TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX

Archæological Society.

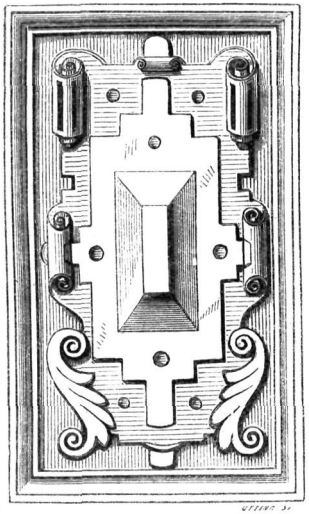
Vol. I. DECEMBER, 1857. Part II.

WALKS IN THE CITY.

No. I. Bishopsgate Ward.

BY THE REV. THOMAS HUGO, M.A. F.S.A. F.L.S. ETC.

[Read at the Gallery of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Feb. 18, 1857.]



Panel from the Front of the House of Sir Paul Pinder.

It will probably be in the recollection of the Members of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, that I concluded my Introductory Address, since published in the first Part of our Transactions, with the assertion that we steered our bark at least for utility if not for fame. That declaration was not made without a lively appreciation both of the objects on which we are engaged, and of the mode by which they are to be attained. One of those objects, and the most important to my mind of all, is to preserve, as far as it lies in our power, the

remembrance of edifices which the crowbar and the shovel are daily annihilating, and to furnish a permanent record of objects which are still visible, but which without our efforts will be speedily forgotten and lost for ever. The necessity for this is the more urgent when we know that, even since the day when the words alluded to were uttered, various buildings have been removed, the lineaments of which, at least, ought to have existed in the pages of our Transactions, but which have, unhappily, been suffered to pass from among us without note and without memorial. Whilst the mode by which alone this result can be secured is the necessarily laborious process of personal examination of the localities themselves, and the transferring to our sketch-books such details of the edifices doomed to destruction as are worthy alike of the care devoted to them, and of the prolonged remembrance which that care will avail to procure.

It is with these feelings and for these reasons that I present to the Society the first of a series of papers which I have called "Walks in the City," and whose special design it is to perpetuate, so far as aught of mine can help to do so, the recollection of things whereof the lapse of a very few years (in some cases, it is to be apprehended, of a very few days,) will witness the removal. I am humbly and painfully conscious that the task which I have undertaken is one of more than ordinary difficulty; but there is in it so much to encourage and to reward, and the work itself is so full of immediate and most valuable results, that there is neither room for despondency nor ground for inattention. I feel—and it is quite sufficient to create a lively interest in the object's behalf—that everything which I can secure will be so much rescued from certain destruction. Alterations are being made on all sides with such rapidity, and on so large and sweeping a scale, as to justify me in making an assertion which might, under other circumstances, be exaggerated and untrue.

Before I conduct you to the locality which the present paper is intended to illustrate, I desire to make a few remarks on the general subject of the entire series—remarks which will be as properly introductory to the communications which may follow as they are to that which is now offered to your acceptance.

I select then, first, "the City" as the scene of these walks, and

then the various Wards which constitute the same, in order that, by being limited to a definite space, there may be less likelihood of my omitting to notice any object of interest than if I took examples indiscriminately from all parts of our Society's ground. For perspicuity of arrangement also this mode has very much in its favour. We thus have before us at one view the edifices of a single locality, and can use our book as an itinerary while we traverse its busy streets, or thread its winding alleys, or ramble among its antiquated courts and in its venerable squares. And in my choice of the City from the vast space included within the limits of our enormous metropolis, I am of course influenced by the fact that it is here that the evidences of the skill of our forefathers can still most gloriously and most copiously be seen, here that they lavished their treasures in the richest and amplest abundance, here that the nobleman and the merchant till comparatively recent times lived and died, and here that the great heart of England most proudly and most vigorously beat. The largest portion of London on every side is of modern erection, and without interest in an archæological point of view. And, with the exception of some most lovely examples in Westminster—I mean, of course, the Abbey and Hall, St. Stephen's Crypt, Whitehall, and other edifices in the neighbourhood, and the vicinity of the lines of streets between Temple Bar and St. Martin's Lane, including Lincoln's Inn and Covent Garden—the whole of the metropolis proper (reckoning it from Limehouse to Brompton, and from Camberwell to Islington,) contains but few objects of antiquarian interest which are not either included within the circuit of the City, or, like the Tower, in immediate proximity to its boundaries.

This quarter, so hallowed and glorified by olden memories, is unquestionably deserving of a foremost place in our affectionate regard. Our history, our literature, and our art are associated with the charmed ground in closest and most indissoluble union. You can scarcely open a single volume illustrative of our national history which does not carry you in imagination to that still picturesque assemblage of edifices where, amid its overhanging Elizabethan gables and stately Caroline façades, its varied masses of pleasantly mingled light and shade, its frequent churches and

sonorous bells, the greatest and best of Englishmen have successively figured among their fellows, and to whose adorning and embellishment the noblest powers have in all ages been devoted. And yet, unhappily, this is the very spot where alterations are most commonly made, and with perhaps the least regard to the irreparable loss which they necessarily involve. Here, where, for all who are versed in our country's literature, every stone can speak of ages of greatness, where the name of every street and lane is classical, where around multitudes of houses fair thoughts and pleasant memories congregate as their natural home and common ground, the demon of transformation rules almost unquestioned, lays its merciless finger on our most valued treasures, and leaves them metamorphosed beyond recognition only to work a similar atrocity on some other precious object. Special attention, therefore, on every account, as well for the beauty, the value, and the excellence of that which still remains, as for the insecurity and uncertainty of its tenure, is most urgently and imperatively demanded.

In the following papers I shall endeavour to notice what is still in existence, making the itinerary of each division, as far as I can, complete in itself; so that, should my task be suspended in its progress, a portion of the ground at least may be looked upon as examined, and thus much of the work be regarded as done. I shall pass over many edifices with but a word of mention; as my object is, in regard both of literary and pictorial descriptions, to present the metropolitan antiquary with entirely new matter, —matter which at least is not contained in books, even though he may be cognizant of it from personal examination. Had this been done, as regards our entire metropolis, a hundred years ago, there would have been no need of our Society's existence, so much of her task would have been already performed. I shall therefore give you little beyond the names of our City Churches, inasmuch as they have been illustrated with more or less ability by earlier inquirers, and as they are not likely, I trust, to be removed, even for re-erection in the suburbs. But I shall speak of buildings, or portions of buildings, of which no description or figure has yet been published, and which, having a place only in the memory of the casual beholder, if once removed, are speedily and utterly for-

gotten. I hardly need add that these are the edifices most likely to suffer an early demolition. Many of them are more or less unsuitable for business purposes; and, as such uses are paramount, their artistic excellences or their ancient memories do not avail to spare them. And, besides this, many of them are from ages of neglect in a state of great dilapidation, which their owners, foreseeing their hasty removal, do not care to remedy. So that,—I hope I shall not be considered wearisome in repeating,—if our work be not commenced at once, the opportunity will soon be over and gone. The structures will be demolished, and the lessons which they can teach will be lost for ever.

Perhaps it will be said that they can teach us no lessons. I differ as widely as the poles from such an opinion, and I desire to make you also to differ from it as widely. Some of them, I admit, are objects solely of archæological interest. Many have together with this other claims on our respectful attention. The antiquary is often met by the silly inquiry of dull and heavy, or of self-conceited and flippant, people, as to the use of his inquiries and the serviceableness of his investigations. Cui bono? is the pert query ever on the lips of these wise in their own eyes.—What is the good of all your dusty excavations, your scrupulous measurements and sketches of worm-eaten wood and crumbling stone, your rummaging among mouldy parchments, your toilsome pilgrimages first to one old ruinous house and then to another? Cui bono? I might quote words better than either I or any man else at the present day can write against so foolish a question. But I will answer it with another. What is the good of knowing anything about ages past and gone? What is the good of being able to trace the history of any opinion, family, custom, or thing, from them in whom it originated to ourselves who are benefited by the transmission? What, in short, is the good of any imaginable information on any imaginable subject? The good of the latter, which, I presume, such persons would concede, is identical with that of the former which they are senseless enough to question.

But, not merely to adduce the dictum of Sir Henry Wotton, that "Architecture can want no commendation where there are noble men and noble minds," I think I can show that even on strictly utilitarian principles the investigation before us will be productive

of good. Ours is an age of building, and, without offence to the real architects, who are seldom employed except on great works, an age of building amiss. In the construction of dwelling-houses especially, it cannot, I think, be denied that we are lamentably inferior to our forefathers. What mansion, for example, built in our lifetime in the City, and for a considerable distance beyond its pale, equals the house of Sir Paul Pinder, a mere fragment though it now is, or that erected by Sir Christopher Wren, among others of doubtless equal excellence, in Mark Lane, and still by good fortune preserved to show us how a city magnate was lodged in the reign of the second Charles? What dwelling constructed in Westminster is a match for that goodly structure which Inigo Jones built for the Ashburnham family in Little Dean's Yard? The matchless wood-work and superb ceilings of the first, the grand entrance and hall of carved wainscot, the nobly proportioned chambers, and rich doorcases of the second, and the marvellous drawing-room, the state bed-room with its exquisite alcove, and the glorious staircase of the last, are things which in modern works we may indeed sigh for, but for which we must sigh in vain. In the erection of dwelling-houses, especially of the middle and humbler kinds, it must, I repeat, be admitted that we do not excel. Why is this? That our architects can design sublime churches and gorgeous palaces, a cursory glance at the walls of our exhibition-rooms can prove to the most sceptical. That their noble art has not for centuries found better representatives and more able masters than those who at the present moment profess and practise it, I gladly and gratefully admit. Why, then, are our dwellings such as they commonly are? Either, first, because their claims are overlooked, and graceful design and elegant ornament are considered to be thrown away upon such objects, as though a man's own home deserved less of him than edifices reared for the acquisition of wealth or the purposes of public entertainment. Or, secondly, because the true principles of construction and ornamentation of dwellings have yet to be learned by many, who spend large sums in building and adorning monstrosities, when half the expenditure combined with knowledge and good taste might produce genuine effects and real triumphs. Or, because some will still persist in giving unlovely birth to a miserable abortion of sham Gothic,

Gothic but in name. They think it picturesque to have multitudinous corners, and draughty windows of all heights, sizes, and forms, and tapering roofs, and sombre staircases, and other delightful adjuncts considered peculiar to the Gothic style! They are lost in silent awe and breathless admiration when they see some uncouth demon glaring at them from the waterspout, or keeping guard on either side of their front door! And they complacently, nay joyously, endure it, when they thrust their heads against some low archway, or stumble over some unexpected step, which they hold to be Gothic and consequently adorable! If such peculiarities be "Gothic," which I do not believe—for I cannot imagine that our intelligent forefathers took such infinite pains to make themselves uncomfortable—I can only hope that neither my friends nor myself may ever have the gratification of living in a Gothic house constructed by real nineteenth-century Gothic builders. True Gothic architecture is almost divine in our churches and collegiate edifices, the lovely garb of lovely thought, the gracious body of a gracious soul. Unapproachable there, with its magic combinations of arch and moulding, pier and buttress, niche and canopy, pinnacle and tracery. Becoming, too, and oftentimes desirable in the country, among village scenes, encircled by the green sward or the fragrant garden, and backed by the tall trees where the rooks make music! But in our city mansions not to be allowed, even for sake of very reverence, (to say nothing of that agreement with the designed use of the structure, which should have special claims on an architect's regard,) lest we weaken men's respect for those holy things which its sacred forms suggest and symbolise. Our dwellings in London must not be Gothic, either real or sham. They must be such as our two unapproachable masters, Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, have taught Englishmen to admire, have created for us and made our own. Such houses are rarely found beyond the circuit of our metropolis, and hence those which we possess are still more valuable, and deserving of more attentive study and more reverent regard.

