

about a quarter of an inch in width, and on one side, at a single operation. It seemed to me if the brain was penned in by premature ossification of the cranial bones, these should be torn loose and permanently lifted, thus allowing a thorough expansion. Should only temporary benefit be secured, the operation should be repeated. Experience alone can demonstrate whether the expansion of the brain will be able to spread the cranial bones to such an extent that it may reach even an ordinary development. The condition of these patients is so hopeless and deplorable that, in my opinion, very great risk is justifiable in any surgical interference which offers even a hope of amelioration."

Is not that common-sense in surgery?

Thus the race is quietly achieving mas-

tery over the blind forces of nature, and the steady hand of science, coupled with tenderness and sincerity, is pushing back some of the worst horrors of life, and throwing a flood of light and hope into the future! And I owed this new inspiration to my pessimistic acquaintance—he of the Hunt Club Kennel—and the introduction he gave me to the rudiments of applied surgery. It was indeed a long sweep from the one operation to the other.

My first and second glimpses of the operating-room were surely the two extremes, and yet when I suggested this to the surgeon, he smilingly replied that, after all; either or both—indeed, all of it, was simply common-sense in surgery.

LONDON—PLANTAGENET.

BY WALTER BESANT.

III.—THE PEOPLE.

THROUGH broad Chepeside rode the great lord—haply the King himself—followed by his regiment of knights, gentlemen, and men-at-arms, all wearing his livery. The Abbot, with his following, passed along on his way to Westminster in stately procession. The Alderman, in fur gown and gold chain, with his officers, walked through the market inspecting weights and measures and the goods exposed for sale. Priests and friars crowded the narrow ways. To north and south, in sheds which served for shops, the prentices stood bawling their wares. This was the outward and visible side of the city. There was another side—the city of the London craftsman.

Who was he—the craftsman—and whence? London has always opened her hospitable arms to foreigners. They still come to the city and settle, enjoying its freedom, and in the next generation are pure English. In the days of Edward the Confessor the men of Rheims and of Flanders became citizens with rights equal to the English. Later on, the names of the people show their origin and the places whence they or their forefathers had come. Then William Waleys is William the Welchman; Walter Norris is Walter of Norway; John Francis is John the Frenchman; Henry Upton is Henry of that town; William Sevenoke, Lord Mayor of London, took his name from

the village of Sevenoaks in Kent, where he was born. The first surnames were bestowed not only with reference to the place of birth, but partly to trades, partly to the place of residence, partly to personal defects or peculiarities. But it is obvious from the earliest names on record how readily London received strangers from any quarter of western Europe, Norway, Denmark, Flanders, Lorraine, Picardy, Normandy, Guyenne, Spain, Provence, and Italy. It is noteworthy in studying the names: first, that, as was to be expected, there is not in the fourteenth century a single trace of British or Roman British name, either Christian or surname, just as there was not in the Saxon occupation a single trace of Roman customs or institutions; next, that the Saxon names have all vanished. There are no longer any Wilfreds, Ælfgars, Eadberhts, Sigeberths, Harolds, or Eadgars among the Christian names. They have given place to the Norman names of John, Henry, William, and the like. The London craftsman was therefore a compound of many races. The dominant strain was Saxon—East Saxon; then came Norman; then Fleming; and then a slight infusion of every nation of western Europe.

In the narrow lanes leading north and south of the two great streets of Thames and Chepe the craftsmen of London lived in their tenements, each consisting of a

room below and a room above. Some of them followed their trade at home; some worked in shops. There were those who sold and those who made. Of the former the mercers and haberdashers kept their shops in West Chepe; the goldsmiths in Guthrun's Lane and Old Change; the pepperers and grocers in Soper's Lane; the drapers in Lombard Street and Cornhill; the skippers in St. Mary Axe; the fishmongers in Thames Street; the ironmongers in Ironmongers' Lane and Old Jewry; the vintners in the Vintry; the butchers in East Chepe, St. Nicolas Shambles, and the Stocks Market; the hosiers in Hosiers' Lane; the shoemakers and curriers in Cordwainer Street; the paternoster-sellers in Paternoster Row; patten-sellers by St. Margaret Pattens; and so forth.

It is easy, with the help of Stow, and with the names of the streets before one, to map out the chief market-places and the shops. It is not so easy to lay down the places where those dwelt who carried on handicrafts. Stow indicates here and there a few facts. The founders of candlesticks, chafing-dishes, and spice mortars carried on their work in Lothbury; the coal-men and woodmongers were found about Billingsgate stairs; since the Flemish weavers met in the church-yard of Lawrence Pountney, they lived presumably in that parish. For the same reason the Brabant weavers probably lived in St. Mary Somerset parish. The furriers worked in Walbrook; the carriers opposite London Wall; upholsterers or undertakers on Cornhill; cutlers worked in Pope's Head Alley; basket-makers, wire-drawers, and "other foreigners" in Blond Chapel, or Blanch Applestone Lane. In Mincing Lane dwelt the men of Genoa and other parts who brought wine to the port of London in their galleys. The turners of beads for prayers lived in Paternoster Row; the bowyers in Bowyer Row; other crafts there are which may be assigned to their original streets. Sometimes, but not always, the site of a company's hall marks the quarter chiefly inhabited by that trade. Certainly the vintners belonged to the Vintry, where is now their hall, and the weavers to Chepe, where they still have their hall. When, however, the management of a trade or craft passed into the hands of a company, there was no longer any reason, except where men had to work together, why they should live together.

Since there could be no combined action by the men, but, on the contrary, blind obedience to the warden, they might as well live in whatever part of the city should be the most convenient. From the absence of great houses, whether of nobles or princes, in the north of the city, one is inclined to believe that great numbers of craftsmen lived in that part, namely, between what is now called Gresham Street and London Wall.

The trades carried on within the walls covered very nearly the whole field of manufacture. A mediæval city made nearly everything that it wanted—wine, spices, silks, velvets, precious stones, and a few other things excepted, which were brought to the port from abroad; but the city could get on very well without those things. Within the walls they made everything. It is not until one reads the long lists of trades collected together by Riley that one understands how many things were wanted, and how trades were subdivided. Clothing in its various branches gave work to the wympler, who made wimples or neckerchiefs for women; the retunder, or shearman of cloth; the batour, or worker of cloth; the caplet-monger; the callere, who made cauls or coifs for the head; the quilter; the pinner; the chaloner, who made chalons or coverlets; the bureller, who worked in burel, a coarse cloth; the chaucer, or shoemaker; the plumer, or feather-worker; the pel-liper, pellerceer, or furrier; the white tawyer, who made white leather; and many others. Arms and armor wanted the bowyer; the kissere, who made armor for the thighs; the bokelsmyth, who made bucklers; the bracere, who made armor for arms; the gorgiarius, who made gorgets; the tabourer, who made drums; the heaulmere, who made helmets; the makers of haketons, pikes, swords, spears, and bolts for crossbows. Trades were thus divided; we see one man making one thing and nothing else all his life. The equyler made porringers, the brochere made spits, the haltier made halters, the corder made ropes, the sacker made sacks, the melmallere made hammers, and so on.

