER TOWER.

17.

Life Size, 4. 1881.



THE ADELPHI PRIZES

in fact, that the demand began to be prodigious. Then they were informed that "Messrs Adam propose to keep their office in the Adelphi open till twelve o'clock on Wednesday night next (March 9) for the sale of tickets at £50 each, after which the price of the small quantity remaining in the market must be considerably raised, on account of the consumption of tickets by the wheel." Portions of tickets were sold at the various lottery offices thus—a half cost £25, 5s. ; a thirty-second, £1, 13s. ; and a sixty-fourth, 17s. Then there are little bits of gossip in the papers, intended to whet the appetite of the public. Thus we are told that No. 3599, the first drawn ticket, entitled to an estate of the value of £5000, was sold by Messrs Richardson and Goodenough not half an hour before the lottery began drawing, and, what is very remarkable, was the only ticket they had left unsold. Soon afterwards, the winner of this ticket disposed of it by auction.

It is to be noted that the prizes were not instantly realizable, for the buildings were to be divided among the prize-holders, and the houses were not yet finished. Those who could not wait for their money sold their prizes by auction, and it may be presumed that in course of time the tickets got into a few hands.¹ The following is the explanation by the Adams of their action :—

¹ *The Adelphi and Its Site*, 1885.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

“The Messrs Adam having received a letter signed A.B.C., which the writer says is sent to be inserted in the public papers, requiring to know the state of the mortgages on the buildings which constitute the Adelphi lottery, and also what security the public have for their completing the unfinished buildings? In answer to these questions, the Messrs Adam, desirous to satisfy the adventurers in the lottery, and the public in all reasonable demands, think it necessary to inform them that the mortgagees have already been paid one half of their money, but as it is requisite that they should join in assigning the prizes to the fortunate adventurers, they defer paying the other half till such assignments are completed. The Messrs Adam, ever since the obtaining of the Act for their lottery, have proceeded with an amazing rapidity in finishing their houses, in the same substantial manner with those formerly finished and sold in the Adelphi; they are happy to think the whole will be completed, and ready to be assigned, by the time they have ascertained in their scheme and allotment, as no attention and no expense shall be spared for that purpose.”

Before proceeding further with the history of the Adelphi, the indomitable brothers themselves call for notice. Robert Adam (1728–1792) was the most noted of the four brothers—John, Robert, James, and William. Their father, William

ROBERT ADAM

Adam, of Maryburgh, N.B. (died June 24, 1748), was the architect of Hopetoun House, and the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, in which city he held the appointment of King's Mason. Robert, the second son, was born at Kirkcaldy, and educated at Edinburgh University. Here he became on friendly terms with several fellow students who also attained fame, including David Hume, Dr William Robertson (the historian), Adam Smith (the political economist), and Adam Ferguson (the philosopher). In his twenty-sixth year Robert Adam visited Italy in the company of Clérisseau, a French architect, and made a minute study of the ruins of the Emperor Diocletian's palace at Spalatro, in Venetian Dalmatia. The journal of his tour was printed in the *Library of the Fine Arts*, and, in 1764, he published a folio volume with numerous engravings by Bartolozzi and others, from his drawings of the palace. In this important work he states that his object in selecting this ruin for special examination was its residential character, as the knowledge of classical architecture in England was derived exclusively from the remains of public buildings. During his absence on the Continent, he was elected F.R.S. and F.S.A. Soon after his return, he was appointed architect to George III. This office he was obliged to resign in 1768, when he was elected to Parliament as member for Kinross-shire.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

The date of Robert Adam's return to England is generally understood to be 1762, but the architect himself makes mention of some work "done since my return to England in 1758." The mistake has probably arisen from the fact that James Adam did not leave his architectural studies in Italy until the former year. Robert, it is certain, is solely responsible for the screen of the Admiralty buildings in Whitehall, built in 1760. "The Admiralty," says Horace Walpole, "is a most ugly device, and deservedly veiled by Mr Adam's handsome screen." About this time there was a pacific invasion of England by the Scots, art being represented by William Chambers, Allan Ramsay—son of the poet—who, in Walpole's opinion, excelled Reynolds as a painter of women, Robert Strange, and the Adam brothers, Robert and James. Mr Clouston doubts the statement that Clérisseau accompanied Robert Adam to Italy. The young French architect was famous at the time of Adam's visit to the Continent, "and one of his pupils, Sir W. Chambers, was making a name in England. It is not altogether evident, therefore, how, a year later, he should have accompanied Adam to Spalatro in the subordinate position of assistant. Still, if any man had the capability of turning a master into a pupil through sheer force of character and magnetic presence, it must be admitted that that man was Robert

ROBERT ADAM

Adam. His belief in himself was so colossal as probably to approach conceit. The very fact that, as a young man of twenty-nine, who had already had a most expensive education, he spent a considerable amount of his patrimony in a costly expedition, with the view of publishing a book which could not be expected to pay, is enough to show us something of the character of the man.

“He had made up his mind that he was to take the world by storm, and he proceeded to do so with the most absolute confidence, in spite of disadvantages of which he must have been, at least partially, aware.

“In his day in Scotland, and, indeed, for long after, the speech of even the most educated was as a foreign language to English ears. Anything ‘Englishy’ in accent was ridiculed. So much was this the case that when, towards the end of the century, certain Scottish advocates, who found their accent a serious drawback when arguing before the House of Lords, employed an ‘English master,’ the movement was laughed out of existence.

“Adam may have been able to speak fairly fluently in both French and Italian: but if his ordinary mode of speech was, as it must have been, broad Fifeshire with a top-dressing of Midlothian, it could not have constituted the

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

best introduction to London society. Yet from the first he was both a social and a professional success, and his immediate reception, despite his Scotch speech and his new gospel, says more for the immense power and personality of the man than any number of words. Other men, even greater than he, have had both reverses and doubts about themselves. Adam had neither. He was born to succeed, and he knew it. Even his book on the Palace at Spalatro, instead of being an expensive way of bringing him before the public, was a great commercial success.”¹

Thanks to their building of Lansdowne House for the Earl of Bute, and Caen Wood House, Hampstead, for Lord Mansfield, as well as to the fame which they obtained by the Adelphi, Robert and James Adam acquired a great reputation as classical architects, and they enjoyed the patronage of the aristocracy. Amongst the most important of their other works were Luton House in Bedfordshire; Osterley House, near Brentford; Kedleston, Derbyshire; Compton Verney, Warwickshire; the screen fronting the high road, and extensive internal alterations of Sion or Syon House, Middlesex, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland; the infirmary of Glasgow; the parish church at Mistley, Essex; the Register House,

¹ *English Furniture and Furniture Matters of the 18th Century*. R. S. Clouston, 1906, pp. 84-86.

THE BROTHERS ADAM

Edinburgh; and the Admiralty screen. The number and importance of their buildings in the metropolis materially influenced and much improved the street architecture of London. They originated the idea of giving to a number of unimportant private edifices the appearance of one imposing structure. Portland, Stratford, and Hamilton Places, and the south and east sides of Fitzroy Square, are instances of the manner in which they carried this principle into effect. "An innovation of more doubtful service," according to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, "was their use of stucco in facing brick houses. Their right to the exclusive use of a composition patented by Liardet, a Frenchman, was the subject of two lawsuits, which they gained."

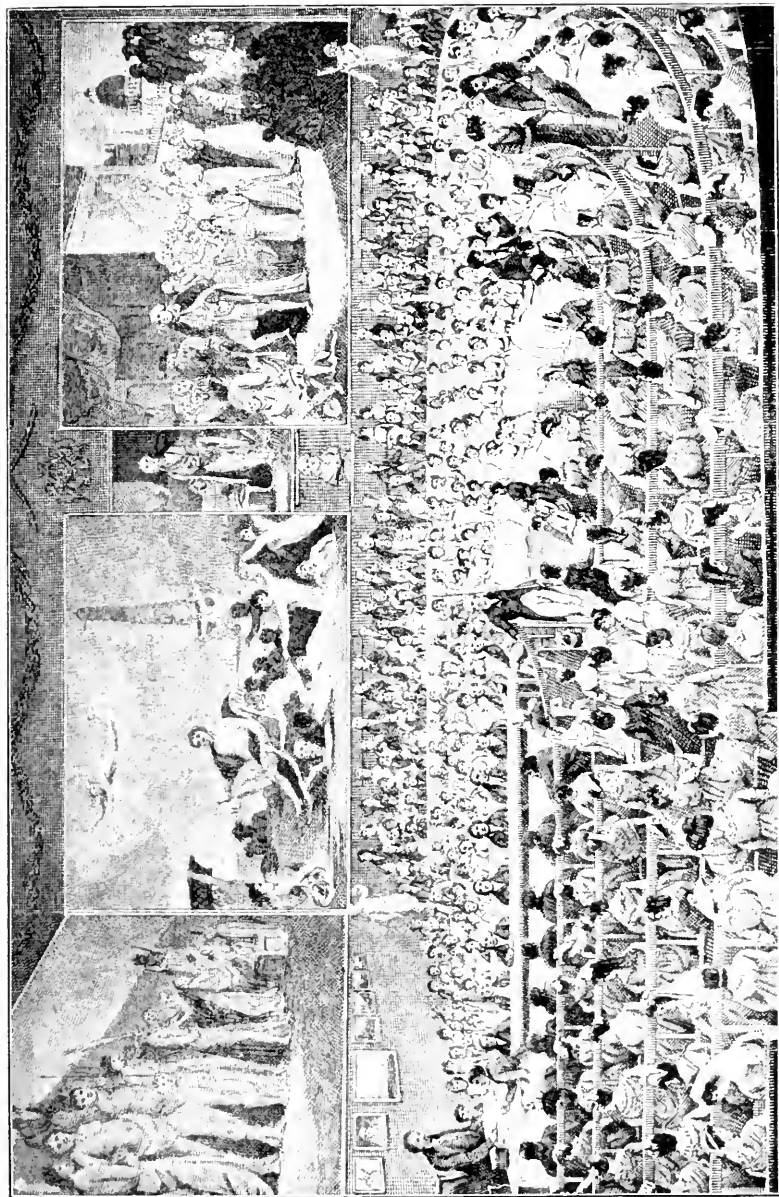
James Fergusson, in his *History of Architecture*, places their knowledge of classical art below that of Sir William Chambers. He adds: "Their great merit—if merit it be—is that they stamped their works with a certain amount of originality, which, had it been of a better quality, might have done something to emancipate art from its trammels. The principal characteristic of their style was the introduction of very large windows, generally without dressings. These they frequently attempted to group, three or more together, by a great glazed arch over them, so as to try and make the whole side of a house look like one room."

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

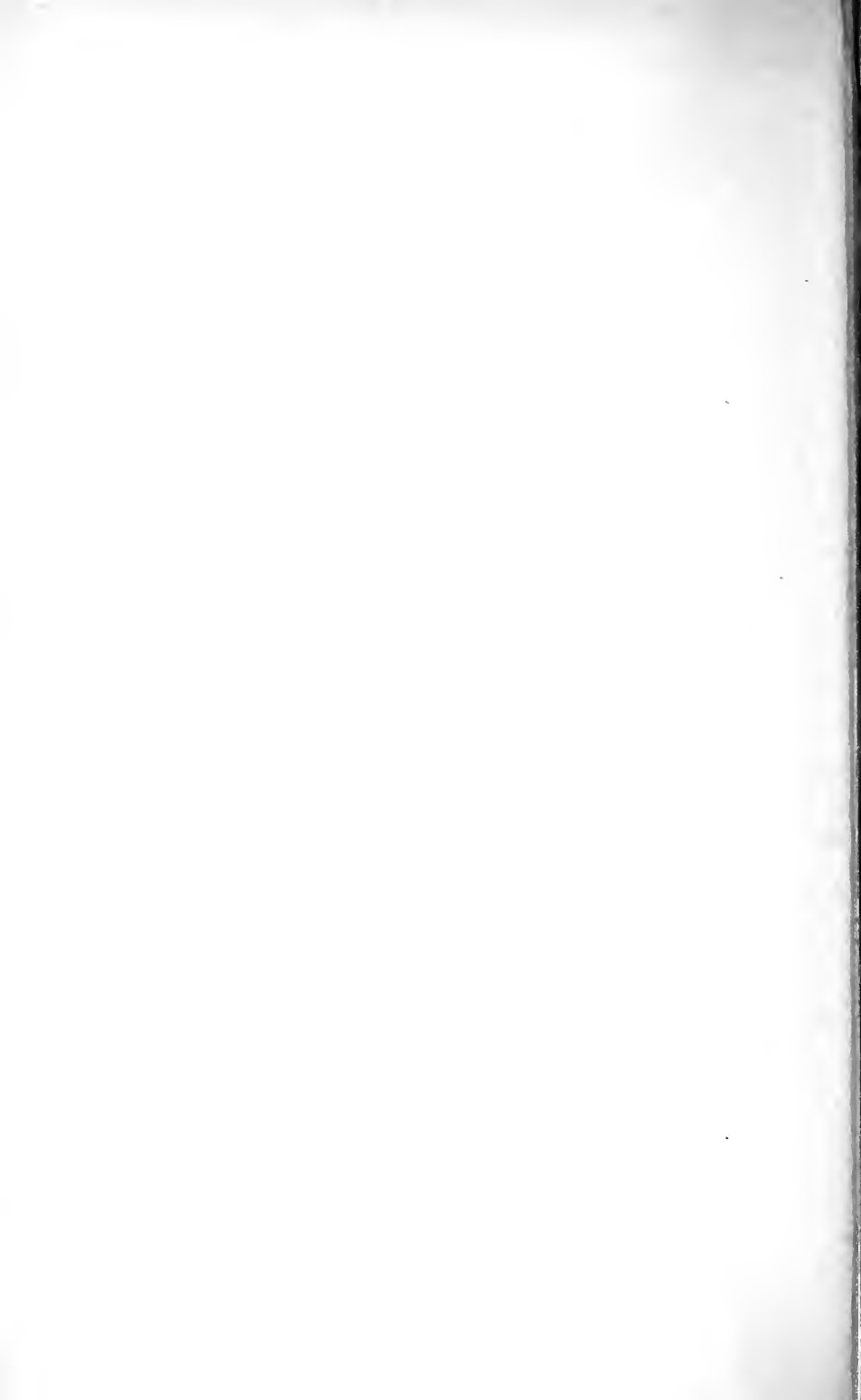
Mr Fergusson thinks the college at Edinburgh the best of their works, and says: "We possess few public buildings presenting so truthful and well-balanced a design as this."

Whatever were the architectural defects of their works, the brothers formed a style, which was marked especially in their interiors by a fine sense of proportion, and a very elegant taste in the selection and disposition of niches, lunettes, reliefs, festoons, and other classical ornaments. It was their custom to design furniture in character with their apartments, and their works of this kind are still greatly prized. Amongst them may be specially mentioned their side-boards with elegant urn-shaped knife-boxes, but they also designed bookcases and brackets, pedestals and cabinets, clock-cases and candelabra, mirror frames and console tables, of singular and original merit, adapting classical forms to modern uses with a success unrivalled by any other designers of furniture in England. They designed, also, carriages and plate, and a sedan chair for Queen Charlotte. Of their decorative work generally it may be said that it was rich but neat, refined but not effeminate, chaste but not severe, and that it will probably have quite as lasting and beneficial effect upon English taste as their architectural structures.

In 1773, the brothers Robert and James commenced the publication of their *Works on Archi-*
96



THE SOCIETY OF ARTS DISTRIBUTING ITS AWARDS



JAMES ADAM

tecture, in folio parts, which was continued at intervals till 1778, and reached the end of the second volume. In 1822, the work was completed by the posthumous publication of a third volume, but the three bound up together do not make a thick book.¹

Robert Adam also obtained some reputation as a landscape painter. As an architect, he was extensively employed to the last. In the year preceding his death he designed no less than eight public works and twenty-five private buildings. He died at his house in Albemarle Street, from the bursting of a blood-vessel in his stomach, on March 3, 1792. Of the social position he attained, and the estimation in which he was held, no greater proof can be afforded than the record of his funeral in Westminster Abbey. His pall-bearers were the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Lauderdale, Viscount Stormont, Lord Frederick Campbell, and Richard Pulteney (the botanist).

His younger brother, James, died in the same street, on October 20, two years later, from apoplexy. His work was so closely connected with that of Robert as to be practically undistinguishable. It is thought, by many, that he was solely responsible for the design of Portland Place. At one time he was architect to George

¹ *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. i., p. 88.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

III., and was master mason to the Board of Ordnance in North Britain. He published *Practical Essays on Architecture*, and, at the time of his death, he was engaged on a history of architecture. The eldest brother, John, inherited the business of the father, and remained in Scotland. William Adam is said to have died in 1748, in which case he could hardly have "assisted his brother Robert in building the Adelphi" (*Dict. of Nat. Biography*).

And Walpole, writing to Mason on July 29, 1773, says: "What are the Adelphi Buildings? Warehouses, laced down the seams, like a soldier's frill in a regimental old coat." Yet the author of *The Castle of Otranto* did not disdain from asking Robert Adam to design a room for him.

Apart from their financial troubles in building the Adelphi, the Adams brothers had to stand much banter. It was said, with what truth I know not, that they obtained their workmen, "with true patriotism," from Scotland, and that the labours of the artisans were stimulated by countless bagpipes; "but the canny men, finding the bagpipes played their tunes rather too quick, threw up the work, and Irishmen were then employed." In the *Foundling Hospital for Wit*,¹ the nationality of the architects is rudely assailed:—

¹ Ed. 1784, vol. iv., p. 189.

UNMERITED SATIRE

“ Four Scotchmen, by the name of Adams,
Who keep their coaches and their madams,
Quoth John, in sulky mood, to Thomas,
Have stole the very river from us !
O Scotland, long has it been said,
Thy teeth are sharp for English bread ;
What ! seize our bread and water too,
And use us worse than jailors do :
'Tis true, 'tis hard ; 'tis hard, 'tis true.

Ye friends of George, and friends of James,
Envy us not our River Thames ;
Thy Princess, fond of raw-boned faces,
May give you all our posts and places ;
Take all to gratify your pride,
But dip your oatmeal in the Clyde.”

CHAPTER V

The Society of Arts—Its Foundation—Its Removal to the Adelphi in 1774—James Barry and his Famous Paintings—Visited in John Street by Burke and Johnson—The Latter's opinion of his Genius—Description of his Pictures for the Society—The Work of the Society—"Spot" Ward, the Inventor of "Friar's Balsam"—Johnson speaks in the Great Room—Forsaken by his "Flowers of Oratory."

INSEPARABLY connected with the romance of the Adelphi, and very interesting on its own account, is the history of the Society of Arts, with its memories, not only of painters, but of Johnson and other celebrities. The Society owes its origin to William Shipley (1714–1803), a drawing-master of Northampton, and brother of Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St Asaph, the friend of Benjamin Franklin. It was established at a meeting held on March 22, 1754, at Rawthmell's Coffee-house, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Its first president was Jacob, Lord Viscount Folkestone. Its complete designation is "The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce." Smollett, in his *History of England*
100

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS

(1757), says, somewhat grandiloquently: "The Society is so numerous, the contributions so considerable, the plan so judiciously laid, and executed with such discretion and spirit as to promise much more effectual and extensive advantage to the public than ever accrued from all the boasted academies of Christendom." The Society had various homes prior to settling in the Adelphi. Its first meetings were held over a circulating library in Crane's Court, Fleet Street. A move was made westward to Craig's Court, Charing Cross, and from there the Society went to the Strand, in rooms opposite the New Exchange, and, in 1759, to apartments in Beaufort Buildings, Savoy.

In 1771, the brothers Adam entered into an agreement with the Society for the erection of "a proper building in the Adelphi for the use of the Society and the accommodation of its officers." The first stone was laid by Lord Romney, on March 28, 1772, and the building was opened in 1774. The Great Room, in which are the six famous pictures painted by James Barry, R.A. (1741-1806), between the years 1777 and 1783, is 44 feet in width, 60 feet in depth, and 48 feet in height. The painting of these celebrated pictures is one of the most extraordinary episodes in the history of art. In 1774, the Society of Arts suggested to certain members of the Royal Academy—then

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

newly instituted—that they should paint the interior of the Great Room, and that they should be reimbursed by the public exhibition of the completed works. This proposition was rejected by the academicians, at whose head was Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Barry, as a member, refused the offer. Three years later, however, Barry, having but sixteen shillings in his pocket, applied for permission to execute the work, unaided, and without remuneration. The Society's housekeeper told Benjamin Haydon, the historical painter (1786–1846), that she remembered Barry at work on his frescoes. His violence, she said, was dreadful, his oaths were horrid, and his temper was like insanity. In summer, he started painting at five o'clock, worked until dark, and then etched by lamp-light until eleven at night. Burke and Johnson called once. But no artist dared to brave his wrath. He had his tea boiled in a quart pot, dined on porridge, and drank milk for supper. So poor was the painter that he applied, but in vain, to the Society for a little money, and “an insolent secretary even objected to his charge for colours and models.” Subsequently, the Society relented and advanced the artist a hundred pounds. The Society “afterwards indulged him with two exhibitions of his paintings, in 1783 and 1784, which brought him £503, 12s., the Society paying the cost of the exhibitions, which amounted to

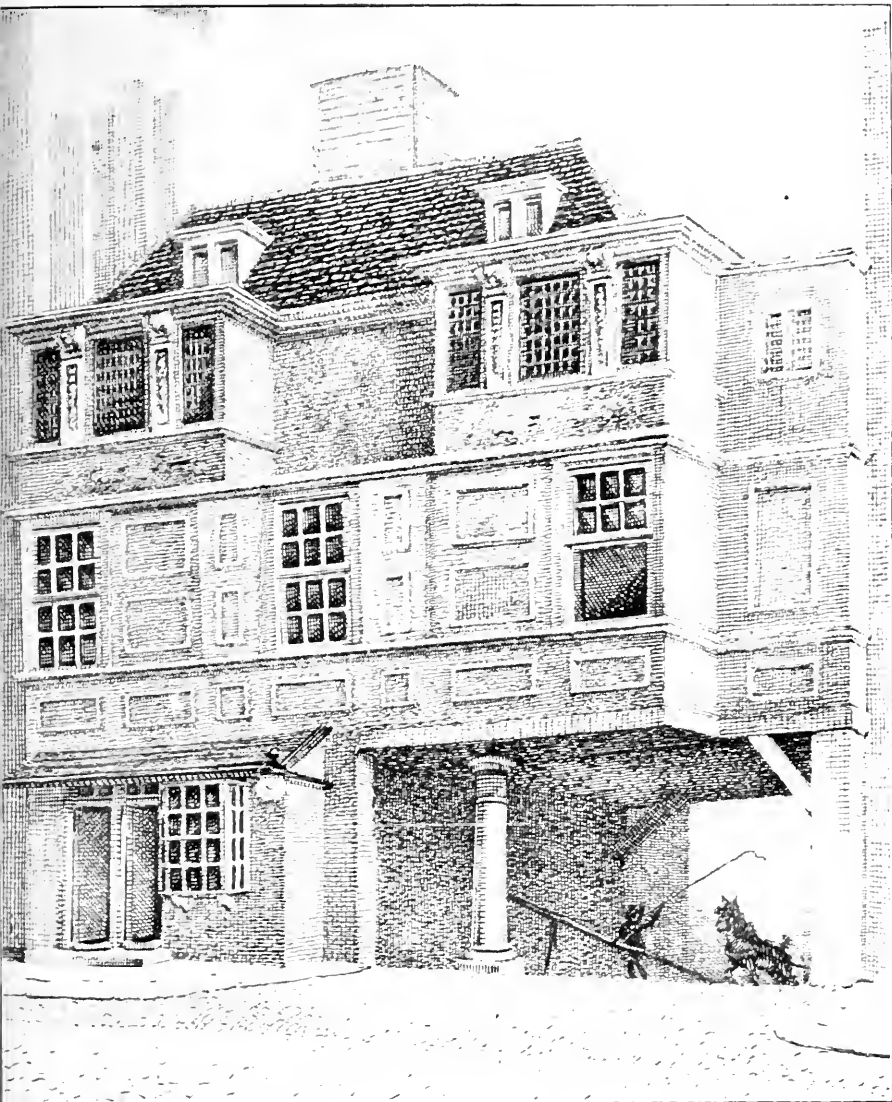
JONAS HANWAY

£174." He was also "rewarded" by the Society with a gold medal. But he had other, and, perhaps, more pleasing recognitions of his talent. That sturdy traveller and philanthropist, Jonas Hanway (1712-1786), came to one of the exhibitions, and the pioneer of the umbrella was so pleased that he insisted upon leaving a guinea instead of the customary shilling. The Prince of Wales gave Barry sittings, and Lord Aldborough declared that the painter had "surpassed Raphael." Lord Romney gave him a hundred guineas for a copy of the heads, and Dr Johnson thought highly of Barry's imaginative powers. "Whatever the hand may have done," he said to Boswell, "the mind has done its part. There is a grasp of mind there which you find nowhere else." Poor, neglected, and half-mad, Barry died at the age of sixty-five. His body lay in state in the Great Room on March 7. He was buried in St Paul's.

Some sixty years ago, said a writer towards the middle of the last century, there might have been seen daily passing in a direction between Oxford Street and the Adelphi, for years together, and through all kinds of weather, one whose appearance told, to even the most casual observer, he looked upon a remarkable man. Referring to himself, in one of his letters to a friend, Barry had once said, "Though the body and the soul of a picture will discover themselves on the slightest glance, yet you

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

know it could not be the same with such a pock-fretted, hard-featured little fellow as I am also"; but neither these personal characteristics, nor the mean garb in which he usually appeared, could conceal the earnestness stamped upon his grave, saturnine countenance, or the air of entire absorption in some mental pursuit, having little in common with the bustle of the everyday business of the world around him. He was a man to make or to keep few friends, and to shun all acquaintances; it was not often, therefore, that, in these passages to and fro, he had any companion; but the event was noticeable when he had, from the striking change in his demeanour. He became full of animation, and of a kind of sparkling cheerfulness; his conversation was at once frank, weighty, and elevating, and even the oaths, with which he made somewhat free, could not spoil the delight of the most fastidious censor of words, whilst borne along on the full and free current of the painter's thoughts. No one but himself at such times would have called his countenance "hard-featured"; its smile was inexpressibly sweet, its look of scorn or anger, when roused, such as few men could have met unmoved. But what was the employment that thus determined for so long a period his daily movements? The answer will require a brief review of his past career. Whilst a young student at Rome, Barry, annoyed by the absurd taunts of foreigners as to the un-

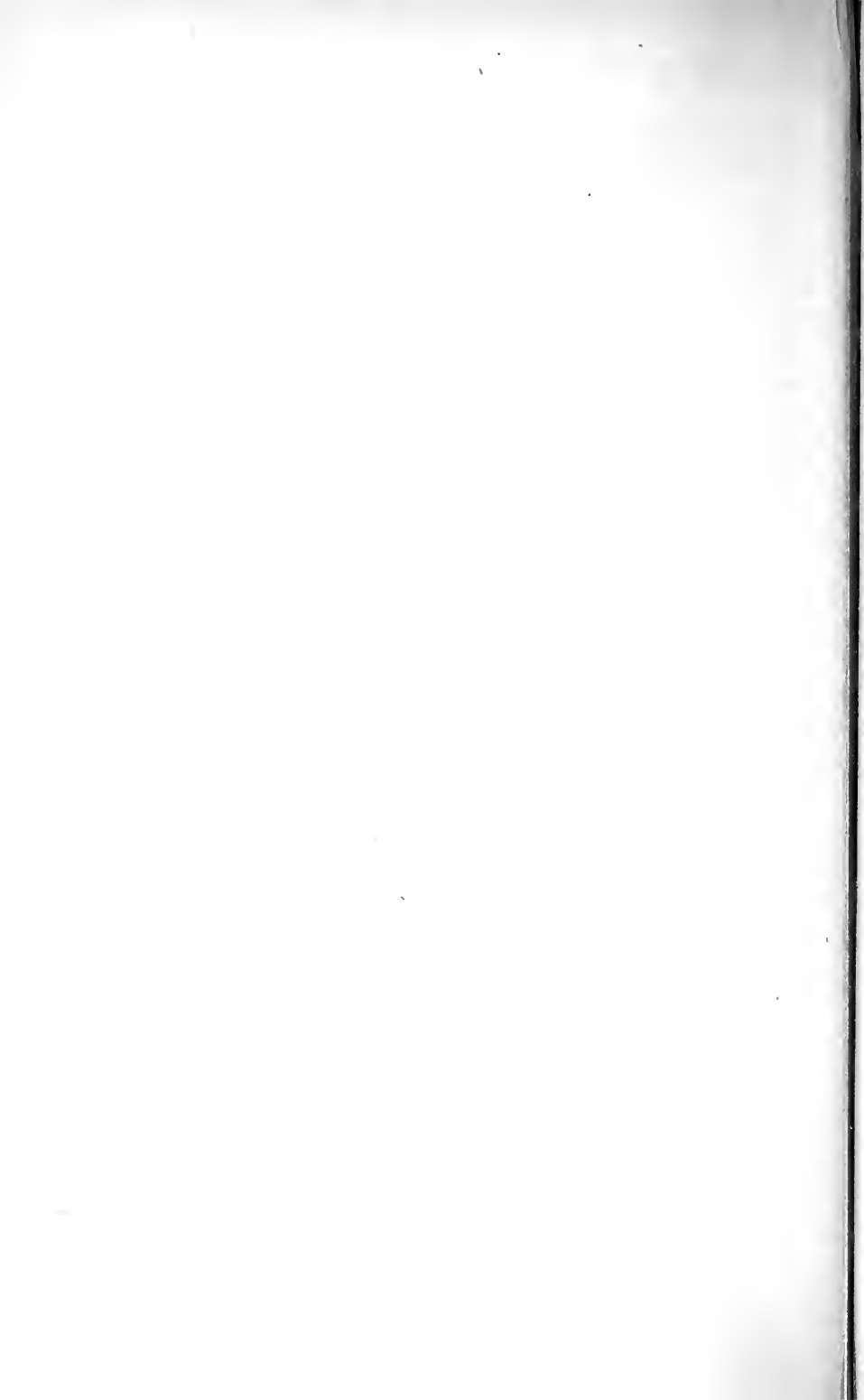


Nathaniel Smith.

THE STRAND ENTRANCE TO DURHAM YARD.

[170]

[To face p. 194.]



JAMES BARRY

genial character of the British soil for the growth of art, was often seduced into answering them in such a manner as suited rather his fiery temper and indomitable will than the cause which he so impatiently espoused. But a better result was his own quiet determination to devote his life to the disproof of the theory. He began admirably, by a strict analysis of his own powers, and by inquiring how they were best to be developed. Here is the result: "If I should chance to have genius, or anything else," he observes, in a letter to a friend, "it is so much the better; but my hopes are grounded upon an unwearied, intense application, of which I am not sparing. At present I have little to show that I value; my work is all underground digging and laying foundations, which, with God's assistance, I may hereafter find the use of. I every day centre more and more upon the art; I give myself totally to it; and except honour and conscience, am determined to renounce everything else." But the writer was without a shilling in the world to call his own; and although he had friends, the best of friends, as they were—one of them at least, Burke, the best of men—he had already received from them the entire means of subsistence while he had been studying so long at Rome, and was determined, therefore, to be no longer a burden to them or to others; but how should he, renouncing all ordinary blandishments of a young painter's

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

career, the “face-painting” and other methods by which genius condescends to become fashionable, or, in other words, to lay down its immortality for the pleasure of being acknowledged immortal—how was he to subsist? It was whilst this question remained, we may suppose, not decisively answered, that the painter thus wrote to another friend:—“O, I could be happy, in my going home, to find some corner where I could sit down in the middle of my studies, books, and casts after the antique, to paint this work and others, where I might have models of nature, when necessary, bread and soup, and a coat to cover me! I should care not what became of my work when it was done; but I reflect with horror upon such a fellow as I am, and with such a kind of art in London, with house-rent to pay, duns to follow me, and employers to look for. Had I studied art in a manner more accommodated to the nation, there would be no dread of this.” But from this state of despondency and dissatisfaction he was soon to rise triumphant. Again and again he asked himself how he was to subsist while the great things he meditated should be accomplished, and the answer came: the conclusion was anything but attractive or cheering, but he saw it was the conclusion: no cross, no crown; and he accepted it ungrudgingly. It was not long before he could say, “I have taken great pains to fashion myself to this kind of Quixotism; to this

BARRY'S FAMOUS PAINTINGS

end I have contracted and simplified my cravings and wants, and brought them into a very narrow compass." There are few, we think, of those who may have smiled with pity or contempt at the painter's mean garb, who would not have honoured it while they revered him, had they known this. The first apparent opportunity of achieving the object indicated was in connection with the proposed decoration of St Paul's.¹ But this fell through, and it was not until the Society of Arts accepted his offer that he was able to bring himself into line with his own convictions.

"Let us now ascend the stairs to the first floor, passing through the little ante-room where the alto-relievos of Bacon and Nollekens are mounted high upon the walls, and beneath the portrait of the founder of the Society, which appropriately hangs over the door of the great room, where the painter's works are to be found. The first glance shows us in one way the magnitude of the undertaking; the upper portion of the walls of the whole of the noble room, or hall, as it should rather be called, is covered by the six paintings of which the series consists; as we step from one to another, we perceive that these large spaces have been wrought upon in a large spirit; and a still closer examination opens to our view, pictures of surpassing beauty and grandeur, and scarcely less remarkable as a whole for the

¹ J. Saunders, in Knight's *London*, vol. v., pp. 359-360.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

successful manner in which they have been executed than for the daring originality of their conception.”

Barry's six pictures for the Society of Arts were designed on dignified and important subjects, so connected as to illustrate this great maxim of moral truth: “That the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral, which are as well calculated to lead human nature to its true rank and the glorious designation assigned for it by Providence.” To illustrate this doctrine, the first picture exhibits mankind in a savage state, exposed to all the inconvenience and misery of neglected culture; the second represents a Harvest Home, or thanksgiving, to Ceres and Bacchus; the third, the victors at Olympia; the fourth, Navigation, or the Triumph of the Thames; the fifth, the Distribution of Rewards by the Society; and the sixth, Elysium, or the state of final Retribution. Three of these subjects are truly poetical, the others historical. The pictures are all of the same height, viz., eleven feet ten inches; and the first, second, fourth, and fifth are fifteen feet two inches long; the third and sixth, which occupy the whole breadth of the room, at the north and south ends, are each forty-two feet long.

BARRY'S "THAMES"

The Thames.—Personified and represented, of a venerable, majestic and gracious aspect, sitting on the waters in a triumphal car, steering himself with one hand, and holding in the other the mariner's compass. The car is borne along by our great navigators, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sebastian Cabot, and the late Captain Cook. In the front of the car, and apparently in the action of meeting it, are four figures, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, ready to lay their several productions in the lap of the Thames. The supplicating action of the poor negro slave—or, more properly, of enslaved Africa—the cord round his neck, the tear on his cheek, the iron manacles and attached heavy chain on his wrists, with his hands clasped and stretched out for mercy, denote the agonies of his soul, and the feelings of the artist thus expressed, before the abolition of slavery became the subject of public investigation. Overhead is Mercury, the emblem of commerce, summoning the nations all together; and following the car are Nereids carrying several articles of the principal manufactures of Great Britain. In this scene of triumph and joy the artist has introduced music, and, for this reason, placed among the sea-nymphs his friend, Dr Burney. In the distance is a view of the chalky cliffs on the English coast, with ships sailing, highly characteristic of the commerce of this

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

country, which the picture is intended to record. In the end of this picture, next the chimney, there is a naval pillar, mausoleum, observatory, lighthouse, or all of these, they being all comprehended in the same structure.

In this important object, so ingeniously produced by the sea-gods, we have at last obtained the happy concurrence and union of so many important desiderata in that opportunity of convenient inspection of all the sculptured communications, the want of which had been so deeply regretted by all who had seen the Trajan and Antonine columns, and other celebrated remains of antiquity.

The Society.—This picture represents the distribution of the Rewards of the Society. Not far advanced from the left side of the picture stands the late Lord Romney, then president of the Society, habited in the robes of his dignity: near the president stands His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and sitting at the corner of the picture, holding in his hand the instrument of the institution, is Mr William Shipley, “whose public spirit gave rise to this Society.” One of the farmers, who are producing specimens of grain to the president, is Arthur Young, Esq. Near him Mr More, the late secretary. On the right hand of the late Lord Romney stands the present Earl of Romney, then V.P., and on the left the

110

“THE SOCIETY”

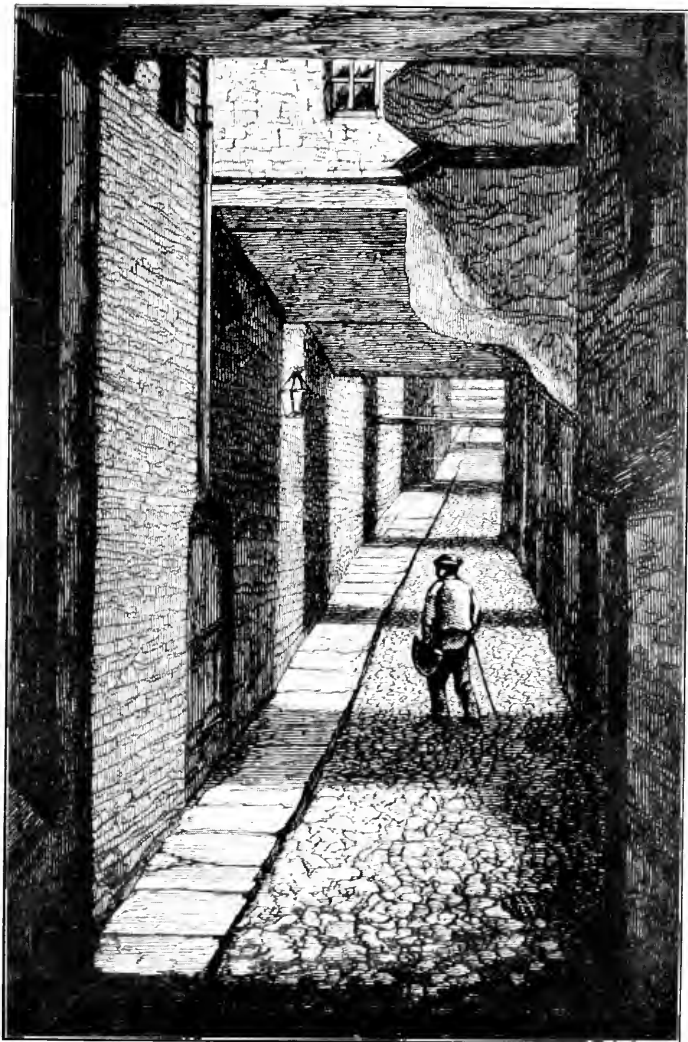
late Owen Salusbury Brereton, Esq., V.P.¹ Towards the centre of the picture is seen that distinguished example of female excellence, Mrs Montague, who long honoured the Society with her name and subscription. She appears recommending the ingenuity and industry of a young female, whose work she is producing. Near her are placed the late Duchess of Northumberland; the present Duke of Northumberland, V.P.; the late Joshua Steele, Esq., V.P.; Dr Hurd, Bishop of Worcester; Soame Jennings and James Harris, Esqrs.; and the two duchesses of Rutland and Devonshire. Between these ladies, the late Dr Samuel Johnson seems pointing out the example of Mrs Montague to their Graces' attention and imitation. Further advanced is His Grace the late Duke of Richmond, V.P., and the late Edmund Burke, Esq. Still nearer the right-hand side of the picture is the late Edward Hooper, Esq., V.P., and the late Keane Fitzgerald, Esqrs., V.P.; His Grace the late Duke of Northumberland, V.P.; the Earl of Radnor, V.P., William Lock, Esq., and Dr William Hunter are examining some drawings by a youth, to whom a premium has been adjudged: behind him is another youth, in whose countenance the dejection he feels at being disappointed in his expectation

¹ Owen Salusbury Brereton (1715-1798), antiquary; recorder of Liverpool, 1742-98; vice-president, Society of Arts, 1765-98; M.P. for Ilchester, 1775-80.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

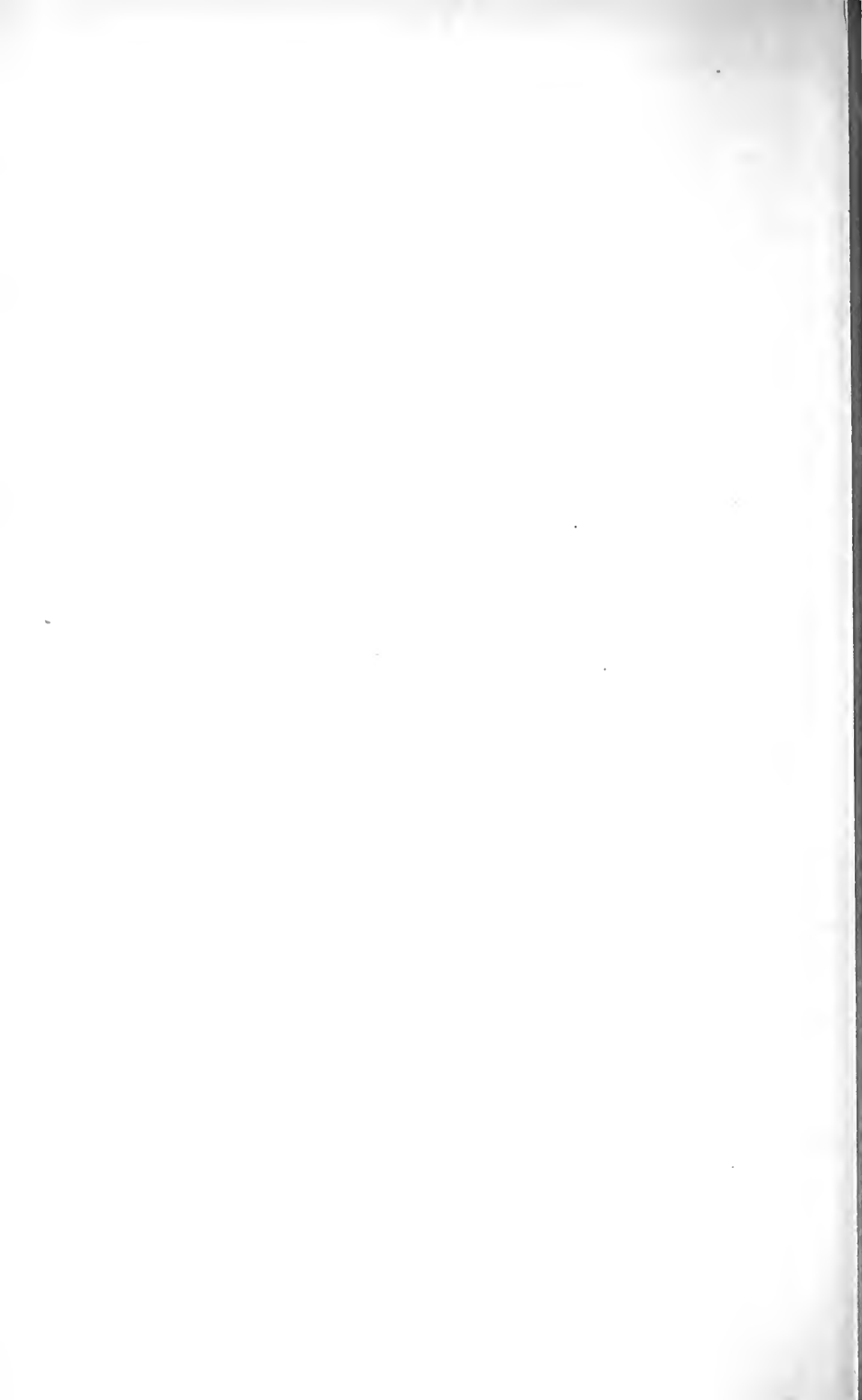
of a reward is finely expressed. Near the right side of the piece are seen the late Lord Viscount Folkestone, first president of this Society ; his son, the late Earl Radnor, V.P. ; and Dr Stephen Hales, V.P. In the background appear part of the water-front of Somerset House, St Paul's, and other objects in the vicinity and view of this Society, as instituted at London. And as a very large part of the rewards bestowed by the Society have been distributed to promote the polite arts of painting and sculpture, the artist has also most judiciously introduced a picture and statue. The subject of the picture is the Fall of Lucifer, designed by Mr Barry, when the Royal Academy had selected six of the members to paint pictures for St Paul's Cathedral ; the statue is that of the Grecian mother dying, and in those moments attentive only to the safety of her child. In the corners of the picture are represented many articles which have been invented or improved by the encouragement of this Society. In the lower corner of this picture, next the chimney, are introduced two large models intended by Mr Barry as improvements of medals and coins.

