

## **Haunted London.**

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morning, that required some consideration, and I found it almost impossible to work a bit; and when I told the doctor, he said he was delighted to hear it, for that he doesn't want any of us to be writing or studying here."

[To be continued.]

## HAUNTED LONDON.

I.—LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

LINCOLN'S INN, that is to say, the old manor or mansion of the Earls of Lincoln (1312) on its grimy Chancery Lane side, is indeed, as Leigh Hunt well expressed it, "saturated with London smoke." That long row of black opaque windows, that even in hot bright June, sunshine never seems to visit; those mud-splashed spiders' nests of opaque glass, piled up with heaps of dead men's briefs, that are tied with red tape and spiced with dust black as pepper; can scarcely, by the liveliest imagination, be recognised as lighting the chambers where Cromwell spent his wild youth, afterwards to be so weepingly repented of; where Dr. Donne wrote quaint crabbed poetry; where the wise Lord Mansfield sipped his tea; and where, at the mature age of twenty, Sir Thomas More donned a hair shirt, to help him to meditate on law and philosophy, with that massy head one day to be held up in the bloody grip of an executioner.

It is healthy, in walking London streets, to fly the mind, as if it was a hawk, back at old times; it removes us from the selfishness of the present; it reads all our dreams and hopes a sharp sound lesson of the mutability of things, and teaches us what a great kaleidoscope this city (nay, the world itself) is in the hands of Time—that mighty conjuror, upon whose magic chess-board we men are but as the pawns of red and white.

It gives, too—this putting on, now and then, antiquarian spectacles—a charm to our walks, lifting off London roofs for us, as a carver lifts up the lid of a pie, and showing us under each, little fairy worlds of history and poetry; for behind every stucco shop-front even in this Babel Fleet Street are hid tragedies and comedies, more wonderful than playwright or novelist ever wrote: for fiction after all, is at the best but a poor apery of human life.

As I walk down Chancery Lane, observing this smoke-black wall of the legal fortress, so squalid in appearance, so splendid in memories, I can scarcely, though I have read it so often, imagine that this lawyers' inn was, hundreds of years ago, a solemn monastery of the *Black Friars*, till they removed near the bridge that still bears their name. Their cloisters faced on the Holborn side the palace of the Bishop of Chichester, built in Henry III's reign. When the monkish rooks flew, the Earl of Lincoln, by Edward I, his master's leave, built his house or "inn" here; and then, in Henry VII's time, the Bishop of Chichester, reserving lodgings to himself, leased the inn to students of law, and Sir Thomas Lovel, treasurer of the royal household to "Harry of Richmond," built the present pile out of the materials of the bishop's palace, the Earl of Lin-

coln's house, and what remained of the old monastery; so our new world goes on using up its old materials; our new books spring up like fungi from our old books; and the fossil bones of extinct animals go to pave our very London streets.

But let us pass under the Tudor brick arch, that Sir Thomas Lovel must have smiled at when it was completed, and wind through to meet our shadow-friends in Lincoln's Inn Fields, stopping only for a moment to wonder where the old garden wall "next to Chancery Lane" stood, at which that bitter-faced satirist, Ben Jonson, Shakspeare's friend, once worked with a diamond-shaped steel trowel in his hand, and Homer in his pocket.

Now we breathe freer; we are past the chapel, and all the chambers with doorways lettered like the backs of books, and are in the fields, that in Charles I's time, Inigo Jones, the great Welsh architect, Ben Jonson's sworn enemy, laid out just as they are now, making, with clever pedantry, the great inclosure the exact size of the base of the largest pyramid of Egypt. Gigantic puzzle! I can see it now, far away as when Moses saw it, braving the sun and cleaving the clouds. It may make the hard man laugh when I confess, without shame, that there is not a sooty lilac bush, nor a black wiry plane tree, in those gardens that the great Lord Bacon helped Jones to lay out, that I do not love, and indeed regard as a sort of poor relation. They gave me, a London-bred boy, my first ideas of country delights; there I first saw a real live butterfly; there I first leaped for joy, to see the buds break out; and there I first felt sad to see the beautiful green leaves, that spread out like birds' wings, and move and breathe and all but speak, turn to the death-yellow of autumn.