The old city grows gradually clearer to the vision when we think of all these trades carried on within the walls. There were mills to grind the corn; breweries for making the beer—one remains still; the linen was spun within the walls, and

the cloth made and dressed; the brass pots, tin pots, iron utensils, and wooden platters and basins were all made in the city; the armor, with its various pieces, was hammered out and fashioned in the streets; all kinds of clothes, from the leathern jerkin of the poorest to the embroidered robes of a princess, were made here; nothing that was wanted for household use in the country but was made in London town. Some of those trades were offensive to their neighbors. Under Edward the First, for instance, the melters of tallow and lard were made to leave Chepe, and to find a more convenient place at a distance from that fashionable street. The names of Stinking Lane, Scalding Lane, and Sheer Hog sufficiently indicate the pleasing effect of the things done in them upon the neighbors. The modern city of London—the city proper—is a place where they make nothing, but sell everything. It is now quite a quiet city; the old rumbling of broad-wheeled wagons over a stone-laid roadway has given way to the roll of the narrow wheel over the smooth asphalt; the craftsmen have left the city. But in the days of Whittington there was no noisier city in the whole world; the roar and the racket of it could be heard afar off—even at the rising of the Surrey Hills or the slope of Highgate or the top of Parliament Hill. Every man in the city was at work except the lazy men-at-arms of my lord's following in the great house that was like a barrack. They lay about waiting for the order to mount and ride off to the border, or the Welsh march, or to fight the French. But roundabout their barracks the busy craftsmen worked all day long. From every lane rang out without ceasing the tuneful note of the hammer and the anvil; the carpenters, not without noise, drove in their nails, and the coopers hooped their casks; the blacksmith's fire roared; the harsh grating of the founders set the teeth on edge of those who passed that way; along the river-bank, from the Tower to Paul's stairs, those who loaded and those who unloaded, those who carried the bales to the warehouses, those who hoisted them up, the ships which came to port and the ships which sailed away, did all with fierce talking, shouting, quarrelling, and racket. Such work must needs be carried on with noise. In silence it droops and languishes. The pack-horses plodded along the streets coming into the city and going

out. Wagons with broad wheels rumbled and groaned along; the prentices bawled from the shops; the fighting-men marched along to sound of trumpet; the church bells and the monastery bells rang out all day long, and all night too. And at the doors of the houses or the open windows, where there was no glass, but a hanging shutter, sat or stood the women, preparing the food, washing, mending, sewing, or spinning, their children playing in the street before them. There are many towns of France, especially southern France, which recall the mediæval city. Here the women live and do their work in the doorways; the men work at the open windows; and all day there is wafted along the streets and up to the skies the fragrance of soup and onions, roasted meats and baked confections, with the smell of every trade which the people carry on.

Everything was made within the walls of the city. When one thinks upon the melting of tallow, the boiling of soap, the crushing of bones, the extracting of glue, the treatment of feathers and cloth and leather, the making and grinding of knives and all other sharp weapons, the crowding of the slaughter-houses, the decaying of fruit and vegetables, the roasting of meat at cooks' shops, the baking of bread, the brewing of beer, the making of vinegar, and all the thousand and one things which go to make up the life of a town, the most offensive of which are now carried on without the town; when one considers, further, the gutter, which played so great a part in every mediæval city; the gutter stream, which was almost Sabbatical, because it ceased to run when people ceased to work; the brook of the middle of the street, flowing with suds, the water used for domestic and for trade purposes, and with everything that would float or flow; when, again, one thinks of the rags and bones, the broken bits and remnants and fragments, the cabbage stalks and pea pods and onion peelings which were thrown into the street, though against the law, and of the lay stalls, where filth and refuse of every kind were thrown to wait the coming of carts, more uncertain than those of a modern vestry—when, I say, one thinks of all these things, and of the small boundaries of the city and its crowded people and of its narrow streets, one understands how there hung over the city day and night, never quite blown

away by those most terrible storms that sometimes swept o'er pale Britannia, a richly confectioned cloud of thick and heavy smell which the people had to breathe.

They liked it; without it, the true Londoner languished. The mediæval smell, the smell of great towns, has left London, but in old towns of the Continent, as in the old streets of Brussels, it meets and greets us to the present day. Breathing this air with difficulty, and perhaps with nausea, you may say, "Such and such was the air in which the citizens of London delighted when Edward III. was King."

The craftsman in those days had to do good work, or he would hear of it. He had to obey his company, or he would hear of it; and he had to take, with outward show of contentment, the wages that were assigned to him, or he would hear of it. He might be imprisoned, or put in pillory. We shall see a few cases of his punishment presently. As a final punishment, he might be thrust outside the gates of the city, and told to go away and to return no more.

Then, one fears, there would be nothing left for the craftsman but to turn *ribaud*, if he was clever enough to learn the arts of *ribaudeirie*; or to sink into the lowest depth and become a *villein*, bound to the soil.

If it was a city of hard work, it was also a city of play in plenty. London citizens, old and young, have always delighted beyond measure in games, shows, sports, and amusements of every kind. There were many holidays, and Sunday was not a day of gloom.

The calendar of sport begins with the first day of the year, and ends with the last day.

The year began with New-Year's gifts:

"These giftes the husband gives his wife and
father eke the child,
And master on his men bestows the like with
favour milde,
And good beginning of the year they wish and
wish again,
According to the ancient guise of heathen peo-
ple vaine.
These eight days no man doth require his
debtes of any man;
Their tables do they furnish forth with all the
meat they can."

There was skating and sliding upon the ice in Moorfields, where the shallow ponds froze easily; or they played at quarter-staff, at hocking, at single-stick, at foot-ball, and at bucklers. In the evening

they played at cards and "tables" and dice.

"Now men and maids do merry make
At stool-ball and at barley break."

On Shrove-Tuesday they had cock-fighting, a sport continued with unabated popularity until within the memory of man—nay, it is rumored that he who knows where to look for it may still enjoy that humanizing spectacle. Every Friday in Lent the young men went forth to Smithfield and held mock fights, but the custom was in time discontinued; at Easter they had boat tournaments. At this holy season also they had boar fights, and the baiting of bulls and bears. They had stage plays—the parish clerk in Chaucer "played Herod on a scaffold high." In the year 1391 the parish clerks had a play at Skinners' Well, Smithfield, which lasted for three days. In 1409 they represented the creation of the world, and it lasted eight days.

Then there were the pageants, shows, and ridings in the city. Whenever an excuse could be found, the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen held a solemn riding in all their bravery. Not even in Ghent or Antwerp were there such splendid ridings and so many of them. "Search all chronicles," says an old writer, "all histories and records, in what language or letter soever, let the inquisitive man waste the deere treasures of his time and eyesight, he shall conclude his life only in the certainty that there is no subject received into the place of his government with the like style and magnificence as is the Lord Mayor of the city of London." We shall see later on what kind of show would be held in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

As for pageants, they were so splendid that he was unhappy, indeed, who could not remember one. But there were few so unfortunate. Whenever the King paid a visit to the city, on his accession, on his marriage, on the birth of a prince, the city held a pageant. When you read the account of the pageant when Henry V. and the city returned thanks for the victory of Agincourt, remember to cover in imagination the houses with scarlet cloth, to dress the people with such bravery of attire and such colors as you can imagine, to let music play at every corner, to let the horses be apparelled as bravely as their riders, to let the bells be pealing and clashing, to fill up the narrative with the things which the historian neglects,

and then own that in the matter of pageants we are poor indeed compared with our forefathers five hundred years ago.

Of ecclesiastical functions and processions I say little. The people belonging to the Church, as well as the churches themselves, were in every street and in every function. At funerals there followed the Brotherhood of Sixty, the singing clerks, and the old priests of the Papey chanting the psalms for the dead. And see, here is a company of a hundred and twenty. They are not Londoners; they are Dutchmen; and they have come across the sea—such are the amenities of mediæval piety—to flagellate themselves for the sins of this city. Will the English follow their example? For there are sins to be expiated even at Amsterdam. They are stripped to the waist; every man is armed with a whip, and is belaboring the man in front. It is a moving spectacle. London cannot choose but repent. The tears should be running down the cheeks of toper, tosspot, and “rorere.” Alas! we hear of no tears. The Dutchmen have to go home again, and may, if they please, flagellate themselves for their own good, leaving London impenitent.