It is to such houses that in the course of our rambles I shall have specially to direct your attention, and hence our subject is pre-eminently a practical one. I shall have to introduce you,

indeed, to some edifices of a still more ancient date, especially in that portion of our metropolis which escaped the great conflagration of the seventeenth century; as, for example, the locality about which I am presently to speak. But in many portions of the City the hand of Wren is observable above all; and his structures, and those of his mighty compeer, are full to abundance of details not only suitable for modern edifices, but the very things that we require, the very things that we ought to select out of the whole aggregate of architectural production. Here is a vast encyclopædia of form, arrangement, and ornament, which is not and cannot be rivalled. Here is everything that can be desired, whatever may be our requirements. A palace or a lowly dwelling may thus be constructed, and each bear the mark, which some even of our costliest mansions do not exhibit, of the working of a mind equal to every demand, and able to throw the charm of its innate beauty and the grace of its fertile genius into the simplest and plainest erections. And be it specially remembered that the very humility of some of the designs which I shall exhibit to you constitutes their greatest value; because, as we erect ten thousand common dwellings for one palace, means are thus afforded of diffusing beauty more generally, and of introducing it to multitudes of edifices from which it is now entirely banished. The masses of our countrymen may thus be brought into contact with graces, which are now appropriated and monopolized by the favoured few, and may be refined and ennobled by influences to which at present they are necessarily strangers. Every home will then be made to contribute towards that elevation of mind which we desire to create, instead of fastening around degraded natures another link of interminable chain.

Such lessons, and such motives for action—and they are neither greater nor higher than the subject suggests or the occasion warrants—I desire to impress and to elicit in the examination to which I invite you, whether architects by profession, or, like myself, simple and humble amateurs. I need not add my confidence that, if such be the result of our studies, our rambles in the City will by no means be unproductive of essential service, or the cordial pleasure which I shall feel if any labours of mine shall conduce to an end so devoutly to be aimed at, and an effect

which all right-minded and sensible men must concur in thinking so desirable.

I have selected the Ward of Bishopsgate for the scene of our first walk, not so much from the fact, that, from some years of actual residence within its limits, and from my sacred vocation there necessarily introducing me to many of the interiors, I must be more or less acquainted with every house in the locality, as from the position which it occupies on the map of the City. It lies on the north-easternmost side, and accordingly takes precedence in a line of examination, running, as I propose for convenience sake that our's shall do, from north-east to south-west. There is also another reason which has considerable weight in influencing my choice of this district for the commencement of my present labours. The greater portion of the Ward of Bishopsgate, together with parts of those of Portsoken, Aldgate, Tower, Lime Street, and Broad Street, were nearly the whole of the City Proper that escaped the general devastation of the Great Fire of 1666. So great was the havoc of this terrible catastrophe, that, out of ninety-eight parish churches within the walls, eighty-five were destroyed, and but thirteen remained untouched. Previous to the Great Fire, also, the houses of London, with few exceptions, were constructed of wood, filled up with plaster. The earliest edifices of brick were erected between 1612 and 1640; while subsequently such houses have been common, not to say universal. To the Ward of Bishopsgate, therefore, and to the other localities just indicated, we must direct our attention for the earliest houses which we yet possess, whether of wood or of brick, within the area of the City. And happily we have yet preserved to us several edifices of consummate excellence, which we should look for in vain in any other direction. Indeed I must frankly admit that I shall have no means of introducing you, in the course of any subsequent "walk," to so rich an array of beauties as that district will exhibit to us over which I now ask you to accompany me.

We will take the various points of interest in regular order, from north to south.

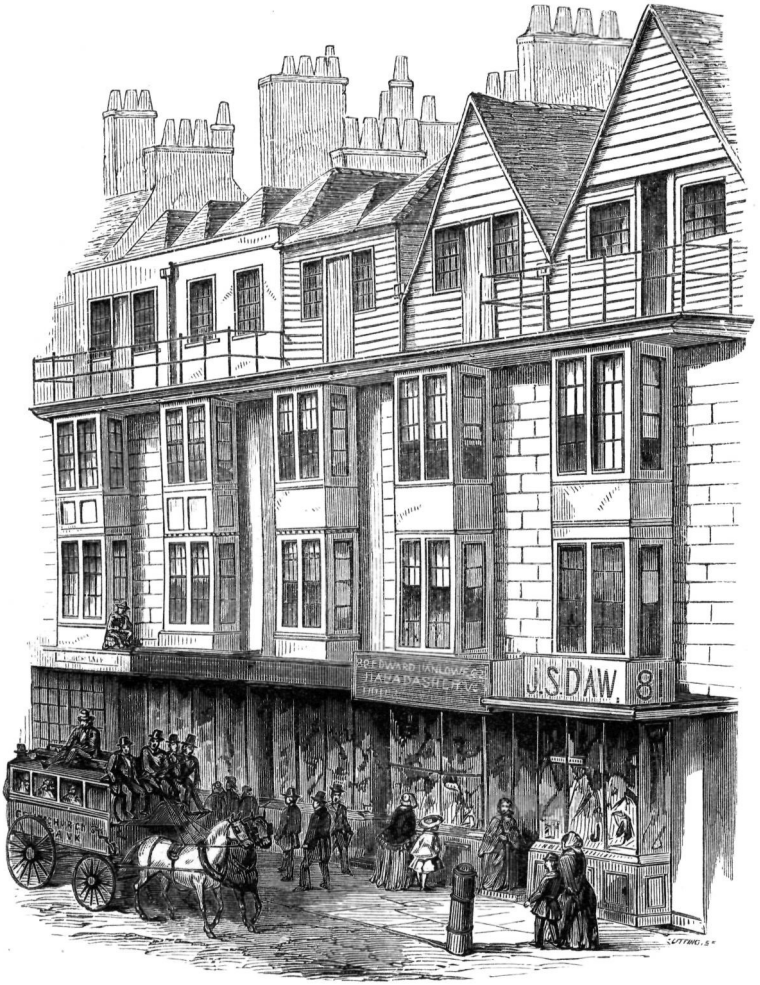
The first remark which an archæologist would be likely to make in his progress is the frequency of houses of the Elizabethan period. They occur at frequent intervals in both parts of

the Ward, and are in reality even more common than they appear. In most cases the gables have been removed, and, in many, walls have been built in front of the ground-floors up to the projecting stories. Frequently, however, the backs of the houses preserve the original appearance of the structures; and even the metamorphosed fronts still possess a certain and peculiar air which is not to be entirely obliterated, and which instantly reveals their true character to the instructed and practised eye.

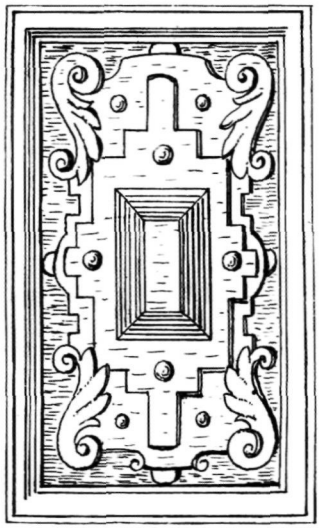
We enter the City at No. 103 on the east, and at No. 104 on the west side of Bishopsgate Street Without. Elizabethan houses, defaced and modernised, present themselves immediately on either side of the street.

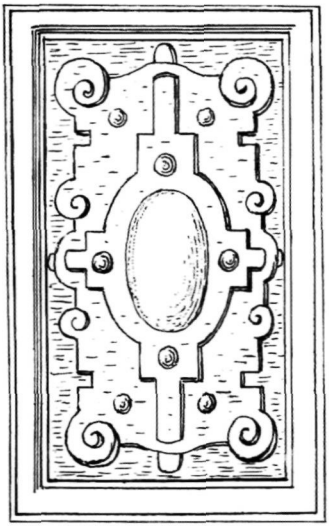
As we proceed, a very noticeable group appears on our left hand, numbers 81 to 85 inclusive, Bishopsgate Street Without. Numbers 89 and 91 show evidences of similar construction, but have been so altered as to lose very much of their original aspect. The group to which I refer is represented in the annexed engraving. (Plate I.) It consists of five houses, the gables of two of which are still entire; and the whole, with the exception of the three missing gables, remains pretty much the same as when first erected. I hardly need say that these edifices are constructed of wood, and indeed a forest of timber must have been used in their composition. The same remark applies to many of the Elizabethan structures in the neighbourhood. The foundations of most of these are formed either of entire trees, or of trees simply halved; while the walls, both external and internal, are wholly composed of timber, filled up with plaster. This mode of construction goes far to explain the rapidity of the great conflagration, and the completeness of the destruction which it involved. The houses to which I am directing your attention are of three floors, the highest of which opens by a door, placed immediately in the centre of each gable, to a kind of gallery protected by a rail. They offer no internal peculiarities worthy of mention. I am informed that on the front of one of the group which has suffered the greatest mutilation the date of 1590 was formerly visible. The style of the edifices themselves is evidence of the correctness of this record.

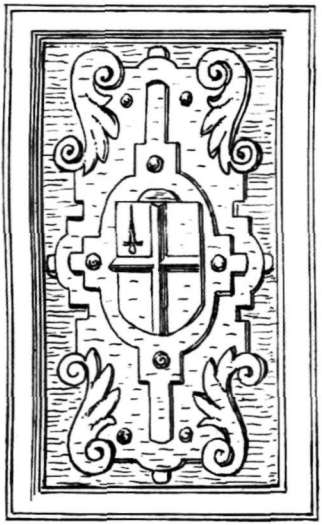
In Artillery Lane, just beyond, a good instance occurs of a

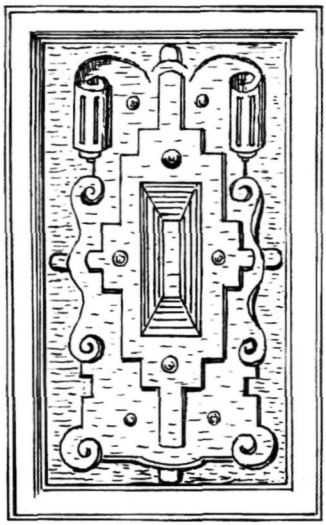


GROUP OF ELIZABETHAN HOUSES,
NOS. 81—85, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, 1857.



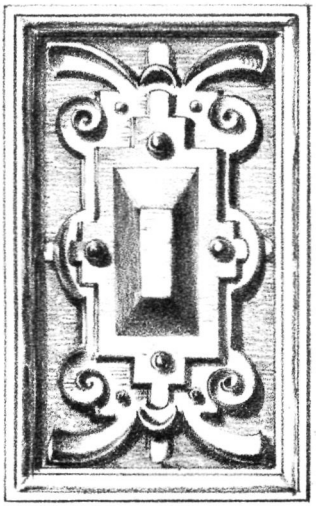


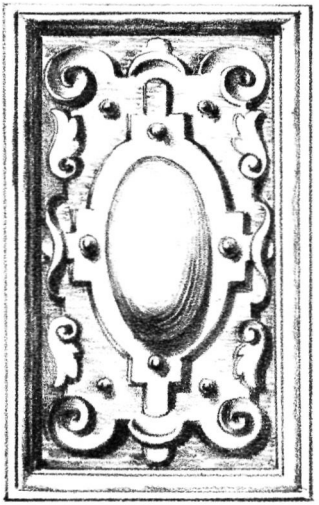


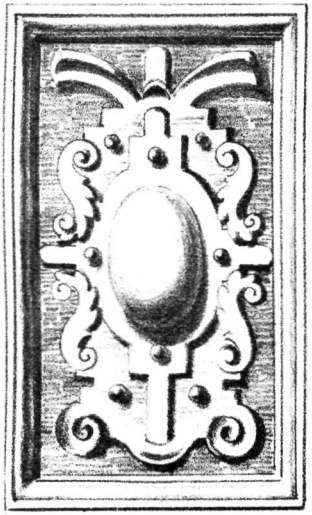


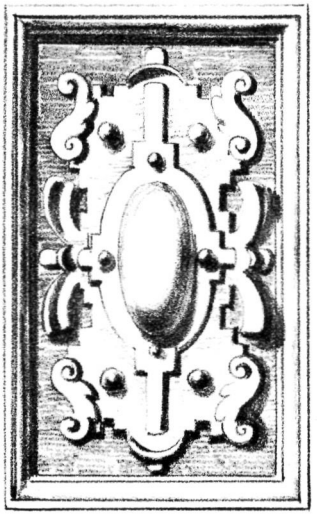
Drawn & Etched by Thomas Hugo.

