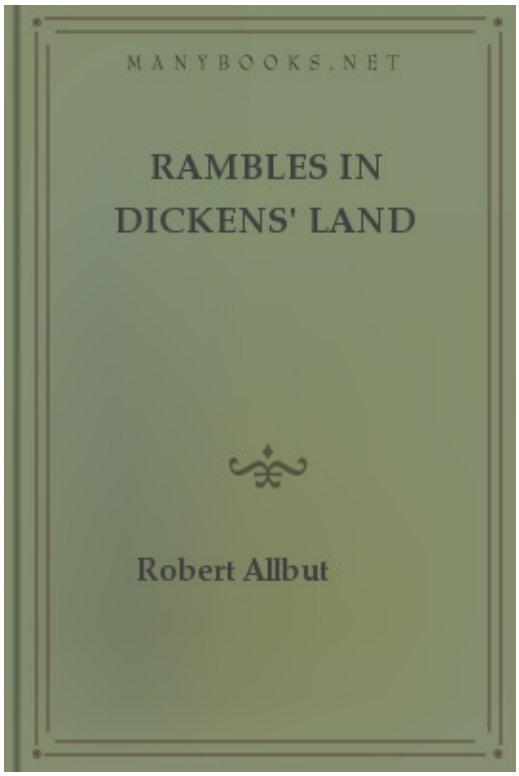

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RAMBLES IN DICKENSâÄô LAND

BY ROBERT ALLBUT

WITH INTRODUCTION BY GERALD BRENAN AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY HELEN M. JAMES

[Picture: Logo]

LONDON S. T. FREEMANTLE 217 PICCADILLY 1899

NOTICE

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CONTENTS

PAGE LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS vii INTRODUCTION ix AUTHORâÄôS PREFACE xxv RAMBLE I CHARING CROSS TO LINCOLNâÄôS INN FIELDS 1 RAMBLE II LINCOLNâÄôS INN TO THE MANSION HOUSE 15 RAMBLE III CHARING CROSS TO THAVIES INN, HOLBORN CIRCUS 31 RAMBLE IV HOLBORN CIRCUS TO TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD 43 RAMBLE V BANK OF ENGLAND TO HER MAJESTYâÄôS THEATRE 67 RAMBLE VI EXCURSION TO CHATHAM, ROCHESTER AND GADSHILL 82 RAMBLE VII EXCURSION TO CANTERBURY AND DOVER 103 RAMBLE VIII EXCURSION TO HENLEY-ON-THAMES 116 RAMBLE IX BY GREAT EASTERN ROUTE FROM LONDON TO YARMOUTH 128 RAMBLE X LONDON TO DORKING AND PORTSMOUTH 141 APPENDIX 150 INDEX 167

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

HENLEY-ON-THAMES *Frontispiece To face page* OLD ROMAN BATH 10 THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP 12 FOUNTAIN COURT, TEMPLE 21 DOORWAY IN STAPLE INN 48 THE CHILDRENâÄôS HOSPITAL 53 TAVISTOCK HOUSE 56 THE DRAWING-ROOM, DEVONSHIRE HOUSE 61 THE âÄúLEATHER BOTTLE,âÄù COBHAM 84 EASTGATE HOUSE, ROCHESTER 89 RESTORATION HOUSE, ROCHESTER 90 GADSHILL PLACE 99 THE HOME OF AGNES 112 THE âÄúKINGâÄôS HEAD,âÄù CHIGWELL 129 THE âÄúGREAT WHITE HORSE,âÄù IPSWICH 132 DICKENSâÄô BIRTHPLACE 145 âÄúTHE SPANIARDS,âÄù HAMPSTEAD HEATH 152

INTRODUCTION

It is one of the magic legacies left by the great romancers, that the scenes and characters which they described should possess for most of us an air of reality, so convincing as sometimes to put staid history to the blush. The novelistâÄôs ideals become actual to the popular mind; while commonplace truth hides itself among its dry-as-dust records, until some curious antiquary or insistent pedant drags it forth to make a nine daysâÄô wonder. We sigh over âÄúJulietâÄôs TombâÄù in spite of the precisians, sup in the inn kitchen at Pennaflor with Gil Blas at our elbow, and shudder through the small hours outside the haunted House of the Black Cat in Quaker Philadelphia. At Tarascon they show you TartarinâÄôs oriental garden; and you must hide the irrepressible smile, for Tartarin is painfully real to these good cap-shooters. The other day an illustrated magazine published pictures of Alexander SelkirkâÄôs birthplace, and labelled them âÄúThe Home of Robinson Crusoe.âÄù The editor who chose that caption was still under the spell of Defoe. To him, as to the vast majority, Crusoe the imaginary seemed vividly real, while the flesh-and-blood Selkirk was but a name.

And if you have that catholic sympathy which is the true test of the perfect lover of romance, read âÄúDavid CopperfieldâÄù once again, and then, by way of experiment, spend an afternoon in Canterbury. You will find yourself expecting at one moment to see Mr. Micawber step jauntily out of the QueenâÄôs Head Inn, at another to catch a glimpse of the red-haired Heep slinking along North Lane to his âÄúâÄôumble dwelling.âÄù You will probably meet a dozen buxom âÄúeldest Miss Larkinses,âÄù and obnoxious butcher-boysâÄîperhaps even a sweet Agnes Wickfield, or a Miss Betsy Trotwood driving in from Dover. And, above all, you will certainly enjoy yourself, and thank your gods for Charles Dickens.

Mr. Would-be Wiseman may affect to sneer at our pilgrimages to this and other places connected with the imaginary names of fiction; but he must recognise the far-reaching influence for good exercised by symbols and associations over the human mind. The sight of a loved home after many yearsâÄîthe flutter of oneâÄôs countryâÄôs flag in foreign landsâÄîthese things touch keenly our better nature. In a like manner is the thoughtful man impressed when he treads a pathway hallowed by the writings of some favourite poet or romancer. The moral lesson which the author intended to convey, his insight into character or loving eye for NatureâÄôs beauties, and many exquisite passages from his books appeal to us all the more, when we recall them in the very rooms where they were writtenâÄîamong the gloomy streets or breezy hills which he has filled with his inventions. Says Washington Irving in his essay on Stratford: âÄúI could not but reflect on the singular gift of the poet; to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over the very face of Nature; to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this âÄòworking-dayâÄô world into a perfect fairyland. He is indeed the true enchanter, whose spell operates, not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakespeare I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. . . . I had been surrounded with fancied beings; with mere airy nothings conjured up by poetic power; yet which, to me, had all the charm of reality. I had heard Jaques soliloquise beneath his oak; had beheld the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands; and, above all, had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff and his contemporaries, from the august Justice Shallow down to the gentle Master Slender and the sweet Anne Page. Ten thousand honours and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions.âÄù Wherefore, in spite of the sneers of Master Would-be Wiseman, let us continue to make these pleasant pilgrimages; not alone for our own satisfaction and betterment, but also in memory of those who have opened before us so many delectable lands of fancy, and given us so many agreeable companions of the road.

This volume, then, is the pilgrimâÄôs guide to DickensâÄô LandâÄîthe loving topography of that fertile and very populous region. No far away foreign country is DickensâÄô Land. It lies at our doors; we may explore it when we choose, with never a passport to purchase nor a Custom House to fear. The sojourner in London can scarce look from his windows without beholding scores of its interesting places. To parody that passage which describes Mr. PickwickâÄôs outlook into Goswell StreetâÄîDickensâÄô Land is at our feet; DickensâÄô Land is on our right hand as far as the eye can reach; DickensâÄô Land extends on our left, and the opposite side of DickensâÄô Land is over the way. Nor do the bounds of this genial territory confine themselves to London alone. Outlying portions spread north and south, east and west, over England. There is even, as Sala showed, a DickensâÄô quarter in Paris; and we have unexpectedly encountered small colonies of DickensâÄô Land across the wide Atlantic. But the best of it lies close to the great heart of the worldâÄîin London, or in the counties thereabout; and if âÄúRambles in DickensâÄô LandâÄù succeeds in guiding its readers with pleasure and profit over this storied ground, it will have faithfully fulfilled its mission.

Trouble has not been spared to make this topography accurate as well as entertaining. Mr. Weller the younger, with all his âÄúextensive and peculiarâÄù knowledge of LondonâÄîMr. Weller the elder and his brothers of the whip, with *their* knowledge of post-roads and coaching inns, could hardly have identified the various localities more clearly than the compiler has done. Wherever doubts and disputes ariseâÄîas in regard to the site of the âÄúOld Curiosity ShopâÄùâÄîall sides of the case are given, and the reader is asked to sum up the arguments and judge for himself. In nearly every instance a quotation is offered from the author, by means of which the pilgrim is enabled to refresh his memory and bring his own recollections of the book to bear upon the question of the site. These quotations will be found to act admirably as aids to memory, and to obviate the

necessity of carrying a whole library of Dickens about on oneâÄôs rambles. Take, for example, the excerpts from âÄúDavid CopperfieldâÄù in connection with the visit to Dover. The facetious answers of the boatmen to David when, sitting ragged and forlorn in the Dover Market Place, he inquires for his auntâÄôs house, bring back at a single touch the whole sad story of the boyâÄôs tramp from London to the coast. It does not require much imagination to picture him sitting there âÄúon the step of an empty shop,âÄù with his weary, pinched face and his âÄúdusty sunburnt, half-clothed figure,âÄù while the sea-faring folk (lineal forbears of those who frequent the place to-day) made mock of him with their clumsy japes, until at length happened by the friendly fly-driver, who showed him how to reach the residence of the old lady who âÄúcarries a bagâÄîbag with a good deal of room in itâÄîis gruffish, and comes down upon you, sharp.âÄù It is easy, too, with the help of our guide, to follow the shivering child along the cliffs to Miss TrotwoodâÄôsâÄînay, to identify the âÄúvery neat little cottage, with cheerful bow-windows,âÄù where that good soul looked after Mr. Dick, and defended her âÄúimmaculate grass-plotâÄù against marauding donkeys. It is this present writerâÄôs privilege to know a charming elderly lady who boasts of Dover as her birthplace, and who, when she has exhausted the other lions of that town, is accustomed to close her remarks with the statement that she âÄúlived for years within a stoneâÄôs-throw of Miss Betsy TrotwoodâÄôs cottage.âÄù Occasionally the Superior Person (who, alas, is rarely absent nowadays!) points out with a smile of tolerance that neither Miss Trotwood nor yet her house ever existed save in the novelistâÄôs brain. Whereupon this charming old lady shakes her finger testily at the transgressor, and exclaims, âÄúIt is quite evident that you have never lived in Dover. Miss Betsy Trotwood a myth, indeed! Let me tell you that my own mother knew the dear woman wellâÄîyes, and that delightful Mr. Dick too; and she remembered seeing Mr. Dickens drive up in a fly from the railway station to visit them. Of course their names were not âÄòTrotwoodâÄô and âÄòDickâÄô at all; it would never have done for Mr. Dickens to put them in his book under the real names, particularly as Mr. Dick was related to many good families in that part of Kent. I have even a dim recollection of seeing Miss Trotwood being wheeled about in a bath-chair when I was a very little girl and she a very old woman. Myth, indeed! Why, there are old men in Dover now who were warned off the grass-plot by David CopperfieldâÄôs aunt when they were donkey-boys.âÄù The animation of the speaker shows that she believes everything she says. Perhaps a lady possessing the characteristics of Miss Betsy did once upon a time inhabit the cottage in Dover. Perhaps there was a real Mr. Dick. Otherwise these recollections are but another example of that hypnotism exercised over posterity by the great romancers, to which allusion has already been made.

Again, the many references and the quotations made from several of DickensâÄô works, illustrative of the Temple and the LincolnâÄôs Inn quarterâÄî(pages 2 to 25 in the ensuing âÄúRamblesâÄù)âÄîare certain to be appreciated by the Rambler. With their assistance he can summon back to his memory the tender love story of Ruth Pinch, and so dream away a happy hour in peaceful Fountain Court; follow in fancy Maypole Hugh and the illustrious Captain Sim Tappertit as they ascended the stairs to Sir John ChesterâÄôs chambers in Paper Buildings; stroll thoughtfully along KingâÄôs Bench Walk with the spirit of Sidney Carton; and, in the purlieus of Chancery Lane, review the legal abuses of the pastâÄî(perhaps even some of those that survive to-day)âÄîreflect upon âÄúJarndyce and Jarndyce,âÄù or upon the banished sponging-houses of this district, and once more admit that Dickens the great novelist was also Dickens the great reformer.

An important feature of âÄúRambles in DickensâÄô LandâÄù will be found in the exhaustive references to DickensâÄô own haunts and homes, and the haunts and homes of many of his relatives and friends. Naturally, these are in numerous cases intimately bound up with the creations of his novels, for Dickens did not âÄúwrite out of an inkwell,âÄù but looked for inspiration to real life and real scenes. At Portsmouth our volume guides you to the house where he was born, and to the old church register wherein the christening is entered ofâÄî(how strangely the full name sounds!)âÄîâÄúCharles John Huffham Dickens.âÄù But the same venerable seaport is thronged with memories of Nicholas Nickleby and his player-friends, Miss Snevellicci, the Crummles family, poor Smike and the rest. It is interesting to remember that an American writer once suggested the possibility that Dickens had obtained NicklebyâÄôs experiences as an actor from personal adventures with a travelling âÄútroupeâÄù during his youth. This is not impossible, although Forster makes no mention of such an adventure; the early years of Dickens are by no means fully accounted for, and it is certain that the stage had always a great fascination for him.

Back of old Hungerford Stairs, behind what is now Charing Cross Station, you may visit the spot where the two boysâÄîthe real and the imaginaryâÄîCharles Dickens and David Copperfield spent so many hours while working for a scant pittance in that âÄúcrazy old house with a wharf of its own abutting on the water when the tide was in, and on the mud when it was out, and literally overrun with rats.âÄù Gadshill, where Dickens lived and died, is on the very borders of historic Rochester, teeming with reminders of âÄúEdwin Drood,âÄù not to say of the genial Pickwick and his companions. Of FurnivalâÄôs Inn where âÄúPickwickâÄù was written, and where its author spent the first months of his married life, only the site remains; but these âÄúRamblesâÄù will help you to find all, or nearly all, of his other homes, even to that last home of allâÄîthe grave in Westminster Abbey, in which he was laid on the 14th of June 1870. His friendsâÄô houses too, and the scores of spots noteworthy by reason of association with him personally, you will be given an opportunity of visiting if you follow this careful *cicerone*. At No. 58 LincolnâÄôs Inn Fields still stands ForsterâÄôs house, where, in 1844, Dickens read âÄúThe ChimesâÄù to Carlyle, Douglas Jerrold, Maclise, and others, and which is also utilised in âÄúBleak HouseâÄù to supply a model for the dwelling-place of Mr. Tulkinghorn. The office of *Household Words*, founded by Dickens, is now part of the Gaiety Theatre. The old taverns about Hampstead, whither he loved to resort for a friendly flagon âÄúand a red-hot chop,âÄù are much as they were in the novelistâÄôs day, save in one regrettable instance where the proprietor has preferred, in order to cater to an unappreciative class, to disfigure his inn into a mere modern public-house of the conventional type, such that Dickens, who loved the place when it was old-fashioned and comfortable, would utterly disown now. The ancient âÄúSpaniards,âÄù however, is much the same as it was in the days of the Gordon riots, when the then host of the quaint little tavern saved Lord MansfieldâÄôs country house at Caen Wood by allowing the rioters to devastate his cellars, while he privily sent for the Guards. The reckless waste of liquor on that occasion is said to have suggested to Dickens the scene in âÄúBarnaby Rudge,âÄù where John Willet watches the sack of his beloved âÄúMaypoleâÄù and sees his cellars drained of their best, as he lies bound and helpless in the bar. That the novelist frequently visited the âÄúSpaniards,âÄù the old records of the house can show; and in âÄúPickwickâÄù he makes it the scene of a memorable tea-party, attended by Mrs. Bardell, just before those âÄúsharp practitioners,âÄù Dodson and Fogg, caused the injured ladyâÄôs arrest. The âÄúBull and Bush,âÄù another old Hampstead inn much frequented of Dickens, also exists unharmed by the âÄúrenovator.âÄù And while we are upon the subject of inns known to our author, let us not forget the âÄúMaypoleâÄù itself, here shown to be the âÄúKingâÄôs HeadâÄù at Chigwell. Dickens was in ecstasies over the âÄúKingâÄôs HeadâÄù and the surrounding neighbourhood, when a chance visit disclosed to him their attractions; and the letters which he wrote to his friends at this period are full of Chigwell and its picturesque hostelry. Little wonder, therefore, that he afterwards made them famous in âÄúBarnaby Rudge.âÄù The pilgrim will not be disappointed in the âÄúKingâÄôs HeadâÄù of to-day, if he accepts the good advice offered by the compiler of these âÄúRambles,âÄù *i.e.* to take his ideal of the place from DickensâÄô own description rather than from the elaborate drawing of Cattermole. He may perhaps notice that in âÄúBarnaby RudgeâÄù no hint is conveyed of the close proximity of Chigwell church, which is simply across the road. Doubtless this is a sign of the novelistâÄôs artistic sense. To have his âÄúMaypoleâÄù windows looking directly into the graveyard would have detracted from that air of warmth and conviviality with which he wished to endow his rare old inn. In most other respects the description exactly fits the âÄúKingâÄôs HeadâÄù as it must have been in âÄúNo PoperyâÄù timesâÄîas it is with little alteration to-day. The trim green sward at the rearâÄîonce evidently the bowling-greenâÄîis a famous resting-place in summer; and in one of the small arbours Dickens is said to have written during his stay here. The village, although showing signs of the approach of that fell barbarian the Essex builder, is still sufficiently picturesque and old-world to keep oneâÄôs illusions alive. There is a grammar school at Chigwell, the boys of which are learned in neighbouring DickensâÄô lore. If you are credulousâÄîas it becomes a pilgrim to beâÄîthese grammarians will show you John WilletâÄôs tomb in the churchyard, and Dolly VardenâÄôs path with the real Warren, on the skirts of Hainault Forest, at the farther end of it. Both in Chigwell and Chigwell Row some village worthies are still to be met with who have conversed with Charles Dickens and the kindred spirits that came hither in his company. At the âÄúKingâÄôs Head,âÄù if Mr. WilletâÄôs successor be agreeable, one may lunch or sup in the DickensâÄô Room, also held to have been the chamber in which Mr. Haredale and the elder Chester held their memorable interview.

Some other inns to which Dickens is known to have resorted are: the âÄúBullâÄù at Rochester, the âÄúLeather BottleâÄù at Cobham, and the âÄúGreat White HorseâÄù at IpswichâÄîall with Pickwickian associations; the âÄúOld Cheshire CheeseâÄù in Fleet Street, and the âÄúGeorge and DragonâÄù at Canterbury. To many minor taverns in London he was also a frequent visitor, for he sought his characters in the market-place rather than in the study. His signature, with the familiar flourish underneath, is treasured in hotel registers not a few, and it is esteemed a high honour to be permitted to slumber in the âÄúDickensâÄô Room.âÄù

To all and each of these places âÄúRambles in DickensâÄô LandâÄù leads the way, if the reader chooses to follow. A notable advantage of these rambles is the ease with which they may be undertaken. An ordinary healthy man or woman may set forth without apprehension in the authorâÄôs footsteps from the beginning to the end of any particular journey which he describes, and even the invalid may saunter through a âÄúRambleâÄù without fatigue. Conveyances are only needed to bring the pilgrim to the starting-point of the voyage, and in several instances even these aids to locomotion may be dispensed with altogether when the sightseer is one after DickensâÄô own heartâÄîa sturdy pedestrian. By pursuing the routes indicated, there is no reason why a Grand Tour of DickensâÄô Land should not be made by easy stages and at slight cost. Or the pilgrim may pick out some particular trip, when leisure and chance carry him in that direction. The volume is in truth a serviceable guide-book, leading its clients by the best ways, and even informing them where, when sight-seeing is over, a place may be found for rest, refreshment, and reflection. And it is happier than most guide-books in that it is never called upon to describe the stupid and uninteresting, which have no existence in DickensâÄô Land.

Into DickensâÄô Land, therefore, my masters, an you will and when you will! The high-roads thither are always open, the lanes and by-paths are free for us to tread. He that found out this rare world has made it fully ours. Let us visit our inheritance, or revisit it, if that be the better word. Let us make real the scenes we have read of and dreamt ofâÄîpeopling them with the folk of Dickens, so that familiar faces shall look upon us from familiar windows, familiar voices greet us as we pass. Shall we travel abroad in the fashion of the corresponding committee of the Pickwick Club? Then here is this book, with a wealth of shrewd information between its covers, ready to be our own particular Samuel WellerâÄîto wear our livery, whether of sadness or of joyâÄîto point out to us the sights and the notabilities, to be garrulous when we look for gossip, and silent when our mood is for silenceâÄîto act, in short, as that useful individual whom we all âÄúrayther want,âÄù âÄúsomebody to look arter us when we goes out a-wisitinâÄô.âÄù

Where, if you please, shall we âÄúwisitâÄù first? It is hard to choose, since there is so much to choose from. We may ramble about London town, where, like Mr. Weller, our guide is âÄúwerry much at home.âÄù If so, we are sure to encounter a host of old cronies. Perhaps we shall see the great Buzfuz entering court, all in his wig and silk, nodding with lofty condescension to his struggling brother, Mr. T. Traddles, which latter is bringing âÄúSophy and the girlsâÄù to set GrayâÄôs Inn a-blooming. Or Tom Pinch going towards Fountain Court to meet the waiting Ruth. Or David Copperfield joyously ushering J. Steerforth into his rooms in the Adelphi. Or Captain Cuttle steering for the sign of the âÄúWooden Midshipman,âÄù which he may eventually find (and make a note of) at its new moorings in the Minories. Or Dick Swiveller, poor soul, loafing to his dingy lodgings. Or that precious pair, Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen, startling the sullen repose of Lant Street with bacchanalian revelry.

And, if the London DickensâÄô Land palls, doth not this most inviting country stretch to all points of the compass? Northward goes yonder well-appointed coach, whereof the driver has just been escorted from a certain public-house in Portugal Street by a mottle-faced man, in company with two or three other persons of stout and weather-beaten aspectâÄîthe driver himself being stouter and more weather-beaten than all. Let us take the box-seat by his side, and lead him on to talk of âÄúshepherds in wolvesâÄô clothing,âÄù until presently he tools us into Ipswich, pulling up under the sign of that âÄúrapacious animalâÄù the Great White Horse. In Ipswich we may catch a glimpse of a mulberry-coloured livery slinking by St. ClementâÄôs Church, and guess therefrom that one Alfred Jingle is here at his old game of laying siege to the hearts of

susceptible females with money. Here, too, behind that green gate in Angel Lane, resides the pretty housemaid soon to become Mrs. Sam Weller. But we must not linger in Ipswich. Yarmouth lies before us, with its phantom boat-house still upturned on the waste places towards the sea, with Little EmâÄôly, and the Peggottys, and with Mr. Barkis waiting in the Market Place to jog us out to sleepy âÄúBlunderstone.âÄù

Back again in London, there is another coach-of-fancy prepared to take us into Kent, from the yard of the Golden Cross. Four gentlemenâÄîone a beaming, spectacled person in drab shortsâÄîare outside passengers for Rochester. And see, here is the ubiquitous Jingle again, clambering to the roof with all his worldly goods wrapped up in a brown paper parcel. âÄúHeadsâÄîheadsâÄîtake care of your heads,âÄù he cries, as we rumble under the old archway; and then, hey! for hopfields and cherry orchards, for âÄúmouldy old cathedralsâÄù in âÄúCloisterhamâÄù or Canterbury, for jolly Kentish yeomen and bright-eyed maids of Kent. . . . Who was that wan-faced, coatless urchin we passed just now in a whirl of chalky dust? His name is Copperfield, and he is on his way to Dover. And is not that Mr. Wardle driving his laughing women-folk to the review? And again, yonder on the brown common, by the Punch and Judy show, there is a grey old man, pillowing in his loving arms a little blue-eyed girl. These, too, we know; and our hearts go out to them, for who of us is there that has notâÄî

âÄú. . . with Nell, in Kentish meadows, Wandered, and lost his wayâÄù?

Of introduction there is no more to be said. The book itself lies open before you; and at your own sweet will you may ramble with it, high and low, through all the land of Dickens.

G. B.

PREFACE

The great majority of English readersâÄîon both sides of the AtlanticâÄîclaim personal acquaintance with âÄúSamivelâÄù Weller, Mark Tapley, Oliver Twist, and many more besides: the old companions of our schoolboy days. We cherish pleasant remembrance of the familiar âÄúgreen leavesâÄù of Dombey, David Copperfield, and the rest, as they first afforded us their monthly quota of interest and enjoyment; and have always maintained intimate relations with Captain Cuttle, Tom Pinch, Mr. Peggotty, and the more recent *dramatis personÃ¦* of the works of Dickens. We sympathise with Florence, Agnes, and Esther as with sisters, and keep corners of our hearts sacred to the memory of Little Nell, Paul Dombey, and the child-wife Dora.

The creations of âÄúbonnie Prince CharlieâÄù have thus become veritable âÄúhousehold wordsâÄù; part and parcel of our home associations, instinct with personality and life. We never think of them as the airy nothings of imaginative fiction, but regard them as familiar friends, having âÄúa local habitation and a nameâÄù amongst us; with whose cheerful acquaintance we could ill afford to part, and who bear us kindly company on the hot and dusty highway of our daily lives.

Charles Dickens was essentially a Londoner, always having a fond regard for the highways and by-ways of this great Metropolis, and confessedly deriving his inspiration from the varied phases of Town life and Society. We accordingly find that the main incidents and characters of his novels have here their *mise en scÃ¨ne*.

In homage to the genius of his favourite Author, the writer of the following pages has endeavoured to localise many of the more familiar associations of the great Novelist with as much exactitude as may be possible; but it must be remembered that London has undergone considerable alteration and reconstruction, during the last fifty years.

Thus far reads the original Preface to this Work, as written thirteen years since; the first (and smaller) edition of which was published in 1886, under the title of *Rambles in London with Charles Dickens*. The author now

begs to thankfully acknowledge its favourable reception, generously accorded by the Press in particular, and the reading-world in general.

The present arrangement of the book includes some important additions as well as considerable revision, the latter being rendered necessary by the *disappearance* of many houses and buildings in the course of intervening years, and the steady progress of Metropolitan improvements. Thus it comes to pass that only the memory of what has been remains, in regard to many of these Dickensian localities and landmarks; and it has been the object of the author (1899) to indicate the former whereabouts of these old places, as heretofore existent. Especially in the Strand and neighbourhood (Ramble I.), as well as in Chancery Lane and Holborn (Rambles II. and IV.), many alterations have taken place, and another London is springing up around a younger generation, not known to Dickens. Our Author says (in *Martin Chuzzlewit*), âÄúChange begets change; nothing propagates so fastâÄù: and the London of to-day, and the activities of our Metropolitan County Council, at the close of this nineteenth century, afford striking testimony to the truth of the aphorism, âÄúThe old order changeth, giving place to new.âÄù

The *Pall Mall Magazine*, July 1896, contains a contribution by Mr. C. Dickens, junr.âÄîâÄúNotes on Some DickensâÄô Places and PeopleâÄùâÄîin which he deprecates the endeavours of those inquirers who have attempted any localisation of these places. âÄúIt is true,âÄù says he, âÄúthat many of the places described in Charles DickensâÄôs books were suggested by real localities or buildings, but the more the question comes to be examined, the more clear it is that all that was done with the prototype, was to use it as a painter or a sculptor uses a sketch, and that, under the hand of the writer and in the natural process of evolution, it has grown, in almost every case, into a finished picture, with few, if any, very salient points about it to render its origin unmistakable.âÄù He also quotes, with emphatic approval, from a review of Mr. P. FitzgeraldâÄôs *Bozland*, then recently published: âÄúDickens, like Turner in the sister art of paintingâÄîlike all real artists indeedâÄîused nature, no doubt, but used it as being his slave and in no wise his master. He was not content simply to reproduce the places, persons, things that he had seen and known. He passed them through the crucible of his imagination, fused them, re-combined their elements, changed them into something richer and rarer, gave them forth as products of his art. Are we not doing him some disservice when we try to reverse the process?âÄù âÄúWith these words I most cordially agree.âÄîCHARLES DICKENS THE YOUNGER.âÄù

The author of this book would submit that the attempt to preserve the memory of these localities in association with their original use by âÄúthe Master,âÄù does *not* âÄúreverse the processâÄù; but, rightly considered, may help the reader to a better comprehension of the genius and method of Dickens. The dictum of the Rev. W. J. Dawson, given a few years since in *The Young Woman* (referring to a previous edition of this Work), is worth consideration: âÄúThe book casts a new light upon DickensâÄôs methods of work, and shows us how little he left to invention, and how much he owed to exact observation.âÄù And in this connection there may be quoted the opinion of Sir Walter Besant, who published an appreciative article in *The Queen*, 9th May 1896, anent these selfsame âÄúRambles,âÄù which thus concludes: âÄúWith this information in your hand, you can go down the Strand and view its streets from north to south with increased intelligence and interest. I am not certain whether peopling a street with creations of the imagination is not more usefulâÄîit is certainly more interestingâÄîthan with the real figures of the stony-hearted past.âÄù

The writer, therefore, still believes that such a Dickensian Directory as is now prepared will be found a valuable practical guide for those who may desire to visit the haunts and homes of these old friends, whose memory we cannot âÄúwillingly let die;âÄù and to recall the many interests connected with them by the way.

Though not professing to be infallible, he begs to assure those whom it may concern that his informationâÄîgleaned from many sourcesâÄîhas been collected *con amore* with carefulness and caution; and he ventures to hope that his book may be of service to many Metropolitan visitors, as indicating (previous to the coming time when the New Zealander shall meditate over the ruins of London) some few pleasant âÄúRambles in DickensâÄô Land.âÄù

R. A.

LONDON, *September* 20, 1899.

RAMBLE I *Charing Cross to LincolnâÄôs Inn Fields*

The Golden Cross; Associations with Pickwick and CopperfieldâÄîCraven Street; Residence of Mr. BrownlowâÄîCharing Cross TerminusâÄîHungerford Stairs and Market; LamertâÄôs Blacking Manufactory; MicawberâÄôs Lodgings; Mr. DickâÄôs BedroomâÄîNo. 3 Chandos Street; Blacking WarehouseâÄîBedfordbury; âÄúTom All-AloneâÄôsâÄùâÄîBuckingham Street; CopperfieldâÄôs ChambersâÄîThe Adelphi ArchesâÄîThe Adelphi Hotel; Snodgrass and Emily WardleâÄîâÄúThe Fox-under-the-HillâÄù; Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark TapleyâÄîThe Residence of Miss La CreevyâÄîOffices of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*âÄîCovent Garden Market; Hummums and Tavistock Hotels, associated with âÄúGreat Expectations,âÄù etc.âÄîBow StreetâÄîOld Bow Street Police Court; âÄúThe Artful DodgerâÄùâÄîCovent Garden TheatreâÄîBroad Court; Mr. SnevellicciâÄîSt. MartinâÄôs Hall; DickensâÄôs First London ReadingsâÄîRussell Court; NemoâÄôs Burial PlaceâÄîClare Court; CopperfieldâÄôs Dining-RoomsâÄîOld Roman Bath; Mrs. LirriperâÄôs LodgingsâÄîSt. Clement DanesâÄîPortsmouth Street; âÄúThe Old Curiosity ShopâÄùâÄîThe Old George the Fourth; âÄúThe Magpie and StumpâÄùâÄîPortugal Street; âÄúThe Horse and GroomâÄù; Mr. Tony Weller and his Legal AdviserâÄîLincolnâÄôs Inn Fields; Mr. John ForsterâÄôs House; Residence of Mr. Tulkinghorn.

Starting from CHARING CROSS POST OFFICE as a convenient centre, and taking an eastward course up the Strand, we immediately reach, on the left-hand (north) sideâÄîa few doors from the Post OfficeâÄîThe Golden Cross Hotel. Sixty years since this establishment was one of the principal Coaching Houses of the Metropolis. It was the starting-point of the Rochester Coach, by which, on May 13, 1827, *Mr. Pickwick* and his friends commenced their travels. Driving by cab from the vicinity of that gentlemanâÄôs residence in Goswell Street, here it was that the pugnacious cabman, having mistaken the purpose of Mr. P.âÄôs note-book, committed assault and battery upon the four Pickwickians, âÄúsparring away like clockwork,âÄù from which unexpected attack they were rescued by the redoubtable *Mr. Alfred Jingle*. In those days there was an arched entrance leading from the Strand beneath the front of the hotel to the coach-yard behind. Hence Mr. JingleâÄôs warning to his new acquaintancesâÄîâÄúHeads, heads; take care of your heads!âÄù which recommendation was followed by the first recorded anecdote as given by that loquacious pretenderâÄî

âÄúTerrible placeâÄîdangerous workâÄîother dayâÄîfive childrenâÄîmotherâÄîtall lady, eating sandwichesâÄîforgot the archâÄîcrashâÄîknockâÄîchildren look roundâÄîmotherâÄôs head offâÄîsandwich in her handâÄîno mouth to put it inâÄîhead of a family offâÄîshockingâÄîshocking.âÄù

This coach-yard and its entrance existed until the days of *Copperfield*, who came to THE GOLDEN CROSS in the nineteenth chapter of his history, having just finished his education at Dr. StrongâÄôs. He arrived âÄúoutside the Canterbury Coach,âÄù and here met *Steerforth*, his former schoolboy patron, who speedily arranged for his transference from No. 44, âÄúa little loft over a stable,âÄù to No. 72, a comfortable bedroom next his own. Here, says David, âÄúI fell asleep in blissful condition . . . until the early morning coaches rumbling out of *the archway underneath* made me dream of thunder and the gods.âÄù This entrance was abolished in 1851, giving place to a more convenient exterior arrangement and doorway; again remodelled, 1897.

THE GOLDEN CROSS is again referred to in the Copperfield experience (chapter 40) as the place where David conferred with *Mr. Peggotty*, one snowy night, after their unexpected meeting opposite St. MartinâÄôs Church (close at hand on the north, at the corner of St. MartinâÄôs Lane), when *Martha* listened at the door.

âÄúIn those days there was a side entranceâÄù (Duncannon Street, now appropriated by the London and North-Western Railway Company) âÄúnearly opposite to where we stood. I pointed out the gateway, put my

arm through his, and we went across. Two or three public rooms opened out of the stable-yard; and looking into one of them, and finding it empty, and a good fire burning, I took him in there.âÄù

Opposite the principal entrance of THE GOLDEN CROSS is Craven Street, leading to the Thames Embankment. It now mainly consists of private hotels and boarding-houses, at which visitors to London may be conveniently accommodated on reasonable terms. In the days of *Oliver Twist* these were, for the most part, private houses; and here was MR. BROWNLOWâÄôS RESIDENCEâÄîtaken after his removal from PentonvilleâÄîin which was the back parlour where full confession was extorted from *Monks*, *alias Edward Leeford*. The house, No. 39 (now *BarnettâÄôs Private Hotel*), centrally situated on the east side, is stated to have been assigned as the residence aforesaid.

On the south side of the Strand we immediately reach the Charing Cross Terminus of the South-Eastern Railway, built on the site of old Hungerford Market. At No. 30 Hungerford Stairs, at the back of this locality, Charles Dickens, when a lad, did duty at the Blacking Manufactory of a relative, by name James Lamert, at a salary of six or seven shillings a week, as his first employment in life. It was the last house on the left-hand side of the way, a crazy, tumble-down old place abutting on the river. Here his work was to cover and label the pots of paste-blacking. To this episode of his youthful experience he refers in the history of âÄúDavid Copperfield,âÄù chapter 11, David becoming âÄúa labouring hindâÄù in the service of *Messrs. Murdstone and Grinby*. In old Hungerford Market, too, was THE CHANDLERâÄôS SHOP over which *Mr. Peggotty* slept on the night of his first arrival in London; the bedroom being afterwards appropriated by Mr. Dick.

âÄúThere was a low wooden colonnade before the door, which pleased Mr. Dick mightily. The glory of lodging over this structure would have compensated him for many inconveniences. . . . He was perfectly charmed with his accommodation. Mrs. Crupp had indignantly assured him that there wasnâÄôt room to swing a cat there; but, as Mr. Dick justly observed, âÄòYou know, Trotwood, I donâÄôt want to swing a cat. I never do swing a cat. Therefore, what does that signify to me!âÄôâÄùâÄîSee âÄúCopperfield,âÄù chapters 32 and 35.

HUNGERFORD is also mentioned in the same book (chapter 57) as the place where, previous to their departure for Australia, the MICAWBER FAMILY had lodgings âÄúin a little, dirty, tumble-down public-house, which in those days was close to the stairs, and whose protruding wooden rooms overhung the river.âÄù

By a parallel street near at hand (next turning on the left of the StrandâÄîAgar Street) we come into Chandos Street, where are situated the large stores of the Civil Service Supply Association, which, during recent years, have been enlarged, extending westward in Chandos Street. This extension occupies the former site of No. 3, whilom a chemistâÄôs shop, kept by a Mr. Wellspring. Here, in the days that are gone, was established a second warehouse of LamertâÄôs blacking trade, the business being removed in course of time to this address; and here Dickens, with other lads, was often busily employed near the window. They acquired such dexterity in finishing off the pots, that many persons would stand outside, looking on with interest at the performance.

On the opposite side of Chandos Street is *Bedfordbury*âÄîa northward thoroughfare leading to New Street, Covent GardenâÄîon the right of which stands a range of five large five-storied blocks known as *PeabodyâÄôs Buildings*. These afford respectable accommodation for artizans. This was the locality of Tom All-AloneâÄôs, that wretched rookery of evil repute in the days of *Poor Joe*, as described in chapter 16 of âÄúBleak House.âÄù But, in these degenerate times, the black, dilapidated streets and tumbling tenements have given place to wholesome dwellings, and the neighbourhood is associated with the name of a great American philanthropist.

Returning to the south side of the Strand, we next come to Buckingham Street (turning on right, by No. 37), at the end house of which, on the right, facing the river, was the top set of chambers in the Adelphi, consisting of

âÄúA little half-blind entry, where you could hardly see anything, a little stone-blind pantry, where you could see nothing at all, a sitting-room and a bedroom.âÄù

Here *David Copperfield* for some time resided under the housekeeping supervision of Mrs. Crupp, and the residence was afterwards shared by *Miss Betsy Trotwood*. At the next turning in the StrandâÄîby No. 64, same side of the wayâÄîwe arrive at Durham Street, which leads to the no thoroughfare of The Adelphi Arches, about and through which the lad Charles Dickens loved in his leisure time to roam. David Copperfield saysâÄî

âÄúI was fond of wandering about the Adelphi, because it was a mysterious place, with those dark arches. I see myself emerging one evening from one of these arches, on a little public-house, close to the river, with an open space before it, where some coal-heavers were dancing.âÄù

Of this place more anon.

Continuing our onward journey, we come to Adam Street (right-hand turning by No. 72), looking down which may be seen, at the corner of John Street, THE ADELPHI HOTEL. This hotel was known in the days of Pickwick as OsbornâÄôs Hotel, Adelphi. To this establishment, it will be remembered, came *Mr. Wardle*, visiting London with his daughter Emily, after Mr. PickwickâÄôs release from the Fleet Prison, also accompanied by his trusty retainer, *the fat boy*, *Joe*. The last plate but one in the book illustrates the plan adopted by *Mary* when inducing that intelligent youth to observe a discreet silence as to the visit of Mr. Snodgrass to his young mistress at this hotel; and we may recollect the *contretemps* which afterwards took place here at dinner-time, involving the detention of the clandestine lover, and resulting in a very satisfactory *dÃ©nouement*.âÄîSee âÄúPickwick,âÄù chapter 54.

Passing the next block onwards, we arrive at the handsome frontage of the HOTEL CECIL. In former days, at western corner of same, close to No. 75, there existed a narrow and precipitous passage which was formerly the approach to the halfpenny boats. It led to a little public-house, âÄúThe Fox-under-the-Hill,âÄù for a long time shut up and in ruinous conditionâÄîonce situated on the water-side, the site of which is now covered by the west wing of the Hotel Cecil.

This place is spoken of in Mr. ForsterâÄôs Biography as being one of our authorâÄôs *favourite localities*, and referred to in âÄúCopperfield,âÄù as before mentioned, in connection with the Adelphi Arches. This, then, was doubtless the tavern at which *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *junr.*, was accommodated, on his arrival in London, âÄúin the humbler regions of the Adelphi;âÄù and where he was unexpectedly visited by *Mark Tapley*, who then and there became his âÄúnatâÄôral born servant, hired by fate,âÄù and his very faithful friend.âÄîSee âÄúMartin Chuzzlewit,âÄù chapter 13.

Farther onwards, on the same side, towards the centre of the Strand, there stood near Savoy Street the house which in all probability was the Residence of Miss La Creevy. It will be recollected that Ralph Nickleby, visiting his relations at this address in the Strand, is described as stopping

âÄúAt a private door, about halfway down that crowded thoroughfare.âÄù

No. 111 was an old-fashioned house in just such a position, with a private doorâÄîa somewhat unusual convenience in the Strand. A photographerâÄôs case had, for many years, displaced the âÄúlarge gilt frame screwed upon the street door,âÄù in which Miss La Creevy aforetime displayed her painted miniatures. The place has been pulled down, together with the adjoining house. Handsome modern business premises are erected on the double site.âÄîSee âÄúNicholas Nickleby,âÄù chapter 2.

We now cross to the north side of the Strand, and take the next turning on the left, *Wellington Street North*. Passing the Lyceum Theatre, we may note, on the opposite side, the offices of the Gaiety Theatre, No. 16. For

many years this was the Office of âÄúHousehold WordsâÄù; this well-known miscellany being started under the conductorship of Charles Dickens, March 30, 1850.

It was afterwards removed to No. 26, higher up, on the same side of the way, at which address the later issue of *All the Year Round* was published, as conducted by Charles Dickens, the son.

Proceeding a short distance onwards, and turning to the left, we come into the precincts of Covent Garden Market. At the south corner of *Russell Street* we may note the position of the old HUMMUMS HOTEL, mentioned in âÄúGreat ExpectationsâÄù as the place where Pip slept, in accordance with the warning received from Mr. WemmickâÄîâÄúDonâÄôt go home.âÄù

The present establishment was erected on the site of the former hotel (as it stood in the days of Mr. PipâÄôs sojourn), 1892; on completion of the new Flower Market, THE TAVISTOCK HOTEL, Piazzas, on the north side of the market, was the house at which were held the fortnightly meetings of âÄúThe Finches of the Grove,âÄù Herbert Pocket and Mr. Pip being members of the Club known by this appellation in the book above mentioned. The end and aim of this institution seemed to be âÄúthat the members should dine expensively once a fortnight, to quarrel among themselves as much as possible after dinner, and to cause six waiters to get drunk on the stairs.âÄù

A general description of *Covent Garden* will be found in âÄúLittle DorritâÄù (chapter 14), and a graphic reference to âÄúthe seamy sideâÄù of this locality is contained in the pages of âÄúOur Mutual FriendâÄù (chapter 9, Book 4).

Returning by Russell Street, we soon reach *Bow Street*, and on the left may observe an open space contiguous to the *Foreign Fruit Market*. On this space there stood No. 4, in recent times occupied by Mr. Stinchcombe, costumier. Some years since this was the situation of Bow Street Police Court, now removed to the handsome new building facing Covent Garden Theatre. This, therefore, was the place at which the *Artful Dodger*, when committed for trial by the presiding magistrate, thus reserved his defence:âÄî

âÄúThis ainâÄôt the shop for justice; besides which my attorney is a-breakfasting this morning with the Vice-President of the House of Commons; but I shall have something to say elsevere, and so will he, and so will a wery numerous and respectable circle of acquaintances, asâÄôll make them beaks wish theyâÄôd never been born.âÄùâÄîSee âÄúOliver Twist,âÄù chapter 43.

At a short distance onwards, we may note Covent Garden Theatre, selected by David Copperfield as his first place of entertainment in London, after dinner at the Golden Cross HotelâÄî

âÄúBeing then in a pleasant frame of mind . . . I resolved to go to the play. It was Covent Garden Theatre that I chose; and there, from the back of a centre box, I saw âÄúJulius CÃ¦sarâÄù and the new pantomime. To have all those noble Romans alive before me, and walking in and out for my entertainment, instead of being the stern taskmasters they had been at school, was a most novel and delightful effect.âÄù

This theatre, as attended by David, was destroyed by fire March 4, 1856, six years after his autobiography was published, and afterwards rebuilt.

Exactly opposite the faÃ§ade of the theatre is Broad Court, past the new magisterial building above referred to. This was the location given by *Mr. Snevellicci* (at Portsmouth), on a convivial occasion, described in âÄúNicholas NicklebyâÄù (chapter 30), as his London address:âÄî

âÄúI am not ashamed of myself; Snevellicci is my name. IâÄôm to be found in Broad Court, Bow Street, when IâÄôm in town. If IâÄôm not at home, let any man ask for me at the stage-door.âÄù

There is also historical reference to *Bow Street* in âÄúBarnaby Rudge,âÄù as the place where âÄúanother boy was hanged,âÄù after the suppression of the Gordon riots.

Exactly facing the north end of Bow Street, which gives into Long Acre, is a large building, now a stationerâÄôs warehouse, recently used as the Clergy Co-operative Stores. Thirty-five years since this site was occupied by St. MartinâÄôs Hall, in which Dickens gave his first series of paid readings in London (sixteen nights), under the management of Mr. Arthur Smith, 1858. The hall was a short time afterwards burnt down, and the QueenâÄôs Theatre was here erected in its stead by Mr. Wigan; which theatre was since converted to the commercial uses of the Clergy as aforesaid.