But I have greater people to talk about, and must forget myself. Inigo Jones's houses are in Arch Row, on the west side of the square. Here, in the Georgian times, lived all the stars of fashion, for this was then a sort of Belgrave Square to the rakes in wigs, and the card-playing ladies in hoops and sacques. The Dukes of Ancaster, Horace Walpole, the witty flippant memoir writer's friends, lived on this side, in a house now sliced into chambers; where, I am told, high up, once mused our great poet, Tennyson. His room is a cheery little room, Venetianized by a heavy stone balustrade facing the window. There is a certain look of faded grandeur, even now, about this house, that commands respect; the square black-red brick pillars at the gateway still forlornly balance their stone globes, as if they were disconsolate giant jugglers, doomed, without an audience, to go through their eternal performance; and in blue fog evenings I should not be astonished to see sweep into that grass-grown court-yard a huge gilded coach, the panels blazing with mythological subjects, but the coachman a skeleton, driving the ghost of a duke home from a Walpole "drum."

Not far from this haunted house come three mansions, once united into one, and called Powis House. When Popish James II fled to France, the Marquis of Powis left this new-built house, and fled too; the Lord Keeper had it then, and next the Prime Minister of George II—that ridiculous

the whole system of Ben Dhrypping, and anticipate that, by the end of four weeks more, I shall have regained more health and vigour than six months ago, in my Ganjam home, I ever anticipated enjoying again.

But to return to the rain-bath. Opening the door of a closet in one corner of the room, and scarcely giving me time (in my somewhat indolent fashion) to divest myself of my clothes, John politely desired me to walk in, and immediately closed the door.

"You must let me out should I not like it," I shouted out, as I found myself thus hermetically enclosed.

"Not or ever yir time's oop, sir," replied John, in a tone of calm indifference; "only one minute an' a aff. Now, sir, I'm going for to turn on the water."

A second of breathless suspense, and forthwith, on all sides of me, shot forth ten thousand tiny jets of water, darting themselves upon every square inch of my body. The sensation was most curious, but not disagreeable, and it is found to have a most bracing effect upon the whole system.

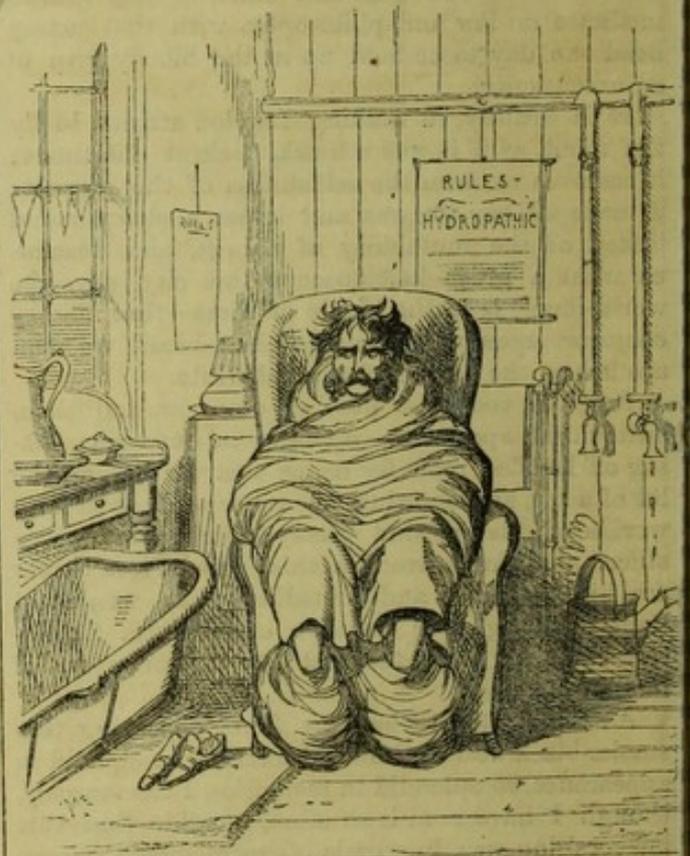
This forenoon battery being closed, I started with Maitland for a long walk; and, taking the "lion fountain" *en route*, drank a glass of the very finest water I ever tasted. Maitland having just come out of the "compressed air-bath," in which he had been for two hours, was ready for a brisk walk to warm him, and gladly acceded to my proposal to strike across the moor, and penetrate to some of the more distant scenery. I never knew any one so improved as he is, mainly owing to the air-bath. I believe that this bath at Ben Dhrypping is the only one of the kind in the country, and patients repair here from all parts to have the benefit of it. It is chiefly applied to those suffering from chest, bronchial, or asthmatic affections, and in many cases with great success. This bath is only a few yards distant from the house, and is capable of containing six persons at a time. The cold is sometimes intense, and furs and great-coats are in requisition by those who take it. Imagine a neat very small room, capable, as I have said, of containing six, seated, with comfortable chairs and a small table in the centre. The patients being all assembled, the air is pumped in until the pressure amounts to seven and a half pounds for every square inch. This artificial atmosphere tends to brace and strengthen the delicate organs, and is accompanied with no unpleasant effects.