Elysium, or the State of Final Retribution.—In this sublime picture, which occupies the whole length of the room, the artist has, with wonderful sagacity, and without any of those anachronisms which tarnish the lustre of other very celebrated per-



IVY LANE, STRAND (THE BOUNDARY OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER
AND THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER).

V. G. J. & P. 117.



“ ELYSIUM ”

formances, brought together those great and good men of all ages and nations, who have acted as the cultivators and benefactors of mankind. This picture is separated from that of the Society distributing its rewards by palm trees ; near which, on a pedestal, sits a pelican, feeding its young with its own blood, a happy type of those personages represented in the picture, who had worn themselves out in the service of mankind. Behind the palms, near the top of the picture, are indistinctly seen, as immersed and lost in a great blaze of light, cherubims veiled with their wings, in the act of adoration, and offering incense to that invisible and incomprehensible Power which is above them, and out of the picture, from whence the light and glory proceed and are diffused over the whole piece. By thus introducing the idea of the Divine essence, by effect rather than by form, the absurdity committed by many painters is happily avoided, and the mind of every intelligent spectator is filled with awe and reverence.

The groups of female figures, which appear at a further distance absorbed in glory, are those characters of female excellence, whose social conduct, benevolence, affectionate friendship, and regular discharge of domestic duties, soften the cares of human life, and diffuse happiness around them. In the more advanced part, just bordering on the blaze of light (where the female figures are almost absorbed) is introduced a group of poor native West

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Indian females, in the act of adoration, preceded by angels, burning incense, and followed by their good bishop, his face partly concealed by that energetic hand which holds his crozier, or pastoral staff—who may, notwithstanding the word Chiapa, inscribed on the front of his mitre, be identified with the glorious friar Bartolomeo de las Casas, bishop of that place. This matter of friendly intercourse, continued beyond life, is pushed still further in the more advanced part of the same group by the male adoring Americans and some Dominican friars, where the very graceful incident occurs of one of these Dominicans directing the attention of an astonished Caribb to some circumstance of beatitude, the enjoyment of which he had promised to his Caribb friend. The group below on the left hand in this picture consists of Roger Bacon, Archimedes, Descartes, and Thales; behind them stand Sir Francis Bacon, Copernicus, Galileo, and Sir Isaac Newton, regarding with awe and admiration a solar system, which two angels are unveiling and explaining to them. Near the inferior angel, who is holding the veil, is Columbus, with a chart of his voyage; and close to him Epaminondas, with his shield; Socrates, Cato the younger, the elder Brutus, and Sir Thomas More; a sextumbriate to which, Swift says, all ages have not been able to add a seventh. Behind Marcus Brutus is William Molyneux, holding his book of the case of Ireland; near

“ ELYSIUM ”

Columbus is Lord Shaftesbury, John Locke, Zeno, Aristotle, and Plato ; and, in the opening between this group and the next, are Sir William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and the honourable Robert Boyle.

The next group are legislators, where King Alfred the Great is leaning on the shoulder of William Penn, who is showing his tolerant, pacific code of equal laws to Lycurgus. Standing around them are Minos, Trajan, Antoninus, Peter the Great of Russia, Edward the Black Prince, Henry the Fourth of France, and Andrea Doria of Genoa. Here, too, are introduced those patrons of genius, Lorenzo de Medici, Louis the Fourteenth, Alexander the Great, Charles the First, Colbert, Leo the Tenth, Francis the First, the Earl of Arundel, and the illustrious monk Cassiodorus, no less admirable and exemplary as the secretary of state than as the friar in his convent at Viviers, the plan of which he holds in his hand. Just before this group, on the rocks which separate Elysium from the infernal regions, are placed the Angelic Guards ; and in the most advanced part an archangel, weighing attentively the virtues and vices of mankind, whose raised hand and expressive countenance denote great concern at the preponderancy of evil. Behind this figure is another angel, explaining to Pascal and Bishop Butler the analogy between Nature and revealed Religion. The figure behind Pascal and Butler,

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

with his arms stretched out, and advancing with so much energy, is that ornament of our latter age, the graceful, the sublime Bossuet, Bishop of Meux. The uniting tendency of the paper he holds in that hand, resting on the shoulder of Origen, would well comport with those pacific views of the amiable Grotius, for healing those discordant evils which are sapping the foundations of Christianity amongst the nations of Europe, where in other respects it would be, and even is, so happily and so well established.

Behind Francis the First and Lord Arundel are Hugo Grotius, Father Paul, and Pope Adrian. Towards the top of the picture, and near the centre, sits Homer; on his right hand, Milton; next him, Shakespeare, Spenser, Chaucer, and Sappho. Behind Sappho sits Alcæus, who is talking with Ossian; near him are Menander, Molière, Congreve, Bruma, Confucius, Mango Capac, etc. etc. Next Homer, on the other side, is Archbishop Fenelon, with Virgil leaning on his shoulder; and near them are Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante. Behind Dante, Petrarca, Laura, Giovanni, and Boccaccio.

In the second range of figures, over Edward the Black Prince and Peter the Great, are Swift, Erasmus, Cervantes; near them Pope, Dryden, Addison, Richardson, Moses Mendelssohn, and Hogarth. Behind Dryden and Pope are Sterne, Gray, Goldsmith, Thomson, and Fielding; and

“ ELYSIUM ”

near Richardson, Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Vandyke. Next Vandyke is Rubens, with his hand on the shoulders of Le Sœur, and behind him is Le Brun: next to these are Julio Romano, Dominichino, and Annibal Caracci, who are in conversation with Phidias; behind whom is Giles Hussey. Nicholas Poussin and the Sicyonian maid are near them, with Callimachus and Pamphilius; near Appelles is Corregio; behind Raffaello stand Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, and behind them, Ghiberti, Donatello, Massachio, Brunaleschi, Albert Dürer, Giotto, and Cimabue.

In the top of this part of the picture the painter has happily glanced at what is called by astronomers the System of Systems, where the fixed stars, considered as so many suns, each with his several planets, are revolving round the Great Cause of all things; and representing everything as affected by intelligence, has shown each system carried along in its revolution by an angel. Though only a small portion of this article can be seen, yet enough is shown to manifest the sublimity of the idea.

In the other corner of the picture the artist has represented Tartarus, where, among cataracts of fire and clouds of smoke, two large hands are seen, one of them holding a fire-fork, the other pulling

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

down a number of figures bound together by serpentine War, Gluttony, Extravagance, Detraction, Parsimony, and Ambition: and floating down the fiery gulf are Tyranny, Hypocrisy, and Cruelty, with their proper attributes; the whole of this excellent picture proving, in the most forcible manner, the truth of that maxim which cannot be too often inculcated: "That the attainment of man's true rank in the creation, and his present and future happiness, individual as well as public, depended on the cultivation and proper direction of the human faculties."¹

In addition to the Barry pictures, there are, in the Council Room, full-length portraits of the first president by Gainsborough, and of the second president of the Society, Lord Romney, by Reynolds, together with a portrait of Barry. Here, also, are portraits of the Prince Consort (who was president from 1843 until his death in 1861), painted by Horsley, and of the late Queen Victoria and the royal children, painted by Cope. One of the first prizes of the Society was adjudged to Richard Cosway, then a boy of twelve, and afterwards so eminent as a portrait painter in oil and miniatures. But this was before the Society had removed to the Adelphi. John Bacon, Joseph

¹ The above descriptions of Barry's famous pictures in the Adelphi are taken from Brayley's *Beauties of England and Wales, Middlesex*, vol. iii., part ii., pp. 235-241.

WORK OF THE SOCIETY

Nollekens, and William Woollett, George Romney, John Flexman, J. M. W. Turner, Edwin Landseer, William Mulready, J. E. Millais, and many other distinguished artists were awarded premiums by the Society, which, says Mr Wheatley, "has been active in promoting commercial and technical education by means of examinations. Out of the technological examinations has grown the wide-spreading action of the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute. A large number of the chief questions of the day, such as the amendment of the Patent Laws; the cheapening of letter, book, and parcel postage; the improvement of musical education, etc., have been dealt with by the Society in the form of discussion and by addresses to the Government. Several conferences have also been held on sanitary matters and on water supply.

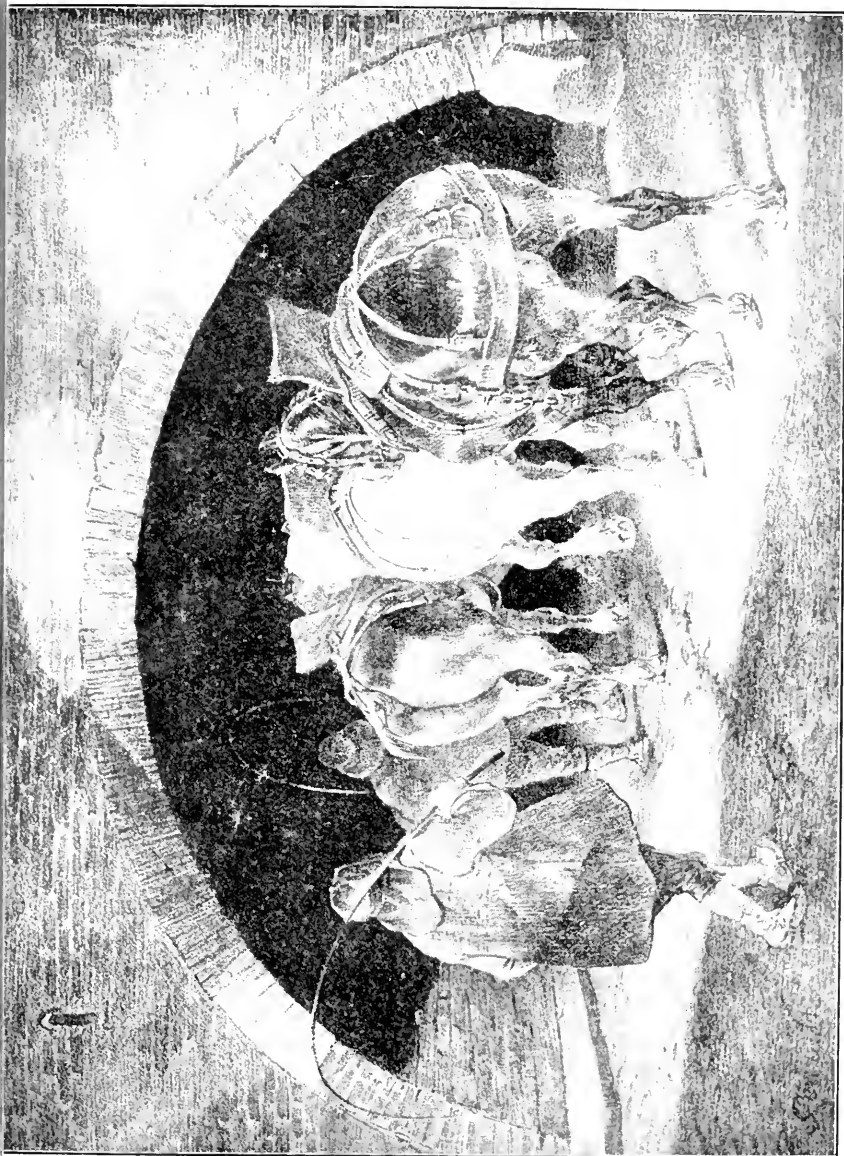
The ordinary meetings are held on Wednesday evenings at 8 p.m., from November to May, when papers are read and discussed on subjects relating to arts, manufactures and commerce. There are also connected with the Society three sections: 1. Indian; 2. Foreign and Colonial; 3. Applied Art. These hold meetings for the reading and discussion of papers on their respective subjects on other days of the week. Courses of lectures on popular subjects connected with arts and manufactures are delivered on Monday evenings, and are styled Cantor Lectures, by reason that

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

they owe their origin to a bequest of the late Dr Cantor. The Albert Medal, founded in honour of the Prince Consort, is awarded annually to some eminent man who has distinguished himself by promoting arts, manufactures, or commerce. The first award was to Sir Rowland Hill in 1864, and the list of recipients forms a noble roll of great men.”¹ Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, was awarded the Society’s medal in her jubilee year, 1887.

The notorious quack doctor Joshua Ward (1685–1761), who was caricatured by Hogarth, allowed the Italian sculptor, Agostino Carlini, £100 a year, so that he should work on his statue for life. The impudent inventor of “Friar’s Balsam” left this statue to the Society of Arts. This quack, who was nicknamed “Spot” Ward, from a birth-mark on his cheek, was the son of a London dry-salter. His skill was so extolled by General Churchill and Lord Chief Baron Reynolds, that he was called in to prescribe for George II. Despite his “remedies”—his famous “drop and pill” was a dangerous compound of antimony—the King recovered, and “Spot” Ward was solemnly voted the thanks of a credulous House of Parliament and allowed the privilege of driving his carriage through St James’s Park. He tried to enter Parliament by fraud in 1717, and fled to St Germain, where he

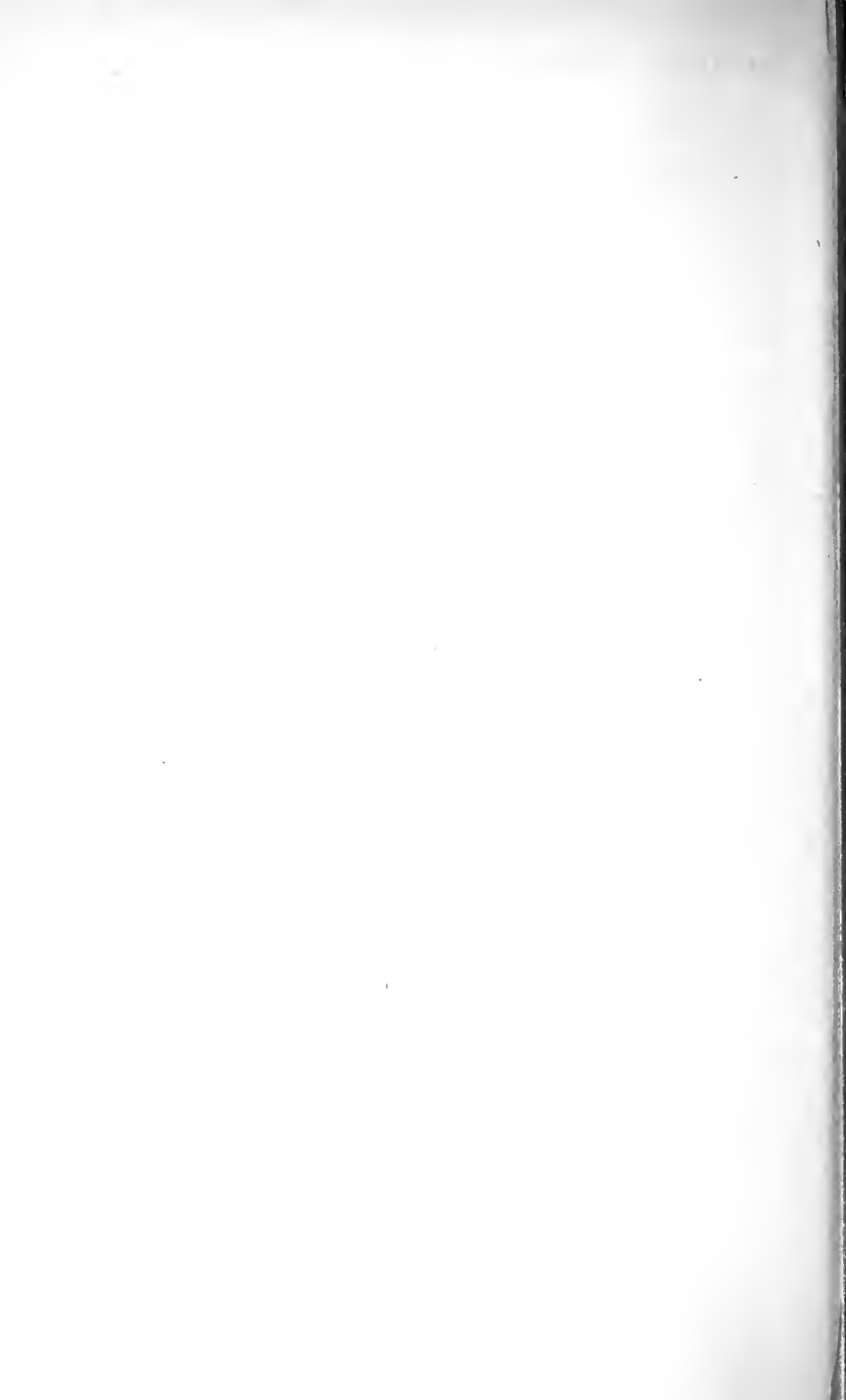
¹ *London Past and Present*, vol. i., pp. 71–2.



Caravan

ENTRANCE TO THE ADDELPHI ARCHES.

1867



SAMUEL JOHNSON

maintained himself by his "universal remedies." Pardoned in 1733, he had a wonderful career in London, and amassed a fortune.

One of the most interesting of the literary associations of the Adelphi is connected, in tradition, with Oliver Goldsmith, and, as a matter of fact, with Samuel Johnson, both of whom appeared before the Society of Arts. "The great room of the Society now mentioned," says Andrew Kippis, the Nonconformist divine and biographer, at the close of his memoir of Gilbert Cooper, in the *Biographia Britannica*,¹ "was for several years the place where many people chose to try, or to display, their oratorical abilities. Dr Goldsmith, I remember, made an attempt at a speech, but was obliged to sit down in confusion. I once heard Doctor Johnson speak there, upon a subject relating to Mechanics, with a propriety, perspicuity, and energy which excited general admiration." On the other hand, we have the testimony of Boswell that Johnson did not distinguish himself as a speaker in the Adelphi. "I remember that it was observed by Mr Flood, that Johnson, having been long used to sententious brevity and the short flights of conversation, might have failed in that continued and expanded kind of argument which is requisite in stating complicated matters in public speaking; and, as a proof of this, he mentioned the supposed speeches in Parliament,

¹ Vol. iv., p. 266.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

written by him for the magazine, none of which, in his opinion, were at all like real debates. The opinion of one who was himself so eminent an orator must be allowed to have great weight. It was confirmed by Sir William Scott [Baron Stowell, the great Admiralty lawyer], who mentioned that Johnson had told him that he had several times tried to speak in the Society of Arts and Manufactures, but 'had found he could not get on.' From Mr William Gerard Hamilton, I have heard that Johnson, when observing to him that it was prudent for a man who had not been accustomed to speak in public to begin his speech in as simple a manner as possible, acknowledged that he rose in that Society to deliver a speech which he had prepared; 'but,' said he, 'all my flowers of oratory forsook me.'"

I am sorry to destroy a long-cherished illusion, but the worthy Dr Kippis is in error in "remembering" Goldsmith attempting to make a speech in "the great room" of the Society of Arts. This room was not opened until 1774, and on April 4th of that year, Goldsmith—unfortunately for the Kippis tradition—with a mind ill at ease, departed life.

CHAPTER VI

David Garrick—His Residence in the Adelphi—Founds the Drury Lane Fund—His Last Appearance on the Stage—Honoured by Parliament—The Friendship of Mr and Mrs Garrick for Hannah More—Their Correspondence—Garrick helps the Production of *Percy*—Presents his Buckles to Hannah More—The Production of *Percy*—Garrick's Prologue gives Offence—Garrick brings Hannah More's Dinner from the Adelphi to the "Turk's Head"—The Literary Club—His Last Illness and Death.

THE shades of David Garrick and Dr Johnson must haunt the Adelphi. Johnson was a constant visitor here. The Adelphi buildings are very much as they were in his lifetime, whereas most of his Fleet Street habitations are either swept away or sadly marred. But, although the Embankment and the Gardens below Adelphi Terrace have taken the place of the unsightly wharves and the muddy river of Johnson's day, the house occupied by David Garrick for some six or seven years before his death, and wherein he died, is still standing. The great actor purchased the property, and, consequently, we may look in vain for any mention of it in the *Particulars of the Adelphi Lottery*, to

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

which I have already made reference. During these last few years of his life, Garrick—who spent the summer at his country residence at Hampton—busied himself in the foundation of a great charitable bequest for his fellow-players. At his suggestion, and upon his advice, the Drury Lane Fund was established, a special Act of Parliament, for which he provided all the necessary expenses, being obtained for the sanction and support of the institution, in January, 1776. He also gave to it all the money which he received on the occasion of his taking leave of the stage. “It is computed that by the product of his labours, in acting annually capital parts, and by donations of one kind or another, he bestowed for this beneficial institution a capital of near 4,500 L.”

It was from his house in the Adelphi—No. 5, the centre house of the Terrace—which, by the way, was then known as Royal Terrace—that the great actor set out on the eventful 10th of June, 1776, for the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, whereon he then made his last appearance. He acted Don Felix, in Mrs Centlivre’s comedy, *The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret*. He had previously disposed of his interest in the patent, for the sum of £35,000, to Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Richard Ford. Before his actual farewell, he gave the public an opportunity of seeing him in several of his other favourite

124

DAVID GARRICK

characters, including Hamlet, Richard III., and King Lear. He only acted Richard once during his farewell season, and that was by command of George III. "His Majesty," we are told, "was much surprised to see him, in an age so advanced" (he was just then sixty years old) "run about the field of battle with so much fire, force, and agility." On the conclusion of his performance of Don Felix, Garrick approached the footlights, "with much palpitation of mind, and visible emotion in his countenance. No premeditation could prepare him for this affecting scene. He bowed—he paused—the spectators were all attention. After a short struggle of nature, he recovered from the shock," and thus addressed the audience:—"Ladies and gentlemen, it has been customary with persons under my circumstances to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but indeed I found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue as I should be now of speaking it. The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings. This is to me a very awful moment; it is no less than parting forever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favours, and upon the spot where that kindness and those favours were received." (Here he was unable to proceed till he was relieved by a shower of tears.) "Whatever

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your kindness will always remain here" (putting his hand on his breast), "fixed and unalterable. I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have; but I defy them all to take more sincere and more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it than is your humble servant." The crowded and brilliant audience rewarded the actor with renewed acclamations and many tears; and, making a "profound obeisance," he left the stage.

Garrick, despite his retirement from the theatre, still took great interest in it. He read and approved the tragedy of *Percy*, which had been written by Hannah More, the religious writer (1745-1833), and was instrumental in its production, at Covent Garden, in 1777. He also wrote the prologue and the epilogue to the play. He frequently attended the debates in the House of Commons. In the spring of 1777, he unwittingly provoked a marked compliment to his splendid position in the great world of artistic and literary London. Happening to be present in the Strangers' Gallery during a certain motion which produced some bickering between two right honourable gentlemen, "which proceeded to such a degree of warmth that the Speaker had to interfere," an unhappy member for Shropshire, observing

126

EDMUND BURKE'S COMMENDATION

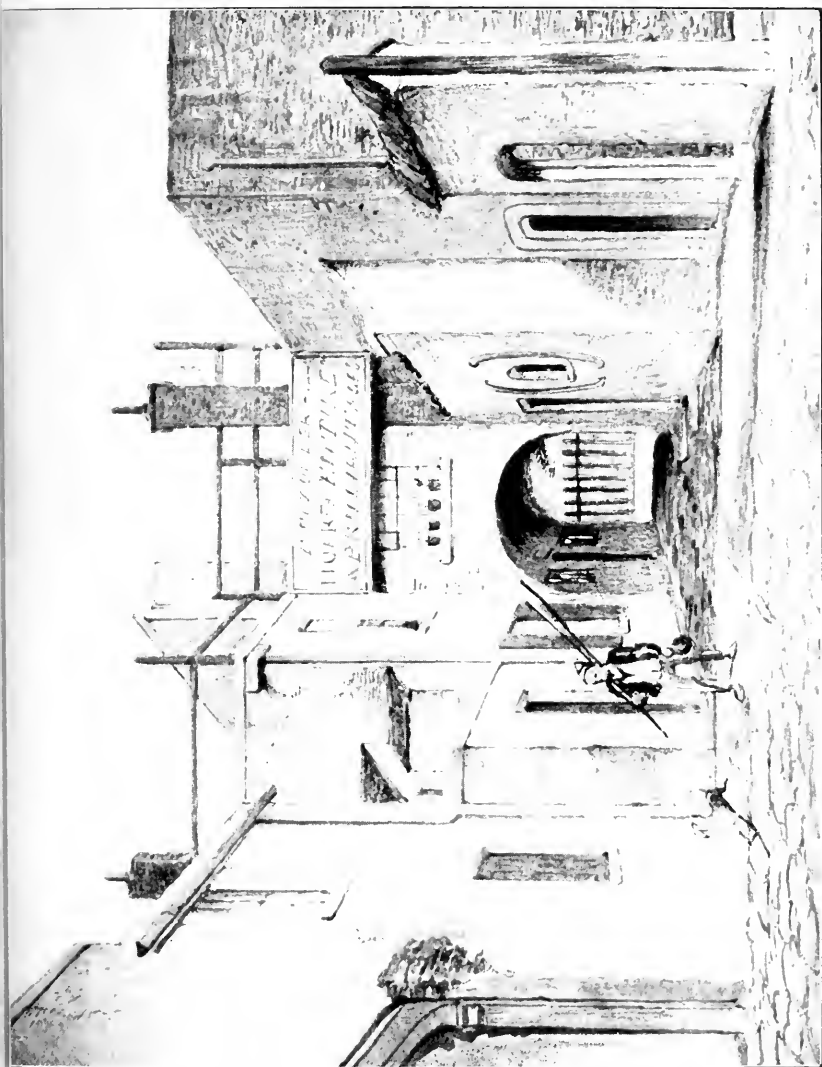
that Garrick was seated in the Gallery, thereupon moved a resolution for the clearing of the House. "Roscius," however, managed to withdraw himself from further observation, and thus avoided the consequences of the ungenerous suggestion. The same unfortunate member, on the following day, essayed to address the House on the impropriety of suffering players to hear the debates, whereupon no less a person than Edmund Burke arose, and, appealing to the honourable assembly, asked whether "it could possibly be consistent with the rules of decency and liberality to exclude from the hearing of their debates a man to whom they were all obliged, one who was the great master of eloquence, in whose school they had all imbibed the art of speaking and been taught the elements of rhetoric. For his part, he owned that he had been greatly indebted to his instructions. Much more he said in commendation of Mr Garrick, and was warmly seconded by Mr Fox and Mr T. Townshend, who very copiously displayed the great merit of their old preceptor, as they termed him; they reprobated the motion of the gentleman with great warmth and indignation."¹ The House, with almost complete unanimity, concurred in this eulogium, and the actor, returning to the Adelphi, wrote the following lines on the subject:—

¹ Davies' *Memoirs of the Life of David Garrick*, 1784, vol. ii., p. 356.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

“Squire B——n rose with deep intent,
And notify'd to Parliament
That I, it was a shame and sin,
When others were shut out, got in ;
Asserting in his wise oration,
I glory'd in my situation.
I own my features might betray
Peculiar joy I felt that day.
I glory when my mind is feasted
With dainties it has seldom tasted ;
When reason chooses Fox's tongue,
To be more rapid, clear, and strong ;
When from his classic urn Burke pours
A copious stream through banks of flowers ;
When Barré stern, with accents deep,
Calls up Lord North, and murders sleep ;
And if his Lordship rise to speak,
Then wit and argument awake :
When Rigby speaks, and all may hear him,
Who can withstand, *ridendo verum* ?
When Thurlow's words attention bind,
The spell's of a superior mind.
Now, whether I were Whig or Tory,
This was a time for me to glory ;
My glory farther still extends,
For most of these I call my friends :
But if, Squire B——n, you were hurt,
To see me, as you thought, so pert,
You might have punish'd my transgression,
And damp'd the ardour of expression.
A brute there is whose voice confounds,
And frights all others with strange sounds ;
Had you, your matchless pow'rs displaying,
Like him, Squire B——n, set a-braying,
I should have lost all exultation,
Nor gloried in my situation.”

The strong bond of friendship which existed
between Hannah More and Mr and Mrs Garrick
128



THE FOX UNDER THE HILL.



HANNAH MORE

is one of the most remarkable events in the history of literature and the stage. On the one side, there was unbounded admiration for the great actor; on the other, Garrick and his wife evidently held the young writer in the highest esteem. The letters written, and received by, Hannah More, from the time of her first meeting with Garrick, until the death of his widow, form a charming note in the lives of these three people. They bridge over the years 1776 to 1822. In the former year, it should be borne in mind, the actor was nearly sixty years old, his wife a little younger, while Hannah More was but thirty-one years of age. The affection of the elderly couple for their young protégée is remarkable, and, curiously enough, the career of the latter began with Garrick's leaving the stage. On June 10, 1776, Hannah More writes to David Garrick: "I think, by the time this reaches you, I may congratulate you on the end of your labours and the completion of your fame—a fame which has had no parallel, and will have no end. Yet whatever reputation the world may ascribe to you, I, who have had the happy privilege of knowing you intimately, shall always think you derived your greatest glory from the temperance with which you enjoyed it and the true greatness of mind with which you lay it down. Surely, to have suppressed your talents in the moment of your highest capacity for exercising

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

them, does as much honour to your heart as the exertion itself did to your dramatic character; but I cannot trust myself with this subject, because I am writing to the man himself; yet I ought to be indulged, for is not the recollection of my pleasures all that is left me of them? Have I not seen in one season that man act seven-and-twenty times, and rise each time in excellence, and shall I be silent? Have I not spent three months under the roof of that man and his dear charming lady, and received from them favours that would take me another three months to tell over, and shall I be silent?

“ But highly as I enjoy your glory (for I do enjoy it most heartily, and seem to partake it too, as I think a ray of it falls on all your friends), yet I tremble for your health. It is impossible you can do so much mischief to the nerves of other people without hurting your own,—in *Richard* especially, where your murders are by no means confined to the Tower: but you assassinate your whole audience who have hearts. I say, I tremble lest you should suffer for all this; but it is now over, as I hope are the bad effects of it upon yourself. You may break your wand at the end of your trial, when you lay down the office of *haut intendant* of the passions; but the enchantment it raised you can never break, while the memories and feelings remain of those who were ever admitted into the magic circle.

GARRICK'S PROLOGUE TO "PERCY"

"This letter is already of a good impudent length, and to the person, of all others, who has the least time to read nonsense. I will not prolong my impertinence, but to beg and conjure that I may hear a little bit about your finishing night. The least scrap—printed or manuscript—paragraph or advertisement—merry or serious—verse or prose, will be thankfully received, and hung up in the temple of reliques.

"Pray tell my sweet Mrs Garrick I live on the hope of hearing from her. And tell her further that she and you have performed a miracle, for you have loaded one person with obligations, and have not made an ingrate."

A few months later Hannah More beseeches Garrick to write her a prologue to *Percy*. Garrick received her letter just as he was about to leave the Adelphi for a trip on the river. But he replied immediately, in the following characteristic way: "Write you an epilogue! Give you a pinch of snuff! By the greatest good luck in the world, I received your letter when I was surrounded with ladies and gentlemen, setting out upon a party to go up the Thames. Our expedition will take us seven or eight days upon the most limited calculations. They would hardly allow me a moment to write this scrawl: I snatched up the first piece of paper (and a bad one it is) to tell you how unhappy I am that I cannot confer upon

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

you so small a favour directly. If you will let me know immediately, by a line directed to me at the Adelphi, for whom you intend the epilogue, and what are her or his strong marks of character in the play (for my copy is in town, or with Miss Young), I will do my best on my return. I must desire you not to rely upon me this time, on account of my present situation; I could as soon sleep in a whirlwind as write among these ladies, and I shall be so fatigued with talking myself, and hearing them talk, or I could sit up all night to obey your commands."

Garrick complied with the request, and Hannah More writes, on June 16, 1777, to thank him: "I beg to return you my hearty thanks for your goodness in sending me your delightful prologue. That you should think me not unworthy to possess so great a treasure flatters more than my vanity. And that you should send it me so soon makes it doubly gratifying. I have read and re-read it with all the malice of a friend, and pronounce that I never read a sweeter or more beautiful thing. . . . Many thanks, dear sir, for your good and wholesome advice about my play. I do nothing, except regret my own idleness. I tremble for my fifth act; but I am afraid I shall never make others tremble at it. My love and duty to my sweet Mrs Garrick, and my thankful compliments to the young lady to whose transcription I am so much

THE "FELIX BUCKLES"

obliged; she is astonishingly correct, not the smallest error."

Hannah More was then invited to visit the Garricks. "As soon as I got to London," she writes to her sister, "I drove straight to the Adelphi, where, to my astonishment, I found a coach waiting for me to carry me to Hampton. Upon my arrival here, I was immediately put in possession of my old chamber. Garrick is all good humour, vivacity, and wit. While I think of it, I must treat you with a little distich which Mrs Barbauld wrote extempore, on my showing my Felix Buckles (the elegant buckles which Garrick wore the last time he ever acted, and with which he presented me as a relic):

'Thy buckles, O Garrick, thy friend may now use,
But no mortal hereafter shall tread in thy shoes?'

Where, I wonder, are those "Felix Buckles" now, with their double association of David Garrick and Hannah More! During this visit to the Garricks, the company who "did honour" to the actor and his wife included Dr Burney, Sheridan, Lord Palmerston, and others of note. "Roscius" was in the best of spirits and "literally kept the table in a roar for four hours. He told his famous story of 'Jack Pocklington' in a manner so entirely new, and so infinitely witty, that the company have done nothing but talk of it ever since. I have often heard this story: it is of a person who came

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

to offer himself for the stage, with an impediment in his speech. He gives the character, too, in as strong a manner as Fielding could have done."

Hannah More was brought into very close relationship with the Garricks in the autumn of 1777, through the play in which Garrick had interested himself. On October 17, he sends a letter to her from the Adelphi: "Shame! shame! shame! You may well say so, my dear madam; but indeed I have been so disagreeably entertained with the gout running all about me, from head to heel, that I have been unfit for the duties of friendship; and very often for those which a good husband, and a good friend, should never fail performing. I must gallop over this small piece of paper; it was the first I snatched up, to tell you that my wife has your letter, and thinks it a fine one and a sweet one.

"I was at court to-day, and such work they made with me, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Page of the Back Stairs, that I have been suffocated with compliments. We have wanted you at some of our private hours. Where's the Nine? We want the Nine!¹ Silent was every muse!

"Cambridge said yesterday, in a large company at the Bishop of Durham's, where I dined, that your

¹ "The Nine," Garrick's favourite way of addressing Hannah More.

“PERCY”

ode to my house-dog was a very witty production ; and he thought there was nothing to be altered or amended except in the last stanza, which he thought the only weak one. I am afraid that you asked me to do something for you about the parliament, which in my multitude of matters was overlooked ; pray, if it is of consequence, let me know it again, and you may be assured of the intelligence you want.

“The last new tragedy, *Semiramis*,¹ has, though a bare translation, met with great success. The prologue is a bad one, as you may read in the papers, by the author : the epilogue is grave, but a sweet pretty elegant morsel, by Mr Sheridan ; it had deservedly great success. Mr Mason’s *Caractacus*² is not crowded, but the men of taste, and classical men, admire it much. Mrs Garrick sends a large parcel of love to you all. I send mine in the same bundle. Pray write soon, and forgive me all my delinquencies.” Writing to her sister in November, on the eve of the production of *Percy*, Hannah More says : “It is impossible to tell you of all the kindness and friendship of the Garricks ; he thinks of nothing, talks of nothing, writes of nothing but *Percy*. He is too sanguine ; it will have a fall, and so I tell him. When Garrick had finished his prologue and epilogue

¹ Voltaire’s tragedy, produced at Drury Lane.

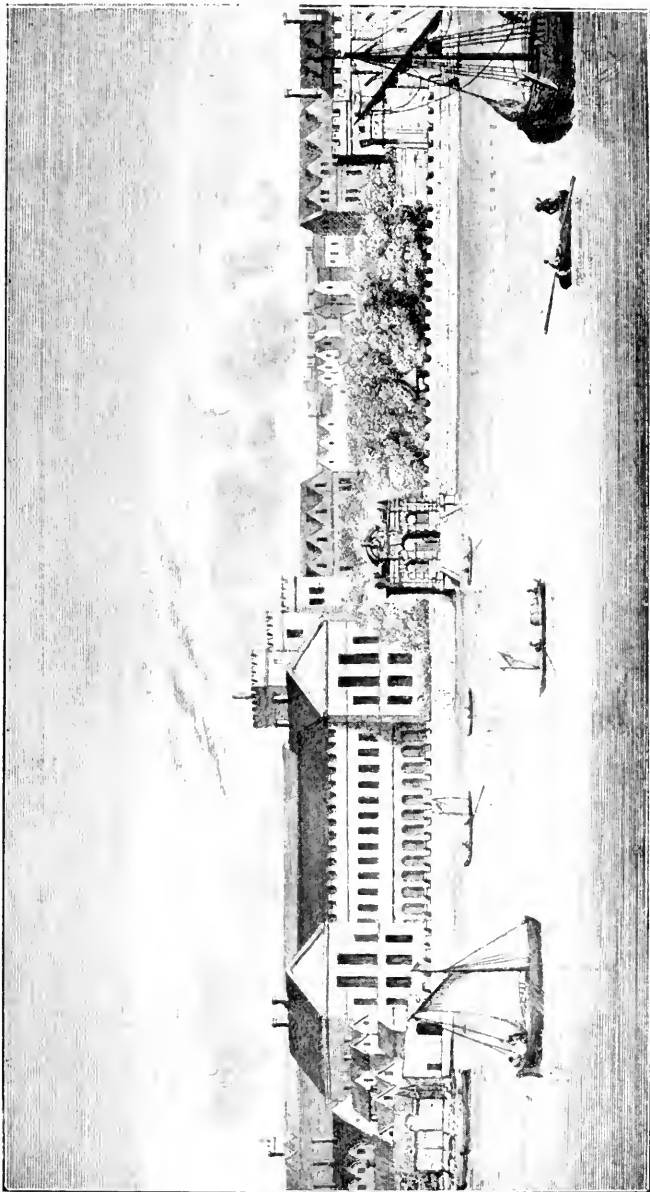
² A “dramatic poem,” on the model of Greek tragedy.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

(which are excellent) he desired I would pay him. Dryden, he said, used to have five guineas a piece, but as he was a richer man he would be content if I would treat him with a handsome supper and a bottle of claret. We haggled sadly about the price, I insisting that I could only afford to give him a beefsteak and a pot of porter; and at about twelve we sat down to some toast and honey, with which the temperate bard contented himself. Several very great ones made interest to hear Garrick read the play, which he peremptorily refused. I supped on Wednesday night at Sir Joshua's, spent yesterday morning at the Chancellor's, and the evening at Mrs Boscawen's, Lady Bathurst being of the party."

Then comes another note, from *Mr Garrick's study, Adelphi, ten at night*: "He himself puts the pen into my hand, and bids me say that all is just as it should be. Nothing was ever more warmly received. I went with Mr and Mrs Garrick; sat in Mr Harris's box, in a snug dark corner, and behaved very well, that is, very quietly. The prologue and epilogue were received with bursts of applause; so indeed was the whole; as much beyond my expectation as my deserts! Mr Garrick's kindness has been unceasing."

Percy, it may be observed, was Hannah More's most important play. The author had previously published a pastoral drama, *The Search after*



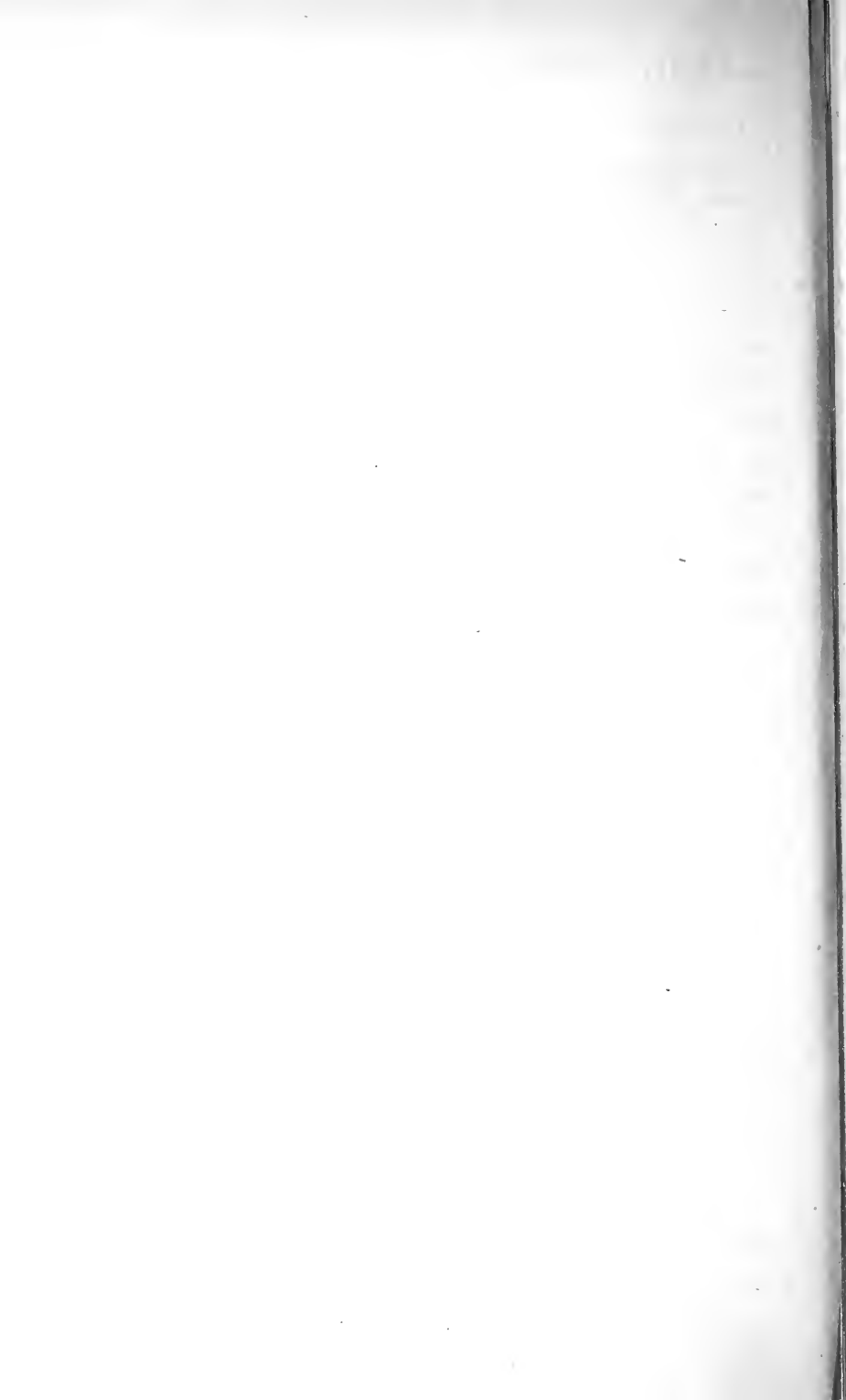
Hollis.