Proceeding up *Long Acre* to *Drury Lane*, we turn to the right, and in five minutes pass the back of Drury Lane Theatre. The second turning on the same side is RUSSELL COURT, a narrow passage leading to Catherine Street. The entire area between the two streets, for some distance, is cleared for building improvements, so that the indications immediately following refer to the past, and not practically to the present. These things have been, but are not.

In this court, about halfway on the right, was to be found (until 1897) the entrance to what was once the pauper Burial Ground where Captain HawdonâÄînknown as *Nemo* in the pages of âÄúBleak HouseâÄùâÄîwas interred, and where Lady Dedlock was afterwards found dead at the gateway, she having fled from her husband, Sir Leicester, in despair, dreading the *exposÃ©* threatened by Mr. Tulkinghorn. It is also associated with *Poor Jo*, the crossing-sweeper.âÄîSee âÄúBleak House,âÄù chapters 11 and 59.

âÄúWith houses looking on, on every side, save where a reeking little tunnel of a court gives access to the iron gateâÄîwith every villainy of life in action close on death, and every poisonous element of death in action close on lifeâÄîhere, they lower our dear brother down a foot or two: here, sow him in corruption, to be raised in incorruption: an avenging ghost at many a sick bedside: a shameful testimony to future ages, how civilisation and barbarism walked this boastful island together.âÄù

This intermural graveyard was attached to the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, and has been closed for many years. The enclosure was converted into a recreation ground, and formally opened as such by Lady George Hamilton, May 19, 1886, on behalf of the Metropolitan Public Garden Association. But the entire locality is changed, the âÄúavenging ghostâÄù has ceased to walk, and the âÄúshameful testimonyâÄù has ended.

At a short distance in Drury Lane, towards the Strand, we turn (left) by No. 106, into Clare Court, referred to in ForsterâÄôs Biography as followsâÄî(C.D. *loq.*):âÄî

âÄúOnce, I remember tucking my own bread (which I had brought from home in the morning) under my arm, wrapped up in a piece of paper like a book, and going into the best dining-room in JohnsonâÄôs *a la mode* beef-house in Clare Court, Drury Lane, and magnificently ordering a small plate of *a la mode* beef to eat with it. What the waiter thought of such a strange little apparition, coming in all alone, I donâÄôt know, but I can see him now, staring at me as I ate my dinner, and bringing up the other waiter to look. I gave him a halfpenny, and I wish now that he hadnâÄôt taken it.âÄù

This episode of the authorâÄôs experience as a poor boy in London was reproduced in âÄúDavid Copperfield,âÄù chapter 11. The dining-house mentioned then existed (1824) at No. 13 in the court, in a prominent corner position. It has been unknown to fame for the last thirty years.

Returning by Drury Court to the Strand, and passing on the south side of the church above mentioned, we turn by No. 162A into *Strand Lane*, where may be visited, at No. 5, The Old Roman Bath referred to by David Copperfield, who says, âÄúIn which I have had many a cold plunge.âÄù (See chapter 35.) The bath itself is lined with white marble, and dates from the sixteenth century. It is supplied from an old Roman reservoir adjoining, about 2000 years old.

[Picture: The Old Roman Bath]

Passing Surrey Street, just beyond, we come (next on the right) to *Norfolk Street*, in which there may be noted the former whereabouts of MRS. LIRRIPERâÄôS LODGINGS; and we may here recall the pleasant associations connected with the Christmas numbers of *All the Year Round*, 1863 and 1864. The houses in this street are not enumerated beyond forty-five, all told. The figures 81, as given in the tale referred to, should be *reversed*; but sad to relate, No. 18âÄîlong standing as an old-fashioned boarding-house on the western side, below Howard StreetâÄîhas disappeared, and certain modern buildings, offices, etc., recently erected, now occupy the old site. At a short distance farther on, in a central position in the Strand, stands the church of St. Clement Danes. It is of interest in this connection as the scene of Mrs. LirriperâÄôs wedding, some forty years previous to the narration of her business experience; and where she still retained âÄúa sitting in a very pleasant pew, with genteel company, and her own hassock, being partial to evening service, not too crowded.âÄù

Retracing our steps, three minutes, to the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, again leaving the Strand by *Newcastle* and *Houghton Streets*, and turning left and right (leaving Clare Market on the left), we shortly arrive at *Portsmouth Street*, *LincolnâÄôs Inn Fields*. At No. 14 will be found (for a short time only) a small old-fashioned house, on the front of which is painted an inscription, âÄúThe Old Curiosity Shop, *Immortalised by Charles Dickens*,âÄù now occupied by Mr. H. Poole, dealer in wastepaper. This is said to be the house assigned by the novelist for the residence of Little Nell and her grandfather, with whose pathetic history we are all familiarâÄî

âÄúOne of those receptacles for old and curious things, which seem to crouch in odd corners of this town, and to hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and distrust.âÄù

It cannot, however, be regarded as absolutely certain that this particular house was the authorâÄôs intended âÄúlocal habitationâÄù for one of the best-known and loved of his creations. The tale itself concludes with a reference to *KitâÄôs* uncertainty as to the whereabouts of the place:âÄî

âÄúThe old house had long ago been pulled down, and a fine broad road was in its place. At first he would draw with his stick a square upon the ground to show them where it used to stand. But he soon became uncertain of the spot, and could only say it was thereabouts, he thought, and that these alterations were confusing.âÄù

[A lady, personally acquainted with the great novelist, has informed the author that she was once taken by Mr. Dickens to No. 10 Green Street (approaching Leicester Square from the east)âÄîat the corner of Green and Castle Streets, behind the National GalleryâÄîthe business of curiosity-dealing being then and there carried on. Mr. Dickens himself localised this house as the home of little Nell, pointing out an inner roomâÄîdivided from the shop by a glass partitionâÄîas her bedroom. The premises are now rebuilt.]

[Picture: The Old Curiosity Shop]

At a short distance from this locality, and at an opposite angle of the street, there existed (until 1898) one of the old-fashioned taverns of the metropolis. The house was noteworthy, with its overhanging front resting on rough wooden pillars, and was named *Old George IVth*.

It is now replaced by a newly-built house of the same name, in modern style of plate glass, mahogany, and glitter.

It is highly probable that the old tavern represented the location and character of âÄúThe Magpie and Stump,âÄù the rendezvous of *Mr. Lowten* (PerkerâÄôs clerk) and other choice spirits in the days of Pickwick. It is described in the Pickwickian history as being near Clare Market, at the back of New Inn, and to this

position the âÄúOld George IVthâÄù will correspond. Joe Miller, of jocular celebrity, was, aforetime, a frequenter of this establishment, when his quips âÄúwere wont to set the table in a roar.âÄù His seat was still shown in the bar of the old house. Dickens and Thackeray were also well remembered as visitors to this ancient hostelry. There is now a âÄúMagpie and StumpâÄù in Fetter Lane, at some distance hence; but it is evident that Dickens transferred the name to a tavern in this neighbourhood. It will be remembered that here Mr. Pickwick enjoyed an hourâÄôs entertainment, listening to the legends of âÄúthose curious old nooks,âÄù the Inns of London, as related by Jack BamberâÄîsee âÄúPickwick,âÄù chapter 21âÄîalso containing a description of the advertisements of the tavern, as then displayed therein.

âÄúIn the lower windows, which were decorated with curtains of a saffron hue, dangled two or three printed cards, bearing reference to Devonshire cyder and Dantzic spruce, while a large black board, announcing in white letters to an enlightened public, that there were 500,000 barrels of double stout in the cellars of the establishment, left the mind in a state of not unpleasing doubt and uncertainty as to the precise direction in the bowels of the earth, in which this mighty cavern might be supposed to extend.âÄù

Dick Swiveller would doubtless occasionally patronise this establishment. He lodged hereabouts âÄúin the neighbourhood of Drury Lane;âÄù but it is difficult to indicate any particular house which Dickens may have selected for his accommodation.

Stretching eastward from this point is *Portugal Street*, famed in the same book as containing the Old Public House patronised by Mr. Tony Weller and his *confrÃ¨res* of the coach-driving persuasion. This houseâÄîopposite the Insolvent DebtorsâÄô CourtâÄîexisted until a few years since, by name, âÄúThe Horse and Groom.âÄù It and many more besides, have now given place to a range of new offices and buildings in Elizabethan style, on the south side of the street (forming the north boundary of New Court), and the Insolvent Court has been recently appropriated to the uses of the Bankruptcy Court. It will be remembered that it was here *Mr. Samuel Weller* got into difficulties, and was hence consigned to the Fleet Prison at the instance of his father; the professional services of the suave *Mr. Solomon Pell* being retained on that occasion. Here also a select committee of friends assembled to assist at an oyster lunch and the proving of Mrs. WellerâÄôs will, when Mr. Pell again conducted the business to the satisfaction of all concerned.âÄîSee âÄúPickwick,âÄù chapters 43 and 55.

Returning through Portsmouth Street, we come into *LincolnâÄôs Inn Fields*; and, keeping on its western sideâÄîpassing Sardinia Street, with its old archway, on the leftâÄîwe may note Mr. John ForsterâÄôs House, No. 58. At this house resided the friend and biographer of Dickens, and here our author was, of course, a frequent visitor. On December the 2nd, 1844, Charles Dickens here first read his new Christmas book, âÄúThe Chimes,âÄù to a select and critical audience, including Messrs. Forster, Maclise, Douglas Jerrold, Carlyle, Laman Blanchard, Fox, Stanfield, Harness, and Dyce. The house is itself described in the pages of âÄúBleak HouseâÄù (chapter 10) as the

RESIDENCE OF MR. TULKINGHORN.

âÄúIn a large house, formerly a house of state, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn. It is let off in sets of chambers now; and in those shrunken fragments of its greatness, lawyers lie, like maggots in nuts. But its roomy staircases, passages, and antechambers still remain; and even its painted ceiling, where Allegory in Roman helmet and celestial linen sprawls among balustrades and pillars, flowers, clouds, and big-legged boys, and makes the head ache, as would seem to be AllegoryâÄôs object always, more or less.âÄù

As in the time spoken of, the house is still in legal possession, being let out as solicitorsâÄô offices; but the old Allegory has disappeared beneath modern whitewash. Within two minutesâÄô distance northward, the weary rambler may reach the central thoroughfare of HOLBORN, where (turning to the left), close at hand, will be found the *Holborn Restaurant*, at which Sam WellerâÄôs advice on the subject of a âÄúlittle dinnerâÄù (or luncheon) may be worth practical consideration:âÄî

âÄúPair of fowls and a weal cutlet; French beans, âÄôtaturs, tart, and tidiness.âÄù

Certain it is that everything at this establishment will be found âÄúwerry clean and comfortable,âÄù on reasonable terms.

RAMBLE II *LincolnâÄôs Inn to the Mansion House*

LincolnâÄôs Inn Hall; âÄúJarndyce and JarndyceâÄùâÄîOld Square; Offices of Kenge and Carboy; Chambers of Sergeant SnubbinâÄîBishopâÄôs Court; Miss FliteâÄôs Lodging at KrookâÄôs Rag and Bottle Warehouse; Nemo; Tony WeevleâÄîThe Old Ship Tavern; âÄúThe SolâÄôs ArmsâÄùâÄîCoavinsesâÄô CastleâÄîMr. SnagsbyâÄôs Residence, TookâÄôs Court, Cursitor StreetâÄîBell Yard; Lodgings of Neckett and GridleyâÄîTellsonâÄôs Bank, Fleet StreetâÄîThe Temple; Fountain Court (Ruth Pinch and John Westlock); Garden Court (PipâÄôs Chambers); Pump Court (Chambers of the elder Martin Chuzzlewit); Paper Buildings (Sir John Chester and Mr. Stryver, K.C.)âÄîOffices of Messrs. Lightwood and WrayburnâÄîBradley HeadstoneâÄôs Look-outâÄîCliffordâÄôs Inn; John Rokesmith and Mr. BoffinâÄîSt. DunstanâÄôs Pump and Maypole HughâÄîSt. DunstanâÄôs Church; âÄúThe ChimesâÄùâÄîBradbury and Evans, Bouverie StreetâÄîOffice of the *Daily News*âÄîHanging Sword Alley; Mr. CruncherâÄôs Rooms,âÄìâÄúYe old Cheshire CheeseâÄùâÄîFarringdon, formerly Fleet, MarketâÄîFleet Prison; Mr. Pickwick and Sam WellerâÄôs ImprisonmentâÄîBelle Sauvage YardâÄîLondon Coffee House; Arthur ClennamâÄôs arrivalâÄîSt. PaulâÄôs ChurchyardâÄîDeanâÄôs CourtâÄîDoctorsâÄô Commons; Messrs. Spenlow and JorkinsâÄîâÄúBell TavernâÄùâÄîWood Street; Coach Office at which Pip first arrivedâÄîThe London Stereoscopic Company; âÄúGrip,âÄù the RavenâÄîBow ChurchâÄîThe Guildhall; Bardell *v.* PickwickâÄîGrocersâÄô Hall CourtâÄîThe Mansion House; References in âÄúBarnaby Rudge,âÄù âÄúChristmas Carol,âÄù and âÄúMartin ChuzzlewitâÄùâÄîâÄúDombey and Son.âÄù

The Rambler now crosses LincolnâÄôs Inn Fields, and, on its eastern side, enters the precincts of *LincolnâÄôs Inn*, through an arched gateway, from Serle Street. Passing the imposing building of the Dining-Hall and Library on the left, with New Square on the right, we shortly arrive at old LincolnâÄôs Inn Hall, THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLORâÄôS COURT, with its central turret and lantern, bearing the initials of the reigning Treasurer, 1818, where Chancery suits were tried thirty years since. Here that *cause cÃ©lÃ¨bre*, JARNDYCE and JARNDYCE, dragged âÄúits slow length alongâÄù through the weary years, involving

âÄúBills, cross-bills, answers, rejoinders, injunctions, affidavits, issues, references to masters, mastersâÄô reportsâÄîmountains of costly nonsense.âÄù

Here, on a seat at the side of the hall, stood little *Miss Flite*, in her squeezed bonnet, carrying âÄúher documents,âÄù and

âÄúAlways expecting some incomprehensible judgment in her favour.âÄùâÄîSee âÄúBleak House,âÄù chapter 1.

The business of Chancery procedure is now transferred to the New Law Courts. Hard by, on the north, passing through the cloisters of the Chapel of LincolnâÄôs Inn, we come into the enclosure of Old Square, LINCOLNâÄôS INN, where the *Offices of Messrs. Kenge and Carboy* were situated. Esther Summerson says:âÄî

âÄúWe passed into sudden quietude, under an old gateway, and drove on through a silent square, until we came to an odd nook in a corner, where there was an entrance up a steep broad flight of stairs, like an entrance to a church.âÄù

The houses in this square have been all rebuilt; but Kenge and Co.âÄôs offices used to flourish in the north-west corner, where still the rising of the ground necessitates an exterior flight of steps. The chambers of

Sergeant Snubbin, counsel for the defence in âÄúBardell *v.* Pickwick,âÄù were also located in this square, probably on the opposite side.

Returning to LincolnâÄôs Inn, we may follow Esther SummersonâÄôs directions, and visit the apartments of *Miss Flite*âÄî

âÄúSlipping us out of a little side gate, the old lady stopped most unexpectedly in a narrow back street, part of some courts and lanes immediately outside the wall of the inn, and said, âÄòThis is my lodging. Pray walk up!âÄôâÄù

Thus, passing at the back of the Inn, and taking the next turning on the left, we arrive at BishopâÄôs Court, near at hand, a narrow, dark, and old passage leading to Chancery Lane. On the left hand, nearest the Inn, was *KrookâÄôs Rag and Bottle Warehouse*, probably No. 3. But during recent years, all the old houses of the court have been substituted by modern buildings, offices, and shops; so that the location only remains of the âÄúLord Chancellor,âÄù and his place of business, yclept by the neighbours the âÄúCourt of Chancery.âÄù The old shop, at one time, possessed the private door and stairway leading to *Miss FliteâÄôs lodging*.

âÄúShe lived at the top of the house, in a pretty large room, from which she had a glimpse of the roof of LincolnâÄôs Inn Hall.âÄù

Here, too, Captain Hawdon, otherwise *Nemo*, the law-writer, lived and died in a bare room on the second floor. A notice may have been observed in the old shop window, âÄúEngrossing and Copying.âÄù It will be remembered that this room was afterwards occupied by *Mr. Tony Weevle*, during whose tenancy it was decorated with a choice collection of magnificent portraits, beingâÄî

âÄúCopper-plate impressions from that truly national work, the Divinities of Albion, or Galaxy Gallery of British Beauty; representing ladies of title and fashion, in every variety of smirk, that art, combined with capital, is capable of producing.âÄù

Returning to the top of the court, and passing a short distance along Star Yard, we reach, at the corner of *Chichester Rents*, a modern warehouse (No. 7), recently erected on the site of âÄúThe Old Ship Tavern,âÄù now *non est*, named in the pages of âÄúBleak HouseâÄù *The SolâÄôs Arms*, it being the house at which *the Inquest was held*, following the death of *Nemo*, as described in chapter 11; on which occasion the proffered evidence of Poor Jo was virtuously rejected by the presiding coroner.

âÄúCanâÄôt exactly say; wonâÄôt do, you know. We canâÄôt take that in a Court of Justice, gentlemen. ItâÄôs terrible depravity. Put the boy aside.âÄù

The old tavern has given place to the exigencies of modern commerce (1897). The ghost of *Little Swills* may still linger in the neighbourhood, but the musical evenings of the past are silent, being now superseded by the prosaics of ordinary business.

The real SOLâÄôS ARMS still exists, *No.* 65 *Hampstead Road*, *N.W.*, at the corner of Charles Street, once known as SolâÄôs Row. Its name was derived from the âÄúSolâÄôs Society,âÄù whose meetings, held therein, were of a Masonic character. It has been suggested that Dickens transferred the style and name of this house to the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, as above.

Coming now into Chancery Lane, we may observe, nearly opposite the old gateway of LincolnâÄôs Inn, Cursitor Street, a thoroughfare leading eastward from the Lane. It will be noticed that the houses in this street are comparatively of recent erection, and we may now look in vain for COAVINSESâÄô CASTLE, which has been swept away by the besom of modern destruction and improvement. This old sponging-house flourished (in the days of Harold Skimpole) on the left of the street, on the site now occupied by *LincolnâÄôs Inn*

Chambers, No. 1.

At a short distance in Cursitor Street (No. 9) we come to a turning on the left to *TookâÄôs Court*, referred to in âÄúBleak HouseâÄù as *CookâÄôs Court*, in which was Mr. SnagsbyâÄôs Residence AND LAW STATIONERâÄôS SHOP. The court is not a long one, and consists mainly of offices connected with the legal profession. The location of Mr. SnagsbyâÄôs shop was at the central corner on the left, the site being now occupied by modern offices and stores. âÄúThe little drawing-room upstairsâÄù is described as commanding

âÄúA view of CookâÄôs Court at one end (not to mention a squint into Cursitor Street) and of CoavinsâÄôs, the SheriffâÄôs OfficerâÄôs, backyard on the other.âÄù

The memorable, but now non-existent room, as prepared for the reception of the *Rev. Mr. Chadband* (Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Mrs. Snagsby), who was âÄúendowed with the gift of holding forth for four hours at a stretch.âÄù On that occasion, it will be remembered that Poor JoâÄîbrought to CookâÄôs Court by a police constableâÄîwas eloquently addressed by the reverend gentleman, but was not greatly edified by his admonitions.

âÄúAt this threatening stage of the discourse, Jo, who seems to have been gradually going out of his mind, smears his right arm over his face, and gives a terrible yawn. Mrs. Snagsby indignantly expresses her belief that he is a limb of the arch-fiend.âÄù

Returning by Chancery Lane, on the left hand, we may note *BreamâÄôs Buildings*, as being the northern boundary of the former site of SymondâÄôs Inn, which hence extended onward to No. 22.

âÄúA little, pale, wall-eyed, woebegone inn, like a large dust-bin of two compartments and a sifter. It looks as if Symond were a sparing man in his day, and constructed his inn of old building materials, which took kindly to the dry rot, and to dirt, and all things decaying and dismal, and perpetuated SymondâÄôs memory with congenial shabbiness.âÄù

This inn has ceased to exist for many years past, its position being now occupied by a large printerâÄôs establishment and other offices. Readers of âÄúBleak HouseâÄù will remember that the professional chambers of *Mr. Vholes* were here situated, and that *Richard Carstone* and his young wife *Ada* resided in the next house, in order that Richard might have his legal adviser close at hand. Here occurred the early death of poor Richard; and we all cherish the remembrance of dear AdaâÄôs wifely devotion, to which *Esther Summerson* thus refers:âÄî

âÄúThe days when I frequented that miserable corner which my dear girl brightened can never fade in my remembrance. I never see it, and I never wish to see it now; I have been there only once since; but in my memory there is a mournful glory shining on the place, which will shine for ever.âÄù

Leaving Chancery Lane, and turning (right) by Carey Street, we reach Bell Yard, leading to Fleet Street. This place has been mentioned by Dickens as containing a âÄúchandlerâÄôs shop, left-hand side,âÄù where lodged *Gridley*, âÄúthe man from Shropshire,âÄù and *Neckett*, the faithful servitor of Coavinses. The nameâÄîBell YardâÄîforms the heading of chapter 15, âÄúBleak House,âÄù which affords information of the Neckett familyâÄî*Charlie*, *Tom*, and the limp-bonneted *baby*. For full details, reference should be made to this very touching and beautifully-written chapter as above. Great alterations have been made, and are still being made, in this narrow lane, since the erection of the New Law Courts in the immediate vicinity; but some of the older houses still remain on the left-hand side of the way. Of these, No. 9 is a small, tall, squeezed-looking house, about half-way down the alley, and may be safely assigned (thirty years since) to the tenancy of the good-natured Mrs. Blinder.

Passing through Bell Yard, we reach *Fleet Street*, at the point where once TEMPLE BAR gave ancient

entrance to the City. Its position is marked by a bronze griffin, surmounting a memorial pedestal beneath. Exactly on the opposite side of the street is the handsome modern erection of *ChildâÄôs Bank*. This new building dates from 1878, when the structure of old *Temple Bar* was removed. It replaces one of the very old-fashioned houses of London, in which for many years Messrs. Child carried on their important banking business. This house is spoken of by Dickens, in his âÄúTale of Two Cities,âÄù as TellsonâÄôs Bank, on the outside of which the mysterious *Mr. Cruncher* was usually in attendance as âÄúodd-job man, and occasional porter and messenger.âÄù

âÄúTellsonâÄôs Bank, by Temple Bar, was an old-fashioned place even in the year 1780. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. Any one of the partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding TellsonâÄôs. Thus it had come to pass that TellsonâÄôs was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into TellsonâÄôs, down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop, with two little counters; where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always under a shower-bath of mud from Fleet Street, and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars proper and the shadow of Temple Bar.âÄù

[Picture: Fountain Court, Temple]

Passing NewtonâÄôs (optician) we arrive at the outer Gate of the Temple, by which we enter *Middle Temple Lane*, following which a short distance and turning to the right, by *Middle Temple Hall*, we reach Fountain Court. The fountain standing here, conspicuously in a central position, is associated with the history of *Ruth Pinch*. Here it was that Tom and his sister made appointments for meetingâÄî

âÄúBecause, of course, when she had to wait a minute or two, it would have been very awkward for her to have had to wait in any but a quiet spot; and that was as quiet a spot, everything considered, as they could choose.âÄù

On further reference to the pages of âÄúMartin Chuzzlewit,âÄù we may recall the auspicious occasion when Ruth was under the special escort of *John Westlock*âÄî

âÄúBrilliantly the Temple fountain sparkled in the sun, and merrily the idle drops of water danced and danced; and, peeping out in sport among the trees, plunged lightly down to hide themselves, as little Ruth and her companion came towards it.âÄù

See chapter 53. In Garden Court beyond, *Mr. Pip* and his friend, *Herbert Pocket*, had residence. In âÄúGreat Expectations,âÄù he saysâÄî

âÄúOur Chambers were in Garden Court, down by the river. We lived at the top of the last house.âÄù

Here PipâÄôs patron and benefactor, the convict *Magwitch*, *alias Provis*, disclosed himself one memorable night, much to his âÄúdear boyâÄôsâÄù discomfiture; and it will be remembered that temporary accommodation was found for him at

âÄúA lodging-house in Essex Street, the back of which looked into the Temple, and was almost within hail of âÄòPipâÄôsâÄô windows.âÄù

The houses in this court have been rebuilt, and we may look in vain for the actual chambers specified. Returning to *Middle Temple Lane*, the visitor may walk directly across it to *Elm Court*, and proceed through the same and a narrow passage beyond, turning to the left, through *The Cloisters*, which (left again) give into the central location of Pump Court, an oblong old-fashioned court of offices, four storeys high. Here, in all probability, were situated THE CHAMBERS where *Tom Pinch* was mysteriously installed as librarian to an

unknown employer, by the eccentric *Mr. Fips*.

âÄúHe led the way through sundry lanes and courts, into one more quiet and gloomy than the rest; and, singling out a certain house, ascended a common staircase . . . stopping before a door upon an upper storey. . . . There were two rooms on that floor; and in the first, or outer one, a narrow staircase leading to two more above.âÄù

Here, also, old *Martin Chuzzlewit* revealed himself to the astonished Tom in his true character, and surprised the virtuous *Mr. Pecksniff* by a âÄúwarm reception,âÄù when âÄúthe tables were turned completely upside down.âÄùâÄîSee âÄúChuzzlewit,âÄù chapters 39 and 52.

Proceeding past *Lamb Buildings*, on the east side of the Cloisters, and by a passage six steps downwards, leading beneath the *Inner Temple Dining-Hall*, we may note across the road (right) a short range of substantial houses, known as Paper Buildings, facing *KingâÄôs Bench Walk*, where it will be remembered that *Sir John Chester* had his residential chambers, no doubt selecting a central positionâÄîsay, at No. 3. Here at various times Mr. Edward Chester, Hugh, Sim Tappertit, and Gabriel Varden had audience with Sir John; for full particulars of which âÄúoverhaul the wollumeâÄùâÄîâÄúBarnaby Rudge.âÄù

In this neighbourhood also were situated the chambers of *Mr. Stryver*, *K.C.*, where *Sydney Carton* served as âÄújackalâÄù to that âÄúfellow of delicacy;âÄù as we read in âÄúThe Tale of Two Cities,âÄù how Sydney

âÄúHaving revived himself by twice pacing the pavements of KingâÄôs Bench Walk and Paper Buildings, turned into the Stryver Chambers.âÄù

Returning to Fleet Street by Lamb Buildings, and passing in front of the Old Temple Church, we come to GoldsmithâÄôs Buildings (right), which overlook the old burial-ground and the tomb of the doctor. This surely is the âÄúdismal churchyardâÄù referred to in âÄúOur Mutual FriendâÄù as being closely contiguous to the offices of Messrs. Lightwood and Wrayburn.

âÄúWhosoever . . . had looked up at the dismal windows commanding that churchyard, until at the most dismal window of them all, he saw a dismal boy, would in him have beheld . . . the clerk of Mr. Mortimer Lightwood.âÄù

*N.B.*âÄîNote the last window on the left (second floor), nearest the west wing, lately rebuilt.

Coming again into Fleet Street, by the arched gateway of Inner Temple Lane, the wayfarer may recall the circumstance of Bradley HeadstoneâÄôs nightly watchings opposite this point for the outgoings of *Mr. Eugene Wrayburn*, and the many fruitless journeys which were hence commenced, as Eugene enjoyed âÄúthe pleasures of the chaseâÄù at the expense of his unfortunate rival.

Nearly facing us, on the north side of Fleet Street, is CliffordâÄôs Inn Passage, into whose retirement *Mr. Rokesmith*, the hero of âÄúOur Mutual Friend,âÄù withdrew from the noise of Fleet Street, with *Mr. Boffin*, when offering that gentleman his services as secretary.

Close at hand stands St. DunstanâÄôs Church, near to which the pump was, but is not, from whose refreshing streams âÄú*Hugh*âÄù (from the Maypole, Chigwell) sobered himself by a drenching on one occasion previous to visiting Sir John Chester at Paper Buildings. (*Vide* âÄúBarnaby Rudge,âÄù chapter 40.) The old pump has been replaced by a drinking-fountain.

Toby Veck surely must have known that pump; for though there is no precise location given by Dickens in âÄúThe ChimesâÄù for the church near to which Toby waited for jobs, there is an etching by Stanfield in the original edition of that book (page 88), which is unmistakably the counterfeit presentment of St. DunstanâÄôs

Tower.

Continuing the route, we pass *Bouverie Street* (Bradbury and EvansâÄînow Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.âÄîin this street were the publishers of several of the works of Dickens, âÄúThe ChimesâÄù included) on the right, next arriving at *WhitefriarsâÄô Street* on the same side.

At the corner of the street, No. 67, is the public Office of âÄúThe Daily News.âÄù This influential newspaper was started January 21, 1846, under the supervision of Charles Dickens, and in the earlier numbers of the journal were published instalments of his âÄúPictures from Italy.âÄù Dickens shortly relinquished the editorship, being succeeded by his friends Jerrold and Forster. The fact is, Charles never greatly cared for the study of general or party politics; but he always identified himself with âÄúthe PeopleâÄîspelt with a large P, who are governed,âÄù rather than âÄúthe peopleâÄîspelt with a small p, who govern.âÄù

A short distance down WhitefriarsâÄô Street is a passage (left) from which, at a right angle riverwards, we may look into Hanging Sword Alley, where Mr. Jeremiah Cruncher, messenger at TellsonâÄôs, had his two apartments. These âÄúwere very decently keptâÄù by his wife, whose âÄúfloppingâÄù proclivities gave so much umbrage to Jerry.

On the opposite side of Fleet StreetâÄîNo. 146âÄîjust beyond, we turn (left) into *Wine Office Court*, and, on the right, we arrive at âÄúYe Olde Cheshire Cheese.âÄù In âÄúThe Tale of Two Cities,âÄù Book 2, chapter 4, we read that *Charles Darnay*, being acquitted of the charge of high treason, on his trial at the Old Bailey, was persuaded by the young lawyer, *Sydney Carton*, to dine in his company thereafter:âÄî

âÄúDrawing his arm through his own, he took him down Ludgate Hill to Fleet Street, and so up a covered way into a tavern.âÄù

This, of course, was the tavern intended; it having been a noted resort with literary and legal men for more than a century past. Here Doctor Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith frequently dined together in days gone by, gravely discoursing over their punch afterwards; and, in more recent years, Thackeray, Dickens, Jerrold, Sala, and others have been reckoned among the customary guests of the establishment. Mr. George Augustus Sala, in a pleasant description of the place, writes as follows:âÄî

âÄúLet it be noted in candour that Law finds its way to the âÄòCheeseâÄô as well as Literature; but the Law is, as a rule, of the non-combatant, and, consequently, harmless order. Literary men who have been called to the Bar, but do not practise; briefless young barristers, who do not object to mingling with newspaper men; with a sprinkling of retired solicitors (amazing dogs these for old port wine; the landlord has some of the same bin which served as Hippocrene to Judge Blackstone when he wrote his âÄòCommentariesâÄô)âÄîthese make up the legal element of the âÄòCheese.âÄôâÄù

The journey being resumed through Fleet Street, the visitor attains *Ludgate Circus*, from which *Farringdon Street* leads northward on the left. A short detour along this thoroughfare, facing the handsome bridge of the Holborn Viaduct, will afford a sight of *Farringdon Market* on the left side. Its position will recall the description given in âÄúBarnaby Rudge,âÄù in whose days it was known as Fleet Market,

âÄúAt that time a long irregular row of wooden sheds and penthouses occupying the centre of what is now called Farringdon Street. . . . It was indispensable to most public conveniences in those days that they should be public nuisances likewise, and Fleet Market maintained the principle to admiration.âÄù

Here the rioters assembledâÄîas narrated in the book before mentionedâÄîand passed a merry night in the midst of congenial surroundings. Retracing our steps, we may note, on the east side of Farringdon Street, the site of the old Fleet Prison, on a part of which now stands the CONGREGATIONAL MEMORIAL HALL. The prisonâÄîfifty years sinceâÄîstretched eastward in the rear as far as the present premises of Messrs.

Cassell and Co., Belle Sauvage Yard. Its last remaining walls were removed in 1872, when the foundation-stone of the âÄúMemorial HallâÄù aforesaid was laid. Here was imprisoned our amiable friend *Mr. Pickwick*, attended by his faithful Sam, until the time when the costs of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg in *re* Bardell *versus* Pickwick were by him fully paid and satisfied.

Proceeding up *Ludgate Hill*, we may soon note the Belle Sauvage Yard (turning by No. 68, on the left). The old inn, with its central metropolitan coach-yard, sixty years since occupied this site, where now the extensive printing and publishing offices of Cassell and Co. hold benignant sway. The place is referred to in an anecdote of *Sam WellerâÄôs* anent the preparation of his fatherâÄôs marriage licence, as arranged at DoctorsâÄô Commons, the place being evidently regarded by that respected coachman as his parochial headquarters in LondonâÄî

âÄúâÄòWhat is your name, sir?âÄô says the lawyer. âÄòTony Weller,âÄô says my father. âÄòParish?âÄô says the lawyer. âÄòBelle Savage,âÄô says my father; for he stopped there when he drove up, and he knowâÄôd nothing about parishes, *he* didnâÄôt.âÄù

The plan of the inn-yard is considerably changed from its olden style. In Mr. WellerâÄôs time it comprised two courts, the outer one being approached from Ludgate Hill by the present entrance, and the Belle Sauvage Inn forming a second quadrangle, with an archway about half-way up from the main entrance. In this interior court was the coach-yard, surrounded by covered wooden galleries, in accordance with the fashion of the times.

Passing onwards on the same side, past *Old Bailey*, we arrive at the site of the London Coffee Tavern, No. 46 Ludgate Hill, now occupied by the corner shop of Messrs. Hope Brothers, the well-known outfitters. The old house was pulled down in 1872. Here *Mr. Arthur Clennam* rested awhile on his arrival âÄúfrom Marseilles by way of Dover, and by Dover coach, âÄòthe Blue-Eyed Maid,âÄôâÄù one dismal Sunday evening, as narrated in chapter 3 of âÄúLittle Dorrit.âÄù We now soon come to St. PaulâÄôs Churchyard, facing the dial by which *Ralph Nickleby* corrected his watch on his way to the London Tavern, no doubt âÄústepping asideâÄù into No. 1âÄîDakinâÄôsâÄîâÄúdoorwayâÄù to do it; and we may probably be disposed to endorse *John BrowdieâÄôs* verdict with reference to St. PaulâÄôs Cathedral itself. âÄúSee there, lass, there be PaulâÄôs Church. Ecod, he be a soizable one, he be.âÄù This locality is also mentioned in âÄúBarnaby RudgeâÄù as being in the line of road taken by *Lord George Gordon* when entering London with his friends *en route* for his residence in Welbeck Street. On the right, within a short distance, we come to DeanâÄôs Court, formerly DOCTORSâÄô COMMONS. This place is referred to by *Sam Weller* as being in

âÄúSt. PaulâÄôs ChurchyardâÄîlow archway on the carriage side, booksellerâÄôs at one corner, hot-el on the other, and two porters in the middle, as touts for licences.âÄù

He further relates to Mr. Pickwick the circumstance of his fatherâÄôs having been here persuaded to take a marriage licence, directing the ladyâÄôs name to be filled in on speculation.

We hear more of DoctorsâÄô Commons in the chronicles of âÄúDavid Copperfield.âÄù

The Offices of Spenlow and Jorkins were situated in this locality; but the site is now occupied by the Post Office SavingsâÄô Bank in *Knightrider Street*. Passing through the Archway and by the Deanery of St. PaulâÄôs (right), we cross *Carter Lane*, and proceed by a narrow court, *Bell Yard*, to the street above mentioned. At the corner of Carter Lane and Bell Yard is the âÄú*Bell Tavern*,âÄù which it may be interesting to note, as a house where Mr. Dickens frequently rested, making his notes in preparation for DavidâÄôs âÄúchoice of a profession.âÄù For full particulars the Rambler is referred to chapter 23 of DavidâÄôs autobiography.

It may also be remembered that the worthy *Mr. Boffin* (see âÄúOur Mutual FriendâÄù), when instructing his

attorney, seemed to be somewhat mixed in his ideas relative to this institution. In conversation with Mr. Lightwood, he once referred to the same as a legal personalityâÄîâÄú*Doctor Scommons*!âÄù

This locality has, of late years, altogether changed both its name and aspect. The old archway has disappeared. As previously stated, it is now known as DeanâÄôs Court. In connection with its old associations, there exists *The Bishop of LondonâÄôs Registry and Marriage Licence Office*, at the east corner of the court; and there are some ProctorsâÄô offices doing business, as in the days of Copperfield, in the neighbourhood.

On the east side of the Cathedral, the visitor turns into Cheapside, soon arriving, on the left-hand side of the way (No. 122), at Wood Street. Associated with âÄúGreat Expectations,âÄù as containing âÄúCross Keys InnâÄù (âÄú*The Castle*,âÄù No. 25), at which house Mr. Pip arrived when first visiting London, in accordance with instructions received per *Mr. Jaggers*.

Crossing Cheapside, and onwards by the south side, we reach the well-known establishment of the London Stereoscopic Company, No. 54. It may be interesting to know that this firm possesses the stuffed original of âÄú*Grip*,âÄù the Raven, the fortunate bird that received a double passport to fame, Dickens having narrated the particulars of its decease, and Maclise having sketched its apotheosis. This relic, so intimately associated with the tale of âÄúBarnaby Rudge,âÄù was purchased at the public sale of Mr. DickensâÄôs effects for Â£110, and its photographic portrait may be now obtained at this address.

A few steps farther on the same side stands the old Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, whose bells recalled Dick Whittington to fame and fortune. These same bells are mentioned in the history of âÄúDombey and Son,âÄù chapter 4, as being within hearing at the offices of that important firm.

Passing on, and crossing to the north side of the thoroughfare, we arrive at King Street (turning by No. 92), at the top of which is The Guildhall. In the City Court attached thereto, that memorable case for breach of promise of marriage, âÄúBardell *v.* Pickwick,âÄù was contested, on which occasion *Mr. Weller*, *senr.*, emphatically insisted (from the body of the Court) on SamâÄôs spelling his name with a âÄúwe,âÄù and afterwards much deplored the absence of certain technical defence on Mr. PickwickâÄôs behalfâÄîâÄúOh, Sammy, Sammy, vy vornâÄôt there a alleybi?âÄù Are not all these and other particulars written in the chronicles of the âÄúPickwick PapersâÄù?âÄîSee chapter 34.

Resuming the promenade of Cheapside (still in the reverse direction of the progress of Lord George Gordon and his escort), we come into the Poultry, at the farther end, passing a turning on the left therefrom, known as GROCERSâÄô HALL COURT. It will be remembered that on one occasion when Mr. Pickwick desired a quiet glass of brandy and water, Sam Weller, whose âÄúknowledge of London was extensive and peculiar,âÄù led the way from the Mansion House, proceeding by the second court on the right, to the last house but one on the same side of the way, where he directed his master to

âÄúTake the box as stands in the first fireplace, âÄôcos there aâÄônâÄôt no leg in the middle of the table.âÄù

In pursuance of these explicit instructions, we shall find that this house is now in possession of Mr. Sheppard, gasfitter, but it is recollected that it was, aforetime, a restaurant of the old-fashioned sort. Mr. Weller, the elder, was here introduced to his sonâÄôs patron, and thereupon arranged for Mr. PickwickâÄôs journey to Ipswich. At the end of the Poultry we next approach, on the right, The Mansion House, mentioned in âÄúBarnaby RudgeâÄù as the residence of the Mayor of London. We read of this civic potentate in the pages of âÄúThe Christmas Carol,âÄù when, one Christmas Eve,

âÄúThe Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord MayorâÄôs household should.âÄù

Mark Tapley alsoâÄîin AmericaâÄîonce made jocose reference to this location. When speaking of Queen Victoria, he informed certain members of the Watertoast Association to the following effect:âÄî

âÄúShe has lodgings, in virtue of her office, with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, but donâÄôt often occupy them, in consequence of the parlour chimney smoking.âÄù

Messrs. Dombey and Son had their offices in the City, within the sound of Bow Bells, and not far from the Mansion House. Their position was probably in proximity to *The Royal Exchange*, but the address cannot be definitely indicated. Here Mr. Carker, the manager, reigned supreme, and schemed for his own aggrandisement, regardless of the prosperity of the house.

The name of the firm is still perpetuated in the City, and the thriving establishment of the well-known merchant tailorsâÄîDOMBEY & SONâÄîwill be found at No. 120 *Cheapside*, at which a large and well-conducted business is carried on.

From this point we may conveniently visit âÄúHis LordshipâÄôs LarderâÄù (at three minutesâÄô distance), Cheapside, where we may advantageously refresh, âÄúrest, and be thankful.âÄù

RAMBLE III *Charing Cross to Thavies Inn*, *Holborn Circus*

South-Eastern TerminusâÄîSpa Road StationâÄîJacobâÄôs Island; SykesâÄôs last RefugeâÄîButlerâÄôs Wharf, formerly QuilpâÄôs WharfâÄîQuilpâÄôs House, Tower HillâÄîTrinity House and Garden; Bella WilferâÄôs Waiting-placeâÄîSouthwark Bridge; Little DorritâÄôs PromenadeâÄîThe General Post OfficeâÄîFalcon Hotel, Falcon Square; John JasperâÄôs patronageâÄîLittle Britain; Office of Mr. JaggersâÄîSmithfieldâÄîNewgate Prison; PipâÄôs description in âÄúGreat ExpectationsâÄùâÄîThe Old Bailey Criminal Court, as per âÄúTale of Two CitiesâÄùâÄîThe SaracenâÄôs Head; Associations with Nicholas NicklebyâÄîClerkenwell Green; Oliver Twist and his CompanionsâÄîScene of the RobberyâÄîLine of Route taken by Oliver and âÄúThe Artful DodgerâÄù from the Angel to Saffron HillâÄîHatton Garden Police Court; Administration of Mr. FangâÄîGreat Saffron Hill and Field LaneâÄîFaginâÄôs House and the âÄúThree CripplesâÄùâÄîBleeding Hart Yard; Factory of Doyce and Clennam; the Plornish FamilyâÄîEly PlaceâÄîThavies Inn; Mrs. JellybyâÄôs Residence.

From the SOUTH-EASTERN TERMINUS at Charing Cross there are frequent trains by which the Rambler can travel to *Spa Road Station*, *Bermondsey* (about twenty minutesâÄô ride), from which point the situation of what was once JacobâÄôs Island may be conveniently visited. This place was associated with the adventures of *Oliver Twist*, being the last refuge to which *Sykes*, the murderer of *Nancy*, betook himself on his return to London, and where he met a righteous retribution when attempting his escape. It is described by DickensâÄînearly sixty years sinceâÄîas being

âÄúNear to that part of the Thames on which the church at Rotherhithe abuts, where the buildings on the banks are dirtiest, and the vessels on the river blackest, with the dust of colliers and the smoke of close-built, low-roofed houses. In such a neighbourhood, beyond Dockhead, in the borough of Southwark, stands JacobâÄôs Island, surrounded by a muddy ditch, six or eight feet deep, and fifteen or twenty wide when the tide is in, once called Mill Pond, but known in the days of this story as Folly Ditch.âÄù

Arriving at *Spa Road*, the explorer turns left and right by the short routes of *West Street South*, *Fream Street*, and *Rouel Road*, into *Jamaica Road* (five minutes from station); passing from the opposite side of which, through *ParkerâÄôs Row* to the thoroughfare of *Dockhead*, he will find himself face to face with a tavern on the north side, named âÄúThe Swan and Sugar Loaf.âÄù A short cut on the right of this house leads immediately to LONDON STREET, its northern side forming the south boundary of the old site of JacobâÄôs Island. *Folly Ditch*, flowing from the Thames through Mill Street, took its course through London Street (it has been filled in since 1851); and in these streets wooden bridges crossed to the Island, and âÄúcrazy

wooden galleries, common to the backs of half-a-dozen housesâÄùâÄîreferred to by the novelistâÄîused to âÄúornament the banks of Folly Ditch.âÄù To the right we pass into *George Row*, enclosing JacobâÄôs Island (east), and may note *en passant* the blocks of workmenâÄôs dwellings, erected 1883, named âÄúWolseleyâÄôs Buildings,âÄù which occupy the site of the old Island on its eastern side. From George Row we turn (right) into *Jacob Street*, north of the Island, by which we come into *Mill Street* (west); again returning to *London Street*, and so completing the circumnavigation of this interesting locality. Some of the old wooden erections still exist in *Farthing Alley*, *Halfpenny Alley*, and *Edward Street*, which intersect the area. In his preface to the first cheap edition of âÄúOliver Twist,âÄù the author makes a further reference, as follows:âÄî

âÄúIn the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty, it was publicly declared in London by an amazing alderman, that JacobâÄôs Island did not exist, and never had existed. JacobâÄôs Island continues to exist (like an ill-bred place as it is) in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, though improved and much changed.âÄù

Starting westward from âÄúThe Swan and Sugar Loaf,âÄù we now proceed through *Thornton Street*, and turn to the right, by one block in the street beyond, into *Queen Street*, which leads directly north to the riverside. At the end of this street is the locality of QuilpâÄôs Wharf and place of business, aforetime described in the pages of âÄúThe Old Curiosity ShopâÄù:âÄî

âÄúA small, rat-infested, dreary yard, in which were a little wooden counting-house, burrowing all awry in the dust as if it had fallen from the clouds, and ploughed into the ground; a few fragments of rusty anchors, several large iron rings, some piles of rotten wood, and two or three heaps of old sheet copperâÄîcrumpled, cracked, and battered.âÄù

The place has been altogether altered and improved during the last forty years, and is now known as âÄúButlerâÄôs Wharf,âÄù but the original prototype of Quilp is still remembered by some of the older residents of the neighbourhood.