Panels from the House of Sir Paul Pinder,
Bishopsgate Street Without. 1857.



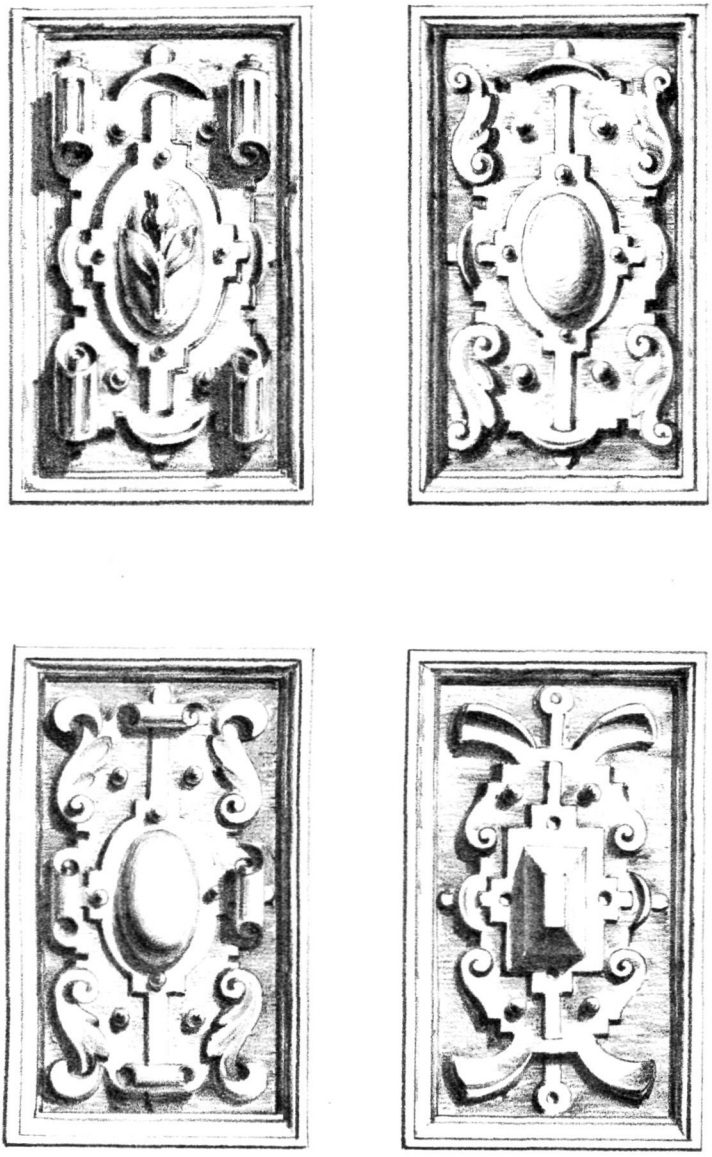






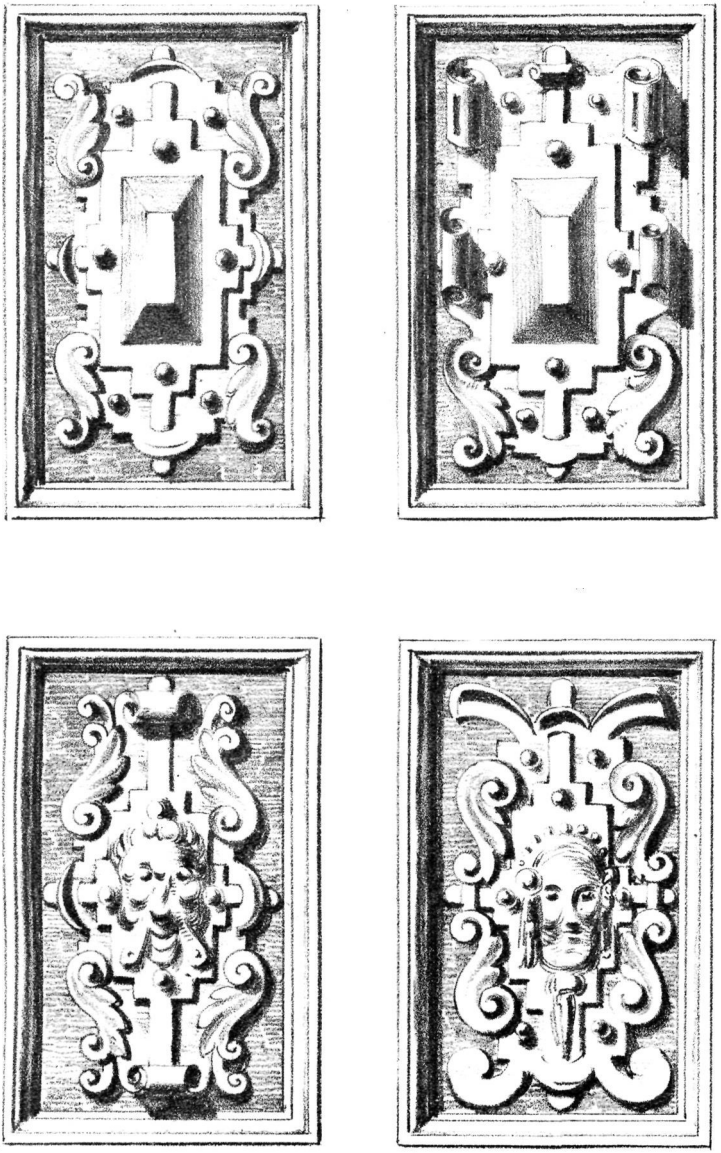
A. Slocombe. del.

Panels from the House of Sir Paul Pinder,
Bishopsgate Street, Without, 1857.



A. Sloocombe. lith

Panels from the House of Sir Paul Pinder,
Bishopsgate Street, Without, 1857.



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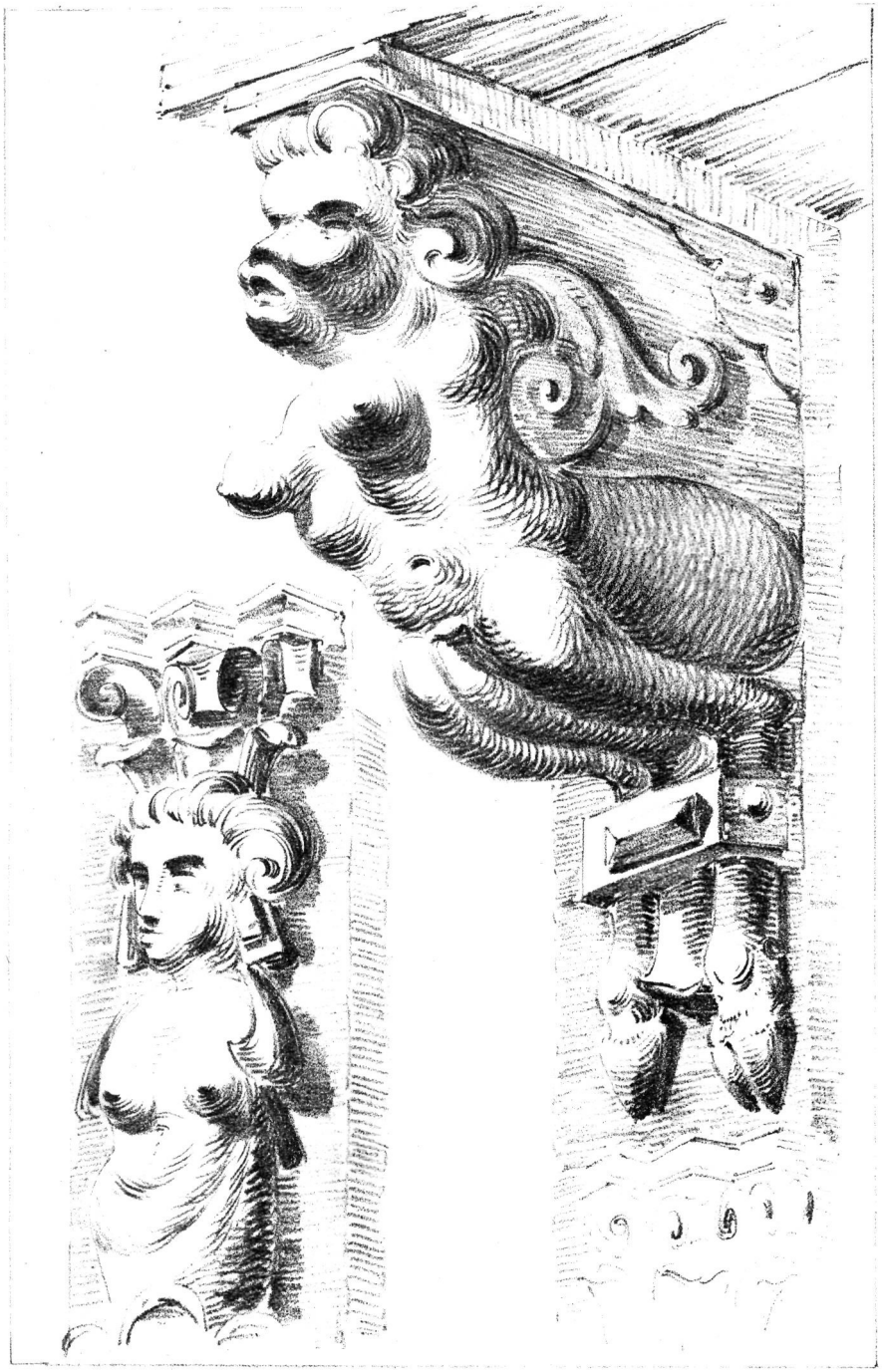
Panels from the House of Sir Paul Pinder, Bishopsgate Street, Without, 1857.



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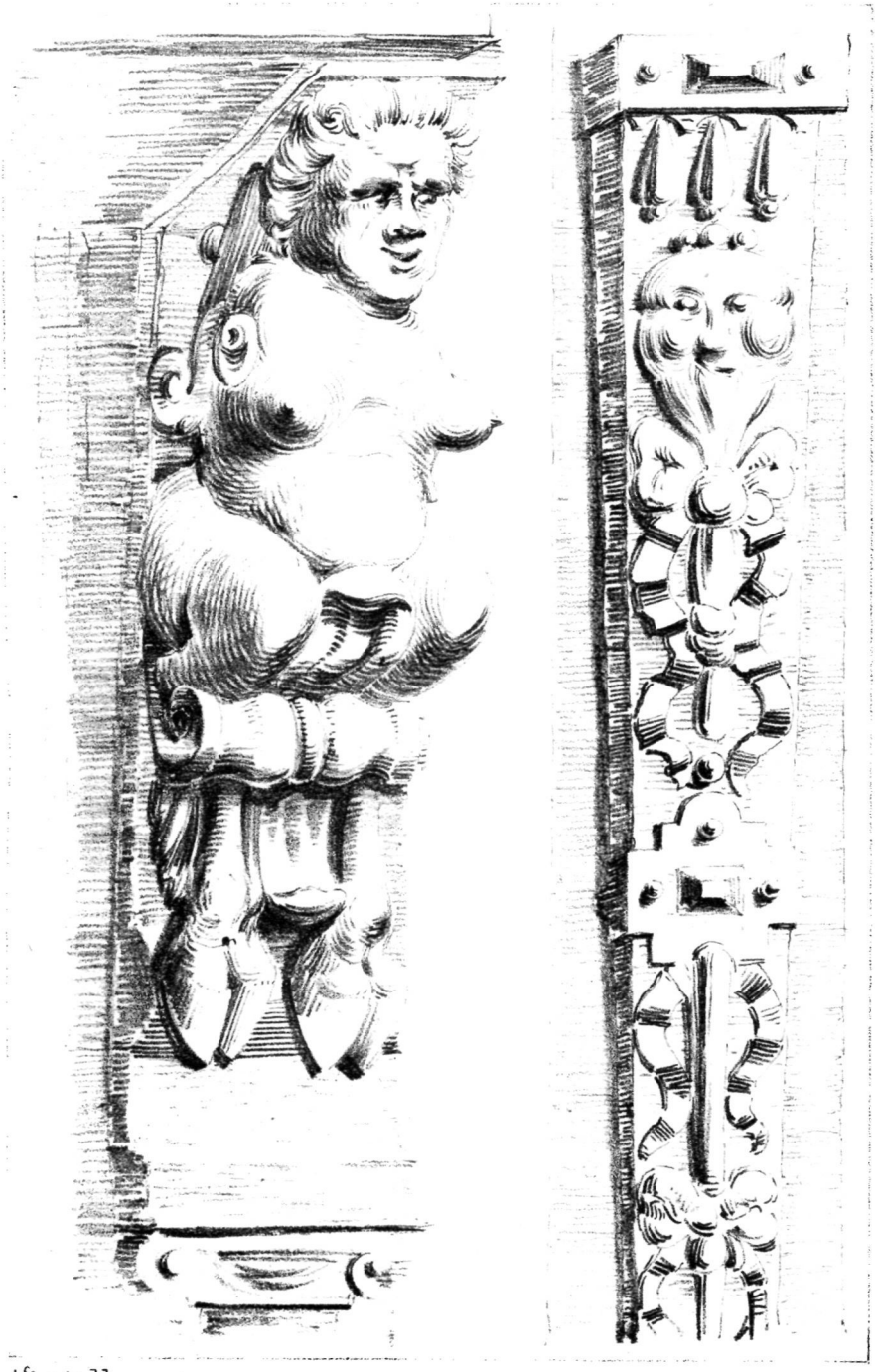
Corbels, &c. from the House of Sir Paul Pinder, Bishopsgate Street, Without 1857.