Then there is the great day of the company—its saint's day—the day of visible greatness for the trade. On this day is the whole livery assembled; there must be none absent, great or small; all are met in the hall, every man in a new gown of the trade color. First to church; the boys and singing clerks lead the way, chanting as they go. Then march the Lord Mayor's sergeants, the servants of the company, and the company itself, with its wardens and the officers. Mass despatched, they return home in the same order to the hall, where they find a banquet spread for them, such a banquet as illustrates the wealth and dignity of the trade; the music is in the gallery, the floor is spread with rushes newly laid, clean, and warm; the air is fragrant with the burning of that scented Indian wood called sanders; at the high table sit the master or warden, the guests—even the King will sometimes dine with a city company—and the court. Below, at the tables, arranged in long lines, are the freemen of the company, and not the men alone, but with every man sits his wife, or, if he be a bachelor, he is permitted to bring a maiden with him if he chooses. Think not that a city company of the olden time would call to-

gether the men to feast alone while the women staid at home. Not at all. The wardens knew very well that there is no such certain guard and preservative of honesty and order, which are the first requisites for the prosperity of trade, as the worship of man for maiden and of maid for man.

When dinner is over, they will elect the officers for the year, and doubtless hear a word of admonition on the excellence of the work and the jealousy with which the standard of good work should be guarded. Then the loving-cup goes round, and the mummers come in to perform plays and interludes, dressed up in such fantastic guise as makes the women scream and the men laugh and applaud.

On the day before Ascension day there was beating of the bounds, a custom still observed, but with grievous shrinkage of the ceremonies.

Perhaps the greatest festival of the year was May day, which fell in the middle of our month of May. It must be a hard year indeed when the east winds are not over and done with by the middle of May. Spring was upon them. Only think what was meant by spring to a people whose winters were spent, as must have been the case with most of them, in small houses, dark and cold, huddled round the fire without candles, going to bed early, rising before daylight, eating no fresh meat, fruit, or vegetables, waiting impatiently for the time to return when they would live again in the open, shutters down and doors thrown wide.

All the young people on the eve of May-day went out into the fields to gather boughs and white-thorn flowers. In Chaucer's “Court of Love,” “Forth goeth all the court, both most and least, to fetch the flowers fresh.” Later on, Herrick writes:

“Come, my Corinna, come, and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door, on this
An ark, a tabernacle is
Made up of white thorn neatly interwoven.”

It was the prettiest festival in the world. In every parish they raised a May-pole hung with garlands and ribbons; they elected a Queen of the May, and they danced and sang about their pole. The London parishes vied with each oth-

er in the height and splendor of the pole. One was kept in Gerard's Hall, Basing Lane (now swept away by the new streets). This was forty feet high. A much later one, erected in the Strand, 1661, in defiance to the Puritans, was 130 feet high. And there was the famous May-pole of St. Andrews Under-shaft, destroyed by the Puritans as an emblem of idolatry and profligacy. The girls came back from their quest of flowers singing, but not quite in these words:

"We have been rambling all the night,
And almost all the day,
And now returning back again
We have brought you a branch of May.

"A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out,
By the work of our Lord's hands."

And there was morris-dancing, with Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Little John, Tom the Piper, and Tom the Fool, with hobby-horses, pipe and tabor, mummers and devils, and I know not what; and Chepe and Cornhill and Gracechurch Street were transformed into leafy lanes and woodland ways and alleys cut through hawthorn and wild rose. You may see to-day the hawthorn and the wild rose growing in Epping Forest just as they grew four hundred years ago. But the forest has been miserably curtailed of its proportions. A great slice, wedge-shaped, has been cut out bodily, and is now built upon. Hainault Forest has perished these forty years, and is converted into farms, save for a fragment, and of Middlesex Forest nothing remains except the little piece enclosed in Lord Mansfield's park. But in those days the forest came down to the hamlet of Iseldun, afterwards merry Islington.

And in the month of June there were the burning of bonfires to clear and cleanse the air, and the marching of the watch on the vigils of St. John Baptist and St. Peter.

On the feast of St. Bartholomew there were wrestlings, foot-races, and shooting with the bow for prizes. On Holyrood day (September 14th) the young men and the maidens went nutting in the woods. At Martumas (November 1st) there was feasting to welcome the beginning of winter. Lastly, the old year ended and the new year began with the mixture and succession of religious services, pageants, shows, feasting, drinking, and dancing

which the London citizen of every degree loved so much.

Then there were the city holidays. St. Lubbock had predecessors. There were Christmas day, Twelfth day, Easter, the day of St. John the Baptist, on June 24th, and of St. Peter and St. Paul, on June 29th. On the last two days, to discourage the people from keeping it up all night, the vintners had to close their doors at ten.

The city of London has always been famous for the great plenty and variety of its food. Beef, mutton, and pork formed then, as now, the staple of the diet; small-beer was the drink of all, men, women, and children. When, for instance, the Franciscans first set up their humble cells, the small-beer being short in quantity, they did not drink water, but mixed water with the beer, in order to make it go round. There were so many fast-days in the year that fish was as important a form of food as mutton or beef. They ate lampreys, porpoise, and sturgeon among other fish. Ling, cod, and herring furnished them with salted fish. Peacocks and swans adorned their tables at great banquets. Their dishes were sweetened with honey, for sugar was scarce, but spices were abundant. By the thirteenth century they had begun to make plentiful use of vegetables. They were fond of pounding meats of different kinds, such as pork and poultry, and mixing them in a kind of *rissole*. At a certain great banquet the *menu* of which has survived there appears neither beef nor mutton, probably because those meats belonged to the daily life, but there are great birds and little birds, brawn, rabbits, swans, and venison for meats, soup of cabbage, then the *rissoles* just mentioned, and various sweetmeats. Their drink was strong ale for banquets, hot spiced ale with a toast, the loving-cup of hyppocras, and for wines, Rhenish, sack, Lisbon, and wine of Bordeaux.

Since every man in the city who practised a trade must be a freeman and a member of a company or trade guild, and since every company looked after its livery, there should have been no poor in the city at all. But performance falls short of promise; laws cannot always be enforced; there was, it is quite certain, a mass of poverty and worthlessness in the city even in those days. Perhaps the city proper, with its wards, was tolerably free from rogues and vagabonds, but there

were the suburbs of Southwark, that of the Strand, that already springing up outside Cripplegate, and the city of Westminster. Plenty of room here for the rogues to find shelter. There were also the trades of which the city took no heed, that of minstrels, jugglers, and actors, and all those who lived by amusing others; also the calling of servant in every kind, as drover, carter, waggoner, carrier, porter (not yet associated), and so forth. And there were the men who would never do any work at all, yet wanted as much drink and food as the honest men who did their share. For all these people, when they were hungry, there were the charities of the great men, the bishops, and the monasteries. For instance, the Earl of Warwick allowed any man to take as much meat as he could carry away on a dagger; the Bishop of Ely (but this was later in the sixteenth century) gave every day bread, drink, and meat to two hundred poor people; the Earl of Derby fed every day, twice, sixty old people; thrice a week all comers; and on Good Friday 2700 men and women. In the year 1293, being a time of dearth, the Archbishop of Canterbury fed daily four or five thousand. In 1171 Henry II., as part of his penance for the murder of à Becket, fed 10,000 people from April till harvest. In the reign of Edward III., the Bishop of Durham bestowed on the poor every week eight quarters of wheat, besides the broken victuals of his house. The almshouses, of which there are so many still existing, belong for the most part to a later time. The citizens founded hospitals for the necessitous as well as for the sick; they rebuilt and beautified churches; they endowed charities, and gave relief to poor prisoners. The first almshouses recorded were founded in the fourteenth century by William Elsing, mercer, who, in 1332, endowed a house for the support of a hundred blind men, and by John Stodie, citizen and vintner, Mayor in 1358, who built and endowed thirteen almshouses for as many poor citizens. In 1415 William Sevenoke, citizen and grocer, founded a school and almshouses in his native place, and two years later Whittington founded by will his college and almshouses. The college has been swallowed up, but the almshouses remain, though transferred to Highgate. After this the rich citizens began to remember the poor in their wills, choosing rather, like Philip

Malpas, Sheriff in 1440, to give clothing to poor men and women, marriage dowries to poor maidens, and money for the highways than to bequeath the money for the singing of masses or the endowment of charities.