The westward route being continued by the side of the river, we walk through *Shad Thames* and *Pickle Herring Street* (underneath an archway) to *Vine Street*, where is the southern entrance of the *Tower Subway*, by which we may cross below the river to the other side. Emerging near the Tower, QuilpâÄôs House, on Tower Hill, is near at hand. No. 6 Tower Dock, facing the public entrance to the Tower, is said to have comprised the lodging assigned by Dickens for the accommodation of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Quilp and Mrs. Jiniwin. We may here recall the matronsâÄô tea-meeting, as described in chapter 4 of âÄúThe Old Curiosity Shop,âÄù when QuilpâÄôs conduct as a husband was freely discussed, and much good advice tendered to Mrs. Quilp for the true assertion of her rights and dignity. Also the notable occasion when, the master of the house being missing and thought to be drowned, *Mr. Sampson Brass* was in consultation, and the party were unpleasantly surprised, as they were preparing a descriptive advertisement, by the sudden appearance of the Dwarf, as lively and sarcastic as ever.

âÄúA question now arises with regard to his nose. âÄòFlat,âÄô said Mrs. Jiniwin. âÄòAquiline!âÄô cried Quilp, thrusting in his head, and striking the feature with his fist. âÄòAquiline, you hag. Do you see it? Do you call this flat? Do you? Eh?âÄôâÄù

Hard by this locality stands Trinity House, Tower Hill, with its garden in front, and it may be remembered that *Mr. Wilfer* suggested this neighbourhood as a waiting-place for Bella, on the occasion of their âÄúinnocent elopementâÄù to Greenwich, while he should array himself in new garments at her expense, to do honour to the expedition. We now turn westward by *Tower Street*, and may save time by taking train at *Mark Lane Station* for the Mansion House, about ten minutesâÄô ride. On arrival at the Mansion House Station we shall find *Queen Street* close at hand, leading riverwards to Southwark Bridge, referred to in âÄúLittle DorritâÄù as the Iron Bridge. This was Amy DorritâÄôs favourite promenade, it being quieter than

many of the neighbouring thoroughfares; and we may recall the scene when young *John Chivery* was obliged to take no for an answer, when he attempted the proffer of his hand and heart.

Proceeding onwards through *Cannon Street*, we turn to the right through *St. PaulâÄôs Churchyard*, crossing Cheapside to the stately edifice of the General Post Office, *St. MartinâÄôs-le-Grand*. This building, in the times of âÄúNicholas Nickleby,âÄù occasioned honest John Browdie some surprise:âÄî

âÄúWa-at dost thee takâÄô yon place to be, noo, that âÄôun ower the waâÄô? YeâÄôd never coom near it, gin ye thried for twolve moonths. ItâÄôs na but a Poast-office. Ho, ho! they need to charge for double latthers. A Poast-office! What dost thee think of that? Ecod, if thatâÄôs onâÄôy a Poast-office, loike to see where the Lord Mayor oâÄô Lunnon lives!âÄù

Aldersgate Street leads northward from St. MartinâÄôs-le-Grand; passing the first block in which, *Falcon Street* turns on the right (No. 16) towards *Falcon Square*, a small city piazza, where may be found (No. 8) The Falcon Hotel. This is the place at which John Jasper sojourned when visiting London. In âÄúThe Mystery of Edwin DroodâÄù we read the following commendation of the house in question:âÄî

âÄúIt is hotel, boarding-house, or lodging-house at its visitorâÄôs option. It announces itself, in the new Railway advertisers, as a novel enterprise, timidly beginning to spring up. It bashfully, almost apologetically, gives the traveller to understand that it does not expect him, on the good old constitutional hotel plan, to order a pint of sweet blacking for his drinking, and throw it away; but insinuates that he may have his boots blacked instead of his stomach, and may also have bed, breakfast, attendance, and a porter up all night, for a certain fixed charge.âÄù

Returning to Aldersgate Street, we shall find that the opposite turning, leading to Smithfield, is *Little Britain*. In âÄúGreat ExpectationsâÄù we learn that the Offices of Mr. Jaggers, the Old Bailey lawyer, were here situated, in near proximity to Bartholomew Close; but the house cannot be precisely indicated. Here *Mr. Wemmick* assisted his Principal in the details of his professional business. He may be remembered as having a decided preference for âÄúportable property.âÄù

Proceeding onward by *Duke Street*, the visitor will shortly come into Smithfield, a locality which is considerably changed since the days when Pip first arrived in London. He saysâÄî

âÄúWhen I told the clerk that I would take a turn in the air while I waited, he advised me to go round the corner and I should come into Smithfield. So I came into Smithfield; and the shameful place, being all asmear with filth, and fat, and blood, and foam, seemed to stick to me. So, I rubbed it off with all possible speed by turning into a street where I saw the great black dome of Saint PaulâÄôs bulging at me from behind a grim stone building which a bystander said was Newgate Prison.âÄù

Adopting the same line of route, the Rambler may pass the south front of the Metropolitan Meat Market, turning to the left by St. BartholomewâÄôs Hospital into *Giltspur Street*, which leads to Newgate Street, and faces on the opposite corner of Old Bailey Newgate Prison. In âÄúGreat Expectations,âÄù Pip describes his visit to the interior, at the invitation and in the company of Mr. Wemmick:âÄî

âÄúWe passed through the Lodge, where some fetters were hanging up, on the bare walls among the prison rules, into the interior of the jail. At that time jails were much neglected, and the period of exaggerated reaction consequent on all public wrong-doingâÄîand which is always its longest and heaviest punishmentâÄîwas still far off. So, felons were not lodged and fed better than soldiers (to say nothing of paupers), and seldom set fire to their prisons with the excusable object of improving the flavour of their soup. It was visiting-time when Wemmick took me in, and a potman was going his rounds with beer, and the prisoners behind bars in yards were buying beer and talking to friends; and a frowsy, ugly, disorderly, depressing scene it was.âÄù

Again, it may be remarked that things have much improved since the good old days. *Inter alia*, the principles and rules of prison management and discipline have greatly changed for the better.

In the tale of âÄúBarnaby RudgeâÄù is the narrative of the burning of Newgate and the liberation of the prisoners by the rioters (1780), on which occasion it will be remembered that our old friend Gabriel Varden was somewhat roughly handled. For full particulars, see chapter 64.

Immediately south of Newgate is the adjacent Central Criminal Court of The Old Bailey, the scene of Charles DarnayâÄôs trial in âÄúThe Tale of Two Cities.âÄù At the time there described (1775)âÄî

âÄúThe Old Bailey was famous as a kind of deadly Inn yard, from which pale travellers set out continually, in carts and coaches, on a violent passage to the other world, traversing some two miles and a half of public street and road, and shaming few good citizens, if any. So powerful is use, and so desirable to be good use in the beginning. It was famous, too, for the pillory, a wise old institution, that inflicted a punishment of which no one could foresee the extent; also for the whipping-post, another dear old institution, very humanising and softening to behold in action; also for extensive transactions in blood-money, another fragment of ancestral wisdom.âÄù

Facing eastward from Newgate Street is the *Holborn Viaduct*, which has for many years superseded the old ascending and descending road of Holborn Hill.

The SaracenâÄôs Head, the old coaching-house on Snow Hill, with which we have been familiar from the days of âÄúNicholas Nickleby,âÄù as the headquarters of Mr. Squeers, has disappeared since 1868, having been pulled down long ago, with many other buildings of this neighbourhood, giving room to the great improvements which have taken place in this part of London. Hereabouts it stood, on a lower level, not far from St. SepulchreâÄôs ChurchâÄî

âÄúJust on that particular part of Snow Hill where omnibus horses going eastward seriously think of falling down on purpose, and horses in hackney cabriolets going westward not unfrequently fall by accident.âÄù

The present *Police Station*, Snow Hill, stands on part of the site formerly occupied by this old hostelry.

This modern thoroughfare of Snow Hill commences at the first turning on the right, in which has been erected a commodious hotel of the same name (No. 10), where, by the aid of a little refreshment and a slight exercise of imagination, we may recall the departure of Nicholas for DotheboyâÄôs Hall, Greta Bridge, by the Yorkshire coach, with Mr. Squeers and the pupils; also the later arrival in London of Mr. and Mrs. Browdie, accompanied by the lovely Fanny as bridesmaid, and the first meeting of Nicholas with Frank Cheeryble, newly returned from Continental travel.

Snow Hill leads to the lower level of *Farringdon Road*, at a point immediately north of the Holborn Viaduct spanning the thoroughfare, in which, turning to the right, we walk onwards to the intersection of *Clerkenwell Road* (eight minutesâÄô work). On the right hand, across the railway, is Clerkenwell Green, referred to in âÄúOliver TwistâÄù as

âÄúThat open square in Clerkenwell which is yet called by some strange perversion of terms The Green.âÄù

It was near this place that little Oliver became enlightened as to the business of Charley Bates and the Artful Dodger. We read that the boys, traversing a narrow court in this neighbourhood, came out opposite a bookstall, where Mr. Brownlow was reading, abstracted from all other mundane considerations, so affording âÄúa prime plantâÄù for the operations of these light-fingered gentlemen. This court leads from the road opposite the Sessions House into *Pear Tree Court*, giving into the main road at some distance beyond, at which the scene above referred to was enacted.

Walking onwards by the *KingâÄôs Cross Road* we soon come to the point where *Exmouth Street* joins it from the east, facing the south-east angle of the House of Correction. Here we strike into the route taken by Oliver Twist when he first came from Barnet to London, under the escort of *Mr. John Dawkins*. The text of the story is as follows:âÄî

âÄúThey crossed from the âÄòAngelâÄô into St. JohnâÄôs Road, struck down the small street which terminates at SadlerâÄôs Wells Theatre, through Exmouth Street and Coppice Row, down the little court by the side of the Workhouse, across the classic ground which once bore the name of Hockley-in-the-Hole, thence into Little Saffron Hill, and so into Saffron Hill the Great.âÄù

Following the line thus indicated from Exmouth Street, we come on the south side of the Workhouse, nearly opposite Little Saffron Hill, which leads into *Great Saffron Hill* as above. Crossing *Clerkenwell Road*, and proceeding for a short distance down Great Saffron Hill, we arrive at the cross street of *Hatton Wall*, in which, past two doors to the left on the south side, will be foundâÄîbetween the *Hat and Tun Inn* and No. 17 beyondâÄîthe entrance of HATTON YARD, a long narrow lane or mews (leading to *Kirby Street*), occupied by carmen and stabling. In this eligible position was situated, some fifty years since, âÄúthe very notorious Metropolitan Police CourtâÄù to which Oliver Twist was taken on the charge of theft; and we may here recall the administration of the presiding magistrate, the notable Mr. Fang, as shown in the examination of the prisoner.

The premises (No. 9, on the left) once formed part and parcel of the police court referred to; but the arrangements of the neighbourhood have been subjected to much alteration during the last half century. Mr. Forster states that Dickens âÄúhad himself a satisfaction in admitting the identity of Mr. Fang, in âÄòOliver Twist,âÄô with Mr. Laing of Hatton Garden.âÄù In a letter (now in possession of Mr. S. R. Goodman, of Brighton) written to Mr. Haines, Reporter, June 3rd, 1838, Dickens writes as follows:âÄî

âÄúIn my next number of âÄòOliver TwistâÄô I must have a magistrate; and, casting about for a magistrate whose harshness and insolence would render him a fit subject to be *shown up*, I have as a necessary consequence stumbled upon Mr. Laing of Hatton Garden celebrity. I know the manâÄôs character perfectly well; but as it would be necessary to describe his personal appearance also, I ought to have seen him, which (fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be) I have never done. In this dilemma it occurred to me that perhaps I might under your auspices be smuggled into the Hatton Garden office for a few moments some morning. If you can further my object I shall be really very greatly obliged to you.âÄù

âÄúThe opportunity was found; the magistrate was brought up before the novelist; and shortly after, on some fresh outbreak of intolerable temper, the Home Secretary found it an easy and popular step to remove Mr. Laing from the Bench.âÄù

Returning to GREAT SAFFRON HILL, we may recall its description as given in the days of âÄúOliver TwistâÄùâÄî

âÄúThe street was very narrow and muddy, and the air was impregnated with filthy odours. The sole places that seemed to prosper amid the general blight of the place were the public-houses, and in them the lowest orders of the Irish were wrangling with might and main. Covered ways and yards, which here and there diverged from the main street, disclosed little knots of houses where drunken men and women were positively wallowing in filth.âÄù

Field Lane, in the immediate vicinity, *was*

âÄúNear to that spot on which Snow Hill and Holborn Hill meet . . a narrow dismal alley leading to Saffron Hill. In its filthy shops are exposed for sale huge bunches of second-hand silk handkerchiefs of all sizes and patterns, for here reside the traders who purchase them from the pickpockets.âÄù

This place has been effaced by the Holborn Valley improvements, and we may now look in vain for the precise locality of the house of *Fagin* the Jew. In this neighbourhood also was situated âÄúThe Three Cripples,âÄù a public-house of evil repute patronised by Sykes, Fagin, and Monks. We may recall the circumstance of *Mr. Morris BolterâÄôs* (*alias* Noah ClaypoleâÄôs) arrival at this house, when he and *Charlotte* first came to London, and of his subsequent interview with the wily Jew.

It is pleasant to remark that Saffron Hill has greatly improved in its character since the above-quoted description was correct. It now affords accommodation for the headquarters of the *Central ShoeblacksâÄô Society* (as established under the auspices of the late Earl of Shaftesbury), and about midway in the street where thieves âÄúdid once inhabit,âÄù a large *Board School* is doing good educational service for the elevation of the humbler classes.

Turning from Great Saffron Hill westward by the *One Tun* public-house, we come into *Charles Street*, on the south side of which, towards Hatton Garden, is Bleeding Hart Yard (entrance by the Bleeding Hart Tavern, No. 19). This locality is associated with the tale of âÄúLittle Dorrit.âÄù It will be remembered that here the factory of *Messrs. Doyce and Clennam* was situated, and here also resided *Mr. and Mrs. Plornish*, the humble friends of the Dorrit family. In these degenerate days the place has much altered, and the amiable *Mr. Casby* would certainly find it more difficult than ever to collect his weekly dues, even by the agency of his energetic assistant, Mr. Pancks.

Passing from this unpretending locality, we come (at No. 8) into *Hatton Garden*, which leads southward to *Holborn Circus*.

In Hatton Garden, on the east side, can be observed (No. 20) the old-established warehouse of Messrs. Rowland and Son. In this connection there may be remembered the mad old gentleman âÄúin small clothes,âÄù who lived next door to the *Nicklebys*, at Bow. On the only occasion of his visiting the family indoors, he incidentally referred to âÄúMrs. Rowland, who, every morning, bathes in Kalydor for nothing.âÄùâÄîSee âÄúNicholas Nickleby,âÄù chapter 49.

Mr. WaterbrookâÄôs establishment, situated in *Ely Place*, *Holborn*, is entitled to passing mention as the place where David and his friend Traddles met each other for the first time after their schoolboy days, on the occasion of a dinner-party, at which also *Agnes Wickfield* and *Uriah Heep* attended. Ely Place is situated on the north side of HOLBORN CIRCUS, and once comprised the rose garden of the Bishop of Ely, afterwards leased to Sir Christopher Hatton.

On the opposite side of the Circus, and near to St. AndrewâÄôs Church, is situated Thavies Inn, in which *Mrs. Jellyby* and family resided, in the days when her daughter *Caddy* acted as amanuensis *in re* the affairs of Borrioboola-Gha.

It is described in âÄúBleak HouseâÄù as being

âÄúA narrow street of high houses like an oblong cistern to hold the fog.âÄù

The house No. 13, on the right, has been indicated as once the disorderly residence of the Jellyby family. We may recollect it as the place where *Esther Summerson* and *Ada* were accommodated for their first night in London, on which occasion little unfortunate *Peepy* was found with his head between the area railings, and the house generally turned upside down; while Mrs. Jellyby serenely dictated her correspondence in the family sitting-room, altogether oblivious of such minor domestic accidents.

Esther thus narrates her first impressions:âÄî

âÄúMrs. Jellyby had very good hair, but was too much occupied with her African duties to brush it. The

shawl in which she had been loosely muffled dropped on to her chair, when she advanced towards us; and, as she turned to resume her seat, we could not help noticing that her dress didnâÄôt nearly meet up the back, and that the open space was railed across with a lattice work of staylaceâÄîlike a summer house. . . . âÄòYou find me, my dears,âÄô said Mrs. Jellyby, âÄòas usual, very busy; but that you will excuse. The African project at present employs my whole time. . . . We hope by this time next year to have from a hundred and fifty to two hundred healthy families cultivating coffee and educating the natives of Borrioboola-Gha, on the left bank of the Niger.âÄùâÄîSee âÄúBleak House,âÄù chapter 4.

The Buffet of Messrs. Spiers and Pond will be found a short distance eastward from Holborn Circus, on the right, next the terminus of the London, Chatham, and Dover railway. A visit to its welcome âÄúcontiguity of shadeâÄù is confidently recommended to those who may be disposed for necessary rest and refreshment.

RAMBLE IV *Holborn Circus to Tottenham Court Road*

LangdaleâÄôs DistilleryâÄîBarnardâÄôs Inn; PipâÄôs ChambersâÄîFurnivalâÄôs Inn; DickensâÄôs and John WestlockâÄôs ApartmentsâÄîStaple Inn; Mr. GrewgiousâÄôs Chambers, P.J.T.; Rooms of Neville Landless and Mr. Tartar; âÄúThe Magic Bean-Stalk CountryâÄùâÄîGrayâÄôs Inn; Mr. and Mrs. Traddles and âÄúthe girls;âÄù Offices of Mr. PerkerâÄîThe Bull Inn; Scene of LewsomeâÄôs IllnessâÄîKingsgate Street; Poll SweedlepipeâÄôs Shop; Sairey GampâÄôs ApartmentsâÄîMrs. BillickinâÄôs Lodgings in Southampton Street; Miss Twinkleton and Rosa BuddâÄîBloomsbury Square; Lord MansfieldâÄôs ResidenceâÄîQueen SquareâÄîThe ChildrenâÄôs Hospital; JohnnyâÄôs WillâÄîFoundling Hospital; âÄúNo Thoroughfare;âÄù Walter WildingâÄîâÄúThe Boot TavernâÄùâÄîNo. 48 Doughty StreetâÄîTavistock House, Tavistock SquareâÄîMrs. DickensâÄôs Establishment, No. 4 Gower Street, North; Mrs. WilferâÄôs DoorplateâÄîNo. 1 Devonshire TerraceâÄîMr. MerdleâÄôs House, Harley StreetâÄîMr. DombeyâÄôs HouseâÄîMadame MantaliniâÄôs, Wigmore StreetâÄîWimpole Street; Mr. BoffinâÄôs West-end ResidenceâÄîWelbeck Street; Lord George GordonâÄôs ResidenceâÄîBrook Street, ClaridgeâÄôs Hotel; Mr. DorritâÄôs ReturnâÄîDevonshire House; Guild of Literature and ArtâÄîHatchettâÄôs Hotel; White Horse Cellars; Mr. Guppy in attendanceâÄî193 Piccadilly; Messrs. Chapman and HallâÄîGolden Square; Ralph NicklebyâÄôs OfficeâÄîApartments of the Kenwigs familyâÄîThe Crown InnâÄîâÄúMarthaâÄôsâÄù LodgingsâÄîNewman Street; Mr. TurveydropâÄôs AcademyâÄîCarlisle House; Doctor Manette and Lucie.

From HOLBORN CIRCUS the Rambler now proceeds westward by the main thoroughfare of *Holborn*, passing *Fetter Lane* on the left, and arrives at (No. 26) the old premises, now partially rebuilt, formerly LangdaleâÄôs Distillery. Half of the same remains (at the moment), but will shortly be superseded by a modern building. The eastern portion is occupied by Messrs. Buchanan, whisky merchants, who have recently purchased the premises. This establishment was sacked (1780) by the Gordon rioters. Mr. Langdale being a Catholic, was obnoxious to the No-Popery mob; and the stores of liquor at this distillery afforded an additional temptation for the attack. The terrible scenes enacted on the occasion are powerfully described in âÄúBarnaby Rudge,âÄù chapters 67 and 68âÄî

âÄúAt this place a large detachment of soldiery were posted, who fired, now up Fleet Market, now up Holborn, now up Snow HillâÄîconstantly raking the streets in each direction. At this place too, several large fires were burning, so that all the terrors of that terrible night seemed to be concentrated in one spot.

âÄúFull twenty times, the rioters, headed by one man who wielded an axe in his right hand, and bestrode a brewerâÄôs horse of great size and strength, caparisoned with fetters taken out of Newgate, which clanked and jingled as he went, made an attempt to force a passage at this point, and fire the vintnerâÄôs house. Full twenty times they were repulsed with loss of life, and still came back again; and though the fellow at their head was marked and singled out by all, and was a conspicuous object as the only rioter on horseback, not a man could hit him. . . .

âÄúThe vintnerâÄôs house, with half-a-dozen others near at hand, was one great, glowing blaze. All night, no one had essayed to quench the flames, or stop their progress; but now a body of soldiers were actively engaged in pulling down two old wooden houses, which were every moment in danger of taking fire, and which could scarcely fail, if they were left to burn, to extend the conflagration immensely.

âÄú. . . The gutters of the street, and every crack and fissure in the stones, ran with scorching spirit, which being dammed up by busy hands, overflowed the road and pavement, and formed a great pool, into which the people dropped down dead by dozens. They lay in heaps all round this fearful pond, husbands and wives, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, women with children in their arms and babies at their breasts, and drank until they died. While some stooped with their lips to the brink and never raised their heads again, others sprang up from their fiery draught, and danced, half in a mad triumph, and half in the agony of suffocation, until they fell, and steeped their corpses in the liquor that had killed them. . . .

âÄúOn this last night of the great riotsâÄîfor the last night it wasâÄîthe wretched victims of a senseless outcry, became themselves the dust and ashes of the flames they had kindled, and strewed the public streets of London.âÄù

It will be remembered that Mr. Langdale and Mr. Haredale, being in the house that night, were rescued by Edward Chester and Joe Willett, all four finding their way to safety by a back entrance.

âÄúThe narrow lane in the rear was quite free of people. So, when they had crawled through the passage indicated by the vintner (which was a mere shelving-trap for the admission of casks), and had managed with some difficulty to unchain and raise the door at the upper end, they emerged into the street without being observed or interrupted. Joe still holding Mr. Haredale tight, and Edward taking the same care of the vintner, they hurried through the streets at a rapid pace.âÄù

This door gives into Fetter Lane (No. 79), and still exists for the inspection of the curious. The old house in Holborn has, for more than a century, replaced the premises so destroyed. Close at hand (by No. 23) is the entrance to BarnardâÄôs InnâÄî

âÄúThe dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tom-cats.âÄù

The locality is referred to in these complimentary terms by Mr. Pip (in the pages of âÄúGreat ExpectationsâÄù), who lived here with his friend Herbert Pocket for a short time when he first came to London. Mr. Joe GargeryâÄôs verdict is worth remembrance:âÄî

âÄúThe present may be a wery good inn, and I believe its character do stand i; but I wouldnâÄôt keep a pig in it myself, not in the case that I wished him to fatten wholesome, and to eat with a meller flavour on him.âÄù

Pip further describes as follows:âÄî

âÄúWe entered this haven through a wicket-gate, and were disgorged by an introductory passage into a melancholy little square that looked to me like a flat burying-ground. I thought it had the most dismal trees in it, and the most dismal sparrows, and the most dismal cats, and the most dismal houses (in number half-a-dozen or so), that I had ever seen. . . . A frowzy mourning of soot and smoke attired this forlorn creation of Barnard, and it had strewed ashes on its head, and was undergoing penance and humiliation as a mere dust-hole. Thus for my sense of sight; while dry rot, and wet rot, and all the silent rots that rot in neglected root and cellarâÄîrot of rat, and mouse, and bug, and coaching stables near at hand besidesâÄîaddressed themselves faintly to my sense of smell, and moaned, âÄòTry BarnardâÄôs Mixture.âÄôâÄù

Great alterations are now (1899) being carried out; the old buildingsâÄîas above referred to by Mr. PipâÄîhave been demolished, and a new and better arrangement of the locality is in active progress for the improvement of the neighbourhood.

On the opposite side of Holborn are the handsome and extensive offices of THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY. These premises, with their frontage, occupy the site of FURNIVALâÄôS INN, which has recently disappeared, having been pulled down to make room for the extension of the Assurance offices above referred toâÄî*Sic transit memoria mundi*.

FurnivalâÄôs Inn was an interesting locality, as associated with the earlier experience of Mr. Dickens himself. Here the young author resided in 1835, the year previous to the production of the âÄúPickwick Papers,âÄù the first number of that work being published April 1, 1836. On the day following that notable date, Mr. Dickens married Miss Catherine Hogarth; and for some time the young couple resided on the third floor apartments at *No.* 15 *FurnivalâÄôs Inn*âÄîon the right side of the square. A personal reminiscence of these early days is no doubt intended in chapter 59 of âÄúDavid Copperfield;âÄù a pleasant description being there given of the residential chambers of Mr. and Mrs. Traddles, as located in GrayâÄôs Inn just beyond.

Mr. John Westlock had his bachelor apartments in this same place at FurnivalâÄôs Inn (*vide* âÄúMartin ChuzzlewitâÄù), and here he received the unexpected visit of Tom Pinch on his first arrival in London. We may remember the incidents of that cordial welcome, when

âÄúJohn was constantly running backwards and forwards to and from the closet, bringing out all sorts of things in pots, scooping extraordinary quantities of tea out of the caddy, dropping French rolls into his boots, pouring hot water over the butter, and making a variety of similar mistakes, without disconcerting himself in the least.âÄù

In the centre of the interior square, standing within the precincts of FurnivalâÄôs Inn during the past seventy-five years, and flourishing in recent daysâÄîa quiet oasis of retirement and good cheer amidst the bustle and noise of central LondonâÄîthere existed (until 1895) WoodsâÄô Hotel. This hotel was associated with âÄúThe Mystery of Edwin Drood,âÄù being the house at which Mr. Grewgious found accommodation for the charming Rosa Budd (on the occasion of her flight from the importunities of Jasper at Cloisterham), including an âÄúunlimited head chambermaidâÄù for her special behoof and benefit.

âÄúRosaâÄôs room was airy, clean, comfortable, almost gay. The Unlimited had laid in everything omitted from the very little bag (that is to say, everything she could possibly need), and Rosa tripped down the great many stairs again, to thank her guardian for his thoughtful and affectionate care of her.

âÄúâÄòNot at all, my dear,âÄô said Mr. Grewgious, infinitely gratified; âÄòit is I who thank you for your charming confidence and for your charming company. Your breakfast will be provided for you in a neat, compact, and graceful little sitting-room (appropriate to your figure), and I will come to you at ten oâÄôclock in the morning. I hope you donâÄôt feel very strange indeed, in this strange place.âÄô

âÄúâÄòOh no, I feel so safe!âÄô

âÄúâÄòYes, you may be sure that the stairs are fire-proof,âÄô said Mr. Grewgious, âÄòand that any outbreak of the devouring element would be perceived and suppressed by the watchmen.âÄô

âÄúâÄòI did not mean that,âÄô Rosa replied. âÄòI mean, I feel so safe from him.âÄô

âÄúâÄòThere is a stout gate of iron bars to keep him out,âÄô said Mr. Grewgious smiling; âÄòand FurnivalâÄôs is fire-proof, and specially watched and lighted, and *I* live over the way!âÄô In the stoutness of his knight-errantry, he seemed to think the last-named protection all-sufficient. In the same spirit he said to the

gate-porter as he went out, âÄòIf some one staying in the hotel should wish to send across the road to me in the night, a crown will be ready for the messenger.âÄô In the same spirit, he walked up and down outside the iron gate for the best part of an hour, with some solicitude; occasionally looking in between the bars, as if he had laid a dove in a high roost in a cage of lions, and had it on his mind that she might tumble out.âÄù

The Hotel was originally built 1818âÄì19, and was enlarged as recently as 1884. Woods was the proprietor for fifty years.

Crossing to the other side of the street, at a short distance onwards, opposite GrayâÄôs Inn Road, the Rambler reaches (by No. 334 High Holborn) the gateway of Staple Inn; a little nook, composed of two irregular quadrangles behind the most ancient part of Holborn, where certain gabled houses, some centuries of age, still stand looking on the public way. Staple Inn was the favourite summer promenade of the meditative *Mr. Snagsby* (see âÄúBleak HouseâÄù); and in this Inn *Mr. Grewgious* occupied a set of chambers. The house is No. 10, in the inner quadrangle, âÄúpresenting in black and white, over its ugly portal, the mysterious inscription, âÄòP. J. T., 1747.âÄô Perhaps John Thomas, or Perhaps Joe Tyler.âÄù And, under certain social conditions, âÄúfor a certainty, P. J. T. was Pretty Jolly Too.âÄù *Neville Landless* also had rooms in this locality; the top set in the corner (on the right), overlooking the garden âÄúwhere a few smoky sparrows twitter in the smoky trees, as though they had called to each other, âÄòlet us play at country.âÄôâÄù Close to these lived *Mr. Tartar*, in âÄúthe neatest, the cleanest, and the best-ordered chambers ever seen under the sun, moon, and stars.âÄù And we may recall the writerâÄôs delicate treatment of this, the blushing âÄúbeanstalk countryâÄù of dear little Rosa Budd. For the several associations herewith connected, reference should be made to our authorâÄôs last book, âÄúThe Mystery of Edwin Drood.âÄùâÄîSee concluding paragraphs of chapter 21:âÄî

âÄúRosa wondered what the girls would say if they could see her crossing the wide street on the sailorâÄôs arm. And she fancied that the passers-by must think her very little and very helpless, contrasted with the strong figure that could have caught her up and carried her out of any danger, miles and miles without resting.

âÄúShe was thinking further, that his far-seeing blue eyes looked as if they had been used to watch danger afar off, and to watch it without flinching, drawing nearer and nearer: when, happening to raise her own eyes, she found that he seemed to be thinking something about *them*.

âÄúThis a little confused Rosebud, and may account for her never afterwards quite knowing how she ascended (with his help) to his garden in the air, and seemed to get into a marvellous country that came into sudden bloom like the country on the summit of the magic bean-stalk. May it flourish for ever!âÄù

[Picture: Doorway in Staple Inn]

In this connection, the reader may be interested in chapter 22; the first part of which deals most tenderly and beautifully with âÄúloveâÄôs awaking,âÄù in the heart of the innocent heroine.

Recrossing to the other side of High Holborn, past *GrayâÄôs Inn Road* (on the north), at No. 22, we reach the gateway of GRAYâÄôS INN. At No. 2 South Square (formerly Holborn Court) we may find the upper chambers formerly occupied by *Mr. Traddles* and his wife *Sophy*, whose domestic arrangements included accommodation for âÄúthe beautyâÄù and the other Devonshire sisters. Copperfield says, in the chapter before referred to:âÄî

âÄúIf I had beheld a thousand roses blowing in a top set of chambers, in that withered GrayâÄôs Inn, they could not have brightened it half so much. The idea of those Devonshire girls, among the dry law-stationers, and the attorneysâÄô offices; and of the tea and toast, and childrenâÄôs songs, in that grim atmosphere of pounce and parchment, red-tape, dusty wafers, ink-jars, brief and draft paper, law reports, writs, declarations, and bills of costs, seemed almost as pleasantly fanciful as if I had dreamed that the SultanâÄôs famous family

had been admitted on the roll of attorneys, and had brought the talking-bird, the singing-tree, and the Golden water into GrayâÄôs Inn Hall.âÄù

The offices of *Mr. Perker*, the legal adviser of Mr. Pickwick, were also located in GrayâÄôs Inn. We read that the âÄúouter doorâÄù of these chambers was to be found âÄúafter climbing two pairs of steep and dirty stairs;âÄù but no indication is given of their exact situation.

Proceeding westward from GrayâÄôs Inn, and passing the stately, elegant, and commodious *First Avenue Hotel*, between Warwick Court and Brownlow Street, and a half-a-dozen side streets beyond, we come, on the north side, at No. 92, to the Bull and Anchor Tavern. This is the house known in the pages of âÄúMartin ChuzzlewitâÄù as âÄú*The Bull Inn*,âÄù then a more important hostelry than at present. It will be remembered as the inn at which Mr. Lewsome, during his illness, was professionally attended by *Sairey Gamp* and *Betsy Prig*, âÄúturn and turn about.âÄù

Passing on to the next turning but one, we reach Kingsgate Street, where *Poll Sweedlepipes*âÄîbarber and bird-fancierâÄîonce had his business location, âÄúnext door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite the original catâÄôs-meat warehouse.âÄù At this place the immortal *Mrs. Gamp* had lodgings on the first floor, where she

âÄúWas easily assailed at night by pebbles, walking-sticks, and fragments of tobacco pipes, all much more efficacious than the street-door knocker, which was so constructed as to wake the street with ease, and even spread alarms of fire in Holborn, without making the smallest impression on the premises to which it was addressed.âÄù

It is recollected in the neighbourhood that, fifty years since, a barber by the name of Patterson (who was also a bird-dealer) lived in this street, at the second house on the left. The shop has been pulled down, is now absorbed by the corner premises in Holborn, and can be only identified by its position. Here, then, did *Mr. Pecksniff* arrive on his doleful mission, in accordance with the recommendation of *Mr. Mould*, the undertaker, with regard to the death of old *Anthony Chuzzlewit*; and here did that memorable teapot cause a lasting difference between two friends, as narrated in chapter 49 of âÄúMartin Chuzzlewit.âÄù âÄúThis world-famous personage, Mrs. Gamp, has passed into and become one with the languageâÄù whose vernacular she has adorned with her own flowers of speech. As Mr. Forster remarks, âÄúshe will remain among the everlasting triumphs of fiction, a superb masterpiece of English humour.âÄù âÄúAge cannot wither her, nor custom stale, her infinite variety.âÄù At the Holborn corner of Kingsgate Street we may remember *Mr. Bailey*, *junior*, on the occasion when, at this exact spot, he collided with Poll Sweedlepipes, afterwards going âÄúround and round in circles on the pavement,âÄù the better to exhibit to PollâÄôs admiring gaze his fashionable livery as Tiger in the service of *Mr. Montague Tigg*, âÄúrather to the inconvenience of the passengers generally, who were not in an equal state of spirits with himself.âÄù

The next turning but one, westward, on the right, by the West Central Post Office (No. 126), is Southampton Street, leading to Bloomsbury Square.

Here it will be remembered that lodgings were taken by Mr. Grewgious for *Miss Twinkleton* and Rosa, of the redoubtable *Mrs. Billickin*, âÄúthe person of the âÄôouse,âÄù who, from prudential motives, suppressed her Christian name.

âÄúMr. Grewgious had his agreement-lines and his earnest-money ready. âÄòI have signed it for the ladies, maâÄôam,âÄô he said, âÄòand youâÄôll have the goodness to sign it for yourself, Christian and Surname, there, if you please.âÄô

âÄúâÄòMr. Grewgious,âÄô said Mrs. Billickin in a new burst of candour, âÄòno, sir! You must excuse the Christian name.âÄô

âÄúMr. Grewgious stared at her.

âÄúâÄòThe door-plate is used as a protection,âÄô said Mrs. Billickin, âÄòand acts as such, and go from it I will not.âÄô

âÄúMr. Grewgious stared at Rosa.

âÄúâÄòNo, Mr. Grewgious, you must excuse me. So long as this âÄôouse is known indefinite as BillickinâÄôs, and so long as it is a doubt with the riff-raff where Billickin may be hidinâÄô, near the street-door or down the airy, and what his weight and size, so long I feel safe. But commit myself to a solitary female statement, no, Miss! Nor would you for a moment wish,âÄô said Mrs. Billickin, with a strong sense of injury, âÄòto take that advantage of your sex, if you were not brought to it by inconsiderate example.âÄô

âÄúRosa reddening as if she had made some most disgraceful attempt to overreach the good lady, besought Mr. Grewgious to rest content with any signature. And accordingly, in a baronial way, the sign-manual BILLICKIN got appended to the document.âÄù

And we may here recall the incidental passage of arms between the worthy landlady and Miss Twinkleton, Mrs. B. being always in direct antagonism with the schoolmistress, against whom she âÄúopenly pitted herself as one whom she fully ascertained to be her natural enemy.âÄù Witness âÄúthe B. enveloped in the shawl of State,âÄù as she remarked to Miss Twinkleton that

âÄúâÄòA rush from scanty feeding to generous feeding, from what you may call messing to what you may call method, do require a power of constitution, which is not often found in youth, particular when undermined by boarding-school. . . . I was put in youth to a very genteel boarding-school, the mistress being no less a lady than yourself, of about your own age, or it may be some years younger, and a poorness of blood flowed from the table, which has run through my life.âÄô

* * * * *

âÄúâÄòIf you refer to the poverty of your circulation,âÄô began Miss Twinkleton, when again the Billickin neatly stopped her.

âÄúâÄòI have used no such expressions.âÄô

âÄúâÄòIf you refer, then, to the poorness of your bloodâÄîâÄô

âÄúâÄòBrought upon me,âÄô stipulated the Billickin, expressly, âÄòat a boarding-schoolâÄîâÄô

âÄúâÄòThen,âÄô resumed Miss Twinkleton, âÄòall I can say is, that I am bound to believe, on your asseveration, that it is very poor indeed. I cannot forbear adding, that if that unfortunate circumstance influences your conversation, it is much to be lamented, and it is eminently desirable that your blood were richer.âÄôâÄù

Southampton Street is not a long one, and is now chiefly occupied by solicitors and architects; but there is reason to believe that the BillickinsâÄô residence was, aforetime, to be found at No. 18, which is situated next door but one to an archway. As Mrs. B. herself candidly pointed out,

âÄúThe arching leads to a mews; mewses must exist.âÄù

The mews aforesaid is now superseded by a factory. Mrs. Billickin has long since relinquished the cares of housekeeping and retired from public life. The present amiable landlady conducts the business on different

principles, and will be at all times disposed to give her patrons satisfaction, whether they be of the scholastic persuasion or otherwise.

Southampton Street leads immediately northward into Bloomsbury Square. This place is mentioned in âÄúBarnaby RudgeâÄù as the locality in which *Lord MansfieldâÄôs* residence was situated at the period of the Gordon Riots. In chapter 66 its destruction by the rioters is thus described:âÄî

âÄúThey began to demolish the house with great fury; and setting fire to it in several places, involved in a common ruin the whole of the costly furniture, the plate and jewels, a beautiful gallery of pictures, the rarest collection of manuscripts ever possessed by any one private person in the world, and, worst of all, because nothing could replace the loss, the great Law Library, on almost every page of which were notes, in the judgeâÄôs own hand, of inestimable value; being the results of the study and experience of his whole life.âÄù

[Picture: The ChildrenâÄôs Hospital]

The house occupied the site of No. 29, on the east side of the square. We subsequently read in the same book that two of the riotersâÄîcripplesâÄîwere hanged in this square, the execution being momentarily delayed, as they were placed facing the house they had assisted to despoil. Leaving the square at its north-east angle (right) by *Bloomsbury Place*, the Rambler shortly comes into *Southampton Row*, turning left, and proceeding for a short distance upwards to *Cosmo Place* on the right, a short cut which leads directly to the contiguous shades of Queen Square just beyond. It will be remembered that in this neighbourhood Richard Carstone had furnished apartments at the time when he was pursuing the experimental study of the Law under the auspices of Messrs. Kenge and Carboy (see âÄúBleak House,âÄù chapter 18). There is reason to believe that the âÄúquiet oldâÄù house intended was No. 28 *Devonshire Street*, leading from the south-east angle of the square.

Leaving Queen Square by *Great Ormond Street* (eastward), we immediately arrive, on the north side (No. 50), at The ChildrenâÄôs Hospital, adjacent to the Catholic Church and Convent of St. John. In 1858, February 9th, a public dinner was arranged, by way of charitable appeal, for funds necessary to carry on and develop the work. It was happily resolved to invite Charles Dickens to preside on that occasion, and he âÄúthrew himself into the service heart and soul.âÄù His earnest, pathetic, but powerful appealâÄîâÄúmajestic in its own simplicityâÄùâÄîthat night added more than Â£3000 to the treasury, which amount was, two months afterwards, substantially increased by the proceeds of a public reading of his âÄúChristmas Carol.âÄù It is pleasant to record that this institution has ever since flourished amain, thus fulfilling the prediction of Dickens when, suggesting that the enterprise could not be possibly maintained unless the Hospital were made better known, he continued as follows:âÄî

âÄúI limit myself to sayingâÄîbetter known, because I will not believe that, in a Christian community of fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, it can fail, being better known, to be well and richly endowed.âÄù

We may here recall the scene narrated in chapter 9 of âÄúOur Mutual Friend,âÄù when *Johnny* makes his will and arranges his affairs, leaving âÄúa kiss for the boofer ladyâÄùâÄî

âÄúThe family whom God had brought together were not all asleep, but were all quiet. From bed to bed, a light womanly tread and a pleasant fresh face passed in the silence of the night. A little head would lift itself into the softened light here and there, to be kissed as the face went byâÄîfor these little patients are very lovingâÄîand would then submit itself to be composed to rest again. . . . Over most of the beds, the toys were yet grouped as the children had left them when they last laid themselves down, and in their innocent grotesqueness and incongruity they might have stood for the childrenâÄôs dreams.âÄù

Proceeding eastward by *Great Ormond Street* and turning (left) through *LambâÄôs Conduit Street*, to its

northern end, we face the entrance of the Foundling Hospital. This beneficent institution was established by Captain Thomas Coram, about the middle of the last century, and is associated with âÄúNo Thoroughfare,âÄù the Christmas number (and last in the series) of âÄúAll the Year Round,âÄù 1867. Visitors attending the morning service of the *Foundling Church* on Sundays are admitted to the childrenâÄôs *Dining-Hall* thereafter, and so may have an opportunity of realising the scene portrayed by Dickens, when the âÄúveiled ladyâÄù induced a female attendant to point out Walter Wilding:âÄî

âÄúThe bright autumnal sun strikes freshly into the wards; and the heavy-framed windows through which it shines, and the panelled walls on which it shines, are such windows, and such walls as pervade HogarthâÄôs pictures. Neat attendants silently glide about the orderly and silent tables, the lookers-on move or stop as the fancy takes them; comments in whispers on face such a number, from such a window, are not unfrequentâÄîmany of the faces are of a character to fix attention. Some of the visitors from the outside public are accustomed visitors. They have established a speaking acquaintance with the occupants of particular seats at the table, and halt at those points to say a word or two.âÄù

In âÄúLittle Dorrit,âÄù too, reference is made to this institution, *in re* the adoption of Tattycoram by good Papa and Mamma Meagles. In the times of Barnaby Rudge, the London streets were not greatly extended northward beyond this (now central) neighbourhood. We may remember that the headquarters of the âÄúCaptain,âÄù Sim Tappertit, Hugh, and Dennis were at The âÄúBootâÄù Tavern, which is described as

âÄúA lone place of public entertainment, situated in the fields at the back of the Foundling Hospital; a very solitary spot at that period, and quite deserted after dark. The Tavern stood at some distance from any high road, and was only approachable by a dark and narrow lane.âÄù

Proceeding onwards through *Guilford Street*, we reach *Doughty Street*, *Mecklenburgh Square*, running transversely north and south. On the east side we may note No. 48 Doughty Street, as the house to which Dickens removed from *FurnivalâÄôs Inn*, in the early spring of 1837, and in which he lived two years and a half, previous to his longer residence at *No.* 1 *Devonshire Terrace*. In it âÄúOliver TwistâÄù and âÄúNicholas NicklebyâÄù were written; and here, too, the early friendship, which had been for some time steadily developing between Dickens and Forster, became cemented for life. His biographer says:âÄî

âÄúNor had many weeks passed before he addressed to me from Doughty Street, words which it is my sorrowful pride to remember have had literal fulfilment. âÄòI look back with unmingled pleasure to every link which each ensuing week has added to the chain of our attachment. It shall go hard, I hope, ere anything but death impairs the toughness of a bond now so firmly riveted.âÄôâÄù

The route being retraced to the Foundling Hospital, and thence continued through Guilford Street to *Russell Square*, we turn (right) by *Woburn Place* to TAVISTOCK SQUARE, on the south side of which (TAVISTOCK VILLAS) is situated Tavistock House. To this residence Dickens removed (from DEVONSHIRE TERRACE) in October 1851, retaining its possession for nearly ten years. During this time âÄúBleak HouseâÄù was completed, and âÄúHard Times,âÄù âÄúLittle Dorrit,âÄù and the âÄúTale of Two CitiesâÄù were given to the world. TAVISTOCK HOUSE is now transformed into a Jewish College. *Hans Christian Andersen*, visiting his friend in London, gives the following description:âÄî

âÄúIn Tavistock Square stands Tavistock House. This and the strip of garden in front of it are shut out from the thoroughfare by an iron railing. A large garden, with a grass plat and high trees, stretches behind the house, and gives it a countrified look in the midst of this coal and gas steaming London. In the passage from street to garden hung pictures and engravings. Here stood a marble bust of Dickens, so like him, so youthful and handsome; and over a bedroom door were inserted the bas-reliefs of Night and Day, after Thorwaldsen. On the first floor was a rich library, with a fireplace and a writing-table, looking out on the garden; and here it was that in winter Dickens and his friends acted plays to the satisfaction of all parties. The kitchen was underground, and at the top of the house were the bedrooms.âÄù

[Picture: Tavistock House]

Leaving this locality at the north-west angle, passing *Gordon Square*, we turn (right) into *Gordon Street*, and (left) through *Gower Place*, to GOWER STREET, on the west side of whichâÄîoppositeâÄîis the house once bearing a large brass plate on the door, announcing Mrs. DickensâÄôs Establishment, being the place at which Mrs. Dickens (mother of Charles) endeavoured to set up a school during the difficult times of 1822. The family lived here for a short time, previous to the Marshalsea imprisonment of Dickens senior; Charles being then a boy ten years of age. In the first chapter of ForsterâÄôs Biography is the following:âÄî

âÄúA house was soon found at number four, Gower Street North; a large brass plate on the door announced Mrs. DickensâÄôs establishment; and the result I can give in the exact words of the then small actor in the comedy, whose hopes it had raised so high: âÄòI left at a great many other doors a great many circulars, calling attention to the merits of the establishment. Yet nobody ever came to school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive anybody. But, I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and baker; that very often we had not too much for dinner; and that at last my father was arrested.âÄô . . . Almost everything by degrees was pawned or sold, little Charles being the principal agent in these sorrowful transactions . . . until at last, even of the furniture of Gower Street, number four, there was nothing left except a few chairs, a kitchen table, and some beds. Then they encamped, as it were, in the two parlours of the emptied house, and lived there night and day.âÄù

Gower Street has been rearranged since that time (there is now no Gower Street North), and the houses are renumbered. No. 145, near *Gower Street Chapel*, and other houses adjoining, are now in the occupation of Messrs. Maple & Co.; and this No. 145 was the house then enumerated as No. 4 Gower Street North. Mrs. DickensâÄôs experience, it will be remembered, has been pleasantly referred to in the pages of âÄúOur Mutual Friend;âÄù the stately *Mrs. Wilfer* therein making a similar experiment, with the same result. In chapter 4 we read of *RumptyâÄôs* return home from business: when

âÄúSomething had gone wrong with the house door, for R. Wilfer stopped on the steps, staring at it, and cried âÄòHal-loa?âÄô âÄòYes,âÄô said Mrs. Wilfer, âÄòthe man came himself with a pair of pincers and took it off, and took it away. He said that as he had no expectation of ever being paid for it, and as he had an order for another *LadiesâÄô School* door-plate, it was better (burnished up) for the interests of all parties.âÄôâÄù

On the opposite corner of the street is the *Gower Street Station* of the Metropolitan Railway, at which train may be taken to *Baker Street*. On arrival, we turn to the right, by *Marylebone Road*, to Devonshire Terrace, consisting of three houses at the northern end of *High Street*, *Marylebone*. No. 1, now occupied by a legal firm, was for twelve years the residence of Charles Dickens (when in town). It is described by Forster as

âÄúA handsome house with a garden of considerable size, shut out from the New Road by a brick wall, facing the York Gate into RegentâÄôs Park.âÄù

To quote the ironical dictum of its future tenant when the choice was made, it was âÄúa house of great promise (and great premium), undeniable situation, and excessive splendour.âÄù During the period of the authorâÄôs residence here several of his best-known books were given to the worldâÄîâÄúMaster HumphreyâÄôs Clock,âÄù CHRISTMAS BOOKS, and âÄúDavid CopperfieldâÄù included. Proceeding forwards and eastward past *Devonshire Place*, we may take our way, turning on the right down Harley Street, of which we read in âÄúLittle DorritâÄù that,

âÄúLike unexceptionable society, the opposing rows of houses in Harley Street were very grim with one another. Indeed, the mansions and their inhabitants were so much alike in that respect that the people were often to be found drawn up on opposite sides of dinner tables, in the shade of their own loftiness, staring at the other side of the way with the dulness of the houses. Everybody knows how like the street the two dinner-rows of people who take their stand by the street will be. The expressionless uniform twenty houses,

all to be knocked at and rung at in the same form, all approachable by the same dull steps, all fended off by the same pattern of railing, all with the same impracticable fire-escapes, the same inconvenient fixtures in their heads, and everything, without exception, to be taken at a high valuationâÄîwho has not dined with these?âÄù

In this street lived that great financier and swindler *Mr. Merdle*, who had his residence in one of the handsomest of these handsome houses; but it would be, perhaps, invidious to point out any particular location for the same, Dickens himself having purposely omitted an exact address. Following the course of Harley Street, we come in due time to QUEEN ANNE STREET, running east and west. Adopting the leftward turning (east), we may find at the next cornerâÄî*Mansfield Street*âÄîon the north side, Mr. DombeyâÄôs House, as described in chapter 3 of âÄúDombey and SonâÄùâÄî

âÄúMr. DombeyâÄôs house was a large one, on the shady side of a tall, dark, dreadfully genteel street in the region between Portland Place and Bryanston Square. It was a corner house, with great wide areas containing cellars, frowned upon by barred windows, and leered at by crooked-eyed doors leading to dust-bins. It was a house of dismal state, with a circular back to it, containing a whole suite of drawing-rooms looking upon a gravelled yard.âÄù

It will be observed that the position and character of this mansion exactly correspond to the above description, being in its general style noteworthy and unique. This, then, was the private establishment and âÄúhome departmentâÄù of the Dombey family, where died the gentle Paul; the lonely house in which the neglected Florence grew to lovely womanhood; what time the second wifeâÄîthe stately EdithâÄîheld temporary sway.