A. Slocombe. del.

Corbels, &c., from the House of Sir Paul Pinder,

Bishopsgate Street Without 1857

fact to which reference was made a moment ago, the addition of new fronts to the more ancient structures. The houses, as seen from the street, present no features of interest; at the back they exhibit their true Elizabethan character.

In No. 19, Widegate Street, hard by, is a portion of a ceiling of the time of the first Charles. The design consists of intersecting circles with fleurs-de-lis, and a shield bearing a religious emblem, an arm and hand holding a cross.

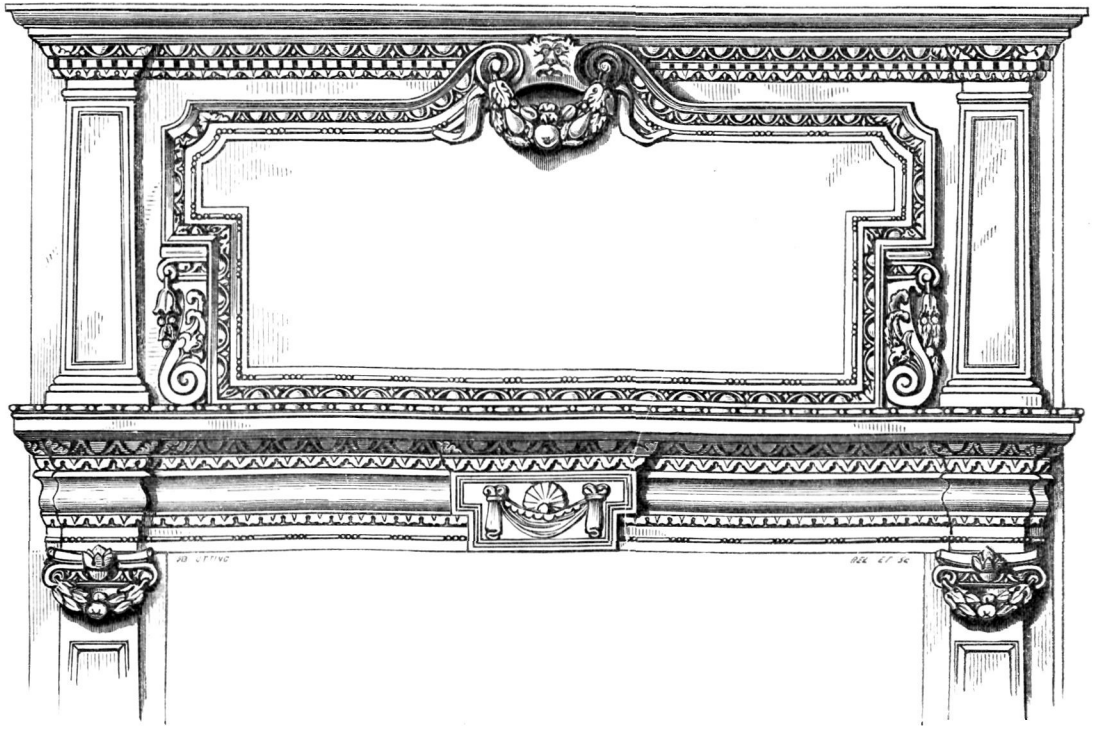
A few steps bring us, on the opposite side of the street, to by far the finest edifice of the kind in London, the well-known house of Sir Paul Pinder. It has been figured in various architectural and antiquarian works, but with little accuracy, and no attempt has been made to furnish minutely correct copies of the various decorations with which it abounds. This desideratum, so far as its exterior panels are concerned, I have now endeavoured to supply. (Plates II.—VII.) The front towards the street, with its gable, bay windows, and matchless panel-work, together with a subsequent addition of brick on its northern side, is one of the best specimens of the period now extant. The edifice was commenced in one of the closing years of the reign of Elizabeth, on the return from his residence in Italy of its great and good master. It was originally very spacious, and extended for a considerable distance both to the south side and to the rear of the present dwelling. The adjoining tenements in Half-Moon Street, situated immediately at the back of the building, which faces Bishopsgate Street, though manifesting no external signs of interest, are rich beyond expression in internal ornament. The primary arrangement, indeed, of the mansion is entirely destroyed. Very little of the original internal woodwork remains, and that of the plainest character. But in several of the rooms on the first floors of the houses just referred to there still exist some of the most glorious ceilings which our country can furnish. They are generally mutilated, in several instances the half alone remaining, as the rooms have been divided into two or more portions to suit the needs of later generations. These ceilings are of plaster, and abound in the richest and finest devices. Wreaths of flowers, panels, shields, pateras, bands, roses, ribands, and other forms of ornamentation, are charmingly mingled, and unite in producing

the best and happiest effect. One of them, which is all but perfect, consists of a large device in the centre, representing the sacrifice of Isaac, from which a most exquisite design radiates to the very extremities of the room. In general, however, the work consists of various figures placed within multangular compartments of different sizes, that in the centre of the room usually the largest. The projecting ribs, which in their turn inclose the compartments, are themselves furnished with plentiful ornamentation, consisting of bands of oak-leaves and other vegetable forms, and in several instances have fine pendants at the points of intersection. The cornices consist of a rich series of highly-ornamented mouldings. Every part, however, is in strict keeping, and none of the details surfeit the taste, or weary the eye. Some notion may be obtained, even from this very imperfect description, of these exquisite works of art, of which the first palace in the land might well be proud; and which, even if rendered with a less amount of ornament, would be splendid adjuncts to any modern edifice. I have the pleasure of exhibiting a sketch of one of the best of these ceilings by the accurate pencil of my friend Mr. Charles Baily.

The two adjoining houses in Bishopsgate Street, numbers 170 and 171, also possess ceilings of the same noble character. It is doubtful whether these houses formed portions of Sir Paul Pinder's mansion. I am inclined to think that they did; but others, whose opinions on such subjects I greatly respect, consider that the presence of party-walls and of separate staircases, together with that of a slight inequality in the level of the floors, militates against the notion of their being parts of one structure. They may, however, have been additions to the original design, and they have evidently been ornamented by the same hand.*

On the right-hand side of Half-Moon Street is a lofty building of three stories and a gabled roof, usually called "The Lodge," and traditionally asserted to have been the residence of Sir Paul's gardener. The whole of what is now Half-Moon Street, and the numerous courts and alleys which diverge from it, were no doubt

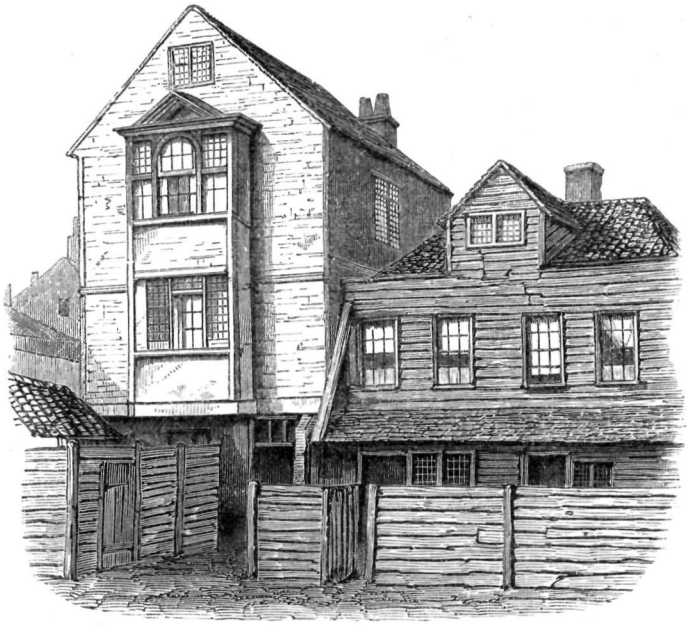
* It is my intention to have the whole of the ceilings of these houses drawn according to scale, and published, as the wood panels now given, in a size which may alike do them justice and be useful to architects and designers at large.



CHIMNEY PIECE

IN "THE LODGE," HALF MOON STREET, BISHOPSGATE.

A. Slocombe, lith.

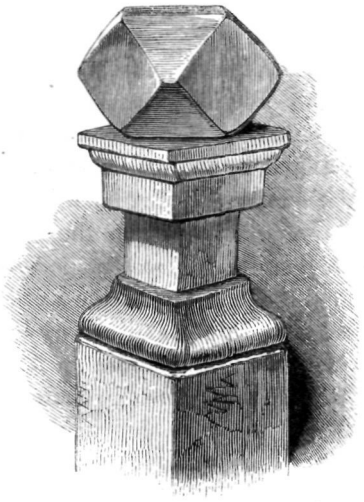


"THE LODGE,"
HALF MOON STREET, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, 1857.

occupied by the domestic offices of a numerous household, and by large and stately gardens. The Lodge is much mutilated, but is of the same period as the mansion itself. In the room on the first floor is a most noble chimney-piece in excellent preservation, in whose bold character and graceful ornamentation the hand of Inigo Jones is unmistakeably evident. (Plate VIII. and vignette, p. 174.) The dimensions are eight feet in height by seven in width. The ceiling of the same room exhibits a design consisting of two ovals composed of leaves, with masks and ribands at the extremities. I have endeavoured to represent one of the former in the accompanying engraving. (Plate IX.) The walls are of wainscot in simple panels. The staircase though plain is excellent, and the newel at the foot well worthy of imitation. It is represented in the vignette.

The house is figured by Wilkinson in the "Londina Illustrata;" but the Society will not be sorry to possess a really accurate resemblance, engraved from a photograph taken a few days ago by my friend and parishioner Mr. Green.* (Plate X.)

Although this series of papers is intended for architectural and artistic rather than for historical or biographical details, a few words about the original master of all this mutilated though still exquisite grandeur will not, I presume, be considered out of place.



Newel from the Staircase in "The Lodge."