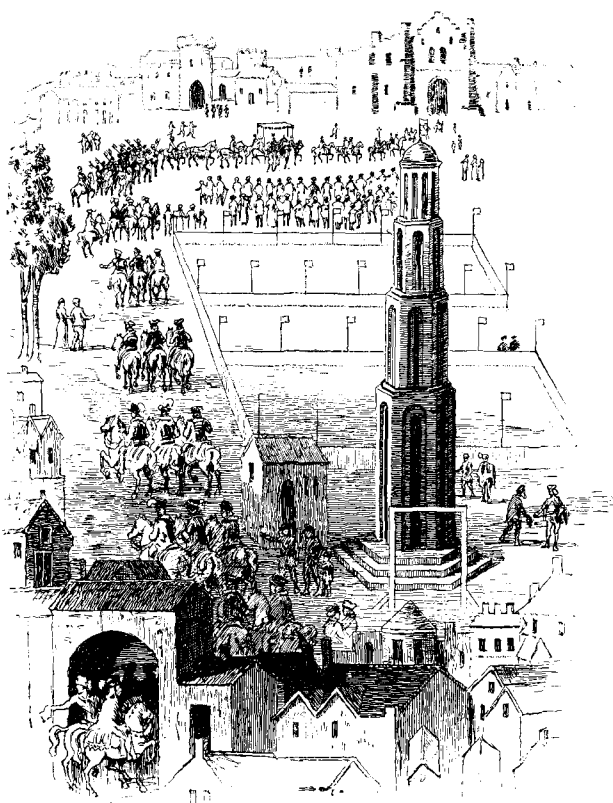
One more amusement must be mentioned, because it is the only one of which the honest Londoners have never wearied. It is mentioned by the worthy Fitz Stephen. It still continues to afford joy to millions. The craftsman of the fourteenth century found it at the Mermaid in Cornhill, or the Three Tuns of Newgate, or the Swan of Dowgate, or the Salutation of Billingsgate, or the Boar's Head of London Stone. He found it in company with his fellows, and whether he took it out of a glass or a silver mazer or a black jack, he took it joyfully, and he took it abundantly. Tossspots and swinkers were they then; tossspots and swinkers are they still.

To set against this eagerness for pleasure, this avidity after sports of every kind, we must remember the continual recurrence of plague and pestilence, especially in the fourteenth century, when the loss of shows and feasting was at its highest, and when the Black Death carried off half the citizens. Is it not a natural result? When life is so uncertain that men know not to-day how many will be alive to-morrow, they snatch impatiently at the present joy; it is too precious to be lost; another moment, and the chance will be gone—perhaps forever. As is the merriment of the camp when the battle is imminent, so is the joy of the people between the comings of the plague. Life never seems so full of rich and precious gifts as at such a time. As for the lessons in sanitation that the plague should teach, the people had not as yet begun to learn them. The lay stalls and the river-bank, despite laws and proclamations, continued to be heaped with filth, and the narrow street received the refuse from every house.

The earliest schools of the city were those of St. Paul's, Westminster, and St. Saviour's, Bermondsey. Each of the religious houses in turn, as it was erected, opened another school. When, however, Henry V. had suppressed the alien priories, of which four certainly, and perhaps more, belonged to London, their schools were also suppressed. So much was the loss felt that Henry VI., the

greatest founder of schools of all the kings, erected four new grammar-schools, namely: at St. Martin's le Grand, St. Dunstan in the West, St. Mary le Bow, and St. Anthony's; and in the following year he made four more, namely, in the parishes of St. Andrew's, Holborn; All Hallows the Great, Thames Street; St. Peter's, Cornhill; and St. Thomas of Acon.

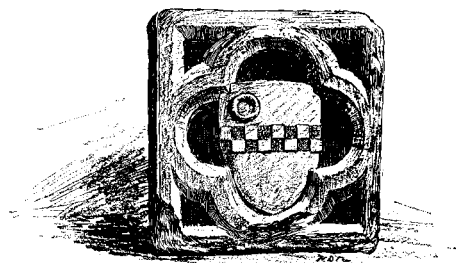
But to what extent education prevailed, whether the sons of craftsmen were taught to read and write before they were apprenticed, I know not. For them the *trivium* and the *quadrivium* of the mediæval school, the grammar, rhetoric, dialectic, music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, could not possibly be of use. On the other hand, one cannot understand that the child of a respectable London craftsman should be allowed to grow up to the age of fourteen with no education at all. As for the children of gentle birth, we know very well how they were taught. Their education was planned so as to include very carefully the mastery of those accomplishments which we call good manners. It also included Latin, French, reading, writing, poetry, and music. In the towns the merchants and the better class understood very well the necessity of education for their own needs. The poor scholar, however—the lad who was born of humble parents and received his education for nothing—was a young man well known and recognized as a common type. But he never intended his learning to adorn a trade; rather should it lead him to the university, to the Church, even to a bishopric. It is significant that throughout Riley's *Memorials* there is no mention of school or of education; there is no hint anywhere how the children of the working classes were taught. One thing is certain, the desire for learning was grad-



THE STRAND (1547), WITH THE STRAND CROSS, COVENT GARDEN, AND THE PROCESSION OF EDWARD VI. TO HIS CORONATION AT WESTMINSTER.

ually growing and deepening in those years; and when the Reformation set the Bible free, there were plenty—thanks perhaps to King Henry's grammar-schools—in the class of craftsmen who could read it. But as yet we are two hundred years from the freeing of the Book.

It is always found that the laws are strict in an inverse proportion to the strength of the executive. Thus, had the laws been properly carried out, London would have been the cleanest and the most orderly town of the present, past, and future. Every man was enjoined to keep the front of his house clean; no refuse was to be thrown into the gutter; no one was to walk the streets at night. When the curfew-bell rang, first from St. Martin's, and afterwards from all the churches together, the gates of the city were closed; the taverns were shut; no one was allowed to walk about the streets; no boats were to cross the river; the ser-



ARMS OF SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.—GREY-FRIARS, LONDON.

geants of Billingsgate and Queenhithe had each his boat, with its crew of four men, to guard the river and the quays; guards were posted at the closed gates; a watch of six men was set in every ward, all the men of the ward being liable to serve upon it. These were excellent rules. Yet we find men haled before the Mayor charged with being common *roreres* (roarers), with beating people in the streets, enticing them into taverns, where they were made to drink and to gamble. Among the common *roreres* was once found, alas! a priest. What, however, were the other people doing in the street after curfew? And why were not the taverns shut? As is the strength of the ruling arm, so should be the law. We are not ourselves free from the reproach of passing laws which cannot be enforced because they are against the will of the people, and the executive is too weak to carry them out against that will. People, you see, cannot be civilized by statute.

Such were the people of London in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Such was Plantagenet London, the land of Cocaigne—Cockney Land—whither the penniless young gentleman, the son of the country squire, made his way in search of the fortune which others had picked up on its golden pavement.