Maitland and I were amply rewarded for our enterprising spirit, and had a splendid walk across a moor, which would rival any of the Highland ones, and the air is as exhilarating in its effects as a draught of the rarest mountain dew. We re-entered the grounds in time to hear the first bell sounding forth its hospitable reminder of the near approach of dinner—an announcement which calls forth the "readiest of ready responses."

We were soon all seated at table, and the rapid incision made into the joints and fowls showed that the mountain air had been profitably inhaled and enjoyed.

The first course having been removed, Mr. E—,

an eminent London barrister, who pays two annual visits to Ben Dhrypping, rose, and said he had, in a few words, a communication to make to the company, to the following effect: "It was the practice in this establishment that an expedition be made once a year by the servants in the house to — Abbey, the expense of which was usually defrayed by each one of the company contributing a small sum. He had now the satisfaction of intimating that the proposed holiday would take place the following day, should the weather prove favourable." In adverting to the charms of the spot they were to visit, he concluded thus: "It is one peculiarity of the water at Ben Dhrypping, that it *will not make mustard* (one of the *anti-hydropathic* condiments). It has been tried again and again, but each effort has proved a failure. The water of the river, however, near — Abbey, is peculiarly adapted for such purposes, and it is said that at one particular bend, the river assumes a complexion very much resembling beer, while others have declared that something as pure as whisky has been known to emanate therefrom." This effusion gave occasion for great merriment, and it was curious to hear the learned lawyer evoking materials for mirth out of—nothing.



Dinner being over, and rain having set in, some of the company adjourned to the drawing-room to hear Mr. B. (who is a very great favourite in the house) give a recitation. After this had been given with admirable effect, I heard our friend Mr. Glass also asked to repeat one of his own poems; his reply was: "Pray don't ask me for anything that requires either memory or thought, for I declare I feel as if my mind were all washed out since I have been at this Ben Dhrypping establishment. I had one or two letters to write this

of Newcastle, whom Smollett the novelist shed at so much. He it was who used to load with the falsest and most extravagant promises, never to be fulfilled—whose very sincerity and grief were pantomimic—who, from sheer folly, would rush out from the barber, and covered with powder, to kiss and slaver some astonished and ignorant rival. The house of this blind leader of the blind—of the minister who has made so many of this very door, repeating with bitter emphasis the Psalmist's text, "Put not your trust in man, for he is in any child of man"—stands at the corner of Great Queen Street: it may be known, also, by a passage driven through its walls; and it is the central home of the Society for the promotion of Christian Knowledge; so that it is still frequented by ministers, though more reliable ones. The north side of this memory-haunted square is called Holborn Row; the western, Arch Row; the eastern, Portugal Row, probably so named when Charles II married a Portuguese princess.

To wonder that, on blue fog nights, I meet in this haunted square so many Charles Second's fellows with no visible face, but a gallant bearing, broad cloth of gold, sword-belts, and cloaks, and Spanish plumed hats. One of these, would he but speak, is, I have reasons for thinking, Mr. Povey, who once lived here, with whom the pleasant gossip Pepys dined, and was shown the place, from the best room in the garret to the grotto cellar below. Here, too, his relation and son, Lord Sandwich the admiral, lived—a vicious, unprincipled courtier of a bad age; and here on the Portugal Row (south) side, perhaps opposite, dwelt Richard Fanshawe, the poet, our ambassador to France, who died from chagrin, it was said, at being superseded by Lord Sandwich, his neighbour. It makes me sad now, so many long years after, to think, after her husband's death, how his brave wife, who had stood at his side in a sea battle, led her way home with the brave man's body, shield in arms, and four young daughters her companions, without help of guide, pass, or ornament ship, or money. This stout-hearted Englishwoman must have looked down from her window, on her return, with bitter feelings on the hated lute-player, the Earl of Sandwich, as he stood by, leaning on the arm of bustling, pompous, and in Mr. Pepys.