Sir Paul Pinder was born at Wellingborough, in Northamp-

* Not two months subsequently to the reading of my paper, this interesting house was destroyed, and several shops have been erected on the site. I was able to secure the chimney-piece, masks, and newel, which are now in my possession.

tonshire, in or about the year 1565, and was, I believe, the eldest son of Ralph Pinder, Alderman's Deputy for the Ward of Bishopsgate. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed by his father to a Mr. Parvish, an Italian merchant, who sent him, when about eighteen, as his factor, to Venice, where he remained for a number of years. On his return to England, the Turkey Company, which he had greatly befriended during his sojourn in Italy, petitioned King James, in the year 1611, that his Majesty would graciously be pleased to send him to Constantinople as his ambassador to the Turkish Emperor. The request was granted, and Mr. Paul Pinder resided at his embassy for upwards of nine years. It was at this time that the portrait was painted of him by, I presume, some Christian artist, as the Mohammedans held it unlawful to make resemblances of living objects, which was formerly in the possession of James Forbes, Esq., an engraving from which was published by John Simco, in 1794, and is now exhibited. His brother, who was also resident at Constantinople, was first immortalised, and in the following year, 1614, the ambassador followed his example; though I think it must be admitted that neither of the pair was much advantaged by the selection or flattered by the attention of the limner employed! On Mr. Pinder's return to England, in 1623, he was knighted by King James, who offered him the post of Lieutenant of the Tower, which Sir Paul modestly declined. King Charles afterwards made him one of the Farmers of his Customs. In 1639 Sir Paul's estate "was valued and cast up by his own appointment;" and it was then found to amount to £236,000, besides bad debts. Of this at that time matchless fortune a large proportion was lent to the King, and expended in the troubles which soon afterwards ensued. But among other munificent acts he gave during his lifetime £10,000 towards the re-building of the cathedral of St. Paul, and, after the payment of various legacies, amounting to the sum of £9,500, out of one-third of his estate, two-thirds being in the service of the King, one-seventh part of the residue he willed to each of the following hospitals, Christ's, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Bridewell, and Bethlehem, the prisons in and about London, the parish of St. Botolph Without Bishopsgate, and his native town of Wellingborough.

Sir Paul Pinder's history as a parishioner of St. Botolph is by no means devoid of interest. He was a steady and unswerving Royalist, whilst the ruling influences in the parish were on the Parliamentarian side, and eventually the open enemies of their sovereign. Accordingly, his name rarely appears in the parochial records. I have discovered that he was fined for constable, (discharged, that is, from serving the office on payment of a fine,) in 1626. He was fined for the same office also in the following year, 1627. He was elected vestryman in 1630 and 1631; but I find him very seldom present, whether from unwillingness or from absence from home I cannot determine. I see that he was at the meetings of that body twice in 1634, once in 1635, twice in 1637, once in 1639, once in 1640, and once in 1641. In 1642 he was auditor, with others, of the churchwardens' accounts. These are all the notices of his presence that I can discover. But he was known in a far greater and nobler light than a mere parish wrangler, although, as it appears from the minutes, a large proportion of his neighbours contented themselves with that character. I find among our records the following most creditable entry respecting him. (Vol. B., fol. 9 *b*.)

DECEMBER PRIMO, 1633.

WEE whose names are herevnder menconed, Parson, Alderman's deputy, Common councell men, Churchwardens of the parrish of S^t^ Buttophes without Bisshopesgate, London.

Doe with all humble thankefullnes acknowledg that wee haue received from the right wor^ll^ Sir Paule Pinder, Knight, of the aforenamed parrish, two potts gilt, and wrought engraven, weying two hundred and sixteene ounces ½, at vj ^s.^ viij ^d.^ by the ounce, in valew 72 ^li.^ 3 ^s.^ 4 ^d.^

Likewise two platts weying threescore and six ounces twelue peny waight, *att the former rate by the ounce*, xxvj ^li.^ iiij ^s.^

Likewise one pott weighing ffiftie-eight ounces, att y^e^ former rate, xix ^li.^ vj ^s.^ viij ^d.^ The totall is cxiij ^l.^ xiiij ^s.^ All which plate is given & dedicated by the aforenamed Sir Paule Pinder to y^e^ honor of God and to the use of the Communion table of the parrish aforesaid.

WEE DOE further likewise with all humble thankfullnes acknowledg that wee haue received from the said Sir Paule Pinder three hundred poundes in money, to bee disposed of by us in Lands, for the vse of y^e^ poore and distressed people of this aforenamed parrish; for which worthy and bountifull giftes wee doe first of all ascribe all honnor and praise to Almightie God.

who hath stirred upp the hearte of this worthy benefactor to doe these and many other the like workes of honnor to God, and charitie & releife to his poore members on earth.

And next of all wee doe promise that wee will ever pray to the same great God long to preserve the life of this his faithfull servant on earth to his glory, and our comforte, and that hee will hereafter remember him concerning this, and not to wipe out y^e^ good deeds that hee hath done to the howse of God, and his poore servants on earth.

Copia.

Thus doe wee acknowledge, & pray.

Thomas Worrall, Rector.
Daniell Goorsuch, Deputy.
Robert Vallence.
Thomas Rushull.
Henry Collett.
George Say.

It is much to be feared that the declining years of this great and excellent man's life were embittered by the misfortunes which befell the master that he revered and the cause that he loved. The last entry that I have found in which he is mentioned, with the exception of the register of his burial, is the following:—

19 June, 1643.

It is also ordered, by the Generall Consent of the said Vestry, and declared, that they are very willing that the Organs now standing in the Church shalbee, by the appointment of Sr. Paul Pinder, taken downe and removed where hee the said S^r^ Paul Pinder shall please to dispose of them.

This is significant enough. The organ was considered by the parish authorities of those days an idol, and ordered to be destroyed. To save from such a fate an instrument with which so many of his holiest feelings were associated, the worthy old knight petitioned for it. He was too great a man to be refused, and the vestry was "very willing" to accede to his wishes.

He died on the 22nd of August, 1650. His tablet in the church is of the same age as the present structure, but bears what appears to be a copy of the inscription on the original monument, and records him as "faithful in Negotiations Foreign and Domestic," and "eminent for Piety, Charity, Loyalty, and Prudence:" a glorious character fully and fairly deserved in an age which witnessed so many examples of an opposite quality. The register of his burial in our books is as follows:—

September, 1650.

Sir Paule Pinder died the 22th of August, 1650, about 11 or 12 a clock att night, and was buried the third of September, att 7 a clock att night. A worthie Benefactor to the poore.

I very much question whether among the merchants in Italy, in the court of the Grand Seignior, or in those of his own sovereigns in England, Sir Paul Pinder was ever possessed of a more truly august presence than that in which all that remains of him on earth may yet be seen. Doubtless he mixed in many a dazzling and splendid scene, throughout his long life of merchant on the Rialto at Venice, of ambassador to one of the greatest capitals abroad, and of confident and favourite with his successive monarchs at home. That, however, in which he may be witnessed now has a solemn grandeur peculiarly its own. In an immense vault adjoining the present crypt of the parish church, and amid a noble "fellowship of death," his gigantic leaden coffin is conspicuous. Around him are heaped piles of similar memorials; but in death as in life he is without an equal. He still lives in the hearts of men, remembered for good and a name of blessing, while his enemies, and he had many, have met with the oblivion which they deserved.

Nos. 174, 175, and 176 on the west side of the street, and their opposite neighbours, 36, 37, 38, and 39, still conspicuously attest their foundation in the earlier half of the seventeenth century.

Passing along Bishopsgate Street Without, we arrive at No. 26, which, without any external indication, possesses two splendid rooms in the rear, with decorations in the style of Louis Quatorze. The graceful harmony of the flowing lines peculiar to this style leaves nothing to be desired.

Still Alley, on the other side of the street, contains several Elizabethan houses, which are at the present moment undergoing the metamorphosis previously alluded to. Walls are being built up to the projecting first-floor, and in a few weeks the houses will have new fronts, and most of their ancient peculiarities will be obliterated.

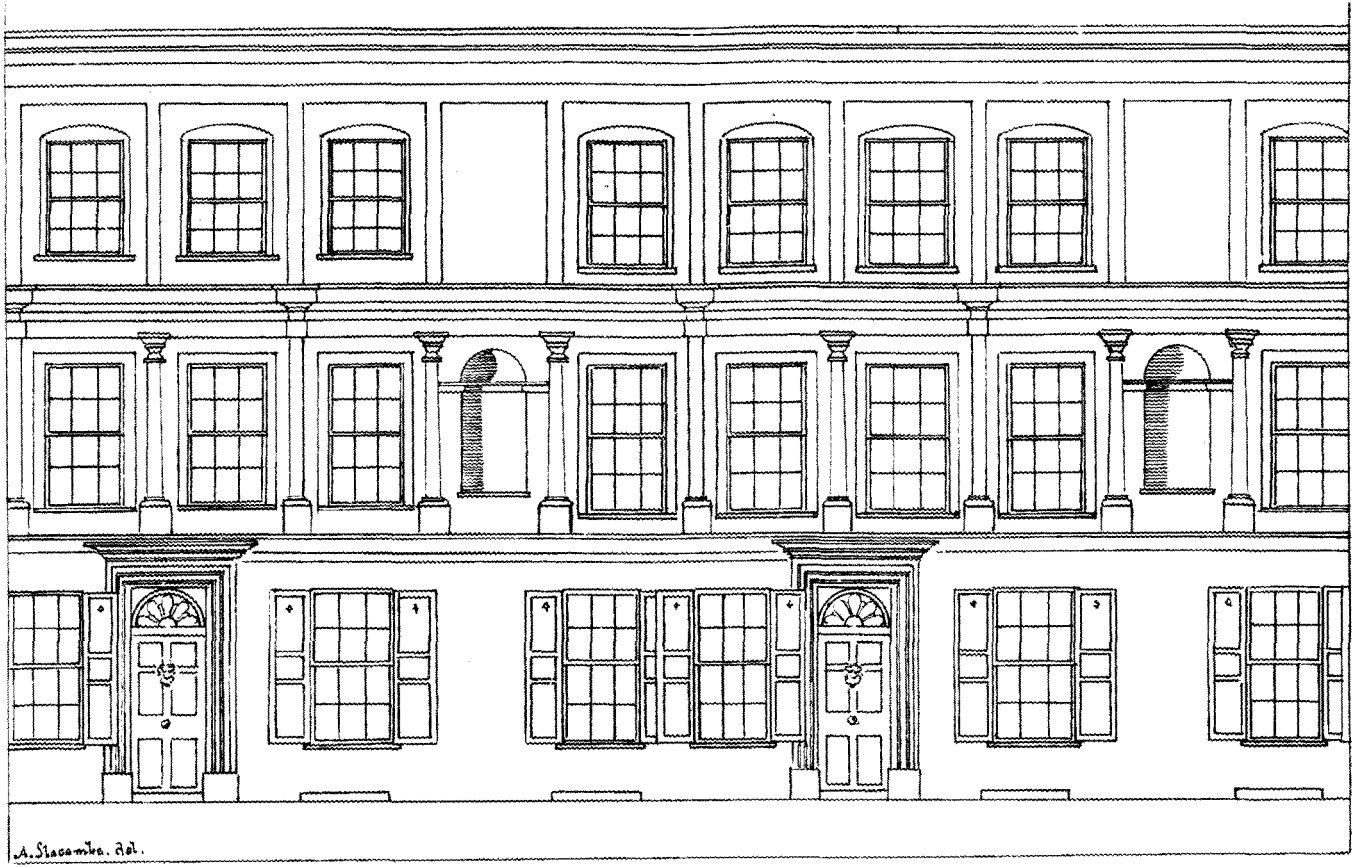
Crossing Liverpool Street, which, as indeed is the case with most of the smaller streets in the Ward, is modern, and consequently of no interest in our present inquiry, I must ask you to accompany

me into White Hart Court. The inn itself has been rebuilt, but views of it in its former state have been published by Smith and others. It is, however, in the court-yard, a thoroughfare leading to Salvador House, that I wish you to notice a row of four houses, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5. Each house is a portion of one beautiful design, constructed about the year 1610, either, we may be sure, by Inigo Jones or by one of his admirers. Between every window there is a delicate pilaster, each alternate one of a more marked character and prominent position; and, occupying the external space of the party-walls, are niches, which effectually relieve the monotony that might otherwise prevail. The whole group is a masterly specimen of the facility with which genius can create beauty even out of the most unpromising materials and under the most ordinary circumstances. It deserves the best attention of the professional architect, and of every admirer of creative art. (Plate XI.)