“Strewed with gold and silver sheen,
In Cockneys’ streets no molde is seen;
Pancakes be the shingles alle
Of church and cloister, bower and halle;
Running rivers, grete and fine,
Of hypocras and ale and wine.”

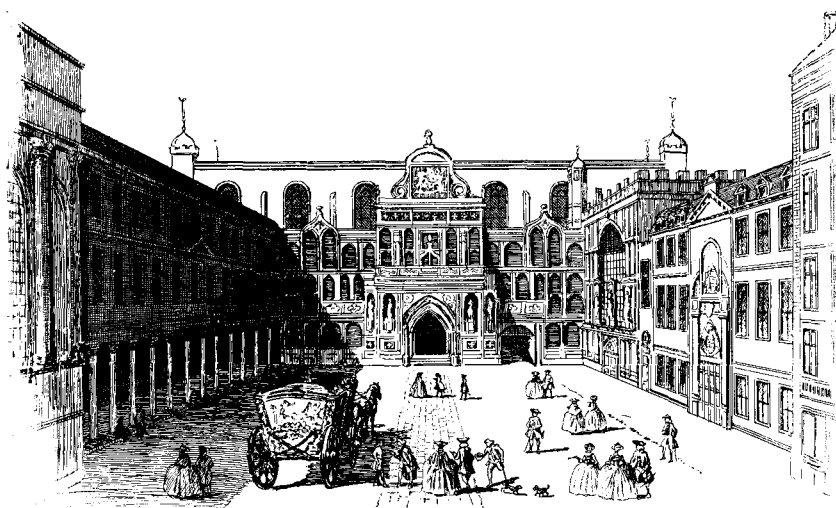
But, indeed, a pavement of flints and stones the City offered to any who tried to win her fortunes save by the way prescribed. Of course there were—there always are—many who cannot enter by the appointed gate, nor keep to the ordered

way. As it is now, so it was then. There were rogues and cheats; there were men who preferred any way of life to the honest way. How the City in its wisdom dealt with those, we shall now see.

At first sight one may be struck with the leniency of justice. In cases which in later years were punished by flogging at the cart tail, by hanging, by long imprisonment, the criminal of the fourteenth century stood in pillory, or was made to ride through the streets, the nature of his crime symbolized by something hung from his neck. There were as yet no burnings, no slicing off of ears; there was no rack, no torture by rope, boot, or water. It is true that those who ventured upon violence to the sacred person of an Alderman were liable to have the right hand struck off; but at the last moment that officer always begged and obtained a commutation, while the criminal made humble submission. Those who have entered upon an inheritance of law-abiding and of order have forgotten by what severities men were forced into external forms of respect for the officers of justice. Then, again, the Alderman knew every man in his ward; he was no stranger among his people; he knew the circumstances and the condition of every one; he was punishing a brother who had



ARMS GRANTED TO THE CRAFT OF THE IRONMONGERS OF LONDON BY LANCASTER KING OF ARMS, A.D. 1466.



GUILDHALL, KING STREET, LONDON.

brought the ward into disrepute by his unruly conduct; he was therefore tender, saving the dignity of his office and his duty to the city.

For instance, it was once discovered that wholesale robberies were carried on by certain bakers who made holes in their moulding-boards, and so filched the dough. These rogues in the last century would have been flogged unmercifully. Robert de Bretagne, Mayor A.D. 1387, was satisfied by putting them in pillory till after vespers at St. Paul's, with dough hung about their necks, so that all the world might know why they were there. When certain "tapicers" were charged with selling false blankets, that is, blankets which had been "vamped" in foreign parts with the hair of oxen and cows, the blankets were ordered to be burned. On the other hand, highway robbery, burglaries, and some cases of theft were punished by hanging. The unhappy Desiderata de Torgnton, for instance, in an evil moment stole from a servant of the Lady Alice de Lisle thirty dishes and twenty-four salt-cellar of silver. The servant was bound by sureties that he would prosecute for felony, and did so, with the result that Desiderata was hanged, and her chattels confiscated; but of chattels had she none.

For selling putrid meat the offender was put in pillory, and the bad meat—dreadful addition to the sentence—burned beneath his nose. The sale of "false" goods—that is, things not made as they

should be made, either of bad materials or of inferior materials—was always punished by destruction of the things.

What should be done to a man who spoke disrespectfully of the Mayor? One Roger Torold, citizen and vintner, in the year of grace 1355, and in the twenty-eighth year of our Sovereign Lord King Edward III., said one day, in the presence of witnesses, that he was ready to defy the Mayor, and that if he should catch the Mayor outside the City, then the Mayor should never come back to it alive. These things being reported, the Mayor caused him to be brought before himself, the Aldermen, and Sheriffs at the Guildhall. The prisoner confessed his crime, and put himself upon the favor of the Court. He was committed to prison while the Court considered what should be done to him. Being brought to the bar, he offered to pay a fine of one hundred tuns of wine for restoration to the favor of the Mayor. This was accepted, on the condition that he should also make a recognizance of £40 sterling to be paid if ever again he should abuse or insult the name or person of the Mayor. For perjury, the offender was, for a first crime, taken to the Guildhall, and there placed upon a high stool, bareheaded, before the Mayor and Aldermen. For the second offence he was placed in pillory. For women, the thew was substituted for the pillory. One Alice, wife of Robert de Causton, stood in the thew for thicken-



BLACKWELL HALL, KING STREET.

ing the bottom of a quart pot with pitch, so as to give short measure. The said quart pot was divided into two parts, of which one half was tied to the pillory in sight of the people, and the other half was kept in the Guildhall.

As an illustration of the times I give the story of William Blakeney. He was a shuttle-maker by trade, but a pilgrim by profession. He dressed for the part with long hair, long gown, and bare feet. He loitered about in places where men resorted—taverns and such—and there entertained all comers with travellers' tales. He had been everywhere, this pious and adventurous pilgrim. He had seen Seville, city of sacred relics; Rome, the abode of his Holiness the Pope; he had even seen the Pope himself. He had been to the Holy Land, and stood within the very sepulchre of our Lord. And what with the strange creatures he had met with in those far-off lands, and the men and women among whom he had sojourned, and the things he could tell you, and the things which he postponed till the next time, the story would fill volumes. For six years he lived in great comfort, eating and drinking of the best, always at the expense of his hearers. This man must have been an unequalled story-teller. Six years of invention ever fresh and new! Then he was found out

—he had never been a pilgrimage in his life. He had never been out of sight of the London walls. So he stood in pillory—this poor novelist, who would in these days have commanded so much respect and such solid rewards—he stood in pillory, with a whetstone round his neck, as if he had been a common liar! And then he had to go back to the dull monotony of shuttle-making, and that in silence, with nobody to believe him any more. Well, he shortly afterwards died, I am convinced, of suppressed fiction. But perhaps his old friends rallied round him, and by the light of the fire he still beguiled the long evenings by telling for the hundredth time of the one-eyed men, and the men with tails, and the men who have but one leg, and use their one foot for an umbrella against the scorching sun—all of whom he had seen in the deserts on the way from Jerusalem to Damascus, where St. Paul was converted.

Would you know how a young married couple set up house-keeping? Here is the inventory of the household furniture of such a pair in the fourteenth century. It is not the only document of the kind which exists, but it is interesting because it forms part of a story which remains unfinished.