YORK HOUSE.

YORK STAIRS.

DURHAM HOUSE.

1760.
1760. 1760. 1760.



GARRICK'S PROLOGUE

Happiness, for the edification of school children, and her tragedy, *The Inflexible Captive*, was acted on one occasion in Bath. Her fourth play, *The Fatal Falsehood*, failed, at Covent Garden, in 1779. The success of *Percy* was largely due to Garrick's friendly help. Wroughton, "Gentleman" Lewis, and Mrs Crawford played the principal parts. Garrick wrote the epilogue, as well as the prologue, and, by the following lines from the latter, gave great offence to a French lady, Mlle. D'Eon, a reputed natural daughter of Louis XV., who had a "violent passion" for the military dress of an officer in preference to the gown and petticoat of her own sex :

"To rule the man our sex dame Nature teaches ;
Mount the high horse we can, and make long speeches ;
Nay, and with dignity, some wear the breeches.
And why not wear them?—
Did not a lady-knight, late chevalier,
A brave smart soldier in your eyes appear?
Hey! presto? pass! His sword becomes a fan ;
A comely woman rising from a man!
The French their Amazonian maid invite ;
She goes—alike well skill'd to talk or write,
Dance, ride, negotiate, scold, coquet, or fight.
If she should set her heart upon a rover,
And he prove false, she'd kick her faithless lover."

In January, 1778, Hannah More, flushed with the success of her tragedy, was paying a round of visits in London. On one night she dined with Mrs Delany, Mrs Boscawen, and the Duchess of Portland: on the next, "at the Garricks with the

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

sour crout party"—a weekly dinner in the Adelphi of learned men (sour crout being one of the dishes), to which Hannah More was always invited. She was taken ill during this month, and Mrs Garrick tried to induce her to stay with her, an invitation which was not accepted. Mrs Garrick "would have gone herself to fetch me a physician, and insisted upon sending me my dinner, which I refused; but at six this evening, when Garrick came to the Turk's Head to dine, there accompanied him, in the coach, a minced chicken in the stew-pan, hot, a canister of her fine tea, and a pot of cream. Were there ever such people! Tell it not in Epic, or in Lyric, that the great Roscius rode with a stew-pan of minced meat with him in the coach for my dinner." The Turk's Head, by the way, was "a noted rendezvous of painters" and the home of the Artists' Club before, in the year 1764, Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds founded the famous "Literary Club," the members of which met weekly for supper and conversation. Garrick had been a member for three years when he brought the invalid's repast from the Adelphi to the Turk's Head—which was in Gerrard Street, at the corner of Greek Street and Compton Street. The actor was also kind enough to invest the profit on *Percy*, on the best security and at five per cent., so that it made a considerable addition to the income of the young writer.

DINNER WITH THE GARRICKS

On a certain memorable Thursday, in 1778, Hannah More dined with the Garricks in the Adelphi, and, in the evening, Garrick accompanied his guest to a reception given by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the party included Gibbon, Johnson, Hermes Harris, Burney, Chambers, Ramsey, the Bishop of St Asaph, Boswell, and Langton; "and scarce an expletive man or woman among them. Garrick put Johnson into such good spirits that I never knew him so entertaining or more instructive. He was as brilliant as himself, and as good-humoured as any one else."

The end of a great career was, unhappily, now approaching. Mr and Mrs Garrick had been invited to spend the Christmas of 1778 at the country seat of Earl Spencer, where they were honoured guests. In the midst of the festivities, Garrick was seized with a return of an old disorder—an affection of the kidneys. Early in January, however, he had so far recovered that he was able to travel to London. He arrived at his house in the Adelphi on January 15, and several physicians were called in. One of them, seeing that the illness was serious, and knowing that its course was certain, thought it necessary to tell the actor that, if he had any worldly affairs to settle, "it would be prudent to dispatch them as soon as possible." But Garrick made answer that nothing of that sort lay on his mind, that he was not afraid

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

to die. About two days before his death, he was visited by an old friend, who was persuaded to stay and dine with Mrs Garrick, who was greatly fatigued by her long and constant attendance upon her husband, a duty to which she invariably attended. While she was talking to the friend, the dying actor came into the room; "but, oh! how changed! divested of that vivacity and sprightliness which used to accompany everything he said and everything he did! His countenance was sallow and wan, his movements slow and solemn. He was wrapped in a rich night-gown, not unlike that which he always wore in Lusignan, the venerable old king of Jerusalem [in *Zara*]; he presented himself to the imagination of his friend as if he was just ready to act that character. He sat down; and during the space of an hour, the time he remained in the room, he did not utter a word. He rose, and withdrew to his chamber. Mrs Garrick and the Gentleman dined." What a sad dinner that must have been!

Just before his death, Garrick confided to a friend that he did not regret being childless, for he knew that the quickness of his feelings was so great that, in case it had been his misfortune to have disobedient children, he could not have borne such an affliction. On seeing a number of gentlemen in his apartment a few hours before the end, he enquired who they were, and, on being told

DEATH OF DAVID GARRICK

that they were physicians who sought to do him service, he shook his head, and repeated the following lines from Nicholas Rowe's *Fair Penitent*:—

“Another, and another, still succeeds ;
And the last fool is welcome as the former.”

He died, with great composure, at eight o'clock on the morning of January 20, 1779. On Monday, February 1, the body was conveyed from the Adelphi to Westminster Abbey, and interred in Poet's Corner, a spot made still further memorable in the annals of the stage by the burial here—and close by the graves of David Garrick and Samuel Johnson—of the remains of Henry Irving.

Before describing the magnificent funeral procession of David Garrick from the Adelphi, let me glance for a moment at the widow of the great actor and her deportment on this sad occasion. Thanks to Hannah More—who had risen from a sick-bed, in Bristol, and had travelled post-haste to London, at the express desire of her friend—we get a most interesting account of Mrs Garrick at the time of her husband's death:—

“She was prepared for meeting me ; she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes ; at last she whispered—‘I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.’ She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure, ‘The goodness of God to me is inexpressible ; I desired to die, but it is His will

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

that I should live, and He has convinced me He will not let my life be quite miserable, for He gives astonishing strength to my body and *grace* to my heart!—neither do I deserve; but I am thankful for both!’ She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God’s will. She told me they had just returned from Althorp, Lord Spencer’s, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time; but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits that they could not believe he was ill. On his return home he appointed Dr Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies, but with very little effect. On the Sunday he was in good spirits and free from pain; but as the suppression still continued, Dr Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomberg, who gave him up the moment they saw him. Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state. No change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon who was sent for to blister and bleed him made light of his illness, assuring Mrs Garrick that he would be well in a day or two, and insisted on her going to lie down. Towards morning she desired to be called if there was the least change. Every time that she administered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular

HIS GENTLENESS AND PATIENCE

manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said, "Oh! dear," and yielded up his spirit without a groan, in his perfect senses. His behaviour during the night was all gentleness and patience, and he frequently made apologies to those about him for the trouble he gave them.

"I paid a melancholy visit to his coffin yesterday, where I found food for meditation, till the mind 'burst with thinking.' His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and besides, it is so quiet that he will never be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state until Monday. I dislike this pageantry, and cannot help thinking that the disembodied spirit must look with contempt upon the farce that is played over its miserable relics. But a splendid funeral could not be avoided, as he is to be laid in the Abbey with such illustrious dust, and so many are desirous of testifying their respect by attending."

While the preparations were being made for the funeral, Mrs Garrick stayed at the house of a friend. But after the funeral she returned to the Adelphi.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Hannah More, who came back with her, writes: "On Wednesday night we came to the Adelphi—to this house! She bore it with great tranquillity; but what was my surprise to see her go alone into the chamber and bed in which he had died that day fortnight. She had a delight in it beyond expression. I asked her the next day how she went through it? She told me, 'Very well'; that she first prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure." In reference to Garrick's death, the same writer also says: "I can never cease to remember with affection and gratitude, so warm, steady, and disinterested a friend; and I can most truly bear this testimony to his memory, that I never witnessed, in any family, more decorum, propriety, and regularity than in his: where I never saw a card, or even met (except in one instance) a person of his own profession at his table: of which Mrs Garrick, by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manners, and very original turn of humour, was the brightest ornament. All his pursuits and tastes were so decidedly intellectual, that it made the society, and the conversation which was always to be found in his circle, interesting and delightful."

CHAPTER VII

Garrick's Funeral from the Adelphi—Johnson's Opinion of Garrick: "A Liberal Man"—His Death "Eclipsed the Gaiety of Nations"—Topham Beauclerk and Johnson—Mrs Garrick's famous Dinner Party—Johnson and other Celebrities Present—Described by Hannah More and Boswell—Johnson's Morning Visit to Adelphi Terrace—Hannah More's Life Here—Another Dinner Party—Death of Mrs Garrick—Shakespeare's Gloves sent to Mrs Siddons from the Adelphi—Goldsmith writes from a Sponging-House to Garrick in the Adelphi—Becket, the Bookseller.

THE funeral procession which wended its way from the Adelphi Terrace, through Adam Street to the Strand and thence by way of Whitehall to Westminster Abbey, on that winter's morning in February, 1779, was a lengthy and imposing one, though nowadays we should consider such pomp and circumstance very lugubrious. First of all, came four porters on horseback, their staffs, or wands of office, covered with black silk and scarves. Then came six other men, with mourning cloaks, followed by another official bearing a heavily-draped pennon. Then came other six men carrying a surcoat of arms, a helmet with crest, wreath, and

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

mantlet. A state lid of black ostrich feathers, surrounded by escutcheons, immediately preceded the hearse, which was 'full-dressed'—that is to say, it bore at each corner and on the sides waving black ostrich plumes. A state coach, empty, and with a page on each side, was followed by a mourning coach containing the clergy from St Martin's-in-the-Fields. Then came six more mourning coaches "with the pall-bearers, two in each coach, six pages on each side. A ditto, with the chief mourners, a page on each side. A ditto, with three family ditto. A ditto, with three physicians. A ditto, with surgeon and apothecaries, a page on each side. A ditto, with Messrs Sheridan and Harris, a page on each side. Three ditto, with a deputation of twelve gentlemen, performers from Drury-Lane theatre, three pages on each side. Two men in mourning, on horseback, with cloaks, etc. Three ditto, with a deputation of twelve gentlemen, performers from Covent-garden theatre, three pages on each side. Two men in mourning, on horseback, with cloaks, etc. Four mourning coaches, with the members of the literary club, four pages on each side. Two men in mourning, on horseback, with cloaks. Seven coaches with intimate friends of the deceased, seven pages on each side. Mr Garrick's coach, empty. All the gentlemen's family coaches, empty."¹ The

¹ Davies's *Garrick*, vol. ii., p. 445.

GARRICK'S FUNERAL

body was received at the great west door of the Abbey, about three o'clock, by the Bishop of Rochester, Dean of Westminster, who, attended by the clergy and choir, preceded the corpse up the centre aisle, during which time Purcell's funeral music was played and sung.¹

Among those who followed the mournful procession from the Adelphi were Lord Camden, the Lord Chancellor; the Earl of Ossory; the Duke of Devonshire; Earl Spencer; the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, and Viscount Palmerston, who, with others, were the pall-bearers. The mourning coaches also contained Dr Johnson; George Colman, the elder, the dramatist; John Dunning, afterwards Baron Ashburton, whose *Inquiry into the Doctrines lately promulgated concerning Juries, Libels, etc.*, was pronounced by Horace Walpole "the finest piece . . . written for liberty since Lord Somers"; Edmund Burke; Colonel Isaac Barré, the Irish soldier and politician; the Hon. Charles Fox; Lord Charles Spencer; the deputy usher of the black rod; and many other distinguished men. The committee from Drury Lane consisted of Richard Yates, Tom King, Vernon, William Parsons, James Dodd—an actor who, according to Charles Lamb, "was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of

¹ See also Hannah More's description of the funeral in the Appendix.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

old English literature"—Aickin, John Palmer—an incomparable Joseph Surface—W. Bensley—the great Malvolio of his day—William Brereton, John Moody, and Robert Baddeley. From Covent Garden, there came "Gentleman" Lewis, Lee Lewes, John Quick—George III.'s favourite comedian—and some nine other players of good repute. It was said at the time that a greater concourse of people attended than was ever known on a similar occasion.

Johnson, as all students of the stage are aware, had a sincere admiration for Garrick, a fact that is proved by several references in the pages of Boswell. A few months before the death of the player, Johnson and Boswell dined with William Scott, in his chambers in the Temple. The conversation turned upon fame, and Boswell "silyly introduced" the name of David Garrick, "and his assuming the airs of a great man. *Johnson*: 'Sir, it is wonderful how *little* Garrick assumes. No, Sir, Garrick *fortunam reverenter habet*. Consider, Sir,—celebrated men such as you have mentioned have had their applause at a distance; but Garrick had it dashed in his face, sounded in his ears, and went home every night with the plaudits of a thousand in his cranium. Then, Sir, Garrick did not *find*, but *made* his way to the tables, the levees, and almost the bedchambers of the great. Then, Sir, Garrick had under him a numerous

148

JOHNSON'S PRAISE OF GARRICK

body of people; who, from fears of his power and hopes of his favour, and admiration of his talents, were constantly submissive to him. And here is a man who has advanced the dignity of his profession. Garrick has made a player a higher character.' *Scott*: 'And he is a very sprightly writer too.' *Johnson*: 'Yes, Sir; and all this supported by great wealth of his own acquisition. If all this had happened to me, I should have had a couple of fellows with long poles walking before me, to knock down everybody that stood in the way. Consider, if all this had happened to Cibber or to Quin, they'd have jumped over the moon. Yet Garrick speaks to *us*' (smiling). *Boswell*: 'And Garrick is a very good man, a charitable man.' *Johnson*: 'Sir, a liberal man. He has given away more money than any man in England. There may be a little vanity mixed; but he has shown that money is not his first object.' *Boswell*: 'Yet Foote used to say of him, that he walked out with the intention to do a generous action, but turning the corner of a street, he met the ghost of a halfpenny, which frightened him.' *Johnson*: 'Why, Sir, that is very true, too; for I never knew a man of whom it could be said with less certainty to-day what he will do to-morrow, than Garrick; it depends so much on his humour at the time.' *Scott*: 'I am glad to hear of his liberality. He has been represented as very saving.'

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Johnson: ‘With his domestic saving we have nothing to do. I remember drinking tea with him long ago, when Peg Woffington made it, and he grumbled at her for making it too strong. He had begun to feel money in his purse, and did not know when he should have enough of it!’”

Shortly after Garrick’s death, Johnson accorded the actor praise that was even greater. The occasion was a dinner party, on April 24, 1779, at Topham Beauclerk’s, at which Sir Joshua Reynolds, as well as Johnson and Boswell, was present. Boswell mentioned that John Wilkes had spoken of Garrick as a man who had no friend, a contention which Johnson allowed to be right. “‘He had friends, but no friend,’ he said. ‘Garrick was so diffused, he had no man to whom he wished to unbosom himself. He found people always ready to applaud him, and that always for the same thing; so he saw life with great uniformity.’” Whereupon, Boswell, taking upon himself “for once, to fight with Goliath’s weapons, and play the sophist,” said: “‘Garrick did not need a friend, as he got from everybody all that he wanted. What is a friend? One who supports and comforts you, while others do not. Friendship, you know, Sir, is the cordial drop “to make the nauseous draught of life go down”; but if the draught be not nauseous, if it be all sweet, there is no occasion for that drop.’” *Johnson*: ‘Many men would not

150

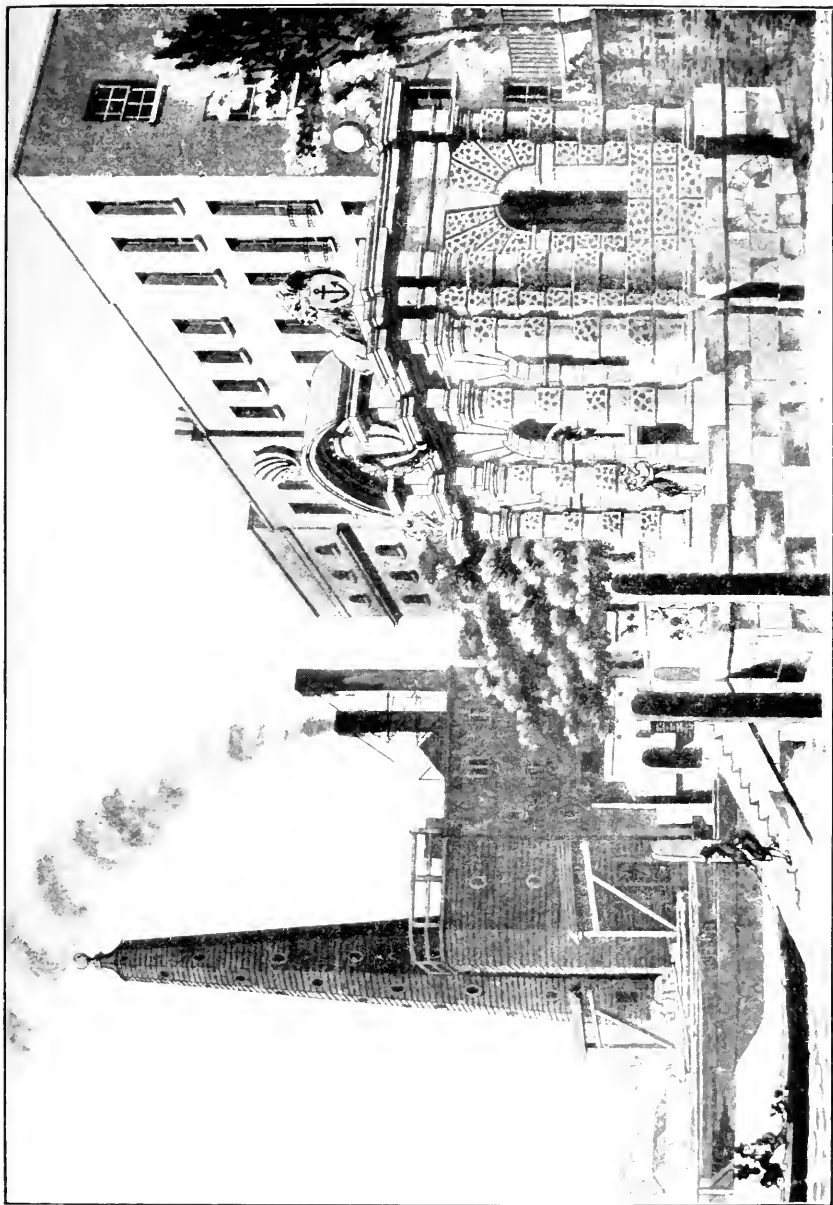
“ A VERY GOOD MAN ”

be content to live so. I hope I should not. 'They would wish to have an intimate friend, with whom they might compare minds and cherish private virtues.'” One of the company mentioned Lord Chesterfield as a man who had no friend. “*Johnson* : ‘There were more materials to make friendship in Garrick, had he not been so diffused.’ *Boswell* : ‘Garrick was pure gold, but beat out to thin leaf. Lord Chesterfield was tinsel.’ *Johnson* : ‘Garrick was a very good man, the most cheerful man of his age ; a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgence to licentiousness ; and a man who gave away, freely, money acquired by himself. He began the world with a great hunger for money ; the son of a half-pay officer, bred in a family whose study was to make fourpence do as much as others made fourpence halfpenny do. But when he had got money he was very liberal.’ I presumed to animadvert on his eulogy on Garrick, in his *Lives of the Poets*. ‘You say, Sir, his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations.’ *Johnson* : ‘I could not have said more or less. It is the truth : *eclipsed*, not *eatnguished* ; and his death *did* eclipse ; it was like a storm.’ *Boswell* : ‘But why nations ? Did his gaiety extend farther than his own nation ?’ *Johnson* : ‘Why, sir, some exaggeration must be allowed. Besides, nations may be said—if we allow the Scotch to be a nation—to have gaiety—which they have not. *You* are an exception, though.

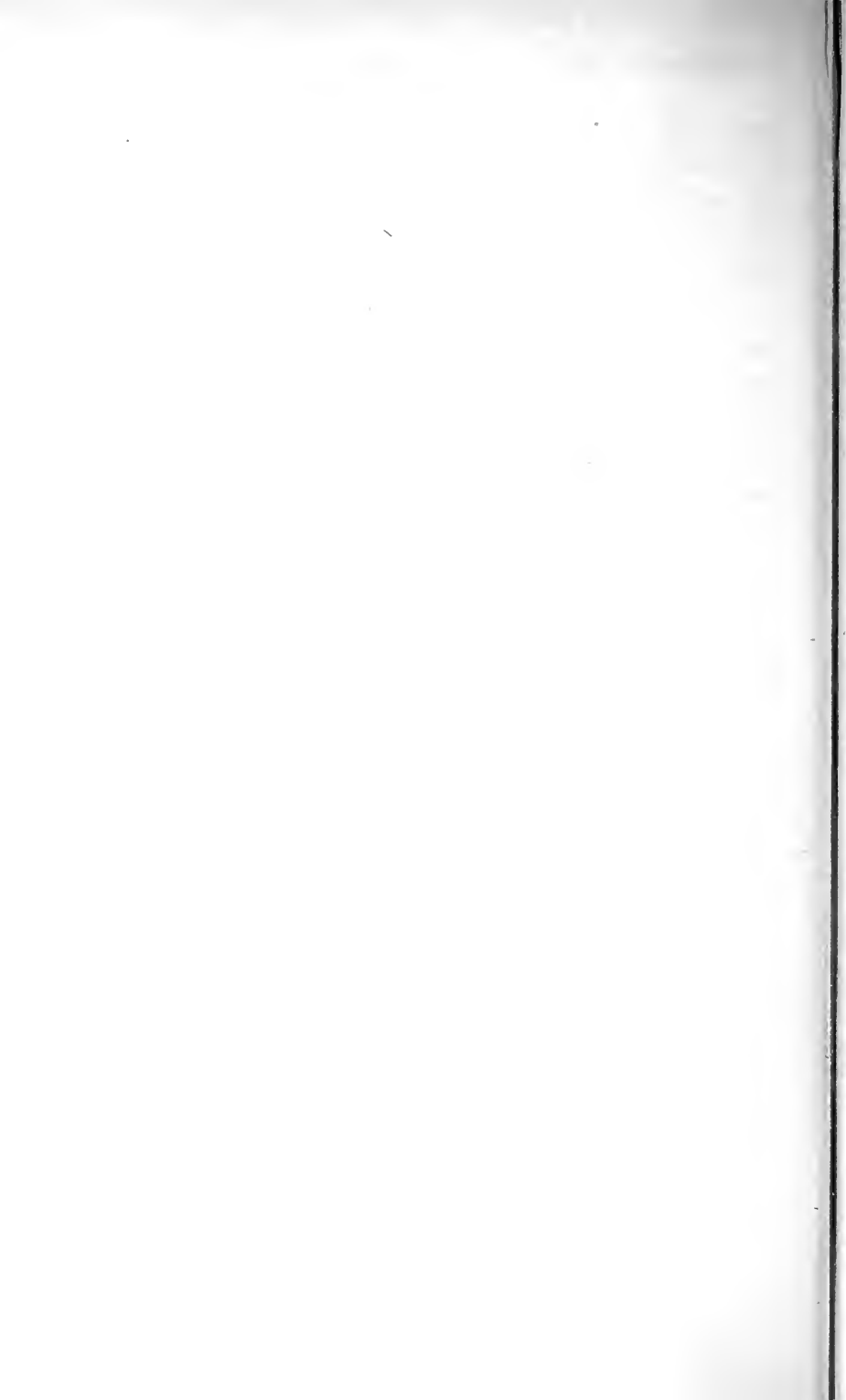
HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Come, gentlemen, let us candidly admit that there is one Scotchman who is cheerful.' *Beauclerk*: 'But he is a very unnatural Scotchman.' I, however, continued to think the compliment to Garrick hyperbolically untrue. His acting had ceased some time before his death; at any rate he had acted in Ireland but a short time, at an early period of his life, and never in Scotland. I objected also to what appears an anti-climax of praise, when contrasted with the preceding panegyric, 'and diminished the public stock of harmless pleasure!' 'Is not *harmless pleasure* very tame?' *Johnson*: 'Nay, Sir, harmless pleasure is the highest praise. Pleasure is a word of dubious import; pleasure is, in general, dangerous, and pernicious to virtue; to be able, therefore, to furnish pleasure that is harmless, pleasure pure and unalloyed, is as great a power as man can possess.'"

Johnson was a frequent visitor to Adelphi Terrace, for not only was he on intimate terms with Mr and Mrs Garrick, but another of his friends, Topham Beauclerk, lived there at one time. From 1757 to 1780, there are frequent and most kindly allusions to him in the pages of Boswell. In the former year, he matriculated at Oxford. Here he met another of Johnson's friends—"High, shy, and dry" Bennet Langton, the eminent Greek scholar. Beauclerk was a man of culture and of great knowledge of the world. And he had the



YORK STAIRS AND WATER WORKS.



A MEMORABLE DINNER PARTY

good fortune to win the affectionate regard of Dr Johnson. On March 10, 1768, Lady Diana Spencer, eldest daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough, was divorced from her husband, Lord St John and Bolingbroke, and, two days later, she was married to Beauclerk, to whom "she made an excellent wife." Beauclerk died, in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, on March 11, 1780. His extensive library, which was particularly rich in English plays, history, travel, and science, was dispersed by auction in 1781.

On Friday, April 20, 1781, there was a memorable dinner party in Adelphi Terrace, the first of the kind given by Mrs Garrick since the death of her husband. "We begin now," records Hannah More, who was staying with Mrs Garrick at the time, "to be a little cheerful at home, and to have our small parties. One such we have just had, and the day and evening turned out very pleasant. Johnson was in full song, and I quarrelled with him sadly. I accused him of not having done justice to the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. He spoke disparagingly of both. I praised *Lycidas*, which he absolutely abused, adding, 'If Milton had not written the *Paradise Lost*, he would have only ranked among the minor poets: he was a Phidias that could cut a Colossus out of a rock, but could not cut heads out of cherry-stones.

"Boswell brought to my mind the whole of a very

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

mirthful conversation at dear Mrs Garrick's, and my being made by Sir William Forbes the umpire in a trial of skill between Garrick and Boswell, which could most nearly imitate Dr Johnson's manner. I remember I gave it for Boswell in familiar conversation, and for Garrick in reciting poetry. Mrs Boscawen shone with her usual mild lustre."

Boswell, in recording this auspicious event in the history of the Adelphi, says that it was "one of the happiest days that I remember to have enjoyed in the whole course of my life. Mrs Garrick, whose grief for the loss of her husband was, I believe, as sincere as wounded affection and admiration could produce, had this day, for the first time since his death, a select party of his friends to dine with her. The company was, Miss Hannah More, who lived with her, and whom she called her chaplain; Mrs Boscawen, Mrs Elizabeth Carter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr Burney, Dr Johnson, and myself. We found ourselves very elegantly entertained at her house in the Adelphi, where I have passed many a pleasing hour with him who gladdened life. She looked well, talked of her husband with complacency, and while she cast her eyes on his portrait, which hung over the chimney-piece, said, that 'death was now the most agreeable object to her.' The very semblance of David Garrick was cheering. Mr Beauclerk, with happy propriety, inscribed under

154

“IN FINE SPIRITS”

that fine portrait of him, which by Lady Diana's kindness is now the property of my friend, Mr Langton, the following passage from his beloved Shakespeare :—

‘ A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue (Conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.’

“ We were all in fine spirits ; and I whispered to Mrs Boscawen, ‘ I believe this is as much as can be made of life.’ In addition to a splendid entertainment, we were regaled with Lichfield ale, which had a peculiar appropriate value. Sir Joshua, and Dr Burney, and I, drank cordially of it to Dr Johnson's health ; and though he would not join us, he as cordially answered, ‘ Gentlemen, I wish you all as well as you do me.’

“ The general effect of this day dwells upon my mind in fond remembrance : but I do not find much conversation recorded. What I have preserved shall be faithfully given.

“ One of the company mentioned Mr Thomas Hollis, the strenuous Whig, who used to send over Europe, presents of democratical books, with their

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

boards stamped with daggers and caps of liberty. Mrs Carter said, 'he was a bad man: he used to talk uncharitably.' *Johnson*: 'Poh! poh! Madam; who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably? Besides, he was a dull poor creature as ever lived: and I believe he would not have done harm to a man whom he knew to be of very opposite principles to his own. I remember once at the Society of Arts, when an advertisement was to be drawn up, he pointed me out as the man who could do it best. This, you will observe, was kindness to me. I, however, slipped away, and escaped it.'

"Mrs Carter having said of the same person, 'I doubt he was an atheist.' *Johnson*: 'I don't know that. He might perhaps have become one, if he had time to ripen (*smiling*). He might have *exuberated* into an atheist.'

"Sir Joshua Reynolds praised *Mudge's Sermons*. *Johnson*: '*Mudge's Sermons* are good but not practical. He grasps more corn than he can make into meal; he opens a wide prospect, but it is so distant, it is indistinct. I love *Blair's Sermons*. Though the dog is a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian, and everything he should not be, I was the first to praise them. Such was my candour' (*smiling*). *Mrs Boscawen*: 'Such his great merit, to get the better of all your prejudices.' *Johnson*: 'Why, Madam, let us compound the matter; let us ascribe it to my candour and his merit.'

A NOTABLE ASSEMBLY

“In the evening we had a large company in the drawing-room ; several ladies, the Bishop of Killaloe, Dr Percy, Mr Chamberlayne of the Treasury, &c., &c. Somebody said, the life of a mere literary man could not be very entertaining. *Johnson* : ‘ But it certainly may. This is a remark which has been made, and repeated without justice ; why should the life of a literary man be less entertaining than the life of any other man ? Are there not as interesting varieties in such a life ? As a literary life it may be very entertaining.’ *Boswell* : ‘ But it must be better surely, when it is diversified with a little active variety—such as his having gone to Jamaica ; or—his having gone to the Hebrides.’ *Johnson* was not displeased at this.

“Talking of a very respectable author, he told us a curious circumstance in his life, which was, that he had married a printer’s devil. *Reynolds* : ‘ A printer’s devil, Sir ! Why, I thought a printer’s devil was a creature with a black face and in rags.’ *Johnson* : ‘ Yes, Sir. But I suppose he had her face washed, and put clean clothes on her. (Then looking very serious and very earnest.) And she did not disgrace him ;—the woman had a bottom of good sense.’ The word *bottom*, thus introduced, was so ludicrous, when contrasted with his gravity, that most of us could not forbear tittering and laughing ; though I recollect that the Bishop of Killaloe kept his countenance with perfect steady-

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

ness, while Miss Hannah More slyly hid her face behind a lady's back who sat on the same settee with her. His pride could not bear that any expression of his should excite ridicule, when he did not intend it; he therefore resolved to assume and exercise despotic power, glanced sternly around, and called out, in a strong tone, 'Where's the merriment?' Then collecting himself, and looking awful, to make us feel how he could impose restraint, and as it were searching his mind for a still more ludicrous word, he slowly pronounced, 'I say the *woman was fundamentally sensible*'; as if he had said, hear this now, and laugh if you dare. We all sat composed as at a funeral.

"He and I walked away together; we stopped a little while by the rails of the Adelphi, looking on the Thames, and I said to him, with some emotion, that I was now thinking of two friends we had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us, Beauclerk and Garrick. 'Ay, Sir,' said he tenderly, 'and two such friends as cannot be supplied.'"

Hannah More spent many months with Mrs Garrick—the winter at Hampton, the spring in the Adelphi—after the death of the celebrated player, and from her letters written in the Adelphi, we obtain several passages of note, apart from that of the famous dinner party of April 20, 1781. Thus, early in 1779, soon after Garrick's decease, we find that the widow and her friend were visited by

A QUIET LIFE

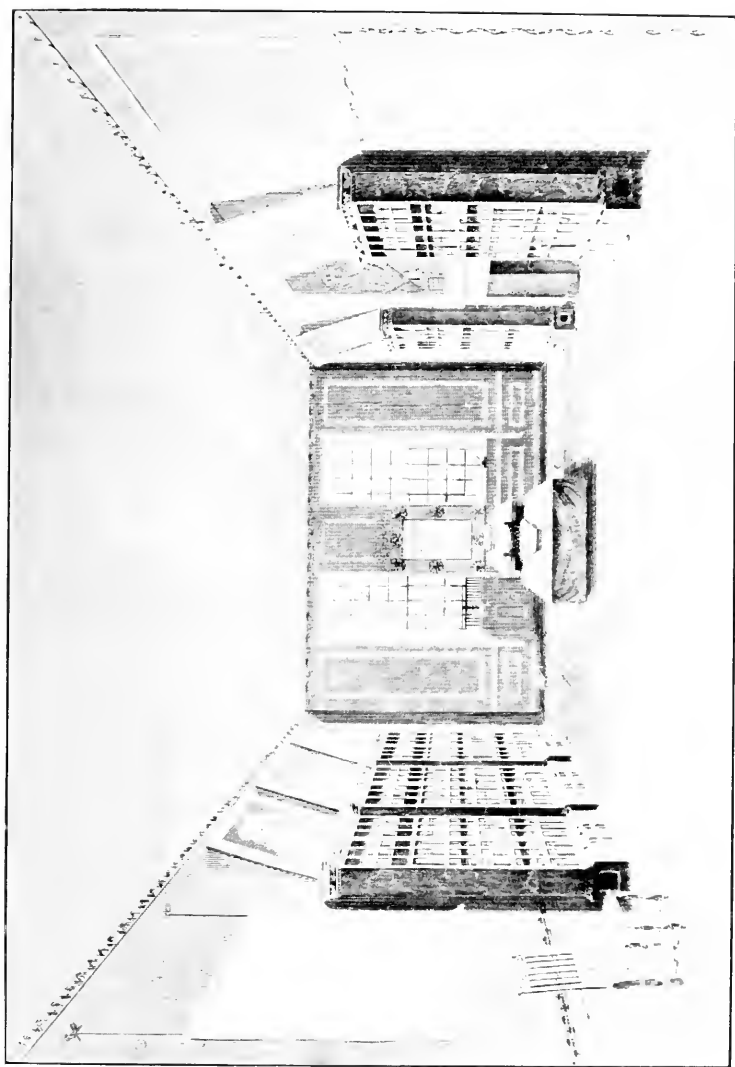
various ladies: "Mrs Montague and Mrs Vesey have spent one afternoon with us; and these with Ladies Bathurst, Edgecombe, and Spencer, are all we have seen." She then goes on to describe her way of life as being "very different" from what it used to be in Garrick's time. "After breakfast, I go to my own apartment for several hours, where I read, write, and work; very seldom letting anybody in, though I have a room for separate visitors, but I almost look on a morning visit as an immorality. At four we dine. We have the same elegant table as usual, but I generally confine myself to one single dish of meat. I have taken to drink half a glass of wine. At six we have coffee; at eight tea, when we have, sometimes, a dowager or two of quality. At ten we have sallad and fruits. Each has her book, which we read without any restraint, as if we were alone, without apologies or speech-making." During this visit, her play, *The Fatal Falsehood*, was produced at Covent Garden, but, as already recorded, was not a success. It lacked the guiding hand of her old friend. "We have stolen away for a few days to town," she writes in 1781, "but I am now so habituated to quiet, that I have scarcely the heart to go out, though I am come here on purpose. As to poor Mrs Garrick, she keeps herself as secret as a piece of smuggled goods, and neither stirs out herself, or lets any body in. The calm of Hampton is such

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

fixed repose, that an old woman crying fish, or the postman ringing at the door, is an event which excites attention.”

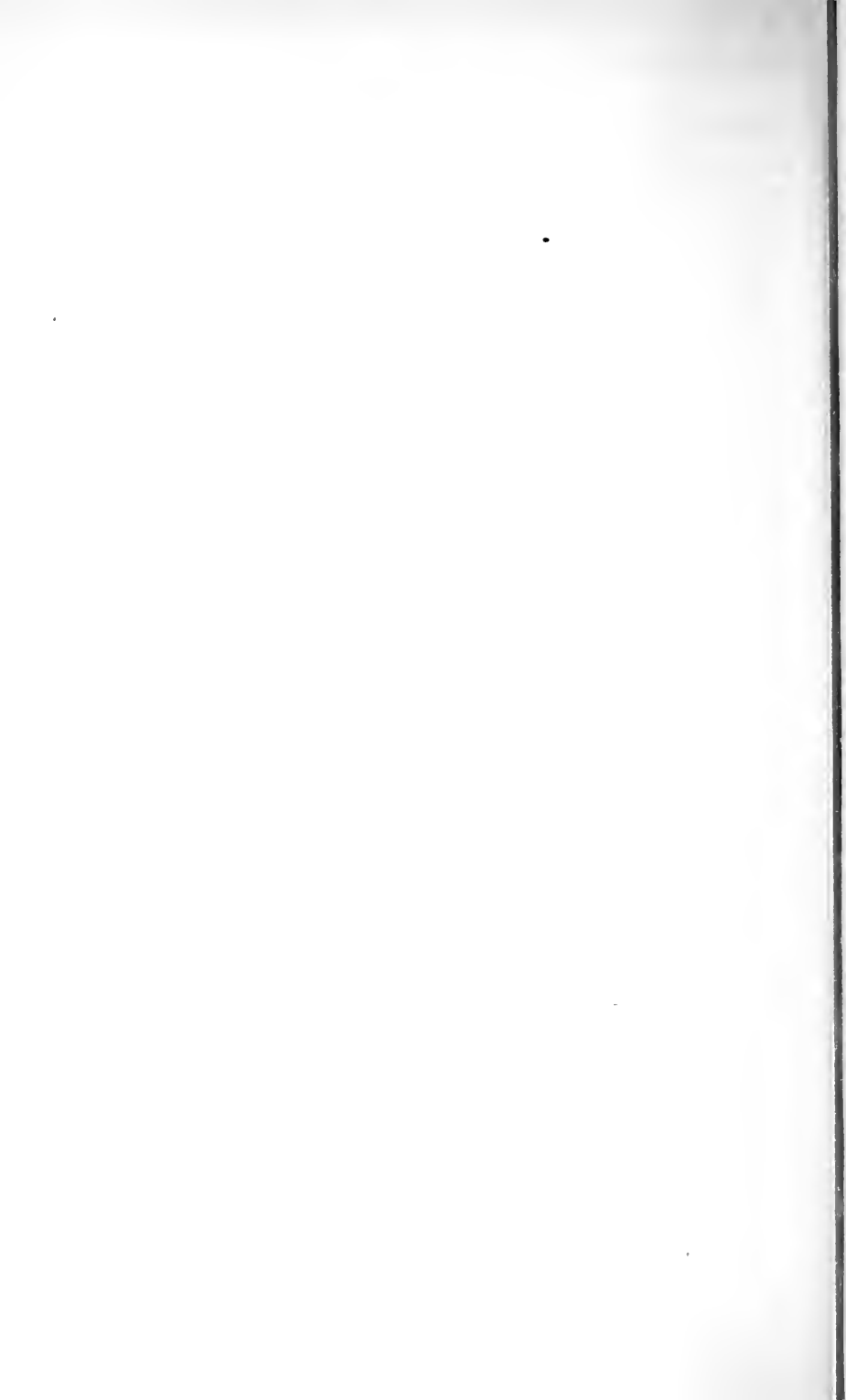
A little later on, Mrs Garrick and Hannah More were invited to an assembly at Mrs Thrale's. “Just as my hair was dressed, came a servant to forbid our coming, for that Mr Thrale was dead. A very few hours later, and he would have died in this assembly. What an awful event. He was in the prime of life, but had the misfortune to be too rich, and to keep too sumptuous a table, at which he indulged too freely. He was a sensible and respectable man. I am glad the poor lady has, in her distress, such a friend as Dr Johnson; he will suggest the best motives of consolation.” A few days after this event, “we were a small and very choice party at Bishop Shipley's. Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord and Lady Althorpe, Sir Joshua, Langton, Boswell, Gibbon, and, to my agreeable surprise, Dr Johnson, were there.” This was the first meeting between Johnson and Mrs Garrick since the latter's bereavement, and, on the next morning, Johnson paid a lengthy visit to the ladies at No. 5 Adelphi Terrace. “On Mrs Garrick's telling him she was always more at her ease with persons who had suffered the same loss with herself, he said that was a comfort she could seldom have, considering the superiority of his [Garrick's] merit, and cordiality of their union. He bore his strong

160



PEEP'S LIBRARY, BUCKINGHAM STREET, ADELPHI.

(Plate p. 10)



MRS GARRICK'S CONSIDERATION

testimony to the liberality of Garrick. He reproved me with pretended sharpness for reading *Les Pensées de Pascal*, or any of the Port Royal authors; alleging that, as a good Protestant, I ought to abstain from books written by Catholics. I was beginning to stand upon my defence, when he took me with both hands, and with a tear running down his cheeks, 'Child,' said he, with the most affecting earnestness, 'I am heartily glad that you read pious books, by whomsoever they may be written.'" Then came the famous dinner party which Dr Johnson attended, and that was his last visit to the Adelphi, for, during Hannah More's visits to town in the subsequent years, prior to Johnson's death in 1784, the Doctor was ailing. So, with this picture in the mind's eye of the worthy Doctor, in sentimental mood, now lecturing Hannah More, anon entertaining Mrs Garrick and her friends, and, finally, looking across the Adelphi railings at the Thames, as he thought tenderly of his dead friends, we take leave of Samuel Johnson.

Mrs Garrick, who was a Catholic, be it said, was by no means prejudiced, and she gave way to Hannah More's religious scruples: "It is very considerate in Mrs Garrick, to decline asking company on Sunday on my account; so that I enjoy the whole day to myself. I swallow no small portion of theology of different descriptions,

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

as I always read, when visiting, such books as I do not possess at home. After my more select reading I have attacked South, Atterbury, and Warburton. In these great geniuses, and original thinkers, I see many passages of scripture presented in a striking and strong light. I think it right to mix their learned labours with the devout effusions of more spiritual writers, Baxter, Doddridge, Hall, Hopkins, Jeremy Taylor (the Shakespeare of divinity), and the profound Barrow in turn. I devour much, but, I fear, digest little. In the evening, I read a sermon and prayers to the family, which Mrs G. much likes." She frequently went from the Adelphi to the Church of St Clement Dane's, in the Strand. It gave her "peculiar pleasure to think" that she "there partook of the holy sacrament with Johnson the last time he ever received it in public."

On a certain Wednesday in 1785, "we had a great dinner at home"—in the Adelphi—"for the first time this year, Mrs Garrick disliking company more and more. The party consisted of the Smelts, the Montagus, the Boyles, the Walsinghams, Mrs Carter, Mr Walpole, and Miss Hamilton. Though I like them every one separately, yet it was impossible to enjoy them altogether; and I never desire to sit down with more than six, or eight at the outside, to dinner." In 1786, she records, with a certain amount of

162

MRS GARRICK'S LETTER

ingenuousness: "I am this day in the full enjoyment of a most complete holiday—Mrs Garrick is gone to Hampton. I have refused all invitations, and have ordered that nobody should be let in, that I may have the luxury of one quiet uninterrupted day. I woke with great delight in the very anticipation of it."

It is a long jump from 1786 to 1814, but Hannah More had many occupations during this period, and, apparently, but little time for writing to her old friend, for, in December of the latter year, Mrs Garrick sends to her, begging for some news of the world. Her letter is addressed to "My dearest friend," and runs thus: "If you could imagine how much pleasure a letter from you gives me, you would oftener favour me with one. As writing is no trouble to you, you might now and then bestow a moment upon me, to tell me what passes in London; for I am quite unacquainted with the world of folly. I almost thanked God for my illness, during all the time that every person ran mad to see for six weeks together the same thing. Now, if I could have seen the royal strangers with ease, I should have been glad to have seen them; but as that was out of my power (if I had been in health), as I have almost out-lived my London friends, I have seen nothing, so I must trust to what I am told.