Hence a short distance southward leads to *Cavendish Square*. In this neighbourhood we read that Madame MantaliniâÄôs fashionable dressmaking establishment was situated, at which Kate Nickleby was for some few weeks engaged, on the recommendation of her uncle. The house intended was probably in *Wigmore Street*, No. 11. In the days of the Mantalini *rÃ©gime* the business was advertised

âÄúTo the nobility and gentry by the casual exhibition, near the handsomely-curtained windows, of two or three elegant bonnets of the newest fashion, and some costly garments in the most approved taste.âÄù

By the next turning (right) on the north side we come into WIMPOLE STREET; on the east of which, at the corner of the third block, stands The West End ResidenceâÄîNo. 43âÄîaforetime occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Boffin; which became, later on, the property of Mr. John Harmon and his wife. It is described as âÄúa corner house, not far from Cavendish Square.âÄù Near this house *Silas Wegg*âÄîassuming some knowledge of its affairsâÄîkept his street-stall. He was accustomed to refer to it as âÄúOur House,âÄù its (imaginary) inmates being Miss Elizabeth, Master George, Aunt Jane, and Uncle Parker.

Returning to Wigmore Street, we arrive by the next block at Welbeck Street, running transversely thereto. In this street was the London residence of *Lord George Gordon*, as referred to in the pages of âÄúBarnaby Rudge.âÄù The house is No. 64, the second from Wigmore Street on the left side. It is within the recollection of the present landlord that the old balconyâÄîfrom which Lord George was wont to harangue the publicâÄîwas many years since superseded by the present continuous railing.

We now come south into the West-end artery of *Oxford Street*, crossing same to *Davies Street*, by which we may soon reach BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, running east and west. On the south-eastern angle of its intersection stands ClaridgeâÄôs Hotel. It will be remembered that on *Mr. DorritâÄôs* return from the Continent, after the marriage of his daughter Fanny, âÄúthe Courier had not approved of his staying at the house of a friend, and had preferred to take him to an hotel in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square.âÄù This was doubtless the establishment favoured by the CourierâÄôs preference on that occasion; and where Mr. Merdle paid a state visit to Mr. Dorrit at breakfast-time the next morning; taking him afterwards in his carriage to the City.

Readers of âÄúDombey and SonâÄù may be reminded that the Feenix Town House was situated in this same BROOK STREET; but no clue is afforded of its exact whereabouts. It is described as an aristocratic mansion of a dull and gloomy sort; and was borrowed by the *Honourable Mrs. Skewton* from a stately relative, on the occasion of her daughterâÄôs marriage. Here also, in aftertime, the final interview between *Florence* and *Edith* took place.

[Picture: The Drawing-Room, Devonshire House]

Keeping on through *Davies Street* across *Berkeley Square*, we come through *Berkeley Street* to Piccadilly, in the close vicinity of Devonshire House, a mansion of fashionable and political repute, belonging to the *Duke of Devonshire*. Here, on the 27th of May 1851, in the great drawing-room and library, Dickens and his *confrÃ¨res* of âÄúThe Guild of Literature and ArtâÄù performed, for the first time, Sir Bulwer LyttonâÄôs comedy (written for the occasion) âÄúNot so Bad as We Seem,âÄù in the presence of the Queen, Prince Albert and a brilliant audience. The Duke not only afforded the necessary accommodation, but (as Mr. Forster writes), in his princely way, discharged all attendant expenses. Many distinguished authors and artists assisted at this performance, including Douglas Jerrold, Maclise, and John Leech.

Near at hand, on the eastern corner of the next turning down Piccadilly (*Dover Street*), is HATCHETTâÄôS HOTEL, adjoining The White Horse Cellars, once a well-known coaching establishment. On the opposite side of the way stood in days of yore the old âÄúWhite Horse Cellars,âÄù of which Hazlitt writes:âÄî

âÄúThe finest sight in the Metropolis is the setting out of the mail-coaches from Piccadilly. The horses paw the ground and are impatient to be gone, as if conscious of the precious burden they convey. There is a peculiar secrecy and despatch, significant and full of meaning, in all the proceedings concerning them. Even the outside passengers have an erect and supercilious air, as if proof against the accidents of the journey; in fact, it seems indifferent whether they are to encounter the summerâÄôs heat or the winterâÄôs cold, since they are borne through the air on a winged chariot.âÄù

From this well-known Booking Office, *Mr. Pickwick* and his friendsâÄîaccompanied by the fierce *Dowler* and his fascinating wifeâÄîstarted for Bath, one âÄúmuggy, damp, and drizzly morning, by the mail coach; on the door of which was displayed, in gilt letters of a goodly size, the magic name of âÄòPickwickâÄô; a circumstance which seems to have occasioned some confusion of ideas in the mind of the faithful Sam, as evidenced by his indignant inquiryâÄîâÄòAnâÄôt nobody to be whopped for takinâÄô this here liberty?âÄôâÄù

Readers of âÄúBleak HouseâÄù will remember this locality as the destination of the Reading Coach; so indicated by *Messrs. Kenge and Carboy* in their first communication to *Esther Summerson*. Here she was met, one foggy November afternoon, on her arrival in London, by the susceptible *Mr. Guppy*, and by him conducted to Old Square, LincolnâÄôs Inn. The incident was afterwards feelingly referred to by that young gentleman, on the occasion of his offer of heart, hand, and income to Esther:âÄî

âÄúI think you must have seen that I was struck with those charms on the day when I waited at the Whytorseller. I think you must have remarked that I could not forbear a tribute to those charms when I put up the steps of the âÄôackney coach.âÄù

For the full narrative, see âÄúBleak House,âÄù chapter 9.

The Rambler can now take an eastward course up PICCADILLY, and may casually observe, on the left, past Burlington House, THE ALBANY, where *Mr. Fledgby* had chambers. The next turning on the same side is SACKVILLE STREET, in which it may be recollected that *Mr. and Mrs. Lammles* resided during the short term of their social prosperity. Mention of these localities in such connection will be found in the pages of âÄúOur Mutual Friend.âÄù Passing onwards on the same side, we arrive at No. 28, St. JamesâÄôs Hall. It

was at this well-known place of assembly that several of those popular Readings were given by Charles Dickens, which always commanded the attention and sympathetic interest of his audience. On these occasions he invariably adopted the extreme of fashionable evening attire, being dressed in irreproachable style, with, perhaps, more of shirt-front than waistcoat; and so âÄúgot upâÄù as to present a staginess and juvenility of appearance, possibly somewhat out of keeping with his time of life. Some of his hearers may have desired a more natural and less conventional mode; but they knew that beneath the big shirt and fashionable coat, there throbbed the genial heart of the man they loved, as he read of the sorrows of âÄúLittle Emily,âÄù or stood with them in spirit at the bedside of âÄúPaul Dombey.âÄù On the occasion of his final Reading, given here in March 1870, he tendered his last public farewell to his London audience in the following words:

âÄúIt would be worse than idle, it would be hypocritical and unfeeling, if I were to disguise that I close this episode of my life with feelings of very considerable pain. For some fifteen years, in this hall and many kindred places, I have had the honour of presenting my own cherished ideas before you for your recognition; and, in closely observing your reception of them, have enjoyed an amount of artistic delight and enjoyment, which perhaps it is given few men to know. In this task and every other, I have ever undertaken as a faithful servant of the publicâÄîalways imbued with a sense of duty to them, and always striving to do his bestâÄîI have been uniformly cheered by the readiest response, the most generous sympathy and the most stimulating support. Nevertheless, I have thought it well, at the full flood-tide of your favour, to retire upon those older associations between us, which date from much further back than these; and henceforth to devote myself exclusively to the art that first brought us together. Ladies and gentlemen, in but two short weeks from this time, I hope that you may enter, in your own homes, on a new series of Readings, at which my assistance will be indispensable; but from these garish lights I vanish now for ever, with one heartfelt, grateful, respectful, and affectionate farewell.âÄù

On the right-hand side of Piccadilly, adjacent to the *PrinceâÄôs Hall and Institute of Painters*, there may be noted, *en passant*, the premises No. 193, now occupied by the BoysâÄô Messenger Co. This, for many years, was the address of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the publishers of the works of Dickens. Previous to 1850, the earlier booksâÄîâÄúPickwickâÄù to âÄúMartin ChuzzlewitâÄù inclusiveâÄîtogether with the first issue of their cheaper edition, were published by this well-known house at 186 *Strand*, the site now occupied by the premises of W. H. Smith and Son. The firm have, for many years past, removed their offices to *No.* 11 *Henrietta Street*, *Covent Garden*.

Passing on to *Piccadilly Circus*, and crossing northward from the same, we turn (left) into *Sherwood Street*, which leads, by a short walk, to *Brewer Street*, in the neighbourhood of GOLDEN SQUARE. Continuing by *Lower James Street*, opposite, we reach the square itself, in which was formerly situated the Office of Ralph Nickleby. Readers of Dickens will remember that it was a large house, with an attic storey, in which Ralph committed suicide. The house No. 6, on the east side, was probably the one assigned by the author as the usurerâÄôs residence. It is now let off in various suites of offices, professional and otherwise. The neighbourhood has somewhat changed since the time when the âÄúAdventures of Nicholas NicklebyâÄù was first issued, and the following description, given by Dickens, became public property:âÄî

âÄúIt is one of the squares that have beenâÄîa quarter of the town that has gone down in the world, and taken to letting lodgings. Many of its first and second floors are let, furnished, to single gentlemen, and it takes boarders besides. It is a great resort of foreigners. The dark-complexioned men who wear large rings and heavy watch-guards, and bushy whiskers, and who congregate under the Opera Colonnade, and about the box-office in the season between four and five in the afternoon, when they give away the ordersâÄîall live in Golden Square, or within a street of it. Two or three violins and a wind instrument from the opera-band reside within its precincts.âÄù

We read in the same book of the whereabouts of *Mr. Kenwigs* as being in this neighbourhoodâÄî

âÄúA bygone, faded, tumble-down street, with two irregular rows of tall meagre houses, which seem to have

stared each other out of countenance years ago; the very chimneys appear to have grown dismal and melancholy from having had nothing better to look at than the chimneys over the way.âÄù

There are many streets in the district of Soho, in this vicinity, which will in some respects correspond with the description given; but much alteration has taken place during the last sixty years. Recollecting that *Newman Noggs* lodged in the upper part of the same house, it must have been conveniently near Golden Square. In Carnaby Street (immediately north of the Square) there may be remarked a white-fronted, old-fashioned house (No. 48), which, being in proximity to Ralph NicklebyâÄôs Office, may be assigned as aforetime comprising the apartments of the Kenwigs Family.

At the corner of *Beak Street* and *Upper James Street* is still existent âÄúThe Crown Inn,âÄù well known to Newman Noggs; though, since his time, it must have undergone considerable alteration. In his first letter to Nicholas Nickleby, Newman writes:âÄî

âÄúIf you ever want a shelter in London, . . . they know where I live at the sign of the Crown, Golden Square. It is at the corner of Silver StreetâÄù [now Beak Street] âÄúand James Street, with a bar door both ways.âÄù

In this neighbourhood, also, MarthaâÄôs Lodgings were situated, in the days of David Copperfield, who says:âÄî

âÄúShe laid her hand on my arm, and hurried me on to one of the sombre streets of which there are several in that part, where the houses were once fair dwellings, in the occupation of single families, but have, and had, long degenerated into poor lodgings let off in rooms.âÄù

Such a house may be found in *Marshall Street*, No. 53, close at hand. But at this distance of time it is difficult to assign the exact locality intended by Dickens. We are all familiar with the welcome episode in DavidâÄôs history when Martha rescued *Little Emily*, bringing her to these lodgings, and *Mr. PeggottyâÄôs* dream came true.âÄîSee chapter 50.

Proceeding half-way up *Marshall Street*, we turn (right) through *Broad Street*, to (left) *Poland Street*, by which we again attain the main thoroughfare of Oxford Street. Turning eastward, on the north side, we come at a short distance (by No. 90) to Newman Street, in which was situated *Mr. TurveydropâÄôs Dancing Academy*, âÄúestablished in a sufficiently dingy house, at the corner of an archwayâÄù (Newman Passage), with Mr. TurveydropâÄôs great room built out into a mews at the back. The house intended is No. 26, on the east side of the street. Here *Caddy Jellyby* resided with her husband, *Prince Turveydrop*, in the upper rooms of the establishment, leaving the better part of the house at the disposal of Mr. Turveydrop, senior; that âÄúperfect modelâÄù of parental and social âÄúdeportment.âÄù Returning to Oxford Street and passing onwards on the south side, we shortly arrive at *Dean Street*, leading southward.

At a short distance, running east and west, is Carlisle Street, at the further end of which, to the right, is an old house (by name Carlisle House) which stands facing the observer. It is now occupied by *Messrs. Edwards and Roberts*, dealers in antique furniture. Readers of âÄúThe Tale of Two CitiesâÄù will recollect the lodgings of Doctor Manette and daughter Lucie, as described in the 6th chapter (Book the Second) of the Tale, being situated in a quiet street-corner, not far from Soho Square:âÄî

âÄúA quainter corner than the corner where the Doctor lived was not to be found in London. There was no way through it, and the front windows of the DoctorâÄôs lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement on it. There were few buildings then, north of the Oxford Road, and forest-trees flourished, and wild flowers grew, and the hawthorn blossomed, in the now vanished fields.âÄù

The garden behind the house, referred to in the above-mentioned book, has been converted to the uses of a warehouse, a glass roof having been long ago built over the same. A paved court now exists at the side for the

convenience of foot-passengers, giving egress at the end of Carlisle Street, so that the âÄúwonderful echoesâÄù which once resounded in this âÄúcurious cornerâÄù are now no longer to be heard.

It may be interesting to note that a thoroughfare leading from *No.* 119 *Charing Cross Road* to *No.* 6 *Greek Street*, *Soho*, is now named *Manette Street*; in remembrance of the worthy Doctor, whose London residence in Carlisle Street, as indicated, was near at hand.

We may return to Oxford Street through Soho Square, conveniently terminating the ramble at Tottenham Court Road, just beyond. From this central point there is omnibus communication to all parts of London; and a commodious resting-place may be here recommended to those disposed for dinner, at THE HORSESHOE RESTAURANT; which stands in a prominent position near at hand, on the east side of the street.

RAMBLE V *Bank of England to Her MajestyâÄôs Theatre*

The Bank; Dombey and Son, Tom PinchâÄîGeorge and Vulture Inn; Mr. PickwickâÄôs HotelâÄîâÄúThe Green Dragon,âÄù *alias* âÄúThe Blue Boar,âÄù Leadenhall Market; Tony WellerâÄôs HeadquartersâÄîNewmanâÄôs Court (*alias* FreemanâÄôs Court), Cornhill; The Offices of Messrs. Dodson and FoggâÄîHouse of Sol Gills, Leadenhall Street; The Wooden MidshipmanâÄîSt. Mary Axe; Pubsey and Co.âÄîHouse of Sampson Brass in Bevis MarksâÄîâÄúThe Red Lion;âÄù Mr. Dick SwivellerâÄôs recommendationâÄîBull Inn, Aldgate; Starting-place of the Ipswich CoachâÄîThe MinoriesâÄîAldgate Pump; Mr. TootsâÄôs ExcursionsâÄîMincing Lane; Messrs. Chicksey, Veneering, and StobblesâÄîBoarding House of Mrs. Todgers, KingâÄôs Head CourtâÄîLondon Bridge; Meeting-place of Rose Maylie and NancyâÄîâÄúThe White Hart InnâÄù; its Pickwickian AssociationsâÄîThe Marshalsea Prison; The Dorrit FamilyâÄîSt. GeorgeâÄôs Church; Little DorritâÄôs Night Refuge and MarriageâÄîLant Street; Dickens and Bob SawyerâÄôs LodgingâÄîKingâÄôs Bench PrisonâÄîHorsemonger Lane GaolâÄîMr. ChiveryâÄôs ShopâÄîSt. GeorgeâÄôs Obelisk; âÄúthe long-legged young manâÄùâÄîThe Surrey Theatre; Fanny Dorrit and UncleâÄîBethlehem Hospital; âÄúUncommercial TravellerâÄùâÄîAstleyâÄôs Theatre; visit of the Nubbles FamilyâÄîMillbank; Poor âÄúMarthaâÄùâÄîChurch Street, Smith Square; the DollsâÄô DressmakerâÄîJulius HandfordâÄîWestminster AbbeyâÄîThe Red Lion, Parliament Street; the âÄúGenuine StunningâÄùâÄîThe Horse GuardsâÄô ClockâÄîSt. JamesâÄôs Park; Meeting between Martin and MaryâÄîHer MajestyâÄôs Theatre.

Our starting-point is now the BANK OF ENGLAND, Dombey and SonâÄôs

âÄúMagnificent neighbour; with its vaults of gold and silver, âÄòall among the dead men, underground.âÄôâÄù

Tom Pinch, diffident of requesting information in London, resolved that, in the event of finding himself near the Bank of England,

âÄúHe would step in, and ask a civil question or two, confiding in the perfect respectability of the concern.âÄù

Adopting the route *viÃ¢ Lombard Street*, we come, on the left (No. 56), to GEORGE YARD, traversing which, there will be found, at the corner of Castle Court (No. 3), the George and Vulture Inn, at which Mr. Pickwick resided when in London, subsequent to his removal from Goswell Street; and which has honourable mention in the history of the Pickwickians.

Through *Lombard Street*, and turning left into *Gracechurch Street*, we shortly arrive, on the right, at *BullâÄôs Head Passage* (turning by the Branch Post Office, No. 82), in which, at No. 4, is the GREEN DRAGON TAVERN, in close proximity to Leadenhall Market. This is, in all probability, the house mentioned in âÄúPickwickâÄù as âÄúThe Blue Boar,âÄù *Leadenhall Market*, a favourite house of call with the elder

Weller, and the place where Sam indited his âÄúValentineâÄù to *Mary*, the pretty housemaid, afterwards Mrs. Sam. But the neighbourhood of the Market has undergone considerable renovation since the old coaching-days, and it is difficult to fix the *locale* of the tavern with certainty.

Proceeding onwards through *Gracechurch Street*, we come into the thoroughfare of CORNHILL; and at No. 73, on the opposite side, arrive at NewmanâÄôs Court. It will be remembered that in âÄúPickwickâÄù the offices of *Messrs. Dodson and Fogg* (Mrs. BardellâÄôs attorneys) are located in FreemanâÄôs Court, Cornhill. There is no such place in Cornhill; FreemanâÄôs Court being in Cheapside. It is evident, therefore, that Dickens, for reasons of his own, emulated the special contributor to the *Eatanswill Gazette*, and so âÄúcombined his information.âÄù Taking Cornhill to be the locality intended, we shall find Dodson and FoggâÄôs Office at the furthest end of the Court, No. 4, still associated with legal business, being in possession of Messrs. Witherby and Co., law stationers.

Passing onwards in Cornhill, past Bishopsgate Street, we come into Leadenhall Street, and may be interested to note, at No. 157 (now an outfitting establishment), the original position of the HOUSE OF SOL GILLS, shipsâÄô instrument maker, at whose door was displayed the figure of

âÄúThe Wooden Midshipman; eternally taking observations of the hackney coaches.âÄù

Here our eccentric friend *Captain Cuttle* remained in charge during the absence of old Sol Gills and his nephew; here *Florence*, accompanied by the faithful Diogenes, found asylum; and here *Walter Gay* returned after shipwreck, to make everybody happy and marry the gentle heroine of the story. (See âÄúDombey and SonâÄù for information *in extenso.*) Until recent years, these premises were in occupation of Messrs. Norie and Wilson, shipsâÄô instrument makers and chart publishers. They have removed to the Minories, No. 156, where the quaint effigy of *the Wooden Midshipman*, with his cocked hat and quadrant complete, may now be seen, as bright and brisk as in old days. âÄúWhen found, make a note of.âÄù

Farther on, on the same side of Leadenhall Street, we reach St. Mary Axe, turning northward at No. 117, which we notice *en passant* as the thoroughfare in which *Pubsey and Co.* had their place of business; âÄúa yellow overhanging plaster-fronted houseâÄùâÄîreconstructed, with many others, some years sinceâÄîat the top of which *Riah* (the manager) arranged his town garden; where the DollsâÄô Dressmaker invited *Fascination Fledgby* to âÄúcome up and be dead.âÄù All of which is duly set forth in the pages of âÄúOur Mutual Friend.âÄù The position of the house cannot now be localised.

Proceeding to the other end of St. Mary Axe, we may turn (right) into *Bevis Marks*, where there once existed the House of Mr. Sampson Brass, No. 10, but this and others have long since been rebuilt and re-enumerated. Here lived that honourable attorney and his sister the fair Sally; aided in their professional duties by a young gentleman of eccentric habits and âÄúprodigious talent of quotation.âÄù Here the *Marchioness* lived, or rather starved, in attendance as maid-of-all-work, and first made the acquaintance of Dick Swiveller, her future husband; being by him initiated into the mysteries of cribbage and the peculiarities of purl. Here lodged the âÄúsingle gentleman,âÄù who evinced such exceptional interest in the national drama, and so discovered a clue to the retreat of Little Nell and her grandfather.

On the north side of the street there still flourishes the old RED LION INN, an establishment patronised in his time by Mr. Richard, and once eulogised by that gentleman on the occasion of his specifying âÄúthe contingent advantagesâÄù of the neighbourhood. âÄúThere is mild porter in the immediate vicinity.âÄù

For these and the other associations of this spot the tourist is referred to the pages of the âÄúOld Curiosity Shop.âÄù

Following downwards through Bevis Marks and Duke Street beyond, we come into *Aldgate*, keeping still on the left-hand side of the way to *Aldgate High Street*, where at a short distance we pass the Station of the

Metropolitan Railway. At No. 24, just ahead, is the Bull Inn Yard, once the City Terminus of Coaches travelling north-east. From this point Mr. Pickwick started per coach for Ipswich, accompanied by the red-haired Mr. Peter Magnus; Mr. Tony Weller officiating as driver. On which occasion we read that Mr. WellerâÄôs conversation, âÄúpossessing the inestimable charm of blending amusement with instruction,âÄù beguiled âÄúthe tediousness of the journey during the greater part of the day.âÄù

Returning westward on the other side of the way, the Rambler may turn, at No. 81, into the *Minories*; and, at the second house on the right, may observe the figure of *the Wooden Midshipman*, previously referred to as removed from its original position in Leadenhall Street. The route being continued (same side) from the Minories, we can note, as we pass into *Fenchurch Street*, Aldgate Pump, standing at the top of Leadenhall Street. There is a reference to this old pump in âÄúDombey,âÄù as being a stated object of *Mr. TootsâÄôs* special evening excursions from âÄúThe Wooden Midshipman,âÄù when that gentleman desired some temporary relief from the hopeless contemplation of Walter GayâÄôs happiness.

The tourist will now soon arrive at (No. 42) Mincing Lane, leading to Great Tower Street. This short street is entirely occupied by wholesale merchants and brokers, and it will be remembered that *Messrs. Chicksey*, *Veneering*, *and Stobbles*, wholesale druggists, flourished in this locality in the days of the âÄúGolden Dustman.âÄù The fourth house on the left from Fenchurch Street, next to *Dunster Court*, has been indicated as the probable whereabouts of the firm. We may remember that R. WilferâÄôs office was on the ground-floor, next the gateway.

Here, then, in this prosaic neighbourhood, *John Rokesmith*, following *Bella Wilfer*, came to the warehouse where Little *Rumty* was sitting at the open window at his tea, and much surprised that gentleman by a declaration of love for his daughter; what time âÄúThe Feast of the Three HobgoblinsâÄù was so agreeably celebrated. This place is also associated with other pleasant episodes connected with the history of the Wilfer family, the details of which are fully furnished in the pages of âÄúOur Mutual Friend.âÄù

Proceeding through Mincing Lane, we turn to the right through *Eastcheap*, which leads westward to the top of FISH STREET HILL. The tourist now proceeds southward, passing the *Monument* on the left. At a short distance beyond (No. 34) we arrive at *KingâÄôs Head Court*, âÄúa small paved yard,âÄù in which are certain city warehouses and a dairy. On the south side of the court, now occupied by the warehouses aforesaid, once stood the Commercial Boarding-House of Mrs. TodgersâÄîan old-fashioned abode even in the days of Mr. PecksniffâÄîwhich has long since given place to other commercial considerations. In the 9th chapter of âÄúMartin ChuzzlewitâÄù full, true, and particular account is given of this establishment as it used to be. We may here call to remembrance the characters of *Bailey junior*, *Mr. Jinkins*, *Augustus Moddle*, and others in connection with the domestic economy of Mrs. Todgers and the several Pecksniffian associations of the place; notably, the festive occasion of that SundayâÄôs dinner when Cherry and Merry were first introduced to London society; the moral Mr. Pecksniff thereafter exhibiting alarming symptoms of a chronic complaint. (See chapter 9.) And we may indulge in a kindly reminiscence of good-hearted Mrs. Todgers herself, worried with the anxieties of âÄúgravyâÄù and the eccentricities of commercial gentlemen. âÄúPerhaps the Good Samaritan was lean and lank, and found it hard to live.âÄù We now come to London Bridge, the scene of NancyâÄôs interview with Mr. Brownlow and Rose Maylie (see âÄúOliver TwistâÄù), which took place on the steps near St. SaviourâÄôs Church, on the Surrey side of the riverâÄî

âÄúThese stairs are a part of the bridge; they consist of three flights. Just below the end of the second, going down, the stone wall on the left terminates in an ornamental pilaster, facing towards the Thames.âÄù

And it will be remembered that *Noah Claypole* here ensconced himself as an unseen listener.

As we come to the Surrey side of the Thames, a passing thought may be given to *Mrs. Rudge* and her son Barnaby, who lived near at hand âÄúin a by-street in Southwark, not far from London BridgeâÄù; and we may recall the incident of *Edward Chester* being brought hither by *Gabriel Varden*, having been found

wounded by a highwayman on the other side of the river. But it is altogether impossible to locate the house, the neighbourhood having so entirely changed during the present century. Onwards by the main thoroughfare of the Borough, we shall find, on the left-hand side of the way (No. 61), the (former) location of âÄúThe White Hart,âÄù described in âÄúPickwickâÄù as

âÄúAn old inn, which has preserved its external features unchanged, and which has escaped alike the rage for public improvement and the encroachments of private speculation. A great, rambling, queer old place, with galleries and passages and staircases, wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories.âÄù

The old inn has been pulled down some years since; the original gateway only remains, leading to White Hart Yard. A tavern and luncheon-bar of modern erection now occupy one side of the old coach-yard in which *Messrs. Pickwick*, *Wardle*, and *Perker* made their first acquaintance with *Mr. Samuel Weller*, on that memorable occasion when *Mr. Jingle* had eloped from *Dingley Dell* with *Miss Rachael Wardle*, and had brought the lady to this establishment. Farther on, towards the end of the Borough, we arrive at Angel Place, a narrow passage near to St. GeorgeâÄôs Church. It leads into *Marshalsea Place*, of which Dickens writes as follows in his preface to âÄúLittle DorritâÄù:âÄî

âÄúWhoever goes into Marshalsea Place, turning out of Angel Court, leading to Bermondsey, will find his feet on the very paving-stones of the extinct Marshalsea jail; will see its narrow yard to the right, and to the left, very little altered if at all, except that the walls were lowered when the place got free; will look upon the rooms in which the debtors lived; and will stand among the crowding ghosts of many miserable years.âÄù

This, then, was The Marshalsea Prison, in which, during DickensâÄôs youthful days, his father was imprisoned for debt; and the place is intimately associated with the story of *Little Dorrit* and her family. We must be all familiar with the Father of the Marshalsea, his brother Frederick, Maggie, and the several others of the *dramatis personÃ¦* of that charming tale.

St. GeorgeâÄôs Church, close at hand, will be remembered in connection with the above, as once affording refuge in its vestry for Little Dorrit, when the sexton accommodated her with a bed formed of the pew-cushions, the book of registers doing service as a pillow. She was afterwards married to Arthur Clennam in this church. Full particulars of the ceremony will be found in the last chapter of the tale. At a short distance from this point, down Blackman Street, on the right, is (No. 90) Lant Street. In ForsterâÄôs Biography it is narrated that Dickens, when a boy, lodged in this street what time his father was imprisoned in the Marshalsea. The house stood on part of the site now occupied by the Board School adjoining No. 46âÄî

âÄúA back attic was found for me at the house of an insolvent-court agent, who lived in Lant Street, in the Borough, where *Bob Sawyer* lodged many years afterwards. A bed and bedding were sent over for me, and made up on the floor. The little window had a pleasant prospect of a timber-yard; and when I took possession of my new abode, I thought it was a Paradise.âÄù

This opinion of his boyhood seems to have been somewhat modified fifteen years later, when the âÄúPickwick PapersâÄù were written, and Mr. Robert Sawyer had taken residence in the locality. We readâÄî

âÄúThere is an air of repose about Lant Street, in the Borough, which sheds a gentle melancholy upon the soul. A house in Lant Street would not come within the denomination of a first-rate residence, in the strict acceptation of the term; but it is a most desirable spot, nevertheless. If a man wished to extract himself from the world, to remove himself from within the reach of temptation, to place himself beyond the possibility of any inducement to look out of the window, he should by all means go to Lant Street.âÄù

Walking onwards from âÄúthis happy valleyâÄù past Suffolk Street, to the westward, turning off *Borough*

Road, we may note on the north corner the site of the old KingâÄôs Bench Prison, in which *Mr. Micawber* was detainedâÄîin the top storey but oneâÄîpending the settlement of his pecuniary liabilities. Later on in the Copperfield history, Micawber appointed a meeting for David and Tom Traddles as follows:âÄî

âÄúAmong other havens of domestic tranquillity and peace of mind, my feet will naturally tend towards the KingâÄôs Bench Prison. In stating that I shall be (D.V.) on the outside of the south wall of that place of incarceration on civil process, the day after to-morrow, at seven in the evening, precisely, my object in this epistolary communication is accomplished.âÄù

See chapter 49 for particulars of the subsequent interview. This âÄú*dead wall*âÄù of the prison is also mentioned in the same book as the place where young David requested âÄúthe long-legged young manâÄùâÄîwho had charge of his box for conveyance to the Dover coach-officeâÄîto stop for a minute while he (David) tied on the address. It will be remembered that poor David lost his box and his money on this occasion, when he started for Dover,

âÄúTaking very little more out of the world, towards the retreat of his aunt, Miss Betsy, than he had brought into it on the night when his arrival gave her so much umbrage;âÄù

the total sum of his remaining cash amounting to three half-pence.âÄîSee chapter 12.

The first reference of our author to KingâÄôs Bench Prison will be found in âÄúNicholas NicklebyâÄù (chapter 46), on the occasion of the heroâÄôs first visit to *Madeline Bray*, who resided with her father in one

âÄúOf a row of mean and not over cleanly houses, situated within âÄòthe rulesâÄô of the KingâÄôs Bench Prison; . . . comprising some dozen streets in which debtors who could raise money to pay large feesâÄîfrom which their creditors did not derive any benefitâÄîwere permitted to reside.âÄù

We learn from AllenâÄôs âÄúHistory of SurreyâÄù that these rules comprehended all St. GeorgeâÄôs Fields, one side of Blackman Street, and part of the Borough High Street, forming an area of about three miles in circumference. They could be purchased by the prisoners at the rate of five guineas for small debts, eight guineas for the first hundred pounds of debt, and about half that sum for every subsequent hundred.

The site of the prison is now occupied by workmenâÄôs model dwellings named âÄúQueenâÄôs Buildings,âÄù divided, north and south, by ScovellâÄôs Road.

At the opposite side (east) of *Newington Causeway*, which here commences, is *Union Road*, late *Horsemonger Lane*; a short distance down which, on its south side, is âÄúTHE PUBLIC PLAYGROUND FOR CHILDREN,âÄù formerly the site of Horsemonger Lane Gaol, erected at the back of the Surrey Sessions House. Here the execution of the Mannings took place, November 13th, 1849, on which occasion Charles Dickens was present. The same day he sent a notable letter to the *Times*, directing general attention to the demoralising effect of such public exhibitions; thus setting on foot an agitation which shortly resulted in the adoption of our present private mode of carrying out the last penalty of the law. After giving a forcible and graphic picture of the night scenes enacted by the disorderly crowd in waiting, the letter was thus continued:âÄî

âÄúWhen the sun rose brightlyâÄîas it didâÄîit gilded thousands upon thousands of upturned faces, so inexpressibly odious in their brutal mirth or callousness, that a man had cause to shrink from himself as fashioned in the image of the devil. When the two miserable creatures who attracted all this ghastly sight about them, were turned quivering into the air, there was no more emotion, no more pity, no more thought that two immortal souls had gone to judgment, no more restraint in any of the previous obscenities, than if the name of Christ had never been heard in this world, and there was no belief among men but that they perished like the beasts. I have seen, habitually, some of the worst sources of general contamination and corruption in

this country, and I think there are not many phases of London life that could surprise me. I am solemnly convinced that nothing that ingenuity could devise to be done in this city, in the same compass of time, could work such ruin as one public execution; and I stand astounded and appalled by the wickedness it exhibits.âÄù

Mr. Chivery resided with his family in *Horsemonger Lane*, in close proximity to the old prison, and kept a tobacconistâÄôs shop for the supply of his Marshalsea customers and the general public of the neighbourhoodâÄî

âÄúA rural establishment one storey high, which had the benefit of the air from the yards of Horsemonger Lane Jail, and the advantage of a retired walk under the wall of that pleasant establishment. The business was of too modest a character to support a life-size Highlander, but it maintained a little one on a bracket on the door-post, who looked like a fallen cherub that had found it necessary to take to a kilt.âÄù

In the little back-yard of the premises, âÄúYoung JohnâÄùâÄîdisappointed in loveâÄîwas accustomed to sit and meditate; taking cold among the âÄútuneless grovesâÄù of the newly-washed family linen, and composing suitable epitaphs to his own memory, in melancholy anticipation of an early decease.

Proceeding along the Borough Road, we arrive in due course at St. GeorgeâÄôs Obelisk, which stands at the meeting-point of six roads. In the twelfth chapter of âÄúDavid CopperfieldâÄù we read of the Obelisk as the place near to which the âÄúlong-legged young man with a very little empty donkey-cartâÄù was standing, whom David engaged to take his box to the Dover coach-office for sixpence. And we all remember the sad *dÃ©nouement* of that engagement, as previously mentioned. Near at hand, at the top of Blackfriars Road, stands The Surrey Theatre, at which *Fanny Dorrit* was engaged as a dancer, while her Uncle Frederick played the clarionet in the orchestra.

Crossing over to the opposite thoroughfare of *Lambeth Road*, the Rambler will find, at a short distance on the left, the entrance to Bethlehem Hospital, familiarly known as Bedlam. A reference to this asylum will be found in the pages of âÄúThe Uncommercial Traveller,âÄù where our author implies the idea that the sane and insane are, at all events, equal in their dreamsâÄî

âÄúAre not all of us outside this Hospital, who dream more or less, in the condition of those inside it, every night of our lives?âÄù

The question may afford us matter for speculation as the route is continued through Lambeth Road, at the end of which we turn to the right, in the direction of the river. At the angle of the roads, past the Lambeth Police Office, we reach Christchurch, conspicuous for style and position, at which the Rev. Newman Hall some years since officiated. We may here recall the criticism given by Dickens with reference to this popular preacher in the book above referred to. See âÄú*Two Views of a Cheap Theatre*,âÄù as contained in âÄúThe Uncommercial Traveller.âÄù

We now come onwards by *Westminster Bridge Road*, passing beneath the span of the London and South-Western Railway. Near Westminster Bridge, on the left, is the old site of AstleyâÄôs Theatre (non-existent since 1896). This establishment had cause to bless itself once a quarter, in days gone by, when Christopher Nubbles, Barbara, and friends patronised the performance. We may here remember the occasion when Kit knocked a man over the head with his bundle of oranges for âÄúscroudging his parent with unnecessary violence;âÄù also the happy evening that followed, when little Jacob first saw a play and learnt what oysters meant (*vide* the âÄúOld Curiosity ShopâÄù). On the site formerly occupied by this favourite place of entertainment, there now stand five handsome houses and shops, Nos. 225 to 233 Westminster Bridge Road.

Past a few doors beyond these, above, on the same side, we reach Lambeth Palace Road, turning by which we may walk (or ride by tramcar) a short distance southward. Leaving on the right the seven handsome buildings

of ST. THOMASâÄôS HOSPITAL, we passâÄîon the leftâÄîfarther on, LAMBETH EPISCOPAL PALACE, and cross the Thames by LAMBETH SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

On the Middlesex shore we come into *Millbank Street*, and bestow a brief thought on Poor âÄúMartha,âÄù following her in imagination as she took her melancholy way southward in this same street, towards the waste riverside locality, âÄúnear the great blank prisonâÄù of Millbank, long since replaced by *TateâÄôs Gallery*.

Here it will be remembered that *David Copperfield* and his trusty friend *Mr. Peggotty* saved the despairing girl from a self-sought and miserable death.

At a few minutesâÄô distance northward from the bridge, *Church Street* will be found, leading (left) to *Smith Square*. In this street lived The DollsâÄô Dressmaker, little *Jenny Wren*. The whimsical description of the central churchâÄîST. JOHN THE EVANGELISTâÄôSâÄîas given in the pages of âÄúOur Mutual Friend,âÄù may be worth comparison with the originalâÄî

âÄúIn this region are a certain little street called Church Street, and a certain little blind square called Smith Square, in the centre of which last retreat is a very hideous church, with four towers at the four corners, generally resembling some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic, on its back with its legs in the air.âÄù

The house in which Jenny and her father lived is stated to have been one of the modest little houses which stand at the point where the street gives into Smith Square. The Rambler will observe four houses answering this description on the north side of Church Street; No. 9 has been indicated as the humble home in question, where âÄú*the person of the house*âÄù and her âÄú*bad boy*âÄù resided. Here, also, *Lizzie Hexam* lodged for some time after the death of her father, during the days when her uncertain lover, *Eugene Wrayburn*, was yet a bachelor.

We may now return to the main road and continue the northward route by *Abingdon Street*, crossing *Old Palace Yard*. A passing thought may here be given to Mr. John Harmon, the *Julius Handford* of âÄúOur Mutual Friend,âÄù who furnished the Police authorities with his addressâÄîThe Exchequer Coffee House, Palace Yard, Westminster. Such a house of resort no longer exists in this vicinity.

On the west side the Rambler passes the precincts of Westminster Abbey, beneath whose âÄúhigh embowed roofâÄù repose the sacred ashes of the illustrious dead. To this venerable faneâÄîthe especial resting-place of English literary geniusâÄîwe will return after our concluding ramble to the birthplace of our greatest English novelist.

The onward road takes us past the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, on the right, to PARLIAMENT STREET, leading to Whitehall and Charing Cross. At a short distance up this thoroughfare is Derby StreetâÄîthe first turning on the right; on the north corner of which there stoodâÄîuntil 1899âÄîan old public-house, âÄúThe Red LionâÄù (No. 48). This place may be specially noted as the house at which *young David Copperfield* gave his âÄúmagnificent orderâÄù for a glass of the âÄúGenuine Stunning,âÄù and where the landlordâÄôs wife gave him back the money and a kiss besides. This was an actual experience in the boyhood of Dickens, and is referred to in Mr. ForsterâÄôs Biography, where the house is indicated as above. It is now being rebuilt and modernised.

Proceeding by Whitehall, and crossing to the opposite side of the street, we shortly arrive at The Horse Guards, and may take passing observation of the OLD CLOCKâÄîfamed for its perfection of time-keepingâÄîby whose warning note *Mark Tapley* regulated the period of the interview next referred to. Passing through the arched passage beneath, we now attain the eastern side of St. JamesâÄôs Park. This locality will be remembered as the place of meeting between *Mary Graham* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, previous to his departure for America. As the young lady was escorted by Mark in the early morning from a City hotel, we may be certain that the interview must have taken place on this side of the Park, doubtless near the

principal gate of the promenade facing the Horse GuardsâÄô entrance.

Leaving the Park northward, by *Spring Gardens*, we come into *Cockspur Street*, shortly leading (left) to PALL MALL. At the first corner of the latter stands Her MajestyâÄôs Theatre. At this establishment, as reconstructed during the early years of the century, *Mrs. Nickleby* attended, by special invitation of *Sir Mulberry Hawk*, Messrs. Pyke and Pluck assisting on that notable occasion, when, by a prearranged coincidence, Kate and the Wititterlys occupied the adjoining box.âÄî*Vide* âÄúNicholas Nickleby,âÄù chapter 27.

This Opera House was burnt down 1789, and rebuilt the following year. It was remodelled 1818, and again destroyed by fire, December 6, 1867. Being a second time rebuilt, it was, for some seasons, closed since 1875. The present theatre is of recent and splendid erection.

At this central position, from which we may readily take departure for any point in London, the present Ramble will terminate. To all those needing reparation of tissue, a visit to EpitauxâÄôs Restaurant, near the Haymarket Theatre, will be satisfactory.