The inventory belongs to the year 1337. The proprietor's name was Hugh le Be-

vere; that of his wife, Alice. Hugh le Bevere was a craftsman of the better sort, but not a master. He was so well off that the furniture of his house, including clothes, was valued at £12 18s. 4d., which, being interpreted into modern money, means about £200. He had been married but a short time when the events occurred which caused this inventory to be drawn up. The newly married pair lived in a house consisting of two rooms, one above the other. The lower room, which was kitchen and keeping-room in one, was divided from the houses on either side by solid stone walls; it had a chimney and a fireplace; the walls were hung round with kitchen utensils, tools, and weapons; a window opened to the street, the upper part of which was glazed, while the lower part could be closed by a stout shutter; the door opened into the street; there was another door at the back which opened upon a buttery, where there stood ranged in a row six casks of wine. One folding table and two chairs served for their wants, because they were not rich enough to entertain their friends. A ladder led to the upper room, which was an

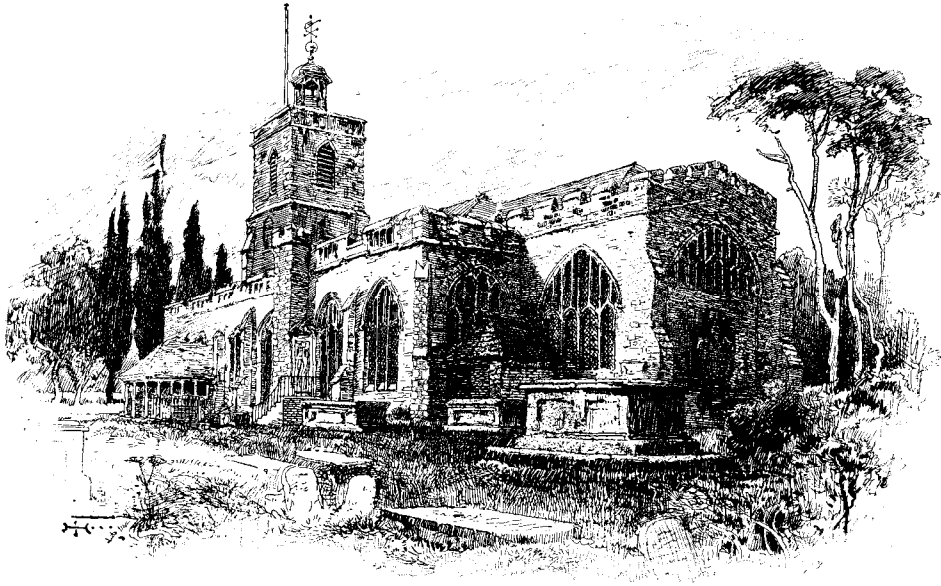
attic or garret, built of wood and thatched with rush. Here was the bed with a mattress, three feather beds, and two pillows. A great wooden coffer held their household gear; here were six blankets and one serge, a coverlet with shields of sendale (a kind of thin silk), eight linen sheets, four table-cloths. The clothes, which were laid in chests or hung upon the wall, consisted of three surcoats of worsted and ray; one coat with a hood of perset (peach-colored cloth), and another of worsted; two robes of perset; one of medley, furred; one of scarlet, furred; a great hood of sendale with edging; one camise (only one!); and half a dozen save-napes (aprons). One perceives that the inventory omits many things. Where, for instance, were the hosen and the shoon? For kitchen utensils there were brass pots, a grate, andirons, basins, washing vessels, a tripod, an iron horse, an iron spit, a frying-pan, a funnel, two ankers (tubs), etc. They had one candlestick "of lattone"; two plates; an aumbrey (cabinet or small cupboard); curtains to hang before the doors to keep out the cold; cushions and a green carpet; and for the husband a haketon, or suit of leather armor, and an iron head-piece. Of knives, forks, wooden plates, cups, glasses, or drinking measures there is nothing said at all. But it



THE CONDUIT, NEAR BAYSWATER.



ANCIENT PLATE.



SOUTHEAST VIEW OF STEPNEY CHURCH.

is evident that the house was provided with everything necessary for solid comfort; plenty of kitchen vessels, for instance, and plenty of soft feather beds, blankets, pillows, curtains, and sheets.

Every morning at six o'clock, after a hunch of bread, a substantial slice of cold meat, and a pull at the black-jack of small-ale, Hugh le Bevere walked off to his day's work. Then Alice, left at home, washed and scoured, made and mended, cooked the dinner, talked to the neighbors, and, when all was done, sat in the doorway enjoying the sunshine and spinning busily.

They had been married but a short time. There were no children. Then—one knows nothing; no one must judge harshly; there may have been jealousy; there may have been cause for jealousy; perhaps the woman had a tongue unendurable (fourteenth-century tongues were cruelly sharp); perhaps the man had a temper uncontrolled (in that century there were many such); but no one knows, and, again, we must not judge—then, I say, the end came, suddenly and without warning. When it was all over, some of the neighbors thought they had heard high words and a smothered shriek, but then we often think we have heard what probably happened. In the morning Hugh le Bevere went not forth to his work as usual; Alice

did not open the door; the shutters remained closed. The neighbors knocked; there was no answer. They sent for the Alderman, who came with his sergeants, and broke open the door. Alas! alas! They found the body of Alice lying stark and dead upon the floor; beside her sat her husband with white face and baggard eyes, and the evidence of his crime, the knife itself, lying where he had thrown it.

They haled him to the Lord Mayor's Court. They questioned him. He made no reply at first, looking as one distraught; when he spoke, he refused to plead. For this, in later times, he would have been pressed to death. What was done to him was almost as bad; for they took him to Newgate, and shut him up in a cell with penance, that is to say, on bread and water, until he died.

This done, they buried the unfortunate Alice, and made the inventory of all the chattels, which the City confiscated, and sold for £12 18s. 4d., out of which, no doubt, they paid for the funeral of the woman and the penance of the man. The rest, one hopes, was laid out in masses, as far as it would go, for the souls of the hapless pair. Death has long since released Hugh le Bevere; he has entered his plea before another Court; but the City has never learned why he killed his wife, or if, indeed, he really did kill her.

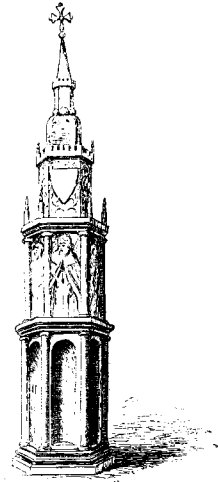
Of Plantagenet London this is my picture. You see a busy, boisterous, cheerful city; with the exception of the cities of Ghent and Bruges and Antwerp, the busiest and the most prosperous city of the western world, with the greatest liberty of the people, the greatest plenty of all good things, and the happiest conditions of any town. You have seen that though the sovereign was King within as well as without the walls, there was no other over-lord; the royal hand was sometimes heavy, but its weight was better to bear than the internal dissensions that ravaged the Italian cities; it was better that London should suffer with the rest of the country than that she should sit, like Venice, secure and selfish beside her quays, though the people of the land behind were torn with civil wars and destroyed by famine and overrun by a foreign enemy.

When we think of this period let us never forget its external splendor—the silken banners, the heralds in their embroidered coats, the livery of the great lords, the Mayor and Aldermen in their robes riding to hear mass at St. Paul's, the cloth of gold, the vair and miniver, the ermine and the sable, the robes of perset and the hoods of sendale, the red velvet and the scarlet silk, the great gold chains, the caps embroidered with pearls, the horses with their trappings, the banners and the shields, the friars jostling the parish priests, the men-at-arms, the City ladies, as glorious with their raiment as the ladies of the court, the knights, the common folk, the merchant, and the prentice. Mostly I like to think of the prentice.

One always envies the young; theirs is the inheritance. The prentice lived amidst these glories, which seemed like shows invented for his delight. It was a time when the fleeting shows and vanities of life were valued all the more because they were so fleeting. He looked around, and his heart swelled with the joy of thinking that some day these things would fall to him if he was lucky, diligent, and watchful. His was the threefold vow of industry, obedience, and duty. By keeping this vow he would attain to the place and station of his master.