Salvador House was built in the first half of the last century, and has, like many of its neighbours, an imposing hall, a magnificent staircase, and well-proportioned rooms, but is not possessed of details which call for more minute description. A few of the apartments have enriched cornices, doorcases, &c. of the Louis Quatorze style, but much plainer than the instances to which I have already directed your notice.

As we return into the street we find ourselves close under the Church of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. It was built by James Gold, in the year 1725; but, although an edifice of considerable merit, and naturally invested with no little interest in my own regard, it has been so often described and figured, that, in accordance with my decision previously announced, I leave it for objects hitherto unnoticed.

We now retrace a few of our last steps, and cross over to the east side of Bishopsgate Street, where we shall find Devonshire Street, leading to Devonshire Square. This square was built in the middle of the seventeenth century, and, if I mistake not, in the gardens rather than on the site of the town-house of the Earl of Devonshire. Many of the houses are of noble proportions, but they have suffered considerable mutilation and present few features of their original details.

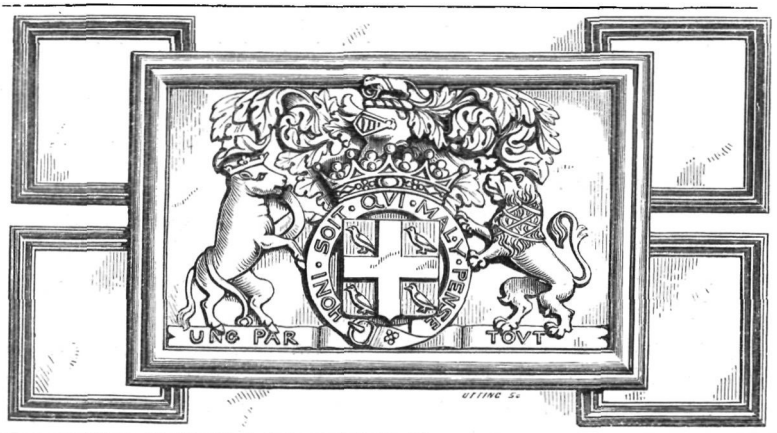


Elevation of Houses in White Hart Court, Bishopsgate Without. 1857.

In the house at the corner of Devonshire Street, No. 18, Bishopsgate Street Without, it is not unlikely that we possess a portion of the Earl of Devonshire's mansion, or perhaps of that of Lord John Powlet, who is known to have had a house near this spot. It is of the Elizabethan age, but very much transformed and mutilated. There are, however, two internal decorations of a somewhat later period, of very great excellence and highly deserving of extended notice. One is a rich cornice used in several of the apartments, the character of which will be easily understood by the annexed engraving.

Cornice at No. 18, Bishopsgate Street Without.

It consists of a series of masks, fruit, and leaves, disposed alternately, and connected by ribands. The other, of which also a representation is appended,



Shield, &c., over a Fire-place in the same house.

exhibits the shield, supporters, crest, and motto of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the friend of Shakspeare, and

is inserted in the wall over the fire-place of a room in the second floor.

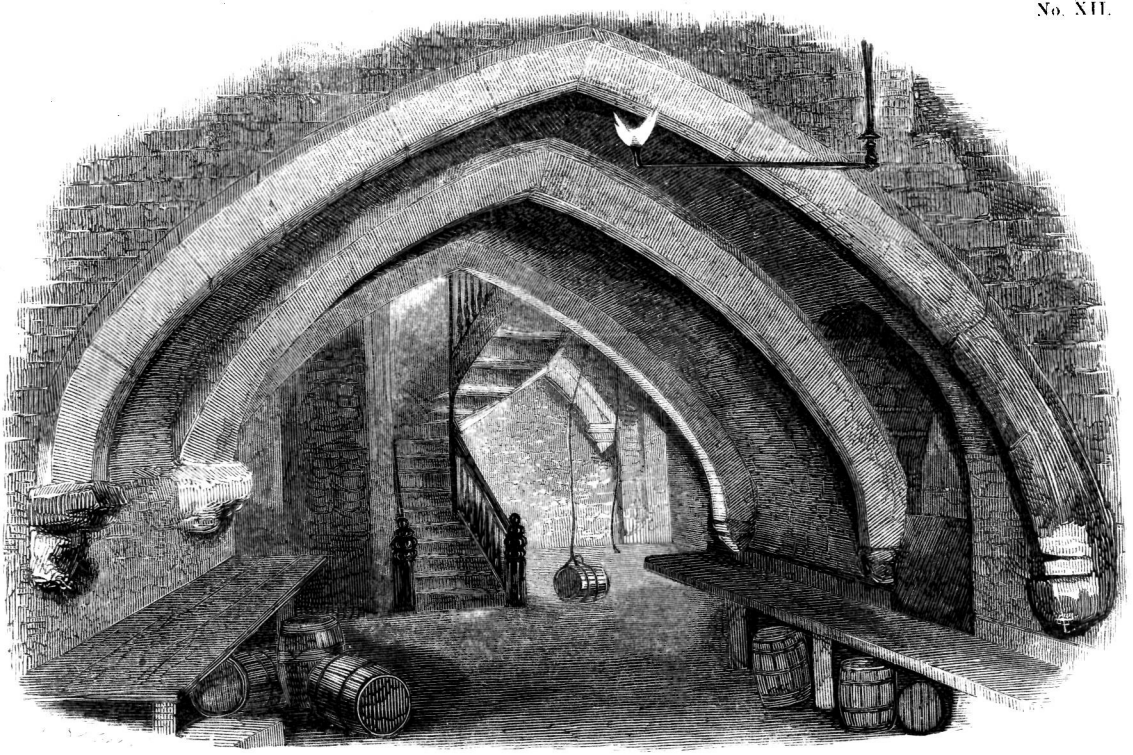
We next pass Houndsditch, at one corner of which is an Elizabethan structure, No. 8, Bishopsgate Street Without. In the house at the opposite corner, No. 7, and also in an adjoining house, there are remarkably fine staircases and rooms on the first floor, the walls and ceilings of which are profusely ornamented in the graceful style known as that of Louis XIV.

Just beyond, a tablet, surmounted by the figure of a mitre, inserted in each opposite wall, informs us that adjoining to that spot Bishopsgate formerly stood. Proceeding into Bishopsgate Street Within, we arrive at No. 66, where I had a few years since the good fortune to observe, and first call attention to, a finely-groined undercroft of the fourteenth century. (Plate XII.) It is now used as a warehouse for cheese. Undercrofts exist beneath several houses in the City, but this one had previously escaped the notice of archæologists.

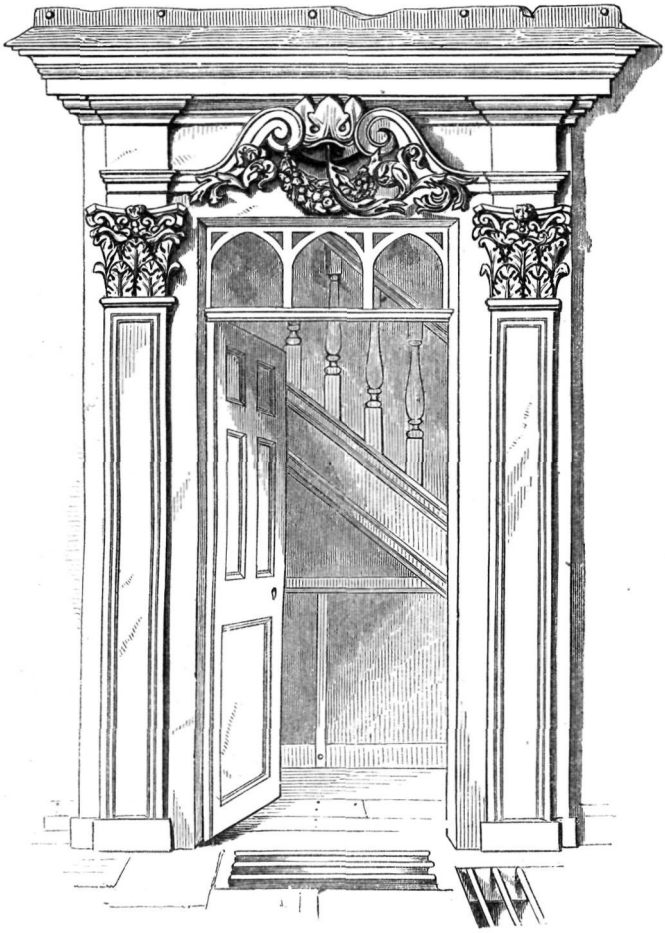
On either side of the street are houses of the older periods, pleasantly mingling with later structures. The gables are in general masked by parapets, or have been entirely removed; but the overhanging floors arrest our attention, and reveal the ancient origin of the edifices, which hardly any alteration will succeed in completely annihilating.

At the end of Pea-hen Court, just beyond, is a good doorway of the time of James II. It is represented on the opposite page. (Plate XIII.)

Several ancient inns now follow. The Four Swans, the Green Dragon, and the Bull, retain a good deal of their original features, though many portions are modernised. The Bull Inn, I may remark in passing, was the London house of the famous Hobson the Carrier, and in the yard was the temporary stage of the early players, before Burbage obtained a patent for the erection of a permanent theatre. Unfortunately this part of the house has lost the whole of its primitive appearance. The gallery round the courtyard, a constant accompaniment of our old inns, is, in the Four Swans, of three stories. The fronts have been glazed, and much of its original character is necessarily sacrificed; but, notwithstanding, it is one of the best examples that we possess of an ancient hostel. (Plate XIV.)

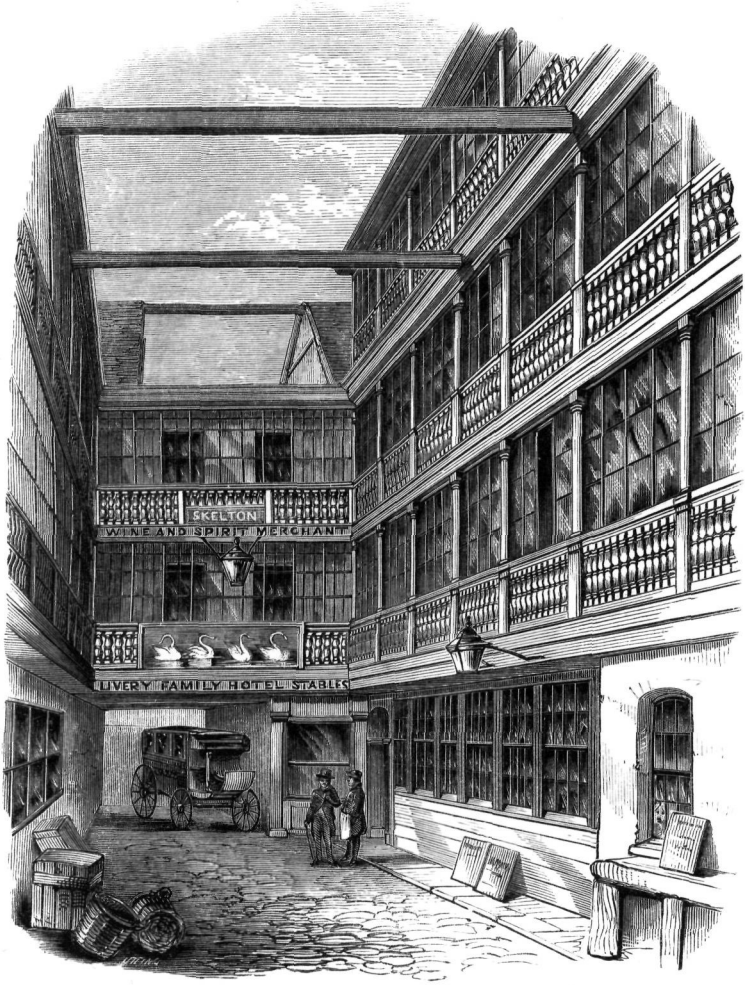


UNDERCROFT OF NO. 66, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN.