"Indeed, my beloved friend, I have been very

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

near parting for ever from this world; but the great care taken of me set me up again upon my feet, but not so high as my knees, for they are as yet very *doddering*. But when you consider that I am six months past ninety, you would say that I am a wonder still if you were to see me. I do not often shew my teeth, as there is but one and a quarter left. God bless you all! and love me, as I do you all, from my very soul." The death of Mrs Garrick occurred on October 16, 1822—over forty-three years after the death of her husband. She had been invited by Robert William Elliston to a private view of Drury Lane Theatre, which he had just redecorated, and, while preparing to leave her house in the Adelphi, a servant handed her a cup of tea. She had hardly raised it to her lips when she fell back in her chair, and passed away peacefully, in her ninety-ninth year. She was interred in Westminster Abbey, close by the remains of her husband, on October 25. The news of her death reached Hannah More on October 20, and is thus alluded to by her: "I was much affected yesterday with a report of the death of my ancient and valued friend, Mrs Garrick. She was in her hundredth year! I spent above twenty winters under her roof, and gratefully remember not only their personal kindness, but my first introduction, through them, into a society remarkable for rank, literature,

164

DEATH OF MRS GARRICK

and talents. Whatever was most distinguished in either, was to be found at their table. He was the very soul of conversation." David Garrick, it may be recorded, died in the back-room of the first floor of his house, his widow in the front drawing-room.

Mrs Garrick was a native of Vienna, where, in her youth, she acquired much celebrity as a dancer. Her maiden name was Eva Maria Violetta. She was remarkably beautiful in her face and person, and it is said that she retained, until the day of her death, that erect deportment which she had acquired as a dancer. She was married to Garrick in June, 1749, first at a Protestant, then at a Roman Catholic Chapel. After the testimony already given in these pages, it is almost superfluous to say that the actor and his wife were a very happy couple. "It is remarkable," said a public journal at the time of her death, "that during the whole period of their marriage"—thirty years—"whatever invitations they received, or excursions they took, they never once slept asunder." On August 15, 1755, Walpole writes: "I dined to-day at Garrick's; there were the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Rochford, Lady Holderness, the crooked Mostyn, and Dabreu, the Spanish minister; two regents, of which one is Lord Chamberlain, the other Groom of the Stole, and the wife of a Secretary of State. This being *sur un assez bon ton* for a player. Don't you want to ask me how I liked him? I

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

like *her* exceedingly; her behaviour is all sense, and all sweetness, too." In 1770, Mrs Delany, Queen Charlotte's friend, visited Garrick's house at Hampton, and recorded her appreciation of its hostess: "As to Mrs Garrick, the more one sees her, the better one must like her; she seems *never* to depart from a perfect propriety of behaviour, accompanied with good sense and gentleness of manners." In her widowhood, she twice refused the hand in marriage of Lord Monboddo, the Scottish judge, and author of *The Origin of Language*. Dr Doran says that Mrs Garrick held her own at the Bishop of London's table, "against the clever men and women who held controversy under Porteus's roof."

This gentle lady, by a codicil to her will, dated August 15, in the year of her death, made a most interesting bequest: "I give to Mrs Siddons a pair of gloves which were Shakespeare's, and were presented by one of his family to my late dear husband, during the jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon." Information of this bequest was conveyed to the great actress, with this note from Mrs Garrick's executors:—

"5 ADELPHI TERRACE,

"Oct. 30, 1822.

"MADAM,—We beg leave to transmit to you the above extract from a codicil to Mrs Garrick's will, and to acquaint you that we will have the honour of

166

SARAH SIDDONS

waiting on you, for the purpose of delivering the relic therein mentioned, whenever you may be so good as to inform us that it may be convenient to you to receive our visit.—We remain, with much respect, Madam, Your most obedient humble servants,

“THOS. RACKETT, G. F. BELTY,
“Executors.”

This connecting link between Shakespeare, Garrick, and Sarah Siddons is one of the most interesting incidents in connection with the Adelphi. Garrick is also responsible for a side-light on the life of Oliver Goldsmith. Forster, in his *Life and Times of Goldsmith*, says that the alteration of his first comedy for Garrick, even upon Garrick's own conditions, seems to have suddenly occurred to the impecunious author as a means of raising money. Goldsmith's two letters on the subject by chance survived and were transcribed by Forster, who, in regard to the first one, says that: “As well in the manner as in the matter of it, the writer's distress is very painfully visible. It has every appearance, even to the wafer hastily thrust into it, of having been the sudden suggestion of necessity; it is addressed without date¹ or place to the Adelphi; nor is it unlikely to have been delivered there by the messenger of a sponging-house.

¹ It was written in 1773, soon after Garrick had left Southampton Street, Strand, for the Adelphi.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

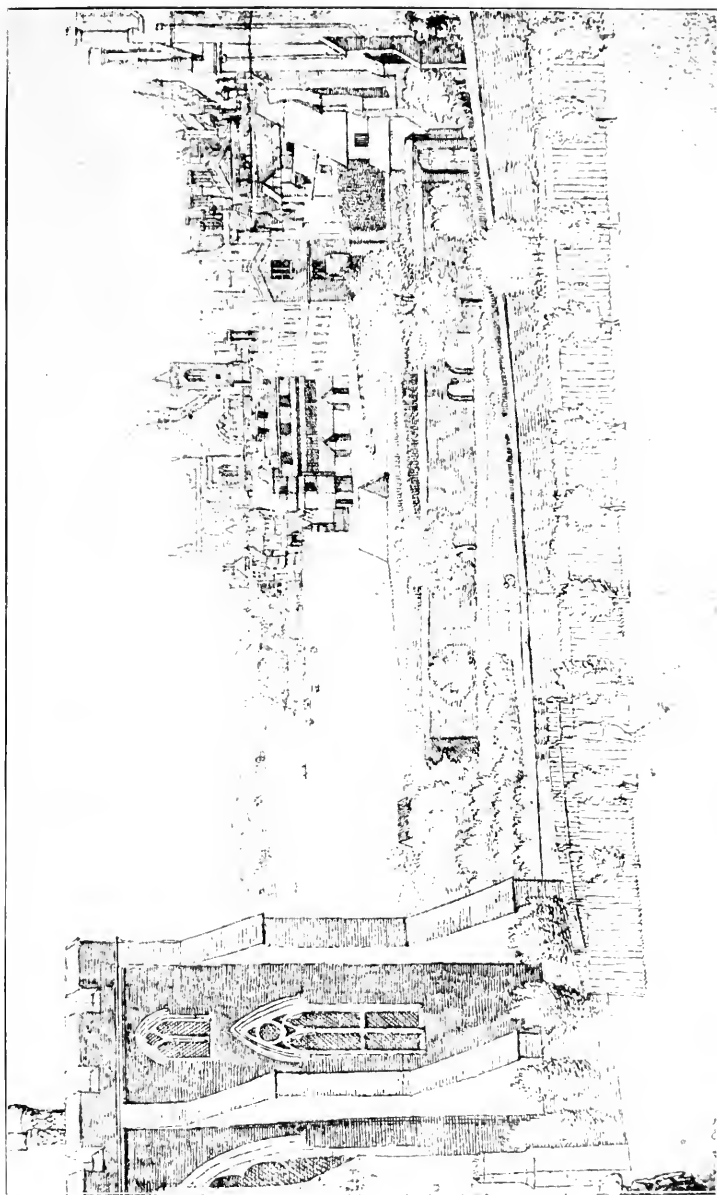
“ ‘MY DEAR SIR,—Your saying you would play my *Good-Natured Man* makes me wish it. The money you advanced me upon Newbery’s note I have the mortification to find is not yet paid, but he says he will in two or three days. What I mean by this letter is to lend me sixty pound, for which I will give you Newbery’s note, so that the whole of my debt will be an hundred, for which you shall have Newbery’s note as a security. This may be paid either from my alteration if my benefit should come to so much, but at any rate I will take care you shall not be a loser. I will give you a new character in my comedy and knock out Lofty, which does not do, and will make such other alterations as you direct.—I am yours,

“ ‘OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

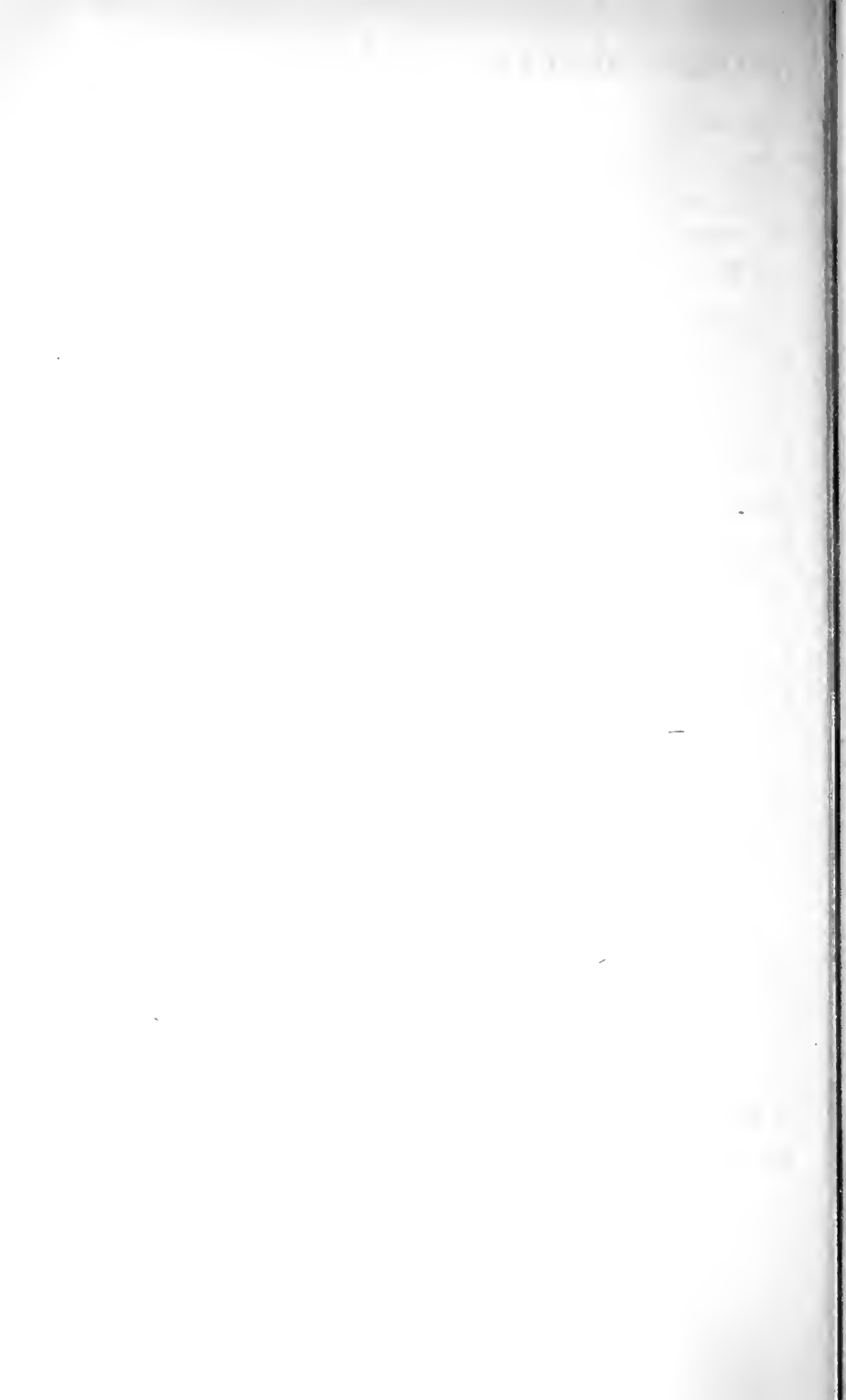
“ ‘I beg an answer.’

“ This letter is indorsed in Garrick’s handwriting as ‘*Goldsmith’s parlaver.*’ But though it would thus appear to have inspired but little sympathy or confidence, and the sacrifice of Lofty had come too late and been too reluctant, Garrick’s answer, begged so earnestly, was not unfavourable. He evaded the altered comedy; spoke of the new one already mentioned between them; and offered the money required on Goldsmith’s own acceptance. . . . The second note exhibits such manifest improvement in the writing as a sudden

168



ST. MARY ROUNCEVAL, THE ORIGINAL SITE OF NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE.



ANDREW BECKET

removal of a sore anxiety might occasion ; but the writer's usual epistolary neatness is still absent. It is hastily folded up in three-cornered shape, is also sealed with wafer, and also indorsed by Garrick, '*Goldsmith's parlaver.*'

“MY DEAR FRIEND, I thank you ! I wish I could do something to serve you. I shall have a comedy for you in a season or two at furthest, that I believe will be worth your acceptance, for I fancy I will make it a fine thing. You shall have the refusal. I wish you would not take up Newbery's note, but let Waller' [probably a mistake for Wallis, Garrick's solicitor] 'tease him, without, however, coming to extremities ; let him haggle after him and he will get it. He owes it and will pay it. I'm sorry you are ill. I will draw upon you one month after date for sixty pound, and your acceptance will be ready money, part of which I want to go down to Barton with. May God preserve my honest little man, for he has my heart.—Ever,

“ ‘ OLIVER GOLDSMITH. ’ ”

A final reminiscence of Garrick and this neighbourhood shows the actor soliciting the Adam brothers on behalf of Andrew Becket, who, when the Adelphi was being erected, had a bookseller's shop in the Strand. He was the son of Thomas Becket, the Pall Mall bookseller, whose establishment was frequented by Garrick. He must have

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

been a precocious youth, for, at the age of fourteen, he had written a comedy founded on Rousseau's *Emile*, and a poem entitled *Theodosius and Constantia*. Born in 1749, he died in 1843. He was a frequent contributor to the chief magazines of his day. He had a great grievance against Ralph Griffiths, the proprietor of the *Monthly Review*, for having given him only forty-five pounds for nearly five years' work—280 articles, the result of reading and condensing 590 volumes. In *Shakespeare Himself Again*, Andrew Becket "released the original text from much muddy nonsense of commentators."¹

Garrick besought the corner house of Adam Street for his friend, a request that was granted. He asked for this "corner blessing," and addressed the architects as his "dear Adelphi." The house was No. 73 Strand, at the north-east corner of Adam Street. It was destroyed by fire on June 28, 1822, but rebuilt according to the original plan. Garrick, in the course of his letter to the Adams, said: "Pray, my dear and very good friends, think a little of this matter, and if you can make us happy, by suiting all our conveniences, we shall make his shop, as old Jacob Tonson's was formerly, the rendezvous of the first people in England. I have a little selfishness in this request—I never go to a coffee-house, seldom to taverns,

¹ *Haunted London*, p. 99.

A FOOTE STORY

and should constantly (if this action takes place) be at Becket's at one at noon and six at night." Garrick, no doubt, meant what he said, but there is no trace of his having visited Andrew Becket in this "corner blessing." The shop is now occupied by a firm of silversmiths.

Samuel Foote, who hated Garrick, is said to have related a story in which I have little faith. But, as it concerns the great actor and the Adelphi, I give it for what it is worth. "Garrick," said Foote, "lately invited Hurd to dine with him in the Adelphi, and after dinner, the evening being very warm, they walked up and down in front of the house. As they passed and repassed the dining-room windows, Garrick was in a perfect agony, for he saw that there was a thief in one of the candles which was burning on one of the tables; and yet Hurd was a person of such consequence that he could not run away from him to prevent the waste of his tallow." This story was put into print by Samuel Rogers, who was a boy of sixteen at the time of Garrick's death. Foote died in 1777, when Richard Hurd was Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

CHAPTER VIII

The celebrated Quack, Dr Graham—His Temple of Health in the Adelphi—Satirised by Colman and Bannister—"Vestina, the Rosy Goddess of Health"—Emma Lyon, Lady Hamilton—Osborn's Hotel—The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands—Their Death in the Adelphi—Isaac D'Israeli—The Earl of Beaconsfield—Thomas Hill, the Original of Paul Pry—Thomas Hood and Charles Dickens—*David Copperfield* and *Pickwick*—Ivy Lane—The Fox-under-the-Hill—The Adelphi "Dark Arches."

THE Adelphi has had its share of quacks, the most impudent of them all being Dr Graham, a Scotchman, who flourished here from the summer of 1780 until the May following, when he migrated to Pall Mall. He occupied the middle house in Adelphi Terrace, and in this place Emma Lyon—afterwards Lady Hamilton—posed as the Goddess of Health. James Graham was then approaching the end of his extraordinary career, for, born in the Cowgate, Edinburgh, on June 23, 1745, he died in 1794. Although he studied medicine in the University of Edinburgh, it is not certain that he took his degree, for, so late as 1783, he is described as "the person calling himself Dr Graham." He passed his earlier

172

THE PRINCE OF QUACKS

life in Pontrefact, being married there in 1770. Subsequently, he travelled in America, as an oculist and aurist. Returning to England in 1774, he practised at Bristol and Bath, and, a year later, established himself in Pall Mall, nearly opposite St James's Palace. At Bath, in 1777, he met Catherine Macaulay, who, a few months later, married his younger brother, William. Through his treatment of her, he declared, he made his first real start in life. Be this as it may, he gained the ear of the public about this time, although he was denounced as a quack by the medical profession. After a visit to the continent, during which he received many testimonials from people in the first rank of society, he came to the Adelphi in 1779. His house and apparatus, it was stated, cost him £10,000. The entrance hall was adorned with crutches which had been discarded by his "patients," and, in the rooms above, were large, gaudily-decorated electrical machines, glass globes, marble statues, and figures of dragons; the windows were of stained glass, and the air was laden with the perfume of incense. The door was guarded by huge footmen. One apartment was devoted to Apollo, and contained "a magnificent temple, sacred to health." He lectured at enormous prices and obtained fabulous sums for his quack remedies. For a night in the "celestial bed," which ensured a beautiful progeny, his fee

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

was £100 ; his “elixir of life” brought him a fee of one thousand pounds, but his “earth-bath” was only a modest guinea, while a magneto-electric bed could be slept in for £50 a night.

In August, 1780, Horace Walpole visited “The Temple of Health” in the Adelphi, and pronounced it “the most impudent puppet-show of imposition I ever saw, and the mountebank himself the dullest of his profession, except that he makes spectators pay a crown apiece for admission only.” The place acquired notoriety so rapidly that, on September 2, George Colman, the elder, produced at the Haymarket Theatre a skit entitled *The Genius of Nonsense*, in which John Bannister, in the character of the Emperor of Quacks, mimicked Graham. “His satin sofas on glass legs, his celestial bed, his two porters in long, tawdry greatcoats and immense gold-laced cocked hats, distributing handbills at the door, while his goddess of health was dying of a sore throat from squalling songs at the top of the staircase, were all hit off by a speaking harlequin, who also caricatured the doctor’s sliding walk and bobbing bows.”¹ The impostor was prevented from buying the “bill of the play,” a burlesque on his own handbill, so that he could not bring an action for libel.

The following is an exact copy of one of Graham’s advertisements:—

¹ *Haunted London*, p. 103.

THE TEMPLE OF HEALTH

TEMPLE OF HEALTH, Adelphi.

To their Excellencies the FOREIGN AMBASSADORS,
To the NOBILITY, GENTRY and to PERSONS
of LEARNING and TASTE,

THIS EVENING exactly at Eight o'Clock,
THE CELESTIAL BRILLIANCY of the
Medico-electrical Apparatus, in all the
Apartments of the

TEMPLE,

Will be exhibited by DR GRAHAM himself,

Who will have the honour of explaining the true Nature and effects of Electricity, Air, Music, and Magnetism, when applied to the human body.

In the introductory Oration, the whole art of enjoying health and vigour, of body and of mind, and of preserving and exalting personal Beauty and Loveliness; or, in other words, of living with health, honour, and happiness in this world, for at least a hundred years, is pointed out and warmly inculcated.

Previous to the display of the electrical Fire, the Doctor will delicately touch upon the CELESTIAL BEDS, which are soon to be opened in the TEMPLE of HYMEN, in Pall-mall, for the propagation of Beings rational, and far stronger and more beautiful in mental as well as in bodily endowments—than the present puny, feeble, and nonsensical race of pro-

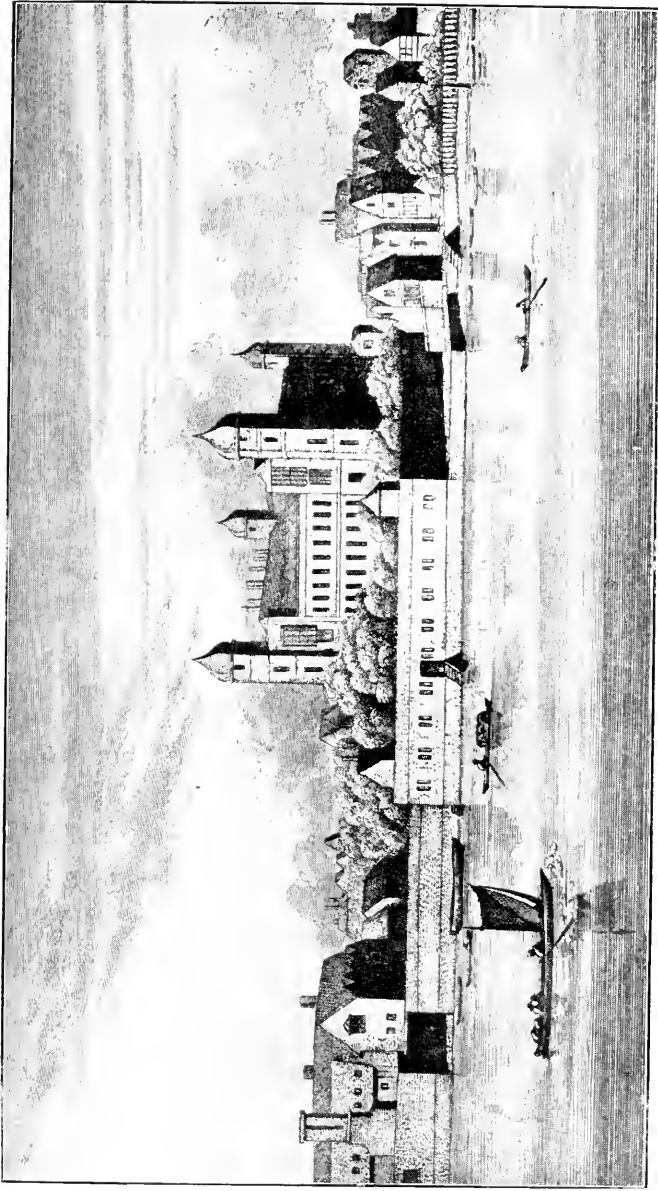
HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

bationary immortals, which crawl and fret, and politely play at cutting one another's throats for nothing at all, on most parts of this terraqueous globe.

This apparatus, which visibly displays, as it were, the various faculties of the material soul of universal and eternal Nature, is acknowledged by all who have seen it, to be by far the largest, most useful, and most magnificent that now is, or that ever was, in the world; and it may be inspected every day, from Ten o'clock in the Morning till four in the Afternoon. Admittance at night, 5s.; in the day, 2s. 6d.

In another announcement he stated that "Vestina, the Rosy Goddess of Health, presides at the *evening lectures* at the Temple of Health, Adelphi, assisting at the display of the Celestial Meteors, and of that sacred Vital *Fire* over which she watches, and whose application in the *Cure of Diseases* she daily has the honour of directing." Graham's "Rosy Goddess of Health" was Emma Lyon, who, in the winter of 1780, when she posed in the Adelphi, was barely twenty years of age. Young as she was, she had lived a strange life, even then. The daughter of a Cheshire blacksmith, she was quite a child when, in the capacity of nursemaid, she entered the service of Mrs Thomas, wife of a surgeon practising at Hawarden; and she can

176

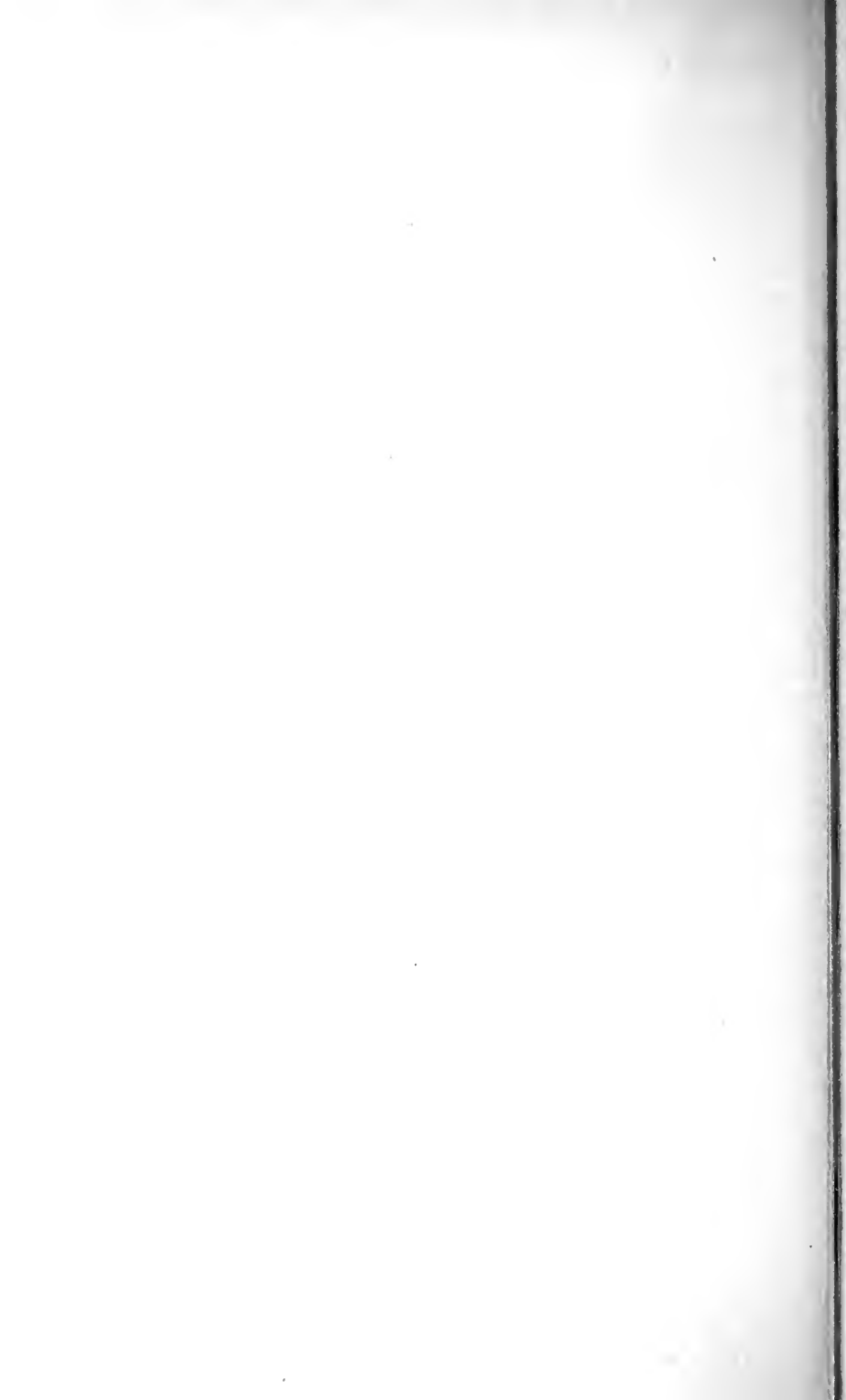


Hollies

SUFFOLK (SESEQUENTIA NORTHUMBERLAND) HOUSE

[100]

[100, 100, 100, 100]



EMMA LYON

hardly have been more than fifteen or sixteen years of age when she first came to London. "Here, for a short time, she is said to have been in service: first, with Mrs Linley, of Drury Lane Theatre; secondly, with Dr Budd, one of the physicians of St Bartholomew's Hospital; and finally at a fruiterer's in St James's Market. One of the customers at this shop, 'a lady of fashion,' attracted by the girl's manner, her beautiful face, and her wonderful auburn hair, engaged her in the capacity of companion. But, fortunate as the change at this time may have appeared to her, it speedily put an end to her opportunities of earning an honest living. No long time after, we hear of her as living for a time with Captain (afterwards Admiral) John Willett Payne, who is by some surmised to be the father of a girl to whom she gave birth about the end of 1779 or the beginning of 1780. However this may be, it is certain that, before she had completed her seventeenth year, she did give birth to a child, and that, as soon as possible, it was transferred to the care of her old grandmother at Hawarden."¹ Her poverty drove her to the quack doctor of the Adelphi. Soon after her appearance here, she "kept house," in extravagant fashion, for Sir Harry Fetherstons-haugh, "a dissolute baronet," at Up Park, Sussex, and became "a daring and accomplished horse-

¹ *Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty*, John Fyvie, p. 40.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

woman." At this time she called herself Emma Hart, but on her marriage, in 1791, to Sir William Hamilton, she signed the register as Amy Lyon. The subsequent career of Nelson's Lady Hamilton is too well known for repetition.

In the spring of 1781, Graham removed from the comparative quiet of the Adelphi to more aristocratic quarters in Schomberg House—part of the existing War Office—in Pall Mall. His charges were slightly lower than in the Adelphi, the use of his "celestial bed" costing but fifty pounds. In November, 1782, his property was seized for debt, and was advertised for sale on December 20, and the following days. He made his misfortunes an opportunity for advertisement, bought in most of his goods, and threatened one publication with an action for libel for having published "an incorrect, mutilated, and nonsensical farrago, which they impudently and falsely call Dr Graham's celebrated lecture on generation." In March, 1783, he announced that the "High Priestess of his Temple delivered lectures to ladies, and that the rosy, athletic, and truly Gigantic Goddess of Health and of Hymen, on the Celestial Throne," took part in the lectures. Graham's London career practically ceased in 1783. Ten years later he described himself, in a book on earth-bathing, as "formerly sole institutor, proprietor, and director of the Temple of Health in the Adelphi and in 178

DEATH OF THE QUACK

Pall Mall." His earth-bathing consisted of remaining without clothing in the earth six hours at a time, for eight days in succession, and for twelve hours on the ninth day. In 1791, Graham and a young woman, at Newcastle, "stripped into their first suits," and "were each interred up to the chin, their heads beautifully dressed and powdered, appearing not unlike two fine full-grown cauliflowers."

Graham subsequently became a religious enthusiast, took to opium, and was confined in his own house in Edinburgh as a lunatic. A few months before his death, he made an affidavit, in which he stated that from the last day of December 1792, to January 15, 1793, he neither ate, drank, nor took anything but cold water, sustaining life by wearing cut-up turfs against his naked body, and by rubbing his limbs with his own nervous æthereal balsam. He died suddenly at his house, opposite the Archers' Hall, Edinburgh, on June 23, 1794. Graham, though a quack, and possibly a madman, was not without some knowledge. He was against flesh-eating and excess in alcohol, and believed in cold bathing, open windows, sleeping on mattresses, and other points of severe hygiene; at one time, he stated, he never ate more than the worth of four or six pence a day. He asserted that all diseases were caused by wearing too much clothing, and he wore no woollen clothes. Southey saw this "half knave, half enthusiast" thrice, once

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

in his mud-bath. He says that latterly Graham "would madden himself with opium, rush into the streets, and strip himself to clothe the first beggar he met."¹

At Osborn's Hotel, which still exists, under the name of the Adelphi Hotel, at the corner of John and Adam Streets, the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands died, from small-pox, in 1824. Rhio-Rhio was the son and successor of the first king, Tamehameha, who placed the Islands under British protection. The Queen died on July 8. "The King," said a contemporary print, "in the midst of this deep sorrow manifests a firmness of mind which has penetrated everybody about him with a feeling of respect. Though very anxious to express his grief in the manner of his country, and to show the marks of deference which are usually paid to the dead there, he submits, with good sense and patience, to every suggestion which our habits dictate." The King died, at the same place, on September 14. The visit of King Tamehameha and his consort to England gave rise to the popular song, "The King of the Cannibal Islands." This hotel was originally called "The Adelphi New Tavern and Coffee-House," and was opened in October, 1777, "being completely fitted up in the most elegant and convenient manner for the entertainment of noblemen and gentlemen." Gibbon,

¹ *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xxii., p. 323.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

writing to Lord Sheffield on August 8, 1787, from the Adelphi Hotel, imparts a piece of "Intelligence extraordinary. This day (August the seventh) the celebrated E. G. arrived with a numerous retinue (one servant). We hear that he has brought over from Lausanne the remainder of his *History* for immediate publication." In 1813, George Crabbe, the poet, and his wife stayed in the Adelphi during a visit to London. Dr Thomas Munro, Turner's patron, resided here, and on April 22, 1827. Thomas Rowlandson, the famous caricaturist, died here. Isaac D'Israeli, the author of *Curiosities of Literature*, and father of the Earl of Beaconsfield, stayed at Osborn's Hotel after his wedding tour, in 1802.

It is generally supposed that Benjamin Disraeli was born in the Adelphi. The authority for this statement is Lord Barrington, who, during the Earl of Beaconsfield's last illness, questioned him on the point. "I was born in the Adelphi," was the reply, "and I may say in a library. My father was not rich when he married. He took a suite of apartments in the Adelphi, and he possessed a large collection of books; all the rooms were covered with them, including that in which I was born." Mr Wheatley, however, says that "careful investigation has left little doubt that this was not the case, as Isaac D'Israeli had left the Adelphi"—where he had a lease of the first floor of No. 2

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

James Street—"for King's Road (now Theobald's Road) before the birth of Benjamin."

In James Street, on the second floor of No. 1, there lived and died a celebrated character, Thomas Hill (1760-1840), the book-collector and patron of Bloomfield and Kirke White. He was the fussy, good-natured Hull of Theodore Hook's novel, *Gilbert Gurney* (1836). More notable still, he was the original of Paul Pry, in Poole's comedy (1825). Paul Pry is an idle, inquisitive, meddling fellow who, without any occupation of his own, is for ever thrusting himself upon other people with the apology, "I hope I don't intrude." John Liston (1776-1846) was the first stage representative of the character, and the part was frequently acted by the late John Lawrence Toole. "Tommy" Hill, as he was familiarly called, always boasted that he had whatever was wanted: "Cards, sir? Pooh! pooh! Nonsense! thousands of packs in the house." Planché says of him: "His *spécialité* was the accurate information he could impart on all the petty details of the domestic economy of his friends, the contents of their wardrobes, their pantries, the number of pots of preserve in their store-closets, and of the table-napkins in their linen-presses, the dates of their births and marriages, the amounts of their tradesmen's bills, and whether paid weekly or quarterly. He had been on the press, and was connected with the

182

CHARLES DICKENS

Morning Chronicle. He used to drive Mathews crazy by ferreting out his whereabouts when he left London, and popping the information in some paper."

Two of the most celebrated literary names connected with the Adelphi are Thomas Hood and Charles Dickens. Hood, soon after his marriage in 1824, lived in chambers at No. 2 Robert Street, his acquaintanceship at that time including Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and De Quincey. His association with the Adelphi continued until the end of his career, for his *Magazine*, established in 1844—the year before his death—was published from No. 1 Adam Street. Dickens knew the Adelphi well. As a boy he frequented its underground passages, and, later on, he used Osborn's Hotel (the Adelphi Hotel) for a scene in *Pickwick*.¹ He

¹ After the release of Mr Pickwick, Mr Wardle and his family had apartments in the Adelphi Hotel. There Dickens laid the scene of one of his best chapters: "Driving to the George and Vulture, they found that Arabella and her maid had sent for a hackney-coach immediately on the receipt of a short note from Emily announcing her arrival in town, and had proceeded straight to the Adelphi. As Wardle had business to transact in the city, they sent the carriage and the fat boy to his hotel, with the information that he and Mr Pickwick would return together to dinner at five o'clock.

"Now, whether the shake had jumbled the fat boy's faculties together, instead of arranging them in proper order, or had roused such a quantity of new ideas within him as to render him oblivious of ordinary forms and ceremonies, or (which is also

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

is recording his own experiences when, in *David Copperfield*, he says: "I was fond of wandering about the Adelphi, because it was a mysterious place, with those dark arches. I see myself emerging one evening from some of these arches, on a little public-house close to the river, with an open space before it, where some coal-heavers were dancing; to look at whom, I sat down upon a

possible) had proved unsuccessful in preventing his falling asleep as he ascended the stairs, it is an undoubted fact that he walked into the sitting-room without previously knocking at the door, and so beheld a gentleman with his arm clasping his young mistress's waist, sitting very lovingly by her side on a sofa, while Arabella and her pretty handmaid feigned to be absorbed in looking out of a window at the other end of the room. At sight of which phenomenon the fat boy uttered an interjection, the ladies a scream, and the gentleman an oath, almost simultaneously.

"'Wretched creature! what do you want here?' said the gentleman, who, it is needless to say, was Mr Snodgrass.

"To this the fat boy, considerably terrified, briefly responded, 'Missis.'

"'What do you want me for?' inquired Emily, turning her head aside; 'you stupid creature.'

"'Master and Mr Pickwick is going to dine here at five,' replied the fat boy.

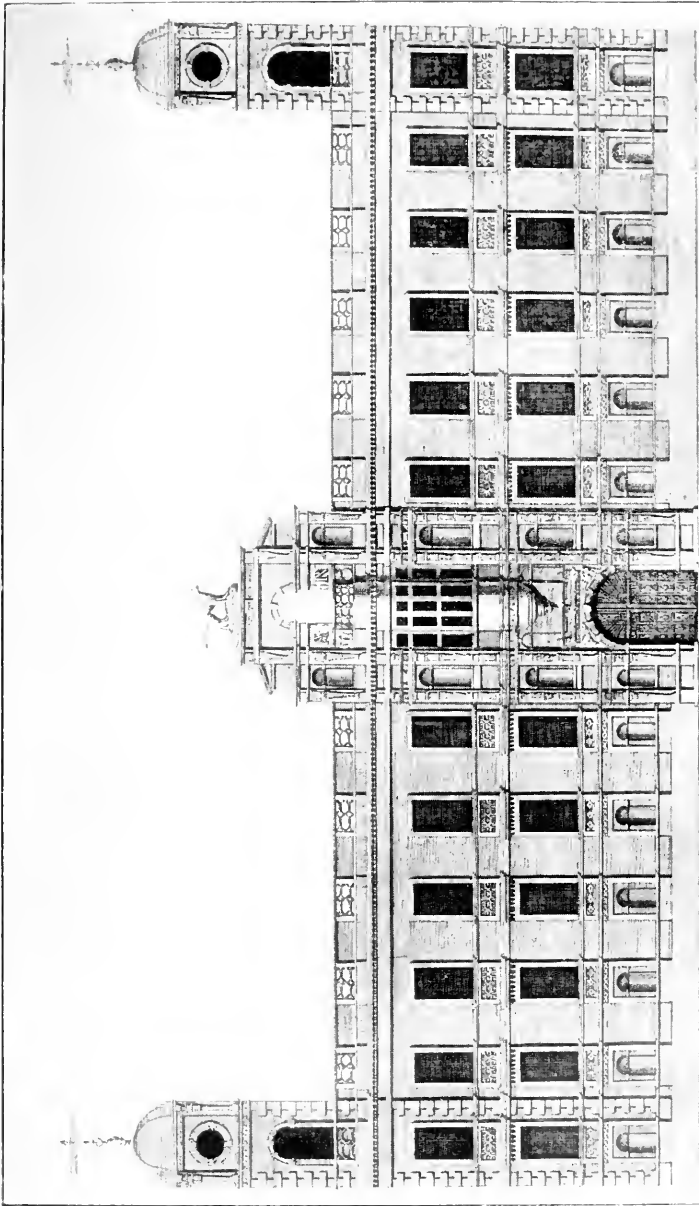
"'Leave the room!' said Mr Snodgrass, glaring upon the bewildered youth.

"'No, no, no!' added Emily, hastily. 'Bella, dear, advise me.'

"Upon this, Emily and Mr Snodgrass, and Arabella and Mary, crowded into a corner and conversed earnestly in whispers for some minutes, during which the fat boy dozed.

"There was so much to say upstairs, and there were so many plans to concert for elopement and matrimony in the event of

184





DAVID COPPERFIELD

bench. I wonder what they thought of me!" This was also the scene of the meeting of the Micawbers and Copperfield prior to the departure of the impecunious Wilkins for Australia: "The Micawber family were lodged in a little, dirty, tumble-down public-house, which in those days was close to the stairs, and where protruding wooden rooms over-hung the river. The family, as emigrants, being objects of some interest in and old Wardle continuing to be cruel, that it wanted only half an hour to dinner when Mr Snodgrass took his final adieu. The ladies ran to Emily's bedroom to dress, and the lover, taking up his hat, walked out of the room. He had scarcely got outside the door when he heard Wardle's voice talking loudly; and looking over the banisters, beheld him, followed by some other gentlemen, coming straight upstairs. Knowing nothing of the house, Mr Snodgrass in his confusion stepped hastily back into the room he had just quitted, and passing from thence into an inner apartment (Mr Wardle's bedchamber), closed the door softly, just as the persons he had caught a glimpse of entered the sitting-room. These were Mr Wardle and Mr Pickwick, Mr Nathaniel Winkle, and Mr Benjamin Allen, whom he had no difficulty in recognising by their voices.

"The wine came, and Perker came upstairs at the same moment. Mr Snodgrass had dinner at a side-table, and, when he had dispatched it, drew his chair next Emily, without the smallest opposition on the old gentleman's part.

"The evening was excellent. Little Mr Perker came out wonderfully, told various comic stories, and sang a serious song, which was almost as funny as the anecdotes. Arabella was very charming, Mr Wardle very jovial, Mr Pickwick very harmonious, Mr Ben Allen very uproarious, the lovers very silent, Mr Winkle very talkative, and all of them very happy."
—*The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, chap. liv.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

about Hungerford, attracted so many beholders, that we were glad to take refuge in their room. It was one of the wooden chambers upstairs, with the tide flowing underneath. . . . I went down again next morning to see that they were away. They had departed, in a boat, as early as five o'clock. It was a wonderful instance to me of the gap such partings make, that although my association of them with the tumble-down public-house and the wooden stairs dated only from last night, both seemed dreary and deserted, now that they were gone."¹

This "little, dirty, tumble-down public-house" of Dickens was the "Fox-under-the-Hill." It stood at the bottom of Ivy Lane. The ramshackle building disappeared with the formation of the Victoria Embankment and Gardens, but the passage in question still remains, and, although it is not noticed by the thousands of people who walk by it daily, Ivy Lane is one of the most interesting bits of old London. Stow, in his *Survey*, alludes to it thus: "Ivy Bridge, in the High Street, which had a way under it leading to the Thames, the like as sometime had the Strand Bridge, is now taken down, but the lane remaineth as afore; or better, and parteth the liberty of the Duchy (of Lancaster) and the city of Westminster on that south-side." Strype adds that the lane

¹ *David Copperfield*, chap. lvii.

THE "DARK ARCHES"

was "very bad and almost impassable." As it was very narrow, and the descent was steep, its inconvenience is easily understood. The passage is still here, but, at the river end, it is enclosed by gates. Ivy Bridge, or Pier, was the landing-place for the halfpenny steamboats which plied between the Strand and London Bridge. Here a lamentable explosion, by which many people were killed, occurred in August, 1847, on the *Cricket*, and, soon afterwards, the "Fox" landing-stage was disused.