For the continued noise and uproar of the City, for its crowds, for its smells, the people cared nothing. They were part of the City. They liked everything that belonged to it—their great cathedral; their hundred churches; their monasteries; their palaces and the men-at-arms; the nobles, priests, and monks; the Mayor and Aldermen; the ships and the sailors; the merchants and the craftsmen; the ridings and the festivals and the holydays; the ringing, clinging, clashing of the bells all day

long; the drinking at the taverns; the wrestling and the archery; the dancing; the pipe and tabor; the pageants, and the mumming and the love-making—all, all they loved. And they thought in their pride that there was not anywhere in the whole habitable world—witness the pilgrims and the ship-captains, who had seen the habitable world—any city that might compare with famous London Town.



OLD CHARING CROSS.



CHURCH OF ST. KATHERINE'S, NEAR THE TOWER.



TRIALS OF A PAINTER'S WIFE.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

SIR BINKS (who always *piques himself on saying just the right thing*): "A—what I like so much about that milkmaid, don'tcherknow, is that your husband hasn't fallen into the usual mistake of painting a lady dressed up in milkmaid's clothes! She's so unmistakably a milkmaid and nothing else, don'tcherknow!"
THE PAINTER'S WIFE: "I'm so glad you think so.... he painted her from *me*!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

CYNICUS remarked the other day, as he was watching the carriages roll along Bellevue Avenue at Newport, that there seemed to be a good deal of interest in morality just now. The newspapers especially, he said, are prodigious preachers upon the subject, and he insisted that they dilated and perorated upon immorality as if it were a recent discovery.

But what is so old? he asked. Doesn't the Scriptural history of the race begin with what is represented as an immoral act of disobedience? And to come down suddenly to a late period of our history, what is the story of the politics of our noble English branch of the human race but a long tale of immorality? When you have deducted selfishness, intrigue, personal ambition, love of power, place-hunting, envy, jealousy, and all uncharitableness from politics, how much patriotism, principle, and morality are left? Dr. Johnson was a shrewd observer, and he had seen much of men. He was not unkindly; on the contrary, he had a heart as large as the rest of him; and when he defined patriotism he described what he saw. He certainly did not mean that there was no such thing, for he was himself an illustration of it. He was an Englishman in every drop of his blood and every beat of his heart. He meant only that something else than patriotism called itself by that name.

When Cynicus was reminded that nobody denied the antiquity of immorality, but that his own remark seemed to be a sneer at morality, he replied, "No, but at the affectation of it." Yet when he was asked whether the affectation of a virtue is not a recognition of the honor in which the virtue is really held, he did not answer, but said that he hated cant, and was of opinion that the politicians who rebuke Walpole's corruption are as corrupt as Walpole.

But he evaded the question. If what he said was true, did it excuse Walpole? If you wish to steal or forge or lie, it is very easy to say that people

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,

By damning those they have no mind to."

The proposition may be true, but what then? Are there no sins! Are there no sinners? Or is there nothing else but sin and sinners?

Cynicus was asked his opinion of Mr. Gladstone. "A mere fraud," he answered. "Ten years ago I thought him the greatest and best of men, but he has undeceived me. He has thrown away the mask, and I now see him as he is, a reckless schemer and conspirator, who would dissolve the British Empire to be Prime Minister for a year. He is enough to sicken any man of what is called morality in politics. People call Walpole immoral. He was playing the same game as Gladstone, but at least his stakes were British unity and power."

But when Cynicus was asked whether a Prime Minister who takes a course which throws him from power, breaks up his party, draws upon his head the fiercest hatred and opprobrium, and all without a whisper of personal corruption, can be reasonably supposed to act from a desire to gain what he already has, Cynicus was silent.

Did Sir Robert Peel advocate the repeal of the corn laws in order that he might be Prime Minister of England and the Tory leader? The answer is that already he was both Prime Minister and Tory leader. What then could have been his motive? It was not political aggrandizement, nor pecuniary gain, nor personal consideration. What was it? Must it necessarily have been a mean motive? Might it not have been what he believed to be the public benefit, the welfare of his country; an unselfish, not a personal, end; a moral, not an immoral, purpose? Did he not deliberately but conscientiously sacrifice himself to his country, and was he not as purely a patriot as Leonidas or Winkelried?

There may be as much cant of political morality as Cynicus believes, but does the fact that somebody cants prove that Gladstone's motive in risking his political place and power and contemporary fame, in transforming the admiration of friends into hostility, and apparently justifying the disdain of foes, was a mean motive? Which was the rosy path of personal ease and applause and triumph? It was the same both for Peel and Gladstone, and it was the path they did not take.

When Cynicus says that there seems to be great interest just now in morality, he is ridiculing what is always the most

hopeful sign of the times. His feeling, indeed, is partly generous. That is to say, it is impatience of cant, and of the constant failure fully to attain. But even if the motives are not unmixed with which rascality is now pitilessly exposed and lofty standards are raised, the acts themselves are most serviceable. The tipsy bearer of a flag inscribed with "Temperance forever" is a droll figure. But his flag displays the truth, however his feet falter. Cynicus would not deny that there are such virtues as honor and courage and fidelity, and that there are those who are loyal to them, although the greater number may pass by on the other side. He ought also to reflect that a sneer helps nothing. It confirms those who do not believe or are too weak to trust their faith, while it does not cheer or strengthen those who are true.

The Americans love a majority, but it is the minority that saves. A sneer is the sigh of weakness which knows its duty and also its inability to do it; or it is weakness laughing bitterly at its own impotence. Cynicus will stroll on with the crowd at which he jeers. He will follow, but he will never lead. He will sneer at the minority to-day, and to-morrow, when it has become a majority, he will declare that it is useless to kick against the pricks.

THE newspaper is always an entertaining and suggestive text, for it is one of the most powerful forces in modern civilization. Like the philosopher, it takes all knowledge for its province, and it assumes to treat everybody's business as its own. Its legend may well be that of the ancient church a little varied: *Semper, ubique, omnibus*. With the artist in the poem, who in his enthusiasm cries to his beloved, "Into paint will I grind thee, my bride," the newspaper proposes to grind all things into news. It brings to its task untiring energy, unbounded resource, immense intelligence, and most inventive enterprise. And yet it is sometimes baffled in the simplest effort.

There has been recently a very amusing illustration of its inability to accomplish what would seem to be its easiest task. It could not ascertain the condition of the health of Mr. Blaine. No ingenuity of reporting, no skill of the interviewer, no prolonged, detailed, double-leaded, and hugely head-lined statement availed. The more the newspaper assert-

ed and described, the less the public knew. The spectacle was that of a great leviathan splashing the ocean into foam far and wide, but doing nothing else. There was an elaborate uproar of allegation, but no knowledge. Nobody really knew from the newspaper how Mr. Blaine was.

The assertion and counter-assertion were both apparently equally authentic and probable. One morning the most alarming statements were made public, and declared to rest upon the highest professional authority. The next morning they were contradicted, as was alleged, by members of the Secretary's family. This contradiction was countered by a scientific abstract of medical examinations demonstrating fell disease. This, in turn, was immediately overtaken by the most emphatic denunciations of its falsity from the most intimate friends of the Secretary. Finally a detailed interview with the distinguished victim of the cyclone of rumors was published in papers most friendly to him. This seemed to conclude the dispute, but it was hardly read before the friendly papers themselves confessed that they had been deceived.