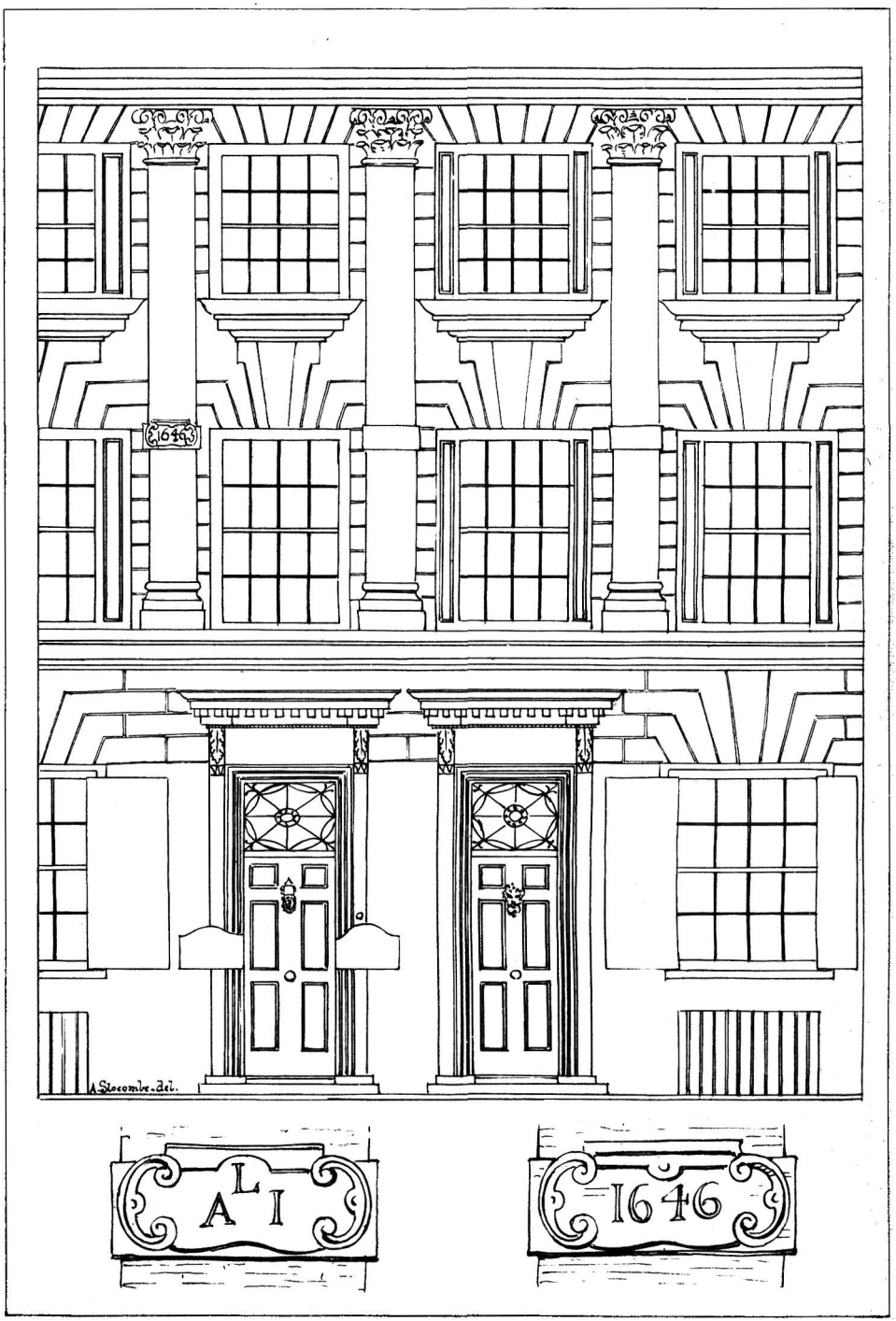
DOORWAY

IN PEA-HEN COURT, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN.

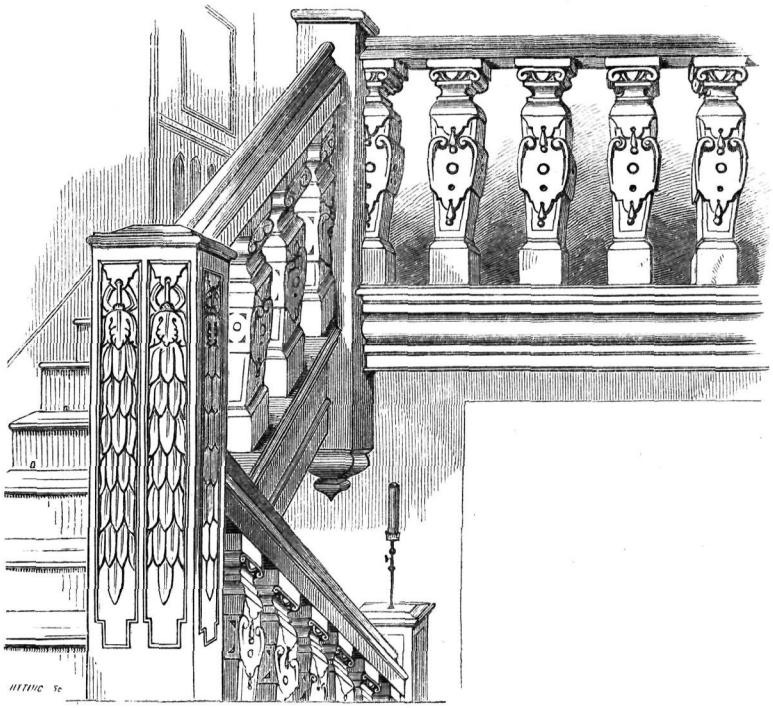


COURTYARD OF "THE FOUR SWANS,"

BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, 1857.

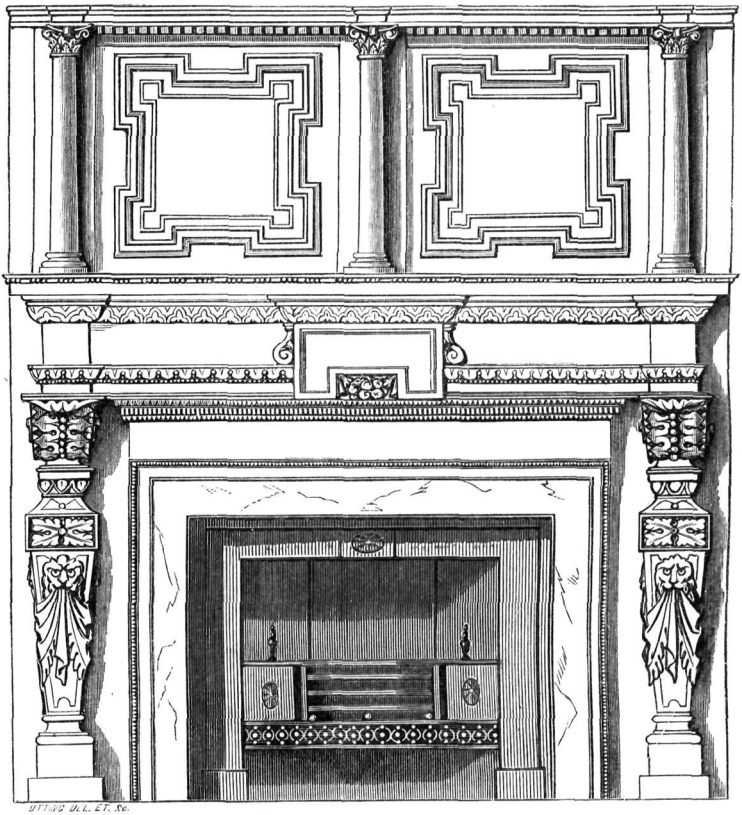


Elevation and Details of a House in Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Within. 1857.



STAIRCASE

IN NO. 9, GREAT SAINT HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.



CHIMNEY PIECE

IN NO. 9, GREAT SAINT HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.

HOUSE,

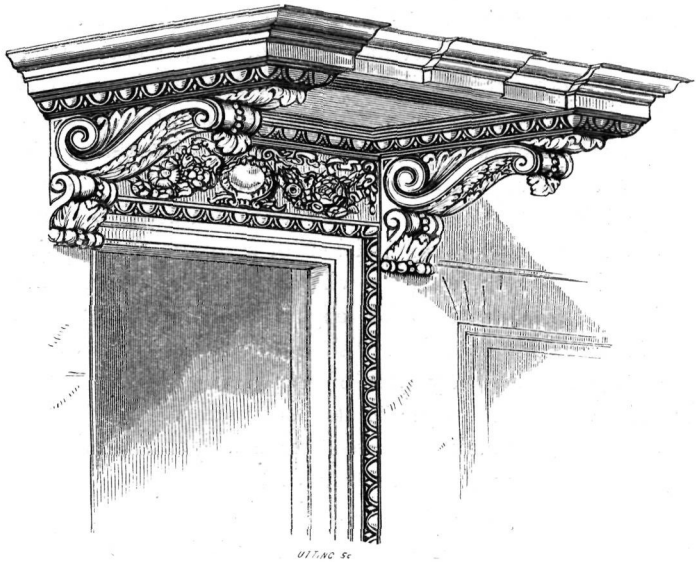
NO. 12, GREAT SAINT HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.

Passing the Church of St. Ethelburga, almost hidden by shops, and St. Helen's Place, under some of the houses of which are portions yet remaining of the foundations of the Priory, we enter from Bishopsgate Street, through a gateway which may be of the age of Elizabeth, the area and courts called Great St. Helen's. This quarter also is exceedingly rich in architectural treasures. Conspicuous is the Church itself, occupying the middle of the area, already oftentimes described and figured. No. 1 is the modern entrance to Crosby-Hall, a portion of a Gothic mansion unrivalled in London, but which I have described so minutely in previous pages of our Transactions that further notice is unnecessary. No. 2 has a good doorway and staircase of the period of Charles I. Nos. 3 and 4 are of Elizabethan date, with characteristic corbels. Nos. 8 and 9 are modern subdivisions of a superb house. (Plate XV.) It is of brick, and, as will be seen from the annexed elevation, is ornamented with engaged pilasters of the same material, which are furnished with stone capitals. On the front is the date 1646, clearly that of the erection of the mansion, as is evidenced by the style of its construction. The staircase, here represented, is of unsurpassed excellence, and admirable as a model for future works. (Plate XVI)

A very fine chimneypiece still exists in one of the rooms of the first floor (Plate XVII.), and is equally worthy of imitation. In this, as well as in other cases, where the draughtsman has so accurately performed his task, a verbal description is uncalled for, and would only occupy valuable space.

Proceeding round the corner, where, on the right hand, is a timber Elizabethan structure, we arrive at another excellent design, Nos. 11 and 12. (Plate XVIII.) This also is a house of red brick, ornamented with pilasters of the same material. Over one of the windows is a tablet, ornamented with a cornice, and intended probably for the insertion of a date, or the initials of the owner; though, if so, the purpose has not been carried out. The character of the doorways is rather later: but I feel little hesitation in attributing this plain but truly artistic design to that master of beauty Inigo Jones. The south entrance of the Church of St. Helen, which is in sight from this point, is confessedly by him, and bears date 1633. This house may have been erected at the same time,

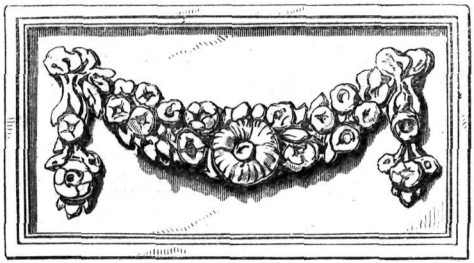
Returning into the main street, which here consists on both sides almost entirely of Elizabethan edifices considerably defaced by modern additions, we come to Crosby Square, where, at No. 3, is a very fine doorway, here represented, of the time of Charles II., and in the style of Sir Christopher Wren.