From the "Fox-under-the-Hill" it is an easy transition to the "dark arches" which made such an impression on the mind of Charles Dickens. They form a small town in themselves, and although tenanted by wine-merchants, and other law-abiding people, they are still "mysterious" enough to strike one with wonderment that such a dreary spot can exist within hail of the busy Strand. "The Adelphi arches, many of which are used for cellars and coal-wharves," wrote John Timbs, half a century ago, "remind us, in their grim vastness, of the Etruscan cloaca of ancient Rome. Beneath the 'dark arches,' as they were (and are) called, the most abandoned characters used to lurk; outcasts and vagrants came there to sleep; and many a street-thief escaped from his pursuers, before the introduction of gas-lights and a vigilant police. Even now tramps prowl in a ghastly

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

manner down the dim-lit passages." The condition of things has not changed much during these fifty years, and a stranger would be well-advised in not venturing on a voyage of discovery through this strange region, alone. Augustus Egg placed the scene of one of his most tragic pictures on the banks of the river by the Adelphi arches. In these caverns a battery of guns was held in readiness in connection with the great Chartist meeting, on Kennington Common, on April 10, 1848. The piers on which the arches rest having shown signs of insecurity, the entire structure was underpinned, and strengthened in other ways, in the years 1872-4.

The Adelphi arches were a source of wonderment to Londoners in the middle of the last century. Thomas Miller, the poet and novelist, writing in 1850, gives a vivid description of them: "Thousands who pass along the Strand never dream of the shadowy region which lies between them and the river—the black-browed arches that span right and left, before and behind, covering many a rood of ground on which the rain never beats, nor the sunbeam sleeps, and at the entrance of which the wind only seems to howl and whine, as if afraid of venturing further into the darkness. Many of our readers will, no doubt, conclude that such a dreary place as this must be deserted and tenantless: such is not the case. Here many of

188

COWS IN THE ADELPHI

those strong horses, which the countryman who visits London looks upon with wonder and envy, are stabled—strong, broad-chested steeds, such as may be seen dragging the heavily-laden coal-waggons up those steep passages which lead into the Strand, and which seem ‘to the manner born.’

“Cows are also kept here, which, rumour says, never saw any other light beyond that of the gas which gleams through their prison-bars, or, by way of change, the cheering rays from a lantern, when they are milked or fed; that here many of them were calved, and have lived on, giving milk to a good old age—buried like the main-pipe that supplies us with water and finds its way into our houses without our once enquiring how. We have often pitied the London cows, which we have seen driven up one street and down another, and have fancied that what little milk they had must have been churned into indifferent butter, as they ran on, to escape the stones thrown after them by boys, while mongrels were ever sallying out, and either biting or barking at their heels; but we had not seen those which are doomed to dwell in the unbroken darkness of the Adelphi arches, without ever breathing any other than the sepulchral air which stagnates this murky purgatory. Assuredly they ought to be taken out for a little fresh air now and then, and be led by the horns to

‘Fresh fields and pastures new’;

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

for we can readily conceive how pleased and patiently they would go 'blinking' along, compared to those horned blackguards who come with a butt and a 'boo' at us as they return from Smithfield, and, before we have time to say 'Now, stupid!' pitch us over the battlements of one of the bridges, and leave us to sink or swim.

"The Adelphi arches form a little subterranean city; there is nothing like it in England: in some places you catch a glimpse of the river, a small loop-hole that lets in the light like the end of a railway tunnel, yet seeming to diminish more than these tunnels, on account of the steep descent, until one of the steamers, in passing, appears to fill up the opening like a half-closed door. Beside these arches there are narrow passages which go dipping down to the water-side, where on either hand houses stand looking at one another in the openings between the darkness. There is a dismal and solitary look about these tall imprisoned houses; you cannot conceive how they are entered, for there appears to be no way to them, and you conclude that they are empty. Or, if they are inhabited, you wonder if the people ever look out of those dim, dirt-ditched windows at the dead-looking walls opposite. We have turned back, and hunted up and down looking from below, but nowhere could we obtain a view of the entrance to those murderous-looking houses. We once saw a butterfly

190

THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT

which had lost its way, and got into the little light which had stolen out to look at the entrance of these arches: it went up and down, and hither and thither, seeming to become feebler every moment, as if it had given up all hope of ever swinging with folded wings, like a pea-bloom, on the flowers again, and we doubted not but that it found a grave amid the green decay of some rotten water-butt." The cows have disappeared, and the muddy wharves have been replaced by pleasant gardens and the busy hum of workshops, but the "subterranean city" is likely to exist in its present form for many years to come. The embankment, the construction of which involved the abolition of the Adelphi wharves, was opened in 1870 by the Prince of Wales (Edward VII.), as the representative of Queen Victoria. This magnificent example of engineering was begun in 1862, and the cost was about £2,000,000.

CHAPTER IX

The First Bankers—Middleton & Campbell, predecessors of Coutts & Co., “at The Three Crowns in the Strand”—Patrick and John Coutts—Patrick and Thomas Coutts in London—Death of James Coutts—Enter, Thomas Coutts—Letter by Him—His Stern Character—Married to Harriot Mellon—Susan Starkie and “The Three Graces”—Sir Francis Burdett—Angela Georgina Burdett—The Duchess of St Albans—Anecdotes of Thomas Coutts—His Personal Appearance—Interior of the Bank—The Chinese Wall-Paper—The Adelphi Chapel—Illustrious Customers of Messrs Coutts—Partners in the Firm—The Wills of Thomas Coutts and the Duchess of St Albans—The Savage Club—Thomas Hardy—E. L. Blanchard.

QUEEN ELIZABETH “was particularly kind to the citizens, and borrowed money of them on all occasions.” At first sight this may not seem a compliment, since monarchs have not always been too particular in the matter of the repayment of their loans. Queen Elizabeth, however, was a good borrower, and the Goldsmiths Company—employed by her in these transactions—drank annual libations to her memory, out of a silver cup which she had presented to them, for many years after her decease. But “the business of goldsmiths,” as Pennant has

192

THE FIRST BANKERS

pointed out, "was confined to the buying and selling of plate, and foreign coins of gold and silver, melting them, and coining others at the mint. The banking was accidental, and foreign to their institution. Regular banking by private people resulted, in 1643, from the calamity of the time, when the seditious spirit was incited by the arts of the parliamentary leaders. The merchants and tradesmen, who before trusted their cash to their servants and apprentices, found that no longer safe; neither did they dare to leave it in the mint at the Tower, by reason of the distress of Majesty itself, which before was a place of public deposit."

In the year 1645, the goldsmiths added banking to their business. The first regular banker was Thomas Child, goldsmith, of Fleet Street, who began in this way soon after the Restoration. "He was the father of the profession, a person of large fortune and most respectable character."¹

The shops of the goldsmiths and bankers were, of course, situated in the city of London until, in 1692, the firm of Middleton & Campbell was established in St Martin's Lane. George Middleton and John Campbell were the predecessors of the great banking firm known as Coutts & Co.,

¹ Pennant's *Account of London*, ed. 1813, p. 537. It has been stated recently that Messrs Martin & Co., of Lombard Street, the direct successors of Sir Thomas Gresham (1519-1579), are the oldest bankers in London. But I prefer to believe Pennant.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

whose premises in the Strand occupied part of the New Exchange and the Adelphi for one hundred and sixty odd years. Campbell, who died in 1712, and was buried in the churchyard of St Paul's, Covent Garden, left his "faithful and honest partner" as executor to his four children until the coming of age of his eldest son, William. In 1729, the youngest son of John Campbell became a partner. Until 1737, the business was carried on in St Martin's Lane, then the centre of the artistic world of London. In that year Messrs Middleton & Campbell occupied the middle house of a row of eleven which had been built on the site of "Britain's Bourse." The firm did not become "bankers" until 1740, although it had transacted the usual banking business, together with an army and commission agency, for many years previously. In 1712-13 Middleton & Campbell had acted as agents for Queen Anne's 4th Troop of Guards. The name of the firm was changed to that of Coutts in 1760, and it is by this honoured name that it is likely to be known so long as it exists—and that will be so long as banking flourishes as an institution in this country. The original sign of the house, three crowns, is still used on the cheques, surrounded by the words: "At the Three Crowns in the Strand, next door to the Globe Tavern, A.D. 1692."

The story of the change in the name of the firm

PATRICK COUTTS

is curious and interesting. This history being more particularly concerned with Thomas Coutts, and his establishment in the Strand, it is not necessary to go further into his genealogy than to state that the great banker was a descendant of William Coutts and his wife, Janet Ochiltree, of Montrose.

One Patrick Coutts, desirous of making a name for himself, left Montrose and went to Edinburgh, where he traded as a general merchant, importing and exporting goods, in 1696. He died in 1704, a man of probity and wealth. He left his great fortune to his son John, who also flourished in Edinburgh as a merchant. "The business initiated by John Coutts was a combination of general dealing and the negotiation of foreign bills of exchange. He also imported and sold corn, either on his own account or as a commission agent. But in proportion as he advanced in business and acquired spare capital, as well as the confidence of persons who deposited with him money at interest, he appears to have laid himself out chiefly as a negotiator of bills, a species of traffic which as yet had not been appropriated by banks, and demanded much knowledge and shrewdness. Whether from family connections or otherwise, he became acquainted with people of good social standing, through whom he widened his base of operations. For some time he had for a partner Thomas Hali-burton, of Newmains (who through a daughter

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

became the great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott); next we find him taking as partner Archibald Trotter, son of Trotter, of Castleshiel; then by another change of firm he was associated with his cousin, Robert Ramsay, brother of Sir Alexander, of Balmain. As further marking the esteem in which he was held by the aristocratic circles of Edinburgh, he formed an intimacy with Sir John Stuart, of Allanbank, whose sister he married.”¹

John Coutts, who was Provost of Edinburgh in 1742-43, died in 1751, leaving four sons, Patrick, John, James, and Thomas, who inherited his business and great wealth. Thomas Coutts, with whom we are more directly concerned, was born on September 7, 1735. Patrick and Thomas Coutts, and their cousin, Thomas Stephen, opened a branch establishment in London, in Jeffrey's Square, St Mary Axe, under the name of Coutts, Stephen, Coutts, & Co.; John and James Coutts, remaining in the North, acted as the correspondents of the London firm, and bought and sold goods on commission. In his *Memoirs of a Banking House*, Sir William Forbes says: “Some years they made large profits, which they as often lost in others, owing to the fluctuation of the markets and the bankruptcy of many of those with whom they dealt. Indeed, I have often thought it not a little

¹ Robert Chambers, in his *Journal* (No. 567, Nov. 7, 1874).

JAMES COUTTS

singular that a banking house, which of all branches of business seems peculiarly to require caution, and which ought, as much as possible, to be kept clear of hazard or speculation, should have chosen to embark so largely in the corn trade, which is perhaps the most liable to sudden fluctuation, and in which no human prudence or insurance can guard the adventures from frequent loss.”

The house in the Strand was carried on under the style of Campbell & Bruce, under the sole control of George Campbell from 1751 to July, 1755. James Coutts, the third son of Lord Provost John Coutts, having become acquainted with George Campbell during one of his visits to London—for his main business was with the Edinburgh house—married, in 1754, Campbell's niece, Mary Peagrim, and was taken into partnership by the Strand banker, whereupon he withdrew from his old firm, and Campbell & Coutts came into existence at No. 59 Strand. On the death of his partner, in 1761, James Coutts took his brother, Thomas, into the firm. James Coutts died in 1778, leaving Thomas in full control of the business, and his only daughter inherited his fortune of £70,000.

Thomas Coutts, who ultimately became known as “the richest man in London,” was a great character. He had received an excellent training at the High School in Edinburgh, and this, together with his vast experience in correspondence,

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

“enabled him to appreciate literary composition, and to express himself with accuracy.” He survived all his brothers, and became the first banker in London. His munificence, no less than his wealth, admitted him to the highest circles. Together with Sir Walter Scott, his friend, and kinsman, through the Stuarts of Allanbank, he received the freedom of the city of Edinburgh. Although he was always ready to lend a hand to genuine distress, he was very keen in money matters, and sternly resented any attempt at what he considered imposition. The following letter, written in his eightieth year, is characteristic of his attitude when replying to those who besought unwarranted favours. It was addressed to John Pinkerton, the Scottish antiquary and historian, who had asked the banker to recommend him as a travelling companion, and to forego the interest on a bond:—

“STRAND, *January 31, 1815.*

“I have received the favour of your letter, asking me to withdraw the claim for interest on the sum I lent on the security of a house; but the footing upon which you have put the request is one I have uniformly, at all times, thought to be such as I ought to reject, and have rejected accordingly. The bankers in Scotland and the county banks in England are on a different plan from those of London. They circulate their own notes and make pay-

198

HIS STERN CHARACTER

ments in them. We give out no notes of our own, and if we were to give interest at even one per cent. per annum, we should be losers by our business.

“We do not consider ourselves as being obliged to any one person who places his money in our hands, however considerable. It is to the aggregate and general mass of society that we owe our situation, and to the credit our prudence and attention has obtained for us; and people deposit their money in our hands for their own advantage and convenience, not from favour to us, nor do we desire to have it on any other terms. Probably you may not understand the explanation I have spent time in making, which I can very ill spare, and it may therefore answer no purpose, but it satisfies myself, and I wish to show equal attention to all my employers, whether they have large or small sums in my hands, which indeed hardly ever occupies my attention.

“My attention is fully engrossed in doing business with honour and regularity, leaving the rest to the common chance and course of things. It surprises me that, though it every day appears that there is very little truth published in the newspapers, yet people will still believe what they read, especially abuse, or what they think is against the character or prudence of the person treated of. I saw some paragraphs, and heard of more, of what I had done for Mr Kean, in all which there was not a word of

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

truth; though I see no reason why I might not, without offence to any one, have given Mr Kean anything I pleased. In doing any little matter in my power for an individual, I must add, I never had any view to celebrity, with the present age or with posterity.

“If I should know of any gentleman wanting a travelling companion abroad, I shall mention you to him, but it seldom happens that I am applied to in such matters.”

The Mr Kean alluded to in this letter is, of course, the great actor. But, as Edmund Kean was at the zenith of his power and success in 1814–15, we may indeed readily believe that “there was not a word of truth” in the rumour that “Mrs Coutts visited Kean and made him a gift of fifty pounds,” which was circulated at the time. Moreover, it was not until March 2, 1815, that the marriage of Thomas Coutts to Harriot Mellon was announced. Miss Mellon was the second wife of the banker, and her marriage was a romantic one. Before dealing with it, however, it is necessary to refer to the first Mrs Coutts, about whom a good deal of mystery has been made. The simple truth is that she came of “poor but honest parents” in Lancashire. Her name was Susan Starkie, and we have it on the authority of the Earl of Dundonald (1775–1860) that she was “a most respectable, modest, handsome young woman.”

“THE THREE GRACES”

Another writer says that, even near the day of her death, although she was then an old woman, with grown-up grandchildren, “she exhibited traces of having possessed some personal advantages in her youth, her large black eyes retaining their brightness, although rather stern and wild in their expression.” She is interesting, as far as this story is concerned, inasmuch as Thomas Coutts met her in the house in the Strand, where she was in charge of his brother’s daughter. After the marriage, Mr and Mrs Thomas Coutts resided in St Martin’s Lane, and there “my brother and myself have frequently called to visit” them, wrote the Earl of Dundonald, who added that “her good sense, amiable disposition, and exemplary good conduct endeared her to all her husband’s family, and commanded the respect of everyone who knew her.” Of this union there were three daughters, who were known as “the Three Graces.” The first, Susan, married the third Earl of Guildford; the second, Frances, was the second wife of John, first Marquis of Bute; while Sophia was married to Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P., the well-known politician, and hero of reform. Sir Francis and Lady Burdett had six children, a son and five daughters, the youngest of whom, Angela Georgina, born on April 21, 1814, became the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, whose death, on December 30, 1906, has been so greatly deplored.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

This lady received, on the death of the Duchess of St Albans—Harriot Mellon, the second wife of Thomas Coutts—the entire estate which the banker had, by his will, placed at the disposal of the Duchess.

The Duchess of St Albans, who, as Mrs Coutts, must have been a frequent visitor at No. 59 Strand, made her first appearance on the stage as Lydia Languish in *The Rivals*, on January 31, 1795, at Covent Garden, she being then twenty years of age. Her first husband died on February 24, 1822, and was buried at Wroxton Abbey, Oxfordshire, “his funeral being attended by many of the nobility and gentry of the district, while the carriages of their royal highnesses the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Sussex accompanied the procession.” She was then importuned by William Aubrey de Vere, the ninth Duke of St Albans, to whom she was married on June 16, 1827. The story of this courtship has been told by Sir Walter Scott: “Mrs Coutts, with the Duke of St Albans and Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, called to take leave of us. When at Abbotsford his suit throve but coldly. She made me, I believe, a confidant in sincerity. She had refused him twice, and decidedly: he was merely on the footing of friendship. I urged it was akin to love. She allowed she might marry the Duke, only she had at present not the least intention that way. It is the fashion to attend Mrs

202

THE DUCHESS OF ST ALBANS

Coutts' parties, and to abuse her. I have always found her a kind, friendly woman, without either affectation or insolence in the display of her wealth ; most willing to do good if the means be shown her. She can be very entertaining too, and she speaks without scruple of her stage life. So much wealth can hardly be enjoyed without ostentation." In Lockhart's *Life of Scott* there is a long account of a visit paid to Sir Walter by Mrs Coutts, who arrived at Abbotsford with a train of three carriages each drawn by four horses. Her retinue consisted of her future lord, the Duke of St Albans, one of his grace's sisters, a sort of lady-in-waiting, two physicians, and besides other menials of every grade, two bed-chamber women for Mrs Coutts' own person—she requiring to have this article also in duplicate, because in her widowed condition she was fearful of ghosts. There were already assembled at Abbotsford several ladies of high rank, who, witnessing this ostentation on the part of an actress who, when a girl, had been chased from her home by a vulgar virago of a mother, took it into their heads to snub her. "The good-natured Sir Walter, pained at the conduct of his noble guests, took the youngest and prettiest of them aside, and lectured her on her manners. The beautiful peeress thanked him for treating her as his daughter ; and one by one the other ladies being made to run the gauntlet of Sir Walter's rebukes, Mrs Coutts

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

was speedily set at ease. The narrative is curious as a typical illustration of the sentiments with which the society to which Harriet Mellon claimed to belong regarded her.”¹

The anecdotes which have been related of Thomas Coutts are innumerable and—unreliable. One of the most extraordinary of them is the following:—“In the early part of his career, Mr Coutts, anxious to secure the cordial co-operation of the heads of the various banking-houses in London, was in the habit of frequently inviting them to dinner. On one of these occasions the manager of a City bank, in retailing the news of the day, accidentally remarked that a certain nobleman had applied to his firm for the loan of £30,000, and had been refused. Mr Coutts listened, and said nothing; but the moment his guests had retired, about ten o'clock in the evening, he started off to the house of the nobleman mentioned, and requested the honour of an interview with his lordship next day. On the following morning, the nobleman called at the bank. Mr Coutts received him with the greatest politeness, and taking thirty one-thousand pound notes from a drawer, presented them to his lordship. The latter, very agreeably surprised, exclaimed, ‘But what security am I to give you?’ ‘I shall be satisfied with your lordship’s note of hand,’ was the reply. The

¹ *Representative Actors*, W. Clark Russell, p. 322.

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTES

‘I.O.U.’ was instantly given, with the remark, ‘I find I shall only require for the present £10,000; I therefore return you £20,000, with which you will be pleased to open an account in my name.’ This generous, or, as it may more truly be called, exceedingly well-calculated, act of Mr Coutts was not lost upon the nobleman, who, in addition to paying in within a few months £200,000 to his account, the produce of the sale of an estate, recommended several high personages to patronise the bank in the Strand. Among new clients who opened accounts there was King George III.”

This absurd story had its origin in the financial adventures of one Alexander Trotter, Paymaster of the Navy, who, despite the facts that his salary was a mere five hundred a year and that he had no other means, passed some fifteen million pounds through Coutts’ Bank and speculated hugely on the Stock Exchange, his transactions amounting in one day to £300,000. In giving evidence in the trial of Lord Melville, the treasurer of the Navy, in 1806, he said: “I certainly made use of that part which was not likely to be claimed for my own benefit, generally by lending it at interest, and at times by investing it in Exchequer or Navy Bills, or other Government securities. The whole profit and emolument derived from that mode of laying out the money were entirely my own.” He gave as his reason for passing the money

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

through his private account, instead of through the Bank of England, that, after the removal of the Navy Office from Broad Street to Somerset Place, it was "safer and more convenient to give orders on a bank in the Strand." He also affirmed that he never drew for a million of money but once in his life, "And that money went into the hands of Coutts, for I drew a draft, as usual, upon the Bank of England, but instead of giving the draft to Coutts, I gave it to a clerk, who carried it to the bank, and, the notes being divided into a great number of small notes, he took them to Coutts"—a very singular proceeding. Lord Melville stated that, to the best of his recollection, "He never authorised the application of any of the Navy money for his own benefit or advantage, but that, owing to the way in which the paymaster had blended his own money and the public money, it was impossible to ascertain with precision whether the advances he had made to the treasurer were from one source or the other." An important point in the trial turned upon the disposal of a certain sum of £30,000, and it could not be determined as to whether the money came from the Navy, or, as a loan, from Messrs Coutts. Hence arose the apocryphal story of the staid banker, to whom caution was second nature, wishing to lend this large amount on the frail security of an I.O.U.

THE HOUSE OF COUTTS

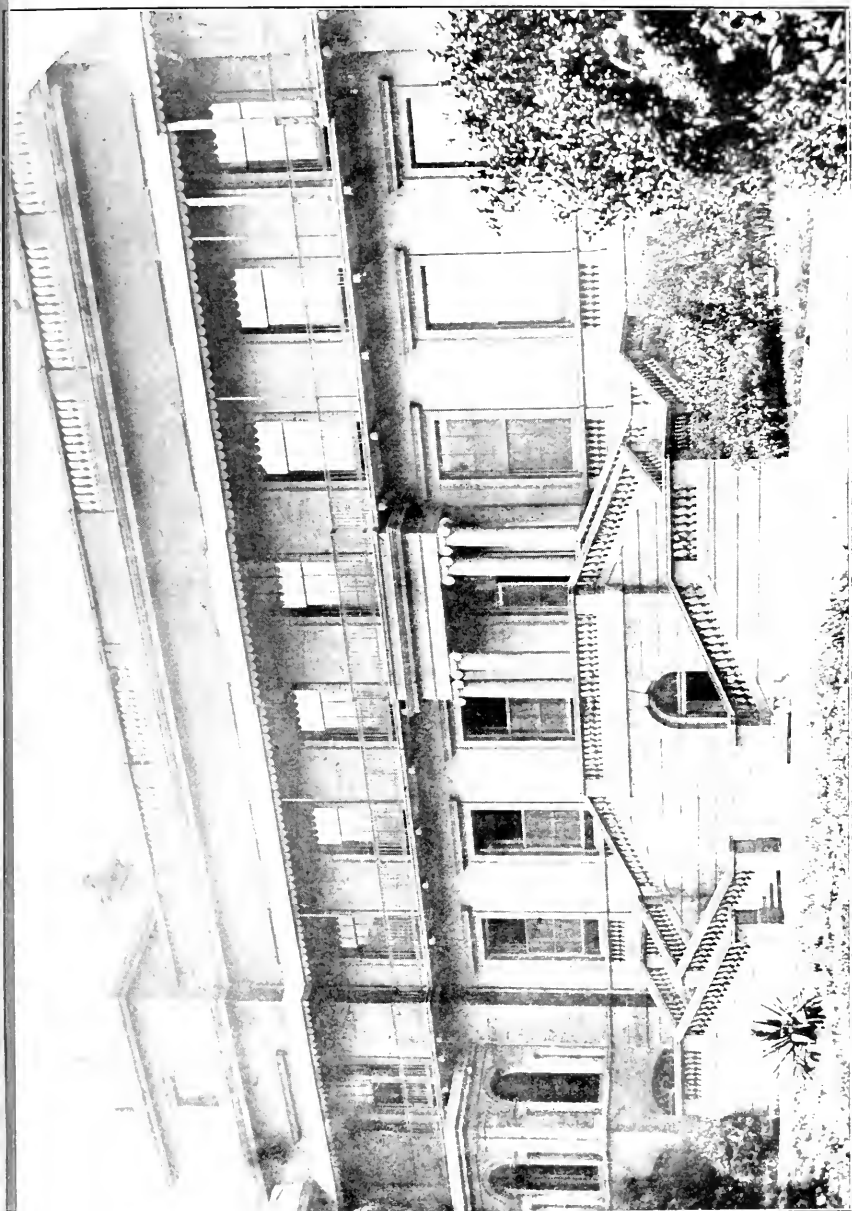
As for the stories about people who are supposed to have given Thomas Coutts a guinea, as a consequence of his shabby appearance, they are too numerous for repetition. The most circumstantial is the following:—"Mr Coutts used to make periodical visits to a town in the vicinity of the country seat of one of his married daughters. On one of these occasions he had attracted the attention of a benevolent old gentleman, who, noticing the neat but somewhat worn apparel of the eminent banker, imagined that he had most probably seen better days, but that his actual financial condition was not very flourishing. The last time they met was Christmas time; and the benevolent old gentleman, no doubt warmed up with the prospects of the festivities of the season, dropped a guinea into the hand of Mr Coutts as he passed quickly by him, bidding him get a good dinner. Having discovered the name of his benefactor, Mr Coutts soon after invited him to his house, where he made himself known to him, and related the anecdote to his guests, letting them know how he had the guinea given to him, and saying he intended keeping it." This story of the guinea gathered strength with the years, one of the versions being that when the banker was in Brighton, visiting the Prince Regent, to whom he occasionally acted as financial adviser, he was sitting on the front when a lady, observing "his dejected appearance

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

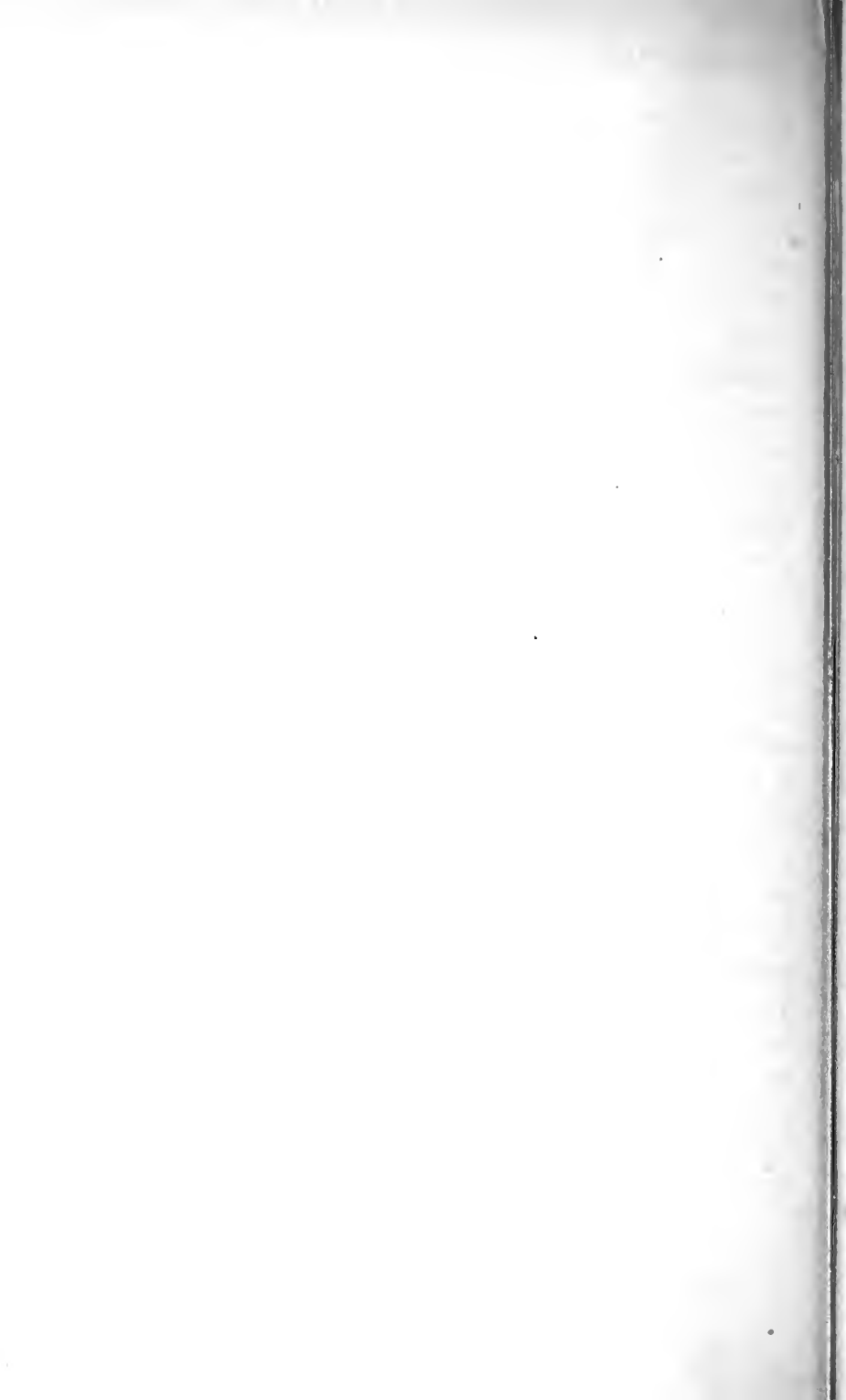
and shabby apparel, gave him a crown with which to get some breakfast, and promised to get her friends to help to buy him a dinner. The crown, of course, proved to be a crown token piece issued from the Coutts' Bank at the sign of 'The Three Crowns in the Strand,' but when the lady returned with her friends, and was just about to give the poor man his dinner money, the Prince Regent ran out from the pavilion, and slapping him on the back, called out, 'Tom Coutts, my boy, we have fined you a bottle for leaving your glass!'"

According to Mrs Cornwall Baron - Wilson, Thomas Coutts was "a tall, thin, spare figure, and his clothes, always ill-fitting, bore that appearance of being rubbed at the seams, which reveals the 'business coat' of an office. He was often mistaken for an indigent person, and used to enjoy the mistake of all things." There is probably some little exaggeration in this, but the banker, most certainly, was not extravagant in his dress. Even if the following anecdote is not strictly accurate, there is, no doubt, some truth in it:—"Mr Coutts, from his too strict attention to the bank, felt his appetite diminished; and, in order to afford him a little exercise, his physician ordered him to walk daily after the bank closed to a chemist's, who resided at some distance from the Strand, to have some tonic preparation made up. So quiet and unassuming was he in his manners, that

208



NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE, FROM THE GARDENS.



“ POOR ” MR COUTTS

he always made way for everyone who came while he was at the shop, so that they might be served before him; and, with his fair, delicate countenance, spare frame, and very simple dress, no strangers guessed that they were pushing aside the opulent Mr Coutts. A kind-hearted, liberal man, a merchant—who used to quit his counting-house about the same time that Mr Coutts left the bank, and who had chanced to be in the chemist’s shop two or three times at the hour when the latter came there—had remarked him, and from his retiring, gentle appearance and actions, concluded he was a reduced gentleman whose mind was superior to his means. Accordingly, this charitable merchant resolved to administer to the necessities of the shrinking, modest individual; and, one day, having sealed up a sum of money for the purpose, he went to the chemist’s shop, where he remained a length of time, waiting anxiously for the appearance of the latter, who, however, on that day did not come for the tonic, being probably too much engaged in distributing thousands. The stranger, being at length tired of waiting, and feeling ashamed of occupying a place in the shop so long, told the chemist how the absence of the pale, indigent, elderly gentleman had prevented his intended donation. The chemist, in amazement, said: ‘And you really meant to offer pecuniary aid to that person, sir? Have you no idea who

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

he is?' 'None,' said the other, 'but I conclude he is some gentlemanly man in distressed, or, at least, reduced circumstances.' 'You shall judge, sir, as to his circumstances—that unassuming, quiet individual is Thomas Coutts!'"¹

Part of the premises of the bank has been occupied since the removal of Messrs Coutts—in 1904, to No. 440 Strand—by the London County Council. The number is 59, and the upper part is much the same as it was in 1768, when it was erected by the brothers Adam. The house then contained "some good marble chimney-pieces of the Cipriani and Bacon school. The dining-room is hung with Chinese subjects on paper, sent to Coutts by Lord Macartney, while on his embassy to China in 1792–95. In another room is a collection of portraits of the early friends of the wealthy banker, including the portrait of Dr Armstrong, the poet, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The strong rooms, or vaults of the house—'which alone cost £10,000'—will repay an endeavour to obtain a sight of them. Here, in a succession of cloister-like avenues, are stored in boxes of all shapes, sizes, and colours, patents, title-deeds, plate, etc., of many of the nobility and gentry of Great Britain."² The Adams mantel-pieces and some of their doors were transferred to

¹ *Memoirs of Miss Mellon*, vol. i., p. 309.

² Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, 1850, p. 476.

THE ADELPHI CHAPEL

No. 440 Strand; and here the board-room—an apartment of drawing-room appearance which is in strange contrast to the busy thoroughfare below—is hung with the Chinese wall-paper which, despite its hundred and more years of age, looks perfectly new. During the building of the Adelphi, Coutts, in order to prevent the interruption of the view from the back part of the premises, made a stipulation with the Adams that Robert Street should be so planned as to form a kind of framework for the fine view of the hills beyond the Thames. The land beyond John and William streets was then occupied by the strong-rooms, “connected underground with the office, and built only to the level of the Strand. When it became necessary to enlarge” the premises, Coutts “procured a special Act of Parliament for throwing an arch over William Street. It was recognised as a good omen that, on the day of opening these improvements, Nelson sent to Mr Coutts for security the diamond aigrette which had been presented to him by the Sultan.”¹ In James Street—now covered, with William Street, in the general name of Durham House Street, stretching from the Strand to John Street—was the Adelphi Chapel, built by a congregation of Particular Baptists about 1777, and subsequently sold by them to the Calvinistic Baptists. Later on, an Independent congregation

¹ *London Past and Present*, vol. i., p. 6.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

occupied the building until it became absorbed in the banking-house, and, until the removal of Messrs Coutts, it was called "the chapel."

Many names, famous in all ranks of life, are registered in the accounts of the customers of Messrs Coutts. Taking them at random, they include Pitt, Lord Londonderry, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Walter Scott, the Duke of Wellington, Nelson, Lord Bute, Dr Johnson, C. J. Fox, Lord Grenville, Lord Macartney, Pope, Benjamin West, Lord George Gordon, Dr Armstrong, Mrs FitzHerbert, Charles Dickens, Livingstone, Alfred Tennyson, and Henry Irving. Kings George III. and IV., and William IV., banked here, as did Queen Victoria. Messrs Coutts are also the bankers of King Edward VII.—who also kept an account at No. 59 when he was Prince of Wales—of Queen Alexandra, of the Queen of Spain, and of the King of Portugal.

The partners in the bank are, with the exception of the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, of Scottish descent. On February 23, 1906, the capital was registered as £600,000, distributed as follows:—

William Rolle Malcolm, Lord A. Campbell, G. J. Marjoribanks, and the Earl of Harrowby, as trustees for the persons interested under the will of Harriot, Duchess of St Albans	£223,600
Ronald Malcolm and G. J. Marjoribanks (jointly)	82,900

THE BANKER'S WILL

Archibald Dudley Ryder, Edward Dudley Ryder, and the Earl of Harrowby	. 82,700
William Rolle Malcolm	. . . 53,000
The Earl of Harrowby	. . . 36,500
George John Marjoribanks	. . . 40,000
Lord Archibald Campbell	. . . 31,700
The Baroness Burdett-Coutts	. . . 21,100
The Hon. F. W. D. Smith	. . . 10,000
Ronald Malcolm	. . . 10,000
Archibald Dudley Ryder	. . . 4,250
The Hon. Edward Dudley Ryder	. . . 4,250
	<hr/>
	£600,000

Thomas Coutts left all his property to his wife. His personal estate was valued at just under £600,000, but "as his own personal stocks and shares and his interest in the stocks and shares held by the bank were mingled, and it would be difficult for others than his partners to distinguish which was the bank's property and which was his own, he named as special trustees of such stocks and shares his partners, Sir Edmund Antrobus, Mr Coutts Trotter, Mr Edward Marjoribanks, and Mr Edmund Antrobus, and he appointed them executors, together with William Adam the younger, of Lincoln's Inn, Andrew Dickie, of the Strand, and Thomas Atkinson and John Parkinson, both of Lincoln's Inn Fields." Harriot, Duchess of St Albans, widow of Thomas Coutts, made her will on March 14, 1837, six months before her decease, her executors being Sir Coutts Trotter, Edward Marjoribanks, Sir Edmund Antrobus, and William

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Matthew Coulthurst, all of the Strand, with William George Adam, Accountant-General of the High Court of Chancery, and John Parkinson, of Lincoln's Inn Fields. She bequeathed to her husband the use and enjoyment during his life of Holly Lodge, Highgate (which Mr Coutts had bought for her at a cost of £25,000), the use and enjoyment of rooms in the Strand, a legacy of £10,000 for furniture, a selection of plate, not exceeding in value £2000, and an annuity of £10,000; but the annuity and the use and enjoyment of Holly Lodge were to cease if he should permit his uncle, Lord Amilius Beauclerk, or his brothers, Frederick or Charles Beauclerk, to reside in these quarters for one week or more in any one year. She left her jewellery to Angela Georgina Burdett—subsequently the Baroness Burdett-Coutts—and she also gave, devised, and bequeathed all her real and personal estate, including her shares and interest of and in the banking-house and business in the Strand, in trust to pay the income thereof to the said Angela Georgina Burdett until she should marry or die, which should first happen, and after such marriage to pay the same to her for her own sole and separate use and benefit during the then residue of her life.

At the southern end of Robert Street, through which Thomas Coutts looked at the Surrey hills, there was, in modern times, the Caledonian Hotel,

THE SAVAGE CLUB

which, with its hideous plaster front, was a blot upon the surrounding architecture. This, in the late seventies of the last century, was the meeting-place of the Savage Club. The "Savages" then migrated to Lancaster House, Savoy, but in 1889 they returned to the Adelphi, having taken the lease of their present premises, Nos. 6 and 7 Adelphi Terrace. Excepting that the beautiful ceiling of their principal room is covered with whitewash, the rooms still contain much of the Adams imprint. Next door, however, Garrick's house is little changed; the ceiling in his drawing-room was painted by Antonio Zucchi, A.R.A., Angelica Kauffmann's second husband, and it is in a splendid state of preservation, as is the magnificent marble chimney-piece, which is said to have cost £300—the rooms in which Mr and Mrs Garrick died are now in the occupation of the Institution of Naval Architects. King Edward VII. was an honorary life member of the Savage Club from 1882 until his Accession in 1901. Honorary life members of the present year of grace include the Prince of Wales, Earl Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Mr Whitelaw Reid, and Mr Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain). The treasurer and secretary—both of which posts are honorary—are Sir James D. Linton, R.I., and Mr Edwin E. Peacock respectively. The club is limited to five hundred town and one hundred country members.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

One of the most notable residents of the Adelphi in modern times was Mr Thomas Hardy, who, happily still with us, lived at No. 8 Adelphi Terrace in the years 1863-67. During that time, "I sat there drawing," he wrote to a friend, who has kindly given me the privilege of reproducing his words, "inside the eastern-most window of the front room on the first floor above the ground floor, occasionally varying the experience by idling on the balcony. I saw from there the Embankment and Charing Cross Bridge built, and, of course, used to think of Garrick and Johnson." Mr Hardy, who was born in 1840, was then practising architecture under Sir A. Blomfield, A.R.A. The room in which the future author of *Far from the Madding Crowd* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* worked "contained at that date a fine Adams mantel-piece in white marble, on which we used to sketch caricatures in pencil."

The coming of the Savage Club to Adelphi Terrace occasioned much sorrow to one of the kindest-hearted men who ever lived — E. L. Blanchard, who had rooms in No. 6 from April 1876 until March 1889, a few months before his death. Edward Litt Laman Blanchard—son of William Blanchard (1769-1835), an actor who was celebrated for his Bob Acres, Sir Hugh Evans, Fluellen, Menenius, and Polonius—was born on December 11, 1820. He was a prolific writer,

216

E. L. BLANCHARD

and for many years was the dramatic critic and theatrical chronicler of *The Daily Telegraph*. He wrote the Drury Lane pantomime for thirty-seven years—a marvellous record. On December 11, 1888, he writes in his *Diary*: “Am reminded, to my amazement, that I am sixty-eight this day. Thank God for the many unexpected blessings I have had.” On the following day he hears “with inexpressible regret that the Savage Club signed yesterday an agreement to take these premises, and the adjoining house, No. 7.” On the 15th he writes: “Receive formal notice to give up possession of Adelphi Terrace on Lady Day next, which troubles me greatly.” His death occurred on September 4, 1889. Among the many shadows of the past which rise up before me as I bring to a close this history of the Adelphi of the Brothers Adam, there is none for which I have a greater reverence, or greater affection, than that of gentle, sweet-natured E. L. Blanchard.

CHAPTER X

York House—Francis Bacon—The Great Seal taken from Him—Lord Keeper Egerton—The Duke of Buckingham, King James' "Steenie"—Magnificence of his Entertainments—Contemporary Descriptions—Bishop Goodman's Praise—The Second Duke—Dryden's Revenge—The "Superstitious Pictures" of York House—Buckingham's Marriage—Spanish, Russian, and French Ambassadors Here—Visits by Pepys and Evelyn—Duke of Buckingham sells York House—His Curious Condition of Sale—The Duke's *Litany*.

LEAVING the Adelphi proper, but still within its precincts, we come to the history of York House, the site of which is indicated by Villiers Street, Buckingham Street, and York Buildings, Adelphi. "Next beyond this Durham House," wrote John Stow, in 1598, "is another great house, sometime belonging to the Bishop of Norwich, and was his London lodging, which now pertaineth to the Archbishop of York by this occasion. In the year 1529, when Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop of York, was indicted in the Premunire, whereby King Henry VIII. was entitled to his goods and possessions, he also seized into his hands the said

218

YORK HOUSE

archbishop's house, commonly called York Place, and changed the name thereof into Whitehall; whereby the archbishops of York, being dispossessed, and having no house of repair about London, Queen Mary gave unto Nicholas Heath, then Archbishop of York, and to his successors, Suffolk House in Southwark, lately built by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, as I have showed. This house the said archbishop sold, and bought the aforesaid house of old time belonging to the bishops of Norwich, which of this last purchase is now called York House. The lord chancellors or lord keepers of the Great Seal of England have been lately there lodged." Our other great chronicler, Strype, records that Archbishop Heath, on August 6, 1557, "obtained a license for the alienation of this capital messuage of Suffolk Place; and to apply the price thereof for the buying of other houses called also Suffolk Place, lying near Charing Cross; as appears from a register belonging to the Dean and Chapter of York." Archbishop Heath did not occupy York House for long, and his successors appear to have let it to the Lord Keepers of the Great Seal.

Lord Chancellor Bacon, the son of Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, was born here in 1561, and here his father died in 1579. One of the most interesting of literary associations is that of Francis Bacon with York House. He built an

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

aviary here at a cost of £300, and here Aubrey laid the scene of his jesting with the fishermen, although Bacon himself placed it at Chelsea: "His Lordship (Bacon) being in Yorke House garden looking on Fishers, as they were throwing their nett, asked them what they would take for their draught; they answered so much: his Lo^p would offer them no more but so much. They drew up their nett, and it were only 2 or 3 little fishes; his Lo^p then told them, it had been better for them to have taken his offer. They replied, they hoped to have had a better draught; but said his Lo^p, 'Hope is a good breakfast, but an ill supper.'" ¹ When the Duke of Lennox wished to buy, or exchange, York House, ² Bacon replied: "For this you will pardon me: York House is the house where my father died, and where I first

¹ Aubrey's *Lives*, vol. ii., p. 224.