RAMBLE VI *Excursion to Chatham*, *Rochester*, *and Gadshill*

Emmanuel Church; Mr. WemmickâÄôs WeddingâÄîDulwich; Mr. PickwickâÄôs RetirementâÄîDulwich Church; Marriage of Snodgrass and Emily WardleâÄîCobhamâÄîâÄúThe Leather Bottle;âÄù Tracy TupmanâÄôs RetreatâÄîMr. PickwickâÄôs DiscoveryâÄîChathamâÄîRailway Street; Rome Lane Elementary SchoolâÄîThe Brook; Residence of the Dickens FamilyâÄîClover Lane Academy; Rev. William Giles, SchoolmasterâÄîFort Pitt; Dr. SlammerâÄôs Duelling-Ground; the Recreation Ground of ChathamâÄîStar Hill; Old Rochester Theatre; Mr. JingleâÄôs EngagementâÄîRochester; Eastgate House; The NunsâÄô HouseâÄîMr. SapseaâÄôs ResidenceâÄîRestoration House; Residence of Miss Havisham, âÄúSatis HouseâÄùâÄî[Joe GargeryâÄôs Forge; Parish of Cooling]âÄîThe MonkâÄôs VineyardâÄîMinor Canon RowâÄîRochester Cathedral; The CryptsâÄîDurdlesâÄîThe Cathedral TowerâÄîSt. Nicholas ChurchâÄîThe College Gate; John JasperâÄôs LodgingâÄîWattsâÄôs Charity; âÄúThe Seven Poor TravellersâÄùâÄî[WattsâÄôs Almshouses]âÄîMiss Adelaide ProcterâÄîThe Bull Hotel; the Ball-roomâÄîThe Crown Hotel; âÄúThe CrozierâÄùâÄîThe EsplanadeâÄîRochester Bridge; Richard DoubledickâÄîGadshill Place; Residence of DickensâÄîGravesend; Embarkation of Mr. Peggotty and friendsâÄîGreenwich Park; âÄúSketches by BozâÄùâÄîChurch of St. Alphege; Bella WilferâÄôs MarriageâÄîQuartermaineâÄôs Ship Tavern; âÄúAn Innocent Elopement;âÄù The Rokesmith Wedding Dinner.

Starting from the *Holborn Viaduct* or *Ludgate Hill Station* of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, we cross the Thames and proceed *en route* for the Kentish uplands. At ten minutesâÄô distance from the London terminus, passing the Elephant and Castle and Walworth Road Stations, we may observe (on the left) the back of Emmanuel Church, as the train slackens speed for *Camberwell*. This may be noted as the place where *Mr. Wemmick* and *Miss Skiffins* were united in the bonds of matrimony; so we may here suitably recall the scene narrated in âÄúGreat Expectations,âÄù and the informal and unexpected procedure adopted by Mr. W. on that occasionâÄî

âÄúWe went towards Camberwell Green, and when we were thereabouts, Wemmick said suddenly, âÄòHalloa! HereâÄôs a church!âÄô There was nothing very surprising in that; but again I was rather surprised when he said, as if he were animated by a brilliant idea, âÄòLetâÄôs go in!âÄô We went in and looked all round. In the meantime Wemmick was diving into his coat pockets, and getting something out of paper there. âÄòHalloa!âÄô said he. âÄòHereâÄôs a couple of pairs of gloves! LetâÄôs put âÄôem on!âÄô As the gloves were white kid gloves, I now began to have my strong suspicions. They were strengthened into certainty, when I beheld the Aged enter at a side door, escorting a lady. âÄòHalloa!âÄô said Wemmick. âÄòHereâÄôs Miss Skiffins! LetâÄôs have a wedding!âÄô . . . True to his notion of seeming to do it all

without preparation, I heard Wemmick say to himself, as he took something out of his waistcoat pocket before the service began, âÄòHalloa! HereâÄôs a ring!âÄô . . . âÄòNow, Mr. Pip,âÄô said Wemmick triumphantly, as we came out, âÄòlet me ask you whether anybody would suppose this to be a wedding party.âÄôâÄù

The route being continued past *Herne Hill Station*, the train arrives at Dulwich, which we may recollect *en passant* as being the locality of Mr. PickwickâÄôs retirement, before the days of railway locomotion. The houseâÄîa white, comfortable-looking residenceâÄîstands (left) near the station, as we approach, corresponding in style and position with its Pickwickian description. *Mr. Tupman*, too, may have been met with in olden time, walking in the public promenades or loitering in the Dulwich Picture GalleryâÄîâÄúwith a youthful and jaunty airâÄùâÄîstill in the enjoyment of single blessedness, and the cynosure of the numerous elderly ladies of the neighbourhood.

Mr. Snodgrass and *Emily Wardle*, as we all know, were married at DULWICH CHURCH, in this vicinity; the wedding guestsâÄîincluding âÄúthe poor relations, who got there somehowâÄùâÄîassembling at Mr. PickwickâÄôs new house on that interesting occasion; and we may remember the general verdict then unanimously given as to the elegance, comfort, and suitability of our old friendâÄôs suburban retreatâÄî

âÄúNothing was to be heard but congratulations and commendations. Everything was so beautiful! The lawn in front, the garden behind, the miniature conservatory, the dining-room, the drawing-room, the bedrooms, the smoking-room; and, above all, the studyâÄîwith its pictures and easy chairs, and odd cabinets and queer tables, and nooks out of number, with a large cheerful window opening upon a pleasant lawn, and commanding a pretty landscape, just dotted here and there with little houses, almost hidden by the trees.âÄù

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Weller and familyâÄîretainers in the Pickwickian establishmentâÄîalso flourished aforetime in these arcadian groves, in faithful attendance on their illustrious patron.

The journey being resumed, we pass onwards (Crystal Palace on the right side of the railway) *viÃ¢ Penge* and *Bromley*, and several country towns beyondâÄîa pleasant ride of about an hourâÄôs durationâÄîarriving in due course at Sole Street Station (30 miles from London), about a mile south-west from the village of Cobham. A pleasant walk of twenty minutes on the high road will lead the wayfarer through Owlet to the pretty parish aforesaid; the rural retreatâÄîfamous in the annals of Pickwickian historyâÄîselected by *Mr. Tracy Tupman* for his retirement from the world, after his disappointment at the hands of Miss Rachael Wardle.

[Picture: The âÄúLeather BottleâÄù, Cobham]

âÄúThe Leather Bottle InnâÄùâÄîwhere he was found at dinner by his anxious friendsâÄîis described as âÄúa clean and commodious village ale-house,âÄù and still maintains its favourable repute. It stands opposite the church at CobhamâÄî

âÄúAt Muggleton they procured a conveyance to Rochester. By the time they reached the last-named place, the violence of their grief had sufficiently abated to admit of their making a very excellent early dinner; and having procured the necessary information relative to the road, the three friends set forward again in the afternoon to walk to Cobham.

âÄúA delightful walk it was; for it was a pleasant afternoon in June, and their way lay through a deep and shady wood, cooled by the light wind which gently rustled the thick foliage, and enlivened by the songs of the birds that perched upon the boughs. The ivy and the moss crept in thick clusters over the old trees, and the soft green turf overspread the ground like a silken mat. They emerged upon an open park, with an ancient hall, displaying the quaint and picturesque architecture of ElizabethâÄôs time. Long vistas of stately oaks and elm-trees appeared on every side; large herds of deer were cropping the fresh grass; and occasionally a startled hare scoured along the ground with the speed of the shadows thrown by the light clouds which swept

across a sunny landscape like a passing breath of summer. âÄòIf this,âÄô said Mr. Pickwick, looking about him, âÄòif this were the place to which all who are troubled with our friendâÄôs complaint came, I fancy their old attachment to this world would very soon return.âÄô

âÄúâÄòI think so too,âÄô said Mr. Winkle.

âÄúâÄòAnd really,âÄô added Mr. Pickwick, after half-an-hourâÄôs walking had brought them to the village, âÄòreally, for a misanthropeâÄôs choice, this is one of the prettiest and most desirable places of residence I ever met with.âÄô

âÄúIn this opinion also both Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass expressed their concurrence; and having been directed to the Leather Bottle, a clean and commodious village ale-house, the three travellers entered, and at once inquired for a gentleman of the name of Tupman. The three friends entered a long, low-roofed room, furnished with a large number of high-backed leather-cushioned chairs, of fantastic shapes, and embellished with a great variety of old portraits. At the upper end of the room was a table, with a white cloth upon it, well covered with a roast fowl, bacon, ale, and et ceteras; and at the table sat Mr. Tupman, looking as unlike a man who had taken his leave of the world as possible.âÄù

Resting here awhile, we may recall the âÄúimmortal discoveryâÄù made by Mr. Pickwick, âÄúwhich has been the pride and boast of his friends and the envy of every antiquarian in this or any other countryâÄùâÄîthat famous stone found by the chairman of the Pickwick Club himself; âÄúpartially buried in the ground in front of a cottage door,âÄù in this same village of Cobham, on which âÄúthe following fragment of an inscription was clearly to be decipheredâÄù:âÄî

[Picture: Cobham Inscription]

Full particulars are duly recorded in âÄúThe Pickwick Papers,âÄù chapter 11. We may also remember the celebrated controversy in scientific and erudite circles, to which this remarkable stone gave rise; Mr. Pickwick being âÄúelected an honorary member of seventeen native and foreign societies for the discovery.âÄù

The journey being resumed from Sole Street, we travel *viÃ¢ Strood*, ten miles, to the important station of

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CHATHAM.

Mr. PickwickâÄôs description (taken from his note-book sixty years since) is a fairly correct view of the general appearance of Chatham at present:âÄî

âÄúThe principal productions of these towns appear to be soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, officers, and dockyardmen. The commodities chiefly exposed for sale in the public streets are marine stores, hard-bake, apples, flat-fish, and oysters. The streets present a lively and animated appearance, occasioned chiefly by the conviviality of the military.âÄù

In this city five years of DickensâÄôs boyhood were passed. Mr. Dickens, senior, was appointed in 1816 to a clerkship at the Naval Pay Office, in connection with the Royal Dockyard, and the Dickens family here resided till little Charles was nine years of age.

On arrival at the Chatham Station, we may enter the town on the right from the railway exit (north side of the line), shortly passing under an archway into Railway StreetâÄîformerly Rome LaneâÄîin which was once situated the elementary school where the boy first attended, with his sister Fanny. Revisiting Chatham in after years, Dickens found that it had been pulled down

âÄúAges before, but out of the distance of the ages, arose, nevertheless, a not dim impression that it had been over a dyerâÄôs shop; that he went up steps to it; that he had frequently grazed his knees in doing so; and that in trying to scrape the mud off a very unsteady little shoe, he generally got his leg over the scraper.âÄù

At the upper end of Railway Street we proceed (right) by the *High Street*, and at a short distance (left) by *Fair Row* to the *Brook*. Turning to the left, we shall find, standing immediately beyond the corner, on the west side, the old Residence of the Dickens Family, No. 18, next door to *Providence Chapel*. The house is a modest-looking dwelling of three storeys, with white-washed plaster front as in former days, six steps leading up to the front door, and a small garden before and behind. The chapel previously referred to has been, in more recent years, used for meetings of the Salvation Army, since becoming a clothing factory. During the residence of the family at Chatham, the minister of this place of worship was a *Mr. William Giles*, who was also the schoolmaster of Clover Lane Academy. For the last two years of CharlesâÄôs Chatham experience he was placed under the educational supervision of this young Baptist minister, whose influence seems to have been favourable to the development of his pupilâÄôs youthful talents.

Regaining the High Street by *Fair Row*, and turning to the left for a short distance onwards, we reach, on the right hand of the street, past the Mitre Hotel, Clover Street, on the south side of which (at the corner of Richard Street) the Academy, with its playground behind, may still be seen. Forster says:âÄî

âÄúCharles had himself a not ungrateful sense in after years, that this first of his masters, in his little-cared-for childhood, had pronounced him to be a boy of capacity; and when, about half-way through the publication of Pickwick, his old teacher sent a silver snuff-box with admiring inscription to âÄòthe inimitable Boz,âÄô it reminded him of praise far more precious obtained by him at his first yearâÄôs examination in the Clover Lane Academy.âÄù

Coming through Clover Street, and turning (right) into the *New Road*, we shortly regain the neighbourhood of Chatham Station, on the south side of which a road in the westward direction leads to Fort Pitt, now the Chatham Military Hospital. Pickwickians will remember that Fort Pitt was indicated by Lieutenant Tappleton, the friend of the choleric *Doctor Slammer*, as being in the vicinity of a field where the quarrel between the doctor and Mr. Winkle could be adjusted. This old field, and the contiguous land surrounding the Fort, now form The Recreation Ground of the City. Visitors may hence obtain an interesting and comprehensive view of the town and neighbourhood. We are, doubtless, all familiar with the happy termination of the affair of honour above referred to; the unworthy Jingle being at the bottom of the mischief. Full particulars of the dilemma may be found in chapter 2 of âÄúThe Pickwick Papers.âÄù

Returning to the New Road, the Rambler, passing ST. BARTHOLOMEWâÄôS HOSPITAL (founded in the eleventh century) on the right, may proceed by *Star Hill*, in the outskirts of Rochester. On the south side (left) of the descent there may be noted *en passant* the new building of the ROCHESTER CONSERVATIVE CLUB, which stands on the site of The Old Theatre. Here the versatile Mr. Jingle and his melancholic friend, âÄúelegantly designated Dismal Jemmy,âÄù were engaged to perform âÄúin the piece that the Officers of the Fifty-secondâÄù got up, when Mr. Pickwick commenced his travels, May 1827.

The theatre was demolished December 1884.

Continuing the route, we soon arrive at the central street of the old City of

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ROCHESTER.

This place will be interesting to readers of Dickens for its several associations with his books, including âÄúPickwick,âÄù âÄúGreat Expectations,âÄù âÄúThe Seven Poor Travellers,âÄù and âÄúThe Mystery of Edwin Drood,âÄù his latest and uncompleted work. In chapter 3 of this last-mentioned tale is the following description:âÄî

âÄúAn ancient city, Cloisterham, and no meet dwelling-place for any one with hankerings after the noisy world. A monotonous, silent city, deriving an earthly flavour throughout, from its Cathedral crypt. . . . A drowsy city, Cloisterham, whose inhabitants seem to suppose, with an inconsistency more strange than rare, that all its changes lie behind it, and that there are no more to come. . . . So silent are the streets of Cloisterham (though prone to echo on the smallest provocation), that of a summer day the sunblinds of its shops scarce dare to flap in the south wind; while the sun-browned tramps who pass along and stare, quicken their limp a little that they may the sooner get beyond the confines of its oppressive respectability. This is a feat not difficult of achievement, seeing that the streets of Cloisterham city are little more than one narrow street by which you get into it, and get out of it; the rest being mostly disappointing yards with pumps in them and no thoroughfareâÄîexception made of the Cathedral-close, and a paved Quaker settlement. . . . In a word, a city of another and a bygone time is Cloisterham, with its hoarse Cathedral bell, its hoarse rooks hovering about the Cathedral tower, its hoarser and less distinct rooks in the stalls far beneath. Fragments of old wall, saintâÄôs chapel, chapter-house, convent, and monastery have got incongruously or obstructively built into many of its houses and gardens, much as kindred jumbled notions have become incorporated into many of its citizensâÄô minds. All things in it are of the past.âÄù

[Picture: Eastgate House, Rochester]

Entering the busier part of the town by the Eastgate thoroughfare, we may shortly observe, on the right, Eastgate House, now occupied by the CITY OF ROCHESTER WORKMENâÄôS CLUB. It is a fine old Elizabethan building; a well-preserved specimen of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century. The building abuts on the street, with a large courtyard and entrance at the side; and a spacious garden is attached at the back of the house. For more than fifty years (until about twenty years since) this establishment flourished as a ladiesâÄô boarding-school, and is referred to in the pages of âÄúEdwin DroodâÄù as The NunsâÄô House, the seminary conducted by the eminently respectable *Miss Twinkleton*âÄî

âÄúIn the midst of Cloisterham stands the NunsâÄô House; a venerable brick edifice, whose present appellation is doubtless derived from the legend of its conventual uses. On the trim gate enclosing its old courtyard, is a resplendent brass plate flashing forth the legend, âÄòSeminary for young Ladies. Miss Twinkleton.âÄô The house-front is so old and worn, and the brass plate is so shining and staring, that the general result has reminded imaginative strangers of a battered old beau with a large modern eye-glass stuck in his blind eye.âÄù

On the opposite side of the High Street (Nos. 146 and 147) stands Mr. SapseaâÄôs House. It will be remembered that we are introduced to *Mr. Thomas Sapsea*, auctioneer and Mayor of Cloisterham, in the 4th chapter of the same book, as being âÄúthe purest jackassâÄù in the town; adopting, in his voice and style, the professional mannerism of his superiorsâÄî

âÄúMr. Sapsea âÄòdresses atâÄô the Dean; has been bowed to for the Dean, in mistake; has even been spoken to in the street as My Lord, under the impression that he was the Bishop come down unexpectedly, without his chaplain. Mr. Sapsea is very proud of this, and of his voice, and of his style. He has even (in selling landed property) tried the experiment of slightly intoning in his pulpit, to make himself more like what he takes to be the genuine ecclesiastical article. So, in ending a Sale by Public Auction, Mr. Sapsea finishes off with an air of bestowing a benediction on the assembled brokers, which leaves the real DeanâÄîa modest and worthy gentlemanâÄîfar behind.âÄù

Much of the humorous element of the tale is connected with this character. According to local tradition, Mr. S. is supposed to be a combination of two well-known townsmen, formerly resident in *Rochester*; a councilman who lived at the above address, and an auctioneer, once mayor of the city, over whose door the pulpit spoken of in âÄúEdwin DroodâÄù could have been seenâÄî

âÄúOver the doorway is a wooden effigy, about half life-size, representing Mr. SapseaâÄôs father, in a curly

wig and toga, in the act of selling. The chastity of the idea, and the natural appearance of the little figure, hammer, and pulpit, have been much admired.âÄù

Both the aforesaid local prototypes have departed this life some time since, and the premises have been occupied by others (equally competent, but less pretentious) of that ilk.

[Picture: Restoration House, Rochester]

We now turn on the left into *Crow Lane*; at the further end of which, on the south side, stands Restoration House, another specimen of the Elizabethan style, in the present occupation of Stephen T. Aveling, Esq. This residence is of interest as being the *Satis House* of âÄúGreat Expectations,âÄù in which *Miss Havisham* lived. We may recollect the circumstance of *Pip* being escorted in *Mr. PumblechookâÄôs* chaise-cart to this address, âÄúto playâÄù for the diversion of Miss Havisham. Here he first met *Estella*, who then treated him with extreme contempt, but with whom he fell desperately in love notwithstanding. Pip says, when speaking of his departure from the house:âÄî

âÄúI set off on the four-mile walk to our forge, pondering, as I went along, on all I had seen, and deeply revolving that I was a common labouring-boy: that my hands were coarse; that my boots were thick; that I had fallen into a despicable habit of calling knaves Jacks; that I was much more ignorant than I had considered myself last night, and generally that I was in a low-lived bad way.âÄù

[Joe GargeryâÄôs Forge and wooden house were in the little village of *Cooling*, six miles north of Rochester. The greater part of the parish is marsh-land, extending to the Thames. Mr. Forster recalls, in his biography, the occasion when he and his friend stood on the spot; Dickens saying that âÄúhe meant to make it the scene of the opening of his storyâÄîCooling Castle ruins, and the desolate church lying out among the marshes, seven miles from Gadshill.âÄù Here it was that Pip met the convict *Magwitch*âÄîby secret appointmentâÄîand supplied him with âÄúwittlesâÄù and a file, thus materially influencing his own future fortunes.]

Turning to the left, we reach the *Promenade and Recreation Ground*, called âÄúThe Vines,âÄù an open space of more than three acres, formerly the vinery of the ancient Priory. It is referred to in âÄúEdwin Drood,âÄù chapter 14, as the MonkâÄôs Vineyard, in which, near a wicket-gate in a corner, Edwin met the old woman from the opium-smoking den in the East end of London, from whom he received warning of a threatened danger. This is the last occasion that we read of Edwin Drood previous to his mysterious disappearanceâÄî

âÄúThe womanâÄôs words are in the rising wind, in the angry sky, in the troubled water, in the flickering lights. There is some solemn echo of them even in the Cathedral chime, which strikes a sudden surprise to his heart as he turns in under the archway of the Gate house. And so he goes up the postern stair.âÄù

Passing on the right the handsome residence of the Head Master of the Grammar School, we cross the Vines, and turn on the right hand to Minor Canon Row, a terrace of seven red-brick houses at the north end of *St. Margaret Street* and on the south side of the Cathedral Close. This locality bears the appellation, in the before-mentioned book, of Minor Canon Corner, the residence of the *Rev. Septimus Crisparkle* and his mother, the âÄúchina shepherdess.âÄù In chapter 6 we find the following pleasant reference to the same:âÄî

âÄúMinor Canon Corner was a quiet place in the shadow of the Cathedral, which the cawing of the rooks, the echoing footsteps of rare passers, the sound of the Cathedral bell, or the roll of the Cathedral organ, seemed to render more quiet than absolute silence. . . . Red-brick walls harmoniously toned down in colour by time, strong-rooted ivy, latticed windows, panelled rooms, big oaken beams in little places, and stone-walled gardens where annual fruit yet ripened upon monkish trees, were the principal surroundings of pretty old Mrs. Crisparkle and the Reverend Septimus as they sat at breakfast.âÄù

Immediately north of this position stands the old Cathedral of Rochester, with its âÄúwell-known massive grey square tower,âÄù in which, we may remember, the respected *Mr. John Jasper* was engaged as Lay Precentor; with the reputation of being devoted to his art, and âÄúhaving done such wonders with the choir.âÄù In the interior, on the wall of the south-west transept, is a quaint monument to the memory of *Richard Watts*, a prominent townsman to whom further reference will be made. Underneath this is placed a brass memorial-tablet, inscribedâÄî

âÄúCHARLES DICKENS.âÄîBorn at Portsmouth, seventh of February 1812. Died at Gadshill Place, by Rochester, ninth of June 1870. Buried in Westminster Abbey. To connect his memory with the scenes in which his earliest and his latest years were passed, and with the associations of Rochester Cathedral and its neighbourhood, which extended over all his life, this tablet, with the sanction of the Dean and Chapter, is placed by his executors.âÄù

The authorâÄôs latest suggestive sketch, in association with this ancient fane, may be here suitably recalled:âÄî

âÄúA brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods, and fieldsâÄîor, rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding timeâÄîpenetrate into the Cathedral, subdue its earthy odour, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm; and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings.âÄù

The Crypts below contain the âÄúburied magnates of ancient time and high degree,âÄù with whom Durdles, the stonemason, was on terms of intimate familiarityâÄî

âÄúIn the demolition of impedimental fragments of wall, buttress, and pavement he has seen strange sights. . . . Thus he will say, âÄòDurdles come upon the old chap, by striking right into the coffin with his pick. The old chap gave Durdles a look with his open eyes, as much as to say, Is your name Durdles? Why, my man, IâÄôve been waiting for you a Devil of a time!âÄô And then he turned to powder. With a two-foot rule always in his pocket, and a masonâÄôs hammer all but always in his hand, Durdles goes continually sounding, and tapping all about and about the Cathedral; and whenever he says to Tope, âÄòTope, hereâÄôs another old âÄôun in here,âÄô Tope announces it to the Dean as an established discovery.âÄù

It is believed that the prototype of this character was an old German working stonemason, who lived at Rochester many years since. He employed himself by carving various grotesque figures out of odd fragments of soft stone found in the Cathedral crypt, which he begged for the purpose; and it is recollected that he was accustomed to carry these articles of *vertu* about the town, tied up in a coloured handkerchief; also that, whenever he succeeded in effecting a sale, he immediately celebrated the transaction by getting very tipsy. He lodged at a public-house named âÄúThe Fortune of War,âÄù now known as âÄú*The Lifeboat*.âÄù

Chapter 12

, headed âÄúA Night with Durdles,âÄù contains a description of the ascent of the Cathedral Tower, to the following effect:âÄî

âÄúThey go up the winding staircase . . . among the cobwebs and the dust. Twice or thrice they emerge into level low-arched galleries, whence they can look down into the moonlight nave. . . Anon they turn into narrower and steeper staircases, and the night air begins to blow upon them, and the chirp of some startled jackdaw or frightened rook precedes the heavy beating of wings in a confined space, and the beating down of dust and straws upon their heads. At last, leaving their light behind a stairâÄîfor it blows fresh up hereâÄîthey look down on Cloisterham, fair to see in the moonlight: its ruined habitations and sanctuaries of the dead, at the towerâÄôs base: its moss-softened red-tiled roofs and red-brick houses of the living, clustered beyond: its river winding down from the mist on the horizon, as though that were its source, and already heaving with a restless knowledge of its approach towards the sea.âÄù

Before leaving the Cathedral precincts, on the north side we soon pass St. Nicholas Church, and may note its pleasant little graveyardâÄîâÄúwhere daisies blossom on the verdant sodâÄùâÄîlying near the old walls of the Castle and its contiguous gardens. It is said that this is the spot which Dickens himself would have preferred as his last resting-place.

We now approach the High Street by The College Gate (facing *Pump Lane*), an old gatehouse with archway, having two exterior doors, standing angle-wise in the street, with a small postern at the back of the gate. The house, now occupied by the assistant verger, is a gabled wooden structure of two storeys, built over the stone gateway beneath. Students of Dickens will remember that this was the residence of *Mr. Tope*, âÄúchief verger and showmanâÄù of the Cathedral, with whom lodged Mr. John Jasper, the uncle of Edwin Drood. It is first referred to in the 2nd chapter of the book: âÄúan old stone gatehouse crossing the Close, with an arched thoroughfare passing beneath it,âÄù decorated by âÄúpendant masses of ivy and creeper covering the buildingâÄôs front.âÄù Here Mr. Jasper entertained his nephew and his nephewâÄôs friend; and we also read of *Mr. Grewgious* climbing âÄúthe postern stair.âÄù On this latter occasion the old lawyer called on Mr. Jasper, visiting Cloisterham in preparation for their formal release as trustees on EdwinâÄôs attaining his majority.

Turning to the right, on the opposite side of the High Street, we soon reach a stone-fronted edifice, with small windows and three gables, known as The Poor TravellersâÄô House. This charity was established 1579, by a local philanthropist, RICHARD WATTS, formerly citizen of Rochester, who rose from a humble position to be Member of Parliament for the City. He entertained Queen Elizabeth at his mansion (in 1573), a white house situated near the Castle gardens, and called *Satis House*. It will be recollected that Dickens transferred this name to Restoration House, situated in Crow Lane. It is said that the appellation was bestowed on the mansion by the virgin queen herself, in recognition of the âÄúsatisfactoryâÄù entertainment afforded by her host. *Estella* gives another explanation of the title: âÄúIt meant, when it was given, that whoever had this house could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied.âÄù

WattsâÄôs Charity, the TravellersâÄô Rest aforesaid, is associated with the Christmas Number of *Household Words* (1854), entitled âÄúTHE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS;âÄù in which the inscription over the quaint old door is reproduced as follows:âÄî

RICHARD WATTS, ESQ., by his will dated 22 August 1579, founded this charity for six poor travellers, Who not being Rogues, or Proctors may receive gratis for one night, Lodging, Entertainment, and four-pence each.

The entertainment herein specified comprises for each traveller, a supper of half a pound of freshly-cooked meat, one pound of bread, and a half-pint of beer, which is given in addition to the stated fourpence payable in

the morning.

[This gentlemanâÄôs memory is also perpetuated in the charitable annals of the district by a handsome pile of buildings, in the Elizabethan style, on the Maidstone Road, called WATTSâÄôS ALMSHOUSESâÄîwith pleasure-grounds in front, affording accommodation for ten men and ten women, who also receive twelve shillings each per week. The Institution is superintended by a matron and governed by sixteen trustees.]

We are doubtless familiar with the Christmas Eve entertainment here provided by the narrator of âÄúThe Seven Poor Travellers,âÄù as above:âÄî

âÄúIt was settled that at nine oâÄôclock that night a Turkey and a piece of Roast Beef should smoke upon the board, and that I, faint and unworthy minister for once of Master Richard Watts, should preside as the Christmas-supper host of the six Poor Travellers.âÄù

And we must all have a vivid recollection of the processional order of supply on that festive opportunity:âÄî

âÄúMyself with the pitcher. Ben with Beer. Inattentive Boy with hot Inattentive Boy with hot plates. plates. THE TURKEY.

Female carrying sauces to be heated on the spot.

THE BEEF.

Man with Tray on his head, containing Vegetables and Sundries.

Volunteer Hostler from Hotel, grinning, and rendering no assistance.âÄù

After hearty discussion of the orthodox plum-pudding and mince-pies which crowned the feast, the company drew round the fire, and the âÄúbrown beautyâÄù of the hostâÄîthe pitcher, carried first in the processionâÄîwas elevated to the table. It proved to be âÄúa glorious jorumâÄù of hot Wassail, prepared from the chairmanâÄôs special and private receipt, the materials of which, âÄútogether with their proportions and combinations,âÄù he declines to impart. Glasses being filled therefrom, the toast of the evening was duly and reverently honoured: âÄúCHRISTMAS! CHRISTMAS EVE, my friends; when the Shepherds, who were poor travellers too, in their way, heard the angels sing, âÄòOn earth peace. Goodwill toward men!âÄôâÄù

The pen of the âÄúInimitableâÄù was never in more genial feather than when inditing this Christmas story, the cheery and sympathetic humour of which is not excelled even by the âÄúCarolâÄù itself.

Another Dickensian association with this Rochester Charity may be quoted in connection with Miss Adelaide Procter. During âÄô54 this lady had been a valued contributor to *Household Words*, under the assumed name of âÄúBerwick,âÄù and some speculation arose in the editorial department as to the real personality of the writer. The *nom de plume* being, in course of time, relinquished, and the secret told, Mr. Dickens sent a letter of congratulation and appreciation to the young authoressâÄîdated December 17th, 1854âÄîwhich thus concluded: âÄúPray accept the blessing and forgiveness of Richard Watts, though I am afraid you come under *both his conditions of exclusion*.âÄù

Retracing the High Street route, we again pass the Gate-house of the Cathedral Close, and come, immediately on the left, to the noted Bull Hotel, a commodious establishment of ancient and respectable repute, and the principal posting-house of the town. This is the celebrated hostelry at which the Pickwickians sojourned on the occasion of their first visit to Rochester, per âÄúCommodoreâÄù coach from London. In the large assembly-room upstairsâÄîâÄúa long room, with crimson-covered benches, and wax candles in glass chandeliers, with the musicians securely confined in an elevated denâÄùâÄîthe memorable Ball took place, on

the evening of their arrival, which was attended by *Mr. Tupman* and his seductive friend *Jingle*; the latter affording some information as to the exclusive character of Rochester society:âÄî

âÄúâÄòWait a minute,âÄô said the stranger, âÄòfun presentlyâÄînobs not come yetâÄîqueer place. Dockyard people of upper rank donâÄôt know Dockyard people of lower rank. Dockyard people of lower rank donâÄôt know small gentryâÄîsmall gentry donâÄôt know tradespeopleâÄîCommissioner donâÄôt know anybody.âÄôâÄù

Here Mr. Jingle, on that fateful occasion, gave dire offence to Doctor Slammer, of the 97th Regiment, by making himself obtrusively agreeable to the rich little widow, Mrs. Budger; and we may remember how the Doctor, with his âÄúhitherto bottled-up indignation effervescing from all parts of his countenance in a perspiration of passion,âÄù insisted on a hostile meeting.

The hotel has a frontage of about 90 feet, with wide pillared gateway, and extensive stabling at the back. Proceeding past the Guildhall on the right, towards the end of the street, facing Rochester Bridge, we arrive at The Crown Hotel, pleasantly situated at the corner of the Esplanade and High Street, one side of the house facing the Medway; a white-brick edifice lately rebuilt. It is referred to in chapter 18 of âÄúEdwin DroodâÄù as âÄú*The Crozier*,âÄù the orthodox hotel at which *Mr. Datchery* took up his temporary abode, previous to settling in Cloisterham as âÄúa single bufferâÄîan idle dog who lived upon his means.âÄù Other visitors to Rochester may advantageously imitate Mr. DatcheryâÄôs example, the position and conduct of the house being alike excellent.

Round the corner to the left, commences The Esplanade, extending under the castle walls, and along the bank of the river for a considerable distance. This promenade is mentioned in the 13th chapter of âÄúEdwin Drood,âÄù being the scene of the last interview between Edwin and Rosa, when they mutually agreed to cancel the irksome bond between themâÄî

âÄúThey walked on by the river. They began to speak of their separate plans. He would quicken his departure from England, and she would remain where she was, at least as long as Helena remained. The poor dear girls should have their disappointment broken to them gently, and, as the first preliminary, Miss Twinkleton should be confided in by Rosa, even in advance of the reappearance of Mr. Grewgious. It should be made clear in all quarters that she and Edwin were the best of friends. There had never been so serene an understanding between them since they were first affianced.âÄù

Leaving Rochester by The Bridge, crossing the Medway, we may bestow a passing thought on *Richard Doubledick* as he came over the same, âÄúwith half a shoe to his dusty feet,âÄù in the year 1799, limping into the town of Chatham. (See âÄúThe Seven Poor Travellers,âÄù previously mentioned.)

[Picture: Gadshill Place]

On the north side of the river, the Rambler enters the town of *Strood*, and may proceed through the same, about two miles on the Gravesend Road, to

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GADSHILL PLACE,

the last residence of Charles Dickens. It is situated on the left-hand side, nearly opposite the *Falstaff Inn*. The house was purchased by him on the 14th of March 1856, for Â£1790; and he afterwards projected and carried out many costly additions and improvements thereto. On the first-floor landing is displayed an illuminated frame (the work of Mr. Owen Jones), which reads as follows:âÄî

âÄúTHIS HOUSE, GADSHILL PLACE, stands on the summit of ShakespeareâÄôs Gadshill, ever memorable for its association with Sir John Falstaff in his noble fancyâÄîâÄò*But*, *my lads*, *my lads*,

to-morrow morning, *by four oâÄôclock*, *early at Gadshill*! *there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings*, *and traders riding to London with fat purses*: *I have vizards for you all*; *you have horses for yourselves*.âÄôâÄù

On this residence Dickens had fixed his choice in his boyish days. It had always held a prominent place amid the recollections connected with his childhood. Forster says that âÄúupon first seeing it as he came from Chatham with his father, and looking up at it with admiration, he had been promised that he might live in it himself, or some such house, when he came to be a man, if he would only work hard enough.âÄù It is pleasant to record that this ambition was gratified in after life, when the dream of his boyhood was realised.

In the contiguous shrubbery was placed a Swiss Chalet, presented to Dickens by his friend Mr. Fechter, which arrived from Paris in ninety-four pieces, fitting like the joints of a puzzle. Our author was fond of working in this chalet during the summer months; and in it, much of the material of his latest work was prepared.

In sad association with Gadshill Place, we must refer to the unexpected Death of Charles Dickens, which occurred here on the 9th of June 1870. He had been feeling weary and fatigued for some days previous to this date, but had nevertheless continued to work with cheerfulness, writing in the chalet, in preparation of the sixth number of âÄúEdwin Drood.âÄù On the 8th of June, whilst at dinner, he was suddenly attacked with apoplexy, and never spoke afterwards; and on the evening of the following dayâÄîwith one rolling tear and one deep sighâÄîhis gentle spirit soared beyond these earthly shadows,

âÄúInto the Land of the Great Departed, Into the Silent Land.âÄù

An interval being allowed for refreshments at the Falstaff Inn, *Ã discrÃ©tion*, we may resume the road onwards to the nearest station of HIGHAMâÄîabout a mile distantâÄîwhence the South-Eastern Railway may be taken for the homeward journey. At five milesâÄô distance we reach Gravesend, which is situated at the foot of the hills, extending for some two miles on the south side of the Thames. This town is the boundary of the port of London, at which many outward and homeward bound vessels on foreign service receive or discharge their passengers and freight. As we pass this station we may remember that in chapter 57 of âÄúDavid Copperfield,âÄù Gravesend is referred to as the starting-point of Mr. Peggotty and his niece, emigrating to Australia, and accompanied by *Martha*, *Mrs. Gummidge*, *and the Micawber family*. The parting with his friends David describes as follows:âÄî

âÄúWe went over the side into our boat, and lay at a little distance to see the ship wafted on her course. It was then calm, radiant sunset. She lay between us and the red light, and every taper line and spar was visible against the glow. A sight at once so beautiful, so mournful, and so hopeful, as the glorious ship lying still on the flushed water, with all the life on board her crowded at the bulwarks, and there clustering for a moment, bareheaded and silent, I never saw. Silent, only for a moment. As the sails rose to the wind, and the ship began to move, there broke from all the boats three resounding cheers, which those on board took up and echoed back, and which were echoed and re-echoed . . . Surrounded by the rosy light . . . they solemnly passed away.âÄù

Continuing the homeward journey by South-Eastern Railway, the Rambler will arrive in due course at the station of GREENWICH, eighteen miles from Gravesend. Here alighting, a short walk eastward, on the south side of the lineâÄîthrough *London Street*, turning right by end of *Church Street*âÄîwill lead us to the entrance of Greenwich Park. This well-known place of popular resort was referred to by Dickens in his first contributions to the *Evening Chronicle*, 1835, which were afterwards collected under the name of âÄúSketches by Boz.âÄù The sketch is entitled âÄú*Greenwich Fair*,âÄù and gives descriptions of the doings in the park at that festival, as holden aforetime in this localityâÄî

âÄúThe principal amusement is to drag young ladies up the steep hill which leads to the Observatory, and then drag them down again at the very top of their speed, greatly to the derangement of their curls and

bonnet-caps, and much to the edification of lookers-on from below.âÄù

From the Park entrance we may now proceed towards the river by *Church Street*, on the left hand of which, past *London Street*, stands the Church of St. Alphege, a handsome edifice in classic style. The happy wedding of *Bella Wilfer* and *John Rokesmith*, otherwise *Harmon*, here took place, in the presence of a âÄúgruff and glum old pensionerâÄù from the neighbouring hospital, with two wooden legs. We may also recall the circumstance of Mr. and Mrs. BoffinâÄôs attendance, that worthy couple being hid away near the church organ.

Following the route northward, we may soon reach *King William Street*, by the river side, in which is situated QuartermaineâÄôs Ship Tavern. This is the place where the âÄúlovely womanâÄù and her father once dined together on the occasion of their âÄúinnocent elopement.âÄù (See âÄúOur Mutual Friend,âÄù chapter 8, Book 2.) It may be also remembered as the hotel at which was celebrated the wedding dinner of *Mr. and Mrs. Rokesmith* aforesaid, âÄúdear little PaâÄù being the honoured guest of that blissful opportunity. We may here also recollect the dignified bearing of the head waiterâÄîThe Archbishop of GreenwichâÄîâÄúa solemn gentleman in black clothes and a white cravat, who looked much more like a clergyman than *the* clergyman, and seemed to have mounted a great deal higher in the church.âÄù

Leaving GREENWICH, a short ride of twenty minutes (six miles), following the course of the river, will bring us to the CHARING CROSS TERMINUS, in central London.

RAMBLE VII Excursion to Canterbury and Dover

Route by London, Chatham and Dover Railway, *viÃ¢* Sittingbourne and Faversham to Canterbury; The QueenâÄôs Head Inn, âÄúthe little hotelâÄù patronised by the MicawbersâÄîBy Mercery Lane and Christ Church Gate to Cathedral Close for KingâÄôs School, the Establishment at which David Copperfield was educatedâÄîDr. StrongâÄôs HouseâÄîThe Fleur de Lys Hotel; Mr. DickâÄôs stopping-place at CanterburyâÄîThe George and Dragon Inn; the old London Coach OfficeâÄîPalace Street and Church of St. Alphege; the scene of Dr. StrongâÄôs marriage to Miss Annie MarklehamâÄîNo. 65 North Lane, the âÄúâÄôumble dwellingâÄù of Uriah Heep, afterwards the residence of the Micawber FamilyâÄî71 St. Dunstan Street; Mr. WickfieldâÄôs house, and Home of AgnesâÄîCanterbury to DoverâÄîCorner of Church and Castle Streets, Market Place; DavidâÄôs resting-placeâÄîPriory Hill, Stanley Mount; Miss Betsy TrotwoodâÄôs ResidenceâÄîâÄúThe KingâÄôs HeadâÄù; Mr. Lorry, Lucie Manette, and Miss ProssâÄîThe Staplehurst DisasterâÄîPostscript to âÄúOur Mutual Friend.âÄù

The excursion proposed in Ramble VI. to Chatham, Rochester, Gadshill, etc. (see page 82), could be advantageously extended to include CANTERBURY and DOVER, for visiting the localities in these towns associated with the history of David Copperfield.

Beyond Chatham the journey is continued on the LONDON, CHATHAM AND DOVER RAILWAY, by three minor stations to SITTINGBOURNE, formerly a favourite resting-place for pilgrims (as its name would seem to indicate) *en route* for Canterbury; but the modern mode of travel only now necessitates a halt of twenty minutes. Passing TEYNSHAM and FAVERSHAM, the train proceeds by the intermediate station of SELLING, to the fair old city of

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CANTERBURY,

pleasantly situated on the banks of the Stour. Seat of the Primate of England, where, as Mr. Micawber writes, âÄúthe society may be described as a happy admixture of the agricultural and the clerical.âÄù A quaint and quiet cathedral town, redolent with fragrant memories of *Agnes Wickfield*, fairest type of English womanhoodâÄîher father, and friends.

Proceeding from the station towards the Cathedral, by CASTLE STREET, we reach the old Roman road of WATLING STREET (extending from Chester to Dover), at the south corner of which (right), and facing ST. MARGARET STREET, stands the âÄúQueenâÄôs Head Inn.âÄù This is âÄúthe little hotelâÄù patronised by Mr. and Mrs. Micawber on the occasion of their first visit to Canterbury, as related in chapter 17 of âÄúDavid CopperfieldâÄùâÄîâÄúSomebody turns up.âÄù

âÄúIt was a little inn where Mr. Micawber put up, and he occupied a little room in it, partitioned off from the commercial room, and strongly flavoured with tobacco smoke. I think it was over the kitchen, because a warm greasy smell appeared to come up through the chinks in the floor, and there was a flabby perspiration on the walls. I know it was near the bar, on account of the smell of spirits and jingling of glasses. Here, recumbent on a small sofa, underneath a picture of a race-horse, with her head close to the fire, and her feet pushing the mustard off the dumb-waiter at the other end of the room, was Mrs. Micawber, to whom Mr. Micawber entered first, saying, âÄòMy dear, allow me to introduce to you a pupil of Dr. StrongâÄôs.âÄôâÄù

It will be remembered that the amiable lady thus referred to, here confidentially explained to David the reason of their visit to this part of the countryâÄî

âÄúâÄòMr. Micawber was induced to think, on inquiry, that there might be an opening for a man of his talent in the Medway Coal Trade. Then, as Mr. Micawber very properly said, the first step to be taken clearly was to come and see the Medway; which we came and saw. I say âÄòwe,âÄô Master Copperfield, âÄòfor I never will,âÄô said Mrs. Micawber with emotion, âÄòI never will desert Mr. Micawber. . . . Being so near here, Mr. Micawber was of opinion that it would be rash not to come on and see the CathedralâÄîfirstly, on account of its being so well worth seeing, and our never having seen it; and, secondly, on account of the great probability of something turning up in a cathedral town.âÄôâÄù

We may also recollect the dinner and convivial evening thereafter, celebrated two days later at this address, when David attended as the honoured guest of the occasionâÄî

âÄúWe had a beautiful little dinner. Quite an elegant dish of fish; the kidney-end of a loin of veal, roasted; fried sausage-meat; a partridge, and a pudding. There was wine, and there was strong ale; and after dinner Mrs. Micawber made us a bowl of hot punch with her own hands. Mr. Micawber was uncommonly convivial. I never saw him such good company. He made his face shine with the punch, so that it looked as if it had been varnished all over. He got cheerfully sentimental about the town, and proposed success to it, observing that Mrs. Micawber and himself had been made extremely snug and comfortable there, and that he never should forget the agreeable hours they had passed in Canterbury.âÄù

Later on there is recorded in the Copperfield autobiography (chapter 42) how David, accompanied by his aunt and friendsâÄîMessrs. Dick and TraddlesâÄîsojourned for the night at this same hotel. They had arrived at Canterbury by the Dover Mail, as desired by Mr. Micawber, in readiness to assist the next day at the memorable âÄúExplosionâÄù which resulted in the final discomfiture of *Uriah Heep*, âÄúthe Forger and the CheatâÄùâÄî

âÄúAt the hotel where Mr. Micawber had requested us to await him, which we got into, with some trouble, in the middle of the night, I found a letter, importing that he would appear in the morning punctually at half-past nine. After which, we went shivering at that uncomfortable hour to our respective beds, through various close passages, which smelt as if they had been steeped for ages in a solution of soup and stables.âÄù

Following the course of St. Margaret Street northward, and passing (left) the old CHURCH OF ST. MARGARETâÄîrecently restored by Sir Gilbert ScottâÄîwe soon arrive at the central main thoroughfare, which here divides the town, extending from St. DunstanâÄôs Church (west) to the New Dover Road, leaving Canterbury on the east.

Crossing the HIGH STREET, and continuing northward through the narrow thoroughfare of MERCERY LANE (on the opposite side)âÄîonce the resort of the many pilgrims who came aforetime to worship at the shrine of Thomas-Ã -BecketâÄîwe enter the precincts of the Cathedral by CHRIST CHURCH GATE (16th century).