The situation would have been merely ludicrous except for the gravity of the truth involved, the health of the Secretary of State. The ignorance was so universal and profound and insuperable that at length an ingenious theory was propounded to explain the inability to know. It was suddenly and widely announced that the reports of serious illness were due to a political conspiracy. They were published, it was said, to produce the impression that the state of the Secretary's health, whatever it might actually be, was such as to make it impossible for him to be a candidate for the Presidential nomination. It was a malicious plot, it was alleged, to poison the public mind with suspicion and distrust, and it was the more infamous because it was a plot of his own political associates.

This theory of a conspiracy was the more amusing because it was wholly superfluous. The situation required no such theory. Not only would the leaders in such a conspiracy have known that a single word would expose them, but they knew that the whole situation was due to the fact that the word was unspoken, although at any moment it might be uttered. The detailed assertion and coun-

ter-assertion sprang from a perfectly obvious cause. It was the omission to publish a frank professional bulletin which produced the whispering of rumor. This was the spring of all the mischief. It was evidently foolish to imagine an organized scheme to represent the Secretary as seriously ill, when a few words from himself or his physicians or his family might at once state the precise fact, and dispose of all surmises and assertions. Moreover, it was monstrous to suppose that so unnecessary a cruelty would be the resort of any considerable body even of American politicians.

But wholly apart from the personal consideration, the entertaining fact remained that the newspaper was baffled, and at last cried for quarter. It could tell us every day what Bismarck intended and what the German Emperor had said, what Parnell hoped and how ill Mr. Spurgeon was, but with all its power and skill and money and persistence it could not tell us how Mr. Blaine was, and finally it declared that somebody ought to speak authentically. But this was only to say that somebody ought to tell what the newspaper could not tell.

In another way, however, the victory remained with the newspaper. It was not able, indeed, to say how ill the Secretary was, but it was able to show the extreme probability that he was not well. Here, again, the process was simple. When the newspaper announced that the Secretary of State, the real leader of the party of administration, and the most conspicuous public figure of the hour, was alarmingly ill, it was a natural supposition that if the report was unfounded, or if his illness had been slight and unimportant, its character would have been at once stated, and in the most conclusive and unquestionable manner. That this was not done naturally suggested every kind of surmise and assertion, which became more startling and detailed with the increasing belief that no authoritative assurance would be given.

The newspaper could not tell us how ill, if ill at all, the Secretary was, but it succeeded in impressing the country with the conviction that he was seriously ill. *Omne ignotum* is a proverb which may well be borne in mind in dealing with subjects which are essentially of public interest, like the health of eminent public

officers. It is undoubtedly true that the newspaper meddles with much which is really private, but it is no less true that it will continue to meddle, and wise men deal with facts.

The assumption of the newspaper, however, that anything by the sensational publication of which it can make money is therefore news, and may be rightfully published, is a very frequent but very mistaken assumption. Privacy, indeed, may be invaded and made public, as a man's purse may be stolen and the money spent by the thief. But theft does not convey title. There may be ill-gotten gains displayed in newspapers as well as hidden in pockets. A newspaper is no more justified in doing whatever it may be able to do than Yankee Sullivan or the Russian Czar.

MR. HENRY IRVING lately declined to discuss the moral influence of the stage; not in deference to the sneer of Cynicus that there is a great deal of attention now paid to morality, but on the ground that the moral influence of the stage is no more open to discussion than that of any other form of art. This was a fair reason, although the morality of art, like the morality of life, is always a legitimate subject of debate. There is no more frequent dispute, for example, than that about the place of morals in literary art, in which a large and aggressive party insists that it has no conscious place at all, except as fidelity in art may be held to be a moral duty.

These, however, are metaphysics in which Mr. Irving does not choose to entangle himself. He is content, professionally, to obey as he can the great masters of the drama, and to hold the mirror up to nature. But there are several aspects of the question which he might have considered. For instance, he might have viewed the theatre or playhouse as distinct from the play. The written drama is literature, but acting is not literature, and the stage is not literature. He might have treated the source of the moral disfavor under which the theatre so long lay—a disfavor which still survives, and which a quarter of a century ago made so many good people regret that Abraham Lincoln should have been in a theatre when he was assassinated, and forty years ago secured to Jenny Lind in this country a triumph in the

concert-room which she could not have achieved in the playhouse.

Or Mr. Irving might have pointed out the root of the Puritan hatred of the stage. The excesses of the English theatre, the stage of the Restoration, of Aphra Behn and the later artificial comedy, the theatre of Wycherley and Vanbrugh—all these were not the reason of the Puritan protest; on the contrary, all these were the reaction against Puritanism. The sting of the ribaldry was ridicule of Puritanism. The licentious drama was not the cause of the antipathy which the Pilgrims brought to Plymouth and the Non-conformists to Boston and Salem, for it did not then exist.

Their dislike of the theatre had the same origin as their feeling toward bear-baiting and dancing and pleasure in general. Pleasure was wanton; it was trifling; it was a lust of the flesh, a desire of the natural man. But the natural man was the child of Belial. He was to be mortified, chastised, and subdued. Christmas itself was a mockery and a snare. Governor Bradford at Plymouth reproved the children at their holiday sports. But so strong is the impress of his spirit upon New England that the other day when Hannibal Hamlin died in Maine, serious regret was expressed that he should have been stricken in a club-house while playing a game of cards. Such regret is a form of the feeling which sent Simeon Stylites to his pillar.

The modern ban of the stage is not merely a Puritan heritage, it is a logical consequence of the reaction against Puritanism. For this reaction made the playhouse a house of sin. If the drama of Charles the Second was but a reflex of his court and of the fine society of his time, what then? If the artificial comedy that followed was a similar picture of a later day, what then? Then the playhouse was a school of vice. The social ideal of life at the Restoration was the pursuit of unlawful gallantry. Was that a noble aim to set before youth? In the theatre of that time was any generous emotion quickened, any lofty thought inspired, any heroic purpose fired? Was it surprising that as a finer moral sensibility was developed, it outlawed the theatre?

This was the playhouse which was banned by our fathers and mothers in this country. In ways familiar to the

older generation still living, it opened its doors to vice, with the purpose of enticing youth. It was a doubtful and intermittent pleasure even in the larger towns. The players were a peculiar and somewhat separate class. Those who associated with them familiarly were regarded as of rather easy morality. Religion denounced the theatre. Respectability evaded it. A clergyman in a theatre would have been a spectacle as monstrous as a bishop gambling.

But, like Sir John, the theatre of tradition, to visit which the young Washington Irving let himself stealthily out of the window of his Presbyterian home, has now purged and lives cleanly. The late Mr. Barnum, a generation ago, in his American Museum showed that a theatre could be as innocent as a concert-room. Barnum practically Bowdlerized the playhouse. He eliminated the wickedness. He provided a family theatre, a purged playhouse, in which even the clergy could sit harmless, even the cloth could be unsoiled. Dr. Bellows, one of the most active, humane, high-minded, and courageous of citizens, made, in the old Academy of Music, an eloquent and persuasive plea for the stage. They were all signs of the changing spirit. The devil was no longer to have all the good tunes. The theatre was not to be forever the gate through which whosoever passed must leave morality behind. And if to-day, as he enters the scene, Mr. Henry Irving sees before him the clergy and the laity commingled, it is not that the theatre has pulled them down, but that morality and decency have lifted the playhouse up.

Yes, undoubtedly there is the doubtful opera, and there is the leering play. But again, what then? There are also the slimy novel and the picture of Cyprus. But because there are chilly days, and even lingering sheltered snow banks in May, do we deny that summer is coming in?

THE valley of the Connecticut has not only a tranquil pastoral charm, but it has also the historical traditions and associations that belong to the earliest settlements of New England. The river is a placid stream, and from its mouth at Saybrook, on Long Island Sound, northward to Hartford, the traveller passes through a gentle landscape of rich fields and broad meadows, rising sometimes into green uplands,