² A brilliant entertainment given at York House in 1620 was attended by Ben Jonson, who said that all things seemed to smile about the old house—"the fire, the wine, the men"; he speaks of Bacon as:—

"England's high Chancellor, the destin'd heir,
In his soft cradle, to his father's chair,
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and whitest wool."

A few months later, the Committee of the House of Lords waited upon the Chancellor at York House in order to enquire personally whether the confession of guilt which he had sent them was really his. "My Lords," he replied, "it is my act, my hand, my heart; I beseech your Lordships to be merciful to a broken reed."

“STEENIE”

breathed, and there will I yield my last breath, if so please God and the King.” In 1621, however, Bacon, charged before the House of Commons with bribery, confessed that he was guilty of “corruption and neglect,” and, on May 21 of that year, the Great Seal was “fetched from” the keeping of Lord Bacon of York House. A little later, Bacon had “leave to repair to York House for a fortnight, but remained so long that he had warning to repair to Gorhambury.” Another keeper of the Great Seal was Sir John Puckering, who died at York House in 1596. Lord Chancellor Egerton also died here, in 1617. The commission of enquiry into the death, in 1613, of Sir Thomas Overbury, was held at York House, and resulted in the hanging of four of the agents of Lady Essex. The Orders of October 17, 1615, to Somerset “to keep his chamber near the Cockpit,” and to his countess “to keep her chamber at the Blackfriars, or at Lord Knollys’s house near the Tilt yard,” are dated from York House. An attempt made, in 1588, to obtain the property from Queen Elizabeth, has been attributed to the Earl of Essex, to whom the custody of the house was subsequently committed. Edwin Sandys, when Archbishop of York, wrote a “secret letter” to Lord Burghley entreating his lordship to use his influence with the Queen for the refusal of the request of the Earl of Essex, who, curiously enough,

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

was under surveillance at York House during the time—October 6, 1599, to March 20, 1600—that he was in the charge of Lord Keeper Egerton.

In some manner, which is not very clear, York House passed to George, the first Duke of Buckingham of the Villiers family. He “borrowed” it from Archbishop Mathew till such time as he could persuade him “to accept as good a seat as that was in lieu of the same, which could not be so soon compassed, as the Duke of Buckingham had occasion to make use of rooms for the entertainment of foreign princes.” On “Whitson-Eve,” 1624, as recorded in Archbishop Laud’s *Diary*, “the Bill passed in Parliament for the King to have York House in exchange for other lands. This was for the Lord Duke of Buckingham.” The old structure was destroyed, and a large, but temporary, building, erected in its place, great mirrors covering many of the walls. Nothing remains of this house; but the water-gate, at the foot of Buckingham Street, still marks the stately approach to the York House of Buckingham’s time. “I am confident there are some that live,” wrote Sir Balthazar Gerbier, who was the keeper of York House and collector of pictures for Buckingham, “who will not deny that they have heard the King of blessed memory, graciously pleased to avouch he had seen in Anno 1628, close to the Gate of York House, in a roome

MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENTS

not above 35 feet square, as much as could be represented as Sceans, in the great Banqueting Room of Whitehall." The "sceans" were the pictures with which York House was filled by Buckingham, who paid Rubens a hundred thousand florins for an art collection "'more like that of a prince than a private gentleman' with which the great painter of Antwerp had enriched his own dwelling. Among the pictures were no fewer than 19 by Titian; 21 by Bassano; 13 by Paul Veronese; 17 by Tintoretto; 3 by Raphael; 3 by Leonardo da Vinci; and 13 by Rubens himself."¹ Buckingham did not live at York House: he only used it on state occasions. He was assassinated, at Portsmouth, by John Felton, on August 23, 1628.

The entertainments given by Buckingham at York House were unrivalled in their magnificence. A contemporary account of one of them is furnished by the great courtier, François de Bassompierre (1579–1646), Marshal of France, in his *Embassy to England*,² an account of his sojourn here in 1626. "The King," he says, "supped at one table with the Queen and me, which was served by a complete ballet at each course with sundry representations—changes of scenery, tables, and music: the Duke waited on the King at table, the

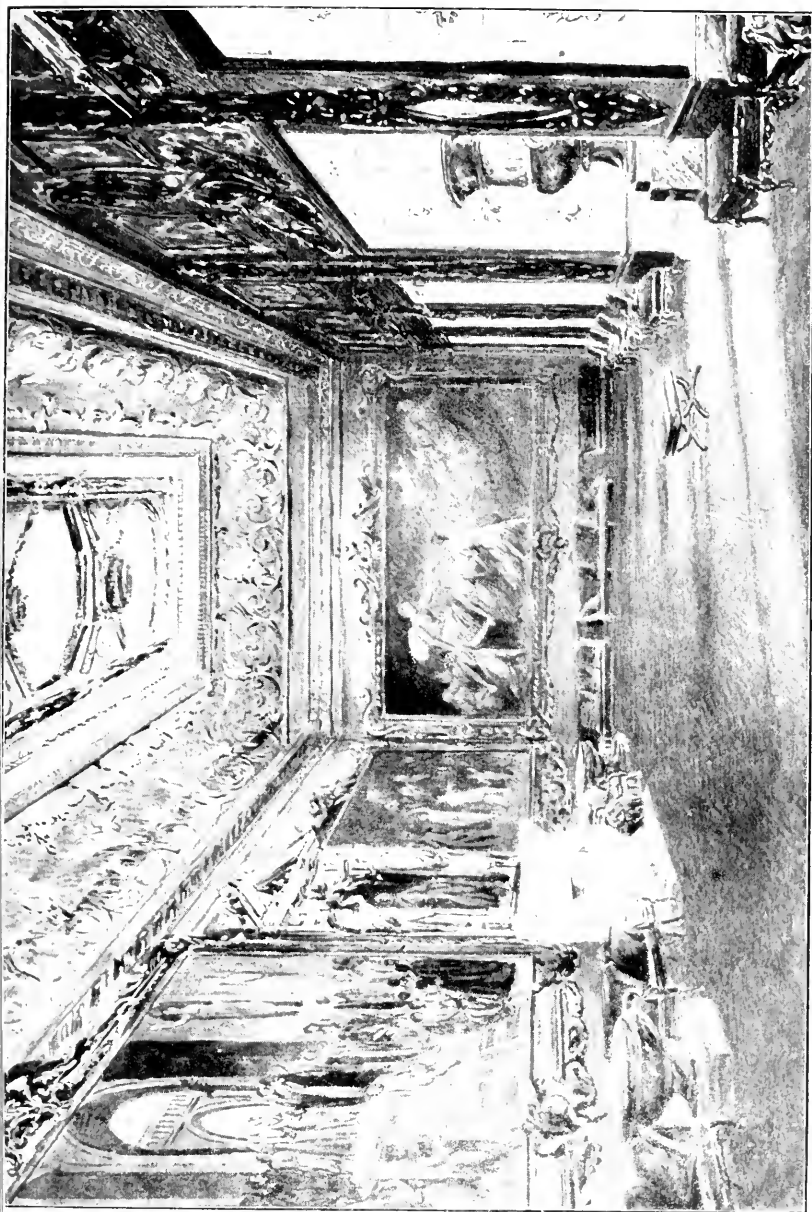
¹ *London Past and Present*, vol. iii., p. 538.

² P. 95.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Earl of Carlisle on the Queen, and the Earl of Holland on me. After supper the King and we were led into another room, where the assembly was, and one entered it by a kind of turnstile, as in convents, without any confusion, where there was a magnificent ballet, in which the Duke danced, and afterwards we set to, and danced country dances till four in the morning; thence we were shown into vaulted apartments, where there were five different collations." D'Israeli extracted an account of the same entertainment from the Sloane MSS.: "Last Sunday at night, the Duke's grace entertained their Majesties and the French Ambassador at York House with great feasting and show, where all things came down in clouds; amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French King and the two Queens, with their chiefest attendants, and so to the life that the Queen's Majesty could name them. It was four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the King and Queen, together with the French Ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six thousand pounds."¹ Sir Balthazar Gerbier, writing to Buckingham on February 8, 1625, says: "Sometimes, when I am contemplating the treasure of rarities which your Excellency has in so short a time amassed, I cannot but feel astonishment in the midst of my

¹ *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. v., p. 223.



J. Hancock.

THE BALL-ROOM, NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE.



“STEENIE’S” HANDSOMENESS

joy. For out of all the amateurs, and princes, and kings, there is not one who has collected in forty years as many pictures as your Excellency has collected in five. Let enemies and people ignorant of paintings say what they will, they cannot deny that pictures are noble ornaments, a delightful amusement, and histories that one may read without fatigue. Our pictures, if they were to be sold a century after our death, would sell for good cash, and for three times more than they have cost. I wish I could only live a century, if they were sold, to be able to laugh at those facetious folk, who say it is money cast away for baubles and shadows: I know *they* will be pictures still, when those ignorants will be less than shadows.”

Buckingham, as is well known, was the “Steenie” of King James, who quoted the passage (Acts vi. 15), in which it is said of St Stephen: “All that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.” So the King called his favourite Stephen, and the appellation became corrupted into Steenie. Buckingham, undoubtedly, was a man of great personal attraction. Godfrey Goodman, Bishop of Gloucester, who knew him well, says that, “Of all others he was most active; he had a very lovely complexion; he was the handsomest bodied man of England; his limbs so well compacted, and his conversation so pleasing, and of so sweet a disposi-

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

tion. And truly his intellectuals were very great; he had a sound judgment, and was of a quick apprehension, insomuch that I have heard it from two men, and very great men (neither of them had gotten so little as £3600 per annum by the Court), whom of all men in the world Buckingham had most wronged—yet I heard both those men say and give him this testimony, that he was as inwardly beautiful as he was outwardly, and that the world had not a more ingenious gentleman, or words to that effect.”¹

His son, George, the second Duke of Buckingham, was born in Wallingford House, which stood on the site of the Admiralty buildings, Whitehall, the house having been purchased by his father from Lord Wallingford, in 1621–22. At Wallingford House, “and at York House in the Strand,” says Leigh Hunt, “he turned night into day, and pursued his intrigues, his concerts, his dabbings in chemistry and the philosopher’s stone, and his designs on the crown; for Charles’s character, and the devices of Buckingham’s fellow quacks and astrologers, persuaded him that he had a chance of being king. When a youth, he compounded with Cromwell, and married Fairfax’s daughter;—he was afterwards all for the king, when he was not ‘all for rhyming’ or ousting him;—when an old man, or near it (for these prodigious possessors

¹ Bishop Goodman’s *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 371.

DRYDEN'S DESCRIPTION

of animal spirits have a trick of lasting a long while), he was still a youth in improvidence and dissipation, and his whole life was a dream of uneasy pleasure"¹ Apart from his Court intrigues and his disordered life, he is interesting to lovers of literature and the stage by reason of his various satires and verses, and, particularly, for *The Rehearsal*, brought out in 1671, in which he ridiculed contemporary dramatists, including Dryden. But Dryden had his revenge, for, ten years later, he made Buckingham the Zimri of his *Absalom and Achitophel*:—

“Some of the chiefs were princes in the land :
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various, that he seemed to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitomé ;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long ;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman ! who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual themes ;
And both to show his judgment, in extremes ;
So very violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggard by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.

¹ *The Town*, ed. 1859, p. 362.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

He laugh'd himself from court ; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, or wise Achitophel ;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

Buckingham, whose estates had been confiscated by Cromwell in 1648, regained control of York House in a curious manner—by marriage with the daughter of General Fairfax. Cromwell had bestowed this property on Fairfax at the time of the Civil Wars. "Every chamber," says Brian Fairfax in his *Memoirs* of Buckingham, "was adorned with the arms of Villiers and Manners, lions and peacocks. He (Lord Fairfax) was descended from the same ancestors, Earls of Rutland." We have the same authority for the statement that the "superstitious pictures in York House" were ordered to be sold on August 20, 1645, but not before one John Trayleman, an "old trusty servant," had smuggled some of the treasures over to Holland, where they found a purchaser in the Archduke Leopold. For one of these pictures, the *Ecce Homo*, by Titian, the first Duke of Buckingham had been offered £7000, either in money or land, by Lord Arundel. In this painting, likenesses of the Pope, Charles V., and Solyman the Magnificent were introduced. The Duke returned to England in 1657, and obtained an introduction to General Fairfax, who gave a willing

228

BUCKINGHAM'S MARRIAGE

ear to the marriage proposition. The lady, we are told, could not resist the fascination of "the most graceful and beautiful person that any court in Europe saw," and the marriage took place at Nun Appleton, near York—a seat of Lord Fairfax—on September 7, 1657. According to Jesse, Cromwell, "who was supposed to have intended Buckingham for one of his own daughters, was greatly enraged when he heard of the match, and immediately committed Buckingham to the Tower. Fairfax demanded his release, which, being angrily and obstinately refused by the Protector, a quarrel was the consequence." After the death of Cromwell, Buckingham was permitted to remove to Windsor Castle. At the Restoration he was restored to his property, and became "the most reckless, unprincipled, and irregular character" at the Court of Charles II.

York House fell from its high estate on coming into the possession of General Fairfax. On November 27, 1655, Evelyn "went to see York House and gardens, belonging to the former greate Buckingham, but now much ruin'd thro' neglect." In 1661, Baron de Batteville, the Spanish Ambassador, was lodged there, a fact which affords us, through the pages of Samuel Pepys, a curious peep into the past. On May 19, 1661 (Lord's Day), this delightful chronicler walked in the morning towards Westminster, and, seeing many people at York

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

House, he went down from the Strand “and found them at masse, it being the Spanish Ambassador’s; and so I got into one of the galleries, and there heard two masses done, I think not in so much state as I have seen them heretofore. After that, into the garden, and walked an hour or two, but found it not so fine a place as I took it for by the outside.” In September of the same year, Pepys witnessed a strange encounter between the retainers of the ambassadors of Spain and France, which terminated at York House: “This morning, up by moonshine, at five o’clock, to Whitehall, to meet Mr More at the Privy Seale, and ther I heard of a fray between the two embassadors of Spaine and France, and that this day being the day of the entrance of an embassador from Sweeden, they intended to fight for the precedence. Our king, I heard, ordered that no Englishman should meddle in the business, but let them do what they would. And to that end, all the soldiers in town were in arms all the day long, and some of the train bands in the city, and a great bustle through the city all the day. Then we took coach (which was the business I came for) to Chelsey, to my Lord Privy Seale, and there got him to seal the business. Here I saw by daylight two very fine pictures in the gallery, that a little while ago I saw by night; and did also go all over the house, and found it to be the prettiest contrived house

SPANISH AND FRENCH

that I ever saw in my life. So back again ; and Whitehall light, and saw the soldiers and people running up and down the streets. So I went to the Spanish ambassadors and the French, and there saw great preparations on both sides ; but the French made the most noise and ranted most, but the other made no stir almost at all ; so that I was afraid the other would have too great a conquest over them. Then to the wardrobe and dined there ; and then abroad, and in Cheapside hear, that the Spanish hath got the best of it, and killed three of the French coachhorses and several men, and is gone through the city next to our King's coach : at which it is strange to see how all the city did rejoice. And, indeed, we do naturally all love the Spanish and hate the French. But I, as I am in all things curious, presently got to the waterside, and there took oars to Westminster Palace, and ran after them through all the dirt, and the streets full of people ; till at last, in the Mews [Charing Cross], I saw the Spanish coach go with fifty drawn swords at least to guard it, and our soldiers shouting for joy. And so I followed the coach, and then met it at Yorke House, where the ambassador lies ; and there it went in with great state. So then I went to the French house, where I observe still, that there is no men in the world of a more insolent spirit where they do well, nor before they begin a matter, and more abject if

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

they do miscarry, than these people are; for they all look like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads. The truth is, the Spaniards were not only observed to fight more desperately, but also they did outwitt them; first in lining their own harnesses with chains of iron that they could not be cut, then in setting their coach in the most advantageous place, and to appoint men to guard every one of their horses, and others for to guard the coach, and others the coachman. And, above all, in setting upon the French horses and killing them, for by that means the French were not able to stir. There were several men slain of the French, and one or two of the Spaniards, and one Englishman by a bullet. Which is very observable, the French were at least four to one in number, and had near one hundred cases of pistols among them, and the Spaniards had not one gun among them, which is for their honour for ever, and the others' disgrace. So having been very much daubed with dirt, I got a coach and home; where I vexed my wife in telling her of this story, and pleading for the Spaniards against the French."

But the whirligig of time brings in its own revenges, and, in 1672, the French Ambassador was installed at York House. On April 4, Evelyn "went to see the fopperies of the Papists at Somerset House and York House, where now the

MORE AMBASSADORS

French Ambassador had caus'd to be represented our Blessed Saviour at the Paschal Supper with his disciples, in figures and puppets made as big as the life, of wax-work, curiously clad and sitting round a large table, the roome nobly hung, and shining with innumerable lamps and candles; this was expos'd to all the world, all the Citty came to see it: such liberty had the Roman Catholicks at this time obtain'd." In 1663, the Russian Ambassador was in occupation. On June 6, of that year, Pepys journeyed "To York House, where the Russian Ambassador do lie; and there I saw his people go up and down losing themselves: they are all in a great hurry, being to be gone the beginning of next week. But that that pleased me best, was the remains of the noble soul of the late Duke of Buckingham appearing in his house, in every place, in the door-cases and the windows. Sir John Hebden, the Russian Resident, did tell me how he is vexed to see things at Court ordered as they are by nobody that attends to business, but every man himself or his pleasures. He cries up my Lord Ashley to be almost the only man that he sees to look after business; and with the ease and mastery, that he wonders at him. He cries out against the King's dealing so much with goldsmiths, and suffering himself to have his purse kept and commanded by them."

How the French Ambassador came to be in

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

residence at York House in April, 1672—as most certainly he was—is somewhat curious. For, by a deed dated January 1, of that year, the Duke sold the house and gardens in order to obtain money for his extravagances. The purchasers were Roger Higgs, of St Margaret's, Westminster, Esq.; Emery Hill, of Westminster, gentleman; Nicholas Eddyn, of Westminster, woodmonger; and John Green, of Westminster, brewer; and the price of the property was £30,000. In 1668, the rental of “York House and tenements, in the Strand,” had been fixed at £1359, 10s. The Duke made it a condition of the sale that his name should be commemorated in the new buildings to be erected on the site of York House; hence we have York Buildings, Buckingham Street, Villiers Street, and Duke Street, at the present day. There was even an “Of” Lane, but this has been converted into George Court. It is said that, with part of the money thus obtained, the Duke purchased land in Dowgate. Be this as it may, the nomenclature of the York House estate caused much derision at the time, and brought forth *The Litany of the Duke of Buckingham*, a merry satire containing the following exhortation:—

“From damning whatever we don't understand,
From purchasing at Dowgate, and selling in the Strand,
Calling streets by our name when we have sold the land,
Libera nos Domine!”

CHAPTER XI

The York Water-Gate—Inigo Jones' Beautiful Work—Built for the Duke of Buckingham—The Proposal for its Removal—Satires on the Subject—The Gate Neglected—Its Restoration—The Water Tower—The West-end supplied with Water from Here—The Steam Engine—Samuel Pepys resides in Buckingham Street—William Etty and Clarkson Stanfield—Peter the Great Lodges Here—His Love of Strong Drink—The Witty Earl of Dorset—David Hume and Jean Jacques Rousseau—Moore writes to his Publisher Here—The Father of Modern Geology—A Great Actor dies Here—The Original of Smollett's Hugh Strap—David Copperfield's Chambers—Evelyn lives in Villiers Street—Sir Richard Steele—Zara acted Here—Mrs Cibber—Misstatement by "Anthony Pasquin."

ALTHOUGH every trace of York House itself has been long ago obliterated, there still remains the water-gate, one of the most interesting historical relics in London. Peter the Great's house, which formerly overlooked it, has given place only this year to a new building, but the "stairs" which were erected for the first Duke of Buckingham are still here to remind us of many celebrities who came to this hallowed spot from the days of "Steenie" until the beginning of the last century.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

The architect of this charming piece of work was Inigo Jones (1573–1652), and the date of its erection can safely be attributed to the year 1625. One Nicholas Stone (1586–1647) has been wrongly credited with the design. In his *Account Book of Workes*, which is in the library of Sir John Soane's Museum, it is said: "The Water-gate at York House hee dessined and built; and ye right hand lion hee did, fronting y^e Thames. Mr Kearne, a Jarman, his brother by marrying, did y^e Shee lion." But Stone—whose best work was in tombs, those of Bodley at Oxford and Donne in St Paul's being his most celebrated—carried out many of the designs of Inigo Jones, and, from this cause, I fancy, came his claim to the York water-gate. These "stairs," as they were commonly called, have been described as "unquestionably the most perfect piece of building that does honour to the name of Inigo Jones—planned in so exquisite a taste, formed of such equal and harmonious parts, and adorned with such proper and elegant decorations, that nothing can be censured or added. It is at once happy in its situation, beyond comparison, and fancied in a style exactly suited to that situation. The *rock-work*, or rustic, can never be better introduced than in buildings by the side of water; and, indeed, it is a great question whether it ought to be made use of any where else." The arms of the Villiers family—now the worse for wear,

YORK WATER-GATE

but still visible—appear on the side facing the Thames, and, on the reverse, is to be seen their motto: *Fidei Coticula Crux*—the Cross is the Touch-stone of Faith. The terrace on this side was planted with lime-trees, and, less than a century ago, was “supported by a rate raised upon the houses in the neighbouring streets; and, being enclosed from the public, forms an agreeable promenade for the inhabitants.”

This famous water-gate has had its vicissitudes. In 1767, there was a proposal for its removal, but, fortunately, this act of vandalism was not allowed to take place. The suggestion gave rise to various protests, one of which took the following form:—

“ Sacred
to the Memory and Reputation of
INIGO JONES.
Let no Hand attempt to remove me :
A Mind improved by Taste
Will consider me as a bulwark
To controul the Waves,
Repel the Flood,
And buffet the Western Blasts that annoy
The Inhabitant.
I am the only perfect Building of the Kind
In England ;
An search Europe thro', none excell me.
Who
Seek to destroy me,
Repentance shall o'er-take.
Genius shall hunt them from Society,
Contempt shall mark them for her own.”

Whether the sinful souls who had thought to

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

execute their fell purpose ever repented or were hunted "from Society," is not recorded. Another satire was in more lively strain :—

“ A strange hubble bubble
Confusion and trouble
Has been about York Buildings Gate ;
 And some gentlemen swear
 It shall not stand there,
It's a thing, above all, that they hate.

Tho' 'twas Inigo Jones
Plan'd the piling these stones,
 And superb is the architecture ;
But alas! some so say
It does stand in the way
 Of one that's a Terras director.

Must this building at length
Render up all its strength,
 That's withstood the tempestuous billows ;
Even rain, storms of hail,
Stood secure from each gale,
 To please some testy old fellows.

Last Wedn'sday at night
With all malice and spite
 Poor Inigo's fame they did sully ;
Till a member arose
And opposed his foes
 Verbatim he spoke like a Tully.

Some the cause did maintain,
That it should there remain,
 Or where can we go helter-skelter ?
At a time when it rains,
Without trouble or pains
 The ladies go there for a shelter.

THE WATER TOWER

And from Phœbus's Rays,
In hot, sultry days,
 To be free from intensesness of heat ;
Such a prospect it gains
O'er the river of Thames,
 There's not a more pleasing retreat.

T. B."

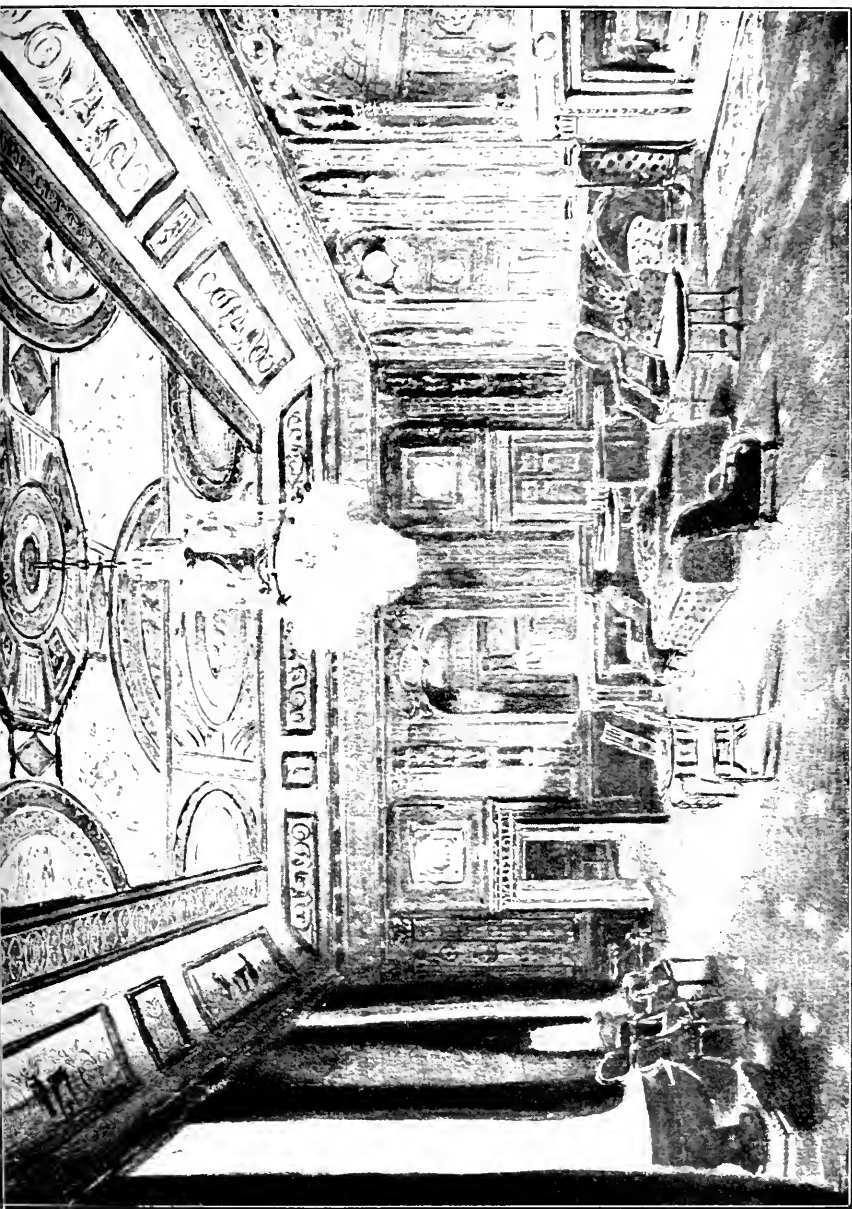
The gate had become so neglected in 1823 that it was necessary to repair the roof and stone-work and to renew the iron-work. This was done at a cost of £300, defrayed by a rate levied on the occupants of York Buildings. Thirteen years later, however, I find a complaint that the gate had been allowed "from neglect, to be almost smothered in river mud." Again, in 1854, it was said to be "in a ruinous state"—a view of the case which is somewhat exaggerated, for the gate is still in wonderful preservation, considering its age and the destructive nature of the London climate. The gate, and the terrace behind, are now under the control of the London County Council. It is a pity that the "stairs" are so hidden in the hollow of the gardens, but this cannot be avoided. The terrace, which leads from Villiers Street to York Buildings, with an entrance from Buckingham Street, is well-kept, and, very properly, it is only open during the day.

In the frontispiece to this volume, and in some of the other illustrations, there is to be seen, to the left of the water-gate, a strange-looking "octangular

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

structure, about seventy feet high, with small round loopholes as windows." This is the tower of some works which were made in the twenty-seventh year of King Charles II. for the supply of water from the silvery Thames to the inhabitants of the west end. Many of the wooden pipes through which the water was conveyed have been excavated from time to time in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, and other places. In 1688, there were forty-eight shares in the company. After the Scotch rebellion in 1715, the company invested large sums in purchasing forfeited estates, which no Scot would buy. Bankruptcy followed, and, in 1783, the Scotch estates were sold for £102,537.¹ A curious description of the works is given in the *Foreigner's Guide to London* for 1720: "Here you see a high wooden tower and a water-engine of a new invention, that draws out of the Thames above three tons of water in one minute, by means of the steam arising from water boiling in a great copper, a continual fire being kept to that purpose; the steam being compressed and condensed, moves, by its evaporation, and strikes a counterpoise, which counterpoise striking another, at last moves a great beam, which, by its motion of going up and down, draws water from the river which mounts through great iron pipes to the height of the tower, discharging itself there into a deep

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, August 1783, p. 709.





SAMUEL PEPYS

leaden cistern; and thence falling through other large iron pipes, fills them that are laid along the streets, and so continuing to run through wooden pipes as far as Mar-bone fields, falls there into a large pond or reservoir, from whence the new buildings near Hanover Square, and many thousand houses, are supplied with water. This machine is certainly a great curiosity, and though it be not so large as that of Marly in France, yet, considering its smallness in comparison with that, and the little charge it was built and kept with, and the quantity of water it draws, its use and benefit is much beyond that." This steam-engine was not in use after 1731, but it was shown for some years later as a curiosity. The cost of working the machine, "and some other reasons concurring, made its proprietors, the York Buildings Waterworks Company, lay aside the design; and no doubt but the inhabitants of this neighbourhood are very glad of it, for its working, which was by sea-coal, was attended with so much smoke, that it not only must pollute the air thereabouts, but spoil the furniture."¹

Buckingham Street is hallowed by the memory of many celebrities. Here, at the last house on the west facing the river (since rebuilt, and now numbered 14), Samuel Pepys lived from 1684 to 1700. Pepys, unfortunately, had finished his

¹ *All Alive and Merry, or the London Daily Post*, April 18, 1741.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Diary in 1669, or we should have had some quaint observations from him in reference to his residence here. The house had been occupied previously by his great friend, William Hewer, at whose residence in Clapham the genial gossip died in 1703. No. 14 was the home of William Etty, R.A., from the summer of 1824 until shortly before his death in 1849. He first occupied the ground floor, but he moved to the top rooms, as he loved to watch the sunsets over the Thames. The ebb and flow of the river, he declared, was like life, and "the view from Lambeth to the Abbey not unlike Venice. Here he invited Thomas Stothard, the famous painter, to breakfast at nine o'clock, when there is a good light to see my Venetian studies of colour, which are all hung round the room where I breakfast." In these rooms, "the artists of two generations have assembled—Fuseli, Flaxman, Holland, Constable, and Hilton—then Turner, Maclise, Dyce, Herbert, and all the younger race."¹ Clarkson Stanfield, the landscape painter, who designed some beautiful scenery for Drury Lane and painted a drop-scene for Dickens, occupied the lower rooms for some years.

"Should my reader's boat ever stop at York Water Gate," wrote J. T. Smith, in his *Book for a Rainy Day*, "let me request him to look up at the three upper balconied windows of that mass of

¹ *Haunted London*, p. 136.

PETER THE GREAT

building at the south-west corner of Buckingham Street. Those, and the two adjoining Westminster, give light to chambers occupied by that truly epic historical painter, and most excellent man, Etty, the Royal Academician, who has fitted up the balconied room with engravings after pictures of the three great masters, Raphael, Nicholas Poussin, and Rubens. The other two windows illuminate his painting room, in which his mind and colours resplendently shine, even in the face of one of the grandest scenes in Nature, our River Thames and City edifices, with a most luxuriant and extensive face of a distant country, the beauties of which he most liberally delights in showing to his friends from the leads of his apartments. . . . The rooms immediately below Mr Etty's are occupied by Mr Lloyd, a gentleman whose general knowledge in the graphic art I and many more look up to with the profoundest respect. The chambers beneath Mr Lloyd's are inhabited by Mr Stanfield, the landscape painter."

In the house on the opposite corner—now demolished, as already stated, but to be seen in the "view of Westminster from the Thames, 1750"—lived, for three months, in 1698, Peter the Great. Here he returned from his work at Deptford, spending his evenings with his cicerone, Lord Carmarthen, drinking a pint of hot brandy, further warmed by the addition of cayenne pepper, after

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

he had consumed numberless draughts of wine. It is said that on one occasion he drank a pint of brandy, a bottle of sherry, and eight flasks of sack, after which he went to the theatre. While in Buckingham Street he "was so annoyed with the vulgar curiosity of intrusive citizens, that he would sometimes rise from his dinner and leave the room in a rage. Here the Quakers forced themselves upon him, and presented him with *Barclay's Apology*, after which the Czar attended their meeting in Gracechurch Street. He once asked them of what use they were to any kingdom, since they would not bear arms. On taking his farewell of King William, Peter drew a rough ruby, valued at £10,000, from his waistcoat pocket, and presented it to him screwed up in brown paper. He went back just in time to crush the Strelitzes, imprison his sister Sophia, and wage war on Charles XII. The great reformer was only twenty-six years old when he visited England."

Other famous inhabitants of Buckingham Street include, in 1681, Charles Sackville, the sixth Earl of Dorset, the poet and wit; in 1706, Robert Harley (afterwards Earl of Oxford), who received such high praise from Pope and Swift; and, in 1727, James Wellwood, physician and author. A very interesting literary association is that of David Hume and Jean Jacques Rousseau, who, in 1766, were made welcome at his house in this

JOHN HENDERSON

street by Hume's friend, John Stewart. Subsequently they "removed into lodgings a few doors off. In one or other of these houses Rousseau laid the scene of all the imaginary insults heaped upon him by his brother philosopher, the crowning injury being inflicted at their parting in Buckingham Street, which Rousseau describes with such comic vehemence. Whilst here, Rousseau was the object of much curiosity."¹ Mr Wheatley also states that No. 22 was the house of Power, the publisher of the *Irish Melodies*, to whom Moore wrote so frequently, and that "Strata" Smith, "the father of modern geology," lived in this street, his young nephew, John Phillips (afterwards the Oxford professor), being with him. One of the most noted representatives of Hamlet and Falstaff died at his house in Buckingham Street in 1785. This was John Henderson, who, although without many personal advantages, achieved a great position. He was "the soul of feeling and intelligence."

In the lodge of the terrace at the foot of Buckingham Street lived, for several years before his death in 1809, Hugh Hewson, the original of Smollett's Hugh Strap in *Roderick Random*, the simple, generous adherent whose generosity and fidelity met with such a base return from the heartless libertine. Another memory of this small

¹ *London Past and Present*, vol. i., p. 296.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

street brings us once more to Dickens and *David Copperfield*. For it was here that Copperfield lodged when he was undergoing his month's probation with Spenlow and Jorkins. Betsy Trotwood announced to her nephew: "'There's a furnished little set of chambers to be let in the Adelphi, Trot, which ought to suit you to a marvel.'

"With this brief introduction, she produced from her pocket an advertisement, carefully cut out of a newspaper, setting forth that in Buckingham Street in the Adelphi there was to be let furnished, with a view of the river, a singularly desirable and compact set of chambers, forming a genteel residence for a young gentleman, a member of one of the Inns of Court, or otherwise, with immediate possession. Terms moderate, and could be taken for a month only, if required.

"'Why, this is the very thing, aunt!' said I, flushed with the possible dignity of living in chambers.

"'Then come,' replied my aunt, immediately resuming the bonnet she had a minute before laid aside. 'We'll go and look at 'em.'

"Away we went. The advertisement directed us to apply to Mrs Crupp on the premises, and we rang the area bell, which we supposed to communicate with Mrs Crupp. It was not until we had rung three or four times that we could

SIR RICHARD STEELE

prevail on Mrs Crupp to communicate with us, but at last she appeared, being a stout lady with a flounce of flannel petticoat below a nankeen gown.”¹ For a further description of Copperfield’s life in Buckingham Street, I must refer my readers to the pages of Dickens.

The earliest mention that we have of Villiers Street is found in the diary of the pious and amiable John Evelyn, who, on November 17, 1683, sets down: “I took a house in Villiers Street, York Buildings, for the winter, having many important concerns to dispatch, and for the education of my daughters.” Addison’s friend, Sir Richard Steele, lived here after the death of his wife, the jealous “Prue,” in 1721, until 1724. While he was here, his last comedy, *The Conscious Lovers*, was produced at Drury Lane, in 1722. There was a celebrated music room in this street. The building, erected in 1680, was popular for half a century, and was pulled down in 1758. It contained a beautiful ceiling, painted by Verrio, which had been incorporated from York House, and, as it could not be removed, it was, perforce, destroyed. *The Fair Penitent*, *Jane Shore*, *The Beggar’s Opera*, and other well-known pieces were performed here. In the *Miscellanies* of the dramatist, Aaron Hill (1685–1750), is “A Prologue for the third night of *Zara*”—which Hill had translated

¹ *David Copperfield*, chap. xxiii.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

from Voltaire—"when first played at the Great Musick Room, in Villars Street, York Buildings," in 1735. The representative of Lusignan—one of Garrick's best parts—a gentleman named Bond, expired on the stage. At the first representation of the piece, a young gentleman, a relation of the author's, attempted the character of Osman, but without success, despite the great pains taken at rehearsal by the adapter. *Zara* was still more remarkable for the appearance in it, at the age of twenty-five, of Mrs Cibber, who subsequently achieved such great fame on the stage. *Zara* was her first attempt in tragedy. On the sole authority of that wicked libeller and scurrilous writer, "Anthony Pasquin," otherwise John Williams, "one of the dirtiest and most disreputable fellows that ever disgraced the literary profession," it has been related that Garrick, three years before he appeared for the first time on the London stage, had acted in the Duke's Theatre, and that "the ladies who were present were so fascinated by Mr Garrick's powers that they offered him their trinkets and their purses from the boxes." This is not so. Garrick did not play before the public in London until October 19, 1741.

CHAPTER XII

The Strand in 1353—St Mary Rounceval—Northampton House—Earl of Surrey, the Poet—Suffolk House—Suckling's *Ballade upon a Wedding*—Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland—The Restoration planned at Northumberland House—Lady Elizabeth Percy—Her Romantic Marriages—Murder of "Tom of Ten Thousand"—The "Proud" Duke of Somerset—*Edwin and Angelina*—Goldsmith at Northumberland House—Fire Here—Dr Percy's Library saved—the Famous Lion—Demolition of the House—The Duke's Lament—Northumberland Avenue—Craven Street—Benjamin Franklin—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Heinrich Heine—The Author of *Rejected Addresses*—J. S. Clarke.

THE last of the great mansions of the Strand, Northumberland House, which was swept away so recently as 1874, was a landmark of great antiquity. For it terminated the palaces of the nobles which existed for centuries on the north bank of the Thames from Blackfriars to Charing Cross. It may be observed that in 1353 the Strand was an open highway, with here and there a great man's house where gardens stretched to the water's edge. It was then so impassable that Edward III. directed the levying of a tax upon wool, leather,

249

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

wine, and "all goods" carried to Westminster from Temple Bar to the Abbey, for the repair of the road; and he further ordered that all owners of houses adjacent to the highway should repair as much as lay before their doors. "There was no continued street here," says Pennant, "till about 1533: before that time it entirely cut off Westminster from London, and nothing intervened except a few scattered houses, and a village which afterwards gave name to the whole. St Martin's stood literally in the fields. But about the year 1560 a street was formed, loosely built; for all the houses on the south side had great gardens to the river, were called by their owners' names, and in aftertimes gave name to the several streets that succeeded them, pointing down to the Thames; each of them had stairs for the conveniency of taking boat. . . . The north side was a mere line of houses from Charing Cross to Temple Bar; all beyond was country. The gardens which occupied part of the site of Covent Garden were bounded by fields, and St Giles's was a distant country village."

The site of Northumberland House was that which had been previously occupied by the "hospital" or chapel of St Mary Rounceval. "Then," says Stow, "there was an hospital of St Marie Rouncivall by Charing Cross (a cell to the priory and convent of Roncesvalles in Navarre, in

NORTHAMPTON HOUSE

Pamplona diocese), where a fraternity was founded in the 15th year of Edward IV., but now the same is suppressed and turned into tenements." On the other hand, Pennant gives it a still greater antiquity, for he states that the chapel was founded, by William, Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Henry III., repressed by Henry V. among the alien priories, and rebuilt by Edward IV., "who fixed a fraternity in it." Dissolved by Henry VIII., the property was granted by Edward VI. to Sir Thomas Cawarden, a private individual who did not attain to fame. From him it passed to Sir Robert Brett, and thence, by purchase, to Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, who, in the reign of James I., built the immediate predecessor of Northumberland House. This Henry Howard, the first Earl of Northampton (1540–1614) was the second son of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the poet. He was the most learned nobleman of his day. He may have had some religious sentiment in purchasing the original site of the chapel of St Mary, for he lived and died a Roman Catholic.

In the building of his "sumptuous palace," which he called Northampton House, he had for his architects Bernard Jansen, who was more a stonemason than an architect, and another maker of funeral monuments, Gerrard Christmas (Garret Christmas). The latter carved for himself the

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

initials C. Æ. (Christmas Ædificavit), in large capitals over the old stone gateway, which was replaced by a new front towards the Strand in the reign of George II. At that time the house consisted of three sides of a quadrangle, the centre facing the Strand, and, of course, with gardens down to the river. The Earl of Northampton died here in 1614, and by his will bequeathed the house and garden to his nephew, Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk, the second son of Thomas Howard the third, fourth Duke of Norfolk. As Lord Thomas Howard he distinguished himself against the Armada in 1588. He completed the quadrangle of Northampton House by building the front towards the Thames, and he changed the name to Suffolk House. The Earl of Suffolk died here in 1626, and his son, Theophilus, inherited the property. On his death, in 1640, James, the third Earl of Suffolk (1619–1688), inherited it. His sister, the Lady Elizabeth Howard, was married, in 1642, to Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland. By an indenture dated a few days before the marriage, the property was conveyed by the Earl of Suffolk to the Earl of Northumberland, a change which led also to the nomenclature of the house, which has had such a long career, and the destruction of which many Londoners still lament.

Before coming to the history of Northumberland House as it appeared from the middle of the

SUCKLING'S "BALLADE"

seventeenth century—when great changes were made in its structure—until its demolition in 1874, it is interesting to note that one of the quaintest, and, in some respects, most charming of the old English poems had its origin in the marriage of Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, the first Earl of Orrery, to Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the first Earl of Suffolk, the builder of Northampton House. This is the event which called forth, in 1637, Sir John Suckling's *Ballade upon a Wedding*, in which one of the prettiest conceits in the English language occurs. The verses are too long to quote *in extenso*, but some extracts may be given, as they are germane to the matter of this particular history. The wedding is supposed to be described by a rustic, writing to his friend in the country:—

"I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen.

At Charing-Crosse, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see comming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Vorty, at least, in pairs.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck.
And to say truth, for out it must,
It looked like the great collar, just,
About our young colt's neck.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light.
But oh ! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
 Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
 Who sees them is undone ;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin ;
Compared to that was next her chin,
 Some bee had stung it newly ;
But Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thoud'st swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
 And are not spent a whit."

Algernon Percy, the tenth Earl of Northumberland, who was called by Lord Clarendon "the proudest man alive," became guardian of the two youngest children of Charles I. in 1645, and was one of the commissioners appointed to negotiate with the King at Newport in 1648. He took no part in public affairs during the Commonwealth and Protectorate. In the spring of 1660, George

“TOM OF TEN THOUSAND”

Monk—afterwards the Duke of Albemarle, and the husband of “Nan” Clarges—was invited, with the Earl of Manchester, Sir William Waller, and others to Northumberland House, and here, “in secret confidence with them,” says Clarendon, “some of those measures were concerted which led to the speedy restoration of the Monarchy.” Algernon Percy, who was a privy councillor after the Restoration, died in 1668. His son and successor, Josceline Percy, dying in 1670, without male issue, the property passed to his daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Percy (1667–1722). This lady had a strange matrimonial career. At the age of twelve she was “married” to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle (son and heir of Henry, Duke of Newcastle), but he died in his youth. Two years later—that is to say, in 1681—she espoused Thomas Thynne, of Longleat, Wilts.