Turning to the right within the Close, and passing the secluded residences of several âÄúgrave and reverend seigniors,âÄù we may find, on the farther side, KingâÄôs School, an educational establishment of good repute and old foundation, pleasantly and quietly situated. The school is supervised by certain âÄúworthy and approved good masters,âÄù successors to the amiable DOCTOR STRONG and assistants, under whose careful tutorship David Copper-field was educated after his adoption by Miss Betsy Trotwood. In the commencement of chapter 16 of his autobiography, David thus describes the place:âÄî

âÄúNext morning, after breakfast, I entered on school life again. I went, accompanied by Mr. Wickfield, to the scene of my future studiesâÄîa grave building in a courtyard, with a learned air about it that seemed very well suited to the stray rooks and jackdaws who came down from the Cathedral towers to walk with a clerkly bearing on the grass-plotâÄîand was introduced to my new master, Doctor Strong.âÄù

Doctor StrongâÄôs Private ResidenceâÄîat which âÄúsome of the higher scholars boardedâÄùâÄîis an antiquated house, situated at the corner of LADYâÄôS GREEN (No. 1), at a short distance eastward. Here David was a frequent visitor, learning particulars of the DoctorâÄôs history, and becoming intimate with the various personages therewith connected. Pleasant reminiscences of the doings and sayings of *Mrs. Markleham*âÄîâÄúthe Old SoldierâÄù (so called by the boys âÄúon account of her generalship, and the skill with which she marshalled great forces of relations against the DoctorâÄù)âÄîthe tender associations which cluster round the story of *Annie*, the good doctorâÄôs true-hearted wife; with a casual recollection of the family cousinâÄî*Mr. Jack Maldon*âÄî(no better than he should be)âÄîmay combine to enhance the interest of a visit to this old-fashioned but comfortable home.

Crossing the LADYâÄôS GREEN towards the gate of the ancient AUGUSTINIAN MONASTERY, and proceeding onwards by MONASTERY STREET, we may find at the end and corner of the street, on the left hand, a noteworthy antique-looking house, partly incorporated with a second gate of the old Monastery, at present the residence of a gentleman of the medical profession. In bygone time this house was a point of considerable attraction to David during his later school-days at Canterbury, as being the home of âÄúThe Eldest Miss Larkins,âÄù his second love. In chapter 18, as we may remember, is contained a very pleasant piece of natural sketching, entitled âÄúA Retrospect,âÄù comprising, *inter alia*, the story of his youthful passion. David says:âÄî

âÄúI worship the eldest Miss Larkins. The eldest Miss Larkins is not a little girl. She is a tall, dark, black-eyed, fine figure of a woman. The eldest Miss Larkins is not a chicken, for the youngest Miss Larkins is not that, and the eldest must be three or four years older. Perhaps the eldest Miss Larkins may be about thirty. My passion for her is beyond all bounds. . . . Everything that belongs to her, or is connected with her, is precious to me. Mr. Larkins (a gruff old gentleman with a double chin, and one of his eyes immovable in his head) is fraught with interest to me. . . . I regularly take walks outside Mr. LarkinsâÄôs house in the evening, though it cuts me to the heart to see the officers go in, or to hear them up in the drawing-room, where the eldest Miss Larkins plays the harp. I even walk, on two or three occasions, in a sickly spooney manner, round and round the house after the family are gone to bed, wondering which is the eldest Miss LarkinsâÄôs chamber (and pitching, I dare say now, on Mr. LarkinsâÄôs instead), wishing that a fire would burst out; that the assembled crowd would stand appalled; that I, dashing through them with a ladder, might rear it against her window, save her in my arms, go back for something she had left behind, and perish in the flames.âÄù

The Drawing-Room here mentioned is situated above the old Monastery Gate, between the two towers which stand on either side. We may recollect it was here that David, having received an invitation to a private ball given at the LarkinsâÄôs, enjoyed his first dance with âÄúhis dear divinity;âÄù afterwards being introduced

to *Mr. Chestle*, a hop-grower from the neighbourhood of Ashford, âÄúa friend of the family,âÄù andâÄîalas for David!âÄîthe future husband of the eldest Miss LarkinsâÄî

âÄúI waltz with the eldest Miss Larkins! I donâÄôt know where, among whom, or how long. I only know that I swim about in space with a blue angel, in a state of blissful delirium. . . . I am lost in the recollection of this delicious interview, and the waltz, when she comes to me again, with a plain, elderly gentleman, who has been playing whist all night, upon her arm, and says, âÄòOh, here is my bold friend! Mr. Chestle wants to know you, Mr. Copperfield.âÄô I feel at once that he is a friend of the family, and am much gratified. . . . I think I am in a happy dream. I waltz again with the eldest Miss Larkins. She says I waltz so well! I go home in a state of unspeakable bliss, and waltz in imagination, all night long, with my arm round the blue waist of my dear divinity.âÄù

Proceeding westward, we pass along the opposite roadway which faces the house above referred to, by Church Street St. Paul, and Burgate Street, to the Old Cathedral entrance.

As the Rambler returns, again traversing Mercery Lane, there may be noted on the leftâÄîNo. 14âÄîa respectable ButcherâÄôs Shop, now in the keeping of Mr. Cornes. It is evident from its position, near Christ Church Gate, that this was the establishment where flourished, in days of yore, that obnoxious âÄúyoung butcherâÄù who was âÄúthe terror of the youth of Canterbury,âÄù and the especial enemy of the pupils at KingâÄôs School. In chapter 18âÄîâÄúA RetrospectâÄùâÄîCopperfield writes as follows:âÄî

âÄúThere is a vague belief abroad that the beef suet with which he anoints his hair gives him unnatural strength, and that he is a match for a man. He is a broad-faced, bull-necked young butcher, with rough red cheeks, an ill-conditioned mind, and an injurious tongue. His main use of this tongue is to disparage Dr. StrongâÄôs young gentlemen. He says publicly that if they want anything heâÄôll give it âÄôem. He names individuals among them (myself included) whom he could undertake to settle with one hand, and the other tied behind him. He waylays the smaller boys to punch their unprotected heads, and calls challenges after me in the open streets. For these sufficient reasons I resolve to fight the butcher.

âÄúIt is a summer evening, down in a green hollow, at the corner of a wall. I meet the butcher by appointment. I am attended by a select body of our boys; the butcher by two other butchers, a young publican, and a sweep. The preliminaries are adjusted, and the butcher and myself stand face to face. In a moment the butcher lights ten thousand candles out of my left eyebrow. In another moment I donâÄôt know where the wall is, or where I am, or where anybody is. I hardly know which is myself and which the butcher; we are always in such a tangle and tussle, knocking about upon the trodden grass. Sometimes I see the butcher, bloody but confident; sometimes I see nothing, but sit gasping on my secondâÄôs knee; sometimes I go in at the butcher madly, and cut my knuckles open against his face, without appearing to discompose him at all. At last I awake, very queer about the head, as from a giddy sleep, and see the butcher walking off, congratulated by the two other butchers and the sweep and publican, and putting on his coat as he goes, from which I augur justly that the victory is his.âÄù

But a few years afterwards DavidâÄîÃ¦tat. 17âÄîbecomes a better match for his opponent; and we read in the same chapter howâÄîafter his youthful disappointment *in re* âÄúthe eldest Miss LarkinsâÄùâÄîhaving received new provocation from the butcher, he goes out to battle a second time, and gloriously defeats him.

Turning again on the right into the main central thoroughfare, we may find, on the south side, the Fleur de Lys HotelâÄî34 High Street. A well-appointed and respectable establishment, at which, in the time of CopperfieldâÄôs school-days, Mr. Dick was in the habit of stopping every alternate Wednesday, arriving from Dover by the stage-coach on his special fortnightly visits to David. We read that

âÄúThese Wednesdays were the happiest days of Mr. DickâÄôs life; they were far from being the least happy of mine. He soon became known to every boy in the school, and though he never took an active part in any

game but kite-flying, was as deeply interested in all our sports as any one among us.âÄù

On the opposite (north) side of the road stands the old-fashioned George and Dragon InnâÄîNo. 18 High Street. In the days of Copperfield, the London and Dover Coach, passing *en route* through Canterbury, stopped here for change of horses. At this inn, therefore, was the âÄúCOACH OFFICE,âÄù referred to in chapter 17 as being the place of arrival and departure of Mr. Dick, as aforesaid. This London Coach is also mentioned in the closing paragraph of the same chapter, David being on his way to offer Micawber a soothing word of comfort in reply to a dismal letter just received from that âÄúBeggared OutcastâÄùâÄî

âÄúHalfway there, I met the London coach with Mr. and Mrs. Micawber up behind; Mr. Micawber, the very picture of tranquil enjoyment, smiling at Mrs. MicawberâÄôs conversation, eating walnuts out of a paper bag, with a bottle sticking out of his breast pocket. As they did not see me, I thought it best, all things considered, not to see them. So, with a great weight taken off my mind, I turned into a by-street that was the nearest way to school, and felt, upon the whole, relieved that they were gone, though I still liked them very much, nevertheless.âÄù

Turning on the right (northward) from High Street, by a short intermediate road, the Rambler approaches PALACE STREET, on the east side of which, near the western end of the Cathedral, stands the Church of St. Alphege. This edifice was casually referred to by the âÄúOld Soldier,âÄù *Mrs. Markleham*, as the church where the marriage of her daughter Annie with the worthy Dr. Strong was solemnised. The reference occurs, by way of interruption on the part of Mrs. M., during a very touching conference between the doctor and his wife, as related in âÄúCopperfield,âÄù chapter 45âÄîâÄúMr. Dick fulfils my auntâÄôs predictions.âÄù

Passing onwards through ST. PETERâÄôS STREET to WESTGATE STREET, crossing the western branch of the river, we come by a turning on the right to NORTH LANE, in which is situated the former Residence of Uriah Heep. It is a small two-storeyed house with plastered front, on the right side, near the entrance of the laneâÄîNo. 65; the âÄúâÄôumble dwellingâÄù to which David was introduced as described in chapter 17 of his historyâÄî

âÄúWe entered a low, old-fashioned room, walked straight into from the street, and found there Mrs. Heep, who was the dead image of Uriah, only short. . . . It was a perfectly decent room, half parlour and half kitchen, but not at all a snug room. The tea things were set upon the table, and the kettle was boiling on the hob. There was a chest of drawers with an escritoire top, for Uriah to read or write at of an evening; there was UriahâÄôs blue bag lying down and vomiting papers; there was a company of UriahâÄôs books commanded by Mr. Tidd; there was a corner cupboard, and there were the usual articles of furniture. I donâÄôt remember that any individual object had a bare, pinched, spare look, but I do remember that the whole place had.âÄù

Returning to the main street, we pass the ancient WEST GATEâÄîa fine specimen of medieval architecture, built between two massive round towers, with battlements and portcullisâÄîand continue westward by ST. DUNSTAN STREET. At a short distance onwards, on the south side of the thoroughfare, nearly facing the approach to the SOUTH-EASTERN Railway Station, there may be observedâÄîNo. 71âÄîan old picturesque timbered house, with three projecting gables and antiquated windows. This was the Residence of Mr. Wickfield, as described by David, in chapter 15, when he was first taken to Canterbury by Miss Betsy TrotwoodâÄî

âÄúAt length we stopped before a very old house, bulging out over the road; a house with long low lattice windows bulging out still farther, and beams with carved heads on the ends, bulging out too, so that I fancied the whole house was leaning forward, trying to see who was passing on the narrow pavement below. It was quite spotless in its cleanliness. The old-fashioned brass knocker on the low arched door, ornamented with carved garlands of fruit and flowers, twinkled like a star; the two stone steps descending to the door were as white as if they had been covered with fair linen; and all the angles and corners and carvings and mouldings, and quaint little panes of glass, and quainter little windows, though as old as the hills, were as pure as any

snow that ever fell upon the hills.âÄù

This house does not answer in every respect to the full description as contained in the book. The âÄúlittle round tower that formed one side of the houseâÄùâÄîcontaining Uriah HeepâÄôs circular officeâÄîbeing wanting to complete; but we may readily imagine that this existed, some sixty yearsâÄô since, at the western side, in the space now occupied by some gates and a roof of more modern erection. This residence must certainly be located in the *main London road*, as DavidâÄîreferring, at the close of chapter 15, as above, to his recent pedestrian journey from the Metropolis to DoverâÄîspeaks of his âÄúcoming through that old city and passing that very house he lived in, without knowing it.âÄù

[Some friends resident at Canterbury have been disposed to locate Mr. WickfieldâÄôs house at No. 15 BURGATE STREET, now in occupation of the legal firm of Messrs. Fielding and Plummer (names, by-the-bye, which are used by Dickens in âÄúThe Cricket on the HearthâÄù); but neither the house nor its position will in any way correspond with CopperfieldâÄôs description of the same.]

[Picture: The Home of Agnes]

Here then was the Home of *Agnes*âÄîthat finest delineation of feminine portraiture ever conceived by our authorâÄîthe central figure of the many pure and beautiful associations which entwine themselves with the chief interests of this most charming tale. In view of the personal history and character of its heroine, we may well understand ThackerayâÄôs eulogium of his contemporary, as providing for the delectation of his daughters âÄúthe pure pages of David Copperfield;âÄù and we can as readily appreciate the preference of Charles Dickens himself, when he says:âÄî

âÄúOf all my books I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have, in my heart of hearts, a favourite child, and his name is David Copperfield.âÄù

Leaving CANTERBURY by the direct line of the LONDON, CHATHAM AND DOVER RAILWAY, we are carried onward through a pleasant country towards the south-east coast; the white roads of the district indicating the abundant chalkiness of the soil. In CopperfieldâÄôs 13th chapter, narrating the circumstances of his long tramp to Dover, he says, âÄúFrom head to foot I was powdered almost as white with chalk and dust as if I had come out of a lime-kiln.âÄù

Passing three minor stations, the train arrives at DOVER PRIORYâÄîabout which more anonâÄîwhence it proceeds through an intervening tunnel to the town station, at the old port of

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DOVER.

The town is of especial interest to readers of âÄúDavid Copperfield,âÄù as containing on its suburban heights the cottage residence of Miss Trotwood and Mr. Dick.

Proceeding eastward from the station, a short distance along COMMERCIAL QUAY; turning left, then right; and walking onwards *viÃ¢* SNARGATE, BENCH and KING STREETS, the Rambler may reach the Market Place, centrally situated in the lower part of the town, and may recall the circumstance of poor David resting near at hand, on his arrivalâÄîa juvenile stranger in a strange landâÄîafter a morningâÄôs fruitless inquiry as to the whereabouts of his aunt. We read (in chapter 13) as follows:âÄî

âÄúI inquired about my aunt among the boatmen first, and received various answers. One said she lived in the South Foreland light, and had singed her whiskers by doing so; another, that she was made fast to the great buoy outside the harbour, and could be only visited at half-tide; a third, that she was locked up in Maidstone Jail for child stealing; a fourth, that she was seen to mount a broom in the last high wind and make direct for

Calais. The fly-drivers among whom I inquired were equally jocose and equally disrespectful; and the shopkeepers, not liking my appearance, generally replied without hearing what I had to say, that they had got nothing for me. I felt more miserable and destitute than I had done at any period of my running away. My money was all gone, I had nothing left to dispose of; I was hungry, thirsty, and worn out, and seemed as distant from my end as if I had remained in London.âÄù

At the junction of CHURCH STREET and CASTLE STREET, both leading to and from the Market PlaceâÄîat the northeast angleâÄîthere may be noted the Street Corner at which David sat down, considering the position of affairs, and where he received the first practical intimation for the proper direction of his search:âÄî

âÄúThe morning had worn away in these inquiries, and I was sitting on the step of an empty shop at a street corner, near the Market-place, deliberating upon wandering towards those other places which had been mentioned, when a fly-driver, coming by with his carriage, dropped a horsecloth. Something good-natured in the manâÄôs face, as I handed it up, encouraged me to ask him if he could tell me where Miss Trotwood lived. . . . âÄòI tell you what,âÄô said he. âÄòIf you go up there,âÄô pointing with his whip towards the heights, âÄòand keep right on till you come to some houses facing the sea, I think youâÄôll hear of her.âÄôâÄù

Leaving the Market Place from its north-west corner, and keeping somewhat to the left, the Rambler may ascend by CANNON and BIGGIN STREETS, as indicated by the coachmanâÄôs whip, to the heights of Priory Hill, on which elevation, in the neighbourhood of ST. MARTINâÄôS PRIORY and the PRIORY FARM, there may be found several semi-detached residences pleasantly overlooking the âÄúsilver streakâÄù and the intervening town below. Here, in an eligible position, there may be seen Stanley Mount, a villa residence of two storeys, with bow windows and contiguous lawn. This house now replaces an older one, which aforetime was the cottage at which the worthy Miss Trotwood lived; the miniature lawn in front being the âÄúpatch of greenâÄù over which that amiable lady asserted private right of way; persistently maintaining it against all comers in general, and the Dover donkey boys in particularâÄî

âÄúThe one great outrage of her life, demanding to be constantly avenged, was the passage of a donkey over that immaculate spot. In whatever occupation she was engaged, however interesting to her the conversation in which she was taking part, a donkey turned the current of her ideas in a moment, and she was upon him straight. Jugs of water and watering-pots were kept in secret places, ready to be discharged on the offending boys, sticks were laid in ambush behind the door, sallies were made at all hours, and incessant war prevailed.âÄù

Midway between Railway Stations and Quay, there may be noted The KingâÄôs Head Hotel, as being the old Coaching House at which the London Mail terminated its journey, and referred to in âÄúThe Tale of Two CitiesâÄù by the name of âÄúThe Royal George.âÄù Here may be recalled the interview related in chapter 4, which took place at this hotel between *Mr. Lorry* and *Miss Manette*, and at which the reader is first introduced to the eccentric *Miss Pross*âÄîâÄúdressed in some extraordinary tight-fitting fashionâÄù; wearing on âÄúher head a most wonderful bonnet, like a Grenadier measure (and a good measure too) or a great Stilton cheese.âÄù

Returning to London by South-Eastern Rail, the Rambler will pass, about half-way on the road, the picturesque village of Staplehurst. Near this station it may be remembered that, on June 9th, 1865, a sad disaster occurred to the train in which Mr. Dickens was a traveller. The *Postscript* to âÄúOur Mutual FriendâÄù contains the following reference:âÄî

âÄúMr. and Mrs. Boffin (in their manuscript dress) were on the South-Eastern Railway with me, in a terribly destructive accident. When I had done what I could to help others, I climbed back into my carriageâÄînearly turned over a viaduct, and caught aslant upon the turnâÄîto extricate the worthy couple. They were very much

soiled, but otherwise unhurt. . . . I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers for ever than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this bookâÄîThe End.âÄù

RAMBLE VIII *Excursion to Henley-on-Thames*

Route by Great Western Railway *viÃ¢* Maidenhead and Twyford to HenleyâÄîThe Red Lion Inn, place of accommodation for Mr. Eugene WrayburnâÄîMarriage of Mr. Wrayburn and Lizzie HexamâÄîThe Anchor Inn, the âÄúlittle innâÄù at which Bella Wilfer first visited Lizzie HexamâÄîHenley Railway StationâÄîThe Tow Path, scene of the interview between Lizzie and EugeneâÄîMarsh Mill, at which Lizzie was employedâÄîNeighbourhood where Betty Higden diedâÄîShiplake Churchyard, where Betty was buriedâÄîâÄúA cry for helpâÄùâÄîWest bank of Thames, Henley Bridge and Poplar Point, the neighbourhood where occurred Bradley HeadstoneâÄôs attack on Eugene WrayburnâÄîLizzieâÄôs walk by Marsh Lock to the Eastern Tow Path beyond Henley BridgeâÄîHer rescue of EugeneâÄîHenley *viÃ¢* Aston and Medmenham to Hurley Lock, âÄúPlashwater Weir MillâÄù Lock, Rogue Riderhood, Deputy LockkeeperâÄîFinal scene of the TragedyâÄîChurchyard of Stoke PogisâÄîMr. MicawberâÄôs QuotationâÄîThe Homeward JourneyâÄîJohn HarmonâÄôs Reflections.

A very delightful country excursion may be made for visiting the neighbourhood of Henley-on-Thames, of especial interest to the readers of âÄúOur Mutual Friend.âÄù

It may be remembered that *Lizzie Hexam*, desirous of avoiding the attentions of her (then) unworthy lover, *Mr. Eugene Wrayburn*, left London secretly, with the assistance of RiahâÄîrepresentative of the honourable firm of Messrs. Pubsey and Co.; that, by his recommendation, she obtained a situation at a PAPER MILL (then under Jewish management), at some distance from the Metropolis, and remained for a time undisturbed in her country employment; that, thereafter, *Eugene Wrayburn* obtained her address by bribing the drunken father of âÄú*Jenny Wren*,âÄù the dollsâÄô dressmaker, and so followed Lizzie to her retreat, being in his turn watched and followed by the passionate and jealous schoolmaster, *Bradley Headstone*, who attempted his life on the river bank; that, near at hand, was the ANGLERâÄôS INN, to which EugeneâÄînearly deadâÄîwas carried by the heroic and devoted Lizzie, who saved him from a watery grave, and where âÄúeffect was given to the dollsâÄô dressmakerâÄôs discovery,âÄù one night, some weeks later, by their romantic marriage, while it was yet doubtful whether the bridegroom would survive; that the death of *Betty Higden* occurred âÄúON THE BORDERS OF OXFORDSHIRE,âÄù near the mill at which *Lizzie Hexam* was engaged, Lizzie herself attending the last moments of the dying woman, and accepting her last request; that in accordance with such request poor Betty was decently interred in a contiguous churchyard, the charges being defrayed by her own hard earnings, specially saved for the purpose; and that, on this occasion, the first meeting of Lizzie and *Miss Bella Wilfer* took place, when a very interesting and touching interview ensued, which greatly assisted Bella in confirmation of a brave and righteous decision *in re* money *versus* love. Also that, at no great distance from this locality, was situated âÄúPLASHWATER WEIR MILL LOCK,âÄù where *Rogue Riderhood* did duty as deputy lock-keeper, and where, at the last, he and *Bradley Headstone* were drowned.

These localities are in the neighbourhood of HENLEY, and may be readily verified by the intelligent Rambler, adopting the excursion by land and water, as subjoined.

Leaving PADDINGTON TERMINUS of the Great Western Railway, we pass WESTBOURNE PARK JUNCTION, and the well-arranged grounds of *Kensal Green Cemetery* (in which repose the mortal remains of Leigh Hunt, Sidney Smith, John Leech, and Thackeray) on the right, travelling westward by the suburban stations of *Acton*, *Ealing*, and *Castle Hill*, and cross the Wharncliffe Viaduct to HANWELL.

To the left may be seen the handsome building of the MIDDLESEX LUNATIC ASYLUM. We next arrive at SOUTHALL, and afterwards cross the Grand Junction Canal to HAYES and WEST DRAYTON. Our train now passes from Middlesex to Buckinghamshire, and steams onwards in the neighbourhood of *Langley*

*Park*âÄîseen on the right. The tower of Langley Church may be observed on the left, rising from the trees, as we speed forward to SLOUGH, where we obtain a distant glimpse of the Royal Castle of Windsor, two miles southward.

Resuming the journey we come, in four milesâÄô run, to the pleasant village of TAPLOW, on the borders of the Thames (here dividing the counties of Buckinghamshire and Berkshire), and within easy distance of *Burnham Beeches*, a favourite picnic resort. The train now crosses the river, next arriving at MAIDENHEAD, a market town on the Thames. On the right, observation may be taken of Maidenhead Bridge, a noble erection of thirteen arches. Thereafter we soon arrive at TWYFORD JUNCTION, where we change (unless seated in a special through carriage) for Henley, situated four miles northward, and served by a branch line. The town itself is very pleasantly situated on the Thames, with an old church and handsome bridge, but is of special interest to Dickensian students as containing the INN at which *Mr. Eugene Wrayburn* found accommodation on the occasion of his journey in pursuit of Lizzie Hexam. See âÄúOur Mutual Friend,âÄù book 3, chapter 1, in which Bradley Headstone, returning to Plashwater Weir, is described as reporting the circumstance to the deputy lock-keeperâÄî

âÄúâÄòLock ho! Lock.âÄô It was a light night, and a barge coming down summoned him (Riderhood) out of a long doze. In due course he had let the barge through and was alone again, looking to the closing of his gates, when Bradley Headstone appeared before him, standing on the brink of the Lock. âÄòHalloa,âÄô said Riderhood. âÄòBack aâÄôready, TâÄôotherest?âÄô âÄòHe has put up for the night at an AnglerâÄôs Inn,âÄô was the fatigued and hoarse reply. âÄòHe goes on, up the river, at six in the morning. I have come back for a couple of hoursâÄô rest.âÄôâÄù

The Red Lion Inn thus referred to is situated north of Henley Bridge, on the west bank of the river, and is a favourite resort for disciples of Izaak Walton and boating men in general. Here it was that Eugene WrayburnâÄîafter the murderous attack by the schoolmasterâÄîwas brought almost lifeless by Lizzie, when rescued by her from the river, as narrated in chapter 6âÄî

âÄúShe ran the boat ashore, went into the water, released him from the line, and by main strength lifted him in her arms and laid him in the bottom of the boat. He had fearful wounds upon him, and she bound them up with her dress torn into strips. Else, supposing him to be still alive, she foresaw that he must bleed to death before he could be landed at his inn, which was the nearest place for succour. . . . She rowed hardâÄîrowed desperately, but never wildlyâÄîand seldom removed her eyes from him in the bottom of the boat. She had so laid him there as that she might see his disfigured face; it was so much disfigured that his mother might have covered it, but it was above and beyond disfigurement in her eyes. The boat touched the edge of inn lawn, sloping gently to the water. There were lights in the windows, but there chanced to be no one out of doors. She made the boat fast, and again by main strength took him up, and never laid him down until she laid him down in the house.âÄù

The landing-place and patch of inn lawn, above indicated, may now be verified as belonging to the âÄúRED LIONâÄù at Henley aforesaid. The lawn is a favourite standpoint for spectators interested in the HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA, which takes place every year usually about the beginning of July.

The marriage of Eugene and Lizzie took place at this same inn some weeks later, while it was yet uncertain that Eugene would recover; the *Rev. Frank Milvey* officiating at the bedside, *Bella* and her husband, *Mr. Lightwood*, *Mrs. Milvey*, and *Jenny Wren* being duly in attendanceâÄî

âÄúThey all stood round the bed, and Mr. Milvey, opening his book, began the service, so rarely associated with the shadow of death; so inseparable in the mind from a flush of life and gaiety and health and hope and joy. Bella thought how different from her own sunny little wedding, and wept. Mrs. Milvey overflowed with pity, and wept too. The dollsâÄô dressmaker, with her hands before her face, wept in her golden bower. Reading in a low, clear voice, and bending over Eugene, who kept his eyes upon him, Mr. Milvey did his

office with suitable simplicity. As the bridegroom could not move his hand, they touched his fingers with the ring, and so put it on the bride. When the two plighted their troth, she laid her hand on his, and kept it there. When the ceremony was done, and all the rest departed from the room, she drew her arm under his head, and laid her own head down on the pillow by his side. âÄòUndraw the curtains, my dear girl,âÄô said Eugene, after a while, âÄòand let us see our wedding-day.âÄô The sun was rising, and his first rays struck into the room, as she came back and put her lips to his. âÄòI bless the day!âÄô said Eugene. âÄòI bless the day!âÄô said Lizzie.âÄù

[The clergyman and friends who assisted on this interesting occasion as above, left London from Waterloo Station. We may remember that Mrs. Rokesmith, escorted by Mr. Lightwood, came into town by rail from Greenwich. Thus they would change trains at WATERLOO JUNCTION, and adopt the *South-Western Route* as being the more convenient, travelling to Reading, and driving thence to Henley. It was at this terminus that Bradley Headstone first heard (from Mr. Milvey) of the intended wedding, and was so seriously upset by the news, that an attack of epilepsy ensued in consequence. We thus read in chapter 11, book 4, with reference to Bella and her escort:âÄî

âÄúFrom Greenwich they started directly for London, and in London they waited at a railway station until such time as the Rev. Frank Milvey, and Margaretta, his wife, with whom Mortimer Lightwood had been already in conference, should come and join them. . . . Then the train rattled among the house-tops, and among the ragged sides of houses, torn down to make way for it, over the swarming streets, and under the fruitful earth, until it shot across the river. . . . A carriage ride succeeded near the solemn river. . . . They drew near the chamber where Eugene lay.âÄù

This is certainly descriptive of the SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY, and is *not* applicable to the Great Western Route.]

For full particulars the reader is referred to chapter 11, book 4. On the occasion of Bella WilferâÄôs FIRST VISIT to Henley, and the introduction of the two girls to each other, as narrated in chapter 9, book 3 (in association with the burial of old Betty Higden), mention is made of âÄú*the little inn*,âÄù at which BellaâÄôs friends were then accommodated. This was *not* the âÄúRed Lion,âÄù but, in all probability, was The Anchor Inn, a small, but very comfortable hostelry in *Friday Street*, near the river. Visitors desiring to combine economy with homeliness, are recommended to follow Miss WilferâÄôs lead in this regard, and commit themselves to the hospitable care of the present landlord.

The Railway Station at Henley is referred to in the last-named chapter as being near at hand, when âÄúthe Rev. Frank and Mrs. Frank, and Sloppy, and Bella and the Secretary set out to walk to it;âÄù the two last dropping behind, for a little confidential conversation on the road. We read that

âÄúThe railway, at this point knowingly shutting a green eye and opening a red one, they had to run for it. As Bella could not run easily so wrapped up, the Secretary had to help her. When she took her opposite place in the carriage corner, the brightness in her face was so charming to behold, that on her exclaiming, âÄòWhat beautiful stars and what a glorious night!âÄô the Secretary said, âÄòYes,âÄô but seemed to prefer to see the night and the stars in the light of her lovely little countenance, to looking out of window.âÄù

A short walk of five minutes from the station, southward by the riverside (west bank), will bring the Rambler to The Tow Path, the scene of that memorable interview between Lizzie and Eugene, recorded in chapter 6, book 4, as taking place previous to the catastrophe by which Wrayburn nearly lost his life. The path leads to Marsh Mill, about half a mile from Henley; a large and important paper mill, now in the occupation of Mr. Wells, situated near the weir, with its long wooden bridge leading to the lock. This was the mill at which Lizzie Hexam, secretly leaving London, found refuge and occupation, on the recommendation of her old friend Mr. Riah, her worthy employers being a firm of Hebrew nationality. We first read of this mill in connection with the closing scenes of *Betty HigdenâÄôs* history, as narrated in chapter 8, book 3, and headed

âÄúThe end of a long journeyâÄùâÄî

âÄúThere now arose in the darkness a great building full of lighted windows. Smoke was issuing from a high chimney in the rear of it, and there was the sound of a water-wheel at the side. Between her and the building lay a piece of water, in which the lighted windows were reflected, and on its nearest margin was a plantation of trees. âÄòI humbly thank the Power and the Glory,âÄô said Betty Higden, holding up her withered hands, âÄòthat I have come to my journeyâÄôs end!âÄôâÄù

The Death of Betty here occurred; as, sinking on the ground, and supporting herself against a tree âÄúwhence she could see, beyond some intervening trees and branches, the lighted windows,âÄù her strength gave wayâÄî

âÄúâÄòI am safe here,âÄô was her last benumbed thought. âÄòWhen I am found dead at the foot of the Cross, it will be by some of my own sort; some of the working people who work among the lights yonder. I cannot see the lighted windows now, but they are there. I am thankful for all!âÄôâÄù

We have the satisfaction of reading that the poor womanâÄôs hopes were realised, for *Lizzie Hexam* returning from the mill, found her lying among the trees as described, and tended her at the last, with helpful and loving handsâÄî

âÄúA look of thankfulness and triumph lights the worn old face. The eyes, which have been darkly fixed upon the sky, turn with meaning in them towards the compassionate face from which the tears are dropping, and a smile is on the aged lips as they ask, âÄòWhat is your name, my dear?âÄô âÄòMy name is Lizzie Hexam.âÄô âÄòI must be sore disfigured. Are you afraid to kiss me?âÄô The answer is, the ready pressure of her lips upon the cold but smiling mouth. âÄòBless ye! Now lift me, my love.âÄô Lizzie Hexam very softly raised the weather-stained grey head, and lifted her as high as Heaven.âÄù

The Burial, as detailed in the following chapter, must have taken place in the little churchyard of the contiguous village of SHIPLAKE (about three-quarters of a mile distant), the service being conducted by the Rev. Frank Milvey, and attended by the Secretary and poor *Sloppy* as mourners.

âÄúA cry for help.âÄù It may be interesting to indicate the local sequence of events on that memorable Saturday evening, when Bradley Headstone, impelled by wild resentment and furious jealousy, did his best to murder his more favoured rival, as described in chapter 6, book 4, under the above heading. It will be remembered that, on the evening in question, Eugene Wrayburn having forced an appointment with Lizzie Hexam, met her on the path by the river, when a very affecting farewell interview ensued. This interview occurring on the towpathâÄîtolerably secluded at and after twilightâÄîabout halfway between Henley and Marsh (see *Marcus StoneâÄôs* Illustration, âÄúThe Parting by the RiverâÄù), Eugene strolled slowly towards his inn, while Lizzie walked sorrowfully, as a matter of course, in the opposite direction. We read that, passing Bradley Headstone (disguised as a bargeman)âÄî

âÄúEugene Wrayburn went the opposite way, with his hands behind him, and his purpose in his thoughts. He passed the sheep, and passed the gate, and came within hearing of the village sounds, and came to the bridge. The inn where he stayed, like the village and the mill, was not across the river, but on that side of the stream on which he walked . . . feeling out of humour for noise or company, he crossed the bridge, and sauntered on: looking up at the stars as they seemed one by one to be kindled in the sky, and looking down at the river as the same stars seemed to be kindled deep in the water. A landing-place overshadowed by a willow, and a pleasant boat lying moored there among some stakes, caught his eye as he passed along.âÄù

Thus it will be seen how Eugene, following the *west bank* of the Thames to Henley, and thereafter crossing Henley Bridge, pursued the course of his meditations past the landing-place on the opposite side, walking onwards by the towpath thence continued, in the direction of POPLAR POINT.

The Murderous Attack upon him by Headstone, in the darkening shades of nightfall, must have here occurred, not far from the bridge, and opposite to the town, Wrayburn being thrown into the river by his assailant, and so left for dead.

Lizzie Hexam, endeavouring to regain composure, went towards Marsh, and must have crossed by The Lock Gates to the main road beyond, turning in the direction of Henley. She thereafter walked slowly onwards in the neighbourhood of the bridge at its eastern side, and thus unconsciously came again near to, and following behind, her lover, on the

Eastern Tow Path beyond the bridge, as above mentioned. Hereabouts, hearing âÄúthe sound of blows, a faint groan, and a fall into the river,âÄù she ran towards the spot from which the sounds had comeâÄînot far distant, on the riverside path, northward from the bridge. We are all familiar with the story of LizzieâÄôs heroic rescue of Eugene from the river. Finding a boat on the north side of HENLEY BRIDGEâÄî

âÄúShe passed the scene of the struggleâÄîyonder it wasâÄîon her left, well over the boatâÄôs sternâÄîshe passed on her right the end of the village street (New Street) . . . looking as the boat drove, everywhere, everywhere for the floating face.âÄù

Finding and recovering the body, she rowed âÄúback against the stream,âÄù landing at the lawn of the RED LION INN as previously described.

The Rambler may now take a short trip by boat down the river six miles from Henley, for visiting THE LOCK where *Rogue Riderhood* acted for a time, as deputy superintendent.

Leaving HENLEY, we may note, on the left, the mansion of *Fawley Court*, beyond which, passing REGATTA ISLAND, we arrive at GREENLANDS, in the occupation of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith (not unknown in political and literary circles). The house is pleasantly situated at the bend of the river. We next arrive at *Hambledon Lock*, two miles from Henley; thereafter reaching ASTON, as we proceed down the stream to MEDMENHAM, with its picturesque Abbey, founded in the reign of King John, standing on the north bank. Below Medmenham is Hurley Lock, which is our present destination. It is contiguous to NEW LOCK WEIR, and to the village of HURLEY, situated on the right bank of the river. This is known to readers of âÄúOur Mutual FriendâÄù as Plashwater Weir Mill Lock, at whose gates *Riderhood*âÄîwhilom a âÄúwaterside character,âÄù the partner of *Gaffer Hexam*âÄîofficiated as deputy lock-keeper. We are introduced to him as not very wide-awake in this capacity, in chapter 1, book 4âÄî

âÄúPLASHWATER WEIR MILL LOCK looked tranquil and pretty on an evening in the summer-time. A soft air stirred the leaves of the fresh green trees, and passed like a smooth shadow over the river, and like a smoother shadow over the yielding grass. The voice of the falling water, like the voices of the sea and the wind, was an outer memory to a contemplative listener; but not particularly so to Mr. Riderhood, who sat on one of the blunt wooden levers of his lock-gates, dozing.âÄù

To this locality came Bradley Headstone, who, for sinister reasons of his own, cultivated RiderhoodâÄôs acquaintance, making The Lock House a convenient place of call, as he pursued Eugene Wrayburn in his quest, full details of which may be found in chapters 1 and 7, book 6. Here also was enacted the final scene of the tragedy, as narrated in chapter 15, book 4, when Bradley Headstone drowned himself and Riderhood in the LockâÄî

âÄúBradley had caught him round the body. He seemed to be girdled with an iron ring. They were on the brink of the Lock, about midway between the two sets of gates. . . . âÄòLet go!âÄô said Riderhood. âÄòStop! What are you trying at? You canâÄôt drown me. AinâÄôt I told you that the man as has come through drowning can never be drowned? I canâÄôt be drowned.âÄô âÄòI can be!âÄô returned Bradley, in a desperate, clenched voice. âÄòI am resolved to be. IâÄôll hold you living, and IâÄôll hold you dead. Come

down!âÄô Riderhood went over into the smooth pit, backward, and Bradley Headstone upon him. When the two were found, lying under the ooze and scum behind one of the rotting gates, RiderhoodâÄôs hold had relaxed, probably in falling, and his eyes were staring upward. But he was girdled still with BradleyâÄôs iron ring, and the rivets of the iron ring held tight.âÄù

By road, HURLEY LOCK is but four miles distant from Henley; a pedestrian, therefore, could make an easy short cut, as against a rower up the stream; hence the assurance given by the deputy lock-keeper to his impatient visitor (see book 4, chapter 1):âÄî

âÄúâÄòHa, ha! DonâÄôt be afeerd, TâÄôotherest,âÄô said Riderhood. âÄòThe TâÄôotherâÄôs got to make way agin the stream, and he takes it easy. You can soon come up with him. But wotâÄôs the good of saying that to you! You know how fur you could have outwalked him betwixt anywheres about where he lost the tideâÄîsay RichmondâÄîand this, if you had had a mind to it.âÄôâÄù

Travelling homeward on the return to London, it may be desirable to break the journey at SLOUGHâÄîeighteen miles from PaddingtonâÄîwhence may be conveniently visited the rustic village and cemetery of Stoke Pogis, about a mile and a half northward from the station. The latter contains the tomb of the poet Gray, and is the scene of his famous âÄúElegy in a Country Churchyard.âÄù It may be remembered that from this well-known poem Mr. MicawberâÄôs Quotation was taken, as an appropriate conclusion to one of his many friendly but grandiloquent epistles, confirming an important appointment. In âÄúDavid Copperfield,âÄù at the end of chapter 49, we read of MicawberâÄôs expressed determination to unmask his âÄúfoxeyâÄù employer, and to crush âÄúto undiscoverable atoms that transcendent and immortal hypocrite and perjurer, HeepâÄù; and we may recall his âÄúmost secret and confidential letter,âÄù soon afterwards received by David, as containing the following reference:âÄî

âÄúThe duty done, and act of reparation performed, which can alone enable me to contemplate my fellow mortal, I shall be known no more. I shall simply require to be deposited in that place of universal resort, where

âÄòEach in his narrow cell for ever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.âÄô

With the plain Inscription, WILKINS MICAWBER.âÄù

So, as the evening shades prevail, âÄúnear and nearer drawnâÄù through âÄúthe glimmering landscape,âÄù we again approach the lights of London Town, with (it may be hoped) pleasant reminiscences of the foregoing excursions. Should the Rambler, like Mr. John Harmon on a similar occasion, be accompanied by a friend, who perchance may be âÄúnearer and dearer than all other,âÄù he may appropriately endorse John HarmonâÄôs reflections as he made the same journey under blissful circumstances (see âÄúOur Mutual Friend,âÄù book 3, end of chapter 9)âÄî

âÄúO, boofer lady, fascinating boofer lady! If I were but legally executor of JohnnyâÄôs will. If I had but the right to pay your legacy and take your receipt! Something to this purpose surely mingled with the blast of the train as it cleared the stations, all knowingly shutting up their green eyes and opening their red ones when they prepared to let the boofer lady pass.âÄù

RAMBLE IX *By Great Eastern Route from London to Yarmouth*

Liverpool Street StationâÄîEpping ForestâÄîBuckhurst HillâÄîChigwell VillageâÄîChigwell Churchyard; Resting-Place of Barnaby Rudge and his MotherâÄîâÄúGripâÄù the RavenâÄîThe âÄúKingâÄôs Head InnâÄùâÄîâÄúThe MaypoleâÄùâÄîMr. CattermoleâÄôs FrontispieceâÄîThe BarâÄîThe Landlord, John WillettâÄîDolly VardenâÄîThe Visit of the Varden FamilyâÄîThe Warren; Residence of Mr. Haredale and his NieceâÄîBy Main Line to IpswichâÄîThe Great White Horse Hotel in Tavern StreetâÄîThe Apartment of the Middle-Aged LadyâÄîMr. PickwickâÄôs MisadventureâÄîSt. ClementâÄôs ChurchâÄîJob TrotterâÄîThe

Green Gate, Residence of G. Nupkins, Esq.âÄîMary the Pretty HousemaidâÄîSam WellerâÄôs First LoveâÄîIpswich to Great YarmouthâÄîMr. PeggottyâÄôs Boat-houseâÄîHome of Little EmilyâÄîThe Two London CoachesâÄîThe âÄúAngel HotelâÄùâÄîDavidâÄôs Dinner in the Coffee-RoomâÄîThe Friendly WaiterâÄîThe âÄúStar HotelâÄùâÄîHeadquarters of Copperfield and SteerforthâÄîMiss MowcherâÄôs First IntroductionâÄîUnlocalised SitesâÄîBlundestonâÄîBlunderstone RookeryâÄîEarly Childhood of CopperfieldâÄîSomerleyton Park.

A pleasant drive from London to Chigwell is described in chapter 19 of âÄúBarnaby Rudge,âÄù and may be still taken about twelve miles by road, starting from Whitechapel Church *viÃ¢* Mile-End and Bow, thence crossing the River Lea, and proceeding, in the county of Essex, by way of *Stratford*, *Leytonstone*, *Snaresbrook*, and *Wilcox Green*. But time will be saved by adopting a convenient train, leaving Liverpool Street Station (Great Eastern Railway) for *Buckhurst Hill*âÄîon the Ongar Branch LineâÄîin the neighbourhood of Epping Forest, a district formerly preserved by the old monarchs of Merrie England for the enjoyment of field sports and the pleasures of the chase.

From this point a country walk (under two miles), turning eastward, and to the left after crossing the long intervening bridge, will lead in due course to the main road at Chigwell. Coming into the village we pass, at the corner on the right, Chigwell Church, surrounded by its quiet churchyard. This locality will be remembered as having afforded a resting-place to Barnaby and his mother after their visit to Mr. Haredale at *The Warren* (chapter 25). âÄúIn the churchyard they sat down to take their frugal dinnerâÄùâÄîGrip, the raven, being one of the partyâÄîâÄúwalking up and down when he had dined with an air of elderly complacency, which was strongly suggestive of his having his hands under his coat tails, and appearing to read the tombstones with a very critical taste.âÄù On the other side of the main road, a very little way onward (left), stands the old KingâÄôs Head Inn, the original âÄúlocal habitation,âÄù if not âÄúthe name,âÄù of the ancient hostelry so intimately associated with the central and domestic interests of the aforesaid historical novel, and known to us therein as The Maypole, âÄúan old building with more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day; its windows, old diamond pane lattices; its floors sunken and uneven; its ceilings blackened by the hand of time, and heavy with massive beams; with its overhanging storeys, drowsy little panes of glass, and front bulging out and projecting over the pathway.âÄù

[Picture: The âÄúKingâÄôs Head,âÄù Chigwell]

This description is appropriate to the house as it stands at present, a fine old specimen of the timbered architecture of bygone centuries; but it may be remarked that THE ILLUSTRATION drawn by Cattermole, which forms the frontispiece in the recent editions of âÄúBarnaby Rudge,âÄù is altogether beside the mark; for the designer has furnished therein, an elaborate and ornate picture of the old inn which does not correspond with fact, but rather remains in evidence of the beauty and exuberance of his artistic imagination. Here, then, we may recall the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Varden, accompanied by their daughter, the charming Dolly, âÄúthe very pink and pattern of good looks, in a smart little cherry-coloured mantle, with a hood of the same drawn over her head, and, upon the top of that hood, a little straw hat, trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbons, and worn the merest trifle on one sideâÄîjust enough, in short, to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that ever malicious milliner devised.âÄù

In the same connection The âÄúBarâÄù of the old âÄúMaypole,âÄù the preparation for dinner, and the kitchen are thus described:âÄî

âÄúAll bars are snug places, but the MaypoleâÄôs was the very snuggest, cosiest, and completest bar that ever the wit of man devised. Such amazing bottles in old oaken pigeon-holes; such gleaming tankards dangling from pegs at about the same inclination as thirsty men would hold them to their lips; such sturdy little Dutch kegs ranged in rows on shelves; so many lemons hanging in separate nets, and forming the fragrant grove already mentioned in this chronicle, suggestive, with goodly loaves of snowy sugar stowed away hard by, of punch, idealised beyond all mortal knowledge; such closets, such presses, such drawers full

of pipes, such places for putting things away in hollow window seats, all crammed to the throat with eatables, drinkables, or savoury condiments; lastly, and to crown all, as typical of the immense resources of the establishment, and its defiances to all visitors to cut and come again, such a stupendous cheese!