But, though long after this, in Queen Anne's time, Pope the poet, the little invalidish, querulous man, passed through the square, on his way to the Temple, to visit Lord Mansfield, then plain Mr. Cray; when that sprightly, handsome, young lawyer, imprudently plumped on his knees to drink for the Pretender's health; and Gay, lean Pope's fat friend, dreaded "the field," because the sham cripple, who had all day been begging there "while the daylight shone," would sometimes at night fell you unawares with his heavy crutch, or share the booty in the safe dark with your linkman, who on purpose had extinguished his light and left you piping.

But all these lesser shadows we must dismiss, to bid arise that gaunt black-hung scaffold, which every blue fog night is reared again by

spectral hands in the centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields, as a sort of ghostly whig performance that never tires. It was in the black labyrinth centre of that garden, on that spot now shaded by late budding trees, that on a July morning, 1683, Lord Russell was led out to die, as innocent a martyr as ever bowed his head to a tyrant's axe. Good blood of England has been shed on Tower Hill, but never better than that whig nobleman's that watered the ground on that dull, showery, July morning. It was said that that cold cruel bigot, James II, (then Duke of York,) wanted to have had Russell executed before the very doors of his own house in Southampton Square, where his brave wife would have heard the very chop of the axe; but the wiser and kinder, but equally inflexible, king refused. Lincoln's Inn Fields were chosen for the murderous execution of the patriot, probably because they lay reasonably near to Newgate, and Bloomsbury, and Covent Garden, the Bedford property. The court party had fears of a rescue or of an insurrection, and so the king had refused Lady Russell even five days' reprieve.

It is the night before, and raining hard outside the bars of Newgate, and upon the stolid unpolitical carpenters putting up the scaffold in the Fields. Russell looks out of his cell and says to his friends, Burnet and Tillotson, great church dignitaries after, "Such a rain to-morrow, friends, will spoil a great show, which is a dull thing on a rainy day." He had just finished writing out his death-speech and signing four copies of it. He has written to the king and to his hard-hearted enemy, the Duke of York, denying all treason and praying merely to be shown his wife and children. He has received the sacrament from Tillotson, and has heard two short sermons from well-intentioned but pompous Burnet, whom Swift, the foul-tongued, used afterwards to so rail at. After being shut up till the evening, he suffered his young children and some few friends to take leave of him, though a very fond father, maintaining his "constancy of temper." Then, the hardest pang of all, (ten o'clock,) he parted with his wife, (kissing her four or five times,) with a "composed silence," she refraining from visible tears, and as her shadow passes through the door he exclaimed, "The bitterness of death is past," for "he loved and esteemed her beyond expression." About midnight, Russell went into his sleeping chamber, Burnet staying all night in the outer room: not till two in the morning did the patriot retire to rest; and at four o'clock, when he was called at his own request, he was sleeping firm and happily. When awoke, he drank a little tea and some sherry, was quickly dressed, but would not be shaved, for he said "he was not concerned in his good looks that day;" he then wound up his watch, saying thoughtfully, yet cheerfully, that "now he had done with time, and was going to eternity"—one of the finest sayings of dying martyrs extant. When told the executioner's fee was ten guineas, he said with a smile that "it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have one's head cut off." Six or seven times in the morning he retired into his chamber to pray alone.

At ten o'clock the sheriffs called him. Lord

Cavendish, who was waiting below to take leave of him, tenderly embraced him; he was one of those friends who had offered to assist his escape. After parting, Russell turned back to entreat his friend to apply himself more to religion, telling him at that moment what support and consolation it gave him.

Then he mounted the coach, Burnet and Tillotson with him. In a low voice, as they passed through the now weeping, now mocking crowd, Russell sang to himself the beginning of the hundred and nineteenth Psalm, saying he hoped soon he should sing better; "soon," too, he said, looking at the banks of human beings the coach ploughed through, "I shall see a better assembly."

On reaching the Square, he walked four or five times round the black scaffold, eyeing the hushed people; then he turned to the sheriff's and read his paper. He then prayed with Tillotson and Burnet, and undressing himself, calmly laid down his head on the block. It fell after two strong strokes. Burnet, who watched him as the executioner touched his neck with the axe, in order to take surer aim, was sure the brave man did not tremble.