Thynne, who was nicknamed “Tom of Ten Thousand,” in consequence of his great wealth, was the Issachar of *Absalom and Achitophel*. Lady Elizabeth, soon after the death of Lord Ogle, had been given in marriage by her grandmother to Thynne, who, however, had agreed, on account of the youth of his bride, that the marriage should not be consummated until a year had elapsed. The lady, however, took such a dislike to Thynne that she fled for protection to Lady Temple at the Hague. “In the meantime, the famous Count

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Königsmark—noted for his beauty and intrigues in most of the Courts of Europe—had accidentally met Lady Ogle in public, and had either fallen in love with her person, or with the vast fortune of which she was the mistress. That the feeling was reciprocal there is not the least reason to suppose. Königsmark, however, equally daring and unprincipled, determined by foul, if not by fair means, to make her his wife, and, as the first step, projected the assassination of the unfortunate Thynne. The persons whom he hired to commit the crime were three foreigners—one Captain Vratz, a German; a Lieutenant Stern, a Swede; and one George Borotski, a Pole. The two former seem to have been as daring and reckless adventurers as any age could produce. Borotski, on the other hand, was a quiet, uneducated man, who appears to have acted entirely from a feeling of retainership, without any thought of the gold which had induced his accomplices to undertake to commit the crime. The night of Sunday, the 12th of February 1682, was fixed upon for the perpetration of the foul deed. Accordingly, having had their several parts assigned to them, between seven and eight o'clock the three assassins, mounted on horseback, posted themselves in a part of Pall Mall, nearly opposite to the present Opera Colonnade, through which they had ascertained the equipage of Thynne was likely to pass. As soon

LADY ELIZABETH PERCY

as the coach appeared in sight, they all three rode up to the window, and, by their imposing attitude, compelled the coachman to halt. One shot only was fired, which was from a musketoon, carried by Borotski. So true, however, was the aim, that as many as five bullets entered the body of his victim. Thynne was forthwith carried to his own residence, where he lingered till about six o'clock the following morning, when he expired."¹ Königsmark attempted to escape, but he was arrested at Gravesend at the very moment that he was about to set foot on a foreign vessel. He was immediately brought to trial, and, after some delay, acquitted. His accomplices were condemned to death, and, on March 10, executed in Pall Mall, on the spot where they had committed the atrocious crime. Thynne was buried in Westminster Abbey, and a monument in white marble, representing the tragedy in bas-relief, was erected to his memory.

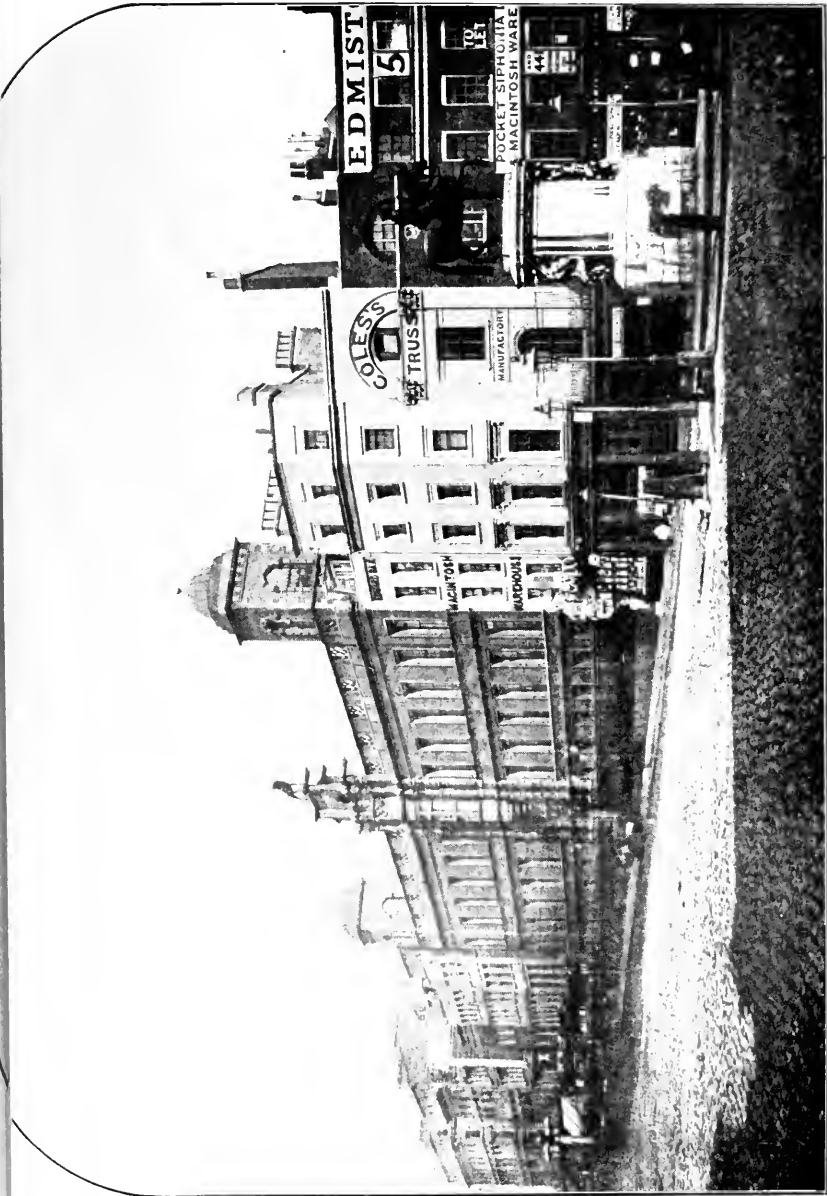
Thus, in the language of Lawrence Echard, the historian, Lady Elizabeth Percy had been a "virgin widow" twice ere, on May 30, 1682—at the age of fifteen—she became a wife. Her third husband was Charles Seymour (1662–1748), the sixth Duke of Somerset, commonly called "the proud duke." By an arrangement made before the marriage, he assumed the surname and arms of

¹ *The Court of England under the Stuarts*, Jesse, vol. iii., pp. 356–7.

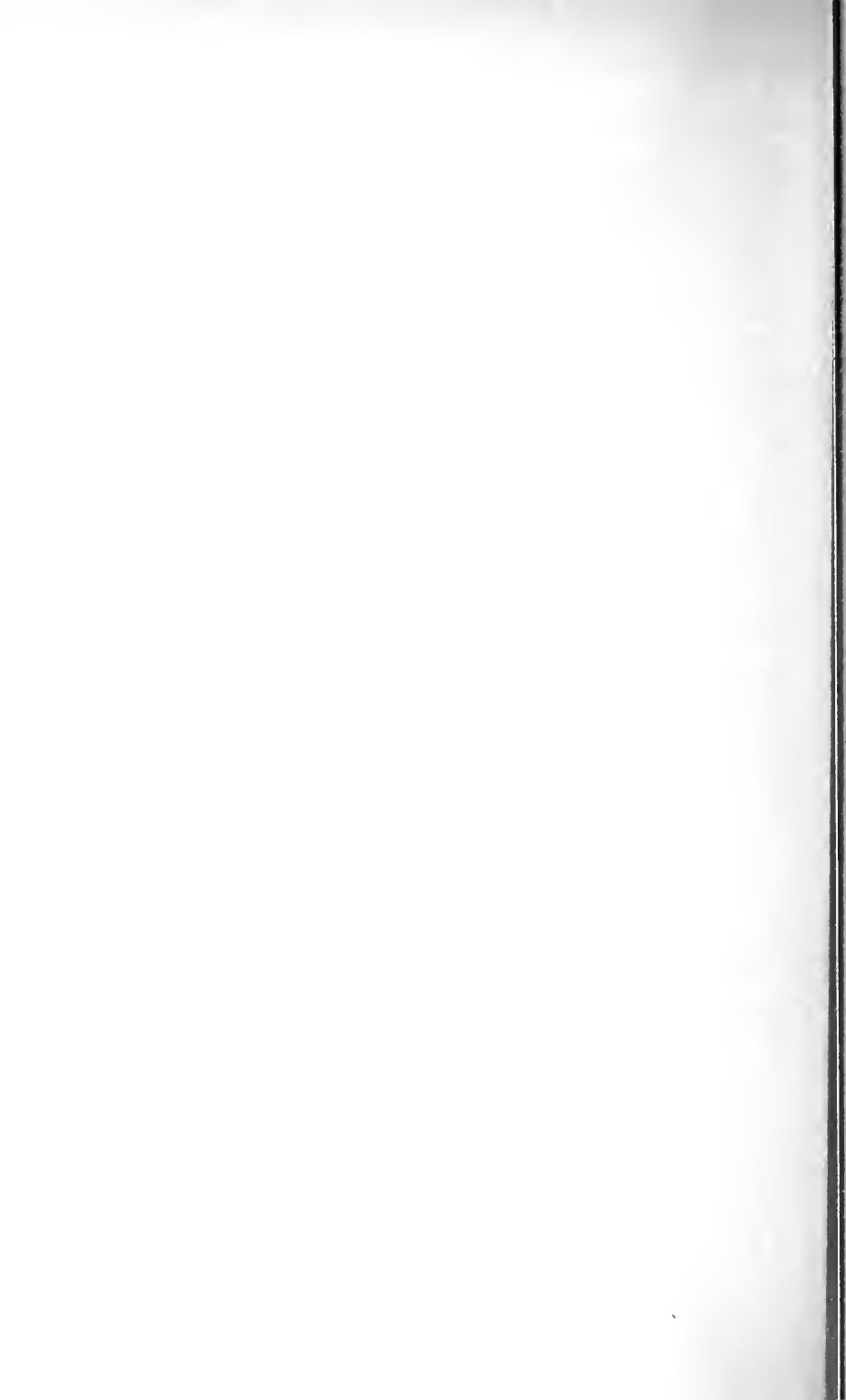
HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

Percy, "but from that stipulation he was released when her grace attained her majority." The duke and duchess lived "in great state and magnificence" at Northumberland House. The duchess died in 1722, and the duke, dying in 1748, was succeeded by his eldest son, Algernon, Earl of Hertford and seventh Duke of Somerset, who, in 1749, was created Baron Warkworth of Warkworth Castle, Northumberland, and Earl of Northumberland, with remainder, in default of male issue, to Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart., a country gentleman of Stanwick, in Yorkshire, who had married his only daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Seymour. Sir Hugh Smithson was raised to the dukedom of Northumberland in 1766, and the title remains with his descendants at the present day. Algernon Seymour greatly improved the Strand front of Northumberland House, and built the gallery, or great room, which formed the western wing of the south side. In the cornice, or balustrading, on the top of the south front he had inserted the letters and date: A.S.P.N. (Algernon Seymour Princeps Northumbriæ), A.D. 1749.

Goldsmith is connected with Northumberland House through his poem, *Edwin and Angelina*. It was suggested in the course of discussions on ballads with Dr Percy (1729–1811), editor of the famous *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, first published in 1765. Percy, who had rooms in



CHARING CROSS, BEFORE THE BUILDING OF NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE.



“EDWIN AND ANGELINA”

Northumberland House, was visited here by Goldsmith, and one result of this acquaintanceship was the poem in question, which was privately “Printed for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland.” Copies of this edition are extremely rare, and, apart from their scarcity, they possess an independent value inasmuch as they show Goldsmith’s painstaking care in the preparation of his verse. By comparing this edition with subsequent issues, “we perceive that even the gentle opening line has been an after-thought; that four stanzas have been re-written; and that the two which originally stood last have been removed altogether. These, for their simple beauty of expression, it is worth while here to preserve. The action of the poem having closed without them, they were, on better consideration, rejected; and young writers should study and make profit of such lessons. Posterity has always too much upon its hands to attend to what is irrelevant or needless; and no one so well as Goldsmith seems to have known that the writer who would hope to live must live by the perfection of his style, and by the cherished and careful beauty of unsuperfluous writing.¹

“ Here amidst sylvan bowers we’ll rove,
From lawn to woodland stray;
Blest as the songsters of the grove,
And innocent as they.

¹ Forster’s *Goldsmith*.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

To all that wail, and all that wail,
Our pity shall be given ;
And when this life of love shall fail,
We'll love again in heaven.'"

Goldsmith's own account of the blunder which he made on the occasion of one of his visits to this old mansion is as follows:—"I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and, after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland House, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with the duke. They showed me into an antechamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman, very elegantly dressed, made his appearance. Taking him for the duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me ; when to my fear and astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the duke came into the apartment, and I was so confounded on the occasion that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed."

To Sir John Hawkins, the Middlesex magistrate, who drew up Johnson's will, and, in 1787-89, published Johnson's *Life and Works*, we are indebted for a description of another meeting with

260

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

the Duke of Northumberland. "Having one day," he says, "a call to wait on the late Duke, then Earl of Northumberland, I found Goldsmith waiting for an audience in an outer room; I asked him what had brought him there: he told me, an invitation from his lordship. I made my business as short as I could, and, as a reason, mentioned that Dr Goldsmith was waiting without. The earl asked me if I was acquainted with him. I told him I was, adding what I thought likely to recommend him. I retired, and staid in the outer room to take him home. Upon his coming out, I asked him the result of his conversation. 'His lordship,' says he, 'told me he had read (*sic*) my poem,' meaning the *Traveller*, and was much delighted with it; that he was going lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and that, hearing that I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness.' 'And what did you answer, asked I, to this gracious offer?' 'Why,' said he, 'I could say nothing but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help: as for myself'" (this was added for the benefit of Hawkins), "'I have no dependence on the promises of great men: I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others.' Thus, adds the teller of the anecdote, did this idiot in the affairs of the world trifle with his fortunes, and put back the

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

hand that was held out to assist him! Other offers of a like kind he either rejected or failed to improve, contenting himself with the patronage of one nobleman, whose mansion afforded him the delights of a splendid table, and a retreat for a few days from the metropolis."

The incident thus related, says Forster, "may excuse the comment attached to it. Indeed, the charge of idiocy in the affairs of the Hawkins-world may even add to the pleasure with which we contemplate that older-world picture beside it, of frank simplicity and brotherly affection. This poor poet, who, incomprehensibly to the Middlesex magistrate, would thus gently have turned aside to the assistance of his poorer brother the hand held out to assist himself, had only a few days before been obliged to borrow fifteen shillings and sixpence 'in Fleet Street,' of one of those 'best friends' with whose support he is now fain to be contented." The duke of these anecdotes was Sir Hugh Smithson (1715-1786), the first Duke of Northumberland of the third creation. He married, in 1774, Elizabeth Seymour, the heiress of the Percy property.

The front of Northumberland House was 162 feet in length, the court being 81 feet square. The coping along the Strand front "was a border of capital letters," and, at the funeral of Queen Anne of Denmark, in May 1619, a young man in

PERCY'S BOOKS SAVED

the crowd was killed by the letter "S," which had been pushed off by the too eager spectators on the roof. There were many famous pictures at Northumberland House. On June 9, 1658, Evelyn records: "I went to see the Earl of Northumberland's pictures, whereof that of the Venetian Senators was one of the best of Titian's, and another of Andrea del Sarto, viz., a Madona, Christ, St John, and an Old Woman, etc., a St Catherine of Da Vinci, with divers portraits of Van Dyke; a Nativity of Georgioni; the last of our blessed Kings (Charles I.) and the Duke of York, by Lely; a roserie by the famous Jesuits of Bruxelles, and severall more. This was in Suffolk House: the new front towards the gardens is tollerable, were it not drown'd by a too massie and clomsie pair of stayres of stone, without any neate invention."

Fire threatened to destroy the house on more than one occasion. In March, 1780, an outbreak occurred about five o'clock in the morning, "and raged till eight, in which time it burnt from the east end, where it began, to the west. Among the apartments consumed are those of Dr Percy, Bishop of Carlisle. We are happy to inform our readers that the greatest part of the doctor's invaluable library is fortunately preserved." The famous lion which delighted Londoners for a century and a quarter was placed in his proud

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

position in 1752. It was cast in lead, from a model by Carter, and was twelve feet in length. There is a pleasant fiction to the effect that the noble brute, when first placed upon his pedestal, had his head towards Carlton House and St James's Palace, but afterwards upon some rebuff experienced by one of the dukes of Northumberland turned his face towards the city of London. The lion was subsequently removed to Syon House, Isleworth, the Middlesex seat of the Northumberlands. "The vestibule of the interior was eighty-two feet long, and more than twelve feet in breadth, ornamented with Doric columns. Each end communicated with a staircase, leading to the principal apartments facing the garden and the Thames. They consisted of several spacious rooms fitted up in the most elegant manner, embellished with paintings, among which might be found the well-known 'Cornaro Family,' by Titian, a work well worthy of its reputation, and for which Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, is stated to have given Vandyck 1000 guineas, and a wonderful vase, which now has a story of its own; 'St Sebastian Bound,' by Guercino; 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' by Bassano; and others by well-known masters. The great feature of the house was the ball-room, or grand gallery, upwards of 100 feet in length, in which were placed large and very fine copies by Mengs, after

NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE

Raphael's 'School of Athens,' in the Vatican, of the size of the originals; also the 'Assembly of the Gods,' and the 'Marriage of Cupid and Psyche,' in the Farnesina; the 'Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne,' from Caracci's picture in the Farnese Palace; and 'Apollo driving the Chariot of the Sun,' from Reni's fresco in the Villa Rospigliosi, at Rome. These celebrated works, and the decoration of the noble apartment, constituted it one of the landmarks of high art in the metropolis. The grand staircase consisted of a centre flight of thirteen moulded vein marble steps, and two flights of sixteen steps, with centre landing twenty-two feet by six feet, two circular plinths, and a handsome and richly-gilt ormolu scroll balustrade, with moulded Spanish mahogany hand-rail. The mansion contained nearly 150 rooms for the private use of the family."¹

The destruction of Northumberland House was due to the necessity of a direct thoroughfare from Charing Cross to the Embankment. As early as 1866, the Metropolitan Board of Works—the predecessor of the London County Council—had perceived the need, and had suggested a new street through the site of Northumberland House and its grounds. "The Duke of Northumberland of that day, however, set his face determinedly against any interference with his ancestral mansion,

¹ *Old and New London*, vol. iii., p. 140.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

and his opposition received much support from members of both Houses of Parliament, and from those who looked with disfavour on a proposal to destroy the last of the palaces of the English nobles which three centuries ago stood on the south side of the Strand now occupied by the streets leading from it to the river. The Metropolitan Board was forced to yield to the resistance which then and for several years after was offered to every attempt to get power to take Northumberland House. Eventually the necessities of the case were so strongly pressed that further resistance was abandoned, and the Board having, in 1872, learned that the present Duke of Northumberland was willing to sell his property, an agreement was in the year 1873 concluded and ratified by Parliament, under which the Board acquired his Grace's property upon payment of £500,000, the Board at the same time obtaining power to make the new street."¹ The opposition of the owner of Northumberland House to the destruction of this historical property was natural enough, and many otherwise uninterested persons lamented the proposed demolition. The Duke of Northumberland—the sixth duke of his creation—writing in 1866, said: "The Duke of Northumberland is naturally desirous that this great

¹ *London in the Reign of Victoria*, G. Laurence Gomme, pp. 156-7.
266

“ DEGRADATION ”

historical house, commenced by a Howard, continued by a Percy, and completed by a Seymour, which has been the residence of his ancestors for two centuries and a half, should continue to be the residence of his descendants ; but the Metropolitan Board of Works are desirous that this house, which, with its garden, is one of the landmarks of London, and is probably the oldest residential house in the metropolis, should be destroyed.”

The sale was concluded in June, 1874, and, in September and October of that year, “the fine old mansion underwent its final stage of degradation.” Its materials were sold by auction. The lots consisted of 3,000,000 bricks, the grand marble staircase, the elaborate ornamentation of the various apartments and corridors, and lead to the weight of 400 tons. The sale realised but £6500, and of this sum the great staircase—subsequently removed to No. 49 Prince’s Gate—brought £360. Some of the pictures had been removed to Alnwick Castle, Northumberland, others to the ducal town residence, No. 2 Grosvenor Place. “The progress of wealth and luxury,” said a writer in the *Standard* at the time of the projected demolition, “has long since dimmed the splendours of what was once the proudest of the London houses of the English nobility. The march of fashion westward had left it isolated amidst an uncongenial neighbourhood of small shops. Commerce had overtaken and

267

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

overwhelmed it, so that it stood somewhat abruptly in the full stream of London life, making it too violent a contrast with the surrounding houses, and destroying whatever of felicity there might have been in the situation. In the days when the Strand was but a road between London and Westminster, lined with private houses of the great and noble on either side, and with gardens going down to the river, it might have been an abode fit even for the proud Earls of Northumberland, to whom it descended. But with the Thames Embankment on one side, and Trafalgar Square on the other, with omnibuses perpetually passing its front door, Northumberland House was a standing anachronism, if not an impediment, which was destined to succumb to the influence of time and the Metropolitan Board of Works." It may be added that during the Great Exhibition of 1851, the public were admitted by ticket to view the house at the rate of ten thousand a week.

Northumberland Avenue was opened in March, 1876. It is 950 feet long and 84 feet wide, the width between the pavements being 60 feet. The Strand portion of the house is marked by the Grand Hotel, the opening of which, in 1880, was considered of so much importance that its initiation was attended by the Lord Mayor of the City of London, who was accompanied by the sheriffs. Two other of the Gordon hotels in this Avenue,

268

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

the Métropole and Victoria, opened in 1885 and 1887 respectively, indicate the site of the extensive gardens of Northumberland House. The handsome building of the Constitutional Club, the offices of the Royal Colonial Institute, and the headquarters of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, are also in Northumberland Avenue.

Craven Street, which still retains much of its old-world air, is chiefly notable for the fact that Benjamin Franklin lived here, at No. 7, at the house of Mrs Margaret Stevenson, during the entire period of his visits to London as agent for the House of Assembly, Philadelphia, and "other provinces." Leigh Hunt, speaking of this circumstance, says: "What a change along the shores of the Thames in a few years (for two centuries are less than two years in the lapse of time), from the residence of a set of haughty nobles, who never dreamt that a tradesman could be anything but a tradesman, to that of a yeoman's son, and a printer, who was one of the founders of a great state!" He was visited here in February, 1755, by William Pitt (the first Earl of Chatham, 1708-1788), and, wrote Franklin, "He stayed with me near two hours, his equipage waiting at the door." The house, which is marked by a tablet, is now a private hotel.

Mark Akenside, the poet and physician, was

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

visited in this street, on January 22, 1761—at which time he was physician to Queen Charlotte—by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Heinrich Heine, during his stay in England, April 23 to August 8, 1827, lodged at No. 32 Craven Street. A notorious resident of this street was James Hackman (1752–1779), incumbent of Wiveton, Norfolk. He fell in love with Martha Ray, who was the mother of nine children, of whom Lord Sandwich was the father. His passion was so great that, as the lady would not marry him, he shot her dead on the night of April 7, 1779, in the piazza of Covent Garden Theatre. He turned the pistol upon himself, but without fatal effect. He was hanged at Tyburn twelve days later.

A more interesting resident was James Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, who lived for many years at No. 27, where he died on December 24, 1839. This remarkable literary character, the son of a solicitor to the Ordnance, was born in 1775. At the age of twenty-seven he had made his mark in Fleet Street, and, from 1807 to 1817, the articles to the *Monthly Mirror* entitled “Horace in London” were written by him. In 1812, with his younger brother, Horatio, he published the *Rejected Addresses*, in which Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and other writers were parodied with admirable felicity. He wrote many of the “Entertain-

270

JAMES SMITH

ments" for Charles Mathews the Elder, including *Country Cousins* in 1820, and the *Trip to France* and the *Trip to America* in the two succeeding years. For the last two sketches he received a thousand pounds. "A thousand pounds!" he used to exclaim, with a shrug of the shoulders, "and all for nonsense."¹ "He was lucky enough to obtain a legacy of £300 for a complimentary epigram on Mr Strachan, the King's printer. Being patted on the head when a boy by Chief-Justice Mansfield, in Highgate churchyard, and once seeing Horace Walpole on his lawn at Twickenham, were the two chief historical events of Mr Smith's quiet life. The four reasons that kept so clever a man employed on mere amateur trifling were these—an indolent disinclination to sustained work, a fear of failure, a dislike to risk a well-earned fame, and a foreboding that literary success might injure his practice as a lawyer. His favourite visits were to Lord Mulgrave's, Mr Croker's, Lord Abinger's, Lady Blessington's, and Lord Harrington's. Pretty Lady Blessington used to say of him, that "James Smith, if he had not been a *witty* man, must have been a *great* man. He died in his house in Craven Street, with the calmness of a philosopher, on the 24th of December, 1839, in the sixty-fifth year of his age."²

¹ *Memoirs of James Smith*, vol. i., p. 32.

² *Haunted London*, pp. 140-141.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

It was on his own street that he wrote the well-known epigram :

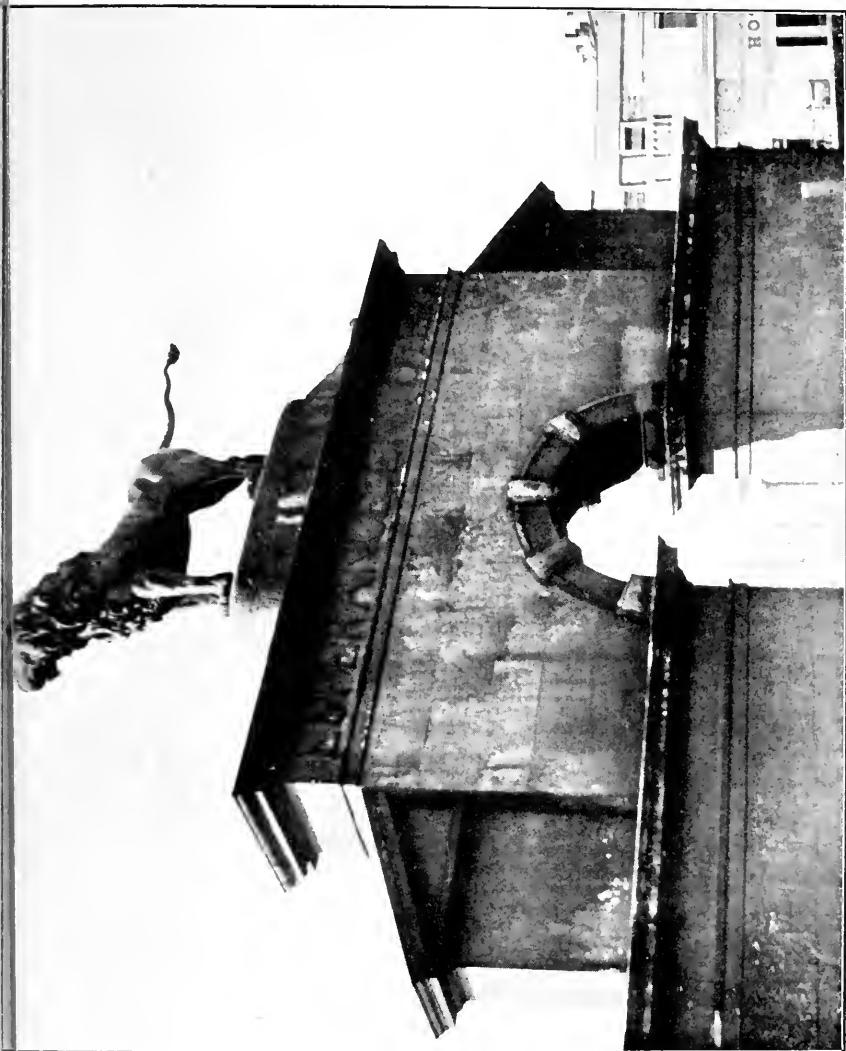
“ In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal-barges are moor'd at its base ;
Fly, Honesty, fly ! seek some safer retreat,
For there's *craft* in the river, and *craft* in the street.”¹

This satire led to a retort by Sir George Rose, the judge and well-known legal writer, in extemporaneous lines written at a dinner :

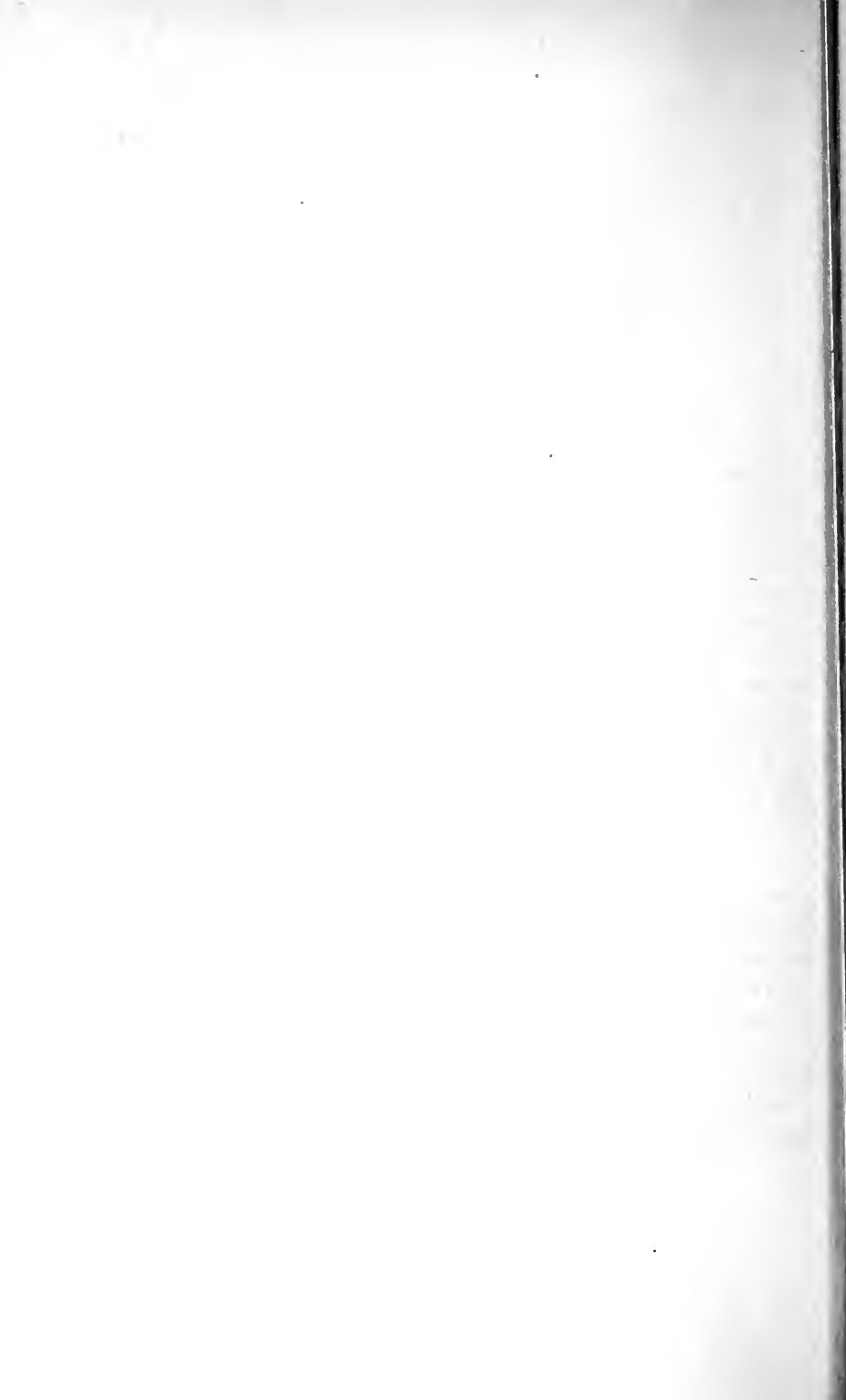
“ Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From attorneys and barges ?—'od rot 'em !—
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom.”

Lawyers still have their offices in Craven Street, but the coal-barges vanished in 1876. A few doors from James Smith's, in the house on the left-hand side from the Strand, there lodged, in 1885, the celebrated American comedian, John Sleeper Clarke (1834–1899). His rooms overlooked the back of what was then the Avenue Theatre. This house, opened on March 11, 1882, was rebuilt by Mr Cyril Maude, and, on the eve of its re-opening, December 5, 1905, it was destroyed by the fall of the roof of Charing Cross Station. Again rebuilt by Mr Maude, it was opened, on January 28, 1907, as the Playhouse. The theatrical associations of this part of London are, indeed, like Mr Weller's knowledge of London, “ extensive and peculiar.”

¹ *Gothic Miscellanies*, James Smith, vol. ii., p. 186.



THE LION, NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE



Appendix

SAMUEL PEPYS AND THE ADELPHI

January 31, 1668.—Up, and by coach, with W. Griffin with me, and our Contract-books, to Durham Yard to the Commissioners for Accounts. [See page 37.]

May 10, 1668.—From church home with my Lady Pen; and after being there an hour or so talking, I took her and old Mrs Whistler, her mother-in-law, by water as far as Chelsy, and so back to Spring Garden and so to water again, and set down the old woman at home at Durham Yard.

April 26, 1669.—I am told by Betty, who was all undressed, of a great fire happened in Durham Yard last night, burning the house of one Lady Hungerford. [See page 38.]

February 11, 1660.—My wife and I went out again to show her the fires, and after walking as far as the Exchange, we returned and to bed.

March 12, 1660.—My wife and I to the Exchange, where we bought a great many things.

July 7, 1660.—Thence to the 'Change, where I bought two fine prints of Ragotti from Rubens.

July 18, 1660.—After a little stay we all went by water to Westminster as far as the New Exchange.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

September 3, 1660.—Up and to Mr —, the goldsmith, near the New Exchange.

September 22, 1660.—From thence by coach home (by the way, at the new Exchange I bought a pair of short black stockings to wear over a pair of silk ones for mourning . . .).

November 12, 1660.—Mr Comptroller and I sat a while at the office to do business, . . . and from thence by coach (setting down his sister at the New Exchange) to Westminster Hall.

April 20, 1661.—With Mr Creed to the Exchange and bought some things, as gloves and bandstrings, etc.

September 2, 1661.—My wife . . . met at the 'Change with my young ladies of the Wardrobe, and there helped them to buy things.

March 24, 1662.—Thence by water to the New Exchange. . . Thence at the New Exchange and so home.

April 15, 1662.—With my wife, by coach, to the New Exchange, to buy her some things; where we saw some new-fashion pettycoats of Sarcenett, with a black broad lace printed round the bottom and before, very handsome, and my wife had a mind to one of them, but we did not then buy one.

October 7, 1662.—So towards the New Exchange, and there while my wife was buying things I walked up and down.

January 12, 1663.—After dinner to the 'Change to buy some linen for my wife.

February 26, 1663.—From the New Exchange home to the Tower.

April 10, 1663.—Then to my Lord's lodgings, met my wife and walked to the New Exchange. There laid out 10s. upon pendants and painted leather gloves, very pretty and all the mode.

May 4, 1663.—She and I to Mr Creed to the Exchange, where she bought something.

May 7, 1663.—Up . . . with my wife, leaving her at the New Exchange.

SAMUEL PEPYS

May 30, 1663.—Creed and I walked to the New Exchange, and there drank our morning draught of whey, the first I have done this year.

June 12, 1663.—So to the Exchange, to buy things with my wife; among others a vizard for herself.

August 24, 1663.—Walked to the New Exchange, and there drank some whey.

August 29, 1663.—Thence to my wife, and calling at both the Exchanges, buying stockings for her and myself.

October 5, 1663.—So to the New Exchange, and there met Creed.

October 12, 1663.—To the Old Exchange, and there cheapened some laces for my wife. . . . I was resolved to buy one worth wearing with credit, and so to the New Exchange, and there put it to making.

October 14, 1663.—So to fetch my wife, and so to the New Exchange about her things.

October 16, 1663.—Then to the Exchange and to several places.

October 19, 1663.—Took up my wife at Mrs Harper's and so called at the New Exchange for some things for her.

October 21, 1663.—I to the Exchange. . . . From my brother's with my wife to the Exchange, to buy things for her and myself, I being in the humour of laying out money, but not prodigally, but only in clothes, which I every day see that I suffer for want of.

October 30, 1663.—Then by coach with my wife to the New Exchange, and there bought and paid for several things.

November 4, 1663.—I to the New Exchange and several places to buy and bring home things.

November 19, 1663.—Thence with Sir G. Carteret by coach, and he set me down at the New Exchange.

January 9, 1664.—I took coach and called my wife and her mayd, and so to the New Exchange, where we bought

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

several things of our pretty Mrs Dorothy Stacy, a pretty woman, and has the modestest look that ever I saw in my life.

February 1, 1664.—I hear how two men last night, justling for the wall about the New Exchange, did kill one another, each thrusting the other through; one of them of the King's Chappel, one Cave, and the other a retayner of my Lord Generall Middleton's.

February 13, 1664.—Walked to the New Exchange, and after a turn or two and talked, I took coach and home.

April 1, 1664.—Setting my wife down at the New Exchange, I to White Hall. . . . So with Creed to the 'Change, and there took up my wife and left him.

April 6, 1664.—Bought a pretty silke for a petticoate for my wife, and thence set her down at the New Exchange. . . . To the 'Change for my wife.

April 9, 1664.—With my wife by coach to her Tailor's and the New Exchange.

April 26, 1664.—So walked to the New Exchange, and there had a most delicate dish of curds and creame, and discourse with the good woman of the house. . . . Thence up, and after a turn or two in the 'Change, home to the Old Exchange.

May 9, 1664.—After dinner, in Sir W. Pen's coach; he set my wife and I down at the New Exchange, and after buying some things, we walked to my Lady Sandwich's.

May 21, 1664.—So abroad with my wife by coach to the New Exchange, and there laid out almost 40s. upon her.

June 21, 1664.—So to the New Exchange, meeting Mr Moore, and he with us.

June 22, 1664.—At noon to the 'Change and coffee-house.

July 7, 1664.—Thence to the New Exchange to drink some creame, but missed it.

August 11, 1664.—However, abroad, carried my wife to buy things at the New Exchange.

SAMUEL PEPYS

September 12, 1664.—So I to Mr Creed's lodgings, and with him walked up and down in the New Exchange, talking mightily of the convenience and necessity of a man's wearing good clothes, and so after eating a messe of creame, I took leave of him.

January 16, 1665.—Povy and I walked together as far as the New Exchange, and so parted.

January 20, 1665.—Abroad with my wife about several businesses, and met at the New Exchange, and there to our trouble found our pretty Doll is gone away.

March 9, 1665.—Abroad with my wife, left her at the New Exchange.

May 12, 1665.—Thence called my wife at Unthanke's to the New Exchange and elsewhere to buy a lace band for me, but we did not buy.

June 7, 1665.—We to the New Exchange, and there drank whey, with much entreaty getting it for our money, and (they) would not be entreated to let us have one glasse more.

July 11, 1665.—Had Mary meet me at the New Exchange.

March 10, 1666.—To the New Exchange, and there I did give my valentine, Mrs Pierce, a dozen payre of gloves, and a payre of silke stockings.

April 18, 1666.—Thence to the Exchange, that is, the New Exchange, and looked over some play books, and intend to get all the late new plays.

April 20, 1666.—To the New Exchange, there to get a list of all the modern plays, which I intend to collect and to have them bound up together.

May 4, 1666.—To the New Exchange about play books.

May 14, 1666.—I left my wife at the New Exchange.

. . . At the New Exchange took up my wife again.

May 23, 1666.—After dinner Creed and I and wife and Mercer out by coach, leaving them at the New Exchange.

May 29, 1666.—Set Mrs Pierce in at the New Exchange.

June 6, 1666.—Away go I by coach to the New Exchange.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

June 17, 1666.—Wanting a coach to carry us home I walked out as far as the New Exchange to find one, but could not. So downe to the Milke-house, and drank three glasses of whey, and then up into the Strand again.

July 17, 1666.—I did take my wife out to the New Exchange to buy things.

August 8, 1666.—I met with Mrs Burroughs by appointment, and did agree . . . for her to meet me at the New Exchange, while I by coach to my Lord Treasurer's, and then called at the New Exchange, and thence carried her by water to Parliament stayres.

August 21, 1666.—Dined at home and sister Balty with us. My wife snappish because I denied her money to lay out this afternoon; however, good friends again, and by coach set them down at the New Exchange.

September 7, 1666.—So to Creed's lodging, near the New Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed; the house all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire's coming to them. [See page 39.]¹

¹ This was the Great Fire which destroyed nearly every building of importance in the City, including one hundred and seven churches and the Royal Exchange. The second Royal Exchange was opened on September 28, 1669. The recorded visits of Pepys to the New Exchange ended in April, 1669. Pepys was then busy with state affairs, and his eyesight was failing. On the latter account he brought the Diary to a close on May 31 of that year. Of course, he may have visited the New Exchange after the last entry recorded in his Diary. Indeed, it is probable that he did so. When we consider what enjoyment he derived from his various meetings here, from his purchases of play-books and silk stockings, and from his drinking of whey, the last words in his Diary become doubly pathetic: "And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journall, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and therefore, what-

SAMUEL PEPYS

September 11, 1666.—So with Sir W. Batten to the New Exchange by water.

October 27, 1666.—I took them out to the New Exchange, and there my wife bought things, and I did give each of them a pair of jessimy plain gloves and another of white.

November 12, 1666.—So great a stop there was at the New Exchange, that we could not pass in half an houre, and therefore 'light and bought a little matter at the Exchange, and then home.

November 26, 1666.—Among others with Mrs Burroughs, whom I appointed to meet me at the New Exchange in the afternoon. . . . I took coach to the New Exchange. . . . Having staid as long as I thought fit for meeting of Burroughs, I away and to the 'Change again, and there I do not find her now.

December 31, 1666.—I did take money and walk forth to several places in the towne as far as the New Exchange, to pay all my debts. . . . Thence to the New Exchange to clear my wife's score.

January 23, 1667.—To the New Exchange, there to take up my wife and Mercer.

January 25, 1667.—I away by coach with my wife, and left her at the New Exchange.

February 5, 1667.—Thence by coach to the New Exchange, and there laid out money, and I did give Betty Michell two pair of gloves and a dressing-box.

ever comes of it, I must forbear: and therefore resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be anything, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add here and there a note in short-hand with my own hand, and so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!"

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

February 11, 1667.—My Lord carried me and set me down at the New Exchange, where I stayed at Pottle's shop till Betty Michell come.

February 14, 1667.—Thence away by coach to Sir H. Cholmly and Fitzgerald and Creed, setting down the two latter at the New Exchange.

March 9, 1667.—Carried Mrs Pierce and wife to the New Exchange, and there did give her and myself a pair of gloves.

March 13, 1667.—Sent my wife to the New Exchange.

March 20, 1667.—So to the New Exchange, where I find my wife.

April 5, 1667.—So by coach to the New Exchange and Mercer's.

April 17, 1667.—My wife being sent for by me to the New Exchange, I took her up, and there to the King's playhouse.

April 25, 1667.—Thence by coach to my Lord Treasurer's, and there being come too soon to the New Exchange, but did nothing.

May 13, 1667.—I away to the New Exchange, and there staid a little.

July 5, 1667.—To the New Exchange to buy gloves and other little errands.

July 13, 1667.—After dinner my wife and I to the New Exchange, to pretty maid Mrs Smith's shop, where I left my wife. . . . I home by coach, taking up my wife at the Exchange.

July 17, 1667.—Then by coach, set my wife down at the New Exchange.

July 26, 1667.—I then abroad with my wife and left her at the New Exchange.

August 10, 1667.—To the New Exchange, to the book-seller's there, where I hear of several new books coming out.