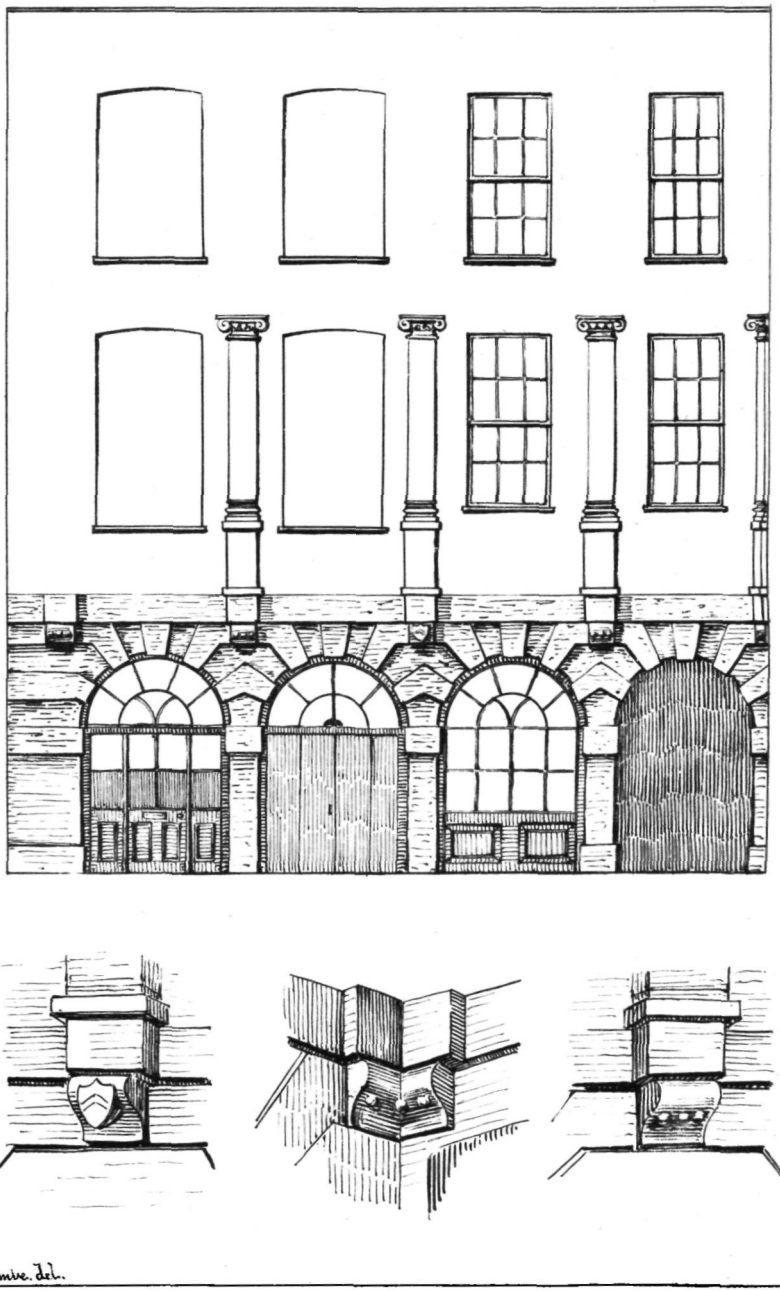
Doorway in Crosby Square.

The square was built in 1677, on the site of that part of Sir John Crosby's mansion which was destroyed by fire the year before.

A few steps further is a house now called "Crosby Hall Chambers," No. 25, Bishopsgate Street Within. The front towards the street has lost all its ancient peculiarities, except two beautiful festoons of flowers inserted between the windows of the first



Festoon of Flowers, No. 25, Bishopsgate Street Within.



Elevation and Details of a House called "Crosby Hall Chambers," Bishopsgate Within. 1857.

and second floors. One of them is represented in the engraving.

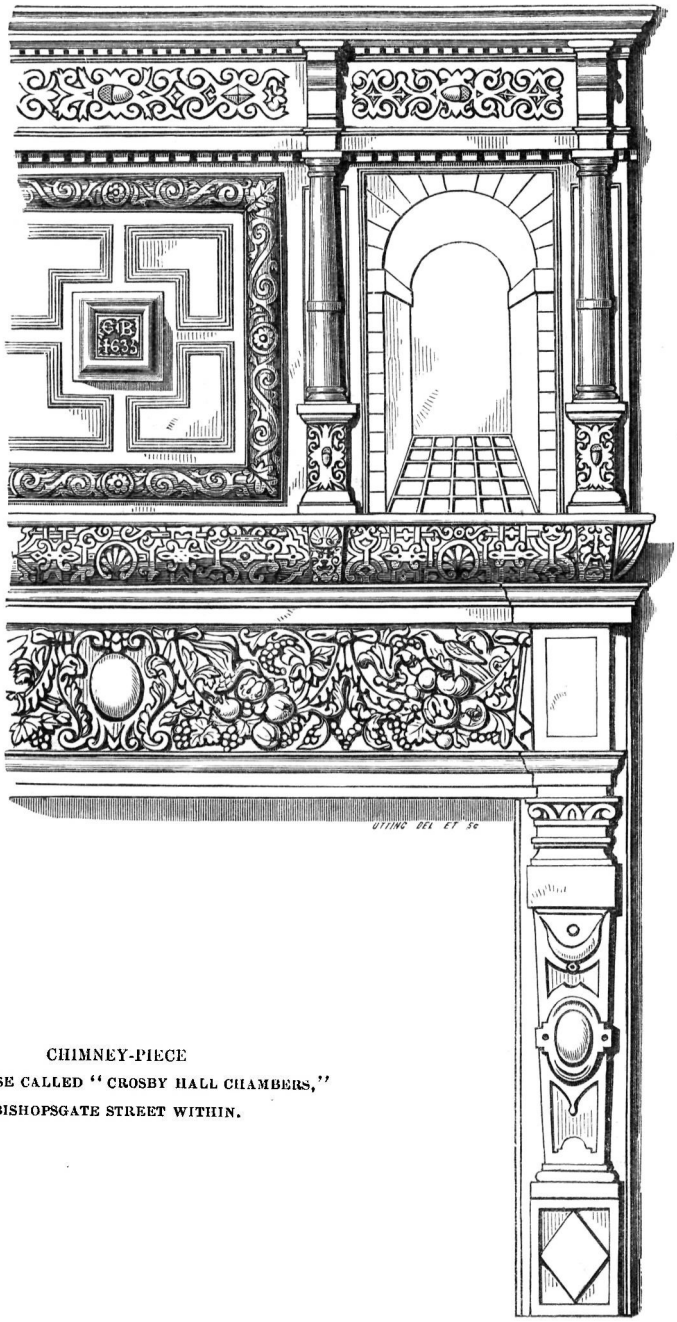
The north front, which faces an inside court, is very remarkable. An elevation, with details, will be found on the opposite page (Plate XIX). The base is composed of rustic work, and the wall above is relieved with pilasters and capitals. The whole of this front is another pleasant specimen of the graceful ease with which the genius of Inigo Jones, for to him I attribute it, could invest ordinary objects with an air of essential beauty. His are no ugly forms, no architectural monstrosities, no platitudes of brick and mortar, depending for their power to please on a wretched mass of meretricious ornament, which in very truth does but reveal their innate worthlessness and despicable hypocrisy, that pretends to be much, but is actually nothing. Nor are his works characterised by an entire forgetfulness of the use for which an edifice is designed, or by a poverty of invention in the employment of details. You may search in vain among his creations for marks conspicuous enough in many other directions, the meagreness alike of design and execution, the manifest impress of a grovelling mind and of a contemptible taste, which is stamped indelibly on every portion, from the stucco plinth to the ridiculous chimney-pots! His structures, on the contrary, attract at once and without effort our admiration and kindly regard; the spirit of grace and beauty seems to brood over them, and they instinctively elicit the spectator's sense of the beautiful and the true. Unfortunately we are in possession of too few of them; and those in the City which can be attributed to him, or which so far breathe his spirit as to exhibit his influence on the minds and works of others, are necessarily confined to a small space. I have accordingly mentioned every one that is known to me as occurring within the limits of our present ramble. His works, with a few exceptions, are fragmentary; but he never drew a line or moulded an ornament without giving unmistakeable evidence of consummate ability and a master-mind. Had he erected or designed nothing save his Banqueting House at Whitehall, or his inimitable Water-Gate at York Stairs, he would have well deserved an immortality of fame. But while Sir Paul Pinder was dying, not more, it is to be feared, of old

age than of a heart broken and bleeding for his country's woes, his accomplished architect, a warm adherent of the same sacred cause, was neglected by the party which each of them was too far advanced in years to be able actively to oppose. The civil wars put a period to his rebuilding of *Old St. Paul's*, of which, I may remark, his magnificent west front was but the first instalment, and not intended, as some have supposed, for amalgamation with the Gothic structure then existing—an enormity which such a mind and taste as his could never have been capable of imagining. Strange to say, his exquisite designs are to this hour unknown to the majority of architects, though abounding as they do with the loveliest fancies for edifices of all descriptions. He died, old and miserable, June 21, 1652, having lived to see the monarch whom he had served beheaded in front of his own Banqueting House, and almost all his comrades and patrons laid to rest in the grave.

In a room behind the front last described is the chimney-piece represented on the opposite page (Plate XX.). It bears the date 1633, and is a gorgeous specimen of English ornamental work of the earlier half of the seventeenth century.

A few steps further, and our present walk is ended. The irregular outline of the Ward which we have been traversing has carried us far into the heart of the City. Portsoken, Lime Street, Coleman Street, Broad Street, Cornhill, and other Wards have been in turn passed; and, as we cross into Gracechurch Street, we arrive at the termination of our ramble. In that portion of Gracechurch Street which is included in the Ward of Bishopsgate, I am aware of nothing either external or internal which calls for particular notice, as the street has been again and again rebuilt, except perhaps some portions of the Spread Eagle Inn. These, however, present no unusual features, and are in no respect so interesting as those of the ancient hostels to which reference has already been made.

Let me hope that I have not exercised your patience by all this detail, or confused you by taking you through the labyrinth of streets, alleys, and courts, along which our course has progressed, bewildering enough to a stranger, how familiar soever to a constant resident. I am well aware that an itinerary, though



CHIMNEY-PIECE
IN THE HOUSE CALLED "CROSBY HALL CHAMBERS,"
BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN.

exceeding the results of all other topographical labours in real utility, is not so interesting to the generality of students as contributions of a different kind. Had I, for example, selected some one house, and delineated its changes through various periods, or pursued the fortunes of some one family, and exhibited them as they appeared in successive generations, I could, no doubt, have presented you with something more obviously attractive. But allow me to add, that such an offering would not have been a hundredth part so valuable as the present. An examination of a few books and manuscripts would have furnished the materials, and I should have been saved a considerable amount of unrecognised labour. But it is probable that I should have given you little or nothing which had not been already placed on record, and which had not thus become common property. This was exactly contrary to my desire and aim. It is a rock on which too many archæologists are prone to strike. But instead of this, I have endeavoured to perpetuate the memory of objects as yet unrecorded, and for the most part and by the most of us unknown; objects, too, which in all probability will soon be beyond the reach of such reverent care. I have introduced you to creations, which the very soul of beauty has selected for her home; a beauty not dependent on the presence of merely superadded ornamentation, or on the magnitude of its several proportions, but an essential and positive element of the original design. And, lastly, I have endeavoured to rescue our study from the charge of inutility too frequently brought against it, by showing our need of such appliances as the edifices before us can easily and promptly afford, by looking upon details not only with a theoretical but with a practical eye, and, in our walk among the relics of the past, by keeping full in our view the requirements of the present.

[The Council desire to offer their best acknowledgments to those gentlemen who have liberally furnished the greater number of the engravings which illustrate the foregoing paper. A list of all such donors, with the particulars of their contributions, will be found in the Preface.]

Centre of Chimney-piece from "The Lodge," Half Moon Street, Bishopsgate Without, now in the possession of the Rev. Thomas Hugo.