It was as a conspirator in "the Rye House Plot" that Russell was murdered. All that his enemies could prove was, that he had been duped by that intriguing villain and debauchee, Lord Shaftesbury, into attending a partisan meeting at the house of one Shepherd, a wine merchant.

With the after-plot, to intercept the king's coach on his return from Newmarket, and as it passed across a maltster's lonely farm in Hertfordshire, he had nothing to do.

But on the blue fog nights afore mentioned, this headless ghost of the portly, good-hearted, but not very strong-brained Whig patriot is not the only one I meet; for now it is Hogarth, the great satirical painter, going to paint "Paul before Felix," one of his great sacred failures, in Lincoln's Inn Hall; now it is that ingenious crotchety architect Sir John Soame, who collected pictures and nicknacks all his life, and then left them to the nation, thinking everybody would then be forced to come and admire his stone puzzle of a house, with its "Hogarth's," its great sarcophagus, and its wonderful devices to make a small place seem large. Here he used to sit at the window, chatting about his own work opposite, the College of Surgeons, which he new-fronted, clapping on an Athenian portico to three old houses. And inside this great museum of death are all the terrible monstrosities that John Hunter, that patriarch of surgeons, spent all his life collecting. There is a hydrocephalic skull, so large that it balances on the puny skeleton like an ivory ball on a juggler's rod. There, too, is Napoleon's stomach, the mummy of a quack doctor's wife, and the sabre-toothed tiger, happily now extinct, and other ghastly curiosities. That blue fog of a December night, "punctuated" here and there with golden stars, will rise again this very evening in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and with it, to favoured eyes, will reappear all the ghosts of the haunted neighbourhood: the stout man without a head, the little shrewd bull-dog painter, the fashionable ghosts in skeleton coaches, the broken-hearted

ambassador, Pepys's sociable friend, the crotchet architect, the pompous minister; but if you rashly venture to put your hand through the blue fog and collar some supposed ghost, ten to one the stern, dignant voice of unimaginative policeman X will shout, half throttled,

"Now then, young man, no more of that, if you please."

#### "CARS AND STAGES" IN AMERICA.

IN America, though there are "busses," they are rarely called by that name. "Bus" is British, and, moreover, supposed to be indelicate; a "omnibus" is by far too long a word for such fast-going people. "Railroad" is also "slow," and labours under a similar objection. The word "car" is therefore the substitute for every species of conveyance by rail, and that of "stage" for every public carriage on the common road. "Waggon" is a term applied to all sorts of private vehicles, from a farmer's cart to the smart-going drosky, which the dashing citizen sports his pair of high-mettled bloods "2' 40"; that is to say, animals capable of getting over a mile in that space of time, and "sleighs" are modes of progression better known there than here, corresponding to the English sledges.

But in many respects the Americans are ahead of the British in travelling. Their omnibusses surpass ours in point of elegance and comfort. Instead of entering a damp, straw-covered, ill-ventilated vehicle, as in London, you find a light, clean, wax-clothed or carpeted carriage, commodious and airy, with agreeable plush or velvet cushions, and handsome frescoes or paintings between the panels in lieu of the hideous advertisements and placards that are to be found in London. The vehicle is almost more simply managed: there are no bawling "cad" or conductors; the coachman alone, perched upon his small and solitary seat in front, manages it. At a signal you stop him on the street, and he relaxes a long leathern strap, which passes from his arm along the top of the interior of the vehicle to the door. So soon as you open and enter this, he again pulls it tight. The belt affords you useful support as you proceed to your seat, and it is still more serviceable to the driver, by keeping you in place, you have paid. You pass your money through a small opening near him in front, and he deposits it or gives you change from a small box on his lap. Being reckless as any of his London compeers, he takes the precaution of causing you to pay on entrance, lest what is termed a "spill" should occur, that is to say, lest a wheel is whisked off and you be all pitched on one side. By a pull on the strap you also stop him when you want to descend; or, by two applications of the hand causing him to draw up on the right or left side of the road as you may desire.

The "cars," drawn by horses on a sort of tramway, or rail, through the American towns, are almost so agreeable. Properly conducted, they would be more so, as their movement is exceedingly smooth, but while the "stages" or omnibusses are rigidly confined to twelve inside, there seems no limit