âÄúIt is a poor heart that never rejoicesâÄîit must have been the poorest, weakest, and most watery heart that ever beat which would not have warmed towards the Maypole bar. Mrs. VardenâÄôs did directly. She could no more have reproached John Willet among those household gods, the kegs and bottles, lemons, pipes, and cheese, than she could have stabbed him with his own bright carving-knife. The order for dinner tooâÄîit might have soothed a savage. âÄòA bit of fish,âÄô said John to the cook, âÄòand some lamb chops (breaded, with plenty of ketchup), and a good salad, and a roast spring chicken, with a dish of sausages and mashed potatoes, or something of that sort.âÄô Something of that sort! The resources of these inns! To talk carelessly about dishes which in themselves were a first-rate holiday kind of dinner, suitable to oneâÄôs wedding-day, as something of that sort, meaning, if you canâÄôt get a spring chicken, any other trifle in the way of poultry will doâÄîsuch as a peacock, perhaps! The kitchen, too, with its great broad cavernous chimney; the kitchen, where nothing in the way of cookery seemed impossible; where you could believe in anything to eat they chose to tell you of. Mrs. Varden returned from the contemplation of these wonders to the bar again, with a head quite dizzy and bewildered. Her housekeeping capacity was not large enough to comprehend them. She was obliged to go to sleep. Waking was pain, in the midst of such immensity.âÄù

The Warren, residence of Mr. Haredale and his niece, an old red-brick house, standing in its own grounds, was situated about a mile eastward from the Maypole, and was thence accessible by a path across the fields, from the garden exit of the inn, to its position on the border of Hainault Forest. (See final paragraph of chapter 19, âÄúBarnaby Rudge.âÄù) From many suggestions in the book, it occupied, in all probability, the site of *Forest House*, not a great distance from Chigwell Row; but of this no certainty exists.

* * * * *

CHIGWELL TO IPSWICH. It will be best to return from *Buckhurst Hill* by rail to Stratford or Liverpool Street, in order to travel by fast main line train, to the good old town of Ipswich, our next destination. The journeyâÄî*viÃ¢* Chelmsford and ColchesterâÄîwill occupy about two hours, during which we may recall the memorable occasion of Mr. PickwickâÄôs excursion per coach from the âÄúBull Inn,âÄù Whitechapel, to this ancient capital of Suffolk, attended by the faithful Sam, Mr. Weller, senior, driving, and beguiling the tediousness of the way with conversation of considerable interestâÄîâÄúpossessing the inestimable charm of blending amusement with instruction.âÄù Full details will be found on reference to the âÄúPickwick Papers,âÄù chapter 22, together with the account of Mr. P.âÄôs introduction to his fellow-traveller, Mr. Peter Magnus, âÄúa red-haired man, with an inquisitive nose and blue spectacles.âÄù On arrival at the station at Ipswich, the wayfarer, crossing by bridge over the *Gipping* river, may proceed straight onwards through *Princes Street* (five minutes) to *Tavern Street*. Turning to the right, along this thoroughfare, he will soon see the Great White Horse Hotel, on the left side of Tavern Street. Tramcars from the station pass the hotel; also omnibus meets all trains. Telegraphic addressâÄîPickwick, Ipswich. In the chapter before referred to is contained the following description:âÄî

âÄúIn the main street of Ipswich, on the left-hand side of the way, a short distance after you have passed through the open space fronting the Town Hall, stands an inn, known far and wide by the appellation of the Great White Horse, rendered the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rapacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distinctly resembling an insane cart-horse, which is elevated above the principal door. The Great White Horse is famous in the neighbourhood in the same degree as a prize ox, or county paper-chronicled turnip, or unwieldy pigâÄîfor its enormous size. Never were such labyrinths of uncarpeted passages, such clusters of mouldy, ill-lighted rooms, such huge numbers of small dens for eating or sleeping in beneath one roof, as are collected together within the four walls of the Great White Horse at Ipswich.âÄù

[Picture: The âÄúGreat White Horse,âÄù Ipswich]

The Dickensian Rambler will well remember this hotel as the scene of Mr. PickwickâÄôs âÄúromantic adventure with a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers,âÄù related *in extenso* in the same chapter as above. Information as to the exact bedroom allotted to Mr. Pickwick on the occasion of his visit to this place is, unfortunately, not afforded by local tradition; but the apartment occupied by âÄúMiss Witherfield,âÄù whose privacy Mr. P. inadvertently, but so unhappily, invaded, is indicated to visitors on the second floorâÄîNo. 36, according to recent rearrangement of enumeration, formerly known as No. 6.

Poor Mr. Pickwick, on his escape from his awkward predicament, was unable to find his own room, but was at last rescued from his dilemma by his faithful servitorâÄî

âÄúAfter groping his way a few paces down the passage, and, to his infinite alarm, stumbling over several pairs of boots in so doing, Mr. Pickwick crouched into a little recess in the wall, to wait for morning as philosophically as he might.

âÄúHe was not destined, however, to undergo this additional trial of patience; for he had not been long ensconced in his present concealment when, to his unspeakable horror, a man, bearing a light, appeared at the end of the passage. His horror was suddenly converted into joy, however, when he recognised the form of his faithful attendant. It was indeed Mr. Samuel Weller, who after sitting up thus late, in conversation with the Boots, who was sitting up for the mail, was now about to retire to rest.

âÄúâÄòSam,âÄô said Mr. Pickwick, suddenly appearing before him, âÄòwhereâÄôs my bedroom?âÄô

âÄúMr. Weller stared at his master with the most emphatic surprise; and it was not until the question had been repeated three several times, that he turned round, and led the way to the long-sought apartment.

âÄúâÄòSam,âÄô said Mr. Pickwick, as he got into bed. âÄòI have made one of the most extraordinary mistakes to-night that were ever heard of.âÄô

âÄúâÄòWery likely, sir,âÄô said Mr. Weller drily.

âÄúâÄòBut of this I am determined, Sam,âÄô said Mr. Pickwick, âÄòthat if I were to stop in this house for six months, I would never trust myself about it alone again.âÄô

âÄúâÄòThatâÄôs the wery prudentest resolution as you could come to, sir,âÄô replied Mr. Weller. âÄòYou raythe want somebody to look arter you, sir, wen your judgment goes out a wisitinâÄô.âÄôâÄù

By way of *Upper Brook Street*, *Tacket Street*, and *Orwell Place*, we come to *Fore Street*, *St. ClementâÄôs* (a thoroughfare in which still remain several old houses of the sixteenth century), and soon reach the whereabouts of St. ClementâÄôs Church, towards which, on the morning following the disasters of the night of their arrival, Mr. Samuel Weller bent his steps, and

âÄúendeavoured to dissipate his melancholy by strolling among its ancient precincts. He had loitered about for some time, when he found himself in a retired spotâÄîa kind of courtyard of venerable appearanceâÄîwhich he discovered had no other outlet than the turning by which he had entered. He was about retracing his steps, when he was suddenly transfixed to the spot by a sudden appearance; and the mode and manner of this appearance we now proceed to relate.

âÄúMr. Samuel Weller had been staring up at the old brick houses now and then, in his deep abstraction, bestowing a wink upon some healthy-looking servant girl as she drew up a blind, or threw open a bedroom window, when the green gate at the bottom of the yard opened, and a man having emerged therefrom, closed the green gate very carefully after him, and walked briskly towards the very spot where Mr. Weller was standing.âÄù

This personage proved to be none other than Mr. Job Trotter, whose black hair and mulberry suit were at once recognised by Sam, though their owner did his best to evade detection:âÄî

âÄúAs the green gate was closed behind him, and there was no other outlet but the one in front, however, he was not long in perceiving that he must pass Mr. Samuel Weller to get away. He therefore resumed his brisk pace, and advanced, staring straight before him. The most extraordinary thing about the man was, that he was contorting his face into the most fearful and astonishing grimaces that ever were beheld. NatureâÄôs handiwork never was disguised with such extraordinary artificial carving, as the man had overlaid his countenance with in one moment.âÄù

The Green Gate thus alluded to may yet be seen in a passage or court at the bottom of *Angel Lane* (leading to Back Street). It is the last garden gate in the churchyard, a short distance from Church Street. The same courtyard and gate will be remembered as the official entrance to the Residence of George Nupkins, Esq., the Worshipful Mayor of Ipswich, before whom the Pickwickian party were arraigned, in charge of the redoubtable chief constable of the town. We read in chapter 25 as follows:âÄî

âÄúMr. WellerâÄôs anger quickly gave way to curiosity when the procession turned down the identical courtyard in which he had met with the runaway Job Trotter; and curiosity was exchanged for a feeling of the most gleeful astonishment, when the all-important Mr. Grummer, commanding the sedan-bearers to halt, advanced with dignified and portentous steps to the very green gate from which Job Trotter had emerged, and gave a mighty pull at the bell-handle which hung at the side thereof. The ring was answered by a very smart and pretty-faced servant-girl, who, after holding up her hands in astonishment at the rebellious appearance of the prisoners, and the impassioned language of Mr. Pickwick, summoned Mr. Muzzle. Mr. Muzzle opened one-half of the carriage gate to admit the sedan, the captured ones, and the specials, and immediately slammed it in the faces of the mob. . . .

âÄúAt the foot of a flight of steps, leading to the house door, which was guarded on either side by an American aloe in a green tub, the sedan-chair stopped. Mr. Pickwick and his friends were conducted into the hall, whence, having been previously announced by Muzzle, and ordered in by Mr. Nupkins, they were ushered into the worshipful presence of that public-spirited officer.âÄù

And we all recollect the resulting *exposÃ©* of the designs of Mr. Alfred Jingle (*alias* Captain Fitzmarshall), and the return by Mr. Weller of âÄúJob TrotterâÄôs shuttlecock as heavily as it came.âÄù

It should also be not forgotten that it was at this house Mr. Weller met with his lady-elect, Mary, the Pretty Housemaid (afterwards maid to Mrs. Winkle), and that here the first passage of first love occurred between them. For the pleasant narration of the episode, reference should be made to the conclusion of the foregoing chapter:âÄî

âÄúNow, there was nobody in the kitchen but the pretty housemaid; and as SamâÄôs hat was mislaid, he had to look for it, and the pretty housemaid lighted him. They had to look all over the place for the hat. The pretty housemaid, in her anxiety to find it, went down on her knees, and turned over all the things that were heaped together in a little corner by the door. It was an awkward corner. You couldnâÄôt get at it without shutting the door first.

âÄúâÄòHere it is,âÄô said the pretty housemaid. âÄòThis is it, ainâÄôt it?âÄô

âÄúâÄòLet me look,âÄô said Sam.

âÄúThe pretty housemaid had stood the candle on the floor; as it gave a very dim light, Sam was obliged to go down on his knees before he could see whether it really was his own hat or not. It was a remarkably small corner, and soâÄîit was nobodyâÄôs fault but the manâÄôs who built the houseâÄîSam and the pretty

housemaid were necessarily very close together.

âÄúâÄòYes, this is it,âÄô said Sam. âÄòGood-bye!âÄô

âÄúâÄòGood-bye!âÄô said the pretty housemaid.

âÄúâÄòGood-bye!âÄô said Sam; and as he said it, he dropped the hat that had cost so much trouble in looking for.

âÄúâÄòHow awkward you are,âÄô said the pretty housemaid. âÄòYouâÄôll lose it again, if you donâÄôt take care.âÄô

âÄúSo, just to prevent his losing it again, she put it on for him.

âÄúWhether it was that the pretty housemaidâÄôs face looked prettier still, when it was raised towards SamâÄôs, or whether it was the accidental consequence of their being so near to each other, is matter of uncertainty to this day; but Sam kissed her.

âÄúâÄòYou donâÄôt mean to say that you did that on purpose,âÄô said the pretty housemaid, blushing.

âÄúâÄòNo, I didnâÄôt then,âÄô said Sam; âÄòbut I will now.âÄô

âÄúSo he kissed her again.

âÄúâÄòSam!âÄô said Mr. Pickwick, calling over the banisters.

âÄúâÄòComing, sir,âÄô replied Sam, running upstairs.

âÄúâÄòHow long you have been!âÄô said Mr. Pickwick.

âÄúâÄòThere was something behind the door, sir, which perwented our getting it open, for ever so long, sir,âÄô replied Sam.âÄù

* * * * *

Resuming the journey onwards by rail from Ipswich, the route is continued *viÃ¢ Saxmundham Junction*, *Halesworth*, and *Beccles*, to the South Town Station at Great Yarmouth, a well-known and favourite seaside resort, of much interest to the Dickensian Rambler, as being intimately associated with the personal history and experience of David Copperfield. Visitors are recommended, for reasons hereafter to be seen, to select as their place of sojourn either the âÄú*Star Hotel*âÄù on the Hall Quay, or the âÄú*Angel*,âÄù near the market-place. Any thoroughfare leading eastward from either of these will conduct to the *Marine Parade*, in full view of the German Ocean.

Towards the southern end of this sea frontage of the town, there may be localised the spot where once stood the Home of Little Emily, âÄúa black barge or some other kind of superannuated boat, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney. There was a delightful door cut in the side; it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it.âÄù

The position of this old boat-house, as belonging to DanâÄôl Peggotty, was at the upper extremity of the *South Denes*, a flat and grassy expanseâÄîbeyond the *Wellington Pier* and *South Battery*âÄîin the neighbourhood of the *Nelson Column*, facing the sea.

In chapter 22 we find a reference to the South Town ferry, crossing the Yare, âÄúto a flat between the river and the sea, Mr. PeggottyâÄôs house being on that waste place, and not a hundred yards out of the track.âÄù

[There is a small wooden erection, more than a mile and a half distant, on the sea-front near *Gorleston Pier*âÄîbetween two well-built housesâÄîassuming the name of *PeggottyâÄôs Hut*; but this is an evident absurdity and misnomer.]

Here, then, we may recall the many interests and incidents connected with the experiences of the Peggotty family, and the sorrowful history of Little Emily, notably the fateful occasion of STEERFORTHâÄôS FIRST VISIT, concerning which David records in chapter 21 of his autobiography, to the following effect:âÄî

âÄúEmâÄôly, indeed, said little all the evening; but she looked, and listened, and her face got animated, and she was charming. Steerforth told a story of a dismal shipwreck (which arose out of his talk with Mr. Peggotty), as if he saw it all before himâÄîand little EmâÄôlyâÄôs eyes were fastened on him all the time, as if she saw it too. He told us a merry adventure of his own, as a relief to that, with as much gaiety as if the narrative were as fresh to him as it was to usâÄîand little EmâÄôly laughed until the boat rang with the musical sounds, and we all laughed (Steerforth too), in irresistible sympathy with what was so pleasant and lighthearted. He got Mr. Peggotty to sing, or rather to roar, âÄòWhen the stormy winds do blow, do blow, do blow;âÄô and he sang a sailorâÄôs song himself, so pathetically and beautifully, that I could have almost fancied that the real wind creeping sorrowfully round the house, and murmuring low through our unbroken silence, was there to listen.âÄù

Thus commenced the sad story of the poor girlâÄôs fascination and subsequent flight with Steerforth, never more to return to the old home. In this connection we may recall the graphic and powerful description of the great Storm at Yarmouth, as contained in chapter 55, when Ham met his fate in the gallant attempt to rescue the last survivor of a wrecked and perishing crew, Steerforth himself:âÄî

âÄúThey drew him to my very feetâÄîinsensibleâÄîdead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

âÄúAs I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

âÄúSir,âÄô said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, âÄòwill you come over yonder?âÄô

âÄúThe old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support meâÄî

âÄúâÄòHas a body come ashore?âÄô

âÄúHe said, âÄòYes.âÄô

âÄúâÄòDo I know it?âÄô I asked then.

âÄúHe answered nothing.

âÄúBut he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two childrenâÄîon that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the windâÄîamong the ruins of the home he had wrongedâÄîI saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.âÄù

In the days of Copperfield, Two Coaches ran between Great Yarmouth and LondonâÄîâÄúThe BlueâÄù and âÄúThe Royal Mail.âÄù On the occasion of DavidâÄôs first journey to his school at Blackheath, he travelled by the former of these, from The Angel Hotel, in the Market Place. We may here recall his dinner of chops in the coffee-room, at which the âÄúfriendly waiterâÄù assisted, helping himself to the lionâÄôs share.

In chapter 5 of his History, David relates the attendant circumstances of this, his second visit to Yarmouth; and how, starting as above from the hotel, his dinnerâÄîordered and paid for in advanceâÄîwas mainly consumed by proxy, ale included. We read that the waiter, âÄúa twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head,âÄù invited himself to the meal:âÄî

âÄúHe took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other, and ate away with a very good appetite, to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop, and another potato; and after that another chop and another potato. When we had done, he brought me a pudding, and having set it before me, seemed to ruminate, and to become absent in his mind for some moments.

âÄúâÄòHowâÄôs the pie?âÄô he said, rousing himself.

âÄúâÄòItâÄôs a pudding,âÄô I made answer.

âÄúâÄòPudding!âÄô he exclaimed. âÄòWhy, bless me, so it is! What!âÄô looking at it nearer. âÄòYou donâÄôt mean to say itâÄôs a batter-pudding?âÄô

âÄúâÄòYes, it is indeed.âÄô

âÄúâÄòWhy, a batter-pudding,âÄô he said, taking up a table-spoon, âÄòis my favourite pudding. AinâÄôt that lucky? Come on, little âÄôun, and letâÄôs see whoâÄôll get most.âÄô

âÄúThe waiter certainly got most. He entreated me more than once to come in and win, but what with his table-spoon to my tea-spoon, his despatch to my despatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw any one enjoy a pudding so much, I think; and he laughed, when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.âÄù

On his return journey from London, we find him coming down by âÄúThe Mail,âÄù which stopped at The Star Hotel, on the Hall Quay, where the bedchamber, âÄúThe Dolphin,âÄù was assigned for his accommodation. He and his friend Steerforth, in after visits, frequently adopted this âÄúRoyal MailâÄù conveyance, making headquarters at the âÄúStar Hotel.âÄù

The âÄúvolatileâÄù *Miss Mowcher* is first introduced to us at this establishment.

In chapter 22 we have the full account of DavidâÄôs visit to Yarmouth in company with Steerforth. They âÄústayed for more than a fortnight in that part of the country,âÄù during which time Littimer, being in attendance one evening at this hotel during dinner, informed them that Miss Mowcher was making one of her professional visits to the town, and desired an opportunity of waiting on his master. David says:âÄî

âÄúI remained, therefore, in a state of considerable expectation until the cloth had been removed some half-an-hour, and we were sitting over our decanter of wine before the fire, when the door opened, and Littimer, with his habitual serenity quite undisturbed, announced:

âÄúâÄòMiss Mowcher!âÄô

âÄúI looked at the doorway and saw nothing. I was still looking at the doorway, thinking that Miss Mowcher was a long while making her appearance, when, to my infinite astonishment, there came waddling round a

sofa which stood between me and it, a pursy dwarf, of about forty or forty-five, with a very large head and face, a pair of roguish grey eyes, and such extremely little arms, that, to enable herself to lay a finger archly against her snub nose as she ogled Steerforth, she was obliged to meet the finger half-way, and lay her nose against it. Her chin, which was what is called a double-chin, was so fat that it entirely swallowed up the strings of her bonnet, bow and all. Throat she had none; waist she had none; legs she had none, worth mentioning; for though she was more than full-sized down to where her waist would have been, if she had had any, and though she terminated, as human beings generally do, in a pair of feet, she was so short that she stood at a common-sized chair as at a table, resting a bag she carried on the seat.âÄù

Sites Unlocalised. At this distance of time it is impossible to indicate the locality of âÄú*The Willing Mind*âÄùâÄîpatronised by Mr. PeggottyâÄîthe residence of *Mr. and Mrs. Barkis*, or the establishment of *Messrs Omer and Joram*. The last is described as being âÄúin a narrow street,âÄù and should be doubtless looked for in the older part of the town.

Blundeston, the birthplace of Copperfield, may be visited from *Somerleyton Station*, on the line between Yarmouth and Lowestoft. The village, with its round-towered church, is situated about four miles eastward from the railway. The house indicated in the novel as *Blunderstone Rookery* stands next the church. The excursion could include, *en route*, a visit to Somerleyton Park, open to the public on Wednesdays.

RAMBLE X *London to Dorking and Portsmouth*

Nicholas Nickleby and Smike on their travelsâÄîExcursion by Coach, âÄúThe PerseveranceâÄùâÄîRoute to DorkingâÄîResidence of Mr. and Mrs. Tony WellerâÄîThe âÄúMarquis of GranbyâÄùâÄîThe Rev. Mr. Stiggins and his âÄúpertickler vanityâÄùâÄîThe downfall of StigginsâÄîThe old Horse-troughâÄîDorking to PortsmouthâÄîParentage of DickensâÄîRegistration of Charles John Huffham DickensâÄîBirthplace of DickensâÄîThe Theatre-RoyalâÄîThe Old TheatreâÄîUnlocalised LocalitiesâÄîPortsmouth to LondonâÄîWestminster AbbeyâÄîTomb of DickensâÄîHis Funeral as reported by the *Daily News*, June 1870âÄîPoetical TributeâÄîThe future Outlook.

In the early days of the present century, Nicholas Nickleby leaving London with Smike, bound for Portsmouth, took the high road *viÃ¢* Kingston and Godalming (with a view, *en passant*, of the DevilâÄôs Punch-bowl); walking steadily onward until arrival, on their second dayâÄôs march, at a roadside innâÄîprobably in the neighbourhood of *Horndean*. Here they met with Mr. Vincent Crummles, of histrionic fame, and ended their more immediate perplexities by an engagement with that gentleman. There was no railway communication in those times, and coach fare was expensive; but now-a-days we have adopted a cheaper and more speedy means of transit, and may reach Portsmouth from London quickly, by two lines of railroad.

As, in the following excursion, it is proposed to make an intermediate visit *en route* to the residence (once on a time) of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Weller, a journey by coach is recommended to Dorking, as affording a suitable compliment to Mr. WellerâÄôs memory and profession. A delightful journey may thus be made by âÄúThe PerseveranceâÄù coach, which starts every week-day during the season, from Northumberland Avenue, at 10.45 A.M., and travels four-in-hand, *viÃ¢* Roehampton, Kingston, Surbiton, Epsom, Leatherhead, Mickleham, and Boxhill, and arrives at Dorking, in time for luncheon at the âÄúWhite Horse Hotel,âÄù at which the coach stops.

The interest of this country town centres, for Pickwickian readers, in the âÄú*Marquis of Granby*,âÄù once an inn. It exists no longer as such, having been long since converted into a grocerâÄôs establishment. It will be found in the High Street, opposite the Post Office, at the side of *ChequersâÄô Court*, which runs between it and the *London and County Bank*. The old sign-board, the cosy bar, with its store of choice wines and pine-apple rum (Mr. StigginsâÄôs âÄúpertickler vanityâÄù), and the horse-trough in which the reverend gentleman was half drowned by the irate Weller, senior, are now among the things that are not; but the old

house still remains *in situ*, altered to the uses of its present occupancy.

In chapter 27 of the Pickwick records we read of SamâÄôs first pilgrimage to Dorking, on which occasion he paid his filial respects to his mother-in-law, the rather stout lady of comfortable appearance, who conducted the business of the house; and made his acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Stiggins of saintly memory. The description of the establishment is given as follows:âÄî

âÄúThe âÄòMarquis of GranbyâÄô in Mrs. WellerâÄôs time was quite a model of a roadside public-house of the better classâÄîjust large enough to be convenient, and small enough to be snug. On the opposite side of the road was a large sign-board on a high post, representing the head and shoulders of a gentleman with an apoplectic countenance, in a red coat with deep-blue facings, and a touch of the same blue over his three-cornered hat, for a sky. Over that again were a pair of flags; beneath the last button of his coat were a couple of cannon; and the whole formed an expressive and undoubted likeness of the Marquis of Granby of glorious memory.

âÄúThe bar window displayed a choice collection of geranium plants, and a well-dusted row of spirit phials. The open shutters bore a variety of golden inscriptions, eulogistic of good beds and neat wines; and the choice group of countrymen and hostlers lounging about the stable-door and horse-trough, afforded presumptive proof of the excellent quality of the ale and spirits which were sold within. Sam Weller paused, when he dismounted from the coach, to note all these little indications of a thriving business, with the eye of an experienced traveller; and having done so, stepped in at once, highly satisfied with everything he had observed.âÄù

Mr. Stiggins, the clerical friend and spiritual adviser of the worthy hostess, having fully ingratiated himself in her good graces, was in the habit of making himself very much at home at âÄúThe MarquisâÄù; greatly appreciating the creature comforts there obtainable, and the good liquors kept in stock. In point of fact, knowing when he was well off, he lived wellâÄîif not wiselyâÄîon Mrs. WellerâÄôs hospitable bounty, and made headquarters at this Dorking inn. On the occasion of SamâÄôs first visit before referred toâÄîin chapter 27, as aboveâÄîthis estimable character is thus introduced to the notice of Pickwickian students:âÄî

âÄúHe was a prim-faced, red-nosed man, with a long, thin countenance, and a semi-rattlesnake sort of eyeâÄîrather sharp, but decidedly bad. He wore very short trousers, and black-cotton stockings, which, like the rest of his apparel, were particularly rusty. His looks were starched, but his white neckerchief was not, and its long limp ends straggled over his closely-buttoned waistcoat in a very uncouth and unpicturesque fashion.âÄù

âÄúThe fire was blazing brightly under the influence of the bellows, and the kettle was singing gaily under the influence of both. A small tray of tea things was arranged on the table, a plate of hot buttered toast was gently simmering before the fire, and the red-nosed man himself was busily engaged in converting a large slice of bread into the same agreeable edible, through the instrumentality of a long brass toasting-fork. Beside him stood a glass of reeking hot pine-apple rum and water, with a slice of lemon in it; and every time the red-nosed man stopped to bring the round of toast to his eye, with the view of ascertaining how it got on, he imbibed a drop or two of the hot pine-apple rum and water, and smiled upon the rather stout lady, as she blew the fire.âÄù

The downfall of Stiggins. The season of his prosperity came to a sad ending after the demise of his patroness; and in chapter 52 we read of his reverse of fortune, and the final *congÃ©* given to the reverend gentleman by the irate Mr. Weller, senior, who dismissed him from his household chaplaincy, in a manner more peremptory than pleasant:âÄî

âÄúHe walked softly into the bar, and presently returning with the tumbler half full of pine-apple rum, advanced to the kettle which was singing gaily on the hob, mixed his grog, stirred it, sipped it, sat down, and

taking a long and hearty pull at the rum and water, stopped for breath.

âÄúThe elder Mr. Weller, who still continued to make various strange and uncouth attempts to appear asleep, offered not a single word during these proceedings; but when Stiggins stopped for breath, he darted upon him, and snatching the tumbler from his hand, threw the remainder of the rum and water in his face, and the glass itself into the grate. Then, seizing the reverend gentleman firmly by the collar, he suddenly fell to kicking him most furiously, accompanying every application of his top-boots to Mr. StigginsâÄôs person, with sundry violent and incoherent anathemas upon his limbs, eyes, and body.

âÄúâÄòSammy,âÄô said Mr. Weller, âÄòput my hat on tight for me.âÄô

âÄúSam dutifully adjusted the hat with the long hatband more firmly on his fatherâÄôs head, and the old gentleman, resuming his kicking with greater agility than before, tumbled with Mr. Stiggins through the bar, and through the passage, out at the front door, and so into the street; the kicking continuing the whole way, and increasing in vehemence, rather than diminishing, every time the top-boot was lifted.

âÄúIt was a beautiful and exhilarating sight to see the red-nosed man writhing in Mr. WellerâÄôs grasp, and his whole frame quivering with anguish as kick followed kick in rapid succession; it was a still more exciting spectacle to behold Mr. Weller, after a powerful struggle, immersing Mr. StigginsâÄôs head in a horse-trough full of water, and holding it there until he was half-suffocated.âÄù

The old horse-trough, as depicted by âÄúPhizâÄù in the original illustrated title-page of the book, has long since given place to local alteration and improvement; but âÄúhereabouts it stood.âÄù

There are many pleasant and humorous associations connected with this old place of country entertainment, as duly set forth in the Pickwick annals; but it should be remembered that many years have passed since their publication (1837), and that men and manners have greatly changed and bettered. It is satisfactory to reflect that Mr. Stiggins and his brethren have altogether become obsolete in English middle-class society, and that the protest so embodied sixty years since is no longer necessary. In these happier days, earnestness and ability have, in the main, superseded laziness and cant.

* * * * *

DORKING TO PORTSMOUTH. The journey being resumed by railway, we travel southward and westward through the pleasant fields and pasture lands of Sussex, *viÃ¢* Horsham and Chichester, to the old town of Portsmouth, where, in Landport, Portsea, Charles Dickens was born, on Friday, the 7th of February 1812. He was the second son (in a family of eight, six surviving infancy) of Mr. John Dickens, a clerk in the Navy Pay Office at the Dockyard. The name of his mother, previous to her marriage, was Elizabeth Barrow. The baptismal record at Portsea registers him as CHARLES JOHN HUFFHAM DICKENS, but he very seldom used any other signature than the one with which we are all familiar. On arrival at the Portsmouth town station, we leave the railway, turning to the right, and proceed onwards, in the main thoroughfare of Commercial Road. Thus we shortly reach, in due course, The Birthplace of Dickens. The house (No. 387 Commercial Road, Landport) stands about half a mile northward (to the right) from the railway station, with a neat forecourt. It bears a tablet recording date of the event, as above.

[Picture: DickensâÄô Birthplace]

South of the station (leftward), beyond the Town Hall, will be found, on the right, The Theatre Royal; but it should be noted that this is *not* the establishment referred to in âÄúNicholas Nickleby.âÄù

That old theatre, at which NicholasâÄîadopting the professional *alias* of âÄúJohnsonâÄùâÄîmade his histrionic *dÃ©but* under the managerial auspices of Mr. Vincent Crummles, occupied, some eighty years

since, the present site of The Cambridge Barracks, in the *High Street*, farther onwards.

We read in the same book that the *Crummles* family resided at the house of one Bulph, a pilot; that *Miss Snevellicci* had lodgings in Lombard Street, at the house of a tailor, where also *Mr. and Mrs. Lillyvick* found temporary accommodation; and that *Nicholas* and *Smike* lived in two small rooms, up three pair of stairs, at a tobacconistâÄôs shop, on the Common Hard. But it is not possible to particularise these places; indeed, it is altogether doubtful whether they had any special assignment in the mind of the author himself.

* * * * *

Leaving Portsmouth, at convenience, by the *Brighton and South Coast Railway*, we may take the return journey to London in about three hours, arriving at the West End Terminus of the line, *Victoria Station*. From this point we may revisit, *viÃ¢ Victoria Street*, about half a mile in distance, Westminster Abbey, containing the TOMB OF DICKENS, which will be found in the classic shade of the *PoetsâÄô Corner*. At the time of his death the *Times* âÄútook the lead in suggesting that the only fit resting-place for the remains of a man so dear to England was the Abbey, in which most illustrious Englishmen are laid;âÄù and accordingly, on the 14th of June, the funeral took place, with a strict observance of privacy. In Dean StanleyâÄôs âÄúWESTMINSTER ABBEYâÄù the following statement is given:âÄî

âÄúClose under the bust of Thackeray lies Charles Dickens, not, it may be, his equal in humour, but more than his equal in his hold on the popular mind, as was shown in the intense and general enthusiasm shown at his grave. The funeral, according to DickensâÄôs urgent and express desire in his will, was strictly private. It took place at an early hour in the summer morning, the grave having been dug in secret the night before; and the vast solitary space of the Abbey was occupied only by the small band of mourners, and the Abbey clergy, who, without any music except the occasional peal of the organ, read the funeral service. For days the spot was visited by thousands; many were the flowers strewn upon it by unknown hands; many were the tears shed by the poorer visitors. He rests beside Sheridan, Garrick, and Henderson.âÄù

The plain stone covering the tomb is inscribed

CHARLES DICKENS,

Born February 7th, 1812. Died June 9th, 1870.

Report of the Funeral, as published in the *Daily News*, June 15th, 1870:âÄîâÄúCharles Dickens lies, without one of his injunctions respecting his funeral having been violated, surrounded by poets and men of genius. ShakespeareâÄôs marble effigy looked yesterday into his open grave; at his feet are Dr. Johnson and David Garrick; his head is by Addison and Handel; while Oliver Goldsmith, Rowe, Southey, Campbell, Thomson, Sheridan, Macaulay, and Thackeray, or their memorials, encircle him; and âÄòPoetsâÄô Corner,âÄô the most familiar spot in the whole Abbey, has thus received an illustrious addition to its peculiar glory. . . . DickensâÄôs obsequies were as simple as he desired. The news that a special train left Rochester at an early hour yesterday morning, and that it carried his remains, was soon telegraphed to London; but every arrangement had been completed beforehand, and there was no one in the Abbey; no one to follow the three simple mourning coaches and the hearse; no one to obtrude upon the mourners. The waiting-room at Charing Cross Station was set apart for the latter for the quarter of an hour they remained there; the Abbey doors were closed directly they reached it; and even the mourning coaches were not permitted to wait. A couple of street cabs and a single brougham took the funeral party away when the last solemn rites were over, so that passers-by were unaware that any ceremony was being conducted; and it was not until a good hour after that the south transept began to fill. There were no cloaks, no weepers, no bands, no scarfs, no feathers, none of the dismal frippery of the undertaker. We yesterday bade the reader turn to that portion of âÄòGreat Expectations,âÄô in which the funeral of Joe GargeryâÄôs wife is described; he will there find full details of the miserable things omitted. In the same part of the same volume he will find reverent allusion to the time

when âÄòthose noble passages are read which remind humanity how it brought nothing into the world and can take nothing out, and how it fleeth like a shadow, and never continueth long in one stay;âÄô and will think of the solemn scene in Westminster Abbey, with the Dean reading our solemn burial service, the organ chiming in, subdued and low, and the vast place empty, save for the little group of heart-stricken people by an open grave; a plain oak coffin, with a brass plate bearing the inscription:âÄî

âÄòCHARLES DICKENS,

Born February 7th, 1812,

Died June 9th, 1870âÄô;

a coffin strewed with wreaths and flowers by the female mourners; and then dust to dust and ashes to ashes! Such was the funeral of the great man who has gone. In coming to the Abbey, in the first coach were the late Mr. DickensâÄôs childrenâÄîMr. Charles Dickens, jun., Mr. Harry Dickens, Miss Dickens, Mrs. Charles Collins. In the second coach were Mrs. Austin, his sister; Mrs. Charles Dickens, jun.; Miss Hogarth, his sister-in-law; Mr. John Forster. In the third coach Mr. Frank Beard, his medical attendant; Mr. Charles Collins, his son-in-law; Mr. Dewey, his solicitor; Mr. Wilkie Collins; Mr. Edmund Dickens, his nephew.

âÄúBy the orders of the Dean of Westminster, the officials were instructed to keep the grave open until six oâÄôclock last evening, and all who came had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing not only the grave itself, but the polished oak coffin which contained the remains of the lamented deceased. A raised platform was placed around the grave, and two of the vergers of the Abbey were in attendance to prevent crowding and preserve order, an almost unnecessary precaution, for all who came, comprising persons of various classes, conducted themselves in the most exemplary manner. In the afternoon, when the fact of the interment became generally known, and that the coffin was to be seen, the crowds arriving at the Abbey became very great, and between twelve and six oâÄôclock many thousands of persons had been present. Large numbers paid a simple tribute to the memory of the deceased by throwing the flowers they wore in their coat or dress on to the coffin, until, towards the close of the afternoon, it was completely covered with these simplest offerings of public affection.âÄù

* * * * *

The following Poetical Tribute, *in Memoriam*, was, at that sad time, contributed to the public Press, and is worthy of remembrance:âÄî

âÄúThe Artist sleeps, yet friends are here he gave The fair dream-children that his fancy drew; A phantom crowd still gathers at his grave, And in each character he lives anew.

âÄúSoft winds of summer breathe along the fane, The honoured sepulchre where Dickens lies; An Emigravit write we in our painâÄî He is not deadâÄîthe artist never dies.

âÄúThe statesman wins the mantle of a peer, The warrior boasts all titles of renown; We leave one laurel only on his bier, And EnglandâÄôs love is greater than a crown.âÄù

âÄúS. C.âÄù

* * * * *

So long as the art of printing remains in Society, and the powers of affection, appreciation, and sympathy survive in the hearts of Anglo-SaxonsâÄîof the Old World or the NewâÄîthe name and fame of CHARLES DICKENS will be ever held fresh and green amongst us. And, through the coming summer-dawn of

timeâÄîamidst the destined agencies slowly evolving the brighter omens of the futureâÄîhis genius shall remain co-operant. For, let us rest assured that âÄúthe thoughts of men are widened with the process of the sunsâÄù; that the wheel of time is rolling, surely for an end; and that all worthy labour in the cause of human progress shall become Immortal, as it helps to make the world purer, gentler, and more Christian; and hastens onwards the fulfilment of its nobler destiny.

APPENDIX

âÄúThe Pickwick PapersâÄù; Mrs. BardellâÄôs HouseâÄîThe SpaniardsâÄô Inn [Wellington Academy]. âÄúOliver TwistâÄù; Mr. BrownlowâÄôs ResidenceâÄîFagin and Bill Sykes. âÄúNicholas NicklebyâÄù; The London TavernâÄîMrs. Nickleby and Kate in Thames StreetâÄîMortimer KnagâÄôs LibraryâÄîGeneral Agency OfficeâÄîMessrs. Cheeryble BrothersâÄîResidence of Mrs. Wititterly. âÄúBarnaby RudgeâÄù; The Golden KeyâÄîCellar of Mr. StaggâÄîThe Black Lion Tavern. âÄúMartin ChuzzlewitâÄù; Anthony Chuzzlewit and SonâÄîMontague Tigg, Esq., Pall MallâÄîTom Pinch and Ruth at Islington. âÄúDombey & SonâÄù; Polly Toodles at Staggs GardensâÄîMiss Tox and Major Bagstock, Princess PlaceâÄîMrs. MacStinger and Captain Cuttle, No. 9 Brig Place. âÄúDavid CopperfieldâÄù; Mr. CreakleâÄôs Establishment, Salem HouseâÄîThe Micawber familyâÄîResidence of Mrs. SteerforthâÄîDoctor and Mrs. StrongâÄîMr. and Mrs. D. CopperfieldâÄîMr. TraddlesâÄôs lodgings. âÄúBleak HouseâÄù; Addresses of Mr. Guppy and his MotherâÄîApartments of Mr. JarndyceâÄîMr. and Mrs. Smallweed, Mount PleasantâÄîGeorgeâÄôs Shooting GalleryâÄîMr. and Mrs. BagnetâÄîHarold Skimpole and family. âÄúLittle DorritâÄù; The House of Mrs. ClennamâÄîResidence of Mr. Tite BarnacleâÄîThe Patriarchal Casby. âÄúTale of Two CitiesâÄù; Old Church of St. Pancras in the Fields. âÄúGreat ExpectationsâÄù; Private Residence of Mr. JaggersâÄîWemmickâÄôs Castle, WalworthâÄîMr. Barley, *alias* old Gruff-and-Glum. âÄúOur Mutual FriendâÄù; Gaffer HexamâÄôs HouseâÄîThe Six Jolly Fellowship PortersâÄîRogue Riderhood and his DaughterâÄîMr. TwemlowâÄôs LodgingsâÄîThe Veneerings and the PodsnapsâÄîBoffinâÄôs Bower.âÄîMr. R. WilferâÄôs ResidenceâÄîEstablishment of Mr. Venus. âÄúMystery of Edwin DroodâÄù; The Opium SmokersâÄô Den.

The various localities referred to in the foregoing RAMBLES comprise all the more interesting and better-known points which the Reader of Dickens would most naturally desire to visit. In addition to these, however, there are several places mentioned in the many works of âÄúThe inimitable BozâÄù which may be enumerated, but cannot for the following reasons be included in such specified routes:âÄî

(1) Neighbourhoods have, in course of years, altogether changed, making it extremely difficult (in many cases impossible) to specify with exactitude the former situation of old houses, which have long become part and parcel of the forgotten past, âÄúlost to sightâÄù and now only âÄúto memory dear.âÄù

(2) The indications given in the various tales have, in some cases, been purposely rendered vague and uncertain; it being the evident aim of the author to avoid precision, and to afford no definite clue to the position of many places named.

(3) Some of the localities specified are situated at a considerable distance from any main line of route, and can be visited only by separate excursion specially undertaken for the purpose.

In the following addendum these uncertain or distant addresses are given under the headings of those books in which they respectively occur; in order that Ramblers, if so disposed, mayâÄîin the words of Mr. PeggottyâÄîâÄúfisherateâÄù for themselves.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

Mrs. BardellâÄôs House was located in *Goswell Street*, certainly in a central position; for we read that, as Mr. Pickwick looked from his chamber-window on the world beneath,

âÄúGoswell Street was at his feet, Goswell Street was on his right hand, as far as the eye could reach, Goswell Street extended on his left, and the opposite side of Goswell Street was over the way.âÄù

The âÄúSpaniardsâÄô InnâÄù at *Hampstead* may be remembered as the scene of the tea-party at which *Mrs. Bardell* and a few select friends enjoyed themselves, previous to her unexpected arrest and removal to the Fleet Prison, at the suit of *Messrs. Dodson and Fogg*. There still exists the âÄúSpaniardsâÄù at Heath End, Hampstead Heath.

[Visitors to Hampstead may be disposed to visit the site once occupied by Mr. JonesâÄôs School, called the âÄúWellington Academy,âÄù at which Dickens received some two yearsâÄô technical education; being a little over fourteen years old when he left. The house is now in possession of the INLAND REVENUE OFFICE, at the corner of Granby Street, 247 Hampstead Road; part of the premises abutting on the London and North-Western Railway, the formation of which demolished the old schoolroom and playground.]

[Picture: The âÄúSpaniards,âÄù Hampstead Heath]

OLIVER TWIST.

Mr. BrownlowâÄôs Residence, in âÄúa quiet shady street near Pentonville,âÄù cannot he fairly localised. In the days of âÄúOliver Twist,âÄù Mr. George Cruikshank, the illustrator of the book, lived at *Myddelton Terrace*, Pentonville; and possibly Dickens bethought himself of this vicinity in consequence.

FaginâÄôs House in *Whitechapel* and the residence of *Bill Sykes* cannot, with any fairness, be accurately indicated. The latter is spoken of as being in âÄúone of a maze of mean and dirty streets, which abound in the close and densely populated quarter of Bethnal Green.âÄù

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

The London Tavern, at which was held the Meeting in promotion of âÄúThe United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company,âÄù once (many years since) occupied the site of the ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, 123 *Bishopsgate Street Within*, on the left hand entering the street from Cornhill.

Mrs. Nickleby and her daughter Kate lived, per favour of their amiable relative, in *Thames Street*. This business thoroughfare has undergone considerable reconstruction since the days of their tenancy, and the particular dwelling intended cannot be identified. The place is described as a âÄúlarge, old dingy house, the doors and windows of which were so bespattered with mud that it would have appeared to have been uninhabited for years.âÄù

Mr. Mortimer Knag kept a small circulating library âÄúin a by-street off Tottenham Court Road,âÄù where also lived his sister, *Miss Knag*, the presiding genius of Madame MantaliniâÄôs establishment; and we may remember the evening when Mrs. Nickleby and Kate were graciously invited to supper at this abode of literary genius.

The General Agency Office, at which Nicholas Nickleby obtained the address of *Mr. Gregsbury*, *M.P.*, Manchester Buildings, Westminster (also one of the lost localities of London), and where he first met *Madeline Bray*, has no specified direction in the book. There have been few such agencies existent in a central position in London.

Messrs. Cheeryble Brothers had their place of business in a small City square. âÄúPassing along Threadneedle Street, and through some lanes and passages on the right,âÄù we read that Nicholas was conducted by *Mr. Charles Cheeryble* to the place in occupation of the firmâÄî

âÄúThe City square has no enclosure, save the lamp-post in the middle, and no grass but the weeds which spring up around its base. It is a quiet, little-frequented, retired spot, favourable to melancholy and contemplation, and appointments of long waiting. . . . In winter-time the snow will linger there long after it has melted from the busy streets and highways. The summerâÄôs sun holds it in some respect, and while he darts his cheerful rays sparingly into the square, keeps his fiery heat and glare for noisier and less imposing precincts. It is so quiet, that you can almost hear the ticking of your own watch, when you stop to cool in its refreshing atmosphere. There is a distant humâÄîof coaches, not of insectsâÄîbut no other sound disturbs the stillness of the square.âÄù

The Residence of Mrs. Wititterly is referred to as having been pleasantly situated in Cadogan Place, Sloane StreetâÄî

âÄúCadogan Place is the one slight bond which joins two extremities; it is the connecting link between the aristocratic pavements of Belgrave Square and the barbarism of Chelsea. It is in Sloane Street, but not of it. The people of Cadogan Place look down upon Sloane Street, and think Brompton low. They affect fashion, too, and wonder where the New Road is. Not that they claim to be on precisely the same footing as the high folks of Belgrave Square and Grosvenor Place, but that they stand, in reference to them, rather in the light of those illegitimate children of the great, who are content to boast of their connexions, although their connexions disavow them.âÄù

BARNABY RUDGE.