August 12, 1667.—Then walked to the New Exchange, and there to my bookseller's, and did buy Scott's *Discourse*

SAMUEL PEPYS

of *Witches*. . . . Thence I to the printseller's over against the Exchange towards Covent Garden, and there bought a few more prints of cittys.

August 16, 1667.—Thence to the New Exchange with my wife, where at my bookseller's I saw *The History of the Royall Society*, which, I believe, is a fine book, and have bespoke one in quires.

August 20, 1667.—Thence, with my Lord Brouncker to the Duke's Playhouse (telling my wife so at the 'Change, where I left her).

August 21, 1667.—My wife and I mighty pleasant abroad, she to the New Exchange, and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury.

August 27, 1667.—My wife and I, with Sir W. Pen, to the New Exchange, set her down. . . . Having done here, I to the Exchange, and there find my wife gone with Sir W. Pen.

September 16, 1667.—So parted at the New Exchange, where I staid reading Mrs Phillips' poems till my wife and Mercer called me.

October 2, 1667.—Then by coach to the New Exchange, and there met my wife and girl.

October 28, 1667.—Calling at the New Exchange, and there buying *The Indian Emperour*, newly printed.

January 2, 1668.—I took my wife and her girl out to the New Exchange, and there my wife bought herself a lace for a handkercher, which I do give her, of about £3, for a new year's gift, and I did buy also a lace for a band for myself.

January 17, 1668.—So home, and there alone with my wife and Deb. to dinner, and after dinner comes Betty Turner, and I carried them to the New Exchange.

February 21, 1668.—Thence with Lord Brouncker and T. Harvey as far as the New Exchange.

February 25, 1668.—Thence set my wife at the New Exchange, and I to Mr Clerke, my solicitor so I by

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

water with him to the New Exchange and there we parted, and I took my wife and Deb. up, and to the nursery. . . . Thence to the New Exchange, to take some things home that my wife hath bought, a dressing-box and other things for her chamber and table, that cost me above £4.

April 9, 1668.—I to the New Exchange, there to meet Mrs Burroughs, and did take her in a carosse and carry her towards the Park, kissing her.

April 28, 1668.—Thence to the New Exchange to pay a debt of my wife's there, and so home.

April 30, 1668.—Thence to the New Exchange, and then home.

May 1, 1668.—I back again to the New Exchange a little.

May 6, 1668.—Thence by water to the New Exchange, where bought a pair of shoe-strings.

May 9, 1668.—I towards the New Exchange and there bought a pair of black silk stockings at the hosier's that hath the very pretty woman to his wife, about ten doors on this side of the 'Change.

May 20, 1668.—Down to the New Exchange, and there cheapened ribbands for my wife, and so down to the Whey house and drank some and eat some curds, which did by and by make my belly ake mightily.

May 27, 1668.—So homeward toward the New Exchange, and meeting Mr Creed he and I to drink some whey at the whey-house, and so into the 'Change and took a walk or two.

May 28, 1668.—By coach to the New Exchange, and there by agreement at my bookseller's shop met Mercer and Gayet.

May 30, 1668.—Thence to the New Exchange, and there met Harris and Rolt, and one Richards, a tailor and great company-keeper. . . . Thence set Rolt and some of (them) at the New Exchange.

May 31, 1668.—I by water to the New Exchange.

June 20, 1668.—Took my wife up, and calling at the New Exchange at Smith's shop, and kissed her pretty hand.

SAMUEL PEPYS

July 29, 1668.—So to the New Exchange.

July 30, 1668.—Out with my wife to the New Exchange.

July 31, 1668.—My wife and Deb. and I, with Sir J. Minnes, to White Hall, she going hence to the New Exchange.

August 31, 1668.—So to the New Exchange and paid for some things.

September 21, 1668.—This day I met Mr Moore in the New Exchange, and had much talk of my Lord's concernments.

October 20, 1668.—So to my tailor's and the New Exchange, and so by coach home, and there, having this day bought *The Queene of Arragon* play, I did get my wife and W. Batelier to read it.

October 21, 1668.—So I away to the New Exchange, and there staid for my wife.

November 23, 1668.—So to the looking-glass man's by the New Exchange.

January 1, 1669.—Up, and with W. Hewer, to the New Exchange, and then he and I to the cabinet-shops, to look out, and did agree, for a cabinet to give my wife for a New-year's gift, and I did buy one cost me £11.

January 11, 1669.—Calling at the New Exchange for a book or two to send to Mr Shepley and thence home. . . . Thence to the New Exchange, to buy some things; and among others my wife did give me my pair of gloves, which, by contract, she is to give me in her £30 a year.

February 4, 1669.—So to the New Exchange, and thence home to my letters.

February 15, 1669.—Thence to my cozen Turner's, where, having been told by her that she had drawn me for her Valentine, I did this day call at the New Exchange, and bought her a pair of green silk stockings and garters and shoe-strings, and two pair of jessimy gloves, all coming to about 28s.

March 3, 1669.—After the play we to the New Exchange.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI

March 8, 1669.—I had walked to the New Exchange and there met Mr Moore.

April 7, 1669.—I to the New Exchange to talk with Betty, my little sempstress.

HANNAH MORE AND GARRICK'S FUNERAL

ADELPHI, *Feb. 2, 1779.*

We (Miss Cadogan and myself) went to Charing Cross to see the melancholy procession. Just as we got there, we received a ticket from the Bishop of Rochester, to admit us into the Abbey. No admittance could be obtained but under his hand. We hurried away in a hackney coach, dreading to be too late. The bell of St Martin's and the Abbey gave a sound that smote upon my very soul. When we got to the cloisters, we found multitudes striving for admittance. We gave our ticket, and were let in, but unluckily we ought to have kept it. We followed the man, who unlocked a door of iron, and directly closed it upon us and two or three others, and we found ourselves in a tower, with a dark winding staircase, consisting of half a hundred stone steps. When we got to the top there was no way out; we ran down again, called, and beat the door till the whole pile resounded with our cries. Here we staid half an hour in perfect agony; we were sure it would be all over: nay, we might never be let out; we might starve; we might perish. At length our clamours brought an honest man—a guardian angel, I then thought him. We implored him to take care of us, and get us into a part of the Abbey whence we might see the grave. He asked for the Bishop's ticket, we had given it away to the wrong person, and he was not obliged to believe we ever had one: yet he saw so much truth in our grief, that though we were most shabby, and a hundred fine people were soliciting the same favour, he took us under each arm—carried us safely through the crowd,

284

GARRICK'S FUNERAL

and put us in a little gallery directly over the grave, where we could see and hear everything as distinctly as if the Abbey had been a parlour. Little things sometimes affect the mind strongly! We were no sooner recovered from the fresh burst of grief than I cast my eyes, the first thing, on Handel's monument and read the scroll in his hand, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Just at three the great doors burst open with a noise that shook the roof; the organ struck up, and the whole choir advanced to the grave, in hoods and surplices, singing all the way: then Sheridan, as chief mourner; then the body (alas! whose body), with ten noblemen and gentlemen, pall-bearers; hardly a dry eye—the very players, bred to the trade of counterfeiting, shed genuine tears.

As soon as the body was let down, the bishop began the service, which he read in a low, but solemn and devout manner. Such an awful stillness reigned, that every word was audible. How I felt it! Judge if my heart did not assent to the wish that the soul of our dear brother now departed was in peace. And this is all of Garrick! Yet a very little while, and he shall say to the worm, "Thou art my brother"; and to corruption, "Thou art my mother and my sister." So passes away the fashion of this world. And the very night he was buried, the playhouses were as full, and the Pantheon was as crowded, as if no such thing had happened: nay, the very mourners of the day partook of the revelries of the night—the same night too!

As soon as the crowd was dispersed, our friend came to us with an invitation from the bishop's lady, to whom he had related our disaster, to come into the deanery. We were carried into her dressing-room, but being incapable of speech, she very kindly said she would not interrupt such sorrow, and left us; but sent up wine, cakes, and all manner of good things, which was really well-timed. I caught no cold, notwithstanding all I went through.

Index

- Absalom and Achitophel*, 227, 255.
- Adam, the brothers, call themselves "Adelphi," 3; obtain a lease of the Durham House property, 75-76; they effect a marvellous transformation, 76-79; opposed by the City, they obtain an Act of Parliament for embanking the river, 79; interesting letter on the subject, 79-84; Granville Sharp's strictures, 84; the brothers in financial difficulties, 85; they obtain another Act of Parliament, 85; the Adelphi Lottery, 86-90; history of the brothers, 90-98; Robert Adam, 90-97; James Adam, 97-98; John Adam, 98; William Adam, 98.
- Adam, the brothers, call themselves "Adelphi," 3.
- Adam, James, 90, 92, 97.
- Adam, John, 98.
- Adam, Robert, 90-97.
- Adam, William, 98.
- Adam, William (father of the brothers), 91.
- Addison, Joseph, 30.
- Adelphi, origin of the name, 3; the brothers Adam obtain the lease of the property, 75-76; transformation of the property, 76-79; fruitless opposition of the City, 79-84; the Adelphi Lottery, 86-90; Scots workmen succeeded by Irish, 98.
- Adelphi Chapel, the, 211-212.
- Adelphi Hotel (Osborn's), 180-181, 183-185.
- Adelphi Arches, 187-191.
- Aggas' Map of London, 8.
- Aickin (actor), 148.
- Akenside, Mark, 269.
- Albans, Duchess of (Harriot Mellon), 200, 202-204, 213-214.
- Albans, Duke of, 75-76, 202.
- Albemarle, Duchess of ("Nan" Clarges), 63-71.
- Albemarle, Duke of, 255.
- Albert, Prince Consort, 118.
- Aldborough, Lord, 103.
- Alexandra, Queen, 212.
- Armstrong, Dr, 210, 212.
- Arts, Society of, in the Adelphi, 100-122; description of the paintings in, 108-118.
- Ashburton, Baron, 147.
- Atheist, the, or the Soldier's Fortune*, 29.
- Aubrey, the antiquary, 17, 220.
- Avenue Theatre, 272.
- Bacon, Francis, 219-221.
- Baddeley, Robert, 148.
- Ballade upon a Wedding*, 253-254.

INDEX

- Bannister, John, 174.
Baron-Wilson, Mrs, 208.
Barré, Isaac, 147.
Barrington, Lord, 181.
Barry, James, 101-118.
Bassompierre, François de, 223-224.
Bathurst, Lady, 159.
Batteville, Baron de, 229.
Beaconsfield, Earl of, 181.
Beauleclerk, Lady Diana, 153, 155.
Beauleclerk, Topham, 150-153, 158.
Becket, Andrew, 169-171.
Beggar's Opera, The, 247.
Bek, Anthony, Bishop of Durham, 3-4.
Bek, Anthony, the second, 3-4.
Bek, Walter, Bishop of Lincoln, 4.
Belty, G. F., 167.
Bensley, W., 148.
Blanchard, E. L., 216-217.
Blanchard, William, 216.
Boleyn, Anne, 11-12.
Boleyn, Thomas, Earl of Wiltshire, 11.
Boscawen, Mrs, 154-155.
Boswell, James, 103, 121, 152-160.
Boyle, Roger, 253.
Brackley, Viscount, 19.
Brandon, Charles, 219.
Brereton, Owen S., 111.
Brereton, William, 148.
Brett, Sir Robert, 251.
Brisden, John, 41.
Britain's Burse (the New Exchange, which see).
Broghill, Lord, 253.
Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, supplied with water from the Adelphi, 240.
Buccleuch, Duke of, 97.
Buckingham, Duke of, the first ("Steenie"), 222-226.
Buckingham, Duke of, the second (Dryden's "Zimri"), 226-229.
Buckingham Street, 241-247.
Burdett, Sir Francis, 201.
Burdett-Coutts, the Baroness, 201, 202, 214.
Burghley, Lord, 221.
Burke, Edmund, 147.
Burney, Dr, 154.
Bury, Richard de, author of *Philobiblon*, 9.
Bute, Lord, 212.
Cademan, Will, 29.
Caledonian Hotel, 214.
Camden, Lord, 147.
Campbell, John, 193-194.
Campbell, Lord Frederick, 97.
Campbell & Coutts, 197.
Carew, Sir George, 12.
Carmarthen, Lord, 243.
Carter, Mrs Elizabeth, 154, 156, 162.
Cavendish, Henry, 255.
Cawarden, Sir Thomas, 251.
Chamberlayne, 157.
Charles the First, 223-224.
Charles II., 38.
Chastillon, de, French Ambassador, 14.
Chinese wall-paper in the Strand, 210-211.
Christmas, Gerrard, 251.
Cibber, Mrs, 248.
Clarendon, Lord, 254-255.
Clarges, "Nan," Duchess of Albemarle, 63-71.
Clarke, John S., 272.
Clemens, Samuel L., 215.
Clinton, Lord, 12.
Clouston, R. S., 92-94.
Coal Meter's Office, 38.

- Colman, George, the elder, 147, 174.
 Commissioners of Accounts, office of, 36.
Conscious Lovers, The, 247.
 Constable, John, 242.
 Constitutional Club, 269.
 Cosmo, the Grand Duke, 27.
Country Wife, The, 30.
 Coutts, the house of, 192-214.
 Coutts, James, 196-197.
 Coutts, John, 195-196.
 Coutts, Patrick, 195-196.
 Coutts, Thomas, 196-213.
 Coutts, William, 195.
 Covent Garden Theatre, 57, 126, 137, 159, 270.
 Coventry, Earl of, 97.
 Coventry, Lord Keeper, 36.
 Cows in the Adelphi, 189.
 Crabbe, George, 181.
 Cranmer, Thomas, 11-12.
 Craven Street, 269-272.
 Creed, John, 39.
Cricket, The, 187.
 Crofts, Dean of Norwich, 39.
 Cromwell, Oliver, 48, 228-229.
 Cromwell, Lord, 12.
 Cromwell, Richard, 12.
 Cunningham, Peter, 76.
Daily Telegraph, The, 217.
 Danes, St Clement, 162.
David Copperfield, scenes from, in the Adelphi, 184, 246-247.
 Davies, Thomas, 41.
 Delany, Mrs, 166.
 Devonshire, Duke of, 147.
 Dickens, Charles, frequents the Adelphi when a boy, 182-183; scenes from *David Copperfield*, 184, 246-247; from *Pickwick*, 184-185; banks with Coutts & Co., 212.
 Disraeli, Benjamin, 181.
 D'Israeli, Isaac, 181, 224.
 Dodd, James, 147.
 Dowgate, 234.
 Drury Lane Theatre, 124-126, 164, 247.
 Drury Lane Fund, 124.
 Dryden, John, 29, 30, 40, 227.
 Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, 14-15.
 Dudley, Lady Catherine, 15.
 Dudley, Lord Guildford, 15.
 Dudley, Sir John, 12.
 Duffet, Thomas, 27.
 Dundonald, Earl of, 200-201.
 Durham House, its origin in the thirteenth century, 3-4; Otho, the papal legate, the Oxford clergy and scholars make "solemn submission" to him here, 4-5; Henry III. shelters here, 6; Prince (Henry V.) stays here, 6; Richard de Bury, author of *Philobiblon*, lives here, 8; Hatfield, Thomas, Bishop of Durham, 7, 9; Henry VIII. appropriates the house, 10; grants it to Thomas Boleyn, 11; Anne Boleyn and Princess Elizabeth, 11; Cranmer resides here, 11; great festivities attended by Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, the Court, the Mayor of London, etc., 12-13; Chastillon, the French Ambassador to Edward VI., lodges here, 14; Edward VI. grants the house to the Princess Elizabeth, 14; a mint here, 14; Lady Jane Grey married here, 15; Queen Elizabeth acquires the house, 14; grants it to Walter Raleigh, 15; Raleigh's residence here, 16-20; Philip

INDEX

- Sidney, 16; Raleigh dis-
 possessed, 18; his letter of
 remonstrance, 18; the case of
 Glanville v. Courtney, 19; a
 fire here, 19; tobacco at Dur-
 ham House, 20; falls into
 decay, 36.
- Durham House Street, 8, 21,
 72.
- Durham Rents, 72.
- Durham Yard, 36-37, 71-73, 75.
- Durham Yard, fire in, 38-41.
- Dyce, William, 242.
- Edgcombe, Lady, 159.
- Edward III. at Durham House,
 9.
- Edward IV., 251.
- Edward VI., 14, 251.
- Edward VII. King, 212, 215.
- Edwin and Angelina*, 258.
- Egerton, Lord Chancellor, 221.
- Egerton, Thomas (Baron Elles-
 mere), 19.
- Elizabeth, Princess (Queen), 11,
 14, 15-16, 17, 221.
- Elliston, William, 164.
- Embankment, Victoria, the, 191.
- Essex, Earl of, 221.
- Etherege, Sir George, 29.
- Etty, William, 242-243.
- Evelyn, 229, 232-233, 247, 263.
- Exchange, the New, the laying
 of the foundation stone, 21;
 the Earl of Salisbury pro-
 prietor, 21; opposition of the
 City, 22; its interior, 22;
 opened by James I. as "Brit-
 ain's Burse," 22; Stow's de-
 scription, 23-24; the Vene-
 tian Ambassador writes about
 it to the Doge and State of
 Venice, 24; the Earl of Salis-
 bury, 25-26; Tobie Matthew,
 26; its most flourishing period,
 27; various allusions to it by
 the dramatists of Charles II.
 period, and others, 27-30;
 the first edition of *Othello*
 published here, 28; Henry
 Herringman, the publisher,
 29; Dryden, Otway, Etherege,
 29; Samuel Pepys, 29, 37,
 38, 39, [see also Appendix];
 Addison, 30; Rules for the New
 Exchange, 30-35; murder
 here, 44-48; the "White
 Milliner," 49-63; Douglas
 Jerrold's play on the sub-
 ject, 57-63; "Nan" Clarges,
 Duchess of Albemarle, 63-
 71; Gay's *Trivia*, 71; quack
 doctors, 71; overcrowding of
 the Exchange, 73; order of
 the Inner Star Chamber, 74.
- Fairfax, General, 226-229.
- Fair Penitent, The*, 141, 247.
- Farren, William, 58.
- Fatal Falsehood, The*, 159.
- Fergusson, James, 95-96.
- Fire at Northumberland House,
 263.
- FitzHerbert, Mrs, 212.
- Flaxman, John, 242.
- Foote, Samuel, 41.
- Forbes, William, 154.
- Fox, C. J., 147, 212.
- "Fox-under-the-Hill," the, 186-
 187.
- Franklin, Benjamin, 269.
- Fuller, Thomas, 5.
- Fuseli, Henry, 242.
- Garrick, David, wine merchant
 in the Adelphi, 40; purchases
 No. 5 Adelphi (then Royal)
 Terrace, 123; his London
 home, 1773, until his death
 in 1779, 123-141; his last

- appearance on the stage, 125 ; helps in the production of *Percy*, 126 ; his friendship for Hannah More, 126, 128, 129 ; eulogised by Edmund Burke and Fox, 127 ; Hannah More writes to Garrick, 129-131 ; his answer, 131 ; her thanks, 132 ; Garrick presents her with his "Felix Buckles," 133 ; he writes to her again and encourages her in regard to her tragedy, 134-135 ; "Mr Garrick's study, Adelphi, ten at night," 136 ; the "sour crout party," 138 ; Garrick carries Hannah More's dinner from the Adelphi to the Turk's Head, 138 ; his illness and death, 139-141 ; his burial in Westminster Abbey, 141, 145-148 ; his funeral, 145-148, Appendix ; Johnson's praise of him, 148-152 ; Johnson's lament—"two such friends," 158 ; Shakespeare's gloves presented to him, 167-169 ; he solicits the brothers Adam on behalf of Andrew Becket, the bookseller, 171 ; a doubtful anecdote, 171 ; "Anthony Pasquin's" misstatement, 248.
- Garrick, Mrs, 128-132, 138-144 ; her famous dinner party, 153-158 ; her life in Adelphi Terrace, 158-161 ; her consideration for Hannah More, 161 ; "a great dinner" at her house, 162 ; her last letter to Hannah More, 163 ; her death and burial in the Abbey, 164 ; memoir of, 165-166 ; bequeath's Shakespeare's gloves to Mrs Siddons, 166.
- Gay, John, 71.
- George III., 125, 212.
- George IV., 212.
- George Court, 21, 72.
- Gerbier, Sir Balthazar, 222, 224.
- Gibbon, Edward, 181.
- Gilbert Gurney*, 182.
- Glanville v. Courtney, 19.
- Goldsmith, Oliver, 121, 122 ; his pathetic letters to Garrick, 167-169, 258-262.
- Goodman, Bishop, 16.
- Goodman, Godfrey, 225.
- Gordon, Lord George, 212.
- Graham, James ("Dr"), 172-181.
- Grand Hotel, 268.
- Great Exhibition of 1851, 268.
- Grenville, Lord, 212.
- Grey, Lady Jane, 15.
- Guns in the Adelphi, 188.
- Hackman, James, 270.
- Hamilton, Lady (Emma Lyon), 176-178.
- Hamilton, Mrs, 162.
- Hanway, Jonas, 103.
- Hardy, Thomas, 216.
- Harley, Robert, 244.
- Hastings, Lord, 15.
- Hatfield, Thomas, Bishop of Durham, 7, 9.
- Hawkins, Sir John, 260.
- Haydon, Benjamin, 102.
- Haymarket Theatre, 174.
- Hazlitt, William, 183.
- Heath, Archbishop of York, 8, 219.
- Hebden, Sir John, 233.
- Heine, Heinrich, 270.
- Henderson, John, 245.
- Henry III. shelters at Durham House, 5, 251.
- Henry V. at Durham House, 6, 251.

INDEX

- Henry VIII. appropriates Durham House, 9-10; instals Cranmer here, 11; feasts at Durham House, 12, 251.
- Herbert, J. R., 242.
- Herbert, Lord, 15.
- Herbert, Philip, Earl of Pembroke, 36.
- Herringman, Henry, 29.
- Hewson, Hugh, 245.
- Hill, Aaron, 247.
- Hill, Sir Rowland, 120.
- Hill, Thomas ("Paul Pry"), 182.
- Hilton, William, 242.
- Holland, James, 242.
- Hood, Thomas, 183.
- Hook, Theodore, 182.
- Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 29.
- Hôtel Métropole, 269.
- Hotel Victoria, 269.
- Howard, Henry, 251.
- Howard, Lady Elizabeth, 252.
- Howard, Lord William, 12.
- Howard, Thomas, 252.
- Howson, John, Bishop of Durham, 36.
- Hume, David, 244-245.
- Hunt, Leigh, 7, 42, 226, 269.
- Irving, Henry, 141, 212.
- Ivy Lane, 186-187.
- James I., 18, 22, 26, 225, 251.
- James, William, Bishop of Durham, 26, 36.
- Jane Shore*, 247.
- Jansen, Bernard, 253.
- Jerrold, Douglas, 57-63.
- Jesse, J. H., 229.
- Johnson, Samuel, 103, 121-123, 138, 141, 147, 148; his praise of Garrick, 152; he attends Mrs Garrick's famous dinner party, 153-158; his first meeting with Mrs Garrick after her husband's death, 160; he pays a morning visit to her house and gives advice to Hannah More, 161; banks with Coutts, 212.
- Jonathan's Coffee House, 88.
- Jones, Inigo, 236.
- Jonson, Ben, 220.
- Kean, Edmund, 200.
- Keeley, Robert, 58.
- Killaloe, Bishop of, 157.
- King, Tom, 147.
- Kingston, Anthony, 12.
- Kippis, Andrew, 121, 122.
- Kitchener, Lord, 215.
- Kneller, Godfrey, 40.
- Königsmark, Count, 255-257.
- Lamb, Charles, 183.
- Lancaster, Duchy of, its Adelphi boundary, 186.
- Laud, Archbishop, 222.
- Lauderdale, Earl of, 97.
- Lawrence, Sir Thomas, 212.
- Leicester, Earl of, 6.
- Lennox, Duke of, 220.
- Lewes, Lee, 148.
- Lewis, "Gentleman," 148.
- Linton, Sir James D., 215.
- Liston, John, 182.
- Livingstone, David, 212.
- London, the city of, opposes the New Exchange, 22; opposes the embankment of the Adelphi, 79.
- London, the Mayor of, the aldermen and their wives entertained at Durham House in 1540, 13.
- Londonderry, Lord, 212.
- Lyon, Emma (Lady Hamilton), 176-178.

- Macartney, Lord, 210, 212.
 Maclise, Daniel, 242.
 Malton, Thomas, 76.
 Manchester, Earl of, 255.
Man of Mode, The, 29.
 Maria, Queen Henrietta, 223-224.
 Mary, Queen, 10, 219.
 Mathew, Archbishop, 222.
 Mathew, Tobias, Bishop of Durham, 18.
 Mathew, Tobie, 26.
 Mathews, Charles, the Elder, 271.
 Mathews, Charles J., 58.
 Maude, Cyril, 272.
 Mellon, Harriot (Duchess of St Albans), 200, 202-204, 213-214.
 Middleton, George, 193-194.
 Miller, Thomas, 188.
 Monk, Colonel George (Duke of Albemarle), 64-71, 255.
 Montague, Mrs, 159.
 Moody, John, 148.
 More, Hannah, Mr and Mrs Garrick's friendship for her, 126, 128-138; begs Garrick to write her the prologue to *Percy*, 131; his gracious reply, 132; presented by Garrick with his "Felix Buckles," 133; visits Hampton with the Garricks, and meets many celebrities at their house, 133; Garrick writes to her, 134-135; production of *Percy*, 136; dines with Garrick's "sour crout party" in the Adelphi, 138; Garrick carries her dinner to her, 138; meets many celebrities in company with Garrick, 139; her first visit to Mrs Garrick after the death of the great actor, 141-144; her description of a famous dinner party, 153-154; her life with Mrs Garrick, 158-163; Johnson's advice to her, 161; attends St Clement Dane's, 162; her "complete holiday" in the Adelphi, 163; Mrs Garrick's letter to her, 163; her gratitude to Mr and Mrs Garrick, 164.
Morning Advertiser, the (1771), 79.
Morning Chronicle, the, 183.
 Munday, Anthony, 22.
 Munro, Dr Thomas, 181.
 Naval Architects, Institution of, 215.
 Nelson, Lord, 211, 212.
 Northampton House, 251-253.
 Northumberland Avenue, 265-269.
 Northumberland House, 250-268.
 Norwich, Bishop of, 8.
 Ogle, Earl of, 255.
 Oldys, William, 19.
 Osborn's Hotel, 180-181, 183-185.
 Ossory, Earl of, 147.
Othello, the first edition published in the New Exchange, 28.
 Otho, the papal legate, 4.
 Otway, Thomas, 29.
 Pall Mall, murder in, 256.
 Palmer, John, 148.
 Palmerston, Viscount, 147.
 Parsons, Wm., 147.
 "Pasquin, Anthony," 248.
Paul Pry, 182.
 Peacock, Edwin E., 215.
 Pembroke, Earl of, 251.
 Pennant, Thomas, his account

INDEX

- of London referred to, 7, 8,
14, 15, 48, 250.
- Pepys, Samuel, 29, 37, 38, 39,
52, 67, 229-233, 241.
- Percy, Algernon, 252, 254.
- Percy, Dr, 157, 259, 263.
- Percy*, Hannah More's tragedy,
126, 131, 133, 135-138.
- Percy, Josceline, 255.
- Percy, Lady Elizabeth, 255,
257-258.
- Peter the Great, 243-244.
- Phillips, John, 245.
- Picknick*, scene in the Adelphi,
183-185.
- Pictures at Northumberland
House, 263-265.
- Pictures at York House, 223.
- Pinkerton, John, 198.
- Pitt, William, 212, 269.
- Playhouse, the, 272.
- Ponings, Sir Thomas, 12.
- Poole, John, 182.
- Pope, Alexander, 212.
- Portugal, King of, 212.
- Power, Moore's publisher, 245.
- Puckering, Sir John, 221.
- Pulteney, Richard, 97.
- Quacks, 71, 120, 172-181.
- Quick, John, 148.
- Quincey, De, Thomas, 183.
- Rackett, Thomas, 167.
- Raleigh, Sir Walter, 16-20, 73.
- Ratford, Thomas, 64.
- Read, Sir William, 71-72.
- Rehearsal, The*, 227.
- Reid, Whitelaw, 215.
- Rejected Addresses*, the, 270.
- Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 102, 138,
150, 154-157, 210, 270.
- Rigby, Richard, 147.
- Roberts, Earl, 215.
- Romney, Lord, 101, 103, 110.
- Rose, Sir George, 272.
- Rounceval, St Mary, 250-251.
- Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 244-
245.
- Rowlandson, Thomas, 181.
- Sa, don Pantaleon de, 44-48.
- Sackville, Charles, 244.
- Salisbury, Robert (Lord), 21, 23,
25, 26.
- Sandwich Islands, King and
Queen of, 180-181.
- Savage Club, 215, 217.
- Scott, Sir Walter, 212.
- Scott, Sir William, 122.
- Seymour, Algernon, 258.
- Seymour, Charles, 257-258.
- Seymour, Sir Thomas, 12, 14-15.
- Sharp, Granville, 84.
- Sharrington, Sir William, 14.
- Sheffield, Lord, 181.
- She Would if She Could*, 29.
- Shipley, William, 100.
- Siddons, Mrs, Shakespeare's
gloves bequeathed to her by
Garrick, 166.
- Sidney, Philip, 16.
- Sidney, Sir Henry, 16.
- Sir Martin Marrall*, 40.
- Smith, Horatio ("Horace"), 270.
- Smith, J. T., 242.
- Smith, James, 270, 272.
- Smith, "Strata," 245.
- Smith, W. F. D., 212.
- Smithson, Sir Hugh, 258, 262.
- Society for Promoting Christian
Knowledge, 269.
- Somerset, Earl of, 221.
- Spain, Queen of, 212.
- Spectator*, the (Addison's), 30.
- Spencer, Earl, 147.
- Spencer, Lady, 159.
- Spencer, Lord Charles, 147.
- Standard, The*, 267.
- Stanfield, Clarkson, 242.

- Starkie, Susan, 200.
 State Papers, the, 21, 30, 44.
 Steele, Richard, 247.
 Stephen, Thomas, 196.
 Stone, Nicholas, 236.
 Stormont, Viscount, 97.
 Stothard, Thomas, 242.
 Stow, John, his Survey referred to, 6, 12, 22, 186, 218, 250.
 Stowell, Baron, 122.
 Strand, the, its ancient state, 249-250.
 Strype, John, 36, 187, 219.
 Stuart, John, 245.
 Suckling, Sir John, 253.
 Suffolk, Earl of, 252.
 Suffolk House, 252.
 Surrey, Earl of, 12.
 Syon House, 94, 264.

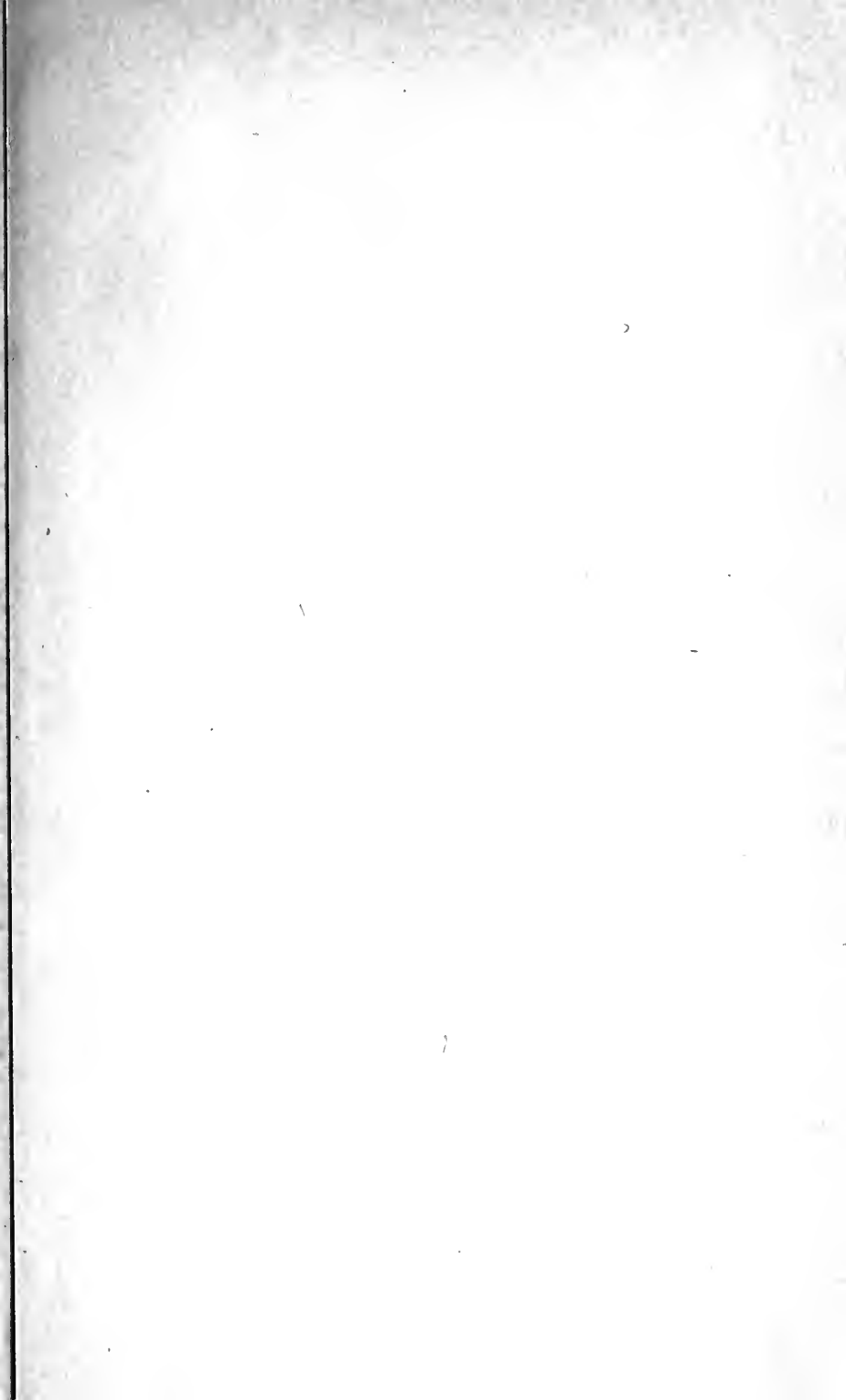
Tatler, The (1709), 40.
 Tennyson, Alfred, 212.
 "Three Crowns in the Strand," the, 194, 208.
 Three Graces, the, 201.
 Thynne, Thomas, 255-257.
 Timbs, John, 187.
 Toole, John Lawrence, 182.
 Trayleman, John, 227.
Trivia, Gay's, 71.
 Tunstall, Cuthbert, Bishop of Durham, 10, 15.
 Turk's Head, the, 138.
 Turner, J. H., 242.
 Twain, Mark, 215.
 Tyrconnel, Duchess of (the "White Milliner"), 49-63.
 Venetian Ambassador, the, 24.
 Vernon (actor), 147.
 Vesey, Mrs, 159.
 Vestris, Madame, 57, 58.

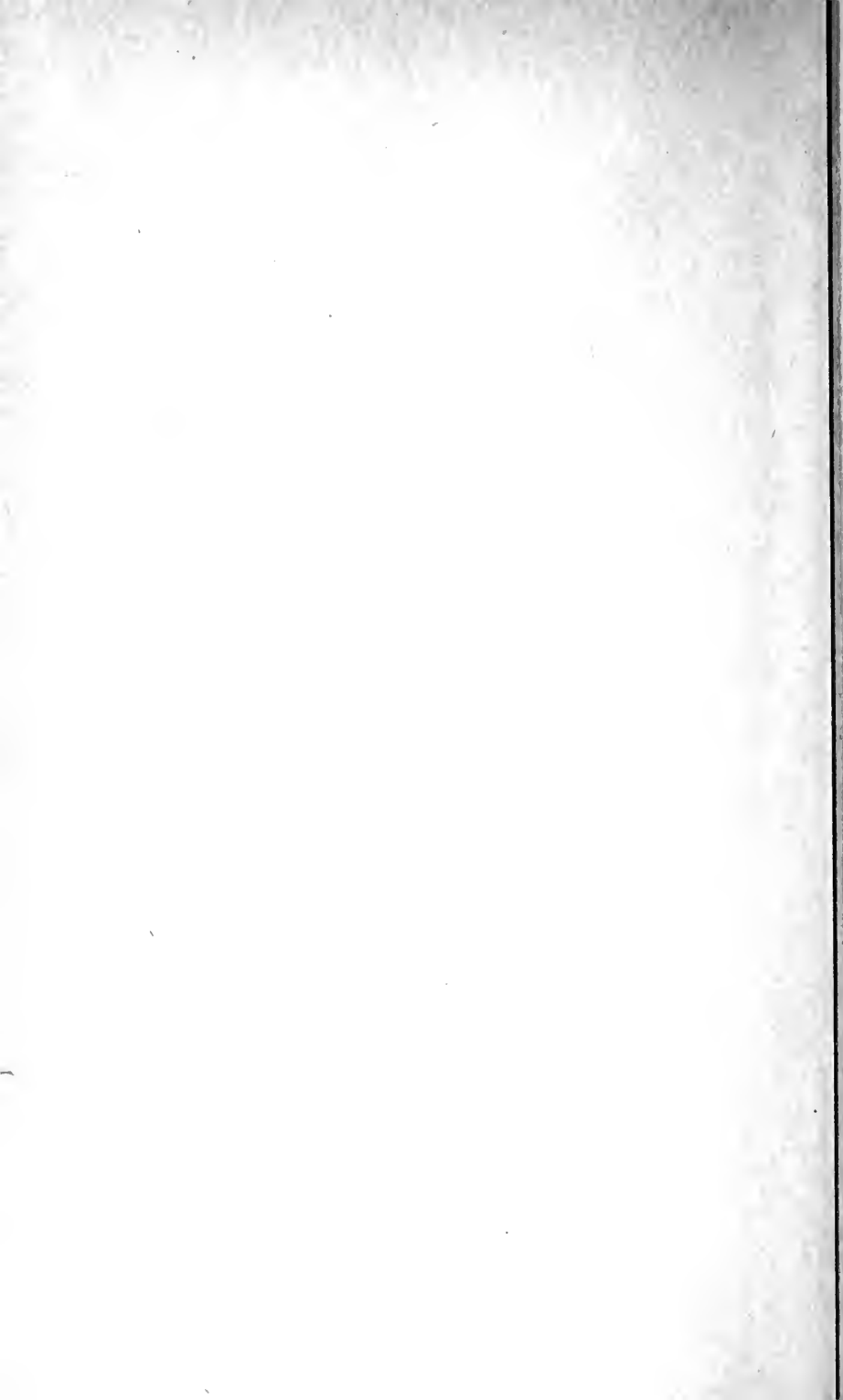
 Victoria, Queen, 120, 212.
 Villiers Street, 247-248.
 Vining, James, 58.
 Voltaire, 41-43, 248.

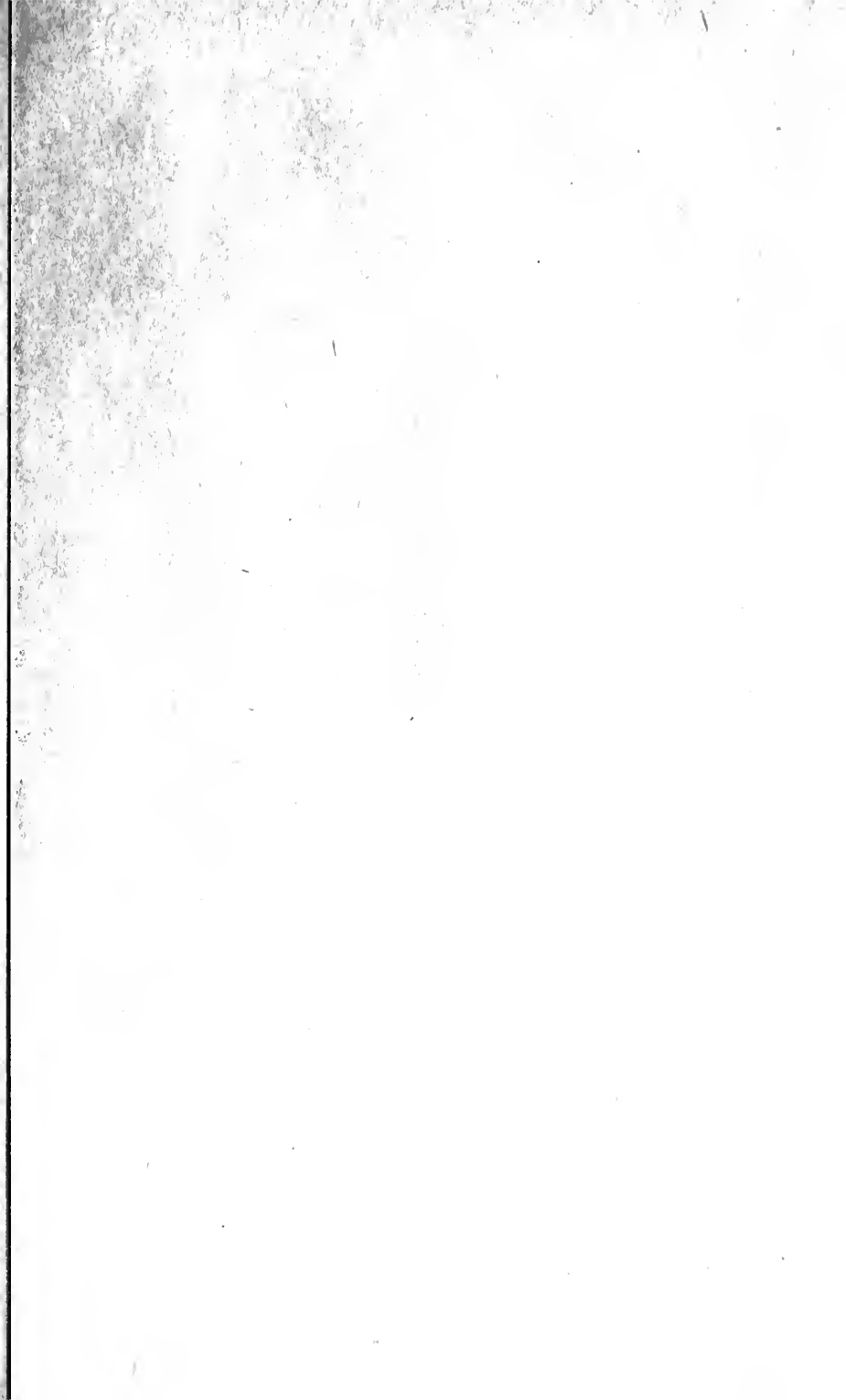
 Wales, Prince of (1874), 103.
 Walkley, Thomas, the first publisher of *Othello*, 28.
 Waller, Sir William, 255.
 Walpole, Horace, 49, 51, 79, 92, 98, 162, 174.
 Ward, Joshua, 120.
 Wellington, the Duke of, 212.
 Wellwood, James, 244.
 Westminster, city of, its Adelphi boundary, 186.
 West, Benjamin, 212.
 Wheatley, Henry B., *The Adelphi and its Site*, 89; 245.
 "White Milliner," the (Frances Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnel), 49-63.
White Milliner, The, Douglas Jerrold's play, 57-63.
 William IV., 212.
 Wilson, Thomas, 26, 35, 72-73.
 Wine licenses granted in the Adelphi in 1675, 38.
 Wood, Anthony, 40.
 Worcester House, 8.
 Wycherley, William, 30.

 Yates, Richard, 147.
 York, Archbishop of, 8.
 York House, 8, 219-234.
 York Water-Gate, 235-239.
 York Water-Works, 239-241.

Zara, 247-248.
 Zucchi, Antonio, 215.







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