âÄúThe Golden KeyâÄùâÄîthe house of honest *Gabriel Varden*, the locksmithâÄîwas in Clerkenwell, situated in a quiet street not far from the Charter HouseâÄî

âÄúA modest building, not very straight, not large, not tall, not bold-faced, with great staring windows, but a shy, blinking house, with a conical roof going up into a peak over its garret window of four small panes of glass, like a cocked hat on the head of an elderly gentleman with one eye. It was not built of brick, or lofty stone, but of wood and plaster; it was not planned with a dull and wearisome regard to regularity, for no one window matched the other, or seemed to have the slightest reference to anything beside itself.âÄù

This was its description one hundred years ago, and its exact whereabouts cannot now be ascertained. There are some old plaster-fronted houses, evidently belonging to the last century, still to be found in *Albemarle Street*, near *St. JohnâÄôs Square*, but none of these fairly correspond with the description of âÄúThe Golden Key.âÄù

The Cellar of Mr. Stagg was situated in *Barbican*. We read that its position was âÄúin one of the narrowest of the narrow streets which diverge from that centre, in a blind court or yard, profoundly dark, unpaved, and reeking with stagnant odours.âÄù

âÄúThe Black LionâÄù Tavern can only be identified as being situated in Whitechapel. It was a favourite resort of *Mr. John Willett*, landlord of the âÄúMAYPOLE INNâÄù at *Chigwell*, when he came to town; and we may remember it as the scene of *Dolly VardenâÄôs* satisfactory interview with her lover Joe, after his return from âÄúthe Salwanners.âÄù

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

Anthony Chuzzlewit and Son had their place of business near *Aldersgate Street*. Their dreary residence was the bridal home of Mercy PecksniffâÄîmarried by Jonas ChuzzlewitâÄîand we may recollect her reception at this establishment by the worthy *Sairey Gamp*. To this house Jonas returned after the murder of Montague Tigg, and was here arrested by his relative *Chevy Slyme*, in the presence of his uncle and Mark Tapley. Its situation is described as being in

âÄúA very narrow street, somewhere behind the Post Office, where every house was in the brightest summer morning very gloomy; and where light porters watered the pavement, each before his own employerâÄôs premises, in fantastic patterns in the dog-days; and where spruce gentlemen, with their hands in the pockets of symmetrical trousers, were always to be seen in warm weather contemplating their undeniable boots in dusty warehouse doorways, which appeared to be the hardest work they did, except now and then carrying pens behind their ears.âÄù

Montague Tigg, Esq., the Chairman of the *Anglo-Bengalee Insurance Company*, lived in luxurious chambers in *Pall Mall*; and we may remember the morning when Jonas Chuzzlewit called at the residence of his chief, and was disagreeably surprised to find his friend in full possession of his secret historyâÄîwith *Mr. Nadgett* in attendance.

Tom Pinch and his sister *Ruth* lodged at âÄúMerry Islington,âÄù âÄúin a singular little old-fashioned house, up a blind street,âÄù where they were accommodated with two small bedrooms and a triangular parlour, the householder being the inscrutable *Mr. Nadgett*. In âÄúMartin ChuzzlewitâÄù are contained many pleasant episodes associated with these modest apartments; where, as we all know, little Ruth made her first culinary experiment, and was pleasantly surprised the next morning to find the merry present of a cookery-book awaiting her in the parlour (sent by John Westlock), with the beefsteak pudding leaf turned down and blotted out.

DOMBEY AND SON.

Polly Toodles (otherwise Richards) lived with her husband and her âÄúapple-facedâÄù family, at *StaggâÄôs Gardens*, *Camden Town*, at the time when the London and North-Western Railway was in course of constructionâÄî

âÄúAs yet the neighbourhood was shy to own the railroad. One or two bold speculators had projected streets, and one had built a little, but had stopped among the mud and ashes to consider further of it. A bran new tavern, redolent of fresh mortar and size, and fronting nothing at all, had taken for its sign the âÄòRailway Arms;âÄô but that might be rash enterpriseâÄîand then it hoped to sell drink to the workmen. So the ExcavatorsâÄô house of Call had sprung up from a beer-shop, and the old-established Ham and Beef Shop had become the Railway Eating House, with a roast leg of pork daily, through interested motives of a similar immediate and popular description.âÄù

In a later chapter of âÄúDombeyâÄù we read of StaggâÄôs Gardens having vanished from the earthâÄî

âÄúWhere the old rotten summer-houses once had stood, palaces now reared their heads, and granite columns of gigantic girth opened a vista to the railway world beyond. The miserable waste ground, where the refuse matter had been heaped of yore, was swallowed up and gone, and in its frowzy stead were tiers of warehouses, crammed with rich goods and costly merchandise. The old bye-streets now swarmed with passengers and vehicles of every kind: the new streets that had stopped disheartened in the mud and waggon-ruts, formed towns within themselves, originating wholesome comforts and conveniences belonging to themselves, and never tried nor thought of until they sprung into existence.âÄù

Miss Lucretia Tox had apartments at *Princess Place*, an address not included in the London Directory; and *Major Bagstock* also had chambers in the immediate vicinity, a genteel but somewhat inconvenient neighbourhood. Miss ToxâÄôs residence is described as

âÄúA dark little house, that had been squeezed at some remote period of English history into a fashionable neighbourhood at the west end of the town, where it stood in the shade, like a poor relation of the great street round the corner, coldly looked down upon by mighty mansions. It was not exactly in a court, and it was not exactly in a yard, but it was in the dullest of No-Thoroughfares, rendered anxious and haggard by double

knocks. . . . There is a smack of stabling in the air of Princess Place, and Miss ToxâÄôs bedroom (which was at the back) commanded a vista of mews, where hostlers, at whatever sort of work engaged, were continually accompanying themselves with effervescent noises, and where the most domestic and confidential garments of coachmen and their wives and families usually hung like MacbethâÄôs banners on the outer walls.âÄù

Mrs. MacStinger presided at *No. 9 Brig Place*, finding accommodation for *Captain Cuttle* as her first floor lodger, previous to the time of his hurried and secret removal to the quarters of *The Wooden Midshipman*. We read that the house was situated

âÄúOn the brink of a little canal near the India Docks, where the air was perfumed with chips, and all other trades were swallowed up in mast, oar, and block making, and boat building. Then the ground grew marshy and unsettled. Then there was nothing to be smelt but rum and sugar. Then Captain CuttleâÄôs lodgings, at once a first floor and a top storey, in Brig Place, were close before you.âÄù

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

Mr. CreakleâÄôs educational establishment, âÄú*Salem House*,âÄù was, we are told, âÄúdown by Blackheath.âÄù A large, dull house, standing away from the main road among some dark trees, and surrounded by a high wall. The character of Mr. Creakle seems to have been drawn from life; being, in fact, a portrait of the proprietor of the âÄú*Wellington Academy*,âÄù Hampstead Road, previously referred to. *Dr. Danson*, an old schoolfellow of Dickens, writing to Mr. Forster, states that this âÄúMr. Jones was a Welshman, a most ignorant fellow, and a mere tyrant, whose chief employment was to scourge the boys.âÄù Also, Mr. Forster, speaking of the school, says, âÄúit had supplied some of the lighter traits of Salem House for âÄòCopperfield.âÄôâÄù

Mr. Micawber lived in Windsor Terrace, City Road, at the time he first received young David Copperfield as a lodger, and previous to the crisis in his pecuniary affairs which removed him to KINGâÄôS BENCH PRISON in the Borough.

We also read, later in the book, of the Micawbers as located in a little street near *The Veterinary College*, *Camden Town*, what time *Mr. Traddles* was their lodger; and we may remember how the astute Mr. Micawber took advantage of the circumstance, by obtaining the friendly signature of his inmate as security, in the matter of two bills âÄúnot provided for.âÄù

Mrs. Steerforth resided in âÄúan old brick house at *Highgate*, on the summit of the hill; a genteel, old-fashioned house, very quiet, and very orderly,âÄù from which position a comprehensive view was obtainable of âÄúall London lying in the distance like a great vapour, with here and there some lights twinkling through it.âÄù In connection with this house we may recall the characters of *Rosa Dartle* and the respectable serving-man *Littimer*.

Doctor and Mrs. Strong also lived in a cottage at Highgate after their removal from Canterbury; and *Mr. and Mrs. David Copperfield* resided in the same neighbourhood, with *Betsy Trotwood* established in a convenient cottage near at hand.

Mr. Traddles, in his bachelor days, had lodgings behind the parapet of a house in *Castle Street*, *Holborn*. This thoroughfare has now changed its name, and is known as FURNIVAL STREET. It may be found on the south side of Holborn, and west of Fetter Lane, leading to Cursitor Street.

BLEAK HOUSE.

Mr. Guppy mentioned his address as 87 *Penton Place*, *Pentonville*; but the London Directory does not now include the number specified. The residence of *Mrs. Guppy*, his mother, is stated as having been 302 *Old*

Street Road; previous to the time when a house was taken (by mother and son) in *Walcot Square*, *Lambeth*, on the south side of the Thames, and Mr. Guppy started on his independent professional career.

Mr. Jarndyce once sojourned in London, âÄúat a cheerful lodging near *Oxford Street*, over an upholstererâÄôs shop,âÄù at which also Ada Clare and Esther Summerson were accommodated.

Mr. and Mrs. Smallweed vegetated, with their grandchildren, âÄúin a rather ill-favoured and ill-savoured neighbourhood, though one of its rising grounds bears the name of *Mount Pleasant*.âÄù This beatific neighbourhood will be found north of *Clerkenwell Road* (approached by *Laystall Street*), in the neighbourhood of the MIDDLESEX HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

GeorgeâÄôs Shooting Gallery is memorable as the place where *Gridley*âÄîâÄúthe man from ShropshireâÄùâÄîdied; where also *Poor Jo*, clinging to the spars of the LordâÄôs Prayer, drifted out upon the unknown sea. It is described as âÄúa great brick building, composed of bare walls, floors, roof-rafters, and skylights; on the front of which was painted âÄòGeorgeâÄôs Shooting Gallery.âÄôâÄù Its location is given as being up a court and a long whitewashed passage, in

âÄúThat curious region lying about the Haymarket and Leicester Square, which is a centre of attraction to indifferent foreign hotels and indifferent foreigners, racket courts, fighting men, swordsmen, foot-guards, old china, gambling-houses, exhibitions, and a large medley of shabbiness and shrinking out of sight.âÄù

Mr. Bagnet and his âÄúold girlâÄù kept house and home on the Surrey side of the river; but no more precise indication of their whereabouts is given than is contained in the following reference:âÄî

âÄúBy BlackfriarsâÄô Bridge, and BlackfriarsâÄô Road, Mr. George sedately marches to a street of little shops lying somewhere in that ganglion of roads from Kent and Surrey, and of streets from the bridges of London, centreing in the far-famed Elephant who has lost his castle.âÄù

The Town House of Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock was situated in a dull aristocratic street in the western district of London,

âÄúWhere the two long rows of houses stare at each other with that severity, that half-a-dozen of its greatest mansions seem to have been slowly stared into stone, rather than originally built in that material. It is a street of such dismal grandeur, so determined not to condescend to liveliness, that the doors and windows hold a gloomy state of their own in black paint and dust, and the echoing mews behind have a dry and massive appearance, as if they were reserved to stable the stone chargers of noble statues.âÄù

Harold Skimpole and family had their residence in the *Polygon*, near to the EUSTON TERMINUS (on the east side), in the centre of *Clarendon Square*, *Somers Town*. The house is described as being sadly in want of repairâÄî

âÄúTwo or three of the area railings were gone; the water-butt was broken; the knocker was loose; the bell-handle had been pulled off a long time, to judge from the rusty state of the wire; and dirty footprints on the steps were the only signs of its being inhabited.âÄù

LITTLE DORRIT.

The House of Mrs. Clennam was situated not far from the river, in the neighbourhood of *Upper Thames Street*. We read that Arthur Clennam, on his arrival in London,

âÄúCrossed by Saint PaulâÄôs and went down, at a long angle, almost to the waterâÄôs edge, through some of the crooked and descending streets which lie (and lay more crookedly and closely then) between the river

and Cheapside . . . passing silent warehouses and wharves, and here and there a narrow alley leading to the river, where a wretched little bill, âÄòFound Drowned,âÄô was weeping on the wet wall; he came at last to the house he sought. An old brick house, so dingy as to be all but black, standing by itself within a gateway.âÄù

Mr. Tite Barnacle had his residence in *Mews Street*, *Grosvenor Square*âÄî

âÄúIt was a hideous little street of dead wall, stables, and dunghills, with lofts over coach-houses inhabited by coachmenâÄôs families, who had a passion for drying clothes, and decorating their window-sills with miniature turnpike-gates. The principal chimney-sweep of that fashionable quarter lived at the blind end of Mews Street. . . . Yet there were two or three small airless houses at the entrance end of Mews Street, which went at enormous rents on account of their being abject hangers-on to a fashionable situation; and whenever one of these fearful little coops was to be let (which seldom happened, for they were in great request), the house agent advertised it as a gentlemanly residence in the most aristocratic part of the town, inhabited solely by the Ã©lite of the beau monde.âÄù

The Patriarchal Casby, with his daughterâÄîthe irrepressible *Flora*âÄîand *Mr. F.âÄôs Aunt*,

âÄúLived in a street in the GrayâÄôs Inn Road, which had set off from that thoroughfare with the intention of running at one heat down into the valley, and up again to the top of Pentonville Hill; but which had run itself out of breath in twenty yards, and had stood still ever since. There is no such place in that part now; but it remained there for many years, looking with a baulked countenance at the wilderness patched with unfruitful gardens, and pimpled with eruptive summer-houses, that it had meant to run over in no time.âÄù

TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In this Tale we read of the funeral of *Cly*, the Old Bailey Informer; the interment taking place in the burial-ground attached to the ancient church of St. Pancras in the Fields. This edifice still exists in PANCRAS ROAD (east side, opposite *Goldington Crescent*), which leads from KingâÄôs Cross, northward, to Kentish Town. There is a church of the same name to be found in the EUSTON ROADâÄîeast of *Upper Woburn Place*, but this is altogether another and more modern structure than the one above referred to. A century since, at the time of the funeral described, the name of this locality was literally correct; the church being situated in the outlying fields of the suburban village of PANCRAS. We may here recollect the fishing expedition undertaken by *Mr. Cruncher* and his two companions, on the night following the funeral; when young *Jerry* quietly followed his âÄúhonoured parent,âÄù and assured himself of the nature of his fatherâÄôs secret avocation.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Mr. Jaggers, the Old Bailey lawyer, had his private residence on the south side of *Gerrard Street*, *Soho*, where he lived in solitary state, with his eccentric housekeeper, the mother of Estella: âÄúRather a stately house of its kind, but dolefully in want of painting, and with dirty windows.âÄù

WemmickâÄôs Castle at *Walworth* is altogether a place of the past; Walworth being now one of the most populous and crowded of metropolitan districts. We read that in PipâÄôs time

âÄúIt appeared to be a collection of black lanes, ditches, and little gardens, and to present the aspect of a rather dull retirement. WemmickâÄôs house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.âÄù

Mr. Barley, *alias Old Gruff-and-Glum*, lived at *Mill Pond Bank*, by ChinksâÄôs Basin and the Old Green Copper Rope-walk. Pip says the place was anything but easy to find. Losing himself among shipbuildersâÄô

and shipbreakersâÄô yards, he continues the description of his search as follows:âÄî

âÄúAfter several times falling short of my destination, and as often overshooting it, I came unexpectedly round a corner, upon Mill Pond Bank. It was a fresh kind of place, all circumstances considered, where the wind from the river had room to turn itself round; and there were two or three trees in it, and there was the stump of a ruined windmill, and there was the Old Green Copper Rope-walkâÄîwhose long and narrow vista I could trace in the moonlight, along a series of wooden frames set in the ground, that looked like superannuated haymaking rakes, which had grown old and lost most of their teeth. Selecting from the few queer houses upon Mill Pond Bank, a house with a wooden front and three storeys of bow-window (not bay-window, which is another thing), I looked at the plate upon the door, and read there Mrs. Whimple . . . the name I wanted.âÄù

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

The House of Gaffer Hexam, the humble home of *Lizzie Hexam* and her brother, was situated somewhere in the district of *Limehouse*, near the river. In a description given of the route by which Messrs. Lightwood and Wrayburn approached this locality, we readâÄî

âÄúDown by the Monument, and by the Tower, and by the Docks; down by Ratcliffe, and by Rotherhithe. . . . In and out among vessels that seemed to have got ashore, and houses that seemed to have got afloatâÄîamong bowsprits staring into windows, and windows staring into shipsâÄîthe wheels rolled on, until they stopped at a dark corner, river-washed and otherwise not washed at all, where the boy alighted and opened the door.âÄù

âÄúThe Six Jolly Fellowship PortersâÄù was located in this same vicinity, overlooking the river. A waterside public-house, kept by *Miss Abbey Patterson*, who enforced a certain standard of respectability among her numerous clients, and conducted the house with a strict regard to discipline and punctualityâÄî

âÄúExternally, it was a narrow, lop-sided, wooden jumble of corpulent windows heaped one upon another, as you might heap as many toppling oranges, with a crazy wooden verandah impending over the water; indeed, the whole house, inclusive of the complaining flagstaff on the roof, impended over the water, but seemed to have got into the condition of a faint-hearted diver who has paused so long on the brink that he will never go in at all. . . . The back of the establishment, though the chief entrance, was there so contracted that it merely represented, in its connection with the front, the handle of a flat iron set upright on its broadest end. This handle stood at the bottom of a wilderness of court and alley; which wilderness pressed so hard and close upon the âÄòSix Jolly Fellowship Porters,âÄô as to leave the hostelry not an inch of ground beyond its door.âÄù

Rogue Riderhood and his daughter *Pleasant* traded at *Limehouse Hole*, in the same district as above, where they kept âÄúa leaving shopâÄù for sailors; advancing small sums of money on the portable property of seafaring customers. Mr. Riderhood did not stand well in the esteem of the neighbourhood, which âÄúwas rather shy in reference to the honour of cultivatingâÄù his acquaintance, his daughter being the more respectable and respected member of the firm.

Mr. Twemlow, âÄúan innocent piece of dinner furniture,âÄù often in request in certain West-end circles of society, lodged in *Duke Street*, *St. JamesâÄôs*, âÄúover a livery stable-yard.âÄù

The Location of the Veneering Family is described as âÄúa bran-new house, in a bran-new quarter,âÄù designated by the appellation of âÄú*Stucconia*;âÄù while their intimate friends The Podsnaps flourished âÄúin a shady angle adjoining *Portman Square*.âÄù

BoffinâÄôs Bower, the home in which we are first introduced to the Golden Dustman and his wife, was to be found âÄúabout a mile and a quarter up Maiden Lane, Battle Bridge,âÄù in the close vicinity of the Mounds

of Dust for which Mr. Harman was the contractor.

The Location of Mr. R. Wilfer and family was in the northern district of *Holloway*, beyond Battle Bridge, divided therefrom by âÄúa tract of suburban Sahara, where tiles and bricks were burnt, bones were boiled, carpets were beat, rubbish was shot, dogs were fought, and dust was heaped by contractors.âÄù

The Establishment of Mr. Venus was in *Clerkenwell*, among

âÄúThe poorer shops of small retail traders in commodities to eat and drink and keep folks warm, and of Italian frame-makers, and of barbers, and of brokers, and of dealers in dogs and singing-birds. From these, in a narrow and a dirty street devoted to such callings, Mr. Wegg selects one dark shop-window with a tallow candle dimly burning in it, surrounded by a muddle of objects vaguely resembling pieces of leather and dry stick, but among which nothing is resolvable into anything distinct, save the candle itself in its old tin candlestick, and two preserved frogs fighting a small-sword duel.âÄù

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

In the first chapter of the tale we are introduced to âÄúthe meanest and closest of small rooms,âÄù where, âÄúthrough the ragged window-curtain, the light of early day steals in from a miserable court.âÄù A man

âÄúLies dressed, across a large unseemly bed, upon a bedstead that has indeed given way under the weight upon it. Lying, also dressed, and also across the bed, not longwise, are a Chinaman, a Lascar, and a haggard woman. The two first are in a sleep or stupor; the last is blowing at a kind of pipe, to kindle it.âÄù

This Opium SmokersâÄô Den had its location in an eastern district of London, probably the *Shadwell* neighbourhood of the LONDON DOCKS, but no precise indication of its whereabouts is given in the tale. We read of John Jasper starting from his hotel in *Falcon Square*: âÄúEastward, and still eastward, through the stale streets, he takes his way, until he reaches his destinationâÄîa miserable court, specially miserable among many such.âÄù

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

is readily attainable from *Charing Cross* (or any other) station of the *District Metropolitan Railway*. Entrance in *Cromwell Road*, five minutesâÄô walk, on the north side, from South Kensington Station.

The Forster CollectionâÄîon the first floorâÄîin this museum contains several of the earlier LETTERS written by Dickens to Forster, and the pen-and-ink sketch by *Maclise*, representing the âÄúApotheosis of âÄòGrip,âÄôâÄù the celebrated Raven, who departed this life at No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, March 12th, 1841. There are also here exhibited The Manuscripts of the principal WORKS OF DICKENS, together with a *Proof Copy* of âÄúDavid Copperfield,âÄù showing the corrections of the Author. Most of these lie opened, each at its first page; and it is interesting to observe the careful interlineations and alterations with which the various original copies were amended. In the case of âÄúThe Mystery of Edwin Drood,âÄù the sorrowful memento of its final page is exposed to view, as being the last sheet written by the âÄúvanished handâÄù of our much loved and faithful friend,

[Picture: Charles Dickens Signature]

INDEX

ACCADEMY, TurveydropâÄôs, 65

Adam Street, 5

Adelphi Arches, The, 5

âÄî Hotel, The, 5

Albany, The, 62

Aldgate High Street, 70

âÄî Pump, 71

Almshouses, WattsâÄôs, 95

Apartments of Captain Cuttle, 156

âÄî Major Bagstock, 156

âÄî Miss Tox, 156

âÄî Mrs. Gamp, 50

âÄî Richard Carstone, 52

âÄî The Kenwigses, 64

âÄî Tom Pinch, 155

Apotheosis of âÄúGrip,âÄù 164

Artful Dodger at Court, The, 8

âÄî Dodger at Work, The, 37

AstleyâÄôs Theatre, 78

* * * * *

BAGNET, Mr., 159

Bailey, Junior, 50, 72

Bank, ChildâÄôs, 20

âÄî of England, 67

âÄî TellsonâÄôs, 20

Bardell v. Pickwick, 29

BardellâÄôs House, Mrs., 151

Barley, Mr., 161

Barnacle, Mr. Tite, 160

BarnardâÄôs Inn, 45

BarnettâÄôs Hotel, 3

Bedfordbury, 4

Bell Tavern, The, 27

âÄî Yard, 20

Belle Sauvage Yard, 26

Bethlehem Hospital, 77

Bevis Marks, 69 70

Billickin, Mrs., 51

BishopâÄôs Court, 17

Black Lion, The, 154

Bleeding Hart Yard, 40

Blinder, Mrs., 20

Bloomsbury Square, 52

âÄúBlue Boar,âÄù The, 68

Blunderstone Rookery, 140

Blundeston, 140

Boarding House, TodgersâÄôs, 71

Bob SawyerâÄôs Lodging, 74

Boffin, House of Mr., 59

BoffinâÄôs Bower, 163

Boot Tavern, 55

Borough, The, 72

Bouverie Street, 24

Bow Street Police Court, 8

Bradbury & Evans, 24

Bradley Headstone, 23

BreamâÄôs Buildings, 19

Broad Court, 8

Brook Street, Grosvenor Sq, 60

BrownlowâÄôs Residence, Mr., 3

Buckhurst Hill, 128

Buckingham Street, 5

Buffet, Spiers and PondâÄôs, 46

Bull and Anchor Tavern, 49

Bull Inn Yard, The, 76

Burial Ground, NemoâÄôs, 9

ButlerâÄôs Wharf, 33

CANTERBURY

AUGUSTINIAN Monastery, 106

Burgate Street, 111

Butcher, The obnoxious, 108

Canterbury, City of, 103

Castle Street, 104

Christchurch Gate, 106

Doctor Strong, 106

Faversham, 103

Fleur de Lys Hotel, 109

George and Dragon Inn, 109

Home of Agnes, 111

âÄî Mr. Larkins, 107

KingâÄôs School, 106

LadyâÄôs Green, The, 106

Larkins, The eldest Miss, 107

London Coach Office, 109

London, Chatham & Dover Station 103, 112

Margaret Street, 104, 105

Markleham, Mrs., 110

Mercery Lane, 105, 108

Micawbers, The, 104

Monastery Street, 106

North Lane (No. 65), 110

Palace Street, 110

QueenâÄôs Head Inn, 104

Residence of Dr. Strong, 106

âÄî Mr. Wickfield, 111

âÄî Uriah Heep, 110

St. Alphege, Church of, 110

âÄî Dunstan Street, 111

âÄî MargaretâÄôs Church, 105

Sittingbourne, 103

Teynsham, 103

Watling Street, 104

* * * * *

CARLISLE House, 66

Carnaby Street, 64

CarstoneâÄôs Apartments, Richard, 53

Casby, Mr., 160

Castle, The, 28

Chadband, Rev. Mr., 19

Chambers of Copperfield, 5

âÄî Mr. Fledgby, 62

âÄî Mr. Grewgious, 48

âÄî Mr. Tartar, 48

âÄî John Westlock, 46

Chandos Street (No. 3), 4

Chapman & Hall, Messrs., 63

Charing Cross Terminus, 3, 31, 102

Charles DarnayâÄôs Trial, 36

CHATHAM, 86

âÄî Clover Lane Academy, 87

âÄî Fort Pitt, 87

âÄî Military Hospital, 87

âÄî Providence Chapel, 87

âÄî Railway Street, 86

âÄî Recreation Ground, 88

âÄî Rome Lane, 86

âÄî The Brook, 87

Cheeryble Bros., Messrs., 153

Chester, Edward, 22

âÄî Sir John, 22, 23

Chevy Slyme, 155

Chichester Rents, 17

Chicksey, Veneering, & Co., 71

Chigwell, 129

âÄî Church, 129

âÄî KingâÄôs Head, 129

ChildrenâÄôs Hospital, The, 53

ChildâÄôs Bank, 20

ChiveryâÄôs Shop, 76

Christchurch, 77

Church, Dulwich, 83

âÄî Emmanuel, 82

âÄî St. Alphege, 101

âÄî St. DunstanâÄôs, 23

âÄî St. GeorgeâÄôs, 73

âÄî St. John the EvangelistâÄôs, 79

âÄî St. Mary-le-Bow, 28

âÄî St. Pancras in the Fields, 161

âÄî Street, 79

Chuzzlewit & Son, 154

Clare Court, 10

ClaridgeâÄôs Hotel, 60

ClennamâÄôs House, Mrs., 160

Clerkenwell Green, 37

CliffordâÄôs Inn Passage, 23

Cloisterham, 88

CoavinsesâÄô Castle, 17

Cobham, 84

CookâÄôs Court, 18

Cooling Village, 91

CopperfieldâÄôs Chambers, 5

Cornhill, 68

Court of Chancery, 16

Covent Garden Market, 7, 8

âÄî Theatre, 8

Craven Street (No. 39), 3

CreakleâÄôs Establishment, Mr., 157

Crisparkle, Rev. S., 92

Cross Keys Inn, The, 28

Crown Inn, The, 64

Crozier Hotel, The, 98

Curiosity Shop, The Old, 11

Cursitor Street, 17

* * * * *

Daily News Office, 24

DeanâÄôs Court, 27

Dedlock Mansion, The, 159

Devonshire House, 60

âÄî Street, 53

âÄî Terrace, 57

Dickens, Amateur Acting of, 61

âÄî Death of, 100

âÄî Dining-House of, 10

Dickens at LamertâÄôs Factory, 3

âÄî Letters of, 164

âÄî Manuscripts of, 164

âÄî Memorial Tablet, 92

âÄî Readings of, 9, 62

âÄî Residences of, 46, 48, 55, 87, 99

âÄî at School, 87

âÄî Tomb of, 146

DickensâÄôs Establishment, Mrs., 56

Doctor Slammer, 98

DoctorsâÄô Commons, 27

Dodson & Fogg, Messrs , 68

DollsâÄô Dressmaker, The, 79

Dombey & SonâÄôs Offices, 30

DombeyâÄôs Residence, Mr., 58, 59

Dorking, 141

âÄî âÄúMarquis of GranbyâÄù, 142

âÄî âÄúWhite Horse,âÄù 142

âÄî Rev. Mr. Stiggins, 143

âÄî ,, ,, Downfall of, 144

Doubledick, Richard, 98

Doughty Street (No. 48), 55

* * * * *

DOVER

COPPERFIELDâÄôS Resting Place, 113

Dover Priory, 112-114

Dover, Town of, 112

KingâÄôs Head Hotel, 114

Market Place Corner, 113

Miss Manetty and Mr. Lorry, 114

Priory Hill, 114

Residence of Miss Trotwood, 114

Stanley Mount, 114

Staplehurst Disaster, 115

* * * * *

Doyce & ClennamâÄôs Factory, 40

Dulwich Church, 83

Durdles, A night with, 93

DurdlesâÄôs Lodgings, 93

* * * * *

EDWIN Drood and Rosa, 98

Ely Place, Holborn, 41

Emigration of Peggotty, &c., 100

Emmanuel Church, 82

Escort in London, 120

Establishment of Mr. Waterbrook, 41

Eugene Wrayburn, 23, 123

Exchequer Coffee House, 79

Execution of the Mannings, 76

* * * * *

FAGINâÄôS House, 152

Falcon Hotel, 34

Falstaff Inn, 99

Fang, Mr. J. P., 38, 39

Feast of the Three Hobgoblins, 71

Feenix Town House, 60

Field Lane, 39

Finches of the Grove, The, 7

First Avenue Hotel, 49

âÄî Readings, DickensâÄôs, 9

Fish Street Hill, 71

Fleet Market, 25

âÄî Prison, 25

Flite, Miss, 16

Folly Ditch, 32

Forest House, Chigwell, 131

Forge, Joe GargeryâÄôs, 90

Forster Collection, The, 164

ForsterâÄôs House, Mr., 14

Foundling Hospital, The, 54

Fountain Court, Temple, 21

Fox-under-the-Hill, The, 6

FreemanâÄôs Court, 68

Funeral of Dickens, 147

FurnivalâÄôs Inn, 46

* * * * *

GADSHILL Place, 99

Gaffer HexamâÄôs House, 162

Gamp, Mrs., 50

Garden Court, Temple, 21

GargeryâÄôs Forge, Joe, 91

Gate of the Temple, 21

General Agency Office, 153

George and Vulture Inn, The, 68

George the IVth, The Old, 12

George Yard, The, 68

GeorgeâÄôs Shooting-Gallery, 158

Giles, Rev. William, 87

Golden Cross Hotel, The, 1

âÄî Key, The, 154

âÄî Square, 63

GoldsmithâÄôs Buildings, 23

Gordon, Lord George, 60

âÄî Riots, The, 36, 44

Goswell Street, 151

Gower Street, 56, 57

Gravesend, 100

GrayâÄôs Inn, 49

Great Ormond Street, 53

âÄî Yarmouth, 135

âÄî Angel Hotel, 138

âÄî Coaches, 138

âÄî Home of Little Emily, 136

âÄî Star Hotel, 138

âÄî Storm at, 137

Green Dragon Tavern, The, 68

Greenwich Park, 101

GridleyâÄôs Lodgings, 20

Grip, The Raven, 28

âÄî Apotheosis of, 164

GrocersâÄô Hall Court, 29

Guild of Literature and Art, 61

Guildhall, The, 28

Guppy, Mr., 62, 158

GuppyâÄôs Address, Mr., 158

âÄî Mrs., 158

* * * * *

HAMPSTEAD, 151, 152

Hanging Sword Alley, 24

Harley Street, 58

HatchettâÄôs Hotel, 61

Hatton Yard, 38

Hawdon, Capt., 17

* * * * *

HENLEY

A CRY for Help, 122

Anchor Inn, 121

Aston, 124

Attack by Headstone, 123

Betty Higden, Death of, 122

âÄî Burial of, 122

Death of Riderhood and Headstone, 125

Eastern Tow Path, 124

Eugene Wrayburn, 123

Fawley Court, 124

Greenlands, 124

HarmonâÄôs Reflections, 127

Henley Bridge, 123

Hurley Lock, 125

Kensal Green Cemetery, 117

Lizzie Hexam, 119, 122, 123

Lock House, Hurley, 125

Marriage of Eugene and Lizzie, 119

Marsh Lock, 123

âÄî Mill, 121

Medmenham Abbey, 124

MicawberâÄôs Quotation, 126

Plashwater Weir Mill Lock, 124, 125

Railway Station, Henley, 121

Red Lion Inn, 118

âÄî Lawn, 119

Rescue of Eugene, 119

Rogue Riderhood, 125

Stoke Pogis Churchyard, 126

Tow Path, The, 121

Waterloo Station, 120

* * * * *

Her MajestyâÄôs Theatre, 80

HexamâÄôs House, 162

Holborn Restaurant, The, 14

âÄî Viaduct, 37

Hope Brothers, Messrs., 26

Horndean, 141

Horse and Groom, The, 13

âÄî Guards, The, 80

Horsemonger Lane Gaol, 76

Horseshoe Restaurant, The, 66

Hospital, Bethlehem, 77

âÄî ChildrenâÄôs, The, 53

âÄî Foundling, The, 54

Hotel, Adelphi, 5

âÄî BarnettâÄôs Private, 3

âÄî Cecil, 5

âÄî ClaridgeâÄôs, 60

âÄî Falcon, 34

âÄî First Avenue, 49

âÄî Golden Cross, 1

âÄî HatchettâÄôs, 61

âÄî Hummums, 7

âÄî Tavistock, 7

âÄî WoodsâÄô, 47

House of Sampson Brass, 70

âÄî Sol Gills, 69

Household Words Office, 7

Hugh, 23

Hungerford Market, 3

âÄî Stairs, 3

* * * * *

IPSWICH, 131

âÄî Residence of Mr. Nupkins, 134

âÄî St. ClementâÄôs Church, 133

âÄî White Horse Hotel, 131

* * * * *

JACOBâÄôS Island, 32

Jaggers, Offices of Mr., 35

âÄî Residence of Mr., 161

Jarndyce, Mr., 158

Jarndyce v. Jarndyce, 16

JellybyâÄôs Residence, Mrs., 41

Jenny Wren, 79, 119

Jerry CruncherâÄôs Apartments, 24

âÄî CruncherâÄôs Employment, 161

Jingle, Mr., 2, 97, 134

Job Trotter, 133

John Jasper, Apartments of, 94

JohnnyâÄôs Will, 54

Julius Handford, Mr., 79

* * * * *

KENGE & CarboyâÄôs Offices, 16

Kenwigs Family, The, 64

KingâÄôs Bench Prison, 74, 75

âÄúKingâÄôs Head,âÄù Chigwell, 129

KingâÄôs Head Court, 71

Kingsgate Street, 50

Knag, Mr. and Miss, 153

KrookâÄôs Warehouse, 17

* * * * *

LAING, Mr. J. P., 39

Lambeth Palace, 78

âÄî Road, 78

LamertâÄôs Blacking Factory, 3

âÄî Warehouse, 3

LangdaleâÄôs Distillery, 39

Lant Street, 74

Leadenhall Street, 69

Leather Bottle Inn, The, 84

Letters of Dickens, 164

LewsomeâÄôs Illness, 49

LightwoodâÄôs Offices, 23

LincolnâÄôs Inn Chambers, 18

âÄî Fields, 14, 15

âÄî Hall, 16

âÄî Old Square, 16

LirriperâÄôs Lodgings, 11

Little Britain, 35

London Bridge, 72

âÄî Coffee Tavern, The, 26

âÄî Stereoscopic Company, 28

âÄî Street, 32

âÄî Tavern, The, 152

Lucretia Tox, Miss, 156

* * * * *

MACSTINGER, Mrs., 156

Magpie and Stump, The, 12

Manette, Doctor, 66

âÄî Street, 66

Mansfield, Lord, 52

âÄî Street, 58

Mansion House, The, 29

Mantalini, Madame, 59

Manuscripts of Dickens, 164

Mark Tapley, 6, 29

Market, Covent Garden, 7, 8

âÄî Farringdon, 25

âÄî Fleet, 25

âÄî Hungerford, 3

Marshall Street, 65

Marshalsea Place, 73

âÄî Prison, 73

MarthaâÄôs Lodging, 65

âÄî Suicidal attempt, 78

Martin Chuzzlewit, 6, 21

âÄúMaypole Inn,âÄù The, 129

Memorial Hall, The, 25

Merdle, Mr., 58

Micawber, Mr., 157

Mill Bank Street, 78

âÄî Street, 32

Mincing Lane, 71

Minor Canon Corner, 92

Minories, 70, 71

MonkâÄôs Vineyard, The, 91

Mowcher, Miss, 139

* * * * *

NADGETT, Mr., 155

Nancy and Rose Maylie, 72

NeckettâÄôs Lodging, 20

NemoâÄôs Burial, 9

âÄî Lodging, 17

Newgate Prison, 35

âÄî Burning of, 36

Newman Noggs, 64

âÄî Street, 65

NewmanâÄôs Court, 68

NicklebyâÄôs Office, Ralph, 63

Noah Claypole, 72

Norie & Wilson, Messrs., 69

NunsâÄô House, The, 89

* * * * *

OBELISK, St. GeorgeâÄôs, 77

Office of Chicksey & Co., 71

âÄî Daily News, The, 24

âÄî Dodson & Fogg, 68

âÄî Dombey & Son, 30

âÄî Jaggers, Mr., 35

âÄî Kenge & Carboy, 16

âÄî Lightwood & Wrayburn, 23

âÄî Perker, Mr., 49

âÄî Pubsey & Co., 69

âÄî Ralph Nickleby, 63

âÄî Spenlow & Jorkins, 27

Old Bailey, The, 36

âÄî Curiosity Shop, The, 11, 12

âÄî Gruff-and-Glum, 161

âÄî Palace Yard, 79

Old Ship Tavern, The, 17

âÄî Square, LincolnâÄôs Inn, 16

Olde Cheshire Cheese, Ye, 24

Oliver Twist at Court, 38

âÄî enlightened, 37

âÄî entering London, 38

Opium SmokersâÄô Den, The, 164

OsbornâÄôs Hotel, 5

âÄúOur House,âÄù 59

* * * * *

PAPER Buildings, Temple, 22

Park, St. JamesâÄôs, 80

Parliament Street, 79

PeabodyâÄôs Buildings, 4

PecksniffâÄôs Downfall, 22

Peggotty, Mr., 100

âÄî House of, 136

PerkerâÄôs Offices, 49

Piccadilly, 61, 62

PickwickâÄôs Discovery, 85

âÄî Imprisonment, 25

âÄî Retirement, 83

âÄî Travels, 2, 61

âÄî Trial, 28

PipâÄôs Chambers, 21

P. J. T., 48

PlornishâÄôs Home, 40

Podsnaps, The, 8

Poetical Tribute, 149

Police Court, Bow Street, 8

âÄî Hatton Garden, 38

Portsmouth, 145

âÄî Birthplace of Dickens, 145

âÄî Cambridge Barracks, 145

âÄî Street, 11

âÄî Theatre, 145

Portugal Street, 13

Post Office, Charing Cross, 1

âÄî General, 34

Poultry, The, 29

Princess Place, 156

Prison, The Fleet, 25

âÄî KingâÄôs Bench, 74, 75

âÄî Marshalsea, 73

Procter, Miss Adelaide, 97

Pubsey & Co., 69

Pump Court, Temple, 22

* * * * *

QUARTERMAINEâÄôS Ship Tavern, 101

Queen Square, 53

QuilpâÄôs House, 33

âÄî Wharf, 33

* * * * *

RAILWAY Street, Chatham, 86

Red Lion, The, 70, 80

Residence of Brownlow, Mr., 3

âÄî Dickens, 46, 48, 55, 87, 99

âÄî Dombey, Mr., 58, 59

âÄî Gordon, Lord G., 60

âÄî Jellyby, Mrs., 41

âÄî La Creevy, Miss, 6

âÄî Lammles, The, 62

âÄî Mansfield, Lord, 52

âÄî Merdle, Mr., 58

âÄî Micawber, Mr., 157

âÄî Nickleby, Mrs., 152

âÄî Pickwick, Mr., 83

âÄî Snagsby, Mr., 18

âÄî Tulkinghorn, Mr., 14

âÄî Veneerings, 163

Restaurant, EpitauxâÄôs, 81

Richard Doubledick, 98

ROCHESTER, 88

âÄî Bridge, 98

âÄî Bull Hotel, 97

âÄî Cathedral, 92

âÄî College Gate, 94

âÄî Crown Hotel, 98

âÄî Crypts, The, 93

âÄî Eastgate House, 89

âÄî Esplanade, 98

âÄî Minor Canon Row, 92

âÄî Restoration Mouse, 90

âÄî St. Nicholas Church, 94

âÄî SapseaâÄôs House, 90

âÄî Theatre, 88

âÄî The Vines, 99

âÄî WattsâÄôs Charity, 95

Rogue Riderhood, 163

Rokesmith Wedding, The, 101

Roman Bath, 10

Rosa Budd, 47, 48

Rowland & Son, 40

Rudge, Mrs., 72

Rules of KingâÄôs Bench, 74, 75

* * * * *

SACKVILLE Street, 62

Saffron Hill, Great, 38, 39

âÄî Little, 38

St. Alphege Church, 101

âÄî Clement Danes, 11

âÄî DunstanâÄôs Church, 23

âÄî GeorgeâÄôs Church, 73

âÄî ,, Obelisk, 77

âÄî JamesâÄôs Hall, 62

âÄî ,, Park, 80

St. John the EvangelistâÄôs Church, 79

âÄî MartinâÄôs Hall, 9

âÄî MartinâÄôs-le-Grand, 34

âÄî Mary Axe, 69

âÄî Mary-le-Bow Church, 28

âÄî Pancras in the Fields, 161

âÄî PaulâÄôs Churchyard, 27

Sackville Street, 62

Salem House, 157

Sampson Brass, 70

SamâÄôs Valentine, 68

Sapsea, Mr., 90

SaracenâÄôs Head, The, 36

Satis House, 90

SawyerâÄôs Lodging, Bob, 74

Seven Poor Travellers, The, 96

âÄúSix Jolly Fellowship Porters The,âÄù 162

Skimpole Family, The, 159

Slammer, Doctor, 98

Smallweed Family, The, 158

Smithfield, 35

SnagsbyâÄôs Residence, 18

Snevellicci, Mr., 8

Snow Hill, 37

Sole Street Station, 84

SolâÄôs Arms, The, 17, 18

Somerleyton Park, 140

Southampton Street, 51

South Kensington Museum, 164

South Square, 49

Southwark Bridge, 34

SpaniardsâÄô Inn, The, 151

Spa Road Station, 31

Spenlow & Jorkins, 27

Spiers & PondâÄôs Buffet, Messrs, 42

StaggâÄôs Cellar, 154

âÄî Gardens, 155

Staple Inn, 48

Steerforth, Mrs., 157

StrongâÄôs House, Dr., 158

StryverâÄôs Chambers, 22

Surrey Theatre, 77

Swan and Sugar Loaf, The, 32

Sweedlepipes, House of, 50

Swiss ChÃ¢let, 99

Sydney Carton, 22, 24

SymondâÄôs Inn, 19

* * * * *

TATTYCORAM, 55

Tavern, Black Lion, The, 154

Tavern, Boot, The, 55

âÄî Bull and Anchor, The, 49

âÄî Coffee, London, The, 27

âÄî Green Dragon, The, 68

âÄî London, The, 26

âÄî Old George IVth, The, 12

âÄî Old Ship, The, 17

âÄî QuartermaineâÄôs Ship, 101

âÄî âÄúSix Jolly Fellowship PortersâÄù, 162

Tavistock Hotel, The, 7

âÄî House, 56

âÄî Square, 56

TellsonâÄôs Bank, 20

Temple Bar, 20

âÄî Church, 23

âÄî Fountain, 21

âÄî Garden Court, 21

âÄî Gate, 21

âÄî Paper Buildings, 22

âÄî Pump Court, 22

Thames Street, 160

Thavies Inn, 41

Theatre, AstleyâÄôs, 78

âÄî Covent Garden, 8

âÄî Her MajestyâÄôs, 80

âÄî Rochester, 88

âÄî Surrey, The, 77

Three Cripples, The, 40

Tigg, Montague, 155

Toby Veck, 23

TodgerâÄôs Boarding House, 71

Tom All-AloneâÄôs, 4

Tom PinchâÄôs Apartments, 155

Toodles, Polly, 155

TookâÄôs Court, 18

TootsâÄôs Excursions, 71

Tox, Miss Lucretia, 156

Traddles, Home of, 49

TraddlesâÄôs Lodgings, 158

Travellers, Seven Poor, 95

Trial of Charles Darnay, 36

Trinity House, 34

TulkinghornâÄôs Residence, Mr., 14

TupmanâÄôs Retreat, 84

TurveydropâÄôs Academy, 65

Twemlow, Mr., 163

Twinkleton, Miss, 51

* * * * *

VARDEN Family, The, 129

Veneering Family, The, 163

Venus, Mr., 163

* * * * *

WALTER Wilding, 54

Warren, The, 131

WaterbrookâÄôs Establishment, 41

Watts, Richard, 95

Wedding of Mr. Snodgrass, 83, 84

Welbeck Street, 60

Weller, Sam, 84, 135

âÄî Tony, 26

WellerâÄôs Rendezvous, 13

Wellington Academy, 152

âÄî Street, Strand, 7

WemmickâÄôs Castle, 161

âÄî Wedding, 83

Westminster Abbey, 79, 146

White Hart Inn, The, 72

White Horse Cellars, The, 61

Wigmore Street, 59

Wilfer Family, The, 57

âÄî Residence of, 163

Willet, John, 130

Wimpole Street, 59

Wititterly, Mrs., 153

Wooden Midshipman, The, 69âÄì71

Wood Street, 28

WoodsâÄô Hotel, 47

* * * * *

YARMOUTH, 135

Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, 24

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